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The Cycle of Life

At this time of year, as the Maiden grows into the full range of Her joy and desire, all of us who live on Her Gaia feel our strands of connection to each other. We sway in the wind, feel our spirits unfurl with the growing warmth, accept the gift of Her breezes and Her rains, see the beauty of the greens and yellow and pinks and browns decorating our world, and know that all of us are joined in an endless dance, the dance of life. To live, we must eat something that has been alive, but we, too, return our ash and bone meal to the living soil, when our own life ends, and so complete the cycle. The rich, deep, brown soil, the life of our planet, needs all of us, growing out of Her rich brown depths, walking over Her fields to tamp down the earth, grazing Her to clear space for seeds, or being spread upon Her, to dissolve into Her complex mix of rich life and organic materials. We are all one, living beings based in carbon, trading places in the endless cycle of life.

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[HP Kerritwyn Ceannaire](#) has been a High Priestess since 2000, an ordained minister since 2003, when the Order secured its state and federal status as a nonprofit, and was elected as the President of the Board, and the Head of the Order, in July 2009. She teaches White Moon lessons to women in [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#), and to mtf transgendered seekers in the [Rainbow Moon School](#).

Celebrating the Goddess Flora of Springtime and the May Queen

In the month of May, Spring is in full bloom and at its height. The flowers are a beautiful palette of vivid colors blossoming everywhere and the trees are abundant in their greenery. The Earth feels fully alive and vibrantly awake after the deep, long, grey slumber of Winter. Birds sing messages of joy and hope as the sun rises each morning and a new day begins to unfold. Life is flowering and lush.

The Roman Springtime Goddess Flora, the Goddess of Spring and Flowers, puts on her floral rainbow dress and her crown of flowers. She dances under the blue skies and greets the sun as the May Queen.

May 1 begins with the pagan sabbat Beltane. This day celebrates love, fertility, sensuality, sexuality, abundance, beauty, growth, awakening, and all the signs that summer is coming as the days grow lighter and warmer. To honor and celebrate the Goddess of Springtime, Flora, the Queen of May and her within yourself there are many simple ways to do this during Beltane and the beautiful month of May.

Some ideas are:

- Create a crown of flowers from wild flowers outdoors or from your garden and crown yourself the May Queen. Celebrate yourself as the Queen of Spring.
- Spend time walking in nature connecting to the beauty of Spring's full abundance. Go to your local park, garden, or take a hike.
- If you have a garden this is a great time to connect with your plants and flowers as well as blessing your garden on Beltane.
- Pick some flowers and make a May Basket from paper in the shape of a cone to place them in. Give this as a gift to someone you love or decorate your home with it bringing Springtime indoors with the lovely scent of flowers.
- Decorate your home with flowers and greens inside and out.

- If you are an artist take your sketchbook or paint outdoors and draw and paint the flowers and trees blossoming around you. Capture the beauty of the Goddess on paper.
- If you like to write, take your journal outdoors and write about your experience in the beautiful Spring weather, or write a poem that honors the season and the Goddess Flora and May Queen.
- Dress up in many bright Spring colors as Flora the Spring Goddess and May Queen. Feel your own beauty within manifested in your dress. Celebrate the beauty and sensuality of yourself.
- Think of ways to connect to the sensuality of the Spring season through all your senses.
- Enjoy your own sensuality and sexuality with yourself or a lover. Honor your body as the Goddess and Queen.
- Have a Spring picnic outdoors. Bring a blanket, picnic basket, and sit on the grass. Make it a May Feast to celebrate the Goddess and Queen within yourself. Invite others and have a Beltane celebration. Buy local Spring foods to share such as berries and honey.
- Contemplate what ways you would like to blossom full this Spring from now until the Summer Solstice and the sabbat Litha. What would you like to grow and bloom more?
- Think of ways to nurture and be self-loving every day in the month of May. Allow new habits to grow and flourish as you treat yourself like the May Queen and Goddess Flora of Springtime.
- Create a ritual to honor the Goddess Flora and connect to beauty, love, sensuality, growth and the abundance of Spring.

