

Meditation - The Battle of Arfderydd

In this meditation we are going to be journeying to the tragic battle of Arfderydd where Gwenddolau was slain and Myrddin went mad (*wyllt*) to gain insights into mysterious origins and its impact on the northern Britons.

We will be beginning on the beach where Gwyn and Gwyddno met.

I invite you to close your eyes and bring your attention to your breath - the breath which connects us to all beings, to the Gods, and to the Deep. Now picture in your mind's eye that you are walking on a beach at that foamy edge where land and sea meet, where tide laps the sand, where sea weed and wrack are washed up. The sand is soft on your feet. You can smell the briny scent and hear the cries of gulls and the calls of other sea birds.

As the mists wash in with the tides you see Gwyn appearing on his white horse, Carngrwn, with his white red-nosed hound, Dormach beside him.

“Today,” he says “I have come to take you to witness the Battle of Arfderydd where Gwenddolau was slain and I gathered his soul and the souls of the battle dead. Where many men succumbed to battle-madness amongst them Myrddin.”

You mount your steed or shift shape in order to fly with Gwyn and He takes you from the beach over the misty heights of the Cloud Mountains, over the Water Country, over the hills and tarns of the Lake District, beyond the Sunny Bay to the hill on which stands Caer Gwenddolau. Where two corpse-birds peck on corpses outside and he plays his gwyddbýll board and his warriors carouse around him on the evening of the battle. How does it come about? What befalls him? Gwyn leaves you here to watch the events unfold.

10 - 15 minutes

Your time of witnessing the battle has come to an end. In that time, if you have not witnessed it, Gwyn will gather the souls, tend to the battle mad, the *wyllt*. But now, in this time, He is here to guide you away and back to the beach.

You fly with Him back from the battlefield leaving Caer Gwenddolau and the dead ruler behind you, back past the Sunny Bay, over the Lake District, the Water Country, the Cloud Mountains, back to the beach where Gwyn met Gwyddno.

You give your thanks to Gwyn and He departs with the mist. You are once more aware of your feet in the soft sand, tides lapping coolly, the cries of sea

birds. I invite you now to return, bringing your focus back to your breath, to your own body, grounding yourself back into the place where you sit, ready to open your eyes and rejoin our gathering.