



Wisdom Walks In Circles: The Spiraling Journey of Your Inner Voice

Margaret Hart Lewis

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"The stars, like you, are always moving along this circle of life. But there comes a moment when in their transit, they align in a special formation. When the star energy moves into a certain magical position over head, a gateway opens and it is time to act. You must follow us, quickly."

I look above, recognizing the first bright star I see. There is the North Star, which brings the Little Dipper into focus, then the Big Dipper. Other clusters look familiar, but my eyes are attracted to the waxing Moon, and in this anxious moment, I can't recall the names of any other constellation twinkling in the inky sky overhead.

The girls each take a hold of one of my arms and gently edge me out of my secluded circle in the pines. The doe follows along beside us. I peer up to the heavens through an opening in the canopy of branches above and catch another glimpse of the glimmering-waxing Moon in all her brilliance. I sense an adventure beyond my dreams is about to unfold and I feel a knot of anticipation tighten in my stomach. Turning to one of the girls I ask, "Who is our Lady?"

She smiles and answers, "Why Artemis, of course."

I ask, "Artemis?" She laughs gently, and strokes my hair, saying, "Yes, Artemis, the Great Goddess of the Moon and the Hunt. She is our Protectress. She reveres little girls. Surely you knew that." Actually, I don't know, but don't dare admit my ignorance.

I stare at my torchlight wondering where this night walk is leading me. The wooden post of the torch is carved ornately with insets of highly polished metal, like brass. The etchings seem familiar, enticing me to recall an ancient time I perhaps, once knew. The passions invoked by faint memories of lives long past press along the edges of my mind, swirling my thoughts into remembrances so subtle they feel like a hazy mist clouding my consciousness.

My hand grasps the varnished wooden handle that is just wide enough for my small hand to encircle. The handhold is smooth from wear. I sense many hands have held this torch before mine, and I am honored by the history and magic encapsulated in this light bearing implement. Transfixed by the blaze of torchlight, I wonder what it all means. Why am I on my way to meet with Artemis? That deep eternal voice within reassures me again, stating it is part of my destiny, and to simply let it unfold.

Gliding through the forest, my feet barely touch the ground. The night shadows dance in our torch light, and soon we approach a ring of radiant light illuminating a large circle of young girls all dressed in white with wreaths of laurel encircling their heads. I scan their faces absorbing their air of adulation as they focus on the Great Lady standing at the foot of a massive tree in the center of the circle. This must be the Moon Tree I muse, while gazing at its smooth silver bark whose luster appears to extend to the leaves fluttering in the night breeze. The tree reminds me of the mighty Beech trees I love to climb in my forest back home. A regal stag looms over Artemis' right shoulder, withdrawing briefly like a mirage behind the silver bark of the tree and then resuming his place at her side, standing guard of the Great Lady.

The mammoth tree pales in significance to the face of the Great Lady. The pressure of gentle hands on my

shoulders coax me to step forward and keep walking as they guide me into the center of the circle. I'm soon standing a few feet from the Great Goddess. Her golden curls spilling out of a loose bun frame her face, softening her perfectly appointed Greek facial features. She wears a short white hunting tunic trimmed in gold, and holds a silver bow in one hand with a quiver of arrows slung over her shoulder. In her other hand blazes a torch three times the size of those we girls carry. A garland of star shaped flowers forms a wreath around her head. Above the ring of flowers arises a crescent shaped moon lying on its back with its tips emerging like the horns of a bull, crowning her head with a brilliant halo.

She says, "I am Artemis, Goddess of the Hunt and Goddess of the Moon. I watch over women through the cycles of life and I'm Protectress of the Child. With your mother I was at the moment of your birth. It was I who midwifed your spirit onto the Earth plane. Tonight marks an important rite of passage for you. You see, we are keeping an appointment made on the day of your birth."

Looking deeply into her eyes, I watch Artemis' face dissolve into the face of my mother. Then Nana's face emerges as Mom's fades, and in turn Nana melts into the face of her mother. Then face after face comes forth as the previous one recedes; a multitude of women's faces appear before me and even though their countenances are unfamiliar, they feel so alive within me. The faces come and go as I travel back in time through the lineage of mothers who bore daughters who became mothers of daughters down through the ages. The rate of speed increases to a point where I cannot keep up, and finally the pace overtakes me as history marches backward before my eyes. The images spin into a ball of light and explode like fireworks filling my inner sight with an eruption of beautiful rainbow light.

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