Beltane Blessings!

© Maeve MoonBird, 2010

Maeve MoonBird is a Level 4 High Priestess Candidate currently completing her

internship with [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#). She is studying to become a spiritual counselor and interfaith minister and is deeply called to the path of becoming a priestess.

The Gift of the Green

Yesterday, I went to my garden, which is still pretty weedy (although thanks to the combined efforts of myself and my husband, it's a LOT better!). Anyway, one of the first things I usually do when I arrive is clean the birdbath and replace the water. After shooing a lone bee out of the nasty water, I noticed a spot of green at the side. Stuck to a dry edge of the bath was a tiny brilliant green hummingbird feather.

I love hummingbirds, and I love watching them zoom around my garden, investigating this flower and that bud; they're very picky about where they get their nectar. They've even investigated ME once or twice, and I always get a kick out of that! But never have I seen one drinking from or bathing in my bird bath, and NEVER have I found one of their feathers. I felt as though I'd been given a personal gift as a thank-you, even though I didn't know the giver and never would.

This reminded me that we affect every being who comes in contact with us or with what we do here on the earth, whether or not we know them, whether or not we ever even see them. Whenever we feel as though our contribution to this world is minimal or even nonexistent, perhaps we should try thinking about all the beings whose lives we may have touched indirectly; there is no way we can ever know who or how many. And we can say a prayer of gratitude for those who have done

the same for us, but whose faces we will never see, and whose names we will never know.

*"Goddess, let my footsteps on this Earth
Be light enough not to leave damage,
But heavy enough to leave hope,
Even for those I do not know."*

© BellaDonna Oya, 2010

BellaDonna Oya lives in Hayward, CA, where she runs a small eclectic coven. She is a Level II Adept of [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#).

Grand Canyon

One of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Grand Canyon in Northern Arizona, inspires and astonishes visitors with its immense size and ever-changing colourful display of light and shadow. As John W. Powell, noted in 1869, "You cannot see the Grand Canyon in one view, as if it were a changeless spectacle from which a curtain might be lifted" . The colours of the stone peaks change with every passing cloud, with every minuscule movement of the sun.

The Grand Canyon is 277 miles long, a width of between 4-18 miles wide and over a mile deep, making it the largest gorge in the world, or, more accurately, "a composite of thousands, of tens of thousands, of gorges" as Powell marveled. He adds "Every one of these...is a world of beauty in itself". Over two billion years of Earth's history is exposed in the layers of rock, providing geologists with an

abundance of information regarding the evolution of our planet. The canyon itself is only 17 million years old, a panoramic artistic creation, sculpted by the Colorado River.

The North Kaibab Trail, starting at the South Rim, is the most popular route through the canyon. A 10 mile track meanders through the gorge, offering up inspiring views with each step. Most day visitors to the area can hike the first mile or so of accessible trail before being warned to turn back. Washrooms are dispersed every 2-3 miles, although a pack it in-pack it out trash regulation is in effect. To protect the fragile habitat, no garbage is left behind.

The earliest known human presence, a hunter-gatherer society, dates back to approximately 2000 BCE. The Anasazi ("our ancient people") lived there from 500-1200 CE, when they abandoned the area, possibly due to climate changes and scarcity of food. The Hopi, who claim the Anasazi as their ancestors, have populated the area since 1200.

The first Europeans to encounter the Grand Canyon were the Spanish Conquistadors who were searching for gold in 1540. They seemed unimpressed with the natural beauty of the area, deeming the site barren and worthless. In 1857, the first known American, Lt. Joseph Ives, explored the region and deemed it valueless, stating "ours has been the first, and will doubtless be the last, party of whites to visit this profitless locality".

Ten years later, John W. Powell foresaw the potential for profit through the exploitation of the natural surroundings. In 1919, the Grand Canyon National Park was established and two years later, a suspension bridge was built over the Colorado River at the base of the gorge. The subsequent building of Phantom Ranch and Bright Angel Campground ensured a steady stream of tourists that continues to this day. Powell's vision of a unique tourist destination has come true as the Grand Canyon plays host to as many as five million visitors each year.

