

Whispering Lake Grove, ADF

Presents

Midsummer



Sunday, June 25, 2017

5:30PM

SPIRITS OF THE LAND (MAGGIE THE WEAVER)

Following Maggie the Weaver's invocation, Syruss will offer cream and honey to the Spirits of the Land around the ritual area above the garden as all gathered sing "We Approach the Sacred Grove".

GROVE ATTUNEMENT (Chris)

Joining our hands and closing our eyes, breathe deeply, (pause) feel your feet firmly resting upon the Earth, (pause) in your mind's eye see the Sky that stretches above us, (pause) and feel the presence of the Sea that surrounds us (pause). We stand together in the Middle Realm, the world that we share with the Spirits of Nature.

Below us exists the Underworld realm of our Ancestors and the sacred source of the primal waters. Reaching far beneath you seek the primal waters. Let us call to them as they rise to meet us, 'sacred waters flow within us'. Feel the waters as they enter your being filling the cauldron within your belly, (pause) within your heart (pause) and finally within your head (pause). Feel the potential flow throughout your being.

Tuning your attention skyward, know that above us stretches the Heavens, realm of the Gods and home of the first fire. Reaching far beyond the sky seek the primal fire. Let us call upon this sacred spark of the first fire, 'sacred fire burn within us'. See the illuminating radiance of the sacred fire as it shines upon you igniting the potential that flows within you. See the flames of the first fire ignite the cauldron within your head, (pause) the cauldron within your heart (pause) and finally the cauldron within your belly (pause).

Feel the primal powers as they surge through you. Your heart beats with the very pulse of all worlds. The fire and water that

flows through our veins connects us to the worlds, the realms and the Kindred.

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

HONORING OUR GROVE PATRON (Nathan)

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)

Procession & Purification All participants will be censed and asperged as they enter the Nemeton. Nathan & Alicia to cense and asperge.

Burn fire, burn bright

True wisdom come to me

Guide my path tonight with your strength and light.

Musical Signal-A drum beats 3x3 times. **(Chris)**

Recreating the Cosmos(Carrion)

In the beginning and so too in the end; there was but the fires of the Sky and the waters of the Earth and between them a vast emptiness.

Now, within the vast emptiness the illuminating power of the heavens and the creative potential of the Earth converged. The fires of the Sky ignited the waters of the Earth and new life began to stir.

Through the union of fire and water came forth the worlds, the realms and the Mighty Kindred., nine holy things which would create all others

OPENING PRAYERS

Honoring the Earth Mother and Sky Father

(Maggie the Baker)

Ancient One of ever changing beauty

Primal Mother of this land

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!

An offering of bread is made.

Earth Mother, accept our offering!

All: Earth Mother, accept our offering!

(Jaeme)

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!

An offering of incense is made.

Sky Father, accept our offering!

All: Sky Father, accept our offering!

Invocation for Bardic Inspiration (Carrion)

Goddess of Inspiration and Poetry,
Great Mother of Song and music,
May our words echo in the sacred well...
May our hearts and minds burn with the eternal flame...
May our songs resonate upon the wind...
May you grant us the gift of inspiration and insight...

An offering of honey is placed in the offering bowl for Brigid.

Lady Brighid accept our offering!

All: Brighid accept our offering!

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE & HISTORIC PRECEDENT

(Chris)

Tonight we gather between the Earth and Sky.
To worship and honor the Healers, Dian Cecht, Miach and Airmed,
We shall sing their praise and make our sacrifice; seeking their
blessings in return.

We gather in celebration of the Summer Solstice,
Enjoying the warmth and light of the Sun at the height of its power.
Tonight as we celebrate light and life,
May all who gather be welcome among us!

(Nathan)

Ritual Lore for WLG, Midsummer 2017

“Dian Cécht, his children, and the origin of the healing herbs”
by Nathan Large

As told by Nuada’s porter

You’re wondering about the eye, aren’t you? For your
information, it’s only asleep. A nuisance. But I’ll satisfy your
curiosity later. My eye is only a small part of my story. And

wasn’t the fellow here last year completely blind? One eye is
an improvement.

