

Naistentieosuus koulutus

There is a Hive in Every Female

Mehiläinen ja Nainen: jokaisessa on oma pesä



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All in service to the one and the one in service to the All.
- Marguerite Rigoglioso¹

...Will you teach your children what we have taught our children? That the earth is our mother? What befalls the earth, befalls all the sons of the earth. This we know: the earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth. All things are connected like the blood which unites us all. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself. - Chief Seattle, 1855²

Introduction

The more time I spent with the bees, the more I found that they lived in me. I wanted to crawl into their hive and experience them. I wanted them to fly inside of me. They were delicious, ecstasy, joy and bittersweet. When I joined the *Naistentietoisuus koulutus* I had also the same feeling of wanting to crawl in and experience bee-ing with other Finnish women and exploring with them the regions of togetherness, directed purpose of enquiry, growth and support.

Frustration seeped in because I found that while the intellect was being stimulated with readings, discussions and lectures I was in need of physical embodiment and ownership of the consciousness training. I wanted deeper.

During the study-trip to Patmos I experienced a cleansing and awakening of who I am. I was Mother Earth, the Great Goddess: an embodiment of all the Goddesses. I touched onto the core of who I am. I saw also a clear vision that had the scent of acceptance and acknowledgment that our group were sisters.

The beginnings of this paper are steeped in many years of travels, wonder-ings and bee-ings. Perhaps in the womb of my mother were planted the first honey-dripped seeds, nurtured through a long courtship and even marriage to the church which eventually circled around to embracing a more holy-istic version of existence which includes the female. How can a female identify with a Goddess when the physical body is in need of acknowledgment, acceptance and experience? How can a female embody, explore and live in her physical self if it is a source of denial? How can females become their own without going into their body when the hidden demands of our current

¹ *Bee Priestesses* with Marguerite Rigoglioso & Nancy Leatzow

² Various sources from famous speech.

Front cover photo: omphalos at Delphi

society oppress? How to reconcile the teachings I suckled at my mother's breast, throughout childhood, young adulthood, and adulthood?

The messages I am getting from state, church, media, etc. are that my body is dirty. To be female is to experience and feel shame, hindrance and something to "overcome" and to feel guilt. Or when the female knows her place, stands with feet in her Mother Earth with hands to the Sky she is considered threatening, a bitch, or worse.

*"The Greek view of man was the very anti-thesis of that which St. Paul enforced from the Christian world. One idea pervades thought...--pride in the body as a whole. In the strong conviction that 'our soul in its rose mesh' is quite as much helped by flesh as flesh by soul the Greek sang his song --'For pleasant is the flesh.'"*³

Purpose

Examining the literature on women and their roles over tens of years has increased the internal struggle. In most societies that experienced a tsunami wave of war-oriented male-dominated world view the female was reduced to being ashamed of her body; reduced to walk behind and not along side or even in front of males; placed in positions of submission.⁴ Like the concentric circles a queen bee makes when laying eggs⁵ I keep returning to the basics of how to be on this, my mother earth, with all my sisters and brothers and re-own my Female.

This paper aims to glimpse at a portion of my grounding of female consciousness; to demonstrate that no matter what walk of life, where we have come from or where we are going, we females can experience the power-filled-ness of being united and supportive of each other through the Hive.

*"Nainen tarvitsee naista löytääkseen itsensä ja toiset naiset. Naisten täytyy yhdessä hakea kulttuuripeittojen alta sitä alkuvoimaa, jota eheytymisprosessi edellyttää."*⁶

By allowing for the "edges"⁷ we encounter with each other we can encounter each other fully, nourish one another, accept each others foibles, enjoy our bodies in the fullest and encourage one another to grow in wisdom, joy and love with a great dash of humour! This is the group I have been involved with.

³ Osler, Sir William

⁴ Redmond, Layne; Baring & Casford

⁵ Standard bee-keeping information

⁶ Perheentupa, Brit

⁷ Conversation with Bee Doctor and Researcher Christina Stadtbauer in Bryssels, 2011. Bees have a penchant to build on edges of objects similar to humans and their attraction to edges for dumping things, covering them and hiding them.

