

# CROW MOON



Lucy H. Pearce

# Crow Moon

reclaiming the wisdom of the dark woods

Lucy H. Pearce



Womancraft Publishing

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*5% of royalties from this book is shared between the Glenbower Woodland Trust and TreeSisters.*

# Praise for Crow Moon

*Powerful, stunning, and transformative writing.*

**Mary Lunnan, author of six books including *The Powerful Voice of the Quiet Ones* and *Your Compass Rose Speaks***

*Like breadcrumbs along the path, Lucy Pearce sprinkles stories, images, and insights about the crow as she leads us deeper into the dark woods of our imagination in search of our authentic selves.*

*This is a book to meditate on and nest in, often. It is filled with the everyday magic of life.*

**Mary Reynolds Thompson, author of *Reclaiming the Wild Soul* and the forthcoming *The Way of the Wild Soul Woman***

*In a similar way to how Clarissa Pinkola Estés revealed to us the magic of the wild wolf, Lucy Pearce and the stories of women in this book bring alive the archetypal Animal Queendom medicine of the Crow an enchanted mirror to show us who we really are and how not to be afraid of the mystery of darkness, so we can heal at a soul level and reconnect to who we were born as, before our conditioning.*

**Nicole Barton, founder of the Archetypal Apothecary Mystery School and host of The Secret Witch Show**

*Crow Moon is a book of talismans. In its polyvocal narrative all singing and cackling together, and in Lucy Pearce's deft weaving, the book is rich with dark, fertile doorways. Crow Moon calls you to the magic of the winged and whispering. Trust that your longing heart will find a home here.*

**Risa Dickens, co-author of *Missing Witches: Reclaiming True Histories of Feminist Magic* and *New Moon Magic: 13 Anti-Capitalist Tools for Resistance and Re-Enchantment*** *A fascinating, challenging, enchanting flight through the raven-dark heart of the wilds, what it is to be lost and to find oneself.*

**Sarah Robinson, author of *Yoga for Witches*, *Yin Magic* and *Kitchen Witch***

*This book feels like a fever dream, In a good way. In the way that fevers break patterns of pathology and allow the healing crisis to emerge. It reminds me of the health crises of those medieval female mystics. The Hildegards, the Julians, the Teresas of Avila, the Catherines of Sienna, cartographers of the female dark night of the soul. Lucy H. Pearce has drawn us a map, a 21st century GPS, to our essential selves.*

**Gina Martin, author of the *When She Wakes* series**

# Also by Lucy H. Pearce

## Books

*The Kitchen Witch Companion: Recipes, Rituals & Reflections* (with Sarah Robinson, Womancraft Publishing, 2023)

*She of the Sea* (Womancraft Publishing, 2021)

*Medicine Woman: reclaiming the soul of healing* (Womancraft Publishing, 2018)

*Full Circle Health: integrated health charting for women* (Womancraft Publishing, 2017)

*Full Circle Health: 3-month charting journal* (Womancraft Publishing, 2017)

*Burning Woman* (Womancraft Publishing, 2016)

*Moon Time: Living in Flow with your Cycle* (Womancraft Publishing, first edition 2015; third edition 2022)

*Reaching for the Moon: a girl's guide to her cycles* (Womancraft Publishing, 2015)

*Moods of Motherhood: the inner journey of mothering* (Womancraft Publishing, 2014)

*The Rainbow Way: cultivating creativity in the midst of motherhood* (Soul Rocks, 2013)

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“If you don’t go out in the woods nothing will ever happen and your life will never begin.”

Clarissa Pinkola Estés

Signed copies of *Crow Moon* are available now from

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with bonuses available for those who pre-order directly from the publisher before February 12, 2024.

*Crow Moon* launches on March 1, 2024.



# Crow Moon

Come with me. We'll leave the busy main road behind, where the warm glow of streetlights illuminates the chill evening air. Pull your coat warmly around you and watch your step as we walk downhill into the gloaming. There are loose rocks on the path, and places where the tree roots might catch you unawares.

The woods are quiet. It is just us.

We walk to the bridge over the river. The dark water catches the silver of the rising full moon. The sky turning from pale grey to mauve to pitch black before our eyes.

