

1: Myth of Eros and Psyche - www.enganchecubano.com

The myth of Eros and Psyche is probably one of the best love stories in classical mythology. Eros, son of Aphrodite, was the personification of intense love desire and he was depicted throwing arrows to people in order to hit their heart and make them fall in love. Psyche, a beautiful maiden.

Psyche was the youngest of the three daughters of some king, and excited by her beauty the jealousy and envy of Venus. In order to avenge herself, the goddess ordered Amor to inspire Psyche with a love for the most contemptible of all men: He accordingly conveyed her to some charming place, where he, unseen and unknown, visited her every night, and left her as soon as the day began to dawn. Psyche might have continued to have enjoyed without interruption this state of happiness, if she had attended to the advice of her beloved, never to give way to her curiosity, or to inquire who he was. But her jealous sisters made her believe that in the darkness of night she was embracing some hideous monster, and accordingly once, while Amor was asleep, she approached him with a lamp, and, to her amazement, she beheld the most handsome and lovely of the gods. In her excitement of joy and fear, a drop of hot oil fell from her lamp upon his shoulder. This awoke Amor, who censured her for her mistrust, and escaped. There her real sufferings began, for Venus retained her, treated her as a slave, and imposed upon her the hardest and most humiliating labours. Psyche would have perished under the weight of her sufferings, had not Amor, who still loved her in secret, invisibly comforted and assisted her in her labours. With his aid she at last succeeded in overcoming the jealousy and hatred of Venus; she became immortal, and was united with him for ever. It is not difficult to recognise in this lovely story the idea of which it is merely the mythical embodiment, for Psyche is evidently the human soul, which is purified by passions and misfortunes, and is thus prepared for the enjoyment of true and pure happiness. In works of art Psyche is represented as a maiden with the wings of a butterfly, along with Amor in the different situations described in the allegoric story. Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. The two elder ones were very attractive, yet praise appropriate to humans was thought sufficient for their fame. But the beauty of the youngest girl [Psyche Psykhe] was so special and distinguished that our poverty of human language could not describe or even adequately praise it. In consequence, many of her fellow-citizens and hordes of foreigners, on hearing the report of this matchless prodigy, gathered in ecstatic crowds. They were dumbstruck with admiration at her peerless beauty. They would press their hands to their lips with the forefinger resting on the upright thumb, and revere her with devoted worship as if she were none other than Venus [Aphrodite] herself. Rumour had already spread through the nearest cities and bordering territories that the goddess who was sprung from the dark-blue depths of the sea and was nurtured by the foam from the frothing waves was now bestowing the favour of her divinity among random gatherings of common folk; or at any rate, that the earth rather than the sea was newly impregnated by heavenly seed, and had sprouted forth a second Venus [Aphrodite] invested with the bloom of virginity. This belief grew every day beyond measure. The story now became widespread; it swept through the neighbouring islands, through tracts of the mainland and numerous provinces. Many made long overland journeys and travelled over the deepest courses of the sea as they flocked to set eyes on this famed cynosure of their age. No one took ship for Paphos, Cnidos, or even Cythera to catch sight of the goddess Venus. Sacrifices in those places were postponed, shrines grew unsightly, couches become threadbare, rites went unperformed; the statues were not garlanded, and the altars were bare and grimy with cold ashes. It was the girl who was entreated in prayer. When the maiden emerged in the mornings, they sought from her the favour of the absent Venus with sacrificial victims and sacred feasts. The people crowded round her with wreaths and flowers to address their prayers, as she made her way through the streets. Since divine honours were being diverted in this excessive way to the worship of a mortal girl, the anger of the true Venus [Aphrodite] was fiercely kindled. She could not control her irritation. She tossed her head, let out a deep growl, and spoke in soliloquy: Am I then to share with another the supplications to my divine power, am I to endure vague adoration by proxy, allowing a mortal girl to strut around posing as my double? What a waste of effort it was for the shepherd [Paris] whose justice and honesty won the approval of great Jupiter [Zeus] to reckon my matchless beauty superior to that of those great goddesses! But this girl,

