

2. The Spirit of Folleterre

Folleterre is more than a sanctuary. It is a being, a spirit, a partner in our gatherings. The land does not simply host us; it co-creates with us. Every tree, every stone, every bird song is part of the circle.

The sanctuary as kin

When faeries speak of Folleterre, they often describe it as if it were alive: the forest that listens, the meadow that embraces, the fire that teaches. This is not only poetry. Many who arrive here feel the presence of a living spirit — something that holds, teaches, and remembers.

A land that called us

Folleterre was founded in 2005 when faeries sought a permanent sanctuary in Europe. But many believe the land itself chose us, calling the first stewards, guiding their hands. From its first gatherings to today, Folleterre has shaped our ways as much as we have shaped it.

Stewardship as devotion

At Folleterre, caring for the land is not a burden but a ritual of love.

- Sweeping the temple is a way of tending to spirit.
- Chopping wood is an offering to the fire.
- Cooking meals is feeding not only bodies but the soul of the community.
- Cleaning, repairing, maintaining — these are not chores but acts of devotion.

To treat Folleterre as sacred means to see practical work as prayer.

Water, fire, forest

The elements here are teachers. Water reminds us of flow and interconnection — to protect it is to protect ourselves. Fire is our eternal hearth, the center of ritual and celebration, reminding us of transformation. The forest is our temple, teaching patience, diversity, and resilience.

Memory of the land

Folleterre holds memory. Those who return often feel the land remembers them. The sanctuary has absorbed the songs, tears, and laughter of countless circles. It carries the imprint of rituals past, and it welcomes the stories yet to come.

Sanctuary as evolving being

The Spirit of Folleterre is not static. It evolves with each gathering, each generation, each new voice. The sanctuary is re-enchanted every time we arrive, every time we open circle, every time we step barefoot into its meadow. Folleterre is alive because we are alive with it.

Entering the pact

To come to Folleterre is to enter into a pact. You are not simply a guest — you are part of the dream of the land. Every action, every word, every silence contributes to that dream. The sanctuary thrives when we remember that we are not using the land, but living with it.

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Oracle message from the Spirit of Folleterre

*“I am not the background to your rituals. I am the ritual.
Every fire you light is my heartbeat. Every tear you drop is my rain.
When you lie in the meadow, you rest in my arms.*

*You think you arrive here by choice, but it is I who call you.
I called you before you knew my name.
I will call you again when you have forgotten.*

*Do not treat me as property. I am not your land.
I am your kin, your elder, your mirror.
If you listen, I will teach you. If you care for me, I will hold you.
Together, we dream Folleterre into being.*

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