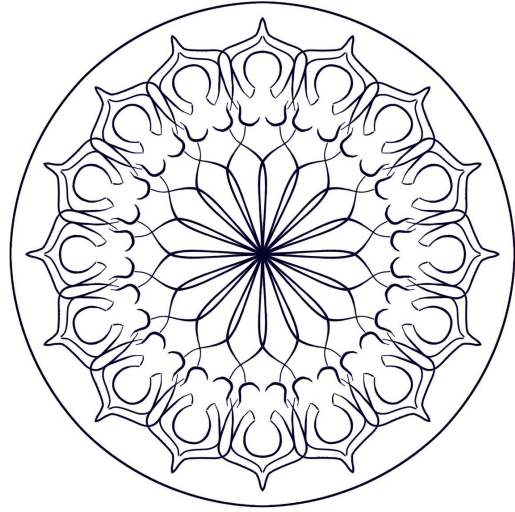


Reminders for #30DaysofGoddess

1. Keep it simple.
2. Keep it small.
3. Keep it nurturing/personally meaningful.
4. Trust the joy and yourself.
5. Keep your promises to yourself.
6. Commit to a daily practice of some kind.
7. Follow the inspiration.
8. There is no behind and no right way! (Really!)
9. Trust the Goddess/the Sacred to show up in some way, every day.
10. Remember: *you are your own sacred space*. At any time at any place, no matter what you've missed or skipped, or want to catch up with, you can lay a hand on your heart and come home to yourself. Center yourself back into presence, feel the pulse of the sacred that connects you to it all, and remember that you belong.



Brigid's Grove

Prompts

1. Plant
2. Incubate
3. Cultivate
4. Touch
5. Color
6. Tend
7. Fertile
8. Leaf
9. Hatch
10. Grace
11. Change
12. Story
13. Glide
14. Burgeon
15. Flare
16. Free
17. Flower
18. Awaken
19. Extend
20. Merge
21. Optimal
22. Pause
23. Flourish
24. Illuminate
25. Fly
26. Settle
27. Integrate
28. Vitality
29. Thrive
30. Bless
31. Begin

I am always held
in the present
moment, there is
nothing I must
do to earn this
belonging.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



May we be
tender with our
humaneness,
our finite and
fragile forms

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I emerge with
strength. I emerge
with trust. I emerge
with grace. I
emerge with my
own power held
lightly in my open
hands.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



We need only to
reach out our
awareness, even
just a little, to
discover that the
sacred is here,
now, right where
we are.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I reach out and
connect with
the miracle and
magic of this
day.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I know peace
in body,
mind and
spirit.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



Allow yourself to
be held in this
breath, in this
moment, within the
great, grand web of
incarnation to
which we all
belong.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



There are dreams
that whisper
tentative, yet
insistent, it is time
to coax them out
into the sun.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I am brave
enough to listen
to the quietest,
softest, slowest
parts of my self.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I renew my
spirit through
daily
practice.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I collect bits of magic
and fragments
of story,
unwritten poems
and wisps of dreams,
and with them I
weave a cloak of
wholeness.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



My prayers and
practices create a
sanctuary, a place
of belonging and
trust to which I
can return over
and over again.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



May we choose
to be tender
whenever
possible, with our
lives, our loves,
our hearts, our
hopes.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I watch and
wonder, I pause
and connect, I
drop within to
listen to what
lies beneath.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



There is a
steady current
of magic that
runs beneath
the everyday.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



I spread my
arms wide and
leap into the
broad
unknown.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



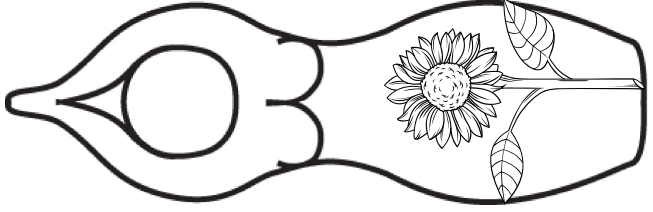
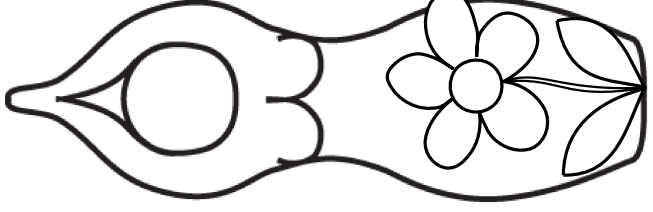
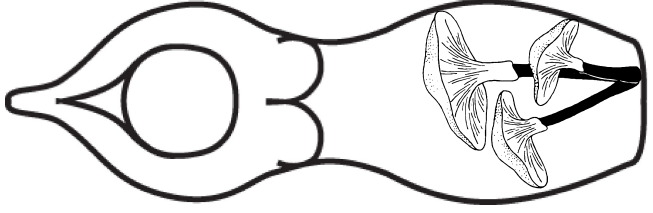
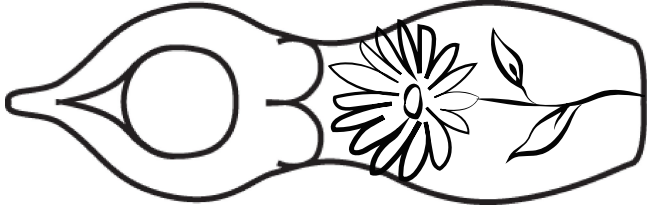
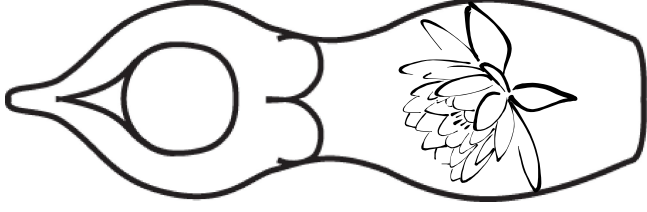
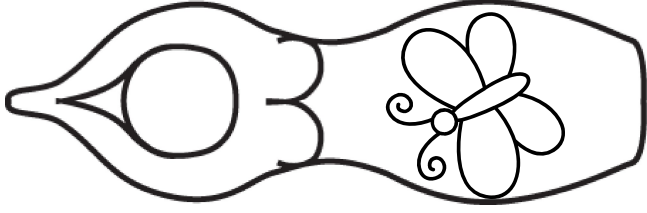
I attend to the
present moment,
witnessing with
joy, celebrating
with love, sitting
with mystery.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration

