



IFE AXE Creative Designs
By *Gerardo*
Jewelry Inspired by The Orisha

Chapter Five

THE GODS (cont.)



ELEGUA

Saint: The Holy Child of Atocha.

Day of the Week: Mondays and the third day of each month.

Colors and Collars (Ilekes):

Red and black. His collar is made up of three red beads followed by three black beads. After the three black beads, a red bead alternates with a black bead three times. The sequence is repeated until the desired length is obtained.

Sacrificial Animals:

Small goats, roosters. On rare occasions, monkeys, sheep, bulls, ox and deer. Chickens should not be offered. Elegua is a glutton and will bother and torment the participants at a ceremony until he has had his fill of blood.

Sacrificial Foods:

Smoked fish and smoked jutia. He loves yams. His favorite fruit is sugar cane. Everything should be well spiced with corajo butter. He loves to drink aguardiente and he favors standing water.

Herbs:

Abre camino, (*Bunchosia media*), Cuban spurge, sargasso, wild convulvulus, foxtail, nettles, manyroot, crowfoot, neat's tongue, white pine nuts, jack bean, spiny blite, nightshade, black eyed peas, ateje, (*cordia collocea*), heliotrope, pigeon peas, mastic tree, camphor leaves, chili peppers, corn stalks, corn leaves, and corn silk, avocado leaves, avocado roots, coconut husk, coconut palm stem, corajo, guava, wild croton, coffee, cowhage, peppergrass, dried rose

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buds, senna, soapberry tree, bitter bush, and mint among others.

Ornaments:

Elegua is never without his "garabato", the shepherd's hook (sometimes only a crooked stick or club) with which he metes out punishment.

He protects temples, cities and houses. He does this by residing in a helmet-shaped construction made out of stone or cement with cowrie shells for eyes. The small statue is placed next to an entrance way. From this abode, Elegua protects all the residents.

Since he is as playful as a child, tops, marbles and kites hold a special fascination for him.

Apataki:

Orunmila had returned to earth to see how all the Babalawos he had trained in the arts of divination were getting along. He decided to travel from town to town and greet his old students.

"Orunmila, how nice to see you," said one. "I don't have time to talk with you now, I have an appointment."

"Orunmila, how are you?" said another. "If you come back on Wednesday, I'll be able to see you."

"Orunmila, I'm very busy with my clients right now," said a third. "Could you come back in a day or so?"

Orunmila was furious. All his old students were ignoring him. They were too concerned with making money and having a big reputation to honor their old teacher. Orunmila decided to teach them a lesson.

He sent out notice that he would challenge all the Babalawos to a contest to see who cast the most accurate oracles. Orunmila figured that, after they had been shamed by his incomparable skill, all the Babalawos would respect him again.

After the notices had been sent, he went to the nearest town and challenged the Babalawo. Orunmila proved to be a far better reader of the oracles, of course. But, the Babalawo refused to pay Orunmila the agreed upon amount.

Elegua, who is never far away and always likes to play tricks, walked up to Orunmila and the Babalawo.

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"Hello, Orunmila, how are you today?" said Elegua.

"I am angry, Elegua." fumed Orunmila.

"And, why is that, dear Orunmila?" Elegua tried to stifle his giggles, since he knew perfectly well what had been going on.

"This cheat of a Babalawo has lost a wager with me," answered Orunmila. "And now, he refuses to pay."

Elegua looked up and down the nervous Babalawo. "Is that right? Are you trying to cheat Orunmila?"

"Well, Lord Elegua..." stammered the Babalawo.

Before he could say another word, Elegua reached out and put his powerful warrior's hand around the Babalawo's neck. He looked at the man straight in the eye.

"Tell me," he said softly, "are you looking for trouble?"

"No," squeaked the Babalawo.

Elegua raised his garabato stick over the Babalawo's head.

"You'd never do anything to make me angry, would you?" growled Elegua.

Another squeak, "No."