The Faces of the Hive and the Honeybee

"...and her work is not for herself, but for all those generations down the line. Everything in the colony is communal; everything is shared. No bee has her own little honey cell or her own little pollen cell or her own children; she is completely dedicated to give and to serve the community. A bee's entire life is dedicated to the wholeness. I find that very inspirational on a heart level. Most religions are centered on love and service. Maybe that goes too far, but somehow, don't we all yearn for that sense of being able to happily give and serve and recognize how deeply we're all connected and dependent on each other, instead of just our own little separate individual beings?"⁸ - Michael Thiele, Beekeeper, Gaia Bees

The honeybee has been present in my life through dreams and shamanic journeying for many, many years. It was only four years ago that she became a physical reality in daily life when I started to keep Bees. My partner introduced me to "His Girls" and it was love at first sight. The next step was to learn if I was allergic to them. There is only one way to learn that: one must be stung. We arranged a date. He took me to his girls, gently picked one up and brought her over to me. We said thank you to her for her sacrifice. I cried. My lover was offering me the ultimate sacrifice of life. She stung me. She died. I learned that I was not allergic. Thus began a direct journey with Bee and the Hive.

Last night as I was sleeping, - blessed illusion!

I dreamt that I had a beehive

here inside my heart.

And the golden bees

were making white combs

and sweet honey

from my old failures.

- Antonio Machado⁹

While learning to care for bees I also began researching Bee-lore, history, myths, recipes, songs, symbols and Hive life. I became more fascinated with bringing physical-emotional-spiritual practices into bee-ing.

⁸ Adamson, Judith p 135-136

⁹ 16

Prior to the Women's Consciousness training I wanted to embody the Hive and embody the Bee, those sweet honey-ed stingers. Embodiment is taking on the emotions, the thoughts, and the entire physicality of an idea, thought, process, spirituality and mentality of walking in the world. My partner stumbled upon a book on the internet *The Shamanic Way of the Bee*, by Simon Buxton. This sent me on a quest which led to working with his partner Naomi Lewis and Kate Sheela, priestesses and initiates within the Path of Pollen for over a year and half. They nourished my need for embodiment and sent me walking (a good thing!). Through the work I did with them and on my self during training alongside my earlier work with sound and voice I found a hieros gamos of all the bees playing within me. Shortly after this I "found" a group of women in Finland going off to Patmos as part of Women's Consciousness training. The circle turns and connects, like the dance of the honeybee.

Bees have been on earth for at least 10 million years.¹⁰ Evidence is found in amber¹¹, in fossils and rock carvings¹². According to most researchers, she is one of only a few creatures to have survived glacial ice, worldwide extinctions and cataclysms. A piece of amber carbon dated 10 million years old contains a honey bee.¹³ Honey stealing goes back to about 15 000 BC based on rock paintings.¹⁴

¹⁰ 10

¹¹ 2, 10

¹² Crane, Eve

¹³ Ibid all!

¹⁴ Almost all links to internet pages will mention this.

Bees of Past

As Mary Rockwood Lane, PhD, RN, FAAN states on her web-page¹⁵ and with which I am in agreement:

“A priestess is a woman who lives her life in service and is dedicated to making a contribution to the world. Every woman today is a manifestation of Her on earth. Our life is our offering: the children we raise, the careers, the books we write, our personal stories. You could be a frame drummer, a midwife who changes state laws, a mother who makes a difference in her child’s life, a yoga teacher, a writer who inspires, or a doctor who gives hope to her patients. Regardless of the occupation, we are all making a difference one person at a time. This is our sacred work.”

The Queen was for several hundred of years known as being a King until it was recently proven (1800s) that it was truly a female. This “he-bee” period seems to coincide also with the increase in male dominance in religion and politics at varying times throughout Fenno-Ugric, Russian, England, Central and Eastern European countries. Suffice to say that in many folk stories the Queen is a King or male.¹⁶ Interesting is that within these geographical regions there were pockets of peoples who continued the female Queen-belief; for example, Lithuania, Estonia, Bulgaria, Greece, Crete, Celts, Irish, Turkey, parts of Russia considered Her, a Her.

In Finland, the *Kalevala* refers to the honey bee as “He” and “King”.¹⁷ Without the honeybee the goddess Osmotar who made the first beer/mead would not have been able to make a proper wedding drink.¹⁸ Without the honeybee Lempi would not have resurrected her son from the dead.¹⁹ Perhaps the collectors of the related rune-songs didn’t know better and took liberties to translate it into the dominating world-view at the time. It would not be the first time.

Time fades into the past and ripples back to the present through the Bee and the Hive. We women are reawakening to our selves almost like the coming of spring to the Hive. Slowly and surely the sun will warm the Hive and soon we will fly to greet the Sun and the Earth. And the first flight will be the cleansing flight – let the shit leave my body after a long winter’s nap! Bees do

¹⁵ 5

¹⁶ Leeming, John F.

