

Day Star and Whirling Wheel

*Honoring the Sun and Moon
in the Northern Tradition*

Galina Krasskova

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Hubbardston, Massachusetts

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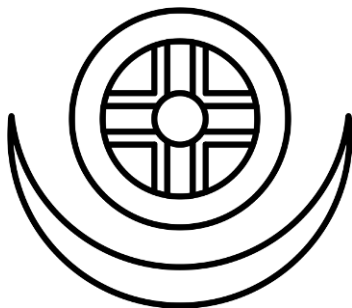
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*To all the good folk who attended EtinMoot 2008 and 2009,
who were there to experience Mani's presence.*

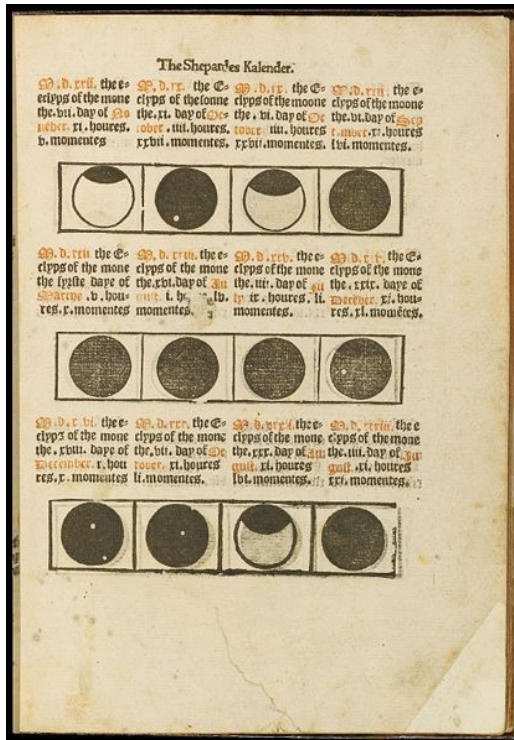
*Three things cannot be hidden:
The sun, the moon, and the truth.
-Gautama Siddartha*



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Finally, to Mani and Sunna, in gratitude.



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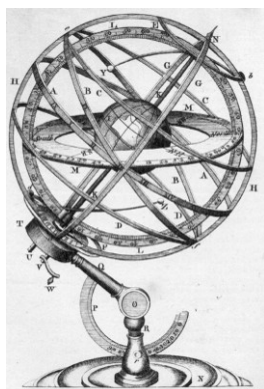
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Introduction:

Mani the Moon God and Sunna the Sun Goddess

This small book is a work of love and devotion to two deities who, in my opinion, are woefully undervalued and under-represented within the Northern Tradition demographic: the Goddess of the Sun: Sunna, and the God of the Moon, Mani. Because so little has come down to us of Their tales and sacred stories, I have chosen to approach this small book not with the eye of a scholar, but with the heart of a mystic. It's the best I have to give Them, and so herein you

will find a collection of prayers, poems, and rituals written by people who have a shared devotion to Mani and Sunna, who have in some way been touched by these two Gods. Here you will find a collection of devotional writings by people who love Them.

I find it surprising that there isn't more information in the surviving lore on these two deities, given the importance They must have had to a predominantly agricultural community, but outside of who They are and what They do, we have almost nothing. Of course, this may be viewed as both our blessing and our detriment. It is a blessing because it opens up a rich world of devotional practice, without limit, through which we can come to know this beautiful God and Goddess. It is our detriment because our faith is all the poorer for its lack of sacred stories recorded in the surviving lore dealing with these two deities. Mani and Sunna aren't alone in this; there are numerous deities within the Northern Tradition whose stories have been lost.



There are even some for Whom all we have left is a name. Most modern Reconstructionist Heathens like to know exactly how a God was viewed and worshipped by our pre-Christian ancestors before taking the metaphorical plunge themselves, so, to the modern mind, patterned as it has been by two thousand years of dependence on textual authority, this poses quite a quandary! With Mani and Sunna, and numerous other deities (like Alateivia, Arvolecia, or Gna, to name but a few) we just don't have the luxury of looking solely to the authority of lore.

To begin with Mani, the facts, as we know them, are few. Basically, Mani is the personification of the moon; He is a God of the moon. He steers the moon on its course, determining the time of its waxing and waning. As the moon reflects the light of the Sun, so Mani can be said to, in His ever-subtle way, reflect the light and might of Sunna's power, which is not to say He has none of His own.

Mani doesn't travel alone; He has two companions on His nightly journey: a girl named Bil and a boy named Hjuki. These children are brother and sister and once had a very cruel father. Mani observed them being mistreated and came to steal them away. They now accompany and assist Him on His nightly journey. Our moon God is also pursued by a wolf, Hati, who makes sure that He doesn't stray from His assigned course. According to the shared UPG (unverified personal gnosis) of many in the community, there is some likelihood of this for Mani truly likes humanity and likes to watch over those He cares for, even if only from afar. Hati has the difficult job of keeping the moon punctually on course. Of course, according to the surviving lore, at Ragnarok, the wolf will capture the moon and devour Him, plunging the night into unbroken darkness.

My own experience with Mani began shortly before Etinmoot 2008. I was planning to lead a ritual honoring Mani as part of the celebrations at this gathering and a couple of months beforehand, I got the strong feeling that Mani wanted to be "horsed". What this essentially means is that He takes a willing human and pushes aside that person's consciousness, entering and wearing that person's flesh for

a set amount of time. In this way, He could directly interact with the people gathered. This is not an uncommon practice in many indigenous religions and is most commonly known as part of the Afro-Caribbean religions like Santeria and Voudoun. Over the past decade it has begun occurring within the Northern Tradition as well. Many of us use the common Afro-Caribbean terminology of “horsing” and “being horsed” or “being ridden”; i.e. the Deity rides the person like one might ride a horse. We utilize these words not in an attempt to bring Afro-Caribbean practices into the Northern Tradition, but because they are apt descriptions and we simply lack the Norse or Anglo-Saxon equivalents. We have no concrete evidence that this was ever practiced historically in Northern Europe, but it is happening now within modern Heathenry, though it is very controversial.

It certainly isn't necessary to experience or witness god-possession to properly honor a God or Goddess. Since “horsing” is part of my practice as a Northern Tradition shaman, however, I quickly consented to be “ridden” by this God. This was to be my first interaction in any capacity whatsoever with Mani and for me, it brought me far closer in devotion to Him than I ever expected. The ritual was planned and I set about acquiring the clothing that Mani had indicated He'd like. Having special garb not only often pleases the Deity in question, but removing it after the possession aids the vessel in returning to him or herself. I had no prior experience with Mani and was more than a bit nervous about whether or not I'd be able to open enough to Him. I need not have worried. I've been doing this type of work for over a decade and although I've “horsed” numerous Gods and Goddesses, I can say without a shadow of a doubt that Mani is the gentlest Deity I have ever had the privilege of carrying. Usually I am exhausted and a little sore after a horsing but not with Mani. I was left, as it were, in tip-top shape.

But I am getting a bit ahead of myself. He seemed very concerned in His passing with honoring the work that we both had to do. He left before moonrise and made sure that He left me in good condition. He

also took care not to overwork my assistants, which is not the case with some other Deities.

The experience was actually quite charming, and to say that I am utterly charmed by Mani would be a gross understatement; besotted would be a more accurate description of the effect He has on me. He is a sweet and gentle presence, at least when He came to me. He was curious, and fascinated, enthralled, utterly delighted with the minutiae of embodiment. There is always a time during all but the most intense possessions where the human and the Deity share a point (however fleeting) of co-consciousness, where it is possible to see through a God's eyes. That never lasts long and it is usually the last cognizant moment for the person before the Deity seats Him or Herself fully and human consciousness is gently pushed aside. With Mani, that point is glorious and seems to go on forever, though in truth, I'm told it lasted only seconds. Each leaf, each twig, each ray of sunlight seemed a wonder to Him. He looked around at the grass and trees, people and animals with the uninhibited wonder of a child. From this experience with Him, it is my belief that He has much to teach about how precious our physical embodiment is, how sacred our world.

Once Mani was fully seated within me, I don't remember anything until He departed, but I will intersperse my description here with accounts of His behavior as described to me by those assisting me and those present for the ritual.

He wanted music, throughout the time He was there. It seemed as though the turning of planets and the pulsing of stars echoed in its notes. He perceives music and the connections it brings quite differently from the way that we do. He loves His sister dearly and seemed fascinated and delighted to watch Her passage across the sky. He had requested that I assemble an odd assortment of rings with moon images or moonstone, beaded necklaces, anklets with moon images on them and moonstone jewelry that He then proceeded to give away to those gathered around. We had laid out food for Him but He partook only that which had been given to Him by a child, instead sending the basket of offerings around the gathered folk, bidding them

to eat, drink, dance, and celebrate (though He loved the Sambuca we offered Him). He walked around the gathered folk, touching them gently, talking to them, blessing them. He held a woman who had been very broken by life and told her that there is none so broken in this world who cannot come to Him, no pain that He has not witnessed in the night. He knows, He weeps, He understands.

The first time Mani came into me, we'd inadvertently prepared the ritual to occur on a day of the full moon and a lunar eclipse. The second time, a year later, it was a day after the height of the full moon, when the moon had just started, ever so slightly, to wane. Though He again passed out offerings and blessings to the assembled folk, there was something a touch more somber about His presence, a melancholy, almost a very quiet sadness. Many of us conjectured in light of this that His personality changes somewhat with the moon phase. That second time I horsed Him, He apparently blessed several animals that were present, and again delighted in the presence of the people, inviting them to feast, dance, and rejoice. Still, onlookers said there was a melancholia in Him, evident in both His actions and His words.



While I've had many experiences with Mani, including the two aforementioned horsings, Sunna has always seemed more remote. Perhaps She truly is less concerned (or interested) in the intimate workings of humanity than Mani, or perhaps it is simply that I am the consummate night person and relate better to Her brother. Those times I have called to Her, I've experienced the energy of Her presence as bright, fiery, forceful, and dense... there is weight and power, controlled might in all She does.