All is still. And silent.

Our breath makes clouds. Hands dug deep in pockets. Eyes scouring the darkening sky. Hearts beating in our ears.

We wait. Wondering if we are too late.

Too early.

Waiting. Waiting.

Losing faith.

But this is not a moment governed by the clock. It has its own internal timing. A confluence of unseen forces. You must be patient. Stay alert. Your feet grow numb, your senses sharpen.

Then comes the shift. Barely perceptible but nevertheless there.

The dimming light stirs.

Suddenly the sky overhead is alive. From east and southeast, west and northwest, large black birds fly, travelling in their groups of hundreds, swirling, cawing, interweaving, dancing a greeting in the air. The sky is thick black feathered. We watch in awe as they combine and dissipate above our heads, as though we are lying on the bottom of the ocean, looking up at the surface world. Then, without signal or warning, they circle the heart of the wood and land in hidden roosts.

Silence falls once more.





# Lockdown

I have always been fascinated by birds. Always watched them. Sought to know more about them. As a child I was a member of the Young Ornithologists Club and spent hours of my youth watching them on the bird-feeder, absorbed in their movements, enjoying their company more than that of the noisy children around me. When I was eight, our teacher found a fallen baby jackdaw and we took it in turns to bring it home in a box and feed it with cat food overnight. When I was eleven, we were set a hedgerow project, where we had to observe a hedge for a full year and see what birds and animals came and went, to note how it changed with the seasons.

With young adulthood came study, travel, work and early motherhood in quick succession, and I was too busy navigating the pressing complexities of my own life to stop and watch the birds in open-mouthed wonder and delight.

And then the pandemic hit. The outer world ground to a halt. Busyness evaporated. The streets were empty. We were locked down, our world curtailed. An ominous new order threatened. One that required masks and social distancing, tests and isolation. Death was omnipresent. The future shrouded in bleak uncertainty. The news each day started with the number of deaths, proclaimed by the newsreader in a solemn voice. The world changed in a scary way. Suddenly and all at once, as though a dark dystopian tale had come to life.

We were cut off from friends and family. From most of the things that kept us busy, that gave life pleasure and meaning, that drove us mad and kept us sane.

Simultaneously, in the places where human life once dominated, wildlife began to assert itself. The pictures of a herd of deer trotting down the main street of a small English town and happily grazing on the grass outside an east London housing estate were something I will never forget.<sup>1</sup> It didn't take long before a greater balance was restored: outside and within ourselves. Previously plane-trailed skies were pure blue, humans could no longer fly: we were grounded. The usually quiet woods and car-filled country lanes were full of walkers and the soundtrack to our days was not the endless drone of engines but birdsong, their waking and roosting marking time.

It was a strange time when two futures seemed to co-exist: a dark technological fascist state of checkpoints and vaccine certificates – patriarchy squared – or a future where humans lived smaller lives, more embedded in their local communities, where ecosystems could flourish, where we could co-exist with the wild, where we baked bread, grew vegetables, checked in with each other and really meant it, and lived at

a slower, gentler pace. A world where we no longer rushed everywhere but took our time. A world where we could pay attention to the birds, and to everyday magic.

The crows had always been there. They weren't new to me or to our area. In fact, they are probably the bird I see most often: in newly planted fields, rooting in bins next to fast food restaurants, prowling city centre pavements, strutting on beaches, in gardens, perched on the side of the motorway waiting for roadkill, stationed on my chimney pot and calling at five a.m.

Maybe that is it: they are so omnipresent that they become invisible. Hidden in plain sight. So everyday as to be unremarkable.

And so it was entirely by chance that I came across the crows one late afternoon walk on the furthest edges of my five-kilometre lockdown zone. Chaffing my limits, longing for freedom.

One moment I was just walking in the woods.

The next... Crow Moon.

I needed to understand what had just happened.

