

**Invocation of Our Lord of Midnight, Mahazhael-Deval,
Being a Conjuration of the High Sabbatic Witch-father**

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In the present-day recension of the Sabbatic Craft Tradition there are a number of deities and spirits who are honoured and adored as patrons of Our Arte. Amongst these is the circle of the eight Witch-fathers and eight Witch-mothers, who collectively are revered as the “Retinue of the Faithful Gods”.

The sixteen Lords and Ladies of the Faithful Retinue are envisaged as the Wardens of the Cardinal and Sub-cardinal directions of the circle or “blood-acre”. At each “gate” of the blood-acre, a pair of the retinue preside as the Ancestral Patrons of the Mysteries, Teachings and Times ascribed to that portal. Thus, with the outward turning of time and the inward seasons of wisdom, each pair of the retinue comes to reign as the Master and Mistress of the circle. Furthermore, each of the sixteen deities is considered in its own right as the custodian of specific ritual instruments and aspects of ritual practice. Whilst the retinue constitute a pantheon in their own right, it is in keeping with the customs of Our Nameless Faith and the Mystery of the Iconostasis, that our deities are often syncretised with the saints and deities of the so-called ‘mortal faiths of man’, that is, with the revered and divine personae of our localities’ presiding churches and holy sites. It is thus our custom to call many souls to walk in the Procession of the Hidden Faith.

What follows below is a Call, adapted from ‘The Dragon-Book of Essex’, for evoking the Sovereign Witch-father Mahazhael. It is intended for the use of a coveine or working lodge of Arte. The Lord Mahazhael is revered as the Guardian of the Northern Station and is considered to be the Blessed Consort of Our Lady Liliya. His time is that of the Midwinter Sun, the season of misrule and rebirth. His moment is the interstitial cusp of darkness and light. In syncretic terms, Mahazhael might be identified with Christ on the Eve of His Nativity, as the Soul of the Crucified King of Light at the moment prior to his dawn on Earth. The Lord Mahazhael may be evoked to preside over festivities of Midwinter and the New Year’s birth. His gift is the Sunlight of Wisdom born in the darkness of Midnight.

The Call unto Mahazhael-Deval

The Magister (or chosen Officiant) remains silent, bearing the mask of the Lord. The coveine shall call the spirit into him thus:-

O’ Mahazhael, Hear us!
Sovereign Witch-father of the Horned Serpent’s Knowledge!

Our blessing and our curse upon Thee, for Thou art twain of mask and face!

In all blessing we adore Thee as the Corn-king, crowned amid the seven wreaths of time, most wise amongst the Noble Lords who serve on the path of the year and the day. In all cursing we adore Thee as the Boneherder, who dwelleth in the invisible ossuary at the centre of every charnel-ground.

**Exalted art Thou as the Emperor in the Northern Gateway of Power!
All-hail to Thee as the Leader of the Eight Gods in the Retinue of Bha!
We revere Thee as Our Protector, Our Consort and Our Brother –
Eternal Guide to all who stray, self-abandoned to seek paradise in exile!
Hail to Thee as the Eight-armed Giant, Magister of the Dragon's brood!
We summon Thee to the Blood-acre by the lych-light of the Dying Sun.
We call to Thee with word and deed, above the sign of the Open Grave.**

**Be Thou before us as the Bone-white Man, the Skeletal Lord of Light!
Let space be Thy flesh and bone be Thy form: Thy stature eclipsing the sky.**

**For lighting-bolts do adorn Thee and storm-clouds are a halo around Thee.
Thy face is the skull, the death's-head oracle, laughing in all adversity.
Thine eyes reveal the dual abyss, shining bright in voidful darkness.
Thy heart is a seething spider's nest, strung on a fiery web between the bone-beams of Thy breast. Thy phallus is the minaret of joy rais'd for the world's delight; unto whom all djinn must turn in prayer and from whence the Serpent's holy seed is scattered- to baptise the world in all misrule!**

**Thine are the hooves of the He-goat, cloven to walk in all worlds alike.
Here reveal Thyself a-dancing, gleaming in splendour on the burial mound!
Hail to Thee as the Corpse-king, proud as any man in the bed of marriage!**

**In They four hands, seen and unseen, are the weapons of Thy dominion-
The signs of the power that Thou dost wield in gestures of shadow and light.**

