

MY PERSONAL COSMOLOGY

I am rooted in nature and woven with belonging into the realms outside human sculpted terrain. I am grounded and anchored in the sweet earth beneath my feet.

I love my indoor altar too, but my deepest experience of the divine usually happens in the wilds. I am most certainly an animist; everything has some quality of aliveness and spirit.

I believe something created this universe - the guiding force - the pattern maker - the glue that holds it all together - the being-ness who provided the magic spark.

I can't assign gender to this energy form with any certainty. However, as a human, my only experience with the growing and birthing of things is through the feminine. So, I call the creator of the cosmos Her - the Great Mother.

She has thousands of faces, forms and ways of appearing to humans. The stories attempt to explain the mysteries... perhaps they are all true and maybe none of them are. I have found "faces" of Her that resonate with power and truth in my heart. I call on them by name. As Brigid, as Cascadia, as Hecate, as Persephone, as Mama, and as Sacred Feminine, among others.

Today, I don't align myself closely with any God forms identified as masculine. Living in a patriarchy sprinkled with misogyny just doesn't call me to devotion to the masculine.

I align myself to the cycles of nature, weaving it together through a narrative arc, what we pagans call the Wheel of the Year. The community celebrations I organize don't use any specific religious story or dogma. Instead, the rituals are based on many traditional stories, woven with what is happening for these people, in this place, at this time.

In addition to the solar cycles, I find great resonance with the lunar cycles and the spiritual nature of the moon. My goddess shines down on me through moon, she waxes and wanes, shines and disappears.

I call myself a magic maker. I am a bender and shaper of energy.

I have resonance with a lot of Buddhist principles and practices. (but I also kill mosquitoes and black flies when they bite me ;-)

My portrait of spirit is deeply syncretic; paying homage to and honoring both the traditions of my blood ancestors, and my ancestors of affinity. I love honoring traditions from around the world and finding joy and commonality with those stories. But I will not adopt practices where it has been made abundantly clear by the members of a lineage tradition that those practices are performed by invitation or initiation only.

A regular daily practice is important to me. However, to be totally honest, I have adhered to that ideal with mixed results over the decades.

I am a priestess of altar building, temple tending, and beautiful spaces in which our spirits can soar. As important as the physical spaces are, perhaps even more crucial to my own personal well-being is the rich tapestry of inner imaginal realm I am continually creating.

I love and value communal rituals and practices. I am honored to have multiple groups of like-spirited humans to perform rituals and celebrations with. And at the end of the day, it's my internal journey – that swooning, deep, steamy love affair with Her, that most deeply nourishes me.