## Lockdown Reflection

*“In the year of lockdown, I woke one morning to the sound of a soft caw and to see two ravens stripping bark from the she-oak outside my bedroom window. I watched as they flew back and forth with bark, twigs and any fluff they could find to prepare their nest in the tall gum opposite. In that strange and liminal time, this felt like a reminder of what was real, of what really mattered.*

*In my walks around the neighbourhood, I became aware of over a dozen raven nests in just a few suburban blocks. I was suddenly gifted raven feathers in my garden. One was even left on my doorstep. I noticed that the common perception of ravens as aggressive seemed false and that, unlike their corvid cousins the magpie and currawong, the little ravens that thrive in Melbourne were instead quite shy and skittish birds. I watched the gentle intimacy they had with each other and eagerly but unsuccessfully waited to spot the fledglings. I had to wait months before I saw the young families stepping out. Most of the couples had one youngster but ‘my’ raven couple had two to introduce to the world.*

*I am so grateful for that year of raven magic. I know now that when the first wattles bloom after Winter Solstice that I’ll be seeing ravens with beaks full of twigs. I now often dream as Raven, my shoulder blades stretching into wings and my gaze narrowing to pointed focus. That soft caw of a lockdown morning is now woven into the soundscape of home.”*

**Linda Ruff**

# A Blessing of Crows

I set about researching what I had observed. The first thing I discovered was that these black birds I had seen in the woods were not in fact crows... but rooks! How had I lived more than forty years not knowing the difference between them?

It is a common mistake to make, it seems. Crows, rooks, ravens and jackdaws are all members of the crow family (*Corvidae*) and live everywhere on the planet except for Antarctica. These medium to large black birds are often interchangeable at a distance (and close-up to the non-expert eye). They tend to be generically referred to as crows, a convention that I will continue in this book. But when I am talking about observations in nature, I will reference the different species.

I learned that crows (in the US) and rooks (in the UK and Ireland where I live) gather together to create winter nesting sites, often in urban woods or parklands, in order to stay safe and warm. Tens of thousands of birds – the largest roost ever recorded in the US had two million birds! – come together from their various feeding patches, many miles away, stopping off at intermediary staging posts along the way to gather in ever-greater numbers on rooftops, treetops and telephone wires. As dusk falls in the coldest months of the year, these groups flock, dancing together in the air and calling noisily before settling into the tall trees to roost for the night. Come first light they disperse once more.

I had instinctively called what I had witnessed a “Crow Moon”, and on researching the term learned that in America the full moon in March is called a Crow Moon because the increased activity of crows indicates the arrival of spring. They move to their breeding grounds in smaller groups, courting, noisily gathering nesting materials during the day and building large messy nests in the tallest trees.

Crows appear to the casual gaze to be far cleverer than most other birds – and decades of scientific research has proven that they are. The crow family are considered the most intelligent of the birds: their brain-to-body mass ratio is equal to that of great apes. They are some of the few birds that can learn to mimic human words, phrases and voices as well as the sounds of other animals and even machines.<sup>2</sup> Their desire to observe and engage with human life is quite unusual.

Crows share many behaviours with us: they build strong relationships; they generally mate for life and have been observed mourning the death of another from their group. They also have the ability to play, to recognise individual cars and people, to plan ahead, make and use complex tools, solve



problems, remember those who have hurt or helped them for years, passing on this information to future generations. They often bring gifts to humans who feed them regularly: bones, coins, bottle caps, hair grips, pebbles...<sup>3</sup>

Wherever we have gone, the crows have followed: from our time as hunter gatherers to farmers, feeding from our leftovers and fields. Where we cleared forests and built cities, they gained yet more open territory and new foodstuffs to forage. We have lived in close proximity for all our known history.

In Europe the land is divided between two species of crow – the hooded and carrion crows. But this was not always the case.

Before the last Ice Age, ten thousand years ago, there was a single species of crow in Europe. The encroaching wall of ice forced the crows to seek refuge. Those that headed east evolved into hooded crows, whilst those that went west became carrion crows.<sup>4</sup> The ice sliced neatly between Northern England and Scotland – meaning that even today Scotland and Ireland (along with Scandinavia and Eastern Europe) have hooded crows, with their jet black hoodies and wings and grey bodies, whereas England (and Western Europe) have the all-black carrion crow, It is incredible to think that an event so long ago could have such a long-lasting impact. But it did. There is not an oceanic divide that separates the two species of European crow, simply the imaginal residue of a wall of ice.<sup>5</sup>

In England and Ireland crows tend to be spotted alone or in their breeding pairs, whereas rooks are a highly social bird, hanging out in large groups (as does the American crow).