whoever she is, is not going to enjoy appropriating the honours that are mine; I shall soon ensure that she rues the beauty which is not hers by rights! He gets away scot-free with this disgraceful behaviour, and nothing that he does is worthwhile. She told him the whole story of their rivalry in beauty, and grumbling and growling with displeasure added: Be willing to perform this single service which will compensate for all that has gone before. See that the girl is seized with consuming passion for the lowest possible specimen of humanity, for one who as the victim of Fortuna Fortune [Tykhe] has lost status, inheritance and security, a man so disreputable that nowhere in the world can he find an equal in wretchedness. Then she made for the nearest shore lapped by the waves. Meanwhile, Psyche for all her striking beauty gained no reward for her ravishing looks. All admired her godlike appearance, but the admiration was such as is accorded to an exquisitely carved statue. For some time now her two elder sisters had been betrothed to royal suitors and had contracted splendid marriages, though their more modest beauty had won no widespread acclaim. But Psyche remained at home unattended, lamenting her isolated loneliness. Sick in body and wounded at heart, she loathed her beauty which the whole world admired. For this reason the father of that ill-starred girl was a picture of misery, for he suspected that the gods were hostile, and he feared their anger. He sought the advice of the most ancient oracle of the Milesian god [Apollon], and with prayers and sacrificial victims begged from that mighty deity a marriage and a husband for that slighted maiden. Apollo, an Ionian Greek, framed his response in Latin to accommodate the author of this Milesian tale: Renounce all hope that one of mortal stock can be your son-in-law, for she shall wed a fierce, barbaric, snake-like monster. He, flitting on wings aloft, makes all things smart, plaguing each moving thing with torch and dart. Why, Jupiter [Zeus] himself must fearful be. The other gods for him their terror show, and rivers shudder, and the dark realms below. He unfolded to his wife the injunctions of that ominous oracle, and grief, tears and lamentation prevailed for several days. But now the grim fulfilment of the dread oracle loomed over them. Now they laid out the trapping for the marriage of that ill-starred girl with death; now the flames of the nuptial torch flickered dimly beneath the sooty ashes, the high note of the wedding-lute sank into the plaintive Lydian mode, and the joyous marriage-hymn tailed away into mournful wailing. That bride-to-be dried her tears on her very bridal-veil. Lamentation for the harsh fate of that anguished household spread throughout the city, and a cessation of business was announced which reflected the public grief. So amidst intense grief the ritual of that marriage with death was solemnized, and the entire populace escorted her living corpse as Psyche tearfully attended not her marriage but her funeral. But when her sad parents, prostrated by their monstrous misfortune, drew back from the performance of their monstrous task, their daughter herself admonished them with these words: Why do you disfigure those features, which I adore, with ineffectual tears? Why do you grieve my eyes by torturing your own? Why do you tear at your grey locks? Why do you beat those breasts so sacred to me? What fine rewards my peerless beauty will bring you! All too late you experience the mortal wounds inflicted by impious envy. That grief, those tears, that lamentations for me as one already lost should have been awakened when nations and communities brought me fame with divine honours, when with one voice they greeted me as the new Venus [Aphrodite]. Only now do I realize and see that my one undoing has been the title of Venus bestowed on me. Escort me and set me on the rock to which fate has consigned me. I hasten to behold this noble husband of mine. Why should I postpone or shrink from the arrival of the person born for the destruction of the whole world? They made their way to the appointed rock set on a lofty mountain, and when they had installed the girl on its peak, they all abandoned her there. They left behind the marriage-torches which had lighted their way but were now doused with their tears, and with bent heads made their way homeward. He gradually drew her aloft, and with tranquil breath bore her slowly downward. She glided down in the bosom of the flower-decked turf in the valley below. In that soft and grassy arbour Psyche reclined gratefully on the couch of the dew-laden turf. The great upheaval oppressing her mind had subsided, and she enjoyed pleasant repose. After sleeping long enough to feel refreshed, she got up with carefree heart. Before her eyes was a grove planed with towering, spreading trees, and a rill glistening with glassy waters. At the centre of the grove and close to the gliding stream was a royal palace, the work not of human hands but of divine craftsmanship. You would know as soon as you entered that you were viewing the birth and attractive retreat of some god. The high ceiling, artistically panelled with citron-wood and ivory, was supported on golden columns. The entire

walls were worked in silver in relief; beasts and wild cattle met the gaze of those who entered there. The one who shaped all this silver into animal-forms was certainly a genius, or rather he must have been a demigod or even a god. The floors too extended with different pictures formed by mosaics of precious stones; twice blessed indeed, and more than twice blessed are those whose feet walk on gems and jewels! The other areas of the dwelling too, in all its length and breadth, were incalculably costly. All the walls shimmered with their native gleam of solid gold, so that if the sun refused to shine, the house created its own daylight. The rooms, the colonnade, the very doors also shone brilliantly. The other riches likewise reflected the splendour of the mansion. You would be justified in thinking that this was a heavenly palace fashioned for mighty Jupiter [Zeus] when he was engaged in dealings with men. Psyche, enticed by the charming appearance of these surroundings, drew nearer, and as her assurance grew she crossed the threshold. Delight at the surpassing beauty of the scene encouraged her to examine every detail. Her eyes lit upon store-rooms built high on the other side of the house; they were crammed with abundance of treasures. Nothing imaginable was missing, and what was especially startling, apart from the breath-taking abundance of such riches, was the fact that this treasure-house had no protection whatever by way of chain or bar or guard. As she gazed on all this with the greatest rapture, a disembodied voice addressed her: All these things are yours. So retire to your room, relieve your weariness on your bed, and take a bath at your leisure. The voices you hear are those of your handmaidens, and we will diligently attend to your needs. Once you have completed your toilet a royal feast will at once be laid before you. She heeded the suggestions of the disembodied voice, and after taking a nap and then a bath to dispel her fatigue, she at once noted a semicircular couch and table close at hand. The dishes laid for dinner gave her to understand that all was set for her refreshment, so she gladly reclined there. Immediately wine was delicious as nectar and various plates of food were placed before her, brought not by human hands but unsupported on a gust of wind.

2: Cupid and Psyche

Psyche was the ancient Greek goddess of the soul and the wife of Eros (Roman Cupid) god of love. She was once a mortal princess whose extraordinary beauty earned the ire of Aphrodite (Roman Venus) when men began turning their worship away from the goddess towards the girl.

