

**Issue 27: Summer/Autumn 2015**



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## Welcome to Goddess Pages!

A journal of Goddess spirituality in the 21st century

### She Changes Everything She Touches

Some great summer reading in this issue! In no particular order:

Helen Anthony quoted so many of my favourite poems in her talk at the Glastonbury Goddess Conference last year, I'm delighted we can include a version in this issue. We also have a fascinating article on the Camino - that's the pilgrim path from France to Santiago de Compostela in Spain in the unlikely event that anyone doesn't already know. The author, Louise Sommer, seems to be confirming what many of us had, I think, suspected - that the original goddess links are strong and still possible to find.

Still on a travel theme, Elizabeth Chloe Erdmann writes about Goddess Pilgrimage as a way to sustain feminist energy and commitment - a subject close to my heart and a fascinating article. Susun Weed's Herbalism course continues, and I had thought there were seven parts but it appears there are now two more, so we still haven't finished. I've been enjoying it, so was delighted to hear that.

Several conversations with Atasha Fyfe, a Glastonbury friend, led to the production of her article about women and past life wounds, which answers a lot of questions, for me at any rate. There's also a new short story from Carolyn Boyd, with some charming illustrations by Nanri Tenney.

Finally, I'm delighted to welcome Penn Kemp back, with a batch of her latest Goddess poems, not to mention works from regular contributors Annelinde Metzner and Susa Silvermarie, both of whose work I love. We also have a batch of reviews to catch up with some of the latest Goddess books.

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It seems that Goddess Pages never stands still! I finally got fed up of Joomla as the back end - way too many security issues and upgrades, most of which need a lot of manual intervention. Instead I'm in the process of switching everything to WordPress: much more user-friendly and secure. The migration is still ongoing, and

issues up to no. 19 are already switched over, but most back issues are still on the old system.

I wouldn't bore you with this, except that it means some links may not work, at least temporarily. The site index is also affected, and I've taken it offline for now.

If you have problems finding something, please let me know and I will help.

Most things will look the same in the new set-up. The main change is that articles and all content are shown in random rather than alphabetical order, and that order will change every time you visit or refresh the home page—a fairer way to display the content, I think.

Summer blessings  
Geraldine Charles  
Editor

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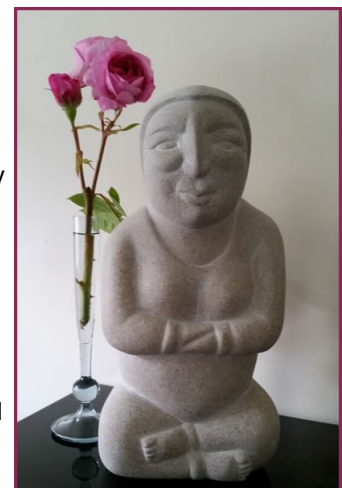
### About our Cover Photo

I've wanted one (or more!) of Freddie's sculptures ever since I first saw her work, years ago. The photo here is by me, so almost certainly doesn't do my beautiful new statue full justice...

Freddie writes:

"My stonework is created for use as altar pieces or icons that remind us of the beauty of our Path. Every piece of stone seems to have a sound and life of its own so I

always start each piece with no planned image and let the stone reveal another form. I consider the gift of imagination and its creative expression a wonderful thing. My art is gratitude to the Goddess, the Great Mother. The stone I work with was formed millions of years ago by shifts and changes in the Earth, it holds this ancient energy. Images come through that reflect the mythology of the Goddess or our spirit connection with Her creatures, birds and animals."



"Untitled",  
by Foosiya (Freddie) Miller

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## Be your own Herbal Expert: Part 7

by Susun S Weed

Herbal medicine is the medicine of the people. It is simple, safe, effective, and free. Our ancestors used -- and our neighbors around the world still use -- plant medicines for healing and health maintenance. It's easy. You can do it too, and you don't need a degree or any special training.

Ancient memories arise in you when you begin to use herbal medicine. These lessons are designed to nourish and activate those memories and your inner herbalist so you can be your own herbal expert.

In our first session, we learned how to "listen" to the messages of plant's tastes. In session two, about simples and water-based herbal remedies. In the third, I distinguished safe (nourishing and tonifying) herbs from more dangerous (stimulating and sedating) herbs. Our fourth session focused on poisons; we made tinctures and an Herbal Medicine Chest. Our fifth dealt with herbal vinegars, and the sixth with herbal oils.

In this, our seventh session, we will think about how we think about healing.

### The Three Traditions of Healing

There are many ways to use herbs to improve and maintain health. Modern medicine uses highly refined herbal products known as drugs. Many alternative or holistic practitioners recommend herbs, usually in less-refined (and less dangerous) forms such as tinctures or homeopathic remedies. And then there are the yarb women, the wise women, such as myself, who integrate herbs into their daily diet and claim far-reaching results for simple remedies.

I call these three different approaches the Scientific, Heroic, and Wise Woman traditions.

These three traditions are ways of thinking, not ways of acting. And they are not limited to herbs. Any technique, any substance can be used by a healer in the Scientific, Heroic, and Wise Woman traditions. There are, for instance, naturopaths, midwives, and MDs in each tradition, as well as herbalists, educators, therapists, even politicians.

Each of these traditions lives within you, too.

As I define the characteristics of each tradition, identify the part of yourself that thinks that way.

### Scientific Tradition

Modern, western medicine is an excellent example of the Scientific tradition, where healing is fixing. The line is its symbol: linear thought, linear time. Truth is fixed and measurable. Truth is that which repeats. Good and bad, health and sickness are put at opposite ends of the line, where they do battle with each other. Food and medicine are quite different.



Newton's universal laws and the mechanization of nature are the foundation of the Scientific tradition. Bodies are understood to be like machines. When machines run well (stay healthy) they don't deviate. Anything that deviates from normal needs to be fixed or repaired. The Scientific tradition is excellent for fixing broken things.

Measurements must be taken to determine deviation and insure normalcy. Regular diagnostic tests are critical to maintaining proper functioning and ensuring utmost longevity in the body/machine.

In the Scientific tradition, plants are valued as repositories of poisons/alkaloids. They are seen as potential drugs, and capable of killing you in their unpredictable crude states. They are helpful and safe only when refined into drugs and used by highly-trained experts.

In the Scientific tradition the whole is the same as its most active part, and machines are more trustworthy than people.

### Heroic Tradition

There is not one unified Heroic tradition, but many similar traditions collectively called the Heroic tradition.

*(Continued on page 4)*



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Alternative health care practitioners generally represent the Heroic thought pattern, symbolized by a circle.

This circle defines the rules, which, we are told, must be followed in order to save ourselves from disease and death. Healing in the Heroic tradition focuses on cleansing. According to this tradition, disease arises when toxins (dirt, filth, anger, negativity) accumulate. When we are bad, when we eat the wrong food, think the wrong thought, commit a sin, we sicken and the healer is the savior, offering purification, punishment, and redemption.

In the Heroic traditions, the whole is the sum of its parts. We are body, mind, and spirit. The spirit is high and worthy; the body is low and gross; the mind is in between. In the Heroic traditions, we are personally responsible for everything that happens to us.

Religious beliefs frequently accompany herb use in the Heroic tradition. The Heroic healer uses rare substances, exotic herbs, and complicated formulae. Drug-like herbs in capsules are the favored in this tradition. Most books on herbal medicine are written by men whose thought patterns are those of the Heroic tradition.

#### **Wise Woman Tradition**

The Wise Woman tradition is the world's oldest healing tradition. It envisions good health as openness to change, flexibility, availability to transformation, and groundedness. Its symbol is the spiral. In the Wise Woman tradition we do not seek to cure, but focus instead on

*(Continued on page 25)*



## **The Shining of the Sparrow's Eyes**

**Story by Carolyn Lee Boyd**

**Illustrations by Nanri Tenney**



A tiny ray of sunlight caressed the arm of the Goddess of Compassion as she lingered for just one more moment by the open window of her cottage. Though a deity universal and known by many names among Earth's religions, she chose to dwell among the humans she served in humble places closest to those most in need of her. She had only a few seconds to savor the solitude of her tiny one-room dwelling that was not quite in, not quite beyond the forest, wonder at the meaning of the sparrow's constant conversation with its companions, and lose herself in the pungent blooms from her herb garden before a human cry of despair filled the space between the walls and she once again rushed away to where she was needed. Early in human history, the number of humans was small and her life was leisurely, but now the voices crying for help were so legion that she could rarely tell one from the other anymore, though each was still uniquely beloved. She was drowned constantly by the never-ending wail of despair.

Though she had been at humanity's beck and call during every catastrophe for millennia, whether it befell one person or the entire species, she was still perplexed by the essence of humans and their lives. At first, she had answered their calls for help because it

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was her nature. Love and fruitful benevolent action flowed from her like water over a waterfall and its power was no less than that. But over time she also came to care for the humans and one question began to obsess her: Why do humans fight so hard to live when so much of their time on Earth seems to be full of misery and constant disaster?

Perhaps, she thought, because I only share their moments of despair I do not understand their real existence. What is it like to be them, day after day, when they are not sending their prayers for assistance to me? As long as she appeared to humans as a deity to be marveled at, she knew that she would never learn what she needed to know. A sparrow alighted on her window sill and hopped here and there as she pondered, then it flew off with its flock, their numbers turning the blue sky brown until they disappeared. Seeking the sparrow's freedom to wander the Earth among humans at will, she shape-shifted into sparrow form before beginning her investigation at the first moment when humans emerged onto the Earth.

Reaching her destination some hundreds of thousands of years in the past, she prepared to land on the ground to mingle with the humans on the Earth's surface. Instead the sky was filled with humans, alone, in couples, in flocks or families, all flying with wings attached to their shoulders. So many times she had heard humans say "I dreamt I was flying", with a look that showed they believed that they could even if they would not say it. Yes, of course, it made sense to her now. Humans could once fly and sometimes, even in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, they remembered.

The Goddess of Compassion flew alongside the humans as a sparrow. She witnessed the earth in all its beauty below her. She experienced its glory through not just her own eyes, but those of all the people who were

flying near her and viewing the same landscapes. They heard the ocean's roar as it crashed into the boulders at the horizon between land and water. They flew over forests whose tops shimmered in an array of green hues in the sunlight. They pierced the mists on top of the mountain peaks.

