

## Troublemakers' Blessing by Lóre Stevens and Cody Hooks

We are the holy troublemakers: — the mystics and misfits, the doubters and devil-worshipers, the afro-futurists and magical realists, the so-called heretics, heathens and hedonists. Hell, even the kinks and Trekkies fit under this sparkly umbrella. No category can contain us. We're basically Everything Else.

We are the pesky shadow sewn to the feet of all great traditions, teachings, and institutions. We embody the eternal unknown, the stubborn mysteries, the uncontrollable forces of nature. We are human prisms, breaking plain white light into a riot of color. The monsters under the bed, who remind you that there's as much to be learned from the sacred darkness as there is the light. We are the mischievous seekers who demand to know "Why?" "How come?" and "What's the point?" Our only doctrine is that no truth is the whole truth, no way is the one right way.

We celebrate the queers: the forbidden lovers, the shapeshifters, the box breakers. Thank you for creating the unimaginable, just by being your outrageous selves.

We celebrate the Pagans, the witches, folk healers, midwives and death doulas, those whose allegiance is first and foremost to this dirty, bloody, beautiful planet Earth. Thank you for keeping humanity's feet on the ground and our eyes on the stars.

We celebrate the atheists, agnostics, and non-believers. Thank you for laughing at the powerful and for doubting absolutely everything with such gleeful fierceness.

We invite all to Plant the ancient seeds of questions. May they bloom into fabulous futures.

Bless the world with your unique imperfections, your change, your holy failure, your sacred resurrections.

May you wake every morning with stardust in your eyes. O little universe, may you love forever.