A contemporary of Powell's, geologist, Clarence Dutton, took on the task of naming the many peaks and mountains. A seasoned traveler, Dutton borrowed heavily from the religions and mythologies of the peoples and places he visited, including Hindu, Egyptian, Chinese, Persian, Nordic, Greek as well as Native American. While visiting the canyon, one will come across unusual place names such as Isis Temple, Krishna Shrine, Merlin Abyss, Vulcan's Throne and Thor Temple.

First Nations of the region have long considered the Canyon to be an important and sacred space in their cosmology. A place of pilgrimage for the Hopi, there are areas which are prohibited to everyone except those of the Hopi Nation. Hopi Myth relates that the current world is the fourth world, the people came forth into this present world after a cataclysmic flood destroyed the third world. The people survived by living in an underground cavern, and it was only when Grandmother Spider caused a hollow reed to grow into the sky that the people climbed up into the Fourth world. This was called the Sipapu (Place of Emergence) and was said to be located at the base of the Grand Canyon.

This myth has led to a couple of interesting and somewhat controversial theories. The first suggests the Grand Canyon was created by the Biblical Flood and is, therefore, only 6,000 years old. This "Young Earth" controversy became a contentious issue for some Park employees when a book on the subject (Grand Canyon: A Different View by Tom Vail) was approved for sale and placed alongside scientific tomes in the Park's bookstore. Vail's book appears to go against the Park's mandate which states "...history of the Earth must be based on the best scientific evidence available, as found in scholarly sources that have stood the test of scientific peer review and criticism". The book continues to be sold despite geological evidence which indicates that the Canyon is in fact millions of years old. The critics were appeased, somewhat, by moving the controversial book from the Natural History section of the store to a newly created Inspirational section which also includes books relating Native American mythologies.

A second, more intriguing controversy has emerged regarding the presence of

underground caverns, alleged to have been inhabited by the Hopi before their emergence into the Fourth World. The myth suggests the Hopi, sometimes referred to as "People of the One Heart" or "People of Pure Heart", lived in these caves when the Earth was flooded. More outlandish claims suggest the Hopi shared their caves with strange beings known as the "People of the Two Heart" (described as either lizard or ant-like entities). The People of the Two Heart were depicted as tricksters, people who spoke one thing while believing another. They seemed to have disappeared when the Pure of Heart Hopi emerged into the Fourth World. Some UFO enthusiasts believe these beings may have originated on an alien planet. An article in the 1909 Pheonix Gazette relates the expedition of an archaeologist, G.E. Kincaid who claimed to have discovered hundreds of rooms, containing artifacts of bronze and copper, weapons, shrines and mummies, and stone tablets carved with Egyptian-like hieroglyphics. The expedition was purportedly halted due to the depth of the caves and the lack of adequate lighting at the time. Although attempts to re-discover these caves have continued over the last century, they have yet to be located, suggesting Kincaid's original tale was a fanciful creation based on the Hopi myth. This has not deterred searchers, UFO buffs and conspiracy theorists from continuing to perpetuate the story as fact rather than the fiction it appears to be.

Grand Canyon: a Personal Experience

I arrived by train at the South Rim entrance to the Park. It was already mid-day so I began my hike, stopping often to quench my thirst and admire the vista surrounding me. I soon left the day tourists behind me as I continued downward, stepping aside at times for those coming up or down on mules. I passed the Indian Garden campground, realizing that I had only reached the halfway point of my trek. By late afternoon, the last of the mule trains carrying tourists down to Phantom Ranch had passed me by and I felt utterly alone, overwhelmed by the notion that I was the only human for miles. I was in awe of the vastness of the Canyon, the colours transforming as shadow and light played upon the peaks. I communed with mountain goats, lizards and butterflies, vultures soaring overhead. I noticed the

fragility of the stones and desert plants. It was with great joy and exhaustion that I finally reached the depths of the chasm. I crossed the Suspension Bridge, taking me from the South side of the Colorado River to the North shore and Bright Angel Campground. I stopped briefly, to give thanks for the safe journey, admiring the amethyst hues of the evening sky upon the stone cathedrals surrounding me. I arrived at the campground at dusk, and quickly set up my tent. A quick meal and I was soon off to sleep.

