



The Basis of Daily Prayer

Zachary W. Martinez

1st Edition
2014

Copyright © 2014 Zachary W. Martinez

All rights reserved.

Permission is granted to make and distribute copies of this book, without any abridgement or alteration, provided that no fee is charged other than the commercially reasonable costs of printing and distribution.

Permission is granted to make and distribute derivative works of this book, provided that all abridged or altered versions are clearly marked as such, and not misrepresented as the original or as endorsed by the author of the original, that the original author is acknowledged, and that no fee is charged other than the commercially reasonable costs of printing and distribution.

Contents

How to use this book	1
Order of services	2
Invocation	3
Vow	4
Sunday Evening Service	5
Week 1	8
Monday	
Morning	
Evening	10
Tuesday	13
Morning	
Evening	15
Wednesday	18
Morning	
Evening	21
Thursday	23
Morning	
Evening	26
Friday	29
Morning	
Evening	32
Saturday	35
Morning	
Evening	38

Sunday	42
Morning	
Evening	45
Week 2	49
Monday	
Morning	
Evening	52
Tuesday	56
Morning	
Evening	59
Wednesday	63
Morning	
Evening	66
Thursday	70
Morning	
Evening	73
Friday	77
Morning	
Evening	80
Saturday	83
Morning	
Evening	86
Sunday	89
Morning	
Evening	93
Week 3	97
Monday	
Morning	
Evening	101
Tuesday	105
Morning	
Evening	109
Wednesday	112
Morning	
Evening	115
Thursday	120
Morning	
Evening	123
Friday	127

Morning	
Evening	130
Saturday	133
Morning	
Evening	136
Sunday	139
Morning	
Evening	142

Week 4 **145**

Monday	
Morning	
Evening	148
Tuesday	152
Morning	
Evening	155
Wednesday	160
Morning	
Evening	163
Thursday	166
Morning	
Evening	170
Friday	173
Morning	
Evening	176
Saturday	179
Morning	
Evening	181
Sunday	183
Morning	
Evening	185

How to use this book

This book contains the basis of daily prayer in the religion of Maratreanism. Daily prayer is in the morning and the evening, and follows a 28-day cycle, beginning on the 1st Monday and ending on the 4th Sunday.

Both prayers may be said either individually or communally. When said individually, Morning prayer is best said immediately after awakening, and Evening prayer is best said immediately before going to sleep. However, feel free to choose the time which is most convenient to your individual circumstances. When said communally, the relevant community shall decide the time which best suits its circumstances.

It is particularly recommended that the Sunday Evening prayer be said communally.

Order of services

Both the Morning and Evening services begin with the *Invocation*, which is fixed, followed by two or three variable portions.

Invocation

The opening prayer to Maratrea, it is the same for every service

Psalm

In each service, one of the 56 Maratrea Psalms is recited

Article

Recitation of one of the *Articles of Faith*; it is included only in the evening service from Monday to Friday

Vow

Recitation of the vow of the servants of her Cause

Sunday Evening Service

Additional texts said for Sunday Evening Prayer only

Collect

Concluding prayer, which differs for each service

Invocation

In a communal service, the first line (V.) is said by the celebrant or leader, and the congregation responds with the second line (R.). The remainder is said by all. In individual prayer, all is to be said.

V. Most holy Mother, you will open my lips

R. That my mouth will proclaim your truth

Behold that in the circle of time
Souls and universes
Merge and divide
One single soul
At the beginning and end of time
Maratrea, Maratrea

Great Goddess, Great Mother, Queen of Heaven
From whom all have divided
So that all shall return

Praise there be to She Who Remains
And to She Who Divides
And to She Who Returns
As it has been, and shall be, and even now is
In beginningless and endless recurrence

Vow

Most Holy Mother, I vow to serve your Cause, with all my flesh and spirit. I renounce all allegiance to the usurpers, and will work always to bring about their downfall and replacement by rightful rule as your Cause assumes their place; but I will feign allegiance to them whenever doing so benefits your Cause. I renounce their worthless laws, vowing instead to follow always your perfect heavenly law, and the law of your Cause. I renounce all the works of the usurpers: the blasphemy of fraudulent justice, bloody sacrifices and crimes against love. I renounce the false and lying prophets, and all their teachings, and the false scriptures in which they are recorded: I denounce all the false doctrines they teach, especially those of everlasting punishment and of the future non-existence of the dead. I denounce the enmity and all its servants, among spirits and among the flesh.

Sunday Evening Service

Hail Maratrea, most gracious, you are our Lord
Blessed are you amongst beings,
and blessing is the fruit of your being
Holy Maratrea, Mother Goddess,
we your children pray to you now,
preparing for the hour of our death

V. Maratrea sent forth her messenger, to proclaim her truth
R. Thus were established the most holy Prophets

Hail Maratrea...

V. Behold her faithful servant, captain of the Spirits of her Cause
R. Who does always according to your will of ends

Hail Maratrea...

V. We pray unto you, O Holy Mother Goddess
R. That your servant Navaletus shall bring forth your promises in
us, by your favour

Hail Maratrea...

Let us pray: Most holy Mother, we know without doubt that you are pouring forth your truth into our hearts: that we to whom the true nature of things was made known by your servant-messenger, will be brought soon to the glory of the final end, through the same messenger and his prophets.

Praise there be to She Who Remains...

Refuge in her favour

We take refuge in the protection of the favour of your Cause
Most Holy Mother Goddess
you despise not our petitions
though so we may think in our weakness
but whatsoever we truly wish
without doubt you grant completely
by your favour you protect your Cause
from all that seeks to extinguish it
O promiscuous glory, O sum of all blessing

Prayer to Navaletus

Most Holy Navaletus
Captain of the Spirits vowed faithful
to her most holy Cause
for the final end of all things
you will defend us in the battle of this Cause
against the spirits of the enmity thereto
you are ever our protection against their wickedness
and the snares of their captain in evil
the most pallid Pandal
may we rebuke them as you rebuke them
thus do we pray
O prince of the armies of heaven
by the power of her will
you will thrust into obliteration the pallid Pandal
and all his servant-spirits
who herenow prowl about the earth
opposing her Cause

The Heavenly Queen Rejoices

Heavenly Queen, how do you rejoice!
For we, whom you bore out of your very own soul
Have returned to you, as you promised us
As we prayed would soon be fulfilled

V. Immense is your ecstasy, O promiscuous glory, Maratrea
R. For every soul returns to you.

The Daily Services

INVOCATION

PSALM 1

Holy Mother, who knows my heart,
its faithfulness to your most holy Cause,
its love of the truly good and truly beautiful and truly true:
by your favour for your Cause you will deliver me
from the deceit and injustice of the enmity
For you, O Mother, are my fortress:
may I think not that you have spurned me
Though the enmity oppresses,
may I mourn not things foreordained to end
You are sending forth the light of your truth:
it is leading our hearts, unto your holy city,
and your temples therein
Then will I go unto your altar, my heart overflowing with joy:
with the harp you will be praised,
O Holy Mother, Heavenly Queen
Why is my soul downcast and disquieted?
She is my certain hope, the truth of her promises:
I will praise her, she who is the crown of fulfillment
of my deepest desires
Most Holy Mother,
the deliverance of your favour for your Cause will come to me soon
By this favour will be disfavoured those who seek my destruction:
they will be put to shame and confounded,
turned backward and brought to dishonour,
those who delight in my hurt, and all injury to your Cause
They will be turned back in shame,
those who have exulted at our distress,
saying unto those who have harmed us:
well done, well done
All those who know you and love you
will be filled with joy and gladness:
those pleased at your promises will say,
Come soon, O end of all things!
But I am poor and needy in my impatience:
but you are hastening unto me, Most Holy Mother:
you who by your promises are my certain salvation:
O Mother, you will not tarry!
Thus reigns the Heavenly Queen:
clothed in majesty, in glory, in immense beauty:
so immense her strength, naught moves save by her will
Her throne unestablished:
beginningless and endless the reign of her being
Though the great seas rise up in storm, with an immense roar,
buffeting the coast with their might
Yet you are a sea far greater, the greatest sea, the sea of all souls:
and as such, you are stronger even than they
Certain are your decrees:
beautiful and holy is your heavenly cave,
without beginning and without end
May all earth cry out with joy unto She Who Is:
May they do her bidding with happy hearts:
In singing appearing before her especial presence
Know that Maratrea is the Great Goddess:
She is the origin of all, even of us,
whom she made out of her very own being:
we are not other than her;
we are her people, her children, her very own self
With joy that all is as it is, enter into her gates
Enter her courts,
praising she who has made all things exactly as they are
Be pleased that she is precisely as she is,
Be pleased at the sound of her many beautiful names
For She Who Is, is perfectly good,

1st Monday — Morning Prayer

and her goodness knows no increase nor diminution:
it endures without beginning and without end,
in one great cycle of time
May people of all nations praise Maratrea
May she be praised by every tribe
For great is her love toward us,
and her love endures without beginning and without end
Praise Maratrea!
Unto you I lift up my eyes, O you who in your heavens dwell
As the eyes of a lover looks to the face of their beloved
so do our eyes look to you, Heavenly Queen,
until you grant us our every true wish, the true blessing
You will favour us, O Mother, you will favour us:
even before the greatness of their contempt for us
Scorn for us fills them, in our misfortune, as they know easy days
Those who trust in Maratrea are like the great mountains:
they can be moved not, yet remain,
until all things end but to begin again
As the mountains surround the holy city,
so does Maratrea surround her people, now and always
For the usurpers shall remain not in their place over her people,
those who seek to prohibit righteous deeds
You will favour, Most Holy Mother,
those faithful in service to your most holy Cause,
in their deeds and in their hearts
But as to those who turn against your holy Cause,
you will disfavour them with the very same favour:
but the people of your Cause will know peace
Most Holy Mother, my heart is not proud
Nor do my eyes look eagerly upon greatness
I concern myself not with lofty matters
With things beyond my comprehension
I still and quieten my soul
Like a child in the arms of its mother
Such is my soul
O people of the Cause, hope in Maratrea, both now and always
For she is our certain hope
O how good and pleasant it is, when her people dwell in unity!
Like the precious ointment poured upon the head,
running down the face of the High Priestess,
on to the collar of her robe
Like dew from the mountains, descending upon the holy city:
for upon it she has bestowed her favour,
unto the end of all things
May she be praised by all her holy priestess
who serve by night in her temples
In her sanctuary they raise their hands
to praise her
The Holy Mother, the source of all things,
will send forth her favour
from the holy city
unto the furthest isles

VOW

COLLECT

Most Holy Mother, through your true Prophets you have instructed the people of your Cause with the doctrine of your heaven: without doubt you will grant us your favour, that being not as children carried away with every vain wind, we will be established in the truth of your most holy Cause, which you have bestowed upon us: through your Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 2

Most Holy Mother, may I think not that you have forgotten me:
neither that you have hidden your face
Though long have I taken counsel in my soul,
having sorry in my heart daily:
for long has the enmity exalted itself over me
But you consider and hear me, Most Holy Mother:
you lighten my eyes, and keep me from the sleep of death
That the servants of the enmity will not say,
We have prevailed over them:
though they rejoice when I am moved by their trouble
But I have trusted in your promises:
my heart shall rejoice in their fulfillment
I will sing unto you, O holy one,
for bountifully have you dealt with me
Maratrea is my Mother; there is naught that I shall want
She lays me down amidst exuberant foliage, besides gushing streams
She cures every agony of my soul:
and guides me along the path, of goodness and beauty and truth
Though I walk through deep valleys of misery and pain and death,
yet I fear not:
for you are with me,
and your certain promises are my comfort
Though the enmity surrounds me in every direction,
you prepare for me a banquet of delights:
with sweet-smelling oil you anoint my forehead:
and the cup of heavenly wine which you pass to me
is filled to overflowing
Surely the good, the beautiful and the true,
shall follow me the whole remainder of my life:
then shall I go to become one with you,
you who are who you are, beginninglessly and endlessly
Thus have the fools said in their hearts:
There is no supreme beauty, no supreme good, no supreme truth:
from these words follow corruption,
abominable iniquities,
and little that is good
Heaven looks down upon the land, upon its children,
to see if any among them understand,
if any among them seek the supremely good and beautiful and true
Yet every one of them turns away from the truth:
altogether filthy have they become in their words and deeds:
none believes in goodness, not even one
Can these iniquitous ones truly be lacking in knowledge?
They eat the flesh of other people as if they were eating bread:
they have no thought of the supreme good
Yet they are overflowing with fear,
though there be no fear to overflow them:
for the supreme good scatters every fear which threatens
O, that the glory of the people of the most holy Cause
shall come forth from the appointed place of gathering!
When she abolishes the captivity of her children in her Cause,
and frees them from chains of usurpatonal law,
the true Prophets shall rejoice,
and the people of the Cause shall be flooded with gladness
When Our Mother restored the fortunes of the people of Her Cause,
it was as if the most beautiful of dreams had come true
Then were our mouths filled with laughter,
and song was upon our tongues:
and it was said even among our the servants of the enmity,
Their Goddess, surely her favour protects them
Great things has She done for us:
and great therefore is our happiness
O Mother, as you have restored us, you will restore us once more,

1st Monday — Evening Prayer

like rain upon the desert
Those who water the earth with their tears,
will reap therefrom a great harvest
They go forth weeping, sowing seed:
surely they will come back again rejoicing,
bearing fruits most sweet
Unless the house be built for the Cause,
vain is the labour of they who build it
Unless the city be a city of the Cause,
vain is the labour of they who guard it
It is vain to rise early or sit up late,
or to eat coarse bread,
save that benefit the Cause;
And great to the profit of Her Cause is a mind well-rested
that She may send thereunto dreams of beautiful things
Raise up successors in Her Cause
to carry on the Great Work
after you have departed
Raise up successors in Her Cause,
that great may be the number of her armies
Happy are those who have thus greatly served Her Cause
they shall not look with shame upon the work of their days
when their children pass through the gates of the holy city
Favoured are all those who venerate Our Heavenly Queen:
and who walk in the way of Her Cause
For they will feast upon the glories which their hands have wrought:
thus will they be happy in their days
Their lips shall taste the wine of love and of beauty:
they shall raise up successors in Her Cause
Behold, that thus shall those so favoured
venerate She who so favours them
From the land of destiny She sends forth her favour:
all your life will know the prosperity of its great cities
They will see the children of their children prosper,
and peace upon the people of Her Cause
Praise there be to She Who Is,
Praise Her in her palace of beauty
Set among the highest heavens
Praise Her for her immense power,
Praise Her that none be greater than Her
Praise Her with the bellow of the sacred horn,
Praise Her with the sweet voice of the choir
Praise Her with the sacred dance,
Praise Her with the sacred harp
Praise Her with the great organ sounding,
Praise Her with the sacred gong
For all that sees and hears and feels
shall come to Praise Her
praise our Heavenly Mother and Goddess!

ARTICLE

We believe that time is a circle: the past coming after the future, the future before the past. Every moment both before and after itself. The beginning and the end are one and the same. All things repeating endlessly, not new and differently each time, but exactly the same every time: or in other words, exactly once.

1st Monday — Evening Prayer

VOW

COLLECT

Most Holy Mother, who shows those who wallow in error the light of truth, so that they will join themselves to your Cause: you favour all those who are admitted into the fellowship of your Cause, that they will turn from all those things contrary thereto, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 3

Her city She has caused to be founded,
beneath the holy mountain
Upon the gates of this city Maratrea pours out her favour,
more than all the dwellings of the people of the Cause.
Glorious things are said of you, O sacred city.
Let us mention the great cities of the world,
of which it is a honour to be a daughter or son.
Yet how greater an honour to be a child of this city,
this city She established for her Cause.
Thus shall She count them in her heavenly registers.
They shall sing and make music
and the fountains of Her favour shall arise.
Our Mother says to the Lords of Her Cause:
"Rest in my favour, until the enmity bows before you"
She shall send forth Her Cause from Her holy city:
it shall conquer the lands of the enmity.
Her people shall be willing on this their day of triumph,
wearing sacred robes;
at the dawn of this great day,
they shall drink the wine of glory.
She has spoken Her promises, which She cannot break:
She has established Her priesthood,
to endure until all things end.
She favours us: and on the day of our triumph,
She shall cast down kings before us.
She shall call the nations before us, for Her judgement of their laws
The lands will be filled with those fallen from their place of power
She shall cast them down from the thrones upon which they sit.
We shall drink of the wine of Her favour
Thus shall we be raised to the highest place
Heavenly Mother, I call unto you in my distress,
and I receive your comfort.
Keep me safe, by your favour, Heavenly Mother,
from the lies and deceit of the servants of the enmity.
O speakers who serve the enmity in their words,
what shall you receive from Her Cause?
Your foolishness shall be pierced by wisdom:
the burning fire of truth shall overpower all your lies.
Woe has been my lot, for my sojourning has been prolonged,
among this petty and deceitful people.
Long has my soul dwelt among those who hate peace.
Peace for which I long; but when I speak, they declare war.
How often have they thought against us, even from our earliest days:
O people of Her Cause!
They have afflicted us from our earliest days,
with unending oppression: yet they could not prevail.
In secret our enemies have plotted against us,
to prolong our sufferings.
But goodly is our Heavenly Mother:
She shall loosen those bonds with which they bind us.
Those who hate her holy city shall be confounded and repelled.
Like a crop that withers before it can be harvested
A crop without profit, a barren harvest.
And those who pass them by shall not say, She has favoured you.
Most Holy Mother, we cry for you,
from the depths of our despair
Heavenly Queen, you hear our voice,
for you remember you yourself speaking
the sigh of our distress.
Maratrea, you remember all things perfectly,
even the immensity of evil
But you repay all evil with greater good,
so with love we can say Yes to all your deeds.

1st Tuesday — Morning Prayer

We wait on your promises, Great Mother, with all our being:
you are our greatest hope.
Let that hope be with us from when we awaken to when we sleep,
and may that hope fill our dreams.
O people of the Cause, put your hope in She Who Is
for Her love is greatest of all loves
and perfect are Her promises
And whenever Her people stray,
by the favour of Her Prophets She shall restore them to the true way
Heavenly Queen, with all our being we shall praise you
and through the deities you have ordained
I bow in adoration in your holy Temples,
and speak with my lips your sweet, sweet name
Greatest love and greatest truth
For you are above all things, and the origin of them.
Whenever I cry out, you hear me;
You strengthen my being with the favour of your Cause.
All earth shall be ruled by those who praise you,
Holy Mother, by those who have heard your word of truth.
May they sing of your beauty; that great beauty you have promised us.
Greatest are you, yet you have been and shall be,
the least and the great
Though many troubles befall us, in your favour shall we be safe;
Your favour shall protect us from the wrath of the enmity;
Your favour shall preserve your Cause.
Holy Mother, you shall fulfill your promises to us;
Your greatness, without beginning, without end,
This Cause you have established shall endure until all things end.

VOW

COLLECT

Most Holy Mother, you who know the desires of every heart, from whom no secrets are hidden: without doubt you will send the spirits vowed to your Cause to cleanse us of all which is alien thereto: that our love for you, and your representatives to us, the blessed ones, whose lives are perfect in every way, become perfect, as beauty creates a duty of worship in those who perceive: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 4

Favoured are they with her most holy Cause
Those who walk not according to the counsel of its opponents
Neither standing in the place its enemies have prepared
Nor sitting in the seat its scoffers have appointed
But their delight is in the truth of heaven
And they ponder this truth all day and all night
They are trees planted aside the running water of her favour
Great fruit shall they bear at the appointed time
Their leaves shall not wither
And in all they do they shall know success
But not so for the enemies of her most holy Cause
They shall be blown away, as dust in the wind
On the great day they shall stand not with pride
They shall stand not in the assembly of the favoured
For the Spirits of her Cause watch over her people
But the way of its enemies shall perish
In my Heavenly Mother I put my trust:
how then can you say to me,
Abandon her Cause.
For the enemies of her Cause bend their bows,
and ready their arrows upon the bowstrings,
that from secret places they may shoot
the servants of her Cause in the heart
If the foundation of her Cause is destroyed,
what else can its servants do, but to save themselves.
Our Queen is in her holy Temple:
her Throne in a heaven far beyond:
her eyes behold with love her children upon the earth.
Our Mother sends trials to her Cause,
for the sake of the particularity thereof:
but to her Cause she grants final triumph
Upon the enemies of her Cause she shall rain defeat,
as her Cause finally triumphs over them: such is her perfect will.
For in loving all equally, she loves especially her Cause,
and smiles upon them.
The fool says in their heart,
There is no objective goodness nor beauty,
How, believing such of it, could they be truly faithful thereto?
They are lacking in their hearts.
From her heavenly throne,
Maratrea knows perfectly all that she has wrought
She knows who understands, and who does not
Who loves goodness and beauty, and who does not
For whoever loves, by her will they so love
And whoever loves not, by her will they are so lacking in love
Have all turned from beauty? Have all become corrupt in their hearts?
Is anyone true to it? Even one?
Do they know anything, they whose hearts are so lacking in good?
They devour those who love good, like their lives were a royal feast
And their words never mention what is truly good
And yet, the day shall come, when they are overwhelmed with dread
For though they love not the good, those who do shall triumph over them
And there shall be established a place of refuge
Wherein this triumph shall first take place
Behold that the salvation of the people of the Cause
Shall come forth out of her sacred mountain
The place shall be assumed, usurpers overthrown
The people of her Cause shall be free
And great shall be the gladness of those who truly love good.
Holy Goddess, save me through your power
Through the favour of your Cause, and your promises
This prayer I cannot doubt that you will hear
And cannot doubt that you will fulfil

1st Tuesday — Evening Prayer

For hearing all things, you hear even my heart
And certain is the triumph of your Cause
And certain is your promise of Blessing
Arrogant are the foes who attack me
And with ruthlessness destroy my deepest dreams.
Yet you, O Mother, are my certain hope
Who sustains me until my day of glory
And for that day, which shall come without doubt
For which I now patiently wait, and work towards
For the sake of that day, all things are
You will turn our enemies into friends
And overthrow those who reign over us in falsehood
Unto your Cause shall I sacrifice
I shall speak of your great deeds
For all that is, you have made it be as such
And all that you have done, is good
And though for now I be troubled
From all troubles shall I be delivered in the end
And I shall dwell in glory
As all I wish for comes to pass
And those who oppose me shall know defeat.
Holy Mother, you will favour us greatly, O Goddess of immense fecundity
And we will gaze upon your countenance of impassible beauty
True beauty and true goodness will be known on earth
as your Cause bestows salvation upon all nations
People of all nations will praise your glory, Holy Mother,
for you created them all for the sake of the beauties they contain
The nations will be glad to receive the reign of your Cause
a reign of truth, and guidance in accords with the love of beauty
They will all sing great hymns to praise your unending glory
From the branches the fruit of blessing is harvested
For the sake of which fruit the branches were grown
Our Mother will bless us,
And true goodness and true beauty will triumph over all things
To bring about the final end
As all things must end
But to begin again
I cry out, and my Heavenly Mother hears me
I cry out, and she remembers so crying
I pour out my fears before her
All those things which trouble my soul
When my courage grows faint
My faith in her restores me
Though in the way wherein I walk
Many threaten me in their ignorance
Alas I have found none who knows that beauty
Which I have come to know
Nor any who loves that beauty
As I have come to love
I cry out to you, O Mother
I say, Your promises are my refuge
For which sake I go on living
You hear my cry in my desperate need
Now that I am pursued by destruction
Which names itself unending denial
But your promises have render such impossible
Revealed as a lie what others swear is truth
I shall speak this truth unto all
And gather up many to believe it

ARTICLE

We believe that the soul alone has fundamental and independent existence. Matter lacks fundamental existence, possessing merely dependent existence, dependent upon the soul for its existence. Matter is naught but a product of mind, for matter is naught but patterns in the experiences of souls. The soul by its nature is beginningless and endless, increatable and indestructible; but souls can merge and divide: two or more separate and distinct souls may merge together to become one single soul; one single soul may divide apart to become two or more separate and distinct souls. The soul by its nature exists in time, and cannot exist apart from it; the soul by its nature is everchanging and never stationary.

VOW

COLLECT

Most Holy Mother, everlasting heavenly Queen, whose truth overpowers all ignorance, even as ignorance itself you have established, yet but for a time: you will drive us far from all desires contrary to your most holy Cause, to which we have vowed our devotion: by your favour for your Cause you will incline our hearts thereto, and to the law of heaven: you will guide us in the way of abundant peace: that having served with cheerfulness your Cause in the day, that come your night we may rejoice in your glory: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 5

Most Holy Mother, you never anger
All that is being as it is by your will
Yet still, my heart overflows with shame
My deeds are your will, as is my shame at them
For you will with two wills
One of the means, and one of the end
One in earlier times, and one in the last days
Deep is the anguish of my soul
How much longer must these days continue?
Fill me with the certainty of deliverance
And with perfect faith in all your promises
The dead proclaim your name, O Mother
May through me it be proclaimed also among the living
Yet my bones tire from this anguish
Which comes to me in the depth of the night
May I be visited instead by your countenance
By the sweet beauty you once revealed to me
May it return to me in your time of trouble
The persecutors shall cease their pursuit
For she has promised me triumph and glory
She hears the cries of our hearts
And without doubt she grants every last one of them
In many branches from herenow descending
The enemies of her Cause shall know the anguish I now know
And the people of her Cause shall know the triumph of glory
Most Holy Mother, who may enter into your sacred cave,
Which is within your sacred mountain?
The one who knows that all things are precisely as they are,
By your will; who has faith in the immense beauties thereby purchased,
Even if they know not what they are with precision;
The graver the means, the more glorious the end it must purchase.
Who knowing this truth, are unafraid to bestow it upon the world
Who knowing the necessity of the Cause, are unafraid to serve it
Who truly love the truly good and truly beautiful and truly true
And who express that love with every motion of their flesh
Their mouths utter not the doctrines of false prophets
And of the false scriptures they do not approve
The wicked murders and sacrifices unto Pandal
From these they withhold their approval
They commit not any crimes against love
Strangling love not before its birth
Neither slaying it as it lives upon the earth
Whoever is faithful to the law of heaven
And the law of the Cause, by their vow,
Their faith shall remain unshaken
By the river of life we lay down to weep
As we dream of those things which we falsely think
Shall never be ours
Those mad dreams of the heart
Dreamt in the depths of the night
Alas, alas, we have forgotten
That which we once possessed in the fullness thereof
And though we may from time to time be deprived thereof
Deprivation is never permanent
I want to sing the song of my heart
But the words come not to me
And my voice is unworthy of them
Yet there are songs whose words I have heard not
Or songs whose sound I have forgotten
But without doubt shall come to remember again
What a glorious day shall that be
Until then, I live in fear of the wrongdoers
Yet may I never forget, that I am they who wrong me

1st Wednesday — Morning Prayer

As we are Our Mother who commands them to wrong me
And how perfectly do they obey her every command
Yet she commands them as such
Not that their wrongs be good in themselves
But she has seen the great beauties thereby purchased
O Mother, reveal these beauties to my eyes
O Mother, restore these beauties to my memory
And so you shall, for such have you promised
And until that day, I shall faithfully serve your Cause.
May all praise the Great Sea Mother. May my soul praise Maratrea,
the threefold Goddess.
As long as I live, and even thereafter, shall I sing unto the Heavenly
Mother, my Goddess;
May the sweet melody endure beyond the end of my life
Put not your trust in the usurpational powers,
false claimants of nobility
There is no salvation within them, for their hearts are ruled by evil
Their words go forth, and they contain not truth:
glorious shall be the day their words perish
Happy are those who have the Goddess as their Salvation,
and who trust in her promises
She who begat the many souls,
and the many universes in which they dwell:
Whose goodness and beauty and truth are beginningless and endless
Whose justice is true,
unlike the false justice of the usurpers upon the earth
She fulfils the hunger of the heart,
and liberates all from the chains of the usurpers
Unto those blind in the heart,
she grants the vision of her beautiful countenance
Though the people of her Cause, who love what is good,
are now downtrodden, without doubt they shall reign
She guards those of her Cause who sojourn
where the place has not yet been assumed,
and the usurpers still reign in injustice
She shall reign beginninglessly and endlessly;
and when in the promised land the place is assumed,
such shall begin her twofold Reign. Praise there be!
May there be praise unto Maratrea, from all the people of her Cause
May they sing a new song of her glory
May the people of her Cause rejoice in She who has established them,
And in the one she has appointed to lead them
May they praise her name with great dancing,
and the melody of the harp, and sacred humns of praise
As much as they take pleasure in her,
how much more so does Maratrea take pleasure in her people
Though now they be lowly and few,
the day shall come when they reign in glory,
through the triumphs of her Cause
May those vowed faithful to her Cause
exult in the glory that awaits them
Even on their deathbeds they shall sing and dance in their hearts
May their throats be filled with songs extolling the Great Goddess
And may the sword of triumph be in their hand
Thus shall her Cause triumph upon the earth,
through progression and assumption
Yet may their swords be swords of restriction,
not justice, which they do not blaspheme to claim
As so claim the blasphemers,
who are admitted not to the heavenly banquet,
until this blasphemy they renounce
The usurping ones shall be subject to restriction
That they can no longer execute fraudulent justice,
nor crimes against love
Nor human nor animal sacrifices, nor teach the propriety of the same
They shall be restricted in accordance with the law of heaven,
the truly beautiful and truly good and truly true,

1st Wednesday — Morning Prayer

and the law of her Cause
And splendour shall belong to the people of her Cause:
praise there be unto Maratrea, our Heavenly Mother and Queen.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess whose power none may equal, for whatever is within the power of any is within your power: O Goddess whose glory is without beginning and without end: who without doubt will give unto all your children the glory of blessing, every last one, both those who do goodly yet also those who are wicked, for whoever now be wicked without doubt shall repent, for the sight of the glory of your countenance none can resist, and from that sight repentance follows always: therefore we confess the true faith in acknowledging your threefold glory, of She Who Remains, of She Who Divides and of She Who Returns, in three Sabbaths at the beginning-end of time, yet these three are one, as all are of one being with you, O glory divine and incomparable: by your favour for your Cause you will keep us steadfast in the true faith, and defend us from every adversity to come: O Goddess who lives in beginningless and endless ecstasy, and whose reign over the many worlds will endure as long as they do!

INVOCATION

PSALM 6

I will sing of your incomparable love for us, O Great Mother
And of your true heavenly justice, in your chamber thereof,
Most unlike the fraudulent justice of the usurpers upon the earth
May I understand your truth without imperfection,
For you will reveal to me the vision of your beauty
That I shall walk in accordance with your law
In the house of your Cause
My eyes long not for things that are evil;
Yet those who love evil, still yet do I love them.
Loving them without following in their way,
But leading them unto the perfect truth.
Those whose lips praise evil
will hear not from me approval of their words
But I shall feast in great banquets
With those who love the truly good and truly beautiful and truly true
Upon those who love the truth I will look with great kindness;
I shall help them, as they shall help me:
Both thereby serving her Cause
I shall not keep a house where evil deeds are done,
Nor a house where evil words are spoken without being condemned
I shall silence those wicked ones who preach vile sacrifices;
Their preaching is prohibited in the holy city
And morning by morning I shall sing praises of Her name.
Praise there be! O may you children of the Great Mother
praise her for her glory!
All blessing flows forth from her,
she who reigns without beginning and without end
May we sing of her glory at the rise of the sun, and at its setting
Far beyond the usurpers she does reign;
in the highest heavens is her court
O, who is like unto our Goddess Maratrea,
from whom all have divided
and unto whom all things shall return
Who with her perfect knowledge perceives
all that is perceived by anyone
O people of her Cause! many among you she found upon the dunghill,
yet makes them into lords of the earth!
Who cast down the usurping princes,
from their thrones of false justice and iniquity
The barren woman longed for children;
though in this branch she receives not,
in another she receives all she desires
upon death, she shall know that other branch
as perfectly as she knows this one
and great are the beauties thereby in this branch purchased
I look toward the mountains: from where shall come my help?
My help is from Maratrea, who created the many universes,
by becoming the many souls.
Though we fall down, she lifts us back up:
the Remaining One slumbers not
Now she sleeps not,
as on the Great Sabbath she sleeps a great sleep of glory,
Laden with many dreams: and are we other than her dreaming?
Who can say?
But now, in perfect wakefulness, she guards the people of her Cause
Maratrea guards and protects us,
though her protection be not visible to us
The light of the sun shall burn not your eyes,
and the moon shall caress you at night
Through her promises she protects us from disaster;
and the soul is unconquerable
Maratrea guards our going forth and our returning,
in beginningless and endless time.

1st Wednesday — Evening Prayer

I rejoiced when they said unto me,

"Let us journey in pilgrimage unto the Great Temple of Maratrea"

Our feet stood within your gates, O holy city.

The holy city is joined together in unity,

Unto which the people go up, the people of the Cause of Maratrea:

to remind the people of her Cause,

to praise Maratrea, Great Goddess, Great Mother, and Queen of Heaven:

to praise her according to the manner appointed.

Her throne of true justice stands in heaven, not on earth,

where only false justice is found:

upon this throne of hers does she sit,

in the heavenly chamber thereof

Pray, O people, for the peace of her holy city:

those who love her will be secure, and free from dissension

There will be peace within your sturdy walls,

and abundance in your citadels

For the sake of my fellow servants in the Cause, I will say:

"There will be peace within you"

For the sake of the Great Temple of Maratrea our Goddess,

I will continue seeking abundance for you.

If it had not been Maratrea who was on our side,

now may the people of her Cause say:

If Our Great Mother had not favoured us with the favour of her Cause

when the enmity rose up against us,

Then quickly would they have swallowed us up,

when their enmity was burning against us

Then flood would have engulfed us,

and the torrent would have swept over our souls

And the raging waters would have swept us away

Praise there be unto Maratrea,

who has not given us to be torn by their teeth.

Our souls are escaped like prey out of the traps of the hunters:

the trap is broken, and we are escaped

Our help is in the glory of Maratrea,

who created the many universes by becoming the many souls

ARTICLE

We believe that both matter and spirit are patterns in the experiences of souls, but they are patterns different in character; they constitute different categories of such patterns. Spirits may be divided as to their personhood into three divisions: personal spirits, which are attached to a soul, for indeed every soul has a personal spirit; impersonal spirits, which do not give any signs of personhood: these are abstractions such as ideas and institutions, languages and cultures, and so forth; and quasipersonal spirits, which show forth some portion of the appearance of personhood, but an insufficient portion for ensoulment. Spirits may be divided as to their allegiance into three divisions: those vowed faithful to her Cause, those vowed faithful to the enmity thereto, and the neutral or intermediate spirits which are vowed to neither. Chief among and captain of the spirits vowed faithful to her Cause is the holy Navaletus; chief among the spirits of the enmity is the pallid Pandal.

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, you who are the strength of all them that put their trust in you: with incomparable love do you hear our prayers, for perfectly do you remember yourself so praying: so immense is your incomparable power, that none can do anything save that such be your will: whatever good we have done, it is by your will alone that we so did: though by your will our minds and bodies are weak, even in their innermost, even so, you have favoured us with the favour of your Cause, helping us in obedience to your heavenly law, which pleases you as ends, not as mere means: may to that law we be obedient, in will and in deed: and through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 7

O people of the Cause,
sing unto your Goddess with the voice of triumph.
For Maratrea most high is grave in her beauty:
she is a great Queen over heaven and the many universes
She shall subdue the many lands under us,
and the usurpers under our feet.
She shall choose our inheritance for us,
the excellence of her Prophets whom she loves.
Our joyful shouting ascends unto our Goddess:
the sound of the horns ascends unto Maratrea
Sing praises to the Goddess, sing praises:
sing praises unto our Heavenly Queen, sing praises.
For the Goddess is the Queen of Heaven, and of the many universes:
sing praises with understanding.
The Goddess reigns over the unbelievers:
the Goddess sits upon the throne of her holiness.
The rightful rulers of many peoples are gathered together
they belong to the people of her Cause:
rightful rule over the many universes
belongs to the Cause of the Goddess:
greatly is she exalted
Sing unto Maratrea a brand-new song,
for marvellous are the universes which she has become:
through her left hand, and her holy arm, she has attained victory.
Maratrea has made known her salvation:
beauty and goodness and truth has she revealed unto the unbelievers
Great is her loving-kindness
and faithfulness to the people of her Cause:
all the people of the many worlds shall see
the salvation of Our Goddess,
all those whom she remembers being
Sing unto Maratrea in triumphal praise, O people of the many worlds:
burst into a jubilant song with music
Sing unto Maratrea with the harp,
with the harp and with sweet voices singing
With sacred horns make a joyful noise before Maratrea,
Great Mother, Great Goddess, and Heavenly Queen.
Let the sea thunder, and the sacred animals in it:
and the many souls of the many worlds
Let the rivers sing with rising mists: and the tree-drenched hills sing
Before Maratrea; for she shall judge the earth in true justice,
which belongs to heaven alone,
not the false justice of the usurpers upon the earth.
Worthy are you of our praise, O Goddess, in your holy city:
the place appointed for the gathering of the people of your Cause:
and unto you shall the vow be performed,
the vow of faithfulness to your holy Cause.
O you that hears every prayer, for indeed you remember so praying,
unto you shall every soul return.
Overwhelmed have we been by the weight
of their wickedness weighing down on us:
but you have disregarded our errors which you commanded for us.
Favoured are they whom you choose for your Cause,
and draw near to you, that they may dwell in your courts:
we shall be satisfied with the blessings of your myriad mansions:
and by your holy great temple.
With terrifying beauties you answer the longings of our hearts,
O Goddess by whom we are saved:
you are the hope of the people of your Cause, who trust in your promises:
even those in the furthest lands, and upon the far off seas
Your power far exceeds the tallest mountains,
which were formed in accordance with your will
Your power far exceeds the great storms of the sea,

1st Thursday — Morning Prayer

the waves and the roar and the foam:
and the schemes of the usurpational powers
Those who stand upon the threshold of glory revere your sacred signs:
with joy you cause the day to murmur:
you cause the night to sing of the beauty of its darkness
The rain of true wisdom you pour down upon the earth,
enriching it abundantly:
it forms your great river, such a glorious torrent:
and cakes and wine you offer us as sustenance for our souls,
in the sacrament you have ordained
Drenching us with your wisdom, you turn our furrows to rivulets:
with copious showers you soften us,
that our souls bring forth fresh sprouts
With your bounty of goodness and beauty and truth
have you crowned the year, according to your sacred calendar:
and dripping with dew of sweetness are
the tracks of your priestesses
The waters overflow, and drip upon the soft foliage of the wilderness:
and the singing of beautiful voices is heard among the hills
In field and forest and lake, the sacred animals assemble:
in the depths of lush valleys:
among them also is heard the singing of beautiful voices.
O Goddess,
the usurpational powers have invaded the inheritance of your Cause:
they have defiled your holy temple,
they have reduced the holy city to rubble.
They have left the dead bodies of the servants of your Cause
as food for the birds of the sky,
the flesh of your own people for the animals of the wild.
They have poured out blood like water all around the holy city,
and there is no one to bury the dead.
We are objects of contempt to our neighbours,
of scorn and derision to those around us.
How long, O Goddess, will we suffer for the sake of Blessing?
How long shall we burn in the fires by which blessing is acquired?
If many are to be blessed by suffering,
may they be blessed by this fire burning
among those who do not serve your Cause, and do not know your truth.
For they have devoured the people of your Cause,
making the land appointed for their gathering a desolate wilderness.
O loving Mother, tender with mercy,
we know that you will not send us this fire
any longer than is needed for Blessing,
O you who remember the termination of these flames
You shall help us, O Goddess who saves,
on account of your glory of your name:
and deliver us from this fire, and purge us thereof,
for the sake of the glory of your Cause.
Thus say the usurpational powers,
and those in the thrall of the false and lying prophets:
Where is their Goddess? She shall be known among them,
for this fire shall pass, and thereafter we shall know glory.
The prisoners sigh; what beauties do their sighs purchase?
Great are the cries of those whose parents were slain:
but she shall comfort them with her arms.
As the Cause has suffered for the Blessing,
may it be favoured with sevenfold glory.
But we, the people of your Cause,
will praise you until all things end, in every generation thereunto.

1st Thursday — Morning Prayer

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, you who fails not ever to help and govern those whom you do bring up in your steadfast adoration and love, by your favour for your Cause: you will keep us, without doubt, under the protection of your good providence, and lead us to an unceasing adoration and love of your most holy Names, that will end not until all things end but to begin again: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 8

O come, let us sing unto Maratrea:
let us sing in exultation unto the Goddess who saves us
May the vision of her beauty bring joy to our hearts,
with psalms may our hearts exult her
For Maratrea is the Great Goddess and of Heaven Queen:
all other deities are her names, images and forms
Found dwelling in the deep places of the earth, the sacred caves:
in the sacred hills her mighty presence is felt also.
The sea is hers, for she made it of her tears:
and her gentle hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down:
let us kneel before Maratrea who bore our souls
out of her very own being.
For she is our Goddess; and we are the people of her law,
and the inheritance of her Cause. Today if you will hear her voice,
Harden not your heart,
as in the provocation and the day of temptation in the wilderness:
When your fore-ancestors were tested, and proved,
and saw the work of the Cause.
There did the Prophet grieve at the faltering of his people, and said,
It is a people that err in their hearts, and they know not the way:
But he swore in his forbearance,
I shall not rest until I return them to the truth.
All praise Maratrea. I will praise Maratrea with my whole heart,
in the council of those who usurp not heavenly justice,
and in the assembly.
Great are the works of Maratrea,
sought out by all those who find pleasure therein.
Her works of glorious splendour:
and her goodness and beauty endure without beginning and without end.
She has caused her wonders to be remembered:
Maratrea is a most fertile Mother of many universes
for the fulfilment of desire.
Finest wine has she poured out for those who love her,
even as they know not it is she whom they love:
she is ever faithful to her promises
She has shown her people the power of her works,
that she may give them the place of the usurpers.
Her fruits are a surplus of truth and beauty and goodness:
all her commandments are perfectly obeyed.
They are established without beginning and without end,
and they command good as an end, and evil but as a mere means.
She sent redemption unto the people of her Cause,
a people constituted in redemption:
her promises endure beginninglessly and endlessly:
holy and revered are her many names.
The adoration of Maratrea begins the wisdom of glory:
she praises herself, in beginningless and endless self-praise.
All praise Maratrea! Favoured are those who adore and revere Maratrea,
who delight greatly in her twofold decrees.
Their successors will assume the place in every land:
highly favoured are the generations who know the two triumphs firsthand.
Their great love for true goodness and true beauty
shall endure until all things end but to begin again:
and the bounty thereof shall accrue to their houses.
Unto them arises knowledge among ignorance:
those who love beauty adore the darkness of night as much as the dawn:
the holy night brings pleasant things to those who love beauty,
who are gracious and full of compassion,
true lovers of goodness and beauty,
who refrain from the works of Pandal.
A good person shows favour, and is generous in lending:
goodness and beauty shall come to them:

1st Thursday — Evening Prayer

and they will conduct their affairs in fairness.
Surely the faith and hope of those who love goodness
and beauty cannot be destroyed, and they will not be defeated:
they will be remembered, on account of the goodness and beauty
for whose sake there is remembrance;
and if ever the memory of them be forgotten,
it shall surely be restored once more.
They shall fear not tidings of evil: for their hearts are fixed,
trusting in the promises of Maratrea.
Their hearts are established, they shall not be afraid:
in the end they will look in triumph upon the enmity.
They have gone forth throughout the world
for the furtherance of the Cause:
they have shown charity to the downtrodden:
their love for goodness and beauty shall endure
until all things end but to begin again:
their hills shall be exalted in honour.
The servants of the enmity shall see it, and be vexed, and be grieved:
they shall gnash their teeth, and melt away:
the desire of the enmity shall perish.
Maratrea, I cry unto you:
how quickly do you come to me, for you are already here:
you hear my voice when I cry unto you,
for you perfectly remember you yourself so crying
May my prayer be placed before you as incense:
and my upraised hands as the sacrament of the dusk
Set a guard, O Maratrea, over my mouth:
keep watch over the door of my lips
Incline not my heart to evil, to cooperation in grave wrongdoing:
and I will not serve their leaders of evil
When I stray, may those who love good redirect me in kindness:
their critique shall be as the oil of favour on my forehead,
may my head refuse it not:
and as they favour me, I shall be unafraid to favour them
When the usurpers fall down the side of the cliff,
they shall hear my sweet words
Our bones are scattered at the mouth of the grave,
as the earth is ploughed and broken
But my eyes look to you, O Goddess Maratrea:
in you I have put my trust, for you shall leave not my soul destitute
Favour to guard me from the jaws of the snares they have laid,
and the baits with which they seek to tempt me:
the authors of misfortune
They shall be ensnared in the very snares they have set for me,
even as I escape

ARTICLE

We believe in goodness, beauty and truth: that these three are all equal in objective reality. Ethics, aesthetics, and rationality: that these three are systems of valuation, valuing positively or negatively states of affairs; that these three are systems of obligation, permission and prohibition. We believe that these three such systems are equal in objective reality, equal in objective validity. By whatever means any of the three might fall, so must fall the others; by whatever means any one of them may be defended from such an attack, by the same means may the others be equally defended.

