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October 2015

# Goddesses Alive!: A Ritual with Masks

M. Macha NightMare

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**Subjects:** Conference materials; Dance drama; Goddesses; Masks--Religious aspects; Religious dance; Religious materials; Ritual theater;

# Goddesses Alive!

## A Ritual with Masks



**Parliament of World Religions**  
October 2015  
Salt Lake City, Utah

*In homage to Sparky T. Rabbit  
In memory of Deborah Ann Light*

Join us in an experiential ritual to bring a re-awareness of Goddess into our lives.

*May this work we do in honor of Our Great Mother  
generate waves and waves of compassion, understanding, love, and pleasure  
through all the worlds. So mote it be!*

TERMINOLOGY: *Readers* are the three people reading a script. I use the terms *Priestesses*, *embodiers*, and *mask-wearers* interchangeably. Singers and drummer are just that. *Stage manager* is Jeffrey. All other people who guide celebrant guests, keep aisles open, operate house lights light individual performers, technical, etc. I call *Graces* for the grace they lend to the production.

DRESS: With the exception of costumed Priestesses, everyone else -- all singers, drummer, graces, technicians, and speakers -- wears black. In addition, each Reader carries script book and small light or mini-mag by which to read.

THE SPACE: The room, Ballroom I, is set up with large center circle, three aisles, and wide aisle encircling the space. [See 'goddesses layout' pdf in Files section of FB group (not to scale).] Chairs for attendees are set up in pie-shaped wedges. Singers, drummer and sound tech/playlist manager are on dais in corner at edge of circle. Three mics at dais. Music stands as needed and provided. Graces who are doing lighting stand around with mag lights.

There are 16 chairs spaced roughly equidistant around the periphery. Three of those chairs are directly behind a wedge of seats (as opposed to being at the end of one of the three aisles). Those three chairs have mics (and, hopefully, music stands). Readers will sit in those chairs. Priestesses will sit on other 13 chairs, in order of appearance.

AMBIENCE: Lighting is low. Light music and/or drumming as celebrants enter and seat themselves. Lighters are standing around; all have mag lights.<sup>1</sup>

Performers, other than singers and musicians, are not in the ritual space. When all attendees are seated, a Grace at the door will signal the beginning.

### **HOUSE LIGHTS DIM (from high to lower)**

PROCESSIONAL. Leading the procession are three black-robed figures (Readers *Candace*, *Macha*, and *Vivianne*), snapping their fingers and singing "She's Been Waiting." Singers and any of the Graces who know the song all sing the song; see below.

Following them are the 13 Goddesses,<sup>2</sup> walking not too far apart. Goddesses process in this sequence: **Amaterasu Omikami** (*Maggie Beaumont*); **Brigit** (*Jo Carson*); **Guadalupe/Tonatsin/Tlazolteotl** (*Rowan Liles*); **Hekate** (*Anna Korn*); **Inanna** (*Linda Slack*); **Isis** (*Holli Emore*); **Kali** (*Heather Greene*); **Oshun** (*Áine Anderson*); **Pachamama** (*Wendy Griffin*); **Pele** (*Diana Kampert*); **Sedna** (*Vajra*); **White Buffalo Calf Woman** (*Jerrie Hildebrand*); **White Tara** (*Mana Youngbear*).

Procession encircles the space in the aisle around the periphery. **LIGHTS track processional as it circles around the room.** After one complete circumambulation, Readers sit in the three chairs placed evenly behind each wedge of celebrants where there are music stands. Goddesses seat themselves in order of appearance in other 13 chairs

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<sup>1</sup> As Stage Manager Jeffrey directs, we may have different lighting or modified mags.

around the darkened periphery. Goddesses will no longer be visible until they appear one by one. Singing of “She’s Been Waiting” continues until all seated in place.

Singing stops. Any **LIGHTS** that were on during entrance and seating are now **DIMMED as much as possible**, by a designated Grace.

## "She's Been Waiting"

Paula Walowitz,  
additional words and music by Lunacy ©1979

She's been waiting, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

She's been waitin, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

She's been waiting, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

To return  
To remember  
To return

\*Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
the lovers of the Lady  
Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
the Mother, Maid, and Crone

To remember (Her shining face)  
To remember (Her dark embrace)  
To remember the healing within their  
hands

Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
those who dance together  
Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
Those who dance alone

To remember (Her shining face)  
To remember (Her dark embrace)  
To remember the power within their hands

She's been waiting, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

To remember (Her shining face)  
To remember (Her dark embrace)  
To remember the passion within their  
hands

She's been waiting, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

She's been waiting, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
those who work in silence  
Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
those who shout and scream

She's been waiting, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
the movers and the changers  
Blesséd be and Blesséd are  
the dreamers and the dream

To return  
To remember  
To return  
To remember  
To return

She's been waiting, waiting  
She's been waiting for so long  
Waiting for Her children to remember

(Go back and repeat first three lines, if we  
need more song)

Readers give voice to each goddess in turn. Each goddess brings something, and each goddess offers a challenge or asks for something. Readers will read different lines for each goddess, instead of a single speaker reading all of the lines of a particular goddess, to add dimension and mystery and to help reveal more aspects. Readers are not visible (except insofar as they are reading from a script with a mini-mag).

