

## THE DAUGHTER OF FORTITUDE

(received by Edward Kelley and Dr. John Dee)

I am the daughter of Fortitude,  
and ravished every hour from my youth,  
for behold, I am understanding & science dwelleth in me:  
& the heavens oppress me,  
They cover and desire me with infinite appetite  
few or none that are earthly have embraced me  
for I am shadowed with the circle of the son:  
and covered with the morning clouds:  
My feet are swifter than the winds,  
& my hands are sweeter than the morning dew.

My garments are from the beginning:  
& my dwelling place is in myself.  
The lion knoweth not where I walk:  
neither do the beast of the field understand me.  
I am deflowered & yet a virgin.  
I sanctify & am not sanctified  
happy is he that embraceth me.  
for in the night season I am sweet,  
and in the day full of pleasure.

My company is a harmony of many Symbols  
And my lips sweeter than health itself.  
I am a harlot for such as ravish me:  
and a virgin with such as know me not:  
For lo, I am loved of many: & I am a lover to many:  
and as many as come unto me as they should do,  
have their entertainment.  
Purge your streets O you sons of men,  
& wash your houses clean.

Make yourselves holy, & put on righteousness.  
Cast out your old strumpets, & burn their clothes.  
Abstain from the company of other women that are defiled,  
that are sluttish, & not so handsome, & beautiful as I.  
And then will I come & dwell amongst you.  
And behold I will bring forth Children unto you:  
& they shall be the sons of comfort  
I will open my garments,  
& stand naked before you  
that your love may be more enflamed toward me.

As yet, I walk in the clouds,  
As yet, I am carried with the winds:  
And cannot descend unto you  
for the multitude of your abominations,  
& the filthy loathsomeness of your dwelling places.  
Behold the four,  
who is he, that shall say, they have sinned:  
or unto whom shall they make account?  
Not unto you, you sons of men,  
nor unto your children:  
for unto the lord belongeth  
the judgment of his servants.

No therefore, let the earth give forth her fruits unto you:  
And let the mountains forsake their barrenness  
where your footsteps shall remain.

happy is he that saluteth you:  
& cursed is he that holdeth up his hands against you.  
& power shall be given unto you  
from hence forth to rest your enemies:  
& the lord shall always hear you  
in the times of your troubles.  
And I am sent unto you to play the harlot with you:  
And am to enrich you with the spoils of other men:  
prepare for me, for I come shortly.  
Provide your Chambers for me  
that they may be sweet & cleanly:  
for I will make a dwelling place amongst you:  
and I will be common with the father & the son, yea  
and with all them that truly favoereth you  
for my youth is in her flower  
and my strength is not to be extinguished with man.  
Strong am I above & below.  
Therefore, provide for me.  
for behold I now salute you.  
And let peace be amongst you:  
for I m the Daughter of Comfort.

Disclose not my secrets unto women:  
neither let them understand how sweet I am.  
for all things belongeth not unto every one.

I come unto you again.

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The above message was received by Edward Kelley whilst scrying in the seventh aethyr of Deo, and delivered by a goddess that Kelley described thusly: ***All her attire is like beaten gold; she hath on her forehead a cross crystal, her neck and breast are bare unto under her dugs: she hath a girdle of beaten gold slackly buckled unto her with a pendant of gold down to the ground....*** The dichotic nature of the message may have disturbed Kelley to such an extent that he eventually gave up practicing magick, and deserted John Dee, taking with him both the doctor's meager finances, and his wife. These events were to have remarkable echo centuries later in the life of Jack Parsons, who, following his encounters with Babalon, was deserted by his mistress, who absconded with his magickal partner, L. Ron Hubbard. That the goddess encountered by Kelley in the Seventh Aethyr was Babalon is confirmed somewhat by verse 23 of the *Book of Babalon*, which declares: ***My calls as thou knowest. All love songs are of me. Also seek me in the Seventh Aire.*** The transmission from the Daughter of Fortitude is all the more remarkable for its similarities with the Gnostic text, *Thunder, Perfect Mind*, which was not rediscovered until 1945. Both the *Thunder, Perfect Mind* and the transmission from the *Daughter of Fortitude* play with the power of paradox, and the mystery of the holy whore who remains a virgin.