In those days, boundaries between the souls of the humans were thinner and they each carried the same worldview made of an amalgamation of their separate visions of an infant Earth fresh, new, and abundant with life's diversity and possibilities. The view from above was stunning and brought them together as one people, but they were too separated from the Earth's surface to truly embrace their planet. The humans realized that if they were to love the Earth, they must leave behind their wings and dwell close to the Earth's face rather than always over it. They must feel the soil against the soles of their feet and the water close in around their knees to experience the Earth as the beloved being it must be to them if they are to live fully and deeply in her embrace. The choice lay with each human, and one by one, they laid aside their wings, weeping, and came to rest their cheeks against the skin of the Earth, laying themselves down on her breast.

The Goddess of Compassion watched over millennia as the humans and the Earth forged the spirit of the planet's living breath together. The people eventually forgot the pain of isolation from the Earth that had caused them to become landed beings. But, with time, for many humans, their vision narrowed without remembrance of the sight of the Earth from above. They no longer saw all the mountains and oceans and forests with everyone else, but only the tiny plot of Earth they lived on. Even then, they did not remember the importance of coming to cherish every inch of the land they tilled and hunted, but looked on others' fields with envy and thought only of how they could use the land for their own profit. The Goddess now understood the origins of much of the misery she had been called on to heal for so long.

But, she began to look more closely and witnessed something else. The farther away the people grew from the heart of the Earth that had made their bodies, the more they became creators themselves. This impulse to regain connection to their world by remaking it began with paintings of animals and humans on the walls of the caves and grew till humans had surrounded themselves in every element of everyday life with depictions of the natural world from which they were growing more distant. Finally some of the works bore no resemblance to nature at all, as if the Earth no longer existed and humanity was afloat in a bubble in the universe, surrounded by nothing. Soon the world grew heavy with the humans' creations. Many were exquisitely beautiful but each was infused with the same desperate quest to find what they had lost. As the

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Don't miss

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# Healing Past Life Wounds to the Inner Goddess

by Atasha Fyfe

As a past life therapist I've noticed a trend developing in recent years: the healing of past life wounds to the feminine side of our nature.

This applies to men as well as women. Because we experience both male and female lives, men also have wounds to their yin side. However, while some men do become aware of this, it's more usual for this kind of issue to come up for healing during a female life.

Women now have freedoms which they haven't had for centuries. New doors are opening that were always firmly shut before. Despite this, many feel that an invisible chain is still somehow holding them back. That chain often turns out to be an experience in a former lifetime, which attacked or oppressed their female nature.

The good news is these wounds can be healed. Just unearthing those memories from the subconscious removes the power they once had over us. While it's still unconscious, a negative memory will constantly whisper fearful messages to us. This influences our choices and decisions in ways that are difficult to trace at the time. As Professor Carl Jung said, "Until you make the unconscious conscious, it will direct your life and you will call it fate".

This may be what the story of Rumpelstiltskin was really about. Many mythology and fairy tales are now turning out to have deeper meanings, which we're only just beginning to rediscover. In the tale of Rumpelstiltskin, when people didn't know his name he had power over them. But as soon as they guessed his name, he lost that power. I think this stands for the control our subconscious fears have over us until we identify them.

Facing these issues brings all kinds of positive changes in how people feel about themselves; their whole approach to life; and ultimately, the kind of future that then becomes available to them.

When a significant number of people transform themselves like this, it resonates through the mass psyche like a gong. As a result, the inner pathways that individuals have forged remain there for others to use more easily. Hopefully this will eventually heal the wounds to the divine feminine for everyone. When that happens, this kind of personal problem will then fade into history.

In the meantime however, there is still work to be done. Some common themes have emerged, which often interweave together in a past life memory. They are:



- Running away from oppression.
- Problems about speaking out.
- Gynaecological problems
- Fears about reclaiming old powers.

## Running Away

Hilary had insomnia for years. Nothing she tried made any difference. She was also kept awake by 'restless legs' – a creeping feeling in the legs that's only relieved by constantly moving them.

Her regression took her back to the middle ages. She was running away from an arranged marriage with a man she heartily disliked. For the rest of that life she had to keep moving on, forever looking over her shoulder.

Unconscious memories often lodge in the body. While she remained unaware of it, Hilary's legs expressed her desperation to keep running. Once she understood those fears, they lost their power over her. From that day on, her insomnia and restless legs disappeared. She said it made the most wonderful difference to her life.

*(NB: Like all the names of my clients in this article, 'Hilary' is a pseudonym.)*

Women have fled from more than just oppressive marriages. Penny recalled a life many hundreds of years ago, when she escaped from a sheltered spiritual community. It was Christian in a mystical way, run by a

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charismatic male guru figure. After a while, she realised how much he was draining personal power from her and the other women there.

One day she made a big decision. She changed her distinctive robes for ordinary clothes and quietly slipped away. She sensed that the man in charge knew what she was doing – he had that much psychic power.

After the regression, Penny said she now understood why she'd spent this life always moving on. A pattern of constantly moving from one place to another is often a sign of past life fear of pursuit. It takes courage to stop, turn and face the fear that seems to stalk us. But when we do, that fear withers away.

### **Problems with Speaking Out**

Many women today struggle with a throat chakra that has shut down because of all the lives when they had to keep quiet. Maddie recalled a life in Victorian England. She was 18 years old, and married to a man she feared. She said she was 'just someone who has to keep quiet all the time'.

It all came to a head when one day he put her into a carriage to send her somewhere she did not want to go. It was too difficult for her to recall what that place would have been. With her back to the wall, she finally spoke up. She ordered the carriage to head as fast as possible to her parents' home. They received her warmly, and she felt safe again.

After a while she found another, more loving man. But in the end, her husband tracked her down – and strangled her. After the regression, Maddie said she could see where her strange fear of speaking out had come from.

This theme of women experiencing a stranglehold on their voices – sometimes literally – runs through many of the past life experiences that are now coming up for healing. While everyone's experiences are unique, the effect is much the same for all – feeling unconfident, even fearful, about speaking out in any way. Often this issue comes up because that is the very thing they need to do to move ahead on their path.

For example, Jayne had a lifelong terror of talking in public. She had a talent for teaching, and longed to make that her career. But this fear made it difficult for her even to consider it.

In her regression, she went back to a time when she was about twelve years old. She was facing a jeering, hostile crowd that was accusing her of witchcraft. She had no idea what they were on about. When she tried to explain her innocence, that only made it worse.

This experience created a fear of crowds - especially if she had to talk to them. Once she realised where that

had come from, she was able to shake it off. I believe she's now happily following her calling to be a teacher.

### **Gynaecological Problems**

The different parts of our bodies symbolise aspects of our psyche. Past life wounds to the feminine side of our nature are therefore often held in the female parts. This can manifest in a wide variety of problems, from difficult periods to breast cancer.

For example, Jenny told me that her doctor was advising her to have 'pre-cancerous' cells surgically cut from her uterus. She felt sure this would repeat a past life cutting in that area – and therefore not be for her highest good. We discussed the whole issue, including the possibility that if she intends it, the operation might heal what happened in the past. When she left, she was still thinking about what decision to make.

An even more graphic example came from Terri, who came to see me quite recently. She explained that she had a semi-cancerous condition in her vagina - part of which had been surgically removed. Although this malaise was dormant most of the time, the doctors told her it would always be there in the background and could flare up at any time.

Terri came for past life therapy as part of her wide search to cure this. In her regression, she went back to a barren, desolate place of mud huts. In that life, she was an African girl of about eight years old. She could hear other girls screaming, and felt afraid.

Then a scrawny old woman came after her. She bundled the child under her arm and took her, kicking and screaming, to the place of fear.

In that hut, Terri said she saw blood on the floor. One dirty cloth was used for everything. Then she remembered great pain, and her body going into deep shock.

She had undergone female genital mutilation – and died of the side effects not long afterwards. Because she never recovered from the trauma in that life, the effect on her psyche was magnified. The memory was still so strong that her body was finding ways to replicate it with the cancerous condition.

In the second part of the regression, when she communicated with a spirit guide, Terri learned that this experience had been part of her soul contract. At first, this appalled her. How could she have agreed to go through something like that? Her guide showed her how it would now bring her great inner strength and a flowering of consciousness that would otherwise have taken many more lifetimes. By the end of the session, she was feeling happy and positive about both the past and the future.

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At a very deep level within the mass psyche, the cutting away of female parts is a symbolic expression of humankind's fear of its female side. This could partly come from racial memories of much earlier times when matriarchal societies could also be brutal and unjust. Hopefully the inner work that so many are now doing will eventually help to heal these underlying issues.

### Reclaiming Special Powers

I think all women have the innate gift of some form of intuitive, psychic or healing power. In the recent patriarchal age, those abilities were so persecuted they had to go underground. Most women decided it was safer to forget about all that and taught their daughters to do the same. It looks like the wheel is now turning, as many women are now starting to reclaim their natural abilities. This doesn't happen easily however, as old fears still get in the way.

History tells us about the burning of the witches. However, this was only one way in which female powers were victimised. So-called friends and neighbours could be just as oppressive.

Gerrie recalled that in a former life as an old widow, the only way to support herself was to make herbal remedies. She'd developed them to keep her children well while they were growing up. So her potions worked, and many people came to her for them.

Despite that, others in her village hated what she was doing. They made that clear by treating her like an outcast. When she went out, they'd spit and throw things at her.

Another of my clients in a similar situation said that when she tried to sell her remedies at a fair, other women came and trampled all her precious oils into the ground.

These experiences can be deeply disheartening, creating fears that stay with us for lifetimes. Now, when those women try to do the work they love and believe in, an old fear blocks their way like a fierce guard. Understanding the fear is like finding the magic password, which gets the guard to step aside.

### Positive Past Life Memories

However dark the world may be at times, there are always little



patches where women have been able to walk a sunlit path, left alone by oppressive forces. Many recall past lives when they could safely use their higher abilities to help others, such as:

- The priestesses of Ancient Egypt. That civilisation lasted so long – at least 3,000 years – that it's not surprising many of us had past lives there. In those days, women enjoyed more equal rights than they ever saw again until recent times. People who remember their Egyptian priestess lives all say they had a spiritual authority that was respected by all.
- As healers in small communities which accepted and supported them. This kind of life flowered most often in the tribal societies of North and South America. However, it could also take place in many other times and places – even tucked away in quiet corners of the medieval world.
- As visionaries and seers. These lives were mostly in the ancient world before the rise of Roman power. In those days, it was still acceptable for the Mystery Schools to initiate women for training in the use of their psychic abilities.
- In Atlantean times. The great civilisations that came before our recorded history were more advanced than anything we have seen since. This included the status of women and the kind of abilities they had. Those worlds had a highly developed knowledge of things we are only just beginning to rediscover – such as the many uses of crystals, levitation, sonics and conscious astral travel.

