



(artist unknown)

Global Goddess Oracle

Beltane 2014

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Moon Schedule Beltane to Summer Solstice by Dawn “Belladonna” Thomas

(Times are Eastern Time)

2nd Quarter – May 6th: 11:15 p.m.

Full “Flower” Moon – May 14th: 3:16 p.m.

4th Quarter – May 21st: 8:59 a.m.

New Moon – May 28th: 2:40 p.m.

2nd Quarter – June 5th: 4:39 p.m.

Full “Strong Sun” Moon – June 13th: 12:11 a.m.

4th Quarter – June 19th: 2:39 p.m.

Moon Void of Course Schedule

Date	Starts	Ends
April 30 th	11:53 a.m.	4:56 p.m.
May 1 st	7:32 p.m.	May 3 rd 2:13 a.m.
May 5 th	4:46 a.m.	1:55 p.m.
May 7 th	6:50 a.m.	May 8 th 2:24 a.m.
May 9 th	6:08 p.m.	May 10 th 1:19 p.m.
May 11 th	8:51 p.m.	May 12 th 9:07 p.m.
May 14 th	3:16 p.m.	May 15 th 1:44 a.m.
May 16 th	3:43 a.m.	May 17 th 4:12 a.m.
May 19 th	3:02 a.m.	5:58 a.m.
May 20 th	6:21 p.m.	May 21 st 8:18 a.m.
May 23 rd	2:25 a.m.	12:01 p.m.
May 25 th	11:58 a.m.	5:28 p.m.
May 27 th	5:10 a.m.	May 28 th 12:47 a.m.

May 29 th	5:59 a.m.	May 30 th 10:13 a.m.
June 1 st	2:32 a.m.	9:43 p.m.
June 3 rd	10:42 a.m.	June 4 th 10:20 a.m.
June 6 th	5:13 a.m.	10:01 p.m.
June 8 th	3:47 p.m.	June 9 th 6:38 a.m.
June 10 th	10:21 p.m.	June 11 th 11:23 a.m.
June 13 th	12:11 a.m.	1:04 p.m.
June 15 th	2:35 a.m.	1:27 p.m.
June 17 th	2:07 p.m.	2:26 p.m.
June 19 th	3:05 p.m.	5:26 p.m.

Planting Days

May: 3rd, 4th, 5th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 22nd, 23rd, 26^h, 27th, 30th, 31st
 June: 1st, 9th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th

Harvesting Days

May: 15th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 24th, 25th, 28th
 June: 16th, 17th

Book Review by Dawn Thomas: A Practical Heathen's Guide to Asatru by Patricia M. Lafayllve

Print Length: 266 pages

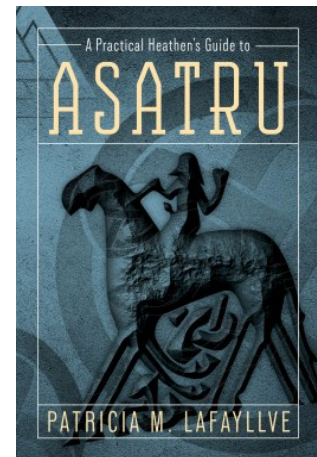
Page Numbers Source ISBN: 0738733873

Publisher: Llewellyn Publications (November 1, 2013)

Sold by: Amazon Digital Services, Inc.

Language: English

Nonfiction (Adult), Religion & Spirituality



The author does a very good job in explaining Asatru. She states in the beginning of the book that all heathens have their own opinions about Asatru and this book is based on her opinions. I found it to be very informative and well written. Even though it is a non-fiction book, the author's writing is not dry but full of stories that leave the reader wanting more.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part includes an introduction to Heathenry, runes, charms, creation and cosmology, and magic. I found the chapter with descriptions of the gods and goddesses very fulfilling. Some of them can be obscure but she is very resourceful going into detail. She made me aware of some I didn't know about before. At the end of the chapter she lists some rituals and ways to honor the gods and goddesses. There is also a chapter on Wyrd and Orlog which includes the Norns: Urdh, Verdandi, and Skuld. The section on runes also includes casting methods and the use of bind runes.

The first part also includes a chapter Seidh. I began studying Seidr which has its roots in the Norse tradition. Ms. Lafayllve mentions Seidhr as Freyja's purview. She goes into much detail of this practice. This book has filled in holes that I was missing in my Sedhr studies. The second part of the book is dedicated to a variety of rituals and blots. For anyone interested in learning more about Asatru, and Norse gods and goddesses, I recommend reading this book. I believe you will enjoy it and get a lot of information from it.