Sunna is sometimes called Sol, and the sun is the living embodiment of Her power. She must have been immensely important to our ancestors; anyone living an agriculturally focused lifestyle (i.e. farmers) would be, especially before industrialization, utterly dependent on Her for a good harvest. As my colleague Sophie Oberlander has noted in *The Jotunbok*, Sunna's presence in the heavens also has tremendous eschatological import: Her capture by the wolf Skoll is one of the signs of impending Ragnarok.¹ More than that though, Sunna's power is one of the building blocks of an ordered, healthy, whole society. Her sister Sinthgunt is associated with healing (She is mentioned in the Merseburg charm as having healing power), and in a way, Sunna might also be said to have healing power. As the Sun She brings health and vitality. As the sun is made of heat and fire, so Sunna's power has the potential to hallow, just as all fire has the potential to cleanse and consecrate. She drives out metaphysical darkness and decay as Her sister drives out disease. "She makes the world holy and by doing so defines the inangard, the sacred enclosure of a healthy community."²

Scandinavian winters were and are long, tedious, and hard. The lengthening presence of the Sun in Her daily voyage across the sky must have been a welcome sight to our ancestors as winter turned slowly into spring. As Sophie Oberlander points out:

¹ Jotunbok, p. 215.

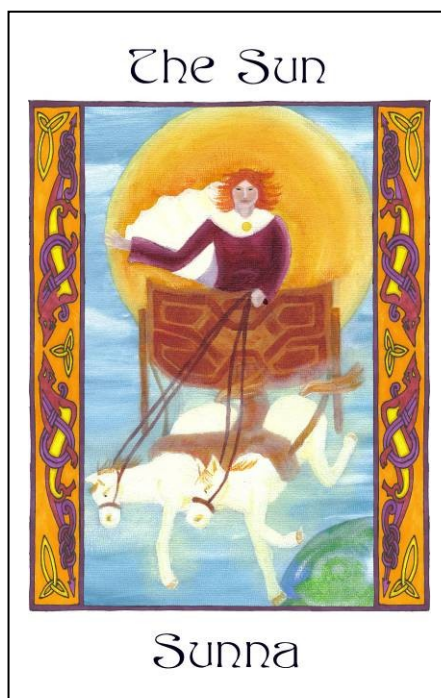
² Ibid.

Many of the holy tides, the holidays celebrated within both Heathenry and Neo-Paganism, revolve around the yearly cycle of the Sun and Her control of the earthly seasons. ...today, we may not be bound to cycles of the seasons in the same way our ancestors were, but we can still benefit from a certain mindfulness of the Sun's cycles. Most of us live busy, harried lives made all the busier by the supposed convenience of modern technology. The rhythm of our days is largely governed by Sunna's cycle across the heavens: we rise in the morning, work throughout the day and seek our rest as She disappears into the Western horizon. Without Her life-giving light and warmth, the earth would be a barren, frozen, lifeless rock. Technology enables us to forget about Her for a time, but when all is said and done, we are still dependent on Her for nourishment. Modern science has even proven that some people will suffer physically, mentally, and emotionally if they do not receive enough of Her life giving rays (SAD, or seasonal affective disorder). In our rush through our work day, many of us who ignore the rhythm She sets for us end up overworked, over-stressed, and ill.

Sunna is our Pace-Setter. She orders our days just as She did for our ancestors. She is our defender, teaching us how to maintain health and well-being even in the midst of industry and endeavor. ...Looking to Her to be our guide as we strive to maintain a healthy work-life balance is a subtle way of nourishing spiritual awareness in the sturm and drang of our daily, often numbingly mundane lives. That after all, is one of Her greatest lessons: nourishing a sense of the holy both within and without. Sunna teaches us to create the holy in our lives by managing our time, wisely, mindfully, and well.”³

³ Sophie Oberlander in *The Jotunbok*, p. 217-218.

This devotional begins with people's offerings to Mani and ends with those to Sunna. There are prayers, poems, rituals, even a few recipes. For varying reasons, several people preferred to submit their work anonymously. While I know and have worked with many of the contributors, others heard about this project and wished to contribute something solely to honor Mani or Sunna. The inclusion of their work should not be taken to indicate any theological or ideological alliance with me, but only a devotion to these two Gods.



Part 1:

Honoring the God of the Moon



A Paean To Mani

Sophie Oberländer

Oh, Mani, I hail You,
 Beautiful God.
 Oh my Sweetness,
 I lay myself beneath Your light.
 Gentle One, I am besotted by You.
 Moon-mad with hunger
 All for You.
 You make of the night
 A pleasure garden.
 Sing to me,
 Sweet-voiced silence.
 Mani, I pray to You.
 Always.



Mani: A Glimpse of the Moon God

Fuensanta Arismendi

*Gentleness, and a presence so old it had learned to be young again, and
 to be filled with marvel.
 A certain bemusement.
 Some gentle longing that once must not have been so gentle.
 Some gentle sadness that once might have been raw pain.
 A wisdom that had time to turn back into that essential wisdom of the
 lonely child.
 A sense that He may be one of the Norse Gods, but He does not fit
 there—or anywhere.
 Mani smiles at His own melancholy.*

Honoring Mani

Galina Krasskova

Some of these suggestions are fairly obvious; others are drawn from my own personal experience both as a priest and ritual worker, and as a devotee of Mani. This list should in no way limit your own explorations and devotional work. Use it as a jumping-off point. I offer it and the similar list in the section on Sunna to help, not to hinder. They are not based on lore, but on personal experience.

Symbols: obviously anything shaped like the moon or with the moon on it, hour glasses, old watch parts, knots, time pieces, calendars, mathematical equations, musical scores, beaded necklaces, mirrors.

Colors: blues, silver, black, purple/lavender, pale white.

Rune: Dagaz (I also happen to see Ehwaz with Him)

Stones: moonstone (obviously), labradorite, selenite, quartz, amethyst.

Food and drink: Sambuca, cookies (especially ones with marshmallows or odd shapes), angel food cake, peppermint flavored sweets.

Other Offerings: jasmine, carnations, night-blooming flowers, highly aromatic flowers, mugwort, blue sea glass, any volunteer work or donations that benefit abused children or the mentally ill.

Things not to do: harm or abuse a child in any way; mock the mentally ill.



Mother Night, Father Moon

Anonymous 1

I have always come before You
a child of the night, a lover of all things
dark and hidden.

Spell-bound, Moon-bound
I gazed into both of Your faces:
Mother, with Your dark veil
and Your glittering eyes
looking down at me;
Father, with Your ever-changing
fickle face,
sometimes full and smiling,
sometimes hidden in plain sight.

I always felt at home in Your embrace, Mother,
always felt comfort as I gazed for hours
at the contours and creases of
Your silver body, Father.

I have always known that I was
a moonchild, and a child of the night
and so knowing You two has been a blessing.
Thank You always for Your presence, Father Moon
always watching me, even if I don't see You;
for being my muse, and my torment—
for I feel Your pull over me constantly,
my internal tides shifting at Your very whim.
Yet I wouldn't have it any other way.

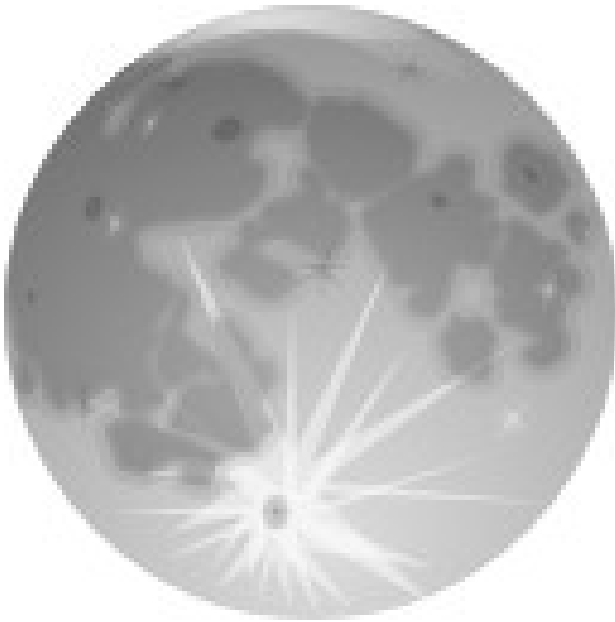
Thank You for Your comfort, Mother Night;
for the cool veil of darkness that drifts down
and provides relief from the light, lest I go blind,
relief from the sun, lest I burn from the heat.

Thank You for the wonders that would not be possible
without that curtain You drop over the world.

The choruses of the tree frogs and crickets

as their musical chirping provides the soundtrack
for the adventures of the nocturnal creatures—
the Owl, the Cat, the wily Fox, and others—
who call Night their home.

And thank You for that veil that provides
the backdrop for romance
the setting for mischief
the crackling spread of power
that fuels the Witch's Hour.
Mother Night, Father Moon
For all this
I thank You.



Nine Songs for Mani

Andrew Gyll

I

I ask, although the answer
is always the same.

Who is Mundilfari?

Loki chuckles.

Must you know everything?

His sinuous laughter
disperses on the wind
and is gone as Máni rises
on wings of pallid gossamer.

Flame Hair whispers.

The Moon is even madder than I;

I don't think the wolf will ever catch him.

II

When I first saw Him
He glowed like golden Tammuz.
I had thought Him cold
till I saw the Harvest Moon
shimmer its regret
at Summer's death.

He laughed and told me

*Sometimes I am saffron,
sometimes I am blue.*

III

Loki speaks.

Máni is not the Moon!

*The Moon is a stinking lump of green cheese
dragged along in a cart by a couple of curs
long since ruined by too much food*

and their master's indulgence!
Máni wanders this way and that
tootling on his flute,
befriending children and loons,
and setting a-flutter
hearts of each and every gender.
He is a shameless wastrel
and the Gods do not know
what to do with him.

IV

To the east of somewhere
there is a bay, broad and quiet.
It is always night here
and the waves barely whisper
as Isis rises and flecks the dark
with silver fire.
In this place, He is usually silent,
never sings or pipes, rarely speaks.
Perhaps He will let me talk a little;
more often, finger to His lips,
He takes my arm and walks me
along the sea's bright rim.
Here He is angelic,
a moon-fish swimming
in the burnished ocean of night.

