



**The Haxton's Welcome You  
To  
Midsummer at Dor Galen**

**June 20th , 2010**

**Announcements:**

In case you haven't noticed, the ritual tonight is a bit different from the usual. It struck me in preparing for this ritual how we oftentimes drift into ruts, be it in ritual or anything else. Much thought was put into this: let me know what you think!

Thanks to Dave Taggart for giving us the impetus to do this.

And thanks to all of you – for showing up! May we meet again at Midsummer next, if not before.

---

The illustration on the frontispiece is from the story of Little Bo-Peep in *My First Picture Book*, by Joseph Kronheim, and is available online at <http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/18937>

---

This work is copyright 2010 by Daithi M Haxton, and is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution/Share-Alike license.



See <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/us/>

***The Folk gather in a semi-circle  
around the harrow, facing North.  
The godhi addresses them:***

All worship is remembrance.  
We remember the gods and goddesses.  
We remember our ancestors.  
We remember word and deed.  
We remember stock and stone.  
The Well is our remembering.  
Our memories are in the Well.  
Our memories are the Well.  
The Tree is nourished by the Well.  
We grow and thrive within the Tree.  
We are fed by our memories.  
We are sustained by our worship.  
All worship is remembrance.

Ase and Van, dis and alf,  
nixies, brownies, sprites:  
the bounties of all good wights  
pour upon the land at Midsummers Eve.  
and the Folk wax in the good gifts of the Powers.  
In the long days, warm days  
the bright sunshine shows Sunna's strength.

We gather this Midsummers Eve to share our  
memories, and thus our worship,  
with the Powers that grant us our Being.

***The gythia recites a list of memories:***

Green gardens growing,  
flowers blooming  
watermelons, squirt guns  
vine ripe tomatoes  
sunflowers  
popcicles  
sheep dozing in the shade  
butterflies  
ice cream  
lightening bugs  
warm breezes

***The godhi fills the horn and holds it aloft:***

In this horn is the water of the land,  
drawn pure from a deep well.  
Let this well be as wyrd, let this draught  
be as our memories of Midsummer past,  
and as a foretaste of Midsummers yet to come.

Drink then, and share a memory, a word,  
a thought of Midsummer with the folk,  
as you share the living water of memory with  
the land and the Powers That Be...

***Each Tru man or woman who would fain the gods  
may approach the harrow and take a draught  
from the horn, offering a memory, and pouring  
a bit of the water into the bolli after drinking.  
When all have drank, the godhi lifts the bolli  
over the harrow, and addresses the Powers The Be:***

Hail the Gods! Hail the Goddesses! Hail the All-Giving Earth!  
Waters Given are Waters Returned, for such do all things  
fare - gift for gift, life for life, memory for memory.  
Join us as we celebrate on this, the Eve of Midsummer!

Hallowed harrow set in stone,  
starlit stair to Asgard's throne.  
Hammer warded, blessings sown  
wrapped in mysteries unknown.

Bifrost Bridge here terminates;  
World Tree's holy, sacred gates.  
Fair folk held in altered states.  
Gods to men and men to fates.

Hallowed harrow stands alone  
Midgard's blessed cornerstone.  
All we know and all we own,  
Mother Earth's enchanted bone.

Well of Wyrd helps to create  
sacred space to liberate.  
Harrow stands to quell debate,  
all our dreams to consecrate

***The godhi pours the bolli out, drizzling the harrow  
with the water shared, and addresses the assembled Folk]***

Thus the work is once again wrought, and gifts have been given,  
each to the other, as must always be. Midsummer is upon us:  
the rite is ended - the Folk go on!