Book Review by Dawn Thomas: Making Marks by Elaine Clayton

Making Marks by Elaine Clayton

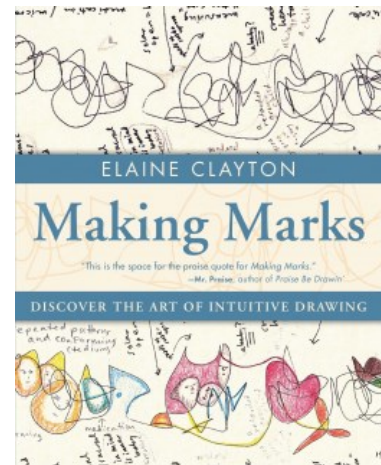
Print Length: 224 pages

Publisher: Atria Books/Beyond Words (May 6, 2014)

Sold by: Simon and Schuster Digital Sales Inc.

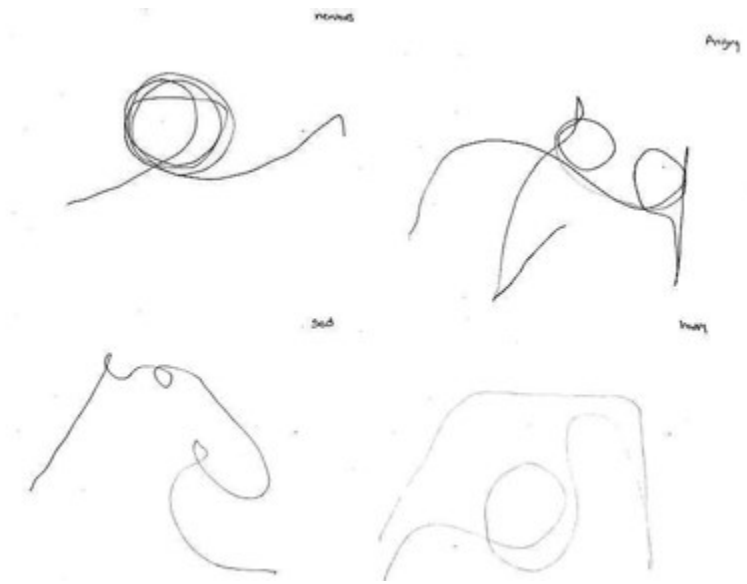
Language: English

Arts, Photography, Health, Mind & Body



I was really excited to review this book. I love to draw and doodle and this book is about just that. The author explains how drawing with your non-dominant hand allows you to draw more freely. She refers to this as stream drawing using your intuition. I referred to it as doodling with intention. The book includes many exercises. One is called the skating pond. You close your eyes and imagine your pencil is "skating" on the surface of an icy pond. Last month at my local women's' group, we did a few of the exercises from the book with mixed results. Some of the women found the exercise to be very freeing while others were frustrated. The ones that were frustrated were blocking their energy from coming out freely onto the paper. You have to be willing to give control over to your hand and not your mind.

Below are the stream drawings I created while remembering a specific emotion (top row left to right: nervous, angry; bottom row left to right: sad, happy). As you can see, the angry and nervous drawings are both darker than the sad and happy drawings. I could tell the pressure changed when drawing with my emotions. The happy drawing is so light and did not scan very well. I believe it is because I was so happy my pencil barely touched the paper. My touch was light and airy. In the sad drawing, I see a person looking to the right with a sad expression. In the nervous drawing I see a ball all wrapped up in itself rolling down a hill and anxious about reaching the bottom. In the angry drawing I see two people face to face in a confrontation.



The author has a website and shows one of her stream drawings that she created while working with a client on a specific question. The message the author is conveying is not to force your drawing and do not judge. There is no right or wrong drawing. It just is. I found it to be very relaxing and could see this being used as a meditation tool as the author suggests. I highly recommend this book to anyone that enjoys doodling and working with intuition.

Mama Donna's Spirit Shop - Sponsor



Beltane Solitary Ritual By Dawn “Belladonna” Thomas

Theme for this ritual

This ritual is honor your blood and the blood of your ancestors

To prepare for the ritual have a ritual bath with some bath salts. Play some relaxing music.

