

Calling the Mighty Dead of the Craft*

Mighty Dead of the Craft, we call you. We know you're standing with us. We feel your gaze, and your breath tingles our skin.



I call **Doreen Valiente**. You gave us the precious words that every Witch holds dear: "I am the soul of Nature that gives life to the universe." May these words carry meaning beyond our lives.



I call the bard **Gwydion Pendderwen**. In your too-brief life, you composed our "Pagan national anthem." "We won't wait any longer. We are stronger than before. We won't wait any longer. We are stronger" We come together to do strong work tonight.



I call **Raven Moonshadow**, the conjure man. Help us conjure up a just and joyful world for all.



I call **Judy Foster**. Your legacy lives in the glorious North altars, and your spirit walks with us in the streets. I call you by the name Calypso Iris. Come dance with us tonight.



I call **Victor Anderson**, grandfather to many. You once said, "White magic is poetry, and black magic is anything that actually works." We want your help to make pitch black magic tonight.



I call **Alison Harlow**. Your passion for fostering Pagan solidarity has made us stronger. Bring us your optimism tonight, Tana. Hear us and come.

Mighty Dead of the Craft, I call all of you. Come to the edge of the veil. Reach out. We're here. Join with our hands and hearts, and let us dance the endless spiral of renewal together.

Blesséd be.

* written for the 30th anniversary of Reclaiming's Spiral Dance Samhain ritual. Specific to Reclaiming at that time.