**Thou bearest a flute that the wind doth play, carved of a holy man's femur.
Thou bearest the Book of Judgement, fill'd with the names of all blessed and wise; above whose pages a quill doth move- untouched by hand or soul.**

**Thou bearest a cursing-stave of blackthorn, a sword of unmelting ice, and endless rosary of mourners' tears and an hourglass of ashen remains.
All seasons begin and end with Thy dance, for Thy Hand doth command the Millstones of Time. Thou dost reveal the Mystery of Faith, for Thou bearest the Image of both Truth and Lie: the speaking mirror and the silent mask.**

The covine should kneel before the Lord to make offerings of imaginal or mental sacrifice:-

Before Thee we offer the earth sign, drawn in grain and serpent-skin. Upon Thine altar, the rose-strewn grave, we offer the sacrifice of images, here wrought in our mind for Thy pleasure and honour:- a broken idol of clay, offered in the name of every pantheon; the scriptures forsworn by every faith – the scrolls that tell of each trespass'd law; a child, naked of chrisom, innocent of faith and promised to none; a severed head from the holiest of men; a skull from a horse that knew no mortal master; a heart-fill'd chalice from the martyrs of heresy; and a golden flame lit for our fallen brethren.

**O' Mahazhael! Our Sovereign Witch-father!
Accept these offerings, both fair and foul,
And turn all to serve the empowerment of Thy presence here among us!**

Genuflections should then be made to the Place of Power. Thereafter the Officiant, being filled with the spirit of Mahazhael, shall lift up the sighns imparting the Mystery of Faith: a devil-mask and a mirror. Bearing these dual tokens of the arcanum, the officiant shall turn to address the covine:-

**Ye that are made in the Image of God!
Here behold Thy Father and Mother: the Iconostasis projecting all Belief!
Know ye the Creed of Truth within the Mystery of Lie:
Which is the mirror and which is the mask?**

The Officiant shall then walk deosil around the circle, stopping before each initiate of the covine to repeat the question: "Which is the mirror and which is the mask?". When an initiate has responded, the officiant shall move onward until each member of the covine has rendered their answer. As he moves past each initiate, they shall scatter the ground with an offering of grain. Returning to the North the officiant shall lay down the two signs at the sides of the Stang and then turn to address the covine:-

Remember that which you have spoken and guard it well as the testament of Thy soul. For I who have come to sow the world-field shall return to reap and to judge on the day of its harvest. Hear ye then my tale, hear ye the Corn-king's Riddle spun upon the wheel of the year and the day.

For with one step the world is begun and with the next all things are done!

**'On the first day I awoke within the furrow.
On the second day I knelt in prayer 'neath the sun.
On the third I stood in the long green robe.
On the fourth day my head was crowned with gold.**

**On the fifth day the sickle laid me to rest.
On the sixth day my body was ground between stones.
On the seventh day I was raised anew to feed the brethren at Midnight's
Table-to serve at the Round Feast for both the Living and the Dead.**

**'The Mystery of the Bread' is my Name of my Name,
the Father of the Grain am I.
May the Blessing be and the Cursing be
Upon all who come to eat of me.**

**Heed well my Words and Deeds,
And know that I, Mahazhael, am with you!
As it is spoken, so mote it be!
Bilo Bilo Hu! Bha-Azha-Ka!**

**The Officiant should complete the conjuration by offering the bow of
Mahazhael as a sign bestowing empowerment upon the assembled body of
the covine .**

**All brethren should silently pace the circle widdershins to bind the rite.
Finally all may conjoin in a Binding Salutation:**

**All Hail to the Thrice-Great Clan of Azha-Qayin!
Hail to the Dragon-masked Lord of Albion's Field!
Hail to Jabal, Jubal and Tubal-Cain,
By the Horns of the Bull, the Harp of the Minstrel,
And the Hammer-knell's hymn to Fire.
Hail to the King held high on the Elder Tree,
To the Lords and Ladies of the Meadow,
To the Good Folk of the Blood-acre.
Hail to the Thrice-Great Wanderer,
Whose Faith doth lie beneath his heel.**

**Thrice blessed, thrice cursed, thrice cunning be!
In the Name of Our Lady.
So mote it be!
Amen**