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And of Our Mother

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*myself to myself;
on that tree,
of which no one knows
from what root it springs.”*

“Yes. That is the word of All-Father Odin. We were being hurt by the witch called Heidi. She wished to destroy mankind. Odin saw no other way for us to be saved than to sacrifice himself on the majestic yew tree called *Yggdrasil*. He pierced his own heart with his own spear. Then, when he came back to life, he had with him a runic *godspell* that saves us all.”

“That is a beautiful story, Hilda.”

“It is a true story. It really happened.”

“I should know,” said Frälsare as he pulled his shirt from his belt and showed Hilda the wound in his side.

“My... my g-god Odin?”

“If that is what you wish to call me, yes. *I am*. The Beginning and the End. No one comes to the All-Father except through me.”

“Then... who are you?”

*“To Odin offered,
myself to myself;
on that tree...”*

“Will... you take me there, Frälsare? To the Tree?”

“I will. Look over there, Hilda.” Frälsare gestured with a nod. The girl turned her head.

“A cross... of wood?... *no! my dream!*”

“The Tree of Life, Hilda. Know that the one who believes in me, though found dead, yet shall live. Come. I have much to show you.”

And of Our Mother
by
David Sparenberg

If animals see and trust you
you are somebody
if sparrows rest
safely on your shoulders
if deer drink the silent
harmony of water from your palms
if the wolf with the lion
and the lamb walk beside you
if the bear brings you laughter, guidance
and wisdom of the medicine bundle and
eagle soars high overhead, miming
the narrative of new day
creation—then you are somebody:
beloved of our brother
the sun, our sister the moon
choreographing life's waters,
and of our Mother the Earth.

