

My Gods

By Peter Freeman

I was 13 years old when I had a deeply profound experience. I don't remember the circumstances; I don't remember what brought it on. All I remember is this overwhelming feeling that I had the Love of the Divine. A deep abiding love that would always be with me. It didn't matter if my actions were such that I could never enter the divine presence. The love, once given, could never be lost. Even now when almost 50 years have gone by, I cannot think of this experience without emotion.

I am not a Christian. Since I was old enough to look at the stars I knew that the Hebrew God was not mine. The Gods I connect with are the Gods of my Welsh forefathers before the conversion (To Christianity). This is how I connect:

I walk through the trees and connect with the wild God of the forest. I breathe his air and see the wonders around me.

I stand by the sea and remember Manawyddan ap Llyr. I see his power and draw strength from the wild beauty of the waves.

I stand by the graves of my parents and grandparents knowing they dwell in Annwn in the halls of Arawn and hear again the wisdom of Bendigeidfran. Resting until they once again enter the Cauldron of Rebirth.

I see the pattern of my life as it has unfolded. A series of events, seemingly random at the time but, looking back, there were no accidents. Everything led to where I am now. Then I think of Arianrhod in her castle of glass, spinning the web of life. Each thread having its own path interconnecting with every other thread. Each thread a part of the greater whole.

Many more come to mind in the course of a life filled with wonder. The Goddess Ceridwen, guarding her Cauldron of Inspiration. Waiting to see if I have the audacity to drink of the Awen. Rhiannon on her great white horse ready to sacrifice all for truth, honor and the care of her child

.Everywhere I stand, everywhere I look I see evidence of my Gods. Evidence that exists in the Trees on my street and the sound of the Birds in the morning. A phrase that resonates with me comes from the holy Book of the Hindu, the Bhagavad Ghita. "If you can see me in all things and see all things in me, then you will never lose sight of me and I will never lose sight of you."

If the Christian Bible were left out in the wind and rain it would be destroyed. My Bible IS the wind and rain.

When I connect to my Gods in prayer and invocation I do not kneel. I do not bow my head and close my eyes. The Gods who made iron, the Gods who send the wind and the storms did not make

slaves. Neither do they wish to be worshipped by such. I stand with my hands open and my eyes up towards the sky. I honor but I do not worship. I connect not genuflect.

I have heard it said that the road to Heaven is straight and narrow and the road to Hell is wide and smooth. I follow neither road. I connect to my Gods in a celebration of life on a long and winding road. I do not know what is around the next bend but my life is filled with joy, laughter, wonder and magic.

And the magic never dies.