The rook has a distinctive grey beak with a bald patch of grey skin above it and raggy feathers on its legs. In early September the rooks gather in their hundreds in fields, their sharp beaks drilling the soil for leatherbacks, the larvae of the caddis fly, (often known as daddy-long-legs) which can decimate crops by feeding on their roots when in a larval stage. It is quite a sight, fields carpeted with black birds for a day or two, and then gone.

A gathering of rooks is sometimes called a parliament, and you can see why. They gather as though by pre-arrangement in a field, talking to each other in strange caws.

Some call a group of crows a murder – their presence seen as a bad omen. Other collective nouns include an unkindness of ravens, a clamour of crows, a storytelling of rooks.

I call them a blessing.

A blessing of crows.





# Learning the Woods

The first year after seeing the Crow Moon was a time of childlike wonder and discovery. After years of being called to the shoreline, I headed inland, drawn to the woods and the birds. I set out to learn them by name, beyond my rudimentary childhood knowledge. I learned to differentiate rook from crow, jackdaw from starling, house martin from swallow, by sight and sound.

Guided by apps and friends, books and online groups I learned to see beyond the mass of green and brown, to start to identify more trees by shape and leaf, to make new friends of different species and visit them through the changing seasons.

I began to listen in a different way, beyond the chorus of generic birdsong.

I learned to pick out the tuts and clicks and cackles of the starling,

The melodic waterfall of the robin,

The high-pitched seesaw of the great tit,

The enormous repertoire of the song thrush perched high in the treetops,

The cackle of the magpie,

The caw of the crow.

I added the songs of blue tit, chaffinch, wagtail, wren, goldcrest and chiffchaff to my woodland playlist of favourite artists. Dog walkers would hurry by as I stood rooted to the spot, eyes up, rapt by birdsong: a new dimension of sound which I could not believe I had been so uncurious about before.

I began to walk slower, look closer and soon another new world opened up, this time visually, appearing as though by magic from beneath the leaf litter. A miniature realm filled with the most incredible colours and forms – the world of fungi, which, like the crows, had always been there, hidden in plain sight: stag's horn, Dead Moll's fingers, charcoal bolete, crested coral, fairy parachute, hare's ear, witch's hat...

Their names become mantras to my days, awakening my imagination. I had no interest in the cold Latin names, it was the folk names that spoke to me. The names given by people who saw their shapes and patterns and equivalences in their stories and lives. Jelly ears, velvet soft like the skin of a newborn with the form and structure of a human ear, growing from a rotting tree trunk. Candle-



snuff fungus that looks like the wick of a candle just blown out. Elf cups, tiny red cup forms left in the moss as though the fairy folk had just abandoned a tea party.

Days in the woods became a treasure hunt. Photographing what I found, keeping note of new species, logging their locations to find them again in later years, sharing them eagerly with loved ones and on social media.

When I got home, I often found myself drawing or painting leaves and trees and of course the Crow Moon. With practice I grasped the ability to recreate a visual verisimilitude in pencil, water-colour and ink.

But something was missing.

Something else.

## A Crow in the Family

*“I grew up in and now live in rural New South Wales, Australia where crows are seen as evil and predatory. My first memory of Crow was hearing my uncle complain about them killing lambs and blinding the older ewes. That coloured my thinking a lot as a young person.*

*I started paying attention to Crow when my ninety-year-old nan blurted out at a family dinner, that my great-grandmother, Nellie, told her she was coming back as a crow when she died. I thought if Nellie was coming back as a crow, then they probably weren't that bad. I was in my late twenties by then.*

*Since then, I have seen Crow at pivotal moments of my life – one memory that stands out was when my husband and I lived in Scotland, on a tiny island off the Isle of Skye.*

*One year at the end of summer, a huge crow appeared outside my office window. For almost an entire week, I would watch this crow swoop in and out of the paddock. It was odd enough that my workmates and I talked about it.*

