

FERAFERIA
YULE CEREMONY & FESTIVAL
IN DEVOTION TO
HERA & ZEUS

Illustrations by Frederick MacLaren Adams

Copyright: Feraferia 2000

For the date when the Sun is on 0° Capricornus, (Winter Solstice)
Or the nearest convenient date (e.g. weekend eve)

written by Lady Svetlana of Feraferia

with selected passages by Fredederick McLaren Adams

Aquarian Age XIX

Lay-out & Design, Peter Tromp, Amsterdam Nov 2000

Contents:

Yule

Opening of the Temple

Invocation of the Four Quarters

Invocation of Centre

The Charm of Yule

Hera and Zeus

‘Come Thy Holy Night’ (Pagan Version)

Ring Ting Shaw’s ‘Incantation to Rhea’

Incantation to Kronos

The Snow Maiden

The Aval Communion

Avala

Closing of Temple, Four Quarters and Centre

YULE

(by Lady Svetlana)

(Sound horn)

Priestess:

This is the Aeon of Kore – season of Gaia and Uranus; Rhea and Kronos; and Hera and Zeus. It is the eve of the Winter Solstice, the longest night of the year. The moon is ideally full.

We are celebrating the throb of New Life within the warm womb of the Goddess and the beginning of the sun's journey north toward the zenith of Summerland. The Goddess awakens in the gloom of numbed earth. As the sun turns north once more, life jubilantly strikes its new spark from the naked elements.

Opening of the Temple

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priestess:

She crosses her arms over her breast, right arm over left, her hands open and palms down. She intones the following recitation:

Sun Door, Sun Door!

Thorn and Oak crossed with Holly! Open!

Revealing azure golden Day and archetypal Light.

She may draw an upward pentagram.

Her right arm and open palm swing out to the right to open the great Sun Door. With powerful radiance of kinaesthetic energy she intones:

Moon Door, Moon Door!

Ash and Alder crossed with Willow! Open!

Revealing silver celestial seas in the Mystery Night!

She may draw an upward pentagram.

Her left arm and palm swing out to the left to open the great astral Moon Door with the same windy blast of etheric force.

During the proceedings, the instructed should entertain inner ‘telesmatic’ imagery of humming spheres, trilling stars and the resounding road of the Galaxy: the so called ‘Music of the

Spheres'.

Priestess:

The inner pneumatic precincts of this great Temple of Love,

Koreion (* name of your own Temple)*,*

have been opened and hermetically unsealed.

May all great and harmonious Spirit Beings

who attend these Sacred Rites

assist us in our devotions of Love!

She enters the Ring.

Invocation of the Cross-Quarters

One of the celebrants, preferably an Initiate, evokes the Cross-Quarters upon the four Cross-Quarter Points (points due Southeast, Southwest, Northwest, Northeast).

In accord with ancient Greek tradition, from Anaxagoras and Empedocles to the School of Hippocrates, Feraferia assigns the four Elements to the four Quarters in the following arrangement:

Air – Spades - East;Fire – Clubs - South;

Earth – Diamonds -West;Water – Hearts -North.

Priestess:

Facing East she intones:

Antheides, great Fays of the East, Dawn and Spring

Join us here and now in the Fairy Ring between worlds,

Through the Portal twixt moon and sun.

Re-enter your earth abodes from the far, far, Faerie land of stars.

(Go around with the wand).

Facing South she intones:

Ariadnes, great Fays of the South, Noon and Summer

Join us here and now in the Fairy Ring between worlds,

Through the Portal twixt moon and sun.

Re-enter your earth abodes from the far, far, Faerie land of stars.

(Go around with the sword).

Facing West she intones:

Hesperides, great Fays of the West, Evening and Autumn

Join us here and now in the Fairy Ring between worlds,

Through the Portal twixt moon and sun.

Re-enter your earth abodes from the far, far, Faerie land of stars.

(Go around with the pentacle)

Facing North she intones:

Hyades, great Fays of the North, Midnight and Winter

Join us here and now in the Fairy Ring between worlds,

Through the Portal twixt moon and sun.

Re-enter your earth abodes from the far, far, Faerie land of stars.

(Go around with the cup or cauldron).

Revelation of Center

Priestess:

Zenithides Kai Nadirides

Join hands and lips, bellies and hips

Here upon the white weddingstone of Earth;

Beneath the starry shade of the Cosmic Mill Tree,

Where all souls press into the echoing root of Touch,

There to enclasp living altar,

And to kiss pulsing Omphalos of the Bride,

From Whose shimmering, quivering Flesh, now and forever,

The Four Rivers of Faerie into all Worlds flow!

