



The Mythology of GODMOTHER AND CRONE

In many European fairy stories, a theme emerges surrounding a special and soulful guiding force: the Godmother. The Godmother is also sometimes known as a Village Wise Woman, the Crone, and Woman of Age, Wisdom and Power. She is a mature feminine archetype who has moved through the Elder rite of passage into Moon Pause. She holds her wise blood and is now prepared to serve as protector, wisdom figure and gift-giver to the worthy heroine or hero on their Life Quest. It is she who is the sentinel between both psychic and earthly realms. She is a creatrix, and a seer for both the people and the Land, and is always in support of Sovereignty, the most powerful Goddess embodiment of the Earth.

The Godmother often serves as a mentor, a magick-maker, holder of mysteries and myth. She is a humble and powerful Woman of the People. If you need her, she will be there. If you seek her with heartfelt yearning and purpose she will respond. She serves many as a beckoner of health and wholeness and a force for justice and equality.

We may think of Mother Nature as the Godmother to All of our Relations, in service to every being, including other-than-humans and greater-than-humans. She stands for inclusivity and compassionate reciprocity between humans and the planet. Her work is to elevate, acknowledge and celebrate the interconnection of all being, knowing that each is animated with the force of life and sentient feeling. Those who seek her on their journey will discover quite a combination of power and mercy. She honors the stars, the waters, the lands, the seas, the seasons--all creatures and two-leggeds--with equal Personhood.

All things are animated in the Godmother's world.

Seek the Godmother in your family, your neighborhood, group or community. She is waiting for you with the Thread of Destiny to guide your next steps, to hear your big dreams, to offer teachings, mercy and healing.

Find us. We are right next door and closer than you think!



Poem for the Godmother + Crone

Godmother,
sit bear witness to our ceremony-
the many stories gathered in your fold.
Round the potbellied stove you keep ablaze
counsel us in the traditions of old.

Godmother,
rest comfort us in our erudition
this lifelong journey of our becoming.
Chosen by those wise ones here before you
to take your role in our valley's growing.

Godmother,
bless us, our trusted elder, guide us where-
ancient wisdom wills, here at the crossroads
between what is forgotten and future.
Advise us of what blind progress forbodes.

Godmother,
sit remind us of faith in fay and fact,
sponsor our spirits as we find our place,
watch over how we develop our voice,
tell us tales that teach us how to embrace.

Godmother,
rest you yourself bathed in these cold rivers
instill in us the smoothness of their stone.
Appreciation and obligation-
to care for this Earth, for she is our own.

Godmother,
bless us, for the balance we must preserve
is our burden now, as is the privilege-
of this watershed where our legends meet.
You true daughter of this mountain village

Anna Claire, Wordsmythe