V

As rain pecks at the soft ground
and clouds turn the sky into chocolate,
I feel that barely perceptible tug
that tells me He has risen.
If I close my eyes
and reach out between the drops

I can hear His footfalls,
the distant sound of His music.
Tonight He will not speak,
like me He is lost in dreams.

VI

A black pool
and a low jagged cliff;
I have been here before.
The Dark Elves
call this place 'Mouth'
and come to break things
with their silver hammers.
Statues of lacquer
and gleaming porcelain,
they wait for Him
to illumine their offerings.
For them Máni
wears a different face
of ivory, lilac and stars.
For Him they wear camellias.

VII

One after another,
night follows night,
and is gone.
He is amused.
Gone? Where would they go?
Time is a lace veil,
each night a knot I tie
that can never be unbound.

VIII

Dark as velvet, soft as oil,
the night is a dormant sea
heavy with the scents
of jasmine and lavender.
The building does not sleep;
it feeds on the heady aromas,
an orchid awash in dreams,
sticky with time.
A beetle scuttles through the dust,
pounds the brittle floors.
A footfall sounds
at the very cusp of silence,
fabric swishes finer than thought;
the Moon is in the House of Flowers.
His passing is a waft
of myrtle and poppy,
shadows of indigo
eddy in his wake.
He finds her quickly
huddled in the dark recess
beneath the fragile stairs.
Who are you? She asks.
I am the Moon, child.
I heard you weeping.

IX

He has been with me for days;
a perfect pearl swelling to fill
my secret inner night.
His eyes glint darkly
with magic and madness,
lips of grey velvet
demand a kiss and pucker

into a knowing smirk.
I realise this moment of connection
is just a note in his endless piping,
one more step in his crazy dance
across the heavens.
I realise this, and yet,
see that it is enough.
He is laughing now;
his teeth glint like comets.
For him I will be aquatic,
and bathe in cool fire.



Mani and I

Andrew Gyll

When I first became involved with Paganism I worked within an essentially Wiccan framework. My coven met to celebrate esbats on, or as near as possible to, the Full Moon. We also celebrated the eight major solar festivals. For the first time in my life I bought a lunar calendar and came to know instinctively where I was in the lunar and solar cycle.

Being aware of the seasons and the passing months, I came also to recognise my own cycles and, in particular, my mood swings. I realised that I waxed and waned with the Moon and, on the other hand, grew increasingly fractious and brittle as the days grew longer. A waning Moon somewhere between Litha and Lammas finds me wrapped in shrouds of gloom and of no earthly use to anyone. As a result of this awareness I have come to see myself as an essentially lunar person and regardless of which tradition I've worked in I've always felt drawn to Moon Deities.

When I was called into the Northern Tradition I found it surprisingly easy to adapt to the idea of the Moon as a God rather than a Goddess. The fact of Máni's maleness doesn't alter His essentially lunar qualities. He is passive, aquatic, receptive and intuitive. Of course there is no such thing as a typical male or female but, if we pay lip service to the stereotypes, it is clear that Máni is no more a regular male than His sister Sunna is an ordinary female. It has always intrigued me, given the widely held preconceptions of Norse culture, how many of our Deities evince qualities more often associated with the opposite gender. Such Deities are bridges, they occupy that liminal space between different states and realities.

Like Sigyn, for example, Máni is a bridge between different races and therefore ideas of how the worlds are and how they should be. He is a Jotun employed by the Aesir who has a soft spot for human children and is greatly beloved by the Alfar, light and dark. His connections with the tides and long standing agricultural practices regarding the sowing and harvesting of crops also tie Him in with the

Vanir. Máni provides a point through which these races and their disparate philosophies can connect.

For me He has always been a comforter, most prominent when I am at my lowest. He doesn't talk that much, usually a crazy zigzagging dance, a song or a burst of formless but seductive music distracts Him. Other times He can be quiet and calm, loving unspeaking walks across moonlit heaths or along the seashore. On occasions like this He doesn't need to say anything—His presence alone is pure balm.

In my experience the Vaettir, great and small, tend to be quite changeable in Their appearance until They get to know you. At this point They then seem to settle into a form that works both for Them and you. I see Máni as a very beautiful young man. His hair is long and black and lies in ringlets about his shoulders. His eyes are grey but can glint with purple or even red at times. He generally favours loose clothing, usually white and purple, and prefers to wear sandals. He carries a wooden flute with Him and seems to like lace and silver jewellery. Having said all this, He is, however, unpredictable and a little vain. As He says Himself 'Sometimes I am saffron, sometimes I am blue!'

So what will happen to Máni at Ragnarok? Allowing for the fact that things may not pan out as prophesied, the Voluspa states that the wolf Hati will finally catch and devour the Moon. If, as Loki sometimes asserts, the Moon is just a ball of stinking green cheese, this may be no bad thing, providing a suitable replacement can be found.

Of all the Deities of the Northern Tradition Máni, with his sympathetic and empathic qualities, seems to be one of the most vulnerable. Despite this He has an air of indestructibility about Him. Disasters and humiliations, and I'm told He has suffered a few, seem to slither past and through leaving Him much the same as ever. Perhaps this is His greatest mystery?

Evening Prayer to Mani

Galina Krasskova

Hail the rising of the Moon,
Beautiful God, sensual singer of the night's blessings,
Sometimes hidden, sometimes bright,
You watch over us,
Taking your place in the heavens,
Following the path your sister daily treads.
Bless me, Mani.
Take from me the ichor of the day's efforts,
Wash me in your healing light,
Clothe me in your comforting darkness.
Embrace me, my beautiful God,
And whisper what secrets You would
Into my waiting ears
That I may find in the night's embrace
Sanctuary.



Evening Ritual to Mani

Moonsinger

Begin by setting up an altar to Mani. It doesn't have to be very large, but it should, in some way, reflect your impressions of this God. There ought to be a candle in the middle of the altar. I usually give Him sweet wine (like Lillet dessert wine, or Inniskillin ice wine), and I've written the offering part of this ritual to include that, but readers should feel free to give Him whatever offerings they feel He might like and to alter the wording of that part of the ritual accordingly.

If you are able to stand where you can see the moon, it is best to do so and to do this ritual in Mani's light. But if not, don't worry.

Begin by reaching your arms up as if to embrace the moon. (This makes the rune Algiz, which is incidental. It is a physical expression of devotion and prayer found in many ancient images.) Take a few moments to breathe Him in, to feel His light, His presence, His power filling you and wrapping itself around you. Allow yourself to physically embody and express your devotion to Mani.

Light a candle and say the following prayer:

Mani, I ask Your blessings upon me tonight.
You who are the night's sweetness,
majestic and beautiful;
You who gleam like a jewel in the fabric of the heavens,
gliding across the sky from horizon to horizon,
please smile upon me.
Grant me the safety and protection of Your regard
as I sleep and as I dream.
The delicious luster of Your beauty leaves me in awe.
You are my inspiration and my heart's haven.
Sweet God of the evening sky,
Remotest splendor,
may my dreams be filled with You.
Hail, Mani, beloved God of the Moon.

Offering

Pour wine into a pretty glass and raise it before you, offering it to the moon. Say:

“My Splendor, I offer this wine to You. May it sweeten Your evening as You sweeten mine. I hail and adore You, oh Mani, my Enticement.”

(I usually kneel before my altar at this point taking as long as I need or want in contemplation of Him, but readers should follow their hearts on this matter, kneeling, sitting, or standing as they feel appropriate for as long as they feel appropriate).

Closing Prayer

Sweet Cherishment, my Adoration,
 My Longing, my Strength,
 Be Thou hailed with the setting of the sun,
 The rising of the day and every hour in between.
 Gleaming glory of all the nine worlds,
 I bow my head before you
 And pray only that I might carry
 Your image into my dreams.
 Hail, Mani.
 The Moon reigns supreme in His abode.
 He is beautiful and invites only longing.
 Praise Him.

(The candle may be allowed to burn down or may be extinguished and lit when this ritual is next performed. It is Mani's though, and should be used only for Him.)



Ride On

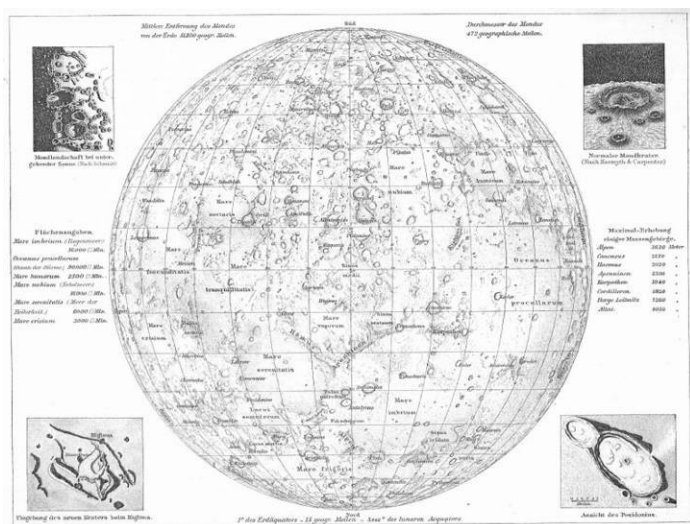
Heather Fortuna

Ride on
In Your chariot Mani
Ride on
And light up the Night
Ride on
Lord of the Moon
Bathe the world
In Your light
Use Your pull
To call the tides
Of the world
And our minds
Ride on
In Your chariot Moon Lord
Ride on
And light up the sky
Ride on
Be our beacon
In the Night
Be our Muse, our mystery
Embodied in
A ball of silver rock
Ride on
In Your chariot
Brother of the Sun
Ride on
And be the night's anchor
Ride on

Mani and Me*Ayla Wolffe*

Standing outside,
Under your bright light
As I do blot each Monday night,
I feel you close to me,
Hear the song of crickets,
Of katydids, and of locust.
I smell the cut grass,
Look at the leaves above my head,
And think of my ancestors,
Of the days gone by—
Of how it would have been
In the long ago—
Many are those who have stood just so
Under your light oh Mani,
Many are they who have given to you
Words from the heart,
Confiding in you the pain,
The joys, the hopes for the future
That they hold so near and dear.
I see the shadows of the past rise up about me,
I smell the incense, see the candle,
It is but a smaller reflection of you.
Tasting the cider, cool and sweet
I speak to you, that which dwelt within
Comes forth and becomes.
Oh Mani, you have followed each day and night of my life,
Silently watching, gauging to see
Am I worthy, am I moving forward in time,
Hanging on by a thread or striving onward—
Mani, as you watch over me, here in my home
My children are under another roof,
Look upon them, nurture them,

Give them messages of love in their sleep,
 Help them know their worth,
 That they can and will succeed—
 Deliver to them messages of a mother's love.
 Mani, shine on, shine on, shine on...
 As the cider is swallowed, cold and sweet,
 I feel my head swimming with joy,
 Drunk on the night, heart pounding
 And I know that we will always speak
 In the language of dark and light,
 Reflected back at one another,
 Whether it be aloud or in the smallest whisper.
 Mani, as you travel the sky,
 Let not the wolf win.



