

Our daughter was born in May of 2020.

During her pregnancy, I had experienced my first real “womb awakening”- a full obliteration of life lived until that point; a recalibration to my center. My home. My soul’s memory bank.

I had been training as an EMT and working in the palliative Expressive Therapies field after getting my degrees in holistic psychology and expressive arts therapies. I was a certified energy worker/teacher (mostly working on a volunteer basis in hospitals and homes), certified Birth worker, and thoroughly self-studied in holistic health and wellness.

After conceiving our daughter, I heard the primal voice inside of me telling me to reorient.

I could have convinced myself that, objectively, I was on the “right track”. I was making a livable wage-enough to be situated with my partner and baby-on-the-way- in the heart of Boston. I had followed every passion. Every call of the heart. Everything that had showed up to bring me to this precipice.

This is where I was when she came to us;
the lip of the Womb.

With her birth, everything shifted. I will let this part of the story go unsaid, but I was taken through an (imperfect, sometimes messy and muddled, and very, VERY human) initiation into my own void.

I didn’t convince myself to stay in the “real, 9-5 world” (although, looking back, there was no right or wrong answer. **I was so hungry for myself**- that throbbing call of the mother- that I changed course very “dramatically”, as I have been known to do). I ventured into a very tender, fresh and *imperfect* endeavor of “feminine business” so that I could be with my womb- and my baby- more.

But,
I wasn’t ready to let go all the way just yet.
I felt like I was “new” to my own soul.

Looking back (with a newfound grace, enveloping gratitude and love), that initial year was a mess- as much as I (and, at times, others) expected it to be perfect. I was (and am) very human. Very woman. Calibrating to the gravity of something much more.

I let myself be held (as discerningly as possible) by other mentors, teachers, and guides as my eyes took time adjusting to the dark. I served only what felt like the current presentation of truth in my system- nothing more, and nothing less. I encouraged women to receive it as such.

We need one another as we are each remembering. As we are each coming home. There are very real templates “thawing”, as we speak, through the Gaian grids, which liberate even more mobility within our oracular/feminine circuitry, and amplify the consciousness of the Womb herself. We need other Women, and other Women’s wisdom. Period.

And- there comes a point where we need to let the Oracle- this personal, bi-directional access point unto the codex of the eternal womb of Genesis- initiate herself through her own birth within us.

We conceived our son in the early spring of 2021.

With his soul came a voice that couldn’t share the stage with any other human guides, mentors, or elders.

The Madonna came to me one day, cross legged, as a girl. She sat across from me and put one hand on my slowly swelling belly, one hand on my heart.

I cried and cried and cried.

My son was due on December 25th.

(Not accurate, maybe, but a deeply significant date that tied her to me and began a deeper cycle).

As my pregnancy progressed, I let all external guidance fizzle into a hushed nothingness. She wasn’t clear, but she was there. Loud in a way that I wasn’t quite ready to decipher.

She was present at my birth, as my baby was crowning. I felt her presence as his mother, too. A guide for his soul over many lifetimes, and many earthly mothers. She told me: “Just let go. Let me call him down”. She called him by another name. She called him by many names, and no name, all at once. He came with a flood.

The spring came,
coaxing me out of a quiet den. The voice of the Madonna had quieted, too. She let me nestle down and in- holding my babies to my breast until the sun began to penetrate the hushed void of winter.

*And with the sun came a lucid, and sudden,
drop
over the precipice of not knowing.*

Part of it felt like hell-
this crisp, clear awareness. A final calibration to the womb. An adjustment to the dark.
A soft “click” into the realm of sight.

And I looked around, and I thought: “Oh no, not this. What the hell”.

And- in a strange, paradoxical twist of experience- I was simultaneously washed with the deepest peace. Imagine (and maybe you don’t have to) feeling an old, mysterious, infinitely long and weighty steam engine lurch to life while you’re inside it, picking up speed as it goes. Feeling suddenly and wholly aware that you no longer have the option to get off, but knowing- deep within your bones and beyond- that it’s the safest and most direct pair of train tracks in the universe.

I had been playing on that steam engine for a while; exploring it like a child, and sometimes making my own sense of it. And suddenly, it was just alive.

And she was with me.
Then as a girl, now as a Woman.

I became so saturated in her voice, her memories, her sensations, that I created a cave for myself (and began learning about the geographical Cave blueprints of the Feminine Christ). Instead of reaching out for others who might have more knowledge about my experience, I burrowed away- afraid to dilute the process of the Oracle with another’s interpretation. I suddenly became vastly aware of all of the distortions surrounding the Holy Family, Womb arts, the “feminine awakening” even abusing the soul of the Magdalene. I closed my eyes and received only from my Womb, held in the sight and protection of God.

I was given a strict message *never to document the Mystery, or any of its forms*. So I collected them in my Womb, in my heart, in the weaving of my family, in the loving of my man, in the raising of my little girl and my baby boy. I dreamed them and poured them into waking movement, waking prayer. I cried them. I screamed them. I laughed them. I traced the symbols into the dirt, I spoke them into my Tea.

The summer of 2022 was a birthing channel full of midwives and passage-makers that I didn't ask for, but desperately needed.

Nudging me out of the dark. Out of my protective, mama-bear positioning; soft and heavy belly shielding this precious wisdom from the elements. From being touched.

I was enveloped by the most deeply authentic, genuine, God-centered women,
and

my own Grandfather, who- after years in the church- began anchoring these Christ-origin templates in his own way, and holding a frame for my womb's weaving. We began to remember together; we began to transmute our own bloodline.