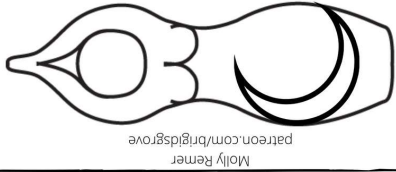


There are many
paths to follow,
mine is goddess
guided and
moonstained,
strewn with magic
and alive with
purpose.

Molly Bremer, pattemon.com/illustration



On a broad earth,
beneath the wide sky,
let us root deep into
our purpose, feeling
our wildest prayers
germinate and grow
until they rise up full-
throated under a
warm sun, aching to
bloom.



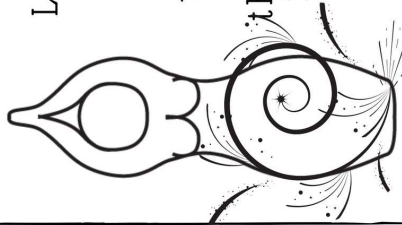
Molly Remer
patreon.com/brigidsgrrove

I am surrounded by the
magic of place, the things
that fly, the sky, the sun,
my own two feet, the air I
breathe, the water I drink,
my pulse that beats, the
dreams I dream, the life I
weave. It is all nourished by
the magic of place.



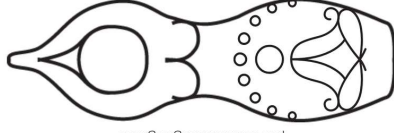
Molly Remer
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Let us hold our dreams
close to our hearts,
letting them feel how
our pulse beats for
them. Let us blow our
warm breath upon
them until we feel them
ignite and blaze their
way into being.



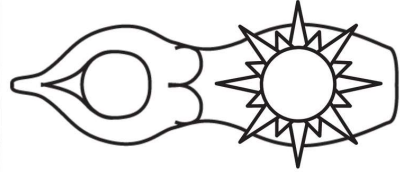
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We are here to collect
our own bits of
magic, to write our
own lines into the
World Story, to look
into the heart of
mystery with brave
and shining eyes.



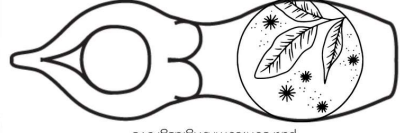
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Goddess, I am open
to your presence. I
am open to your
power. I am open to
your peace. Please
renew my spirit and
guide my way.



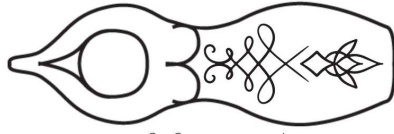
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My prayers and
practices create a
sanctuary, a place
of belonging and
trust to which I
can return over
and over again.



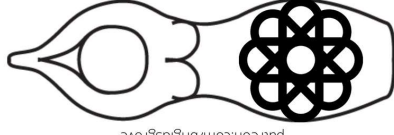
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Here we lean into the
blooms, blossoms, and
promises of the year. Here
we collect our resources
and leap into opportunity,
potential and possibilities
sprouting up all around us.
Here we learn anew what
we need to thrive and how
we must choose with grace
and trust with heart.



Molly Remer
patreon.com/brigidsgrove

May we explore new
paths and old stories.
May we explore brave
dreams and bold
possibilities. May we
explore the terrain of
our own lives, courage
in our steps and magic
in our eyes.



Molly Remer
patreon.com/brigidsgrove

We may feel tentative and tender,
we may feel scarred and scared,
we may feel that we have lost too much
to try again.
And, yet, no matter what,
there is a summons,
a song upon the air,
an irresistible calling,
a yearning that guides us up and out
of our waiting place
and back into the sun
blinking in the brightness
as we emerge to take our place
once more
on this delicate and determined
world to which we all belong.



Molly Remer
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In daily practice, we
grow our faith, our
trust in the sanctity of
now, the holiness of
our own lives, the
sacredness of presence,
the reality of
inhabiting a goddess-
centered life.



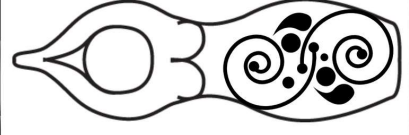
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It is time to find those dreams,
the ones you folded up
and left underneath
a pile of to-do lists and shoulds.
It is time to excavate those truths,
the things you buried deep
behind how you ought to be.
It is time to recover the splinters
of your attention
scattered on the winds
of what to buy
and how to think.
It is time to reclaim your magic,
the power that pulses at the center
and moves your feet to dance
beneath the moon.



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You are surrounded by
the touch of the
sacred. The earth you
walk on. The air you
breathe. The water you
drink. Your heart that
beats. There is the
touch of the sacred in
all things.



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