

FULL MOON CIRCLE (JULY 31ST 2004)

INITIATING THE QUEST

(Ritual written by Gwyneira Morgana)

INTENT

As we share this Full Moon, we can remember that while it is sacred in its own right, this is also the time of Imbolc. A special turning of the seasons, when the dawn of spring glimmers - the first stirrings of the fires within the earth beginning to awake.

While this festival is traditionally sacred to Brigid, we can look to the skies to see who the planetary bodies indicate are standing forward to share with us their gifts. When we do so, we see Psyche and Pan - two asteroids, not only in positions of power this night, but in positions of power for the coming months. When we explore the stories that are told of these two, we indeed find that there is a particular moment within Psyche's story that these encounter each other in a significant manner.

While we will be sharing the story properly within the circle, we can understand for now that Psyche is analogous to our minds, and Pan to our groundedness. We can understand furthermore that Pan appears in a moment when Psyche has virtually lost her mind with grief, speaking with her in a manner that both grounds and allows her to find direction.

As then Spring prepares to explode with life, as it prepares for its quest into fulfillment, we too can do likewise. We can connect with our deepest sense of loss and sadness, we can allow ourselves to fully share in the pain of this aspect of Psyche's mythic journey, allowing this to drive a spiraling inwards towards our centre - towards our place of groundedness from which we will find direction. This we will do by invoking Psyche and Pan, by allowing Psyche's energy to drive us to swirl gently as we circle widdershins - allowing that which we have built to shun our pain to fall away until we reach our centre. Once reached, we can connect this energy to a stick, a branch, a symbol of straightness - this becoming a tool with which we can direct our energy towards clarity and the empowerment of our future. This can become a sacred wand, that through the Spring you can fashion to reflect your centre.

Our intent this night is then to:
Initiate The Quest

CIRCLE CASTING

*After smudging, each person enters circle,
walking deosil,
singing:*

We are a circle
A living circle
With no beginning
And never ending

Together all honour this land in song:

Gundrah A oo noo Nungeenah tya
Gundrah Lah oo oo noo
Yahma koora, yahma koora
Nungeena tya
Yahma koora

QUARTER CALLS

East

Spirits that dwell in the East
That rise with the Sun over the ocean,
Spirits of the water.
Guide & guard this place,
Guide & guard our hearts.
We Welcome you
So Mote It Be

North

Spirits that dwell in the North
That stand tall with the Sun over the
mountains, the earth,
Spirits of the Earth.
Guide & guard this place,
Guide & guard our bodies.
We Welcome you
So Mote It Be

West

Spirits that dwell in the West
That set with the Sun over the desert,
Spirits of the Fire.
Guide & guard this place,
Guide & guard our desires.
We Welcome you
So Mote It Be

South

Spirits that dwell in the South
That reign while the Sun sleeps,
Spirits of the Air.
Guide & guard this place,
Guard our minds.
We Welcome you
So Mote It Be

STORYTELLING

There once was a young woman, as beautiful in nature as she was to behold. Indeed, despite the fact that her family was poor and humble, such was her beauty that whispers of it spread through out the land. Many even compared her beauty with that of Aphrodite, the great Goddess of love and beauty Herself.

Now Aphrodite is not known for tolerating comparison, and while She turned Her eye for a time, when some began to suggest that young Psyche - for that was the beautiful young mortals name, was indeed more beautiful than Aphrodite She could not ignore it. And so She cursed poor Psyche to never know the comfort of romantic human love.

Well, the years passed by, and both of Psyches sisters - though both far plainer, both in

nature and to behold married.

Psyche however remained alone. Now a funny thing about beauty, when not acknowledged by the love of another, is that it tends to not recognise itself unless mirrored, and this was the case for Psyche. She came over time to believe that she must be hideously ugly, and avoided the company of others - afraid that she might offend.

Such was her plight and sadness, that eventually it was felt even by the Gods, Eros, the son of Aphrodite determining to comfort her. And so He sent the winds, and the softest of clouds to carry her away to a place where she might find joy. This was indeed a place of great beauty, sumptuous comfort, with great feasts and delicacies prepared at every meal by invisible hands, and cleaned away by similarly invisible forces.

Late at night, after it was dark, when almost she was asleep, Eros would come to her - indeed, he was afraid to come in plain sight, in case it enraged His Mother. Although she could not see him, they would talk, and share each others embrace, falling deeply and passionately in love.