What I can tell is nothing less than the story of medicine itself,
of the herbs that heal. I know the true story of how these gifts
came to exist... and why mortal-kind is so muddled about
which cure is which.

It wasn’t always so. Healing was once a different kind of art.
The power to mend a body was found in all sorts of places, like
the notes of a song or the waters of a deep well. Once,
physicians worthy of the name drew out the healing virtues in
everything. Even if you weren’t a healer, you might still draw
on those powers, though not to the same degree. There was no
medicine you could buy from a merchant! No, healing in my
time was quite a different thing from today’s pills and pastes
and punctures.

The greatest of all healers was the physician of the Tuatha de
Danann, Dian Cécht. Dian Cécht could cure any wound, purge
any disease, and grant his patients near-immortality. When
battle raged, he served by binding up wounded soldiers and
returning them fresh to the battlefield the next day. During the
Second Battle of Moytura, he blessed a well at the hill of Slane,
such that it could restore *every* soldier retrieved from the
battlefield each day, even if mortally wounded, so long as head
remained joined to body. That well was destroyed, mind you,
by the Fomorian enemy.

Another feat of the great Dian Cécht sets the stage for my real
story. Back in the First Battle of Moytura, King Nuada gained

the victory but lost his arm. The harsh law of the time stated that no man blemished in body could stand as king, so Nuada not only lost his arm, he also lost his crown. The severed limb was buried, and Nuada ceded the throne to the half-Fomorian Bres... a worse wound than merely losing a limb.

If you're interested, it was in that same war I lost my eye. I left off soldiering and became Nuada's porter, his door-guard.

Dian Cécht came calling and served the former king well. With the smith Creidne, Dian Cécht crafted Nuada an arm of pure silver, as strong and nimble as the original. So Nuada of the Silver Arm got that name. Yet for its beauty and function, the arm still counted as a blemish. Nuada was whole in skill, but not whole enough to rule.

Matters worsened. The Fomorians pressed close and tormented Eireann, undeterred by King Bres. We came to understand what a poor leader we had chosen. We sought a replacement. Our best hope was to return Nuada to the throne... but how? His old arm was gone and buried, and even Dian Cécht could not restore a completely missing limb.

One day, I sat at duty, guarding Nuada's door. My dear cat dozed on my lap. Walking up came Dian Cécht's son, Miach. He asked to see Nuada, saying that he could heal the King's arm.

I laughed in his face. If his father, the great Dian Cécht, could not accomplish the feat, what hope did Miach have? Even as

an adult, he was practically a child in comparison to his teacher.

But Miach persisted. Finally, I set him a challenge. I demanded that he prove himself, before I would let him trouble Nuada. I asked him to restore my missing eye. Miach offered to take the eye from my cat and graft it into my own empty socket.

Doubting, I agreed... and he did it! He drew the eye from my cat's head and placed it in my socket! I could see again... and better, I could fight again!

Overjoyed, I kept to my word and escorted Miach into Nuada's presence. The great lord heard him out, looked at my eye, and gave his consent to be healed.

At first, Miach suggested a similar procedure: to take a limb from a donor and graft it to Nuada's stump. We sought throughout Eireann for a suitable donor, but only one man had an arm of the proper dimensions: a swineherd, Modan. That was no good: a king cannot rule with an arm coated in pig-shit!

Miach offered another solution: using the remains of Nuada's own arm, he would grow it anew, using herbs and magics. Nuada gave him leave to try, indicating the spot where his arm was buried. The limb was rotted down to bones, but still Miach made the attempt.

The young doctor wrapped the bones in herbs and cloth. He slept with it pressed tight to his own flesh, sharing his warmth

and energy. He sang and chanted strange words, until the arm regrew to its former strength.