The Story of Psyche and Eros Dr. George Boeree In Chinese: At first it is less than a grain of millet; it then grows into a small grub; and in three days it is a tiny caterpillar. After this it grows on and on, and becomes quiescent and changes its shape, and is now called a chrysalis. The outer shell is hard, and the chrysalis moves if you touch it. It attaches itself by cobweb-like filaments, and is unfurnished with mouth or any other apparent organ. After a little while the outer covering bursts asunder, and out flies the winged creature that we call the psyche or butterfly. All three were beautiful, but Psyche was the most beautiful. Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, heard about Psyche and her sisters and was jealous of all the attention people paid to Psyche. So she summoned her son, Eros, and told him to put a spell on Psyche. Always obedient, Eros flew down to earth with two vials of potions. Invisible, he sprinkled the sleeping Psyche with a potion that would make men avoid her when it came to marriage. Accidentally, he pricked her with one of his arrows which make someone fall in love instantly and she startled awake. Her beauty, in turn, startled Eros, and he accidentally pricked himself as well. Feeling bad about what he had done, he then sprinkled her with the other potion, which would provide her with joy in her life. Sure enough, Psyche, although still beautiful, could find no husband. The oracle said that, while no man would have her, there was a creature on the top of a mountain that would marry her. Surrendering to the inevitable, she headed for the mountain. When she came within sight, she was lifted by a gentle wind and carried the rest of the way. When she arrived, she saw that her new home was in fact a rich and beautiful palace. Her new husband never permitted her to see him, but he proved to be a true and gentle lover. He was, of course, Eros himself. After some time, she grew lonely for her family, and she asked to be allowed to have her sisters for a visit. They went to her and told her not to forget that her husband was some kind of monster, and that, no doubt, he was only fattening her up in order to eat her. They suggested that she hide a lantern and a knife near her bed, so that the next time he visited her, she could look to see if he was indeed a monster, and cut off his head if it was so. Her sisters convinced her this was best, so the next time her husband came to visit her, she had a lamp and a knife ready. When she raised the lamp, she saw that her husband was not a monster but Eros! Surprised, he ran to the window and flew off. She jumped out after him, but fell the ground and lay there unconscious. When she awoke, the palace had disappeared, and she found herself in a field near her old home. She went to the temple of Aphrodite and prayed for help. Aphrodite responded by giving her a series of tasks to do -- tasks that Aphrodite believed the girl would not be able to accomplish. The first was a matter of sorting a huge pile of mixed grains into separate piles. Psyche looked at the pile and despaired, but Eros secretly arranged for an army of ants to separate the piles. Aphrodite, returning the following morning, accused Psyche of having had help, as indeed she had. The next task involved getting a snippet of golden fleece from each one of a special herd of sheep that lived across a nearby river. The god of the river advised Psyche to wait until the sheep sought shade from the midday sun. Then they would be sleepy and not attack her. When Psyche presented Aphrodite with the fleece, the goddess again accused her of having had help. The third task Aphrodite set before Psyche was to get a cup of water from the river Styx, where it cascades down from an incredible height. Psyche thought it was all over, until an eagle helped her by carrying the cup up the mountain and returning it full. Aphrodite was livid, knowing full well that Psyche could never have done this alone! Thinking that she was doomed, she decided to end it all by jumping off a cliff. But a voice told her not to, and gave her instructions on making her way to hell to get the box. But, the voice warned, do not look inside the box under any circumstances! Well, Psyche received the box from Persephone and made her way back home. But, true to her nature, she was unable to restrain herself from peeking inside. To her surprise, there was nothing inside but darkness, which put her into a deep sleep. Eros could no longer restrain himself either and wakened her. He told her to bring the box to Aphrodite, and that he would take care of the rest. Eros went to the heavens and asked Zeus to intervene. He spoke of his love

for Psyche so eloquently that Zeus was moved to grant him his wish. Eros brought Psyche to Zeus who gave her a cup of ambrosia, the drink of immortality. Zeus then joined Psyche and Eros in eternal marriage. They later had a daughter, who would be named Pleasure. The Greek name for a butterfly is Psyche, and the same word means the soul. There is no illustration of the immortality of the soul so striking and beautiful as the butterfly, bursting on brilliant wings from the tomb in which it has lain, after a dull, grovelling, caterpillar existence, to flutter in the blaze of day and feed on the most fragrant and delicate productions of the spring. Psyche, then, is the human soul, which is purified by sufferings and misfortunes, and is thus prepared for the enjoyment of true and pure happiness.

3: Knowing God's love. Feeling the infinite love of God

Psyche - the gorgeous maiden. Psyche was a woman gifted with extreme beauty and grace, one of the mortal women whose love and sacrifice for her beloved God Eros earned her immortality.

They saw gods and goddesses in the heavens, the passing of the seasons, the sounds and life of the forests, and the thunderous seas. They understood these supreme beings as powerful presences, each defined by unique attributes and limited by human-like frailties. It is during this time that we first hear the love story of Cupid and Psyche, a young god and a mortal female. This story begins when Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, learned that her temples were in a state of neglect, the fires in her altars had turned to cold ashes, and her favorite towns had been abandoned. She saw that mortal men were journeying from everywhere to the childhood home of Psyche, a mere maiden, to gaze upon and admire her beauty and grace. In a jealous rage, Venus ordered her son, Cupid, to use his powers to make Psyche fall madly in love with the vilest and most despicable creature in the world. Marriage and Mourning Thus it came to be that when Cupid looked upon the beautiful Psyche, he fell passionately in love. It was as though he had pierced his own heart with one of his arrows. He instead sought the advice and comfort of Apollo, the god of truth, for his heart was heavy with the knowledge that his love for Psyche was an act of silent disobedience and disloyalty to his mother. Through the years, mortal men continued to pay homage to the exquisite beauty and grace of Psyche. Yet, she did not fall in love and was not loved by any mortal man. With great despair, he heard that his daughter was destined to marry a fearful winged serpent. With feelings of sadness and helplessness, the family arranged for Psyche to be dressed in deep mourning, took her to the summit of a rocky hill, and ordered her to wait for the being that was to make her his wife. Psyche stood alone at the top of the hill, unable to do other than what her family had bidden. She was frozen with terror and convinced that her death was imminent. Sobs of anguish and despair echoed through the silence of the valley as a sweet and gentle wind wrapped itself around her and lifted her up to the heavens. It is said that she regained consciousness in a magical place of abundance and beauty. Abiding with an Unseen Lover As the sun roused the morning pastels of dawn, Psyche awakened alone. She smiled enchantingly, knowing that this day would bestow upon her all her earthly desires. Yet, if you were to enter her dressing room unnoticed, you would soon see her smile tightening with resignation and self-reproach. Feelings of loneliness filled the emptiness within her, for she knew that, from this day forward, she would find her companionship not with a family member or friend, but rather with a shadowy being. Psyche set out each day committed to be grateful that her family was no longer embarrassed that no man had asked for her hand in marriage. For it was during the darkness of the night when an unseen presence that she believed to be her husband would lay alongside her, only to be gone by morning. He reminded Psyche of his gift to her of their home and eased her mind regarding questions and doubts she had about him and their marriage. He spoke of his fear that her family would persuade her to violate his one request that she not set eyes upon him and implored that she be content with this arrangement. He warned her that their relationship would be destroyed if she were to be unfaithful to his request and perceive his being. Series eBook store" Web site, located at:

4: The Love of God | www.enganchecubano.com

The story of Cupid and Psyche was readily allegorized. In late antiquity, Martianus Capella (5th century) refashions it as an allegory about the fall of the human soul. [26] For Apuleius, immortality is granted to the soul of Psyche as a reward for commitment to sexual love.

