

Walpurgisnacht, Witches & Ancestors

[BY IVY LAINE](#)

The full moon, coinciding with Walpurgisnacht, has my entire being coursing with energy. It is my night, the night of the Witch. I have work to do.

The balefires burn bright as I welcome the ancestors. All are welcome, as long as they mean no harm. The Mystics, Seers, Wise Women, Village Elders, Healers, Shamans, Crones, and Sages all, come to warm themselves by the fire on this, a most special Walpurgisnacht. All accused as Witches, most were not. Their innocence didn't matter to those who held power.

An undesirable quality or, in some cases, a desirable one, was all it took. Once accused, reprieve rarely came to save you from the gallows, or the stake. You were condemned to hang or to burn. Their cries haunt the dreams of those of us who came after them.

Libations, poured in the fire, to quench their never-ending thirst. The flame lowers itself, strange indeed. Holding my breath, fearing I had offended somehow, the flame suddenly burns taller, brighter, hotter than ever. I exhale as I feel dozens of souls surrounding me. Murmurs whispered on the breeze, "Thank you for welcoming us to your hearth, child." I bow my head, not in servitude, but in reverence to them. I am humbled by the sheer number that has joined me.

Among them, those recently lost to the mortal coil. They aren't there for me, they're there for my beloved. He sits across from me, at my invitation, staring into the flames. Within them, beings as old as time itself. There is no mistaking the primordial wisdom that permeates the chatter.

***For long moments, I honor the full moon.
When the time is right, I release all
that doesn't serve me. Now, it is time
to begin the real work at hand.***

I step to the fire with sacred wood. Thanking the ancestors, the guides, and the divine that have joined me for their love, guidance, and protection. The wisdom they have bestowed upon me, over all these years, has been invaluable in my life. I catch movement out of the corner of my eye. My beloved has moved over and back, camera in hand, to take pictures as I drop the sacred wood into the flame.

Next, I take up the sacred herbs. Asking all assembled to continue to guide me on my way. Asking for protection for myself, my family, and my Witch-kin. One of whom is about to face the scalpel in barely more than a week. Asking for healing and compassion for all who need it. Times have become much more troubled since Walpurgisnacht last. As I rend the herbs to the fire, peace washes over me.

Now I sit by the fire alone. My husband, having returned our flock to the coop and brought our tiny fox dog in for the night, has retired inside. The fire continues to burn. I sit, listening to the wisdom of the ancients. The breeze turns hot from the flames as they regale and rejoice. The moon's rays touching my skin, I worry the words will be lost to me if I don't write them down. "Have you ever forgotten our words?" The voice is familiar and it wraps me in serenity.

Wild Woman, Witch, Seer, whatever you call yourself, or don't call yourself, doesn't matter. What does, is this. This is our time. Attitudes are shifting. To be a witch is no longer something to hide in the closet. We are out here learning, teaching, and supporting one another. Those of us who've walked the path for years, or even decades, have our hearths

and hearts open to you. We will help you find your way if you reach out to us.

A new dawn is rising. A dawn we have conjured and worked for tirelessly.

The Witch, the Wild Woman, she is rising. Standing tall in wisdom and protection. You are power. You are love. You are compassion. YOU are what the world needs right now. What it has always needed.

Remember who you are and claim it for all the world to see.

As the fire burns down I prepare to take my leave. Thanking those present once more. In the distance, I hear it. My heart leaps with joy at the sound. The lone howl of a ghost Wolf. She calls her pack to her as the embers fade. I bless her and my pack, for all they've shared with me.

The season of the Witch is upon us. Our work has only just begun to take shape. Stand beside your sisters, my sisters, as we forge the way to freedom for all.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

Wild Woman – How Do You Help Others If You Don't Heal Yourself?

Wild Woman, That Howl In The Night Is Singing You Home

Awaken, Woman & Set Your Wild Warrior Free!

I hope you will go out and let
stories, that is life, happen to you,
and that you will work with these
stories... water them with your
blood and tears and your
laughter till they bloom, till you
yourself burst into bloom.

Clarissa Pinkola Estés

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