Then, Miach reattached the regrown arm to Nuada's stump. This last step was simple, compared to the efforts before. The arm fit perfectly. It worked as wonderfully as before. Nuada was whole.

Once word of his restoration spread, the Tuatha De took little time ousting Bres and returning our beloved Nuada to the throne. What happened after, with Nuada and with Eireann, is beyond my tale today. Though there were joyous victories to come, my story must end with a tragedy.

When Dian Cécht learned what had happened, he did *not* rejoice. His son had accomplished what he could not. He was consumed with jealousy.

In this state, he confronted Miach, asking why his son shamed his father so publicly. Miach grew angry as well, and the two quarreled. The argument turned to blows.

Dian Cécht drew blood first, splitting the skin of Miach's face. His son, able healer, easily erased the wound. This ease only enraged Dian Cécht further and he struck again and harder. His second blow split his son's flesh, but this too, was a minor injury for a skilled healer. Miach sealed the wound, again unharmed. Dian Cécht struck a third time, now cleaving through skin and flesh and even cracking the bone of Miach's skull. Miach again knitted his bone and sealed his flesh and wiped away the cut. The outrage was too much for Dian

Cécht... and with his fourth blow, he cut skin and flesh and skull and split Miach's brain in two.

Such an injury cannot be healed. It is instantly fatal, for any creature. Miach fell dead, to the weeping of his sister, Airmed, and the horror of his father. In penitence, Dian Cécht gathered up his son's body and took it to a high hill, burying it with suitable honors. Then he fled, leaving Airmed to grieve over her brother's grave.

The Earth knows when it holds a true healer. Consuming Miach's flesh, the soil sprang forth with the powers of his craft, sprouting three hundred and sixty-five different herbs, each with great healing power, each unique. One herb grew for every different part of Miach's body, for every part of the human form. They grew in neat order, aligned with the parts they were meant to heal.

To preserve this knowledge, the fruit of Miach's craft and the Earth's gift, Airmed laid out her mantle and began to collect the herbs. She laid them out carefully, in the pattern in which they had grown. In this way, she not only preserved the herbs themselves, she maintained the knowledge of their best use.

As Airmed finished and was about to bear the herbs away to be catalogued and spread throughout the world, her father, Dian Cécht, returned. He saw the grave, all overgrown and harvested, and knew what the Earth had done. He saw what Airmed had done.

Dian Cécht knew that all the craft of Miach, all his own teaching plus the genius of his son, was laid out on that mantle, in those herbs. With that gift, all humanity would be their own physicians. They would not need doctors. They would not need Dian Cécht.

His rage swelled again, and Dian Cécht pushed Airmed aside. Grasping the edge of her mantle, he threw it into the air... scattering the herbs in every direction. Their pattern was lost forever, and with it, the knowledge of their uses.

The herbs flew about, and rooted, and were not lost. Even Dian Cécht knew not to spurn or destroy a gift of the Earth. But he had confused the knowledge they held. He once again acted to spite his children's genius. And because of his jealousy, we lost much.

Since that time, humans have regained some of the missing wisdom of Miach and reclaimed some of his healing art. But this study is hard work. It has taken you millennia to recover a fraction of what Miach and Dian Cécht knew. Those healers of old are far away, under hills and through doors. Some mortals speak with the ancients and learn a few secrets. But all of you benefit from the Earth's gift, the healing herbs you've managed to regather.

It is noble work and worth the struggle. I honor those who maintain what is known and seek to know more. I honor the memory of Miach and Airmed... and even Dian Cécht, who taught them.

Say what you might of Dian Cécht, but he was wise enough to know not to destroy or corrupt the Earth's gift. Some humans have missed *that* lesson. Do your best to teach them... or at least, preserve what you've already gained.

<raise hand to eye>

Ah, it's getting late. My eye is waking. It's time to go. You see, having my eye replaced with a cat's wasn't such a wise request. It sleeps most of the day... and if I don't take it out for a bit at night, to watch the birds and mice, it won't let me get a bit of sleep.