No past life ability is ever lost. It's easy to re-learn old skills, because we never really forget them. These memories also remind us of the safe and happy lives when women used powers long since forbidden to them. Recalling these times shows us how that way of life was once possible – and therefore could be again.

### Soul Groups

Another hidden but positive influence are the powerful soul groups that have been incarnating here for the last hundred years.

Around the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, a warlock called George Pickingill received an important message from the inner planes. He learned that in the years to come, a large group of priestesses from Ancient Greece would incarnate in England.

Their purpose was to promote female empowerment, starting with the esoteric societies. Pickingill's job was to change the balance of that male-dominated world. He set to work re-drafting many of the old magical rituals and practices to bring in more sexual equality.

In his time, he was greatly influential in occult circles – so the changes he set in motion went ahead. This

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# Goddess Pilgrimage: A Way to Keep Feminist Sparks Flying without Burning Out

By Elizabeth Chloe Erdmann

My passion is nomadic theology which I define as a theological position that is always on the move, transgressing traditional religious boundaries with a feminist lens. According to my age I am a third wave feminist, though I don't always find this distinction useful. Hovering over the gap between second and third wave feminism is a question for all feminists: what can keep the liberation coming? What methods and tools need to be passed on so feminism as a movement does not lose steam or become silenced after gaining ground?

I argue many answers to this question can be found within the second wave itself. The Women's Liberation of the 1960s and 1970s brought to the foreground many insights about the value of voice, experience, and representation that are still rippling. One of the methods frequently employed was consciousness raising groups where women united through, as feminist theologian Judith Plaskow words it: the "yeah, yeah experience". Sparks of inner knowing were set off in these sharing, non-judgmental groups that many times led to and sustained activism, political movements, and new ways of understanding. One method of keeping the tool of valuing one's experience and voice as women, while still living in a patriarchal system, is through embedding feminist critiques, values, and ideas with a view to the long haul. In other words seeking to pass on a torch that is a living flame.

Using these ideas as background I suggest that pilgrimage is one way to keep the flame burning in the mind and body in the face of constant criticism and self-criticism that comes to us through patriarchy. Feminist theologian Carol P. Christ leads a bi-annual tour focusing on the ancient Cretan civilization where women today can experience a pilgrimage ranging across many boundaries—part consciousness raising, part academic exploration, part spiritual quest—in search of Goddess embodied in ancient stones and artifacts and in the local nature and culture. When I first went on the tour I considered myself a fully informed feminist scholar and activist. I didn't expect to be as profoundly affected by the tour as I was.

In *Diving Deep and Surfacing* (1980) Carol wrote that Martha Quest, a character of Doris Lessing, was uniquely aware that she needed to be ready for the long haul of transforming society as it would not happen overnight. This was a caution that perhaps was not understood completely by first wave feminists after they won the vote. It is a lesson that all of us feminists, no matter how divergent our thinking, should keep in our minds. Each feminist needs a waking up period—sometimes a very long one—to get to the point of understanding or at least articulating a systemic critique of patriarchy. It is critical



India-Fire, a wise girl on a sacred journey, contemplates her world view from the wonders of Mount Juktas.

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that we pass these ideas onto the next generation who also may take time to wake up. So we must look for ways to embed the progress of these movements in a society that still does not value women.

As someone who studies religion and theology I agree that ideas matter; symbols matter because they give rise to ideas. Symbols represent reality and provide models of what is achievable. We turn to symbols to express what we feel at our lightest and darkest moments. Symbols are focal points—whether in an overtly religious or seemingly secular locations; they become embedded in consciousness and frame an outlook and behaviors. This understanding brings me back to the never out of style, classic feminist idea: "add women and stir." We need women in the symbolic mix.

Spiritual journeys taken in small groups such as Carol's pilgrimage are many faceted—just as patriarchy is many faceted. Male dominated rituals and symbols, whether deemed as religious or not, help to create perceived "realities." Society is challenged by women actively experiencing ritual agency—especially when they consciously recognize their own relationship to symbols. The importance of trusting inner authority is validated. The first time I participated in the Goddess pilgrimage, something internal shifted in me.

The most obvious one difference was how abnormal sexism felt upon returning to the 'real world'. As a feminist I did not need convincing about injustices that are damaging to women and minorities, but I was used to them—used to them being normalized and explained

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away theoretically. After the pilgrimage my entire body felt the injustice again as if for the first time, and yet I was also strengthened by knowing I was not alone in my feelings. Re-awakening our sense of the injustice of patriarchy is needed again and again. On a pilgrimage, the embodied knowing roots a 'raising of consciousness' in rituals that can be repeated on the return home over seasons and years—perpetually spreading seeds out into the world.

This 'additional element' or 'dimension' of embodiment and empowerment works as a sort of 'ultimate ritual' for exorcizing the patriarchal demons Mary Daly warns of. Offering 'women's spaces' that point out the possibility for change—again and again—are effective and necessary for the progress of women's liberation. So the role of consciousness raising groups is as vital as ever. It could even be argued that major elements from each feminist wave are embodied in pilgrimage—even the third wave's emphasis on the performativity of gender that Judith Butler points out is included in the process of enacting an imagined civilization where feminist ideals of equality are present.

I think that a feminist spiritual journey can work as a retreat, getaway, or group therapy for women who are stuck in relationships to patriarchy (which we all are). First a woman needs to know she is safe and that there are others who understand and listen. Then in order to change, or get out of patriarchal definitions of herself and her powers, she needs to know bodily—in her bones—that things can be different. If she is surrounded by great theories yet looks around and sees that on a very overt level, say in academia or in popular culture, all images and theories are still framed within male dominated discourses, there is a benefit to standing outside such an environment. Get out, assess, raise consciousness and spirits and then go back in again and change it.

Sister radical feminist Mary Daly writes that in 1964 "something powerful" pulled her to visit Crete with her

mother (Outercourse, 1992 p. 72). And yet the first time even Daly "did not consciously understand its pre-patriarchal significance" until on a return visit in 1976 where she finally understood "the Archaic significance of Crete, and that the trip greatly influenced the writing of *Gyn/Ecology*" (Outercourse, p.72) which she invokes the symbol of the labrys which some call the double axe, and the powers of the Snake Goddess (Gyn/Ecology 1978, p.388). Daly also writes in *Gyn/Ecology* that the "true gateway to our depths" is "the Gates of the Goddess" (p.4) You can draw a straight-line from Daly's experiences in Crete to the type of group feminist spirituality I'm discussing. One of the differences between a pilgrimage to Crete and pilgrimages to Goddess sites in other parts of Greece (as well as to many other parts of the world) is that ancient Crete was a pre-patriarchal or matriarchal culture. In Crete it is not necessary to "read between the lines" to imagine a different world.

In *Pure Lust*, Daly writes about women breaking "the barriers between our Selves and the natural world" and being "reconnected with the forces of nature." When we connect to our own elemental natures which are connected to nature, we can reread, reconfigure and boldly go headlong into male-authored texts yet read them as secondary sources to our own heritage. Daly writes "the process of reversing the reversals of male-authored pronouncements and theories is an important work of parthenogenetic creativity... It releases the elements of our dismembered past, so that these again become tangible, audible, visible, ready to be re woven in tapestries of images, sounds that are alive and rhythmic with the pulsing of *Passionate Searching*. *Pure Lust*, p.116.

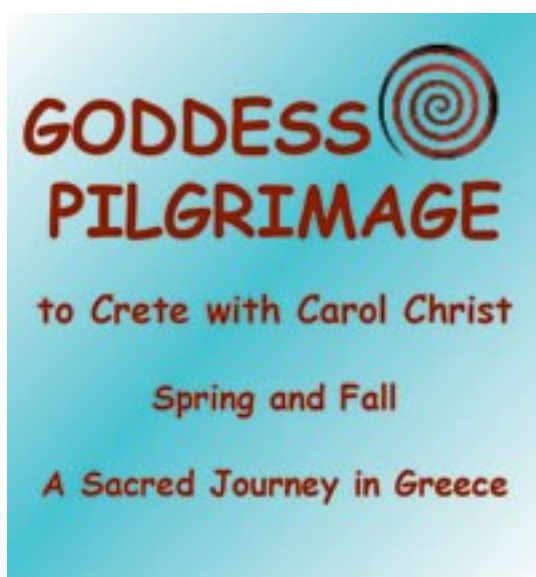
In the spirit of honoring not just the idea but the experience of consciousness raising that can occur on a pilgrimage I invite you to imagine yourself on a Goddess pilgrimage in Crete.

.....

Close your eyes, breathe deeply and call upon the muse of imagination. You are in Crete, on a Greek island perched on the top of a mountain meditating or praying, It's twilight and you see the stars, smell the sea, and feel the warm breeze move across your skin. You feel you are outside of time, the barriers between your skin and the salt kissed air melt away and you are one with the forces of nature.

Go back to a place inside yourself in time that existed where women, men, and all of nature live in harmony and no one valorized war and domination. Imagine being surrounded by affirmations of female imagery of the divine—temples are etched into the very landscape with frescoes depicting women as priestesses. Imagine never walking into church or synagogue, or an academic or political building and being flabbergasted by the march of male names and dates. Instead you see mirrors of you—images of women pouring libations, men bringing home

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## Crone Wisdom: Still and still moving

Adapted from a talk given by Helen Anthony at the  
Glastonbury Goddess Conference, 2014

Kathy Jones invited me to be one of eight older women to offer some “Crone Wisdom” at this Crone Conference. I am choosing to bring you my Crone Wisdom mainly through poetry. I love the work of many different poets. As Rose Flint said in her talk yesterday, most published poets are men. However, things are slowly changing. We now have a woman Poet Laureate here in the UK - the wonderful Carol Ann Duffy. I have included three out of eight women writers in my choice of poems.

Sadly, I myself do not have the gift of being able to write poetry – but poetry (and indeed, good literature) is one of my passions. I agree with Starhawk, who spoke yesterday about the importance of words and metaphors. The other themes of my talk are enthusiasms in old age and networking by older people.

My talk today is like a bunch of flowers - which I offer to all of you. To quote the 16th Century French writer, Michel de Montaigne (1533 -1592) - “I have gathered a bunch of other men’s flowers & all that is mine is the thread that binds them”. Each poem I’ve chosen is a flower. The thread that binds them can be, in itself, an important thing and I believe that the Goddess gave me particular gifts in the areas of connecting, binding together and networking. I love to connect things, to connect ideas, to connect people and to be a networker. As a classic “Virgo Rising” I pay attention to details and I enjoy facilitating all kinds of connections and links - introducing people to new places, to new experiences & to each other. In doing these things, I firmly believe in the saying that - “Success is the sum of a lot of small things - correctly done”.

