

ANGI SULLINS

THE WITCHERY ACADEMY



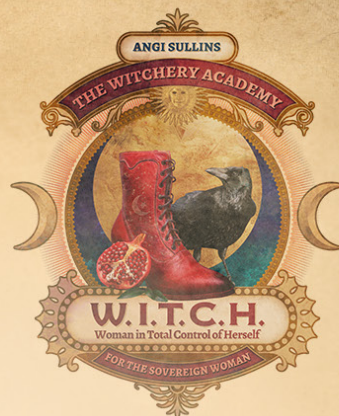
W.I.T.C.H.

Woman in Total Control of Herself

FOR THE SOVEREIGN WOMAN



Dear You,



There is a secret place.
Filled with stardust and stories.

In a certain light it looks like a castle. In another light it looks like a garden cottage covered in ivy with a friendly chimney puffing dragon smoke. In twilight it looks like a cathedral that turns into a waterfall that turns into a library. Worlds within words within worlds.

There is a silver music so sweet it breaks the heart and mends it within the space of a breath. Books wander from their cases and stack themselves in the corners, along the hallways, and pose as tables and chairs and nightstands. Silken coverlets drape themselves artfully over loveseats, inviting you to snuggle.

The stained glass ceiling features a hundred fractured colors, all of them smiling.

The air smells of lullabies and sandalwood, old book pages, older myths and lost lotus gardens.

Fables nestle on plump feathered pillows strewn across the floor, over red velvet couches and in the corner window seats.

There are forests and rivers, skylark meadows, and labyrinth gardens

laced with nightingale feathers and rabbit bones.

Firefly lanterns swing gently from twisting branches of cherry trees. Pink petals scatter over parchment and ink when a breeze blows through the cloud windows.

Folklore tapestries adorn the walls. Woven nymphs and satyrs and mermaids frolic in golden sunset thread. Poems curl up like cats, purring in puddles made of light-spill.

There are stacks of mismatched teacups overflowing with portent and towers of teapots, each bearing the lyrics of forgotten wolfsongs. There is an ancient chalice on the sideboard, and a crystal decanter filled with an amber liquid. The label reads "Something Rich and Strange" in a script that looks foreign, but hauntingly familiar.

The north wind is a frequent visitor, and the four elements often come by for afternoon tea. Most nights the moon is found pressing its cheek against the windows, so intoxicating are the sights and sounds that shimmer like sugar-dusted moth wing and fairy tale.

Some call this the Weaver's Cottage, because it is where your old stories unravel so that your True Story can be revealed. Some call it the stolen sanctuary, for the shadowed path of fear and the dark twisty inner hallways of shame conspire to lead you astray from its location. But it is not stolen, only secreted away in the depths, awaiting your return.

We at the Witchery Academy call it the House of Belonging.

Some arrive through a door in a tree trunk. Others through a mirror. At the end of a spiral staircase. Through an ordinary looking wardrobe. Through a chasm at the bottom of the ocean. A sidewalk chalk painting, a rabbit hole, a portal made of dreams and longing.

All are dourwaighs (doorways), places where the veil is thin and remembering is thick.

If you look inside the pocket of your soul, you'll find a key. It is made of raven bone and remembrance, and carries the shape of your longing.

