

Summoning the Ancestors

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Oh, mighty, many, myriad Ancestors, as we spiral in and out of time, we call to you.

You who first stood upright and walked the savannahs of Africa.

You who explored the inland waters of all the continents in curragh, canoe and kayak.

You who ventured out onto the open sea in triremes, galleons and long ships. You who crossed the middle passage in the bellies of slave ships.

You who learned to read the stars, to harness the trade winds, to ride the oceans' currents.

You who followed the reindeer and caribou beneath the Northern Lights. You who swept across the Great Plains with the thundering bison.

You who climbed mountains with goats, hunted with dogs, worshipped cat and crocodile, monkey, ibis, bear and eagle.

You who rode great distances on the backs of animal allies – the horse, the camel, the elephant.

You who gathered in the wild rice. You who planted wheat and corn, beans and squash, orchards of olives and apples. You who found the precious seeds that give us chocolate, dark and rich.

You who kenneled the healing properties of vines in the Amazon jungle, of roots and barks and mushrooms in the deep, dark forests, and of the flesh of cactus in the burning desert.

You who spun flax and wool, gifts of field and sheep, into garments both cool and warm.

You who shaped clay into pots; dug ore from Earth's depths and pounded metal into tools; painted cave walls.

You who clustered in the Fertile Crescent, in Sumer and Akkadia, erected cities and wrote laws.

You who built the Great Wall of China, the great pyramids along the Nile, the great passage graves in the Boyne Valley.

You who fashioned flutes from reeds, and drums from skins. You who danced and rhapsodized.

You who brought us every gift, it is your DNA that thrives within our bodies tonight. We thank you, dear Ancestors, and we bid you welcome.



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