Summary[edit] Campbell explores the theory that mythological narratives frequently share a fundamental structure. The similarities of these myths brought Campbell to write his book in which he details the structure of the monomyth. In a well-known quote from the introduction to *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, Campbell summarizes the monomyth: A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder: He must depart from the ordinary world, when he receives a call to adventure. With the help of a mentor, the hero will cross a guarded threshold, leading him to a supernatural world, where familiar laws and order do not apply. There, the hero will embark on a road of trials, where he is tested along the way. The archetypal hero is sometimes assisted by allies. As the hero faces the ordeal, he encounters the greatest challenge of the journey. Upon rising to the challenge, the hero will receive a reward, or boon. The hero must then decide to return with this boon to the ordinary world. The hero then faces more trials on the road back. Still, there is an abundance of literature and folklore that follows the motif of the archetypal narrative, paralleling the more general steps of "Departure" sometimes called Separation, "Initiation", and "Return".

Background[edit] Campbell used the work of early 20th century theorists to develop his model of the hero see also structuralism, including Freud particularly the Oedipus complex, Carl Jung archetypal figures and the collective unconscious, and Arnold Van Genn. Van Gennep contributed the concept of there being three stages of *The Rites of Passage*. Campbell translated this into Separation, Initiation and Return. Cover of reprints of the book, featuring Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker The book was originally published by the Bollingen Foundation through Pantheon Press as the seventeenth title in the Bollingen Series. This series was taken over by Princeton University Press, who published the book through Originally issued in and revised by Campbell in, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* has been reprinted a number of times. Monomyth In *Pathways to Bliss: Evoking symbols and motifs that connect us to our deeper selves*, they can help us along the heroic journey of our own lives. What I think is that a good life is one hero journey after another. Over and over again, you are called to the realm of adventure, you are called to new horizons. Each time, there is the same problem: And then if you do dare, the dangers are there, and the help also, and the fulfillment or the fiasco. Clarke to the book during the writing of *Mythic Structure For Writers*, which became the inspiration for a number of successful Hollywood films and is believed to have been used in the development of the *Matrix* series. I really would rather not know this stuff. During one of the bonus features, the makers of the series discuss the journey of the main characters and how each is a hero in their own way. Before each little segment of this particular feature, they quote Campbell and then expound on that particular quote by discussing the various characters.

5: Cupid and Psyche: A Story of Love (Part 1)

The great Greek goddess of love and beauty, Aphrodite, was born from the foam near the island of Cyprus, for which reason she is referred to as "the Cyprian." Aphrodite was a jealous goddess, but she was also passionate.

Cupid and Psyche Lucius Apuleius A certain king and queen had three daughters. The charms of the two elder were more than common, but the beauty of the youngest was so wonderful that the poverty of language is unable to express its due praise. The fame of her beauty was so great that strangers from neighboring countries came in crowds to enjoy the sight, and looked on her with amazement, paying her that homage which is due only to Venus herself. In fact Venus found her altars deserted, while men turned their devotion to this young virgin. As she passed along, the people sang her praises, and strewed her way with chaplets and flowers. This homage to the exaltation of a mortal gave great offense to the real Venus. Shaking her ambrosial locks with indignation, she exclaimed, "Am I then to be eclipsed in my honors by a mortal girl? In vain then did that royal shepherd, whose judgment was approved by Jove himself, give me the palm of beauty over my illustrious rivals, Pallas and Juno. But she shall not so quietly usurp my honors. I will give her cause to repent of so unlawful a beauty. She points out Psyche to him and says, "My dear son, punish that contumacious beauty; give your mother a revenge as sweet as her injuries are great; infuse into the bosom of that haughty girl a passion for some low, mean, unworthy being, so that she may reap a mortification as great as her present exultation and triumph. Cupid filled two amber vases, one from each fountain, and suspending them from the top of his quiver, hastened to the chamber of Psyche, whom he found asleep. He shed a few drops from the bitter fountain over her lips, though the sight of her almost moved him to pity; then touched her side with the point of his arrow. At the touch she awoke, and opened eyes upon Cupid himself invisible, which so startled him that in his confusion he wounded himself with his own arrow. Heedless of his wound, his whole thought now was to repair the mischief he had done, and he poured the balmy drops of joy over all her silken ringlets. Psyche, henceforth frowned upon by Venus, derived no benefit from all her charms. True, all eyes were cast eagerly upon her, and every mouth spoke her praises; but neither king, royal youth, nor plebeian presented himself to demand her in marriage. Her two elder sisters of moderate charms had now long been married to two royal princes; but Psyche, in her lonely apartment, deplored her solitude, sick of that beauty which, while it procured abundance of flattery, had failed to awaken love. Her parents, afraid that they had unwittingly incurred the anger of the gods, consulted the oracle of Apollo, and received this answer, "The virgin is destined for the bride of no mortal lover. Her future husband awaits her on the top of the mountain. He is a monster whom neither gods nor men can resist. But Psyche said, "Why, my dear parents, do you now lament me? You should rather have grieved when the people showered upon me undeserved honors, and with one voice called me a Venus. I now perceive that I am a victim to that name. Lead me to that rock to which my unhappy fate has destined me. While Psyche stood on the ridge of the mountain, panting with fear and with eyes full of tears, the gentle Zephyr raised her from the earth and bore her with an easy motion into a flowery dale. By degrees her mind became composed, and she laid herself down on the grassy bank to sleep. When she awoke refreshed with sleep, she looked round and beheld near a pleasant grove of tall and stately trees. She entered it, and in the midst discovered a fountain, sending forth clear and crystal waters, and fast by, a magnificent palace whose august front impressed the spectator that it was not the work of mortal hands, but the happy retreat of some god. Drawn by admiration and wonder, she approached the building and ventured to enter. Every object she met filled her with pleasure and amazement. Golden pillars supported the vaulted roof, and the walls were enriched with carvings and paintings representing beasts of the chase and rural scenes, adapted to delight the eye of the beholder. Proceeding onward, she perceived that besides the apartments of state there were others filled with all manner of treasures, and beautiful and precious productions of nature and art. While her eyes were thus occupied, a voice addressed her, though she saw no one, uttering these words, "Sovereign lady, all that you see is yours. We whose voices you hear are your servants and shall obey all your commands with our utmost care and diligence. Retire, therefore, to your chamber and repose on your bed of down, and when you see fit, repair to the bath. Supper awaits you in the adjoining alcove when it pleases you