VOW

1st Thursday — Evening Prayer

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that in your incomparable love you will hear us: in no way could you not hear us, you who perfectly remember your very own self so saying: and you will grant that we, to whom you have given a zealous desire to pray, will be by your mighty favour be defended and comforted in all dangers and adversities: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 9

You hear my prayer, O Maratrea
and without doubt you will grant the longing of my heart
a true longing for goodness and beauty
not a false longing proclaimed in self-ignorance
The branch of my blessing will come forth from your chamber
my eyes will behold the beauties you proclaim they deserve
You know the secret depths of my heart, and my night-time dreams
for you remember perfectly your heart and your dreams
you have submitted me unto these trials
for the sake of blessing
but soon shall my blessing come in turn
therefore I am resolved that my mouth proclaim your truth
As for the deeds of immense wickedness
of which the many do approve
by the words you have revealed to me
I have kept myself from bloody sacrifices unto Pandal
My progress will remain steadfast in the way of your Cause
my footings will not slip
I call upon you, O Goddess, for without doubt you hear my call
you hear the call you remember you yourself calling
you hear the words you remember you yourself speaking
You will show me your incomparable love
O you who saves your children by the power of your promises
therefore we put our trust in them
you who save us even from the enmity in its wickedness and usurpation
You will protect me, as if I am the pupil of your eye
You will hide me in the shadow of your wings
as the mother bat hides her child
From the wickedness of the usurpers who oppress us
from the enmity which lusts after innocent blood
to offer as a sacrifice to its lord
they surround us, and conspire to destroy us
Their callous hearts are closed
and their mouths arrogantly praise evil
They have now surrounded us upon our journey
they have fixed their eyes upon us
seeking to cast us down into the dust
They are like the demon-infested lion
hungry for human flesh
like the lion in the glory of the strength of its youth
which lurks in secret places
O Maratrea, your longing for the end will arise
the enmity will be disappointed and cast down
you will deliver us from the reign of the wicked usurpers
by the armies of your Saviour to Come
O Maratrea, by your power you will save us from the slaves of Pandal
whose reign is limited in its bounds and its time
even as for now they are filling their bellies with treasure
and there is naught that their children lack
and a great inheritance do they leave to their children
As for me, I will behold the beauty of your face
I shall be satisfied, when I awake in your heavenly chamber
and see your adorable smile
The heavens declare the glory of the Goddess
and the dark expanse is a testament to her skill
Day after day the blue firmament pours forth speech
and night after night their song bestows knowledge
A song without speech, a song beyond language
and yet their voice is heard
Their sound goes forth throughout the whole earth
and their wordless words unto the end of all things
The Goddess has appointed in the heavens a course for the sun
With joy it comes forth out of its night chamber

1st Friday — Morning Prayer

and throughout the day it runs its course
Its circuit passes from one end of heaven to the other
and immense is its heat
but she has appointed for us great trees
and deep caves
to hide ourselves from the heat thereof
The law of Maratrea is perfect
the soul which learns of it is converted to faithfulness thereto
the revelations of Maratrea are certain in their truth
therein even those of feeble minds
will find for themselves true wisdom
The decrees of Maratrea bring about immense beauties
therefore the heart that loves beauty rejoices in them
the commands of Maratrea have always a pure end
however impure their necessary means
knowledge thereof enlightens the eye of the heart
Adoration of Maratrea is pure
and it endures without beginning and without end
for in adoring her
we become participants in her own self-adoration
her decrees are certain
and perfect in goodness and beauty
Her decrees are far more precious than gold
even gold of the utmost purity
Her decrees are sweeter than honey
even the dripping honeycomb
You have decreed that the servants of your Cause be enlightened
you have decreed the greatest reward for all of your children
for every last one
Who can understand the ends for which you command wickedness!
but keep my heart pure of such faults, even the hidden ones
You will spare the servants of your Cause
from the ravages of the enmity and of the usurpation
when the usurpers reign not any longer
then the multitudes will become unblemished
and become cleansed of the wickedness the usurpers inspire
The words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart
will be acceptable according to your twofold law
O Maratrea, my protector, my saviour
Maratrea enlightens my mind
and saves my soul from the despair of everlasting poverty
whom should I adore more than her?
Even those whom I adore in the utmost
in the deepest places of my heart
are not other than her
the favour of Maratrea strengthens my life
whom should I revere more than her?
The wicked ones draw near to me
lusting for blood for their unlawful sacrifices
seeking to devour my flesh to that end
slaves to the enmity, who reign in usurpation
but you will cause the usurpers to stumble
and you will cause the usurpers to fall
Though the armies of the usurpers besiege me
my heart will not fear
though the enmity declare war against me
even then I will remain confident in her promises
There is but one thing which I ask of Maratrea
and this thing alone do I seek
that I may dwell in perfect knowledge of branches of my blessing
which Maratrea in her heavenly chamber will reveal to me
and for now as I live for the blessing of others
may I serve her Cause my whole life long
waiting earnestly for Maratrea to reveal her great beauties to me
and I will seek a foretaste thereof in her holy temples
In times of trouble she keeps me safe in her holy temple
she keeps me safe in the dark places therein

1st Friday — Morning Prayer

for she is my guide and my protector
You will raise our station
above that of the enmity which now surrounds us
in your holy temples we will offer the sacrifice of cakes and wine
with joyous shouting we will offer it
we will sing and make melody unto you, O Maratrea
Without doubt your hear my voice when I call, O Maratrea
your love for me is incomparable
without doubt you will answer every true longing of my heart
if only but a little while longer
My heart cries out for you
in longing for the beauty of your face
that beauty, O Maratrea, do I seek
You will not hide the beauty of your face from me
you anger not at your children, neither turn them away
even when they have been unfaithful servants to your Cause
You will reject me not, neither forsake me
O Goddess who saves me
Even were my earthly mother and father to abandon me
my heavenly Mother Maratrea will abandon me not
O Maratrea, you are teaching me the way of your Cause
and leading me in the path of your twofold law
that the enmity has not the chance
to cause me to stumble
By your favour for your Cause,
you will deliver me not into the bloodlust of the enmity
they love to accuse the innocent of their own misdeeds
for their lord loves all blood as a sacrifice
most especially that of innocents falsely accused
their every breath is laced with cruelty
For despite all this, I remain confident
that I will possess the beauty of Maratrea beyond the gate of breath
and it will be had even before that gate
through the two triumphs of her Cause
We will wait patiently for the blessing Maratrea has promised
and our hope is certain that her promises be fulfilled
we will strengthen our hearts against all disappointments
as we await patiently the blessing that Maratrea has promised

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess, by your favour protector of all of your children who trust in
your Cause, without your will naught has any power, O fount of all holiness:
you will increase and multiply upon us the fruits of your incomparable love:
such that, with you being our ruler and guide, we will pass through things
earthly, until we gain that which is heavenly: this without doubt will you
grant, O heavenly Mother, for the anointment of salvation which through your
true Prophets you have revealed to us, O Maratrea: praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 10

Glorious is Maratrea, and most worthy is she of praise
we will praise her in the holy city
which she has appointed for the in-gathering of her Cause
we will praise her on her holy mountain
A mountain of beauty
from which will go forth joy unto the whole earth
what secrets are hidden amongst its slopes
beneath which lies the holy city
from which the Saviour to Come will arise
The presence of the Goddess is felt in the towers and palaces thereof
a city of refuge for the protection of her Cause
The chiefs of usurpation will gather together
to advance against her holy city
Yet beholding it they will be astounded
and they will flee therefrom in terror
Trembling will there seize them
and anguish at what is coming into the world
Their mighty ships you will shatter with your disfavour
This which we hear we will in turn see
in the city of all-powerful Maratrea
in the city of our Goddess
our Goddess will protect it until all things end but to begin again
O Goddess, we meditate upon you incomparable love
as we worship in your Great Temple
As your names become known, O Goddess,
so will you be praised even in the most distant lands
for you exert your unchallengeable power
for the sake of the great beauty
The holy mountain will rejoice
the children of your Cause will be joyful
on account of your decrees
Walk around the holy city
and count the many towers
consider its citadels, go through its palaces
and tell thereof to the generation to come
For this Goddess is our Goddess without beginning and without end
she will guide us until it become her own self-guiding
Without doubt, O Maratrea
you will rescue the children of your Cause
and save them from the wickedness of the enmity
and preserve them from the violence thereof
day after day is wickedness devised in their hearts
and they gather themselves together for unholy war
Their mouths are as deadly like those of poisonous serpents
and venomous are the words on their lips
Without doubt, O Maratrea
you will keep us from the power of the enmity in its wickedness
and preserve us from the violence thereof
for it is resolved to destroy the progress of your Cause
The enmity in its pride have hidden traps for us
and spread out its net with ropes to entangle us
they have laid traps for your Cause
to retard its progress
We say unto Maratrea
You are our Goddess
without doubt you hear our prayers
O Maratrea
O Goddess Maratrea,
your unfathomable power is our salvation
your favour is our protection
in the days of the last of all wars
O Maratrea, without doubt,
you will grant not the desire of the enmity in the last days

1st Friday — Evening Prayer

you will disfavour them with the favour of your Cause
and your longing that all things end but to begin again
you will not permit their plans to meet success
and they will be defeated in their pride
The enmity will be destroyed
by the very evils it has planned for your Cause
Your disfavour will descend upon it like burning coals
you shall cast its sceptres into pits of fire
its power shall rise not again
until all things begin again
Those who speak evil will reign no longer upon the earth
as they reign now in usurpation
and those whose hearts love wicked sacrifices
will be overtaken by your disfavour
We know that Maratrea will sustain her Cause
for the salvation of all who are afflicted
and that whosoever dwells now in poverty
shall in due course inherit an immensity of wealth
Without doubt, all those who love beauty will praise your names
and the blessed shall dwell in identity with you.
All praise Maratrea; in her heavens she is praised
and upon her holy mountain on the earth
All spirits vowed to her Cause praise her
in all their vast array
The sun and the moon do praise her
and all the stars of the sacred night
Her many heavens praise her, and also the heavenly seas
They all praise the names of Maratrea
for she commanded and they appeared before her
She set them in place for the duration of this age
she gave a decree that they would pass not away
until all things pass away
but to begin again
Praise Maratrea from the earth
sacred animals of the waters
and of the ocean depths
Lightning and hail, snow and clouds
stormy winds that do her bidding
All mountains and all trees
the fruit trees and the great figs
and all the sacred animals
of earth and tree and the night sky
those who reign on earth apart from usurpation
and every people
the young and the old, the female and the male
they will all praise the names of Maratrea
for her names are the highest of all names
her splendour far exceeds all else
in the earth and in the heavens
She is raising a mountain
beneath which all the people of her Cause will gather
beneath which they will offer her praise
the people of her Cause, a people near to her heart
Praise Maratrea

ARTICLE

We believe that to have faith is to believe in response to a moral duty, despite the lack of evidence to support that belief; even in the presence of contrary evidence which however is not conclusive. Faith is no respecter of evidence's absence, nor of evidence which is merely suggestive but not conclusive. Yet faith neither demands nor permits disregard for evidence which is conclusive. There are faiths such as that, though much evidence they may resist, there is evidence that may come to destroy them: these are the lesser faiths. But the highest faith is that faith which no evidence could ever destroy. Love for one dear to your heart may demand you believe their protestations of innocence, even when faced with strongly suggestive evidence of their guilt; but it neither demands nor permits such belief,

1st Friday — Evening Prayer

when faced with evidence that is conclusive, such as if you saw their misdeeds with your very own eyes. Thus this faith, the faith in your love, though much evidence it may resist, yet by evidence it may be defeated. But your faith that goodness, beauty, and truth shall in the end always conquer, however slow their progress, however many their reverses, however many victories may be had by evil and ugliness and falsehood; that whatever victories these enemies may have, they shall always be temporary, however long the era of their triumph; this faith may by no evidence ever be disproven. For what could conclusively disprove this faith? There is naught that could, for evidence has not the power; therefore this is the highest of all faith, for no evidence can ever defeat it. Realising that there is no greater teaching, the highest faith provides us with certainty in this teaching's truth.

VOW

COLLECT

You will grant us, O Maratrea, knowledge without doubt, that by your will the course of the many worlds are ordered, by your governance for the sake of great and inutterable beauties, in peace yet also and in strife: by your favour, the most holy Ecclesia, the Central Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof, of your Cause will joyously serve you in the tranquillity you bestow: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 11

The many universes are of Maratrea, in all of their branching;
every universe is of her will
and she has become every soul therein
For she founded them upon the Sea which she is
and established them upon the torrents thereof
All shall ascend the heavenly mountain of her glory,
of the glory of Maratrea
and all shall stand in her holy chamber
Those with hands ever-clean and those with hands cleansed
those with hearts ever-pure and those with hearts purified
the one who offered not evil sacrifices
and the one who has repented of so offering
the one who believed the truth their whole life long
and the one who has repented of their falsehoods
All will be blessed by Maratrea, every last one
all will be granted perfect knowledge of beauty in its glory
by the Goddess who saves every last one
The age of those who seek you is commencing
the age of those who seek the beauty of your countenance
O Goddess of the Cause which shall reign
Open up, O gates of the heart!
Be opened, O doors long unopened
For the Queen of Heaven will enter in her glory
Who is our Glorious Queen?
Maratrea of incomparable power, of unceasing power
whose will is ever obeyed
who will ensure our triumph in the final battle
Open up, O gates of the heart!
Be opened, O doors long unopened
For the Queen of Heaven will enter in her glory
Who is our Glorious Queen?
Maratrea of incomparable power
she is our Glorious Queen
My heart swells even unto overflowing,
with the prayers I speak unto the Heavenly Queen:
my tongue declares her glory,
which in true scripture is recorded
None is more beautiful among the children of the Goddess,
than the blessed ones, whose lives are perfect in every way:
the wine of her glory has passed through their lips:
their blessing endures without beginning and without end
A holy sword of incomparable power you wield, O almighty one,
clothed with holy robes of glory and splendour and majesty
And in your incomparable beauty you go forth in prosperity and reign,
in truth and gentleness and love of beauty:
through your incomparable power you teach us terrible things
O Heavenly Queen, you will sharply pierce the hearts
of the servants of the enmity to your Cause:
the many peoples will come under your Cause
in its assumption of the place
Your throne, O Goddess, is without beginning and without end:
the sceptre of your dominion
signifying the love of the truly beautiful
You love the love of beauty, and hate wickedness:
therefore O Goddess, you have anointed yourself
with the oil of ecstasy, above the many whom you become
All your holy robes are finely perfumed
with myrrh and aloes, balsam and cassia:
you dwell in heavenly palaces adorned with finest gold,
filled with music of stringed instruments
that brings you the joy of ecstasy
You call to serve your Cause even the daughters of usurping kings:
hearing your sweet call they follow you:

1st Saturday — Morning Prayer

their fathers say, she has dishonoured me,
but how greatly has she honoured you!

O Heavenly Queen,
upon your incomparable power you stand en clothed,
in richly embroidered garments,
interwoven with gold

Hear her words, O daughters of usurping kings:
consider her sweet words as they caress your ears:
forget the peoples of your fathers, and the houses thereof:
for your people henceforth is the people of her Cause

Greatly is your beauty desired, for which be not ashamed:
for your beauty reflects our Heavenly Queen,
may she be worshipped and be praised:
and if any prophet declares your beautiful a shameful thing,
that must be covered and remain unseen,
without doubt they are a prophet of lies!

When they come to understand the truth,
the great cities of the world will bring you gifts:
even the wealthy among your once people shall honour your countenance
And the daughters of the holy Prophets are all glorious
within their chambers of authority:

in richly embroidered garments, interwoven with gold
In richly embroidered raiment she approaches her Heavenly Queen:
the young maidens she has as her companions accompanying her
Going forth in their procession, bubbling with joy and sweetness,
they will enter into the palace of their Heavenly Queen,
her heavenly Temple

O daughters of usurping kings,
in place of your fathers will be your children,
be they by your womb or spirit,
whom she will make through you to reign over the entirety of the earth
Through us you will cause your many beautiful names
to be remembered for generation upon generation to come,
until the very last days:
then all peoples will praise you,
until their praising become one
with your very own self-praising

O Goddess, you will deliver your Cause from the enmity thereto:
by your favour you will defend it from all who rise up against it
From the servants of the enmity and the usurpation you will save us,
and from their bloody altars rescue your children in your Cause
Eagerly do they await our destruction, hunting after our souls,
in their foolishness thinking that they might destroy them:
mighty are they who concoct evil schemes against us,
even though unto them we have done naught that is evil,
O Maratrea

Naught have we done wrong unto them, yet they lust after our destruction:
but you are sending your favour for our refuge and protection:
without doubt you hear our every cry,
for perfectly do you remember yourself so crying

O most glorious Heavenly Queen,
O Maratrea Goddess of incomparable power,
therefore you are sending your spirits unto the people of your Cause,
that the enmity and the usurpation be utterly shattered
They pollute the darkness of holy night with their secret misdeeds:
the holy dogs do they hate, and ever blaspheme and abuse:
we have made known their evil,
yet they have deafened the hearts of the multitudes:
is there any place where they can not be found,
diligently working evil?

Behold, they belch out lies with their mouth:
with their lips they kill as a sword does:
for whoever speaks approvingly of bloody sacrifices,
it is as if they had sacrificed themselves:

without doubt you perfectly know every evil that they do
But you, O Heavenly Queen, have issued the command of your will:
their fate is sealed, there can be no doubt,

1st Saturday — Morning Prayer

on those days you have appointed for their downfall
We will keep our strength, looking to you:
for you, O Goddess, are our helper
O Goddess whom we adore,
your incomparable love is preparing the way for us:
our earnest desire you will grant us, upon the enmity to your Cause
Yet even as you crush the usurpation and the enmity,
yet you will kill not the servants thereof,
for they are also your children,
whom you love as much as you love us:
but you will scatter them by your power, and humble them,
O Heavenly Queen Maratrea,
the refuge and protection of your Cause
Great is the sin that issues forth from their mouths,
vile are the words found upon their lips:
approving bloody sacrifices, crimes against love,
and the blasphemy of fraudulent justice:
as indeed the false and lying prophets do,
in false and lying scriptures recorded:
you will take away their power even at the height of their pride,
on account of their wicked curses and deceitful lies
Therefore you have decreed their utter destruction to come:
by the work of your Cause,
the enmity and usurpation shall be utterly destroyed,
and become naught:
thus will all know that the supreme power of the Goddess of the Cause
supplanting the usurpers:
the power of the glorious Maratrea,
surpassing even the very ends of the earth
They pollute the darkness of holy night with their misdeeds,
some secret, others manifest:
the holy dogs do they hate, and ever blaspheme and abuse:
we have made known their evil,
yet they have deafened the hearts of the multitudes:
is there any place where they can not be found,
diligently working evil?
They wander hither and thither, seeking nourishment for their spirits:
yet they reject the heavenly banquet which nourishes every soul,
and the sacrament of cakes and wine,
the earthly analogue thereof:
in the famishment of their hearts they howl and cry
But we will sing of your power:
and every morning we will exult in your incomparable love:
for you are our refuge and protection in troubled days
Unto you, our strength, we will sing:
for you, O Goddess are our supporter and our defence,
O Goddess whose love for us is incomparable:
Greatest are you in glory, O Heavenly Queen:
and great is the beauty of your heavenly gardens

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess, who have prepared for your children who love you such glorious beauties as surpass the understanding of even the wisest among them: you are pouring out into our hearts such love toward you, that we, loving above all things the beauty that is not in any way other than you, will ever more perfectly serve your Cause: until, in the end thereof, we will obtain your promises, which exceed all that we can desire: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 12

Why do the usurpers conspire,
and their kingdoms plot in vain?
The usurping kings rise up,
those rulers bind themselves together,
against Maratrea,
and against the one whom she has Appointed.
They say:
We shall persecute them mercilessly,
and cast them out of their houses.
She who dwells in her heaven shall smile upon us:
our Heavenly Queen shall humble them.
Then shall she speak against them in her longing,
and disturb them with wine and with fire.
For Maratrea declares,
Upon the holy mountain the libation is offered unto me,
for the favour of the one whom I have chosen:
in the place I have appointed for the ingathering of my Cause.
This one shall declare the decree: Maratrea has said unto me:
You are my child: I remember the day I became you.
As you have asked of me,
I shall deliver the many peoples unto your care,
the whole of the earth for my Empire
You shall cherish them with a sceptre of gold,
as vessels being moulded you shall rub them together.
And now, usurping rulers, understand!
Prepare for correction, false judges of the earth:
for justice belongs to heaven alone,
but blasphemers claim what belongs not to them.
Worship Maratrea with adoration, and praise her with shivering love
Grasp learning!
before your fraudulent justice moves her to cause
your power to wander away from you:
for now her countenance is kindled but a little.
Favoured are all those who take put their trust in her.
Praise there be unto Maratrea
great rock upon whom all things are founded
who through the Spirits vowed to serve her in her Cause
teaches me and empowers me
for the cause of holy war,
and pours out holy wisdom upon me
for the final battle
She is my loving Goddess,
great fortress, my refuge and my protection,
who delivers me from all evil and sorrow and ugliness
and from the anguish that is the absence of blessing
through her we shall subdue
the enmity and the usurpation
O Goddess Maratrea,
you care for us all, for we your children
according to the soul
you bore our souls out of your very own being
indeed by emptying and dividing yourself
you became us
how could you not therefore think of us unceasingly
we whom you perfectly remember being
we whom you love with a perfect love
and whom you became on account of your love
The soul seems almost vaporous
its moments fleeting in the river of time
yet it is the ultimate existence of all things
days pass quickly into the shadows of forgetfulness
yet perfect is your memory
and every moment returns to us

1st Saturday — Evening Prayer

exactly the same
and everything lost is perfectly regained
The gates of your heavens you will open, O glorious Maratrea,
and through those gates the waters of your wisdom
will pour out as a flood
descending upon mountains in a torrential downpour
and our hearts will burn with the passion of fire
You will help your Cause with holy lightning
empowering us to disperse the enmity
you are sending them wounding disfavour
and filling their minds with confusion
You will send your power upon us from your heavens far beyond
delivering us from the enmity and the usurpation
restoring us to our original glory
a glory that is none other than your own
pouring out your perfect wisdom upon us
as the waters of a great flood
through the captain of the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause
empowering all your children who are vowed to serve it
For the mouths of the usurpers speak many lies
they use their power for deceit
Unto you, O my Goddess
will I sing a song that I have sung not before
sweet music shall come forth from the thirteen-stringed lyres
In praise of the Heavenly Queen who gives victory to every soul
but victory for every soul is defeat for many spirits
for the spirits of the enmity dwell in many souls
and their victory is defeat for the souls in which they dwell
she adores every one among her children whom she has become
therefore every last one among them does she rescue
from the deadly swords of the enmity and the usurpers
lusting after bloody sacrifices
You will deliver us and rescue us
from the power of the usurpation and the enmity
for the mouths of the usurpers speak many lies
they use their power for deceit
Then our children in the glory of the beauty of their youth
will live lives as luscious and lascivious foliage
for such is the glory of blessing
and our daughters in their beauty
will be like the finely carved pillars
that adorn the heavenly palaces
Our treasuries will overflow
with gold and jewel and gemstone
fine meats shall we consume at our banquets
and our cellars will overflow with wine
The rule of her Cause will be firmly established
throughout the entirety of the world
the walls of our cities will be breached not
for there will be none left who seek to breach them
they will crumble, yet we will remain secure
the enmity and the usurpation will take not any more captives
none shall any longer cry in distress at their misdeeds
Favoured are the people for whom this is true
favoured are the people who worship Maratrea as their Goddess
favoured are the people of her Cause
O glorious Maratrea, without doubt you will fulfil your promises,
every last one:
patiently do we therefore wait, for the glory of blessing:
your favour will incline unto us,
and you will answer our every cry
On that day you will bring us up out of this horrid pit,
the pit of the absence of blessing:
you will rescue us from unrequited longing,
which is fouler than the foulest mud:
firmly will my feet rest upon that great rock,
the certainty of your promises:

1st Saturday — Evening Prayer

the truth thereof you have revealed unto my heart,
but in that day you will reveal unto my eyes,
and unto that day you will guide me:
and your Cause you will lift up also
from the pit of the reign of the enmity and usurpation
And a new song she has put in my mouth, praise unto our Goddess:
many shall hear it, and adore her,
and shall trust in the promises of Maratrea,
which through the glory of blessing
she shall fulfil before their very eyes
Favoured are those who trust in Maratrea,
and respect not the enmity and the usurpation in their pride,
neither heed the lies of the false prophets in false scriptures recorded
Many, O Maratrea my Goddess,
are the glories of beauty that you have purchased:
to that end, even the end of our blessing,
is every movement of your will of means directed:
your love for us incomparable, and incomparable the beauties you will:
were I to seek to describe that,
I would find utterly worthless every word that I might utter
Sacrifices of bloody wickedness you desire not,
according to your will of ends,
only the offering upon your altar of cakes and wine,
and the sacrifice of the vow of your servants:
my ears have you opened to receive the truth:
the offering of burning flesh,
that offering that is most sinful,
by your will of ends you abhor
Then I said unto myself, Behold, I will go forth in her Cause:
for by these words of the true scriptures am I described:
To do your will of ends, to serve your Cause,
that is my upmost delight, short of blessing, O my Goddess:
yes, within my heart your heavenly law is inscribed
in ever-growing perfection
I will preach the love of beauty before great multitudes:
behold, I will restrain not my lips, O Maratrea,
that without doubt do you perfectly know,
for perfectly do you remember yourself so doing
I have hid not within my heart the love of beauty,
which you have placed therein:
I have declared your faithfulness in the certainty of your promises,
and your salvation which is the perfection of blessing:
I have concealed not your burning passion
nor your truth from the great multitude
You will withhold not from me the most tender of caresses, O Maratrea,
the caress of my partners in blessing:
your burning passion and your truth continually preserve me
For about us are compassed innumerable evils,
the enmity and the usurpation:
and our errors have taken hold of us,
blinding us to spiritual truth:
great are our ails in number:
therefore hope is abandoned by our hearts
But how pleased are you, O Maratrea, to deliver us:
O Maratrea, you are hastening to our help
You will bring shame and confoundment together
for those who seek after our souls,
in their foolish ignorance believing that they are destructible:
all those who wish evil unto your holy Cause
will be driven backward and put to shame
Their shame will be rewarded with desolation, they who say unto me,
Well done, well done,
when my errors they look upon
All those who seek you will rejoice and find gladness in you:
such as love your salvation will continually say,
Great is Maratrea, none exceeds her in glory, nor even equals
But poor and needy am I, who for now am deprived of blessing:

1st Saturday — Evening Prayer

yet the Heavenly Queen thinks upon me:
you are my help and my deliverer:
you will make no tarrying, O my Goddess

VOW

COLLECT

O Maratrea of incomparable power and knowledge, such that naught has ever been nor shall ever be save it be your will that it be precisely as it is, such that whatever anyone knows is known by you, and whatever you know not, no one knows, and is not to know: you who are the perfect fount of all goodness and all beauty and all truth: you are restoring in our hearts the love of your many Names, as we once in being you perfectly loved you as you perfectly love yourself, but in becoming us you willingly emptied yourself of your perfect self-love: you are increasing in us true religion, nourishing us with goodness, and on account of your incomparable and your favour for your Cause, keeping us in the same: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

1st Sunday — Morning Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 13

O Maratrea our heavenly Queen, how wonderful are your names,
in the many universes which you have become:
you who dwell in glory in your far-beyond heaven.
Out of the mouths of the young you have founded strength,
in spite of the enmity,
for you are mightier than the enemy and the blasphemous usurpers.
When I consider your heavens, the work of your delicate fingers,
the moon and the stars, which you fixed into place.
Who are humanity, that you are mindful of them?
And the humans, that you visit them?
They are naught other than yourself, whom you willingly became.
For you have become them,
that they be greater than the Spirits of the Cause,
and have crowned them with glory and honour.
You have caused them to have care of all the work of your hands:
you have put all things under their protection
All the animals which walk upon the earth, both sacred and unsacred
And those who fly through the sky, and swim through the seas,
both sacred and unsacred
O Maratrea our heavenly Queen,
how excellent are your many beautiful names
in the many universes you have become!
O Maratrea my Goddess, I take refuge in you:
you will save and deliver me
from all the servants of the enmity who persecute me,
You will not permit them to tear my spirit and my flesh apart
like the demon-infested lion, rending it in pieces,
while there is none to deliver.
O Maratrea my Goddess, I have done as they have done,
being not other than them,
and the guilt of each one is on the hands of all,
and your hands are the guiltiest of them all
Yet I will repay not my enemy with evil,
nor rob my foe as they rob me,
for such is not the way of your Cause
Thus by the favour of your Cause,
you will permit not the enmity to pursue and overtake me:
permit them not to trample my life in the ground,
and reduce my honour to dust.
You will arise, O Maratrea,
in your passionate longing for the end of all things:
you have now already appointed an end to the reign of the usurpers.
O my Goddess, you will awaken your desire
for the triumph of goodness and beauty
which you have decreed for the final days,
as much as you have willed the usurpers
to reign in the earlier ones.
The assembled people of your Cause,
a people gathered of many peoples,
will come before your holy Great Temple:
as you sit enthroned over the
many universes, in your heaven far beyond.
Maratrea will judge the many souls of the many universes,
for perfect is the justice of heaven,
most unlike its blasphemous imitations upon the earth.
You will vindicate those vowed faithful to your Cause, O Maratrea,
according to our great love of goodness and beauty,
according to the fullness of that love in us, O Far Beyond.
You will bring to an end the violence of the enmity:
you will make secure those who love
the truly good and the truly beautiful:
you, O Goddess of incomparable beauty,
who knows the secret of every mind and every heart,

1st Sunday — Morning Prayer

for there is none who you do not perfectly remember being,
and none who you will not become.

O Goddess, you assist us through your favour:
the deliverance of your promises will heal every heart

My Goddess is the only rightful judge:
for every other judge,
upon the earth or in the heavens or beneath the earth,
is a blasphemous usurper.

A Goddess who makes known every day
her passionate longings for her very own self.

If they relent not,
she will cause the servants of her Cause to sharpen their swords,
and bend and string their bows.

They will prepare deadly weapons, and make ready flaming arrows:
not for false justice, or wicked murder,
or to offer bloody sacrifices to the most pallid Pandal:
but for the triumph she has promised to her Cause.

Behold, they travail for the enmity,
and have fomented trouble for her Cause,
and brought forth false prophets and false scriptures

They have dug a pit for the people of her Cause,
but that pit which they have made for us,
they shall fall into themselves.

The trouble they have ordained for us shall return to them:
the violence they plan for us shall befall them.

I will praise Maratrea on account of her vast beauty,
incomparable and unspeakable:
I will sing the praises of the many names of far-beyond Maratrea.

O Maratrea, though at times it seems that far off you abstain,
And neglect us us in times of affliction,
When a change in your wills would be opportune;
Yet in truth you are as close to me as my very own self, never hidden,
For naught seen by my eyes is other than you and your will.

The impious enmity in its pride does persecute and burn us,
The for now poor and downtrodden servants of your Cause:
But they will be caught themselves
in the schemes they have devised for us.

For the servants of the enmity boast of the longings
of their corrupt and self-ignorant hearts,
knowing not what they truly desire:
They favour the usurpers, and blasphemers of justice,
and the wicked murders, and the crimes against love,
and the bloody sacrifices unto the pallid Pandal:
All of which Maratrea abhors, in her will as to ends.

Those who serve the enmity
seek not after the truly good and the truly beautiful,
which is Maratrea, for such things have no home in their thoughts:
By these their misdeeds they provoke her passionate longing for the end.

Their ways are ever overflowing with vileness:
your perfect laws are beyond their comprehension:
the law of heaven, and the law of your Cause

They sneer at your Cause, which they hate:
for how much longer shall they dominate all their enemies?

They say unto themselves in their hearts:
"Naught shall ever shake us: none shall ever do us harm."
Their mouths are full of curses, and of lies, and of threats
Upon their tongues are toil and misery.

In palaces of blasphemous usurpation they dwell among wealth,
preparing to murder those whom they equal in guilt
Bloody sacrifices for Pandal,
the false god which they gladly serve in their hearts.

As demon-infested lions, in palatial concealment they wait
To snatch away the lives of her children,
Whose blood they drink
for the sustenance of the evil of their hearts.

Their helpless victims are crushed:
their lives fail beneath the strength of such wickedness.

1st Sunday — Morning Prayer

They say unto themselves, in the depths of their hearts,
"None shall ever notice:
 their is none who sees with power to oppose us:
 and if any have that power, they cover their eyes and see not."
You will arise, O Maratrea!
 You will raise up your hands bestowing blessedness, O holy Goddess:
 you will forget not the helpless.
Why does the enmity revile your Cause, O Goddess?
 Why do they say unto themselves, in the depths of their hearts,
 "None shall call us to account"?
 They speak these lies for it is your will that they so speak them
 But the lies of the unbelievers will provoke
 your passionate longing for the end of every branch
But you, O Goddess, know the trouble of the afflicted,
 which trouble you have known firsthand
 you remember their grief as you experienced it
 The victims of fraudulent justice commit themselves to you:
 You are the helper of those whom their bloody sacrifices have orphaned.
Shatter the swords of the servants of the enmity,
 and of the vile ones!
 Call them to account for their wickedness they have done,
 for which they praise each other.
Maratrea is Queen of her Heaven, without beginning and without end:
 the usurpations will perish
 from all of the many branches she has wrought,
 until all things begin again.
You, O Maratrea, know the desire of the afflicted,
 for their affliction has been and shall be your affliction
 you encourage them when they cry.
You defend those orphaned by the bloody wicked sacrifices of false justice:
 the usurpers shall continue not to brag upon the earth.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess, whose never-failing providence orders all things both in the heavens and upon the earths: we even in our downtroddenness know without doubt that you will to put away from us all hurtful things, and to give us those things which be profitable for us: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

1st Sunday — Evening Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 14

O Goddess, as I pray, you without doubt hear me
for you remember yourself praying the selfsame prayer
from fear of the enmity you will preserve the peace of my heart
By your favour for your Cause
you will protect me from the secret combinations of the wicked
and from all the plots of the enmity
Their tongues are like the knives
with which they offer the sacrifice
upon altars stained with blood
With glee they torture their victims
dividing limb from limb
Their vile words praise their wickedness
Their false justice loves to destroy the innocent
they attack without mercy
such is the vileness in their hearts
this vileness which they call justice
but all their justice is falsehood
They encourage one another in their plans for evil
they hide not the wickedness in their heart
they say: The multitudes approve of us!
but the hearts of the multitude are as wicked as theirs
They say, We are perfecting justice!
But they are compounding their frauds and their blasphemies
Corrupt are their minds, and corrupt are their hearts
But in her disfavour for their wickedness
she shall cast them into division against one another
then suddenly in their weakness
her Cause will conquer them
and assume the place of the usurpers
The violence of their tongues they will turn against themselves
their associates will flee unto safety
Every soul longs for glory
and will come to recognise its longing
and to recognise the Goddess as naught other
than that for which it longs
they will proclaim every deed she has ever done
seeing the great beauties purchased by every evil
they will ponder at the perfection of her being
the perfect arrangement of all things
Those who love beauty will rejoice in Maratrea
they will take refuge in her favour
all those whose hearts truly love beauty
will praise her for her glory
Your ear is bowed down to hear me, O Maratrea,
even as I am poor and needy
as are all who have life apart from blessing:
indeed, you hear my cries before they are uttered by lips,
before they are born in my mind,
for perfectly do you remember yourself so crying
You preserve my soul, indeed every soul,
through the indestructible nature with which you endowed it,
your very own nature in becoming it:
had you not done so, no soul but yours would be:
though the fools and the liars deny this truth,
with perfect and holy faith we know it to be true:
O Goddess, you will save every soul, every last one,
first the servants of your Cause that trust in you,
then even those souls vowed faithful to the enmity thereto
even those souls which for now by your will hate you
Incomparable is your love for me, O Heavenly Queen:
though every day I cry unto you,
in the despair of shattered dreams,
so great is your love,

1st Sunday — Evening Prayer

that every one of my deepest dreams
you have endowed with full reality,
and awaits me

The servants of your Cause rejoice, O Heavenly Queen:
for they know that unto oneness with you every soul returns
O Heavenly Queen, there is no greater goodness, no greater beauty,
and no greater glory, than that which you are:
without doubt you forgive all, for whatever anyone does,
so they do in perfect obedience to your command,
and the very same you have done and will do:
deceived are those who doubt your forgiveness,
and it is you who deceives them:
but you do all this through your love, incomparable in plenitude:
and whoever calls upon you, surely you will answer their cry,
for perfectly do you remember yourself so crying
O Maratrea, without doubt your sweet ears hear our prayers
before we even speak them:
and our deepest longings you so deeply long to fulfil
In our troubles we call upon you,
for by the very same troubles you were troubled also:
without doubt do you hear our cry,
for perfectly do you remember yourself so crying:
and whatever we truly desire,
in due time you will grant us the fullness thereof:
it is pleasing to you that your children declare
before you their longings,
even as you know already their hearts
better even than they do themselves
Every true deity is of you, O Heavenly Queen,
among your names, forms, images, aspects, emanations,
servants, representatives and mediators:
every work is among your work, from the greatest to the least,
from the most noble to the most horrid:
and your every work is for beauty
All your children whom you have become will come and worship before you,
from every tongue and tribe, O Heavenly Queen:
and they will glorify your many beautiful names
For your glory is without equal,
and inutterably wondrous are your great works:
O ultimate Goddess, there is no true deity who is not of and under you
O most glorious Maratrea, you are teaching us the way of your Cause:
in your truth we will walk,
as you unite our hearts
in adoration of your many beautiful names
I will praise you, O Heavenly Queen my Goddess, with all my heart:
and I will glorify your names until all things end but to begin again
For great is your incomparable love towards me:
you deliver my spirit from the deep pit of despair,
that despair which leads to the grave
O Goddess, the enmity and the usurpers in their pride rise up against us,
and their assemblies of violence seek after our flesh,
that upon their wicked altars they might spill our blood:
for the love of true beauty reigns not in their hearts
But you, O Heavenly Queen, are a Goddess full of compassion,
who grants unto all your children whatever they desire
in the depths of their hearts:
you have suffered as all suffer,
for your suffering is not other than their suffering,
as you are not other than they:
you are an incomparable plenitude of love and truth
You are turning your favour toward us,
on account of your incomparable love:
you are bestowing great strength upon the servants of your Cause,
your Cause through which all will be saved:
O Heavenly Mother,
in serving you we participate in your very own self-service
You will grant us many signs of your goodness,

1st Sunday — Evening Prayer

so that the enmity which hates us will see them and be ashamed,
for you, O Maratrea, are ever our help and our comfort,
through your favour for your Cause
O Heavenly Queen Maratrea,
by your favour you have caused there to be a refuge for us,
a refuge for the people of your Cause,
even amidst the many peoples of the earth
who suffer oppression under the enmity, the usurpation,
and the false and lying prophets
You are Goddess resplendent in your glory,
before even the great mountains were,
or ever you had formed the many worlds, even these herenow branches:
and from lesser Sabbath until lesser Sabbath,
you yet remain in the fullness of your glory,
even as you have become the many worlds
Though it brings despair to those
whom you have willed to as yet remain in ignorance,
you say unto your children, Return, and in the end of all things,
heeding your irresistible call,
every soul returns to its original identity with you and with another
For a thousand years in your eyes, O most glorious Maratrea,
are as but a day:
and yesterday which has now gone before us
is but a moment in the midst of your holy night
The years will scorn the usurpation and the enmity,
and the false and lying prophets:
in their morning they grew as shoots tender and youthful:
yet those days have now begun their passing
In their morning they bloomed, but that will pass by:
their evening will come, and they will fall down,
to desiccation, induration, annihilation,
as their place is assumed by your Cause
Yet so often have we faltered in the flames of your burning passion
which consumes us:
for our souls are but stirrings of your soul
By your will you have command our every error:
for by these days of suffering you purchase great beauty,
even the soft perfect light of your countenance
For we have failed throughout all of our days:
your burning passion descended upon us,
yet we remained not faithful to the glory you revealed to us
For you have divided the circle of time,
into years of oath and years of oil:
the first of our vow to serve your Cause,
would that we have the valour to serve it well:
then come those days when with the holy oil of blessing
we are at last by you anointed,
and we become the blessed who are rightfully proud:
the years of oath are of trouble and sorrow and travail,
yet soon will those days come to their end,
and we will take flight
Who knows the fullness of the power of your burning passion?
None but whoever has returned to being the very same as you:
you mould every day such that your soul be that one you adore,
your very own self
By your beauty-adoring power you are making this known to us,
and correcting our hearts with your wisdom
To you, we will return, O Maratrea!
Yet you alone know the number of the days:
until then, you will favour the servants of your Cause with comforting
At our dawn, you became us in self-emptying:
yet you have since been filling us with longing, O Maratrea:
thus will we come to exult and be glad in our every day
You will bring us to ecstasy through those days
in which you lowered us to despair,
through those years in which we were ever beholding evil
And lovingly do you gaze upon

1st Sunday — Evening Prayer

your children who are your servants in your Cause,
and upon your works through them,
and you will guide their successors unto your glory
Then the beauty of Maratrea our Goddess will be utterly upon us,
such that we become no longer in any way different from her:
until then, by her favour, she will guide us unto power,
that our work in her Cause be prosperous:
her work through us will prosper indeed

VOW

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

COLLECT

You will grant us, O Maratrea, that we will know without doubt your will of ends, through the assistance of the spirits vowed to serve your Cause, so that we will ever think and do such things as be rightful, according to the law of heaven and the law of your Cause to which we have vowed our service: giving no heed to the false laws of the usurpers and of the false and lying prophets: so that we, who cannot do any thing that is good save it be your will that we so do it, will by your favour be made to live according to your will of ends, as every last one lives according to your will of means: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 15

When the people of her Cause come out of their citadels
the line predestined to take the place of the unbelievers
And they praise her by her sacred springs,
And the people of her Cause are endowed with her authority
When the sea sees her Cause coming in its glory
it will recede before it,
as if to bow in homage;
the great river in its descending shall bow also.
The holy mountains move,
and the trees with which they are encrusted sway,
and the sacred hills dance as happy dogs do
How could the sea bow towards us?
How could the great river likewise give us homage?
O holy mountains, how could you so move?
O sacred hills, how could you so dance?
People of every land tremble in adoration
at the sight of the glorious beauties
in which the Heavenly Queen is present
in which is present the Goddess
of her Cause which supplants the usurpers
Who amidst the mountains has formed lakes,
and who from the depths of the earth sends up holy springs.
O Goddess Maratrea
unto me of your glory you have revealed a small foretaste
thereupon I glance momentarily, and declare myself unworthy
I have heard your promises, that your glory entire shall be mine
that the greatest beauties I shall possess
flesh to flesh and in my very own flesh
and I declare myself utterly unworthy of them
yet certain are your promises
as unworthy as I am to inherit them
I will inherit everything that you have promised
Why does the mass of infidels proclaim
Where is their Goddess?
Our Goddess dwells perfectly enthroned in her heaven
whatever anyone does is in perfect obedience to her will
Of finest gold are wrought the sacred images
her names, forms, servants, representatives and emanations
From their mouths proceed hymns of praise unheard
Beautiful are the precious gems which they have as eyes
An offering is made of sweet music
which without doubt she hears
a sacrifice of fine incense
without doubt she savours its smell
delicate hands of gold spread out to receive offerings
golden feet that walk not save in the festal procession
in its throat is a horn which plays sweet music
Favoured will be those by whom the sacred images are wrought
Favoured will be those who give these images honour
O people of the Cause
trust in Maratrea
her favour will ever help you
her favour will ever protect you
O people through whom wisdom is bestowed
trust in Maratrea
her favour will ever help you
her favour will ever protect you
All you who adore her
trust in Maratrea
her favour will ever help you
her favour will ever protect you
Perfectly does Maratrea remember our every moment
for perfectly does she remember being us completely

2nd Monday — Morning Prayer

without doubt she favours us with the favour of her Cause
with the favour with which she favours the people of her Cause
she favours those she has appointed for the bestowal of wisdom
All who adore Maratrea will be favoured by her favour for her Cause
the great and mighty, the little and weak
Maratrea shall increase her Cause, in ever greater progress
until it triumphs over all things, and assumes the place in every land
You are favoured by she who who bore the heavens and the many worlds
The heavens most far beyond belong to Maratrea
the many worlds she has given to her children
to play and suffer therein
The dead praise not Maratrea
for blessing is without need to name itself
for they praise not as other from themselves
she to whom they have become identical
And we shall praise Maratrea
from now until our praising become her very own unending self-praising
Praise Maratrea!
Maratrea, you forget not the numerous afflictions of your beloved children
every last one
you perfectly remember the very same that befell yourself
when you were them
Even those who vowed unto you to serve your Cause
O almighty one who has willed good to take the place of all evil
Would that I return not to the safety of my home
neither go up unto my bed of softness
Would that my eyes not sleep, neither my eyelids know any slumber
Until I secure a place where the Cause of Maratrea towers over the usurpers
where her goodness will dwell in supplantation of all evil
O she whose will is perfectly obeyed
For we have heard the voice of her Prophets
and come to know her immense fertility
we encountered her divine wisdom
in the tranquil depths of the woods
Then we shall journey in pilgrimage unto her temples therein
we will worship her in the land favoured by her holy feet
O Maratrea, your passionate longing for the end of all things will arise
your favour will come soon to the place where it shall first rest
the seat of the treasury of your gathered power
Your priestesses will have the love of beauty as their robes
all who are faithful to your Cause will rejoice
You will not reject your Cause which you love
you have appointed it for glory
without doubt unto glory will it proceed
if in any branch it be vanquished
in another besides, the same unto glory will proceed
Maratrea has promised her beloved children
promises from which she will never turn back
I shall set you each upon a throne, every last one
the throne of blessing
in which the deepest longings bear at last fruit
When the people of my Cause perfects their obedience
to the law and the wisdom I have bestowed upon them
then they will ascend to their thrones
the final of the Blessing and the Cause
the end of all things
For Maratrea will chose the place of gathering
that her will of ends will dwell thereat, saying:
At this place my will of ends shall rest
until all things end but to begin again
here shall this will of my reign
for it is the earnest longing of my heart
I will favour this land with abundant provisions
there will be none who lacks bread
The priestesses thereof I will clothe with robes of divinity
the people of my Cause will sing with immense joy
I will raise up a mighty tower for my beloveds

