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Ancestral echoings in the full moon

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At 10.00 pm pacific time on the night of the Beltane moon I walked into the darkening evening at my home in Courtenay on Vancouver Island seeking a glimpse of the supermoon full in the night sky. I'd heard this was the once a year event when the moon is closest to the earth, and I was hoping that the sky would be clear enough for me to have a lunar experience on this ancestral journey.

I saw the light reflection in the sky as I approached the wildlife habitat area at the lower end of our property. Turning towards the screen of trees bordering on the East I was rewarded by the brilliance of the full moon rising through broken cloud behind the trees. The chorus of frogsong echoed through the night air, the soft breeze blew across the long grasses, the newly leafed trees moved gently in the spring wind, and my moonshadow began to glow on the pathway.

The awesome presence of the full moon and the subtle awareness of beings seen/unseen absent/present with me in the dark/light, brought a realization of how my ancestors would have felt in this place, how comfortable they would have been out here in the moonlit dark shadowy night world. I saw how I was the stranger to this nature place, I was the intruder, this was not my environment. I belonged in the lighted homes of this community around me, the enclosed built spaces in which we make our homes. Becoming accustomed to the dark/light moon night my eyes adjusted to the shadowy spaces around me, my feet eased their way through the uneven tufts of grass, moss, shrub, rocks and earth around the watery habitat. As I drew near the frogsong suddenly ceased only to be replaced by sounds of habitation - a heat pump started up, my neighbour's electrically powered stream and pond gurgled away in the background, a car drove by on a nearby street.

Ancestral journeying through present time my body relaxed into the soft moondark, my breath easing me into the sacred space of my imaginings in the night. I am my ancestors, finding my way through this time, and in this moment acutely aware of the primal skills lost along the way, that would have served them well in navigating the wildlands with grace and ease. I yearn to enter the ancestral realm, to be at home in the natural world. I yearn for a body that would find comfort in a soft bed upon the grass, sleep peacefully under the night sky, washed with the lullaby of night creatures. I yearn to awaken to the songbirds' dawn chorus as the Eastern sky takes on the softer hue of pre-dawn light.

I remain, stilled by the awe, hushed by the nightsong. I feel the moonlight on me, caressing my form, casting my shadow, linking me to those whose lands these were long long ago. I breathe deep re-membering in my bones and my body. My heart softens opening to gratitude for the journey, for the ground of knowing, for the wild within and around me and for the life I know in this time.

The frogsong resumes and turning now back towards the buildings, I carry my moonshadow along the pathway home.