Now this may sound like an idyllic life, but as any mere mortal would, Psyche became bored. My darling she implored, could I not return, and visit with my family - for I miss them. At first, Eros denied her, terrified of what His Mother may do if their secret life was discovered. Eventually though they found a compromise - for her sisters to visit with her - though He lamented, no good would come of it.

And so her sisters arrived, and marveled at the beauty of the place, the deliciousness of the food, and the sumptuous comfort of their surroundings. They marveled indeed, and were not a little jealous. They asked her - who provides for you in such a manner - where is this fine man? Psyche explained that he only came at night when she could not see him, but that he was kind, and loving and gentle. Horrified, her sisters exclaimed, but he could be anyone, he could even be a monster, waiting for the right moment to devour you - you must heed our words.

And so that night, she did as they suggested. When she retired, she took with her an oil lamp. And after they had shared their passion and he slept, she lit the lamp, and for the first time saw His face. Never had she beheld such beauty, such fineness of features, such strength of body, and serenity of expression - in an instant he was recognized as no less than the God of Love. So great was His beauty, so awe inspiring his visage, that her hand trembled, and a drop of oil spilt onto His delicate God like skin. With a start he jumped up, and with a look of anguish cried, no longer can we be together, for know that you know who I am, it will not be long before we are discovered. And with that He fled. Psyche was inconsolable. She called for the winds to return her sisters home, and dissolved into the darkest night that she had ever known.

Sitting in the depths of her dark, dark night, she heard footsteps, or rather hoof steps, and when she looked up she saw the face of Pan, his rugged features, his earthy smile,

and something in her told her that she could trust him.

And so they talked. Why he demanded do you sit in such a manner. Get up, wipe away your tears, do not sit in your sadness and fear. Go, find your love. Seek out His Mother, right what is wrong between you. If this is truly your desire, then let no one take it from you.

His words rang true, and Psyche - gathering herself - her strength and resolve, found herself prepared - initiated for her quest.

All of us have experienced loss, of love, of passion, of our hopes, dreams, aspirations. All of us have allowed ourselves to retreat into a place of darkness and limitation. All of us have built walls, rooms, mansions around these places of darkness - resisting the full experience of their power. Yet at their core is an essence that invites the presence of Pan - His strength, practicality and groundedness having the capacity to propel us forward upon a quest - the end of which delivers not only love, but immortality.

INVOCATIONS

Mighty Psyche,
She who is borne upon clouds,
She who has achieved immortality
She whose radiance is as the mind of the Gods.
Share with us your essence.
Share with us your breath
Share with us your journey
Lead us each to our own self.
We breathe you now
And welcome you,
So Mote It Be

I O Pan I O Pan I O Pan
Refresh the World.
Renew our Joy.
That woman be Woman,
and man be Man.
Not master, nor servant,
of Nature's domain.
I O Pan - aid our Strength
I O Pan - free our Hearts
I O Pan - make each One
We Welcome You
So Mote It Be

WORKING

So remembering times of sadness and loss,
Remembering times of grief, walk the circle to
the centre...

Turning
Spiralling
Spiralling
Turning
Return now to your core.

And once at your core,
Acknowledge Pan.
Feel His strength, his focus, His life.
And centre yourselves there.

Then taking up
A stick, a branch, a symbol of straightness,
Connect your centeredness with its.
So blessing it with power,
And purpose
To be your staff, your wand.

Then
Returning
Spiralling
Spiralling
Returning
Return now to your core

CLOSING

Mighty Psyche

We thank you for your presence & power
Hail & Farewell.

Mighty Pan,

We thank you for your presence & power,
Hail & Farewell.

South

Spirits of the South, of the winds

We thank you for guiding and protecting our minds,
Hail & Farewell.

West

Spirits of the West, of the earth

We thank you for guiding and protecting our bodies,
Hail & Farewell.

North

Spirits of the North, of fire

We thank you for guiding and protecting our desires,
Hail & Farewell.

East

Spirits of the East, of the Waters

We thank you for guiding and protecting our hearts,
Hail & Farewell.

May the Circle be open, but unbroken,

May the peace of the Goddess be ever in our hearts.

Merry meet, Merry part & Merry meet again.