Preparation - Items needed for this ritual include the following:

Dress and adorn yourself in a way that celebrates your beauty

Red altar cloth

One red candle for the Mother

Matches to light candles

Background music

Cast your Circle

Walk the Circle three times with an athame or other tool that represents fire and say:

"Bless this Circle as I walk with love and trust. I honor my blood and the blood of my ancestors."

Calling the Elements

Hail to the Spirit of the East, Element of Air. Your clear blue skies carry the scent of life. Please join me today.

Hail to the Spirit of the South, Element of Fire. The warmth of life flows through my body. Please join me today.

Hail to the Spirit of the West, Element of Water. The gentle rains pour forth new life. Please join me today.

Hail to the Spirit of the North, Element of Earth. Your fertile body nurtures the seeds of life.

Call forth the power of the Goddess

Hail to the Goddess, I look around and you are everywhere. You bless me every day with love and joy. Please join me today.

The Meditation and the Work

This is the time to honor your blood. It is the sacred force that brings forth new life. When a maiden has her first blood, it should be celebrated. It is a rite of passage. She now has the knowledge of the wise women and can draw from that knowledge as she needs. For women still menstruating, it is important to see this time as a reminder that we carry the blood of life. In many cultures, the women that cease to bleed are considered the wise ones. They are revered since they withhold their wise blood.

Light the red candle and perform a self-blessing:

Goddess, bless my eyes so that I may see the truth

Bless my ears that I may see you in everything

Bless my nose that I may smell the scent of new life

Bless my mouth that I may speak the truth

Bless my hands so that I may feel what I cannot see

Bless my heart that I may know love

Bless my breasts that hold power and nourishment

Bless my lungs that I may breathe deep and center

Bless my womb the center of my being and new life

Bless my feet as I walk your path

While listened to the background music, ask yourself these questions.

- How do I honor my own sacred blood or the blood of other women? Decide how you are going to do this whether it will be a physical act or mental note. Find ways to celebrate having a woman's body. Honor this commitment to yourself.

- What holds me back from opening to my desires, from participating in and celebrating life? Look at the internal restrictions you have placed on your body, heart, and mind

which keep you from fully partaking in the sacred and simple joys of living. Meditate on this to find the answers.

Once you are finished meditating, dance in front of a mirror. See the beauty in yourself. When you are finished dancing, extinguish the red candle.

Release the Goddess and the Elements

I ask that your blessings remain in my heart and that I live in harmony with all that dwell on the earth. Thank you for joining me today. Hail and Farewell.

Spirit of the North, the seeds you have nourished begin to bloom. Thank you for joining me today. Hail and Farewell.

Spirit of the West, the rain provides life giving water. Thank you for joining me today. Hail and Farewell.

Spirit of the South, my body is warmed by you. Thank you for joining me today. Hail and Farewell.

Spirit of the East, the scent of life is still on the breeze. Thank you for joining me today. Hail and Farewell.

The Circle is open but remains unbroken.

Blessed Be!

Priestess by Tamaría

Priestess

1990

The womyn gather.

Speaking quietly to one another as she sets up the room,
Rearranges the Universe.

An occasional girlish laugh rises, reminding the womyn of their youthful brightness,
Still alive in the world.

She is ready.

Placing personal possessions upon the altar of the earth,

Each crystal and bell and garden fresh flower meld, are at one with the candles and salt,
Water and incense.

She begins.

She calls the elements.

Stirring the energy of the ancients from every corner of the sacred earth,
Finds the center, where creation begins. . .and. . .ends.

She drums.

The beat of our hearts.

Slowly, at first, she dances the solstice spiral, leading a writhing womyn serpent around
The fire of spirit.

Now faster, the drumming becomes the wild night sounds,
Listened for, a primeval world beyond the door, beyond the safety of the
Sacred circle that She created.

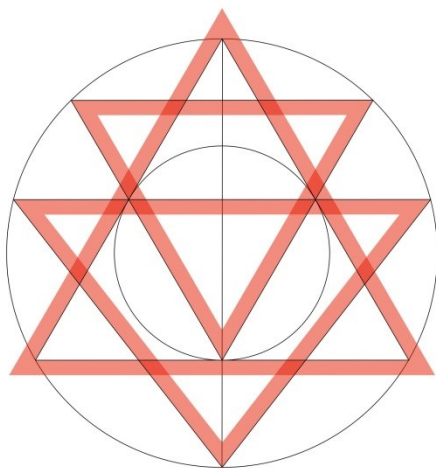
She increases the drums.