to take your seat there. Her ears too were feasted with music from invisible performers; of whom one sang, another played on the lute, and all closed in the wonderful harmony of a full chorus. She had not yet seen her destined husband. He came only in the hours of darkness and fled before the dawn of morning, but his accents were full of love, and inspired a like passion in her. She often begged him to stay and let her behold him, but he would not consent. On the contrary he charged her to make no attempt to see him, for it was his pleasure, for the best of reasons, to keep concealed. Have you any wish ungratified? If you saw me, perhaps you would fear me, perhaps adore me, but all I ask of you is to love me. I would rather you would love me as an equal than adore me as a god. But at length the thought of her parents, left in ignorance of her fate, and of her sisters, precluded from sharing with her the delights of her situation, preyed on her mind and made her begin to feel her palace as but a splendid prison. When her husband came one night, she told him her distress, and at last drew from him an unwilling consent that her sisters should be brought to see her. They embraced her and she returned their caresses. The view of these celestial delights caused envy to enter their bosoms, at seeing their young sister possessed of such state and splendor, so much exceeding their own. They asked her numberless questions, among others what sort of a person her husband was. Psyche replied that he was a beautiful youth, who generally spent the daytime in hunting upon the mountains. The sisters, not satisfied with this reply, soon made her confess that she had never seen him. Then they proceeded to fill her bosom with dark suspicions. The inhabitants of this valley say that your husband is a terrible and monstrous serpent, who nourishes you for a while with dainties that he may by and by devour you. Provide yourself with a lamp and a sharp knife; put them in concealment that your husband may not discover them, and when he is sound asleep, slip out of bed, bring forth your lamp, and see for yourself whether what they say is true or not. So she prepared her lamp and a sharp knife, and hid them out of sight of her husband. When he had fallen into his first sleep, she silently rose and uncovering her lamp beheld not a hideous monster, but the most beautiful and charming of the gods, with his golden ringlets wandering over his snowy neck and crimson cheek, with two dewy wings on his shoulders, whiter than snow, and with shining feathers like the tender blossoms of spring. As she leaned the lamp over to have a better view of his face, a drop of burning oil fell on the shoulder of the god. Startled, he opened his eyes and fixed them upon her. Then, without saying a word, he spread his white wings and flew out of the window. Psyche, in vain endeavoring to follow him, fell from the window to the ground. Cupid, beholding her as she lay in the dust, stopped his flight for an instant and said, "Oh foolish Psyche, is it thus you repay my love? But go; return to your sisters, whose advice you seem to think preferable to mine. I inflict no other punishment on you than to leave you for ever. Love cannot dwell with suspicion. When she had recovered some degree of composure she looked around her, but the palace and gardens had vanished, and she found herself in the open field not far from the city where her sisters dwelt. She repaired thither and told them the whole story of her misfortunes, at which, pretending to grieve, those spiteful creatures inwardly rejoiced. Psyche meanwhile wandered day and night, without food or repose, in search of her husband. Casting her eyes on a lofty mountain having on its brow a magnificent temple, she sighed and said to herself, "Perhaps my love, my lord, inhabits there," and directed her steps thither. She had no sooner entered than she saw heaps of corn, some in loose ears and some in sheaves, with mingled ears of barley. This unseemly confusion the pious Psyche put an end to, by separating and sorting everything to its proper place and kind, believing that she ought to neglect none of the gods, but endeavor by her piety to engage them all in her behalf. The holy Ceres, whose temple it was, finding her so religiously employed, thus spoke to her, "Oh Psyche, truly worthy of our pity, though I cannot shield you from the frowns of Venus, yet I can teach you how best to allay her displeasure. Go, then, and voluntarily surrender yourself to your lady and sovereign, and try by modesty and submission to win her forgiveness, and perhaps her favor will restore you the husband you have lost. Venus received her with angry countenance. Or have you rather come to see your sick husband, yet laid up of the wound given him by his loving wife? You are so ill favored and disagreeable that the only way you can merit your lover must be by dint of industry and diligence. I will make trial of your housewifery. But Psyche, in a perfect consternation at the enormous work, sat stupid and silent, without moving a finger to the inextricable heap. While she sat despairing, Cupid stirred up the little ant, a native of the fields, to take compassion on her. The leader of the anthill, followed by whole hosts of his six-legged subjects, approached the heap, and with