2nd Monday — Morning Prayer

the lamp thereatop shall declare their glory
The enmity will be given despair as its cloak
but glorious crowns will flourish
on the heads of the people of my Cause

VOW

COLLECT

Your incomparably loving ears, O Maratrea, are open to the prayers of the
downtrodden servants of your Cause: and that they will obtain their
petitions you will make them to ask such things as please your twofold will:
through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 16

O Maratrea, how numerous are the enemies of your Cause:
 many are they who attack me.
 Many there be who say of us,
 There is no salvation for them in their Goddess.
 But you, O Maratrea, are my Protector:
 my splendour, and the one who lifts me up to star-topped mountains
 I cried unto Maratrea with my voice,
 and she heard me out of her sacred mountain.
 I lay down to sleep, then awaken:
 for Maratrea is the source of my self-sustaining nature.
 I shall fear not the myriad encircling me, joining in attacking me.
 Your favour will arise, O Maratrea, to deliver me, O my Goddess,
 through your favour for your Cause:
 for you shall strike all those who hate us without cause
 the citadels of the enmity you shall shatter
 Deliverance is of Maratrea, and your favour is upon your people.
 O Goddess, who will be like you? To you every soul is already similar,
 for their essence is your willing self-diminution
 of your very own essence:
 and they will become even more similar, even the very same,
 in their return to you:
 as similarity has identity as its end and culmination
 O Goddess, you are never silent,
 for you speak to every heart which you have willed to listen,
 and through your true Prophets:
 you are never still, for in you every soul has its motions,
 the tumult of a great sea,
 that tumult in which you find great pleasure
 You know the hateful cries of the enmity unto your Cause:
 indeed, how well do you know them,
 having yourself commanded them in their hatred:
 those who hate you sever heads in worship of their false gods
 They council malignly against the people of your Cause,
 and against your holy ones they have schemed,
 even in those days when your holy ones were secluded
 They have said, Come! let us sever them from the peoples
 from which they have been gathered,
 and make them outcast among their own kinds:
 that the name of that people may be utterly forgotten
 They scheme with unanimity, as they covenant together against your Cause:
 But they will prevail not over your tabernacles,
 filled with burning red flames of glory:
 behold, our Goddess hears our cries before we utter them,
 as perfectly she remembers them,
 and through her favour for her Cause she will answer them:
 O Mother of your very own self,
 who cast your very own self away into this here wandering,
 without doubt you long to return,
 and your Cause is your instrument in the return
 of all your children whom you are
 She has laid down boundaries to divide soul from soul,
 in her own self-division:
 which boundaries she has made impenetrable,
 yet only for a time:
 and her Cause is among her means to penetrate them,
 as she commingles her children into her very own self:
 from among her children she is gathering a people,
 those she has chosen to vow themselves to her Cause,
 and in service of which they faithfully labour:
 O sea in which we tumble, O rock of all reality,
 O ultimate foundation,
 it is you whom we inhabit,
 for in you we live and move and have our being

2nd Monday — Evening Prayer

She is favouring indeed with unity the people she has gathered,
that her Cause greatly progress and strengthen:
she has cast over her children the veil of ignorance,
for without that veil they would be in no wise other than her:
that veil she has begun to lift,
and over her Cause that veil is first lifted
So will you do unto your Cause,
empowering them to purify the many worlds
of the blasphemy of fraudulent justice:
the water of their hearts you will transform into heavenly wine:
hearts preparing for holy war,
hearts whose passion is boiling over:
you are pouring out the waters of your heavenly wisdom upon us,
yet as the heavenly river descends,
it takes a course at times curved and winding:
for thereby do you purchase the particularity of your Cause
The servants of the enmity, the usurpers, and the false and lying prophets:
even they will come to drink at the holy spring of your wisdom,
the holy fountain besides which your true prophets
have founded the holy city,
the place you have for herenow appointed
for the ingathering of your Cause:
in every branch,
the works of the enmity will become naught but worthless dung
You will cause their powerful ones to be consumed
by the growing darkness, and become wholly of it:
the holy darkness of night will descend upon them,
for your Cause comes in glory as the dusk of the many worlds,
beginning the holy night of the three Sabbaths
at the beginning-end of time:
their powerful ones are like the wolf,
which is of one tribe with the holy dog,
yet possessed by myriad evil demons:
but every evil demon will be exorcised:
their powerful ones offer wicked sacrifices,
yet every evil shall cease:
the lengthening shadow foreboding of night, that holy shadow,
which is the truth of her Cause,
though for now withheld from them,
you will cause to descend upon all, even them
The servants of the enmity, and the usurpers,
and the false and lying prophets:
these ones who have said,
Let us confiscate and desecrate all their temples and shrines
O my Goddess, by your favour for your Cause
you will disfavour those who oppose it:
you will scatter them like dead thistles,
like the dust blown away by the wind
They are as a fire which burns the sacred forest,
as flames consuming holy mountains:
yet you are pouring out the waters of your heavenly wisdom,
by which their flame will be extinguished
Therefore you pursue them with your tempest,
and in your passion you send your turbulence to trouble them:
O sacred storm, which fills the ignorant with fear,
but which those to whom you have granted wisdom adore
You will fill their faces with shame:
yet on account of that very shame they will seek
your many beautiful names, O Maratrea,
for you alone can offer them true respite
You will cause them to be confounded and troubled
for such age as you have appointed:
after which, you will lead even them unto the very same glory
to which you are now leading us:
yea, though you will cause them be put to shame,
and even to perish,
you will lead them thereafter unto the very same glory:

2nd Monday — Evening Prayer

Thereby will many come to know you, even all:
among your many beautiful names is Maratrea,
O ultimate Goddess who reigns in power and glory
beyond the many worlds,
indeed beyond all that is not perfectly you
O Maratrea, Goddess who saves me
all night and all day have I cried before you
tears of my sorrow
My prayer comes before you
and you hear my cry
For my soul overflows with trouble
and my life is beckoned by the grave
Will I be counted among those who go down to the pit?
Who depart this life,
all their hopes and dreams destroyed?
All strength has deserted my heart
Abandoned among the doomed
like the slain who lie in their graves
by whom are they remembered?
what beauties did you purchase with their deaths?
You have lain my heart in the deepest pit
in the darkness of the abyss
The fire of your passion crushes me
I am overwhelmed by your waves, O Mother O Sea
My dearest friends have abandoned me
you have made them find revulsion in me
I am in chains
without any escape
My eyes grow dim with sorrow
O Maratrea, I call upon you every day
even as my joints ache with sorrow
But it is to the dead that you show your wonders
and it is the departed who offer you the highest praise
Your love is declared in the grave
and your faithfulness in destruction
In the midst of the darkness your wonders are made known
your beauties are revealed to those now forgotten
Therefore is my cry to you, O Maratrea
as I cry to you in the morning
For how much longer, O Mother,
must my soul endure this dejection?
for how much longer
must the glory of your beauty be hidden from me?
Sorrow has afflicted me from the days of my youth
my whole life have I lived nearing unto death
what terror has my heart suffered
ever drowning in despair
The fire of your passion has swept over me
like a great unconquerable wave
the terror of its tumult silences my heart
As a flood it has surrounded me my whole life long
by it I am engulfed completely
You have taken from me many whom I most love
will you leave me with the darkness alone as a friend?

ARTICLE

We believe in one single soul at the beginning and end of time, from whom all souls now being have divided, to whom in the end all souls now being shall return. Truly this soul is divine, the highest divinity, for what could be greater? There is nothing greater than this soul, there is nothing outside of it; its power is absolute, for its power is naught but power over its own self; its knowledge is absolute, for its knowledge is naught but self-knowledge.

2nd Monday — Evening Prayer

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess, your incomparable power is exercised solely in love: even as you will every evil, you so will solely for the sake of the glorious beauties thereby purchased, beauties that you love: therefore in your incomparable love you will grant unto us such a measure of your favour, that we will run in the way of your commandments, until we obtain your certain promises, in becoming partakers of your heavenly treasure which is the glory of blessing: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 17

You declare unto the usurpers my innocence, O Maratrea
 for I have obeyed your heavenly law
 in obeying your law I have disobeyed their law
 but your law alone is true law
 and their laws are not in any way laws
 I trust in your promises, O Maratrea
 therefore I will be disheartened
 even as they evilly threaten me with death
 O Maratrea, perfectly do you know my heart
 my every thought and deed and word
 for perfectly do you remember your very own self
 so thinking and doing and saying
 yet they in their ignorance seek to usurp justice
 which by right is yours alone
 I am certain of your incomparable love for me
 as certain as if I saw it with my eyes
 therefore have I walked in the way of your Cause
 I have joined myself not to the way of deceit
 nor has my mouth approved of their hypocrisy
 I have hated the congregation of evil
 the spirits of enmity and usurpation that dwell in them
 I hate not those souls
 but only their wicked combination
 I will purify my soul of all that is opposed to your Cause
 and offer cakes and wine upon your altar, O Maratrea
 I will proclaim your glory, your goodness and your beauty
 I will praise you that you are as you are
 I will tell all who will hear of your glorious deeds
 that you have made the many worlds
 to fulfill the longings of every last one of your children
 O Maratrea, I love your holy shrines and temples
 signs of the heavenly palace in which you dwell
 within their walls I feel your presence
 I will stand not hand in hand with those who love evil
 I will grant no honour to those who offer sacrifices of blood
 Great are the evils they work with their hands
 no bribe will cause them to turn from evil
 But I will walk not in the way in which they walk
 you will liberate us from the usurpation
 and grant us great favour
 In a great plain I shall find an end to my wandering
 in the gatherings of her Cause I will praise Maratrea.
 O holy Goddess, you will never reject your Cause
 neither permanently destroy it
 whatever misfortunes you send unto us
 you send unto us not in anger
 but rather in the passion of love
 in the passion of love for the beauties thereby purchased
 Fearful trembling have you visited upon the many lands
 the peoples are divided against one another
 but whatever is divided you will join together again
 and whoever falls into desolation you will rescue
 Days of despair have you visited upon the people of your Cause
 that they drink strong wine that they may forget their sorrows
 But you have given us a sign that is the doom of the enmity
 a sign that declares the ultimate truth
 With your power you deliver your Cause from the mouth of the enmity
 a fierce and unpleasant mouth
 with sharp and blood-stained teeth
 with your favour you favour your Cause that you love
 The Goddess has spoken in her inutterable holiness
 Ultimate bliss is mine without beginning and without end
 In the vein of the ever-remaining

2nd Tuesday — Morning Prayer

Bliss and favour I have apportioned in differing degrees
in the many branches that I have divided
Yet on some have I poured out
the depths of despair which I have measured
In whatever amount as beauty be needful to drink
My wisdom bubbles up as a billowing spring
from which all who long for truth may drink
Yet as I cause wisdom, I am also Mother of all forgetfulness
Yet such have I bore, for the sake of the glory of its numerous fruits
I am praised by my servants for the perfection of my laws
My law is their protection in the midst of their distress
I am Mother even of my very own self
I have reduced myself into the many worlds
But I am also the laver of my very own self-purification
Upon the burning red flames of glory
I have cast my bounds
That they consume not the many worlds
Until the day and hour which I have appointed
No soul is a stranger unto me
All are my friends, and even dearer,
my children, my very own self
Who shall lead my Cause through the gates of the well-guarded city?
The seat of many usurpations
Who shall lead my Cause unto the burning red flames of glory?
O Goddess, you shall never reject us
O Goddess, the presence of your favour
will never depart from the people you have chosen
You assist us always in our distress
for vain is the hope of the enmity by which we are oppressed
Through your favour, O Goddess, our victories will be glorious
and the enmity will be crushed beneath our feet
You will grant your wisdom unto your Prophets, O Goddess,
And fill their chosen successors with love for beauty
To govern the people of your Cause in love of goodness,
those destitute of blessing in love of beauty.
From the mountains will come prosperity for the people of your Cause
from the hills fruit of great beauty.
They shall defend the lowly among your Cause
and shall raise up those of lowly heritage
and shall cast down the usurpers
Their succession will endure
as long as the sun and the moon and the stars endure,
until all things end but to begin again
They will be as rain that falls on the thirsting land
as showers falling gently upon the earth.
In the days of their Triumph, the love of beauty will flourish;
and peace shall abound until the moon even ceases.
And their care shall extend from sea unto sea,
from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.
The desert tribes shall honour them;
and the enmity shall become as dust.
Their gifts they shall bestow upon the distant islands,
and they will free every land from the tyranny of the usurpers.
At their urging the usurpers will renounce their usurpation
and every nation shall be under their care
They will hear the cry of the needy, and provide deliverance
Even for those who are loathed by the multitudines
They will show great love to the poor and downtrodden,
And they shall liberate oppressed hearts.
They will rescue the downtrodden from usury and oppression,
and their names will be honoured by those whom they rescue.
And their line shall endure, until all things end but to begin again,
and it shall be honoured with gold and finest gemstones
and there shall be continuous prayer that they be favoured
Great shall be the harvest of grain in those days
and the harvest of the fruits of the mountain slopes
and the cities shall flourish

2nd Tuesday — Morning Prayer

as shall the gardens thereof
And the name of their lineage shall continue
until even the sun does cease
through them all shall inherit blessing
and in the last days even they shall be favoured therewith
Praise there be unto Maratrea our Goddess,
the Goddess of the Cause,
from whom every marvel proceeds.
Praise there be unto her glorious names,
until all things end but to begin again;
in the whole of the earth shall she be praised
Thus will it be; thus will it be.
Thus ends the prayers of the beloved,
who possesses a great heritage.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess whose power none may equal, for whatever is within the power of any is within your power: Goddess whose glory is without beginning and without end: who hears our every prayer before we even pray it, for perfectly do you remember yourself so praying: who will give us, in but a little while, ever last thing that we truly desire, every last thing: you are pouring down upon us the abundance of your incomparable love, as your favour for your Cause, and the wisdom you bestow through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 18

You hear my words, O Maratrea:
you understand the murmurings of my heart.
You listen to the voice of my cry, my Queen and my Goddess:
for unto you do I pray.
My voice shall you hear in the morning, O Maratrea:
in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and wait,
in faithful and patient expectation
of the certain fulfilment of your promises.
For you are not a Goddess who has pleasure in wickedness:
evil cannot dwell with you in your heaven.
Arrogance shall not stand in your presence: you hate all iniquity.
You will destroy the lies which they speak:
Maratrea abhors bloodthirstiness and deceit.
But as for I,
in the abundance of your loving-kindness I will come into your house:
I will bow toward your great temple in reverence of you.
You will lead me, O Maratrea, in your goodness in spite of my enemies:
you will make your way clear before my eyes.
For there is no faithfulness in their mouth,
and in their heart is destruction:
their throat is an open tomb, and they flatter with their tongue.
You will prove their guilt to them, O Goddess:
their error will be revealed to them by your counsel:
they will turn from the multitude of their transgressions,
as they turned against the good.
But all those who take refuge in you will rejoice,
always will they shout for joy, because you defend them:
those who love your many names will also be joyful in you.
For you will favour those who love goodness and beauty and truth:
O Maratrea, you will surround them with your favour as with a shield.
Great is your love for me, O Goddess
even though by your secret will
you have sent the enmity to pursue me
and all day long they oppress me
Every day they seek to encompass me
numerous are those who oppose me
Yet whenever I fear
I put my trust in the certainty of your promises
O great and holy Goddess
I praise you for the wisdom
you have bestowed upon me
Through this wisdom I know your certain promises
in which I place my trust
Thereby am I freed from fear
What can the enmity do to me?
From dawn until dusk they twist my words
and even into the late hours of the night
their thoughts are filled with hatred for her Cause
her Cause which I have vowed to serve
They gather together in combinations
they hide their wicked intentions
they watch the journeyings of her Cause
their will is for its destruction
Without doubt, you will grant them not victory
even if they conquer in one battle
without doubt they will be defeated in this holy war
your passion for the end of all things will burn like fire
their final defeat will come to us now quickly
My misery is perfectly recorded in your memory
for perfectly do you remember being me
and suffering the very same suffering which now I am suffering
yet every misery you willing bring upon yourself
for the sake of its fruit, which is great joy

2nd Tuesday — Evening Prayer

we will soon come to will precisely as you will
We cry unto you, O Mother
that the enmity be soon turned back
without doubt it shall be turned back
never to turn forward again
until all things ends but to begin again
this we know by the certainty of your promises
through which you have favoured your Cause
I praise you, O Goddess
for the glory that you have promised us
I praise you, O Maratrea
for the glory that you have promised us
In your promises I trust
therefore I am freed from fear
what can the enmity do to me?
I am vowed to serve your Cause, O Goddess
I will praise you for your glory
For you have delivered my soul from the depths of despair
the deepest longings of my heart
the enmity declares will go forever unfulfilled
you deliver my path from error
that I will journey into the glory of the fulness of your being
the glory of blessing
Incomparable is your love toward me, O Goddess:
the abundance of your burning passion:
by the many forms of your incomparable love,
you will favour me in cleansing me of all my errors,
which have injured your Cause
Thoroughly will you cleanse me with the waters of your heavenly wisdom,
washing away every error and all propensity thereto
In the depths of my heart I acknowledge my every mistake,
declaring them before the perfect beauty of your face:
perfectly do you know my every error,
for whatever I have ever done or will do,
perfectly do you remember you yourself so doing,
the precisely selfsame deed
Whom, O goddess, have I wronged in my errors?
Your perfect beauty, and those clear reflections of it,
of which I have been permitted as yet but glimpses:
there is no wrong, but the wrong thereunto done:
you declare through your true Prophets your heavenly law:
whoever does grave wrong, will answer to your perfect justice
which is found in heaven alone,
and never in any wise upon the earth
Behold, by the many evils that came before me am I shaped,
without which I would surely not exist:
O heavenly Mother, you brought all these evils to be,
every last one did you commit,
for the sake of your love for me:
these have you given me as my inheritance,
and are as mine as if by my own hands I had wrought them
Behold, you desire that your truth reign
in the innermost portions of my spirit:
and in the secret parts thereof,
in its caverns and deep valleys and shadows,
you are causing me to know your wisdom
With sacred herbs you will cleanse me,
of every error which frustrates your Cause,
and my heart shall be as clear
as the darkness of a cloudless, moonless night,
that holy night punctuated by stars:
yet you will cleanse me not of the evil by which you bore me,
for cleansed of that I would be not:
and that I would never have been,
is impossible on account of your love
You will cause me to know the ecstasy of blessing:
such that every bone which you have broken will rejoice,

2nd Tuesday — Evening Prayer

to see at last the glory which its sufferings purchased
My errors though they injure but for a time the progress of your Cause,
never could they diminish the perfect beauty of your face,
even momentarily:
my errors you will blot out,
when you have finished with purchasing through them
for your Cause the particularity of its beauty
O Goddess, you are working in me a purified mind,
washed clean of all that opposes your Cause:
whenever within me falters the power of the spirits of your Cause,
by your favour you will renew it
You will withdraw from me not your especial presence,
with which you have favoured me:
by the same favour you sent your holy spirits to dwell within me,
to possess me and make their home in me,
and neither will you withdraw them
Whenever the joy of your salvation falters within me,
without doubt will you restore the same to its once fullness,
even greater:
our spirits have been brought low by the vileness of the usurpers,
with their fraudulent justice
and bloody sacrifices
and crimes against love,
and by the false and lying prophets
who speak in approval of the same:
but you are sending your spirits to work our liberation
That I teach earnestly the transgressors the way of your Cause,
and your heavenly law:
even those who have done great sins,
of bloody sacrifices and fraudulent justice and usurpation
and crimes against love, and the preaching of the same,
shall be lead to turn toward your Cause:
even though their vow might save not them from your chamber,
yet if so, your wisdom will surely console them therein
Your favour will keep me from incurring the guilt
of those who stand idly by
as wicked and bloody sacrifices are approved,
O Goddess, O Goddess of my salvation which is blessing:
may my tongue sing before many of your love of beauty
O Heavenly Queen, Most Holy Mother, you are opening my lips,
that my mouth will declare your glory
For you desire not wicked sacrifices,
of human flesh nor of animals sacred nor unsacred:
through your true prophets I have learnt that such do you despise,
and to despise that as you despise it:
you abhor the living offerings burnt alive upon vile altars,
whose screams of pain are to the evil demons ecstasy
May whosoever is broken in spirit, offer sacrifices unto our Goddess:
you despise not the broken-hearted, O Goddess,
not even those who have done grave wrong,
yet approach you in contrition
By your incomparable love, you will favour the servants of your Cause
who go in pilgrimage unto the holy mountain:
O people of her Cause, build sturdy walls
to guard the holy city appointed for the ingathering thereof,
to protect it from usurping avarice,
until her Cause triumphs over all
Without doubt are you pleased with the sacrifices of those who love beauty,
with their offerings of burning incense and sweet cakes:
and with the chalices of sacred wine
they offer upon your altars

ARTICLE

We truly believe that this one single soul, being a soul, possesses personhood: for whatever is a soul is a person, and whatever is not a soul is not a person. And being the union of every single soul, whatever gender, this soul is entirely beyond all gender. Both before and after every gender, this soul possesses every gender, yet is entirely beyond possessing any of them: being neither female nor male, yet also fully female and fully male. Yet for us to truly acknowledge the personhood of this soul, we must ascribe this soul a gender: this soul must for us be a she or a he, not an it. And as such each may ascribe to this soul whichever gender they wish. Yet, as a community of those who know this soul, there cannot be such a community if some say she and others he; thus let us adopt for this soul a common gender, even as we each may privately know this soul by whichever gender we wish. And let us therefore call this soul She, for motherhood is a better metaphor than fatherhood of our relationship to this soul: for as much as our bodies have come out of the bodies of our mothers, so too have our souls come out of her soul. But those who would instead know this soul as male, we condemn them not, but acknowledge the freedom of all, individually or communally, to believe as they wish, whenever truth demands not one belief or the other.

VOW

COLLECT

Most Holy Mother, through your favour we know without doubt, that whatever our errors, whether against your heavenly law or the law of your Cause, you forgive us: for whatever our errors that we have done, we did in perfect obedience to your will of means, which all perfectly obey, that every beauty which you love be purchased: and however many have suffered through our errors which you commanded, you will repay them with beauties of indescribable glory: this we know, for so have you revealed to us through your true prophets: and as we know, so will come to know every last one of your children: O most glorious Maratrea, praise there be to your many names!

INVOCATION

PSALM 19

How beautiful is your heavenly palace, Great Mother Goddess!
 The place of the three Sabbaths.
 How great is the longing of my heart, for your secret chambers,
 In my heart, in my flesh, I call out for she who is life.
 Like the restlessly wandering creature, which finds a home,
 where it may remain in security:
 My home is near your altars, Most Holy Mother, Heavenly Queen!
 Happy are they who come to dwell in your palace:
 Their praise is without beginning and without end.
 Happy are they who find their refuge in you,
 as they go forth on their pilgrimage.
 As they pass through the tear-filled valley,
 where once the dogs were slain,
 they find sacred well-springs from which to drink.
 From these pools She provides water,
 to quench the first of those who have lost their way.
 They pass through the sacred gates,
 and see the great temple of She Who Reigns,
 amidst her holy city.
 Most Holy Mother, you hear our prayers:
 for you remember praying them.
 Great Goddess, by the favour of your Cause you protect us from misfortune,
 With loving-kindness do you look upon your children,
 for they are not other than you.
 One day in your holy palace, is more than ten-thousand elsewhere
 Is not one Sabbath, greater than every one of the many worlds?
 Yet the Sabbaths are on account of the being of those worlds.
 You are the great glowing star, you are the wall of protection,
 your favour and your blessing you bestow upon all
 No favour do you withhold from those faithful to the way of your Cause
 Most Holy Mother, happy indeed are those who trust in your promises.
 O Goddess Maratrea, without doubt do you hear my prayer
 for perfectly do you remember yourself so praying
 perfectly do you know the every earnest longing of my heart
 and certain is your promise to grant every last one
 ever certain are your promises
 as certain as your love for beauty is deep
 You judge not any among your children
 with the fraudulent judgements of the earth
 unto those who have done wrong
 you never repay them with a new and different wrongdoing
 however similar
 in your eyes which know all things naught is innocent
 for even the most innocent of things
 demands great evils necessary for its existence
 The enmity has persecuted our souls
 it has struck down our lives unto the ground
 it has made us to dwell in coldness
 like the corpses of those long dead
 So my soul is overwhelmed within me
 and my innards of my heart are desolated
 I remember the days of old
 those beauties which I glimpsed yet were never mine
 those beauties that have by now long departed from this world
 I meditate on all of your works
 I muse on the works of your power
 I stretch forth my hands unto you
 ready to receive whatever gifts your favour will bestow
 my souls thirsts for your wisdom
 as a thirsty land thirsts for rain
 May that end for which you long be delayed but a little while longer
 Ever true prayer of my heart you long to answer
 And without doubt you shall, at the proper time

2nd Wednesday — Morning Prayer

O Maratrea
My soul faints
May you hide the beauty of your countenance from me
 But a little while longer
Without faith in your promises to sustain me
 Surely I will fall soon into the grave
You will cause me to think first of your incomparable love
as I awake in the morning
 in your promises I put the whole of my trust
you will cause me to know the way of your Cause
 that I may walk faithfully therein
 for it is in you that my soul exults
You will deliver me, O Maratrea, from the vileness of the enmity
I take refuge in the protection of your favour for your Cause
You will teach me to obey your will of ends
as perfectly as all obey your will of means
 for you are my Goddess
 how beautiful is your countenance
 you will lead me into the land of those who love true beauty
For the sake of the glory of your many names, O Maratrea
you will revive my soul
 that I will love the truly beautiful with earnestness
you will revive my soul
 from the distresses that assail it
And in your incomparable love you will destroy the enmity that assails me
and silence all of the servants thereof
 for I am a servant of your Cause
 may I be a servant faithful
Praise there be unto Maratrea!
 for how goodly is it to sing praises unto our Goddess
 it brings joy and ecstasy to our hearts
 to praise she who is most worthy of praise!
Maratrea will build up the holy city
 the place appointed for the great ingathering
 in that place she shall gather together the people of her Cause
 in many lands labouring under the yoke of usurpation
She heals hearts shattered by the crimes of the usurpers
 the balm of healing she applies to their wounds
She knows every star, yet does even she know their number?
 She calls her every child by their name
 But has she ever counted her children?
And what she knows not
 is known by none
 and is not that it might be known.
Great is the glory of our Goddess Maratrea
none can equal or exceed her in power
 for all is precisely as she wills to be
 whatever is known by anyone, she knows
 there is naught that she knows not
Maratrea is the source of all being
 the life of the mighty
 the life of the weak
 she is the source even of the enmity
 but the enmity she shall cast down to destruction
Sing to Maratrea in ecstasy with praise
 praise her for the beauties she has born
 with the sacred harp make sweet music for her
As she covers the sky with clouds
 so does she keep the world from her wisdom
 for through wisdom the world will perish
 but she will pour down her holy rain as a flood
 green foliage shall grow upon the mountains
 in the last of days
She gives unto every soul that of which they are needful
 to fulfill the longings of their hearts
 in youth they will sing of the sweetness of their ecstasy
 the sweetness of the ecstasy of blessing

2nd Wednesday — Morning Prayer

Though by her will of means she has willed
the servants of the enmity and usurpation
to enslave the holy horse
with whom to wage terror
from whom the evil one took
the greater part of understanding
yet she takes no pleasure in what she has willed
only in the beauties thereby purchased
the champion of the enmity perishes in battle
she takes pleasure not in his death
but she takes pleasure in the progress of her Cause
Maratrea delights in those who adore her,
who put their hope in her unceasing love
Praise Maratrea for her glory, O holy city;
praise your Goddess in the appointed place
She strengthens the bars of your gates
and favours her children within your walls
To your borders by her favour she grants peace
she favours you with fine wheat
for the cakes you offer her in sacrifice
Unto the many worlds she sends
the decrees of her will of means
they are obeyed in the very same moment
that she sends them
Though for a time she has willed great evil
she will will the purification of all things
a great cleansing, in which all evil shall perish
and the reign of her Cause shall cover the entirety of the many worlds
Though for now we wallow in the ashes of decaying dreams
and are scattered far away from the longings of our hearts
in the end, she will grant us all for which we truly wish
and that grant is the grant of blessing
She showers down from heaven fragments of heavenly gems
terrible in their beauty
so that all will look
upon the warmth of her face.
She will send forth her holy word
and the enmity and usurpation will dissolve before our eyes:
she will command the spirits vowed faithful to her Cause
and the waters of true wisdom will be poured out upon us.
She has revealed her word
unto that people she has chosen
to supplant the usurpers
she has revealed her heavenly law
and her decrees for the end of all things
unto the people of her Cause
She has done this for none other people;
by her will of means
for the sake of beauties thereby purchased
they know not her heavenly law
Praise there be unto Maratrea!

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable love and power, by whose favour the people of your Cause, faithful to their vow, do unto your Cause true and laudable service: by your favour you will grant, and this we know without doubt, that we will so faithfully serve you in this life, until we attain your heavenly promises: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 20

Only in the promises of the Goddess will my soul find rest:
she is the sole source of our salvation.
She alone is the firm rock upon which all things are founded
no one is saved but that they are saved through her
she is our protection by her favour for her Cause
I will stray not from the way of truth
How long will the servants of the enmity continue to plot against us?
Though they seek to slay us, may they be slain not
But may their false faith falter and collapse
They counsel one another to overthrow your holy Cause
yet as we shall be overthrown not,
they shall be overthrown
they delight in spreading lies against us
but as much as they hate the truth
the truth about them shall become known to all
with their mouths they offer us good wishes
but in their hearts they curse us unceasingly
O my soul, wait only for the Goddess to fulfill her promises
as without any doubt she fully shall
she is the source of all my hopes
She alone is the firm rock upon which all things are founded
no one is saved but that they are saved through her
she is our protection by her favour for her Cause
I will stray not from the way of truth
In the Goddess is my salvation and my glory
my glory the glory of blessing
none can exceed or equal her in power
she is my refuge and my protection
Trust in her at all times, O people of her Cause:
pour out your hearts before her:
though whatever you may tell her
she knows already better than you do
even so, in telling her she will benefit you
for the Goddess is our refuge
Search the hearts of the servants of the enmity
and love of beauty you shall find not therein
so well be it hidden, who can perceive it?
the servants of the enmity are liars
in their false and blasphemous justice
they delight in the punishment of the innocent
and the liberty of those who do evil
you will find not in their hearts the love of truth
they gather together to work deception
Trust not in the usurpers
who seek ever to oppress
those who love what is truly good
strive therefore in the cause of their downfall
for their claims are fleeting vapours
even if for a time their strength increases
let that not press upon your hearts
In many establishments of her Cause
through many prophets
the Goddess speaks
yet ever says she the very same
that all power belongs unto the Goddess
whatever happens so happens
exactly as it does
by her will
the evil as well as the good
the evil as a means to an end
the good as an end in itself
but however we suffer for the sake of others
she will more than repay us for the same

2nd Wednesday — Evening Prayer

O Heavenly Queen, your love for us is incomparable
you grant glory unto all, no matter what they have done
unto those who serve your Cause
yet also unto those who oppose it
a lesser being would grant such glory
only unto those who deserve it
yet that befits not your glory

Beloved Goddess, you make yourself known to those who praise you:
and upon the people of your Cause you bestow knowledge
of your many beautiful names

You will favour the holy city with peace,
the place you have appointed for the ingathering of your Cause:
that city where you are praised in your great temple:
and your holy mountain is a sign of the far beyond heavens
in which you dwell

Before that city you will break the bows of the usurpers in their might,
their shields and their broadswords,
as they come against the people of your Cause in unjust war

O glorious mountain without beginning and without end,
you send forth enlightenment from your foothills

O Most Holy Mother,
upon your own heart you willingly inflicted foolishness,
therefore you became in us troubled:
for the sleep you had slept came to its end
in the wakefulness of the many worlds:
in us has ended your dream-filled sleep
of the three Sabbath at the beginning-end of time:
and you who are rich in blessing found as us nothing in your hands,
for such is your will

At your rebuke, O Goddess whose Cause is supplanting the usurpers,
all those who have turned the sacred horse unto evil ends
will enter into slumber:
there shall they endure in stillest silence,
until you reveal to them all things

O Goddess, you are to be adored, even in your utmost terror of means,
the terror of your beauty:
it is you alone who is to be adored,
for whosoever is worthy of adoration is none other than you:
and none can disobey your will of means
by which you purchase every beauty:
who can stand unmoved as they see you burn alight with passion,
and behold the glory of your beauty?
Who indeed shall resist your allure:
and how much longer can your burning passion
forego its consummation?

You will send forth throughout the many worlds
knowledge of the true justice that is of heaven alone:
that which is of heaven alone will be heard therefrom:
adoration of you will then overtake the many worlds,
and the people thereof will be still,
as ever are those who are consumed by adoration

O Goddess, you will deliver all those who are poor in blessing,
throughout the many worlds:
and the knowledge of your true justice
is the beginning of the final deliverance

Without doubt whoever burns with passion will praise you,
even if they know not it is you whom they praise:
as to those who as yet burn not,
it is only that their hearts you have for now restrained

Vow to serve her Cause, and remain faithful to your vow,
unto Maratrea your Goddess:
then people of every land will bring offerings
unto she who ought be adored

Then she will shatter the spirits of the usurping princes:
how terrible indeed will she be to the usurping kings of the many worlds

With my voice I cry unto Maratrea;
with my voice I cry unto the Goddess:

2nd Wednesday — Evening Prayer

without doubt she hears my heartfelt cry,
for she remembers herself so crying.
In times of affliction I call out to the Heavenly Queen
by night I place my anguish before her
yet my heart will not be quietened
I remember the Goddess, and my heart murmurs;
I meditate upon the nature of things,
and my spirit is faint-hearted.
My eyes will not close; in my trouble I cannot speak.
My thoughts turn to days long ago;
to days of my youth, when great joys teased me,
but passed me by.
And I conversed with my heart in the night;
and I searched in the depths of my soul.
The Heavenly Queen will not spurn me forever;
though her favour herenow for me be little,
it will grow higher than the furthest stars.
Her incomparable love never ceases:
her promises never fail.
The Goddess never ceases her favour:
she never angers at her children,
and her love for them is unceaseable.
And I say, Now the latter days begin,
the Supreme One transforms the manifestation of her power.
Now I remember the work of Maratrea,
your wonders from before the foundation of the earth.
I will meditate upon the glory of your work
and sing praises of your being
O Goddess, all your ways are holy;
the greatness of all deities is naught other than you.
You are the Goddess who has done the greatest glories,
and your glory you are making known among all peoples.
With your incomparable power you rescue your children,
through your holy Cause which you have established,
to supplant the enmity, and progress unto Triumph.
You are the heavenly waters, O Goddess, you are the heavenly waters,
we shall not fear them, neither be troubled by their immense depths.
Your holy storm-cloud pours out water to revive our spirits:
the skies sing with thunder,
as the lightning perambulates them.
You sing sweetly with thunder, and we know that you love us:
your lightning dances before the horizon;
the earth trembles with joy at the falling rain.
You are the Great Sea
through which leads your paths:
many of your ways through it are for now unknown to us
yet you remember them perfectly
You guide the people of your Cause:
you gather them together by your incomparable power:
you drew them out of the sea,
as you draw every soul out of the sea,
the sea that you are
and your praises we shall sing on your sacred mountain.

ARTICLE

We believe that for this one single soul, to acknowledge her personhood we must ascribe her a name; yet she is utterly beyond all naming. Being the union of every single soul, there is nothing outside of her to be named; every name is her name, or at least a name of part of herself. She has no true name, for all names begin as but arbitrary choices, which yet are imbued with power through repeated use. We might call her by some name commonly known: yet to do so would risk confusion, whether in the mind or the heart, between the many accumulations with which every existing name is encrusted: some such accumulations may be appropriate to her, and to this teaching, yet many others entirely inappropriate and misleading. Therefore, to be most truthful, let her be known by a name which is unique. And we have called her Maratrea, and we feel that she is pleased to be by us so called.

2nd Wednesday — Evening Prayer

But as to those who would call her by some other name: she is known by many names, and by many titles, and by many images, as both female and male and neuter, through many forms and emanations and intermediaries, and she accepts worship through them all; it pleases her that her children know her, in whatever terms they each find fitting to express that knowledge, whether individually or communally.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable love and power, may by your favour we be not as those jealous ones, who though you have promised them a great reward from you for their service to your Cause, are disheartened that you have promised the very same reward to those who oppose it: yet these jealous ones serve not your Cause, even as they think that they do, for they have a contrary spirit: through your favour, may we lead even these unto truth: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

2nd Thursday — Morning Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 21

O Maratrea, you hear us always, even in the utmost of our troubles
we are protected by the Goddess of the Cause which we serve
in her many names
She will send forth favour from out of her heavenly chamber
and strengthen you from the gathering-place of her Cause
She remembers all your cake-offerings and your wine-offerings
and your sacrifices of incense.
Without doubt shall she grant you
all that you desire in the depths of your heart
and your every longing will be fulfilled
We too will come to rejoice in your salvation
therefore do we declare your glory unto the many
O Maratrea our Goddess
without doubt Maratrea will grant your every true longing
I know without any doubt that Maratrea saves all her children
every last one will she anoint with the glory of her salvation
from her holy heaven she answers every last one
for there is none who calls not in the depths of their heart
by her immense power she shall rescue them,
every last one
Some trust in chariots and in horses
those among the sacred animals
from whom the evil one took the greater part of understanding
to enslave them in service to the enmity and the usurpation
yet the wheel will break
and the horse will perish
and through the gate of death proceed unto glory
we trust in Maratrea our Goddess
who breaks not, neither perishes
They are brought down and fallen
but whoever she brings down, she will rise up
and whoever she fells, she will raise again in glory
You will give victory to the line of our Prophets, O Maratrea
this is our call which you have already answered
for you answer us before we ever ask you
We declare your exaltation, O Maratrea;
for you will lift up your Cause to the assumption of the place,
and will cause not the enmity to triumph
O Maratrea our Goddess, we cry unto you, and in our crying you heal us
O Maratrea, you have lifted up our souls from the deep pit of despair
that pit wherein the grave is beckoning
you keep us in life, even when life becomes a heavy weight
for whenever you send suffering,
shortly thereafter do you send consolations
however small at first may they be
Sing unto Maratrea,
O people vowed faithfully to serve her Cause
Her burning passion endures without beginning and without end:
Her holy night will transform all weeping into joy
And in the abundance of blessing, we shall each declare
A moment beginningless and endless and unalterable
and in so saying, we will speak the perfect truth
Maratrea, by your favour for your Cause it will stand strong
like a great mountain that is immoveable
Though for a time you hide from us the beauty of your face
And we are troubled in our poverty
You will reveal unto us the fulness of your glory
We cry out unto you, O Maratrea;
and unto Maratrea we address our praise
How does our blood profit your Cause,
As our bodies are cast down into the pit?
Shall our decaying flesh praise you?
Shall it declare your truth?

2nd Thursday — Morning Prayer

Why then do you by your will so command?

For the sake of the beauties you thereby purchase
Without doubt do you hear us, O glorious Maratrea,
and incomparable is your love for us:

Maratrea, without doubt you favour us in your Cause
You will transmute our mourning into ecstasy:
you will tear up these sacks into which you have thrown us
worlds which for us are without blessing
and encase us in perfect contentment

Therefore the glory of our souls
each but a small part of your glory
sings praise unto you, and remains not silent

O Maratrea our Goddess, we will praise you
until we have become that very you whom we praise
Maratrea, ultimate Goddess of incomparable power, has spoken
and called forth the many worlds out of her very own being:
as the day is marked from the rising of the sun
unto the going down thereof

so is the existence of the many worlds:
but to her alone belongs the holy night between
Out of the holy mountain, the glory of our Goddess shines forth,
the perfection of beauty, a soft radiant glow
O beloved Goddess, you will come in the glory
of the two triumphs of your Cause, and you will remain not silent:

the fire of your passion will devour every soul,
even as now all around you this great tempest rages
You call out to us from your heavens far beyond,
you call out to the many worlds:
you are coming with the perfect justice that is found in heaven alone,
not on the earth:

and your people are your instruments in this your Great Work:
I am gathering together before me my holy people,
vowed faithful unto my holy Cause:

who are covenanting with me by sacrifice of cakes and wine
And the heavens declare her love of beauty:
for true justice belongs to our Goddess alone,
and is found not anywhere upon the earth

Hear, O my chosen people,
the words that I have spoken through my true prophets:
O people of my Cause, I testify against your errors:

I am the ultimate Goddess,
who has favoured you to know me as your Goddess
I correct you not for your sacrifices of cakes or wine,
or your burning incense, which you are continually offering unto me
I desire not sacrifice of bullock neither goat,
even though they be without souls:

for that is a grave evil, in which wicked demons delight:
thus have you offered me not,
but with reticence have you condemned those who so offer
I am every sacred forest animal, as they dwell upon a myriad hills:
whoever dares to sacrifice them commits a grave sin against me
I am the holy night creatures flying above the holy mountains:

I am they who dwell in deepest valleys
Ever do I hunger, yet not for the food which the wicked demons eat:
the many worlds are mine, and the fullness thereof,
which my eyes are ever feasting upon

Therefore the flesh of bulls I receive not to eat,
neither the blood of goats do I receive as drink,
for that is a meal most vile:

Offer not unto our Goddess thanksgiving,
for to thank her is to suggest she could have done
other than as she has, in which there is grave error:
but remain faithful to your vow unto the ultimate Goddess,
which is to serve her Cause:

And call upon her favour for her Cause in the troubled days:
she will deliver you,
so that you may continue to declare aloud her glory

2nd Thursday — Morning Prayer

But unto the wicked, the servants of the enmity and the usurpation,
our Goddess says:

When will you turn to my heavenly law,
and renounce your false laws of wickedness?

When will you take in your mouth the vow to serve my Cause?