As each goddess begins to speak, her Priestess enters the center of the circle and Graces track all her movements with mag lights. She may dance, gesture, use Her tools, and generally interact with the celebrants in any way She feels moved to do. All her movements will be constantly **tracked by LIGHTS**. Graces do this from peripheral aisle. Goddesses are listed below in sequence. Amaterasu, the Sun, will be leading the appearances. White Tara, Mother of Compassion, will be the last goddess to appear.

[BEGIN]

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Koto music; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**AMATERASU**, by Mary Kay Landon (*Maggie Beaumont*)

Hail and Awake!  
You children of the blue, brown and green earth,  
You who tread in space and time.  
I come to you today from My shining abode  
In heaven  
Far away yet so close.

I am Amaterasu Omikami,  
The Great Woman Who Possesses Noon,  
Ruler of heaven,  
Queen of all nature's forces,  
Goddess that is the Sun.

Golden, gleaming,  
Startling, luminous,  
Fierce — and gentle,  
I light your way,  
I warm your bones,  
I stoke your tired feet,  
I fire your imagination.

Without Me  
And My brilliance that is so beneficent,  
The rice and all the other green things of the earth  
Would wilt and die.  
And there you would squat  
At death's door

Cold — hungry — wicked —  
Doomed —  
To a fate as premature shadow  
In the valley of the dead.

I know, for it almost happened —  
Just once.

My drunken brother Susanowo  
So angered Me with his bloated pride  
I took leave of you.  
And hid My light self in a cave,  
Refusing to move,  
Refusing to come out  
Even though outside  
I knew  
The dark air grew cold,  
The plants no longer yielded fruit,  
And the World began to die.

All this I nearly allowed —  
But the other gods and goddesses,  
Facing death, as well,  
Gathered outside My cave.  
They summoned forth an eight-armed mirror  
And hung strings of jewels on the branches of the Sakaki tree,  
They muttered ritual sayings,  
And the voluptuous young goddess Ama no Uzume began to dance.  
She danced —  
And danced,  
And danced  
Whipping up an ecstasy so great among the gods and goddesses  
That they began to laugh  
And laugh —  
Louder and louder

Hahahahaha  
Hahahahahahahahha  
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Finally I peeked out of the cave,  
Demanding to know —  
What the fuss was all about,

And then I saw Myself.  
In the mirror.  
Amazed by My beauty,  
Stunned by the luminescence  
Streaming off My brow and filling the world

Turning it all once again pure green,  
And coming back to Me  
In this reflection.

Today I, Amaterasu,  
Goddess of the Sun,  
Come to you from My shining abode  
To bestow upon you two gifts:

But with these gifts  
You must also take  
The eight-armed mirror.  
Hang it outside your cave.  
And aim it directly at your soul.

Then,  
As I had done before you,  
You must venture out of your cave,  
Out into My light, My air.  
And you must open your eyes,  
Into that mirror,  
And allow *ME*  
To introduce

*YOU*  
To  
*YOURSELF*

As if,

For the first time.

Welcome home.

Sayonara.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC Uilleann pipes; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**BRIGIT** (*Jo Carson*)

I am Brigid, Lady of the Celts,  
Creatrix of the Island of Ireland,  
Midwife to new life in Spring.

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You may know I am here  
when the snowdrop flowers  
When the lambing begins,  
    and the calving and foaling,  
When the babes conceived on Beltane are born.

I am Lady of the flame,  
Mistress of changes,  
without and within.  
I shape the bright metals:  
gold and silver, spirit.

I shape the bright hearts of the lover,  
    the poet,  
    the smith.  
Feel My hand on yours as you craft your lives,  
Shape your loves,  
build your great works,  
grow into your true self.

I am Lady of the Well,  
the deep well  
That reaches into the darkness  
    and rises to the light,  
That spills the waters of wisdom  
for all who care to drink.

I am the great fount of Inspiration  
for poet and bard.  
The harp sings in My voice,  
and the pipes and drums  
My song is sung in all the lands,  
by bird and bard and babe.

You may come to Me for healing,  
be it of beast or human;  
For beginning new life,  
for insight, for love,  
Or just to shelter within My cloak  
from life's tempests and sorrows.

Call Me by My many names:  
I am with you,  
children of the children of the children of  
The Lost Isles,  
the Western Shores,  
children of Turtle Island.  
I have not forgotten you,

far flung though you may be.

Remember Me also, My beloved ones,  
when the poet sings,  
When the cow rises from the calving  
and the fever leaves the brow.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing / chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Mexican guitar; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**GUADALUPE/TONATZIN**, by Mary Kay Landon (*Rowan Liles*)

*Bienvenidos, mis hijos*  
Greetings my sweet children  
Here I stand again among you,  
As I appeared to your ancestors,  
Mexican,  
And Aztec.  
As I will appear in the future  
To nations yet unborn.

I'm known by many names,  
And have been graced with many occupations —  
TEMAZCALTECI which means "grandmother of the baths,"  
goddess of medicine and herbs,  
Matron of doctors, midwives and soothsayers.  
TONANTZIN which is "our mother,"  
Goddess of Earth and Corn.  
And now,  
GUADALUPE, the Virgin,  
Most widely known and beloved of all Mexican saints.

Yet I remain,  
One, the same,  
Even though some may not admit it.

