



RACHAEL  
TEACHER - HEALER - MYSTIC

# Sheela Na Gig Meditation

*A journey of reclamation, rooted power, and sacred return  
(Approx. 10–12 mins when read slowly)*

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Take a moment to settle.

Let your body be supported - by the chair, the ground, the Earth herself.  
And when you're ready... gently close your eyes.

Begin by bringing your awareness to your breath.

Breathe in through your nose...  
and gently out through your mouth.

Feel the breath travel downward - past your ribs, past your belly...  
and into your **sacral space** deep in your belly - that bowl of life, creativity, and  
ancient knowing.

Allow the breath to expand this space - warming, strengthening, protecting.  
Let it travel up, too - through your solar plexus, your heart...  
allow it to grow until it envelopes you.

And now... imagine before you a path unfurling.  
It may be a woodland trail, a field of wild grasses, a stretch of moorland.  
Let it appear as it needs to.

Begin to walk.  
With every step, feel your feet connect to the Earth.  
You are not walking alone — the land knows you.

Up ahead, the landscape opens into a **meadow** —  
sun-warmed, scattered with wildflowers, buzzing softly with bees.  
There is something ancient here.

In the centre stands a vast **tree** — gnarled, wise, strong.  
Its roots ripple out like rivers carved into the land.

Perhaps place a hand on her bark, or press your back against her trunk.  
This is the **threshold**.

At the base of the tree, where her roots part,  
you notice a hollow — dark, warm, humming with life.  
You are invited in.

Step gently into the hollow.

Let yourself be held by the cool soil, the sweet damp air, the scent of earth and roots.

You are descending into a **sacred womb**.

The place between places.

As your eyes adjust, you see her.

**Sheela Na Gig.**

She may not appear how you expect.

She may shift and shimmer.

Old woman. Stone guardian. Laughing crone. A known face.

But it will be the form you need.

She may say nothing; speak to your energy and your soul.

She may pass out wisdom and truths; she may care, heal.

Spend a few moments here.

Listening.

Receiving.

Being seen.

She holds no shame.

Only truth.

She is the gatekeeper of wildness, birth, rage, decay, and life again.

When it is time to return; thank her.

Offer her a symbol, a word, a breath.

Begin to make your way back - through the hollow, into the roots, emerging again into the meadow and its golden hush.

Walk the path back slowly.

And as you return to your body, bring with you:

◆ A feeling

◆ A message

◆ A knowing

Take a deep breath in.

Let it go with a sigh.

Begin to wiggle your fingers and toes...

and when you're ready, gently open your eyes.

Make notes in your journal.

She walks with you now.

You've remembered something no one can take from you.