Cornmeal Ceremony (Cornmeal is being passed around)

*Once* again, the wheel has turned. We are 4 of the way through our year. At

Winter Solstice a spark was born. The seeds of intentions *were* charged with

life. Throughout this year, those seeds were:

Gathered,

Sown,

They Bloomed,

*And* now they are being harvested,

We remove the Chaff (that which we won't replant),

And we store the best to replant in the coming year,

*Once* those decisions are made, we get to relish and celebrate the Fruits of

our Labor.

The harvest season is a time of celebratio$, but it is also a time of judgment, for we are called upon to sift through the things that have grown up during the past, & decide what we wig keep & what we will cut down. We must make choices, we must pass judgment, & we must act on our choices.

Lammas marks the point where we leave the Garden, & earn our own way, "by the sweat of our brow". It is the time of coming to maturity, of takitig responsibility for our own path. We must select the seeds we plant, & from that we select the fruits we will eventually harvest in the coming year.

In your hand, you hold cornmeal. Corn is sacred to many Native people. Corn myths speak of life, death and sacrifice. The flesh of the corn is scraped from the bone. Only the best kernels are chosen to replant the following year. The cornmeal in your hand represents that which was not the best. You do not wish to replant these kernels next year. We are going to take a few minutes so you can think back over your year. What is it time to let go of? What do you choose to remove from your garden? When you're ready, write down any thoughts you have at this time. When I ring the bell, we will

all leave the circle to release the chaff to Mother Wind allowing the earth

to reclaim and compost those energies. You can throw it over your left shoulder to throw it back in the face of bad spirits, or just release it in

whatever way feels right to you. Feel free to voice what you are letting go of.

(pass out the cornbread)

You are now holding cornbread which carries the seeds you want to replant in the coming year. When it is time, we will eat the cornbread. Your body will embrace this nourishing food. You are the vessel that will carry your *seeds* of intent for the coming year. From now until Winter Solstice, these kernels will share space with you and your higher self. Take some time now to write about which seeds you want to nurture, protect and ultimately replant next year. When you are ready, eat, savor, and relish the best of your harvest this year.

(Women repeat each phrase)

The power of the harvest is within me.

The seeds I have sown fell to the earth and were reborn.

The grains I planted took root in fertile soil.

The smallest *seed* bloomed into a mighty stalk.

I rejoice in harvesting the fruits of m' labors.

I give thanks for the abundance I have received.

The bread you have eaten has now become part of you. Each seed is part of the whole of who you are; your individuality, your energy, your intentions, your oneness with spirit. We are now going to allow a form to emerge of this Lammas incarnation by making masks. It begins with love.

Bring your journals with you. *As* we move up to the deck we will sing...