**2016 Beltane Ritual Outline**

**Casting the Circle**

We stand before you, goddesses of the sky, the earth, the fire and the sea. We honor you, for your blood runs through our veins. We women, standing on the edge of the universe, today make an offering in your names for all that you have given to us. We staged our altar in your honor. We call into our circle: Isis, Ishtar, Tiamat, Inanna, Shaki, Cybele, Boneda, Bridgit, Bast, Demeter, Flora, Maya, Juno, Gaia, Asuaja, Yemaya, Orisha, Freya, Mary, Shiva, Quan Yin and Diana.

We stand before you, mothers of ancient people, guardians of those who walked the thousands of year ago. We offer you this as a way of showing gratitude. Your strength flows within us. Your wisdom has given us knowledge. Your inspiration has given birth to the harmony of our souls.

We’ll take a moment now to individually honor and bless all the women goddesses in our current lives who gave us birth, or raised us strong, or helped guide us on our paths. As you say each name of your ‘life women goddesses’, take a pinch of sand from your dish and cast it into the circle and out to the universe in blessing. Begin when you are ready. We will all be speaking aloud at the same time. (Wait until all have finished. Then give it a moment of silent prayer.

The Circle is cast…Ho!

**Read Poem: “Victory”** by Luke Anderson (8/24/14)

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| What do you want more than anything, deep in the heart of your being?What do you want?If you surveyed your time on this earth from a deathbed, what would really matter to you?What are the memories that would engender the peace of nothing essential left undone-a life well lived?Never forget what is most important to you.Allow yourself for a moment to imagine a youwho has held steadfast to the clarity of your vision,who has overcome all obstacles on the path, who has vanquished all doubts, composted all darkness, to feed the radiant jewel of a life giving tree,your unique offering to the world.Invoke this liberated, potent, version of yourself.Right her. Right now.Any time you feel the fogof fragmenting voices,the hypnotic sleep of superficial agendas;anytime you lose faith in yourselfand your commitment or capacity-invoke the one who has already made it through to the very end.Let your every cell resonateWith the frequency of victory, And know that this is no arrogance.For if you truly listento the deepest aspiration of your heart,then what you discover is that your core desireis a note that serves an evolving harmony. | Your love seeks above all to give itself fully to the world,with nothing held back.When you recognize that you, and only you,are responsible for your choices,for mastering your experience,for the life you weave,for delivering your gift,then no-one,no dark force,no human insanity,no sickness of body or soul,can hinder you.We are at all times surrounded, Permeated,By a great intelligence.Creation moves unstoppably toward healing,The ultimate revealing of our magnificence in the beauty way.Countless allies come to the aid of all who align themselves with this light.So offer your willingness to every step, however faltering, with all the sincerity, strength, and courage you can muster.Though you might be daunted by all that would tear you down,Though your willingness might seem insufficient for the task ahead,give everything you are.Your small willingness will be met by an infinite supply,and you will rise up,and we will all rise beside you. |

**Please find the small card we gave you and read a long, out loud with us:**

*I am (insert your own name)*

*And I honor myself today;*

*For my strength,*

*For my creativity,*

*For my knowledge,*

*For my inspiration,*

*For all the other remarkable things that make me the woman goddess I am.*

**Rumi Poem:**

*A voice comes to your soul saying.*

*Lift your foot. Cross over.*

*Move into emptiness*

*Of question and answer and question.*

**Visualization-Walking the maze to the center mandala**

Be still- your heart, your breath, and your feet. Be still. Feel the earth underneath your feet. Toes spread wide and heels pressing in, take in the coolness of the grass, the warmth of the earth.

Now let the desire for movement come, but slowly, slowly. You begin your walk. Let this be a journey to your innermost yearnings, your stirring passions, your most beautiful and balanced creative center. You can't wait to get there. You might want to run: but slowly, slowly now. Stepping one foot in front of the other, each one gets nourished while walking.

There is birdsong — listen. The wind catches and plays in the leaves — listen. Worms turn over the soil — can you hear them? Let thoughts come and go as you walk.