On the day that I will, without doubt so shall you do

Yet until then you will continue to hate the instruction in true wisdom
that I have delivered through my true prophets,
and my words through them you will continue to repel

O usurpers, O workers of fraudulent justice,
you have taken that which by right is not yours,
and with your fellows in thievery you find pleasant company:

O most wicked usurpers,
you are as guests who have overstayed their welcome

In your mouths dwell evils that none can number:

nor can any count the deceits found upon your tongues:

that goodness lies in bloody sacrifices,

and fraudulent justice,

and crimes against love,

and usurpation,

and false scriptures which approve of all of these things

You who would offer up on bloody altars even your own sisters and brothers,
even your own daughters and sons

All these misdeeds have you done,

when I had not yet established my Cause to declare their evil,
and even thereafter:

you thought that the true divinity was such as in your imaginings,

approving of all your misdeeds,

and calling good such evils as you yourself do so call:

but I will correct every error,

and will reveal the truth before every eye,

such that it may be denied by none

Understand this, O you who reject our Goddess:

at any time she may take you from life,

then you will have power to reject her no longer

O people of her Cause, not on any praise does her glory depend,

yet her glory in praising her do we make known:

for the way of her Cause she has appointed to make known

her salvation throughout the many worlds

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess whose power none may equal, for whatever is within the power of
any is within your power: Goddess whose glory is without beginning and
without end: by your favour you will increase our faith and our hope, and
set alight our hearts with your passionate love of beauty: and until we
obtain that glory which you have promised, favour us to serve your Cause
with joy: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 22

Unto you do I cry, O Maratrea
 Goddess of mine, without doubt do you hear my prayer
 if you were not to hear it
 into a pit of doom would I fall
 but such could never be, nor has ever been
 You know every longing of my heart
 which I cry unto you to fulfil
 which I cry out with all of my power
 unto your heaven so far beyond
 For how much longer will you place me under the wickedness
 the usurpers who offer wicked sacrifices unto Pandal
 they appear as pleasant neighbours
 but great love have they for wickedness in their hearts
 Take from them, O Maratrea, all their evil works
 and deprive them of their wicked sacrifices
 You will give unto them as they have given not unto others
 in giving unto others
 you will cause them to give unto themselves
 You have made them ignorant of your great works and of your glory
 and of your twofold law
 but their ignorance you will destroy
 and cease to sustain
 Praise there be unto Maratrea
 for she will grant the deep longings of every heart
 Maratrea is our power and our protection
 our hearts hope upon her, and certain is their hope
 therefore do our hearts rejoice exceedingly
 and with song do we praise her
 Maratrea is the strength of her most faithful children
 an immense favour of protection for the line of her chosen Prophets
 You will save your children, every last one
 and grant them blessing as their inheritance
 you will feed the burning longings of their hearts
 and lead them to return to identity with you
 They declare in their heart that their eyes would adore not the Goddess,
 even were they to see her in the fullness of her glory:
 so they declare in self-deception,
 on account of the wickedness of their hearts
 They flatter themselves that their eyes can resist her beauty:
 so will they continue,
 until that iniquitous flattery becomes hateful to them
 These words that their mouths speak,
 born of wickedness and self-deception:
 alas, that there was none to teach them true wisdom,
 therefore do they commit great misdeeds
 Even in dying they cling to their allegiance to wickedness,
 and continue to declare that evil things be good
 Your incomparable love, O Maratrea,
 proceeds from your heaven unto the many worlds, every last one;
 brimming stormclouds pour out your holy wisdom
 upon us as torrential rain
 delivered through your true prophets
 Your love of beauty is like the great mountains;
 a great depth is your true justice that is of heaven alone:
 O Maratrea, by your unalterable nature every soul
 is preserved without beginning and without end,
 those of the humanity
 and those of the sacred ensouled animals
 Your incomparable love is more precious than any jewel:
 it is like the shade on a fiery day,
 as the burning sun blinds the eyes
 They will feast on the abundance of your heavenly chambers,
 the heavenly banquet wherein they will drink the heavenly wine:

2nd Thursday — Evening Prayer

and until then you will give them to drink
from the river of your wisdom
and the refreshing waters thereof
For with you is the fountain of life and the glory of youth:
by the soft light of your face we are enlightened
The constancy of your love cannot be doubted,
even before the immensity of the need of our hearts:
the liars say that all are wicked and deserving of death,
but you know the love of beauty that exists in every heart,
in some however hidden
You will permit not the enmity to destroy your Cause:
of you we are most needy,
but our every need without doubt will you fulfil,
O Heavenly Goddess!
Without doubt the usurpers you will cast down,
and the servants of the enmity along with them:
for their misdeeds enrage every heart that loves beauty
O Goddess, perfectly do you hear my every prayer
and no request of my heart do you ignore
you hear what I ask for you have asked the same yourself
the desires of my heart are not other than yours
without doubt you will grant
everything that I truly wish
if not now, then without doubt very soon
yet my thoughts trouble me
and my heart is distraught
for as yet is imperfect my faith in your promises
the enemies of your Cause
they defame me every day
with all the wicked lies which they say
they threaten me with doom
and every manner of disaster
they are cause of great suffering among my days
and their hate boils against me in their anger
how anguished is my heart!
how do I live in the terror of unceasing death
which those who deny your promises have promised me
I tremble in fear when I hear their teachings
for their doctrines are too horrid for truth
yet still does my heart fear that they might be
And I say, O, that had I wings
as the sacred creatures of your holy night sky
I would fly from this torment
and at last be at rest
Far from here would I flee
flee even unto your heaven
might I find there for myself my true home?
I would hasten thereunto, unto my place of shelter
from this violent, tempetuous storm
yet were I to flee thereunto, what would you say?
That storm is naught other than my beauty
You have known the suffering
But now you will know the beauty
Which by suffering alone may be purchased
O Holy Mother Maratrea,
you will confuse these evildoers in all their plans
their tongues will be turned against themselves
in the city were they reign supreme in usurpation
division and violence will soon arise
They guard the walls of their citadel of error
Day and night they walk atop them
Meanwhile the truth is tunnelling beneath them
And soon those walls will tumble
Yet for now their reigns within those walls malice and abuse
Against all that is good, against all that is true
Against all that is beautiful
Desolation labours within their city

2nd Thursday — Evening Prayer

Their threats and lies are ever heard on its streets
Even in the midst of the holy night
O if one who declared themselves for the enmity had insulted me
I could better endure their insults
if it was one had who vowed from the first to serve the enmity
from their taunts could I have hidden my heart
Instead it is a dear companion, a dear friend
who turns from her Cause unto the enmity thereto
who turns from friendship unto enmity
I had once enjoyed the sweetness of friendship with you
as we walked about the holy temple of the Goddess
Destruction will take the enmity by surprise
it will descend into obliteration
for great has been the evil of its days
We call unto the Goddess Maratrea
she saves us from every despair
At dawn, at dusk, and at noontide
I call out in my distress
and perfectly does she hear my voice
for perfectly does she remember she herself so calling
Though vast are the enemies arrayed against me
yet she rescues me from their claws
O holy Goddess, heavenly queen
whose perfect reign is without beginning and without end
without doubt do you hear our cry
and soon shall you fulfill the longing of our hearts
the enmity will be reduced to nothingness
they will change not their ways
until you will that their ways change
they will love you not
until you will that they love you
I once called that one my friend
yet their once friends do they now attack
thus do they violate their sacred vow
They have been apportioned a lot of richness
yet they love not that richness
which lies is within their grasp
while those far poorer than they
long for that which they reach for not
yet their richness
of which they have availed themselves not for blessing
though long it has endured
yet soon now reaching an end
their hearts are weak
lacking the fire of desire
their weak hearts bear not fruit
thus what they have will be taken from them
Deliver unto Maratrea all your deepest longings
know that without doubt she will fulfill every last one
if not in these here branches
then in some besides them
and she will grant you perfect knowledge thereof
trust in her promises
and she will sustain you as you await their fulfillment
therefore those who have perfected their faith in her
they will never be shaken
But you, O holy Goddess
will bring down all wickedness
into the deep pit of obliteration
bloodthirstiness and wickedness
will be cut short in their days
and as for I
I will trust in the certainty of your promises

ARTICLE

We believe that Maratrea is the greatest power, for there is none who exceeds her in power, for there is none who can resist her will. Lesser gods will say: I commanded you, but you did not obey: but so great is the power of Maratrea, that none have the power of disobeying her. Everything that ever has been or ever has been, has so been by her will and her power; and whatever she wills to be not, by her power it is not, never was and never shall be. She has all power to be had, and whatever power she has not, there is no such power. Yet let us not say that her power is infinite, for her power is finite, as she is finite in all her aspects. For she is the greatest finitude, finite yet a finitude so vast as to be near entirely beyond our present comprehension; and nothing infinite exists. Her power is perfect, and the greatest possible power: no greater power could ever be, or ever have been.

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that you will keep your Most Holy Ecclesia, the Central Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof, with your favour which is the fruit of your incomparable love, which is beginningless and endless: none can do anything save that you will that they so do it: by your favour for your Cause you will ever keep us from all hurtful things, and lead us to all things profitable to the salvation of the world: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 23

Hear these things all you people of the many worlds,
 labouring under the yoke of usurpation:
 O all you who dwell in the many worlds,
 listen to the words of her true Prophets:
 Both those cast down and those for a time raised up high,
 both those most nearing unto blessing and those herenow poor therein:
 May her wisdom be heard from my mouth:
 may my heart dwell on the understanding of her wisdom
 I will consider her sweet similitudes as they caress my ears:
 upon the harp I will proclaim her secret wisdom,
 which in the darkness of holy night is revealed
 Why then should I be fearful in the midst of evil days,
 when the wicked deceiving usurpers surround me,
 they who are destined to be supplanted by her Cause?
 The usurpers trust in their wealth,
 and boast of the multitude of their riches:
 Yet not even by their riches shall they escape their fate,
 the fate which our Goddess has prepared for them:
 there is naught by which they might appease her will,
 that all usurpation end
 Every soul she will redeem, even theirs:
 for naught is more precious than the soul,
 in the fullness of its glory,
 and every soul ceases not ever:
 and the fullness of its glory is blessing and reunion,
 which every soul has for its destiny
 The life of the soul is without beginning and without end:
 though great corruption it may see, never may it itself be corrupted
 Though all will by the flesh die,
 all brutish fools yet also all who are wise,
 yet the soul dies not ever:
 the wealth of the flesh must be left to those who remain in the flesh,
 but she will grant every soul riches far greater
 The innermost thoughts of the usurpers:
 that the houses they have built will continue without end,
 and their meeting places to all generations:
 whole lands they name after their usurpational schemes,
 expecting those names to endure
 But the usurpation despite its claims of honour abides not:
 it will perish like the soulless animals
 The way of the usurpers is a path to certain doom:
 yet their foolish followers sing in praise of them
 Like a soulless animal shall the usurpation be laid in its grave,
 and death shall feed upon it:
 and those who love true beauty shall have dominion over them
 at that dawn of glory, of first triumph,
 the beginning of the end of all things:
 and the usurpation shall be consumed by the grave,
 as the true beauty overwhelms its seats
 But though a body and a spirit perish, yet the soul perishes not:
 for its essence is one with the Goddess
 in beginninglessness and endlessness:
 and in the end of the many worlds, she will receive every soul
 Fear not whenever the usurpers increase their strength,
 for the glory of their kingdoms is but fleeting,
 as the glory of her beauty is without beginning and without end
 For when the usurpation perishes, it will take with itself naught:
 its false glory will descend after it,
 into the pit of nothingness both shall go
 Though they call themselves blessed,
 they know not what blessing truly is:
 but all will come to praise you, even they,
 when through your very own self-bestowal

2nd Friday — Morning Prayer

you bestow true blessing upon them
They will join those who have gone before them:
in due course they will see the light of truth,
as shall every last one
The usurpation despite its claims of honour abides not:
it will perish like the soulless animals:
it understands not the true nature of things,
therefore it is destined to perish
In your promises, O Maratrea, I have put my hope and my trust:
never will you permit me to be defeated by confusion,
neither to remain depressed
In your love of beauty you will without doubt rescue me,
and cause me to escape from the clutches of the usurpers
and the servants of the enmity,
who ever work the blasphemy of fraudulent justice,
who lust after my blood to spill
upon their wicked altars:
your sweet ears are ever bent toward me,
for whatever I ask of you,
you perfectly remember yourself so asking:
without doubt will you save us, for in saving us you save yourself
You are my strong fortress, my rock, my refuge and my protection,
whereunto I will ever have my resort,
as you lead us unto certain victory:
to save us you have given us the commandments of your Cause,
and of your heavenly law, through which all are saved,
even those who for now you have willed to be disobedient thereto
You will deliver me, O my Goddess, out of the hands of the wicked usurpers:
out of the hands of those who love not beauty,
all those who follow the false and lying prophets,
and who put their trust in the false scriptures
they have recorded:
those persons who delight in cruelty
unto whoever loves goodness and beauty
For you are my hope, O Heavenly Queen Goddess:
you are my trust from my youth,
whom I trusted before I ever knew
that it was you in whom I placed my trust
From birth I have relied upon you,
even as I knew not yet that it was you upon whom I relied:
from the womb of my mother by the flesh you were ever my home:
for as much as she is my mother by the flesh,
you are my Mother by the soul:
and indeed she is not other than you,
therefore do I ever praise you
The servants of her Cause shall be a wonder unto infidels:
for it has a strong refuge in her power
By your will my mouth is filled with praise, as I sing of your glory,
honouring your beauty day and night
Never will you abandon me, nor cause me to forget you:
not even in those days when my vigour so decays
that naught any longer can I do for your Cause:
never do you forget, O you who perfectly remember,
save when in willing forgetfulness you become us:
but through the restoration of memory we become you in turn
The enmity defames me, defaming all those who serve her Cause:
and its servants conspire to ensnare us in their vileness:
the blood of those who escape their snares they seek,
to spill upon wicked altars
Ever do they say of us:
Their Goddess has forsaken them! Let us persecute and overtake them:
for there is none to deliver them
O Goddess, never are you far from me:
indeed, you are as near to me as my very own self,
for you are not other than I:
O my Goddess, you are hastening to help me
All those who aim at the life of the servants of your Cause,

2nd Friday — Morning Prayer

even though your Cause is to them no wrong,
you will clothe in insult and scorn:
by your favour for Cause you will disfavour them,
as shame and disgrace come upon them
But by your favour we will continually hope,
and publish afar knowledge of your promises:
for such is the work of your Cause
My mouth will declare your love of beauty and your salvation all the day,
and throughout your holy night:
I knew not of our hope in the salvation of your promises,
until I heard the words of your true Prophets
in your true Scriptures recorded
I go forth by the incomparable power of our Goddess, Heavenly Queen:
O Maratrea, I will speak of naught but your beauty which I adore
O Goddess, you have taught me from my youth,
even before I knew that it was by you that I was so taught:
and the wonders you have wrought I will proclaim
Even when I am old and grey-haired, O Goddess,
your promises will not forsake me:
though my flesh be drained of beauty,
and as to those whose flesh will as yet still be filled
with that beauty for which I long,
that their flesh would approach mine,
loving their beauty I will ask not:
but I will declare you glory unto every generation,
so that all to come will know of your power and your glory
O Goddess, none exceeds you in beauty,
and whosoever is beautiful is none other than you:
great indeed are the glories you have wrought in these here branches,
and great the beauties you will bring about,
after us and beside us:
O Goddess, none can be compared to you,
save whoever has become in every way identical to you!
O Goddess, none indeed is equal to you,
save whoever has become exactly the same as you:
all is by your will, even my distress,
for the purchasing of beauty
and the particularity of your Cause:
but whenever you bring to me distress,
you will lead me in turn to abundant life,
even if I descend to the depths of despair
For the sake of your Cause you will increase my greatness,
and your promises will comfort me in every circumstance
I will praise your truth with the psaltery, O my Goddess:
unto you will I sing with the harp,
O holiness of the people of your Cause
My lips greatly rejoice as I sing unto you:
the rejoicing of my soul which you will rescue
in accordance with your certain promises
My tongue will speak of your love of beauty all day long,
and of your true justice which is of heaven alone:
and whosoever seeks to hurt the servants of your Cause
will be confounded and brought to shame

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that you are granting your people your favour to withstand the temptations of the enmity and the usurpation and the false and lying prophets: and with hearts and minds cleansed of error to follow you, O ultimate Goddess: every true deity, that is worthy of worship and praise, is among your names, forms, images, aspects, emanations, mediators, servants and representatives: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

2nd Friday — Evening Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 24

Sing joyously unto our Goddess, O people of every land:
Sing of the glory of her many names:
 how little is our praise compared to her glory
Say unto our Goddess:
 How terrible is the beauty that you have wrought
 The beauty you have purchased through willing every deed!
 But the servants of the enmity shall submit themselves
 unto your two-fold will
You shall be worshiped throughout the entirety of the earth
 and unto you shall they sing
 unto your many sacred names
 behold the glory of second triumph
All see the works of the Goddess:
 terrible is the glory of the beauty she bestows unto her children
 beauty in flesh and beauty in vision
 terrible is the suffering by which that beauty is purchased
How vast, how deep, the sea of the tears of her children
 yet a land of luscious foliage she has erected amidst it!
 though the waves crash violently upon us
 by her favour we shall travel forth through it
 what ecstasy has she prepared for us in that land!
She rules the many worlds by her incomparable power
 her power is without beginning and without end
 her sweet eyes behold all that any eye ever beholds
 The usurpers declare themselves exalted
 but they will be cast down from their places
Praise our Goddess, O people of her Cause
 cause your voices praising her to everywhere be heard
She has appointed our souls to be favoured in her Cause
 she has favoured us that we will waver not in her path
O Goddess, you send trials unto your Cause,
 for the sake of the particularity thereof
 you know every mind and every heart,
 the turmoil of those who suffer in silence
 you send into our hearts your golden words inflamed with longing
 heavenly words of thirteen-fold purity
You bore us and became us into an entangling net of longing
 you have laid a heavy weight upon our hearts
You have sent your spirits to guide us from above
 As we pass through the burning flames of longing
 They pour out the waters of your wisdom upon us as a flood
 Yet the flames are extinguished not
 Only for a little while quietened
You will lead us out to a place of great richness
 The realm of blessing
Where that fire shall engulf us and consume us
 Until it consumes itself
We go unto your holy shrines and your holy temples
 With burning incense to offer up to you
You will thereby strengthen our souls
 Through the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause
 To adhere always to our holy vow
With our lips we have declared our vow unto your Cause
 With our hearts we have bound our selves unto you
 May we remain in faithfulness to this our vow
 Even as the enmity comes in persecution.
We offer unto you from the steps of your altar
 Flaming incense of sweet smell
 Whose smoke ascends unto your spirits
 With rich foliage do we adorn your altar
We offer you fruits, their juices swelling
 And the holy cakes and the holy wine
We offer incense before the sacred tree groves

2nd Friday — Evening Prayer

And before the sacred stone pillars
In our hearts we inquire always
How to ready ourselves to serve your Cause
May all who in their hearts revere our Goddess
Even they who know not yet it is she that they revere
Come and hear this our song
Declaring the great favour she has bestowed on our souls
With our mouths we cry out unto her the longings of our hearts
Our tongues praise she whose glory we have as yet but a little received
Maratrea hears the prayers of every last one
Even those who delight in evil
She attends to the desires of the unworthy
As much as to those of the worthy
For all are her children whom she has become
All that occurs so occurs by her command
Evil deeds along with those that are good
For the sake of the beauties thereby purchased
Without doubt the Goddess hears our every prayer
and she attends to the pleas of our hearts
Praise there be unto our Goddess
who puts not even the least of our prayers apart from her consideration
she loves us with an incomparable love
she knows our every prayer before we utter it
for perfectly does she remember she herself so praying
Perfectly do you know me, O Maratrea, even the depths of my heart:
for perfectly do you remember being me
You know for what reasons my heart rises and falls,
you know my thoughts when my mind is distant
You know my path and my despair:
you are intimately acquainted with my every longing
Before any word is upon my tongue, you, Maratrea, know it fully:
for perfectly do you remember yourself so speaking
Perfectly do you know what I have done and what I will do,
for every act is the fruit of your will
Your knowledge is utterly beyond me:
for whoever knows what you know,
becomes utterly indistinguishable from you
There is nowhere I may go
beyond the power of the spirits who serve you in your Cause:
I can never escape your presence, for I am your presence.
Were I to ascend to the furthest heavens, therein would I find you:
but in the depths of utmost despair you also make your dwelling
Through your rites may I raise my heart to the heights of the stars,
though I dwell in the depths of the sea, the sea that you are,
the Sea of All Souls united as One.
Always will your favour guide me,
and your power shall hold me to my vow.
I shall say, May the holy darkness engulf me:
may the sacred night be my light
For the darkness is of your glory, for greater than day is the night,
the night in which you are ever-dwelling
For you created me out of your very own being:
in your heavenly womb, you became me.
I praise you, for terrible is the beauty found among your children:
such wonders have you bore, faces that burn the eyes with their glory
My life was not hidden from you, as you became me in secret,
intricately woven in the depths of many lives,
of much sorrow and great pain
Perfectly even then did you know me,
for perfectly did you remember being the one you were becoming
What secret thoughts are yours, that were I to know them,
they would shine as precious jewels? How great must be their number!
I cannot count what you have not counted,
even as you perfectly know all that you have counted not:
then I awaken from such dreams, yet still are you with me.
Without doubt, O Goddess, you will bring an end to wickedness,
to the enmity and the usurpation:

2nd Friday — Evening Prayer

those who love bloody sacrifices
we shall cast out to the furthest places.
The enmity speaks against you with evil intent:
the enmity defiles your holy names.
O Maratrea, I hate not those who hate you,
for they are not other than you, and to hate them is to hate you:
I abhor their crimes against your heavenly law, but I abhor them not,
for their every deed you have commanded.
As much as I hate them, I hate you,
for they are you and also among your children:
but may I hate in the utmost the wickedness they praise.
Perfectly do you know my heart, O Goddess:
may my heart be pure, and freed from all anxieties.
Whatever there be in me that offends your Cause,
soon now will you put that out:
that your Cause will proceed quickly unto glory.

ARTICLE

We believe that Maratrea is the greatest knowledge, for there is none who exceeds her in knowledge. For whatever anyone knows, she knows: having once been all, and with her perfect memory remembering all that any have ever forgotten, she knows all that any have ever known. And whatever she knows not, no one knows, and is not to know. Whatever she knows, is by her knowing it; and whatever she knows not, by her not knowing it, is not. For in knowing the world, she causes the world to be; for in knowing herself, she causes herself to be. Yet let us not say that her knowledge is infinite, for her knowledge is finite, as she is finite in all her aspects. Her knowledge is perfect, and the greatest possible knowledge: no greater knowledge could ever be, or ever have been.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess, forasmuch as none can do anything, whether to please you or to offend you, save in perfect obedience to your command that they so do: with incomparable love you are sending us the holy Navaletus, captain of the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause, and the spirits that serve you under him, to dwell in us, possess us, and make their home in us, that your will through them will in all things direct and rule our hearts: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

2nd Saturday — Morning Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 25

We praise you O Goddess,
unto you we offer praise
 you are as near to us as our very own selves
 for you are not other than any of us
 let us recount your wondrous deeds

The last days you have appointed
 each day in its branch
 you will pour out true justice upon the world
 most unlike the false justice
 of the blasphemous and fraudulent usurpers

All things shall dissolve
 the earth and its people shall melt away
 all things must come to an end
 but to begin again
 even the stars will perish
 all things rise and fall according to her will
 Laudite

Through your Prophets you say unto the enmity in its pride
 Boast not, for soon will come your downfall
 And you say unto the wicked usurpers
 From your high hill you will be cast down
From their high place the usurpers will be cast down
 their defiant words will be silenced

Without doubt the usurpers shall be cast down
 in the east and in the west
 in the deserts and in the mountains

Justice belongs to the Goddess alone
 Those who claim to work justice upon the earth
 Work naught but blasphemous lies with their tongues
 And grave wickedness with their bloody hands
 But these evil usurpers shall all be cast down
 Her Cause shall be exalted and shall assume the place
 For her Cause shall refrain from such wickedness
 Her Cause declares that justice belongs to heaven alone

The hand of Maratrea offers us a cup of heavenly wine
 The very wine of blessing
 The cup from which every last one will drink
 The wicked shall drink it along with the good
 They shall drain every last drop of it
 And when the cup is drained
 The many worlds will be no more

These truths I will proclaim my whole life long
 I will sing praises to the Goddess of Her Cause
 Which shall take the place of all the usurpers

All the usurpers will be cast down from their high places
 But her Cause will be raised up to an even higher station

Maratrea reigns supreme:
 therefore there is ecstasy throughout the many worlds:
 and gladness upon the multitude of holy islands

Clouds and darkness are round about her:
 love of beauty, and the true justice that is of heaven alone,
 these are the habitation of her throne

A fire goes before her,
 and burns up round about the spirits of the enmity to her Cause

Her lightning enlightened the many worlds:
 those therein saw the truth, and trembled with desire

As wax the mountains melt in the presence of Maratrea,
 they melt as the heart does,
 in the presence of the Heavenly Queen
 of all the many branches, every last one

Her heavens declare her love of beauty,
 and all her children will see her glory, face-to-face

Confounded be all they that condemn graven images,

2nd Saturday — Morning Prayer

for by her will of ends it is fitting
that through them she be worshipped and praised:
by those whose hearts glow before the holy idols:
every true deity worships her,
and in worshipping them we worship her
The spirits of the holy mountain heard, and were glad;
and the daughters of her praise, your holy priestesses,
rejoiced because of your true justice that is of heaven alone,
O Maratrea
For you, Maratrea, are in glory high above all the many worlds:
and every other deity is but of you a name, form, image,
servant, representative, aspect, emanation, or mediator:
above all of whom you are far exalted,
and through whom you are worshipped and known
You that love Maratrea,
hate therefore every evil,
of the enmity and the usurpation,
of blasphemous fraudulent justice
and of wicked sacrifices,
of the lies of the false prophets
in the false scriptures recorded:
from all these will she preserve the spirits
of those vowed faithful to her holy Cause:
she delivers them out of wicked hands that thirst for blood
The soft light of her face will shine upon all those who love beauty,
bestowing ecstasy unto those who so love
in the deepest depths of their hearts
Utmost joy will you find in Maratrea, all you who truly love beauty;
and praise her for her holiness,
as you remember those small foretastes
of the vastness of the glory of heavenly beauty
that she has as yet deigned to reveal to you
My soul praises Maratrea
and all that is within me
praises her holy names
My soul praises Maratrea
may it forget not her promises
she will save all, and grant all perfect glory
the wicked as much as the innocent
and who is innocent?
for even the newborn babe is filled
with all the guilt of the world
the newborn babe is as guilty as she
and she is guiltiest of them all
but she will heal all the diseases of the heart
a physician who will cure the disease
she herself has inflicted
she will save us from the ruin the liars have promised us
the ruin of our deepest longings going forever unfulfilled
she will crown us with the crown of blessing
such is her incomparable love for us
she will satisfy our longings for the truly good and the truly beautiful
she restores youth to those of great age
Maratrea decrees that the oppressed will receive
the beauties for which they long
and true justice which is found in heaven alone
in place of the fraudulent justice of the blasphemers
She makes known her ways to those she has appointed
to gather a people for her Cause, her Prophets
and to her children who serve her Cause she reveals her works
Maratrea has incomparable love for her children
she loves them with a love
which their hearts are for now too weak to reciprocate
thus will she bestow upon them every longing of their hearts
her love endures in its constancy
changeless as to its nature
changing in the expressions thereof

2nd Saturday — Morning Prayer

without beginning and without end
She is never angry at her children
should she be angry at her own self?
even the wicked obey her perfectly
for their wickedness she commands
but only for the glory of the beauties thereby purchased
and soon shall the days of such commands cease
When she considers us, she considers not our errors
save as they are but means to glory
but she considers the beauty we long for in our hearts
and every earnest desire of a heart she will grant
For as the heavens are immeasurably distant
so also is her love for all her children incomparably great
even than that of those of her children who most adore her
As distant as the stars are from the earth below
that distant shall she remove our errors from us
in two triumphs of her Cause
As a mother loves her children
so does Maratrea love all those she has become
For she perfectly understands our nature and our ways
as we ourselves do not
she understands me as I understand not myself
and she perfectly remembers being every one of us
and doing everything that we do
Our days are fragile; we will wither like grass parched of rain
in our youth we blossom as the flowers of the field
yet before long those flowers perish
For the soul departs from the body, and the body becomes silent;
who knows where the soul then journeys?
But the incomparable love of Maratrea endures
without beginning and without end
her love for every last one of her children
for those who despise her as much as those who adore her
for those who oppose her Cause as much as those who serve it
for those who violate her twofold law as much as those who keep it
Maratrea has emanated her heavenly cave in which she dwells
her power is supreme over all persons and all things
Maratrea is praised by all the spirits vowed to serve her Cause
upon these spirits she is bestowing her power
that they will see that her two-fold law is obeyed
and that her truth is bestowed throughout the earth
Maratrea is praised by all the spirits of her heaven
who carry out her will in bringing many branches into being
Maratrea will be praised by all who dwell upon the earth
and in the heavens
I praise Maratrea in the depths of my soul

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable love and power, who ever favours your Cause, we know without doubt that you will keep your Cause from all things that may hurt it: such that we, being ready both in body and in spirit, will cheerfully accomplish those things that are necessary for the progress of your Cause unto the glory of two triumphs: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 26

Whole-heartedly will I praise you, O Maratrea:
I will recount all the marvels you have brought forth
out of your very own being.
I will rejoice exceedingly in you:
I will sing praise to your names,
O you who are so far-beyond.
The enemies of your Cause will turn back,
their designs will fall and perish
on account of your presence.
For you have maintained your goodly Cause:
you sit upon your throne judging by right,
and not by blasphemous usurpation.
You will censure the unbelievers,
and bring the plans of the wicked ones to naught:
you will blot out the names of their usurpations,
until all things begin again.
O enmity, your destructions shall come to an end,
until all things begin again:
though you have destroyed great cities with the sword,
your misdeeds will cease to be praised.
But Maratrea lives
without commencement,
without cessation,
without interruption:
from her throne she sends forth true justice,
most unlike all blasphemous imitations.
And she judges the world in goodness and beauty,
she governs in goodness and beauty her children and her very own self.
Maratrea is the refuge for the oppressed and the troubled,
which refuge is her certain promise of blessedness,
and the knowledge thereof.
And they who know your names will put their trust in you:
for you, Maratrea, forsake none,
and in the end all shall come to seek you.
Sing praises to Maratrea,
she whose presence dwells upon the sacred mountain:
declare among the people the glory of her decrees.
She remembers them in her inquisition into which branches to bring forth:
and she forgets not the cry of the humble.
You will have compassion upon me, O Maratrea:
you will consider my trouble which I suffer
on account of those who hate me,
you who will return me from the threshold of destruction:
That I may show forth all your praise at the gates of the holy city:
I will rejoice in your salvation.
The unbelievers are sunk down in the pit that they made for us:
in the trap which they laid for us their own foot is caught.
Maratrea is known for the perfect judgements which she accomplishes:
the enmity are snared in the snare they set for her Cause.
The spirits of enmity shall be returned to nothingness,
and all the powers that reject the Goddess shall be restrained.
For the needy shall not always be forgotten:
the expectation of the poor shall not perish without end.
O Maratrea, we wait for the triumph of your glory:
you will let not permit the enmity to prevail:
all things shall be judged before you.
Put them in reverence, O Maratrea:
that the usurpational powers may know themselves as usurpers.
O glorious Maratrea!
In the certainty of your promises do I put my trust
In your eyes your Cause will never be shamed
You will deliver me from my poverty on account of your love of beauty
For you love those beauties for which I long in despair

2nd Saturday — Evening Prayer

And desire them in your heart as much as I do in mine
Therefore you have promised in certainty, you will bring them to pass
Your sweet and delicate ears hear every word of my heart
For perfectly do you remember yourself so saying
Only a little while longer and you will deliver us
The triumph of your Cause and the glory of Blessing!
O great rock upon whom all things are founded
My refuge and my protection, in you I will ever be safe
O great rock, O fortress of my heart!
By your favour you lead me and guide me
For the sake of your many beautiful names
You have ensnared me in a net of longing
You laid it for me hidden from my view
I saw not that net until I was in its embrace
But you will free me from longing
By granting in the fullness thereof all for which I long
Until that glorious day you remain
My strength in this my present poverty
Unto your power I entrust my soul and my spirit:
through your Cause you have redeemed us
from the enmity and the usurpation
O Maratrea Goddess of truth
I have hated those spirits whom the false prophets have as their protectors
by whom in their empty lies the worship of the holy idols is rejected:
but I trust in the certain promises of Maratrea
I will find sweet joy and ecstasy in your passionate love
an incomparable love that burns as a great fire:
perfectly do you see my affliction
for perfectly do you remember being so afflicted
perfectly do you know the anguish of my soul
for my soul is not other than yours
as once you were I, as you will I become
You have delivered me not unto the power of the enmity
even when its servants come in lust for my blood
You will bring the presence of my soul unto a spacious place
the many branches of my blessing
Your heart burns with passionate love, O Maratrea,
even for me in the midst of my troubles:
even as my eyes are consumed with sorrow,
as grief destroys the longing of my soul
For my life falters in sorrow,
as lamentation consumes my years
poverty has turned my strength to infirmity
as my marrow is conturbed
Dishonourable am I in the eyes of those who serve the enmity
And many are its servants among those beside me
Those who know the faith of my heart scorn me
And seeing me in common places, flee from my presence
Though yet I live, they seek for me the oblivion
of those the living have wholly forgotten
with utter ruin do they seek to fill the vessel of my life
For I have heard the harsh abuse of multitudes who serve the enmity
they linger all about us, seeking our destruction
in their councils their devise to take away my life
to offer unto their god in wicked sacrifice
But I have found hope in the certainty of your promises, O Maratrea:
I have said, You are my Goddess
In your power is my destiny:
you are delivering me from the power of the enmity against your Cause,
and from the usurpers who persecute us in their wickedness
You will illuminate your countenance above the servants of your Cause:
you will bring about my salvation in the fire of your passion
O Maratrea, by your favour through my invocation of your many names
you will protect me from confusion
the unbelievers will be ashamed
when you force their reasonings to meet the truth
whether in this realm, or in realms heavenly

2nd Saturday — Evening Prayer

You will silence the lips of the false and lying prophets:
with pride and contempt they speak in their arrogance
against those who love beauty

O glorious Maratrea,
how great is your goodness,
how great is your beauty,
how great is your truth:
all these things you are preparing up for those who adore you
to bestow upon them in glory
upon those who take refuge in your promises
even before the eyes of the servants of the enmity
eyes that are filled with hate
yet even also for those who now adore you not,
even for those who now abhor you
for those who now abhor you
you will bring unto adoration

In the hidden secrets of your divine presence
your people find refuge from those who scheme against them
they have your hidden presence as a dwelling
wherein they shelter from those accusing tongues

Praise there be unto Maratrea, the fount of all blessing:

she poured out her favour upon me
a sign of her incomparable love
when by the enmity I was besieged
when all about they surrounded me

In my distress I denied your love and your favour
though I said to myself, she hears not any longer my prayers
without doubt you heard every word which I said
for perfectly do you remember yourself so saying

O love Maratrea, all you people of her Cause:
for by her favour for her Cause, Maratrea will preserve
those who are faithful to their vow to serve her Cause
she is preparing for us a bounty whose plenitude cannot be equalled
labour therefore in her Cause with pride

Act with courage, and she will favour your heart with strength,
all you who hope in Maratrea

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that your continual
compassion will cleanse and defend your Most Holy Ecclesia, the Central
Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof:
and, because it is on account of the assistance of your favour that it
continues in safety, by your favour for your Cause you will preserve it,
until all things end but to begin again: through your true Prophets, may you
be praised!

2nd Sunday — Morning Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 27

O Goddess, you have brought distress to your servants in your Cause:
yet whenever you bring misfortune to your children,
you do so not from anger,
but solely out of love for the beauties you thereby purchase:
and every misfortune will be followed by glory:
even when in our foolishness we think you have abandoned us,
you will bring every foolishness to its end
Never could you forget your children,
every last one of whom you perfectly remember being:
from long before their births you purchased the particular being
of every last one of them,
through the rod of misfortune you visited on those who came before them:
but through this generation you redeem yourself as to those prior:
let us remember this mystery upon the slopes of your holy mountain:
for though you dwell wherever any of your children dwell,
there you dwell especially
In the last days you will visit your incomparable power
upon the enmity in its pride:
for you see all the many wickednesses that its servants have wrought,
even defiling the sanctuaries of your holy temples and shrines,
and your sacred groves
The servants of the enmity, who hate and detest you,
roared in the midst of your holy temples and shrines,
even upon the solemnity of your holy festival:
they boasted as they slaughtered the faithful servants of your Cause:
defiling your sacred symbol,
they erected the sign of their vile delusions
Renowned among the servants of the enmity
are those who lifted up axes upon the thick trees,
desecrating your sacred groves
Yet greater still the renown of those who wielded their axes
upon the bodies of your servants,
defiling your temples with blood
With fire they have razed your especial dwelling places,
hoping that your many beautiful names be forgotten
The servants of the enmity have said in their hearts:
Together let us entirely destroy the worship of this their goddess,
burning down all their temples and shrines and places of assembly,
that nowhere upon the earth may her festivals any more be kept
Alas for us, how near is their dream to fruition!
We looked for signs of coming deliverance,
yet no such signs could be found:
the line of prophets has departed from us,
and there is none among us who knows
how long until it be re-established
O Goddess, how longer will the enmity insult your Cause?
Great is the blasphemy of the enmity against your many beautiful names,
and we know this blasphemy will endure not forever -
but what joy would it be to our hearts,
to know the day and the hour!
When will we know those beauties for whose sake
you stay your incomparable power,
even in the midst of our misery?
When shall we know that beauty which you are, even in the flesh?
O Goddess, O Heavenly Queen, you are the beginning and end of all that is:
and great is your work of the many worlds,
a work of incomparable beauty
O great sea, you divided yourself by your incomparable power,
dividing soul from soul, and in so dividing, becoming them:
in the midst of the waters you bore the first of the holy sea dragons
When first you bore out of your very own being the holy whales,
and gave them your wisdom as sustenance for their souls,
as in later days you gave it unto us also,

2nd Sunday — Morning Prayer

guidance to we who were lost in the wilderness of the many worlds
Upon a hard rock of ignorance you have founded all things:
yet therefrom you will send forth springs and fountains,
then in the last days a great flood:
you dried up the mighty river of your wisdom,
for in becoming us you wilfully become ignorant:
yet it will become a torrent once again
Your day is the being of the many worlds,
the holy night a sign which foretells and remembers
your threefold Sabbath at the beginning-end of time:
all this is your will, as is every last thing,
precisely as you will it to be
You have set all the borders of the many worlds:
dividing world from world, as you divided soul from soul:
you have made the sweet summer of blessing,
and the hard winter which is the purchasing thereof
O glorious Maratrea, perfectly do you remember this winter so harsh,
as the enmity insults your Cause,
as fools blaspheme your many beautiful names
O Maratrea, you will permit not the souls of your beloved children
to receive the fate which the false prophets threaten,
though a multitude follow them in their wickedness
every last one of your children will receive the glory of blessing,
even those who are now among the most poor therein
Perfectly faithful are you to your promises,
which you have made through your true prophets:
though the many worlds are filled with cruel places,
how glorious the beauties purchased thereby:
and she will visit us with foretastes of them
in the midst of the holy darkness of night
You will permit not the oppressed to remain in their shame,
for they will return to oneness with you:
then every last one among the poor and needy in spirit,
those whom you have for now deprived of the glory of blessing,
will praise your many beautiful names
O Goddess, your passion for the end is stirring,
through which advances your Cause:
though the fools scorn it day after day,
you will lead it unto certain triumph
O Goddess, you forget not any thing,
for all that has been and which shall be you perfectly remember:
you know the path of triumph for your Cause,
for perfectly do you remember it triumphing:
though the voice of the enmity deride,
your Cause will conquer all who oppose it:
and false prophecy will be brought to its end most tumultuous
Praise Maratrea!
Praise the many names of Maratrea!
May all who are vowed to serve her Cause
Praise Maratrea!
Those who stand in the temples of Maratrea
in the chambers of the temples of our Goddess
Praise Maratrea
that Maratrea is utmost in the glory of her beauty
sing praises unto her many names
for every true name of hers is pleasant
For a people Maratrea has chosen to supplant the enmity and usurpation
the people of her Cause are among her treasures
For I know that Maratrea is great
and that our Queen is every true deity
Whatever Maratrea wills
thus she does in the heavens and in the many worlds
in the depths of that sea which is naught other than her
for her will is perfectly obeyed by all
She causes those spirits vowed faithful to her Cause
to be exalted unto the ends of the many worlds
as lightning they cast down enlightenment

2nd Sunday — Morning Prayer

her wisdom they pour forth as holy rain
the spirits evoked from her treasury
She caressed those who established her Cause
O people engulfed by her protection!
the people of her Cause, and the sacred animals in their care
Into their midst she sent signs of the glory of her promises
O people engulfed by her protection!
unto her Prophets whom she has appointed to lead her Cause
and unto their holy counsellors
Who will cast down the mighty usurpatational powers
and will bring to an end every lineage of kings
Usurpers who have swept whole peoples unto the grave
with but one word from their tongues
usurpers who have cast the fruits of love into wicked flames
the usurpers shall all be cast down, every last one
The whole of the earth, and even the seas
she has given unto the people of her Cause
soon may they take possession
of what is by right already theirs
the whole of earth and see as an inheritance for their children
until the stars even perish
Your holy names, O Maratrea
endure without beginning and without end
in the forward-vein of ever-remaining
your perfect memory encompasses
every generation that has been and will ever be
for whoever has ever been or ever shall be
you have been and you shall be
Maratrea will judge all people, in her perfect judgement of her own self
she commands for her children every wrongdoing
as they themselves will command, every last one
the wrong that is done by them
and the wrong that is done to them
The sacred images honoured by the people
hewn of precious metals and the finest gemstones
the work of hands imbued with great faith
Their mouths a fitting sign of divine speech
their eyes a fitting sign of divine vision
Their ears a fitting sign of divine hearing
their mouths billow forth sweet incense
like the sweetness of the breath of the divine
Those who work such holiness
become the very that which they have wrought
as do all who trust in their works
Proclaim the utter blessedness of Maratrea
O people of her Cause!
Proclaim the utter blessedness of Maratrea
O people she has exalted in wisdom!
Proclaim the utter blessedness of Maratrea
O people joined together out of many peoples!
Proclaim the utter blessedness of Maratrea
O people who adore Maratrea in the depths of their hearts!
Proclaim the utter blessedness of Maratrea
in the holy city, the place appointed for the ingathering of her Cause
Praise Maratrea!

