

The Touch of the Grandmothers

How a modern woman discovered lost, ancient teachings in the Sacred Feminine.



This is the story behind Misa Hopkins' book, Sacred Feminine Awakening, and how she recovered ancient teachings that had been asleep for over 100 years. They were given to her to give to you because the time is right, and the need is great, for all people to know how to awaken their limitless love.

▼▼▼ The Journey ▼▼▼

There is an African proverb that speaks to the inner journey perfectly:

“If you want to know the end, look at the beginning.”

As you enter into this true story with me, you might consider asking yourself the following question, “If I were to slow down, open my heart and observe quietly, what prayer might already be answered?”

You might want to write it down.

With this question in mind, let us begin.

I was praying for a Feminine Path of Enlightenment, something that would deeply resonate with me as a woman. While I respect the Goddess paths, and in fact, respect all paths that lead to the Divine, I was looking for something that was right for me. Somehow I knew the right path would carry me quickly and perfectly into the heart of the Divine. I knew it existed somewhere, I just didn't know where.

Typically, when I set an intention to learn something spiritually, a teacher comes fairly immediately. That happened when I decided I wanted to know more about the Cherokee healing ways.

My mother was part Cherokee, and it had been an unexplored part of her life. When I spontaneously sang to her a Native song I had never heard and watched her heal, I was inspired to discover more about our Native roots.

Within a few short months of setting an intention to study with a Cherokee medicine teacher, I was sitting in medicine circle with my new teacher, as she immersed us in the world of Cherokee history, healing, and ceremony.

Even though I had been able to quickly attract a teacher previously, nothing was happening when I asked for a Feminine Path of Enlightenment, or so I thought.

▼▼▼ The Unexpected ▼▼▼

I remember the day I received the call. A friend of mine called to tell me I needed to come over to her home because she had received a medicine object and knew it belonged to me. It's not unusual for someone to receive a medicine object and to hold it for someone else, without ever using it themselves.

Familiar with this custom, I thanked her for letting me know. Since I had some experience reading the energy of objects, I decided it would be good for me to see for myself if I was to be the care-taker of this sacred piece.

I told her, I'd like to come see it, and meditate with it to see if I got the same impression—that it was supposed to come home with me. She said, "Fine," as in "I already know, but go ahead and check it out for yourself." At the time I didn't realize how skilled she was in receiving messages from objects.

The sacred object was a huge stone medicine bowl in the shape of a womb. I had barely gotten into the yard of my friend's home when I could hear it yelling at me that it was going home with me. Clearly, she was right, so after a few minutes with the bowl, I thanked my friend, and brought the bowl home with me.

I wrapped it up in soft cloth and placed it in my bedroom underneath my sewing machine table. I now realize I must have felt a bit intimidated by its power because even though

the bowl was quite clear that it was going home with me, I made the assumption I was keeping it for a medicine woman I had not yet met.

That bowl stayed under my sewing table for about two years before a friend finally explained to me that the bowl had been passed on to me so that I could revive the ancient ceremonies once offered around that bowl.

The tears welled up as I realized I was hearing the truth. This was not the first time I had been called to bring back ancient teachings and ceremony. Years before, Cherokee ancestors on the other side of the veil had called me to bring back the sacred ceremonial practice of Song Quest.

▼▼▼ **The Vision** ▼▼▼

With my elder's support, I allowed the visions to come through and did indeed bring the ceremony back to life. So here I was with a medicine bowl that held the secrets of yet another set of practices and ceremonies to revive.

The very first ceremony the bowl showed me was a Full Moon Ceremony for women. With the bowl and the ceremony came four beautiful Grandmothers—who had, over hundreds of years and generations of women, developed a tradition of ceremonies and practices in the Sacred Feminine.

I am primarily clairaudient, so I heard the Grandmothers before I saw them, and they began to reveal to me the ceremonies they wanted me to pass on to you. Along with the ceremonies came meditations and practices for, as they put it, "shedding the limited body to become the limitless self."

I laughed at myself when I realized what I had done. The object that could lead me to the answer to my prayer about a Woman's Path of Enlightenment had been sitting under my sewing table for two years, while I continued to ask! My prayer for a Woman's Path of Enlightenment had actually been answered almost as soon as I had said the prayer.

Since I loved offering ceremonies I was eager to discover what this Full Moon Ceremony was all about. As far as I knew at that time, everything centered around the ceremonies the Grandmothers were teaching me. Now, they were wise teachers. They only taught me what I asked to know. In this way, I wouldn't become overwhelmed too quickly.

