



New Moon

The two are sitting outside on a darkened night under the new moon, one young with wonder and one old with knowledge. In the sky above the stars twinkle brightly while the wind plays little darting games as it comes from one direction to encircle the two then from another direction while the leaves of the trees sing their fluttering song. The night songs of animals and insects add to the beat of the leaves to create a symphony of love and comfort. A young voice adds to the song of the night asking, "Grandmother why does the moon hide?"

Smiling the old woman looks at the night sky and then at her granddaughter. With love in her eyes and voice she simply replies, "Child the moon does not hide, She is just empty."

"Empty of what Grandmother?"

Reaching out with hands that have touched and loved so many different people in her long life she pulls her little granddaughter to her lap and talks to her in a voice that was half speaking and half singing, "Empty of souls my little one."

"Souls grandmother?"

Holding the little girl closer the grandmother looks into the eyes of this little one, so innocent yet yearning for knowledge of all things. "Empty of souls," she replies.

"Inside of us dwells our souls, spirits, the essences that make us unique and beautiful. When our bodies die our soul leaves the husk of our physical self and flies upwards to the moon. There it sits patiently waiting for other souls to join with it.

"As more souls fly upwards to the moon it starts to grow more brightly with their magickal presence for all the people on Earth to see. Those who have lost ones they loved are able to look up at the moon and know their loved ones are on a new journey."

Looking with awe and love at her grandmother she simply asks, "What happens when the moon is full?"

"When the moon is full, little one, it is time for one last look at the souls of those who have moved onwards. Then the souls start to leave the moon on a new journey. As they leave the moon starts to darken as each soul takes their light with them, till the moon is dark and people have difficulty seeing Her but She is always there.

"But She is not dark for long for the light of other souls fly upwards to once again brighten Her surface. And the cycle continues as new souls fly upwards to the moon and then outwards so no one soul has to journey onwards alone."

Pausing before she speaks to think about what she has just heard and what it means, then with tremors in her little voice she asks, "Will your soul fly upwards too?"

Hearing the fear in the child's voice she smiles a smile as only grandmothers can smile then softly says, "Yes it will, and when it does know that I am looking down at you smiling with love and joy before I too will have to move onwards."

Pulling the little girl's head to her breasts she starts to rock back and forth singing the songs women without fear of men have sung to the moon for thousands of years asking the Goddess to look after this little one.

Soon the young one falls asleep, and shortly thereafter so does the old one.

The Goddess smiles and surrounds them both with Her love, "Soon little one you will journey to Me. Your grandchild will sing this moon song to her young and you will be forever remembered."

Bill Smith©

Adapter from a story I read many years ago but can no longer find, if my memory serves me correctly it is based upon an American Indian story.