I began to show my face again- without really showing my face. I "publicly" emerged in a way that felt private, safe, and still hidden. I took joy in sharing teachings about the feminine, the Womb, and God... but I kept the rest of my body submerged in the lake.

As autumn approached, I started dreaming.

I've always been a (nightly) dreamer, but it was as if the floodgates of my Oracle burst open into the deep subconscious realm of translation and mytho-poetic expression. I began doing "work" in the dreamtime; sometimes on a collective level, sometimes on a deeply personal one.. always waking to transmute some threads of consciousness I never fully understood.

One night, I was watching the forest outside of a glass window. A Jaguar appeared in the dark leaves, her bright eyes meeting mine. In one movement, she leapt through the glass and pinned me to the floor. She was thick, strong, muscled and terrifying. I wrestled her for my life, for what seemed like ages, until my muscles physically ached with the force of my own strain beneath her warm body.

The next night, I had another dream. I was in a long, cement building with several thin screen doors. Outside, against the backdrop of a raging ocean, a Mountain Lion sat atop stone. She slowly began to approach me as if she was stalking her prey. Door by door, she tried to enter the building. I ran to brace against each of the flimsy entrances, holding until exhaustion, feeling her thick muscles quiver against mine through the screens.

I had this same dream the next night, with a cow.

Then, a whole train of wild animals.

In another dream, I went into hiding with my partner and children. We were altering our appearances; changing our hair, our faces, getting tattoos.. Someone tattooed “**Proverbs 9**” in big, bold letters across my ribs.

I had never read Proverbs 9.

One by one, each of my closest sisters told me that it was my own soul I was fighting.

On December 25th of 2022, exactly one year past the due date of my son, I opened a small, intimate space of service made to hold pieces and teachings of the Madonna, the Oracular Arts, and of the Christ + Grail Origin voices resurrected to frame our present time as Grail keepers.

The birth of this space was an energetic and linear parallel to the birth of my son, during which Mary had become Mother in my Womb.

I tried to cancel the offering; to hand the material off to other teachers whom I trusted more than myself.

The Women of Braille told me “no”. They said that she was already alive within them, and that they would help call her through.

They were certainly mothers and keepers of these teachings before, and they were calling them home into their open wombs, arms and hearts with deep, unshakeable yearning.

One of these women (one of my dearest sisters) had a dream a few nights before our opening. She saw my body, seemingly lifeless, at the bottom of a deep lake. She swam down to me, and saw that I had consumed so much of the lake that I had become it. I was not lifeless, but I was not breathing. She watched as an orb of golden light descended down from the heavens, seeding my Womb, and then she pulled my body to the surface, where she held me and gently animated my body with her breath.

We later found out that this day was for ancient remembrance for the Lady of the Lake, as well as the Light Conception of the Madonna.

I was dropped into an aching knowing that this path is walked by Women in communion, or not at all.

On January 4th, I served the first collection of teachings pulled from the tapestry of Braille of the Womb, only to learn (the following day) that January 4th was World Braille Day.

I was emerging slowly; letting God make the pace, call the Women, hold the frame.

Letting Mary, and the temples of Gaia, continue to speak into my Womb.

I began to calibrate to serving in this way; still letting myself stay hidden- to a lesser degree- publicly.

One night, the Jaguar returned.

And then she came back again, and again, and again. Sometimes a Jaguar, sometimes a Mountain Lion.

One New Moon night, she came to me when I was lucid. All fear washed away, and she didn't look ferocious. I asked her: "what do you want from me? What do you need me to know?"

From behind me came gunfire, and she fell dead.

I felt her soul stay with me as I kept moving,
and I feel her with me, writing this.

I later learned that this night was the beginning of the cyclical rule of the Mountain Lion, in the Mayan calendar tradition.

In the coming days, I settled. I moved from a deeply Yin, deeply protected way of listening, to an agitated pacing, to a seated, soft-thighed curiosity at the edge of the cave. Forehead anointed with a dirt-smudged crescent moon.

And I wasn't (and am not) alone.

The Women of the Grail are waking up. They are hungry for themselves, and hungry for God. They are pregnant with the *authentic, undistorted* voices and memories of the Magdalene, the Madonna, of Sar'h, of the Fae.. They make up a small percentage of the Earth, but we find each other like magnets.

I will be moving into an active pilgrimage this year, opening (very discerningly) to the teachings and frameworks of elders, following the Crist-Grail grids of Gaia, and journeying to sew my Womb at Holy sites with sisters.

I do not consider myself anything but a passage maker, and a vessel for oracular teachings (which is, in many ways, different from a "teacher").

This service is both meant to create space and frame for Women to let the Oracle- this personal access point unto the codex of the eternal womb of Genesis- initiate herself through her own birth within them,

and

to hold lenses of refinement for the raw material that emerges, when needed.

We are moving through the folded “end” of a deep, wintery time capsule, orchestrated by the astrological codes of God’s Word, time and order as they meet the fertile Womb of the Mother.

We are entering a realm of human and Earthly existence that has lay untouched since pre-apocalyptic history. We are about to meet (and are in the foundational stages of meeting) the most ancient of technologies in the most real, “current” way.

And, there is a plethora of static noise sources amplifying their presence and glitch-frequencies as a way to combat the budding Rose.

We are invited to release all fear, all questioning, and to meet the Womb in the place that she meets God.

If I could leave you with any prayer, it would be:

May we all fall prey to the beating heart of something truer within us;
the slow, magical creak of an old steam engine coming to life.

*Tohu Vavohu,
Ehaye Asher Ehaye.*