Climbing as a song of the earth joins the wild night,
Surprising the womyn because the song bursts from their own voice, lung,
womb,

Watching as she dances, robes of yellow, blue, green, red
Swirl around her. The air is seen. She is the air.
Abruptly.

She ceases.

The last shriek. The last whirl. The energy spent and spending,
the womyn collapse to the ground from whence She comes.
She smiles.



The Sacred Yoni by Deanne Quarrie

The word Yoni is a Sanskrit word. Translated, it means womb, origin, source, and vulva. It is also known as the divine passage or sacred temple. The Yoni consists of the entire female genital system. Many of us have chosen to use the word Yoni in preference to vagina as it offers us the opportunity to reclaim the

sacredness and power of our sexuality as women, as goddesses. The Yoni is where we find Shakti, the universal creative energy.

A woman's yoni has been worshipped all over the world. In India the yoni is worshipped as the sacred symbol of the Divine Feminine, referred to as the Devi, the Great Goddess, the source of life, the Universal Womb.

Since the beginning of time, we have created artistic expression for the forces of creation. We see yoni symbolism as a part of spiritual traditions all over the world. We see the yoni in naturally occurring rock formations, in Hindu temples, in early Celtic sheela-na-gig carvings as well as images in Japanese ritual. We see it in folk tales, in alchemy, Tantric practices and in contemporary art.

For those of us who practice pagan traditions we are entering the season of Beltane, the season of the blossoming Earth. Festivals and traditions focus on fertility, creativity and sexuality. Within Goddess Traditions this season the perfect time for honoring our sexuality as women. I recently attended a small women's festival here in Austin and presented a ritual in the temple as our theme for the weekend was honoring our women's bodies. Much of it consists of sacred texts from eastern traditions. I offer it to you here, for it is something you may do for yourself if you wish.

We begin by inviting Kameshvaari.

Kameshvari, renowned Goddess of Desire, we welcome you to this sacred space. As the *Yoni* of Mahadevi, You are recognized as not only the form of desire but also as the very source of our desires. You are also the One who grants our desires. You are desire itself, as well as its fulfillment.

"Woman is the creator of the universe,
the universe is her form;
woman is the foundation of the world,
she is the true form of the body.

Whatever form she takes,
whether the form of a woman or man,
In woman is the form of all things,
of all that lives and moves in the world.

There is no jewel rarer than woman,
no condition superior to that of a woman.
There is not, nor has been, nor will be
any destiny to equal that of a woman.
there is not, nor has been, nor will be
any holy place like unto a woman.
There is no prayer to equal a woman.
There are not, nor has been, nor will be
any riches more valuable than woman."

Saktisangama Tantra (edited)

"The desire aroused by seeing the Yoni never dies.
The Yoni is named the mysterious female,
and the doorway of the mysterious female
is the base from which heaven and earth sprang,

It is there with us all the while.

Draw upon it as you will, it never runs dry."

Ma-wang Tui texts of the I-Ching edited

"Her lap is the holy altar, her hair, the sacred grass; the lips of her Yoni are the fire in the middle."

From Brhad Aranyika Upanishad

"Imagine that your body is in the form of the Wisdom Goddess, naked, and with hair flowing. Imagine yourself as her, in the center of an emergence of light, holding an elixir bowl close to her heart with garlands of red flowers.

Think to yourself that the Goddess enters you through your open Yoni and resides in your heart.

Then imagine the Wisdom Goddess above the crown of your head, having just shared in the act of love. She is naked, with disheveled hair, and her Yoni is moist and overflowing with sexual secretions. Her eyes are filled with erotic emotion and look toward the vast expanse of sky, which as she begins to dance, becomes filled with similar forms of herself."

Black Hat sect, a branch of the Karma Kagyu edited

She hands you a small symbol (*a cowry shell*). She places it in your hand. It is lovely. You look closely and behold a symbol of your sacred Yoni – the divine symbol of woman – the Holy Altar of Life.

This symbol is your gift – may it always remind you of your power as woman. May it always be for you, a symbol of the sacredness of life.

Let us all now bless and consecrate our symbols of divine love.

Take your Yoni symbol in your hand, touch it to your third eye and say these words...

I bless and consecrate this Yoni symbol with the gift of my all seeing eye – with my wisdom vision that I may see clearly and share myself fully when I chose.

Now, place the Yoni symbol close to your heart and say these words ...