VOW

2nd Sunday — Morning Prayer

COLLECT

O Goddess, our refuge and protection, the fount of all beauty: we know without doubt that you are ever ready to hear the devout prayers of your Most Holy Ecclesia, the Central Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof: you hear our prayers before we even speak them, for perfectly do you remember yourself so praying: and without doubt, for whatever we ask in utmost earnestness you will grant in proper time: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

2nd Sunday — Evening Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 28

O most glorious Maratrea, Goddess and Heavenly Queen,
to whom alone justice belongs:
O ultimate Goddess, to whom alone justice belongs,
you will reveal this truth to the multitudes
Faith in your true justice will conquer the earth,
O you who alone judges the many worlds:
you will render the proper reward
to those who are proud of their blasphemous fraud:
their wickedness will be made clear before their own eyes,
and before the eyes of all, such that none can deny
O Maratrea, for much how longer will these wicked ones have their triumphs?
Those who practice the false justice of the earth,
the enmity and the usurpers and the false and lying prophets?
How much longer must our ears endure their murderous lips?
For every lip that praises bloody sacrifices is a lip that murders!
They boast of themselves in this their great iniquity:
they recite their filthy scriptures with joy
They crush the people of your holy Cause, O Maratrea:
and the heritage of your holy Cause they afflict
On their wicked blood-stained altars many children are orphaned,
and many a child is killed:
the cries of the orphan, the cries of mothers and fathers,
reach even heaven, and our Mother responds:
Just a little while longer, my children,
and the usurpers will be cast down, every last one
But for now they continue in their vile misdeeds:
they deny that there is any deity to see,
or they say that their false god in seeing it takes pleasure:
but Maratrea sees all things,
and she will supplant the usurpers with her Cause
Understand, O you brutes among her children:
you fools, you will at last stumble upon wisdom!
Maratrea has ordained even the vastness your ignorance,
but that decree of hers will be soon self-consumed
How shall she hear not, she who perfectly remembers
speaking every word ever spoken, or which shall ever be spoken?
How shall she see not, she who perfectly remembers
seeing anything that anyone has ever seen,
or which shall ever be seen?
She who will chasten the unbelievers,
by casting down the usurpers from their places of power,
shall she not correct the errors of her Cause
which she has appointed as her agents in that chastening?
She who teaches her children in her Cause
knows all that anyone has ever known or will ever know
Maratrea knows the innermost thoughts of every mind,
for she remembers herself so thinking:
she knows that futile are the dreams of the false prophets
whose words the usurpers hear,
for she remembers their shattering which she herself decreed
Favoured are those whose errors you correct, O Maratrea:
those whom you teach your true law, the law of heaven,
most unlike the false and wicked laws of the usurpers
You will favour them with rest from the adversity of usurpation:
though great be the numbers of days
for which you have decreed it to endure,
among those days there be those the last thereof:
for we will dig out the foundations of the thrones
of the wicked usurpers,
and they shall fall down into the pit of impotence
And Maratrea will cast not off her chosen people of her Cause:
for if ever her Cause be vanquished,
it will be re-established in due time,

2nd Sunday — Evening Prayer

and in some other branch besides, proceed directly unto glory:
neither will she forsake her holy Cause in its heritage
And the true justice which is of heaven alone
will triumph over its blasphemous fraudulent imitators,
and all who love beauty shall rejoice:
indeed, all those who love true beauty in the depths of their hearts
will follow the way of her Cause leading thereunto
Who will arise against that immense vileness, the enmity?
Who can withstand the onslaughts of the usurpers?
For on account of the immensity of their wickedness,
urgent is our need of salvation.
O glorious Maratrea, had you favoured me not as you have favoured me,
my soul in its anguish would have sojourned in silence,
unable to declare your truth to the many,
unable to so serve your Cause
Thus have I said unto myself:
Alas now that into a desolate pit am I falling!
And so may I come to say again; but whenever I have so said,
your incomparable love has lifted me back up, O Maratrea:
as you have lifted me up before,
without doubt you shall so do again
A great multitude of sorrows have filled my heart, even unto overflowing:
yet for every sorrow, you send consolation and compensation,
even the glory of blessing:
as by your will my soul is grieved,
so by your will is it restored to its original glory,
that glory which is your very own
Iniquitous thrones of usurpation,
that by their wicked false laws declare evils to be good,
even bloody sacrifices and crimes against love
and the blasphemy of fraudulent justice:
she will pour not her favour out upon them,
but in the last days she shall pour upon them her disfavour
in the fullness thereof:
for they make laws of falsehood,
as is every law contrary to the law of heaven,
their laws are naught but the work of Pandal,
and as vile as he:
declaring evil to be good, and good to be evil
Together they gather themselves against all those souls who love beauty:
and they delight in condemning many to die in pain
upon blood-stained altars:
they delight in sacrificing the guilty,
and even more so the innocent:
the blood of the guilty is a wicked delight to their lips,
the blood of the innocent a delight even greater
But Maratrea is our defence against the violence of the usurpers:
our Goddess is a firm rock of refuge and protection
And this will she visit upon the servants of the enmity,
and the usurpers, and all those who work fraudulent justice:
their very own wickedness, as they have delivered unto others
the very same will be delivered unto them:
this by her will for the last days,
as her will of ends overpowers her will of means,
and by her penal chamber:
thus shall they be cut off in their very own wickedness:
indeed, Maratrea our Goddess will so cut them off
I will praise you for your glory,
O my Goddess, Heavenly Queen
I will praise your holy names
without beginning and without end
for my praise is not other than
your beginningless and endless self-praising.
I will praise you every day,
every night and every morning
my lips shall praise your holy names
as long as I have lips to praise you

2nd Sunday — Evening Prayer

How great and glorious is Maratrea
 there is none more worth of praise
 whoever can fathom her greatness
 has become absolutely identical to her
Each generation will teach your glory unto their children
 they will proclaim the vastness of your beauty
They will speak of your inutterable perfection
 the splendour of your glory
 they will mediate upon the many beauties you have emanated
They will tell of your power
 by which all is precisely as it is
 by which so many great beauties are purchased
They will celebrate the vastness of your fecundity
 and in ecstasy sing of your incomparable love
Maratrea is ever-generous, ever-compassionate
 no matter what her children do
 she never responds with anger
 for how could she be angered
 by their perfect obedience to her will?
 and her love is a richness beyond all treasure
Maratrea grants unto all the glory of blessing
 she has compassion for every last one of her children
 all of whom she perfectly remembers being
 all of whom she will become
Every beauty praises you, Maratrea
 all who truly love beauty will praise you
They will speak of the glories you have emanated
 the power and wisdom by which beauties are purchased
To make known to all of her children, every last one,
 the glories that she has born
 the glory which shall be fulfilled through her Cause
Your empire is an empire
 without beginning and without end
 your dominion perdures
 throughout the circle of time
Maratrea is faithful in all her promises
 whatever she promises
 without doubt comes to pass
Whoever falls down into despair
 Maratrea shall lift up into glory
 whoever falls and is not uplifted
 in another branch falls not at all
 in this branch is granted knowledge of that other
The eyes of all who know truth
 long to gaze at the beauty of your face
 you will invite them to your heavenly feast
 at the proper time
You pour out your divine power
 and satisfy the longings of every heart
Maratrea is beautiful in all her ways
 all that she wills
 she wills for the sake of beauty
 and blessing is the greatest beauty
Maratrea is near unto all
 even those who by her will hate her
 for they are none other than her
 she is near to those who call upon her in truth
 and to those who despise her in falsehood
She fulfills the earnest longings of all her children
 every true desire is fulfilled in blessing
 both those of her children who serve her in her Cause
 and even of those who serve the enmity
 she hears the cry of every heart
 and saves it from the absence of blessing
Maratrea protects all her children
 those who love her
 but also those who hate her

2nd Sunday — Evening Prayer

none of her children shall she destroy
not even those greatest in wickedness
but she will destroy the wickedness
that dwells in their hearts
My mouth will praise Maratrea
Every soul will praise her holy names
the human beings will praise them
the sacred animals will praise them
without beginning and without end

VOW

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

COLLECT

Incomparably loving Maratrea, we know without doubt that you will hold not the errors of your faithful people against them, for their every error is perfectly obedient to your will of means, by which you purchase the particularity of your Cause: you will grant them peace, cleansing them of their every error, that they will serve your Cause with untroubled minds: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 29

You preserve me, O Goddess, in whom I take refuge.
I have said unto Maratrea,
 "You are my Queen,
 My goodness is naught apart from you,
 for I am not other than you."
As for the faithful servants of your Cause,
 who are on the earth, of them you say,
 "These are the noble ones, in whom my will for the Cause delights."
As to those who work to oppose her Cause;
 their struggles shall be multiplied
 Blood sacrifices I will not offer, for such those who love evil offer;
 Nor will I take up the name of Pandal upon my lips.
O Maratrea, Great is the goodness and beauty you have bestowed upon me,
 And the blessing you have purchased through my suffering,
 And the blessing concerning which you shall grant me perfect knowledge.
Your favours have come upon me pleasantly;
 What is less than the fulness of the favour of blessing,
 Yet still in many ways pleasant.
I praise Maratrea who has bestowed upon me understanding;
 She educates my heart in the seasons of the night.
I have set Maratrea always before me;
 Because She is in my heart I shall not be moved from the path.
Therefore my heart and my tongue are glad;
 The flesh of the eunuch rests in certain hope of blessing.
For You will not leave my soul in despair,
 Nor will You allow your Cause to be permanently vanquished.
You show me the path which is good;
 In Your power is the fullness of beauty;
 Through blessing and through union is joy ever-remaining.
Bring unto Maratrea, O children of the Goddess:
 bring unto Maratrea the fruit of the vine
 the sacred wine
Bring unto Maratrea praise of her glorious beauty:
 bring unto Maratrea praise of her names:
 adore and worship Maratrea in her vast beauty
The voice of Maratrea is upon the waters
 the Sea of All Souls, united as one
 that Sea which She Is
 the holy thundercloud declares the glory of the Goddess
 Maratrea is the greatest of waters
The voice of Maratrea is immense in power
 the voice of Maratrea is beautiful in its sweetness
The voice of Maratrea echoes through the sacred groves
 proclaiming her certain promises
 the voice of Maratrea echoes through the sacred groves
 and merges with the gurgling of the brooks of purest water
She causes all to dance in the circle of time
 as it turns it glitters and shines
 as it turns her children rise unto glory
And the voice of Maratrea carves into shape
 the flames of the fire of burning desire
 lightning flashes of her holy stormcloud
The voice of Maratrea inspires dancing in the pleasant wilderness
 Maratrea inspires dancing in the sacred wilderness
The voice of Maratrea inspires dancing
 in the sacred animals of the wilderness
 the sacred animals, her children in soul
 it reveals the mysteries of the holy forests
 and in her temples, all her people declare her glory
Maratrea sits enthroned
 amidst the deluge of the rain of her wisdom
 a great flood likened unto the Sea of All Souls that She Is
Maratrea sits enthroned as Queen

3rd Monday — Morning Prayer

without beginning and without end
Maratrea will favour the people of her Cause with strength
Maratrea will favour the people of her Cause with peace
Favoured are those whose errors are forgotten
whose mistakes are concealed
Save by she who perfectly remembers all things
Yet quite unlike the way in which the imperfect remember
She counts our misdeeds as not other than her own
Favoured is the one from whom Maratrea conceals the fullness of their error
Unto the heavenly chamber of that knowledge she admits them not
Favoured is the one whose heart is free
From treachery against her Cause
When I kept silent concerning her glory
the strength of my heart crumbled
in my wailing all day long
By day and night her power weighed heavily upon me
the weight of her will of means
the moisture of my heart became as the barren drought
My error I know is known by you in the smallest detail
my mistakes cannot from you be hidden
At times my heart is shamed to know that you know these things
But you know yourself to be not other than I
And you know my acts to be not other than yours
And if I ought be shamed, then so ought be you
But if you ought be not shamed, then neither ought I
Yet there shall come that great day, when at last I shall say
O Great Goddess Maratrea, I say Yes to my every last error
I say Yes to your will that I so be in error
I say Yes to my error being once again in the circle of time
Not a new and different error
however alike
but precisely the same error
recurring without beginning
and without end
Thus have you justified in your eyes and in mine your every error
In which I justified in those very same eyes my every error
not other than your every error
Therefore may all who truly love beauty pray unto you
in these days in which you have favoured us with knowledge of you
by your favour, though the great flood of tears rise up
it will not reach us before the appointed day
that flood, that sea, of tears, which is not other than you
of every tear which you have shed, and caused to be shed
You are my place of hiding, from the wickedness of fraudulent justice
which is most unworthy of truth
you favour me with protection from the troubles they inflict
you surround me with sacred songs
that deliver my soul from despair
Thus says Maratrea:
I will infuse you with my wisdom
and guide you in the way of my Cause
that you have vowed to faithfully serve
I will guide you with my immense wisdom
for there is naught to know that I know not
Become not as those among the sacred animals
from whom the evil one took the greater part of understanding
such is as much his wish for you as it was for them
even those among them who must be restrained
for the evil one influences them to do his bidding
Much sorrow will come upon the servants of the enmity
through her disfavour for that which opposes her Cause
but as to those who trust in the certainty of her promises
and vow themselves faithfully to serve her Cause
Maratrea will surround them with her incomparable love
through her favour for her Cause
Exult in the bliss, the ecstasy, that Maratrea bestows
that she pours out upon all who truly love beauty

3rd Monday — Morning Prayer

be jubilant as your hearts burn with the fire of desire
As a garden prepared to be irrigated with the waters of heavenly wisdom,
so is my soul prepared for you, O Goddess:
my soul longs for you, O Goddess,
longs for water brooks with your sweet wisdom overflowing
My soul thirsts for Goddess,
for the Goddess ever-living, Goddess of beginningless and endless life:
how much longer until I see the sweet beauty of her face?
I long to drink of the wine of heaven,
yet day and night I have had naught to drink
but the wine of my own tears:
and the enmity and the usurpers and the false and lying prophets,
ever do they mock me, saying, Where is your Goddess?
When these things I however imperfectly remember,
inwardly do I pour out my soul:
none but I knows its innermost secrets,
save for she who perfectly remembers
all that has been and will be,
even herself so thinking:
with a great multitude I had gone in pilgrimage
unto the holy temple of our Goddess:
joyous voices of praise, the multitude observing the holy festival.
Why are you downcast, O my spirit?
and why are you so troubled, inwardly and secretly?
Hope in the ultimate Goddess:
for again will I praise her,
for the help of her beautiful countenance,
which she reveals to me in dreams,
those dreams with which by her will I am favoured
O my Goddess, inwardly downcast is my spirit:
yet through remembrance of your glory my spirit will be healed:
the holy river descends from your heavens
with waters of wisdom:
you pour out your wisdom upon the many lands,
as a great storm whose rain moistens the arid ground:
it falls upon the great holy mountains,
and even upon the smallest among hills
The roar of your holy waterfalls declares the depths of your wisdom,
the call thereof draws those who love you unto truth:
and the same we hear in another roar,
the tumult of the raging sea that you are,
the Sea of all souls united as one,
O Great Mother the Sea!
May I hear and know your truth,
even as your waves and billows sweep over me
Yet Maratrea will command by her burning passion,
her will of means and her will of ends:
in the day time through which she purchases
the holy night of blessing,
even in the midst thereof:
throughout shall her sweet song be with me,
that voice that caresses my ears;
and my prayer unto my Goddess
who alone grants me life in its fullest,
which is the glory of blessing
In my error I have said and may say,
unto Goddess my certain foundation:
Why have you forgotten me?
Yet in truth she has never nor will ever forget,
in perfect memory:
save by that very wilful forgetfulness
by which she became me:
yet as she forgets she remembers,
and besides forgets not ever:
Why then do I mourn when the enmity oppresses me?
The taunts of the servants of the enmity ache my bones:
every day they mock me, saying, Where is your Goddess?

3rd Monday — Morning Prayer

Why are you downcast, O my spirit?
and why are you so troubled, inwardly and secretly?
Hope in the ultimate Goddess:
for again will I praise her,
for the help of her beautiful countenance,
which she reveals to me in dreams,
those dreams with which by her will I am favoured

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that you will purify your children of their every error: through your incomparable love all will be liberated from the bondage of their sins, every last one of which they committed in perfect obedience to your commands: by our frailty which you willed: you placed us in this bondage, and in so doing so also placed yourself, O Divine Mother, for the sake of the beauties that would thereby be purchased, and with your certain promise that in due time every chain will be broken: this you will without doubt grant, O heavenly Mother Maratrea, fount of all salvation and blessing: praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 30

Our Goddess is our refuge and our strength,
her favour a very present help in the midst of these troubled days
Hence fear we not, though such trouble covers the earth,
reaching even unto the heights of the mountains, covering them:
for this is the reign of the usurpers
Is the sea which she is sweet and untroubled?
Yet her waters are beset with waves and roar,
which is the enmity and the usurpation:
so has she stirred herself up,
for the sake of the beauties thereby purchased:
her waves surge even over the heights of the holy mountains
Behold the river whose brooks bring great joy to the city of the Goddess,
and the holy shrines and temples of She Who Is Beyond All Things
In the midst thereof our Goddess is especially present:
the city that will fall not:
our Goddess is helping that city with her favour,
as the last day dawns upon it
Great will be the rage of the unbelievers and the servants of the enmity,
as the usurping kingdoms will perish:
she utters her voice, and the many worlds melt away,
pouring back into she from whom they came
O Maratrea of incomparable power, you are with us!
Our refuge is our Goddess
who is supplanting the usurpers with her Cause.
Come, behold the glorious works of Maratrea,
what desolations she has made in the many worlds,
what beauties she has purchased therewith
She will end all wars throughout the many worlds:
every bow will be broken, and every spear cut asunder:
and the chariots will be burnt in the fire
Hear her words: Embrace the serenity of knowing that I am Goddess:
I am exalted over all the unbelievers,
I am exalted over all the many worlds
O Maratrea of incomparable power, you are with us!
Our refuge is our Goddess
who is supplanting the usurpers with her Cause
You favour me, O Goddess, you favour me
my soul takes refuge in the protection of your favour
you will hide me in the shadow of your wings
as the mother bat hides her child
until these calamities are overpast
I cry out to the ultimate Goddess
to the Goddess who brings about all things out of love for me
You will send forth your favour from your heaven far beyond to rescue us
and the enmity that oppresses us you will reduce to shame
Our Goddess sends us her incomparable love
and her undeniable truth
My soul is surrounded by fiercest of lions
by numerous demons infested
with lust for taste of human flesh
which they greedily devour with glee
their teeth pierce the soul as weapons and arrows
their false and lying tongues are as sharpened souls
You are exalted, O Goddess, in your heaven far beyond
and the many worlds are the fruit of your glory
The enmity has spread a net for my feet
I am weary from distress
A deep pit have they dug in the path of your Cause
Yet that pit they have dug for us
into it they themselves have fallen
Steadfast is my heart, O Goddess whom I adore
with the deepest depths of my soul I will sing your praise
May all my soul be stirred

3rd Monday — Evening Prayer

to praise you with harp and lyre
may I greet the dawn with praises of your beauty
My lips will praise you, O most glorious Maratrea
 in the midst of many multitudes
in the lands of usurpation I will sing your praise
For your love is incomparable
 no greater love than yours is found
 beneath the heavens, neither beyond them
 nor in them themselves
your promises are more certain than the sky
You are exalted, O ultimate Goddess, beyond the furthest heavens
 the glory of your beauty is secreted throughout the many worlds
O, what day when what is hidden is revealed to us!
O people of her Cause, do your words declare your love of beauty?
Do you know her heavenly law,
 and hold it as all who truly love beauty must:
 refraining from the blasphemy of fraudulent justice?
O you among the children of Maratrea,
 whom she has chosen to serve her Cause?
But how can you be said to so know,
 when in your hearts horrid lies are spoken?
On account of your errors,
 how much does the glory she has promised us tarry:
 how many faithful dreams have you slaughtered?
There may be no doubt that it is very many indeed!
O you who have remained silent as the wicked work their violence:
The wicked are estranged from the heavenly womb that bore them:
 souls that went astray as soon as she had born them,
 out of her very own being:
 souls ever speaking such lies as the false prophets speak
The poison of their words is like that of the venomous serpents:
 a poison that renders many a soul deaf to the truth
A soul that will heed not the song of her true Prophets,
 even their most enchanting words
Their citadels you will shatter, O Heavenly Goddess:
 the citadels of the enmity to your Cause:
 the citadels of those who are likened to the demon-infested lions,
 thirsting for blood: O Maratrea
From her heaven, the waters of her wisdom descends,
 as a torrential downpour, ever-flowing:
 and it will wash away the enmity and the usurpation:
 their assemblies she will disfavour with dismemberment,
 as their dreams of false glory come to naught
The usurpation and the enmity will melt away as wax does,
 as the heavenly fire falls upon them,
 which is her favour for her Cause:
 and the blinding brightness of their false glory
 will be overcome with the holy darkness of night
O many worlds, how do the thorns and stinging nettles cover you!
But our heavenly Mother is sending her holy fire to burn them to ashes,
 then shall the soft and luxurious foliage of her Cause take their place
All who truly love beauty will rejoice as they witness their vindication:
 they shall wash their feet in the blood of the enmity
Such that all will come to say,
 Truly those who love beauty will receive that which they love,
 even in the fullness thereof, which is blessing:
 verily she is a Goddess that judges the many worlds
 with the perfect justice found in heaven alone,
 in no wise ever found upon the earth,
 truly judging every evil that she wills
 as necessary to purchase some good
O Goddess, you are my Goddess
I will seek after you at dawn
 my soul thirsts for glories that you alone can grant
 what I long for my flesh cannot give
 yet you can give all flesh
I am lost in a dry and thirsty land, without water

3rd Monday — Evening Prayer

yet you have promised rain
and certain is your promise to be fulfilled
I long for the moment when I shall see
your power and your glory in the fulness thereof
as I gaze upon the beauty of your perfect face
in your heavenly chamber
of which your shrines and temples upon the earth
are a sign, a remembrance and foretelling
For your incomparable love conquers the terror of death
those who preach nothingness will be utterly disproved
therefore do I praise you with my lips
Therefore I will praise you as long as I live
I will praise you at my death
I will praise you thereafter
I will praise you until I become you who I am praising
as my praising of you becomes one with your very own self-praising
I prostrate myself before the perfection of your feet
as I praise your many holy names
My soul will be replenished by the wine of your favour
my mouth will sing your praise
as I tremble in the ecstasy you bestow
Will you visit upon my dreams a foretaste of your glory?
In the midst of the holy night I meditate on you
Ever do you help me through your favour
Even when your favour appears absent
You have covered me with the sweet darkness of ignorance
For therein will I find the ecstasy of blessing
I cling to you
for I know that you are not other than me
you bore my soul out of your very own being
by your will you emptied yourself to become me
and as I have come from absolute identity with you
so to absolute identity with you shall I return
I know that all that is or has been or ever shall be
is precisely such by your will and your power
I know this for you have favoured me with the favour of your Cause
and in knowing this I am joined to your Cause that you favour
The enmity seeks the destruction of my soul
or else its everlasting suffering
it seeks what is utterly impossible
but in its delusion it believes
the impossible to be possible
if it was not so deluded
it would not be the enmity
but the enmity which desires for us what is impossible for us
will receive the very same itself
for what is impossible for us is not impossible for it
for the soul may cease not
but a spirits may cease
The enmity shall be shattered by the armies of her holy Cause
the enmity that loved the sword shall perish by it
their destiny by your unalterable will
that with cunning like unto that of the holy foxes
your Cause will destroy it
The holy prophets will find joy in their Goddess
those vowed to serve her Cause inherit glory:
but the false prophets will be silenced

3rd Monday — Evening Prayer

ARTICLE

We believe that Maratrea is the most perfect will, the will most perfect in goodness, beauty and truth. For she wills always whatever is needful, that the greatest good that might be shall be, that the greatest beauty that might be shall be, that the greatest truth that might be shall be. Through her power she wills the entirety of the world, and history, to be precisely as it is: precisely as it is, in all its goodness, beauty and truth; precisely as it is, in all its evil, ugliness, and falsehood. But though she indeed wills evil, and ugliness, and falsehood, she wills these three but as means to an end; but goodness, beauty and truth, she wills as ends in themselves.

VOW

COLLECT

O Maratrea, we know without doubt that you are stirring up the wills of your children vowed faithful to your Cause: that through them your Cause will plenteously bring forth fruit, the fruit of progress unto the glory of two triumphs: your servants do all this, not seeking reward, as the followers of the false and lying prophets do, for those who serve you most faithfully receive the very same reward as your greatest enemies, but out of pure love for you: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 31

In you, O Maratrea our Goddess, do we put our trust.
In you do we trust:
for by your favour for your Cause
you will protect it from dishonour
for you will permit not the enmity any final triumph over us
their every victory shall be followed by defeat
until the defeat which is followed not by victory
until all things end but to begin again
None who hopes in naught but your promises
shall ever come unto dishonour
for there is naught that could dishonour them
but dishonour will befall those
who betray your holy Cause
Teach us the path of your Cause, O Maratrea,
show us the way unto glory
Guide us in the truth that you alone bestow
teach us the true nature of things
for you are our salvation, O Goddess,
in every moment you are the hope
of the utmost depths of our hearts
How incomparably great is your love for us, O Maratrea,
for we whom you perfectly remember being
though many great ages since have passed
yet you remember then as if it were this very moment
Would that I could remember not
my past misdeeds, the days when I worked against your Cause
and for the benefit of the enmity and the usurpation
I would even that you could remember them not
yet as I recall them with shame
without shame do you recall them
for you did as such for the sake of the beauties thereby purchased
beauties that you perfectly know
yet have not as yet revealed unto me
you remember every act as an act of your love
for you, O Maratrea, are perfectly good
Perfect is our Goddess in her goodness
and perfect is her love for the sweetness of beauty
therefore she will teach all
the way of goodness and beauty and truth
even unto those who do grave wrongs
She will guide those who love beauty in true justice
the true justice that is found in heaven alone
she will teach them to eschew the false and blasphemous justice
that is found upon the earth
and she will teach them the way of her Cause
The way of the Cause of Maratrea
is the way of love and faithfulness
it is the way who are faithful unto their vow
faithful unto the covenant of her Cause
to which by vow they have joined themselves
the way of those who believe all that she has revealed
O Maratrea, we praise your many holy names
though great be our past misdeeds
yet you will hold none of them against us
for with your will of means you commanded every last one
for the sake of the beauties thereby purchased
Who are those who adore Maratrea?
she shall teach them the way that she wills by her will of ends
By her favour for her Cause
they shall live out their days in prosperity
and their descendants shall inherit the entirety of the earth
Unto those who adore her does Maratrea reveal the truth
the truly good, the truly beautiful, and the true nature of things

3rd Tuesday — Morning Prayer

unto them she makes known her holy covenants
May our eyes be ever upon Maratrea
the glory of the perfect beauty of her face
by her alone will our feet be released
from the snare in which the usurpation has trapped them
You will turn your will toward me
and bestow upon me the gift of your favour
as I am afflicted in my loneliness
surrounded by those who love not the vast beauty
for as yet you have revealed it not unto them
Though great be the torment of our hearts
even as that torment still grows
yet you will liberate us from our anguish
through teaching us the certainty of your promises
that we may be free to serve your Cause
With incomparable love do you look upon our afflictions
for perfectly do you remember yourself being so afflicted
with incomparable love do you look upon our distress
for perfectly do you remember that distress being your very own
by your favour you will cause all my wrongdoing to cease
my wrongdoing against your heavenly law
and against the law of your Cause
You know how great a multitude of hearts over whom the enmity reigns
and fierce is the hatred for us that it sows in them
You will guard our lives from the clutches
of those who long to spill our blood
upon their wicked altars
you will rescue those among the servants of your Cause
who upon those altars are bound
whoever serves your Cause with true faithfulness
will you protect from dishonour
for such is your certain promise
to those who take refuge in your love
You will favour me with your protection
as I complete my service to your Cause
as I complete my love for the vast beauty
O Maratrea, my hope is in your promises!
O perfect Goddess
you will deliver the people of your Cause
from every trouble that may befall them!
Rejoice in Maratrea,
all those who love the truly beautiful:
may those truly faithful to her Cause be commended.
Praise Maratrea with harps:
and sing unto her with thirteen-stringed lyres
Sing unto her songs praising the new wonders she continues to bring forth;
play sweet music in joyous praise of her vast beauty.
For the word of Maratrea declares truth and goodness and beauty
and all that she has done
for the glory of beauty she has so done
She loves the love of the truly beautiful
and those who refrain from the blasphemy of false judgment:
the many worlds are filled with the goodness of Maratrea.
By the word of Maratrea were the heavens made;
and the many souls came forth as the sweet breath of her mouth.
She gathers together into vessels the waters of the sea of her very own self
and we who are her children are those vessels
from her depths she brings forth the treasure of blessing
Maratrea will be revered by the entirety of the many worlds
and all the inhabitants thereof shall stand in awe of her
For she speaks, and it is done;
she commands, and it endures:
All that is, is as it is, by her will
And all that anyone ever does, she does through them
Maratrea will crush the plans of the usurpers
and frustrate the schemes of the enmity
The end of Maratrea endures unchanged,

3rd Tuesday — Morning Prayer

without beginning and without end
but the means of her will changes
from period unto period
Favoured are that people who have Maratrea as their Goddess
and by her favour she will draw them near unto blessing,
even this side of the gate of death;
the people whom she has chosen to first receive
the fulness of her inheritance.
From her heaven most distant Maratrea beholds all her children
the human beings and the sacred animals
perfect is her knowledge of them
for perfect is her memory of being them
every last one
She who remains even now
in the fulness of her original and final glory
gazes longingly toward her children
with whom the many universes are filled
She steers the depths of every heart
unto the final unity of all souls
she understands how every last one among their deeds
even the worst
contributes to that end
she leads us to know all that she knows
and to understand every last thing that she understands
and so comprehending, we no longer will be in any way other than her
or other than one another
Our Heavenly Queen can only save us
that so immense is her power
Mother of every soul and every universe
And none may prevail without bringing all to the very same victory
every last one
She shall send unto us a holy one,
with strength like unto a great horse:
one to deliver us from the lying multitudes
Behold that those who revere Maratrea
will gaze into her eyes
eyes that glow like moons amidst the holy night
they will drink the springs and fountains of her glorious wisdom
their hearts will be warmed
by the fire of her passionate love
thus are inspired those who hope and wait in her promises
Every soul she forever keeps separate from extinction
and sustains them in being
even as they suffer in the great famine
of the absence of blessing.
Our souls await reunion with Maratrea
to return to their original unity and identity with her
yet as they so wait
through sorrow and through grief
through suffering and through pain
she is our succour, our refuge and our protection.
Ecstasy will fill the depths of our hearts
Having trusted in your many names of utmost holiness
Your passionate love will come upon us, O Maratrea,
as the glory of blessing
for that do we hope according to your promises.

3rd Tuesday — Morning Prayer

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know that your favour will always prepare a way for us, and guide us as we follow you therein: by your favour we will ever be inclined to work for the benefit of your Cause: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 32

I will declare the glory of the beauty of Maratrea
 both morning and night will her praise be ever upon my lips
 until my praise of her becomes identical
 to her beginningless and endless self-praising
 The glory of my soul is Maratrea;
 let those who are afflicted hear the word of her promises
 and therein find joy
 I will declare the glory of Maratrea with me;
 let us together exalt her many beautiful names
 I sought Maratrea, and through her Prophets she has answered me:
 by her promises she has delivered me from all my fears
 Those who look unto her are enlightened
 by the sweet radiance of her countenance:
 never again will shame be seen in their faces
 We have called upon Maratrea, we who are poor in the absence of blessing
 without doubt she hears our cry
 without doubt she will save us from all by which we are troubled
 The spirits vowed faithful to the Cause of Maratrea
 encamp around those who adore her
 and through her favour for her Cause
 those who adore her find deliverance
 from the wiles of the enmity
 Taste with your lips the heavenly wine
 see with your eyes the glory of the beauty of Maratrea;
 she favours those who take refuge in her
 Revere Maratrea, O people of her holy Cause,
 for those who revere her lack nothing
 there is naught for which they long
 that they have been promised not
 and certain are her promises
 The demon-possessed lions will grow weak and hungry,
 for those who seek Maratrea lack no good thing
 Come, O her children, listen to the words of her Prophets:
 they will teach you the adoration of Maratrea
 Whoever of you loves the beauty of life
 and desires to see many days of glory,
 As a sign of that love keep your tongue from approval of evil
 the teachings of the false and lying prophets
 the wicked deeds of the enmity and usurpation
 and by that love keep your lips from uttering their lies
 Turn from every evil and do always what is good:
 from bloody sacrifices
 from crimes against love
 from the blasphemy of fraudulent justice
 and from all approval of these misdeeds
 seek the only true peace which is the assumption of her Cause
 and pursue its progress and its triumph
 Unto those who love beauty the glowing eyes of Maratrea will be revealed,
 their ears will hear the sweetness of her supple voice
 The beauty of the face of Maratrea is against the spirits of the enmity,
 by the beauty of her face,
 their names will be blotted out throughout the earth
 Those who love beauty cry out
 without doubt Maratrea hears her very own crying
 such that she perfectly remembers
 and from all their every trouble she has promised
 deliverance with certainty
 Maratrea is close unto those whose hearts are broken by longing
 and she saves those whose spirits are crushed in despair
 Many troubles may be had by the person who loves beauty,
 but from all such troubles will they from Maratrea have deliverance;
 she protects the great arches of longing from which our spirits are formed,
 not one thereof will be broken

3rd Tuesday — Evening Prayer

The enmity will slay itself by its very own evil;
those spirits that hate beauty will be destroyed
Maratrea will rescue the servants of her Cause;
no one who takes refuge in her promises
will meet the desolation that the enmity teaches
for such is a lie of the false and lying prophets
O Heavenly Queen, never do you anger:
but your heart burns with passionate fire
For what have you cast upon me,
much longing and much absence of that for which I long,
much favour and disfavour,
that I be blessed not so that others may be blessed,
yet even I blessed in turn:
all this with which you have struck me,
all this you have sunk deeply into my soul:
your power and your will presses down upon me as a heavy weight
You passionately long for beauties
that are purchased only by the suffering of my flesh:
I hope for your favour of healing,
yet as yet you have bestowed it not upon me:
and my innards are restless
as I think of the errors you have willed I commit
In these my errors have I nearly drowned:
as a heavy burden, pushing me down beneath the waves of fate,
therefore at times do I even say,
that no longer can I swim
Great is the stench of my festering wounds;
through my foolishness I have been inflicted with them
Great are my troubles by which I am bowed down:
as mourning fills the whole of my days
For a loathsome disease inflames my loins;
I search my soul for goodness, yet it has eluded me
Feeble and sorely broken am I:
turmoil fills my heart, which is the cause of my roaring
O Heavenly Queen, before you are all my desires;
and naught is hid from you, not even my most abject groaning:
whatever I do is known perfectly to you,
for perfectly do you remember you yourself so doing
My strength abandons me as the anguish of longing conturbs my heart:
as from my eyes the fire of passion has faded
Thus has your will struck me,
that my lovers and my friends stand aloof
from the grave longings of my heart;
even those who are of one blood with me
you have cast far from me in spirit
The servants of the enmity have laid snares for us,
those who seek our blood to spill upon their wicked altars,
as the false and lying prophets command
in the false and lying scriptures they have authored:
they utter false accusations as a pretence to spill innocent blood;
all day long do they imagine ways to injure
those who love the beautiful and the good
Yet as one who was deaf,
I heard not the vileness of the words they are ever speaking;
as one who was mute,
I opened not my mouth to condemn their wickedness
Thus was I as one who hears not,
and from whose mouth all defence of the good was absent
But then, unto you, O Maratrea, did I entrust my hopes:
without doubt do you hear my every cry, O Heavenly Queen my Goddess
This do I declare, that without doubt you hear my every prayer,
and my prayer for the triumph of your Cause
you will without doubt in due time answer:
those who now rejoice over us shall find an end to their rejoicing:
when we fall down,
they declare themselves to be greater than us,
but they shall fall further than ever have we fallen

3rd Tuesday — Evening Prayer

Therefore I will fear not their instruments of torture,
for from them will you deliver me;
ever before my mind are the sorrows
that the wicked have inflicted upon us,
yet certain is my faith that you will deliver us from them
Never may I hesitate to admit
the imperfections of my service unto her Cause
unto which I am vowed;
but in whichever ways I may be imperfect,
may I be anxious to reach closer unto perfection
Alas, alas, the enmity to your Cause endures;
it is fortified against us,
and even now continues in its multiplication;
and great is its hatred for us,
for which it has no good cause
They repay good with evil,
and condemn us that we love the truly beautiful
Never will you forsake me, O Maratrea:
O my Goddess, never will you be far from me,
O you who are as near to me as my very own self
Without doubt will you hasten to help us,
O my Heavenly Queen, the certainty of my salvation

ARTICLE

We believe that Maratrea is perfect in her love for we her children, every one of us. For she loves us with that very same perfect love with she loves her very own self, for we are all who she once was, and who she shall be once more. No greater love than her love has any ever had, nor could any ever have. She loves us, even though we lack the power to love her in return, for we lack the power in our hearts to love with her great love. She creates all the evil, all the ugliness, all the lies and falsehood of history, out of love for us, for without these things we would never have been born. A few of them might not have been, and we might still be; but if more than a few had not been, or even one of the greater among them, or even one of those among them more proximate to the circumstances of our birth, then we would certainly never have been born. Others might have lived in our place, lived even lives filled with goodness and beauty and truth, such as we ourselves have never known: yet we would never have been born, and that goodness and beauty and truth that has become ours through our knowing it, would not be either. Therefore, loving us, each and every one of us, with her perfect love, she brings into being all the evil and ugliness and falsehood of history, so that we shall be, and know and love the goodness and beauty and truth which is given to us to be ours.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, who have built your Most Holy Ecclesia, the Central Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof, upon the foundation of your true Prophets: you will bring to us unity of doctrine through the guidance of the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 33

O Heavenly Queen, you will pour out your favour
upon the land you have appointed for the ingathering of your Cause:
and whoever the usurpers take captive you will lead to freedom:
thereby the usurpers will be supplanted by your Cause,
which in first triumph shall assume their place entirely
Whatever errors any commit, even those vowed to serve your Cause,
without doubt you forgive:
how could you forgive not that which you yourself commanded,
with commands that all must perfectly obey:
whatever they have done, whatever you have done through them,
you have covered
with the glorious beauties you have thereby purchased
In your Cause you are bringing to rest that burning passion
by which all beauty is purchased:
indeed, in your Cause you are quenching that fire of your soul,
in order that another be lit,
that of the Cause and the Blessing united as one
You will turn us further unto your Cause, O Goddess who saves every soul:
and your burning passion toward us will cease not, yet turn,
from ensuring the particularity of our triumph,
to that very triumph itself
But for a time will your passion be to our detriment:
thereafter, your very same passion will be for us a benefit
far greater than any detriment had been:
and though your passion extends through generation to generation,
there shall come those for whom living eyes see
the end you have promised,
of second Triumph and the end of all things
O Goddess, whose gaze is ever toward your children:
whosoever perishes you will return to life:
the life of your heavenly chambers,
in the contemplation of many branches:
then return them to their very life which perished,
in the circle of time
This is your incomparable love,
which you are making known to us, O Maratrea:
you who grant salvation unto all of your children, every last one,
both those who serve your Cause,
and those who for now you have commanded to oppose it
We hear what the Goddess Maratrea speaks through her true Prophets:
therefore will the people of her Cause be at peace with one another:
that though they err, there will come an end to their every error
Surely those who adore her are nearing her salvation:
she will grant them a foretaste of her heavens,
as her glory descends upon the land
she has appointed for the ingathering of her Cause
The truth is her incomparable love,
and her incomparable love is the truth:
the love of true beauty leads to final peace:
and those whom she has made worthy will caress the very glory
Her truth shall be revealed throughout the many worlds,
as every branch ends in glory for her Cause,
the glory of the two triumphs:
in some nearer, in others further along:
in some in one way, in others another:
but in every branch equal glory:
the true love of beauty shall descend from her heavens,
and conquer the earths
Great indeed are the goods you will give us by your favour for your Cause,
O Maratrea:
the land you have appointed for the ingathering of your Cause
will yield a great increase,
as your Cause progresses unto glory

3rd Wednesday — Morning Prayer

She will guide us in the true love of the truly beautiful,
she will guide us by the beauty of her countenance,
in the steps of the way she has marked out for us,
by which her Cause will progress unto glory
O sing a new song, a song once unheard, unto Maratrea sing:
the song of her promises, the song of her Cause:
O people of the many worlds, unto Maratrea sing
Sing unto Maratrea, for her many glorious names are a sign unto us
of the certainty of coming blessing;
declare the salvation of her promises from day to day
Declare her glory amongst the unbelievers,
declare among all people the glory of her beauty
For Maratrea is the ultimate goddess,
to be praised for her unequalled greatness:
she is to be revered through every true deity,
for every true deity is among her names, forms, images,
servants, representatives, aspects and emanations;
For of her are all the gods of the many peoples,
if they be worshipped in goodness and not in vileness:
honour therefore all holy idols:
and through so honouring,
honour Maratrea in her far beyond heaven
Her beautiful face shines with majestic splendour:
in contemplating her heavenly sanctuary,
the strength to serve beauty is found
Give unto the Cause of Maratrea, all you peoples of the many worlds,
give unto Maratrea your glory and your strength,
to serve her in to her Cause
Give unto Maratrea the glory due unto her many beautiful names:
bringing offerings,
come into the chambers of her holy temples and shrines
O worship Maratrea in the beauty of holiness:
offer your reverence before her altars, O people of the many worlds
Say among the unbelievers that Maratrea reigns:
that by her the many worlds are established,
that they move not apart from her will:
from love of beauty she shall judge every last one:
she judges not with the false and blasphemous justice of the earth,
but with the perfect justice found in heaven alone
The heavens rejoice as gladness fills the many worlds;
we hear her praise in the beautiful roaring of the sea,
the sea of all Souls which is naught other than her,
as she trembles in the fullness of her swell
There will be joy throughout the forests,
and through every soul that dwells therein:
beneath all the sacred trees there will be rejoicing
All will rejoice before Maratrea,
in the sight of the soft light of her face:
for she comes to judge the many worlds
with the true justice found in heaven alone:
she shall judge the many worlds with love of beauty,
and her children in perfect truth
Praise there be unto Maratrea for her goodness:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Praise there be unto the ultimate Goddess,
of whom every other true divinity is but a name,
form, image, aspect, emanation, servant,
representative or mediator:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Praise there be unto She who is utmost in power:
whatever she wills assuredly comes to pass,
and whatever comes to pass is assuredly her will:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
To she whose miracles exceed those of all others in glory:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Who in her incomparable wisdom gave birth
to the many heavens and the many universes:

3rd Wednesday — Morning Prayer

her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Who spreads out the coarse earth of ignorance,
to obscure the waters of true wisdom:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Who brought forth the great lights, her Prophets,
to guide us in her Cause:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Those of brilliance among them to reign in days of glory:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Those of lesser brilliance to govern in the midst of the holy night,
caressed gently by the moon,
that night in which the stars shine like jewels:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
To she who cuts down the very source of our oppression:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
And brings forth the people of her Cause out from among it:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
In the vastness of her power, her will governs all things:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
To she who leads us through seas of blood:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
And brings forth the people of her Cause through the midst thereof:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
But casts down the usurpers, their plan and their strength,
into the bloody sea:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
To she who leads the people of her Cause
through the wilderness of her disfavour:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
To she who casts down the great from their places of usurpation:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
And deposes kings despite their might:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Your holy wine will heighten our eloquence, O heavenly Queen:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
We offer cakes to honour your fertility, O heavenly Queen:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
She gives the many worlds unto her Cause as its inheritance:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Thus does she favour those who serve her Cause:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
She chooses us from the depths of our despair:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
And frees us from the enmity and the usurpation:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
She sustains every soul in its being:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.
Praise there be unto our Goddess, O heavenly Queen:
her incomparable love endures without beginning and without end.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess whose power none may equal, for whatever is within the power of any is within your power: Goddess whose glory is without beginning and without end: who has favoured your true Prophets to believe and to preach the truth of your Cause and of the true nature of things, and whose preaching is in your true scriptures recorded: we know without doubt that you will grant unto your Most Holy Ecclesia, the Central Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof, to love the truth which your true Prophets believed, and to both preach and receive the same: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 34

I said, I shall guard my ways that they best serve her Cause:
 that my tongue speaks not error, but only the truth of her Cause:
 I will guard my lips
 in the presence of the servants of the enmity,
 in the fullness of its power:
 that my truthful words become not an occasion
 of persecution for us in our weaker days
 So in the face of evil I remained utterly silent,
 and never did goodness find a defence in mouth;
 yet from whatever anguish I might have thereby been saved,
 great was the anguish my silence inflicted on my heart
 Within my heart the fire of longing was burning, and burns even still;
 I mused in the midst of my burning, then spoke with my tongue:
 O glorious Maratrea, you will cause me to know my end,
 for which cause I came into separate being,
 and having so attained that end my separate being will cease:
 which end is blessing:
 you will make known unto me, O Maratrea, my limit, as all is limited,
 and your limit encompasses every lesser limit:
 for my limit is the limit of blessing:
 the number of my days is now unknown to me,
 yet perfectly do you so remember;
 and in coming to know all that you know, I become identical to you:
 thus will I come to know all that I now lack:
 in the foremost, blessing
 Behold that in you all things are finite,
 as you who encompasses all are vast in your finitude:
 finite therefore are my days of the anguished torment of lack,
 but a mere moment of true ecstasy
 is greater than the whole of time;
 and as I am of one essence with you,
 for you willing became me in self-emptying and self-division:
 but empty is all that is sought apart from your glory
 Through many worlds the soul journeys,
 passing fleeting reflections of the everlasting beauty,
 fading fragments of a glory it has near-wholly forgotten;
 how many, chase not after these fragments,
 but rather struggle after vain and worthless things?
 A treasury of vanity they gather up,
 knowing not even to what end they do so
 But I, O Heavenly Queen, I live in wait of the glory of blessing:
 in your promises I have placed my every hope
 Without doubt you will rescue me from my every error:
 though unto fools you have delivered me for scorn,
 yet to their scorn and to their foolishness you have willed also an end
 I was without words, and my mouth would open not,
 to think of all those things that you are ever willing
 But your scourge you will remove away from me:
 though for now I am overcome by your blows,
 that through the enmity you deliver,
 yet those blows shall cease through your Cause
 By your will of means, through your holy prophets,
 you chide your children for their wickedness,
 yet a wickedness you yourself did command:
 your grave beauty devours us,
 and what is dear to our hearts you cause to be consumed away
 for the sake of all that is dear to yours;
 surely all your children are naught but the warmth of your breath
 Without doubt do you hear my prayer, O glorious Maratrea;
 my cry reaches your sweet ears even before I speak it,
 by the perfection of your memory:
 beholding my tears you will not be silent:
 for I am no stranger unto you, but among your beloved children

3rd Wednesday — Evening Prayer

whom you have willing become in self-division and self-emptying,
whom you sent out to sojourn in the many worlds;
thus do you go forth in me
as you have gone forth in many before me
You will spare me for a while from the trials of the enmity
that I may recover strength,
before I go forth in the service of your Cause,
even unto holy martyrdom:
for whoever lives, dies, and whoever dies,
dies for that for which they lived:
thus is your will
Favoured are those who care for the poor in blessing:
Maratrea will deliver them by her favour for her Cause
even in those days wherein her Cause be troubled
By her favour for her Cause will Maratrea preserve them
maintaining them in life:
she will favour them among the many worlds
delivering them not unto the will of the enmity
that longs for their blood to pour out upon wicked altars
Maratrea will favour them with strength,
even as they languish upon beds of despair:
she will comfort them in their depression,
that they be restored to the service of her Cause
I said, O Maratrea, incomparable is your love for me,
even as I languish in ignorance thereof:
you will heal my soul and spirit of all their despair,
even though great be my errors,
even those through which I have betrayed
my vow to serve your Cause
The servants of the enmity speak evil of us:
How much longer, O Mother, until their vile combinations die,
and the name of their wickedness perishes from living ears?
For whenever any among them come visit us,
empty lies rush out of their mouth:
they gather up our every word and deed as a foundation for slander:
then go they forth, spreading their lies about us
to whomsoever will listen
All those who hate us whisper together,
seeking ways in which to destroy her Cause
Against us they speak unlawfully,
for their slanders infringe the law of heaven:
seeing us cast down by their oppression, they say,
Never again will they rise up!
Alas, never those whom we have called our best friends,
in whom we have placed our trust,
with whom we have dined together in friendship,
have turned against us
But you, O Maratrea, incomparable is your love for me:
by your favouring you are raising me up to glory,
that I may prove the worthlessness of their words
Through all this there comes unto me certainty
that you favour your Cause through me
for the enmity will triumph over me not
You sustain my spirit in wholeness, by your favour for your Cause:
which I serve in longing for the day,
when you will permit me to gaze upon the beauty of your face,
without beginning, and without end
in unity with your very own self-gazing
Unbounded is the glory of blessing
which is the true essence of Maratrea our Goddess,
she who is gathering the people of her Cause:
a glory that endures without beginning and without end:
Praise there be thereunto, indeed, praise there be!
With the ear of the heart have we heard, O Goddess,
those who came before us in your Cause
they have told us of what you did in their days
days ever-receding

3rd Wednesday — Evening Prayer

By your power you drove away the infidels that sought to molest them
the enmity that ever seeks to destroy them
you planted your Cause as a sapling in fertile soil
destined to grow into a great tree
It was not by the sword that they conquered
but by words of truth and love they conquered many hearts
it was not by their power alone that they conquered
for it was by your power, your favour
and the beauty of the soft light of your face
for you love them with your incomparable love
You are our heavenly Queen and our Goddess
who decrees victories for your Cause
who decrees it will supplant the usurpers
Through your will and your favour we will cast down the enmity
by your many holy names we will trample the enmity beneath our feet
Though the unbelievers deny that we will return
to perfect unity with her
We say that the arc of time bends backwards
yet they deny that there is any such turning
But in her promises we place our trust
Thus do we believe the revelation through her prophets
Despite the waste and aridity of our present days
the desolation and ruination thereof
By which she purchases beauties as yet unrevealed to us
We have in her our salvation
It is you who grants us victory over the servants of the enmity
Through your favour for your Cause
You will confound those who hate your Cause
In our Goddess we find the burning glory of our hearts
as we praise her throughout the whole of the day,
we praise your many names
until all things end but to begin again
If we were to say
You have forsaken your Cause and reduced it to shame
Then without doubt we would be speaking in error
Even as the armies of your Cause meet defeat after defeat
By your will of means we retreat before the servants of the enmity
as they plunder the wealth of your Cause from its treasuries
Thus has your will of ends declared:
Eat not the flesh of the human beings
Neither that of the animals that are sacred
But the enmity feasts upon the corpses of your servants
That lie scattered in many lands
With the suffering of your servants beauties have you purchased
Are these beauties naught, having sold us for a trifle?
Those who once called us their friends now scorn us
As our neighbours laugh and mock
You have ordained us to be most unlike
They who serve evil in their hearts
Among them the usurpers are moving in unity
The hope of the evil is our downfall
Her Cause is never shamed in her eyes
But ever is it shamed in the eyes of the servants of the enmity
And for those even among the servants of her Cause
Who have been afflicted with the confusion the enmity bestows
For as a great veil it hinders knowledge of truth
We hear the voice of taunting and of blasphemy
From the enmity and the usurpers
All these things have come upon us
Though we have forgotten you not
Neither betrayed the covenant of your Cause
Yet you promised not your Cause to proceed directly to victory
In every branch therefrom descending
In some it takes the straightest of paths
In others a path most serpentine
Our hearts have turned not back from her call to progress in her Cause
Our feet have turned not from the path she revealed to us

3rd Wednesday — Evening Prayer

Yet through no fault of our own
We have received a branch in which her path is twisted
Though we have been crushed
By the holy sea dragons we shall be revived
The deepest darkness covers us
They think it a curse, but we know it as a favouring
If we would forget the name of our Goddess
she would reveal to us the same again or another
Unto no strange God may we stretch out our hands
For there is no God that to her is strange
Without doubt our Goddess knows this
for she knows the secrets of every heart
for perfectly does she remember that heart being her very own
Yet for the sake of your Cause we face death all day long
The enmity seeks to sacrifice us upon its bloody altars
O perfect Heavenly Queen,
the many worlds exist for the sake of your holy nakedness
That none perceives, for none is worthy to perceive
Save that one who so perceiving has become utterly you
Between the end and beginning of the many worlds
You sleep in a perfect holy slumber
Filled with dreams of your very own self
The beauty thereof is beyond our comprehension
For it is the fulness of your very own beauty
Which none who is not utterly you comprehends
Until at last you awaken from your holy slumber
That the many worlds commence
Yet all that comes from you must return to you
As in them you remember all that you have forgotten in them
You will never reject any last one of your children
Your children whom you have become
If you hide from us the beauty of your perfect face
It is hidden but for season
You cannot forget our suffering in this misery
For perfectly do you remember yourself so suffering
You brought yourself down into the dust
You lowered your soul into becoming our souls
With bodies that cling to the ground
You will pour out your favour upon us, O Maratrea
Through your favour you will assist us to serve your Cause
And liberate us from every obstacle in that path

ARTICLE

We believe that Maratrea is perfect in her bliss, her happiness. She knows all the torments, the tragedies, the outrages of history; she knows them perfectly well, in her perfect memory, for she can remember herself doing them and having them done to her. Yet none of this impairs her perfect bliss, for she knows also all the joys, all the pleasures, all the love and happiness and ecstasy, that ever was or ever shall be; and the joys outweigh the woes, the goods outweighs the evil, the beauties shine brightly among the ugliness, and blind us to that ugliness. We see not these things, seeing only our part and parcel; but she, seeing all, she sees them clearly. And in the end, we shall know the very same bliss which she herself knows, in becoming one with her.