*There is nothing you can see that is not a flower;
 there is nothing you can think that is not the moon.*

-Matsuo Basho

Moon-Hunger

Galina Krasskova

The moon weeps at our madness.
He comes with the jangling of beads,
The clicking of charms,
The tying of knots,
The whisper of secrets.
He is silence, and the crashing roar of its waters.
He is midnight intoxication,
Cold heat locked in alabaster,
Ever enticing to the touch.
He is temptation and desire,
Aching hunger and the promise of its sating.
He is the tug at the heart
Awash in loneliness.
He is the weight in the belly
consumed by grief.
He consoles.
He has sorrowed.
He survives.
It is His wyrd:
To see. To know. To sorrow. To remember;
And sometimes in remembering,
To find sweetness.

I think His gentleness has been learned.
There is steel behind the carnival mask He wears.
No One could do what He must do otherwise.
He is one of the Mighty Ones, our Elder,
Their Elder too, though the Gods I think forget
In Their maneuverings.
His only madness is that He does not surrender
To the despair of His position.

Mani*Anonymous 2*

Hung like a glittering crystal
against the sable night,
You who looks down,
Who smiles at our slumber,
and greets joyfully those awake,
who are Your own children:
Hail, Mani of the silver wheels,
Lover of the lost and lonely,
King of the black night
and Shepherd of the stars
who follow your dusty trail
through the dark fields.

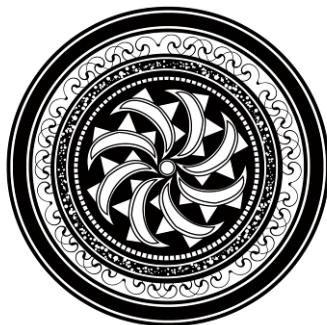
Hail, friend of old,
ever concerned with Man,
stopping often in your journeys,
lingering among the hurt and the wounded,
so that the Gods sent forth Hati,
your adversary, your own guide
shepherd to the Shepherd,
enforcer of Deadlines and Duty's harsh rule,
to keep you to your appointed courses.

Yet you linger still, as much as you can,
among the friendless, the forgotten,
giving shelter to the mad,
Lunacy, hysterics, madness
they say are your Work;
But in truth, they are not,
Symptom is not cause,
Shelter is not coercion.

In your silver chariot, you comfort,
Your journey brings peace
to those long at war
with themselves, with each other
and hope for the hopeless,
joy for the sorrowing,
beauty for the lovers
and Time for all.

Hail, Lord of Joy,
whose cold embrace brings
to all of us the mysteries of space,
of the void that lies
between life and death.
Hail, Lord of Peace,
to whom the warring fly,
lost in the struggles of madness
Hail, Lord of Light,
who with your sister brings forth
the blessings of life
among all the Nine Worlds.
Hail, Lord of Love,
Lord of Grace,
Lord of Beauty,
Who is the symbol of romance,
of lovers entwined,
in the blooming of the night
fragranced with jasmine and moonflower
Hail, Lord of Loss,
Who is the cold night,
the dark nights and the bright,
the monsters lurking in the shadows
and dark stories that should never be told.
Hail, Lord of Hope,

who shelters the needy,
 who lights up the darkest shadows,
 who gives promise of the day
 in midst of Dark Night.
 Hail, Mani!



For Mani

Mordant Carnival

The Moon is bright and waning gibbous in the clear night sky, a disc of pure brilliant silver sketched with a text I cannot read, one side dipping into shadow; an Arab coin from some traveler's horde, melting in the sky. You will slip away into the dark and then begin to wax again; Your sweet silver fire will limn the trees and good Earth more subtly, then more strongly. How beautiful You are, Mani, bright shining Mani; how I love to look at You. You are the "Moon, Moon, Gold-Horned Moon" in the Slavic charm I use to wear my wolf coat. I pursue you, Shining One, You are pure and perfectly desirable.

As Ulfhedinn, when through the blessings of Loki and Odin I am in my trance, You are the hidden flame that I must chase: You are the secret fire out of ice that is pure and perfectly white, yet whose perfection does not burn; You are the ice out of fire, that is brilliant and whose frost does not bite flesh. I follow Your sky-dance between the pines, You lead me to the fire, and when I thrust in my hand there is no pain. I leap over the fallen tree, I run into the night...

Hymn to Mani

Rebecca Buchanan

Brother of Bright-Haired Sunna
Son of Mundilfari the Half-Remembered
Called He of Metallic Fire
 burning silver-gray
and the Whirling
 Ever-Whirling
 Silver Wheel
 by Loki's daughter
and the One Who Hastens
and the Shining Friend
 by dark-loving dwarves
and the Counter of Years
 who marks the passage of month
 upon months
 upon years
Mani
Gleaming One.



(Many modern devotees of both Mani and Ran and Aegir's daughter Unn feel that there is a connection between these two Deities, perhaps even a relationship. Certainly many feel there is immense affection between Them at the very least. The following song honors both together.)

A Song For Mani and Unn

Snáw Lafor

Travel-warders of all journeymen
Rhythm-makers of the wild and hostile sea
Tamers of the ever changing sky and tides
Together you create and magic weave.

In low-tides of still waters Unn sings softly.
In high rolling waves at moon-rise Mani unfolds the sky.
Mani and Unn, singing sweetly
Together creating the dance of time.



*I like to think that the Moon is still there
even when I am not looking at it.*

-Albert Einstein

For Mani, From Unn

Seawalker

I dance below, you dance above
But our steps entwine even though
We do not touch, save for your light
Rippling like a caress on the water.
I count your steps, your turns, your changing
And though men call you inconstant, fickle
And a wanderer in the night, I know
Just how much you hold to your pattern
And it helps my heart to see you. No matter
Where I am in time, no matter how far
My mind has drifted, all I need do is wait
For dark, and look upward, and there you are.

New, I see you wondrous as a child
Tripping along the sky's cello curve
Like one new-awakened. Crescent, you run
Giddily through the stars, chasing dreams.
First quarter, you trip and fall, learning again
That life has limitations, and you weep. Gibbous,
You pick yourself up and walk more slowly,
But soon are in a dance, more sure-footed
Than you were mere days ago, learning your footing.
Full, your joy overflows to all you watch and all
Who watch you. Madly you dance your way
Into my heart, and I laugh with you. Your flute echoes
Across the glinting night. Disseminating Moon
Begins to wane and you look outward,
Seeing the wrongs done to those in the world below.
I do not understand this impulse, being a creature
Of the cold sea waters, but it is you, and it always
Comes like clockwork. Third quarter, and the sorrow
Overwhelms you, and you weep again, for others

Instead of for your own pain. Balsamic Crescent
Shows its thin face, and you seem old and wizened,
Withered and ready for a rest. I do not see you
For three days on the dark moon—where do you
Wander? Or do you sleep, cradled through the long
Dark nights in Nott's saddlebags, weary as
Your sister in winter? You never tell me; perhaps
It is a secret that you cannot share.

Twenty-nine and a half does not sound like
A magic number to humans, but they know
Nothing. Thirteen, that they recognize, but not
Truly know its wealth. But I know your numbers
Inside and out, and I have your measure, and that
Is my great comfort on the whirling nights
When time spreads out around me like the
Endless ocean. You are my anchor, steady
In your shifting, if such a thing can be
Said. You are the pearl inside my oyster shell,
The white flash of a shark's teeth, the beauty
Of a broken gull decaying on the sands.
You are the rough fingertip of bleached coral,
The translucent belly of a jellyfish beneath
Its deadly veil, a melting iceberg in the spring,
Foam like the whitest head on my father's beer.

Perhaps these are not things you would
Think of as compliments. But still, you smile
Gently, and humor me. I scoop the whiteness
Of your rays on the water with my hands,
And watch them trickle away like milk
Through my long, long fingers
Into the receding tide.

Full Moon Jubilee

Snáw Lafor

As part of my Rites to Mani on the Full Moon, I present my offerings to Him using a special God's plate and goblet. Dairy food, fruits, nuts, and desserts feel appropriate as an offering to Mani, Bil, and Hiuki along with mead or milk as the libation.

My favorite recipe to make for Mani is a family recipe for "Cherries Jubilee", but any fruits and nuts may be added as a topping.

Crust:

2 cups of graham crackers, crumbled or rolled fine
½ cup of real melted butter

Filling:

14-oz can sweetened condensed milk
2 8-ounce packages cream cheese
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tsp vanilla

Beat cream cheese until fluffy. Add condensed milk and blend. Stir in lemon juice and vanilla. Spoon cream cheese mixture into cooled graham cracker crust. Cool in refrigerator for an hour or so. Top with one can of any pie filling, or fresh blueberries, raspberries, and nuts sprinkled on top. Keep refrigerated.