Growing old, & being old is a privilege and an adventure. You can look forward to this phase after the central years of your life are over. The best “looking forward” poem I know is by Jenny Joseph and it is very fitting for this Conference!

### ‘Warning’ by Jenny Joseph

“When I am an old woman I shall wear purple  
With a red hat which doesn’t go, and doesn’t suit me.  
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves  
And satin sandals, and say we’ve no money for butter.”

[Watch Jenny Joseph read her poem on Youtube](#)

The title of my talk, “Still and Still Moving” is taken from ‘The Four Quartets’ by T.S. Eliot. There are four poems in this work - each one concerned with an element.



‘Burnt Norton’ is Air, ‘East Coker’ Earth, ‘The Dry Salvages’ Water and ‘Little Gidding’ is Fire.

Images of stillness and its opposite, movement, occur in three out of the four ‘Four Quartets’ poems. In ‘Burnt Norton’ (Air), Eliot refers to being “at the still point of the turning world” and he asks: “Can words or music reach / the stillness as a Chinese jar still / moves perpetually in its stillness.”

In ‘Little Gidding’ (Fire), he mentions sound—(a sound): “But heard, half-heard, in the stillness / between two waves of the sea.”

But it is in ‘East Coker’, the Earth poem, that he links stillness with older people. As a preface to this link Eliot writes, “I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you / Which shall be the darkness of God”.

For us it is “the darkness of Goddess”. We meet Her during the time when we are observing stillness in our daily practice. This is a way of becoming attentive to the seeds of wisdom which She has already planted in our

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*(Continued from page 11)*

souls. Later on Eliot writes, "As we grow older / The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated / Of dead and living. Not the intense moment / Isolated, with no before and after, / But a lifetime burning in every moment / And not the lifetime of one man only / But of old stones that cannot be deciphered. / There is a time for the evening under starlight, / A time for the evening under lamplight / (the evening with the photograph album). / Love is most nearly itself / When here and now cease to matter. / Old men ought to be explorers / Here or there does not matter / We must be still and still moving / Into another intensity / For a further union, a deeper communion."

The last line is the very familiar statement - "In my end is my beginning".

Those of us on a Goddess path, or a pagan path, have learned to observe the two Solstices each year. These are brief Standstills of the Sun.

At Summer Solstice - we have the high point—the zenith.

At Winter Solstice - we have the low point—the nadir.

I like to think of the Cycle of the Year as like breathing. Rudolf Steiner famously saw it this way in his book 'The Cycle of the Year as Breathing-Process of the Earth' (1923). There is a brief pause, a holding of the breath, at the end of each full breath in and also at the end of each full breath out.

T.S. Eliot also recommends living intensely in that same passage from East Coker. I want to share with you some of my thoughts about living passionately, living intensely and having enthusiasms. I remember sitting down and, for the first time in my life, writing a long list of my enthusiasms in the back of my diary. This was in 1998 when I was aged 55 and coming towards the end of my menopausal years. That list inevitably included both networking and poetry. There is, of course, a very well-known warning in Irish literature about passionate intensity and things falling apart. W.B. Yeats wrote in 'The Second Coming' (1919), "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold; / Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, ———— The best lack all conviction, while the worst / Are full of passionate intensity." We, the people of the Goddess, have to reverse that. We all have our wild places and our wild pursuits. It is what we hold passionately in our hearts that counts. The sacred work you were born to do is encoded in every fibre of your being and the key to it lies in your enthusiasms. Two years after making that list I first came to this wonderful Conference and it has become, for me, another wild pursuit!

But here I want to challenge something that really disturbs me about this Goddess path as it is taught and lived here in Avalon. There may be others who feel like me? It is the frequent emphasis on "Cutting away, throwing out, discarding, leaving behind those things that no longer serve you". It's an important theme of

Samhain but it's not just at the Samhain season that this is suggested. This idea of an interminable series of new starts is, to me, far too simplistic. It rings false and therefore it always makes me groan inwardly. Yes - there are times when certain things and people are better eliminated from our lives, but I believe that these occasions should be very rare.

Better by far, in my view, is to integrate as much of life's experiences and emotions as you possibly can and take them forward with you to enrich your old age. i.e. Eliot's - "a lifetime burning in every moment". I propose a process of Evolution rather than Revolution. I recommend a process of Synthesis rather than continually starting with a clean sheet of paper. I suggest that you **remember** rather than that you **dismember** parts of your life-experience. I am playing with words but I am also serious in my advice.

The same You lives inside your body, mind and spirit as you age.

The young girl, the middle-aged woman, the old woman (or man) - inside it is the same person. There is continuity of experience and emotion. It is seasoned wisdom that warns us not to burn our bridges behind us. It's true in professional terms and true generally. We are often told, "You can't reach for anything new if your hands are still full of yesterday's junk" but you can stretch your hands or you can get a bag or a back-pack or a van or a house — to keep all the so-called "junk" safe? And eventually, with time, it will become priceless antiques and will be valued as such!

There can sometimes be confusion between things or people we must decide to leave behind and things or people who leave us in the natural course of life and death. The latter situation is described by the brilliant American poet Mary Oliver at the end of her poem, 'In Blackwater Woods': "—To live in this world / you must be able / to do three things: / to love what is mortal; / to hold it / against your bones knowing / your own life depends on it; / and, when the time comes to let it go, / to let it go."

Another poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson, writing in the poem 'Ulysses' expresses the thoughts of the aged Ulysses/Odysseus and his men, who spent ten years trying to get back home to the Ionian island of Ithaka after the Trojan Wars. Ulysses says to his men, his sailors: "I cannot rest from travel: I will drink / Life to the lees". He goes on to declare, "I am a part of all that I have met; / Yet all experience is an arch wherethro' / Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades / For ever and forever when I move." Tennyson then states his faith in older people, "You and I are old; / Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; / Death closes all but something ere the end, / Some work of noble note may yet be done."

*(Continued on page 13)*



*(Continued from page 12)*

In his poem 'Ithaka', (1911), translated by G. Valassopoulos, the Egyptian poet C.P. Cavafy uses the same story of Ulysses/ Odysseus and the metaphor of travelling towards a desirable destination as a model for journeying through life. His main point is that the traveller should take plenty of time to savour the journey because the rewards are bestowed more by the voyage than by the destination: "...Be quite old when you anchor at the island, / rich with all you have gained on the way, / not expecting Ithaka to give you riches./ Ithaka has given you your lovely journey. / Without Ithaka you would not have set out. / Ithaka has no more to give you now. / Poor though you find it, Ithaka has not cheated you. / Wise as you have become, with all your experience, / you will have understood the meaning of an Ithaka."

Finally, I want to quote from our own Priestess Poet & Crone—Rose Flint, and from the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas. Those of you who use We'Moon Diary will know that Rose's beautiful writings have introduced each season in 2014. This Imbolc, she wrote that Brigit was "lighting the green fuse".

Dylan Thomas also wrote (in 'The Force That Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower':

"The force that through the green fuse drives the flower  
Drives my green age—."

What a brilliant image! Even old age can be green and fresh!

It is difficult to choose my all-time favourite poem by Rose Flint. There are so many. But 'Women making bridges out of nets' speaks to me of my life-task as a networker and for this I say, thank you, Rose. As my closing words of this talk, I will read it in full.

## Women Making Bridges Out of Nets

by Rose Flint

We have a part in building each other's bridges  
over this next river. Our words feeling out  
these shaky structures, their delicacy and strength,  
the naked places where we need a spar to shore us up,  
a warm touch to earth us through these uncertain  
months  
of storm and fire. Gifts we give go soul to soul,  
make us real, even in these new unwieldy bags  
of aging skin.



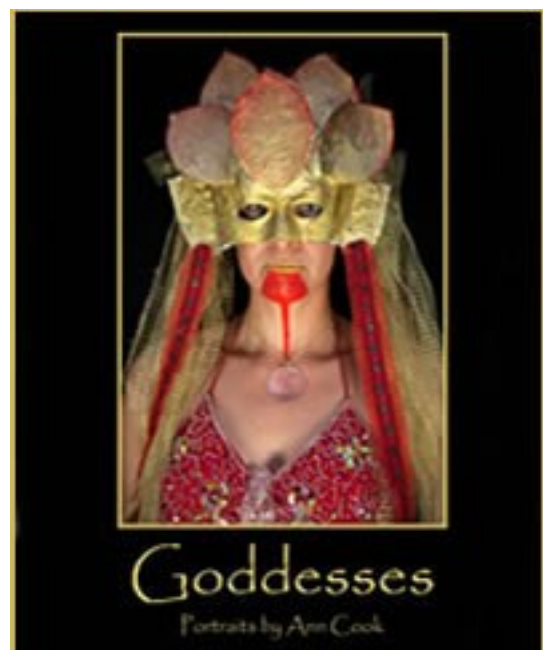
Gifts of beaded parrot feathers  
blue as tomorrow's magic wing.  
Angel cake at Lammas. The wine  
you didn't drink alone. A red silk shirt  
so wintry, and bright  
as any blood.

We all cry the river.  
Sometimes it seems we only swim upstream  
like salmon homing in to die  
we struggle, leap impossibilities;  
somehow get past our children's traumas,  
our mirror's fickle alterations, our cloudy loves.  
Sometimes we flow like drowned fish-wives,  
slide down to the ocean with only our mouths' faint  
sigh  
above the dreaming wave.

But one of us will call, throw out a lifeline.  
In sunset kitchens where adult daughters  
glide like strangers or come and go, breathless  
as shooting stars trailed with quickly fading light  
we talk the dark; place the knots and threads  
of our own experience; remind each other  
that salmon are considered wise.

Others crossed before we came, left signs and stories,  
coded metaphors of witches and their transformations.  
We leave gardens, rituals, recipes – faint ghosts  
of our bridges in silver lines fine as flying hair.  
Our daughters may understand, and follow  
– but each day the way is newly made.

It's a round dance and we touch fingertip to tip  
as we spin towards our separate, secret destinations.



## The Hidden Camino

By Louise Sommer, MA Ed. Psych.

The Camino has been hiding secrets, for centuries, that reach deep into the mysteries of ancient Europe.