*On the Saturday night of that week, I received a phone call from Australia telling me my grandfather had died. Crow wasn't there the next day – I know because I sat in front of that paddock all day, grieving and writing.*

*Exactly one year later, Crow reappeared. Swooping in and out of the same field. It was noticeable and again in the office we talked about the crow, wondering if it was the same one as last year. For almost a week the crow was there, until my friend and work colleague received a call that her grandmother had died. Crow wasn't there the next day. And we were all very relieved that Crow wasn't there the next year.*

*Today sometimes I don't see Crow, but she will leave me a gift of one of her beautiful feathers. She gives me great comfort because when I see her, I know that I am on the right track I just need to lean into the harder parts, but I am not alone. And when I see Crow, I meet her by saying ‘Hello Nellie.’”*

**Kirstin McCulloch**

“Crows have always held a special place in my heart. I cannot pinpoint when or why it started, but for as long as I can remember, since I was a little girl [...] they have fascinated me. It may be because when I look into their eyes, I get a distinct feeling that they know something so much more significant than I could ever comprehend, something other-worldly.”

M.J. Cullinane, *Crow Tarot*

# Something Else

Understanding the what, why and how of the crows and their seasonal gathering only got me so far. Millions of people each day live in the vicinity of roosting birds, and they barely register it. Their lives are not tilted on their axis from the experience of seeing them. They do not find themselves suddenly obsessed by these birds and the woods they call home. I will give some allowance for my neurodivergent brain – crows have most certainly become a special interest, I take great joy in finding out as much as I can about them, reading books, joining Facebook groups of thousands of people who are also fascinated by these birds...

But there was something else too.

Something about the experience that I could not put into words, but longed to express. Something about the way I stood entranced, enchanted by this moment that was both happening in reality and yet seemed to shift my consciousness, so that I was both there and somewhere else, simultaneously. It felt momentous. Important. As though I was being literally touched by the experience, as though there was some sort of mystical exchange or communication happening. I was transformed and transported. And yet, to the outside world it seemed insignificant. I was just a woman, standing in the wood, watching birds doing what they do.

At the time I first saw the Crow Moon I was editing Molly Remer's book, *Walking with Persephone*. In it she writes of crows as messengers. She writes:

“The sound or sight of a crow is always a sign for me to stop and pay attention – it becomes a self-reinforcing encounter with everyday magic. The crow is a trigger for me – listen, watch, look here, reflect, think, feel, experience, *be here right now*. And in so stopping, I often see or experience something magical, surprising, or significant. Whether or not magic is there already (out of my awareness) or it is merely the simple association with the crow as a sign to pay attention which causes me to look more closely and to develop associations, make connections, or notice symbols and make significance out of the mundane world, the end result is the same – I pause, notice, encounter, and experience, and the encounter itself *becomes magic* in that act of noticing and experiencing.”

This was what I had experienced. This is what I longed for more of. I decided to pay attention to the crows, and to keep seeking out the magic of the woods... and that place, that feeling in myself.

OOO

I experienced the same sensation again a year later at Samhain, as we joined a Halloween lantern procession. Dozens of us carried lanterns through the darkening woods, as the birds came in to roost. We were led by a group of drummers and a woman in a long black coat, top hat and a beaked mask – the mask of the plague doctor of old, relevant once more in these modern plague times. I wore a black hooded cape that I had bought for my daughter’s school play, but had secretly wanted myself.

There was something about this cape, the crows, the wild rhythm of the drums, the ancient ritual of going into the forest, of celebrating the darkening season. It connected to the experience in the woods the year before, that I had started to refer to as a Crow Moon. There was something deeply exciting. Something I was longing for. Something I didn’t get to experience very often in my daily life. Something primal. Something vital.

I felt bigger. More alive. More myself.

There was that feeling again: magical and real. Both, simultaneously.

The sense of being in an experience that was multi-layered. Something that was happening here in the world, and yet seemed to have other dimensions. Something outside of me was mirroring something within, in a strange unseeable dance.

That night I could not go to sleep. I reached for my new iPad (a brave gift I had requested to support my creativity, something that intuitively felt like the next step, yet at the same time too much to ask for). I picked it up and began to draw in the dark.