I inhabit the beloved soil  
Of what is now Mexico,  
And I appear to those  
With hungry hearts  
As a vision, full of light and earth,  
As I appeared to  
Juan Diego  
So many centuries ago.

Many call this earth the place of torment,  
the place of pain,  
a place of one's affliction,  
of one's weariness,  
a place of thirst,  
a place of hunger,  
a place where one freezes,  
a place of weeping . . .

Yet —

Drink of My waters,  
Your soul will be quenched,  
And your body healed.

Born you may be  
To mud and want —  
Yet here I am, right now  
Shoulder-to-shoulder among you,  
Digging in the dirt,  
Sprouting with the corn.  
Your compassionate company in misery.

Yet born you also are  
In Spirit,  
And here I also am, right now  
Shimmering before you,  
Dancing a bright apparition,  
Speaking heavenly words —  
Unbelievable? Amazing?  
Nay it is so —  
I offer a glimmer of the beyond  
While holding forth on earth.  
Your company between the worlds.  
Midwife, yes, *partera, si*.

Now you,  
Go buy yourself  
A seven-day candle,  
You know, those big ones in the glass  
With My picture pasted on front,  
Set it on your table,  
You know, the busy one . . .  
Light it,  
And here among the dirt and care of your daily life,  
Feel Me shining through  
The birth canal  
From that other world.  
Delivering it

To you.  
*Para ti.*

Amen.  
Blesséd Be.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: "Round Midnight," Miles Davis; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**HEKATE**, by Mary Kay Landon (*Anna Korn*)

Lo!  
I call to you,  
>From the dark side of the moon.  
>From the hidden side of life,  
>From the ancient end of time.

Lo!  
I seem to come to you,  
Across time from days long gone,  
Across space from deep pits forbidden  
and almost forgotten.  
Yet here I've been,  
under you from the very beginning,  
Partaking in your every decision,  
Influencing your every midnight dream . . .

For I am torch-bearer to the Underworld,  
Wherever three roads meet,  
There you'll find Me standing.  
Me and My baying hounds.  
The hounds of hell, some have called them.

Mine is the realm of the deep uncertain,  
of that which is changing —  
Coming into being, or  
Going into oblivion.  
When the wheel of birth and death starts to turn,  
There you'll find Me, haunting the crank.  
And you who listen to Me will know.

It is I Who see the dim shapes  
Of big futures forming,  
And it is I Who can heal the innocent

from deaths premature.

I, Hecate, am your torch-bearer  
and your translator to those nether worlds  
Fraught with confusion, anxiety, potential.  
Listen as I call to you from that shadowy crossroads,  
Bringing gossip from that place between the worlds,  
Where the invisible meets the visible,  
And all things grow,  
As always, first in darkness.

Lo!  
I call to you,  
>From the dark side of the moon.  
>From the hidden side of life,  
>From the ancient end of time.

I challenge you to know Me.  
Be not afraid,  
For only ignorance is truly dark.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

### INANNA (*Linda Slack*)

I am the queen of Great Above and the Great Below.  
I am the morning and the evening star  
I mount the steps of My high throne  
to sit in majesty.

I wear the seven symbols of my queenship:  
My *shugurra* crown  
My lapis beads, dark and sleek fall to My breast  
where two perfect oval jewels make a bewitching breastplate.

I carry My measuring rod and measuring line.  
I wear My golden ring,  
My eyes shadowed with seductive kohl  
Upon My shoulders I wear the robe of the starry heavens

I am the loud thundering storm  
I pour rain over all the lands and all the people.  
I make the heavens tremble and the earth quake

I flash like lightning over the highlands  
I throw My firebrands across the earth.

My quivering hand causes the midday heat to hover over the sea  
My nighttime stalking chills the land with its dark breeze.  
The riverbanks overflow with the flood-waves of My heart.

At the end of day, I fill the sky with My radiant light.  
The people in all the lands lift their eyes to Me.

When sweet sleep has ended in the bedchamber  
I appear like bright daylight.

Male prostitutes comb their hair before Me.  
They decorate the napes of their necks with colored scarfs.  
The righteous man and woman walk before Me

The young men sing to Me.  
The maidens and coiffured priestesses walk before Me.  
The *tigi*-drum, the *sem*-drum and the *ala*-tambourine resound!

My father Enki has given Me the Tablets of Destiny.  
He has given Me the 10,000 *Me*.  
I took them away with Me in my crescent barge.

To you I give all the arts and sciences  
and pleasures of civilization:  
The noble sceptre, the staff, the high throne.

The loosening of the hair and the binding of the hair.  
The standard, the quiver, the art of lovemaking,  
The kissing of the phallus, the art of prostitution.

The art of forthright speech,  
The art of slanderous speech  
The art of adorning speech  
The art of song  
The art of the elder  
The art of the hero  
The art of power  
The art of treachery  
The art of straightforwardness  
The setting up of lamentations  
The rejoicing of the heart.

What Enki gave to Me I now give to you:

Enki gave Me deceit and the rebellious land,  
The art of kindness, travel, the secure dwelling place.

The craft of the woodworker  
The craft of the copper worker

The craft of the leather maker  
The craft of the builder  
The craft of the reed worker

He gave Me the perceptive ear  
The power of attention  
the holy purification rites  
He gave Me fear and consternation and dismay.

He gave Me the kindling and the putting out of fire  
the weary arm, the assembled family, procreation.