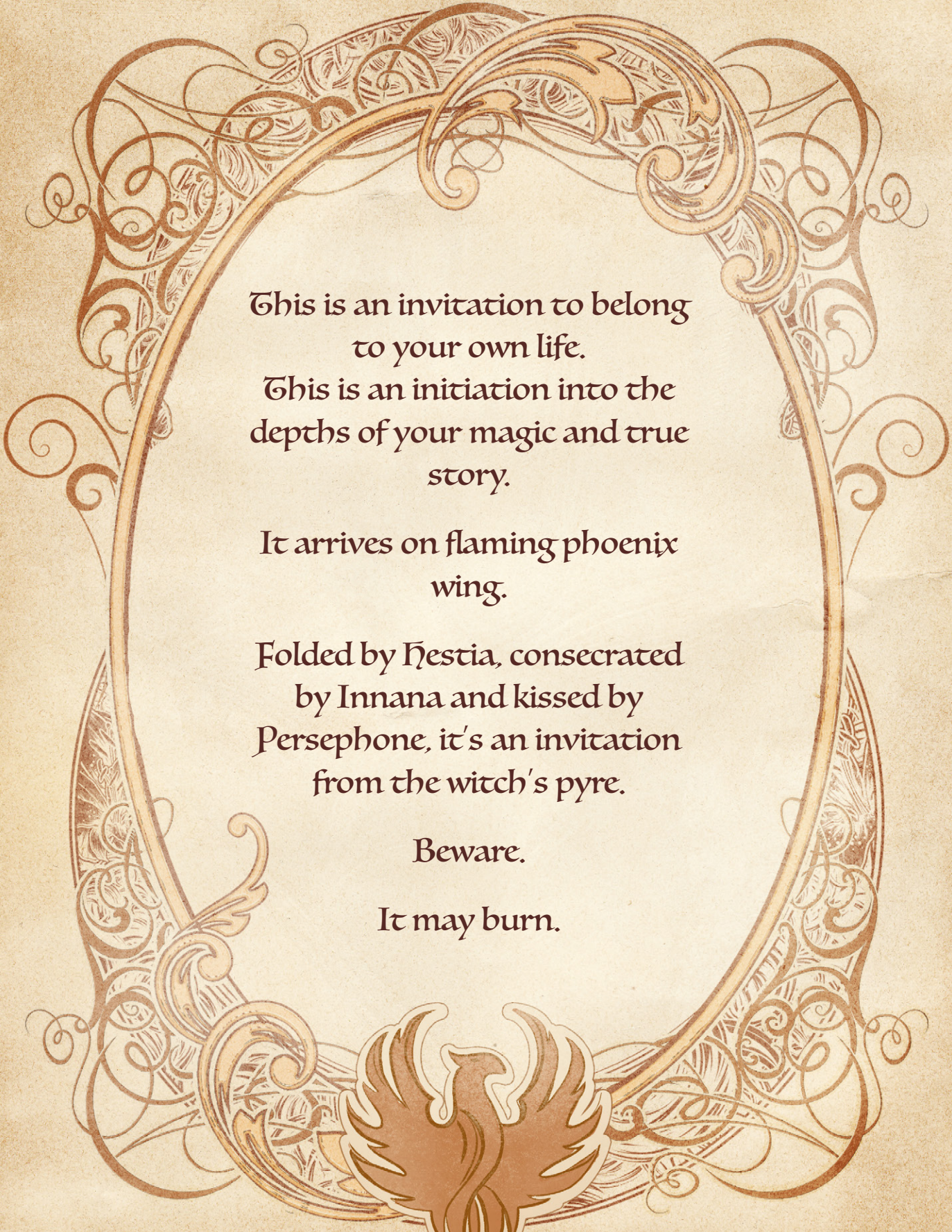
Your ravenous hunger to live your legend, your appetite for magic and wonder, your cravings for some Otherwhere "more-ness" ... that deep, mysterious longing? It is the key that will unlock the door to your own house of belonging. Sing, dance, write - engage in any art that rattles the pockets of Wonder. Howl at the moon, paint the clouds, dance the wayback marvel, ...the key will appear in your pocket.

I know because I was with her when she put it there.

We've been waiting for you.

Brightly Woven,
Angi Sullins

High Priestess & Headmistress
The Witchery Academy



This is an invitation to belong
to your own life.

This is an initiation into the
depths of your magic and true
story.

It arrives on flaming phoenix
wing.

Folded by Hestia, consecrated
by Innana and kissed by
Persephone, it's an invitation
from the witch's pyre.

Beware.

It may burn.

Flaming goddesses, fire and the underworld?

Maybe you were expecting twinkle lights and a letter via owl post?