¹⁷ Kalevala English translations, 4

¹⁸ Ibid., 13

¹⁹ Ibid., Finnish and English versions. Naming Lemminkäinen’s mother Lempi seems to me proper when examining Finnish basic language use.

that: they contain all their waste over the winter until it is the perfect sunny, perhaps-still-snow-on-the-ground day and release all that they have kept inside.²⁰ What a glorious balsamic, sap-scented mess!

The Divine Mother, the Great Mother Goddess can assume many forms.²¹ The bee was her symbol as well as a living example of this transformative power. The Bee Goddess was the divine feminine. Together with her priestesses the play of birth, life, death and rebirth were enacted throughout thousands of years. The Bee is found in symbols regarding religious behaviour dating over 15 000 years ago. She is found on ceramics, jewellery, figurines and statues, graves, wall paintings, rock carvings, labyrinths, buildings, paintings, writings, and coins.^{22 23 24}

The rise of Judeo-Christian-Islam religions, for example, attempted to extinguish names, places, and teachings but failed to do so. Even now in small pockets of society throughout the entire world one can find her knowledge hidden amongst women's things and activities.²⁵ She has not been eradicated.

Through the ages she has transformed her human figure and sometimes her own Bee figure. One of the many characteristics when going through most of the Goddesses of the ages is how Once-upon-a-time several of them were One Great Goddess. With the onslaught of war-like religions and invasive peoples, the Goddess was brought down, sucked in, divided into many goddesses, absorbed and even eliminated. Qualities which were Hers were spread out amongst many Goddesses or taken over by a God. A pattern emerges where all are one before being split off into many parts. The Bee, the Hive is present in almost all of their stories, their costumes, their songs and their loving nicknames.

There are many sources for delving into Goddess her-story. A major part of the Women's Consciousness training was spent on studying the Goddesses of ancient Greece. There are many resources which can be researched further that make connections bee-tween etymology, cultures, art, poems, etc. Included here are some of the main references to Bee, Bee-Goddess only.

²⁰ Any book on bee-keeping. Symbolic text author's own.

²¹ Baring & Cashford

²² 2-3

²³ 7-10

²⁴ Ransome, H. ja Redmond, L.

²⁵ Buxton

The Christian bible contains references to Bee. The Deborah of Judaic traditions were known as prophetic priestesses. There are several renditions of the name in Arabic: Dvr, Dvora, but the meanings are *Bee* and *Speech* (divination?). For almost 60 years one Deborah, a prophetess and judge, was the leader of the Israelites.²⁶ Little needs to be mentioned about the Song of Songs!²⁷

The Delphic oracle was Pythia, called the Delphic Bee. The priestesses were known as Melissae (bees) and served at the temple even after Apollo stole/took/supplanted the temple from his sister. Apollo “learned” the ability to prophesize from the Melissae.^{28 29} The Omphalos stone at Delphi is depicted with bees.³⁰ The Omphalos and hay/straw beehives known as *skeps* are mirrors of one another.

The *Melissai* (Greek) or *Melissae* (Latin) were bee-priestesses found in Delphi; with temples devoted to Artemis, Cybele, Demeter and Persephone, the Eleusinian Mysteries and Rhea.³¹

Artemis/Diana with her Queen cell breasts had her centre of worship in Turkey off the coast of Samos. She was virgin, lover, hunter, and was told to be more beautiful than all the others: the Queen Bee.³² The Delphic oracle and the Melissae priestesses were associated with her. The Eleusinian Mysteries were also part of her temple.³³

Cybele of ancient Turkey, adopted by Rome, had priestesses at her temples in Asia Minor, Greece, and Rome.³⁴ Her priestesses were called *Bees* which were also the other form of the goddess since Catal Huyuk in Turkey over 10 000 yrs ago and known as the “Birds of the Muses” bee-ing “attracted to the heavenly fragrances of flowers, from which they make the divine nectar, honey.”³⁵

The Mary’s of Christian tradition: virgin, prostitute, able student/apostle, mother with her dove, the Bee, the staff and known as the Queen Mother and Queen Bee.³⁶

²⁶ 15; Baring & Cashford; Buxton

²⁷ The Bible

²⁸ Baring & Cashford;

²⁹ Buxton

³⁰ 10

³¹ Baring & Cashford; Sanchez-Parodi

³² ibid

³³ ibid

³⁴ Redmond, Layne; ibid

³⁵ 11

³⁶ Baring & Cashford, 10,

Demeter and Persephone were a mother and daughter. Their renewing birth, death, rebirth rites were celebrated as the Eleusinian mysteries.³⁷ Rhea and Demeter were also known as Melissae.³⁸ *Melitodes* was Persephone's nickname among the Greeks, meaning "the honey-oned".³⁹ Their story mimics that of Hive life and is more about rebirth than of rape.