The Charm of Yule

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priestess: (The charm is to be sung)

“This is the Charge and Charm of Yule

The Festival of First Awakening.

From within the womb of the Year’s longest night,

The Holy Infant thrusts lustily.

The Goddess awakens in gloom of numbed earth.

As the Sun tuns North once more,

Life jubilantly strikes its new spark from the naked elements

In the womb of Winter's sleep stirs the solstice seed of the sun,

She awakens... the Goddess awakens....

EVOE KORE – EVOE KORE

EVOE POTNIA - EVOE POTNIA

EVOE POTNIA"

HERA AND ZEUS

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

The far northern and southern regions of high mountainous realms of earth are mantled with glistening caps of snowy petals in the frigid expanses of our grandmother Gaia, while the liquid domains of Selene are glassed with ice crusts of frozen water.

All is still, but in the distance a crackling sound is heard, commingled with pealing innuendos of laughter. It is the receding jollity and subsiding merriment of grandfather Frost as He scatters His mighty herd of caribou. It is the silver sounding mirth of Snow Maiden as She heckles the formal attire and serious mien of the Emperor Penguin.

The sun has set. In the north temperate zones, people gather solemnly in gothic splendour at the great megalithic edifices and sacred shrines of renowned beauty, to await Hyperion after the

longest night of the year. The wintery panorama of Ouvrania commences with a display of giant bonfires that will act as beacons on hill tops to intensify the 'Energy of the Leys'. These straight tracks were used by Shamankas, Megeias, and sorceresses of old to follow them "straight on" as they left their bodies, there on to the astral or spirit dimensions. The roads in Britain still have those markings, "straight on, dead slow", for the souls of the dead also follow these lines when they go to the land of the Gods after death.

It is a rare nocturnal delight for ideally the moon is full and at her highest sweep, by contrast to the close proximity of the sun to the horizon. We gather in our astral forms at the most northern point of the Califia – Thalalia Track – the glorious Punta Loba of Mother Rhea and Father Kronos to perform the invocation that shall light the skies for a brief, but memorable moment, and render visible the great divinities of the Yule season. For such is my revelation since my name, Zeus, means 'to flame up'.

The thunderous lightning previews the quiet lightning of Helios at daybreak. But now the people tremble in the dark from the chill of night and with anticipation of the brightening for the clouds have obscured our Moon Selene from view.

The priestess and priest perform a grand rite of world frames and as all Mystai send choruses of rapt voices echo and re-echo their energies along the straight track of Califia – Thalalia that starts from Punta Lobos and runs through Santa Luisa, Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina, and ends at Punta Banda. The skies suddenly open. We are transfixed as we behold Saturna and Jupiter, Deities of earth's extension into the far reaches of deep space that glitter before us in royal splendour. They infuse the geosphere with cosmic forces and recharge all of the landscape–lines of holy earth – the dragon paths, the underground and overgrounds, the ecotones and seres with sinusoidal streaming of the galactic sisterhood.

EVOE SATURNA KAI JUPITEROS!

The violet hues redden into marvellous magenta. The images transform into the divine splendour of mesocosmic proportions – Rhea of Tundra and Kronos of Taiga and their holy realm of the sacred planetary core as the fundament of the biosphere. Below the ground seeds comfortably tucked away ... sleep soundly till they stretch their roots in the primeval thaws of coldness. As Rhea and Kronos rekindle the fires on mountain peaks and high points, we are warmed at heart and overwhelmed by their gift of peak experiences. For an instant time stands still within as it shall without at the solstitial moment. Eternity briefly intrudes upon progression,

endurance upon duration and we float in the now. Yet, we are the once and future beings. Here, now and then; now and forever.

Hail Rhea and Kronos!

Abruptly dark clouds conceal this second epiphany, and the lightning clashes over and over again while thunderous roars follow like hounds, shadowing upon the heels of their mistress. It is in the midst of this tumultuous display, with a deluge of water blasting cliffs and palisades and with horrendous sweep of wind, twisting the already gnarled shapes of Monterey pine and cypress that Hera – Akraia and Zeus – Lykaios appear on their white wedding stone, the foundation of their Hieros Gamos. She wears a wreath of asterion, river of stars topped with a star sapphire while Zeus is crowned with topaz of conifer needles sprouting from rubies and garnets. Their scintillating white robes are enhanced by an opulent dark green brocade cape for Hera and a rich burgundy cloak for Zeus! They flash benedictions on the realm of human affairs. As in Ancient Times, tonight we will celebrate the Hieros Gamos, the Sacred Marriage of Hera and Zeus. Many gamai shall be consummated in ritual unison along the ley lines and other sacred places so that our collective psychic powers for the alchemical transmutation of this planet to a chora of eternal delight are transfixed.