Wisdom does come in odd ways.

Weaving the Druids Mist (Carrion)
(Carrion)

Affirmation of Unity

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)

Fire, Well & Tree

(Chris)

To the fire

Kindled of the hearth fire

Scared flame upon the Earth

Joining together hearts and minds

Darkness banished before the roaring blaze

Transcending the realm of light and shadow

Purifier and cleanser of mind, body and spirit

Sacred fire burn within this place!

An offering of oil is made into the fire.

(Carrion)

To the well
Threshold to the Otherworld
Window to the souls
Cauldron of inspiration
Sacred shrine of old
Ford of cleansing waters
Vessel of rebirth
Sacred well flow within this place!

An offering of silver is made into the well.

(Maggie the Weaver)

To the bile
Mighty oak of the ancient grove
Roots burying deep within the Underworld
Wise teacher of traditions old
Branches reaching into the heavens.
Keeper of sacred knowledge
Pillar joining Earth and Sky; spanning the three worlds
Road to all realms;
Sacred tree Let all who walk this way walk in your wisdom.

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

(Carrion)

To Land, Sea & Sky
The waters support and surround us.
The land extends about us.
The sky stretches above us.
And 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 and honor and worship to the holy ones.

Land, Sea & Sky Text by Ceisiwr Serith

INVOCATION TO THE GATEKEEPER

(Carrion)

Oh, Ancient Ones of Might and Magic,

(Morrighan)

We call to Eldest and Wisest of the Worlds,

(Chris)

We seek a Priest of the Sacred Fire...

(Carrion)

To aid us in our work...

(Morrighan)

To join their magic with our own...

(Chris)

And open the way between the worlds.

Alcohol is offered.

(Carrion, Morrighan & Chris)

Fire Priest, accept our offering!

All: Fire Priest, accept our offering!

(Carrion) As the worlds converge within this place let us raise our voices in song to the Gatekeeper!

All in song

Gatekeeper open the portals,

Between the Gods and mortals,

Power freely flows, as our magic grow!

Repeat chant three times

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OPENING THE GATES

(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.

KINDRED OFFERINGS

(JAEME)

We call to the Mighty Kindred of the land, sea and sky.

We call to those of the Middle realm, of the Underworld and of the Heavens!

We seek an alliance with the Spirits of Nature, who share the Earth with us!

We seek the wisdom of our Ancestors, who walk this Land before us!

And we seek the aid of our Gods and Goddesses, who bless our work and our world!

Noble, Mighty and Shining Ones stand with us as we honor the great Healers among the Tuatha De Dannan.

Oil is offered to the Kindred.

Mighty Kindred, accept our offering!

All: Mighty Kindred, accept our offering!

(Carrion) *All in song*

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

Chant by Sonoran Sunrise Grove, ADF

KEY OFFERING

(Carrion)

Dian Cécht

Great God of Medicine

Mighty Leech of the Tuatha

Keeper of the Well of Slane

Restorer of Life....

Let your worth not be overshadowed by your jealousy.

May we learn patience from your haste...

And peace from your violence...

May we learn to be proud of our accomplishments...

And admire the skill of others greater than our own....

Divine Physician of the Tuatha, we honor you and offer you welcome!

An offering herbs is made to the fire.

Dian Cécht accept our offering!

All: Dian Cécht accept our offering!

(Maggie the Baker)

Airmed

Lost to us were the secrets of the herbs.

The keys to immortality scattered from your cloak.

Powers of regeneration whisked away.

Only you can teach their secret knowledge.

Green Goddess of fields and forests;

Tender of the sacred spring of healing;

Bringer of life from death;

Airmed, Herbal Healer of the Tuatha De Dannan.

We offer you welcome!

An offering herbs is made to the fire.

Airmed accept our offering!

All: Airmed, accept our offering!

(Chris)

Miach

Lost to us was this mighty healer.

Slain by his father's jealous hand.

Out of his death sprang forth new life.

From his grave arose powerful healing.