Crete was a centre for Bee Goddess worship. Some of the most prominent archaeological findings are found here. Also found are excellent and clear written records (hieroglyphs) of rituals and her-story.

Innanna of Sumeria and Isis were associated to Bees, Honey and the Hive through hieroglyphs, honey collection, ritual, and song. Artemis is the remoulding of Innanna, the Sumerian All-knowing Mother Goddess.^{40 41}

The Maenads, the water-nymphs, are described as being winged and dancing with frenzy and associated with the souls of the returning dead.^{42 43}

The Great Mother Goddess of Egypt Neith's temple was known as the House of the Bee.⁴⁴

The Hindu Goddess Bhramari Devi is the Goddess of Black Bees (black bees are native honey bees). From her heart and hands sprung so many bees that they covered the earth in darkness and *"Then the black bees began to tear asunder the breasts of the Daityas, as bees sting those who disturb their hives. The powerless Daityas could not fight or communicate with one another, and so perished rapidly.*

*The asuras as they struggled were all stung to death while they tried to reach the beautiful Devis. Adi Shakti in Her form of the Divine bee approached the asura and said, "O, asura! Meet your end!" And She stung him to death. The Devis thanked Shri Adi Shakti for saving their chastity. That is how Devi got the name of 'Bhramari Devi' as the protector."*⁴⁵

³⁷ There are references to both and the Mysteries, their temples in a long list of sources. Sanchez-Parodi, J. and Baring, A et al,

³⁸ Baring, Anne & Cashford, Jules

³⁹ Sanchez-Parodi, Julie; wikipedia

⁴⁰ Baring, Anne & Cashford, Jules

⁴¹ Sanchez-Parodi, Julie; 2, 3, 9, 11

⁴² Sanchez-Parodi, Julie

⁴³ Baring, Anne & Cashford, Jules. There are several references to this in other sources also.

⁴⁴ 15

⁴⁵ 6, 12

The products of the Hive: honey, pollen, propolis, wax and sting were all used in ritual and worship, healing, embalming the dead, ritual food (honey and wheat bread offered to Demeter and Persephone, for ex.), anointing new priestesses, as psychoactive substances during ritual work and prophesying, etc.^{46 47 48 49}

The Life of the Hive and the Sweet Honeybee

“Bees are an indicator species, reflecting the health of our environment as well as the interdependency and inter-connectedness of all life on earth. Traditional beekeeping understood and acknowledged the natural life forces of the bees, but modern beekeeping practices have lost this ancient knowledge, and this loss has taken its toll on the bees. I believe we need to know who the bees are, only then can we serve them through our actions and the best we can to support them in these times. In order to help us help the honeybees, we need to open our senses to understand them and shift paradigms.”⁵⁰ - Michael Thiele, Beekeeper, Gaia Bees

Roles in the Hive^{51 52 53*}

Interior life

Life inside the hive is one of complete darkness. Touch and vibration (what sound is made of) and frequency are the modes of communication.

The Queen – to – Bee is born in darkness, has one short moment in daylight for her mating flight and then returns to the darkness where she will spend the rest of her life serving and being served. Only if the hive is threatened or if the space is too small will a Queen leave (swarm). If the Girls don't like their Queen any more they will kill her or drive her out. Also, a new Queen might challenge her rule and fight her to the death. Pheromones play a major role in this.

Egg: the Queen lays in a healthy hive almost 1 800 eggs per day. The egg lies at the bottom of the cell, the six-sided hexagon which is perfect geometric genius and mystery, for three days. At some magical point it stands up on end in the centre of the cell. When a sister lays an egg who is not

⁴⁶ Buxton, Simon

⁴⁷ Sanchez-Parodi, Julie

⁴⁸ 2-3, 7-10

⁴⁹ The Bible, the Koran

⁵⁰ Adamson, Judith p132,

⁵¹ Longgood, William

⁵² Routtinen, Lauri

⁵³ Maeterlinck, Maurice

*own observations also

Queen, the egg is laid so that it rests against the cell wall. This is one way to know you have a Wanna-Bee (fake) Queen.

Larvae: the egg is standing in the center of the cell. The heat in the hive has to be maintained at a constant level (fanners, water carriers, drones, and hive). The feeders make sure that some of the nectar – turned – honey is given to the larvae. As soon as the nannies know that the larva is suitable they or the builders will cap the cell with a light covering of wax. The larva grows in peace for another 6 days.

Pupae: the metamorphosis of the sister occurs in twelve days, or the Queen in sixteen days and the Drone in twenty-four days. She has made herself a cocoon and rests, waiting for transformation.

