

# *Celebrating Mabon*

## *September 20, 2020*

SONG Gathered Here #389 - Chris

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS Lori

MISSION STATEMENT Stephen

PRELUDE Nigun Chris

CALL TO WORSHIP

CHALICE LIGHTING

STORY FOR ALL AGES *Why the Sky is Far Away* Lori

Part of World of Wonder (Tapestry of Faith curriculum)

Adapted from "Why the Sky is Far Away" in *The Barefoot Book of Earth Tales* by Dawn Casey and Anne Wilson (Cambridge: Barefoot Books, 2009). Used by permission.

In the beginning, the sky was close to the earth. So close you could reach up and touch it. And you could eat it! In those days, people always had enough to eat, without ever having to work for it. Men and women did not have to plow the fields and sow the seeds and gather the crops. Children did not have to fetch sticks for the fire. Whenever anybody was hungry, they just reached up and tore off a piece of the sky.

But people grew careless with the sky's gifts. They broke off more than they needed. After all, the sky was so big; there would always be enough for everybody. Who cared about a little wasted sky?

But the sky cared. Soon the sky's sorrow turned to resentment, and its resentment grew to anger. "I offer myself every day to these people," the sky brooded, "and they throw me away, half eaten, like garbage."

"People of Earth!" The sky's eyes flashed light lightning. Clouds bubbled and boiled. "You have not treated me with respect. You have

wasted my gifts. I warn you. If you are greedy, I will leave. I will move far away."

The people listened and promised to be more careful.

After that, no one broke off more than they could eat. And they always remembered to thank the sky.

But then the time came for the greatest festival of the year, in honor of the chief of the kingdom. The night rang with music. Bells clanged and drums banged. People stamped and clapped and laughed.

The tables were heaped with dishes of specially prepared sky. Sky in every flavor, from custard apple to coco plum. There was plenty for everyone, for the sky was generous. It trusted the people to take only what they needed.

But there was one woman who was never satisfied. Osato always wanted more. Her arms were heavy with brass bracelets. But brass wasn't good enough for her—she wanted coral beads. And most of all, she loved to eat.

First she helped herself to a handful of noon-yellow sky that tasted like pineapple. Chunk after chunk disappeared into her mouth. Then she ladled out some sky stew, spicy and warm. She lifted the dish to her lips, draining it, dumplings and all. Soon her stomach was stuffed. She loosened her robe. What next? Delicate slices of morning sky, pink and glistening. With a swift movement, she scooped them up and slurped them down all at once.

At last, the tables were empty. And Osato was full. She waddled home.

She was full to bursting, but her eyes kept wandering up to the sky. What would it taste like right now? Citrus storms? Her taste buds tingled. Luscious mango? Her mouth watered. Honey sunsets? She licked her lips.

Her fingers began to pull out her spoon — the one she kept tucked in her headscarf — just in case. She stopped herself just in time. Osato knew that the sky offered itself only because no one ever took more than they needed. And she knew she didn't need any more. But oh, how she wanted some! Just one more spoonful.

"The sky is so huge," Osato said to herself. "It can't hurt just to have a little bit more."

She pulled out her spoon and plunged it in. She savored a mouthful of sky. And another. She threw down her spoon and scooped with her hands, sucking the delicious sky from her fingertips.

Finally, without another thought, Osato pulled down a great slab of sky. Enough to feed a family for weeks.

She licked all around the edges, chewing more slowly now. She stared up at the huge hole above her. She stared down at the enormous mound of sky. And she knew she had taken more than even she could eat. Above her head, there were rumblings. "What have I done?" Osato gasped. "I cannot waste this sky. What shall I do?"

She called to her husband to help, but he had been feasting too and was slumped in his chair, too full even to move. Still, he managed a few mouthfuls.

She called to her children to help, but they too were full from the wonderful feast. Still, they forced down a few fingerfuls.

She called to her neighbors to help, but they had been at the festival too and at the sight of more food, they held their stomachs and groaned. But they ate as much as they could, with worried frowns on their faces and anxious glances above their heads.

But even with the help of the entire village, they could not eat that last piece of sky. Osato had taken too much. "What does it matter?" Osato told herself at last. "Just a bit of waste." But the feeling in the pit of her stomach told her otherwise. No one slept well that night.

The next morning, the sky did not offer his food to the people. Parents had nothing for breakfast. Children cried, hungry. Osato knelt on the ground, rocking and sobbing. "I'm so sorry... "

But the sky just sighed. With a great rush of air, it lifted itself up. High as the treetops. High as the mountaintops.