Guardian of the sacred well of healing,

Restorer of Nuada's flesh and bone.

Keeper of the secrets of immortality.

Miach, Skilled Healer of the Tuatha De Dannan.

We offer you welcome!

An offering herbs is made to the fire.

Miach accept our offering!

All: Miach accept our offering!

PERSONAL/PRAISE OFFERINGS (Carrion)

Children of the Earth and Sky bring forth your offerings of praise to the Healers of the Tuatha De Dannan.

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

PRAYER OF SACRIFICE (Carrion)

Through our praise, love and sacrifice;

We honor have honored Dian Cécht, Miach and Airmed. It is through our work and sacrifice that we receive their guidance, wisdom and blessings. Tonight we call out once more from the center of all worlds to the Great Healers of the Tuatha that they may bless our work, our world and our lives, as we prepare to make our sacrifice.

SACRIFICE

Group Sacrifice will be done in the usual energy raising manner.

A wreath of herbs will be passed among the participants and sacrificed to the fire at the conclusion of the energy raising.

THE OMEN (CHRIS)

Chris takes the omen as **Carrion** leads all who have assembled to direct their energy through the gate. When the omen has been drawn **Chris** will pronounce the omen.

Come Druids all ovates and seers

And let your minds be still

Earth, sea and sky will lend you know fears

As Gods reveal their will.

*Let every heart sing praise to them
And all our works be skills
Claiming their blessings to the very end
As Gods reveal their will.
(original words by Sean Miller)*

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) Might Healers, give us the waters!

All: Might Healers, give us the waters!

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

(Chris) Once again, Might Healers, give us the waters!

All: Might Healers, give us the waters!

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

(Chris) One last time, Might Healers, give us the waters!

All: Might Healers, give us the waters!

The pitchers are lifted saluting the fire, well and tree.

Hallowing the Waters

(Chris) Behold the Waters of Life!

(Carrion) Mighty Healers of the Tuatha, hallow these waters of life.

(Chris) Bless with us your knowledge and skill.

lifts the pitchers before the participants.

(Chris) Behold the Waters of Life!

All: Behold the Waters of Life!

Affirmation of the Blessing

(Chris) Now Children of the Earth and Sky, do you wish to receive the blessings of Dian Cécht, Miach and Airmed ?
_____. Then we shall drink deep their blessings!

As the blessings are passed by **Alicia & Nathan-Carrion** 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

(Chris)

Miach, skilled surgeon of the Tuatha De Dannan, we thank you for the wisdom and blessings that you have shared with us. For even in death you remain the master healer. **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Miach, we thank you

All: Miach, we thank you

(Maggie the Baker)

Airmed, skilled herbalist of the Tuatha De Dannan, we thank you for sharing your sacred knowledge with us. **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Airmed, we thank you!

All: Airmed we thank you!

(Carrion)

Dian Cécht, Divine Physician and Leech, we thank you for the lessons you have taught to us and the blessings that 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.

Dian Cécht we thank you!
All: Dian Cécht 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!

(Carrion)

Brigid, Great Goddess of Inspiration, Mighty Mother of Song & Music, we thank you for the inspiration and eloquence that you have shared with us this night **(a final token is offered)** May you continue to inspire our hearts and minds. May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Lady Brigid, we thank you!

All: Lady Brigid, we thank you!

(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!

Thanking the Earth Mother and Sky Father

(Maggie the Baker)

Earth Mother and Sky Father we thank you for the blessings of fertility you have shared with us. May you continue to support and sustain us, upholding and blessing our work and world **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Earth Mother and Sky Father, we thank you!

All: Earth Mother and Sky Father, 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!

(Jaeme)

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!

Musical Signal- *A drum beats 3X3.* **(Chris)**

(Maggie the Weaver)

Thank you to the Spirits of the Land.

(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

(Carrion) 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)

Summer Solstice Ritual 2017

*Ritual text written by (Unless otherwise
credited)*

Rev. Carrion Mann

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