*The Hidden Camino* is not only a deep and personal spiritual account, it is also a pilgrim's guide, a love story and a celebration of Life. It is about discoveries that reach deep into the mysteries of ancient Europe, the Celtic legend of Tir-na-nóg, the church's painful deceit and most of all, *WHY* it was so important for the church to suppress women and the truth about Mary Magdalene.

### Mary Magdalene & Her church

In January 2010, a long series of deeply touching and also provocative dreams began. The first dream was about Mary Magdalene and *Her* church. In later dreams, Magdalene was joined by many other goddesses from around the world, several whom I never had heard of. The dreams were so intense, that I couldn't shake them off. They made me ask questions I had never previously thought of, they pushed me to open my eyes and actually *see*, and thus began an adventure beyond my wildest dreams.

One of the things I discovered when the dreams began, that really shocked me, was: ...Pope John Paul II had written a letter in 1969 titled *Mulieris Dignitatem*, meaning *On the dignity and vocation of women*. In this letter, the Pope had officially declared that Mary Magdalene was not a prostitute, but *Apostola Apostolorum*, that is, the Apostle to the Apostles. He also separated Mary of Bethany from Mary Magdalene, two of the Marys of the New Testament whose identities, have often been confused. Moreover, I also discovered, that it was Pope Gregory the Great who, in 591AD, had declared Mary Magdalene a prostitute, which meant that Mary Magdalene had never been a prostitute to begin with! (The Hidden Camino: 6)

How could something so utterly important be so ignored!? This was just the beginning. One thing led to another, and by the time I left for my pilgrimage, I felt very certain, that the Camino was indeed, *The Way of the Goddess*. I had no idea what it actually meant, but was certain I was about to find out. So began my pilgrimage on the day of Summer Solstice, 2011.

### The Way of the Goddess

I have this thing, a love for art, that always makes me visit every church I pass no matter where I travel. So I

obviously did the same along the Camino, starting in St. Jean-Pied-du-Port.

Guided by my dreams, experiences and all the art and symbols I saw along the way, my eyes were opened even wider and I found myself confronted with a reality that was hard to grasp. Here are some of the issues I discovered:

Museums and churches along the Camino were filled with pictures and illustrations of women! Not just any women, but women depicted together with huge



towers; eggs; large silver crescent moons; serpents; and portrayed as teachers and leaders; scholars and academics. And there weren't only five or ten of them. They were present within *every single* church and museum I visited. The Camino was indeed for those with eyes to see and ears to hear. However, except for The Virgin Mary and sometimes Mary Magdalene, all females were unnamed and unmentioned – whereas all the male figures were easily identified. I started to wonder, *who are these women? What are they doing here? And why are Magdalene and The Virgin depicted so differently here?* Step by step, and a little bit more every day, doors into a hidden world of the Camino opened themselves;

pushing me to see, hear and question! And every so slowly, a puzzle started to take shape and I realised the Camino was hiding powerful secrets; secrets that were about our innate spirituality, the spiritual importance of women and why the goddesses of these ancient cultures had to be erased from our memories and history.

Too much precious history had indeed been covered by the dust from our boots, only to be forgotten with time..." (The Hidden Camino)

### 'The Black Hole' in our history

The hidden secrets of the Camino, or should I say, the hidden secrets of the women along the Camino, taught me so much! They turned everything upside down in how I saw and understood the world I had been born into. Most of all, they taught me what we in the western world, have been taught to forget – and never to ask questions about. I call this the Black Hole of our history. Coincidentally, this Black Hole is full of women in all their shapes and colours and slowly, I started to understand the psychology behind the fear of women,

(Continued on page 15)

and our precious spirituality that had been manipulated and taken away from us.

History has not looked kindly upon women. Many of those with the power to write down history, and later on, interpret history, hated and looked down upon women. Today, most of us have no clue just how many independent, powerful and intelligent women have existed throughout European history. But wherever one looks around the world, this story seems to repeat itself. In Egypt, one of the most important Pharaohs was a woman (Hatshepsut); in the Bolivian revolution, one of the most important figures was an Ecuadorian woman, Manuela Saenz. The Sun God wasn't always a male, and the Moon God wasn't always a female. Women Vikings fought and plundered alongside the men; they had equality and rights rarely seen at anytime throughout Christianity. I was never taught about any of this in history class. Were you? Instead, goddesses were ridiculed as superstitious nonsense that only women would believe and today, many have been reduced to 'romance and motherhood'. But there was a time when the goddesses were so much more! When women, were so much more. The way women in history has been treated, the way Mary Magdalene was removed from her power and suppressed, are all mirrors of what has been done towards women.

### Our innate spirituality

I have no doubt that many people and organisations throughout history have worked hard to preserve this ancient knowledge. It is thanks to them that the traces are still there, silently waiting to be rediscovered and explored once again.

So it is, that through the insights I experienced along the Camino, I started to understand why it had been so important not only to suppress women and the matriarchal cultures, but also to create a division between women and men. Today we say: women and femininity are this colour and shape, and men and masculinity are this colour and shape. Definitions that are very stereotyped, as well as extremely narrow. We have amputated each other and in this separation, lost the connection to our innate spirituality and inner wholeness. We are not looked upon as whole human beings, but merely small limited shapes we are forced to fit into. Women who likes to dress like 'a man' are being called transgender or butch. Men who wear certain colours are gay, all which is completely nonsense! Another example is how we judge how we define a 'real' man. Our innate spirituality and identity has been genderised on the premis of suppressing women, which also has caused us to lose the vastness and freedom of our being. It has all become *external*, instead of *internal*; our identity has been projected into shapes and norms, instead of an inner foundation of strength. A strong foundation with *roots going deep into the earth, and strong branches reaching up into the sky*. Learning from all these women and goddesses

along the pilgrimage, I started to realise the price we have paid, and are still paying, for the loss of this innate spirituality.

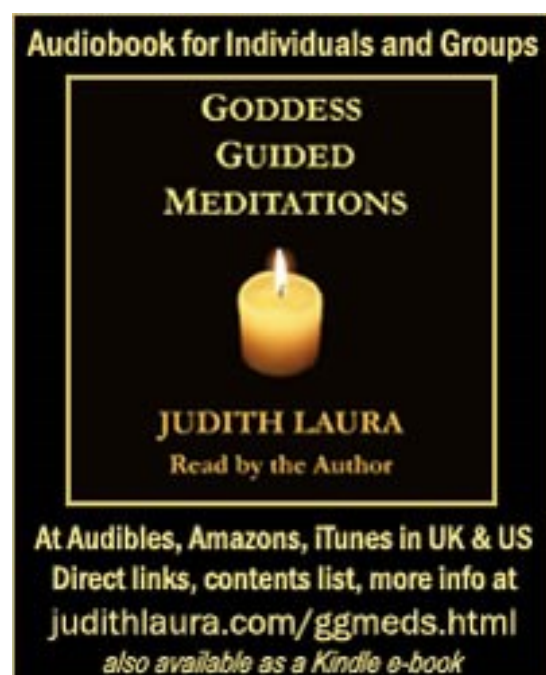
### The Dreams

The journey that started with my dreams finally reached its end as I began walking the Camino. All the reading, all the searching and all the questioning finally led me to a sense of fulfillment. I know today that my dreams were telling me about the origins of the Camino and the Celtic legend of Tir-na-Nóg. The 'pilgrimage' was a sacred road for the Celts. It was the path to one of their most sacred initiations. The legend of Tir-na-Nóg says one can only reach the Island of Eternal Youth (that is Tir-na-Nóg) in two ways; one must either receive an invitation, or one must have walked the long hard road looking deep inside oneself. And when reaching Finisterra, you would receive your initiation in the name of the Hag, *Corella*. Her burial tomb is still there, so you can visit her anytime.

The thing is, I don't think I'm the only one having these dreams. I think many women (and men) are having them, but it's hard to know where to go, when we have learnt not to listen, not to hear and not to feel. That's why I wrote this book.

Buen Camino!

You can read more about the book, "The Hidden Camino" on Louise's [website](#).



## Goddess Pages Poetry

### Dancing with Swords

By Annelinde Metzner

It seemed like water was everywhere-  
     the shimmer of scarves,  
 the shimmy of womanly bellies, muscular and yet soft,  
     skin billowing wave-like to the beats.  
 The dancer carried water upon her head,  
     blessing us, blessing us, healing our ills,  
 casting water upon the Earth for its deep magick.  
 The room grew quiet, and a dark-haired dancer emerged,  
 black skirts and gold, black leather, pearls in her hair,  
     and- what's that?  
     around her waist and shoulder, a snake.  
 Dancing with her! The snake in love with her,  
     this watery undulation hers too,  
     the power of the serpentine.  
     Soft power.  
 And all at once it's long ago,  
 women gathering to share this,  
 this movement, this joy, uniting us  
 with our bodies, with our Earth.  
 The Goddess is here! Six women dancing with swords!  
     There is such power...  
 And the Goddess says, "Do not forget me!"  
     Thousands of years have passed  
     since Inanna first dropped her veils  
 to the tune of the ancient modes, with santur, oud and  
     dumbek.  
 "Do not be ignorant of Me," She cries across the ages,  
     with the seven swords balanced.  
     "Be wise. Be aware."

Annelinde Metzner, March 15, 2015

### Three Poems from Susa Silvermarie

#### Her Call to My Wilds



Pregnant with seeking,  
 I rely on my instincts.  
 I hold out to the cosmos, my mirror.  
 My pipe I point down to the ground.  
     What door opens  
     when I turn the key of willingness?  
  
 I whistle in, the winds of wisdom,  
     my focus on valor and trust.  
 Thus does the Crone arrive at my crossroads.  
     Over a threshold I step.  
     Choosing a path, I answer  
     Her call, Her call to my wilds.

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*(Continued on page 17)*



## Initiation Journey



### *In the South:*

I scrabble my way to water,  
to Bridget, to balance.  
She says the well of reflection  
is all the wide world,  
and in its mirror  
I must look deeply—  
and sing!  
To Bridget I give up  
my fear of being wrong.  
Through the green and wooden Door I pass.  
I am washed!

### *In the North:*

I open my mind to Macha.  
I rise to become protector,  
daughter of whistling winds,  
Amazon of Heart.  
I drop my fighting posture  
yet hold ferocious to love.  
I mediate and breathe  
the dissolution of dualities.  
Spaciousness lifts me.  
Dreaming stretches me.

In the garden of my life  
I give up to Macha the belief  
that love is oh so scarce.  
Through the door of Surrender I pass.  
I am blown!