I awoke early, refreshed and eager to set out. I had limited time in the Canyon and wanted to get a head start on the next part of my journey. I made my way back across the River, offering thanks and gratitude to Mother Earth and slowly began the climb up. My stiff limbs soon loosened and I was able to enjoy this time of peace and tranquility, it was still very early morning and again, I felt like the only human being in the vastness surrounding me.

Time flew by and soon it was time to leave. I packed up and said my good byes to newfound friends and began hiking the trail up to the rim. It was a strange experience to arrive at the one mile marker and see the large numbers of people exploring the area. I hiked the last mile accompanied by a mother and daughter who seemed quite taken by my adventure and decided they would do the canyon trek next year. We said our goodbyes as we approached the trailhead and I walked the last few feet of alone.

I surfaced onto flat ground, and immediately fell upon the nearest bench. Shedding tears of joy and pain, covered in dirt, sweat and blood. I felt reborn, my emergence from the womb of the Goddess complete. I sat on that bench, tear stained face, dirty and rank, looking around at the pristine tourists in their crisp clean clothes, feeling apart, feeling blessed, feeling touched by something grand and inexplicable. The Grand Canyon has marked me, and I am forever changed by my experience with Her.

<http://www.nps.gov/grca/index.htm>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grand_Canyon

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hopi_mythology

© Ajna DreamsAwake, 2010

Ajna DreamsAwake is an Adept of [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#). She is an eclectic Pagan, rediscovering Her Visionary Goddess Gifts.

OWM Happenings

From Imbolc to Beltane is such a joyous time, here in the Northern Hemisphere, with the delight of budding Spring growth all 'round us, with the warming days and with the turbulent, riotous rebirth of our Green Relations, dancing with Her to the music of the Turning of the Wheel!

This Quarter, we saw several beloved sisters resign from the [Order of the White Moon](#), for various reasons, and we will always hold each and every one of them in our hearts, with love and blessings for the future! May their Paths be joyous and may their continuing journeys be blessed!

We welcomed many new sisters to the [Order of the White Moon](#) and to our branch schools, this quarter, as well! May they find what they seek, as they join us in our celebration of Goddess, and as we walk together on Her path!

New High Priestess Moonwater Ashwood did a truly wonderful, all-encompassing

internship with one of our branch schools, Sisters of the Rising Moon, spending a lot of time thinking of subjects that would intrigue students, and working on learning how to do lesson responses, and she also worked hard on learning the job of the VP for Outreach, by working on our weekly Tarot Horoscope readings. Moonwater Ashwood also offered the Order's community of students and High Priestesses a wonderful, four-week course, entitled "Writing for the Goddess", giving those who enrolled in it the experience of writing several different types of inspired and magickal work, including fiction, poetry and prose!

Level IV High Priestess Candidate Maeve Moonbird has finished the first written didactic part of Level IV, and has just recently begun her internship with [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#)! She will also be studying and reporting on another text we require for Level IV, and learning more about work done by the Board of Directors of the Order, as well as preparing her own four-week short course, for OWM sisters, to be offered at the conclusion of her branch school internship.

[The Sacred Three Goddess School](#) student, RiverHawk, completed Level I of our White Moon studies course, created a wonderful Level I Final Project on [Gaia](#), and became an Initiate and Lifetime member of the [Order of the White Moon](#)! RiverHawk is now working on Level II of her White Moon studies, and is an active member of her school community, as well as of the larger Order community!

The OWM is proud to announce the creation of a new branch school! [The Sisters Beneath the Whispering Willows](#) school has been lovingly formed by HP Moonwater Ashwood and HP Lady Zephyr. They are now accepting students, and teaching the traditional White Moon lessons, although they plan to add various other courses as well at a later date.