Tell me little Potter wasn't terrified when monstrous Hagrid showed up to take him to Diagon alley. Or when he learned his lightning signature came from a snake face ass-hat villain wishing him nothing but destruction and obliteration.

You and Harry have something in common. You have a powerful lineage and magic in your veins.

Uncovering your power, your true identity, and your soul's unique place is essential to living your best life. It's the only way to move out of the Dursley's and into the house of your belonging.

Yet as our hero learned, magic always comes at a price.

When your true story comes for you, it's almost always an underworld journey involving villains and monsters and all manner of intimidation.

And fire.

Ask any alchemist, heat is necessary to burn away all that IS NOT TRUE - all the myths that have been told about who you are, the lies about who you should be, and all the false fables you have told yourself.

It's time they burn.



This May Look Like an Invitation



But it's really an initiation.

A journey.

This journey isn't designed for ease or comfort. It requires determination of the fiercest kind.

Bring your heaviness, your gravity, your dark undercurrents and your unbearable lightness.

We need you to bring all of yourself to this gathering.

Your true story has been looking for you and will take nothing less than ALL.

Your ravenous hunger for answers, your enraged, desperate need for change. The part of you that's sick AND the part that's tired. Of inertia, overwhelm, anxiety.

The part of you in pain, cramped and tight because the current culture has granted so little space for sovereignty, and insisted the shape you take must be sanctioned by sources outside yourself.

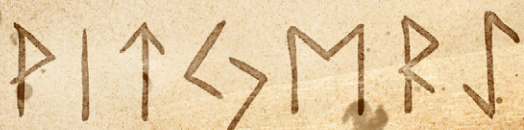
Perhaps your suffering looks less like an inferno of transformation, and more like a low-grade fever of mediocrity, known for its lukewarm temperatures and shades of grey. It's where high functioning anxiety looks like ambition and low functioning anxiety looks like depression.


Same thing, day after day, choking on the status quo while those around you insist you be grateful.

Going in circles, never really arriving.

You're happy enough, you think. Maybe. Ok, satisfied enough. But what is enough?
Where's the sparkle? Isn't there something more?

This listless imitation of life called mediocrity...is this REALLY all there is?



A decorative border in a brownish-gold color frames the text. The border features four distinct illustrations: a lace-up boot at the top left, a crow perched on a branch at the top right, a tassel hanging from a branch at the bottom left, and a teapot at the bottom right. The border is composed of ornate, swirling lines and floral motifs.

No.
There.
Is.
So.
Much.
More.

You Were Born Magic

Every child is.

If you have a soul, you have magic.

You were also born as Original Innocence, even though no one told you that.

And you carry it with you today.

Even though much more thought went into convincing you of Original Sin, it's innocence that keeps pace with you, like an invisible companion hoping someday to be noticed. Loved.

But embodying it? And your natural magic? That takes practice.

And most of us were never taught nor encouraged to use the powers we were born with.

