To be said at the time of breaking of the bread before we eat. Pass the pieces of cornbread around, each taking a piece.)

(D) Most of the time, we eat without thinking about where our food comes from. Compared to our ancestors, putting a meal together is easy. Long ago the first harvest was eagerly awaited. Its success meant an easier winter. Its failure could mean the difference between life and death. The Celts attributed the success of their harvest to the god Lugnassad. He embodied the cycles of the growing season. Everything that lives begins with a seed. Everything that lives has its season of growing. And everything that lives has its season of dying which allows rebirth to occur. As we eat this meal of first harvest, take note of this cycle and give thanks to where you are in this process. Give thanks for the food you are about to eat and honor its season of life as well.

(J)

**This is the time of Lugh (Lew), the Shining One, the Bright One, the Golden One, the Sacrificed One. He was conceived in the depths of Winter, was born in the Spring, danced and loved in the Summer, and now, He dies in the Harvest so that we may live through the long Winter's night.**

(Jen): (with kernels of corn in her hand)

**Corn King, Sun King, Die and Be Reborn. Feel the death in the bread, the grains that grew under the Sun, feeling the wind and the rain on their husks, the scything of the grain so that bread may be made, the sacrifice of life so that life can continue.**

**See this grain, that which has given up life, yet is filled with**

**life, with the sustenance that it provides. Contemplate hunger, and then hunger satisfied. See enough bread to feed the world.**

(C): Holding the Bread in your hand, offer it up for Blessings.)

**Mighty Mother of us all, bringer of all fruitfulness, give us fruit and grain, flocks and herds, and children to the tribe, so that we may mighty. By the Rose of thy love, descend upon the bodies of your children.**

**The Holly King is dead, he who is also the Corn King. He has embraced the Great Mother, and died of his love, so has it been, year by year, since time began. But if the Holly King is dead, he who is the God of the Waning Year, all is dead; all that sleeps in Her womb of Earth would sleep forever. What shall we do therefore, that the Holly King may live again?**

(D): **We eat of the bread of Life. Then shall we sleep, which will, in turn, lead to rebirth. We savor this gift of life and give thanks to the nourishment we are receiving. Blessed be. (everyone eats)**

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