



## Holding co-creative space

**by a mother of two**

As with our first child, we decided to have a naming ceremony for our son. Having many years' experience of the Way of **nowhere** we decided that a ceremony rooted in the medicine wheel would be a great thing to do. We felt it would capture, more appropriately than a traditional christening, the spirit of who we were as a family and who our son was as an individual (being only two years old).

We invited about 75 people – family and friends, adults and children – in late summer to a party at our house. We chose eight people to offer our son a wish from each of the eight directions of the medicine wheel.

We decided to have a marquee in the garden to hold the energy of the ceremony and to keep us dry if it rained. We planned to have 50 people seated on chairs in a circle around the edges of the marquee, while the children sat in the middle of the circle on the floor.

We opened the ceremony with the call of the drum. Everyone started to focus their intent and still themselves. My family and I then walked into the circle and found our space, seated on the floor amongst our guests. My husband and I started by welcoming everyone and thanking them for being in the circle. We then went on to explain the significance of the eight directions. As I sat there I could see the faces of people who had played significant roles in my and my family's lives. I felt their support and their love as the ceremony began to unfold.

The representatives of the eight directions then spoke one at a time, starting in the East and moving clockwise around the wheel. After each wish our son gave them a brightly coloured flower to show his and our appreciation of their wish for him.

As we started to come to the end of this simple ceremony we invited others to speak using a talking circle, so that anyone who wanted to could share a thought. This was a magical process, as some of the elder members of our families found the courage to share their wishes in front of everyone.

We completed the ceremony by honouring the ancestral line with the oldest living member of our family (my husband's 95-year-old grandmother) making a toast to her great-grandson on his beautiful naming day, which was followed by a hog-roast feast.

I came away with a sense of having hosted a very special and memorable day. The ceremony provided an opportunity for our family and friends to formally welcome our son into the world and to wish him well on his adventure through life. We also compiled a book of wishes and photographs from the day so that he could look back on and reconnect with the generosity and love that was bestowed on him whenever he chose.

A truly memorable experience for all.