The picture of a caped woman emerged quickly in a style I had not used before. In black and white. This image. This style. The ease with which it emerged intrigued me. There was no thought or planning.

I came back to this image, day after day. Curious about it. And yet... it also scared me.

Who was this? Why did they appear? Why now?

OOO

Something within me was hungry to follow the image and the feelings it evoked in me. Something in these experiences in the woods was enlivening something deep within me. Something beyond logic or basic emotion. The part of me that I have learned to call soul or psyche.<sup>6</sup>





## Both/And

**T**hough this book starts with a very real Crow Moon, I must warn you now that it is not a book about crows. Or moons. Not in the way you may be expecting. Although both feature heavily.

I think it's best to clear that up right now.

OOO

Look at a crow... What do you see?

A black bird: sharp beak, clawed feet, dark feathers with an iridescence in some lights and a beady eye. Look closer and you may now recognise it as an individual species of the Corvid family – rook, crow or raven. Spend longer and you may in time come to recognise this individual's unique behaviours and physical characteristics that distinguish it. You may learn its territory and nesting site. You may watch it nest in spring and come in to roost at dusk.

This is the physical crow, studied by biologists and behaviourists. But look again, there is more that we see when we see a crow. Much more.

We see what Crow<sup>7</sup> *means* to us, not only as individuals from our personal experience, but what Crow has meant to our culture and to humans across cultures – philosophically, spiritually, emotionally. We are aware of what Crow *symbolises*.

The crows that you will come across in this book are real... *and* symbolic.

Both/and.



## About the Author

Lucy H. Pearce is driven by a need to create, connect and inspire. A best-selling author, vibrant artist, respected publisher and editor, her work focuses on self-knowledge and healing through creativity, archetypes and cyclical living. She gives voice to the soul: the spiritual, the liminal, the darkness and discomfort and the magical in the midst of the mundane. Often described as raw, authentic and life-changing, her work encourages authentic paths to self-expression and is celebrated particularly by highly sensitive and neurodivergent women.



With a degree in History of Ideas and English Literature from Kingston University, and a graduate degree in teaching English and Drama from Cambridge – words, ideas and their free expression lie at the heart of her work. She has taught through the arts for nearly twenty years, in schools, private classes and online.

Her many books include Nautilus Silver Award winners – *Creatrix: she who makes; Medicine Woman; Burning Woman* and #1 Amazon bestsellers *Moon Time* and *The Rainbow Way*.

Lucy is the founder and creative director of Womancraft Publishing, established in 2014, which publishes life-changing, paradigm-shifting books by women, for women.

She is the mother of three children and lives on the south coast of Ireland.

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# About Womancraft

**W**omancraft Publishing was founded on the revolutionary vision that women and words can change the world. We act as midwife to transformational women's words that have the power to challenge, inspire, heal and speak to the silenced aspects of ourselves, empowering our readers to actively co-create cultures that value and support the female and feminine. Our books have been #1 Amazon bestsellers in many categories, as well as Nautilus and Women's Spirituality Award winners.

As we find ourselves in a time where old stories, old answers and ways of being are losing their authority and relevance, we at Womancraft are actively looking for new ways forward. Our books ask important questions. We aim to share a diverse range of voices, of different ages, backgrounds, sexual orientations and neurotypes, seeking every greater diversity, whilst acknowledging our limitations as a small press.

Whilst far from perfect, we are proud that in our small way, Womancraft is walking its talk, living the new paradigm in the crumbling heart of the old: through financially empowering creative people, through words that honour the Feminine, through healthy working practices, and through integrating business with our lives, and rooting our economic decisions in what supports and sustains our natural environment. We are learning and improving all the time. I hope that one day soon, what we do is seen as nothing remarkable, just the norm.

We work on a full circle model of giving and receiving: reaching backwards, supporting Treesisters' reforestation projects and the UNHCR girls' education fund, and forwards via Worldreader, providing e-books at no-cost to education projects for girls and women in developing countries. We donate many paperback copies to education projects and women's libraries around the world. We speak from our place within the circle of women, sharing our vision, and encouraging them to share it onwards, in ever-widening circles.