Hurrah for Rhea!

Hurrah for Zeus!

The vision of these divine hegemonies vanishes. For a time, we close our eyes and follow the Holy Pairs astrally to the Valley of Saturna.

(To be sung)

“ Now, the Valley of Saturna,

floats far above the earth,

Yet the high cliffs of Zeus,

behold eternity's sunrise."

Priestess:

Mystai, please close your eyes and follow the Gods from Punta Loba to Saturna Valley (* mention local peaks and plains here; these mentioned are specific to California *).*

.

The rain now reduces to gentle drops, while the ancient U-su-ma-te of the Amerindians, snow flakes are caressing the pink cheeks and red noses of our sibling celebrants in this glacier forged Ouvranian meadowland. "Touch the hearts of your sisters, oh Mystai, as you fly past in eagle splendour. Great valley of the bears, we greet you astrally."

*After the passing of the Gods, there is much rejoicing in the Valley of the Queen and at Monte Rey Point. We raise our voices in a Hymn to Joy, celebrating the resanctification of the land – sky – love body of holy earth. (*Again, please substitute local sacred or special places.)*

EVOE THEA

EVOE THEOS!

AWEEIYA!

A great feast shall follow and last till dawn when another 'metonic cycle' shall commence with the solar return.

EVOE POTNIA KAI POTNIOS

Long Live the Goddess – Given Gods !!!

(Each person lines up and approaches one by one the priestess and priest.)

Priestess:

Listen to the cosmic attunement of the Gods. Hearken to the Music of the Spheres, since it is the auditory time of year.

(Crystal bowl is struck, or 3 chimes)

(Music: "Hymn to Joy" from Beethoven's 9th, "Finlandia' from Sibelius, or the Finale of Anton Bruckner's 7th Symphony).

(Adelpha goes and lies on bed with silver cove and snugs herself)

Celebrants carrying candles form a procession to the Goddess's Bed Chamber where Adelpha as Saturna lies sleeping covered in white over her head as with snow. Pine branches cover Her abdomen of swollen plenitude. They approach the figurehead of Ouvrania and Her star children. Before Her stands the Omphalos of Gaia.

Celebrants: (Chant)

“Bless the solar fruit of thy nocturnal womb.”

All: (Atonally)

“Yet She sleeps

Let Her awaken soon.”

They sprinkle water on Her and add fir boughs.

Priestess:

Sprinkle the waters of awakening on Her throbbing Omphalos to bring forth the Great Goddess for the Solstitial Impetus – Hail Rhea!!!

In the Womb of Winter’s Sleep stirs the solstice seed of the Sun;

She awakens, the Goddess awakens!

EVOE KORE, KORE: EVOE POTNIA!

(Place candles on the tray by Saturna constellations.)

Priestess or Megeia: (Can be the same or two different ladies)

She sings:

Ouvrania, Cosmic Mother from whence all stars are born.

Oh give us peace, most Ancient One, of mountain top and geosphere.

Adelpha: (Adelpha of Goddess rings bells several times and says:)

I bless you with the music of Goddess.

(Celebrants proceed back to the magic room toward the bust of Kronos next to the lit fire place. On the other side is a grail full of ice. The frozen water represents the powers of inimitable, indomitable nature of Jupiterian stone.)

Priestess:

Let each celebrant pick up a piece of ice or solidified water and melt it in the tempestuous fires of solicitation. The sacred fire consumes the hardened waters of Uranos and enlivens the pulse within the cavernous depths of our Mother – the Great Lady, Creatrix of the Heavens,

EVOE DESPOINA

And now to Despoinos; Hail to Thee Zeus, come Forest King

Kronos Kronos, Lightning, Thunder forth!

Now, celebrants, stare into the fire and meditate about saving the remaining coniferous forests of Jupiter throughout the lands of his Grandmother, Gaia! Think of preserving all the animals of these biomes; deer, bear, caribou, fox, racoon, wolf etc. With the forest go the children of the wilderness. It is not for Homo Sapiens to destroy species but only to the Gods is it given the right to determine life or death. If vegetation and animal life disappear our extinction is sure to follow. Let this fire resurrect the spirit of all living beings!

