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SHE-We-Eucatastrophe

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Online MidSummer Seminar 2025

More Perilous and Fair: Women and Gender in Mythopoeic Fantasy

August 2-5, 2024

Via Zoom and Discord

<https://www.mythsoc.org/oms/oms-04.htm>



SHE-We-Eucatastrophe

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She-We-Eucatastrophe*

(The House of Nesting)

by David Sparenberg

* *A term from Tolkien meaning joyous salvation emergent out of impending catastrophe.*

She elevates her hands. Her hands are pierced. Each piercing is an unhealed wound. The name of the wounds combined is Time.

She lifts her face. Her face is shining. The light is not light of the sun. The light is not light of the moon. Nor is the radiance showing that of the congregation of stars. The name of her light is Beauty.

She opens her eyes. In every degree of where she is centered, visions are given. In every direction, whatever there is she looks upon. Whatever she sees feels the enchantment of her looking and grows still and watchful toward her. The name of what her eyes behold is Wild. The name of the Wild is Prophecy and the only name given to Prophecy is Wheel. The name of the Prophetic Wheel is Circle of Life.

She opens her mouth. Her words come out in a fountain of tongues. Her word-tongues are smiles, as when mist rises in ascending dawn. Her word-smiles are vibrant with outpouring flowers. Air is filled with her breath breathing through her mouth, her nostrils, the statue of trees, heady moss, and floral perfume.

Her lips are full, sweet, her lips sensual. Her lips are delicate, refined over eons of giving and cleansing in prayers of balance. Her tongue is jeweled, speaking in golden pollen, talking emerald and ruby of hummingbird throats. The name of her words is Truth. The Truth she is telling is the Hoop of Creation.

Day passes into night. Night is appointed darkness. In the darkness dwells the light of night. Those who awaken to the light of darkness are handfasted to the night. They pray and are prayed with and prayed to. They sing songs, chant-songs, undoing the confusions of linear time.

Songs of the life of night around them sing with and sing to and sing through the people. The light that weaves through darkness, like a path of nocturnal passage, like the course of a dead water river, is endless. The name of the endless is Ecstasy. The name of Ecstasy is Mystery. The name of Mystery is Cosmic Dance. And that of the Dance Mandala is Silhouette of Fire.

Night passes into day. Day is appointed light. Profound is the gift of Daybreak Star. Night holds the light beyond darkness, day holds the shapes of brightness. Light is a lotus against stark transitions. Light is the mantra of a gentle dove. The dove of light is perched in a treetop place. The watcher intones the prayer-chants of Mercy.

The people of day wash their faces in the light of day. Their hands they bathe in the dew of morning, their feet in the rays of dawn. Together in rounds encircling trees and rocks and facing inward toward pools of water where wind in moods swings play over, the people of light pray and are prayed to. The people, washed and luminous, sing their songs of Daybreak, and they are sung to by shapes in the motion of light.

People, where she is, are handfasted to Joy. Joy is their name for Blessing. The name of Blessing is Freedom to walk upon the Earth without fear of hatred or violence. Not anxious to run away from here; no longer anguished and inclined to hide.

The Way of Freedom is Breaking the Betrayals of Time. The end of linear time is Cycles. The name of Cycles is Seasons. Through her (and with us), Earth is renewed. The renewing of Earth is called Eucastrophe. The name of Eucastrophe is Small by Humility. The name for Smallness is Nest. The name of The Nest is Home. We are here on this Earth, alive, in the House of Nesting.

Silver lining

by Kevan Kenneth Bowkett

Once
In the night
Love's heart got broken

So that

We each could find
One shard of Her,
To make our own,
To make our own selves with.