

Summer *Soulstice* liturgy, 2005

First be warned that this is not a normal ADF rite....this rite is performed to grow outside of the normal parameters, to help show that religion should be a celebration of the now with a nod to both the past and the future. Today we celebrate midsummer or summer solstice. To me summer means music. Music is food for the soul, from the spirituals sung in the cotton fields, to the bagpipes calling you home, to the inner-city beat of rap music, music is always there to “take you away to that special place”...in addition to that, what better time to celebrate music than in the summer, from the open car windows, the transistor radio at the beach, from the rooftops and backyard barbeque... hear the sounds of summer and dance to the beat of the music....

Procession Chant:

Ease on down, ease on down the road
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road
Don't you carry nothing that might be a load
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road

[\(From the movie *The Wiz*\)](#)

Cense and asperge the company as they enter.

Opening Prayers

A: Universal Spirit:

Sounds of laughter shades of earth
are ringing through my open views
inciting and inviting me
Limitless undying love which
shines around me like a million suns
It calls me on and on across the universe

[\(The Beatles - All Across the Universe\)](#)

That which is without name
That which is without gender
That which is without form
Spitit which exists in all Creation

We, the Children of the Earth
Call out to you
And ask that you bless this work and our lives.
So be it.
So be it

B: Earth Mother: (All kneel and touch or kiss the earth.)

Morning sunshine
On carpets of green
Cascades of water
Are flowing endlessly

Here in the morning light
We spent a holiday
Here in the morning
At mother nature's matinee

[\(Styx - Mother Nature's Matinee, Styx I\)](#)

I see trees of green, red roses too
I see them bloom for me and you
And I think to myself what a wonderful world
I see skies of blue and clouds of white
The bright blessed day the dark sacred night
And I think to myself what a wonderful world

[\(Louie Armstrong - What a Wonderful World\)](#)

You who are the Mother of all Gods
We pray you bless and uphold this rite.
So be it.
So be it

C: Awen: The Bard invokes, saying:

I need your sweet inspiration
I need you here on my mind
every hour of the day
without your sweet inspiration
the lonely hours of the night
just don't go my way
Sweet inspiration
oh what a power
and I've got the power
every hour of the day
I need your inspiration
to go on to go on living
to keep on giving this way

[\(Vonda Shepard - Sweet Inspiration\)](#)

Power of inspiration that attends us
I call on you to place the clear heart in us
Guide our rite in the way of Truth

So be it!
So be it!

Purification

In a normal rite this is where we ask the outdellers to go away, to play over there...but in life, times of chaos creates great music, the lonely dark place of heartache has spawned many a number one song, from the sounds of tribal chants and heavy metal guitar, to the sounds of free form Jazz chaos is creative...we all have energies that we should try to embrace and anyone who has lived in the inner city knows that summer time is full of chaos...from the snip lets of music and smells that rise up in the air to the children's laughter and the sounds of sirens in the distance...to even the night time hum of the window fan as it blows warm drying air over your body...we cannot celebrate summer and not celebrate the distractions of life...but let us for a minute try to block out every thing and relax...

GroveAttunement (Jim says)

Now close your eyes and hold hands to the one next to you. Breathe deep the smells of summer, the newly mowed grass, of hotdogs and hamburgers on the grill. Breathe deep the smell of the ocean, of sunscreen and citronella, and of all the summer scents that you remember. Relax and feel the sand under your feet, with maybe the surf rushing up between your toes, breathe in the feel of summer, the energy of summer, the feel of the road so hot it melts in between your toes....crane your head skyward and feel the warmth of the Sun shining down on your face, on your shoulders, feel the heat that warms you, drink up that energy like a summer rose in full bloom...now think to yourself about music in your life, your favorite songs, maybe the summer of your first love, the song they played at the roller skate rink, the music they blared at the pool, your first ride in a convertible, or playing in the creek, lake, pool, ocean...think back to the feel and sounds of summer...

Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar up on the roof
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea, yeah
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

(Under the boardwalk) out of the sun
(Under the boardwalk) we'll be havin' some fun
(Under the boardwalk) people walking above

(Under the boardwalk) we'll be falling in love
Under the board-walk (board-walk!)

[\(The Drifters - Under The Boardwalk\)](#)

Fire, Well and Tree

Offerings to the Sacred Center

Well:

When the waters rose in the darkness
In the wake of the endless flood
It flowed into our memory
It flowed into our blood.

When something broke the surface
Just to see the starry dome
We still feel that relation
When the water takes us home
In the flying spray of the ocean
The water takes you home.