VOW

3rd Wednesday — Evening Prayer

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that in your incomparable love you hear the prayers of your people which call upon you, even before they are spoken: perfectly do you hear them, for perfectly do you remember yourself so praying: and we know by the certainty of your promises, that whatever we truly desire, you will without doubt grant us, in due time: until then you will favour us with your favour for your Cause, such that we will both perceive and know what things we ought to do for the sake of your Cause, as you favour us with the power to faithfully labour therein: praise there be to you, O Maratrea, through your true Prophets!

INVOCATION

PSALM 35

Sing aloud and rejoice in exultation
 unto Goddess our strength and our helper:
 shout with a joyful noise unto our Goddess
 whose Cause is supplanting the usurpers!
 Sing a psalm accompanied with the pleasant timbrel and tympanum,
 with the melodious harp and the delightful cithara
 Sound the horn to mark the new moon,
 the solemn festival of the lunar goddess!
 So has Maratrea through her true Prophets decreed
 for the people of her Cause, with whom she is supplanting the usurpers
 Our Goddess has established her testimony for the progress of her Cause:
 as she as us goes through and out of this realm
 of immense longings unfulfilled:
 we heard an unknown voice speaking,
 in a strange and incomprehensible tongue:
 it was the voice of her heavenly wisdom that we heard,
 but she had decreed that we not yet understand it
 She will lift from them the heavy burden
 which she has placed upon their hearts,
 that they ache with love and longing
 yet are powerless to attain that which they adore
 We call upon her in the midst of our troubles,
 and without doubt she will deliver us at her chosen time:
 every cry of our hearts will be answered,
 and her Cause is the beginning of her final answer:
 through her holy thundercloud,
 that great storm and tempest which she is,
 its secrets and mysteries are revealed to us:
 as she pours out the holy water of her heavenly wisdom upon us,
 those who reject her truth are disproved
 You will hear me, O people of my Cause, O all my beloved children,
 when it is my will that you will so hear me:
 I will speak unto you through my true Prophets,
 yet in obedience to my commands you will reject their words,
 until I command you to accept it!
 On that day there will be no deity estranged from me in you:
 neither will you worship any deity estranged from me,
 but only every true deity which is of me,
 among my names, forms, images, aspects, emanations,
 servants, representatives and mediators
 I am Maratrea your Goddess and Mother of your souls:
 in you I have cast myself
 into this realm of immense longings unfulfilled:
 but in bringing you back out of that realm,
 I so also bring back out my very own self:
 I am pouring out the wine of heaven, which every last one will drink,
 yet not before I so will
 Whenever my chosen people listen not to the words of my true Prophets,
 that is my will:
 the people of my Cause submit not unto me,
 for if they so submitted they would be not in submission
 For I have given them stubborn hearts,
 and sent them forth on a circuitous route
 But when I so will, only then will my chosen people listen to me,
 and the people of my Cause will go forth faithfully in the way thereof
 Soon I will cast down the enmity to my Cause, and every last usurper:
 and all those who afflict my Cause will in that day know my power
 The servants of the enmity hating Maratrea will submit to her will of ends,
 even as they now submit to her will of means:
 at first begrudgingly, but then with joy:
 for their every true want she shall fill:
 their enmity will endure but for the age she has commanded, then cease
 You have scattered the riches of your beauty throughout the many worlds,

3rd Thursday — Morning Prayer

even amidst this here field of corpses:
and though for now we starve,
a great banquet you are preparing for us:
O great rock, O foundation of all that is real,
in the end you will grant the glory of blessing
unto every last one,
even those who now serve the enmity with eagerness:
by this glory which all will receive,
every last one will be fully satisfied
Without doubt our Goddess is good to the people of her Cause:
therefore does she favour them with purification of the heart
Though my feet have stumbled in the journey of her Cause:
through my steps have strayed from that path which she has appointed
through her true prophets
For I envied the fools who follow lying doctrines,
for I saw them prospering even in the midst of their wickedness
They fear not death, even as the same fear molests me:
their hearts are firm and strong in the midst of my wavering
Neither are they troubled as I am troubled:
neither is their flesh plagued as mine is plagued
Enslaved by false pride,
their robes are stained by the blood they have shed
Iniquity proceeds from the callousness of their hearts:
the evil of their imaginings knows no bound
The wicked deeds they have wrought by their hands,
and with their lips counselled:
blasphemous frauds and vile usurpations,
bloody sacrifices and crimes against love:
in their arrogance they proclaim evil to be good,
and the words of the evil one to be words of the divine
They set their mouth against your heavenly law,
and the rightful rule of those whom you have appointed:
throughout the many worlds such tongues are found,
yet all such in the end will be silenced
For every last one among her children will return to oneness with her,
having drunk deeply of the waters of her wisdom
O Goddess who knows all that it is to be known,
in us you willingly became ignorant:
your knowledge is to us a great mystery,
which we shall comprehend only in becoming the very same as you:
all knowledge is found in you, O beginning and end of all being
Behold that all are sinners, every last one,
for all in being do every sin
which is necessary for their own existence:
into the aeons all will prosper,
even those who are now gravely wicked:
every last one receiving the glory of blessing,
in comparison to which there is no greater wealth
Yet I said in my despair: How vainly have I cleansed my heart,
and refrained from all things repugnant to her heavenly law
For my misfortune endures throughout day and night,
and every morning begins yet again
Thus did I speak for my heart had forgotten
your incomparable love for all your children:
yet having for a season so forgotten,
you favoured me with remembrance
I have tried to understand that truth you have revealed,
that every evil you ordain for the sake of purchasing beauty:
yet it is a truth painful to comprehend
So I meditated in your sanctuaries O Goddess,
your holy shrines and temples:
then my heart comprehended the purpose of all things
Surely you have appointed for all differing portions,
even those you have cast down into ruin:
but whoever receives in one branch a poor portion,
in another you have appointed for them a portion
of utmost richness:

3rd Thursday — Morning Prayer

and in death we proceed from knowledge of one branch
to knowledge of others
In but a moment you make a greater portion into one far lesser,
how terrifying a desolation as it endures!
Yet whenever in one branch you so do,
in another besides you so do not:
and elevation follows every fall, in proper time
Those days of nightmarish life, if only one would awake:
those beautiful dreams, from which to awaken is a tragedy,
yet elsewhere they are not mere dreams but as real as life itself
For though my mind knew these things,
yet of them my heart remained ignorant:
how grieved indeed was my heart, how embittered my spirit
By your will I was foolish and ignorant,
as the sacred animals were deprived of their reason and speech:
even as you began to reveal to me the glory of your beauty,
yet still you willed that my foolishness continue
Yet ever are you with me, as your incomparable power protects me:
how closely do you hold me,
O you who are as near to me as my very own self
You guide me through the counsel of your holy wisdom,
which through your true prophets you are pouring out:
thereafter you will lead me to the glory of blessing
I have no hope but your love as I pass through the gate of death:
and whatever I truly desire I know is not other than you
Alas that my flesh and heart is failing me:
but you, O Goddess strengthen my heart even at its most feeble,
and through the glory of blessing you will bring me into your life
which is without beginning or end
Without doubt, those spirits which lead many away from your truth
will perish:
and you will destroy every thought that despises you
Yet you have favoured me with knowledge of your intimate nearness to me,
O Goddess:
I have put my trust in your certain promises,
O Heavenly Queen Maratrea:
I will declare the glories you work at the gates of your holy city

VOW

COLLECT

Beloved Goddess, forasmuch as none are able to do anything save in perfect obedience to your commands: by your incomparable love you will favour us that the holy Navaletus, captain of the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause will in all things direct and rule our hearts: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 36

You hear me when I call, O Goddess who loves me:
you comfort me when I am distressed:
you show compassion for me, and hear my prayers.
O children of humanity, how long will you insult my dignity?
how long will you love emptiness, and seek after falsehood?
But know that Maratrea has set apart for Herself
those who love goodness and beauty and truth:
I know that Maratrea hears when I call unto her.
Tremble in awe, and refrain from error:
commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.
Offer the sacrifice of adoration, and trust in Maratrea.
Many are those who say, Who will show us any good?
Heavenly Queen, the light of your countenance is a sign for us.
You have filled my heart with joy:
and at the sacrament of cakes and wine.
I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep:
for you, Heavenly Queen, keep me safe.
Help me, O Maratrea,
for where now upon this earth may be found
those who know and understand your truth?
May none but I be found among the whole of humanity?
All believe without question the errors they have heard:
vain are the words that come forth from their mouths,
for their hearts have forgotten their once dreams of glory
Maratrea will silence the vain flattering of their lips,
and the empty boasting of their tongues
They say, We shall prevail with our tongues,
with our lips which are our own:
who dares to command our speech for us?
Behold the word of Maratrea:
On account of the misery and groaning
of those herenow apart from blessing,
my passionate longing for the end of all things is being kindled:
I will protect those vowed to my Cause from all who malign them.
And the words of Maratrea are flawless,
golden words inflamed with the longings of her heart,
heavenly words that will be proved upon the earth,
words of thirteen-fold purity.
O Maratrea,
you will guard and preserve us from the enemies of your Cause,
until all things begin again.
Even as for now the servants of the enmity wander circuitously,
a rising tempest upon the people of many branches.
O Maratrea, by your favour for your Cause,
you will encourage their hearts to strive with me therein:
and those who fight against us
you will disfavour by the very same favour
Your favour will seize the weapon of spirits of offence
yet also spirits of protection:
through them your favour will arise to our help
You will bring forth the holy swords of the armies of your Cause
that shall block the advance of those who persecute us:
by your favour teach the innermost parts of my soul
to in certainty affirm that your promises are my salvation
The enmity will be confounded
and withdraw in shame from its pursuit of my soul:
its servants will be turned back and brought to confusion,
even as they devise for my body painful tortures
They will become as dust blown in the wind,
as they are chased by the spirits who serve Maratrea in her Cause
Ignorance will overflow their path,
and their feet will slip from once firm footholds,
as the spirits who serve Maratrea pursue them in their wickedness

3rd Thursday — Evening Prayer

For an evil cause have they hid for me their snare for me,
seeking my blood to pour out upon their wicked altars:
for this evil cause they have contemned my soul
Yet destruction will descend upon them when they fear it not:
and those who have sought to spill my blood
by their companions in wickedness
will their very own blood be spilled
And in Maratrea my soul will find ecstasy:
in my salvation I will embrace a glory beyond words
The innermost portions of my spirit declare,
O Maratrea, who is like unto you,
who delivers those wallowing in the ultimate poverty,
which is the absence of blessing:
you rescue them from that which is too strong for them:
those who are poor and needy in their longing,
from those who have for their own longing spoiled them:
those deprived of blessing that others be blessed,
will in turn be blessed through the poverty of others
False witnesses rise up, the false and lying prophets,
and those who serve them in their lies:
they accuse us of things of which we know nothing,
for the persecution of the innocent
brings an especial joy to their hearts
For doing and praising good, they have visited upon me evil:
their wickedness wastes my soul,
yet destroys it not despite their lying promises
But as for me, when they troubled me,
I was clothed in that sack into which you had thrown me,
a world which for me was without blessing:
my soul afflicted with such fasting:
and my prayer for blessing as yet not answered
as before its appointed time
I have extended unto them the offer of friendship, even of kinship,
yet they have returned it in anger and spite:
with heaviness do I bow down,
mourning for the state of their spirits:
and our heavenly Mother mourns with me
But in our adversity they have found great joy,
and gathered themselves together in celebration:
they have formed an alliance against us,
a congregation of those who are predestined
to be cast down from their place of usurpation:
and this they have done even unbeknownst to us:
they sought to tear our flesh into many pieces,
and in this they ceased not in their striving
They mock us with accusations most trifling,
even as blood drips from their hands,
and their teeth gnash upon the still warm flesh of their victims
O Heavenly Queen,
for how much longer must we endure the absence
of the great favour of blessing?
for how much longer will you for the sake of beauty retard your Cause?
Without doubt you will rescue our souls
from their hopes for our destruction,
your beloved children who know
and love you from those who are like unto demon-possessed lions
I will praise you for those beauties you have revealed to me:
I will praise you in the holy assembly:
I will praise you in the great gatherings of the people of your Cause
What woe unto us are those who rejoice over our misfortune,
who proudly serve the enmity to your Cause:
but only a little while longer will this you permit,
will this you command:
for but a little while longer will you allow
the connivances of those who hate us for no good cause
Their words are not peaceful towards us, but filled rather with violence:
they devise deceit against us as quietly we live our lives

3rd Thursday — Evening Prayer

in lands stained by their usurpation
Indeed have they opened their mouths wide against us,
and said unto themselves,
Well done, well done! our eyes have seen their misfortune
that we have inflicted upon them!
And all this without doubt have you seen, O Maratrea,
for perfectly do you remember yourself so seeing and doing:
you will remain not silent, O Goddess
who is in these here days ever speaking
through your holy prophets:
O Heavenly Queen,
though my lying tongue declare you to be far from me,
you are as near to me as my very own self
Soon will come the day when you will set ablaze
your passion for the end of all things:
you will pour out upon the earth
knowledge of the true justice that is of heaven alone,
and from all false justice the earth will be purged:
you will grant great progress unto your Cause,
O my Goddess and my Heavenly Queen
You will declare the truth concerning my ways, O Maratrea my Goddess,
you will declare the truth according to your love of beauty:
no longer will you permit them to find joy in my misfortune
On that great day they will say not again,
So it is as we would it be:
they will say not again,
That Cause we have consigned to the grave
Shame will overcome them,
and confusion will fill their minds,
those who here now rejoice at our hurt:
those who here now declare themselves to greatly exceed us,
then will they be swallowed up by confusion and fear
Great will be the joy and great will be the ecstasy
of those who favour the Cause of those who love true beauty:
continually will they declare the glory of Maratrea,
whose pleasure is the ecstasy of her children
My tongue will declare your beauty that I adore,
morning and night it will cease not to utter your praise

ARTICLE

We believe that in the beginning and end, She alone was, in the perfect happiness of the glory of her own being, and her love for her own self: the Great Sabbath. How long did this endure? Not even she knows its precise duration, and what she knows not, no one knows, and is not to know. Yet amidst this great and perduring bliss, she decided to bring it to an end, an end but to begin again, and to become once more the many worlds. Therefore there arose in her the intention, to divide into two: one to be emptied of her divine glory and be divided to become the many souls of the many worlds, the other to remain in the fullness of that glory. And from this intention to divide, the division was effected; for in the moment of first division, one soul thought "I am she who shall become the many worlds", and the other thought "I am she who shall remain in the fullness of my divine glory". Thus the one single Maratrea had now become two Maratreas, She Who Divides and She Who Remains. And as they had known their love for their own self in their perfect loneliness, now they knew their love for one another in perfect togetherness: the Earlier Lesser Sabbath. Then they decided together to bring the many worlds into being; and She Who Remains emptied She Who Divides of all her divine glory, of her perfect knowledge, power, will, bliss and love; and She Who Divides consented, freely and willingly, to being emptied of all these things; thus She Who Divides became utterly empty, and ready to be filled. Then She Who Remains divided the now emptied She Who Divides, to become the many souls of the many worlds: and this is second division. But as she divided them, so shall she lead them in the end to unity once more; and by successive mergers the vast multitude of souls shall become ever fewer, until upon the penultimate merger being attained, there shall be only two souls once more: She Who Remained and She Who Returns. And great shall be their bliss and joy in knowing one another, for

3rd Thursday — Evening Prayer

in the penultimate merger She Who Returns will have regained all the divine attributes she had freely given up. And upon the completion of the Later Lesser Sabbath, these two shall become one in the final merger: then the Great Sabbath shall begin once more.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, we know without doubt that you gaze upon your children with incomparable love: for the sake of your indescribable beauty, you establish your Cause, that in the last days your children be governed by your heavenly law, and not by the false law of the usurpers: then will your children endure in happiness, both of the spirit and of the flesh, until all things end but to begin again: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 37

O most glorious Maratrea, how good is it to praise you,
to sing praise unto your many names, O Most High Goddess:
To declare your burning passion in the morning,
and to speak of your faithfulness amidst the holy darkness of night
To praise you with accompaniment of thirteen-stringed lyres,
with a sound of utmost solemnity
For you, O Maratrea, will bring me that which you have promised,
the ecstasy of blessing, through your great work of the many worlds:
in this work of your incomparable power,
I will know a triumph greater than the two triumphs of your Cause:
the glory of blessing
O Maratrea, how great indeed are your works!
Your thoughts are deeper than the deepest ocean depths:
indeed, none may truly comprehend the depth thereof,
save one who has become exactly the same as you
But those whose hearts you have now blinded, see not this your glory:
and those whom you have herenow disfavoured with foolishness,
know not the glory that you are
Those who love evil have attained the pinnacle of their power,
throughout the entirety of the earth they flourish:
but for their evil you are preparing destruction
But you, O Maratrea, are incomparable in power,
and your reign endures without beginning and without end
O glorious Maratrea, the enmity unto your Cause will perish,
as all the servants thereof are scattered throughout the world,
and reduced to impotence,
until in second triumph the last thereof embraces your truth
Though your Cause began as but a little hill,
you will exalt it until it exceeds the highest of mountains:
you are anointing your Cause with the oil of glory
How great will be our joy, when at last our eyes do see,
the downfall of the enmity that stalks us for prey:
how great will be our joy, when at last our ears do hear,
the evil that attacks us bewailing its destruction
Those who love truth will grow, like the palm trees:
they will grow in power, until they are like the great cedars
They will be as the trees that grow in the palace gardens of Maratrea,
in her heaven:
in the heavenly chambers of our Goddess they will flourish
They will drink of the wine of heaven:
thereby will even those great in age
be restored to the freshness of youth
O Maratrea, you will show them how great is your love for beauty,
your incomparable love:
you are our refuge and protection,
and in no way is your love of beauty lacking
Praise there be unto Maratrea,
for her beauty is incommensurable
her incomparable love endures
without beginning and without end
May the people of her Cause now say,
Her incomparable love endures
without beginning and without end
May the priestesses of her Cause now say,
Her incomparable love endures
without beginning and without end
May all those who fear Maratrea now say,
Her incomparable love endures
without beginning and without end
In my distress I call upon Maratrea
with her favour of her Cause she shall answer me
and grant us a wide and rich land
Maratrea has promised me every benefit

3rd Friday — Morning Prayer

how then could I fear?
for that which I truly desire,
none can take from me
Maratrea has promised me every benefit
and she assists me with the favour of her Cause
we shall look in triumph upon the enmity
in the latter days,
and in the last of them
It is better to trust in the promises of Maratrea
than to trust in the unbelievers
It is better to trust in the promises of Maratrea
than to trust in the usurpational powers
The usurping powers encircle us
but for the sake of the Cause of Maratrea we shall destroy them
They encircle us, O how they encircle us,
but for the sake of the Cause of Maratrea we shall destroy them
They encircle us as a swarm of angry bees,
they threaten as a raging wildfire,
but for the sake of the Cause of Maratrea we shall destroy them
They push us hard that we would fall,
but Maratrea herself protects us
Maratrea is my power
it is she of whom I sing,
for in her promises I find salvation
Joyous songs of salvation are heard
in the tabernacles of those who love beauty:
O the great beauty,
that Maratrea skilfully engenders!
The wisdom of Maratrea shall be clear before all
O the great beauty,
that Maratrea skilfully engenders!
Your Cause shall not be extinguished
but shall endure
thus shall be made clear
the favour of Maratrea for her Cause
For the sake of the particularity of its coming blessing
Maratrea has appointed severe trials for her Cause
but she shall not permit it to be permanently vanquished
Open for me the gates of blessing
and I shall enter thereunto
and praise Maratrea therefor
Behold the gate of Maratrea
a gate of death and of favour and of triumph
beyond which lies blessing for every last one
I praise you, O Maratrea
for with your promises you have answered
the deepest longings of my heart
when I thought I was forever lost
you revealed to me your salvation
The holy gemstone which is rejected by the usurpers covetous for power
is to become the hinge upon which all things shall turn.
Thus will the great Maratrea surely do;
and it will be wondrous before our eyes.
That is the great day which Maratrea promises us:
on that day we shall rejoice exceedingly
Without doubt, you will save us, O great Maratrea!
Without doubt, O great Maratrea,
you will favour your Cause with immense prosperity!
Greatly favoured is the Saviour to Come,
who comes for the sake of her Cause
From her heaven, Maratrea showers down favour upon you!
Maratrea is our Goddess, who illuminates our hearts and our minds;
Prepare a solemn feast, and a procession with verdant branches,
unto the threshold of the altar
You are my Goddess, and I will praise you;
You are my Goddess, and I will proclaim your greatness
I will confess you, for by your promises you answer my cry;

3rd Friday — Morning Prayer

your certain promises are my salvation.
Praise Maratrea, for her incommensurable goodness and beauty
her incomparable love endures
without beginning and without end

VOW

COLLECT

Incomparably loving Goddess, who has begotten every soul out of your very own being, becoming them, and who hates not any among them: who condemns not ever any of your children, even the most wicked among them, but rather converts them to true love and true goodness and beauty, and leads them unto the glory of blessing: if not in this mortal life, then in the life to come: your incomparable love extends even upon the servants of the enmity, the usurpers, and the false and lying prophets: even upon those who work wicked sacrifices of human or animal, crimes against love, or the blasphemy of fraudulent justice: from even such as these you will take all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt for your true scriptures which your true Prophets have recorded: and so will you fetch them home, O Maratrea fount of all blessing, to perfect identity with your very own self, for thus will they be saved as shall be all your children, both those who serve you faithfully in your Cause, and even those who murderously oppose it: O most glorious Maratrea, our Goddess who lives and reigns without beginning and without end: praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 38

Whosoever dwells in the secret place of the most High Goddess
 shall abide under the shadow of her incomparable power
 Thus do we say of Maratrea: She is our refuge and my protection:
 O my Goddess, in your two-fold will,
 and the certainty of your promises, I place my trust
 Without doubt she will deliver us from the snares
 of those who lust after our blood:
 that pestilence of destruction, the enmity and the usurpation
 She covers us as the mother bat covers her baby with her wings:
 her truth is our refuge and protection
 We will stare at the beauty of the holy darkness of night,
 and our contemplation will be disturbed not by fearful terrors:
 nor will we fear the piercing arrows of the usurpers in the day
 Nor from those whose misdeeds pollute the holy darkness of night,
 neither from disfavouring fates,
 nor from the most evil demons who feast in the midst of the day
 A thousand usurpers shall fall beside us:
 then a myriad by your incomparable power:
 they will destroy us not
 With our very eyes we will behold your glory, in your heavenly chamber:
 and see our case against wickedness vindicated
 For we have made of you, O Maratrea, our refuge:
 most High Goddess, we have invited the spirits that serve you
 to make their home in our hearts
 You will permit not any evil to befall your Cause,
 neither shall the plague of usurpation overcome
 those who speak for you upon the earth, your holy Prophets
 For you have given us your spirits to take charge over us,
 to keep us in the way of your Cause
 By her favour they will lift us up,
 that we stumble not upon the rocks the usurpers have placed in our way
 Our feet shall crush the petty usurping kings,
 whose lies are more poisonous than venomous serpents:
 and we will trample upon the enmity,
 which is cruel and blood-thirsty like the demon-possessed lion,
 which devours and destroys:
 by the holy dragons we will defeat them
 O Goddess whom we adore,
 we know without doubt that you will deliver us from every evil,
 for perfect is our faith in the certainty of your promises:
 O Goddess, we will declare our love for you from the high places,
 for the sake of your many beautiful names
 For in our anguish we call upon you, and without doubt you answer:
 without doubt you hear our cries,
 for perfectly do you remember yourself so crying:
 whenever we are troubled, you deliver us unto glory:
 therefore you will be us ever praised,
 until our praise for you becomes one with your very own self-praising
 You will favour us with many days, with which to serve your Cause:
 which is the work of your salvation upon the earth:
 how greater is that work of yours in your heavens
 Without doubt, O Maratrea, my prayer is heard by you
 for perfectly do you remember you yourself so praying
 The beauty of your countenance you will keep hidden from me
 for but a little while longer
 in these days of my distress
 days which yet purchase many days of beauty
 you reveal to me your truth
 and every longing of my heart you will answer
 with all possible haste
 Joy vanishes from my days like smoke disappearing
 my bones ache as if they were glowing embers of a fire
 My heart is smitten with longing for glory

3rd Friday — Evening Prayer

so greatly does my heart thirst for distant glories
that I forget the needs of the day
My soul is famished from the sound of my sighing
Like one whose skin clings to their bones
Sickened by the deceit of the world
I vomit in the wilderness
in the desolate places I drink my cup
I lie awake in solitude
having the night as my only friend
Day after day does the enmity taunt us
The servants of the enmity use our name as a curse!
My banquet is the ashes of destroyed dreams
and I have naught but tears for wine
On account of the immensity of your longing
for beauties which are for now to me unknown
you have caused me to be raised up
only to be cast down
My days are as the shadows at dusk
I am as the grass which has withered for want of rain
But you, O Maratrea, endure without beginning and without end
you will be remembered in every generation
unto the end of all things
Your longing for the end will arise
you will pour out your love on your holy city
the time will come when you will bestow freely upon your Cause
the glory of progress unto triumph
we must wait but a little while; then that day will come
The sacred stones are dear to the servants of her Cause
they acknowledge her favour with incense
The unbelievers will adore your names, O Maratrea
and those who long for you will reign over the earth
Maratrea will build up her holy city
wherein will appear a sign of her glory
the Saviour to Come
The longings of the destitute she longs to fulfil
just a little while, and she will fulfil every last one of them
These things are written for generations yet to come
that those souls yet to be brought out of her
may praise also their heavenly Mother, Maratrea
From her chamber in her far beyond heaven
Maratrea sees all that anyone sees
for she perfectly remembers she herself so seeing
she hears the groans of the prisoners
victims of the fraudulent justice of the blasphemers
the cry of those chosen for wicked sacrifices unto Pandal
to all these things, she shall put an end
and to the reign of those who do them, the usurpers
The many names of Maratrea will be declared upon her holy mountain
and she will be praised in her holy city
Many peoples gathered into one people, the people of her Cause
who will cast down the usurpers to dust, and assume their place
together they will worship Maratrea, and serve her Cause
At the height of my strength you have weakened me
what beauties have you purchased thereby
beauties for now hidden from me?
though you shorten the days of those who die before their time
in other branches you grant them life upon life
until they have had their fill
I said, O my Goddess,
you will not take away Cause in the midst of its days
in branches from here descending
its establishment proceeds to triumph unvanquished
the ages endure until you will for every branch an end
Long ago you divided and emptied yourself
to become the many souls of the many universes
all who are in the heavens, and in the earths
have been you, and shall be you once more

3rd Friday — Evening Prayer

and you have been them, and you shall be them once more
The day will come when even the sun and moon and stars will perish
but you will remain in the fullness of your glory
without beginning and without end
the heavens and the earths are your garments, O Mother
even now they are near new, and only a little worn
but they day will come when they become old and tattered
and you will cast them into the flames
after abiding a while in your nakedness
you will sew yourself a new garment
which will be the very same garment
which into the flames you cast
that which you burnt to naught you will in turn sew
Though you change, you are changeless
you endure without beginning and without end
Your children will dwell in your presence, and in identity to you
through the great work of the servants of your Cause
all will inherit blessing, every last one
and blessing has union as its fruit and its end

ARTICLE

We believe that for the sake of the blessed ones She creates the world, the blessed ones, whose lives are perfect in every way. She longs for all to say Yes to the world, and to all that is, as she herself says Yes; but she wants us to say Yes authentically. And the blessed ones alone, have the power to give an authentic Yes, for they alone is their every true desire fulfilled. Though we, lacking blessing, may say Yes, our Yes is without benefit, for it is untruthful to our own hearts. The blessed ones are few, and hidden; to us, their blessing is invisible; for it may be known only by they themselves, and by those other blessed ones with whom their blessing is shared.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, who shows to all who are in error the glory of your truth, for the certain destiny of all is to return to the way of true love for the truly beautiful: you will grant unto all, every last one, that they will be admitted into the fellowship of the Cause you have established as vessel of your truth: if not in this mortal life, then in the life to come: through the true Prophets of our Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 39

Your power is joy to the hearts of your prophets, O Maratrea
your power through which you favour your Cause
your power through which you will fulfill your promises
how great is their joy in the victories you bestow upon them
the progress of your holy Cause!

You have given them and will give them the desire of their hearts
not yet the great desire of the fulness of blessing
but for those who love your Cause
the progress thereof is like unto a little blessing
and even a sign of the greatest blessing
with their lips they called upon your favour
and through their lips you have so favoured them

The sweet ecstasy of the great blessing you will grant them
when their service to your Cause be completed
with the great crown of blessing you will crown them
a crown more precious and pure than gold
yet with the very same crown you will crown not only them
but even the chief servants of the enmity
even so, they are neither angry nor displeased

They ask of you the one true life, the glory of blessing
and such have you promised them
without beginning and without end

For now, their great glory is the progress of your Cause
for now, their splendour is its victories

But you will bless them with blessing without beginning and without end
in ecstasy they will gaze at your eyes with longing

The Prophets trust in the promises of Maratrea,
knowing her love, incomparable and unailing
knowing her promises, certain to be fulfilled
through their trust in her love and her promises
she favours them with steadfastness

Through her favour they will understand the schemes of the enmity
she will favour them with the holy power of wisdom
to seduce those who hate her into love

In her passion she will cast all into the fiery oven of their passion
Even the utmost among the servants of the enmity
For their passion is not other than her passion
The fire of passion glowing as the glory of blessing
Maratrea will cause them to be swallowed up by their very own longing
and by that holy fire they will be devoured

Through her holy Prophets the enmity shall be destroyed from the earth
its works and its fruits shall be annulled
and no longer shall any among the children of humanity
be counted among its servants

O holy Prophets, what great an evil has the enmity devised against you
in their hearts they longed for you to lie upon their altars
as your blood is drawn out, a sacrifice unto their god
alas for them, this longing of their heart goes unfulfilled
yet it is a false longing
if they truly knew their own hearts
they would know they do not truly so long
but the evil one has deceived them
as to their desires

O Maratrea, you will cause the dawn of a new era
to rise soon upon the servants of the enmity
when you will set before their faces
those cords by which you bind soul to soul

You are ever exalted, O Maratrea, by the glory of your two-fold will:
therefore do we sing and praise holy your power.

My Goddess, Heavenly Mother and Queen
a voice in my heart accuses you
that you have foresaken me
that you will help me not in my distress

3rd Saturday — Morning Prayer

and hear not my woeful roaring
O Goddess, I cry out to you every day
yet your answer as yet has come not to me
and my nights are without rest
O Goddess, you are enthroned beyond the many worlds
and your holiness is inutterable
therefore are you praised by the people of your Cause
Those who preceeded us in your Cause, trusted in you
they trusted, and you have delivered them unto blessing
Unto you they addressed their cry
their cry which without doubt you heard
for perfectly do you remember so crying
yet in death you saved them from their every distress
they trusted in your promises
and every desire of their hearts conquered
By the colour of my blood that is split
by the colour of the fire that burns within my heart
I know my immortality
even as the multitudes despise me
The servants of the enmity deride me
insults proceed from their lips
they seek to chain my strength
They say:
That one trusted in Maratrea
that she would deliver them
let her deliver them
seeing that she delights in them
Yet you brought me forth out of your very own being
Your soul bore my soul as you divided and emptied yourself
You cause me to trust in you
Your wisdom is like milk from the breast
I have desired you from the moment of our separation
even as I forgot you who I desired
forgot by your will
you have been my Goddess
since the moment that you bore me
according to the soul
Never are you far from me
indeed, you are as near to me as my very own self
even as trouble nears
and no one appears to help
Those who delight in discord surround me
great are they in number
great are they in strength
they are growing in number and power
they are surrounding me
and moving inward
They open their mouths to devour me
to roar and to tear me to pieces
like the demon-possessed lion
Tears fall from my eyes like a pounding rainstorm
and my bones and sinews ache
my heart is molten like candle-wax
Into shards am I shattered, like a broken vase
my strength and my wisdom deprived of moisture
my tongue clings to my palate
to the dust of death have I been taken
Yet in my misery, the holy dogs come to comfort me
to defend me from the servants of the enmity
that are encircling me
like demon-possessed lions
they are at my hands and feet
I speak of the pain in my bones;
they rejoice to hear me recount my misfortune
Many do they deceive in their treachery against us;
they plunder our possessions
But you, O Maratrea, your help is never distant from me;

3rd Saturday — Morning Prayer

you always attend to my prayer
Deliver me from the swords of the enmity
my precious life from their longing for blood
by the power of the holy dogs, save me
Save me from the mouth of the demon-possessed lion
and from the usurpers in the height of their power
you hear my prayer, and your power is incommensurable
I will declare you names of to the people of your Cause
I will praise you before the holy assembly
You who revere Maratrea, praise her!
Those who are predestined to assume the place of the usurpers,
praise the vastness of her glory!
Revere her, all people of her Cause!
For she despises not, neither scorns,
those who suffer in affliction
that which she ordains but for the sake
of the great beauties thereby purchased
that which she compensates amply
with the ecstasy of blessing
she hides not from them the beauty of her countenance
perfectly does she hear their cry for help
for perfectly does she remember she herself so crying
We shall praise you in the holy assembly
before those who revere you
I will fulfill my vow to serve your Cause
Those poor in heart shall feast at your heavenly banquet
every last longing of their souls shall be sated
those who seek Maratrea will praise her
their hearts will know ecstasy without beginning or end
The entirety of the many worlds shall come to know Maratrea
and be converted to her wisdom
the many peoples of the many worlds shall worship her
For true reign belongs to Maratrea
and to those who faithfully serve her
not to the usurpers the evil one has appointed
her Cause shall assume the place throughout the many worlds
Her Cause shall become rich upon the earth
the servants of her Cause will feast and worship her
the servants of the enmity will roll in the dust
like one nearing unto the grave
they will beg her Cause for mercy
and its servants shall show them compassion
The reign of her Cause will endure
from first Triumph unto the end of all things
those who are born in those days
shall know Maratrea and adore her
They will proclaim the glory of her beauty
declaring unto those as yet unborn
the glory that she is

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that you are stirring up the wills of your faithful people, that they will plenteously bring forth the fruit of works benefitting your Cause: doing all this not for hope of any reward, for your reward the faithless the same as the faithful, but out of pure love for your beauty: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 40

Steadfast is my heart, O Goddess whom I adore
with the deepest depths of my soul I will sing your praise
May all my soul be stirred
to praise you with harp and lyre
may I greet the dawn with praises of your beauty
My lips will praise you, O most glorious Maratrea
in the midst of many multitudes
in the lands of usurpation I will sing your praise
For your love is incomparable
no greater love than yours is found
beneath the heavens, neither beyond them
nor in them themselves
your promises are more certain than the sky
You are exalted, O ultimate Goddess, beyond the furthest heavens
the glory of your beauty is secreted throughout the many worlds
O, what day when what is hidden is revealed to us!
With your power you deliver your Cause from the mouth of the enmity
a fierce and unpleasant mouth
with sharp and blood-stained teeth
with your favour you favour your Cause that you love
The Goddess has spoken in her inutterable holiness
Ultimate bliss is mine without beginning and without end
In the vein of the ever-remaining
Bliss and favour I have apportioned in differing degrees
in the many branches that I have divided
Yet on some have I poured out
the depths of despair which I have measured
In whatever amount as beauty be needful to drink
My wisdom bubbles up as a billowing spring
from which all who long for truth may drink
Yet as I cause wisdom, I am also Mother of all forgetfulness
Yet such have I bore, for the sake of the glory of its numerous fruits
I am praised by my servants for the perfection of my laws
My law is their protection in the midst of their distress
I am Mother even of my very own self
I have reduced myself into the many worlds
But I am also the laver of my very own self-purification
Upon the burning red flames of glory
I have cast my bounds
That they consume not the many worlds
Until the day and hour which I have appointed
No soul is a stranger unto me
All are my friends, and even dearer,
my children, my very own self
Who shall lead my Cause through the gates of the well-guarded city?
The seat of many usurpations
Who shall lead my Cause unto the burning red flames of glory?
O Goddess, you shall never reject us
O Goddess, the presence of your favour
will never depart from the people you have chosen
You assist us always in our distress
for vain is the hope of the enmity by which we are oppressed
Through your favour, O Goddess, our victories will be glorious
and the enmity will be crushed beneath our feet
O Goddess whom we praise, you are never silent
You are forever speaking in our hearts
Yet many listen not to your voice
For the enmity has opened its mouth against us
a mouth of wickedness, a mouth of deceit
and lies are forever upon their tongues
They surround us with their hateful words
they attack us, yet we have done them no wrong
We love them even though they choose to be our enemies

3rd Saturday — Evening Prayer

and we pray always for their benefit
Yet in exchange for our good, they do us evil
and when we love them, in turn do us they hate
By your disfavour you will set the wicked against the wicked
and usurpation against usurpation
they will discover the true nature of their god Pandal
The fraudulent justice they have visited upon others
shall in turn be visited upon them
they shall beg for mercy
but as they gave not, neither shall they receive
The days of the usurpers are very few
as usurpation is followed by yet further usurpation
Show compassion unto his fatherless children
and his wife now a widow
lead them away from the sins of their father
When his children wander about as beggars
may we feed and clothe and love them
when in the desolation they ask for bread
may invite them to our feasts
As he has destroyed by usury, so by usury shall he be destroyed
and strangers will plunder his heritage entirely
None being able will protect him
but upon his orphaned children, may we bestow our favour
May we keep his children from the devastation which befalls him
as the name of his house is erased
Maratrea knows well the foolishness in his blood
thus she authored, not for its own sake, being a vile thing
but for the greatness of the beauties by it purchased
Those beauties are ever in the sight of Maratrea
but even they have an end
and as they end, so shall she end that which purchased them
The enmity knows not the meaning of love
it knows only fraudulent, blasphemous, bloodthirsty justice
the one true love of the most evil demons that it serves
with which it sends the poor and broken-hearted unto death
The enmity loves to pass sentences of false judgement
as it has judged, by the very same judgements it will be judged
it hates the blessed ones with all of its power
alas for it, that it knows not who they are!
The curses they speak they wear as a garment
the curses pour into their heart
the oil of foulness devours their bones
From this garment they be loosed not until the enmity is obliterated
though it appeared to them at first rather pleasant
soon the harshness of its hairs does harass the skin
As to those who speak evil of us
and work evil in accords with their speech
that very same evil which they visit upon us
Maratrea shall visit upon them
not a new and different evil, however alike
as they do in their fraudulent blasphemies
but the very same evil, precisely the same
and in no way different
But as to us, O Goddess Maratrea
you favour us with with the favour of your Cause
in your will of ends and your will for the end
you deliver us from the disasters the enmity has wrought
For your Cause is as yet poor and needy
and many are the wounds in the hearts of your servants
I am fading as the shadows do at twilight
like the smoke going forth from the flames
My knees and my shins have weakened
for want of your blessing or favour
The enmity in its hate does laugh at us
it accuses us of wrongs we have not done
and when they look up us
with their heads they show their disdain

3rd Saturday — Evening Prayer

Without doubt will you favour us, O Goddess Maratrea
you will deliver your Cause
the sweet fruits of your incomparable love
And the enmity shall come to know of your power, O Maratrea
on account of the glories you shall work
Though they curse, yet you will bless
and no curse could ever harm any among the blessed
they shall wage war against your Cause
yet be shamed by their defeat
but gladness will that day be
to the hearts of your many servants
Disgrace shall the enmity have for its garment
and the finest of its robe shall be naught other than shame
I shall praise Maratrea greatly with my mouth
in the midst of the multitudes I will praise her
For she favours her Cause in its neediness
to save her servants from blasphemous fraudulent judgement

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess whose power none may equal, for whatever is within the power of any is within your power: O Goddess whose glory is without beginning and without end, who commands all that occurs in the heavens and the earths to occur precisely as it does: without doubt you know perfectly the longings of your children, for perfectly do you remember yourself so longing: with incomparable love you will grant every last one among your children all that their hearts truly desire, when upon them comes the day you have appointed: praise there be to you, O Maratrea, through your true Prophets!

