I Have Been with the Women

There is no question in my mind that the Goddess is alive and well and is living and breathing among us. She is the progenitor of the mycelium that is sprouting from America to Antigua, from Kazakhstan to Columbia. She is here.

I've been spending a lot of time lately with the women. The women who pray silently and the women who shout their devotion from the rooftops or echo it through the canyons. The young and the old women. The beautiful and the beautifully broken women. The women who have forgiven and the women who are still ragefully angry. I have been with the women.

I have been with the women who have longed for the Goddess but never dared to speak Her name – until now, in the safe haven of the womb of sacred circle of other women like her. I have been with the women who made it their mission to reject the patriarchal religion of their youth from the time they were a teenager, only to find later in life that they wanted some sort of god, but they wanted that god to be Feminine.

I have been with the women around the world, who sought to serve in their beliefs, but were told women could not be ordained, anointed, or appointed in their faith. The women who bled for their male gods but left empty-handed. The women who sang for their gods but never felt heard. The women who drank the wine and ate the bread but were never not hungry.

I have been with the women who have written songs to the Goddess in Yiddish, spoke words of worship to the Goddess within the framework of Santeria, danced secret movements specifically to appeal to the Goddess. I have been with the women who created their own traditions within other traditions, changing words and pronouns of prayers in the traditional patriarchal canons. I have been with the women who journeyed several days and nights to sacred Goddess sites, just to feel the nearness of Her.

I have been with the women who worship Her, who are devoted and dedicated to Her, who have daily communication with Her. The women who trust Her, who need Her, who would no sooner go without Her than air.

Yes, I have been with the women. The young and the old and the middle-aged women. The black, brown, white, yellow, and red women. We are gathering in ever greater numbers. New circles of 3s and 5s and 10s of us converge daily. And we are ready. And we are emboldened. And we are on fire for the turning of tides we have so long awaited. And the Goddess is with us and within us. The women.

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