"And what are you going to do?" asked Elegua, tapping the unhappy Babalawo on the nose with his garabato stick.

"I'm going to pay Orunmila?" asked the Babalawo.

"What was that?" shouted Elegua, shaking the Babalawo back and forth.

"I'm going to pay Orunmila. I'm going to pay Orunmila." stuttered the Babalawo.

He took his money pouch out of his clothes and handed the whole thing over to Orunmila.

"I thought you wanted to cheat Orunmila, but I see that you are a man who pays his debts when he loses." said Elegua and gave the Babalawo a resounding slap on the back. "I'll leave you alone."

Orunmila and Elegua turned and walked away arm in arm. The Babalawo picked himself up from the road and began dusting off his clothes.

"One more thing," said Elegua turning back to the Babalawo.

"Yes?" The Babalawo cringed.

"Since you have forgotten that the oracles are meant to communicate with the Orishas and not to increase the Babalawo's wealth, I'm prohibiting you from using the Dilogun ever again."

Orunmila and Elegua left the Babalawo wailing after them.

In the next town, the Babalawo saw Elegua and his tick standing next to Orunmila. There was no trouble there.

Notes:

Elegua is the guardian of entrances, roads and paths. He is the first Orisha to be invoked in a ceremony and the last one to be bid farewell. He has to be first in anything, just like a spoiled child. The first rhythms of the drums belong to him. He must be petitioned before all the oracles. Orunmila is the one who communicates, but Elegua guards the paths of communication. It is he who acts as an intermediary between human beings and the other Orishas.

He is the trickster, and is feared because, with so much power controlled only by his whim, great harm may result from his practical jokes. Like a very large and powerful child, he is ruthless with those that cross his path when he is in the midst of a tantrum. If his precedence is not carefully maintained, and the proper ceremonies are not followed, Elegua becomes indignant and rushes to open the paths to Iku, death.

All beings have their destiny, but through Elegua's influence, destiny and luck may be changed. However, when petitioning Elegua, the Santero must always remember that he is a trickster and word the request very carefully. He can just as easily block the path to happiness and luck as open it.

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Elegua appears to travellers as a small child with the face of an old man, wearing a Panama hat and smoking a good cigar. He takes on other guises in order to play his tricks and to measure the level of charity and compassion among human beings.

When Elegua possesses a Santero, he immediately heads to the door and stands guard. There, he carries out his pranks and childish mischiefs, dancing and threatening the other participants with a smack from his garabato stick.

Elegua is one of the fiercest warriors in the Yoruba pantheon. When joined with Ogun and Oshosi in battle, nothing can stand in their way.

How to Make an Elegua

No matter which branch of the Santeria tradition is followed, Elegua always inhabits a stone. It could be a natural stone or a cement form. These are the instructions for constructing an Elegua out of natural stone.

Find a medium size stone, one about the size and shape of a large potato is ideal. The stone should be collected next to a railroad track, at a crossroads, or under a coconut palm.

Find the natural base of the stone, the surface where it will come to rest upright by itself. Bore a perfectly round hole into the base of the stone about two inches deep by an inch in diameter.

Cut the head off a white chicken and let the blood drip onto the stone. Make an Omiero with May rainwater, coconut milk and the herbs that belong to Elegua. Wash the stone thoroughly in the Omiero and leave it to soak for 24 hours.

Select three small precious stones. All gems belong to Elegua. Place the three gems in the hole in the stone along with three small pieces of silver, three small nuggets of gold, three small pieces of coconut, some feathers from the sacrificed chicken and a small personal piece of gold jewelry.

Seal the hole with cement made with sand from a crossroads, Guinea pepper and cemetery dust.

When the cement is dry, paint the rock black. Crown it with a fighting cock's spur, with the curve towards the back. Give it cowrie shell eyes.

Take a white rooster and the rock to a palm tree growing by a crossroads. Sacrifice the rooster and let the blood drip on the stone. Bury the rooster three inches deep at the base of the palm.