I bless this Yoni symbol with the gift of my love, may I be open to love in all my life.

Now place the Yoni symbol at the solar plexus and say these words.

I share the power of my will so that I may be empowered with strength of purpose. May I trust my instincts and strong in my resolve.

Finally, place the Yoni symbol close to your own Yoni, your own sacred Altar and say these words ...

This is my powerful center of creation, my own life giving force. This is my Holy Sacred Altar! When I choose to share of this energy, it is a gift given freely - never taken - but given in love.

May the power of creation bless and consecrate this symbol for holy use, as I freely choose.

So Mote It Be!

Kameshvari, renowned Goddess of Desire, we thank you for being with us this day. May we bless and sanctify your gift of desire in our lives each day. May we always honor you at our own holy altar.

Blessed Be

Pagan Every Day Walking in the Light by Barbara Ardinger, PhD

May 27th

Whether the sun is shining or it's raining, we're well into the season where everything is growing lustily and waving its little green arms to get the bees' attention. When I took my walk this morning, I walked under jacaranda trees whose clouds of violet flowers make whole city blocks look like paradise. I saw blooming roses and bougainvillea climbing walls and tiny yellow flowers pushing up through the cracks in the sidewalk. When I passed the local McDonalds, I had to stop. There I saw a small fig tree and a weeping willow hovering over a bed of statice, star jasmine, and alyssum, all of it surrounded by grass so green I wondered if I'd been transported to Oz.

It's the light of late spring and early summer that makes those colors. What is the quality of the light where you live—warm, glittery, glaring, dazzling, brilliant? How is today's light different from, say February light or August light or November light?

How does light affect you emotionally? Do you feel different on a sunny day than when it's overcast? Did the lengthening days of spring make you joyous? Do the bright days of the beginning of summer fill you with confidence? Will the shortening days of fall make you melancholy? Will the short winter days make you irritable?

Walking in the light has a literal meaning—walking during the day, in the dark with streetlights, or maybe under a full moon. How does it feel to walk in the dark? Do you feel safe? Some people say we should shine our light into the darkness.

All of the above has a metaphorical meaning. We're walking in light that signifies spiritual awareness or divine protection. Are we lighting the path for people who come behind us.

Every Day: Finding the Extraordinary in Our Ordinary Lives (RedWheel/Weiser, 2006), a unique daybook of daily meditations, stories, and activities. Her new book, Secret Lives is a novel of magical realism about elderly women, younger women, good men, and mythological characters including the Green Man and the Norns gone mad in a modern world. Her earlier books are Finding New Goddesses, Quicksilver Moon, Goddess

Meditations, and Practicing the Presence of the Goddess. Her day job is freelance editing for people who don't want to embarrass themselves in print. Barbara lives in southern California. To purchase a signed copy of Finding New Goddesses, just send Barbara an email at bawriting@earthlink.net

Pagan Every Day Walpurnis Night by Barbara Ardinger, PhD

April 30th

Although May Day—Beltane—means fertility rites in the fields, May Eve, or *Walpurgisnacht*, has a sinister reputation. It's the night German witches ride on broomsticks and he goats to the top of the Brocken for revelry on the highest point of the Harz Mountains. In the Walpurgis Night scene in Goethe's *Faust*, written in 1808, Dr. Faustus meets Mephistopheles. This devilish personage introduces him to Lilith, a "pretty witch," who coyly says, "Ever since the days of Eden/Apples have been man's desire./How overjoyed I am to think, sir,/Apples grow, too, in my garden" (Greenberg translation).

We're probably most familiar with Walpurgis Night from the segment in Disney's *Fantasia* (1940) set to Mussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain*. I've just found another Walpurgis Night movie: *Valborgmassofton* (1935), starring Ingrid Bergman, is a Swedish melodrama about office love and an abortion.

Walpurgis Night also reminds us of the Wild Hunt. There are two versions of this medieval legend. In one, Diana leads a coven of wild women across the skies. In the other, the Huntsman, whose name may be Herne, leads his dogs and hunts the unwary St. Walburga was an eighth-century nun. Born in Sussex, England, she was called to missionary work in Germany. When the ship taking her across the North Sea was assaulted by a terrible storm, Walburga knelt on the deck and prayed. The sea became calm. She was later appointed abbess of a double community at Heidenheim. She is sometimes shown holding three ears of corn, which may have connected her in the peasants' minds with their old grain mothers. Her connection with May Eve came about because her relics were carried to Eichstatt on May 1, 870. The saint, the *Catholic Encyclopedia* answers us, has nothing to do with the pagan festival.