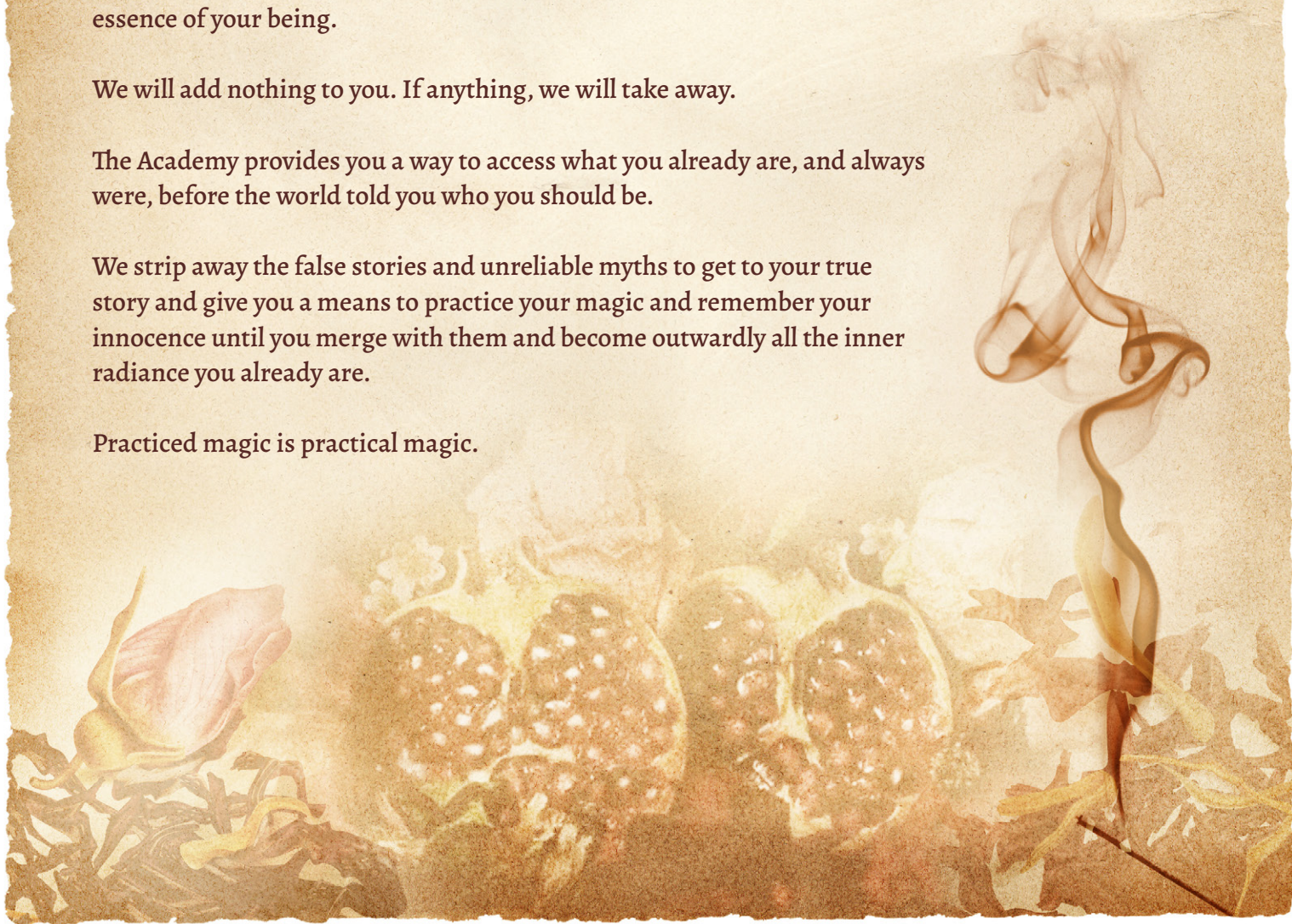
The Witchery Academy is here to help you discover what truth awaits in the essence of your being.