[HP Kerritwyn Ceannaire](#) has been a High Priestess since 2000, an ordained minister since 2003, when the Order secured its state and federal status as a nonprofit, and was elected as the President of the Board, and the Head of the Order, in July 2009. She teaches White Moon lessons to women in [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#), and to mtf transgendered seekers in the [Rainbow Moon School](#).

Information

Please visit our informational website to find out more about us.

<http://www.orderwhitemoon.org/about/index.html>

Beltane Fire

*I stand in the banked fire
Of the setting sun,
Feeling a gentle breeze
Ripple the gauze of my gown
Against my warm skin
As the waves of desire
Crash through me,
As my heart pounds,
As my breath quickens,*

*As my nipples harden,
As my belly clenches,
As my eyes open wide and lose focus,
As I begin to tremble and quicken,
As my lover approaches.....*

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The Visitor

*One night a knock upon my door,
A tired woman there.
I beckoned her to enter
And rest upon my chair.*

*Though dusty, she was regal,
A lady I could see.
I wondered why she stopped here
To see a peasant such as me.*

I offered her a glass of wine,

*Inside I felt so sad
Though the drink was poor, it was
The very best I had.*

*She swirled the wine and watched it splash
She sniffed its weak bouquet
Then tasted it and smiled and said
It took her thirst away.*

*I gave her of my meager food,
A thin soup with no bread.
She smiled and ate it eagerly,
Then this is what she said:*

*You welcomed me into your home
And though your means are poor,
You shared with me all that you had,
No one has given me more.*

*May you never want for anything
And may your life be blessed
For on this moonlit night you had
The Goddess as your guest!*

*She pointed out the window
Where the moon was shining down
And when I turned to thank her,
My visitor was gone.*

*Never will I forget the night
The Goddess came to me.
Never will I ever doubt*

How special I must be!

© Peace Whitehorse, 2010

Peace Whitehorse is a Level 1 student with [the Sacred Three Goddess school](#). She is a gifted writer, and loving companion of her husband and their beloved shelties.

The May Bride

*It seems to me the
May Bride blushes more
Than any other in the year.
In Winter their cheeks
Are pinched by Jack Frost
To give a jolly glow.
In Summer they shimmer
With the rays of the Sun.
In Fall they're radiant
With the apples of harvest.
But in May, in May
The have an innocent
Joy, a mystical light
That's all their own!
Are they flushed with
The eager love of Spring
Like the animals of the woods?
Are they kissed by the*

*Nectar of the apple
And cherry blossoms?
Or the primroses?
Or does the May Bride
Recall days gone by,
The days of the
Great Marriage,
Uniting the God and
His beloved Goddess,
And blush with the
Passion of that kiss?
If you catch sight of
A May Bride, watch as
She blushes, catching sight of
The Horned One in her beloved's eyes.*

© HP Moonwater Ashwood, April 16 2010

Moonwater Ashwood is a High Priestess and Ordained Minister and co-founder of [The Sisters Beneath the Whispering Willows](#) school. She is a Reiki Master, writer, and family historian. Originally initiated into Celtic Wicca, she now practices Eclectic Wicca, leaning strongly towards the Goddess in Her various aspects.

The Goddess Within

*In every season She is there
In the buds of Spring*

*In the sea of Summer
In the beautiful leaf colors of Autumn
In the snowflakes of Winter
The Wheel of the Year
She turns and dances around
In every moon cycle She is there
The bright Full Moon
The crescent Waning Moon and Waxing Moon
The black of the Dark Moon
The new beginning of the New Moon
She flows with each cycle around
One month of moons
My moon cycle reflects Her dance
In every day She is here
In the beauty of the sunrise
The sun of morning shining
In singing birds of and trees
In the burst of sky colors
At sunset like a painting from Her nature's palette
In the blue hues of twilight
In the deep dark sky of starlights
Twinkling in Her dance of magick
In every ritual She is with me
In every season, every moon cycles, and every day
She is with me and within me
Guiding me
I seek Her within and dance with Her
The Goddess is Within Me
I serve Her
Beautiful empowered magickal and strong*

© Maeve MoonBird 2010

Maeve MoonBird is a Level 4 High Priestess Candidate currently completing her internship with [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#). She is studying to become a spiritual counselor and interfaith minister and is deeply called to the path of becoming a priestess.