Baby-bees: she chews her way through the light capping. Her hair and body are golden and fuzzy. The sister has transformed herself after a period of gestation, of waiting, into a honey bee. She takes her place amongst the thousand other sisters in the Hive.

Maid-in-Waiting: one of their first jobs, as we understand thus far, is to wait on the Queen. They will spend part of their interior life feeding, grooming, and cleaning her. They use their antennae, legs, protuberance and their mandibles.

Garbage collectors: someone has to do it. Some of the sisters care for the hygiene of the hive and of individual bees. This involves carrying out dead larvae which have calcified, taking care of ticks and other mites, carrying out bee parts, for example. Bees though do an excellent job of cleaning themselves. They are always fully-equipped with cleaning tools wherever they go.

Undertakers: a small proportion of sisters' work with dead sisters. About an hour after a sister dies, and undertaker sister will come and carry her off, flying upwards over 50 m and drop her.

Nursery Feeders: these sisters are busy furnishing the egg and the larvae a continual supply of royal jelly, pollen, and honey.

Builders: these sisters are responsible for using propolis (translation: *For the City*) to fill any cracks and holes which might interfere with hive safety, warmth and protection. There is a theory that drones, those elusive slippery males collect the sap from various balsamic trees and pass it on to the builders. We know too little!

Wax-builders: acrobat, architect, kneader, shaper sisters. They build more comb for the Queen to lay eggs or for collection of pollen and honey for the hive. Without the comb and the nursery there

is no hive. Old bees can do this if necessary, but usually it is the younger ones. They are the perfect architects in measuring the six-sided cell in depth, width and breadth and thickness. They are acrobats clinging to one another across the frames to increase the heat. When the heat is high enough little wax bits appear on their stomach which they roll and chew in their mouth before kneading it into place.

Homies: sisters who wait for the return of those who bear water, nectar and propolis. These ladies receive from those flying into the hive, taking from them to then place in the proper cell-cupboard or crack or hole.

Air regulators: the Hive must stay at a constant internal temperature of 34.5 -35.5 C. The sisters responsible for air-flow and temperature have the task of making sure enough bees are present at the front door, as well as walls, on the comb and roof all fanning and circulating the air. On hot summer days or nights, even in the autumn when it is their time to make the Hive smaller, bees on top of bees can be seen clinging onto the outside walls of the hive. Too many bees in the hive make it too hot and too little makes it too cold. The beat of their wings maintain perfect balance.

On the borderland of light and darkness

These are the sisters that are mysterious and teach the beekeeper how to approach others.

Guardians: on the edge of light and darkness these sisters are. They stand at the doorway to examine all those entering through their senses. Should an intruder, like a beekeeper or a bear, try to open the hive or stand in front of their front door, the guardians are the first to attack. This is why some beekeepers use a smoker or light watery misting to befuddle the bees. If you learn approach openly, with grace and mutual respect the chances of you getting attacked is reduced.

Guardian spies: These are the curious sisters who approach the intruder, not for attacking and stinging, but to investigate. Who is this monstrosity shadowing our door, removing our roof? They fly in your face, but their sound is worse than their sting, if they sting! These could be some of the information gatherers.

On the Outside

The last three weeks of the bee's life is spent outdoors. Her total life span bee-ing if all goes well, during honey season six weeks. During winter it is from four-nine months.

She has reached a level of awareness and knowledge which sends her out into the wide world to face great dangers and great joys. If she survives these she will one day leave the hive never to return. Bees seemingly rarely die at home naturally. They are on the wing.

Water-bearers: these girls leave the hive and visit places where they can collect moisture, returning with it to the hive. Water is used for cooling the hive and keeps the humidity at the proper level. Many bees will drop what they are doing should the temperature in the hive get too hot by bringing water inside. As with the pollen collectors, they give their water to a house bee and leave to get more water.

Information gatherers: these girls are the fliers, the gatherers of flower power. They go out of the hive searching for where the nectar can be found. They land on a flower and can roll, shake, shimmy in the flower collecting pollen all over their bodies. The ecstasy of watching this verges on orgasm! They return to the Hive with information which is transmitted through movement and vibration-the Dance.

Nectar gatherers: these sweet sisters fly out and brave the dangers collecting nectar. Their long protuberance slides into the flowers, sucking up the small drops of nectar into her honey-stomach (she has two stomachs: one for nectar and one for own use). She returns to the Hive and regurgitates a pure vomit of nectar into a waiting sister's mouth. They look like they are kissing. As soon as her honey-stomach is emptied she speeds out the door again. If she meets another sister along the way or even in the Hive who is hungry she will give them some of what she has collected.