Every Day: Finding the Extraordinary in Our Ordinary Lives (RedWheel/Weiser, 2006), a unique daybook of daily meditations, stories, and activities. Her new book, Secret Lives is a novel of magical realism about elderly women, younger women, good men, and mythological characters including the Green Man and the Norns gone mad in a modern

world. Her earlier books are Finding New Goddesses, Quicksilver Moon, Goddess Meditations, and Practicing the Presence of the Goddess. Her day job is freelance editing for people who don't want to embarrass themselves in print. Barbara lives in southern California. To purchase a signed copy of Finding New Goddesses, just send Barbara an email at bawriting@earthlink.net

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Making Marks by Elaine Clayton

Book review by Dawn Thomas

I was really excited to review this book. I love to draw and doodle and this book is about just that. The author explains how drawing with your non-dominant hand allows you to draw more freely. She refers to this as stream drawing using your intuition. I referred to it as doodling with intention. The book includes many exercises. One is called the skating pond. You close your eyes and imagine your pencil is "skating" on the surface of an icy pond. Last month at my local womens' group, we did a few of the exercises from the book with mixed results. Some of the women found the exercise to be very freeing while others were frustrated. The ones that were frustrated were blocking their energy from coming out freely onto the paper. You have to be willing to give control over to your hand and not your mind.

Below are the stream drawings I created while remembering a specific emotion. As you can see, the angry and nervous drawings are both darker than the sad and happy drawings. I could tell the pressure changed when drawing with my emotions. The happy drawing is so light and did not scan very well. I believe it is because I was so happy my pencil barely touched the paper. My touch was light and airy. In the sad drawing, I see a person looking to the right with a sad expression. In the nervous drawing I see a ball all wrapped up in itself rolling down a hill and anxious about reaching the bottom. In the angry drawing I see two people face to face in a confrontation.

I found all of the exercises in the book to be relaxing. The author has a website and shows one of her stream drawings that she created while working with a client on a specific question.

The message the author is conveying is not to force your drawing and do not judge. There is no right or wrong drawing. It just is. I found it to be very relaxing and could see this being used as a meditation tool as the author suggests. I highly recommend this book to anyone that enjoys doodling and working with intuition.

Ask Your Mama about Passion by Mama Donna Henes

Are you cyclically confused? In a ceremonial quandary? Completely clueless?

Wonder no more.

***Ask Your Mama™**

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Spirituality and Didn't Know Who
to Ask™**

by

©Mama Donna Henes, Urban Shaman

A Question of Passion for Life

Dear Urban Provocateur/Shaman,

Is there really such a thing as a passion for living? Or is joy an idea promoted by the movies (or maybe you?) to offset the tragedies reported daily. I hear that water is being compromised with too much waste matter. I won't even go into the air quality, or quality of thought around the world. I am always dealing with matters of no intrinsic interest. Interruptions. Spent four hours traveling to and shopping at the super-market. I read your messages and realize I am certainly in need of spiritual guidance. Or do I just need household help, a carpenter, and a car and chauffeur?

A Starving Artist for Too Long in New Jersey

Life is a banquet and most poor suckers

are starving to death.

—Auntie Mame

Dear Starving,

Yes, yes, yes! I fervently believe that life is grand. And, besides, what is the alternative? That is not to say that life is easy. I was lucky, I guess. I was raised by the world's greatest pessimist, who certainly never told me that it was going to be easy. Consequently, I am never disappointed!

The trick, and again, it is not easy, is to concentrate on the positive rather than the negative. The best way to find joy is to seek it out in every aspect of your life. Look for only the good — in others, in yourself, in your home, in your family, in your work. By the Universe's own Law of Attraction, what you focus on will expand. The more you seek joy, the more of it you will have.

In a wide range of happiness studies conducted lately, including several with major lottery winners, it was clearly demonstrated that professional, educational, or financial success are not predictors of contentment. Nor are gender, age, race, religion, health, or ethnic background.