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# Burning Woman

Lucy H. Pearce

*Burning Woman* is a breath-taking and controversial woman's journey through history – personal and cultural – on a quest to find and free her own power.

Uncompromising and all-encompassing, Lucy H. Pearce uncovers the archetype of the Burning Women of days gone by – Joan of Arc and the witch trials, through to the way women are burned today in cyber bullying, acid attacks, shaming and burnout, fearlessly examining the roots of Feminine power – what it is, how it has been controlled, and why it needs to be unleashed on the world during our modern Burning Times.

*Burning Woman* explores:

- ☾ Burning from within: a woman's power – how to build it, engage it and not be destroyed by it.
- ☾ Burning from without: the role of shame, and honour in the time-worn ways the dominant culture uses fire to control the Feminine.
- ☾ The darkness: overcoming our fear of the dark, and discovering its importance in cultivating power.

This incendiary text was written for women who burn with passion, have been burned with shame, and who at another time, in another place, would have been burned at the stake. With contributions from leading burning women of our era: Isabel Abbott, ALisa Starkweather, Shiloh Sophia McCloud, Molly Remer, Julie Daley, Bethany Webster...



# Walking with Persephone: A Journey of Midlife Descent and Renewal

Molly Remer

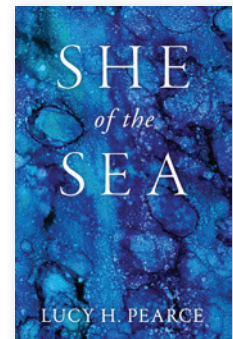


Midlife can be a time of great change – inner and outer: a time of letting go of the old, burnout and disillusionment. But how do we journey through this? And what can we learn in the process? Molly Remer is our personal guide to the unraveling and reweaving required in midlife. She invites you to take a walk with the goddess Persephone, whose story of descent into the underworld has much to teach us.

*Walking with Persephone* is a story of devotion and renewal that weaves together personal experiences, insights, observations, and reflections with experiences in practical priestessing, family life, and explorations of the natural world. It advocates opening our eyes to the wonder around us, encouraging the reader to both look within themselves for truths about living, but also to the earth, the air, the sky, the animals, and plants.

# She of the Sea

Lucy H. Pearce



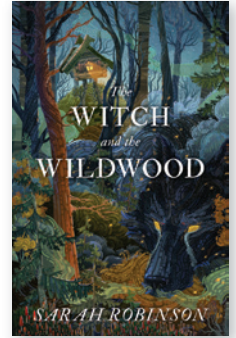
A lyrical exploration of the call of the sea and the depth of our connection to it, rooted in the author's personal experience living on the coast of the Celtic Sea, in Ireland.

This book spans from coastal plants to the colour blue, pebbles to prayer, via shapeshifting and suicidal ideation, erosion and immersion, cold water swimming and water birth, seaweed and cyanotypes, from Japanese freedivers and Celtic sea goddesses, selkies to surfing, and mermaids to Mary.

*She of the Sea* is a strange and wonderful deep dive into the inner sea and the Feminine, exploring where the real and the magical, the salty and the sacred meet, within and without, and what implications this has for us as both individuals... and a species in these tumultuous times.

# The Witch and the Wildwood

Sarah Robinson



*Launching September 2024.*

Welcome to the wildwood, where magic hides in ancient roots.

In the hidden shadows amongst the tree, tales of witches are whispered. What is it about these figures that has captured our imaginations for so long? What is it that draws us to the dark, tangled heart of the woods?

In this book, we will delve into stories of the woods as told through some of its most enchanting inhabitants; witches, fairy folk and magical creatures.

Stories rooted in folklore and legend reflect our desires to understand and explore the unknown. By delving into these tales, we can gain insight into our own relationship with nature, power, and perhaps even discover new ways of connecting with the world around us. This is an invitation to find enchantment in woodland and wild places. To delight in myth, magic and nature, forgotten superstitions, rituals and celebrations. And why not? Surely, we can all bear a little more magic, and a little more wild in our days.

So, let's journey through the bewitching folklore of the woods, and be prepared to fall under the enchantment of the witch maidens, deer-women, she-wolves, 'wildalones' and women of wild waters who sit in willow trees plotting revenge...