*When a finger points to the Moon,
the imbecile looks at the finger.*

-Chinese proverb

Offering Cakes for Mani

Sophie Oberländer

A friend gave me this recipe several years ago and for some reason, I associate these little cakes with Mani. I like to make them for Him whenever I do a major offering, particularly whenever there's a lunar eclipse.

Ingredients:

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda
A cup (give or take) of buttermilk.

Sift all of the dry ingredients together and then add the buttermilk. I usually eyeball this and adjust the flour/milk ratio as needed to give a nice, fluffy dough that's neither too dry, nor too sticky. Turn the resulting dough out onto a floured board and pat out with your hands into a circle about ½ an inch thick. Cut this circle into four wedges and bake in a floured pan until lightly brown.

If you want, you can add a handful of chocolate chips, dried fruit, cinnamon chips, candied ginger, or (my favorite), caramel chips to the dough, mixing these in thoroughly with the dry ingredients.

These can be served hot or cold.



My barn having burned to the ground,

I can now see the Moon.

-Chinese proverb

Mani Prayer Beads

Anonymous 1

Prayer beads are a good meditation and focusing tool and I have found them to be a valuable aid in connecting with the Gods and spirits. Since the moon has such a strong influence over me and always has it was only natural that I come up with a set of prayer beads specifically for the moon and His many faces.

The idea is to pray on the day of the moon phase in question. Start with the current moon phase and go through the prayers. Each phase tends to have a different “theme” or type of energy to work with in my mind. The New Moon for me is for setting goals and making plans to achieve them. The Waxing Crescent is for healing work. The First Quarter is for work involving protection, and the Waxing Gibbous is for luck workings. The Full Moon I see as the “Thanksgiving” of the lunar month, when the moon is at its fullest and thus its bounty of light is at its greatest, so too should we look at our own bounty and be grateful for what we have.

The Waning phases are more for banishing work. The Waning Moon is for banishing bad habits and the Last Quarter is for cleansing and doing away with negative thoughts. The Dark Moon is the time of the dead, when the moon is dark and hidden away and thus other things dark and hidden are remembered as well.

Month by month the meanings of these prayers can change. For example, the Full Moon prayer “May I always be grateful for what I have” can take on a totally different meaning from one month to the next depending on how things have been going in your life. The moon directs the tides of the seas and since our bodies are mostly water it is only natural that it directs us as well. These prayers are a way to get back in line with the natural flow of your individual tides.

The beads can be any style you please, although at least nine beads should be on the strand. Each bead represents a phase of the moon. You can make them simple with just the nine beads or you can make them elaborate with decorative moon charms, stars, mirrors which Mani loves, or anything else you like.

However you choose to do it, it is my hope that these prayers are a good help to those seeking to get back in sync with the moon's cycles. May Mani bless.

1. In the name of Mani, whose chariot is responsible for the moon's many faces:

2. (New Moon) May all my goals remain attainable and in my sights, as we remain in Your sight.

3. (Waxing Crescent) May I be healed of illness on all levels, and my health remain good.

4. (First Quarter) May my dwellings remain secure and be protected from all harm night and day.

5. (Waxing Gibbous) May luck favor me and bring me good tidings as the waxing of the moon brings light to the Earth.

6. (Full Moon) May I always be grateful for what I have, and share my bounty with those less fortunate as the moon shares its light.

7. (Waning Gibbous) May the spirits help me to be positive always, and may that light help to illuminate my darkness as You illuminate the night.

8. (Last Quarter) May my words and deeds reflect my devotion as the moon reflects light from the sun.

9. (Dark Moon) May I always walk with the Gods and do my honored ancestors proud, for though I can't see them I know they are still there just as You are.

10. Thank You Mani for continuing to bring the light to my night. Hail!



Prayer to Mani

Larisa Pole

Mani,
 Your presence stays with us through the dark;
 it appears in the single wink of the crescent,
 in the face of the full moon.
 You are the light in the dark,
 surrounded by stars,
 embraced by the twilight,
 colored by seasons,
 controlling the tides.
 You are the flow;
 at night You reign supreme.
 Rock me in gentle beams of light,
 sing me softly into dreams.



The Horsing of Mani

Jessica Orlando

He sees through her eyes and He smells through her nose
He hears through her ears and He feels with her toes
The air that He breathes, through her lungs it must go
The blessings of life, we share With Him here

The laughter in her eyes belongs to His own
The voice that He speaks and the words that we hear
The voice won't recall, she is not here
But Mani we feel in the air

To all who crowd around
To all long to hear
His words, I sing to you here

Let the moon draw your eye
At night I am there
If you cannot see, feel your heart
Find Me near

Honor Me with laughter, find joy in your days
If you are lost or broken and feeling despair
Always remember, I am here

Gone to the moon, to the sky, to the stars
We feel the spark gone yet His light is still here
The full moon, the crescent, the sliver of light
Hail Him with your bright life
Hail Him with laughter and joy.

Hail Mani!*Will Oliver*

Hail Mani!

Hail Measurer,

Who shines light upon the world,

In cycles curled and unfurled!

Pulling on the seas,

Giving life ups and downs

You show the same face

As you circle round!

Lend us wisdom to make the most

Of quiet talk and large boast,

Of inner sight and grand view

Of civil man and beastly thew

Of smallest caviar

And huge pork roast!

Hail Mani, Measurer!

May we know of moderation

As we find our station

In Life.

Wassail!



Watcher

Elizabeth Vongvisith

O Mani, who dreams behind
the moon's fair and addled face,
bemused and musing, over great seas
and stolid earth and the sky's burnished ceiling,
tell me about what you've seen while
roaming back and forth across the heavens.
You turn and turn and turn again,
crossing and recrossing, and still
you wander and gaze in silence,
circling, as a man gently considers
a problem incarnate before him.
Teach me about simple observance,
that quiet watching without
the anxious self-centeredness of opinion,
you who sees the world from the top of night.
And if you should pause in your journey,
even only briefly, look my way and smile,
Mani of the slow, deep wisdom,
for I'll be looking up at you
from down below, here where I am rooted
to the things I cannot bear to leave behind.



Evening Rite of the Five Elements

Galina Krasskova and Sophie Oberländer

(This ritual is based on “The Evening Rite of the Five Elements” from “Dea,” one of the liturgy books of the Fellowship of Isis. We liked the idea of having such a clear and simple ritual for the Northern Gods and so stole the format shamelessly for the following rite. Many thanks to FOI and the Honorable Olivia Durdin-Robertson, co-founder of FOI. The inspiration for this rite was hers first.)

A small altar should be set up with a stone, a bowl of water, incense, two candles, a small vial of some sweetly scented oil and, if possible, Deity images.

Opening Invocation

Oh sweet light in the darkness,
 Mani, beloved Lord of the moon, I hail You.
 Watch over us this night.
 Extend upon us Your loving gaze.
 Wrap us in the music of Your presence.
 Be with us as we pray and sleep and dream.
 You who embody the sensuous harmonies
 Of the night, of the unknown,
 Of all that we might wish to be or see or hold
 Be with us this evening in our hearts and in our dreams.
 Hail Mani, God of the Moon,
 Of seeming and unseeming, belief and fantasy,
 Stillness, and the mad whirling dance of time.
 Hail Mani.

Meditation on Mani

The moon follows us. He remembers, our time keeper, our history keeper, the memory of the eddies and flows of our world. He shares his beauty with us, and communicates via music, mathematics, madness:

obsession for all that He holds, all that He has seen, for the rich, alabaster loveliness of His presence. He is bound to His service, to the cycles that He himself helped to put in place and supports. Yet He protects and watches over those in pain, those suffering, hurting or hopeless. His fascination is immense, His compassion deep yet He must maintain, for the most part, His celestial distance. Beads, knots, numbers, calendars, dreams, music, sand, symbols. He wears the cloak of night, an easy adornment to His remote beauty. He is sensual and quixotic as only the moon can be. His voice is sweet and contains enchantment of all that He has seen passing millennia after millennia through the flowing folly of man.

His words: See me. Reach up for me. I will come to You. I will watch over you. I am there for you. When you are most alone, know that I see you. I know you. I never, ever forget. It is mine to remember: everything. I am master of night, as my sister is mistress of the day. I have might of my own. Yet am I secretive.

(On the altar, light two candles and a stick of incense.)

Prayer to Nott, Mother Night

May our Mother the Night, gracious Nott,
Bless us this evening through the five elements.
May She look down upon us
And enfold us in Her blessed darkness,
Through which no malice may penetrate.
May Nott enfold us in Her protection.
May She look down upon us with gracious benevolence.
May She watch over our slumber
And grant us the grace of ivory-hued dreams.
Hail to Nott, ancient Goddess,
Vast and unknowable, bedecked in stars,
With the world at Her feet.
Bless us this night, Mother Night. Hail, Nott.

Prayer to the Goddess Sigyn*

(Place your hands on the stone on the altar, feel its strength, its weight, its heaviness.)

I offer this prayer to the Goddess Sigyn:
 Hold me in Your sweet hands, Lady,
 That I may be a vessel for poison and sorrow;
 Bear me upwards in Your bright arms,
 That I may catch, and shield, and shelter;
 And when I spill, forgive me.

Please enfold me in your strength tonight, oh Goddess.
 You who are as strong and unyielding in Your love
 As the mountain in its power,
 Please watch over me and bless me this night.

Prayer to Loki

(Dip your fingers in the water and make a circle on the brow.)

You are mutable, oh my God,
 And wondrous, bedecked in splendor,
 Even when You're not.
 Change me, bless me, open me,
 Wash me clean of all pettiness and dreck.
 Sweet salmon of knowledge,
 Slippery, sly, and cunning,
 God of deceit and speaker of the most terrible truths.
 Make me mutable too so that I might be
 Whatever You need me to be,
 In the act of loving You.
 I hail You this night, oh Loki.

* This prayer is by Mordant Carnival, and was first published in "Be Thou My Hearth and Shield" by Elizabeth Vongvisith, Asphodel Press, 2009.

Prayer to Odin

(Asperge yourself with the smoke from the incense.)