The key, common factors across the board that seem to determine satisfaction, peace of mind, and yes, happiness, are: optimism, self-confidence, self-control, connection to community, and a living sense of spirituality. And, I might add, the desire to be so. Take me, for instance. I was the most miserable of children. Painfully shy, sadly confused, and badly bruised; constantly abused by great chilly blasts of debilitating negativity. All I ever wanted was to be happy. When an adult would ask me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I would — in my imagination where I dared — answer, "Happy." I hung hand lettered and illustrated affirmations (before there was a word for such things) all over my room: I WANT TO BE HAPPY. I WILL BE HAPPY. And then, when I was eighteen years old and living away from home for the first time, it suddenly, incredibly, indelibly occurred to me one marvelous morning that I could be anybody I wanted to be. I could be a happy person!

Happiness is fleeting (as is pain.) The trick is to court it. To recognize it — even in camouflage. To acknowledge its presence when and where we least expect it. To celebrate each second of the healing heart and soul of it. And to rejoice in our own exhilarating ability to create it for ourselves and others at any given moment, in any circumstance.

Our natural souls live in a state of eternal joy, of grace, of balance. And we, the human extension of our souls, *are* joy. You've just forgotten. Remember that you are a creative person. You are an artist, after all. You have the power and the talent to create a little

excitement for your self. Some joie de vivre. Invent the life that you want. Paint it in wild colors.

Just keep breathing. Nothing ever stays the same forever, including being depressed.
Yours for love of life,

xxMama Donna

**People say that what we're all seeking
is the meaning of life. I think that what
we're really seeking is the experience
of being alive.**

—Joseph Campbell

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Donna Henes is an internationally renowned urban shaman, ritual expert, award-winning author, popular speaker and workshop leader whose joyful celebrations of celestial events have introduced ancient traditional rituals and contemporary ceremonies to millions of people in more than 100 cities since 1972. She has published four books, a CD, an acclaimed Ezine and writes for The Huffington Post and UPI Religion and Spirituality Forum. Mama Donna, as she is affectionately called, maintains a ceremonial center, spirit shop, ritual practice and consultancy in Exotic Brooklyn, NY where she she offers intuitive tarot readings and spiritual counseling and works with individuals, groups, institutions, municipalities and corporations to create meaningful ceremonies for every imaginable occasion.

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Ask Your Mama

**Are you cyclically confused? In a ceremonial quandary? Completely clueless?
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***Ask Your Mama™**

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Spirituality and Didn't Know
Who to Ask™**

by

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A Question of Precipitation

Dear Mama Donna,

It is raining again. For months now it has rained just about every day. The entire Northeast is inundated with more rain than we can possibly deal with. This seems like a curse from above. Any thoughts?

Soaked to the Bone in Syracuse

Dear Soaked,

I know what you mean. This spring has been so incredibly wet. Here in New York City there are mushrooms growing out of the cracks in the sidewalks!

Rain is the vital, vivifying fluid, which flows down from the heavens to recycle and replenish the world's water stores. To refresh and revitalize the lands and all those species who live upon it. Celestial substance of necessity, rain is absolutely elemental and essential. But it can be quite quirky. You never know with rain.

Too much, too little, too late, too soon, too hard, too long. You can't really

depend on it. And yet you have to.

In the best of times, precipitation is seen as beneficent, raining down life-sustaining liquids for our benefit. And then we are grateful, or ought to be. But there is such a thing as too much of a good thing. We are nearly drowning in the stuff. Saturated, soaked, sogged. Completely waterlogged. Rivers rushing down city streets, the drains overflowing. Towns, fields and highways flooded. Dams, bridges, houses and lives swept irrevocably away. And the predicted storms aren't over yet.

People have long believed that bad weather is some kind of vengeful divine retribution. Punishment for our earthly misbehavior. Certainly in the face of extreme hardship, this is a tempting response, based, perhaps, on guilt. But, of course, weather is weather, a neutral force. Our perception of whether it is good or bad is based solely and myopically on our own immediate inconvenience. Of course, you can't take these acts of nature personally.

But maybe this rain *is* truly aimed at us as a lesson about the cause and effect of our selfish, wasteful, polluting ways.

Maybe Mother Earth is engaged in a deep purification ritual, a much needed purging of Her soiled body and profound pain. Picture Her, like any rape victim standing under a pounding shower for hours, days and weeks, trying to wash away the dirt and degradation that we have heaped upon Her so mercilessly. Or maybe She is weeping, sobbing, down pouring tears of sad disappointment in us, Her errant, arrogant offspring, so rude and disrespectful. After all, just look at what we gave the Poor Old Dear for Mother's Day in gratitude for all of Her great gifts to us: greenhouse gases, radiation, drilling, missile tests, oil spills and chemical trails.

