

13 Megaliths Ritual

Ritual written and led by Bev & Ray
(April 3, 2009)*



- 1st Megalith - Janine (S)
- 2nd Megalith - Simon
- 3rd Megalith -
- 4th Megalith -
- 5th Megalith - Suzanne
- 6th Megalith - Andrew
- 7th Megalith - Jenny
- 8th Megalith - Charlene
- 9th Megalith - Rache (E)
- 10th Megalith - Ray (N)
- 11th Megalith - Beverley (W)
- 12th Megalith - Maria
- 13th Megalith - Jenni

OPENING

We drum as we walk. By the power of the ancient ones may this circle be blessed, cleansed and sanctified.

East: "Guardians of the watchtower of the east, we do stir, and call thee up to protect us in our rite. Come to us now on the cool breath of Autumn's sigh which heralds the advent of Winter and the close of harvest time. Breathe into us the spirit of the pure joy of life. Hail and Welcome!"

North: "Guardians of the watchtower of the north, we do stir, and call thee up to protect us in our rite. Come forth from the cook fires and smokehouses where food is being made ready for the coming cold months. Kindle within us the flame of spiritual awakening. Hail and Welcome!"

West: "Guardians of the watchtower of the west, we do stir, and call thee up to protect us in our rite. Come forth from the rainbow hued morning dew that covers the fields, and is soon to be frost. Aspurge us with your diadems and water our deepest roots that we may find peace of mind. Hail and Welcome!"

South: "Guardians of the watchtower of the south, we do stir, and call thee up to protect us in our rite. Come forth from the fertile bosom of our Blessed Mother Earth, and nourish us so that our hopes may grow to fruition. Hail and Welcome!"

All read together with hands upraised to the centre:

"Mother Earth, Father Sky; Come into us now, that we may realize our unity with you, knowing that as we are your children, your spirit resides in us all. May we realize our divine nature, and witnessing your connection in all things, share all with you, as you share all with us. Hail and Welcome."



We light the candle in the centre of the altar.

The ritual requires thirteen people each carrying a small candle. They enter and walk to the altar, where they light their candle. They place the lit candle on the altar and say their lines then take their place in the circle...

I am the first of the old ones. I have seen the dawn of time, from the suns beyond our earth. Men call me the stone goddess, old, steadfast and wise.

I am the second of the old ones. I opened my arms to the first one, and cooled her fire with my breath. I was the primordial movement, the first stirring of the winds. Men call me the father of chaos.

I am the third of the old ones. I was the water upon the face of the two. From my depths all life was formed. My face was softened by the breath of the second. Men call me Mara, the bitter one, the sea.

I am the fourth of the old ones. I gave my warmth to the three. From my brilliance the third one was given beauty. Men call me Sol, the sun.

I am the fifth of the old ones. I gave my light to the darkness. Mine are the tides to rule. Though my brother the fourth shows greater brilliance, I too have my beauty. Men call me the virgin; also I am named Luna, the moon.

I am the sixth of the old ones. I ride the earth on cloven hooves, or on the winds of night. I am the hunter and the hunted. Stag and horse, bird and beast are mine; and with the aid of the fifth, whose call all must answer, I reproduce my kind. Men kill in lust for me. I am named Herne or Pan, Cernunnos or the Horned one.

I am the seventh of the old ones. I am the floral one; all laughter and joy are mine. With the sixth, I call all living things to join our dance. I am the eternal She who knows not destruction. The silver fish are mine, as are also the spinners of webs, the weavers of dreams. Men know me as the Mother, and call me great.

I am the eighth of the old ones. I am a mystery, for I am my own twin. My two faces are life and light. Sol and the winds that cool him are both of my essence. Men know me as the mover and fertiliser and call me Air and Fire.

I am the ninth of the old ones. With the eighth, I am wholeness, for I am love and law. The father of chaos and the bitter sea are my parents. Men know me as the nourisher and shape-giver, and call me Water and Earth. The eighth and I are the quartered circle of creation.

I am the tenth of the old ones. I am the pupil of all the other. I begin with four, and then have two, and end with three. From the belly I came, and to the womb I go. I am nothing, yet I am Lord of all. I shall cease, and yet return. I am good, yet am I more terrible than those who have gone before. I am Man.

I am the eleventh of the old ones. I too am the pupil. With the tenth, I seek the truth. There is no He without She. Mine is the great cauldron of creation, yet am I ever virgin. I am even more terrible than the tenth, for logic and reason are not mine when my little ones are destroyed by any of the others. I am warm yet cold, gentle yet destructive. I mirror the stone one and the floral one. I am Woman.

I am the twelfth of the old ones. Hide from my face if you will, but know that I am the most powerful of all. The tenth and eleventh dance with me, and even the floral one weeps summer tears at my command. For I am an ever-turning wheel. I am the spinner and the weaver, and I also cut the silver cords of time. Men know me as fate, and I am the hermaphrodite.

