

## **Carn Llidi Bychan or King Arthur's Tomb**

St.David's Head, Pembrokeshire

### ***Sally Cunis (2004)***

Persephone (my second camper-van!) and I travelled to Pembrokeshire in July 2004. My objectives were twofold: to have a quiet, peaceful break, and to explore the area around St.David's Head in more detail. I had previously spent a couple of days there the year before, on a trip back from Southern Ireland. What I saw, and felt, I liked, and decided to return to the area this year.

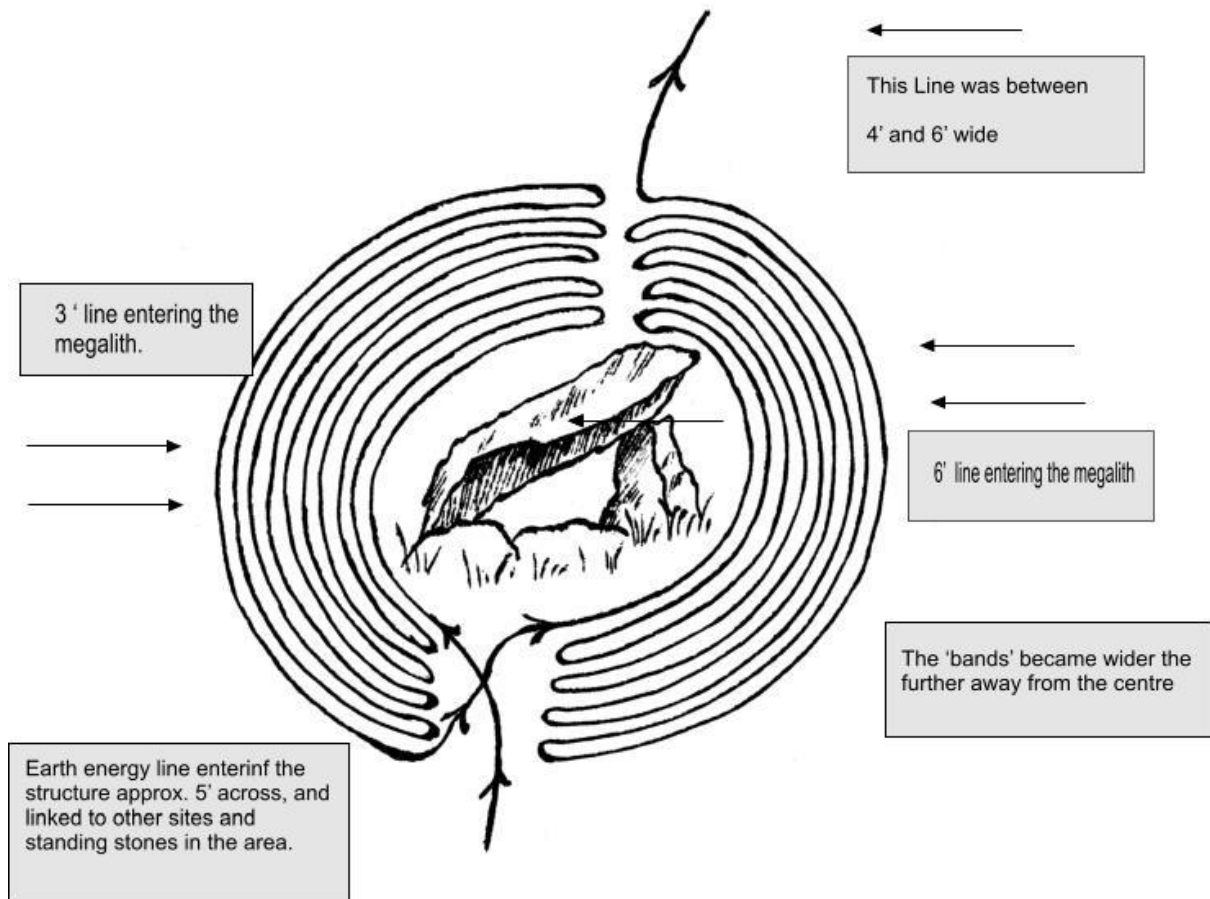
On my previous visit, I discovered a sacred well, dedicated to St. Non, the mother of St. David. Legend has that it is here that she gave birth to her son during a violent storm, and a spring sprang up at the moment of his birth. Subsequently, the well became a Christian shrine. It still has a statue of the Virgin Mary, but actually carries a strong sense of its pre-Christian past, where I felt ancient people had revered and worshipped the sacred feminine principle, the goddess or earth mother, if you prefer. The water in the well is clear and pure, and is said, like many other such places, to have curative powers. I helped myself to some, and it really did taste sweeter than wine. I'm not sure if it cured anything, though...

In the field adjoining the well, was a ruined chapel, this time dedicated to St. David himself. The site is magnificent in its setting, being adjacent to the Pembrokeshire coastal path, and with stunning views overlooking the sea. There were powerful energy lines running through the well, the chapel, and when I looked closer, through and around a few standing stones dotted around the field. Out came my trusty rods (all in the bucketing rain, but at least there weren't too many sightseers to put me off!) and I think I discovered the remains of a stone circle. Some of the stones which were likely to have formed the original circle were now part of the walls and hedgerows surrounding the field – a not unusual occurrence.