He gave Me the kindling of strife  
Counseling, heart-soothing, the giving of judgments,  
The making of decisions.

I render a cruel judgment against the evildoer.  
I destroy the wicked.  
I look with kindly eyes on the straightforward;  
I give My blessing.

I bring to the people the art of allure  
I give flax, I give milk and cream  
Barley for your table.

I give you paper and pen,  
The book and the art of speech,  
The library.

People, parade before Me  
Serenade Me with your *ala*-drums,  
With holy harp and timpani

Write My word upon the doorposts of your house  
and upon the gates.  
Use My gifts, all of them,  
with honor and gratitude.

Come,  
enter My house,  
Eat from My table.  
Sleep in My bed,  
Taste unimagined pleasures.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Egyptian temple music; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**ISIS**, by Holli Emore (*Holli Emore*)

I am Aset [*ah-sett*], Isis, Daughter of Ra and Mother of All.

I rise as Sopdet [*soap'-det*] in the star Sirius.  
I am the one called goddess by women, and Mistress of Magic by the gods.  
I am the Wadjet [*wahdj'-et*], the great serpent Eye.  
To work heka-ur [*heh'-kah oor'*], great magic, I learned the true name of my father Ra,  
restoring him from the viper's poison.

The sister, the wife, I am the beloved of Osiris.  
When he is murdered by Set, I am inconsolable.  
My tears cause the Nile to rise each year, eternally renewing the land.

Years I spent, wandering the earth to find my husband's body.  
Becoming a bird, I worked the greatest magic of all,  
Restoring Osiris to life that we might conceive our son Horus.

Though he remains forever sovereign in the afterlife, my husband's body is the land of  
Kemet,  
He is the black earth from which the grain emerges to feed the living.  
So, we are joined, he and I, in the timeless time of Sep Tepi, the endless cycle of seasons,  
Peret, Akhet [*ah-ket*] and Shemu.

Ho! You gods! I am more potent than all of you, and the god within my womb will come  
to rule you all!

To escape the violent intent of our brother Set, I fled with my child to the delta marshes.  
There I hid Horus the Younger as he grew into the great Harakhte [*hah-rock'-tee*], the hawk  
who soars above the earth.

Now every pharaoh must become Horus, the golden one. The people deserve no less in  
their high-priestly leader.

I am called the Great Throne, for each who would rule in Kemet [*kem'-et*] must be seated in  
my authority.  
I am the mistress of life, the sustainer and nourisher.  
I offer the milk of my breast so that each may live and be immortal.

To the dwellers on the earth, I have brought the knowledge of crop-growing, weaving,  
wine-making and the ways to bury our dead.



With my sister Nebet-Het, we stand vigil each night as the sun makes its dangerous journey through the labyrinth of the Duat [*doo-ah't*]. We witness there the mysteries of death and rebirth, and each morning we stand at the portal to usher forth the sun reborn at dawn.

Rulers and priests open my sanctuaries each morning, singing, awake in beauty, awake in peace, dua netjert nefert [*doo-ah' netch'-ert neff'-er*], hail beautiful goddess.

I spread my wings of bounty and protection wide, far beyond the lands of Kemet, across the Great Blue-Green ocean to lands that Ra never knew.

Blessed be the land that is fertile  
Blessed be the waters of life  
Blessed by the sun's warmth  
Blessed by the air we breathe to live

Some call me Astarte, Athena, or Mary. I pour out blessing on all of them, for I am the Lady of Ten Thousand Names.

Un na wat neb em pet, em ta  
[*oon nah waht neb em pet em tah*]  
I open for you every path in heaven and on earth.

Some have consigned magic to the dustbin of eternity  
But I tell you that the world needs our magic now more than ever.  
Call on me and I will renew your power.  
I will return your heka [*heh'-kah*], your magic.  
Let my magic rise within you and lift your own wings.  
Fan the flames of maat [*mah-ah't*], justice.  
Fan the hearts of women and men to return to compassion.  
Fan the halls of power so that a rushing wind clears the staleness and rancor.  
Fan the homes of children so they are cared for, protected and taught the timeless wisdom.  
Fan the rivers, the deserts, the mountains, fields and oceans, that the earth remains a living jewel, teeming with life like the Nile.

Fan your wings, work your magic, become an imperishable star and soar into eternity.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Indian; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**KALI** (*Heather Greene*)

I, Kali Ma, am Mistress of the dark,  
I am Mother of all that is and ever was,  
My skin is as black  
    as the blue lotus at night.  
My feet dance in the great celestial above and below.  
My neck is bedecked  
    with garlands of rotting skulls.  
In My many arms I brandish spear, trident,  
flaying knife, sword and noose.

I dance on the cremation grounds.  
My beautiful jewel-toed, red-soled feet  
    dance upon the body of Shiva.  
My lotus feet are the end of every pilgrimage.

I am the all-embracing One,  
My love knows no bounds,  
I dispel all fears,  
I grant all boons,

I, Kali Durga, ride forth on My lion  
    and slay all demons.  
With My flaming sword I cut away illusion.  
I destroy that which must end.

Once again demons are afoot in the world.  
The demons of agribusiness and multinational corporations,  
of Frankenfoods and strip mining and mindless consumerism,  
the demons of oppression and abuse.  
They eat the light of day, they soil the air,  
they eat the trees, they swallow the waters  
they devour the land with their insatiable greed.  
Eating, eating, eating.  
Until there are no more things of beauty made,  
or new dreams dreamed, or children born.

