

Yule 2013 with Treibh na Tíntean

MEDITATION—*[Mike helps us thank the darkness.]*

CLEANSING—*[Sandy rings bell; Dave wields holly; Mike holds bowl of full moon snow; Jenna hands out candles. It's all good!]*

CASTING—*[Dave lights candles; when they are all lit, everyone turns to the left and sets her/his candle behind him/her so we are standing in a circle of light. While these candles are being lit, Denise and Mike will read the following...]*

Denise—It is winter, it is night...

Mike—We await the Sun, we await the light...

Denise—In this darkness, in this night...

Mike—We await the warmth, we await the light...

Both—And slowly it comes!

CALLING THE DIRECTIONS

NORTH *[Sandy & Craig]:* 1: God? God is power of earth, / in and under us.

2: She is steady, staying, / fertile loam, body, matter, tree.

1: She is crumbling limestone and shifting sand, / multi-colored marble.

2: She is rugged boulder and water-smoothed agate, / she is gold and gemstone.

1: She is tectonic plates and motion, / mountains rising over us, / rumble of earthquake, / tantrum of volcano.

2: She is turning of our day, / root of being.

1 & 2: And we, we are pebbles / and sand grains, / and tiny landmarks, / in the endless terrain of her.

EAST *[Richard & Melissa]:* 1: God? God is air wallowing / all about us.

2: She is thin blue atmosphere embracing / our planet, gentle breeze.

1: She is wind and fiercesome gale, centrifugal force of tornado and hurricane, / flurry of duststorm.

2: She is breath, spirit, life.

1: She is thought, intellect, vision and voice.

1 & 2: And we, we are breaths of God, / steady and soft, / changeable and destructive. / We are her laughter and her sighs, / atomic movements, / (sardines schooling) in the firmament of her.

SOUTH *[Denise & Dave]:* 1: God? God is fire burning, / day and night.

2: She is sting of passion, / blinking candle, / heat that cooks our food.

1: She is fury forest fire / and flow of lava which destroys and creates, transforms.

2: She is home fire and house fire.

1: She is giving light of sun and / solemn mirror-face of moon,

2: and tiny hopes of stars.

1 & 2: And we, we are little licking flames / flickering in her heart, / in the conflagratory furnace of her.

WEST *[Scott & Jenna]:* 1: God? God is water sleeping / in high-piled clouds.

2: She is gentle drink of rain, / pooling lake, rounding pond, / angry flooding river.

1: She is frothy horse-maned geyser.

2: She is glacier on mountains and polar ice cap, / and breath-taking crystalline ideas of snowflakes.

1: She is frost-dance on trees.

1 & 2: And we, we are drops of God, / her tears of joy or sorrow, / ice crystals / and raindrops in the ocean of her.

SPIRIT [*Mike & Melanie*]: 1: God? God is journal of time marching through eternity.

2: She is waking of seasons, phases of moon, movements of stars.

1: She is grandmother, mother, daughter.

2: She is transcending spiral of ages, history a mere babe balanced on her hip.

1: She is spinning of universes and ancestress of infinnence.

2: She is memory, she is presence, she is dream.

1: And we, we are brief instants, intersections, nanoseconds, flashing gold-hoped moments in the eons of her.

1 & 2: God, God is. And we, we are.

(From "Drops of God," Tess Baumberger)

COVENANT—[*Make contact!*] As we gather here, in our sacred space, a circle is formed and we are connected in Spirit.

INVOCATION [*All*]

Stag in the wood, king of the forest / Powerful, proud and strong / Horned Lord, / Spirit thundering through the trees...

Lady—beauty of the snowy earth / and the white moon among the stars, / the mystery of the waters, / the desire in the heart of humanity...

Father fill us with your light / Heat, and power, joy and wisdom. / Father fill us with your light / Burn in us, burn in us....

Mother Goddess, giving birth, / bring the Sun back from the Earth. / Winter's ground seems like a tomb: / let this Circle be Your womb.

We await our rebirth with the year—Lord and Lady, hail and welcome here!