After three days, dig up the rooster and wash it in a flowing river, first asking Oshun's permission by tossing a live white chicken into the river along with a little honey.

Elegua is ready to be stationed by the door.

How to Place an Elegua

Monday is the most auspicious day to position the Elegua, but it can be done on any day of the week.

Place the Elegua inside a large clay pot heavily smeared on the outside with corajo butter. Place it next to the door. Smear the lintel and the door with corajo butter. Sacrifice a young white rooster. Allow the blood to drip upon the stone. Make three balls of uncooked corn meal and honey. Place them next to the stone along with a gourd of aguardiente, cigars, pieces of coconut, a small plate of sweets, smoked jutia, and as many of the things that are pleasing to Elegua as the Santero is able to afford. Arrange all the offerings around the pot.

Kiss the neck of the sacrificed rooster. Consult the coconut oracle and see if Elegua is happy with all his offerings. If Elegua responds favorably, this is the best time to consult the oracle about anything else that may be worrying you at the time.

Elegua's food should be changed every Monday. A candle should be lit in his honor every time he is fed.

Elegua's presence is felt in the house as a noise that runs from one side of the door to the other. He is often seen by small children, who can touch him and exchange toys.

Only those persons who have been initiated into Santeria and have been possessed by an Orisha have the power to grant an Elegua.

How to Salute an Elegua

Stand before the Elegua. Lift your right arm and move your right foot out the side and say:

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"A elegua ako pashu eshu toru le fi ya yomare ako eshu tori toru tere mafun elegua laroye locua e elegua atande naro elegua maferefun elegua."

Or, you may speak your own language. The Orisha will understand the greeting.

Repeat the same process with the left arm and foot. When you are finished, turn your back on the Elegua and wipe your feet backwards as if you were cleaning them. Never kneel to or lay down in front of an Elegua.

An Ebo to Elegua

Ingredients:

Three pieces of yellow paper or three small paper grocery bags.

Corojo butter. Three pieces of smoked fish.

Smoked jutia. Dried corn.

Cinnamon sticks. Three small pieces of coconut.

Three cigars. Honey.

Nine pennies.

Divide the offering evenly among the three small bags or the pieces of paper. Wrap each small package tightly with red and black thread.

Pass each packet over you head three times, turning around three times after each pass. Repeat the procedure over your feet, hands and, finally all over your body.

Throw away one package at a crossroads. Throw the second away in a lot or field full of tall weeds. Throw the last one away near a cemetery.

◇

CHANGO (Jakuta, Obakoso)

Saint: St. Barbara.

Day of the Week:

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Saturday. Friday is also popular. Huge parties are held in Chango's honor on December 4th, St. Barbara's day according to the Catholic calendar.

Colors and Collars (Ilekes):

His colors are red and white. The collar is made up of six red beads followed by six white beads. Then, a red bead alternates with a white bead six times. The sequence is repeated until the desired length is obtained.

Sacrificial Animals:

Roosters. Complicated Ebos may require sheep, small bulls, pigs, goats, deer, rabbits, and oxen. A horse is required to remove a very strong curse or to change an oracle predicting death.

Sacrificial Foods:

Chango is a glutton. He loves huge portions of corn meal and okra. Apples are his favorite fruit, and he likes pitahaya (cactus fruit). All his food should be heavily loaded with corajo butter. Chango drinks red wine in large quantities. His water should come from a pond.

Herbs:

arabo rojo, cordoban, vacabuey, siguaraya Banyan tree, kapok tree, poplar, sorghum, clematis, hog plum, Cuban spurge, cashews, ironwood, mugwort, bran, climbing vines, bull's testicles, American spurge, leeks, pitahaya, plantains and bananas, red hamelias, Bermuda grass, royal palm, pine, *linum vitae*, amansa guapo, pine nuts and apple trees among others.