the utmost diligence taking grain by grain, they separated the pile, sorting each kind to its parcel; and when it was all done, they vanished out of sight in a moment. Venus at the approach of twilight returned from the banquet of the gods, breathing odors and crowned with roses. Seeing the task done, she exclaimed, "This is no work of yours, wicked one, but his, whom to your own and his misfortune you have enticed. Next morning Venus ordered Psyche to be called and said to her, "Behold yonder grove which stretches along the margin of the water. There you will find sheep feeding without a shepherd, with golden-shining fleeces on their backs. Go, fetch me a sample of that precious wool gathered from every one of their fleeces. But the river god inspired the reeds with harmonious murmurs, which seemed to say, "Oh maiden, severely tried, tempt not the dangerous flood, nor venture among the formidable rams on the other side, for as long as they are under the influence of the rising sun, they burn with a cruel rage to destroy mortals with their sharp horns or rude teeth. But when the noontide sun has driven the cattle to the shade, and the serene spirit of the flood has lulled them to rest, you may then cross in safety, and you will find the woolly gold sticking to the bushes and the trunks of the trees. But I have another task for you. Wherefore, to make no delay of what was not to be avoided, she goes to the top of a high tower to precipitate herself headlong, thus to descend the shortest way to the shades below. But a voice from the tower said to her, "Why, poor unlucky girl, do you design to put an end to your days in so dreadful a manner? And what cowardice makes you sink under this last danger who have been so miraculously supported in all your former? But the voice added, "When Proserpine has given you the box filled with her beauty, of all things this is chiefly to be observed by you, that you never once open or look into the box nor allow your curiosity to pry into the treasure of the beauty of the goddesses. She was admitted to the palace of Proserpine, and without accepting the delicate seat or delicious banquet that was offered her, but contented with coarse bread for her food, she delivered her message from Venus. Presently the box was returned to her, shut and filled with the precious commodity. Then she returned the way she came, and glad was she to come out once more into the light of day. But having got so far successfully through her dangerous task a longing desire seized her to examine the contents of the box. But Cupid, being now recovered from his wound, and not able longer to bear the absence of his beloved Psyche, slipping through the smallest crack of the window of his chamber which happened to be left open, flew to the spot where Psyche lay, and gathering up the sleep from her body closed it again in the box, and waked Psyche with a light touch of one of his arrows. But now perform exactly the task imposed on you by my mother, and I will take care of the rest. Jupiter lent a favoring ear, and pleaded the cause of the lovers so earnestly with Venus that he won her consent.

6: Online Bible Studies for Women - Love God Greatly

It is during this time that we first hear the love story of Cupid and Psyche, a young god and a mortal female. This story begins when Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, learned that her.

Yet through a spiritual miracle you can gain personal insight into the incomprehensible. Not I can easily believe that the atom-holding, earth-spinning, galaxy-sustaining, life-giving Source of everything wonderful can do whatever he likes. Few of us doubt that God can do amazing things. The weak link in our faith is believing that he would do such things for ordinary, inconsequential you and me. Why would God want to focus his omnipotence on me? Pray for a revelation. Partially in sight for a few days, it begins to fade again. The following suggestions might help. When we let God down "even if we really foul things up" picture the proudest father the world has seen. The baby screams, dribbles and soils itself, yet Dad still glows with pride. God is like that. A woman e-mailed me complaining that the above paragraph does not apply to people like her. She was guilty not of some embarrassing slip, like I had in mind, but of a prolonged moral fall. But Helen had chosen the wrong person to complain to. I knew the full story so completely that she is my trusted ministry partner. Helen had struggled to truly repent, being reluctant to let go of that enticing sin. But I know the depth of repentance that Helen finally found. I know the love and humility and brutal honesty that drives her to confess to more and more people just how depraved she had been. She does not glory in her past like some mistakenly seem to, but she ruthlessly exposes her failure in order to inspire others to grasp the same cleansing and forgiveness she has found. And is God proud of this Christian who fell so hard? Proud of her fall? When you feel like a tiny blob in the seething mass of humanity, see the shepherd of a hundred sheep frantically searching for one. If he can be personally concerned for one, the omnipotent Shepherd of our souls can love all humanity and still be devoted to you. When you feel you can do nothing right, picture a child, paintbrush in hand, gleaming with excitement. If ever a man wanted to shower his bride with love, or his son with gifts, God longs to lavish you with his extravagance. Expect great things from God. Anything less is an insult to your almighty Savior. With your Lord impossibilities are playthings. Let faith mushroom by seizing the fact that the Omnipotent Lord is powerful enough to use you "over-riding your every inadequacy - and loving enough to want to. Everything God touches is destined for glory. Do I need a flock of angels on my roof, or an all expense paid trip to heaven and back before I will accept that God thinks I am important to him? Am I to pronounce that sacrifice inadequate and demand additional proof? In his grace God might send me some special confirmation of his love, as he has done for thousands, but to so focus on this possibility as to not believe unless he does it, is the height of impertinence. We have no need for God to write in the sky because he has written in a book. And Jesus taught that people who fail to believe the Bible would not believe even if they experienced the ultimate miracle of someone they knew returning from the dead and speaking to them Luke I dare not slacken my quest for a deeper spiritual experience. He obviously believes I have the grit to tough it out by raw faith. Our life needs not spectacular confirmation but spectacular commitment. What more could the One who died for you do to prove his love? Suppose a man gives the love of his life a beautiful engagement ring. She is so thrilled she can barely contain her joy and thankfulness and love for the man who would express his devotion in such a romantic way. Later, the man comes into great wealth. Remembering how much that gift meant to his darling, he decides to give her fifty carefully selected rings every day for the rest of her life. As time wears on, she could walk past her daily pile of rings, wondering if her husband really loves her. Our Lord has been so extravagant in his display of love to us that we have become jaded to the real significance of the gifts he showers on us. Or, like the worst spoiled child, do you just complain about how much your brothers and sister get? He is attacking the integrity of God. God is for you. In this world, success is often relative "the closer the relative, the higher you go. Christian, you are the focus of divine love; filled with the majesty of Almighty God; spiritually enthroned with Christ in his heavenly palace; granted the highest level of access to the greatest Person, and the holiest place. You are the work of divine hands, made perfect in Christ Jesus. And enshrined within your being resides the infinite power of the sovereign Lord. Top fashion model Claudia Schiffer has been nominated the most beautiful woman in the world. Yet as a teenager,

she concluded from her lack of popularity at school that she was not beautiful. We make a similar mistake in assuming that if we are not popular with people, we lack what it takes to make it in a big way with God. Nothing could be further from the truth.

7: The myth of Psyche and Eros

In this case Aphrodite had told her son Eros to aim his arrows at Psyche in punishment so that she would fall in love with the vilest of men. This is the negative power of Aphrodite and Eros: to have Psyche fall in love with someone who would really be vile for her and her development.