You who blessed us with breath,
Who wove the mighty magic of our breathcords,
Strong as wyrd, implacable as fire, I hail You.
Open us tonight to the rushing wind
Of ecstatic inspiration that only You can bring.
Bestow upon us this blessing
That through our dreaming we may carry
The ephemeral breath of our creative vision
Into the waking world, and make it so.
Hail Odin, Master of Manifestation.
Please bless us this night.

Prayer to Sunna

(Hold hands over the two candles.)

Hail mighty Sunna,
Mistress of the chariot of the sun,
Champion of the sky road,
Mighty, valiant, supreme.
I ask Your blessings in the morning when I wake.
May I partake of some small measure
Of the strength and vitality You bring.
May I awake from my night's rest ready to work,
To serve, to play, to rejoice.
May I await Your coming with the dawn joyously
And with an open heart.
Hail, Mighty Sunna.

Prayer to Hoenir

(Anoint head with oil. This is symbolic of honoring one's connection to the Gods.)

Brother of wind and fire I hail You.

God of wisdom and silence, I honor You this night.
Please help me to keep my mind and heart
Always centered on my Gods.
Please help me to keep my desires focused
On what would please Them the most.
Teach me to make every action, every word,
every half-whispered hope
A living, centering prayer to the Holy Ones.
Hail, Hoenir, God of mystery.

Prayer to Earendil

(Anoint the heart with oil. This is symbolic of the desire to focus one's life around proper honoring of the Gods.)

Hail Earendil, bright lord of the sky.
May You be praised who are so often now forgotten.
May You shower Your wisdom down upon us
as we sleep and as we dream.
You, who are the divine archer,
Always on track, far seeing, far planning,
Help us to also remain focused on our goals.
May our dreams, words, and waking actions
Lead us ever closer to ardent service to the Gods.
Bright Earendil, fearsome and wise,
Look kindly upon us this night, I pray.

Spend some time quietly meditating on the Gods. If it helps to pray with beads or to read a passage from lore then by all means do so. Afterwards, offer thanks to the Gods and then the following prayer is offered:

Dear Gna, messenger of the Gods,
Jewel of Frigga's hall, fleet footed and swift,

Please carry these prayers to the halls of the Holy Ones.
Bestow upon us the grace of spiritual clarity,
That we may hear the messages
They send in return rightly and well.
May You be honored this night and always, oh Gna.

May all the Gods and Goddesses be thanked this night.

(Say or sing Sigdrifa's prayer to close the ritual.)



Prayer to Mani

Jon Norman

Hail Mani!
Lord of the night sky,
Bringer of hope in the darkness!
My sustenance, my sanctuary,
The light in the darkest of hours.

Hail Mani,
Most beautiful of Gods,
My savior, my lover, my friend!
I bask in your silver glow,
Your embrace warms my soul ...
And though I am too broken for most,
You accept me with open arms ...
And I am whole again.

I hail Mani,
Brother of Sun,
Son of Time,
Giver of love, of friendship, of hope.
I honor you,
Beautiful one who has seen and heard everything.
I will always sing your praise.

Hail Mani!

Part 2:

Open To The Sky



The Four Adorations

Sophie Reicher

(Adapted shamelessly for the Northern Traditionalist from Israel Regardie's "The One-Year Manual".)

Refrain *(to be said before each of the four verses given below):*

Hail to the House of Mundilfari,
In the turning of seasons, the passing of days.
Hail to the dawn and hail to the dusk
And to the passing of Time between them.
May You be honored unto the ages.

To be said upon arising:

Hail to Thee, Oh Sunna,
Who charges across the vault of heaven
In Your gleaming chariot
At the breaking of the dawn.
Hail to Thee and to Arvagr and Alsviðr:
Early Charger and Gleaming Whiteness,
Fleet-footed steeds of Thee, Mighty Sol,
Who stands in splendor at the reins.
Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Night, Oh Goddess.

To be said at noon:

Hail unto Thee Who art Sunna Triumphant,
Who art in Thy beauty and splendor
Even as Thou rideth across the heavens
At the mid-point of day.
Hail to Thee, Oh Goddess, Who stands in majesty
At the helm of Thy chariot
Charting the course of the day.
Hail to Thee from the Abodes of Morning, Oh Goddess.

To be said at dusk:

Hail to Thee, Sunna, Who art sublime in Thy setting,
Even unto Thee, Whose journey gives us joy,
Who traverses the heavens in Thy gleaming chariot
At the closing of the day.
You stand in splendor at Thy chariot's helm, mighty Goddess,
And none may contest Thy power.
Hail to Thee from the Abodes of Day, oh Goddess.

To be said at midnight:

Hail to Thee, Mani, beautiful in Thy rising,
Who travels across the vault of heaven in Thy gleaming chariot
At the midnight hour of the Sun.
Hail to Thee, Heaven's Sweetness, and to the swift steeds
Who guide Thy chariot across the velvet expanse of night.
You stand in splendor at the helm of Thy chariot
And brighten the array of Nott.
Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Evening, Oh Glorious God.



Ode to the Wolves

Anonymous 1

The chase goes on
Catch them, catch them, catch Them if You can
They are Your lawful prey
You are the Hunters, the children of the Sacred Wood
That brought forth the other wolves of Your blood
You are special, and They know it
So the task is therefore Yours
The chase goes on
Run, snap, howl, growl, wag
The Sun-chaser growls at She
Who constantly teases, laughing
Challenging the one who Hunts Her
Well aware of what will happen to the Prey if
The Wolf grabs Her in those jaws
But not caring
The chase goes on
The Moon isn't quite as much fun
For the Wolf of the night
He's slower, and doesn't cooperate as much
Makes the Moon-chaser work harder
Not much time for play with that one
The chase goes on
Running, leaping, nipping
Not all play, but a sacred duty
The cycle must go on
The chase must go on
Run and skip and howl and nip
It's work and it's play and it's tedious and it's glorious
You are Wolves, and hunting is what You do
And You do it well, with the ultimate Prey
Always just out of reach, taunting, teasing
Dangling in front of You

Frustration and excitement and thrill
All drive You night and day
The Chasers of Moon and Sun
So often ignored by everyone
But even so
The chase goes on.



*In the name of Hati Moonchaser,
May I run the turning road of intuition.*

*In the name of Skoll Sunchaser,
May I run the straight road of clear vision.*
-Raven Kaldera, Northern Tradition prayer beads



*There are nights when the wolves are silent
and only the Moon howls.*

-George Carlin

A Prayer to the Turner of Time

Moonsinger

Hail Mundilfari, ancient and wise.
Hail father of bright etins born:
Sunna, Mani, healing Sinthgunt
roaring through the fabric of time.
Hail Master of the sky road,
brilliant Wanderer, Architect of ages,
Wisdom-seeker, wise in Your travels,
ordering seasons, supporting the structure of worlds.
A shaman told me once you might be dead,
but I think instead that you have hidden yourself away
in the wisdom-hall of time, not too far from the well of memory.
Hail twister of fate, weaver of being,
Knotter of days.
I hail Your children and I hail You.
Mundilfari, may You be honored.

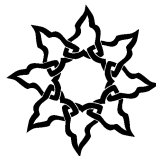


(Sinthgunt, Sister to Mani and Sunna, is mentioned only once in the surviving lore, in the Merseburg Charm, an Old High German incantation dating from the 9th or 10th Century C.E. This charm specifically references Her as having the power to heal.)

A Prayer to Sinthgunt

Sophie Oberländer

Hail Sinthgunt,
 Gleaming Goddess!
 Hail, Strong in Battle,
 Sure-Rider
 through the halls of Night.
 Hail, Charm-weaver,
 Spinner of fiery force,
 carefully setting woe aright.
 Hail, Celestial Power,
 blazing beacon
 standing proudly
 between Sun and Moon.
 Hail, You who eases Your Siblings burdens;
 Delight of Your Father,
 Daughter of He who turns the fabric of time,
 as we might turn the pages of a book.
 Hail Companion of Nott, Herald of Your Brother.
 Laughing Goddess, wise in magic,
 Keeper of many secrets:
 Hail, Shining Star.
 Sinthgunt, I honor You.



Evening Offering Ritual to Sinthgunt

Sophie Oberländer

On an altar, lay a purple or dusk-colored cloth. Four candles should be arranged in a circle, with a taller candle in the center. Four offering bowls should be placed by each of the four smaller candles. The one on the right should hold a scented resin that can be burned as incense; the one below should hold something that symbolizes your soul, your value, your worth, your individual gifts, what you bring to the Gods, what you really, truly value. The bowl on the left should hold a good quality alcohol and the bowl above should hold healing herbs. Additionally, there should be a small brazier or cauldron with a self-lighting charcoal so that some of the incense can be burned.

Around the altar, place things associated with Time, the cosmos, the universe, stars, galaxies, magic, arcana, tarot cards, healing, pathwalking—anything you associate with Sinthgunt. A row of twelve tea lights should stand behind the candles.

Sit or kneel in front of your altar with your hands resting palms up on either thigh. Begin to focus on your breath, taking slow even breaths. As you breathe, focus on a spot about three inches below your navel. Feel all the attention in your body sinking into this spot. Feel its weight and heaviness extending beneath you, connecting you to Midgard, like the roots of some ancient, mighty Tree. As you breathe, feel this spot opening and expanding until you feel as though you have a glowing ball of warmth centered in your navel. Once you are centered, turn your attention to Sinthgunt. Open yourself to the feel of Her presence, and to any inspiration She might give.

Begin by reciting the only surviving text in which She is mentioned, the 2nd Merseburg Charm:

Phol and Wodan rode into the woods,
There Balder's foal sprained its foot.
It was charmed by Sinthgunt, her sister Sunna;
It was charmed by Frija, her sister Volla;
It was charmed by Wodan, as he well knew how:

Bone-sprain, like blood-sprain,
Like limb-sprain:
Bone to bone, blood to blood;
Limb to limb, like they were glued.

(Light the first tea light, saying:)

Hail Sinthgunt, She who walks between darkness and light.

(Light the second tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, who dances boldly in the places where
manifestation began.

(Light the third tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Mighty Maga, wise in the ways of incantation and
power.

(Light the fourth tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Daughter of Mundilfari, Gleaming Jewel in the
House of Time.