Ornaments:

A sword, a knife, a machete, an ax, a dagger and a spear, almost always made out of cedar. Chango is also represented by the image of a warrior holding a large double edged hatchet in one hand and a sword in the other. Both images, the warrior and St. Barbara can be found on the same altar.

Apataki:

Obakoso, in Yoruba, means "the king that did not hang himself." This is the story of how Chango came by that name.

Chango has always been a womanizer. Back in the days when he was a king in Africa, he had two wives. He ruled his women hard and he ruled his kingdom hard, for his temper had not mellowed yet with age.

"You are always yelling and stomping in this house," said Wife Number One.

"That's right," said Wife Number Two, "You never have a kind word for anyone."

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"All you care about is your stomach," said Wife Number One.

"And you don't care about us," said Wife Number Two.

"You never buy us presents," said Wife Number One.

"You never take us anywhere," said Wife Number Two.

"You don't love us," wailed both wives in unison.

"I don't stomp around the house," shouted Chango, stomping around the house. "I was having a pleasant morning, thinking about how nice it would be to have a little wild duck and you two have ruined it."

"Do you hear that?" said Wife Number One to Wife Number Two. "I told you all he cared about was his stomach."

"That's it!" shouted Chango. "I'm getting on my horse and riding into the forest. At least no one will nag me there."

"How long are you going to be gone?" asked Wife Number One.

"I'll be back when I'm good and ready. Don't bother looking for me or coming after me," snarled Chango.

"As if we would," sniffed Wife Number Two.

Chango stormed off through the palace, slamming doors and kicking cats. No one paid him any attention, since this was his normal way of walking through the castle. All his subjects were used to Chango's tantrums.

No one waved as Chango rode off into the forest.

"He's in one of his moods," said the groom to a kitchen maid. "He'll be back in a little while." He rubbed the top of his head. "I hope he comes back in a better mood and does not hit me again."

A week passed and Chango had not come back.

"He's with a new woman," some said.

"He is on adventure," said others.

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"He's drunk somewhere," said Wife Number One.

A month passed. Chango's wives would burst out crying without reason. His subjects missed the noise of the slamming doors and the screeching cats.

"Where can he be?" They asked.

"he's been gone way too long," said others.

"We have to go and look for him," said Wife Number Two. "I can't stand this any longer."

A well organized search party was sent out into the forest. It returned a week later.

"Well?" asked Wife Number One.

"Nothing," said the captain of the search party.

Rumors began to fly in the palace.

"Chango went into the forest and hung himself because he was ashamed of what a bad king he was," said some people.