Love Of God Love of God: Is the Creator a God of Love? Is there such a thing as the "Love of God? Or is He an angry God? Is He passive and complacent? Or has He revealed His demeanor at all? Christians believe in a God of Love. They feel as though God has proved His love towards man through the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ, who suffered upon the cross as a propitiation for our sins. Truly, to die for another is proof of your love. However, does Christ represent God in His death upon the cross? Did Jesus even die upon a cross? Did He even exist as an historical figure at all? Or is He merely a myth -- a good story about a good man? Did Christ even exist upon the earth? John Murray, president of the American Atheist Society is quoted as saying this about the historicity of Christ, "There was no such person in the history of the world as Jesus Christ. There was no historical, living, breathing, sentient being by that name. The Bible is a fictional, non-historical narrative. The myth is good for business. However, millions of believers claim He did, and still does, exist. So, what did history actually record? According to the testimony of ancient historical authorities such as Cornelius Tacitus and Flavius Josephus it seems that perhaps Murray may be mistaken. Both men independently documented the crucifixion of a Jesus Christ in the 1st century AD. These men, both living during the 1st century, are accepted historical authorities outside the Bible. In addition to their accounts and those of the New Testament writers, the Jews themselves have documented in their writings the execution of a Jesus in the 1st century as an historical event. If Christ were a mere man executed for crimes against the state, this has nothing at all to do with God. Once again, we must look towards historical accounts for validation. The Old Testament, written over a period of more than years, was finished approximately years before Christ. The earliest known copies to survive the ravishment of time date to approximately years before Christ the Dead Sea Scrolls. Much of the Old Testament claims to foretell the coming of Christ. Jesus Christ fulfilled these prophecies completely and consistently. In fact, Christ fulfilled over 30 prophecies alone on the day of His murder. These predictions were incredibly detailed and accurate, including the form of his execution and even His last words Psalm For an example of this stunning foresight, the Book of Daniel chapter 9, verse 25 foretells the very day Christ would enter Jerusalem before his trial and crucifixion. This is according to the Babylonian day calendar, as Daniel was written in Babylon during the Jewish captivity. The world celebrates this day as Palm Sunday. Four days later, Christ was murdered upon the cross, and three days after His death, He rose from the dead. After showing Himself to His disciples, admonishing them to persevere despite persecution from this wicked world, He ascended into Heaven to await the end of this age. Herein is love, not that we loved God but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" 1 John 4: God , the Father, sent His only Son to satisfy that judgment for those who believe in Him. Jesus , the creator and eternal Son of God, who lived a sinless life, loves us so much that He died for our sins, taking the punishment that we deserve, was buried , and rose from the dead according to the Bible. If you truly believe and trust this in your heart, receiving Jesus alone as your Savior , declaring, " Jesus is Lord ," you will be saved from judgment and spend eternity with God in heaven. What is your response?

8: Psyche - Myth Encyclopedia - mythology, Greek, god, names, Roman, life, people, monster

Link to Apuleius' "Cupid and Psyche": The Story of Cupid and Psyche, translated from the Latin of Apuleius by Charles Stuttaford; illustrated by Jessie Mothersole (London: David Nutt,).

Psyche Psyche In Greek and Roman mythology, Psyche was a princess of such stunning beauty that people came from near and far to admire her. Jealous that so much praise was flowing to a mortal girl, Aphrodite decided to punish Psyche. The goddess summoned her son Eros also known as Cupid , the god of love, and told him to make Psyche fall in love with some ugly, mean, and unworthy creature. He was to send her to a lonely mountain, where an ugly monster would meet her and take her for his wife. While Psyche stood on the mountain, Zephyrus, the god of the west wind, sent a breeze to pick her up and carry her to a beautiful palace in a valley. When Psyche entered the palace, a friendly voice guided her around, and invisible attendants waited upon her and fulfilled her every need. That night and on the nights that followed, Eros came to Psyche in the darkness of her bedroom and made love to her. Psyche could not see Eros in the darkness, but he told her that he was her husband. He also warned Psyche not to ask his identity and never to look at him. Psyche grew to love her unseen husband, but she felt very lonely. When she asked if her sisters might visit, Eros reluctantly agreed. Her sisters admired her palace and life of luxury, but when they discovered that Psyche had never seen her husband, they told her that he must be a monster and might kill her. They convinced her to take a knife and lamp to bed with her. When Eros fell asleep that night, Psyche lit the lamp and prepared to stab her husband. But instead of a monster, she saw the handsome god of love. Startled, she let a drop of hot oil from the lamp fall on Eros. He awoke, realized that Psyche knew his identity, and flew away. When she awoke, the palace had vanished, and she found herself alone in a strange country. Finally she asked Aphrodite for help, and the goddess gave her a set of seemingly impossible tasks. With the help of other gods, however, Psyche managed to sort a roomful of grain in one night and gather golden fleeces from a flock of sheep. Psyche retrieved the box and on her way back, overcome by curiosity, peeked inside it. The box released a deep sleep, which overpowered her. Cupid, the god of love, fell in love with a beautiful Greek princess named Psyche. Zeus then gave Psyche a cup of ambrosia, the food of the gods, which made her immortal.

9: Psyche | Definition of Psyche by Merriam-Webster

Love and War Bound: Hephaestus (), the smith and craftsman of the gods, was married to Aphrodite (), the goddess of love and beauty.. It was not a happy marriage, because they had no children and Aphrodite was an unfaithful wife, having children with gods and mortals.

