

A novena, for trimming the family tree

A warning: This is a very powerful game.

This game is very real. This game has not been played by filipino roman catholics for centuries if it didn't actually *work*. You didn't have generations of wrinkly grandmothers in veils, scolding their grandchildren to gather around a rosary and to sing, lament and pray in the living room if it wasn't to beg for their stray son to come home, to save so and so from cancer or stroke, to wish all your grandchildren to do GOOD IN SCHOOL, while also kind of praying extra loud so that the grandkids would hear it.

So for people who haven't done novenas, this is how they work.
For people who have done novenas, this one is nothing like you've ever imagined.

The first step is to rhythmically read the novena paper.

Which is what you are reading now, ideally printed. Ideally you sway back and forth a bit. Ideally you coerce some people who want to chant with you to read this thing.

The second step is to set your intentions.

I will be doing this for you. Have you ever trimmed your family tree? Karmically? Energetically reached thru the sins of your bloodline and synergistically reoriented the natal energies of your clan?

You haven't. This is fine. This is why I'm your dead grandma right now, I pray for you, it's what we do.. So hear this out, but also edit as appropriate as deemed fitting for your god, or what you deem powerful and holy:

Here is the tree of my family.

It is gnarly, strong, beautiful.

I see the branches that have been broken.

I see the branches that have been poisoned and have brought rot to it's adjacent branches.

I see how we inherit each other's sins and grace.

I see where I am in this tree.

I see how I am a web of passed down dreams, disappointments, expectations, frustrations but also delight.

I touch every branch. Especially the darkened ones.

"Even you are a gift."

I see in my inner body reach through and dissolve into the roots of the tree. I know what god dreamed of when god dreamed this tree into being. What sun shined, and water fed it's body and soul.

It speaks through me now, and guides my actions.

I break the branches that want to fall.

One by one.

I say sorry. I forgive you.

I know in my bones that these would spring again some time in the future, but for now I am allowed to weep. I am allowed to grieve on behalf of the ancestors.

The earth parts receiving the rotted patterns, it swallows them whole.

Perhaps they heal. Perhaps they don't.

Perhaps they return, maybe they can fucking die now.

Maybe this was unhealthy in the first place and would dream for them another dream.

Your hands are hot now.

And with every wave of my hands, the leaves are drawn like ancient magnets, hypnotized by my loving caress, of the strength of my heart and the intention of my being.

I gently tap each of the branches like harp strings.

Recalling the face of each member I know. *(you may have a lot for this)*

I let them sing, stretch and coil to a position that allows them to bathe in more light.

That grants them the perfect shy space from each other,

Where they are allowed to be with one another but not suffocate each other.

It's like combing out an entangled knot, and unfolds beautifully like a lotus knowing I am spring.

The tree, grows, into it's most regal form.

As it's supposed to.

It blooms, recognizing me. Smiling at me even if it has no face.

Purrs at me, even if it has no voice.

I bless the foot of the tree with water, just enough to fill a cup that gives a toast to it's new season.

I sing whatever song I feel like singing.

Amen.

The third step is to print multiple copies of this novena and leave it at a church or a place people frequent to think about their loved ones. Minimum of three, but traditionally we leave enough to flood a pedestal.

Do this for nine days straight.

The trimming, the singing, the leaving behind copies. Ideally on a regular time when the world is quiet.

On the ninth day:

The tree will bloom.

The tree would be alight with fireflies skimming the night sky.

The tree will become a person who would be the font of all your ancestors cheering you on, grateful for your blessing and wise release.

Or in my country, you get one wish. Be very careful with that, I'd rather you just get that smart tree guy to hang out with you. My father wished for my mother, I'm serious this is potent. Lead with your heart on this part.

A loving note:

When your family changes and you by any chance freak out, just tap your heart and remind it that trees always grow and change. All is well, and you are grateful more than scared. "I am not scared of the love that is available to me."

Dreamt of on jun 22 2019

By Maria Mison

Dedicated to

Acuzena Elloso,

who always trimmed and cared for our family tree.

Jeffrey White

Who's an awesome sword sheath on my patreon:

<https://www.patreon.com/mariamison>

Fenced Forrest's Never Alone Jam

&

Jack Harrison's Legacy Jam

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