Pollen gatherers: pollen is the food of the larvae. It is their main staple of nutrition, containing within it all that a human even needs. Girls who gather pollen visit 800 or so flowers to get a small teaspoon. They pack it into knee bags and return to the hive. Sometimes they are so heavily laden they have to find a way to climb up to the opening. They rush in, find an empty cell, and deposit it quickly. Then they leave and do it all over again. House bees come and take care of packing it into the cell adding to it some of their own lactic acids to get it to compact nicely in the cell.

Wanna-Bees or False Queens: these are sisters who want to be Queen but are not fertile. They may have been raised a Queen but have not had their nuptial flight yet. When the Hive is without a Queen for some days, the pheromones are reduced. Accordingly then some of the sisters will begin

to lay eggs. But these are not fertilized so they will only produce Drones. The sisters may also turn some egg-filled cells into Queen cells in order to produce a Queen.

The virgin Queen: the sister who has not yet performed the hieros gamos, the holy flight of mating. She is born into the darkness. If all goes well she will gain strength and make the flight. If not, then either her sisters or the Old Queen will remove her. She may have to fight for her life should she succeed in making her wedding flight. The Old Queen usually notices young ones who are pregnant and teaming with life. When she goes out for her flight, escort and bodyguard sisters accompany her. But she will out fly them all.

The Queen: through her much is decided or is she perhaps in reality the slave of the Hive? The Queen emits pheromones which regulate the activities of the Hive and her daughters. The Queen was a sister on a diet of royal jelly only and in a special shaped cell, different from all the rest. Somewhat akin to Artemis of Ephesus statue with copious cell shaped breasts coming off of her. The Queen is both mother and sister and daughter. She will have her one day of daylight and then disappear into the warm darkness of the Hive. As soon as she has had her fill and has returned to the Hive she releases new messages to her sisters-daughters. She is ready to serve and lead. As she ages her pheromones lessen. A time will come when she may be attacked by her own daughters, sisters and thrown out of the hive. Or perhaps there comes the idea that it is time to look for a new home because the current one is too small or even that there is a new Queen in town, so she will take half of the hive with her and swarm.

The Drones: these are brothers and fathers and sons of the Hive residents. They begin just like his sisters but the cells have built larger to accommodate them. The Queen and the daughters have a sense of design in their hives for the Drones cells are usually placed in the same area. Drones emerge with a few things on their mind: sex, food, warmth. They are bigger and have a lower hum and do not sting. They meander through the hive eating honey that the sisters have brought in. They keep the hive warm and insulated because of their bulk. They go out into the world to just bee. And they wait with their great big eyes for the flight of the Virgin Queen. And when she flies they fly after her. If they are strong enough a few will catch her and plunge their penis inside, releasing sperm, at 100-200 meters of height. Orgasm? If so, it is the first and last for they die when the sperm is released. This is repeated until the Virgin Queen decides enough is enough and returns to the safety of her Hive. At the end of the season there comes a day when the sisters

decide that no longer do we need these brothers. They block their way. The Drones can't get to the cells full of honey. They get pulled out, thrown out and ruthlessly dumped out of the Hive and if they still try to return they are attacked by the sisters' en force. Within a couple days a Hive will emptied of almost all of its Drones. Winter is coming. The Hive must survive.

Lead-bee: sometimes when the bees have been removed from their hive and are on the ground or ramp near their hive and all looks like chaos there will arise from the mass a sister who from amongst all the others who will slowly make her way back to the hive and her Queen. She seems to be the one to check the way before all others and hopefully she is right in her assessment for the rest of her sisters will follow her back to their Queen. The lead bee and a few others communicate to the others through fanning and raising their tail.

Robbers: are sisters, all of them. They go out of their own Hive and steal the honey from another Hive. They do this because they are starving, perhaps lazy (why bother with flowers when someone has already brought in the gold!) and perhaps their Hive is Queenless. When one sister gets finds the other Hive she returns and relays the message to the others. Soon all of the sisters are on wing to get as much as they can as fast as they can.

Miracle workers: all the sisters are miracle workers. In times of stress, emergency, great honey-runs the bees can change their glands to return to producing wax if needed, or gathering nectar, or starting up their hypopharyngeal glands to feed the nursery. Any one of the sisters can begin to lay eggs (unfertilized). In defense of the Hive they will all gather at the front entrance and fight, protecting their Queen, the nursery, each other and their Honey.