I am the thirteenth of the old ones. I am the shadow of the sanctuary, and the silver wheel. I am feared, yet loved and often yearned for. I ride my white mare over the battlefields, and in my arms the sick and the tired find rest. We shall be together many times, for though I am the victor, yet am I also the loneliest of all the thirteen. To seek the twelve is to know that I am but an illusion. Woe is to me, the thirteenth one - and yet all joy is mine also; for from my embrace is renewed life; and to know me is to meet, know, remember and love again. Men know me as death - yet I am the comforter and renewer, the correcting principle in creation. The scythe and the victor's crown are mine; for all the thirteen, I am the only one who is not eternal.

Then all the 13 repeat in unison

We are the henge of creation, the megaliths of old, the guardians of the path of knowledge, the thirteen keepers of the sacred circle.



HENGE MEDITATION

Sit in a comfortable position, feet firmly on the ground and your hands resting gently in your lap. Take a deep breath and then exhale, breathing out all the tension in your body. Feel all of your muscles relax.

Now feel that your feet have roots and that those roots are burrowing deep down into the soil. See those roots reach deeper and deeper into the warm golden light that is the centre of the earth. Feel that warmth penetrate your roots. Feel this warm energy rise up through your legs, up through your body and on up through your head. Feel this energy spill out of the top of your head and cascade back to the earth in a never-ending cycle.

You find yourself in a fog bank as you move through it you feel yourself going through a shift in time. As the fog starts to dissipate you see a stone circle nearby. As you look at the circle you hear footsteps coming up and stopping behind you. You turn and find Merlin standing there leaning against his staff. "There you are", he says. "I was wondering when you were going to get here. Follow me". He turns and starts to walk towards the circle and you follow him. I shall leave you now with Merlin for a while.

CLOSING THE MEDITATION

You hear Merlin's voice calling you. He says it's time to return, so you turn away from the stone circle and follow him back to where you first met him. He says "I hope you enjoyed being here today, come back again soon".

Merlin then steps forward raises his staff and strikes it on the ground. You notice that the crystal on the top of his staff is now glowing brightly. Merlin reaches up and takes out a ball of energy and gives it to you. He says "you'll need this soon, so keep it safe till then". You turn and move back through the fog bank, forward in time. You notice a shift in the darkness and then a light appears and you find yourself back in this room. You see yourself sitting on the chair and you move back into your body. You feel your chest moving with each breath, you stretch your arms and you feel totally grounded and invigorated and you open your eyes.

LEAVING

Megaliths all stand & in reverse order put out your candle, say your piece, walk to Janine & give her your energy ball; then return to your seat.

I am the thirteenth of the old ones, the shadow of the sanctuary, and the silver wheel, the only one who is not eternal. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the twelfth of the old ones, the most powerful of all, the ever-turning wheel. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the eleventh of the old ones, a pupil too, the great cauldron of creation, Woman. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the tenth of the old ones, the pupil of all the other, the nothing yet Lord of all, Man. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the ninth of the old ones, love and law, the nourisher and shape-giver, Water and Earth. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the eighth of the old ones, my own twin, life and light, the mover and fertiliser, Air and Fire. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the seventh of the old ones, the floral one, the eternal She, the Mother. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the sixth of the old ones, the hunter and the hunted, Herne or Pan, Cernunnos or the Horned one. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the fifth of the old ones, I light the darkness, rule the tides, called Luna the moon. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

I am the fourth of the old ones, warmth, brilliance, called Sol the sun, and I am not here within this circle.

I am the third of the old ones, water, the depths, called Mara the sea, and I am not here within this circle.

I am the second of the old ones, primordial movement, first stirring of the winds, the father of chaos. I pass this power that I have gained since entering this circle, knowing that it will be used wisely.

Janine goes to the VISITORS and gathers their energy balls and amalgamates these as well.

I am the first of the old ones, the stone goddess, old, steadfast and wise. I direct this power, passed to me by those who have gone before.



CLOSING

All read together with hands upraised to the centre:

"Earth Mother and Sky Father; Thank you for sustain us, your children, this day. Thank you for the wisdom to see your path, the strength to prevail in the darkest hour, and the presence of Now. We thank you for the joys surrounding us and for the chances you give us to prove ourselves in adversity as well as in happiness. May we flourish. Hail and Farewell."

We put out the candle in the centre of the altar.

South: "Guardians of the watchtowers of the south, return now to the Earth where worms burrow deeper and seeds nestle awaiting the long sleep of Winter. Take with you our blessings and thanks. Hail and farewell!"

West: "Guardians of the watchtower of the west, return now to the Autumn rains which cool the Earth's fevered brow baked in the heat of Summer afternoons. Take with you our blessings and thanks. Hail and farewell!"

North: "Guardians of the watchtower of the north, return now to the dying fires of Autumn's heat soon to give way to Winter's chill. Take with you our blessings and thanks. Hail and farewell!"

East: "Guardians of the watchtower of the east, return now to the brisk Autumn breezes which are brimming with the excitement of the year's climax. Take with you our blessings and thanks. Hail and farewell!"

May this circle be open but unbroken
May the peace of the Goddess be ever in our hearts.
Merry Meet and Merry Part
And Merry Meet again.



** This ritual is a combination of the author's original ideas and information obtained from various books and/or internet sources*