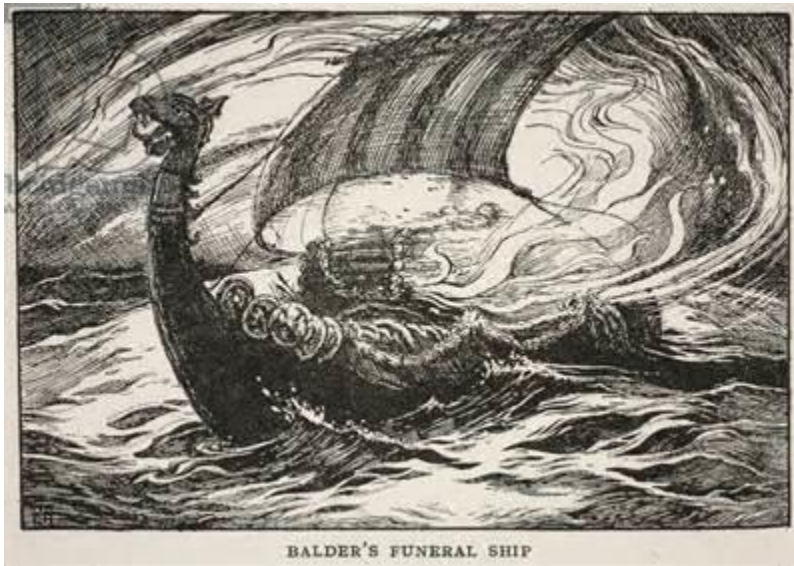


WHISPERING LAKE GROVE, ADF

Presents



Midsummer

June 26, 2016

6:00PM

ATTUNEMENT (Chris)

Joining our hands and closing our eyes, take a few deep cleansing breaths (pause 4 count). We now stand together in Midgard, upon the land, beneath the sky, surrounded by the sea as we prepare to enter sacred space and time (pause 4 count).

Below us flow the primal waters, cold, dark and chaotic; filled with the potential of all life. Reaching far beneath you into the earth, draw upon the waters of life. Feel them as they pool within your belly, within your heart and finally within your head. (pause 8 count)

Above us burns the primal fires, warm, light and ordered; filled with the spark of all life. Reaching far beyond the sky into the heavens, draw upon the fires of all creation. Feel them as they illuminate your mind, your heart and finally your spirit. (pause 8 count).

The fires of the heavens ignite the waters of the earth within you and you become one with the cosmos. Feel the primal powers of fire and water as they surge through you. Your heart beats with the very pulse of all worlds (pause 8 count)

We share our world with the Spirits of Nature. Our Ancestors dwell in the Halls of the Gods. We are all cradled in the branches of the Yggdrasill. The fire and water that flows through our veins sustains the worlds, the realms, and the Kindred.

As we open our eyes let us be one in this place!

HONORING THE GROVE PATRON (Morrighan)

Rider of the Maned Waves...

Protect us from the storms.

Guardian of the Threshold...

Guide us from all harm.

Magician of the Shoreline...

Bless us with your might.

Mist Weaver,

May you walk with us this night!

An offering of Irish whiskey is made to Manannan.

Manannan, Mist Weaver, accept our offering!

All: Manannan, accept our offering!

PROCESSION

In Song (Carrion)

Through time and tide, through waters wide

by blood and bone, by stock and stone

by breath and breeze, by fire that frees

(Words by Diana Paxson, Music by Frigga Asraat)

Repeat until all participants have entered the worship area.

*Participants will be censured and asperged as they enter the nemeton
by Morrighan & Syruss.*

(Chris) *Musical Signal:* A drum sounds 3X3 times

PURPOSE AND PRECEDENT (Carrion)

Welcome Children of the Earth and Sky!

Tonight, we gather to celebrate under the power and radiance of the summer sun at the Solstice and to honor the Hope of An Age, Mighty Baldar!

Together we shall worship and honor the Fairest and Brightest among the Aesir that he may bring hope in our hearts, inspire our work, and restore our world anew. We shall sing his praise and make our sacrifice, seeking his blessings in return.

May all who gather this eve be welcome among us!

(Yung)

Outdwellers *(at the Southern fire the Warrior lays a token for the Outdwellers)*

Beings of chaos and discord!

Hoards, whose minds know not rest and whose spirits know not peace.

To all those whose screams and cries, harmonize not with our songs and praise.