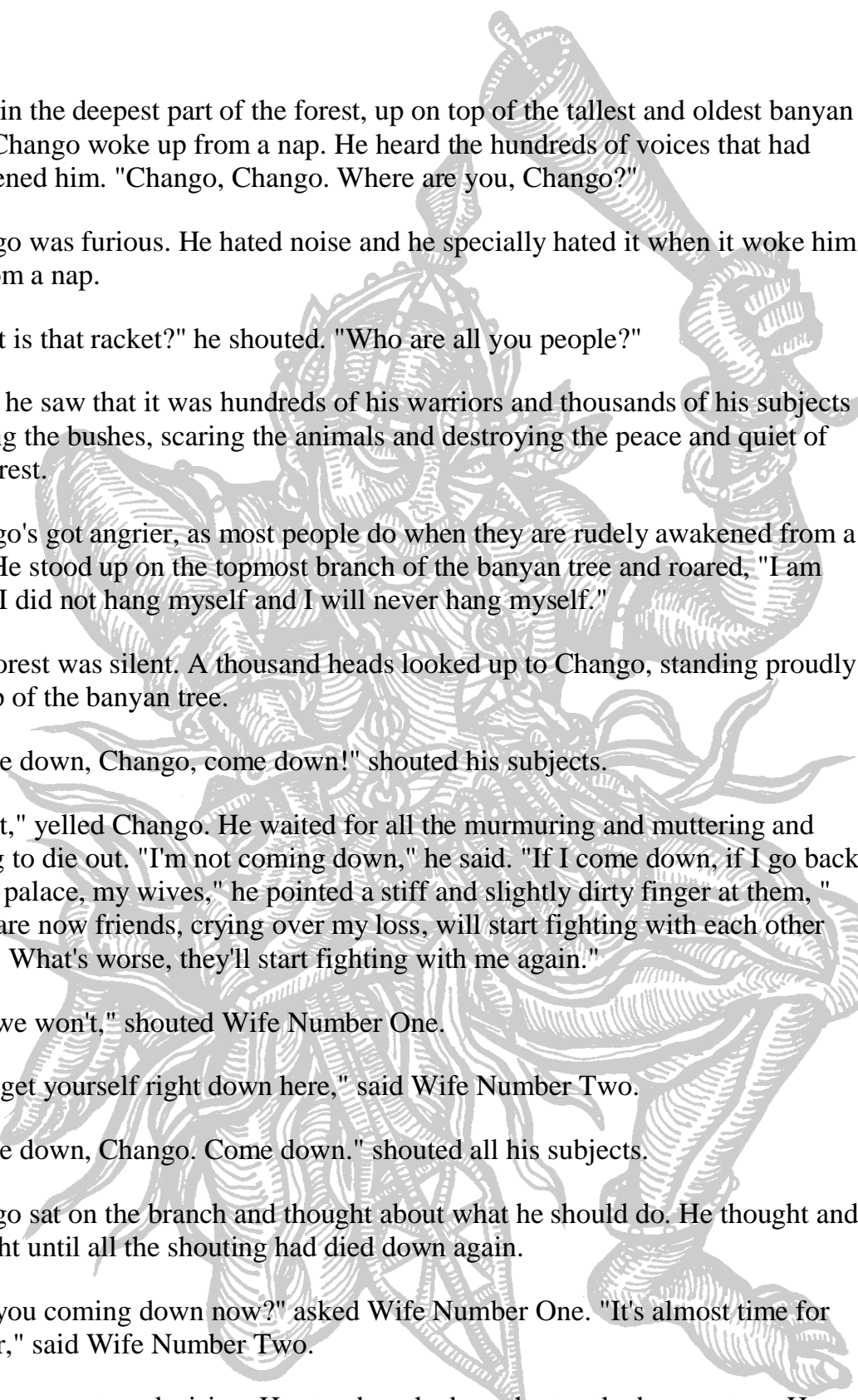
"He tied a rope around his neck and jumped off the top of a large Banyan tree because his mistress abandoned him," said others.

The rumors and the search parties kept coming and going. Chango was not to be found. It had been six months since he had ridden off into the forest.

A new massive search was organized. Everyone in the palace, from the youngest child to the oldest woman, set out into the forest. They looked under every stone. They climbed every tree. Slowly, they made their way into the center of the forest.

Hundreds of voices cried out, "Chango! Where are you Chango?" And the echo came back, "Chango."

Women beat their breasts and smeared their bodies with ashes. "Where are you, Chango?" they shouted. "Tell us if you have hung yourself."



Deep in the deepest part of the forest, up on top of the tallest and oldest banyan tree, Chango woke up from a nap. He heard the hundreds of voices that had awakened him. "Chango, Chango. Where are you, Chango?"

Chango was furious. He hated noise and he specially hated it when it woke him up from a nap.

"What is that racket?" he shouted. "Who are all you people?"

Then, he saw that it was hundreds of his warriors and thousands of his subjects beating the bushes, scaring the animals and destroying the peace and quiet of the forest.

Chango's got angrier, as most people do when they are rudely awakened from a nap. He stood up on the topmost branch of the banyan tree and roared, "I am here! I did not hang myself and I will never hang myself."

The forest was silent. A thousand heads looked up to Chango, standing proudly on top of the banyan tree.