The word "precipitation," is related to "precipitate," which means impulsive, not thinking, impetuous, rash — perfect descriptions of the way we treat the Earth. Makes you think, eh?

Maybe we *should* take this deluge as a watery warning. A reminder to appreciate the present and prepare for the future. To re-enforce our roofs, buy Wellington boots and build a safe, waterproof ark where we can collect, preserve and protect, two by two, all of our best intentions and human qualities: hope and

love, charity and understanding, forgiveness and peace, compassion and reverence for all life.

Best blessings for keeping dry,
xxMama Donna

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Spring by Molly

Spring

what are we leaping towards
what wants to push up from cold ground
what wants to open to the sun
what is it that we need to know
What quiet, steady pulse beats
below the surface
what hope watches from the wings
what light grows broad
upon a patch of ground
Shedding
releasing
changing
renewing
growing
healing
springing
Letting go
leaving behind
casting off
sloughing
opening...

What expectations need we shed? What old thoughts need to leave our minds? What habitual patterns of behavior, relationship, and communication need to change? *It is easy for me to be centered when I sit in the woods alone.* The challenge is to carry that core into the unrelenting murmur of everyday life. The challenge is to reach for that

place of inner stillness, even when it feels as if chaos reigns. Perhaps the challenge is to return to the place that heals my soul every single day even when the to-do list gets longer, the have-tos, the should-dos, the want-tos. Those things can be shut up for a minute and I can step forward onto dry leaves, solid earth, and steady rock. I can rest for a moment in the calm stillness that sings through the woods of my homeplace in harmony with the call of my own heart and the center of my own being.



Spring
cast off
lay down
renew
release.
Emerge
perhaps cautiously
perhaps tenderly
but pushing forth
into full blossom
Know that stillness
in the midst of swirl
is possible
movement is constant
and so is quiet
She places her hands on both
and on her own heart...

Molly is a priestess, writer, teacher, artist, and activist who lives with her husband and children in central Missouri. She is a breastfeeding counselor, a professor, and doctoral student in women's spirituality at Ocean Seminary College. Molly and her husband co-create at Brigid's Grove: <http://brigidsgrove.com> and she blogs about theapoetics, ecopsychology, and the Goddess at <http://goddesspriestess.com>.

The Rose by Dawn "Belladonna" Thomas

When a person hears the word "rose" it automatically invokes an image or scent. For me the red rose had always been a symbol of everlasting love. Lately though I have been drawn to other colors. We love to have the scent of flowers in the house as long as they aren't overwhelming. During the winter we had white roses with red tips. I called them peppermint roses because of the colors. For Valentine's Day I received yellow roses with red edges. Now to celebrate the end of a semester I have white roses. Usually white roses always appeared to bruise or brown easily but this bouquet has been beautiful. Roses have been associated with different emotions.

Red is for love,

Yellow is for friendship

White is for sorrow or forgiveness



But should they always represent a specific emotion or holiday? Every culture has a different meaning for the colors. In writing this I came across other meanings. Since the

color white is associated with spiritual or religious in nature, white roses can relate to humility, reverence, purity and innocence. Yellow roses in Victorian time were associated with jealousy.

The rose has a long association with humanity. Fossils found in China indicates roses have existed for millenia. Roses are mentioned in Greek and Roman literature. One story in particular references Aphrodite. Her rose was white until her love for Adonis changed the color from white to red with a drop of blood.

There are more recent accounts of the rose for example the rose line that runs through Paris. It is also known as the Paris Meridian. The Arago Rose Line is named after Francois Arago, a French astronomer. The Rosicrucians use the rose as their symbol.

The rose is also used in architecture. The Chartres Cathedral of Notre Dame has a rose window. There are several possible suggestions to what the geometry of the rose window represents: manifest, hidden and symbolic. The most common number associated in rose windows is twelve. This could represent the number of months in a year, the number of astrological signs, or the hours in a day.

My Love Grows

written March 15, 1978

My love is blooming like a rose,
that's growing on the vine;
it hope that it ilwl not be picked
and soon that you'd be mine.
But soon my love will have to die,
it always seems that way;
and like a rose that has just bloomed,
it's picked and thrown away.

This is a well-known poem by Robert Burns that inspired my rose poem.

A Red, Red Rose

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv am I:
And I will luv thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luv thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Luv
And fare thee well, a while!
And I will come again, my Luv,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.