—

The unborn ones call to Me.  
The ones yet to come.  
The time had come to say Enough!  
And No More!

Once more I wield My sacred sword  
I come to slay your fears and the demons of your guilt.  
I strangle their greed with My noose  
I drink blood and become intoxicated with the joy of it.

I, I am the one who devours. I am the eater of entrails.  
And the roar of My laughter  
causes mountains to tremble.

I am the Goddess of No More.

I, I am the shadow,  
the dancing feet of all women who have been dishonored,  
whose talents were bent to useless servitude.  
I, I am the shadow of all those who cannot remember  
how to cut and level, how to say Enough!  
How to HOWL!

I dare you to enter My dark and awesome embrace.  
I dare you to call yourself My thuggee.  
I challenge you to experience  
My all-encompassing,  
everlasting,  
boundless love.

For I am the Mother of those who are yet to come.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Nigerian; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**OSHUN**, by Mary Kay Landon (*Áine Anderson*)

From the river Oshun deep in Nigeria  
Whence came My name  
I come to you today —  
Clothed in burnished copper grace,  
all done up with My cowrie shells and brass bracelets,  
Sporting My fan, winking in My mirror.

My spicy, sweet flesh filled with perfume  
Exudes an ecstasy that's pure and wild,  
Unfathomably deep,  
Elusive yet tactile.  
My light touches and the soft rustling of My skirts,  
are all utterly Female,  
And completely My own.

Mine is an ecstasy that lures you  
away from that world of dull care,  
To Myself

as if I were a soft golden-brown cavern  
Whose air was alive  
With the scent of treasure.

You love Me, because you must —  
Enraptured by My essence,  
Snuggled in My tender-hearted embrace,  
Permeated by My soft lust,  
You can only want what I ask.

And today I ask  
you to remember and call on Me by name,  
Oshun

Thoughts, Whispers, Words, Shouts  
I hear, hold and answer to them all.

Oshun — Oshun — Oshun!

Call on Me by name  
whenever the feminine is degraded,  
whenever softness is muffled,  
whenever kindness is shouted down,  
or whenever sheer beauty lies broken.

Oshun — Oshun — Oshun!

Call on Me by name  
whenever a child's simple cry for a hair ribbon goes unanswered,  
whenever a woman must give her body over to sex without pleasure,  
or whenever the forces of economics threaten once again  
to rape nature in the name of progress.

Oshun — Oshun — Oshun!

Call on Me by name  
whenever the dry dust of habit and utility,  
Threaten to blot out beauty and sensuality,  
love and compassion, from the field of daily life.

Call on Me by name  
whenever the Feminine  
Seems no where in sight.

And I will return  
Sashaying in My orange skirts,  
all done up with My cowrie shells and brass bracelets,  
Sporting My fan, winking in My mirror.

To inspire you and comfort you,  
With My presence and touch —  
Soft yes, but carrying a force  
that can move mountains.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: “I am here, right here among you.” 3X

\* \* \* \* \*

[cue MUSIC: *sikú* (or *zampoña*) and *antara*; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**PACHAMAMA**, by Mary Kay Landon (*Wendy Griffin*)

Don't seek to humor me,  
Appease me,  
Seduce me,  
Or lull me into early slumber this fall  
With your false slogans  
That you “love the earth”  
Or empty promises  
That you'll “protect her forever.”

Since the time of the ancients,  
That time when you became humans  
I have fed your kin.  
When you were creatures of the earth,  
We worked hand in hand,  
In the fields,  
In the marsh,  
In the sands,  
On the mountain.  
Your ancestors would pour their offerings to me  
And as World Mother  
I would open my arms,  
And the plants bearing fruit, leaves, and root  
Would grow —  
And your ancestors would eat, for another season.

And when I needed more from them, I would let them know,  
Causing the earth to rumble with earthquakes,  
Or demanding special sacrifices, say of their prized llamas.  
Until all was set right, again.

During that tricky month of August in the southern hemisphere of my homeland,  
When the sun lied lowest,  
I would intervene to spare  
Those families who made offerings,

Pledging themselves to me.  
But likewise I spared those who neglected this duty  
Because, though they didn't know it,  
Their hearts and minds were still turned. Toward. Me.  
Because they, too  
Planted and tilled and prayed  
That they, too, would eat, for another season.

As for this very day...  
Even though most of you don't appreciate this fact...  
I continue to feed — and spare — *you*.

You are not so sure about this because...  
You no longer grow your own food...  
You no longer feel the difference if grape vines wither,  
Or cabbages are destroyed by rot,  
Or beans are consumed by locusts in an afternoon.  
Instead you're content  
To leave the growing to agribusiness  
Who sweep the land with chemicals,  
Scrape it with machines,  
And extract its fruits with bitter labor.