### *In the East:*

Aonghus O'g, you god of love,  
here I am before you,  
my foundation aflame.  
You illuminate  
my arrow of intention.  
To feed your golden gift  
and tend my passions,  
I dance, I run.  
Straight into the wind,  
I turn my steady face.  
To Aonghus O'g I give up  
my fright at the Power of love.  
Through the Doorway of black and silver I pass.  
I am burned!

### *In the West:*

Queen Maeve takes me  
to the deep velvet cave,  
and teaches me to crawl  
all through the narrows,  
where quiet I lie, and listen.  
The Morrigan calls me forth  
to the Temple of Incarnation!  
She thrusts me onto earth.  
She insists I treasure the jewel  
and let my sexual power surge.  
To The Morrigan I give over  
scorn for the body's riches.  
Through the swirling rainbow Door I pass.  
Into life, I am pressed, I am eased.

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*(Continued from page 17)*

### Around the Fire

Around the fire we fall  
into dreaming, deeply dreaming.  
Fire's consciousness in charge,  
we fall together into dreaming.

Not for humans to decide  
to whom the firelight calls from dark.  
None be turned away from fire.  
Because we're here, we each  
belong, here now falling  
into dreaming, dreaming.

Sinking slowly into knowing,  
we breathe our fervent yearnings.  
Silent invocations stoke the flames.

The emerald heart of fire  
takes us to our sovereign center,  
to the dream, the one  
inside the dreaming.  
Oh Shining Ones of Danu!  
Ancestors of rainbow hue!  
Show us how the light

dances tender through the doorway,  
stretches deep into the dark;  
How the dark, as well,  
dances softly through the doorway,  
stretches deep into the light.  
Around the sacred fire,  
we call together in the dark,  
accepting invitation;  
bringing into fiery wholeness  
everything! of who we are.

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*(Continued from page 5)*

Goddess of Compassion wandered over space and time, she discovered that on no other planet was creativity so omnipresent in each being, so much a part of everyday life. How could the loss of connection to their home be the source of so much misery, but also bring about such a Goddess-like outpouring of creation?

The Goddess of Compassion flew all around the world in her sparrow body, stopping whenever she found a human engaged in a creative act. She would sit for a few moments, quietly, near the person. The artist, for truly every human had earned that title in one way or another, would notice the sparrow perched nearby and think she was the most delightful creature the artist had ever seen. The artist would incorporate the sparrow into her work in whatever form that might take, seeing in the sparrow's eyes all she had longed for but could not name just as so long ago humans had seen Earth's transcendent glory through each other's eyes. The depiction of the sparrow, a bird that for so long had symbolized the triumph of the everyday world that the artist shared with all other living beings, drew each artist deeper and deeper into the matrix of Earth's life forms in ways that she had never experienced before. Objects and beings, "plants, animals, and humans", each shone with numinous warmth and, just as it had once seemed that the essence of each being was separate, now she could sense her connection with all as obvious.

The Goddess of Compassion had always done her work by setting humans into motion - sending a comforting friend into the path of a grief-stricken parent, prodding someone into a less lucrative, but life-saving, career, placing a peaceful thought into the mind of a negotiator to prevent a war. One by one, the humans began to do these things on their own, both sensing the needs of others and discovering that, like the Goddess of Compassion, it was in their very nature to answer the cries of the world.

The Goddess of Compassion transformed herself back into the form of a woman and returned to her cottage where she put her kettle on and waited for the next cry for help from the Earth. For the first time in a millennium, the Goddess had time to finish her tea before she was called away. Over time, the cries were fewer and farther in-between. She was not seen less on the Earth, though now she knew that the answer to her question was that the human instinct to survive through all their misery came from their ancient vision of the bountiful Earth. On many days she became a sparrow and took to flight just to watch over the humans who, day by day, act by act, were not only finding their way home to the Earth but taking all they had learned about creating beauty during their exile to make works known throughout the universe not for their sorrowful yearning, but for their joy and love.

See more of Nanri Tenney's work at [nanristudio.com](http://nanristudio.com), Arts and Yoga.

# Goddess Poems, 2015

By Penn Kemp

## Heart to Art

Romance of the rose in particular  
scent, texture, hue  
carried and cared  
for from you.

Roses reside inside, arriving  
by scent from smooth petal  
scarlet or white. Roses arrive  
and rest  
assured.

They rest not knowing  
the future as I do and so the rest  
is easy before

rust nips at the coiling edge of  
hope, nips and tucks, curtains, till  
petal droops, curls and drops on stone

Heart suspends suspense  
and pauses, skips the beat  
to bear what can't be  
born.

The heart does not grow over.  
It grows through the lump in  
the throat and out the mouth—  
new birth of sorts, of change.

Heart knows its kind, knows its  
own, knows as well kind  
words. They too can cut  
clear through skin, so many  
layers meaning... what?

To stay kind  
of alive in metaphor— beating  
beating heart, the rhythm of  
survival over betrayal.

Old lays, old lies surround  
and comfort, surround and  
suffocate. Taken to heart,  
by, in, through and cross  
your word against mine.

Your Hermes to my Hestia  
bests your Zeus to Hera.

Penn Kemp

## Too Close For Comfort

Husband and wife are discussing the probabilities  
almost calmly. Rationally. As if the heart were not  
involved, involuntary upheaval, a bitter laugh. Pitter  
patter on the roof, pathetic this old phallic fallacy.

A game of dominos again, of subtle dominance. You  
before me or vice versus. No virtue in (this) question.

*Who might die first?* I am the gardener, indoor and  
out. If I go first, who would take care of our plants?

You say you'll send the dead-heads heavenward, one  
at a time. Pharaohs never had it so good. I would be

sent more blooms past-it than could ever arrive alive.  
They'd appear in clusters of manna, manic bunches

I would throw back down as if to descend with flowers  
the still frantic ladder that is suspended beyond belief.

\*

Now shrewdly pruning, I appraise petals for everlasting  
color when dried and flattened. Though fading now, they

might be up there with me forever and a day. Day's eye,  
daisy, give me your answer, do, on petals' potential.

For if you should, if you should, if you should die be-  
fore me, I would not wish to survive. I would throw

my heart on our pyre of dead leaves. I'd fire the kiln.  
I'd kill the fire. I'd throw my voice. I'd throw a fit. I'd

throw away my chance and choices. I'd definitely die.  
Or I'd toss off Hera and adopt my inner Hestia hearth.

Penn Kemp

(Continued on page 20)



(Continued from page 19)

## Re:Cognition

I've been bereft these last few days, not knowing  
how to work out a perennial problem with power.

I remember a Tara dream woman who slipped out of  
my left side to go strolling off along Front Street.

She is Compassion, Love, Wisdom. I need to recall her,  
reclaim her, invite her to return to my heart. Come back

to my heart, Love, where you are home. There's room.  
There is room enough for two, for multitudes. For you.

Become me, I beg you. Worry my concern into peace.  
Shake this rag doll out of stiff contrition back to joy.

Till bones, blood, marrow, mind all leap up to dance,  
to expand and mingle with the greater Presence, gift  
we are heir to if we remember to remember the Whole.  
The whole that made us, not the hole we often fall into.

From her celestial seat in the Pure Land, Tara smiles,  
extending a white limb of blessing, her invitation. Up.

Penn Kemp

(Continued from page 8)

created a strong foundation for the future of women's  
empowerment in the world of mysticism and magic.

In 1951, the British Government finally repealed the  
Witchcraft Act. After centuries, it was no longer illegal to  
be a witch. A few years later, Gerald Gardner published his  
best-selling book *Witchcraft Today*. This persuaded the  
public that witchcraft was a force for good - a positive way  
of working with the natural powers of earth and the  
seasons. Because of these gradual developments, it is now  
much safer for women to reclaim their higher powers.

Other soul groups have also incarnated with this kind of  
clear purpose. In the 1920s, the seer Edgar Cayce said that  
in the second half of the twentieth century, many  
Atlanteans would reincarnate in America. They would  
come with the purpose of bringing ancient higher  
technology back to the world; and to fight for sexual and  
racial equality. Looking back on the civil rights and hippie  
movements, it looks like Cayce's prophecy came true.

Groups no doubt still continue to incarnate together. They  
bring the power of their intent with the strength that  
comes from a united group. Even if they are scattered  
through the world, they meet on the other planes through  
meditation or dreams.

In the past, local groups sometimes formed because of  
these inner connections. They usually had to be secret - or

(Continued on page 25)

## Ula's Orbit of Ellipsis



My granddaughter is going as Wonder Woman  
for Halloween. She's practised swinging her  
Lariat of Truth so I'm reading up on Artemis,

protectress of young girls and the archetype for  
our current Wonder Woman. Arrow to hand, she  
alights on the mark, drawing the bow on intruders.

Artemis herds her young *artoi*, girls of eight or so  
away from *polis*, the city, into wilder woods where  
she reigns Queen and they her willing apprentices

stay till puberty. Artoi, little Bears, they follow  
their Great Bear into the chase and Orion hides,  
the hunter hunted and flung out to constellation.

My granddaughter has gone trick or treating and  
returned with a gleeful sack full of eternal returns.

Penn Kemp

[You can hear Penn read "Ula's Orbit of Ellipsis" here.](#)



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great gift for  
mothers and  
grandmothers  
and great  
grandmothers**

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## Goddess Pages Reviews

### “The Heart of the Labyrinth” by Nicole Schwab

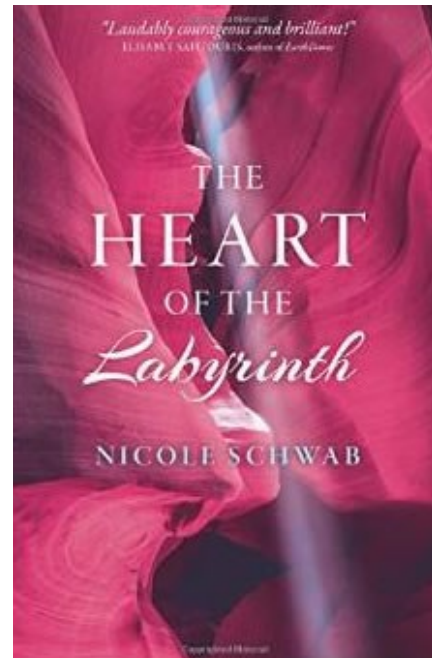
Reviewed by Lisa Newing

I started reading this book on a dark, cold and wet winter's night, snuggled at home in front of the fire in the fading light of the day. The story starts gently, in modern times with a sick young woman searching for answers as she struggles to make sense of her modern, stressed and disconnected life. The pace quickens and soon becomes a rich woven tapestry of culture, spiritual practices and awareness, people, experiences, love and landscapes that is hard to put down.