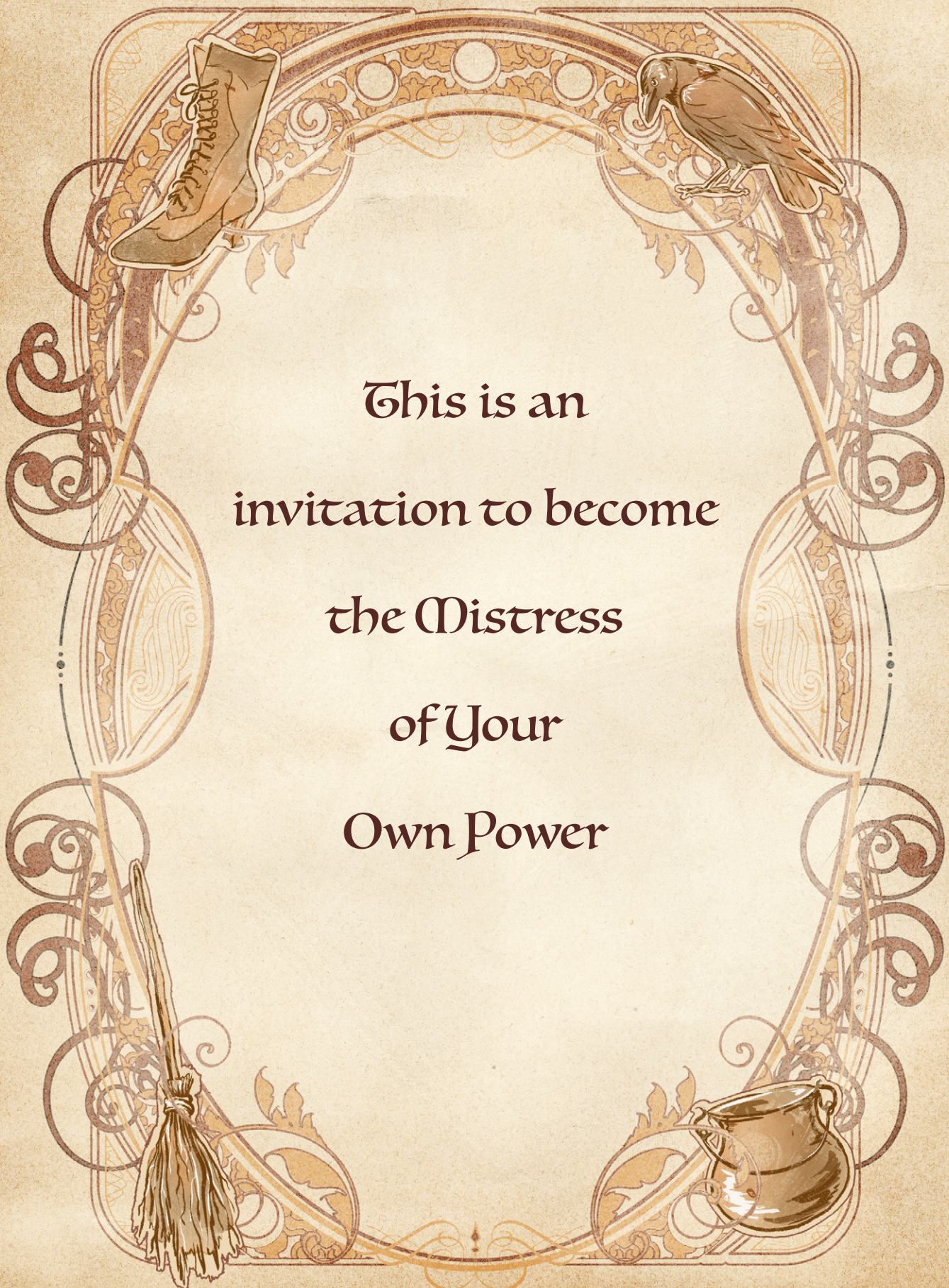
We will add nothing to you. If anything, we will take away.

The Academy provides you a way to access what you already are, and always were, before the world told you who you should be.

We strip away the false stories and unreliable myths to get to your true story and give you a means to practice your magic and remember your innocence until you merge with them and become outwardly all the inner radiance you already are.

Practiced magic is practical magic.





This is an
invitation to become
the Mistress
of Your
Own Power



Mistress. Of. Your. Own. Power.

You're invited to take the reins of your magic and REIGN over the interior castle: your power, your worth, your integrity.

Power. Worthiness. Integrity. These words get a lot of play, but what do they really mean?

It's this simple: a woman living her power is living from the inside out. Her outer actions match her inner world. There is no division, no hiding, no subterfuge.

Our culture has never supported this kind of woman and has set us up to fail in a multitude of ways. This is why we must become our own culture, presiding over our own internal realm.

You are invited to take the reigns and REIGN.

You are the only one who can undo the damage. You can and will heal. Then redefine what success looks like for you and live it.


Inside out.

Though the journey through the Academy takes four years, it begins with a decision. One step. Then another. Committed to the path.

Burning woman, this journey was created just for you.

Set your winged phoenix foot upon the path.

This is a trail we must blaze ourselves.