"Come down, Chango, come down!" shouted his subjects.

"Quiet," yelled Chango. He waited for all the murmuring and muttering and crying to die out. "I'm not coming down," he said. "If I come down, if I go back to the palace, my wives," he pointed a stiff and slightly dirty finger at them, "Who are now friends, crying over my loss, will start fighting with each other again. What's worse, they'll start fighting with me again."

"No, we won't," shouted Wife Number One.

"You get yourself right down here," said Wife Number Two.

"Come down, Chango. Come down." shouted all his subjects.

Chango sat on the branch and thought about what he should do. He thought and thought until all the shouting had died down again.

"Are you coming down now?" asked Wife Number One. "It's almost time for dinner," said Wife Number Two.

Chango came to a decision. He stood on the branch atop the banyan tree. He raised his arms and shouted, "My people!"

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"Come down, Chango." they all cried.

"Quiet!" shouted Chango. I've come to the conclusion that it is just too much of a bother and a problem and a headache to try to govern all of you."

"Are you calling us a problem?" shrieked Wife Number One.

"Are you saying we're a headache?" screamed Wife Number Two.

"From now on," said Chango, as he dodged a couple of well aimed rocks thrown by his wives, "I will still rule you, but I will rule you from far away." Another rock whizzed by his head. "From very far away. I'm going to rule you from the sky."

Ignoring the shouts and tears of his subjects and the curses and stones from his wives, Chango grabbed a thick chain that led from the top of the banyan tree to the sky. He pulled himself up link by link. When he paused for breath and looked down, his subjects were tiny. He could not distinguish his wives. He looked up. The chain disappeared into the blue sky.

He climbed and he climbed and he climbed until he reached the sky. There, he stayed.

He is now an Orisha among the Orishas. Chango looks at the actions of his people down here on earth and is swift in his punishment of the unjust and of those that do not follow the religion or make the sacrifices.

He hurls down deadly thunderbolts on those people. He makes whole cities explode, or he blows them away in terrible tropical storms. His angry words make whole trees go up in flames and his annoyed snorts create wind storms that sweep all that displeases him away forever.

Notes:

Chango is the most popular and the most widely known Orisha in Santeria. He rules violent storms and thunder. He also reconciles these forces into peace and understanding. Like a tropical storm, Chango's attacks are sudden and devastating, but are soon over. During "golpe de Santos" (Santeria ceremonies), Chango descends among the participants and dances with his followers holding his feared two edged sword. When he possesses someone, the "caballo" dances round and round like a top. The possessed Santero will take food to all the other

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participants in the ceremony. Chango will then demand a sacrifice from those who have eaten.

Chango loves good music, dancing and drumming. He likes to have fun, but is a braggart who provokes violent situations. He loves women and encourages clandestine sexual adventures among his "children".

Chango has three wives, Oba, Oya (who used to be Ogun's wife), and Oshun. Yemaya is his adoptive mother. When Chango becomes aroused, it's necessary to beg his three wives and his adoptive mother to intervene.

The only Orishas respected by Chango are Elegua and Olodumare.

Chango's "children" are recognized at birth by the image of a cross on their tongues. These children cannot have their hair cut until they are twelve, or they will lose their power to see into the future. They are known as the Bamboche, the messengers of Chango.



OSHUN

Saint: Our Lady of Charity (La Caridad del Cobre), Cuba's patron Saint.

Day of the Week: Saturday. It is the day that lovers must act if they want their love returned.

Colors and Collars (Ilekes):

Coral and amber. The collar is strung with yellow and red beads. Amber and coral are to be used if the Santero has the money. The collar is made up of five amber beads followed by five coral beads. Then, one amber bead alternates with one coral bead five times. The pattern is repeated to obtain the desired length.

Sacrificial Animals:

Neutered or female goat, white chickens, sheep, female calf, female pig, female rabbit. Oshun does not like any other type of bird. Her sacrifices should be made next to rivers or other sources of flowing sweet water.