If you have a protagonist in a story whose name is Psyche, you might expect that she will go through a major transition and crisis. Will she survive it? Will she come through and be transformed, or will she die? The form that Psyche broke was the understanding with her unseen lover who came every night. The piece of the story I want to focus on is what happens in an unconscious relationship when it is broken. Psyche was the third most beautiful princess. She was considered so beautiful that she was worshipped rather than sought as a partner. Her father the king seeks to know whether his beloved daughter Psyche will ever find a husband. He goes to the Oracle at Delphi. You know, if you go ask the Delphic Oracle for advice, you are bound to fulfill the advice, so be careful. The Oracle tells the king that he must abandon his daughter on a mountain top to meet her fate – an inhuman bridegroom. And so, with death is the beginning of the next stage, Psyche is dressed as for a funeral. All the people of the kingdom grieve. Undoubtedly the king must have had second thoughts of, "Why did I ever ask? As it turned out, Psyche was wafted down into a wonderful, magical valley where all her needs are cared for. All day long she wanders the valley, enjoying this wonderful home that has all the conveniences and provides for everything. Every night her bridegroom comes through the window, makes love to her, and leaves by morning so she never sees him. In some ways this sounds a little like the suburban idyllic gated community. And so Psyche beseeches her unseen bridegroom, asking him to let her see her sisters. Eventually, he gives in, only agreeing "as long as you do not tell the secret. The child you are carrying will be a god if you keep my secret. It will be a mortal if you reveal it. In coming down and raising questions, the sisters reminded Psyche that she was supposed to wed an inhuman bridegroom. They stirred up the idea that "You must be married to a monster. What should I do? Lift it up over his head. If you are going to examine the relationship that you are in, you need both. The first step is the willingness to really take a look at the situation. You need the illumination of the lamp. This is a symbol that can discriminate, cut through the situation, end the relationship by severing its bonds. In this part of the story, Psyche takes both symbols in her hand. As you know, when she raises the lamp and sees her unseen lover, her unknown bridegroom, he turns out to be the immature god of love, Eros. Immature in that he was carrying on this secret affair. People were worshipping a human girl as if she was a goddess, and the goddess plotted revenge for what psychologically is true. If you identify with an archetype, you lose your humanity, your individuality. You get inflated by it. You get taken over by it. In this case Aphrodite had told her son Eros to aim his arrows at Psyche in punishment so that she would fall in love with the vilest of men. This is the negative power of Aphrodite and Eros: Instead Eros sees Psyche and falls in love with her himself. Psyche betrays his admonishment, which was to really keep the form. Stay unconscious about the basic agreement that we have. He awakens, hurt and angry, blaming Psyche for destroying the situation as it was. In this story we have a transition zone that begins with the end of the unconscious relationship. Pregnant Psyche is now abandoned, left on her own with no employable skills, as it were. When Eros leaves her, she feels so unable to cope that she throws herself in the river to drown and the river throws her back on the bank. Aphrodite gives her four tasks that she must learn to get through this particular zone. The story, then, is about her four tasks and her growth. As she learns each task, she grows beyond what she knew before. The first task is to sort all the seeds that are heaped up in a room. This is a wonderful metaphor for all of the possibilities, all of the emotions at the beginning of a transition period. Sorting the seed is really taking stock. What are all of the seeds of possibility in your psyche of your world? How much money do you have in the bank? How much energy do you have for this? How much talent do you have for this? What are you putting together out of all your possibilities? To plan to have a conference? Sort the seeds of possibility. Aphrodite comes back to find the task is done. The second task is to get some golden fleece from the rams of the sun, gather a small amount of it, and bring it to Aphrodite. So our young Psyche goes and looks at these animals ranging up and down the field, in this meadow, in that valley,

all having a wonderful time. These rams are butting their heads up against each other, roughing each other up. This does not seem to be the thing to do. The rams are energized by the sun. Wait until the sun goes down. Then you can go pick fleece that they have scraped off against the bushes and trees. Gather enough of it for your use and fulfill the task. The wisdom of the reed tells you to listen to your own rhythms. It advises when and how you can gain the power that you need, but not have your soul destroyed in the acquisition. Listen and learn from the voice of the reed, which is organic and grows out of the water, the river. The application here has something to do with the feminine psyche or soul, but it has to do with the soul of both men and women. When you are in a competitive game and almost everything that is about outer commerce or outer success involves competition, you can be trampled if you get caught up in wanting to grab more and more and more golden fleece. If you go out and take on the archetypes to play the game because these are archetypes, these rams of the sun and leave your soul behind or forget that you have a soul, it will be trampled. The third task was the creative task: Psyche is told that she must fill a crystal flask with water from a stream that runs in a continual cycle from the River Styx to the highest crag. The great water of life, the water of creativity, cycles. It moves and moves and moves, and yet each person needs to seize some of that fluidity and give it shape. Some of that is a conscious desire to capture archetypal energies, visions, emotions and give them shape through your own personality, which is relative to the great expanse of the archetypal world of gods and goddesses. It is symbolically fragile, and yet this is the task. Again Psyche looks at the task. She sees this river that is carved into the side of the mountain. It goes down to the River Styx and then rises up through a spring to come up to the top again and down the face, etching its way into the mountain. Psyche again thinks, "Too much! Zeus is an archetype that succeeds very well as an entrepreneur in this world. He has lightning bolts. His symbol, the eagle, has the ability to see what it wants and plunge from the sky to grab it in its talons. That ability to see the overall picture, to see the forest but not each individual tree, is a way of being in the world. An entrepreneurial woman with Zeus as an archetype finds it really helpful to see the overall picture, to not get emotional about losing a sale or being undercut in business. The eagle just flies up again and looks for another dinner somewhere else. That unemotional ability is very successful. Of all the innate male air sign archetypes that have to do with the sky like Apollo and Hermes, Zeus succeeds very well in this world. Some people have more of them than others. If you are a man in this culture and you happen to have these archetypes, they will be stretched on that Procrustean bed to fill the picture. Those parts of you that have to do with creativity and emotionality are often ignored and, therefore, you are cut off from them. The eagle takes the flask. It returns to give Psyche the flask, now filled with Stygian water that she was to get for task three. One would say that at each step Psyche has learned something new. The fourth step is the first time that Psyche will end up accomplishing the task herself.

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