Blazing is the birthright
of women
who have been burned.
We are uniquely created
for the fire
we are now turning
to our advantage.

A Woman in Control

Control. No woman alive today needs a dictionary to know what “control” means within a patriarchy. She’s experienced it a thousand different ways before she’s even hit puberty. It’s alive in the curves of her psyche, in the expanse of her hips, the marrow in her bones.

But to share a common definition, dictionary.com defines control as “to exercise restraint or direction over; dominate, command.”

If this doesn’t sound like a whale-boned corset designed to make you pretty but weak, desirable but UNABLE TO BREATHE, forced into an unnatural shape, I don’t know what does.

The ultimate tool of the patriarchy: restraint and domination.

But in a balanced culture, as in a balanced psyche, control can mean something else entirely.

A Woman In Total Control of Herself (W.I.T.C.H.) is someone who exerts influence through cooperation rather than competition. She’s engaged with all the parts of her psyche in an attempt to coordinate rather than dominate.

The Witchery Academy encourages every woman to embrace all the inhabitants of her inner queendom, because each deserves respect and a place at the table. Even the unruly ones, the inconvenient ones, the ugly ones. Especially the ugly ones.

By making a space for all under the banner of wild inclusion, and giving voice to the shame, the malice, the anger and every other outlawed part of the psyche, she ensures her inner realm is free from factions, divisions, rebellions.

Because her intent is to create rather than compete, she doesn’t need to dominate.

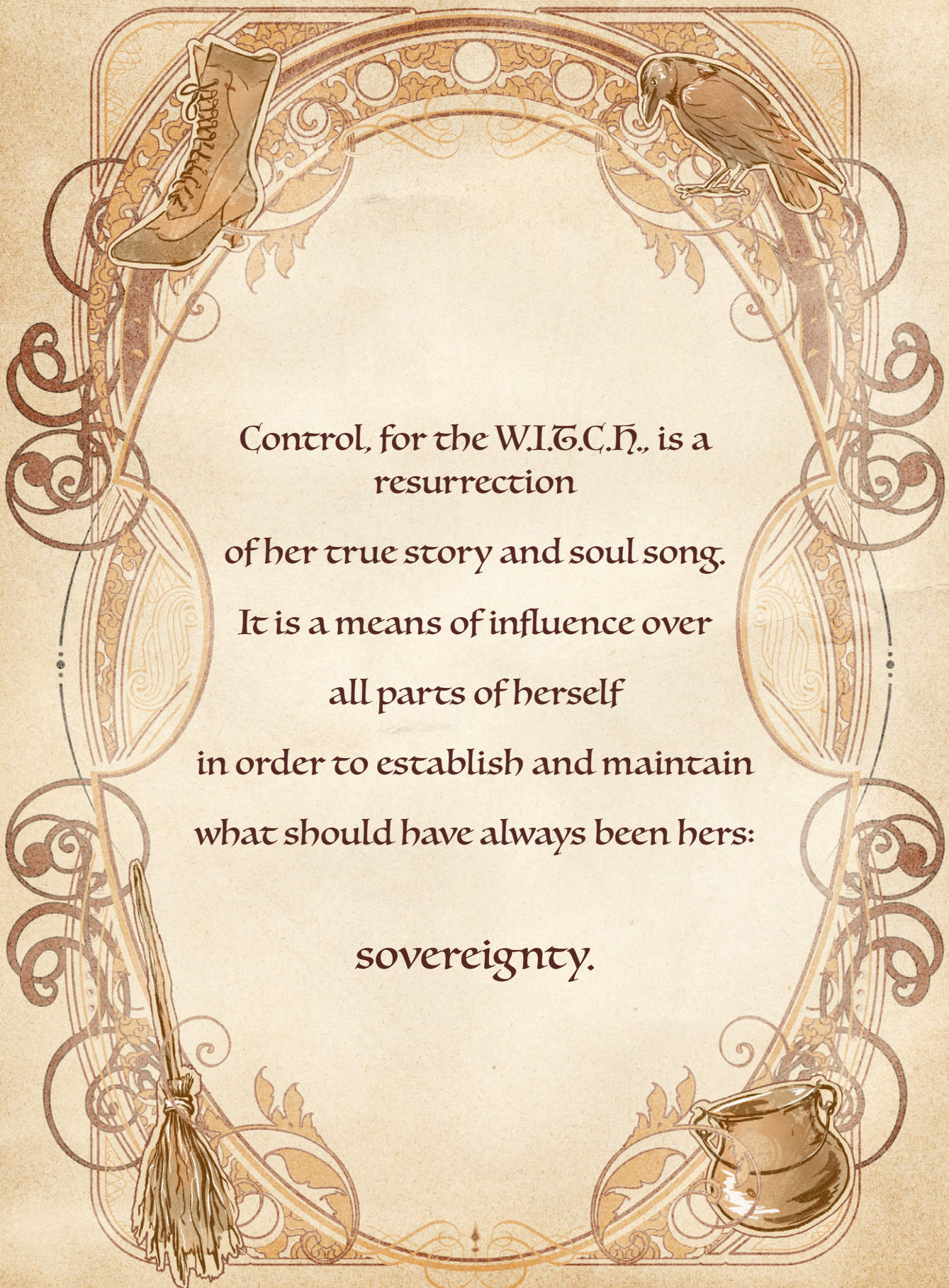
Her influence is enough. This is power-with, rather than power-over.

