

# Ostara 2013

## Ancient Sea Island Continuum

*Banishing:* Walk widdershins around the circle with broom, sweeping away negativity.

By Earth, we cleanse this space.

*Charging:* Walk deosil around circle with salted water, sprinkling.

By Water, we protect this space.

Walk *deosil* around circle with lit candle.

By Fire, we empower this space.

Walk *deosil* around the circle with burning incense.

By Air, we consecrate this space.

*Calling Elements:*

Into this sacred space, we call the Oak.  
We call the Sea Island bluffs.  
We call the shadowed forest,  
The midnight meadows.  
We call the stones and soil.  
Earth, our foundation,  
Our strength, our abundance.  
We call you.  
Hail, and welcome!

Into this sacred space,  
We call the Wind.  
We call the turning, blue sky.  
We call the birdsong, the drifting leaves.  
We call the promise of a spring morning.

Air, our inspiration, our song,  
We call you.  
Hail, and welcome!

Into this sacred space,  
We call the Sun.  
We call the leaping bonfire.  
We call the flash of distant lightning.  
We call the warmth  
Of a summer afternoon.  
Fire, our power, our passion,  
We call you.  
Hail, and welcome!

Into this sacred space,

We call the flowing River.

We call the sunset-gilded waves.

We call the dew, the mist, the downpour.

We call the rain's renewal.

Water, our healing, our peace,

We call you.

Hail, and welcome!

*Prayers:*

We give thanks  
For the season now departed,  
For the blessings,  
Imbolc bestowed on us,  
And upon those  
With whom we share the world.

Blessed be the fertile Goddess,  
Blessed be Her springtime rite.

Blessed be the Sun God king,  
Blessed be His sacred light.

Blessed be the Earth  
and all who dwell upon Her.

Blessed be the new season.  
We pray that it will be a time  
Filled with peace, with abundance,  
With wisdom, with love.  
Let us now prepare  
For the time ahead  
By opening our hearts,  
Our minds, and our spirits.  
Blessed be.



This is the time of the second fertility festival, Ostara.  
It is a day of balance:  
    light and dark,  
    Sun and Moon,  
        summer and winter are equal.  
All elements, within and without,  
    are brought into harmony.  
We pause to gather ourselves on the precipice,  
    preparing to *spring* forward!  
The potential of Imbolc became a reality.  
Light, bringing resurrection and rebirth,  
    Is now rising.

The God is ascendant  
and coming into power  
as a green, flourishing youth.  
He stretches out his hand  
to the Spring Maiden.  
As they dance,  
    despair turns to hope,  
    want to abundance,  
    contemplation to action.  
Flowers bloom in their footsteps.  
Their passionate courtship is the fire  
    driving the fruitful abandon of nature.

This is the time of spring's return.  
The joyful time,  
the seed time,  
when life bursts forth from the earth.

At Imbolc, we cast off those things  
that outlived their purpose in our lives,  
ridding ourselves of  
that which held us back.  
Now, we are preparing for outward growth  
and expansion in our lives,  
moving forward with new plans.

Let the energy of birth and creation,  
present all around you,  
work in your life and manifest itself  
in new projects and possibilities."

**Here be Magick. . . .**

*Dismissal of Elements:*

For this sacred space, we thank the Oak,  
The Sea Island bluffs,  
The shadowed forest,  
The midnight meadows,  
The stones and soil.

We thank the Earth, our foundation,  
Our strength, our abundance.  
Stay if you wish! Leave if you must!  
Hail & Farewell!

For this sacred space, we thank the Wind.  
The turning, blue sky  
The birdsong, the drifting leaves  
The promise of this spring morning.

We thank the Air,  
Our inspiration, our song  
Stay if you wish! Leave if you must!  
Hail & Farewell!

For this sacred space, we thank the Sun.  
The leaping bonfire,  
The flash of distant lightning,  
The warmth of a summer afternoon.

We thank Fire,  
Our power, our passion  
Stay if you wish! Leave if you must!  
Hail & Farewell!

For this sacred space,  
We thank the flowing River,  
The sunset-gilded waves  
The dew, the mist, the downpour,  
The rain's renewal.

We thank Water, our healing, our peace  
Stay if you wish! Leave if you must!  
Hail & Farewell!



The circle is open,

But never broken.

Merry meet,

Merry part

& merry meet again!