Oh, and your children no longer play outside...  
What, is my realm so toxic?  
Well, with such an onslaught on my sacred province, you have a point...  
My great outdoors has become brown-tinted...  
Super-heated...  
Smelly...  
What? Is this, as they say, the new *Normal*?  
Jumping from one climate controlled space to the next,  
Head buried in your screens,  
Buying your vegetables wrapped in plastic...  
What do you care about that world *outside*...  
And what's so bad?  
Being inside most of the time,  
You think you're not really breathing harmful stuff.  
And you are still eating...  
Even, you think, better than those in days gone by...  
And those vanishing polar bears are so far away,  
Are they really even having a problem?  
Oh, and is it "global warming" or is it "climate change"?  
Seemed we had really cold weather last winter...  
So what is happening?  
Or do we honestly care  
As long as our gadgets still work?

But alas you, people of the earth, are still mine, of mine.  
I am, as always, your World Mother.

Trust me.  
Or else you wouldn't *be*, period.  
Your air, your food, your water remain my realm.  
To you, women...  
I have always felt especially nurturing and loving,  
You who touch most closely that ephemeral thing  
Called. Creation.  
In your heart of hearts, oh women  
You know...  
It takes practicing love and aligning with nature to survive and thrive —  
*Not* the futile exercise of enforcing might and right.

So, women, please lead the way in  
Toasting me right now with *chicha* or your favorite fermented beverage.  
Next Thanksgiving, say a pledge in my honor.  
And then go compost offerings from that dinner!  
And plot how you can “subvert the dominant paradigm”...  
By refusing, in your own way  
To “go for the gusto,” and be a consuming machine...  
Recognizing, of course, that such slogans were only and always  
Carefully designed as yet one more tease to lure you into the net of  
Spend and slash, slash and spend.  
First one's free, right?

I remain, as ever, watchful, and hopeful  
That you, my primordial children...  
Will join me, not fight me, in keeping the true world fire alive.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing / chant: “I am here, right here among you.” 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Hawaiian drums; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**PELE** (Diana Kampert)

From the East I come,  
From the land of Polapola,  
From the red rising mist of Kane,  
From the blazing clouds in the heaven,  
From the billowing clouds of the sunrise.

With my sacred divining rod, *Paoa*,  
I explored all the islands  
Looking for  
a proper fire home.

Some call me *Ka wahine 'ai honua*,  
the woman who devours the land.  
When My molten body moves,  
    the land trembles and the sky is afire with a crimson glow.  
Those present whisper in awe,  
“*Ae aia la o Pele*, there is Pele.”

My hair is wild and enflamed  
like the fire I spew from the center of the Earth.  
My fire shoots forth from the top of mountains  
I am She Who shapes the sacred land.

Smell the sulphur.  
Feel the heat where the steam dances  
    above the earthcracks at Wahine Kapu.  
My tears hide in the cinder outfall at Pu'u Pua'i,  
My golden hair sparkles  
    between the rope folds of pahoehoe lava.  
A play of sunlight on My ebony rock  
    reveals a shimmering rainbow of color.

I haunt the mountainsides of Halemaumau,  
Wearing red robes,  
I dance on the volcano's rim.

I seek rides with strangers.  
I appear as an old woman dressed all in white  
    accompanied by My little dog.  
When they look for Me in the mirror,  
they find the back seat empty.

Sometimes I come as an old woman  
Who asks for a cigarette.  
I light it with a snap of My fingers  
and disappear.

I show My face in photographs of fiery eruptions.

I reveal Myself —  
And then — I disappear.

I can possess humans  
and speak with their voices.

My rage and anger offer hope for a new way of being

—

After the fires have been calmed by the sea.



I am the reminder of your own strength of purpose,  
I fire your own passion  
I summon it from the core of your being.

Bring offerings of rum,  
Bring sugar cane and hibiscus,  
White birds, money and strawberries.  
Cut your hair and toss it into my craters.

Use My energy in correct action  
Use My passion for righteous change  
So that together we can recreate ourselves and our lands  
as the fertile and green paradise we all long for.

And remember — remember to *E nihi ka hele*, walk softly!

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing / chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Inuit throat singing; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**SEDNA**, by Lee Henrikson (*Eileen Macholl*)

I am Sedna,  
Mother of the fishes,  
the seals, the whales:  
the food of My people.

I live deep under the sea,  
the light is always dim.  
Once I lived in the land where the sun shown all summer  
and the winter was a long night.  
Once I had hands that worked and loved.  
Once I saw the land with two good eyes.  
That was long ago.  
Before I learned about lies.  
Before I learned about betrayal.

My father, to save his life, threw Me from his kayak.  
When I tried to grab on,  
he chopped off My fingers.  
He chopped off My hands.  
He poked out my eye with his oar.

I sank to the bottom of the sea, where I now dwell.

When My fingers and hands were chopped off  
they became the whales and the seals and the fishes.  
That swim in the sea.  
That let the people hunt them for food.

As long as the people honor this gift of food, it is provided.  
But, when my gifts are not honored,  
when the seals and the whales and the fishes  
are not hunted and killed with respect, I know.  
The seals and whales and fishes go from the people and  
Hunger comes to them.  
Hunger of body, hunger of soul.

The hunger is here now. The people starve.  
Will you try to ease this hunger?  
If you are willing to make the journey  
to My home under the sea,  
If you are willing to come  
to My house of seaweed and bones.  
If you are willing to make this journey,  
to come to Me,  
To massage the stumps of My hands,  
and ease My pain,  
To comb the tangles of My hair,  
to look into My eye that has known loss  
of love and of life.  
The fishes and seals and whales will return to the people.