The W.I.T.C.H. has recognized and identified the war in her own psyche. A war started by the patriarchy and its messages that cause conflict and strife with her natural instincts about herself.

The control of the patriarchy, both outer and inner, demand she’s not enough or too much, erasing her true story and natural instincts in order to profit a system deeply invested in her conformity.

The true story she was born with honors the old ways, the ones wolf and tree and wind still remember: about potential and growth and cooperation and natural habitat and balance.





Control, for the W.I.G.C.H., is a
resurrection
of her true story and soul song.
It is a means of influence over
all parts of herself
in order to establish and maintain
what should have always been hers:
sovereignty.

Your Sovereignty

Its unpopular and unsanctioned, but a woman must become sovereign if she wants to belong to her own life.

The Witchery Academy invites you to remember and embody your power source, and will hold space for you as you develop what was always denied.

Hallmarks of Sovereignty:

- ◆ Withstands discomfort
- ◆ Generated from within
- ◆ Hard won in this society, not easy
- ◆ Nurtured by self-trust
- ◆ Relies on self-definition
- ◆ Strengthened through action
- ◆ Protected by boundaries
- ◆ Balanced with empathy, not care-taking
- ◆ Enlivened by vulnerability
- ◆ Upheld by truth
- ◆ Best friends with radical self-acceptance
- ◆ Cousins with self-forgiveness

Benefits of Developing Sovereignty:

- ◆ Unhealthy guilt is diminished
- ◆ Shame loses its power and life loses its smallness
- ◆ Authentic relationships are strengthened and more are attracted
- ◆ Resilient in the face of change, disappointment and pain
- ◆ Less inclined to compare to others, less susceptible to the “not enough” pandemic
- ◆ Life and success become self-defined
- ◆ Belonging becomes embodied instead of “out there” somewhere
- ◆ Your value becomes a birthright, instead of an achievement through earning
- ◆ Self-centered: you become the eye of the storm, centered in your sacred core
- ◆ Able to identify the inner Patriarchy, develop Defense against those dark arts
- ◆ Mediocrity, apathy and anxiety become less sticky



Four Years, Four Duirs

Duirwaighs are places where the veil between worlds is thin, and remembering is thick.

W.I.T.C.H.es are invited to pass through each of the four duirs, on their way to the temple of belonging.

While you will find yourself moving between duirs and various worlds of magical learning throughout your enrollment at the Academy, each duir and its relevant world are designed for you to explore within the framework of a year.

The Duir of Place – “Know Your Place” is the hallmark of this first-year realm. We come to understand our place in history, the world, our family of origin, our self-made families and in our own communities. We discover the magnificent refuge of belonging as a power source we can embody.