Power

*I look at the power he wields
Over me, over the world, and
I shudder.
One man should never come
So close to rivaling the gods!
It's not right!
I look into his eyes and see
The seat of his power, a
Green-blue flame.
I contemplate silencing it;
He's admitted he has no
Control over it.
Power without control,
No wonder I shudder
In his presence.
Or is it just because he stands
So close, and I can feel his lure
Like a siren's song.
I can't fight him, no, I don't want*

*To fight him; only in his arms
Can I surrender, for it is in
His arms that my power
Awakens even more!*

© HP Moonwater Ashwood, December 3 2009

Moonwater Ashwood is a High Priestess and Ordained Minister and co-founder of [The Sisters Beneath the Whispering Willows](#) school. She is a Reiki Master, writer, and family historian. Originally initiated into Celtic Wicca, she now practices Eclectic Wicca, leaning strongly towards the Goddess in Her various aspects.

Easy Mediterranean Goddess Salad

Ingredients:

- 1 head red or green leaf lettuce
- 1 cucumber, sliced (skin on or off, your choice)
- 1 basket cherry or other small tomatoes
- 1 large or 2 small jar(s) marinated artichoke hearts
- 1 pkg feta cheese, crumbled
- 1 can olives, any size (drained)
- Annie's Naturals Goddess Dressing (vegan!)

(Note: I use organic veggies whenever possible.)

Drain the olives, crumble the feta cheese, and peel the cucumber if you wish. Mix all ingredients except dressing together, including artichoke heart marinade. Chill; serve with dressing on the side.

Serves 4-6.

© BellaDonna Oya, 2010

BellaDonna Oya lives in Hayward, CA, where she runs a small eclectic coven. She is a Level II Adept of [The Sacred Three Goddess School](#).

Beltane Oil

1/2 dram essential sage oil

1/2 dram essential lavender oil

6 drops of rose oil

6 drops of jasmine oil

Blend all together and pour in an airtight bottle and store in dark cool place.

This can be used for rituals, candle anointing, anointing self on wrists for protection, love and happiness.

© HP Lady Zephyr

Lady Zephyr is a High Priestess and Ordained Minister and is a co-founder of [Sisters Beneath the Whispering Willows](#). She is also a member of the Tupelo Area Pagan's Group.

Directions to Goody Cottage

At the end of the road take a right turn onto a narrow dirt pathway, too small for a van or anything larger than a compact, and riddled with pot holes usually filled with rain water so you never really know, until it's too late, just how deep it goes. This narrow road was built years ago, little more than a path these days. The asphalt is all but gone.... filled in here and there with earth, gravel, sticks and stones, whatever seemed handy at the time I imagine. On either side along the way you'll see blackberry vines, blue and white morning glories blooming and if you take the time to breathe in deeply, slowly, you'll be rewarded with the sweet scent of wild honeysuckle. And as far as the eye can see there are old growth Maples, Oaks and Pecan trees leading the way.

You'll know when you are getting close because there are signs of welcome but they aren't the usual signs you would expect to see. No, there are no Welcome Home signs or signs saying Greetings Friends! Still there are signs to look for... like grape vine wreaths with twigs forming stars inside their circles hanging from the lower branches of the trees, black cats everywhere all with yellow eyes, their skinny tails held high, ethereal sounds filling the air from unseen chimes, and a gentle breeze carrying the scent of rosemary and sage growing outside the garden gate.

At the end of the road is a rose-vine-covered gate inviting you to step through. There you will catch your first sight of a simple stone cottage, so warm and earthy it blends into its surroundings. A black cast iron cauldron stands within a small clearing in the yard, a well-worn natural twig broom stands watch alongside the door and crystal prisms hanging in the windows cast rainbows. You have arrived. There's no need to knock... she knows you are there. :)

HP Etain Feohwynn is currently serving as the [Order of the White Moon's](#) VP of Ordinations. A gifted writer and healer, she receives much of her inspiration from scenes in Nature.