This is a story woven between generations and landscapes, between modern day and the past, between the living and their ancestors. The story unfolds as we follow one woman's journey deep into herself; her spiral into the heart of the labyrinth to stand in front of the mirror and look into the depths of her soul as she seeks healing. The writing is imaginative, eloquent and draws one in, I could not put the book down. The imagery is so rich and detailed, it was as if I was there in the story, with the characters, experiencing their world, their sensations and their journey.

This is a very shamanic story, rich with Goddess imagery and references, and deeply grounded and connected to Earth Mother Gaia. Spanning different generations the book explores concepts of separation from each other, our Gods and Goddesses and from nature, and uses this to explore our modern day culture of separation being experienced by so many at this time. It is a story of deep soul searching, and finding, of opening and expanding and of becoming all we can be through love in all its forms. The narrative was deeply evocative, and I particularly enjoyed the exploration of the priestess's role within the community as oracle, and the deep respect of the people for the special role of the community's spiritual guides to the health and wellbeing of all.

Inherent to the story is an exploration of environmental issues, of consumerism and the need to have more material goods, and how a deep sense of disconnection from the soul feeds consumerism, addictions and the need to destroy. It is an exploration of humanities continuing impact on the planet. The story



provides a deep perspective on 'progress' and the costs both obvious and hidden. None of this was in any way preaching, embedded in the story the destruction of natural habitats for 'progress' becomes the desiccation that it is, with all the inherent impact on the resident community, and the sadness that brings. The story reminded me of how upset I had been as a child driving past old trees marked for chopping down, I remembered that I can hear the Trees and that I used to listen deeply to nature.

This is the kind of book that makes you stop, think and reflect and I loved it. Reading this book gave me a deep sense of peace, of engagement and connection with all of life in its many facets, a wonderful awareness of my ancestors and their influence on the person that I am today and perhaps most importantly a sense of my own journey to the heart of my labyrinth and beyond. As the days lengthen into summer, with long warm days and balmy nights I would encourage everyone to read this remarkable story.

“The Heart of the Labyrinth” by Nicole Schwab is published by Womancraft Publishing in 2014. 195 pages, paperback with decent sized print!

## Goddess Pages Reviews

### “Breaking the Mother Goose Code: How a Fairy-Tale Character Fooled the World for 300 Years”, by Jeri Studebaker

Reviewed by Geraldine Charles

It is a long time since I enjoyed a book packed full of ideas, research and analysis quite so much, and a great deal of that pleasure has to be down to Jeri’s writing style, which is engaging, witty and never dry or boring. I was sorry to get to the end of the book, having enjoyed even the appendices, and was thrilled to have the bibliography as a brilliant resource. No doubt I will start again at the beginning, this time with Google open by my side as one thing I did regret was a lack of illustrations in such a very visual book.

It occurs to me that maybe Mother Goose is not quite so well-known in Britain as in North America: perhaps the name is used more there for what we Brits simply call fairy tales and nursery rhymes?

I don’t necessarily agree with every bit of interpretation and Jeri herself is careful to point out when she is speculating. However, much of this type of work and research has to begin from a place of intuition and speculation, the personal remains political as far as Goddess research is concerned. Exploring these liminal places needs careful research, speculation — *and* intuition; the archetypes may be available to us all but they’re not always so easy to access and have been culturally interpreted and obscured to greater or lesser extents. The idea of coded messages hidden within fairy tales bothers me a little, but the messages are clearly there—maybe not put there in full consciousness but there nevertheless.

As a child, I inhabited a world where myth, folklore and goddess archetypes were jumbled together, and on reaching the age at which children are supposed to put such things aside, to join the “real” world of work and study, I managed to sneak an edition of Grimms’ Fairy Tales intended for adults past a drowsy librarian. Reading this left me with an indelible knowing—that there’s an alternative version of reality, a land that would never be accepted in any academic setting, but one we all know; a place of different truths, where the maps are not set but variable and no matter how much people who want “power over”, hierarchy and to keep women in their supposed place try to censor and

sanitise, the beloved fairy tales remain as signposts and clues to a different reality.

But somehow I forgot that other world for years, and thought of fairy tales mostly in feminist terms, noting, for example, that princesses often stay put in the family castle while princes wander about in search of a bride – evidence that sovereignty, the land, was passed down through the female line and not the male. Ideas which are still valid, but only part of the truth— that much goddess knowledge and wisdom could be passed down through fairy tales and rhymes ostensibly intended for young children, but which speak to us all. Thank you, Jeri, for reminding me of these alternate worlds!

Overall? I’m excited and inspired. Whatever the “truth” of the stories, of hidden codes and meanings, the book is a fantastic framework for future research and thought and I know I will refer to it many times.

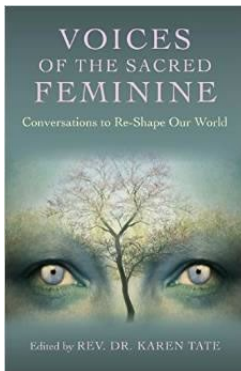
“Breaking the Mother Goose Code” is published by [Moon Books](#) and available from Amazon.



## Goddess Pages Reviews

### **“Voices of the Sacred Feminine: Conversations to re-shape our world”, edited by Rev. Dr. Karen Tate**

**A review by Laura Slowe**



Upon receiving my copy of this book, I was incredibly excited and a little overwhelmed by the sheer amount of inspiring conversation I was holding in my hand. In the course of a decade of radio interviews, Karen Tate has covered a whole host of topics and spoken with an eclectic roster of people. By collating these interactions into one edition, she has provided anyone interested in Goddess

spirituality with a book which will awaken the imagination and provide inspiration for daily life.

“Voices of the Sacred Feminine” is split into four parts, covering different topics ranging from the nature of the Divine Feminine, war, peace, gifting, protest, the environment, gender and patriarchy. Contributing authors include Starhawk, Lydia Rule, Phyllis Chesler and Candace C. Kant. Each article gives references and a brief biography of the author, allowing you to take what you have read and move forward in scholarship and personal study. She has authored a book which bridges the void between the mainstream and academic worlds – no mean feat! It takes true skill and talent to do this in a way which does not alienate the reader.

I really enjoyed reading this book, just for the range of topics alone. It is well written and the layout makes for easy reading. Something which stood out for me in opening this book is the font! Strange to comment on, but as someone who wears glasses, sometimes great books can fall short on font size and type. Karen Tate, however, made excellent choices on both! The nature of “Voices of the Sacred Feminine” means that it is easy to read lots of it in one go. However as each article is self contained, it also means you can “dip in or out” as you require, and you can also refer to topics with great ease.

In my pursuit of the Divine Feminine and my own personal path, I have read a lot of books. I wish I had had access to this book before now. By adding this book to my personal library, and bringing it into my personal awareness, I have been inspired even more in my priestessing. Karen Tate has woven a web which brings together different authors, paths, genders and traditions in the name of the Sacred Feminine. She has done so with careful thought and conscious love for Goddess and Goddess-loving people.

### **“Blacksmith Gods: Myths, Magicians & Folklore”, by Pete Jennings**

**Reviewed by Geraldine Charles**



Fire and water, steam and iron – elements transmuting from one way of being to another; huge and impressive machines from a time now past. One thing I learned from Pete Jennings’ excellent book was the different names given to different kinds of smiths – we’ve all heard of gold and silversmiths, but there are also names for those who work with copper and bronze, or the white metals, such as tin.

It’s much easier to understand the magic of metalcraft, the romance of the huge engines of the Industrial Revolution, than it is to get excited about, say, a silicon chip, symbol of our times (although there are interesting connections to consider here: to quartz in standing stones, for example).

Another part of my fascination was with tales of the forging of ancient, magical swords, drawn from stone. Jennings makes it very clear that what I had long suspected – the magical art of pouring molten bronze into a stone mould and then withdrawing a sword must have been awe-inspiring – in fact, having seen that done on TV once, it still is: truly a shamanic act. I met a re-enactor at Sutton Hoo a few years ago who was kind enough to explain how his sword was made. I was fascinated to see that the strips of twisted metal form serpentine or even dragon-like shapes within the magical blade itself.

The book is part of the “Pagan Portals” range from Moon Books, intended as entry-level reads for those interested in pagan topics, but I think any general reader would enjoy it. I would have liked more analysis, but that’s unfair as that’s not the intention of the book.

I was particularly interested to read of connections between the Cyclops, who pre-date even the Olympian gods, and the art of the smithy. I loved, too, the stories Jennings has collected from all over the world, often showing the cleverness of the blacksmith against his hapless enemies – including the devil.

Very good value for money on Amazon, particularly the Kindle edition, priced at just over £3.00. Well worth a read.



## Contributors

**Annelinde Metzner** resides in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, USA, where she devotes her work to the reemergence of the Goddess. Annelinde's poetry has been featured in the We'Moon Datebook as well as in Goddess Pages. She composes solo songs, chamber and choral music and produces concerts of her music and poetry including dance and puppetry. Her songbook of 21 praise songs for the Goddess called "Lady of Ten Thousand Names" is available at her poetry blog, "[Annelinde's World](#)". She directs two choirs, offers workshops and teaches privately. Annelinde can be contacted at [annelinde@hotmail.com](mailto:annelinde@hotmail.com).

**Atasha Fyfe** has been a past life therapist for nearly 20 years, living in Glastonbury for most of that time. She is the author of *Past Lives* and *Magic Past Lives*, published by Hay House. Information about past lives and regression is on her [website](#). For articles about the magic and mysteries of life, have a look at her [blogsite](#). You're welcome to join her [mailing circle](#) for occasional newsletters, find her on [Twitter](#) and [Facebook](#), or contact her from [this page](#) on her website.

**Carolyn Lee Boyd** is a New Englander who writes fiction, poetry, essays, reviews, and memoirs celebrating the spirituality and creativity in women's everyday lives. Over the past three decades, she has published in women's and feminist literary, art, and spirituality magazines, both in print and online. You may read her occasional musings and published writings at her [blog](#). When she isn't writing, she grows herbs and native flowers, raises a family, and props up her constantly falling-down Victorian house.

**Elizabeth Chloe Erdmann:** A thought leader in new frontiers for modern, feminist theology and religious studies. A passionate theorist on "Nomadic Theology" — with a deep affinity for goddess-related history. Actively sharing ideas through online/offline publications, speaking engagements, and lecturing/teaching. Intellectual explorer. Asker of questions that challenge boundaries. Collector of lost stories. A curious woman in love with the mysteries of the world.