(Light the fifth tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Rider of the Cosmos, who knots the ends of time
back upon the threads of their beginning.

(Light the sixth tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Cunning Healer, skilled in the ways of mending
and restoration.

(Light the seventh tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, fierce Warrior, first in battle, leading the charge.

(Light the eighth tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Companion of Nott, friend of Dagr, guardian of
the house of the sky.

(Light the ninth tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Shining Star, holder of many secrets.

(Light the tenth tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Sister of Mani, glittering blade to Her brother's
gentle might.

(Light the eleventh tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, Sunna's Sibling, Shadow to the Day-rider's light.

(Light the twelfth tea light:)

Hail Sinthgunt, wisest of teachers, patient instructor, please bless me tonight.

(After each hail, spend a few moments meditating on that aspect of Sinthgunt's nature. Don't just say the words, but really bring them to life through your focused contemplation.)

Invocation to Sinthgunt

(Light the large candle in the center of the altar.)

Might Maga, I hail and honor You.
 Wise Healer, cunning wyrd-smith,
 Brave in battle, beloved by Your sibs,
 I call to You this night.
 Yours is the dark fire
 That flows between the sun and the moon.
 You stand triumphant in the vault of the heavens.
 You dance supreme in the spinning flow of the cosmos.
 Your power is silent, secret, as eternal as Your father's.
 Mighty Guardian of the House of Time,
 Please extend Your blessings upon me.
 Speak through my dreams, Oh Goddess,
 If doing so is pleasing to You.
 Inspire me, mighty Lady,
 That I may honor You cleanly and well.
 Help me to insure my feet are well placed
 On the twin road of devotion and action
 That I am meant to tread.
 Preserve me from the poison of my own hubris.
 Preserve me from the sickness of my own despair.
 Preserve me from the hell of spiritual entropy.
 Night-walking Goddess,
 Guide me through the darkness of my own becoming.
 Celestial power, teach me

To order my heart honorably and with discretion.
Sister of Sol, Sister of Mani,
Unbridled shining star in Nott's gleaming firmament,
Friend of Frigga, Friend of Fulla,
Mighty Singer of charms and weaver of incantations,
Please bless me tonight, Oh Goddess;
And in return, I shall hail You.
I shall honor You.
I shall always revere Your name.
Hail, Sinthgunt.

(Spend as much time as you want communing with Sinthgunt. It is often helpful to have a journal and pen handy to record any snippets of inspiration that Her presence might evoke. It is important not to rush this. Allow this part of the ritual to take as long as it will take. Then light the small candle to the right of the large central one and say:)

I offer to You, oh Goddess, this incense. May this gift be pleasing to You and may its sweet scent carry always serve to remind me of Your presence.

(Light a little bit of the incense, then light the small candle in front of the large, center one and say:)

I offer to You, Mighty Sinthgunt, the work of my hands; the ordering of my heart; the contemplations of mind, and the discipline of my devotion. Help me to order and better my soul, Great Lady. May this gift be pleasing to You, Oh Goddess. I give it as a pledge of my devotion to You and to the process of knowledge gathering You govern.

(Light the small candle to the left of the large central one and say:)

I offer this wine to You, Oh Lady. May it please You; May it sweeten Your table. May it delight Your senses. May You always be hailed.

(Light the small candle above the large central one and say:)

I offer these healing herbs to You, Great Goddess of Healing. May Your presence bring health and restoration to my soul. Hail, Sinthgunt.

Prayer to Sinthgunt

Daughter of the House of Mundilfari,
Mighty Rider across the cosmic Sky,
Wise Teacher, Far-seeing, cunning and strong,
Thank you for Your blessings this night.
Please show me how You best wish to be honored.
Oh Goddess, please show me how best to praise Your name.
Sinthgunt, I hail you, tonight and all nights of my life.

(At the end of the ritual, blow out the candles or allow them to burn down and dispose of the offerings by taking them outside and leaving them at the base of a tree, or in some outdoor place where they are unlikely to be found. I like to do this, because I associate Her so strongly with the star-filled sky, so I like to give Her offerings by placing them under the stars. If this isn't possible, bury them, leave them at a crossroads/intersection, or burn them.)



Invocation to Daeg

Raven Kaldera

Hail to the Master of the Day!
Golden and bright, you rise before the Sun,
The mists seek refuge before your burning smile
And the morning wafts flesh-pink
Over the standing corn.
We greet your coming with opening eyes
And open arms that stretch to honor you.
Skinfaxi's rider, glowing behind the horizon
And then bringing that glow
Through a thousand clouds,
May your coming always be joy
In our eyes and in our hearts.



Invocation to Nott

Raven Kaldera

Hail to Nott, Old Woman of the Night,
The hem of your black robe twinkles
With the multitudinous stars as you go,
And we watch, and marvel at the Mysteries
You flaunt each night in your passing.
Hail, Hrimfaxi's rider, dewdrops sparkling
On your dark bridle, nourishing the Earth.
Hag of the Night, Sacred Elder,
Silver-haired like the clouds across the Moon,
Mother of Day, Mother of Earth,
Mother of the Sea-Lover whose ships breast the horizon,
Lover of Jotun, Alf, and Van, and any
Whose upturned face in the moonlight
You find lovely in your old, old eyes.
Bless us, Nott, with fine sleeping
And may your dark horse ride gently in our dreams.



Part 3:

Glory to the Goddess of the Sun



My Native Earth: A Vampire In The Sunlight

Raven Kaldera

Dealing with the Sun has always been ambivalent for me. Since my childhood, I've been a creature of darkness. Given the choice, I stay up till nearly dawn and sleep well into the daytime; this distressed my partners for many years. When we moved from the city to a little homestead-farm in the country, I started getting up earlier in order to do farm work. While I wasn't exactly greeting the dawn, I was seeing the morning on a daily basis for the first time in many years, and I got to watch the Sun's slow progress across my garden as I worked. It was during those first years that I became aware of the Sun as something more than just a light in the sky that went on and off at semi-regular times.

I also became aware of the Sun's difference during the various times of the year. I was aware that the Neo-Pagan church that I belonged to celebrated eight holidays that comprised a solar year, of course. How could I not know that? It was baby stuff. As we continued to farm, however, I grew deeply into that solar year. It taught me how the Sun isn't just something to tan our hides at the beach. It is closely bound up with our food supply.

I learned, for example, that the reason that eggs are the symbol of Ostara, the spring equinox, wasn't just theoretical. Chickens who aren't kept under artificial lighting but are allowed to lay as they will automatically follow a solar cycle. Their egg laying slows as the light fades and the days shorten, until around Yule eggs are rare commodities—unfortunate for all the Yule baking I expected to do! As the Sun turns and the days lengthen, the egg-laying increases until it peaks during the period from Ostara to Beltane. Eggs, which some ancients referred to as suns-in-a-shell, are produced on a solar cycle, and are the true harbinger of spring.

I watched as the Sun stroked the leaves open, and learned why Beltane is the Green Man's holiday. I watched as fruit ripened, and learned why the red stain of the berry is the blood of the slain Sun King who dies at the Solstice in Mediterranean countries. I watched

the grain ripen, and realized why the golden god of more northerly countries is slain at Lammas, when the weather is more truly the Sun's time in our cold north, and the grain reflects its gold. I watched the harvest come, and saw what happened when the balance of sun and rain wasn't right. I saw the Sun fade to a mere few hours during the cold dark time of Yule, and understood why we desperately light bonfires at that time, and gather closely around them. I watched the midwinter festival of Oimelc, where the light is bright on the snow, a bright white cold that we don't associate with the Sun but which is still part of her cycle.

I watched my seedlings grow upward, and realized deeply the relationship that all plants, all the Greenwights, have with Sunna. Greenwights have only three Gods: the Earth, the Rain, and the Sun, however humans may name them. Of the three of them, the Sun fills them with the greatest joy, even the shade-loving plants. They uncurl from the earth and reach for her blessings. She gives them half their nourishment; they understand what it is to feed on the sun's rays, and to hibernate or die entirely when her presence leaves them and the white cold ensues. I planted Sun gardens—small plots with yellow and orange annual flowers that would live for only one of her seasons—sunflowers, calendula, cosmos, German chamomile, dahlias, and heliotrope as blue-violet as the sky when she begins to drop below the horizon.

I also watched my friends with Seasonal Affective Disorder, a problem that has never affected my vampire self. I watched them wilt as the days grew shorter, and expand again in the light of the Sun. I suggested that they might go out and lay in the early morning rays, but I was told that the Sun was now dangerous. We've stripped part of the atmosphere off the earth, I'm told. In parts of Australia there's hardly any protection from the deadly UV rays, and skin cancer is growing rampantly as a disease. We've made sun-worshiping a deadly activity. Sun-worshiping, that's what they call it on the news when they refer to

people laying out on the beach, and they only speak of it now in terms of smug warnings.

Flames leaped orange and burners glowed red,
 The Sun beat down golden on our youthful heads,
 The burns on our fingers were testament to
 Our not giving Fire
 The respect it was due...

And now we are stripping the shield off the Earth,
 Exposed to the Fire that once gave us birth.
 Do we really think our dear Sun won't be cruel?
 But Fire has no mercy
 And She'll kill us for fools.

-Corbie Petulengro, *All That Burns*

It's something to think about. We've done such damage to our atmosphere, the blanket that lies between us and the terrifying side of the Sun, that it's certain we can expect a change in attitude toward the Sun's blessing. I'm already seeing it. People speak of sunlight in terms of fear and damage and protection, not warmth and joy. Parents no longer say, "Go outside—you need to get some sunshine!" They say, "Wear a hat and make sure that you wear extra-strength sunscreen, and don't get burned." Tans are acquired in studios, and my friends with SAD huddle up in front of little lamps rather than going out into the light that they need.