Sacrificial Foods:

Ochin-Ochin (spinach with shrimp) and pumpkins. Her fruit is the lucuma. All of her food should be liberally garnished with honey. Oshun drinks chamomille tea. The water for the tea, and all water used in a ceremony for Oshun, should be river water.

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All offerings to Oshun must be extremely clean and well prepared. She will not enter a dirty house.

Herbs:

Rose, sunflowers, Indian lotus, morasun, alambrilla, frescura, cucaracha, hierba nina, arabito, mazorquilla, paraguaita morada, hierba fina, ale and female ferns, creeping crowfoot, purslane, oranges and orange leaves, papaya, amber, anise seed and flower, peppergrass, marigold, sow thistle, river weeds, seaweed, white hamelias, plantain, vervain, lantana, purple grapes, maidenhair fern, rosemary, wild lettuce.

Ornaments:

Copper is Oshun's metal and she is sometimes represented by a gourd crowned by festive feathers and filled with copper pennies. She also loves gold and her chief ornaments consist of a golden crown with five points. From the points, hang five rays, five spears or five arrows. Oshun also owns two oars, a bell, and five bracelets. She loves fans made of peacock feathers.

Apataki:

Oshun is now married to Chango. Her first husband was Orunmila.

Oshun was the most breathtaking, absolutely beautiful maiden in the region when she was a young girl. Hundreds of suitors would come seeking to marry her. But, the result would always be the same.

"marry me," gasped or shouted, or whispered the suitor.

And Oshun would turn her back and walk away from the young man. Their last sight of Oshun would be her exquisite hips swinging back and forth, disappearing into her mother's house.

More and more suitors showed up at Oshun's house. They brought mountains of gifts. Their horses trampled the garden. Finally, after seeing her rose bushes eaten by a camel, Oshun's mother rushed out of the house shouting, "That's enough!"

The serenaders stopped playing in mid chord. The duelists dropped their swords.

"You get out of my garden right now!" shouted Oshun's mother, "and don't come this way again."

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A brave suitor spoke up. "We're in love with your daughter."

"That's right," said another. "We're here to win her hand."

"You're here making my life miserable," grumbled Oshun's mother. However, she realized that they were right in wooing her daughter, since she was the greatest beauty in the region.

"You're in the right," she told the surprised suitor. "But," she added, raising her voice to be heard by the crowd of suitors. "This madness has got to stop."

"But, we want to marry your daughter," they wailed.

"Quiet!" shouted Oshun's mother. "I have determined a fair way for all of you to compete for my daughter's hand without tearing around in my flowers and vegetables."

The crowd settled down.

"My daughter's name is secret. Only I know it. The one who finds out what her name is will have proven that he has the cunning to win my daughter's hand in marriage. His skill will melt my daughter's heart and will win my approval. He will be her husband."

Orunmila was in the crowd of suitors. He is the god of oracles and can see the future.

"This should be easy," he said to himself, concentrating.

But, no matter what he did or how many times he threw the coconuts or rattled the cowrie shells, Orunmila was unable to find out the name of the most beautiful girl in the region.

Orunmila's other attribute is wisdom. He knew when to call for help. He went out in search of Elegua and found the trickster Orisha. Even though he was only Orunmila's porter, Elegua had taught him all the sciences and secrets of divination.

"Elegua, old friend, you must help me," cried Orunmila, seizing Elegua by the shoulders.

"Do you need money?" asked Elegua.

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"I'm in love and I need your help," said Orunmila.

"Even worse," said Elegua.

"Please help me find the name of the most beautiful girl in the region," pleaded Orunmila. "She has won the hearts of all the men, but I want her only for myself. I want her for my wife."

"And what do you need me for?" asked Elegua.

"Only you, Elegua, who is such a wily trickster can find out the secret of her name."

Elegua smiled modestly. "I'll try," he said.