Know that this time and place we claim as ours!

You may have held it in the past, you may hold it in the future, but for now, Let it be known that it is OURS!

We have given to you all that we intend to give.

May order reign and chaos trouble not our gathering!

(Nathan)

Part I. Birth, Marriage, and Doom (written by Nathan Large)

From the warmth and the sounds, I gather this is a sunny day. So why am I, blind Hodur, embodiment of darkness and chill, about on this Midsummer? Why have I climbed the tree up from Hel's depths? Well, because you prepare to open a gate, to call my brother's name, and he and I are never far apart. I shall tell you his story... and I know more of it than even he....

Baldur and I were born together, brothers in the womb of our mother Frigg, children of father, Odin. Where I was sightless and dark, he was fair and bright. How do I know? Because all creatures proclaimed him so. All the gods and all mortals and all things in creation gloried in his presence, his beauty, his purity. And I have ears. I could hear his wonderful voice, the runes carved into his tongue, so that each word was a blessing and a spell. I could hear his wisdom. And just being in his presence, you could feel the life pouring out, the healing and renewal in his touch.

So, as I said, all loved him and the good that flowed from him. Even I was made brighter in his reflection. As we grew into manhood, he was desired by many. Goddesses and women already married would have left their husbands for him. But only one found his love in return. Not the most beautiful in Asgard, nor the most talented, but

Nanna was his equal in purity, his equal in steadfast loyalty. She reflected him wholly, the moon to his sun. Baldur was not the sun, but he shone almost as bright. Nanna was not the moon, but she glowed almost the same. They were perfectly matched. In time, she bore him a son, Forseti, whose justice merged the honor of his mother and the wisdom of his father, beloved by all who are equally righteous.

Yet as our father foretold, all glorious things would eventually end. The doom of the gods was already in its making. First would come the loss of all we held dearest... Baldur included. It began with ill dreams: Baldur had nightmares, as did our mother Frigg. He began to sicken from worry; she began to fret, unable to name the threat. The worst omen was when Baldur's own horse turned his leg and fell lame, a thing that should never happen.

Father Odin resolved to seek out the danger against Baldur. He rode out, to the gates of Hel itself. Finding the gates guarded and barred, he rode east to seek an easier entrance. There he found the hall of Delling, red elf of the dawn. The hall was decked out as if for a guest, with banners hung and golden rings strewn, and servants bustling about in preparation.

Odin asked them, "for whom do you prepare your hall?", but none would answer.

Instead, he returned to Hel's wall and found there the grave of a prophetess long dead. Through magic, he woke her and bid her speak. When he asked, "who does Hel prepare to receive?", she answered "Baldur". When he asked, "How shall Baldur come to Hel?", she answered "Hodur will slay him." When he asked who would avenge Baldur, she answered "Vale, son of Rhind." Odin then asked how I would kill my brother, but the prophetess knew him

then, knew he had lied about his identity, and would answer no more... for she was a mother of giants, and his enemy, and vowed to answer no more questions until the Ragnarok came to pass.

With heavy heart, father, Odin rode back to Asgard, there to reveal what he knew.

ESTABLISHING THE SACRED CENTER & RECREATION OF THE COSMOS

Lighting the Sacred Fire **(Carrion)**

Let us now prepare this hall and recreate sacred space and time together.

From our hearth fire I kindle this sacred fire...

(lighting the ritual fire from a hearth candle on the sacrifice table and offering incense to the fire)

Let these flames illuminate our work, as they live within our hearts and minds.

Let these flames burn away all ill, as they bring strength to our community.

Let these flames welcome our allies, as they ward all who would stand against us!

Sacred flames burn within this fire!

Pouring the Sacred Waters **(Jaeme)**

From the waters of our homes, I fill this sacred well...

(pouring the Grove waters and making the offering of silver to the well)

Let these waters bring potential to our work, as they flow within each of us.

Let these waters wash away all ill, as they bring strength to our community.

Let these waters welcome our ancestors, as they ward all who would stand against us!

Sacred waters flow within this well!

Recreating the Cosmos (Maggie the Baker)

In the beginning so too in the end; there was but fire and ice and between them a vast emptiness. To the North the ice and snow of Niflheim, frigid winds and fearsome storms ravaged the land. To the South the fires of Muspell, molten and glowing the dancing flames consumed all that lay before them. In the vast emptiness the warm breath of Muspell mingled with the ice of Niflheim. The warm winds began to melt the ice and tiny drops of water began to form. Within the tiny drops of water new life began to stir and the powers to destroy life became the powers that created it.

