

# A new perspective

*By Roseleen McNally, Shamanic Therapist,  
Reiki Master and Teacher, Moon Mna Facilitator*

I am home. My feet sink into the mossy earth. My breath changes, my body unwinds and a curiosity springs forth. My senses open to all that is around me - known and unknown.

An Grianan invites me to see through an artist's eyes mixed with the wonderment of an explorative child. The colours are alive, as if carefully handpicked from a vast palette and placed meticulously to invoke mystery, a dance with the otherworld. A dab of pink, a hint of yellow, a splash of purple, a stroke of white all nestled within the luscious shades of green. The textures of the land touching my skin - soft, moist, steady and alive.

Each direction calls me forth. The panorama continually amazes me. It is never the same and I suppose neither am I. We meet each other as if for the first time each visit. Open to what the changing seasons have brought to us. I breath into my being the elements of each direction, allowing them to cleanse and empower me. The glistening waters and beaches

of Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, the vast skies ever shifting, the rays of light breaking through the clouds, the blustery winds. I have arrived.

I walk around this Sacred Site three times, offering my blessings and lay forth my intentions. Placing my hands on the Stone Fort - we share our stories of the past, our hopes of the present and dreams for the future. I come to the opening and she invites me in... come closer, she whispers, leave at the threshold all you don't need. Drop your earthly concerns. Open to spirit and to yourself. I step into the circle, the stillness and silence are always there. Held within the fort, this circle is a liminal space, a void, a womb, a portal, a stage depending on what medicine I need on a certain day. I am healing.

As I climb the different levels within An Grianan I know it is almost equidistant from where my Mother and my Father were reared. My ancestors are in the Earth beneath me, they call me to remember the wisdom



*“A dance with the other world”.*

that is held within my roots. I open to their whispers guiding me - what messages do they wish to pass on so I can open even more to my soul, my true nature and thereby the world? I am listening.

I emerge at the top of the circle Fort. The wind bellows around me, I am surrounded and yet feel as if I am the only person on this land. A new perspective is delivered. I am full.

I think we are all looking to belong... a place to feel at home... a home within ourselves... my heart knows this place. It reminds me on days where I have wandered too far from myself. Come back home, Roseleen. Come back to yourself. I am home.

**CONTACT DETAILS**  
info@thethirstysoul.com  
www.thethirstysoul.com