

MABON - or - Harvest Home '10 w/ *Treibh na Tinteán*

MEDITATION

Priestess: We praise the Earth who feeds us / and raise the Harvest Home. / The stag with light steps leads us / to dance the season come. / Ash links the worlds entwining / our realms with Gods and Elves. / The bonfire blesses, shining / our food, our drink, ourselves. ~Leigh Ann Hussey

Priest: Today we celebrate the Second Harvest of fruits, nuts, vines and new friends. We also remember our neighbors who struggle without. We accept the gifts of the Lady and Lord, we remember that what was sown is now reaped. This is a time of offerings, payment of dues, and enjoyment of rewards. We also need to share what we have with those who have need. The Wheel of the Year is ever turning from life to death to life again.

Priestess: The God guides us in the dance of balance and harmony. He travels the path of Nature so that we Know and not Fear the cycles of our being, for balance and harmony are His truths. Now is the time when the God prepares to leave the Goddess and enter the Underworld. He will be reborn at Yule for He is the Sun.

Both: "Now the darkness is descending; light our way, oh love unending. From his dance, let life be reborn, for his death is a beginning. For his dance is just beginning."

CLEANSING

DIRECTIONS:

EAST - We call upon the spirits of Air as the warm winds die and we enter autumn, preparing for the chilling blasts of winter. Join us now for our second harvest festival. So mote it be!

SOUTH - We call upon the spirits of Fire—glowing hot bonfires that we will use to shield us from the cold, long winter nights. Join us now for our second harvest festival. So mote it be!

WEST - We call upon the spirits of Water slowing from rippling waves to frozen lakes as it too readies for winter. Join us now for our second harvest festival. So mote it be!

NORTH - We call upon the spirits of Earth now slowly growing chill as it prepares for a long winter's sleep. Join us now for our second harvest festival. So mote it be!

SPIRIT - We call upon the spirit of all elements to assist the Crone as she sleeps and

transforms into the Maiden of spring once again. So mote it be!

-adapted from Blinda and Brian

CASTING (all): We cast this circle as sons and daughters, / Spinners and weavers, / Toolmakers, potters; / As dancers and dreamers, / Fixers, changers, / Singers and screamers. / We cast this circle with our ancestors and guardians, / God and Goddess too, / You who teach and who speak true, / Who plant, who reap, / Who soar, who creep, / Who cook, who drum, / Who have been and yet to come, / Unreasonable women, / Unmanageable men. / We cast as pagan, heathen and witches, / Loving hearts or furious bitches. / We are sweet water, we are the seed; / We are the storm wind to blow away greed. / Into this circle we bring to birth the love that reclaims our earth. / So mote it be!

Covenant (all): As we gather here, in our sacred space, a circle is formed, and we are connected in spirit.

Invocation of the God: Harvest Lord, slain god, the willing sacrifice—sacred king and sacred seed—you who are also the Green Man. You are cut down so that your seeds may be planted in the earth—so life will continue and be ever more abundant. Great God Cernunnos, return to earth again! Come to our call and show thyself to us. Shepherd of Goats upon the wild hill's way, lead thy lost flock from darkness unto day. So mote it be!

Invocation of the Goddess: Cerridwen of the harvest, return to earth again! Come to our call and show thyself to us. Moon Goddess, Triple Goddess, White Sow of the Night, grant to us your bounty of knowledge and of light. Bring to us your cauldron, to drink and be reborn with wisdom, power, magick, we come to be reborn. Turn the wheel that brings us changes that we welcome and fear, Goddess of the grain. So mote it be!

Priestess: Mabon represents the beginning of the dark time of the year. The Sun moves away from us and the Earth grows chilly.

All: We welcome the dark.

Priest: Tonight all things are in balance. Night and day are equal. Goddess and God are equal. Life and death are equal. But tonight darkness conquers the light, taking us into the dark of the year, a time to reflect on those passed over, and on those who are yet to come.

(P picks up bowl; Ps holds up one acorn.)

Priestess: Before you, you see a symbol. This small nut is a symbol of the harvest season, of Horned God, and of the life force that animates deity. You see a seed that gives life, but it must first die. As it was and ever shall be, two halves of a whole, beginnings and endings—all are one.

(Each person approaches the altar, gets an acorn and is asked...)

Whom do you mourn?

(After answer, each is instructed to go back to place and face outward.)

P: Tonight we mourn the loss of life and the loss of light.

Ps: But just as the acorn you hold in your hands represents both life and death, so do our beloved deities.

P: Those who are passed shall return as surely as shall the light.

Ps: Pour your troubles, mourning and sorrow into this ancient symbol.

P: Spend a moment doing this.

Ps: Then, when you are ready, *hurl* the acorn into the woods—I mean, get RID of it!

(Then....)

P: Just as we have sorrow, we also have joy!

Ps: Does this company still mourn the loss of their light?

All: NO!

REALIZATION: Link hands and dance clockwise. Shout out one key goal that has been realized.

“SHEDDING”: Then, dance counterclockwise. Shout out the one thing you would like to get rid of!

AFFIRMATION: Dance clockwise. Shout out the one issue you want to work on this winter!

COMMUNION: The wild God returns this night to the belly of the Mother. The Mother Goddess tonight becomes the Crone. As the Wheel of the year turns, the earth dies a bit each day. I willingly follow the old gods into the darkness where they will watch over me, protect me, and keep me safe.

THANKING:

GOD and GODDESS: We thank the God and Goddess for Their gifts of love. Hail to Mabon; harvest hail! / Blessed be the Goddess' fruit! / Blessed be the hard travail, / and blessed be the living root. / Bless the furrow, bless the blade; / bless the God, for He must wane. / Bless the table all a-lade, / and bless the Wheel that turns again.

NORTH - We thank the spirits of Earth, sending blessings in the slowly growing chill. Go if you must, stay if you will. Blessed be!

WEST - We thank the spirits of Water, sending blessings to the slowing ripples. Go if you must, stay if you will. Blessed be!

SOUTH - We thank the spirits of Fire, sending blessings for the warmth against the cold. Go if you must, stay if you will. Blessed be!

EAST - We thank the spirits of Air, sending blessings as the warm winds shift into chillier gusts. Go if you must, stay if you will. Blessed be!

SPIRIT - We thank the spirit of all elements and anticipate the Crone's transformation into the Maiden of spring once again. Go if you must, stay if you will. Blessed be!

ALL - The wild God has gone to rest in the Underworld. We look to the darkness for renewal and rebirth. Merry meet and merry part and merry meet again!!!