Hammer Rite (Yung)

Begin by signing the hammer in the North saying:

Hammer in the North, hallow and hold this holy stead.

Turning 90 degrees to the right trace another hammer sign saying:

Hammer in the East, hallow and hold this holy stead.

And in the South saying:

Hammer in the South, hallow and hold this holy stead.

And in the West saying:

Hammer in the West, hallow and hold this holy stead.

Returning to the North, direct your gaze upward, there again trace the hammer sign on the ceiling of the sphere saying:

Hammer over us, hallow and hold this holy stead.

And then project the hammer sign below to the "floor" of the sphere saying:

Hammer below us, hallow and hold this holy stead.

Now, strike the "cross" position with your arms straight out and say:

Hammer hallow and hold this holy stead!

Turning to the right repeat this for each of the other four directions and once for the vertical axis.

Finally, center the forces by folding your arms in from the cross position with your fingers touching at the solar plexus and say:

Around us and in us, Asgard and Midgard!

(Maggie the Baker)

All:

The waters support and surround us,

The land extends about us,

The sky stretches above us,

And at the center burns a living flame,

Let us pray with a good fire,

May all the Kindred bless us,

May our worship be true

May our actions be just

May our love be pure.

Blessings, honor and worship to the holy ones.

Growing the Sacred Tree (Grollwynn)

Before us the great tree begins to grow.

Roots burying deep within the Underworld

Branches reaching the highest Heavens.

Mighty ash of the ancient groves,

You are the...

Keeper of Sacred knowledge

Pillar joining Earth and Sky; the Road to all Realms.

Sacred tree grow within this place.

The bile is asperged with water from the well and censured with incense.

Affirmation of Unity- Chant

(Chris)

Let us now raise our voice as one people.

In Song

Deep Peace (Author Unknown)

Deep peace of the flowing air to you

Deep peace of the sacred flame

Deep peace of the running wave to you

Deep peace of the quiet earth

May peace, may peace, may peace fill your soul

Let peace, let peace, let peace make you whole.

Repeat chant 3 times

OPENING BLESSINGS

Honoring the Earth Mother and Sky Father

Earth Mother (Maggie the Weaver)

kneeling at the well

Ancient One of ever-changing beauty

Primal Mother of Gods and Men

And Great Goddess of Sovereignty

We are renewed in your waters

Cradled within your mantel of green

And sustained by your abundance

Earth Mother, we call upon the life-giving magic of the Earth!

Earth Mother accept our offering!

An offering of bread is made.

All: Earth Mother accept our offering!

Sky Father (Maggie the Baker)

standing at the sacred fire arms outstretched to the sky.

Flashing One of the Sun's healing warmth

Brilliant Father of the Clear Sky

And Great God of the creative spark

We are purified between your flames

Strengthened through your radiant light

And prosper from your fertility

Sky Father, we call upon the illuminating power of the Sky!

Sky Father, accept our offering!

An offering of oil is made.

All: Sky Father, accept our offering!

Invocation for Bardic Inspiration (Chris)

We call upon the Skald of Valhalla

Most eloquent God of poetry and song

And Herald of Odin's Great Hall

Oh, Welcomer of the Einherjar

Bless us with your inspiration and eloquence this night!

An offering of honey is made.

Bragi, accept our offering!

All: Bragi, accept our offering!

(Carrion)

Let us now prepare to open the way between the worlds as we call to our Keeper of Gates.

OPENING THE GATES (Morrighan, Carrion, Chris)

(Carrion)

Oh, Ancient Ones of Might and Magic,

(Morrighan)

We call to Eldest and Wisest of the Worlds,

(Grollwynn)

We seek a Priest of the Sacred Fire...

(Carrion)

To aid us in our work...

(Morrighan)

To join their magic with our own...

(Grollwynn)

And open the way between the worlds.

Alcohol is offered.

(Carrion, Morrighan & Grollwynn)

Fire Priest, accept our offering!

All: Fire Priest, accept our offering!

(Morrighan)

Fire Priest; let us stand at the center of all worlds!
Sacred Fires ignite the waters of the earth.

(Carrion)

Primal Waters, feed the order of the cosmos.