[\(Rush- ?\)](#)

(Offering to the Well)

Fire:

I will stare at the sun until its light doesn't blind me
I will walk into the fire until its heat doesn't burn me
And I will feed the fire
Into the fire I'm reunited
Into the fire I am the spark
Into the night I yearn for comfort

[\(Sarah McLachlan -Into The Fire, Solace\)](#)

(Offering to the Fire)

Tree:

By the sacred grove, where the waters flow
We will come and go, in the forest
In the summer rain, we will meet again
We will learn the code of the ancient ones
In the forest

By the waterfall, I will hold you in my arms
We will meet again by the leafy glade
In the shade of the forest
With your long robes on, we will surely roam
By the ancient roads, I will take you home

To the forest

(Van Morrison - In the Forest)

(Offering to the Tree)

Whose garden was this? It must have been lovely. Did it have flowers?
I've seen pictures of flowers, and I'd love to have smelled one.
Whose river was this? You say it ran freely. Blue was its color.
I've seen blue in some pictures, and I'd love to have been there.

Tell me again I need to know. The forest had trees, the meadows were green.
The oceans were blue and birds really flew. Can you swear that it's true?

Whose gray sky was this? Or was it a blue one? You say there were breezes.
I've heard records of breezes and I'd love to have felt one.

Tell me again I need to know. The forest had trees, the meadows were green.
The oceans were blue and birds really flew. Can you swear that it's true?

Whose garden was this? It must have been lovely. Did it have flowers?
I've seen pictures of flowers, and I'd love to have smelled one.
Tell me again I need to know, tell me again I need to know.
Tell me again I need to know, tell me again I need to know.

(John Denver - Who's Garden was this?, same)

Opening The Gates

I went down to the crossroads, fell down on my knees.
I went down to the crossroads, fell down on my knees.
Asked the Gods above for mercy, "Save me if you please."

I went down to the crossroads, tried to flag a ride.
I went down to the crossroads, tried to flag a ride.
Nobody seemed to know me, everybody passed me by.

Robert Johnson, Delta Bluesman,
Open the ways for us.
Guide us as we walk in your drifting ways,
Guide us as we walk the Sacred Road.
Share your magic with us,
Ward us as we travel to meet the Kindred.
Tune our guitars and our hearts.
Bluesman accept our sacrifice.

All: Bluesman, accept our sacrifice!

(An offering of oil is given to the Fire. Make an opening triskel on the Fire, Well, and Tree saying:)

Now, Bluesman,
Join your magic with mine
And let the Fire open as a gate,
Let the Well open as a gate,
Let the Tree be the crossroads of all Worlds.
Open as a current to our voices and to the Spirits.
Let the gates be open!
All: Let the gates be open!

Kindred Offerings

Ancestors:

And the sons become the fathers and their daughters will be wives As the torch is passed
from hand to hand And we struggle through our lives Though the generations wander, the
lineage survives And all of us, from dust to dust, we all become forefathers by and by
([Dan Fogelberg - Forefathers](#))

Keeper of the ancient ways, Medicine man and sorcerer, Summoner of storms
Enchanter of the beasts, Blood binds you with the eagle
Blood binds you with the wolf, You know the pain of the spirits
Our ancestors guard your soul
Shaman, chant for us
Shaman, dance for us

([Necromantia - The Shaman](#))

And as it was then, so it is still..music has the power to transform us

To those who shared their hearts and music...Those who have come before us and those
who have moved on...

John Lennon, Johnny Cash, Joey Ramone, Louie Armstrong,
Frank Sinatra, Curt Corbain, George Harrison, Hank Williams,
Marvin Gaye, Sammy Davis Jr., Jimmi Hendrix, Janis Joplin,
John Bonham, Keith Moon, Jackie, Wilson, Brian Jones,
Glen Miller, John Coltrane, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Buddie Holly, Ray Charles

To the ancestors of our bones, of the land, and of our hearts and souls accept our
sacrifice!

(An offering is made to the Ancestors)

All: Ancestors, Accept our sacrifice!

Nature Spirits

In keeping with our theme...let us think about the music that the nature spirits create, the crickets, bull frogs and cicadas with their evening lullaby, the wake up call of the robins, blue jays and all our feathered friends, the lonely solo of the coyote, the wind rushing thru the trees, the trickle of water in the stream, the sound of summer rain on a tin roof...

Hear that lonesome whippoorwill
He sounds too blue to fly
The midnight train is whining low
I'm so lonesome I could cry

The silence of a falling star
Lights up a purple sky
And as I wonder where you are
I'm so lonesome I could cry

[\(I'm so lonesome I could Cry – Hank Williams\)](#)

Nature Spirits, accept our sacrifice!

(An offering of an apple in made to the Nature Spirits)

All: Nature Spirits, Accept our sacrifice!

Deities

The shadow seasons have erupted, pagan souls
in slumber

I have foreseen their empire's end
Our souls will re-awaken, to re-kindle the
ebbing flames

A new dawn is approaching, we shall awaken
the winds of mist again swirl as I hear a clash
of steel

"Dark" battles "light" in it's never-ending war
Ancients are summoned, power evermore
Pagan rites are read and all is said and done
"Dark" and "Light" are ended, a new age
has begun

[\(Ewigkeit - Gods Of Ages Awakened\)](#)

The Children of Earth call out to the Shining Ones.
Hear us, eldest and brightest!
[To all Gods and Goddesses],
We offer you welcome.
[To all Gods of this place],
We offer you welcome.
[To all the deities of those here gathered],
We offer you welcome.