Past, Present and Future

They say you can't go home again, but I beg to differ. I also say the past, present and future are the same and run consecutively. I believe the past is my present and the future is my present, and they all play a part in our paths. The circle of our lives has no beginning and no ending. But I digress; let me explain how this came to be. I have lived now for over half a century, this fact alone still amazes me. I am married now with 4 grandchildren. Just by closing my eyes and taking deep cleansing breaths I can step back into that time in the past that is my present and my future.

Going out and down the back porch, I headed down to the pond first but along the way I changed my mind, turning instead towards the little known path in the forest. As I walked the same path I did so long ago when I was just 8 years old, it was still the same. The beginning of spring, birds were singing, the forest floor still damp with a slight moldy, woodsy smell. I remember I was running away from my parents who didn't believe me. My dreams come true and I can see and talk to dead people and animals too. My momma and daddy said I was either making it up or telling a lie just to get attention. There was just no way for me to make them understand what I said and did was not an overactive imagination or lying. This has been happening to me as far back as I can remember and further for sometimes when I slept I had these strange dreams where I was another person, sometimes a grownup other times a child. I never told them about this. They would have said I was crazy on top of everything else they called me.

With all these thoughts running through my head, I wasn't paying attention to where I was going. Somehow I had wandered off the little path and was now in an area of the forest I had never been. It was getting close to evening time too. The forest had grown darker. The sun was close to sinking. Sort of the way my heart felt right now. Boy was I going to get it when I got home, that is, if I found my way out. I walked and walked till I was so tired I had to sit down and rest up against this tall old tree with heavy branches and long knurly looking roots. I think I had been just going around in circles. It was completely dark now and somehow I knew nobody would know where to look for me. I had wandered into the part of the forest that belonged to the Magickal Ones.

It was completely dark now and getting very chilly. I scrunched up against the big tree and tried to cover myself with moss and dried leaves. As I lay there, listening to my stomach growling, I had missed dinner and was very hungry and thirsty too. I couldn't get up and hunt for anything in the dark so I might as well try to sleep. I kept telling myself "don't be afraid" I could always do that thing with my breathing and see the white light around me Grandma Telly had taught me. So I had been practicing and practicing this over and over till I could see and feel that beautiful misty white completely surround me as if I was in a bubble.

Something startled me awake. I felt warm. I opened my eyes just a little and was amazed at what I saw. There were little Faeries, oh so many, had made themselves into a blanket and were covering me, keeping me warm and safe. They were beautiful with their tiny wings that were all lit up like Christmas, only Grandma calls it Yule. I am so happy I have my Grandma, I know she believes me. Said she was going to teach me some stuff when I got a bit older but it must be a secret between us. I love secrets. I fell back into a deep slumber and when I awoke the next time, they were gone! I heard some soft snuffling sounds and then one by one, these big

white wolves came out of the bushes. The first one bowed down on one leg and then looked up at me. I could almost hear his thoughts telling me to follow them and they would lead me safely home. I felt no fear, none at all. As I followed the big powerful white animals, they led me through the shimmery misty area and I was back onto the little path again. I turned and they were gone and I didn't even get to thank them.

I never told what happened that day in the woods to anyone but my Grandma. As I grew older, she began to teach me the ways of the Goddess, magick, spells, past and future lives, and of course Summerland. She taught me all about the 8 Pagan Sabbaths and how to celebrate each one. Beltane was coming up soon. I wish she was still with us, but that's ok too, because I can always step back into the past and visit her as I was about to do today. I was going to visit the little Faeries also just as I do each Beltane and leave them a gift of little cakes. My family will be waiting for me when I returned to start the celebration of Beltane, but this is one of the 2 sacred times each year when the veil is the thinnest. I will be able to see and talk to my Grandma Telly. My past is my present and my present is my future.

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Lady Zephyr is a High Priestess and Ordained Minister and is a co-founder of [Sisters Beneath the Whispering Willows](#). She is also a member of the Tupelo Area Pagan's Group.