Will you come to Me?  
Will you take My dismembered hands in yours?  
Will you massage My hands?  
Will you ease My pain?  
Come,  
look into My eye,  
embrace Me,  
embrace the pain and suffering.  
The pain and suffering that is of the fish and seals and whales.  
Do you dare?

—

Daring, know that you have eased your own suffering,  
As you have eased the hunger of the people.  
You have brought nourishment to your soul,  
to your body.  
Go now, be blessed. —  
And remember to take care of the seals  
and all creatures that have given their lives

that you might live and love.

Or I will again call the animals away from you.

For I am Sedna,  
Mother of the fishes and seals and whales,  
the food of My people.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing / chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: Native American flute and chanting; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**WHITE BUFFALO CALF WOMAN**, by Mary Kay Landon (*Jerrie Hildebrand*)

Hello My children,  
Did you know that you almost came not to be?  
for long, long, long ago  
The people who made your grandfather's grandfathers's grandfather  
Nearly starved to death  
Because they had forgotten how  
To talk to Grandfather Sky and Grandmother Earth.

So they suffered,  
Until one day,  
As a beautiful young maiden  
Swathed in a cloud,  
I appeared to your people bearing a sacred pipe,  
And inside the village's big medicine tipi,  
together we conducted a very sacred ceremony.

I showed your people  
How to lift the pipe up to the sky, toward Grandfather,  
And down to the earth, toward Grandmother.  
And then to the four directions of the universe.  
I told them the smoke rising from the bowl  
Was the living breath  
of the great Grandfather Mystery.

"With this pipe," I said,  
"You will walk like a living prayer.  
With your feet resting upon the earth  
And the pipestem reaching into the sky,  
Your body forms a living bridge between  
The Sacred Beneath and the Sacred Above.  
Now we are a one:  
Earth, sky, man, woman,

And all living things.  
Together with the people, they are all related, one family.  
The pipe holds them all together.”

Next I instructed your people  
In the seven sacred ceremonies of the pipe:

The first was the sweat lodge,  
    the purification ceremony.  
The next was for naming the children.  
The third was for healing,  
The fourth was to make relatives,  
    the adoption ceremony.  
The fifth was the marriage ceremony.  
The sixth was the vision quest.  
And the seventh  
    and perhaps greatest,  
    was the sundance ceremony,  
the people’s ceremony for all of the nation.

As I walked away,  
    I stopped and rolled over four times.  
On the first  
    I turned into a black buffalo;  
Upon the second,  
    into a brown one;  
The third into a red one,  
And the fourth time I rolled over,  
I turned into a white female buffalo calf,  
The most sacred living thing  
    you will ever encounter.

As soon as I departed your people that day,  
Great buffalo herds appeared from beyond the horizon,  
And some of their number allowed themselves to be killed  
So that your people might survive.

And so it was that the buffalo came  
    and fed your people for many generations.

But now my people,  
I find you starving yet again.  
“My stomach is bloated,” I hear you say,  
“And yet I hunger.”  
The way to the spirit world  
    seems again lost to you,  
For the bridges to that world  
    have faded from sight,  
Like so much mirage water on the roadway.

And those who keep the pipe number so few,  
It's no wonder.

Yet as I promised,  
I have not forgotten you,  
That white buffalo calf born not so long ago,  
Is but one glimmer from the beyond  
Of My imminent return.  
To grant your people  
    who are My people  
    another bridge,  
Another chance.  
To knit the world above  
And the earth below,  
Together.  
Again.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." 3X

\*\*\*\*\*

[cue MUSIC: chimes; all LIGHTS tracking goddess]

**WHITE TARA** (*Mana Youngbear*)

I am the goddess Who lets Herself be seen.

I am the saviouress and rescuer from danger.  
I act with lightning swiftness to aid those in distress.

I control the *pretas*, the departed,  
I control the snakes and *nagas*,  
All the guardians of all the worlds.

I am the Goddess of the Great Round,  
the life-bearing, chthonic power of the world,  
and the sky who covers her creatures  
    like a hen covering her chicks.  
The night sky that gives birth  
    to the stars and moon,  
and the daytime sky  
    that gives birth to the sun.  
The waters are My milk,  
The fire My transforming power.

My eyes flash like lightning  
My face is like a circle of the full autumn moon.  
My palms are adorned with the Universal Wheel,

radiating turbulent hosts of its own beams.

In My left hand, I carry the *tupala*, the blue lotus.  
I wear the third wisdom eye of enlightenment.  
My body is made of light.

My divine speech is the tinkling  
of silver bells in the breeze.

I dwell on the island of Mount Potala.  
I dwell in the Khadire Forest,  
abounding in all kinds of beautiful, sweet-smelling trees,  
flowers, moss, lichen, mushrooms,  
happy animals and birds.

I subdue dangerous wild beasts —  
lions, elephants and snakes.  
I subdue robbers.  
I do this without fighting them.  
I disperse armies without killing anyone,  
I stay the executioner's hand.

I slay all enemies by frowning  
the brows of My lotus face.

My practice is charity, striving, austerity,  
calm, acceptance and mediation.