"Beehives are organized similarly to how we do things here at Google. Bees have a flat management structure, and they adapt quickly and change roles throughout their career (nurse, guard, forager, quality controller, etc.) depending on demands." ⁵⁴ -Marc Rasic, Chef Beekeeper at Google

The Sting and the Honey

Bees sting only when absolutely necessary. They will try all other means in order to restore safety. They will try and chase you away. They will congregate around you. If you get the message and leave, they might leave you alone. If you don't they will sacrifice themselves. Honeybees die after they have stung you. They die! They try other means to teach and if all else fails, then the last resort is a direct hit.

⁵⁴ Adamson, Judith p 82

Wasps and hornets don't do that. They sting and sting repeatedly.

Women need to learn to sting like honeybees.

The Whole

These are all parts of the whole. It is possible to project our values onto the Hive by what we see and deduce from observing the Hive but then we cause ourselves to be limited. The Hive is a parallel universe to our being female and to being human. When we become aware that we are part of a whole, when we become aware of the intricate weavings between the Hive, the sisters, and the outer world we begin to awaken to our responsibility.

It is then that the body calls out for action in the physical sense. It is then that our Spirit calls out for like-minded souls. We search out for a group of women, sisters, who will support and nurture and feed us. We become sisters to the Hive, to other women. We accept all of our roles. We accept ourselves. This is the awakening of Rose Red, from the long slumber. For some it is confirmation of an inner knowing that they have had but never really tied up all the ends.

The Bee and My Body

There are stories that Bees were born from the Bull which had been sacrificed (Dionysius, Minoan culture). From the Bull are born bees, symbols of souls and rebirth.⁵⁵ There is a story that the sound of the Hive existed in the Darkness, and Bees in the form of DNA rained down on the darkness and formed this world with the Bee bee-ing exactly what it is now as it was then.⁵⁶ There is a story of another Goddess transforming into a Bee which begets an army of bees.⁵⁷ In Finnish folklore Osmotar asks Kalevatar, a maiden of magic, to find the ingredient which will make the beer foam and make people heady. Kalevatar goes to the centre of the floor, back and forth she goes, and steps into a cooking cauldron. Out she draws a seed pod (mustard or hay-type) and gives it to Kapo, another maiden of magic, who takes the pod and rubs it between her thighs and hands. The pod becomes a honeybee through heat, thighs, hands, and release.⁵⁸

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⁵⁶ Buxton

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⁵⁸ 13 Crawford translation

*"Then the bee, the swift-winged birdling,
Flew away with lightning-swiftness
On his journey to the islands,
O'er the high waves of the ocean;
Journeyed one day, then a second,
Journeyed all the next day onward,
Till the third day evening brought him
To the islands in the ocean,
To the water-cliffs and grottoes;
Found the maiden sweetly sleeping,
In her silver-tinselled raiment,*

*Girdled with a belt of copper,
In a nameless meadow, sleeping,
In the honey-fields of magic;
By her side were honeyed grasses,
By her lips were fragrant flowers,
Silver stalks with golden petals;
Dipped its winglets in the honey,
Dipped its fingers in the juices
Of the sweetest of the flowers,
Brought the honey back to Kapo,
To the mystic maiden's fingers."*

All are possible. Each story has a different teaching.

Bring the wealth of knowledge before me and I will still ask "Do I feel it?"

Our body is made up of cells. Each cell contains water, DNA, proteins, etc. Each cell is permeable, meaning things can enter it and leave it. These are basic facts which we know now through the work of scientists, mystics and yogis and plain common sense.

"... our primary function is to create or become a "container" so that an experience of the Goddess can occur. Whether it is through ritual, writing, art, dance, music, or organizational skills, the spiritual focus or specialty of the priestess becomes the larger container that helps create sacred space wherein women can connect with the Goddess."⁵⁹

Music and Sound

Using sound (vibration, frequency, rhythm) can change the cell structure. This is being proven repeatedly. The Hive has its own sounds. The hum of a hive is normally about 160 Hz-230Hz or just between Eflat3 and E3 and A3-A#3 (as related to A=440Hz),⁶⁰ not to mention all the other sounds, clicking, chirpings and overtones that can emanate from the Hive. Music has been used throughout ancient times and it did not sound like the current European – western variety. It was

⁵⁹ Barrett, Ruth

⁶⁰ 14 also Longgood, William

more than pleasure-seeking or background sound. It was for healing and education, influencing, repairing cell damage, opening the mind, pain control, etc.⁶¹ For example, the old modes of harmony, the gongs and the ragas of India were precise in their dosage.⁶²

*“it was like an algebra of metaphysical abstractions, knowledge of which was given only to initiates, but by whose principles the masses were instinctively and unconsciously influenced. This is what made music one of the most powerful instruments of moral education, as Confucius had said before Plato”.*⁶³

The voice – sound - is one of the most power-filled links in the Hive and between humans.