I was very excited about this, but eventually the driving rain and mist got to me, and I high-tailed it back to the van for a warming cuppa.

This year, though, the elements were a little more kindly, and I have some happy memories of walking up to St. David's Head, again along the coastal path. There were lots of interesting things to look at, and to dowse. A favourite spot was the "tomb" of King Arthur. (My God! How that chap gets around! He must have birthplaces and burial chambers all over Britain, and some say in Brittany as well!) But what a spot, and what a lovely setting for such a memorial.

I sat in the sun, drank in the atmosphere (very healing), did some rather bad sketching, ate a picnic, and did some dowsing. It was all so fascinating I went back again a few days later, having been accompanied for part of my walk by a herd of wild ponies. I felt very honoured. The drawing below illustrates what I found:



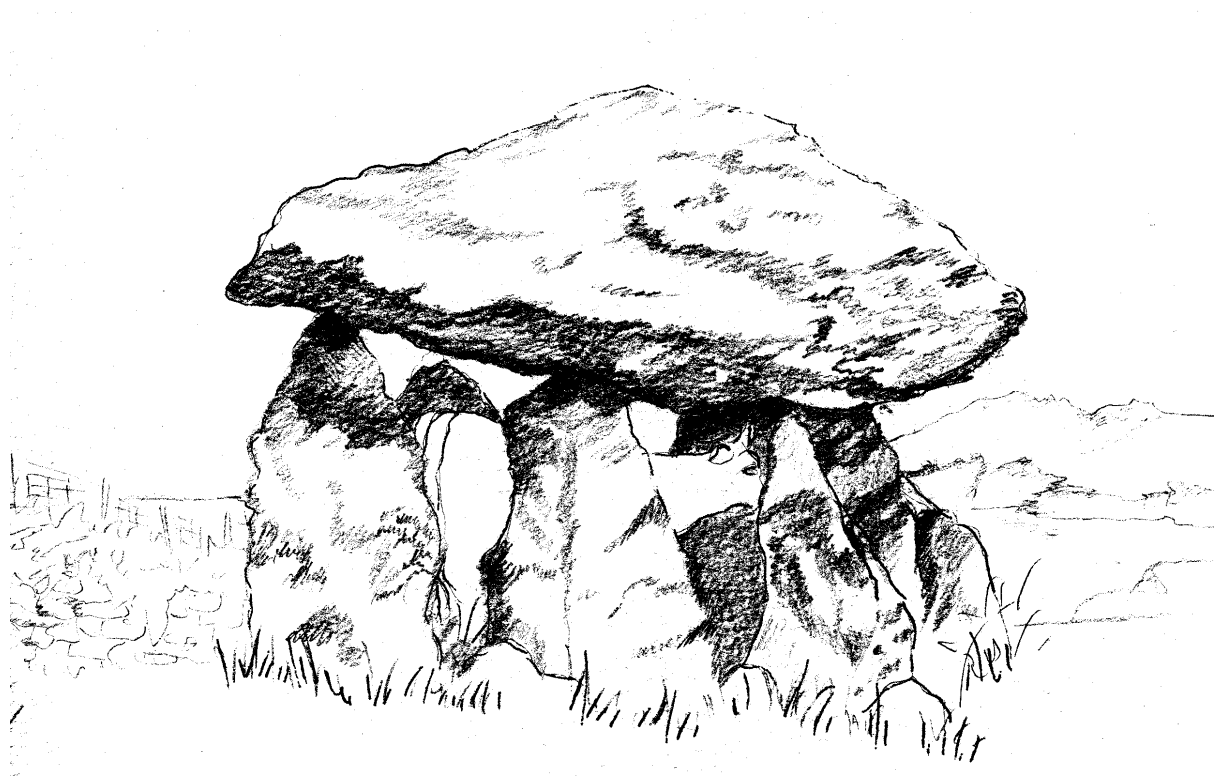
My feeling is that the ancient people who built these structures, certainly had an intuitive knowledge about where to place such things. They were probably natural dowsers, and may or may not have used dowsing tools to pinpoint the flow of earth energy lines and underground waterways, thereby knowing where to build with greater accuracy. In which case, I think they harnessed the natural energy lines/paths of the earth in order to utilise the forces which were produced, for whatever reason. *But I think it is the structure which produces the maze-like pattern.* I have had similar results at other chambered “tombs”, both here in Britain and in Brittany.



Carn Llidi Bychan (King Arthur's Tomb) Pembrokeshire. Photo by Sally Cunis

I believe that all structures, and in fact, all *things*, have their own energetic pattern. Whether each one is unique, like a fingerprint, or whether, say, all trees within a certain species, carry the same pattern, I don't know. No doubt someone will tell me, and maybe there are others out there researching into this.

It is all fascinating stuff, and the more I discover, the more I realise I don't know, and the more there is to learn...



*Sketch of Carreg Samson, Sally Cunis 2004*