

Poem for Wednesday Priestess Class

As I reflect on the stories of our arrival here, together in sacred space . . .

I Grieve the innocence lost

I Mourn the suffering experienced

I Admire the Strength exhibited to Endure despite fear, loneliness, and longing

We could not be silenced as we used our voices to speak our truths,

Cried our tears and trusted the earth to absorb and transmute them

Into holy rainwater that transforms the spirit and the soul

Enabling us to realize that we are not alone - were never alone

Only unaware of our wholeness that She bequeaths

With every breath we take.

We are Priestesses

Who have walked barefoot on coals

And are refined by the fire

To connect minds and bodies, hearts and minds, bodies and spirits, spirits and souls

Holding back the veil for those Beings now crossing the bridge

From fragmentedness to wholeness

We chant to the beat of the drum

Ahhh aaaha, Ahhh ,aaaha

Ahhh aaaha, Ahhh, aaaha

And dance to its heartbeat

Hear the jingle dancers

Their silent footsteps in rhythm with dangling, clinking metal.

Calling us to join their ancient straight back postures with blankets folded over crossed arms

As a new world emerges

Enabling curiosity and experimentation to allow learning from mistakes

Rather than loss of innocence

Where intentionally doing no harm is an accepted cosmic value

And reclaiming our creative natures invite us to

Co-create rather than Annihilate,

Lift up rather than knock down and

Generously Love rather than Self-despisingly hate

This is the stuff of Priestessing we are called together for today

As we gather in a circle of the Wheel of Life.