Priestess:

Stare, stare, and be enlightened. Look upon the waters of existence and be transformed.

(Pause for five minutes while celebrants commune with ice and fire.)

(Music stops)

Pagan Version of 'Come Holy Night'

(Sung by good soprano voice)

Come Holy Night, the stars are brightly shining.

It is the night when the Goddess comes forth.

Long lay the world in sweet anticipation

Till She appeared and the world knew Her worth

A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices

For and yonder lies a new glorious morn

Rise from your knees, oh hear the Faerie voices,

Behold your Queen, the night when She came forth

Behold your Queen, the night that She appeared.

(Celebrants, please be seated and face statuette of Black Goddess. Clanking of little cymbals.)

Ring Ting Shaw's 'Incantation to Rhea'

(by Lady Svetlana)

Another Adelpha:

The deep heavens glow with your majestic presence, Ouvrania, Rhea, dark Sapphire Goddess of Stars. They glow, they glitter, they shine with brilliance, with wondrous lustre, crystal orbs of Your all encompassing Mystery. We recline in tranquility and meditate upon Your noble, peace-bringing nature. Oh, Great Mother of Cosmic Completion and Ultimate Consummation. Oh! Bring us peace, peace from Your divine ground, Saturna, Gaia, Rhea, Hera, Empress of Heaven, Ruler of Planets, Mother of the Gods, Goddess of passionate attachment to the divine Other!

E-V-O-E-A!

Gaia, Ruler of Earth, You are the Matrix of our lives, of all life, of our planet, of all planets. Help us in our yearning for transcendence, for lasting value, for wholeness. Let Your maternal benevolence soothe us in our moments of terror, in existential uncertainty, in confusion and anxiety. We pray to you, Grande Dame, Despoina, to bless our inner most being as we seek the eternal, as we search for the infinite. Mystic Mother Rhea, grant us the reassurance of immortality, of life ever lasting, now and forever.

As Hestia, bring happiness to our hearths and understanding to all our relationships. May Your warming fire melt away our woes and sorrows. Also may You stimulate in us the desire to open our hearts and homes to guests. Let all remember what it is like to be welcomed by others and hospitable all.

Hera, Lover of Zeus, magnificent Peacock Lady of Royal Blue, You are the Guardian of Stability, of all giving, never ceasing Love. Hera – Akraia of mountain ledge and alpine fell, we overcome all difficulties to reach You. Reveal Yourself! Let us behold Your Glory.

As we slip and sleigh through snow covered tundra in sleds drawn by Your dashing reindeer, giant bells sing from invisible steeples!

(Ring gong gently.)

Near the polar ice-caps white polar bear and emperor penguin hear the bass drum of Zeus

echoing Your snowy Beauty in the wilderness. Thousand of harps vibrate ecstatically. Their music rises to envelope the spheres.

OU-**RA**-NI-A, OU-RA-**NI**-A,

EVOE POTNIA

Hail Mountain Mother Rhea!

INCANTATION TO KRONOS

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priest: (Beat gong)

You, Great Emperor of Time and the river, lead each hour to the brink of eternity. As the end approaches, You, oh timeless Kronos, reveal a new beginning. As Winter starts, release snow storms so earth may rest under the whole, peaceful mantle of Rhea, Your Beloved.

Blizzards rage in the northern regions of taiga and cone forest in Your Honor, Great father of Endurance and Duration. The sturdy pine, the elegant fir, the stately cedar solemnly salute You. The wolf howls to please You. The deer runs in his pleasure to know You. The bear tumbles to make You laugh. Jagged cliffs and grand palisades bear witness to Your stately Power. Oh Mighty Jove, Ruler of turbulent skies and raging heavens, enter our minds... Yet, You are also God of Order and Continuity. Your Wisdom empowers us to structure our lives in accordance with the path of the Goddess Given Gods.

Reveal to us, oh Zeus, Brother and Consort of Hera, the poetic art-sciences of geomancy,

geodesy, and geosophy, so we may build our lives by Your Sacred Measure. Help us, brilliant Jupiter, build henges and ley-lines to ensoul the great landscapes of holy earth. The sorceress and shamanka shall fly magically on astral trips along these straight paths while others may walk along these tracks for spiritual transformation.