(from *Spiral Rhythm*)

MOTHER NIGHT [*Sandy tells story and then tells us to pick up and snuff our candles. We honor our female ancestors—one per customer. Then tell our darkness*]

It's Mother Night, Modranicht. The Longest Night gives birth to all the nights of the year. In this sacred night time, we nurse our fledgling plans, we snuggle our hopes. We strategize, we meditate, we wait—just like the seeds lying in the frozen ground. In the dark, we work out the logistics of light and growth. We cannot worship the Sun if we do not love the Moon. We cannot be reborn without a mother. In a moment, I will ask you to honor one female ancestor on this Mother Night. Then we will say, in just a few words, what we are doing with our darkness—what's the plan.

Now, pick up your candle from behind you. ...Each person will snuff out her/his candle and state the name of an honored female ancestor. If you wish to remain silent, simply blow out your candle when things circle around to you. We will start here in the North.

....

What are you doing with your darkness? Say in very few words what you are planning. Hang onto your candle, you will need it again soon. I'll begin....

CHILD OF LIGHT [*Scott tells the story, and then Dave relights the candles herding us into a spiral. We tell our light.*] [*I've got a chant! "May our Light / be a gift to You, / Coming home again." Sing to the tune of River Roberts' piece. We can use it to hold space while we get all the candles lit.*]

The Child of Light and Promise, Mabon, the new Oak King is born at the Winter Solstice. The Mother's dark womb has grown to encompass half of the earth. Now the birth is at hand. Her water breaks and covers our land in snow. Last year's Child has grown and become King. He is now old and venerable, waiting to pass His solar flame onto His own Son that He might be born anew. He lovingly holds the hand of the Lady who must

endure His death and birth all in the same moment. Lady, Queen of the stars and moon; Lord, seed of life and light! Your flame warms the coldest night. Child of Light, come to us!

We call to the Child of Promise by honoring our light. In just a moment, Dave will relight our candles and we will spiral around the altar. We will hold this sacred space of birth with a chant. Just listen until you learn it and sing gladly—no one cares how “well” you sing, just that you sing. When all of our candles have been relit, we will tell our light—in a few words, tell us what you will DO. [*Do the chant a few times, then...*] We will start lighting candles in the watery West.

....

What you do with the returning Light? Say in very few words what action you will perform. I'll begin...

....

Child of new-light, we bid ye welcome!

[*All*] Welcome, Mabon... / Lost one, Found again! Blessed Be!

COMMUNION—[*Denise brings wassail; Sandy & Scott bring apple cider.*]

RUNE BLESSING—[*Sha and Mark*]

THANKING

God & Goddess: Horned Lord of the Forest-- / Mother Womb Goddess-- / mystery, joy and wisdom-- / we thank You for your Light and Love. Hold us in Your care as we await rebirth. Hail and farewell!

SPIRIT [*Mike & Melanie*]:

1: The Spirit of God is the spiral of ages.

2: She is the spinning of universes.

1 & 2: And we, we are brief flashes of hopes in the eons of her. God? God is. And we, we are. Blessed be.

WEST [*Scott & Jenna*]:

1: God is water sleeping in high clouds.

2: She is flooding river and frost-dance on trees.

1 & 2: And we, we are drops of God, tears in the ocean of Her. Blessed be.

SOUTH [*Denise & Dave*]:

1: God, God is fire burning, day and night.

2: She is home fire and forest fire.

1 & 2: And we, we are little flames, the conflagration of Her. Blessed be.

EAST [*Richard & Melissa*]:

1: God, God is air, our thin blue atmosphere.

2: She is breath, life and hurricane.

1 & 2: And we, we are breaths of God, small sighs in the firmament of Her. Blessed be.

NORTH [*Sandy & Craig*]:

1: God, God is the power of earth, in and of us.

2: She is dirt, marble, tree root and gemstone.

1 & 2: And we, we are pebbles in the endless terrain of Her. Blessed be.

OPENING THE CIRCLE—[*Scott, Mike, Richard, Dave, Craig and Dave*] May the Wheel turn, may the Sun return. The circle is open yet unbroken. Merry meet and merry part, and merry meet again!