

In the beginning was . . . she, the mother of all creation. Upon waking, she stirred, and as she opened her eyes, space and time came into existence. She yawned, and from her open mouth the cosmos came forth. She delighted in what she had done, and from the deep rumble of her laughter, stars exploded across the skies. She sighed, and her breath set planets spinning into orbit. To the rhythm of her hallowed heartbeat, she danced across the cosmos. As she twirled, the sparks from her holy feet ignited into fiery suns that blazed onto the heavens. From the fullness of her swollen breasts, the milk of the moons was formed.

Following the heat and passion of her creation, she squatted and gave birth to herself, her living body, Earth. Out of the primordial oceans of her earth womb, life was born as the sacred egg, symbol of infinite possibilities. The blessed egg incubated for millions of years, creating and re-creating itself, finally leaving the birth waters of its divine beginnings. For many more eons it wandered, nourished by its mother's body; at one with the pulse of creation it carried inside—the holy heartbeat, gift of its cosmic mother.

Life continued on . . . creating and re-creating itself, until one day, it awakened to the knowledge of its own existence. It recognized itself as she . . . the embodiment of divine creation, seed of the celestial ancestress, daughter of the first clan mother, woman, who births male and female from the holy grail of her womb, where all life begins as the sacred egg.

Then she heard the voice of creation saying, “Behold my gift to you, the seed of life, divine container of creation, life generating itself over and over, throughout the seasons. Found in both the smallest and the largest, the sacred seed is my covenant to you: my promise of life for it holds within itself the never-ending cycle of birth, death, and renewal. Be not afraid of my cycles and embrace the changing nature of all things, the permanence within the impermanence. The seasons bear witness to this promise I manifested for you. For surely, the darkness and death of winter is followed by the light and renewal of spring.

Each of you, male and female, carry the seed of creation within, the source of new life enfolded with infinite possibilities. It is your holy lineage. And this will be your legacy—to plant the seeds of life: the seeds of beauty, nourishment, creativity, and eternal hope. Do this in remembrance of me. You are the caretakers of my body, the earth. Plant seeds in remembrance of me. I entrust you with my garden, to care for and protect, and forever plant seeds that I might regenerate myself and feed you. Do this in remembrance of me.

As the wheel spins and the seasons turn, look to the longer days of spring, when the light ascends and overcomes darkness in its eternal dance across the sky. Celebrate the returning warmth, plant the seeds which you have nurtured and protected throughout the dark, winter months.

Remember, as within so without. Plant the seeds that will grow and nourish both body and soul. At this time of deep transformation, you can start fresh, enrich the soil of your consciousness, nurture the dreams that will inspire you to soar to your highest potential. And just as the seed must work to break the husk protecting it, thrust the roots of its creation into the nurturing darkness of the soil, struggle past the rocks and stones that would block its journey into the light of manifestation, so, too, you must break the husk of fears that would hold you back, move past the obstacles that keep you from reaching the light and love of your own divine expression. Come, my children, take from the bounty of my seeds, embrace them, plant them in your hearts, name the husks that both protect you and hold you back, then dance away that which would contain you, dance your creation into the light, dance the renewal of life, dance your rebirth. Do this in remembrance of me.