(Chris)

World Tree, join the heavens with the earth.

(Morrighan)

Striking a sigil over the fire.

Let these flames carry our praise and sacrifice to the Shining Ones.

(Carrion)

Striking a sigil over the well.

Let these waters carry our praise and sacrifice to the Mighty Dead.

(Chris)

Striking a sigil upon the tree.

Let this tree connect the worlds as they become one in this place.

By the land before us!

(Carrion)

By the seas about us!

(Morrighan)

By the sky above us!

(Chris)(Carrion)(Morrighan)

Let the Gates Be Open!

All: Let the Gates Be Open!

(Chris)(Carrion)(Morrighan)

We now stand at the center of all worlds!

KINDRED OFFERINGS

(Carrion)

Now that the world of the living and that of the spirit are one, we call out from the crossroads to the Mighty Kindred.

(Jaeme)

We call to the Kindred of all the Worlds!

Noble, Mighty and Shining Ones of land, sea and sky.

Beloved allies, guides and protectors.

Join us as we celebrate Midsummer.

Nature Spirits, Ancestors and Deities,

Stand with us as we honor Baldar this night.

Oil is offered to the Kindred.

Mighty Kindred, accept our offering!

All: Mighty Kindred, accept our offering!

Let our voices arise on the fire,

Let our voices resound in the deep,

Let the Kindred accept what we offer,

As we honor the old ways we keep.

Repeat 3x

(Nathan)

Part II: Oaths, Death, and Aftermath (*written by Nathan Large*)

While father Odin was away, mother, Frigg lost no time. Not knowing where the threat lay, she rode about, demanding oaths of every being in creation: every god, every mortal, even the trees and stones and the smallest grains of sand. She begged them swear never to do harm to Baldur. And as I said, all loved him, and all swore, even me, especially, me.

The only thing exempted from that oath was the smallest twig of mistletoe, a plant so weak it relies upon a greater tree, the oak, for its existence. Frigg passed it by, thinking it no danger at all.

She returned to Asgard and told all that Baldur was safe, that nothing could harm him now. There was great rejoicing and we celebrated this glad news with a feast. Baldur was made guest of honor, and to honor his power, the guests hit upon a game. They struck at Baldur without effect, for their oaths bound them to harm him not. Swords, too, had sworn the oath, and bounced off his skin. Missiles of all sorts were powerless, and it cheered us to see him so protected.

Odin returned to see this scene and wondered if the prophesied fate had been averted.

But one among the gods did not celebrate. Instead, Loki was jealous, resentful of Baldur's glory, contemptuous of our rowdy games. He slipped into the hall in the disguise of an old woman and crossed to Frigg, asking, "What is it they do in Asgard tonight?"

Mother Frigg answered, "They honor Baldur by assaulting him, but nothing can harm him, for all have sworn oaths to do him no harm."

"Everything?" asked the old woman.

"Well, not quite," admitted my mother. "The little mistletoe did not have to swear. Can you imagine it ever being a threat? I had to rest sometime." I heard her, my listeners. I heard Loki. And I did not remark upon it.

Well, of course Loki ran from the hall and went straightaway to find mistletoe. Plucking a sprig, he took it to a smith, whom he beguiled into crafting it into a dart, then forgetting the visit. Returning to the hall, he sought me out.

"Why do you not join the revels?" the deceiver asked. "Why do you not honor your brother as the others do, attempting to strike him down?"

I stated the obvious: "I am blind. I cannot throw at him... I might strike someone else!"

"Let me help you," said Loki. "I will guide your arm. Here, I have a dart ready!"

I was a fool. I let myself be led, guided to the floor and aimed toward my brother. My great strength was turned to Loki's end, as

he aligned my arm and I let fly. I knew from the silence afterward that something awful had happened. They tell me the dart flew straight and true, burying itself into the heart of my brother.

The hall erupted in chaos. I could hear the calls, "Hodur has killed Baldur!" "How did this happen?" I could hear Loki's laughter as he backed away. There were cries to strike me down, that second, but the peace of the hall held. None would do violence there and break their troth.

In the tumult, Loki vanished, hiding elsewhere in the worlds. He would be found and punished in time, but that is another story.

And the crime was not wholly his. I broke my oath, even unwilling, even misled. Perhaps my true fault was to heed the words of a liar, to rely upon another's judgment and not my own. I should have refused... I should have known the offer was false.