So it was a few years before I asked the questions that helped me realize the ceremonies were the reflections of a central meditation practice that takes us into the very heart of the Sacred Feminine.

▼▼▼ The Gift ▼▼▼

Before we talk about that meditation practice, I want to tell you about one of our earliest Full Moon ceremonies, because it provided wonderful insights about the power of these rituals. Where I was living, we had been experiencing a drought for many years.

However, it seemed we were experiencing more rain in the area since we had been doing the full moon ceremony. As I prepared for ceremony, I wondered if our ceremony might be affecting the weather. Since, I had a great deal to do, I let the thought go and finished my preparation to receive the women.

In those days, the medicine bowl was in a special place in our yard, where the women could easily gather around it under the moonlight. The ceremony began with a talking circle and since it was a chilly night, we started the ceremony in my living room where we could be warm and the women would not feel rushed because of the cold night air.

When it was time to go outside to the water bowl, we put on our coats and wraps and I sent the women out ahead of me. I stepped over the threshold and closed the door, looking up at the clear night sky. Within seconds, seemingly out of nowhere, it began to rain. We continued our ceremony, giving thanks for the much needed rain. The rain seemed to respond as it turned into sleet and finally into hail.

We finished our prayers quickly and raced into the house. I made sure that everyone had gotten inside ahead of me, and as I placed my foot on the threshold of the door, the hail stopped—instantly.

I couldn't have received stronger confirmation. Indeed, the bowl, and no doubt our ceremonies, had something to do with bringing balance and nourishment to the Mother through rain.

▼▼▼ **The Womb** ▼▼▼

The water that flows across the womb of Mother Earth, the water that flows in the physical wombs of women and the energetic wombs of men is all connected to the womb of creation—the womb from which all life was born. This womb has also been called the chalice, the vessel, the grail, and space.

Space is the dark, limitless vastness from which life is born, like super-novas, planets, meteors, moons, suns, and all life. The Chinese called the vast, limitless, dark womb—yin energy. Today many of us call it Sacred Feminine.

As I began to explore the womb in my meditations the Grandmothers took me back to a mystical experience I had some years before in Egypt. I had not yet put the pieces together, so they helped me understand how the mystical experience was directly related to our sacred relationship to the womb.

When I was in Egypt, I became the womb of all creation. I was the dark, still, endlessly loving space or womb of the Sacred Feminine for about 24 hours.

During that time, I could barely walk or even speak. Movement and words seemed like such a huge effort. I was vast, endless, and timeless. I was love, pure love, but a slow, steady, enduring love. Not a hot, fast or passionate love. I felt all of life within me and directed nothing. I only Held, all that was, is, or could be, in my awareness. It was a very powerful experience, as you can imagine.

As the Grandmothers helped me open my mind and heart to this space once again, and Held me in their love, this is what they explained. The Sacred Feminine by its nature is the womb that Holds life. It Holds all of life. And it Holds all of creation and all of the potential for creation in limitless love.

In the womb we rest. In the womb we are accepted as we are. In the womb we are Held in our suchness, without expectation that we need to change, fix, or do anything. We are loved because we exist.

When we Hold ourselves in the limitless love of the Sacred Feminine we return to the womb of our creation. In that space where we are loved as we are, limited beliefs and

feelings can finally release and die a natural death. When this happens the light of our true selves emerges in the loving expression of our original intentions.

What I discovered through the ceremonies and meditations with the Grandmothers is that Holding is the central practice that takes us into the very heart of the Sacred Feminine. This is the sacred energy of unconditional love, and in that love you are reborn in the expression of the Sacred Masculine – the hot, bright, light of blissful expression.

My life has changed forever because these beautiful Grandmothers on the other side of the veil, and how they touched my life and brought an answer to my prayer. They perfectly embodied the true nature of the Sacred Feminine, as they Held me in their love through every up and down in my process of discovery.

I have never felt judged. I have never felt alone. *I have felt* entirely accepted and loved, as I am, in each moment.

▼▼▼ **The Invitation** ▼▼▼

It is my delight to love you as I have been loved—to Hold you in your journey of discovery in each moment of your awakening. I invite you to be Held by the Grandmothers—the four Grandmothers of this path—to be Held with respect and love for all that you are.

I hope that you will join us in learning the ancient healing and manifesting practice of Holding yourself, and as you become strong in Holding yourself, then Holding others, in the great healing and reviving love of the Sacred Feminine.

Thank you for sharing this time with me and listening to my story. Perhaps, in light of what I have shared, you would like

to ask yourself once again, "If I were to slow down, open my heart and observe quietly, what prayer might already be answered?"