Let Your Strength seep through our beings so we may fulfill our chosen destinies in Your Name. Zeus, Zeus, we call to Thee, magnanimous, forceful One, boom forth Your thunder. Illuminate the heavens with Your lightning. Uranus, Potnios, Isthmaius, shake decaying foundations of matter and spirit so a new grandeur arises and flies freely through luminous spaces surrounding our pearl-blue planet.

(Drum again).

As the horns blow loudly in the dark at midnight, Your Glorious Presence resounds and reverberates throughout the murky forests. In the chilling cold we tremble for we know, a God has come!

Zeus, eternal Eagle, soar above our heads... Soar!!!

EKKA!

(Blow horn)

THE SNOW MAIDEN

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

When all is quiet again in the pre-dawning hours before sunrise. the Snow Maiden's frolicking stops abruptly as She notices the Yule fires smouldering in the distance. The glowing embers spark a yearning flame within Her. "Oh, for the sake of Love, even for a moment of such rapture". She sighs in precognition of the thawing snows of Candlemas and Her own liquification when Her firm form will flow with the melting waters. Tears form on Her smooth crystal clear countenance.

The chill of old frost sweeps the land again for the Winter has just begun. She freezes into shapely form and forgets Her momentary longing. Her tears lie as diamonds at Her moon-bright feet. All around Her little fir trees tremble as in a dream of early morn. The glowing coals of the celebrants have turned to cinders. The scattered group converges in the Eastern Quadrant of the Henge. It is time for the Sun to rise on this longest night of the year.

EVOE KORE of Snow and Ice!

Priestess and priest have bidden the Moon adieu and stand transfixed as the monumental cliffs around them. California's Carmelle, the place of the stone-bearing Goddess will be one of the new most sacred centers of the dawning age of the Aquarian Maiden.

EVOE Carmella!

As will U-su-ma-te, the Valley of the Bears (Yosemite) for the Great Mother Saturna

EVOE KORE

EVOE POTNIA – E, E-VO-EEE

(Play softly 'The Snow Maiden' from Rimsky Korsakoff)

(All dance in criss cross fire pattern to the ‘Charm of Yule’. One by one each approaches and holds mistletoe above Her head; all kiss Her. Everyone in turn is kissed by all under the mistletoe.)

THE AVAL COMMUNION

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priest(ess):

(Anoints foreheads of the Celebrants with drops of essential oil first. Rose oil is a good choice.)

Priest:

(Priestess lifts incense)

This scent represents the breath of the Maiden –

Essence of Intelligence and Empathy.

(Priestess lifts candle)

This flame represents the blood of the Maiden –

Essence of Passion and Compassion.

(Priestess lifts fruit)

This fruit represents the gift of the Maiden's Flesh -

Essence of Proportion and Beauty.

(Priestess lifts cup of spring water)

This spring water represents the milk of the Maiden –

Essence of Mercy and Tenderness.

And what is the Penultimate of the maiden Spirit?

Innocent, childlike Love.

(Priestess throws kiss to everyone with both hands)

And what is the Quintessence of the Maiden Soul?

"The Holy Fascination of the Supremely Alive and Beautiful".

(Priestess lifts up flower)

And finally, what is the Will of the Maiden?

This Korythalia which is ever lasting Life,

Delicacy and Joy for the unique as well as the Universal

Show the Korythalia in the semblance of Eleusis.

(Priestess lifts up branch)

(Priest and Priestess kiss. Celebrants share a kiss all around their circle. Male and female alternation, if possible).

(Soft music: “The Bells”by Sergei Rachmaninoff, with solo voices, chorus and orchestra. Words by Edgar Allen Poe).

AVALA

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priestess:

(On a tray she has a small bowl with cut-up fruits of the season and a big, beautiful glass full of virgin spring water slightly touched with herb or spice. The spring water should be obtained when the New Moon is visible. The flask in which spring water is kept must be blessed in the

name of Kore. Commercially bottled spring water may be substituted).

(Lifts up the sacred Tray)

Ambrosia of trees – Quintessence of Fire and Earth –

Eonic Body of the Maiden.

By Her Love freely given and with harm to none

thine own body become.

(She presents the Tray to each celebrant in the circle and delicately places a piece of fruit of season in each mouth).

(Lifts up the crystal Bowl of spring water)

Nectar of springs, Quintessence of Air and water –

Eonic fountainhead of the Maiden.