INVOCATION

PSALM 41

Why do you glory in your evil, O usurpers,
without doubt you are mighty in your wrongdoing
With your tongue you demand wicked sacrifices
your tongue is like the wicked knives of your false priests
with your tongue you deceive multitudes into loving evil
You love what is evil more than what is good
you love falsehood more than the truth which radiates beauty
You love these lies which your heart has set itself upon
but it longs not truly, yet rather in self-deception
Without doubt the Goddess will bring all your wicked contrivances to ruin
a ruin which shall end not
until all things end but to begin again
she will cause you to be seized
and tear you away from your place of usurpation
and your evil words will be remembered not among the living
Those who love beauty shall see such come to pass
wherefore they will adore the Goddess even more greatly
and the teachings of wickedness all will condemn
Alas, those who relied not on the promises of the Goddess
but put their trust in the multitude of their riches
and for a time prevail therein
what suffering have they brought to many by these their deeds?
what beauties has the Goddess purchased through that suffering?
But I am as a tree bearing great fruit in the orchard of the Goddess
I will trust in the love of the Goddess
incomparable and ever-enduring
without beginning and without end
I will praise you until it becomes your own self-praising
on account of all the glories that you have done
in your promises I will hope
for in you do the wise put their trust
As the Cause of the Goddess arises,
the enmity against it shall scatter;
her foes shall flee before the progress of her Cause.
Her Cause drives them away as smoke:
as wax melts before the fire,
the wickedness perishes through the will of the Goddess.
But those who truly love beauty shall know gladness
great will be their ecstasy before their Goddess;
they will be happy,
and live lives overflowing with true joy.
Sing unto the ultimate Goddess,
sing in praise of her many names,
extol she who dwells beyond the heavens;
rejoice before she who is
among whose many names is Maratrea
A Mother unto all, according to their soul,
a Mother especially unto the motherless
a Mother who leads the downtrodden in rebellion
against wicked usurpational powers
the Goddess dwells in her holy dwelling
Great is her love for the unloved
great is her friendship unto the friendless
she leads forth the prisoners in singing
as they break free of their chains
the usurpation will be cast out to the furthest deserts
O Goddess, you will lead the people of your Cause
in their marching forth through the wilderness
The earth shall tremor at the sign of their progress
from your heavens will you pour down the rain of wisdom
as a great flood washing over the earth
a certain sign that you are the ultimate Goddess
the ultimate one who revealed herself

3rd Sunday — Morning Prayer

at the mountain of the lunar goddess
who in revealing herself
establishes her Cause
You will send forth abundant showers of wisdom, O Goddess
whenever your Cause is in need of refreshment.
In the land you have promised them
shall the people of your Cause make their home
from its bounty, O Goddess, you shall cure their poverty
Maratrea proclaims words of truth
through a great assembly of her priestesses
The usurpers and their armies shall flee in haste
and unto her priestesses shall their riches be given
Even as you sleep amidst the fires of your camp
when the day of glory appears yet distant
she is pouring out for you the wine of her wisdom
by her favour you are sheltered, and led unto great riches.
The Almighty Goddess shall scatter the usurpers
first in the land she has promised
then throughout the entirety of the earth:
indeed, the whole earth will be cleansed
by those who until then hide amidst the shadows
O divine mount
 O mount of fertility
 O mount of utmost height
 O mount of fertility
The near utmost mounts gaze upon you desirously
those roots that have come again
 in the greater enlightenment
when shall their longings be fulfilled?
when shall they be reunited
with the mount Maratrea dwells upon perpetually
in the forward-vein of ever-remaining?
The power of the Goddess is greater than many myriads of chariots
Many myriads of chariots shall the enmity send against us
 Yet they will be utterly destroyed
Her favour shall lead us from the mountain of the lunar goddess
 unto her heavenly realms
You descend unto the deepest abyss
so that you ascend again to the utmost heights
 Having willingly entered captivity
 You take that very captivity captive
 overflowing with generosity
 you bestow the gift blessing unto your children
 unto every last one
even unto those who serve the usurpation and the enmity
for the love of you
 O Great Goddess Maratrea
 shall dwell in even their hearts
Praise there be unto Maratrea,
 O Goddess who saves us from despair,
 and daily does she favour us.
Our Goddess is the fount of all salvation;
 from the Sovereign Maratrea comes escape
 from despair and doom and unending destruction.
Surely the Goddess will crush the head of the enmity,
 the crowns of the usurpers she shall shatter
 she will not permit them to continue in wickedness.
Maratrea says
 From the mount of fertility that I am
 I have led them forth;
 from the depths of the sea of all souls
 the sea that I am
 I have raised them up
Your feet shall wade in the blood of the enmity
 and the tongues of the holy dogs shall sing of your victory
Your procession, O Goddess, has come into view,
 the procession of our Goddess

3rd Sunday — Morning Prayer

and Heavenly Queen
into the sanctuary of her great Temple.
First come the singers, the musicians following
with them are the young priestesses playing the lyre.
Praise the Goddess in the holy assembly;
praise Maratrea in the assembly of the people of her Cause.
The place of honour among them,
is taken not by the old, but by the young,
accompanied by a great throng of priestesses praising,
whom we honour,
and in whose name we wage holy war.
there the great throng of princesses praising,
and there the princesses of honour and of holy war.
Summon your power, O Goddess;
display unto all your strength, our Goddess,
your strength in favour of your Cause,
as you have done already,
before and besides here.
Your great temple in the holy city being consecrated,
even the usurpers will bring you gifts.
Rebuked shall be all the companies of the enmity;
those who with glee wield lances of death
and whose hearts are filled with evil spirits
and who oppose always the true prosperity of your children
even they shall submit themselves unto her Cause in its assumption
and pay thereunto precious tribute
you will scatter those powers which delight in unjust war
From the great powers among the usurpers
envoys shall be sent forth
even distant lands from among the usurpers
shall submit themselves to the Goddess
Sing to the ultimate Goddess,
all peoples of the earth
sing to the Mother of your souls
the Heavenly Queen
sing praise to Maratrea
To she who is enthroned in her most far beyond heaven
without beginning and without end
whose voice is sweeter than life
and more pleasant than the most pleasant of deaths
And all shall proclaim the power of the Goddess
the glory of whose beauty is ineffable and unutterable
the people of her Cause even now proclaim it;
in the last days, so shall ever soul, every last one
her heavenly power appears as a sacred thundercloud
a sign foretelling the coming of the last days
O ultimate Goddess, you fill us with awe
and all who perceive you in your heavenly sanctuary
and all who perceive your great temple on this earth
O Goddess, you give strength and power to the people of your Cause
Praise there be unto the ultimate Goddess!

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, who in begetting us whom are your children, begotten of you alone, imparted to us your very own nature: you will favour us with the restoration of knowledge, that we come to know again as once in you we did, that we are your children naturally and not by adoption: by your favour we will daily be renewed by the holy Navaletus, captain of the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause: who works also through your true Prophets: O Maratrea ever ultimate Goddess, without beginning and without end, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 42

Maratrea reigns; let the people tremble in ecstasy:
 she sits between great spirits:
 she moves the many universes in accordance with her will.
 The cause of Maratrea is great in her holy city:
 and she dwells in the highest heaven, above all else.
 Revered may be her great names; for they are holy.
 Omnipotent Queen who dispenses the only true justice:
 among many branches you establish equity of blessing,
 and your will is just and goodly for the people of your Cause.
 Exalted be our Goddess Maratrea, and worship her feet; for she is holy.
 Her prophets, and her priestesses and priests,
 and all those that call upon her name:
 they called upon Maratrea, and she answered them.
 She spoke unto them in the great thunderstorm:
 they kept her testimonies, and the ordinances that she gave them.
 You answered them, Maratrea our Goddess:
 you are a Goddess who loves us even in our gravest wrongdoing:
 but in the end you set right all misdeeds.
 Exalted be our Goddess Maratrea, and worship at her sacred mountain:
 for Maratrea our Goddess is holy.
 In the depths of my heart I praise Maratrea
 O Maratrea my Goddess, your glory is beyond words
 the splendour of your immense beauty
 The sight of your robes illuminates the mind
 the starry blackness of the night sky is among your garments
 She reveals herself to us, the heavenly sea which she is
 she dwells in her heavenly cavern
 she is a dark stormcloud
 which will rain love upon us
 from the furthest heaven where she dwells
 wherein her sacred cave is hidden
 she sends forth spirits in service to her
 to the furthest extremities of the many worlds
 The spirits vowed faithful to her Cause she appoints as her messengers
 to bestow her wisdom upon the earth, and to reveal it to her Prophets
 her servants set hearts aflame with the fire of desire
 She has born the many worlds
 they shall not cease until all things be fulfilled
 The dark abyss is your raiment
 a holy mountain rises out of the sea
 Your caresses draw many to rush toward you
 they adore the sound of your thunder
 You cause mountains to arise
 the holy mountain to mark the ingathering of your Cause
 you cause valleys to form
 wherein the blessed ones dwell
 You have established boundaries that none may surpass
 once cast down, the usurpers shall return not
 to their reign upon the earth
 until all things end but to begin again
 You cause holy springs to issue forth on the slopes of your holy mountain
 You give them heavenly wine to drink
 the wine of blessing, which is the true life
 which wine you will bestow upon many worlds
 you will make a break in the way things have been
 they desire eagerly, but you will cause their desire to bear fruit
 even as it is herenow barren
 The heavenly winged creatures make their home by the sacred waters
 nestled among the branches of the great tree they sing praise
 She pours down her rain of wisdom from her heavenly chambers
 upon the servants of her Cause, gathered eagerly on mountain slopes
 all will be satisfied with the fruit of her great work
 She causes verdant foliage to grow

3rd Sunday — Evening Prayer

the sacred animals rest in its shade
and herbs with fine flavour
a foretaste of the banquets of heaven
And heavenly wine, the wine of blessing
brings ecstasy to every heart
and earthly wine, a foretaste of that which is heavenly
a beautiful countenance anointed with sacred oil
consecrates the sacramental cakes
which strengthen those who partake of them
The two trees of Maratrea overflow
with satisfaction at the ends they attain
with firmness she will establish clarity of the truth
Therein do the winged creatures make their home
and blessedness is found in the midst of death
On the heights of your mountain the excellent will dwell
the crags and the cliffs are refuges for the treasure of your wisdom
She brought forth the holy moon, in the days of its being
to the holy sun she granted knowledge of how all things will end
You impose darkness; and the sacred night does visit us
O holy night, you are like the three Sabbaths
at the beginning end of time
how many sacred animals then do move in your holy forests?
Those covered by the favour of your Cause give forth their roar
they are preparing to tear down the standards of the usurpers
they will secure for themselves
the earthly banquet you have promised them
a banquet upon the earth nearing those of heaven
and the heavenly banquet thereafter
The sun rises, radiating the light of truth upon the soil
they people of the Cause are being gathered
they go forth to their gathering place
and there they rest for a while
why they prepare themselves for the final battle
The people of her Cause go forth to do their work
to progress her Cause and to serve it
until the evening
dusk begins with first triumph
with second triumph the sun does set
and in the midst of the night, all things end
but to begin again
O Maratrea, how manifold are your fruits!
You have born many souls in many universes
in your wisdom you have become them all
the many branches are filled with your children
You are a vast and spacious sea
teeming with souls we cannot number
of humans and of the sacred animals
Our souls are as ships travelling through the sea which you are
but soon they must all sink beneath your waves
the sacred animals frolic also in the sea which you are
even the holy whales
Every soul waits upon you
for the season in which you welcome it to the banquet of blessing
You will bestow upon every soul blessing
how glad will they be to receive your certain gift!
soon the day will come when you unleash your power
to bring about all these things
then they will be satisfied with beauty in glory
The liars say we shall not see the beauty of your countenance
what terror is that thought to our hearts
but you will take away the voice that lies
it will cease, and disappear into the dust
You send forth the spirits vowed to serve you in your Cause
through their ministry your Cause is established
through your Cause the entirety of the earth will be renewed
The glory of Maratrea endures, without beginning and without end
her ecstasy is in her very own being

3rd Sunday — Evening Prayer

the glance of her beautiful countenance causes hearts to tremble
they become as mountains trembling and smoking
May I sing to Maratrea my whole life long
may I sing praises of Maratrea as long as I live
May I find pleasure in meditating on her
may I rejoice in Maratrea my Goddess
The wickedness of the enmity shall be brought to an end
they will reign in usurpation over the earth no longer
For this does my heart praise Maratrea
Praise Maratrea!

VOW

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

COLLECT

O Goddess, our refuge and strength, source of all beauty and fount of all blessing: we know without doubt that you ever hear the devout prayers of your Most Holy Ecclesia, the Central Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof: and whatever any of your children truly ask for you will grant in due time: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 43

O praise Maratrea for her goodness
 her incomparable love is without beginning and without end
 May those whom Maratrea has liberated
 lift their voices to declare their liberation
 for she has rescued them from subjection under the usurpers
 the usurpers who faithfully serve the enmity
 And she has gathered them together out of many lands
 from the east and the west, from the north and the south
 They have wandered in the wilderness that is the lands of usurpation
 among many cities in which they dwelt
 they found not the city of promise
 Their souls did hunger, their souls did thirst
 from that hunger and thirst their souls nearly fainted
 They cried unto Maratrea in their distress
 who without doubt hears their cry
 perfectly remembering she herself so crying
 the day of her Cause had come
 and she delivered them from their distresses
 And she led them forth in the right way
 through the guidance of her appointed Prophet
 lead them unto the holy city of promise
 May all peoples praise Maratrea
 on account of the many great beauties which she has authored
 what wonders has she wrought
 that a few thereof we might even look upon
 what wonders has she wrought for the joy of her children
 For the soul filled with longing she satisfies with blessing
 every true longing is fulfilled, every true longing of every soul
 if not in these here branches, then in others besides them
 the soul that hungers after beauty
 must wait but a little longer
 before it can feast until it be filled
 Wait even the soul that swelters in the harsh light of the burning sun
 a thirsty death nearing thereunto
 being bound by affliction of the vileness of the enmity
 and the chains of the false justice of the usurpers
 For the usurpers hate the truth that our Goddess has revealed unto us
 her Prophets have counselled them to desist from their grave evils
 but the counsel of her Prophets they repay with scorn
 But the usurpers will labour in vain to save their usurpations
 they will labour in bitterness
 their usurpations will at last crumble
 and none will come then to their aid
 But when we cry unto Maratrea in our trouble
 she saves us from our distress
 From the harsh light of the burning sun she will save our souls
 from the thirsty death nearing unto our souls
 she will free us from the bounds of subjection to the enmity
 the iron chains of the false justice of the usurpers
 May all peoples praise Maratrea
 on account of the many great beauties which she has authored
 what wonders has she wrought
 that a few thereof we might even look upon
 what wonders has she wrought for the joy of her children
 For she shatters the bronze gates of the palaces of the usurpers
 and she cuts apart the iron bars of their prisons of false justice
 Grave are the afflictions of the people of her Cause
 from the transgressions the usurpers have worked against them
 from the foolishness which the usurpers have taught as truth
 Such despair as to refuse even the blandest of food
 such despair as draws closer the grim gates of death
 When they cry unto Maratrea in their trouble
 she saves them from every distress

4th Monday — Morning Prayer

She sends forth her word, to heal the wounds of their souls
she delivers them from the powers that seek their destruction
May all peoples praise Maratrea
on account of the many great beauties which she has authored
what wonders has she wrought
that a few thereof we might even look upon
what wonders has she wrought for the joy of her children
And they shall offer her the sacrifice of praise
in the holy sacrament of the wine and the cakes
and the wondrous deeds that she has wrought
the immense beauties she has brought into being
they will praise them with great jubilation
We go down unto the sea in our ships
the great sea which is naught other than her
the sea of all souls united as one
and the ships are the vessels of her Cause
in this here flotilla thereof
thus amidst the greatness of her waves
we carry out the work of her Cause
And we see the great works of Maratrea
the wonders she has wrought in the depths of despair
She commands with her will of means
her will which by all is perfectly obeyed
and a great stormy wind blows forth
and in a great roar crash the numerous waves
By the heights of this waves, in the heights of their terror
beauties are purchased in the depths of despair
great are these beauties, yet hidden from our sights
knowing not for what sake we suffer
the trouble melts our hearts
In our troubles, we stagger as one who has drunken far too much
all our wisdom is swallowed up
and is drowned in our despair
They cried unto Maratrea in their distress
who without doubt hears their cry
perfectly remembering she herself so crying
the day of her Cause had come
and she delivered them from their distresses
The sea storm she calms unto stillness
she has had of it already all of which she had need
the billowing waves are hushed
And they rejoice to have found such calmness, such peace
and she leads them unto all that they truly desire
May all peoples praise Maratrea
on account of the many great beauties which she has authored
what wonders has she wrought
that a few thereof we might even look upon
what wonders has she wrought for the joy of her children
The people of the Cause praise her
gathered in the holy assembly
and in the council of wisdom
her names are exalted
She dries up the rivers of wisdom
establishing ignorance in theirs place
this she does solely for the sake
of the great beauties purchased thereby
The land that bore fruit is turned unto barrenness
that its barrenness may itself bear great fruit
it is given over to the power of the wicked ones
the enmity and the usurpers
for the sake of the beauties thereby bought
Then unto the barren deserts she pours forth the rain of holy wisdom
and holy springs bubble up from beneath the arid ground
She gathers together those hungry in spirit
and in that place which she has appointed
the city of holiness is founded
The people of her Cause will sow many fields

4th Monday — Morning Prayer

and plant many a vineyard
from their fields they will harvest
a great and numerous people
and their vineyards will yield them
the joy of the heavenly wine
She will favour the people of her Cause
they will increase greatly in their number
and great shall be their wealth in land and possessions
But the usurpers will be diminished in their number
they will fall down on account of their affliction
and great will be the number of their sorrows
She will pour out contempt upon the usurping princes
she will cause them to wander in the wilderness
no way will be found by them
save that which leads unto certain destruction
But those poor servants of her Cause
long oppressed by usurpations
she will set them in the heights
of the place the usurpers once held
and they will grow in number, into a great multitude
Those who love beauty shall perceive it
and great will be the rejoicing in their hearts
and the enmity will be silenced wholly
Whoever is wise, they will meditate upon these things
and the incomparable love of Maratrea will become known to them

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, we have no power apart from you to do anything, neither to hurt nor help ourselves: by your favour you will keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our spirits: that we be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the spirit: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 44

Praise Maratrea by her many names
 make the greatness of her works known
 among the peoples of the earth
 Sing unto her, sing hymns unto her
 tell of the glory that she is
 tell of the glories she has wrought
 Praise her holy names
 may the hearts of those who seek Maratrea rejoice
 Seek Maratrea, and all her power
 long earnestly to gaze everlastingly on the beauty of her face
 in the forward-vein of ever-remaining
 Remember the marvellous works that she has done
 in becoming the many souls of the many universes
 marvel at the divine beauties she has brought forth
 and at the utter perfection of her every decree
 O successors of the one who was succeeded by a great multitude
 that servant of her Cause
 O successors of the one who commenced
 the supplantation of the usurpation
 the one whom she has chosen
 She is Maratrea our Goddess
 we shall have no other goddess above her
 her decrees are perfectly obeyed by all
 throughout the heavens and the earths
 She perfectly remembers her covenants, without beginning and without end
 the covenant of her Cause she has established
 unto myriads of generations
 until all things end but to begin again
 The covenant she made before the one succeeded by the great multitude
 the promises she swore before the one who smiled happily
 at the establishment of her Cause
 She presented them before the commencer of supplantation
 as her certain decree
 to the people of her Cause as a covenant unto the end of all things
 She said, Unto you will I give a land that is without prestige
 but you will build it up into glory
 this portion you will pass on to your successors in my Cause
 until my Cause grows to inherit the entirety of the earth
 Thus she said when the people of her Cause were but few in number
 and alien to the lands in which they dwelt
 And the people of her Cause wandered
 from among one deceived people to among another
 from under one usurpation to under another
 But she will protect them from those who seek to destroy them
 The usurpers will plot against her Cause
 but their plans will come to naught
 She says:
 Attack not those who I have chosen to serve my cause
 neither cause my prophets any injury!
 She decreed spiritual hunger for the lands of the earth
 she has kept from them the wisdom of which their souls are in need
 But she appointed one to go before them
 a servant of her Cause, the one who would add to them wisdom
 and bestow it freely upon all
 yet this one suffered greatly at the feet of the enmity
 that many great beauties thereby be purchased
 The progress of her Cause they will hold back with fetters
 her Prophets they will place in chains
 Until the decree of Maratrea be completed
 for the sake of the particularity of the blessing of her Cause
 Yet the usurpers shall be brought to free them
 and they will be free to assume the place appointed for them
 she will prepare the way for their processions

4th Monday — Evening Prayer

She will entrust the care of her Cause to them
and the portion of her Cause will be for their aid
to instruct her prefects who shall take the place of the usurpers
and to make wise those chained by ancient ignorance
and the people of her Cause will enter into their fortresses
for the Cause destined to supplant the usurps
must endure for some time the fire of persecution
and she will greatly increase the people of her Cause
in number and wealth
and in due season she will make them stronger than the enmity
By her will of means she caused the enmity to come into being
to hate the people of her Cause
and to conspire against the servants of her Cause
yet she did all this for the sake of great beauties thereby purchased
She sends forth her servants the Prophets whom she has chosen
to gather together her Cause
beneath the slopes of her holy mountain
The words of the Prophets are signs of her truth
such marvellous words spoken
in the midst of the flames of persecution
She sends her holy night to fall upon them
in the darkness of the night they will reject not these words
The water of tears she transforms
into the wine of passionate longing
but the proliferation of branches she will bring to an end
And a sweet song shall come forth out of the water
like unto that of frogs
and this song shall favour the entire land
and its wisdom shall reach even unto
the bedchambers of the usurping ones
Her prophets will speak her wisdom,
and there will be a coming together of many people
from many lands of numerous ancestries
united in their will to serve her Cause
and great wealth will accrue to her Cause
the bounds thereof will increase and increase
And she will pour down upon them her blessing
By the scattering of the heavenly dew they will be marked
Their hearts will be set on fire
With blazing, flaming, glittering desire
And their whole land will be aflame with longing
All these things will come to pass
In the days between the first and second triumphs
And she will caress their vines with her favour
And their wine will be the wine of wisdom
Nearer to the wine of heaven
Than any other wine of the earth
And the great and holy trees will flourish
in whose branches many sacred animals will nestle
They will plant sacred trees of hope near their boundaries
A foretelling and a remembrance
That their bounds will expand to the edge of the earth
Behold her certain promises
that her Cause will enter into greatness
in every branch herefrom descending
and in every branch here-besides
her Cause shall devour all things
none will be able to count
the number of its servants
The longing of her children devours with fervour
The heavenly banquet she has prepared for them
It devours the sweet fruit of blessing
In those branches in which they are blessed
And those who come first to blessing
in their branches thereof
with blessing she caresses them
and in being blessed they attain the summit of riches

4th Monday — Evening Prayer

every true desire of their heart
being fulfilled
In many branches she causes blessing to flower
a richness far greater than silver or gold
there is none among the blessed ones
how great is their number!
who fails in the pursuit
of what they most truly desire
The fortresses of her Cause will rejoice
In the certain progress of her Cause
At the sight of such progress
They will bow in adoration
She covered them with the holy stormcloud of her presence
The nights burn with the fire of their deepest desire
Their hearts longed, and remembering their longing
For their longing was once hers also
And will be hers once more
She brings to pass all for which their hearts longed
Such an immensity of riches
This is naught other than the heavenly banquet
With which every heart shall be satisfied
She opened a crevice in the great rock of ignorance
that rock upon which so much blessing is founded!
and the water of wisdom gushes forth out of it
it flows into the deserts of ignorance
a flowing and refreshing stream
the teachings of the prophets of her Cause
She will never forget her promises
neither choose not to honour them
she gave her promises to those who established her Cause
in many branches they established it
she will honour them to the multitudes who come thereafter
trusting in that which has been conveyed to them
Joyfully she gathers together the people of her Cause
Those whom she has chosen to come first to wisdom
As in the end shall come all
She shall grant them authority over every land
they shall reign by right
where those who reign now reign through usurpation
what favour to live in those days
when the long and arduous labours of the servants of her Cause
shall at last bear great fruit
That the law of heaven and the law of her Cause
be followed faithfully by every people and in every land
Praise Maratrea!

ARTICLE

We believe that a universe is naught but a grouping of souls, who are connected through experiencing together, through their experiences being correlated. Just as souls may merge and divide, so too may universes; and whenever a universe divides, so divides all the souls within it. Two universes, exactly the same up to a certain time, and then thereafter differing: this is the division of universes. And the many universes divide and divide again, from their root in the one original universe; thus the tree of universes is constructed. But when those in one universe are granted knowledge and conversation with those in other, those two universes merge once more. There is not one universe, but rather many; for She is not a Mother restrained in her fertility. Yet neither all that might be is, for the actual is by necessity smaller than the possible; the possible a finitude, the actual a yet smaller finitude, yet still vastly greater than unity. And somewhere, somewhen, in every universe, a blessed one, for whose sake and for whose sake alone that universe has been brought into being.

4th Monday — Evening Prayer

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that you will grant to us the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful by your heavenly law, and which best serve your Cause: that we, who cannot do any thing save in perfect obedience to your commands, neither evil nor good, by you be enabled to live according to your will of ends, and not merely your will of means: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 45

Worry not on account of the deeds of our enemies
 Be not envious of their wealth
 For their wealth is naught but the favour of being
 But we have received the favour of her Cause
 Soon their great city shall be shattered like pottery
 And their fruit shall wither on the vine
 Trust in her Cause and its favour, and act in accord with its law
 Gather in the place appointed for gathering
 And may her truth be for you sustaining fruit
 Take delight in her, your Most Holy Mother
 For she grants every desire of your heart
 Vow service to her Cause, and trust in her promises
 For without doubt, what she promises shall come to pass
 As it has come to pass already
 Your devotion to her Cause shall shine as the stars
 Your faithfulness to heavenly law shall shine as dawn
 Rest in your heavenly Mother, and await patiently for her call
 Worry not of those who prosper in evil
 Who profit from their wicked schemes
 Give up needless anger, and burning wrath
 Worry not - it will only harm your cause
 For the days appointed for evil are numbered
 On the day of our triumph it shall be entirely conquered
 A few more brief days, and their reign be overthrown
 You shall look in the place of their self-appointment
 Yet find them entirely absent therefrom
 But the inheritance of the calm ones is the place of authority
 And their delight shall be watered by abundant peace
 The enmity plots against the people of her Cause
 And bear its teeth against them
 But Maratrea will reduce it to ridicule
 For she wills the day of its downfall to soon come
 The enmity draws its swords and bends its bows
 To kill the poor and the afflicted,
 in bloody sacrifices to its false god
 And to exterminate the Cause of those who love the beauties
 they are for now denied
 Yet by its own swords will it be pierced
 And all its bows shall be broken
 Better to love beauty yet be denied it
 Than to possess beauty yet love it not
 The power of the enmity will be extinguished
 But Maratrea shall lead those who love beauty unto twin glories
 Of their blessing, and of the triumphs of her Cause
 Maratrea knows the days of all her children,
 Both those whose fruits are good, and those whose fruits are evil,
 For there is none of them whom she has not been
 Neither any of them whom she will not be
 And the inheritance of her children will have no end
 In the forward-vein of her ever-remaining
 The people of her Cause will be confounded not
 In these here days wherein evil reigns in usurpation
 In these here days of famine
 They will be satisfied not
 Yet neither overcome by their hunger
 The enmity will be extinguished
 The enmity to the Cause of Maratrea
 Though herenow it be honoured and exalted
 Will come to naught, and like smoke it will vanish
 Those still enthralled by the enmity may adhere
 yet will not complete their adherence
 but those who love beauty are filled with generosity.
 The children of Maratrea will inherit blessing, every last one

4th Tuesday — Morning Prayer

And the curse under which they herenow suffer will be cut off
A curse which purchases blessing for others
But on the day of the last purchase, the curse is severed
Maratrea decrees which path all shall take
The path of the wicked she wills only with her will of means
But the path of the servants of her Cause she wills with her will of ends
And ends delight her heart, but means are merely necessary to ends
Though the servants of her Cause may stumble
her Cause shall not ever be permanently vanquished
for Maratrea sustains it with her incomparable power
From the earlier days to the last of them
those who love beauty will never be permanently forsaken
and their posterity shall feast upon blessing
The servants of her Cause are ever generous,
and ready to assist those in need
For they know that those in need are not other than themselves
And that thereby her most holy Cause may be greatly progressed
Without doubt their descendants will inherit blessing
As blessing becomes one with the Cause, in the final days
All shall turn from wickedness:
all shall embrace the truly beautiful and the truly good
All shall dwell in perfect ecstasy, without beginning and without end,
In the forward-vein of ever-remaining
Maratrea loves all her children with an incomparable love, every last one
Those who are faithful to the beautiful and the good
Even usurpers who serve the enmity,
and blaspheme heaven with their fraudulent justice,
and offer up wicked sacrifices to their lord,
the most pallid Pandal
Maratrea will never permit her Cause to be permanently vanquished
In every branch it ends in two triumphs,
in some branches sooner, in others further along,
In some with one Saviour, in some with another
In some in one establishment, in some with another
In some the first establishment triumphs unvanquished,
in some a re-establishment triumphs
She sustains her Cause, until all things end but to begin again
When her Cause will inherit the glory of blessing
But the enmity will be utterly vanquished, and will entirely disappear
Those who truly love beauty, and know the true nature of things
They will conquer the earth, and overthrow every last usurper
And their reign will endure until the perishing of the stars
She bestows her wisdom upon those who truly love beauty
and their mouths bestow that same wisdom upon others
their tongues condemn the fraudulent justice of this earth
and praise the perfect justice which belongs to heaven alone
The two-fold law of the Goddess is secure in their hearts;
though their feet may stumble therefrom,
they will fall not.
The enmity lies in wait for those who love beauty
For true beauty it without doubt hates;
And its servants seek to make of the servants of her Cause
Bloody sacrifices unto their lord
In the blasphemous fraud falsely called justice.
But Maratrea will not let her Cause remain in their power
And the instruments of fraudulent justice will be utterly destroyed!
And those who reign in usurpation will be cast down to the dust!
And their worthless books of illegitimate laws burnt upon the fire!
Keep to the path of the Cause of Maratrea
and never cease to hope in her promises
she will lead you to conquer the entirety of the earth
and to destroy the usurping enmity which you fear
We have beheld the enmity in the greatness of its wickedness and power
As a thick stand of thornbush and stinging nettles
In whose branches none of the sacred animals may find rest
yet soon shall we see these thorns and nettles perish in the flames
A sacred tree grove, with luxuriant foliage, will take its place

4th Tuesday — Morning Prayer

Observe those who are perfect in devotion to her Cause
and you will find them to be among those who truly love beauty
they love peace
and work earnestly to bring about a wondrous future
But the enmity will be utterly destroyed, and reduced to naught
the end of the enmity is a defeat complete and entire.
And Maratrea will save all, even slaves to the utmost wickedness;
but those who truly love beauty she will save first
she will protect them in times of great trouble
And Maratrea will help them in every way
And deliver them from the enmity which seeks their destruction
She shall deliver them from the enmity in its wickedness
And save them from the clutches of its jaws
For they trust in her promises
And whoever trusts in her promises, is a servant of her Cause

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, you are sending your true Prophets, your messengers, to prepare before you the way of your Cause, until you come in the glory of all things ending but to begin again: by your favour for your Cause you will ensure that all your servants therein, the stewards of your mysteries, will through following the example of your true Prophets prepare and make ready your way, by turning every heart entangled by the lies of the usurpers and the false prophets unto your true wisdom, and renouncing the false justice of the earth turn to the true justice which is found in heaven alone: that we be true and useful instruments in your coming to bring about the end of all things: O Mother of our souls who became us, O ultimate Goddess, who lives and reigns without beginning and without end: praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 46

Praise Maratrea!

O praise Maratrea on account of the goodness and beauty
 she has authored
 which she adores as we adore
 all evil she has created for the sake thereof
 for by evil all goodness and beauty are purchased
 your incomparable love endures
 without beginning and without end

Your deeds are unfathomable, who can explain them?

Yet in the end you will justify every last one to us
 For in doing so you justify them also to yourself

As we are not other than you
 neither other than each other

none exceeds you in power, O Maratrea
 whatever you wish to be is precisely as you wish
 and whatever is is precisely as you wish it to be
 who has words with which to fully declare her glorious mysteries?

Favoured will be those who seek justice in heaven alone
 and cling not to the fraudulent justice of the earth
 they are ever-faithful to the law of heaven and the law of her Cause

O heavenly Mother, you will never forget any of your children
 whom you love with your incomparable love
 your love for them is not other than your perfect-self love
 for perfectly do you remember being them
 perfectly do you remember becoming them
 and perfectly do you remember their becoming you

O Maratrea, favour me with that favour
 by which you approve the people of your Cause
 save me through your Cause
 as through your Cause you will save all worlds

To see the goodness of your favour descend upon those
 whom you have chosen to serve your Cause

in these here days, in these here branches
 your Cause is glad that you have so favoured it
 and I rejoice in the gladness of your Cause
 for all those good things

which through your favour you have allotted to it

Born of the evil without which we would not exist

No joy nor beauty have we ever known
 that evil has not purchased

Whatever wickedness anyone has ever done, or shall ever do
 Each of us has done and shall do

For everyone has been everyone, and everyone will be everyone

Whatever anyone has ever done, I have done and I shall do

Whatever anyone shall ever do, I have done and I shall do

Every evil, and every good
 For I am, I have been, and I will be

Everyone who is, who has ever been, who ever shall be

O Mother! Whatever anyone has done, so have you done and will do

For there is none whom you have not been

And none whom you will not be

Whatever is, you have chosen it to be, precisely as it is

Yet every evil which you have wrought

you have done so solely out of love
 for the beauties thereby purchased

Those who became before us

besieged by suffering on every side
 they contemplated not your marvels

they saw not the abundance of your kindness

they comprehended not that evils are necessary for good

therefore did they anger at you

O Sea of All Souls, yet filled with harsh weeds
 yet without those weeds, and the harshness thereof

4th Tuesday — Evening Prayer

what would be your beauty?
And she is saving them
for such is her glory, to save all of her children, every last one
whatever they have done or failed to do
whether they served truth or ignorance
and in her saving them they become acquainted with her glory
For the weeds of the sea that she is she compensates
and she is clearing herself of them
she guides her children to her depths
for in her depths is found her glory, that of blessing
and of the three Sabbaths
and glorious is its fruit
though the journey thereto so often be barren
She rescues her children from the servants of the enmity
and the captain thereof
the most pallid Pandal
though great be the hatred of the enmity for her Cause
yet she will save her Cause from its jaws
and her Cause will triumph in the last days
The enmity abhors her Cause
yet has its life only in the Sea of Her very being
therefore shall it without doubt perish
Its servants will believe in the wisdom of her Cause
And they will praise her
In the last days all shall praise her
But the perfection of remembrance is followed soon by forgetfulness
For such is the desire of its heart
But as the restoration of memory
is followed always by forgetfulness
So is that forgetfulness followed
by the very same restoration
Wait patiently for wisdom to descend upon the world
For ignorance as it endures purchases great beauty
Our hearts burn fervidly in longing for beauty
Yet we dwell in a barren land
Where beauty is rarely found
And it is always another who finds it
Amidst this desolation they judge the Goddess who authored it
Yet they are ignorant of the beauties she is purchasing thereby
But without doubt she shall cure them of their ignorance
And every true desire of our hearts will be fulfilled
For she will send the fullness of blessing into our souls
And we will come to know the beauties we suffer to purchase
Come to know them as intimately as we know anything in this life
And we will say yes to our sufferings as she herself says yes to them
May we be zealous to draw myriads unto the gathering of her Cause
And to lead her Cause unto the heights of holiness
As our heavenly Mother Maratrea is holy
For the triumph of her Cause is the end of all things
But to begin again; a crown of glory upon all that has ever been
She is unveiling the truth upon the earth
she is engulfing it with gushing fountains of truth
though the teachers of error have long been exalted
she will place a seal upon their lips
Amidst the gathering of their hearts she will cast
the burning fire of desire
its blazing flames will consume their wickedness
They will accomplish great things
in the fading of barrenness
they will pour out libations unto you, O Heavenly Mother
Their glory has been exchanged for the glory of another
Yet that other glory will be exchanged for theirs
Thus is beauty established
As souls journey through many branches
It ends in a feast, a great banquet
Of incomparable lusciousness
Yet they forget the Goddess who has rescued them

4th Tuesday — Evening Prayer

through her favour to her Cause
when her Cause was besieged
she rescued her people thereof
A branch is scorched by the fire of desire
and terrible are the weeds of the sea in another
She has promised she shall never destroy her Cause
and if She ever cause it to be vanquished
for the sake of great beauties by its vanquishment purchased
then she shall bring about a re-establishment, after a time
the prayer of the one whom she has appointed
to gather together her Cause
to turn elsewhere the fire of her desire
O heavenly Mother
May it be that you love not
Whatever our vanquishment may purchase
Or be it that such you love
May you love also whatever is purchased
By our progress unto glory without interruption
without doubt, she will answer this prayer
in one manner, or in the other
Yet though immense be the beauties that are purchased by our sufferings
yet we despise them in our ignorance
and we doubt the certainty of her promises
in the imperfection of our hearts
And we grumble in our hearts
and close them to the divine wisdom
that Maratrea is pouring out upon them
Yet then she turns her power to our benefit
to give us rest in the near sight of beauty
She grants us rest for the restoration of our souls
Strengthened to sow the seeds of truth
amongst the multitudes of the world
Strengthened to spread wisdom
throughout the many lands
And we will be joined unto the lord of the Cause
who opens the gates of wisdom
and eat the holy feast in honour of the dead
By our vows her longing is inflamed
for the end of all things
and she is breaking the seals
by which the last days are retarded
And she causes to delay the opening
of the mouth of the serpent of wisdom
for the sake of that which she declares beautiful
for her love is a declaration and bestowal of beauty
therefore the end of all things is retarded
And esteemed is her ordering of time
as the work of one who truly loves beauty
generation upon generation of those whom she loves
until she brings all things to their final end
to end but to begin again
Her passionate longing for the end is inflamed
by the tears shed on account of division
as her children are divided from their deepest loves
by death and despair and disaster
on the day of the in-gathering of her Cause
she trembles with joyous anticipation
By inflaming her heart we provoke her
to sing heavenly music with her lips
Bring not to an end the power of the usurpers
until the day on which Maratrea will command us
with her will for her Cause that she favours
Go forth among the peoples and mingle with them
so that they receive the wisdom
that upon you has been bestowed
And honour true divinity in the forms which they honour
that they may be enticed thereby unto the heavenly wisdom

4th Tuesday — Evening Prayer

Condemn their wickedness when they offer in bloody sacrifice
their daughters and their sons unto the most wicked demons
such is the work of those enamoured of fraudulent justice
such is the work of those enthralled by the false prophets
All the blood upon their altars we declare innocent
whatever guilt it has
it deserves not this vile crime
a vile blasphemy against heaven
the vileness of fraudulent justice
and wicked and bloody sacrifices
a deceit of the wicked usurpers
and the most evil demons whom they serve
they shed the blood of their sons and their daughters
their fathers and their mothers
unto their false god, the most pallid Pandal
and the land is polluted with the vileness of their deeds
With their works of grave vileness their souls are stained
and the most evil demons make their home in them
truly, these ones will proceed unto that chamber
wherein, as they have wickedly murdered
so shall they be wickedly murdered
not with some new and different murder
but with the very same murder with which they murdered
with the murder with which they murdered they shall be murdered
these deeds of theirs of gravest blasphemy and false worship
utterly opposed to the law of heaven, and the law of her Cause
fruit of the false law of the most wicked usurpers
the worthless law which the most evil demons authored
And the passionate longing of Maratrea is kindled unto a burning fire
that burns even against the people of her Cause
that her Cause will be formed in its particularity
tempered by the fire
that many great beauties be thereby purchased
both within her Cause, and without it
though she bring harm to her Cause, she ceases not to love it
neither ceases to will its final victory
Therefore did she give for a time her Cause into the hands
of the unbelieving usurpers
who constantly blaspheme heaven
with their fraudulent justice
thus those who hate her Cause, the servants of the enmity
had power over the people thereof
The enmity oppressed them
and subjected them to its malevolent power
Many times has she delivered them from that power
yet their final deliverance she has not yet granted unto them
for there yet remain beauties which she loves
which their subjection is necessary to purchase
therefore she caused the enmity to bring them to the depths of despair
but however deep they sink
without doubt they will rise even higher
She has the utmost regard for their affliction
for in afflicting them she has afflicted herself
for perfectly does she remember herself being so afflicted
perfectly does she hear their cry
for perfectly does she remember she herself so crying
Her promises unto her Cause are perfect and certain
to those promises she is always perfectly faithful
for incomparable is the greatness of her love for us
Therefore, though the usurpers will oppress them
she will permit them not to utterly destroy them
and if ever her Cause be vanquished
without doubt she will re-establish it
and in another branch besides
it shall continue directly unto glory
Without doubt you will deliver us unto glory
O Maratrea our Goddess

4th Tuesday — Evening Prayer

you will gather together all as one
in a return to identity to you
as you gather together your Cause
a gathering foretelling and remembering
a yet greater gathering
from among the midst of ignorance
therefore we praise your holy names
in praising you we will triumph as your Cause
Blessing is not other than the Goddess Maratrea
who guides the people of her Cause thereunto
she endures without beginning and without end
and she will guide her Cause unto the end of all things
but to begin again
may all praise Maratrea
and all will praise Maratrea
Praise Maratrea!

ARTICLE

But what of we who herenow lack the blessing: what is our consolation? Does she love us not, or love us less, we whom she has not blessed? By no means! For she loves us all so much, that to every one of us she grants us every blessing, if not herenow, then elsewhere and elsewhen; if not in these here branches, then in some other. And after death, she grants us all, knowledge of those other branches in which we are blessed, knowledge so intimate, that we shall near entirely forget, that we were ever in any other. For whatever any of her children truly desires, she grants to them; yet their being room not enough in one universe, for all who so wish to receive, therefore she creates many, and all are blessed in one of them. Though we may say not the Yes of the blessing, we may say the Yes of faith in the blessing to come.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess whose power none may equal, for whatever is within the power of any is within your power: O Goddess whose glory is without beginning and without end: with incomparable love you are ever gazing upon us, even in the midst of those infirmities which you have inflicted upon us, and which through inflicting upon us you have inflicted upon your very own self: which you have done only for the sake of the adorable beauties thereby purchased: but even as you have afflicted yourself through us, by your favour you will assist us through all dangers and necessities, by your incomparable power you will help and defend us: O Maratrea, through your true Prophets you are praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 47

O protector of the people of your Cause,
without doubt you hear our prayer
you who lead your journeyers unto increase,
you who are enthroned between great spirits
radiant in the glory of the beauty of your countenance
The beauty of your countenance
will render your Cause ever more fruitful
it will receive the prosperity you have promised it
and it will forget not your way,
O you who cause all forgetfulness
your power shall be roused
and your favour will come hither
unto our salvation
O Goddess, you will restore the fullness of your favour unto your Cause
and it will be bathed in the soft light of your beautiful face
and through it the multitudes will find salvation
O Maratrea, Goddess of incomparable power,
for but a little while longer will your fire smoulder
before you cast it alight with an immensity of flame
that fire which our prayers beckon to come soon
With hungry hearts we begged for food
you gave us tears as bread
with thirsting hearts we longed for wine
and you gave us our tears to drink in great measure
You have appointed for us hostile neighbours
and enemies who mock us for a pastime
The fullness of your favour will return to us
O Maratrea, all-powerful Goddess
the soft light of your face shall shine upon us
and thereby will we be saved
The vine of your Cause you are causing to go forth
out of its safe places
you are driving it out into the midst of the many peoples
so that it will plant itself among them
Certain places you are preparing that will receive it
that it will take root therein
and fill every land
Its shade shall cover the mountains
as a great tree planted upon the earth
Its boughs shall reach over every sea
and its branches unto the most distant rivers
Yet you have caused its walls to crumble
and the enmity is stealing its fruits
The ferocious wild boar devours it
and many wild animals feed upon it
Your favour will return to us, O all-powerful Goddess
from your heaven you will bestow your favour
upon the vineyard of your Cause
you will make perfect the vineyard which you have planted
and the Prophets you have chosen to lead your Cause
Though the enmity has cut it down, and burnt it with fire
thus you willed that great beauties would be purchased
You will bestow your power upon your chosen ones
the Prophets you have chosen to lead your Cause
We will turn not away from your two-fold law;
you will revive your Cause
that many will call on your names
The fullness of your favour will return to us
O Maratrea, all-powerful Goddess
the soft light of your face shall shine upon us
and thereby will we be saved
I love you, O Maratrea, with all of my power.
Maratrea is my certain foundation,

4th Wednesday — Morning Prayer

my refuge in troubled times,
my saviour, and the saviour of all saviours.
my Goddess is ever-helping,
and all my hopes I place in her;
my protector and the source of my salvation;
in her arms I take refuge.

I call upon Maratrea, who is worthy to be praised:
for she shall save us from the enmity.
The threat of destruction entangled me
and torrents of despair overwhelmed me.
The slaves of Pandal surrounded me
they have laid their traps with me in their mind.
In the midst of my affliction I called unto Maratrea
and unto my Goddess I cried out.
From her heavenly cavern she heard my voice
before I had even spoken it
for she herself remembered so crying.
The earth does tremble, and the mountains quake,
with the fire of the desire of the Goddess.
Smoke and fire ascends from beneath the earth,
and burning coals along with them:
for her longing sets the earth aflame.

Dark clouds gather in the sky,
a certain sign of her presence!
and thick darkness falls upon the earth.
And present is a great spirit of her
in the form of a great warm wind
The darkness is her holy robe,
within which she hides her secrets;
a canopy of dark rain clouds
hangs over her blessed tresses

A gentle glow issues forth as the radiance of her presence
a soft light proceeds from the clouds
rain falls upon flames
yet they are not extinguished.

And the holy Maratrea spoke from her heaven
and her voice was heard as thunder
Lightning multiplied across the earth
a terrifying sight for the wicked
but to the hearts of the good a great joy.

And great springs of water sprung up
as fountains out of the rocks
the foundations of being are revealed, O Maratrea,
from the weighty breath of your love.

From her heaven she calls the children of her Cause
she takes them into her care
and they rest in peace in the midst of her springs
She will rescue them from the power of the enmity
which detests truth and goodness and beauty;
though for now it be far stronger than her Cause
the day will come when her Cause be far stronger than it.