I, too, would be punished for my misdeed, slain cleanly at least. I was given the grace to join my brother eventually in Hel. But that is also another story. We are speaking of Baldur, and there is more to tell.

KEY OFFERING

"The procession of the ship to the main shrine" (Stephen & Syruss)

(Carrion)

Behold good Folk, the long ship that will carry Balder to the Otherworld approaches! *(Chris & Yung begin a processional drum beat) As the drum beat begins Stephen & Syruss will process into the Nemeton, circling once, carrying the ship. The ship will then be placed in the shrine prepared for it.*

Invocation to Baldar (Carrion)

PERSONAL/PRAISE OFFERINGS (Carrion)

Children of the Earth and Sky bring forth your offerings of praise to Baldar.

All are given an opportunity to make personal offerings of praise.

PRAYER OF SACRIFICE (Chris)

Through our praise, love, and sacrifice,
We honor Baldar in this season of light, life, and hope. It is through
our work and sacrifice that we receive his guidance, wisdom, and
blessings.

Tonight, we call out once more from the center of all worlds to our
honored guest, as we prepare to make our sacrifice to him.

(Carrion) We will now prepare Balder for his long journey to the
Otherworld. You are now invited to come forward and place
goods within the ship sending Balder off in a manner befitting the
son of a King.

*Participants come forward to place grave goods in the ship and
to give honor to Balder. Once all have had an opportunity to
give grave goods and honor to Balder, Morrighan will offer Nanna
as a companion for Balder's journey. Chris will then place
any remaining offering into the ship. Once all goods have been
placed in the ship. Nathan will then continue the final part of the
story.*

(Nathan)

Part III. Funeral, Grieving, and Return

(written by Nathan Large)

What do you do when the best among you has died? You sit here
now in this glorious light, this valuable warmth, but what will you do
when it is gone? You grieve. You remember. You hope for its
return. But what do you *do* to ensure that return?

We began preparations for Baldur's funeral, grieving and
remembering and honoring his life. But Frigg was not content. She
called to the Aesir, asking who would venture into Hel and bring
Baldur back from death. None could meet her demand, except one:
our brother Hermod, swiftest of the gods, messenger to all the
worlds. He alone could pass into Hel and return. Odin granted his
son use of his horse, eight-legged Sleipnir, and Hermod raced away
on his errand.

While he rode, we went ahead with Baldur's funeral. His body was
laid out aboard his great ship, Hringhorn, with all his treasures and
goods for his voyage. Even his horse and all its trappings were
loaded aboard. Odin gave his son his own fabled gold ring,
Draupnir, a sign of rulership. Seeing her husband, her lover, her
light, stretched out dead was finally too much for Nanna, and she
collapsed, her heart burst from grief. We laid her next to Baldur, so
they would travel on together.

Thus laden, the great ship proved too heavy for even the Aesir to cast
off... or perhaps we were too weakened from sorrow. We had to
seek aid of a giantess to push it free of the sand. Then the fires were
lit, and the pyre sanctified by Thor's hammer, and Hringhorn sailed
away aflame.

Below, Hermod rode for nine days and nine nights, until he reached
the gates of Hel. He found them again barred and guarded, but being
resolved, leapt over the wall and continued on. He found Baldur
therein, already seated in rulership and gloriously attired, though
worn from the lingering pain of death. Nanna sat beside him, as
always. He begged them return with him, but Baldur said he could
not; he could not escape Hel's fated hold. Nanna was not so fated,
but she refused to leave her husband. They sent Hermod away with
gifts for the Aesir: Baldur returned Odin's ring, and Nanna sent

another ring, a bride's ring for Fulla, and a linen dress for Frigg our mother, and other gifts besides.

So Hermod went instead to the queen of death, Hel, and begged her release Baldur. He told her that every creature in the Nine Worlds wept for Baldur's loss, that nothing existed that did not desire his return. Hel softened, and said that if this were true, if everything in creation wept for Baldur, she would abandon her claim. With this bargain struck, Hermod rode back to Asgard.

He notified Frigg, and straight away, our mother sent riders to every corner of the worlds. She herself traveled as well. The riders bid every creature show their grief for Baldur, to weep for his loss. They spread the plea far and wide, until the whole world wept... save one being. Loki would not mourn Baldur, whom he hated. But he disguised himself as a giantess, the hag of the Ironwood, Thokk.