The Duir of Worth – “Know Your Worth” is the essential quest of the year you’ll spend in this realm. Worth cannot be taught. It must be programmed and practiced experientially. When we unravel and burn away all the damaging programs we’re carrying as “normal,” we begin to gain new clarity on our value, especially as it comes to our original innocence.

The Duir of Power – “Know Your Power” This is our year to discover and practice our Defense Against the Internal Dark Arts. We chart our internal battles, chase down the inner villains, and practice the magic that allows us to defeat the worst monsters we ever face: our own.

The Duir of Spellcraft – “Know Your Spells” Our final year is spent understand the spells we’re under when it comes to the outside world and its influences. We learn to break the spells of inertia and powerlessness, judgment and criticism. We also learn the practical magic of sovereign spellcraft: setting boundaries, establishing rejection resiliency, learning conflict confidence, and embracing vulnerability and uncertainty.



W I T C H

Communion, Companions & The Coven of Time

Why does each duirwaigh take a year to pass through?

Why do we build and invest in a coven culture over time?

To understand your four years at The Academy, we must talk about rats.

Once upon a time there was a lab studying rats and addiction. Scientists were attempting to learn more about the human brain and what fosters addiction.

So they put all these rats inside solo cages with food and two water bottles, one with regular water and one with cocaine-laced water. The rats almost always chose the cocaine and died of illness and overdose.

Until.

Dr. Alexander of Vancouver came along and asked what would happen if the rats had community, stimulus and bonding. So he built a rat commune with large open spaces for adventure and interaction. The two bottles of water were present, one regular and one with cocaine.

Few rats chose the drugs.

From almost 100% addiction when in isolation to almost zero addiction when in a connected community.



Rats, and by assumption mammals in general, aren't addicted for pleasure, they're addicted for relief. And that relief comes first and best in community, and more especially communion. Know the difference? Community infers a gathering, while communion infers a gathering with sacredness and belonging at its center.

Some might argue relief isn't even necessary when one feels belonging, deep down unconditional belonging. Then all the traumas that occur take place within communion and our job is simply to companion it within ourselves, while also being companioned by our community.

Of course this rarely happens in a patriarchy. Our societies are still based on competition and so we've secluded ourselves away from each other and even sectioned ourselves off from our self.

What relief is readily available to us when discomfort, stress or trauma comes knocking? We watch TV. Read books. Shop. Crave. Eat. Consume content, social media, likes. We drink or drug. We consume consume consume, all the while the rats are scratching at the door of our psyche, asking us to consider belonging and the ways we might participate in our own connection.

So what if your loneliness or anxiety or dissatisfaction is less about your genetics or addictions and more about your cage?

Humans are designed for bonding. If you can't bond with self and other because of trauma, isolation or SHAME, then you'll bond with something that brings you relief. So much of addiction, despondency, and depression comes from the unbearableness of being present in your life.





A W.I.G.C.H. creates communion.

Internally, between all the
disparate parts of herself.

And in community, with sisters,
friends, trusted souls.

Call it midnight margaritas.
Call it the red tent. Call it sacred
circle or the Weaver's Cottage.

A W.I.G.C.H. honors her
hardwiring for love and
belonging

by putting herself in the way of
shared magic,

woven with presence, in
community.

Somewhere a Place for Us

You no longer have to wonder where your place is.

The Witchery Academy is designed over four years so you can unfold and unbecome over time, remembering who you are in presence, in communion.

The hermit W.I.T.C.H. can take little bite-sized morsels of companionship, and the interactive witch can take great big fistfuls and swallow them down with fire brew.

As little or as much as you'd like to engage with companionship, we are here for you. Star Keepers. Torch bearers. Dream spinners. Forest paladins.

This is a gathering of W.I.T.C.H.es.

Unhurried. Unfettered. Untamed.

Unraveling the tight threads of the internal patriarchy in order to detect the warp and weft of your true story on the Weaver's Loom.

Welcome to the Witchery. May your days here be brightly woven.