He went directly to Oshun's mother's house. He stayed there for days. Some days, he disguised himself as an old man. Other days, he maintained his surveillance in the aspect of a small child. He spent days acting the fool in the local markets, hoping that a loose word would reveal the secret. Or, he pretended to be asleep in Oshun's doorway, the better to hear what went on inside.

Patience always has its rewards. After many days of patient waiting, Elegua, dozing in the doorway, heard an argument inside.

Oshun's mother, who was always very careful never to say her daughter's name aloud, was very angry. Oshun had knocked over a fresh pot of Omiero while trying out a new and exciting dance step.

"Oshun, look what you've done!" shouted the mother.

Elegua heard. "Oshun, Oshun," he said to himself, "That Oshun is going to cost you a daughter, dear lady. That Oshun will turn a daughter into a wife."

Elegua didn't waste any time in getting back to Orunmila's house.

"Well?" asked Orunmila anxiously.

"This has not been easy," said Elegua.

"What have you found out?"

"I had to spend weeks in the most uncomfortable positions," said Elegua.

"What is her name?"

"Weeks and weeks I spent wearing itchy beards and a small boy's body," said Elegua. "I'm all cramped.

"Please?" pleaded Orunmila.

"Her name is Oshun."

Orunmila ran to Oshun's house. He knocked on the door. she opened it.

"You are going to be my wife because now I know your name," he told her.

"What is this? What is this?" asked the mother, appearing behind Oshun.

"Your name is Oshun," said Orunmila, pointing his finger at her. "And now you are mine."

The two of them were married and were happy for some time but...

Men kept making offers and improper advances to Oshun, even now that she was a married woman. She paid no attention to any of them.

One day, at a party, she glanced at the drummer, who was able to pull heavenly rhythms out of his instrument. Oshun was smitten. She was transfixed by love. She kept looking at the handsome drummer and saying to herself, "He will be mine."

The miraculous drummer was none other than Chango.

"Chango, do you see her?" asked the other Orishas at the party. "Oshun, the most beautiful of all is trying to flirt with you."

"So?" asked Chango, concentrating on a specially difficult passage.

"Make love to her," said the Orishas. "She is beautiful and wants you."

Chango smiled at his friends and replied, "I have more women than I know what to do with. They throw themselves at me."

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"Braggart," thought the other Orishas.

"Besides," said Chango, counterpointing his decision with the beat of the drums. "I'm not ready for any more complications right now."

That was what Chango said, but, who can resist Oshun's enchantments? Who can say no to her grace and her flirtatious ways? Who can let her walk away after seeing her hips swaying? Who can refuse the invitation of her moist fleshly lips?

Chango, the great womanizer, the great conqueror could not resist. He became interested in her. Oshun, for her part, became colder as Chango grew warmer. She wanted to teach him a lesson for having slighted her on their first meeting.

It became too much for Chango. He waited for Orunmila to leave his house one day, went to the door and knocked. When Oshun answered, Chango burst in.

"If you don't give me your love," said Chango, grabbing her arms, "I'll go off to war and never return."

Oshun's heart melted. "Don't go," she said. "I'll love you forever."

"Forever?" asked Chango, a little taken aback.

"I'll be with you all your life," said Chango. "I'll be your wife."

On that day, she left Orunmila's house and went to live with Chango. Their love produced the Ibeyi.

Notes:

Oshun is the most beautiful Orisha. She is sexy, flirtatious and happy. As goddess of rivers, she loves to bathe naked in natural springs.

As Chango's wife, she is understanding of the difficulties in love and marriage. She also helps those with money problems, since she controls the purse strings in Chango's household. But, the petitioner should beware, Oshun can take money away as easily as she bestows it.

Oshun loves parties and celebrations. No one has ever seen her cry. When Oshun takes over the body of a believer during a "golpe de Santo", she laughs

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continuously and puts on the airs of a distinguished society lady. Her arrival is always greeted with the words, "yeye dari yeyeo".



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