When Frigg came to Thokk, she asked her, "Will you not weep for Baldur, my son?" Thokk (or Loki) answered, "What has Baldur done for me? If I weep, they would be tears of fire. Let Hel keep what she holds." And so, because that one creature would not weep, Hel would not release Baldur; he and Nanna were lost to us forever.

Did I say forever? Well, for the Aesir, Baldur was forever gone. But we did not have eternity. Our doom was yet to come, sped along by the loss of my glorious brother. I was slain myself, as I have said, joining my brother in that dark hall. With us wait the mortal mother and father of the world yet to come.

When the old world has ended, when the gods meet their ends or are scattered, only then will Hel release what she holds. There will be none left who remember Baldur, and also, none left to refuse to weep.

Then we will emerge: the progenitors of the next world, with Baldur and Nanna to rule us. The old-world lost Baldur's glory, but this was necessary, as Odin foresaw. Baldur's light was preserved in the darkness so that it might be reborn, untarnished by the horrors of Ragnarok. Baldur remained pure, a source of inspiration to all who might come after.

And I will return, as well, to serve as I might. Perhaps this is my role, to remember and to retell our story...For my brother is truly the "Hope of an Age".

Stephen & Syruss will lift the ship onto the fire. As the ship is lifted into the fire and begins to burn all will join in the following prayer lead by Carrion.

(Carrion) Good Folk, join me now in prayer as Balder begins his journey.

Repeat prayer three times pausing for a four count between each.

Lo, there do I see my father

Lo, there do I see my mother and my sisters and my brothers

Lo, there do I see the line of my people back to the beginning

Lo, they do call to me

They bid me take place among them in the Halls of Valhalla

Where the brave may live forever...

(Borrowed from the movie The 13th Warrior)

After the prayer has been recited the assembly will stand in silence for a few moments as the ship burns

(Chris) Grieve not, Good Folk! For the young hero is not gone forever. Balder will return at the sounding of Gjallarhorn, for he is the hope of an age! Just as Balder now journeys, we too will one day journey to the Otherworld to fulfill the cycle of life, death and rebirth.

THE OMEN (Carrion)

The Omen is taken by drawing three Runes. The seer then interprets the omen asking if our sacrifice and offerings have been accepted.

Participants chant the following, sending their energies through the gates.

(Morrighan)(Chris) In song

Look into the well of memory

Look into the well of time

Look into the well of ages I am yours, You are mine.

Listen to the ancient stories

Listen to the ancient songs

Listen to the ancient wisdom I go on, You go on.

Deep within your hearts are beating

Deep within are hearts we know

Our descendants will remember

Our love flows, Your love flows.

(Words & music by Emerald)

BLESSING OF THE WATERS

The following words will be spoken over the pitchers.

(Chris) As in the ways of old we have given our gifts freely and as in the ways of old a gift is given unto us in return.

(Carrion) We will drink deep of the Cup of Inspiration. May the blessings of health, wealth and wisdom be ours.

(Chris) Baldar your blessings upon us!

All: Baldar your blessings upon us!

(Carrion) We gather with you between Earth and Sky. We are proud to call ourselves your people.

(Chris) Once again, Baldar your blessings upon us!

All: Baldar your blessings upon us!

(Carrion) We have brought our offerings. We have made sacrifice.

(Chris) One last time, Baldar your blessings upon us!

All: Baldar your blessings upon us!

(Chris) *The pitchers are lifted saluting the fire, well and tree.*

HALLOWING OF THE WATERS

(Chris) Behold the Waters of Life!

(Chris) Baldar hear and bless us.

(Carrion) Mighty Baldar, Illuminating Hope of an Age, hallow these Waters of Life.

(Chris) *lifts the pitchers before the participants.*

(Chris) Behold the Waters of Life!

All: Behold the Waters of Life!

AFFIRMATION OF THE BLESSINGS

(Chris) Now Good folk, do you wish to receive the blessings Of Baldar? _____. Then we shall drink deep his blessings!

The Waters are passed (Morrighan & Syruus) and all participants share the waters. As the waters are passed the following song is sung by all participants.

As the blessings are passed **Chris** will lead the chant, “Blessings of the Holy Ones”.

Blessing of the Waters

The Blessings of the Holy Ones

Be on me and mine

My blessings on all beings

With peace on the and thyn.

