

# Spheres Of Light



**Scorpio Full Moon & Samhain Ritual ~ 26th April 2024**



**Spheres Of Light  
Samhain Celebration  
Full Moon Ritual  
Friday 26th April at  
8pm**

On this night we will be connecting to the energy of the Scorpio Full Moon under the guidance of the Morrigan Celtic Goddess of death and the Otherworld. This is the time of the year when the boundary is thinnest between the worlds of the living and the dead. The powers of divination, the Sight, and supernatural communication are stronger over this period and it is considered a potent time to communicate with those that inhabit the Other Worlds.

The Morrigan is the Celtic form of the Dark Goddess. She is the Black Raven of Death and Rebirth. She is the Crone, the Great Queen, and the Supreme War Goddess. She is Fate and Death, the Warrior, Protector, and Wise Woman.

As a psychopomp, the Morrigan is believed to gather and guide the souls of warriors who fall in combat. She also determines the fate of soldiers in battle.

The Morrigan rules over:

Battle  
Fate  
Prophecy  
Shape-shifting  
Sovereignty

A gifted shapeshifter, the Morrigan can appear as a hag or a beautiful woman and other times as a crow, she-wolf, horse, cow, or eel. But in every incarnation, she represents the final fate that awaits us all.

This dark goddess has a strong link with the dead and dying. She is linked to the bean sidhe, or banshee, who wails as an omen of imminent death. She compels us to prepare bravely to face the unknown and our certain mortality.

The Morrígan has an association in the lore with Samhain. In the Celtic paradigm, Samhain is the hinge point, the gateway between summer and winter. That's why it is in fact such a crucial, sacred, and powerful time – because it is a liminal time between seasons, when the Otherworld was understood to be more accessible.

## Ritual

“By the power of the Dragons may this circle be blessed, cleansed and sanctified.” (*Spoken while walking the circle 3 times.*)

### HONOURING THE DIRECTIONS

#### AIR

DRAGONS OF AIR  
I CALL ON YOU TO WITNESS THIS RITE  
LEND US YOUR POWER  
PROTECT US THIS NIGHT  
SO MOTE IT BE

#### FIRE

DRAGONS OF FIRE  
I CALL ON YOU TO WITNESS THIS RITE  
LEND US YOUR POWER  
PROTECT US THIS NIGHT  
SO MOTE IT BE

#### WATER

DRAGONS OF WATER  
I CALL ON YOU TO WITNESS THIS RITE  
LEND US YOUR POWER  
PROTECT US THIS NIGHT  
SO MOTE IT BE

#### EARTH

DRAGONS OF EARTH  
I CALL ON YOU TO WITNESS THIS RITE  
LEND US YOUR POWER  
PROTECT US THIS NIGHT  
SO MOTE IT BE



### INVOCATION TO THE MORRIGAN

Hail to the Raven Goddess!  
Hail to the harbinger of Death!  
Under your black wings  
We turn to face our fears.  
Hail to the Lady of Battlefields!  
Hail to the harbinger of War!  
Under your black wings  
We learn of honourable conflict.  
Hail to the Lady of the Winds!  
Hail to the harbinger of Rebirth!  
Under your wings  
We find the path through Chaos.  
Good and ill luck in your hand  
Help us to walk between worlds  
Without fear  
Help us face our foes with strength  
Hail and Welcome

## Meditation on the Morrigan

Get comfortable and release all your cares and concerns from the day. Breathe deeply, in and out. Feel your feet resting on the floor.

Gently go within. We are going on a journey to meet the Morrigan. Visualise you are walking through a dark thick forest, there is a storm brewing, and the winds are whipping up the leaves which form swirling whirlpools around your feet as you walk down a very narrow path. Eventually you come to an open space, surrounded by tall trees. In the centre of this clearing is a large oblong ornately shaped iron enclosure, the type you see in a Victorian styled cemetery. There is a gate slightly opened on one side of this enclosure. you push the gate open and proceed to move into the enclosure. The wind has suddenly dropped and there is now total silence. This strange enclosure is completely covered in a mass of dead leaves, and as you move across the clearing you notice a brick pathway underneath the leaves leading to the centre of this bare space. There are some broken gravestones laying on the ground covered in moss indicating that this is a very old graveyard.

As you stand in the middle of this old cemetery you become aware of a flock of large crows sitting in the trees high above you just watching silently. A large crow with bright white eyes takes off and flies high in the sky. Suddenly there is a slight ruffling sound behind you and the crows in the trees start making loud cries and you turn around to see what made the ruffling noise. A woman stands directly behind you, wrapped in a cloak of black feathers. Her black hair falling in short curly wisps around her face which is extremely pale, death like, and her white pallor is further exaggerated by the dark red, almost black colour of her lips. She watches you silently; her dark eyes contain a sense of defiance, but also a touch of sadness.

Your eyes lock and you feel there is a familiarity about her, as if you have known her some other time in another place. So here you are face to face with this lady of death, in her persona of the Morrigan. She now spreads her arms out wide; her mouth opens to a cavern of blackness and emptiness; a dark thin mist issues forth carrying a thousand war cries which echo off the trees surrounding the clearing. In this cacophony of sound, you are strangely not afraid, in fact you feel drawn to her, and step closer and closer to her until you are face to face. She draws her arms around you and holds you close to her. You stand it seems in darkness, in the void between the spaces and you feel safe in her strength and her power, and within that strange embrace you also feel totally protected. This is the moment of the ultimate connection, soul touching soul, information exchanged by mere assimilation.

You lose all sense of time and space; you find yourself with the Morrigan fighting battles and then as the washer woman washing the blood from a warriors clothing in anticipation of their death. You become the Banshee crying outside a house preparing those inside for the death of a loved one. You become the psychopomp who guides the spirit to the Summer Land. Spend some time now with the Morrigan who can help you find your inner strength.





You both stand in this interlock, knowing the truth of your own empowerment. The truth that is universal, the truth of being. She releases her hold of you and gestures to the gate, you immediately turn and notice the gate swinging with the wind, the leaves once again spiral around your feet and with the sound of the flutter of wings the lady of death vanishes. A single black feather falls from the sky and falls at your feet, a gift from the Morrigan. You stand in silence for a moment just pondering on this experience; trying to remember every thought and every feeling of this close encounter. You hesitantly start to retrace your steps down the brick pathway to the gate, past the crows all sitting quietly watching you. You walk through the gate pausing for a moment of reflection and then turning and making your way back again through the narrow path inside the dark thick forest.

You find your self back in your chair and then gently wriggling your fingers and toes and bringing yourself fully back into your body and opening your eyes.

**ACTIVITY** – we will be doing a cross over of lost souls on the night.

## **CLOSING**

### **GODDESS**

Hail to the Raven Goddess!  
Hail to the harbinger of Death!  
Under your black wings  
Thank you for being here tonight  
For keeping us safe.  
Hail and Farewell

### **FIRE**

DRAGONS OF FIRE  
I THANK YOU FOR YOUR POWER &  
PROTECTION  
HAIL & FAREWELL

### **EARTH**

DRAGONS OF EARTH  
I THANK YOU FOR YOUR POWER &  
PROTECTION  
HAIL & FAREWELL

### **AIR**

DRAGONS OF AIR  
I THANK YOU FOR YOUR POWER &  
PROTECTION  
HAIL & FAREWELL

### **WATER**

DRAGONS OF WATER  
I THANK YOU FOR YOUR POWER &  
PROTECTION  
HAIL & FAREWELL

By the power of the Dragons this ritual has ended  
and the circle is open.

