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RETURNING
with Rebecca Campbell

**A PODCAST TO RETURN
TO THE WISDOM WITHIN**

Available on



THE MYSTIC ALWAYS RISES

Episode Transcript

Hey, it's Rebecca, and welcome to Returning, a podcast to return to yourself and the wisdom within. I'm so glad you're here with me.

Today on Returning, The Mystic Always Rises. A poem from my book, Rise Sister Rise. And it's on page 151, if you'd like to read along.

The Mystic Always Rises.

As she let her soul sing, she let go of lifetimes of silenced truth missiles cemented in the deepest caverns of her soul. A voice snubbed out for centuries for saying too much, for standing up too much, for being too much.

Her Shakti and wisdom restrained for centuries, but not anymore. She could not be locked away, muted, restrained or contained any longer. Not now. Not ever again.

As she let her spirit move her, she danced right through the flames. Resentment, anger and rememberings stomped out with every blazing convulsion, sway and kick.

The movement created space for their tears, which flowed deeper than all of the lakes they were submerged in through all of the ages. Soothing and healing the burnings that once enveloped her bodies. All of their bodies. All of our bodies.

Never forgetting. But still rising, just as she planned to. Just as we planned to. Sensing her in the distance, one by one her sisters joined in, knowing this dance by heart. Standing taller from all those who came before and those who choose to come again. Who had lived through the story of her fall, now returned to watch her rise.

Rise, Sister, rise.

Hmm. This poem really came flooding through me while I was writing this book, Rise Sister Rise. And while I was writing this book, it really was a reclamation of an ancient voice within me, but also, I think within so many of us that had been lost or silenced or forgotten. Personally the journey of finding my voice, and even more than finding my voice, gathering the courage to share my voice and to trust my voice has been such a huge one. I received very clearly, like, a vision of the work I do now, and I knew that I'd have my voice out in the world. And, yet, it petrified me. And a big part of my healing journey from a soul perspective and probably ancestral as well, has been the reclamation of my feminine power, the reclamation of trusting my inner wisdom. And just as powerfully, if not more, gathering the courage to allow myself to be seen and to share that wise, unrestrained feminine force that is within me and I believe within all of us.

Personally with my ancestry, you know, a lot of it is of European descent. And, you know, I grew up in Australia and was called back to these lands of Europe from the moment I finished school. And it's felt like I've been, like, retracing the steps of my ancestry. And in many ways, and particularly the town I live in, in Glastonbury, at the moment is this town which is really built and steeped in deep reverence to the Goddess, deep reverence to the feminine. And I want to clarify, when I say the feminine, I mean the feminine force, the divine feminine that exists within all of us. And, you know, I've started to refer to the sacred. Instead of being as God, I do resonate with the name God, but I tend to use Great Mother or Goddess even more. And the reason for that really is until the feminine is reclaimed and embraced in that way, I will continue to do that. But it is not, I don't see it as just being something that's within female identifying bodies.

But yeah, so this reclamation of the wise one, of the midwife, of the witch, of the crone, of the elder, of the powerful feminine force, of the mystic has been a huge part of my work. And it is really what I am speaking to in this poem, The Mystic Always Rises.

I am a big believer in as each one of us allows ourselves to be seen, as each one of us reconnects to that potent wisdom within, as each one of us reconnects to the cyclic nature of our true nature, and of all of nature. As each one of us embraces autumn and winter just as much as spring and summer, as each one of us shares our voices, each one of us allows ourselves to be seen, as each one of us reclaims and embodies our power. As each one of us heals our mother line wounds, as each one of us heals a sister wound, and so many more actions. But as each one of us does these things, little by little, we have no idea of the impact that we're having collectively. And I do believe and, I know this from personal experience, observing others as well as the other way around, as each one of us gathers the courage to mend what has been severed and allow the voice to be seen and heard, it makes it easier for the next one to do the same.

I clearly stand on the shoulders and the courageous work of generations and generations of women who came before me. So really honoring them and honoring us and honoring you for

having the courage to be seen and witnessed and heard. And so I really do believe that the mystic always rises. That the wisdom is within each and every one of us. And that this period that we're living in is one of great change. And what is needed is a paradigm shift. And I think that we need to move from the linear mind into the mystical mind. And so may the mystic within you always rise.

And so The Mystic Always Rises is from my second book, Rise Sister Rise. You can find out more about Rise Sister Rise at risesisterrise.com. And I've also got a really beautiful chant of the same name that you'll find on there too, if you would like to explore it.

I'm curious about how The Mystic Always Rises lands in you. And as always, I'm holding you in my prayers.