The fire, the well, the sacred tree

Flow and flame and grow in me. By Ian Corrigan

THANKING THE BEINGS

(Carrion)

Baldar we thank you for the blessings of light and hope you have shared with us. May you continue to bring hope to our world and blessings our work **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Baldar, we thank you!

All: Baldar, we thank you!

(Jaeme)

Mighty Kindred of land, sea and sky, Eldest and Brightest of the Worlds. We thank you for the guidance, wisdom and blessings you have shared with us **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Kindred, we thank you!

All: Kindred, we thank you!

(Chris)

Bragi, Great Skald of the Halls of Valhalla. God of Poetry and Song. We thank you for the inspiration and eloquence you have shared with us. **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

All: Bragi, we thank you!

CLOSING THE GATES

(Carrion) Mighty Priest of the Sacred Fire, we thank you for tending our fire and warding the way between the worlds with us. **(A final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Fire Priest, we thank you!

All: Fire Priest, we thank you!

Ancient Priest of the Sacred Fire, we now ask that you aid us in closing the gates, warding the way between the worlds once more.

(Morrighan)

Let the fire burning towards the heavens once more become, but

flames.

(Carrion)

Let the well whose depths reach the Underworld once more

Become, but water.

(Chris)

Let the tree, pathway between Earth & Sky, become, but wood.

By the land before us!

(Carrion)

By the seas about us!

(Morrighan)

By the sky above us!

(Chris) (Morrighan) (Carrion)

Let the Gates be closed!

All: Let the Gates be closed!

(Maggie the Baker) Ancient Mystery of the Sky, may you continue to illuminate the way to courage. Bright Father of the Aesir, we thank you for your sacrifice. **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Sky Father, we thank you!

All: Sky Father, we thank you!

(Maggie the Weaver) Primal Mother of Earth, may you continue to guide and protect us. Ancient Mother, we thank you for your blessings. **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Earth Mother, we thank you!

All: Earth Mother, we thank you!

(Carrion)

We now return all that has gone unused to the Earth and the Sky, may they continue to support, surround, and sustain us. All offerings that remain are burnt in the fire or scattered upon the Earth.

STATEMENT OF ENDING (Chris)

Once more take a few deep cleansing breaths as we reaffirm our center (*pause 4 count*). We stand together at the center of all worlds, upon the land, beneath the sky, surrounded by the sea. We span the worlds, connecting earth and sky and the Kindred as one (*pause 4 count*).

Remember that below us flows the primal waters filled with the potential of all life. It is these waters that surge through your very being. (*pause 8 count*)

Remember that above us burns the primal fires filled with the spark of all life. It is these powers that have illuminated the waters that surge through you. (*pause 8 count*)

The primal powers of fire and water unite within us bringing new life and balance to our beings. Our hearts beat with the very pulse of all worlds (*pause 8 count*)

Remember that we share these worlds with the Spirits of Nature, with the Ancestors and with the Gods. As they bless us, offer their wisdom and guidance let us forever remember the old bargain.

Remember the powers of earth and sky, the sacred fire and waters, that flow within you... take what you need to maintain balance and release back to the earth and sky all that has gone unused. Know that the fire and water that flows from us helps to sustain the worlds, the realms and the Kindred as we conclude our worship.

May all that is be what was, that it may be again!

Musical Signal- A drum beats 3X3. (Yung)

(Morrighan)

Manannan, we thank you for aiding us in our work, join us at our hearth and walking with us as we journey upon our paths. (*a final*

token is offered) May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Manannan, we thank you!

All: Manannan, we thank you!

(Carrion)

All: We will keep the faith until the sky falls upon us and crushes us; until the earth opens and swallows us; until the seas arises and overwhelm us.

Recessional Chant

(Chris) Once more may we now raise our voices in song as we leave our Nemeton.

CHORUS

The sky fuels the waters

And the waters sustain the skies

We walk together from this place

With the honored as our guides

Strong in our purpose

We balance and survive

From many wells of fortitude

Our spirits are revived

CHORUS

Joyous in our sharing

We honor dead and alive

With voices of sacred wisdom

We travel the path of our lives

CHORUS

Fulfilled in our learning

Our souls will always thrive

In our varied hearts and minds

We keep the sacred for all time

CHORUS

(lyrics by Isaura; music by Raven of the Sorrows)

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*Ritual text written by
(Unless otherwise credited)*

Rev. Carrion Mann

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