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The words are widely known, but it occurred to me that I've never seen a discussion of the melody and harmonies that give them meaning. Surely, like the Tao, "the tune that can be told is not the true tune". None, the less, I thought I would try to describe some of the experiences that have accompanied some of my attempts at a LBRP.

P.S. ... For those who know the words,
 please sing along, and tell me how the tune works for you.
For those who have your own tunes,
 would you consider trying to share one?
For those who don't haven't tried the song,
 this may not make much sense at all.

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I begin with receptive silence, first bringing the room into order, then bringing my body into repose, then my breathing into measured rythm, and finally my thoughts. I cannot begin this work until I have ceased doing other things.

1.

Using my father's dagger I trace the circle, and the cross, addressing myself to the ritual. It seems a bit like an introduction (to the One "who needs no introduction" :-). The real purpose, however, is to remind me where I am, and why I have come here ... and it does that pretty effectively. Establishing my relationship to the power is indeed an important preliminary to the remainder of the ritual.

2.

Facing the rising sun, I inhale and look for the word that brought about the creation. I gaze through the letters that symbolize the ne-plus-ultra and try to find the sound that they represent. This is the word I need to trigger my own creation today. When the Yod becomes clear, I am the Heh that receives it, and the Vau they become wells within me,

giving rise to the Heh that I return to the cosmos, and in so doing, animate the first sigil.

I pause, as the light kindles, to experience the resonance between the ultimate power of creation, and the power of creation within myself.

3.

Turning from sunrise to the sun at full Zenith, I reflect on the awesome majesty of creation, and the power that permeates it. As I contemplate the inconceivable wonder of the universe (with all of its myriad worlds and souls), I search for the name of its Lord ... so that I may trace my next sigil in celebration of Hir glory.

Once again, I pause to wait for the channel to come to life and savor my small glimpse of the almighty.

4.

Turning towards the setting sun, I reflect on the glory I have been privileged to behold. I note my breathing, and the implicit continuous prayer it offers in praise to the spirit of life. "Ruach" means both "breath" and "spirit", and in our breathing we speak the holy name more perfectly than words ever could.

I seek to make each breath a more ardent and perfect prayer, and an act of communion. When my breath has become the name of life, I carve a sigil into which that principle can be enshrined, and welcome the spirit of life into my circle.

5.

Turning to the north, I see nothing, and so confront myself - body and spirit, ego and instrument of divine will, animal and god. What am I and what am I to become? How am I to resolve a myriad of aspirations and urges? The answer is not in allowing myself to become a battleground for a thousand balkanized aspects of my own nature. The answer lies in finding purpose and becoming an instrument of that purpose.

And so I acknowledge my need, and my inescapable obligation

to understand and serve the divine will. As I speak the oath that binds me to that will, I carve the sigil that must be simultaneously the instrument of my destruction and the key to my salvation.

6.

Turning again to the rising sun, and standing in the center of these channels, I look forward to find the spirit of guidance. My needs and aspirations have been anticipated, and provided for. I need not want for guide or teacher. I have but to open my eyes and see them.

7.

The power of life swells behind me and within me, compelling me to action and empowering me to achieve. Life is that which does, and that which becomes. I am life, and the power is within me ... or perhaps more properly, I am a manifestation of that power.

8.

On my right, I reach out to the light that vanquishes all darkness. I find therein perfection, protection and a power beyond that of life. I recognize it for what it is. I recognize that it is always there, and that I can always draw upon it (if I have but eyes to see it). I open myself to the light.

9.

On my left, I reach out to a world bathed in divine light and see its richness, beauty, and perfection. It shames me to recognize how seldom I see the world so illuminated, and I am grateful to be reminded again of its true nature.

10.

I stand surrounded by, and attuned to, four open channels for divine energy. Standing naked in the focal point, I reach out, simultaneously, to each. As the four streams of light converge in me, each

carrying its own energy into me, I feel the parts of myself that are being brought into resonance.

Finally, like a laser, pumped at the right frequency, I burst forth with a nova-like brilliance, now a source of light myself ... and unlike the sigils through which this energy was channeled, I am wholly of this world. I am the connection point between heaven and earth. I am the vehicle through which the divine Will achieves worldly manifestation.

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Having obtained what I came for, I again affirm/acknowledge my relationship to the source. (I occasionally feel like offering thanks ... but that would be missing the point :-)