Come to our fire, Shining Ones;
Meet us at the boundary.
Guide and ward us as we walk the elder ways.
Deities, accept our sacrifice!

(an offering of scented oil is poured on the fire)

All: Shining Ones, Accept our sacrifice!

Honoring the Matron of the Rite

Hail Erato, Goddess of love songs and erotic poetry...Lovely one, we ask that you join us now in celebrating the soundtrack of summer. Help us to live everyday with passion and a to have song in our hearts...sweet Erato I say to thee

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession for that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and gives life to thee.

(author unknown)

Praise Offerings

Let us close our eyes once again and feel the sun on our face, the cool breeze on your skin, hear the sounds of the park around you and again remember the power of summer and of music...It is now time for praise offerings and I would like each person to come up and share something about them and summer memories or perhaps something about music and how it has touched your life...

Final Sacrifice and Omen

(Jim says)

So we have given of our love and our inspiration
To the deities.

Now let our voices arise on the Fire
Let our voices sound across the Ocean
Let our words pass the boundary to the Otherworlds.

Shining Ones,
We give you our love
Our respect, and our devotion
as we pray you...

Shining Ones, accept our sacrifice!

All: Shining Ones, accept our sacrifice!

Having sacrificed to the Powers
Let us open to them
Asking what blessings they offer us in return
And the needs they have of us.

What's the deal? Spin the wheel.
If the dice are hot -- take a shot.
Play your cards. Show us what you got --
What you're holding.
If the cards are cold,
Don't go folding.
Lady luck is golden;
She favors the bold. That's cold.
Stop throwing stones --
The night has a thousand saxophones.
So get out there and rock,
And roll the bones.

(Rush – Roll The Bones)

Mike draws Runes and interprets the omen, leading the company to contemplate the things they would ask of the powers, especially as suggested by the omen. Company re-centers in preparation for the blessing.

The Blessing

A: The litany of the waters:

(Jim says)

Ancient and Mighty Ones we have honored you
We pray you honor us in turn
For a gift calls for a gift
Hear your children:
Shining Ones, give us the Waters!

All: Shining Ones, give us the Waters!

B: Hallowing the waters:

Sittin' in the mornin' sun
I'll be sittin' when the evenin' comes
Watchin' the ships roll in
Then i watch 'em roll away again
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watchin' the tide, roll away
Sittin' on the dock of the bay Wastin' time

Left my home in Georgia
Headed for the Frisco Bay
I had nothin' to live for
Looks like nothin's gonna come my way
I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watchin' the tide roll away
Sittin' on the dock of the bay, wastin' time

(Otis Redding – Sitting On the Dock of the Bay)

Mead is poured and elevated. (Jim Says)

Shining Ones:
Hallow these waters!
Behold the Waters of Life!

All: Behold the Waters of Life!

Each person drinks from the horn.

Closing

When all is done, the druids lead a resettling, then begin to close the grove, saying:

The Great Ones have blessed us
With joy and music in our hearts
Let us carry the magic from our sacred Grove
Into our lives and our work.

Each time we offer to the Powers
They become stronger
And more aware of our needs and our worship.

So now as we prepare to depart
Let us give thanks
To all those who have aided us.

O Patrons of those here, We thank you!

All: We thank you!

O Gods and Goddesses of elder days, We thank you!

All: We thank you!

O Spirits of this land, We thank you!

All: We thank you!

O Ancestors, our Kindred, We thank you!

All: We thank you!

To all those Powers that have aided us, we say again...

We thank you!

All: We thank you!

Mother of all
To you we will return all we leave unused
Uphold us now in the world as you have in our rite.

We thank you!

All: We thank you!

The druids go to the center. They speak:

O Bluesman, wanderer of the ways

For your presence and power
Your guiding and guarding we say...

We thank you!

All: We thank you!

Druid makes the closing sign over the hallows, saying:

Now by the Keeper of Gates and by our magic
We end what we began.

Now let the Fire be flame.
Let the well be water.
Let the Tree be only a tree.
Let all be as it was before.
Let the Gates be closed!

All: Let the Gates be closed!

Go now, Children of the Earth
In peace and blessings
The rite is ended!

Na na na na
Na na na na
Hey hey hey
Goodbye

Resessional:

Left a good job in the city
Workin' for the man every night and day
I never lost one minute of sleep
Worryin' about the way things might have been

Chorus
Big wheels Keep on turnin
Proud Mary keeps on burnin'
And we're rollin'
Rollin, rollin on the river

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis,
and I pumped a lot of 'tane down in New Orleans
But I never saw the good side of the city until I hitched
a ride on the river boat Queen

Chorus