You feel that you are coming closer to the destination you have yearned for. It is palpable. But, then, wait —no, there is a turn. A sudden turn in direction. What was so clearly before your eyes —now has turned sideways and is suddenly out of view. The path takes you elsewhere. Don't struggle. Don't hesitated, GO. It is a leap of faith. The beauty has not left you. You are walking alone on this path.

Then, suddenly, you see another person coming towards you. Unbidden or intentionally, you cross paths. Maybe you linger a while, looking into each other’s eyes, right down into their beautiful souls. Maybe you just stand side by side for a while. Maybe you touch, and but then let go.

Now, walking alone again, returning to your own purpose, you are richer by whatever emotion or physical contact the encounter created. Your feet again feel the fullness, the love, the absolute perfection of this Earth Mother. Drawing it all up into your heart, with gratitude, reverence and joy, you walk on. Though it seems like the path has taken you away from your own destination, your own center, suddenly, joyfully, it aims for the heart again.

You walk with such longing. And finally, you arrive. You arrive at the core. There is a deep well of fresh clear water to drink from. There is a fire to warm you. You have come home. You have come home. What you need is all right here. It has been here all along- your unbelievable strength and courage, your beauty, your love, your passion, your creativity, your tears. You are a beautiful mandala; a wholeness unperceived until now.

Leap the inner fire. Lay down by the well. This richness, soak it in, stay awhile. Nobody is here but you. (You, you, you. -ME.) or (Your inner voice speaks to you saying…)

“It is here that I can let go of things no longer serving me on my path. It is here in this holy and sacred place that I can lay down all my suffering. It is here that I am given all the information that I need to continue on my path. My ancestors and my divine guides are speaking to me. I am so very blessed.

When my heart is full I will get up.”

 It is time. Slowly, slowly now, you get up. The path winds back around. Your feet take one step, then another. Each step always being a first step in this never ending adventure. Your feet carry you back, back to the outer world with all its usual demands. Again, you meet others on your way. All are walking the same path, weaving in and out, creating this beautiful cloth of life.

Know this: you can always return, again, and again, to drink from the well at the core; to leap your fires, to let go and begin again.

Slowly return to the circle now, your sisters are all here. Return to our sacred circle and open your eyes.

**Making the flower mandalas in the pie dishes:**

“Make this your personal altar, your path, your beauty. Remember-everything is created to be seen for a short while only. All things are by nature transformational, changing, and impermanent. Please work in silence. When you are done, take your mandala, your altar, back to your seat. We will wait in silence for all to finish.”

(When all have returned to the circle)

**Poem by Freya Stark: “Arrival”**

*This is a great moment,*

*When you see, however distant,*

*The goal of your wandering.*

*The thing which has been living in*

*Your imagination, suddenly becomes a part*

*Of the tangible world.*

**Poem “Circle of Grace” by Jan Richardson**

*Remember,*

*You were built for this,*

*The ancient path*

*Inscribed upon your bones,*

*The persistent pattern*

*Echoing in your heartbeat*

*Let this season*

*Turn you face*

*Toward the One*

*Who calls you home*

*Return, return.*

*Let this be the day*

*You open wide your arms*

*To the wind that knows*

*How to bear you*

*Home.*

***(Light everyone’s candle in their mandala.)***

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One by one now, when you are called to do so, take your mandala and walk with it onto the path (maze). Set it down where you need to set it down and give it over to the elements. You also may choose to bring it back to your chair or set it somewhere around the flower path.

Please take your time in the center, at your/our altar and reflect for a moment on your own personal journey. Take a silent moment to acknowledge a sister when you cross paths as you are touching each other’s hearts.

**After everyone has walked the maze, read an excerpt from the book, “The Ancient Secret of the Flower of Life” by Drunvalo Melchizedek**

*“The Flower of Life was and is known by all life. All life, not only here but everywhere, knew it was the creation pattern — the way in, the way out. Spirit created us in this image. You know this is true; it is written in your body, in all your bodies. “*

**Sharing**

**Close**