**Geraldine Charles** is the founder and editor of *Goddess Pages*. She is also a Priestess of the Goddess, a founder member of the [Glastonbury Goddess Temple](#) and a former [Glastonbury Goddess Conference](#) ceremonialist.

A web designer and all-round computer person, Geraldine is responsible for a number of websites. In her spare time she writes articles and poems and loves researching Goddess in mythology.

**Helen Anthony** is a Priestess of the Goddess who follows a Celtic spiritual path - dedicated particularly to Brigid and also devoted to Arianrhod. Based in Glasgow, she leads a spirituality group - now in its 15th year.

As an active Crone, she has experienced renewed energy for a wide range of interests since turning 70. Her lifelong love of astronomy started at age 10 with distance - learning

courses taught by Sir Patrick Moore (1923-2012). Helen is also passionate about service to older people, animal welfare - especially cats, poetry and networking to make and maintain connections between people and their ideas and enthusiasms.

**Laura Slowe** is a priestess of the Goddess living in Folkestone, Kent. She has been involved in a pagan path for over 15 years and at present is nearing the end of her third spiral training with the Goddess temple in Glastonbury. Laura is the co-founder of the [Folkestone Pagan Circle](#), helping to facilitate ceremonies, temple spaces and much more. Laura's personal [website](#) details her work and celebrant services.

**Lisa Newing** is a Priestess of Avalon living and working in Glastonbury, Somerset. She loves writing, dance, creating community, running workshops and walking the sacred landscape. Lisa is an avid home educator and has been home educating her son for 7 years. She is an NLP Practitioner fascinated by language and its many uses, and has successfully gained a variety of training in holistic therapies and mentoring. Lisa can be contacted on [lisanewing@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:lisanewing@yahoo.co.uk)

**Louise Sommer** was born in Denmark in 1972, has a Bachelor Degree in Social Education and a Masters Degree in Educational Psychology. She has worked extensively in institutional settings, specialising in the treatment of grief and crises. She now lives in Australia, working as an author and psychotherapist. She is the founder of The Sommer Institute.

Louise also lectures on women in European history, European goddesses and their psycho-social importance. For more information about Louise and her work, visit: [www.louisesommer.com](http://www.louisesommer.com) & [www.sommerinstitute.com](http://www.sommerinstitute.com) You can find photos, resources and information at her blog ([louisesommer.com](http://louisesommer.com)), on Pinterest, Twitter and Facebook.

Activist poet, performer and playwright **Penn Kemp** is the League of Canadian Poets' Life Member and winner of their 2015 Spoken Word Artist of the year award. She is the inaugural Poet Laureate for London Ontario and a recipient of the Queen Elizabeth Diamond Jubilee medal, with twenty-six books of poetry and drama published; six plays and ten CDs produced as well as award-winning videopoems. As Writer-in-Residence for Western University in Canada's London, her project was the DVD, *Luminous Entrance: a Sound Opera for Climate Change Action*, Pendas Productions. Penn has performed and published her work worldwide, often as writer-in residence in Canada, Brazil, New York and India; and at festivals like the Findhorn Arts Festival. She especially loved performing at The Goddess Conference in Glastonbury! See [www.mytown.ca/pennkemp](http://www.mytown.ca/pennkemp) and [www.pennkemp.wordpress.com](http://www.pennkemp.wordpress.com).



## Contributors: Continued

**Susa Silvermarie** writes: "I'm grateful to live my life as an artist in Asheville, North Carolina. I have an MFA in Writing for Children from Vermont College of Fine Arts as well as a Masters in Social Work degree.

In 2014 I launched an e-book of my out-of-print narrative collection called *Tales from My Teachers on the Alzheimer's Unit*. I've been a mail carrier, a preschool teacher, a social worker in the field of aging, a massage therapist, a medium, a human rights monitor in Guatemala, and a storyteller, among other occupations. I've been called "a spoken word artist known for her engaging and accessible performance style, and for original work that delights the senses while calling the spirit," and my poetry has been widely anthologized.

I love to travel, but when I'm home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, I sing in Sahara Peace Choir, attend a Buddhist sangha, hike in these beautiful hills and blog on [www.susasilvermarie.com](http://www.susasilvermarie.com). Praise Her!

**Susun Weed**, green witch and wise woman, is an extraordinary teacher with a joyous spirit, a powerful presence, and an encyclopedic knowledge of herbs and health. She is the voice of the Wise Woman Way, where common weeds, simple ceremony, and compassionate listening support and nourish health/wholeness/holiness. She has opened hearts to the magic and medicine of the green nations for three decades.

Ms. Weed's five herbal medicine books focus on women's health topics including menopause, childbearing, and breast health. Browse the publishing site [www.wisewomanbookshop.com](http://www.wisewomanbookshop.com) for books, DVDs, audio downloads and gifts. Visit her site [www.susunweed.com](http://www.susunweed.com) for information on her workshops, apprenticeships, correspondence courses and more! Go to: [www.wisewomanmentor.com](http://www.wisewomanmentor.com) for Susun's free herbal ezine and also mentorship offerings for those who want to go deeper.

*(Continued from page 20)*

at least highly exclusive - because the majority of people around them would not understand.

Fortunately, the worst of those times are now past. Perhaps thanks to that Atlantean technology we now have many new ways to connect with our soul groups. The internet makes it easy to find others of our tribe. Conferences, workshops and talks are another modern way to meet with like-minded people.

I feel confident that both individuals and groups are making huge progress healing old wounds to the yin side of human consciousness. Ultimately, this will restore the divine feminine archetype – the goddess – to full health and power again. When that happens, the world will be a softer, saner and happier place for everyone – whatever their gender may be.

*(Continued from page 4)*

integrating and nourishing the unique individual's wholeness/holiness. The Wise Woman tradition relies on compassion, simple ritual, and common dooryard herbs and garden weeds as primary nourishers, but appreciates (and uses) any treatment appropriate to the specific self-healing in process.

The Wise Woman tradition sees each life as a spiraling, ever-changing completeness. Disease and injury are seen as doorways of transformation, and each person is recognized as a self healer, earth healer: inherently whole, resonant to the whole, and vital to the whole. Substance, thought, feeling, and spirit are inseparable in the Wise Woman tradition. The whole is more than the sum of its parts.

Spiralic and amazing, the Wise Woman tradition offers self-healing options as diverse as the human imagination and as complex as the human psyche. The Wise Woman tradition has no rules, no texts, no rites; it is constantly changing, constantly being re-invented. It is mostly invisible, hard to see, but easier and easier to find. It is a give-away dance of nourishment, change, and self love. An invitation to honor yourself and the earth. An admonishment to trust yourself.

### Coming up

In our next sessions we will learn how to make herbal honeys and syrups, and how to take charge of our own health care with the six steps of healing.

*(Continued from page 10)*

the harvest, girls and boys practicing sports together, as well as images from nature, ducks drinking the rain, turtles raising their heads to see who has come to their pool, all delighting in embodiment. Imagine not having to fight to be seen or heard, to have heroines, historical figures to weave your personal story with always there!

Imagine it is so. Think with your body that yes, this is possible.

This is what I found on my first Goddess Pilgrimage to Crete. What a revelation it was to me who thought I already knew everything I needed to know about feminism and patriarchy. Goddess pilgrims journeying together, keeping sparks burning maintaining a connection not only to the foremothers of the women's liberation movement who developed consciousness raising but also to ancient women who created societies of peace.

This article came out of the author's talk: "Goddess Pilgrimage: A Way to Keep Feminist Sparks Flying without Burning Out", at Boston University's "A Revolutionary Movement: Women's Liberation of the 1960s and early 1970s" Conference, 27-29 March 2015, Boston MA.

**Write for us!**

As ever, we would be really interested to receive your submissions. In general, we're looking for Goddess-focused work from all over the world and do ask that contributions are not too 'new age' in tone. We intend this journal to reflect a woman-centred, non-patriarchal Goddess spirituality – and submissions from Goddess loving men are also very welcome. If possible, please keep articles and fiction to around 2,000 words – or write first to discuss.

We are also happy to receive reviews of Goddess-focused books, music, film, events – anything that can be reviewed really! However, please write first as we might be planning something ourselves. We try to keep reviews to around 500 words, although that certainly isn't essential if the material can't be adequately covered in such a short review. Of course, if you have something you'd like us to review, don't hesitate to get in touch.

While preferring work that hasn't previously been published elsewhere, that isn't a complete no-no, so please check with us. Wherever possible, please submit work electronically, in plain text (within the body of an email is fine). Please don't send articles in Microsoft Works format as we can't read them!

If your article includes photographs or other images then by all means indicate where they should go but please also send high-resolution images where possible. We also need to be sure that we have rights to publish any pictures you include, so please let us have details of ownership and rights.

**Submission dates are as follows:**

Winter/Spring: 31 October

Summer/Autumn : 30 April

**Poetry**

Please send no more than three poems at a time! We're (very) part-time so don't have the ability to read, critique, edit or advise. Please also note that we prefer a slightly more formal style of poetry - that certainly doesn't mean it has to rhyme - but too much poetry (in the editors' view) is really prose broken down into verses, and in the worst cases the sort of jottings that really ought to be confined to one's personal journal. Length of poems isn't a big issue in an online journal although we may need to discuss length for the printed version.

See the [contacts page](#) for details of where to send your work. We do have a more detailed sheet of notes for contributors, available on request.

**Advertising in Goddess Pages**

We welcome advertising for suitable products. Ads are currently only being accepted for the online magazine.

Rates are as follows:

**Banner Ads**

Banner space is available on most pages of the website – banners rotate so that a different one is seen every 30 seconds or so. A maximum of three banners will be accepted, to give each one a fair chance of being seen! Banners are online adverts that are "clickable" to take the reader to the advertiser's website. Only goddess-related products, please.

Maximum banner size is 500 pixels x 100 pixels.

Banners, per issue : £25 (€28, \$40 approx) – discounts for multiple issues.

**Small Ads**

On the left-hand side of the online magazine you should see, below the menus, a number of small ads – these are approximately 200 x 250 pixels and cost £10.00 (€12, \$16 approx) per issue, with a discount for multiple issues. We reserve the right to show small ads on a limited number of pages, but they will always appear on the front page. At the editor's discretion, some ads – for groups, or free events – will be free of charge. We can help with design and layout of adverts if required. For further information, contact [editor@goddess-pages.com](mailto:editor@goddess-pages.com).



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