

Note on the Eve of Equinox -- September 21, 2001

The Goddess, in her capacity as my Higher Personal Travel Agent, has seen fit to send me jetting around a lot in the last week: Montreal, Burlington, New York, Madison, and Toronto. Tomorrow I head to DC. In all these places I've done some combination of political work, speaking, training or ritual. Here I just want to say a word about New York.

I was there last Sunday, September 16. With my friend Mary Marshall, I went down to the area as close as you could get to the World Trade Towers. There was an office for relief workers and on the windows and the neighboring walls, people had put mailing labels for people to write messages on. Almost all were messages of blessing, prayers, and peace. One or two mentioned war, but they were a small minority. There was a large crowd of people milling about in the sunshine: a New York Sunday outing by quiet and subdued. People lined up by the street where relief workers were walking out, to clap and cheer for them. It reminded me of an action, where supporters cheer the protestors getting out of jail. The crowd was truly diverse, all ages, races and classes.

Where the buildings once stood, the smoke was still swirling, as if the buildings themselves had been simply transformed into a pillar of smoke. I spent a long time just standing, watching, meditating. I felt like the smoke was full of the spirits of the dead, and they were whirling in a profoundly beautiful and solemn dance. And they seemed to be at peace. I could feel the love and sorrow and prayers of the whole country focused on them, and helping them, and they were okay. But I could also imagine that I heard them say, "Don't use our death as a weapon."

Then I went up to Central Park, met with some of our Reclaiming people there, and we held a short ritual in the park. We stirred a cauldron, spoke of what we were feeling, and danced a spiral. It was healing for people simply to get together and connect.

Now across the country I see a peace movement starting to build. As we feed and nurture this movement, I believe the dead are with us.

May this Equinox bring us back to balance, and strengthen the forces of justice and peace,

-- *Starhawk*

Copyright (c) 2001 by Starhawk. All rights reserved. This copyright protects Starhawk's right to future publication of her work. Nonprofit, activist, and

educational groups may circulate this essay (forward it, reprint it, translate it, post it, or reproduce it) for nonprofit uses. Please do not change any part of it without permission. Readers are invited to visit the web site: www.starhawk.org.