Dance and Movement

When I was a teenager my best friend told me I couldn't dance. I wanted to believe her but the music would not let me. I knew I probably would not pursue the career of a ballerina, but I sure loved to move. Dance-the movement of the body-is a power-filled way to feel the Goddess, the priestess, the FEMALE inside. It is a way to explore the body, express self, and to love the marvelous perfect imperfections of the body. There are reams of research on dance (as well as music) which testify to its power. Those are side-factors. I dance to express the music, my mood, celebrate my Bees. Alone or in a group: move, dance, explore the body and delight in it: perfect it is! Dance the Dance of the Bee!⁶⁴

Breath means Spirit in many languages. When we breath we keep our body functioning and in condition. We get energy, balance, grounding, relaxation, expression through breathing. It is free therapy which we do not use. Learn to breath. Explore the breath. Breathe into pain to release it. Breathe out to get balance. Breathe into the chakras, energy centres, meridians or whatever you name it - even your big toe and especially your womb, even if it has been removed. There are many different types of breathing following many different paths. Some are associated with martial arts, yoga, conscious breathing, religious worship, meditation, etc.^{65 66 67 68} Do it with intent!

⁶¹ Achterberg, Jeanne; Grof, S. in both books

⁶² Daniélou, Alain

⁶³ de Mengel

⁶⁴ Any and all good bee-keeping books have pictures of the dance. See Buxton for the core of the dance.

⁶⁵ Swami Saradananda

⁶⁶ Minnet, Gunnel

⁶⁷ Ed. Boston, Jane and Cook, Rena.

⁶⁸ Grof, Stanislav & Grof, Christina

Conclusion

Searching the past and women's roles is necessary if one wants to reclaim and awaken their own female. The women, the Goddesses, the priestesses, even the cloistered nuns all have stories to tell. Women are everywhere! When I began to read more than I usually do about past religious figures, ancient societies and the Goddesses I found that I live with them in my everyday life. But not everyone knows they are a priestess. Our calling from the womb is to be a vase, a container, a vessel so that we can hold space for other women to bee-come what they need, desire, want to bee.

We have all the tools we need in our bodies and our sisters' bodies: grounded in the ancient past and hummed into bee-ing. Through the Spirit of the Hive we can support one another through ritual, story-telling, dance, sound, music, role-play, organizing, teaching, bodywork, breathwork and painting we can support each other. We can become the Hive for more sisters.

*"Priestesses were venerated as priests are today, as holy persons and leaders in their societies. Their specialties included religion, philosophy, prophecy, ethics, writing, dance, temple construction, and maintenance, ritual, fund raising, tourism, social work, commerce, and cloth making. She might have been a doctor of medicine, lecturer, archivist, singer, or performing instrumentalist."*⁶⁹

*"...Thousands of bees are integrated into a higher-order entity, whose ability far transcends that of the individual bee. Their communication and networking capacities, non-hierarchical decision processes, and an understanding of service to the greater web of life are pointing to a higher level of development and awareness."*⁷⁰ - Michael Thiele, Beekeeper

The entire hive is female with the necessary exception of the transient and necessary drones. We are a mirror of their female bee-ings. We are all women. We all have a belly button. We all have or had wombs. We must, I must, use them to identify other sisters.

Last night I had a dream. *I was standing outside of the new business hall. It was a summer day. We had been cleaning, organizing and make the hall ready for new activity. There were other people around-faceless and female. The place felt like home. A car pulled up to the loading dock and the daughter of the original owner stepped out of the station wagon. I was surprised to see her because with all the police investigations of her brother-in-law and perhaps her and her sister's role. The feeling was quite strong. Nevertheless, I was genuinely pleased to see the brown-haired one. I descended the stairs quickly, embracing her. I asked her how*

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⁷⁰ Adamson, Judith p.136

she was (not about anyone else) and what she was doing. While standing with her, another car pulled in. It was the other sister (blonde). She pulled in. I was watching her when I realized the brown-haired sister had slipped into the hall. I didn't like them bee-ing there because I did not trust them. I turned to follow and soon the other sister had entered through a side door. I started to ascend the loading dock stairs to ask them to leave when both ran out from different places into their cars. They drove off. I rushed in to see what they had stolen, thinking to alarm the police, because that was my assumption of their behavior. Curiously, the only thing they took was the small, empty violet-colored cash-box.

A teacher in the Path of Pollen said, "Some of you will be friends and some of you won't, but you are all sisters." If we can realize this we can change our self, families, communities, societies, homelands and the world walking in beauty and power while on Mother Earth. We are all sisters. Each woman has a Hive inside her. Each woman is a Hive.

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