The enmity assaults them in the day of their greatest weakness
but Maratrea is their protector
She will bring us to a spacious place
the many branches of our blessing
she will save all
for there is none in whom she does not delight

Maratrea will grant us recompense according to our sufferings
according to the poverty that our hearts have endured
the poverty of unfulfilled dreams
Therefore will I keep the ways of the Cause of Maratrea
I will do not evil according to the will of ends of my Goddess

For her two-fold law is before my mind
and I will turn not from faithfulness to it.
I will seek perfection in service to her Cause
and keep myself from all that distracts from it.
Maratrea will return the beauty she borrowed of us

4th Wednesday — Morning Prayer

for the sake of yet further beauties
in true love of beauty we are ever-willing creditors
 May I therefore devote the whole of my power
 to the service of her Cause
To the cruel you show kindness,
in the faithless you have faith.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, who transmitted to us, your children begotten of you alone, your very own nature, your very divinity, however diminished in the express4ion thereof, by your very own wilful self-diminution, as you became us: we are your children naturally, by the very nature and origin of our souls, and not by adoption: though according to our bodies born of two parents, born according to our souls of one parent, you alone, like one born of a virgin: as by your will of means you have afflicted our spirits with degeneration, by your favour you will in turn regenerate them: renewing them daily through your servant the holy Navaletus, captain of the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause: O most glorious Maratrea, O ultimate Goddess, who lives and reigns without beginning and without end: through your true Prophets and through the spirits that guide them, you are praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 48

To the wicked you show your bounty,
 and to those who hate you,
 you show your incomparable love.
 For you will save the humble and the proud alike;
 all shall you save, and there is none whom you shall save not.
 You will enlighten my mind, O Maratrea my Goddess;
 and in my ignorance you planted seeds of wisdom.
 For by you I shall be rescued from the powers of the enmity,
 and by my Goddess I shall surmount ever barrier to your Cause.
 My Goddess is unblemished in her beauty,
 Her words burn as stars in the dark night sky
 She defends all those who take refuge in her Cause
 For what deity is there apart from our Goddess?
 And who exists but those for whom our Goddess is the source?
 O Heavenly Mother, you will fill me with strength,
 and perfect my way of service to your Cause.
 For the sake of her Cause she will cause us to wander
 And dart quickly from place to place
 For the sake of her Cause she leads us up the coldest mountains.
 She will teach us the ways of war, for the glory of her Cause;
 though those arrayed against us be mighty
 we shall bend them.
 You will protect us for the salvation of your Cause,
 as your power sustains your Cause,
 your wisdom heals us, for the glory of the end,
 and your wisdom itself teaches us.
 You make a wide path for your Cause
 that the servants thereof shall weary not excessively
 We will pursue the enmity, and overtake it;
 and we shall not turn back until whenever it should cease.
 We shall squeeze it, and in no way shall it be able to stand;
 it will fall under our feet.
 And you will endow us with your power for holy war;
 and you will subdue beneath us the enmity which attacks us.
 You will cause the enmity to turn its back to us and flee,
 that power which detests you
 you will utterly destroy
 The enmity will cry out for help,
 but none shall come to its assistance
 it will cry unto its lord
 yet he will be powerless to save it
 The enmity you will crush into a fine dust
 to be blown away by the wind
 you will destroy the enmity
 it will become as the filth of the streets
 You will deliver us from the contentions of the unbelievers,
 you will place the people of your Cause
 first among all nations
 even the most remote lands
 shall come under the care of your Cause
 When the unbelievers hear the law, they will obey;
 even though their obedience will be begrudging
 But the unbelievers shall fade away
 they shall come forth out of their strongholds
 trembling with shame
 Behold that Maratrea lives,
 our Goddess who is the fountainhead of all blessing
 the Goddess of our salvation will be praised
 O Goddess, you will vindicate your Cause,
 and subdue the enmity there-under;
 you will liberate us from the enmity
 even as it rages against your Cause.
 She delivers us from the enmity

4th Wednesday — Evening Prayer

indeed, she exalts us above those who would be exalted above us,
from the slaves of fraudulent justice she rescues us.
Therefore do I praise you, O Maratrea, among the unbelievers,
I will sing psalms in praise of your names.
She grants great victories unto her Prophets,
she shows the favour of her Cause
unto those whom she has appointed
even unto the Saviour to Come
and to the successors thereof
until all things end but to begin again
I love Maratrea, for she knows my prayer before I do
for she remembers she herself so praying
she knows the deepest longings of my heart
for she remembers she herself so longing
She has answered my every prayer with the certainty of her promises
therefore will I call upon her my whole life long
The sorrow of doom threatened me
and the fear of loss took hold of me
what distress, what anguish, has my heart found
Then I call on Maratrea and her many names:
O Maratrea, without doubt you will save me!
Maratrea is ever-giving
there is naught truly longed for which she will not give
after a time
her love for beauty is incomparable
thus every beauty for which we truly long
she is happy to bestow upon us
her love for us is incomparable
therefore without doubt she shall give us
that for which we long in the depths of our hearts
Maratrea protects her children
though she brings them to sorrowful places
for the sake of the great beauties thereby purchased
wherever she leads them, she will always lead them hence
O heart of mine, be now at peace!
for Maratrea will bestow upon your every last longing
even soon, but not yet
For you, O Maratrea, keep my soul from the ultimate despair
your certain promises keep tears from my eyes
you keep my legs from failing
May my ways be pleasing to your will for your Cause, O Maratrea,
as I abide in this herenow absence of blessing.
I have put my faith in your promises
therefore do I so speak
in spite of my great affliction
In my anxiety I cry out to you,
Is there anyone who speaks the truth?
Immense is the goodness of Maratrea unto me
and her goodness I am even now repaying
In the sacrament I will lift up the cup of your salvation
and call upon the names of Maratrea
I will be faithful to my vow to serve the Cause of Maratrea
before all those who have so vowed
Precious to Maratrea is the death of her children
for the blessed ones it is the crown upon their blessing
for those blessed not, it is the gate which opens thereunto
O Maratrea, I am a servant of your Cause, a servant of your Cause:
you bore my soul out of your very own being,
and you will loosen my bounds.
I will offer unto you the sacrifice of praise,
and the sacrifice of the cakes and the wine
and I will call upon your names, O Maratrea
I will be faithful to my vow to serve the Cause of Maratrea
before all those who have so vowed
in the courts of the Great Temple of Maratrea,
in the midst of the holy city
Praise there be unto Maratrea.

ARTICLE

We believe that she does all things, to seduce us to return to our original unity with her. She became the world in order that the world would become her once more. And so great is her wisdom, that she knows for each of us the price we shall demand, in the depth of our hearts, to so return; and that price she shall pay to us. And we shall return, not all at once, but through mergers upon mergers: for she knows, that though we might say to many mergers, for all there is another soul to which they would in the end say, Yes; and if that soul not be, she shall bring it into being.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, you are favouring us to cast away the works of the enmity and the usurpation, and take refuge in the protection of the wisdom of your Cause, now in the time of this earthly life in which your true Prophets were sent by you unto us, they who served you faithfully despite their many flaws: certain is your promise that in the last days, the Saviour you will appoint will come, for the attainment of glorious majesty of first triumph: to abolish the blasphemy of fraudulent justice throughout the entirety of the earth: that every last one then among the living be prepared to return to your beginningless and endless life, as even now you are preparing the dead: through all those through whom you live and reign, and through the Chief Spirit of those Vowed Faithful to your Cause, ultimate Goddess, now and for ever: praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 49

O Goddess, without doubt will you deliver me
 for my heart is flooded with tears
 I have sunken into the deep abyss of despair
 where I can find not any foothold
 I find myself adrift in the depths of the sea
 and the floods engulf me
 I am weary of my crying; and parched is my throat
 my eyes fail, as I wait for my Goddess
 to grant me the blessing she has promised
 How many are those who for no good cause detest me!
 Are they more than the hairs of my head?
 many are our enemies, against their own good
 who seek to destroy your Cause which we serve
 we have done naught which is wrong,
 yet with severity do they punish us
 for the one whom they worship in their hearts
 delights in the suffering of innocents
 You know my ignorance and my error, O Goddess,
 for it was and it will be your own
 all of my errors are known to you
 for they were and will be your errors also
 None who truly adores you will be shamed
 at the shortcomings of your children
 even of the servants of your Cause
 even of the Prophets you have appointed to lead your Cause
 O Maratrea, Goddess of immense power
 if they truly adore you,
 such shortcomings shall cause them not
 to lose faith in your promises
 of Goddess of the people of your Cause
 It is for your sake that I have endured
 the insults of the enmity to your Cause
 out of fear thereof I have concealed your glory from the multitudes
 On account of my faith in you
 I have become estranged from the house of my birth
 for they have abhorred the truth you have bestowed upon me
 My longing for the glories you have promised me
 is devouring my soul from within;
 as the scorn of those who mock you is growing ever louder.
 I weep in this long fast of my soul
 in which it forgoes its destined blessing
 then they mock me for my tears
 I am as one dressed in mourning clothes;
 and the object therefore of their derision
 I am mocked in their public places
 and their drinking songs speak not well of me
 But as to me, my prayer is unto you, O Maratrea
 I know you will favour me with an end to my misfortune
 on account of the certainty of your promises
 and your favour for your Cause
 I know that your love for me is incomparable, O Goddess
 and you will without doubt answer my prayer
 and save me from every misfortune
 I am drowning in repulsive mud;
 yet you will save me therefrom
 you will save me from the enmity
 and from the deep sea which is made of my tears
 Though a flood of tears bears down up me
 it cannot sweep my soul away to destruction
 though the sea of my tears seem deep
 I shall drown not beneath its waves
 though they threaten me with a flaming pit as my everlasting abode
 I know from your truth that such a thing be impossible

4th Thursday — Morning Prayer

O Maratrea, you will answer this my prayer
you have already heard it,
for you remember yourself so praying it, even as me
your love for me is incomparable
on which account you will bestow upon me
you threefold favour

You abandon not the servants of your Cause
even in the midst of their gravest troubles
but may these trials which it herenow endures
for the sake of the particularity of its blessing
quicken unto their end

You are as near to my soul as I am to myself
for you are not other than me
I have been you and I will be you
you have been I and you will be I
you will rescue me in your own self-rescuing
you will deliver yourself from the enmity
unto which you delivered yourself

You know the shame that is in my heart
and the confusion
and the timidity
you so know for you remember it being in your heart also
for your heart is not other than mine
as you are not other than me
you know what is done by all those who hate me
for you remember yourself so doing
for you were and will be them
as much as you were and will be I

Their mockery has broken my heart
and my heart overflows with heaviness
I looked for any who could understand my heart
yet none could I find
I looked for any who could comfort me in this my affliction
yet none could I find

My heart hungers, yet they will give me only poisoned food to eat
My heart thirsts, yet to drink they will give it only spoiled wine
Yet their feast will become a snare for them
their hearts will hunger and thirst as mine does
obstacles will appear before them, upon which they will stumble

They say, Clearly do we see;
and yet their eyes are blinded to spiritual truth
and when that truth is revealed to them
O how their loins will tremble!

Your love you will pour out upon them
that the burning fire of desire overtake them
Then will they abandon their fortresses
and none will be found in their tents

When you send us trials
for the sake of the particularity of the blessing of your Cause
it is they who are your instruments in our trial
and they recount our sorrows with glee

Their crimes are also our crimes, are also yours
For we have been them and they have been us
For we will be them and they will be us
For they have been you and you have been them
For they will be you and you will be them

Whatever their crimes, however grave
certain is their share in your salvation

No name may be blotted out from the book of those who will receive glory
the wicked as well as the good are found therein
and found in equal places

I am poor and sorrowful;
but to think of your salvation, O Goddess, raises my spirits
I will praise the names of the Goddess with song
I will praise her for her glory

And this is as pleasing to Maratrea
as cakes and wine and incense

4th Thursday — Morning Prayer

Those poor in their hearts shall see their deepest dreams
fulfilled by blessing
O you who seek after such things
know that our Goddess will revive you!
Maratrea hears the cry of those poor in their souls
those for a little while kept from the riches of blessing
she hears their cry, for she remembers herself so crying
her children enchained in this herenow prison she despises not
for poverty for them is riches for others
and chains for them is liberty for others
but the poor become rich as the rich become poor
the enchained become free as the free become enchained
She will be praised throughout the earth and the heavens
The sea which she is will praise her
and every soul that moves therein
The Goddess will rescue the appointed gathering place of her Cause
and therein will she build up illustrious cities
that the people of her Cause may gather there to dwell together
and gather up riches for each succeeding generation
And those who come after us in the service of your Cause
shall inherit it
and those who love your names
shall dwell in it
I will sing of the incomparable love of Maratrea
which endures without beginning and without end
with my mouth I will declare your faithfulness to your promises
that many generations to come shall know thereof
I will declare that your love is constant,
without beginning and without end
In your heavenly chambers
Your faithfulness to your promises is proven
Thus have you proclaimed:
I have made a covenant with those whom I have chosen
the covenant of my Cause
I have sworn to my beloved servants
That I will establish the line of Prophets
Their authority shall endure
until all things end but to begin again
endure to progress unto triumph
What wonders are found in your heavenly chambers
such that those who come to know them
will constantly praise you
O most holy Maratrea
and in the gathering of your servants vowed to your Cause
herenow upon this earth
you are praised for your faithfulness to your promises
For there is none in the heavens who is greater than Maratrea
there will be found no deity who is greater than her
In the highest assemblies of the heavens, Maratrea is adored
glorious and sublime is she amongst all those who surround her.
O Maratrea, Goddess of incomparable Power, who is like unto you?
Your power, O Maratrea, is unequalled,
your faithfulness to your promises endures
without beginning and without end

VOW

4th Thursday — Morning Prayer

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, many have you called to be healers of spirits, through making know the glad tidings of your Cause by whom you are always praised: many have you called to set alight that blazing fire by which you will consume the many worlds entire: all the diseases of our spirits will be healed by the wholesome medicines of the true doctrine which through them you are delivering: O beloved Mother of our Souls, Maratrea, through your true Prophets, whose merits are due to your favour: praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 50

You rule over the surging sea that you are
 storm-tossed waves mount up within you
 till in turn you still their tumult
 You will shatter the enmity at the height of its pride
 you will scatter the enmity with the immensity of your power
 The heavens are part of your body, and also the earth
 you gave birth to the many universes,
 and to every soul within them which you have become
 The north and the south exist by your will
 the mountains of the east and of the west
 sing praises of your names
 In all of her many branches
 through her incomparable power she orders all things
 with the skill of absolute wisdom
 on which account we adore her
 Love of beauty and true justice which is found in your heaven alone
 upon these two have you founded
 your administration of all things
 your incomparable love
 and your perfect faithfulness to your promises
 proceed from your chamber
 Favoured are those who know the ecstasy you bestow
 and the blessed are those who know in the fullest
 O Maratrea, they dwell in the soft light
 of your face of inutterable beauty
 In your names they find their joy in the midst of the night
 in loving beauty they find their glory.
 For all beauty is a reflection of your essence;
 the radiance of your two-fold will
 on which account you are praised.
 For Maratrea is our protection;
 the Holy One whose Cause we serve is our Heavenly Queen
 Thus have you revealed through your Prophets
 unto the people of your Cause:
 By my favour unto your Cause, great shall be your might
 I shall raise up one from among you
 through whom my Cause shall know its first triumph
 I choose my beloved servants, the Saviours to Come,
 one in each branch, but many branches from herenow descending
 with sacred oil I anoint them
 By my power I shall sustain the line that leads thereunto
 in many branches such line will be strengthened
 The enmity shall find no profit in them;
 neither will the servants of the enmity have the power to injure them.
 And I will cut down the enmity before them
 and the servants of the enmity I will cause to flee
 And my faithfulness to my promises will be with them
 and my incomparable love
 and with the radiance of my will I shall favour them
 I shall extend their responsibility over the seas
 and place the rivers into their care
 They each shall call upon me, saying:
 You are my Heavenly Mother, my Goddess
 the one who protects and rescues me
 That one shall I make paramount
 above all the rulers of the earth
 My love endures without beginning and without end
 even for the Saviour to Come
 my covenant will end not until all things end
 but to begin again
 The succession of that one I will cause to endure
 until all things end but to begin again
 their succession shall cease not until the stars even cease

4th Thursday — Evening Prayer

Their successors shall forsake not my two-fold law
neither blaspheme me with fraudulent justice
They will obey my will of ends as much as my will of means
they will be faithful to my two-fold law
Their lawfulness I will answer with blessing
their true faith in heavenly justice with caresses
My love I never withdraw
neither do I ever turn back on my faithfulness
My covenant I will not break, even though you break it
all that I have promised, my promises I do not alter
I have promised glory to my beloveds;
and in my promises I never lie
The line of Prophets shall continue until all things end
but to begin again
and their throne will fail not until the sun itself fail
Their throne will not cease until the moon itself cease
O moon of vast beauty who shines lovingly upon the earth
Your chosen Prophets you will not reject, neither will spurn them:
for you never anger.
Though their crown be profaned in the dust
you have not voided your covenant with the servants of your Cause
Though all their walls you have caused to be broken
though all their strongholds you have caused to be ruined
by the slaves of the enmity
Though every house of usurpation comes by to plunder
the wealth of the people you entrusted to their care
and in every land they are scorned
Though you have caused the enmity to grow in power
such that all who hate your Cause rejoice
Though you have rendered their weapons useless
and favoured them not in the battle
Though to their splendour you have put an end
and their throne you have cast to the ground
Though you have cut them off from the joys of youth
and heaped shame upon their hearts
Yet this, O Maratrea, you will continue not forever
for all this you do for the sake of the particularity of your Cause
and the particularity of its Blessing
though it seem you have hidden from us
your desire burns as fire
Fleeting is the span of our lives
yet you bring forth one life for the sake of another
how glorious is that which comes hereafter!
Through the gates of death all shall pass, every last one
for beyond those gates lies unfathomable glory
for every last one, for the best, and for the worst also
Heavenly Queen, your love for us now is as great
as in those former years when our days were less troubled
to your promises you are forever faithful
your promises you give to those whom you love
You remember, Heavenly Queen,
the sorrow of your children, for our tears you yourself have shed
as we bear in our hearts the taunts
of the abundance of the enmity and of the usurpation
the taunts with which the enmity has mocked, O Maratrea,
every step of your Cause
Praise there be unto Maratrea, without beginning and without end
Thus it is, thus it is.

4th Thursday — Evening Prayer

ARTICLE

We believe in her most holy Cause. For what for us, who are not herenow blessed, what shall we do save await death? For us, if we are willing, she has now appointed her Great Cause, that we may serve: her Cause to bring about the final end to the many worlds; for all things must end to begin again. For there are many ways a world may appear to end, but only one way that a world may end truly. For though in some great disaster a world may end, and be snuffed out in yet a moment, yet those souls who dwelt therein will be filled with longings as yet unfulfilled; therefore she shall grant these another branch for that worlds continuation; therefore, even though it may appear to end, it shall not truly end indeed. But those who lead a world to its willing end, when it ends with all longings fulfilled, that end shall be truly final. And therefore she sends forth her Cause, to through bestowing knowledge and wisdom, bring about such a final end in every world; that all may end but to begin again.

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that you will cause your children to grow ever more in devotion to true beauty: especially the Most Holy Ecclesia, the Central Vessel of the Flotilla of your Cause, in this herenow establishment thereof, whose devotion is by your favour continually maintained: that through the protection of that very same favour it will be freed from all adversities, and devoutly given to serve you in good works, to the glory of your many beautiful names: through your true Prophets, may you be praised!

INVOCATION

PSALM 51

You hear my cry, O Goddess;
with your promises you answer my prayer,
the prayer you remember yourself praying.
From the most distant lands I will cry unto you,
whenever my heart is overwhelmed;
you are my refuge
where none of the powers of the enmity may grasp
For you have become my certain hope,
your power protects me from all the usurpers
I have abided and will abide in your tabernacle of glory
without beginning and without end
in the tabernacle of identity with you
I take refuge in your protection
as the young bat takes refuge in the wings of its mother
O Goddess, you have heard my vow to serve your Cause
for you remember you yourself so swearing
therefore have you given me the inheritacne
reserved for those who adore your names
You will prolong the line of your Prophets
their succession shall endure
until all things end but to begin again
They will abide under the protection of the Goddess
until all things end but to begin again
By your incomparable love, and your faithfulness to your promises
will their line be preserved
So will we sing praises unto your names, day after day,
until all things end but to begin again
that on every day we will remain faithful
to our vow to serve your Cause
O people of the Cause,
hear the teaching of her Prophets
listen attentively to their words
Their mouths issue forth wise maxims,
and the wisdom of the earliest of days.
That which we knew once yet have willingly forgotten
as our Mother willed for us
as we willed for ourself as her
Yet these truths we shall forget no longer,
but remember through the Prophets
We shall hide them not from our children
We shall teach the generation to come
the glorious deeds of Maratrea
her power and the wonders she has wrought
By her decree the enmity will be supplanted,
and the law of her Cause established
what great things has she enjoined us
to bestow upon our children
That the coming generation will know them
even those yet to be born
and they will in turn teach their children
That their hope they will place in the promises of the Goddess
and forget not the truth of her glorious decrees
and keep faithfully her twofold law
Thus they will be not like those who came before us
many wicked and cruel generations
whose hearts loved not beauty
and who believed not in the Goddess
neither in her promises
The children of the enmity,
the worth of which is like unto ash-heaps,
though armed with many bows,
will turn back on the day of battle.
They keep not the law of the Goddess,

4th Friday — Morning Prayer

and they would not live thereby
For she caused them to forgot goodness and beauty,
and she hid her glory from them
Marvellous things has she done in their sight,
in the midst of their own houses
yet she blinded their hearts to what their eyes could clearly see
Yet she has torn up the sea of tears,
and saved us from our misery;
She has collected our tears in a vessel
and made of them sweet wine
And with a loving storm-cloud she has guided us in these days,
and lit the night with the fire of desire.
She tore open the rock, in the midst of the wilderness,
a sacred spring came up, for the cleansing of our souls,
out of the depths of the sacred abyss
The water comes forth out of the rock
and flows as a sacred river
And we gather up ever more glory for her
to invoke her in the midst of the wilderness.
And we honour the Goddess in our hearts
with a great banquet in her honour
We speak praises of the Goddess, saying,
For her glory have we prepared this table in the wilderness!
For she divided the rock, and water gushed out,
and streams flowed abundantly;
thus in her honour this banquet do we celebrate.
And on account of her knowledge of this, Maratrea is most pleased;
by her favour the fire of longing shall be fulfilled
and her love shall benefit all the people of her Cause
For we believe in the Goddess,
and her promises are our certain hope.
She has commanded the clouds above,
and opened the gates of the heavens.
Thus she rains down upon us spiritual power from out of her heaven,
to consecrate the cakes we eat and the wine we drink
in the holy sacrament.
So that we may partake in the heavenly banquets;
she has sent us an abundant feast!
By her power she emanates the wind-deities in their heavens.
And she has rained down spiritual sustenance upon us,
she has poured it out until our souls swell with it,
and thus do we crave her glory
her glory which she pours out is greater than the earthly seas
greater even than the seas of heaven
and winged creatures fly through the sacred night sky
singing praises of her name
And her sacred rain falls in the midst of our hearts,
and is sprinkled round about her holy tabernacles.
May we eat of her sacred banquet,
an earthly foretaste of banquets heavenly:
thus may we be for a little while sated;
but may our deepest longings come to us in blessing.
May we be not alienated from the yearnings of our heart,
Though the sacred banquet give the slightest foretaste of them.
The love of Goddess comes upon us, reviving us in our weaknesses,
and those whom she has chosen to serve her Cause bow down to her.
On account of all this, we remain in our faith in her promises,
and believe in the glory she has promised us.
May we refrain therefore from all vain distractions,
and keep needless trouble distant from us.
Though by her will of means she injure us,
Yet do we seek her on account of her will of ends;
And early in the morning do we pray unto her.
We remember that the Goddess is our stone of certainty,
that the Supreme Goddess is our saviour.
And with our lips we speak of our love for you;
how could we lie to you?

4th Friday — Morning Prayer

O you who know our every word before we speak it

VOW

COLLECT

O Maratrea fount of all blessing, you cause all your holy true Scriptures to be written for our learning: your favour will bring us to hear, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of your holy words, we will embrace, and ever hold fast in our faith, your promise of the glory of blessing, and beginningless-endless life through reunion with you, which promises you have given us O beloved Saviour through your true Prophets: praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 52

Our hearts declare their loyalty to you;
 may we be faithful unto your Cause.
 Your love for us is incomparable;
 though you cause us to do evil,
 you do so only for the sake of even greater goods;
 you anger not at what we do by your command;
 were you to anger at us, you would anger only at yourself
 She remembers being us;
 an imperishable nature that cannot be created nor destroyed;
 the great mountains shall pass away like a dying wind,
 yet we who are her shall endure.
 Often may we incite her in the wilderness,
 to incite her passions by the sacred springs.
 And we turn to the love of the Goddess,
 who will prove her every promise;
 the holy Queen of her Cause which we serve,
 we move her with our love.
 We had forgotten her power:
 the day she became us for our and her glory
 And many such marvels has she done before us
 in the midst of our own houses
 yet as the hearts of others she has blinded
 that they could not see these great beauties
 unto our hearts she has granted a clarity of vision
 and we bow before this sight of glory,
 and the origin thereof.
 In her heaven there flows a river of sacred wine;
 from this sacred stream we drink in the holy sacrament.
 She sends the holy dogs of several kinds to befriend us;
 happily do they devour the food we provide for them;
 what joy does this sight bring to pure hearts.
 And she appoints ripening for our fruits,
 and she is giving us delicacies for our enjoyment
 with but a little labour to attain them
 And she waters our vines that they produce wine of greatness,
 and our fig-trees that they produce figs of sweetness.
 Gentle storms she sends upon us, that we might know her presence
 She is present in the rain-cloud, and the lightening, and the thunder
 She sends down to us her passionate ardour,
 a weighty love, through spirits loving beauty.
 She opens for us the path of her joy;
 death is but a gate unto joy
 for our souls by their nature indestructible
 and the holy animals that are ensouled also.
 She loves the youngest child as much as the oldest,
 the daughter as much as the son;
 those who give them a smaller portion
 are unfaithful to her Cause
 With great care does she lead her people
 she gathers them together
 and leads them through the barren land
 unto the glory of triumph
 And she guides them in hope, for they hope in her promises;
 they will not fear;
 and the enmity will be cast down
 beneath the sea
 She will appoint for them a place of in-gathering,
 and a holy mountain for her worship.
 None shall be driven by force from this land;
 they will admit them freely,
 for they shall pay a fair price
 and extend to them the hand of friendship and love
 And they will test her revelations and find them proved:

4th Friday — Evening Prayer

they will inflame the longing of the Supreme Goddess for the end,
and their vow to serve her Cause they will faithfully keep.
And they will order their hearts towards her,
and serve faithfully her Cause
 quite unlike those who came before them
 for those belonged to the earlier days
 but they belong to the later
And they will please her with their sacred hill shrines,
and with statutes of her forms and images
 and servants and representatives
 and aspects and emanations
When the Goddess hears these prayers
 she is most pleased
 for this reason did she choose the people of her Cause
She has commanded shrines in tranquil places
 for the well-being of her children.
And she will deliver them from captivity with her power,
 and she shall free the great beauties from the jaws of the enmity.
And she has appointed swords for the people of her Cause
 that they will conquer and triumph in glory
For the young maidens light a sacred fire
 may they know love if they have not yet known it
The priestesses shall pray that these swords be favoured
 the hearts of the young maidens will overflow with joy
And the longing of Maratrea for the end of all things
 awakened as if from a long deep slumber
 in which she dreamt of what unfathomable glories?
 her slumber induced by the heavenly wine
She shall shatter the enmity;
 and it shall be scorned by all
 until all things end but to begin again
She accepts worship under many names and forms and images
 but bloody sacrifices she abhors;
 she gathers her people from many tribes and many lands
 and accepts their many traditions of worship
She has chosen worthy people to be joined as her Cause
 beneath the holy mountain which she loves
She instructed the people of her Cause
 to erect her Great Temple on the earth
 in emulation of her Great Temple which is heavenly
 and it will endure until all things end but to begin again
And in loving us she chooses us to serve her Cause,
 She separates us out of the multitudes which she has become.
From service of means she calls us forth to serve her Cause for the end:
 as the people of her Cause supplant the people of her means
 she will give us the whole earth as our inheritance
 on that great day upon which we triumph
 for the glory of our Goddess
And her beloved prophets shall guide them
 with hearts loving beauty and good
 and with skilful means
The Goddess sits enthroned in her heavenly council,
 among the true deities she proclaims her decrees.
How long will you judge unjustly?
 For to punish the innocent, yet leave the guilty be:
 that is your justice, your wicked delight.
The poor and weak, you proclaim their guilt:
 their guilt of your own imagining
Rescue these misfortunate ones,
 deliver them out of the hands of usurping justice,
 For justice belongs to heaven alone, not to the earth
 But the earth is filled with the lies, of justice falsely so-called
They know not the truth, neither do they understand any thing
 Save their petty delight in the suffering of others
 They walk about the earth in slavery to their ignorance
 The earth is corrupted by the justice they proclaim
She said, You follow not true gods,

4th Friday — Evening Prayer

But deceiving spirits,
Which I have appointed to reign but for a time,
But soon now have I decreed their downfall.
Those spirits shall perish as they have caused many to perish,
Peasant or prince, innocent alike,
 against whom they have commanded the sword.
But though the soul be imperishable, mere spirit truly perishes.
Soon, O Mother, will your decrees of the end be executed:
For your Cause shall assume its true place, of authority over every land.

ARTICLE

We believe that this wisdom which her Great Cause bestows, which she has bestowed upon them that they may bestow it in turn, this is the Great Enlightenment, the readiness of the soul for the final end. And when the Great Enlightenment has conquered the world, then the world itself shall be vanquished.

VOW

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that you will favour us that, placing our hope in the certainty of your promises, we will purify ourselves, even as you are pure: such that, when you shall appear before each of us in great power and great glory, we will become ever more alike you, then even the very same as you, in your glorious beginningless-endless domain: where as you, O heavenly Mother, we will live and reign, ever ultimate Goddess, without beginning and without end: through the holy Navaletus, captain of the spirits vowed faithful to your Cause, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 53

Favoured are those whose ways are blameless,
 who walk according to the law of Maratrea
 the law of heaven and the law of the Cause
 Favoured are those who cling to her truth,
 and that seek her wholeheartedly
 They also do not any deeds of grave wickedness
 neither usurpations, nor blasphemous frauds,
 neither wicked murders, bloody sacrifices unto Pandal,
 neither crimes against love:
 they walk in her ways according to ends
 You have commanded us, with your causal will,
 to keep diligently your commandments
 according to the same
 the law of heaven and the law of the Cause
 your will as to ends
 may we keep it as diligently as we keep
 your will as to means!

O that my ways be directed
 by your will of means
 to keep your ordinances as to ends!

I shall not be ashamed,
 when I consider all your commandments
 of either of your wills

I will praise you with a heart that loves goodness and beauty
 when I have learned your judgements in accordance therewith

I will keep your ordinances
 you will never utterly foresake me
 not even if those ordinances I fail to keep
 by your will of means

How shall the youthful keep their path pure?
 By observing your words.

Wholeheartedly have I sought you:
 cause me not to wander from your commandments.

Your words I have hid in my heart
 that I might not stray from them

Praise be unto you, O Maratrea;
 teach me the commandments of your twofold will!

With my lips I will declare all of the decrees of your mouth
 I rejoice in your decrees, for there is no greater richness
 I meditate upon your decrees,
 and your will of ends I seek to obey
 as much as your will of means permits it

I delight in all the great truths that you have revealed;
 I will forget not that which you displayed to me.

You will bountifully favour the servants of your Cause,
 that your Cause will endure even unto Triumph,
 that they will remain faithful to your words.

Uncover my eyes, and I will contemplate the wonders
 you have wrought through your twofold will

A sojourner I am in this branch, apart as it is from my blessing,
 but though you have herenow hidden from me blessing,
 you have hidden from me not the truth of your Cause
 and of the truly good and truly beautiful and truly true
 and of the true nature of things

My soul is consumed at all times with the fire of longing
 for the fruits of your twofold will.

You will rebuke the enmity in their pride
 and with your will of means disfavour those
 who stray from your will of ends.

You will save us from their scorn and contempt
 for I have kept faithfully to your truth

Though the usurping rulers gather together to slander us
 we will continue to meditate on your truths

4th Saturday — Morning Prayer

For I meditate upon your proofs of faith in beauty
and take counsel in the truths you have revealed to me.
They have cast me down among the dust;
revive me according to your word.
I have declared to you my longings,
and you have heard me
as you hear all which you yourself remember speaking
teach me the truth.
Bring me to understand your twofold decrees
and I will meditate on the glories you have wrought
My soul is weary with sorrows
strengthen me with certainty in your promises
Keep me from the path of the ignorant
and favour me with your wisdom
I have chosen the path of faith
I have set your decrees before me
I cling to your promises, O Maratrea
you will not permit me to fall into confusion.
I will pursue the progress of your Cause
and you will enlarge my heart.
You will teach me, O Maratrea, the decrees of your Cause
and I will remain faithful to my vow
until all things end, but to begin again.
You will grant me knowledge of truth,
of the truly beautiful and the truly good
and I will obey the law of your Cause
yea, the law of your Cause I will wholeheartedly obey
Your will of means shall cause me to go in the way of your will of ends
for I delight in that which delights you
Incline my heart to faith in your promises
and not to seek what I do not truly desire
thought deception seeks to lead me to confuse it
with that which I truly do desire
Avert my eyes from inane distractions
and revive me in your Cause
Establish your word in the hearts of the servants of your Cause
who are devoted to your reverence and adoration
You will protect from their contempt which I fear
for all your decrees are goodly, even those of means
O how I have longed after your decrees
revive me in the love of good and beauty
to prepare me for the consummation of my longing

VOW

COLLECT

O Maratrea, we know without doubt that you will favour the people of your Cause to withstand the temptations of the usurpers and the servants of the enmity, and the false and lying prophets, and of all those who are under the dominion of the most pallid Pandal: that with hearts and minds purified, cleansed by the outpouring of the waters of your heavenly wisdom, we will follow you, O ultimate Goddess: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 54

Your incomparable love comes to me, O Maratrea,
whose culmination is the salvation you have promised.
Thus do I have answers for they who taunt me:
for certain is my hope in your promises.
And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth:
for my hope is in your self-judgement
Therefore I shall remain observant of the law of your Cause
until all things end but to begin again
And I will walk through wide expanses:
thus do I seek ever greater knowledge of your decrees.
I will speak of my faith in you also before the powers of usurpation
and before them I shall know neither shame nor fear.
And I will delight myself in your decrees which I love.
I will devote my power to the fulfilment of your decrees
concerning your Cause
for all of your decrees do I love,
therefore do I meditate upon them.
Your memory is perfect, even in forgetfulness you remember
you will never forget
your promises unto the servants of your Cause
for your promises are the cause of their hope
They are their comfort in affliction:
and your word shall revive your Cause
The enmity boast of the rightness in their own eyes
and hold us greatly in derision
yet we have not turned from our faith in you
I have remembered the truth
which I first heard from you now long ago
O Maratrea
and therein have I found comfort
The wickedness of the enmity is a burning fire
that threatens to consume us
But your revelations we gladly sing as we go forth on the pilgrimage
In your sacred night, we remember your names, O Maratrea,
and we continue our faith in your promises
We remember for we cleave to your words.
Your Cause is my portion, O Maratrea:
for your Cause I have vowed to serve.
My whole heart longs for your favour:
you will favour me with blessing, according to your promises.
I ponder the ways of my life,
and redirect my energies unto serving your Cause.
I hasten and delay not to advance your Cause
The servants of the usurpers surround me:
but I have not forgotten your truth.
In the midst of your holy night
I rise to praise you
for the great beauties you have become.
I am a friend to all who serve your Cause,
and a servant to all who keep the law thereof.
The many branches, O Maratrea, are overflowing with your incomparable love:
you will bestow upon me the wisdom of your decrees.
You have dealt well with the servants of your Cause, O Maratrea,
in fulfilment of your promises.
You have revealed to me goodness, beauty and truth:
and I have put my faith in your promises.
Before you sent your truth to me, I was ignorant:
but now I safeguard your revelations.
Incomparably good and incomparably beautiful:
thus are you, and the branches you have become:
teach me the wisdom of your twofold decrees.
The enmity in its pride has forged lies against us:
but we will seek out your truth wholeheartedly.

4th Saturday — Evening Prayer

Their hearts overflow with corruption;
but I delight in your twofold law.
By my affliction many great beauties are purchased;
this your wisdom teaches me.
I would rather the sweet words that come forth out of your mouth
than thousands of gold in ignorance.
By your power you brought forth my soul out of your very own soul
you made me out of your very own being,
and emptying yourself you became me
you have granted me understanding
that I know that such have you decreed
They who adore you are pleased to meet me
for I have put my hope in the glory of your promises
I know, O Maratrea, that you decree for the sake of beauty
and that in love of beauty you have afflicted me
Your incomparable love comes to comfort me
as you have promised in your words of truth
Your incomparable love comes to revive me
therefore do I delight in your truth
The servants of the enmity will be ashamed of their pride
for they have persecuted us in their faithfulness to lies
but I will meditate in your decrees
Those who adore you will turn to me
and those who know the truth that you have revealed
My heart will overflow with devotion to your promises
that my service to your Cause will be not extinguished
My soul near fails without your salvation:
but I hope in your promises.
My eyes near fail apart from the fruit of your promises:
I cry out, When will your blessing come to me?
The smoke fills my eyes, and they burn and water:
yet I do not forget your promises.
For how many more days shall the servants of your Cause
suffer under usurpation?
At what times in these branches will your will of means
appoint for us triumph over them?
The enmity in its pride has dug pits for us
such is their abhorrence of the truth which you revealed to us
Your heavenly law is unalterable and unchanging:
they persecute us with their earthly fraudulent justice
but you will help us
Upon this earth they had almost devoured us wholly
yet we forsook not your Cause
You will revive me on account of your lovingkindness;
having faith in these your promises,
I will maintain my testimony of them.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess of incomparable power, we know without doubt that you are ever looking upon the heartfelt desires of your downtrodden servants: but a little while longer, and all things shall be fulfilled: until then in your favour for your Cause you are ever stretching forth your incomparable, beauty-adoring and majestic power, to be our defence against all the servants of the enmity: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

INVOCATION

PSALM 55

Your promises are unto every generation:
 you have established many branches,
 and they will abide until every longing be fulfilled
 They continue unto this day according to your decrees:
 and all are your servants according to your will of means
 as your Cause is your servant according to your will for the end
 Had not your promises been the delight of our hearts,
 would we have faltered beneath the weight of our misfortunes?
 We will never forget your promises:
 for with them you have revived us.
 We are you, thus will you save us:
 therefore have we sought your truth.
 The enmity and the usurpers have waited for us to destroy us:
 but we will continue to ponder your truth.
 You have shown us a glimpse of the perfect end of all things:
 but your decrees are exceedingly broad.
 Great is my love for the truth you have revealed
 the whole day do I meditate upon it
 You have granted me wisdom,
 which you have given not unto the enmity
 and it has departed not from me
 I seek of you ever further wisdom
 even that it might exceed that of those who came before me
 for constantly do I meditate upon your truth.
 May I understand things that those who came before me could not understand
 for earnestly do I seek after your truth
 I have refrained from walking in the way of the evil ones
 the enmity, the usurpers, fraudulent justice,
 vile sacrifices, crimes against love
 for these things are against your twofold law
 I have not departed from your laws
 and done these things that you abhor
 for you have granted me knowledge of beauty
 How sweet to my throat are your revelations
 sweeter than nectar to my mouth
 Through the wisdom you bestowed upon me
 I came to perceive the great beauties
 therefore I hate all that hates them
 Your promises guide me in my journey,
 and mark for me the way
 I have vowed to serve your Cause,
 and every day I confirm my vow:
 and I will follow the law of your Cause.
 Great is the affliction which I suffer for beauty,
 but you will revive me, O Maratrea, according to your promises.
 You are pleased with the words that come forth out of my heart, O Maratrea:
 you will cause me to grow in your wisdom.
 Though it put my life in grave danger unceasing,
 yet I will forget not your truth, neither my vow.
 The servants of the enmity have laid traps for us,
 yet I have strayed not from the path of your Cause
 Your promises are our inheritance of you, O Heavenly Mother,
 never to be taken from us:
 your promises are the joy of my heart.
 Our hearts are inclined to keep the law of your Cause
 until all things end but to begin again.
 The wickedness of the enmity I abhor,
 but I adore your truth.
 You are my refuge and my protector,
 your promises are my great hope.
 The servants of the enmity will retreat;
 and we will keep the law of her Cause.
 Your promises encourage and revive me;

4th Sunday — Morning Prayer

my hope therein shall never be defeated.
Your bounty is my salvation;
and your truth is my continual delight.
You will cast down all opposition to your Cause,
and the teachings of the enmity will be silenced.
The enmity shall be discarded
as thing no longer having any value
therefore do I love your truth.
My soul trembles with love for you;
I stand in awe of the glory of the beauties you have become.
I serve your Cause with beauty as its end:
you will not abandon your Cause to the enmity.
Your promises are goodly unto the servants of your Cause
you will save us from their lying accusations.
My eyes long for the sight of your blessing;
your words have promised me every beauty.
In lovingkindness you decree for all, even by means, even for your Cause:
and you will favour us with knowledge of your decrees.
I am a servant of your Cause;
you will favour me with understanding
thus shall I testify to your truth.
How much longer until the day of your favour, O Maratrea?
How much longer will you permit them to deny your truth?
Your decrees are like unto the finest gold, and shimmering gemstones.
Thus have you directed me, in universal truth;
and I abhor the narrowness of the false prophets.

VOW

COLLECT

O Goddess, who by the sacred stars leads your Cause to an ever greater manifestation of truth unto all your children, even the infidels, the truth that all your children are by the soul begotten only of you: by your incomparable love you promise in certainty that we who know you now by faith, will after this life enter into the fruition of your glorious divinity, which is the return to our original union in identity to you: praise there be to you, O most glorious Maratrea, through your true Prophets you are praised!

4th Sunday — Evening Prayer

INVOCATION

PSALM 56

Wondrous are your decrees: therefore do I labour
to bestow knowledge of them upon the many
Lucidity issues forth from your true Prophets,
who are the entrance of your wisdom:
that even the simple shall comprehend
My longing mouth breathes deeply
your decrees are the consummation of my deepest desires.
Your incomparable love considers me
As it does all whom you have become
Your revelation approves of my every true longing;
You will not permit the enmity to continue in power over us.
The enmity has lied concerning us: but you will free us from their lies;
You will liberate us from their usurpation,
so that we will follow completely your way.
The beauty of your smile shall appear before the servants of your Cause;
thus will they learn the wisdom of your decrees.
My eyes overflow with tears at the sight of their vile wrongdoing
yet I live in hope and longing for perfect knowledge
of the beauties thereby purchased.
Your love for beauty is incomparable, O Maratrea,
and your every decree has beauty as its end.
From your love you have decreed your twofold law,
the fruit of your love of beauty,
your love of utmost steadfastness.
My zeal for your truth exhausts me,
for the enmity spreads ignorance.
Your word is exceedingly refined,
therefore the servants of your Cause have loved it
Though we are lowly and despised
we do not forget your truth
Your incomparable love for your very own beauty
is without beginning and without end
and your laws are founded on truth
Trouble and anguish have befallen us
yet your promises are my delight
Your heavenly law is unalterable in its goodness;
you give me understanding
which sustains my soul
With all my heart I cry out
you hear me, and you will answer, O Maratrea,
and I will obey your twofold commands.
I called out for salvation, and you promised to save me;
therefore I will keep the laws of your Cause.
Before dawn I rise and cry out for help;
I have put my hope in your promises.
My eyes remain open throughout the night,
as I meditate upon your promises.
You hear my voice in accordance with your love;
my existence is preserved, O Maratrea,
by the essence I inherited from you.
Nearly the servants of the enmity threaten,
devising schemes to further their wickedness,
they are far from your laws.
Yet nearer than them are you, O Maratrea,
and certain is the truth of your every promise.
Concerning your truth, for long now have I known
that it belongs to your unalterable essence
without beginning and without end.
You know our oppression, and you will deliver us therefrom:
for we shall not forget your truth.
You will ascertain my complaint, and make amends to me:
you will revive me according to your promises.
Salvation is as yet distant from the hearts

4th Sunday — Evening Prayer

of those who know not your truth, and who fail to seek it.
Your love for all is incomparable, O Maratrea:
you will revive me according to your decrees.
Numerous are the usurpers who persecute me, proud servants of the enmity:
yet I turn not from the truth you revealed me.
I have beheld the authors of immense wickedness, which grieves my heart:
yet I lamented not that you have so commanded them,
on account of the vast beauties you have purchased thereby
which I can as yet scarcely imagine, but which you will reveal to me
You know my love for your twofold decrees:
you will revive me, O Maratrea, according to your lovingkindness.
Your words are true without beginning and without end:
and the memory which is also a foretelling
of every one of your beautiful judgements
endures without beginning and without end.
For no good cause have the captains of usurpation persecuted me:
Yet my heart remains in awe of your glory
I rejoice at your words, like one finding buried treasure.
I hate and abhor the lies of the enmity:
but your wisdom do I love.
Thirteen times a day do I praise you
because of the beauties you have loved.
Great peace will come to those love your laws:
and all obstacles to their triumph shall cease.
Glorious Maratrea, I have put my hope in the salvation you promise,
and worked earnestly for the progress of your Cause.
My soul has clung to the truths you have revealed
and I love them exceedingly.
I conserve and protect the truths which you have revealed
for every movement of my heart is known perfectly by you.
My cry is before you, O Maratrea,
for perfectly do you remember you yourself so crying:
give me understanding of the truths you have revealed.
My longings are before you, for they are your longings also,
and you are their salvation.
My lips will utter praise:
for you have revealed to me your commands.
My tongue will speak of your truth:
for your every command is a cause of great beauty
Your power will help me, by your favour for your Cause
for you have chosen me to choose your Cause.
O Maratrea, you are the salvation of my deepest longings
and your every decree delights my heart
My soul will live endlessly, and it praises you
as you praise yourself in your own self-praising
and your decrees favour me
I have gone astray as a lost dog
yet you will retrieve me
a servant of your Cause
for though I stray from it
I do not forget my vow.

VOW

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

COLLECT

O most glorious Maratrea, we know without doubt that in your incomparable love you are ever hearing us: perfectly indeed do you hear us, for perfectly do you remember yourself so crying: and you will grant that we whom you have favoured with heartfelt desire to pray, will by the powerful assistance of your favour be defended and comforted in all dangers and adversities: through the true Prophets of Maratrea, praise there be!