—

However many flowers and fruits there are,  
whatever sorts of healing herbs there are,  
however many precious things there are in the world:  
the clear pleasing waters,  
the mountains of precious jewels,  
the forest in sweet solitude,  
the vines adorned with ornaments of flowers,  
the trees, whose branches bend with fruit,  
the perfumes, wish-granting trees . . .  
the harvest that is gathered without sowing . . .  
the lakes and ponds adorned with lotus flowers  
resounding with the alluring call of the wild geese —  
All these things that belong to no one,  
reaching to the very limits of space . . .  
for the benefit of others.

—

In the Holy Realm of Turquoise Leaves,

Goddesses Alive for PWR 2015, 100115

from above My jeweled throne  
of blazing conch-white leaves,  
I gaze down upon you with the eyes of compassion.

Now,  
Recite the syllable *TAM*  
Vibrate *TAM* in your heart.

Let light enter the top of your head.  
Let it travel down the central channel,  
and dissolve in the center of your heart.

Make your arms a circle.  
Make your heart a circle.

Wherever there is meanness or spite or cruelty,  
Wherever there is brutality and mercilessness,  
There, call upon My presence.  
Close your eyes, breathe deeply,  
and open your heart chakra.

Let it unfold like the lotus,  
Where I sit in repose,  
My delicate foot extended into your world.  
My visage smiling beneficently.

Remember Me and call Me,  
Allow your heart to open fully to My presence.  
For your openness of heart,  
your generosity of spirit,  
will dissolve animosity,  
will cool fevered thoughts,  
will calm frenzied action,  
will neutralize hostility.

Your open heart,  
and My presence in it,  
Entices opening of all hearts.

For when you lie down,  
your head rests in My lap.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chimes.] Sing/chant: "I am here, right here among you." [entire song]

\*\*\*\*\*

This leads into a finale during which the chorus sings all of "I Am Here, Right Here  
Among You," while goddesses COME DOWN THE AISLES and FORM AN OUTFACING

CIRCLE, allowing space between them but keeping in a circle facing the front rows of the people in the pie slices. Graces keep LIGHTS upon these mask-wearers.

### I Am Here

Greg Johnson, ©1987

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KqSo7jh9lgU>

#### Refrain Repeated Over and Over by All:

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am the earth below you  
I am the bull at midnight  
I am the living body

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

#### Verses:

I am the East wind  
I am the sun's rising  
I am the breezes blowing  
I am your body breathing

I am the Center  
I am the Goddess dancing  
I am the heart's circle  
I am the horned one singing

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am the South wind  
I am leaping bonfire  
I am candle flame  
I am your brightest passion

I am the East wind  
I am the South wind  
I am the West wind  
I am the North wind  
I am the Center  
I'm right here among you!

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am the West wind  
I am the sun sleeping  
I am water flowing  
I am the heart that's weeping

#### All unison (no harmony):

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am here  
Right here among you  
I am here  
Right here among you

I am the North wind



\* \* \* \* \*

When "I Am Here" concludes, after a very brief moment, Ruth sings a PRAYER OF DEVOTION:

### **Praise Be**

© ca. 1980 Hollis Payer

Praise be, Lady, praise be!  
Praise be, Lady, praise be!

Blessings flow from your heart, from your hand.  
Bounties spill over and cover the land.  
Gifts of the earth, the air, the sea.  
Praise be, Lady, praise be!

Praise be, Lady, praise be!  
Praise be, Lady, praise be!

All things change and all things grow.  
Beginning and end, you are all that we know.  
Thus you are, thus you were, thus you shall be.  
Praise be, Lady, praise be!

Praise be, Lady, praise be!  
Praise be, Lady, praise be!

\* \* \* \* \*

When the song concludes, the room should be quiet. Light tech brings HOUSE LIGHTS UP.

Macha step forward and begin thanking and unmasking priestesses. She'll remove Amaterasu's mask and acknowledge Maggie, and then she'll do the same for each priestess to White Tara. This will formally allow priestesses to 'unmask' and return to the mundane. Then she'll introduce mask-maker and reader Lauren, then Vivianne, then Ruth, Jenn, Jeffrey, and everyone else.

Graces at the exit door hand out programs that credit all participants.

CREDITS:

Conception & Ritual:	M. MACHA NIGHTMARE (ALINE O'BRIEN)
Masks:	LAUREN RAINE
Script:	MARY KAY LANDON, MACHA NIGHTMARE, LEE HENRIKSON, HOLLI EMORE
Readers:	CANDACE KANT, VIVIANNE CROWLEY, MACHA
Music Director:	RUTH BARRETT
Singers:	ROWAN FAIRGROVE, GYPSY RAVISH, CELIA FARRAN, ROBIN MILLER
Drums/Percussion:	JENN VALLELY
Stage Manager:	JEFFREY ALBAUGH
Graces, Lighting, Technical:	CLYDE ROBERTS, DAVID SASSMAN, WESLEY HILDEBRAND, KATHY LEZON, DAVID ORINGDERFF, WILLOW ORINGDERFF, VICTORIA SELNES, TIFFANY ANDES
Songs:	"SHE'S BEEN WAITING," PAULA WALOWITZ © 1979 as adapted by Lunacy on their 1990 self-titled album "I AM HERE," GREG JOHNSON © 1987, "PRAISE BE," HOLLIS PAYER © ca. 1980

*May this work we do in honor of Our Great Mother  
generate waves and waves of compassion, understanding, love, and pleasure  
through all the worlds. So mote it be!*