By Her Love freely given and with harm to none,

Thine own fountainhead become.

(She presents the grail-bowl to each Celebrant, who takes it and

swallows a sip).

CLOSING OF TEMPLE, FOUR CROSS-QUARTERS AND CENTER

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

The Priestess or Priest extends her or his arms outward to the right and left. She/ he intones the following enchantment:

Priest or Priestess:

Moon Door, Moon Door!

Ash and Alder crossed with Willow! Close!

Covering demiurgic dark of the Mystery Night!

Slowly, weightily, the Priestess or Priest swings her or his left hand inward and across her/his breast, tips of fingers touching right shoulder, thus closing the Moon Door.

Sun Door, Sun Door!

Thorn and Oak crossed with Holly! Close!

Covering azure golden Day and archetypal Light.

Slowly, deliberately, Priestess or Priest swings her or his right hand inward and across her/his breast, tips of fingers touching left shoulder, thus closing the Sun Door.

The Panetheral Precincts of this great temple of Love,

(* name of your own Temple)*,*

Are closed and hermetically resealed.

The four Fairies of Taste disappear to the realms beyond.

May the distillate of our blessings

ripen within the close of these old stones,

And may the altar irradiate the whole region, Earth and Sky,

With Love, beauty, Kindness, Vitality, truth and Wisdom.

Ho! So be it!

We offer thanks to all great Spirit Beings

who have attended our Telete, our Sacred Rite.

May They bear the Blessings and Love of our devotions

into all worlds, realms, zones and planes!

KONX OM PAX!

CONSUMMATUM EST!

She is Complete and perfect!

KORE PRAYER

(Recited by all celebrants together, while holding hands in the circle).

Priestess: (guides)

(PARTI)

Oh Nameless Maiden!

Everything that is, IS,

And everything that is not still is,

Because of Thy Certain Something

Always strangely elsewhere,

In windy resonance of vast Virgin Distances

Whispering infinitely Thy Intimate Nearness Here.

(PART II)
Oh Holy Maiden!

Of the Kindling Quick,

Of merging mist and mazing echo,

The innocent bounty of the trees

Bears Thy Faerie Flesh,

of Wildness,

Wonder, Magic, Mirth and Love.

Thy Beauty seals our Bridal with all Life.

The dance of Your Green Pulse unfolds all Souls,

all Bodies and all Blessings

From Earth's fragrant Form.

Grant us therefore Life everlasting

In Paradise all surrounding,

In rapture of Love ever new!

Priestess: (twirls alone and sings)

Evoe Kore Kai Kouros!

Evoe Potnia Kai Potnios!

Arretos Koura!

Ev-a-ee-yo!

A-wee-ya!

Priestess or Priest returns to the Hearthroom and rouses the celebrants, the Convivium, to a festive pitch.

(All return to the Hearthroom).

(Music: “Isle of the Dead” by Sergei Rachmaninoff)

Priestess:

The Aval Communion is completed, the Temple is sealed –

the Bacchanalia begins. Listen with joy to this music

while the Libation is concocted.

Priestess and Priest:

They prepare the Libation for Yule: ‘Egg Nog Royale’; rum and brandy mixed with whipped cream.

Everyone offers toasts to the Gods. When the toast is given each celebrant raises glass and cries in unison.

All:(First Toast) Evoe Hera!

(Second Toast) Evoe Zeus!

(Third Toast) Evoe Rhea!

(Fourth Toast) Evoe Kronos!

(Fifth Toast) Evoe Uranos!

(Sixth Toast) Evoe Gaia!

A feast follows with color-coded table settings: this means green, white and red (or cerise) for Yule; for instance berries and cold water; French string bean salad; peas, pimientos and baby onions; zucchini; red jello with fruit; green jello with coleslaw; sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and sliced onions on platter with oil, vinegar and dill; raspberries with whipped cream; a dish of mixed nuts and a dish of nectarines; broccoli with creamy pink sauce; etc.

Music suggestion: traditional English Yule songs or choral music.

A few celebrants who are instructed, preferably Initiates, remain in the Ring to complete an esoteric sealing. This sealing is not intended to block off the flow of Sacred Energies, but to insulate, condense and channel them, so their flow is grounded and pooling. The Ethers and the numinous afterglow must be conserved for slow continual circulation at a gentle level of intensity, assimilable by everyday consciousness. Some current and radiance must be guided

into the home and the whole surrounding landscape to benefit all beings.

FINIS