High above the earth rose the sky, far beyond the reach of humans. "I gave you all you needed," its voice floated down to Osato, "but still you took more. I cannot stand such greed. I must leave. I will not return."

"But how will we live?" wept Osato. "What will we eat?"

There was silence.

Osato's tears fell to the Earth. And the Earth spoke. "Dry your tears," it said gently. "I can feed you. But you will have to work for your living. You will have to learn to plow fields and sow seeds and harvest crops. And remember what you have learned today. Take only what you need. And I will give it gladly."

"Oh, I will," promised Osato through her tears. "I'll never take more than I need—ever, ever again."

MEDITATION Lori

JOYS & SORROWS Chris

SONG Paganish Doxology #375 & 379 Chris

OFFERING Lori

GROUNDING Heather

Mabon is the second of three major harvest festivals in the Pagan calendar. As we once were, we give honor and recognize the bounties of Nature which help our families and communities survive. Such are the mysteries of Life; that all exists so that others may. And so, let us call upon Nature to bring us into the continuum, summoning the elements to mark the bounds, uniting the Lady of our time and the untamed Lord of the Wild to join us as we cast a magickal Mabon circle.

QUARTER CALL (Lisa Stewart) VIDEO

INVOCATION Lucia

*Invoke, then a reading (Our Lady of Corona)*

INVOCATION Stephen

*Invoke, then a reading (A Prayer to the Horned God)*

GREAT RITE Julia

We now celebrate the most ancient magick of joining.

The athame is to the Lord

*(Stephen holds athame up, then moves it down and holds)*

As the cup is to the Lady

*(Lucia holds cup before her, then lifts it up and holds)*

United in life and abundance.

Blessed Be!

Now the Circle is cast.

We are between the worlds.

Beyond the bounds of time,

Where night and day

Birth and Death

Joy and sorrow

Meet as one.

MABON MAGICKAL WORKING

Stephen

Within our virtual circle, let us visualize the magick of our intentions and will working. As we know, the days are growing shorter, and soon the nights will be cooler as well. With the return of Mabon, we keenly appreciate that life is more than a gift; for we see through all of the abundance at the harvest festivals. We are aware of the promise of life: all that dies shall be reborn.

Let's perfect this visualization. Please get comfortable and relax, then close your eyes for a couple of minutes. When you are ready, go within, to that place of perfect harmony.

You know this place. You know this light. It's your vision of Nature. The scenes that provide the greatest relaxation to your spirit. You're in a place not visited in a long time, yet you know the season is Autumn, for the flora has changed.

All around, bright colors slowly appear in the verdant canopy of summer. Then in the cool breeze, the leaves rustle and fall, twirling to the ground.

You sense the light of the day and the dark of the night to be of equal measure, and of equal power. At such times of balance, we can pause and look within our ourselves and assess what we have reaped from our journey through the spring and summer.

In the serenity of your mind, imagine the dusk between day and night, with a cool fall fog condensing into a conjuring cloud,  
Now let an image form slowly in the mist  
Of a good deed that you performed, selflessly,  
One that you made happen,  
while the pandemic overtook our world,  
Now, only you know your thoughts,  
No one else will know,  
So, think of that good action  
Think of one  
Whether on behalf of flora, fauna, or folk.  
Keep thinking of that action and let your mind flow towards the benefits that grew out of your caring.  
Reflect for a few moments on your harvest  
Feel the warm fulfillment in your heart  
of creating magick for someone else.  
To crystallize your experience,  
silently give a name to the value that you upheld.  
Repeat the name of that value to yourself.

INCANTATION

Stephen

Slowly, open your eyes.

Please say, with me, these magick words:

I have sown. I have tended.

INCANTATION

Lucia

And please say, with me, these magick words:

I have grown. I have gathered.

May the personal acknowledgement of your harvest reinforce your focus on what is important and strengthen your control. Build your devotion with earth-centered values, holding onto the memory of our connections here, that are circling at this moment, all around the Earth.

I release the energy of everyone here in our Mabon circle to the world. The magickal world that we are so blessed to be a part of. So mote it be.

With our fabulous work done, let us thank the Lady and Lord for being present in our Mabon rite.

DEVOCATION

Lucia

DEVOCATION

Stephen

QUARTER RELEASE (Lisa Stewart)

VIDEO

CLOSING

Heather

With perfect love and perfect trust,

We close our sacred rite,

As say we must...

The Circle is open but never broken!

May the Lord and Lady

Be forever in your hearts!

Merry meet, merry part,

and merry meet again!

Thank you for allowing us to share Mabon with all of you.



*The Earth-Centered Spiritual Affinity Circle  
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