A friend of mine who is a sacred whore, working for the Love Goddesses, once wrote passionately about how fatal sexually transmitted diseases and the consequent need for safe sex have drastically changed attitudes toward sex and especially bodily fluids in this day and age. In ancient times, bodily fluids were considered sacred and to exchange them was a blessing. Today, when people think about that, they immediately think of Death. In the book *Pagan Polyamory*, my friend wrote about the issue:

I'm in a full-time rigid fluid bond with my primary partner, which means that no body fluids can get exchanged when I do my temple work. It is so incredibly difficult for me to have sacred sex while maintaining a safe separation between me and the other person's bodily fluids! But I have no choice. I did safer sex education for a while, and in the training they give you answers to the common objections people have to using barriers, but nothing can address this: you must keep in mind at all times the association of their bodily fluids with death and disease. No. Their bodily fluids are sacred, and to take them into my body is to show ultimate acceptance of them and the physical product of their sexual arousal. To see this exchange not as a messy unpleasantness but as something desirable and beautiful is an affirmation of the sacredness of the body and of the physical realities of sex ... The way I've ritually dealt with it is this: When doing sacred sex, I have sometimes taken a small pot of honey and fed my client a dab off my finger, and had them do the same for me. I explain to them that it is reckless and disrespectful to our bodies to play without barriers in these times, but this sharing of honey is a symbol of the sacred exchange of fluids natural to sex. To share sexual fluids creates a link between you, just as a blood bond does. It is important to me to emphasize that although this exchange has been made symbolic, it is not because the sexual fluids are inherently dirty or disgusting, and I do what I can do downplay that connection to death. But I am of the age where from the time I was sexual, sex could kill. If I broke that fluid bond, every unsafe sex act would feel like Russian Roulette. I'd be constantly thinking: Will

this one kill me? Am I still safe? Maybe it is already killing me, and I don't even know it. How can we be sexual and not be aware that we walk this line?

What AIDS has done for sex, ozone pollution has done for sunlight. (While it may be a coincidence, I am struck by the reference to honey in the preceding quote—golden and sweet; honey has long been a sun-substance as well as a love-substance.) Those of us who want to have a relationship with the Sun need not to be in denial about this issue. If we don't acknowledge what we've done, and what its consequences are (if only to ourselves), we are being hypocrites every time we raise our voices in praise of the Sun's passing. How do we reconcile the danger, the dark side of all that light?

For me, I start with the fact that Sunna is a fire-giant. Most reconstructionists in the Northern Tradition are fairly wary of the giant-Gods in general, but they always seem to make allowances for Mani and Sunna and their harbingers Daeg and Nott ... perhaps because the markers of their presence are right there overhead all the time anyway, so it really takes a stretch to demonize them. I'm not saying that they should be demonized, because I believe that it is inappropriate to demonize any of the Gods that I honor; our worldview doesn't contain two divided sides of angels and demons, good and evil. Every creature, divine or otherwise, has their dark side. For the "brighter" deities, we usually only see that side when we've screwed up.

What we've done to the Earth's atmosphere is an insult to Sunna, and to all solar deities. Since the Giant-Gods are the protectors of Nature—just as the Aesir and Vanir are the protectors of Civilization in two rather different forms—it makes sense that Sunna would show her wrath in this way. She's a powerful force, and for us to want to stare her in the face without that veil between us is a wrong that she will swiftly punish. There are some forces that Man is better off keeping some kind of a distance from, and the Sun's direct rays are one of them. As the Fire-Giant responsible for protecting sunlight, and

protecting the Earth from sunlight, what we've done is near to unforgivable.

But not entirely. You want to propitiate Sunna? Give aid to an organization that is trying to replenish the ozone layer, whether from increasing sea plants to decreasing emissions. Buy a car that is emissions-free—or, better yet, buy one for someone who will never have the money to purchase such a thing. Run things on solar power whenever possible. (There, see, the cleanest form of alternative energy we have is solar power! Let's declare Sunna the patron of that industry.)

Sunna has a typical Fire-Giant personality—impulsive, rambunctious, easily moved to laughter and suddenly inspired to scorching wrath ... and, inevitably, easily moved again to more laughter when someone tries to please her. On top of that, all Sun deities are rather vain. It's just part of the job. She enjoys being hailed, and having things done in her honor. Why else would she put on such a show? At this time in our history, we need to propitiate her more than ever ... and replace the veil we are ripping off of her, before she smites the lot of us.

My story of learning about Sunna has not ended with undiluted happiness. I have lupus, a serious autoimmune disease that is worsened by sunlight. No one knows why sunlight makes the symptoms worse, but the fact remains that it does so. When we moved to the farm, I had just begun a new medication that put the illness into remission for several years, and I was able to enjoy Sunna's rays regularly. Unfortunately, the disease caught up to the medication and progressed past it, and sunlight began to make me ill, more so than it had ever done before. I retreated again to the night, to shade, to large hats and umbrellas. This is probably the way that it will be for the rest of my life. I am doomed to be a creature of darkness, a vampire in the shadow.

It would be easy for me, with my affliction, to come to hate the Sun. I can tolerate about a half hour of sunlight, perhaps an hour if I'm feeling especially well and nothing else is acting up. One minute too

long, and I'm down in bed for the next few hours. It would be easy to come to hate this beauty which I was allowed to experience for such a short time, only to have it taken from me. It wouldn't be hard at all, and yet I will not succumb to that anger and sorrow.

I believe that we can make change in the world magically, one small thing at a time, by living mindfully and dedicating our mindfulness to that change—as above, so below. Macrocosm, microcosm. As I pull this weed, I pull another small bit of fear and hatred from my soul. As I pull this weed, I pull another small bit of fear and hatred from the great mass of humanity. The one is just as achievable as the other ... and holding onto a love for the Sun, even if I must observe her light from underneath the brim of my wide Chinese coolie hat, is a way to hold that faith for everyone else as well.

This land is my native earth, even if my ancestors did not live here, and I sleep on it every night. It is under my feet wherever I go, and it is the Sun that makes it green instead of barren. Like the greenwights told me: In the end it comes down to earth, rain, and sun. I will love the Sun even as I am driven from her by my own safety, through no fault of hers or mine ... and if I can do that, so can all the rest of you. It's easier than you think. Just look out your window ... and do what needs to be done.



Honoring Sunna

Galina Krasskova

Symbols: anything shaped like the sun or with the sun on it, sunwheel images, sunflowers, horse drawn chariots, green, growing things.

Colors: golds, oranges, reds, greens

Rune: Dagaz, Sowelo

Stones I associate with Her: sunstone, orange quartz, citrine, amber

Food and drink: goldschlager, cider, mead, apple juice

Other offerings: sunflowers, plants, fruits (especially citrus and apples), gold, any work which benefits the land or works toward helping the environment, mindful work on your own health.

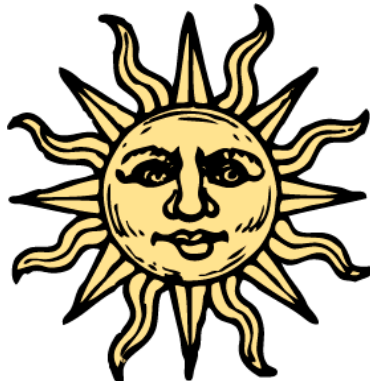
Things not to do: egregiously show disrespect for the land, air, and environment.



Sunna*Ayla Wolffe*

Sunlight shines over hearth and home,
I spend my days working toward a common goal,
Wash the dishes, make the bed,
Sweep the floors, let life happen at its natural pace.
I don't hurry, I don't rush, and I try to be,
Enjoying the sense of self that has arisen
Though it has taken years to reach this peace—
Many were the days gone by,
When I would measure time in minutes,
When I would not stop to feel the warmth
Of Sunna's blessing upon my skin,
Smell the grass as it grows,
Responding to the light beckoning it onward,
Ever onward, in the great game of life;
I live to feel the freedom of warmth set forth
By Sunna's caress upon my skin,
Leaving trace memories of touching my sons
As they fell asleep at my breast,
Babies who, when appetites were sated,
Knew safety lay in mother's warm regard.
I sing to myself nonsense songs
Where none can hear,
Knowing she will always oversee,
Appreciate the child I allow to frolic
Even if for but a moment—
When evening comes,
And sunset reigns,
Full is her glory—
Painted in rose, in lavender, in dusky hues,
The raiment of a queen,
And I adore her even more.
I walk the high road

With my walking stick,
Wishing I could but be among the clouds
A bird wending its way home.
To feel the subtle breezes,
To cry my appreciation,
In a voice made for adoration.
Oh Sunna take me to your breast,
And I shall sing you songs of love eternal.
We have come full circle,
From impatient youth,
To a middle ground,
Age, not my enemy but my companion,
Your shining face ever watching
As bud blossoms,
Becoming open to new possibilities,
I shall not fade under your light
But thrive, growing ever stronger
Living, learning, stretching,
Striving towards your nurturing warmth;
From sunrise to sunset
You measure out my days
And I will fear not the end—
Sunna my companion.



Hymn to Sunna I

Rebecca Buchanan

Sister of Mani the Silver-Eyed
Wife of Glenr the Cloud-Opener
Called the Bright Bride of Heaven
and the Lovely
 Ever-Spinning
 Ever-Spinning
 Golden Wheel
and the All-Shining
 who illumines all the realms of creation
and Deceiver of the Dwarves
 earth-lovers who petrify in Her light
and Fire of Sky
 who would burn mountain and sea
 but for Svalinn, great shield
Sunne
whose passage marks
 the hour
 the day
 the year
 upon year
of the lives and fates of mortals
 dwarves
 elves
 Gods

Be Thou hailed.



Feeding Sunna

Sophie Oberländer

I enjoy cooking for those I love and that includes the Gods so many of my rituals include not only offerings of drink, but homemade food as well. One of the things that I often make for Sunna is honey cake. To me it seems fitting, given that honey may be associated with gold, gold with the sun, and obviously the sun with Her. Plus, this is just a really good cake.

Honey Cake

Ingredients:

- 1 cup sliced almonds
- 1 ¼ cups whole wheat flour
- ¾ cup all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- 1 ½ sticks of unsalted butter at room temperature
- 1 cup of honey
- 4 large eggs (I like to use organic, free range)
- ¼ cup sour cream

Preheat the oven to 325 degrees Fahrenheit. Lightly grease a 9" round cake pan. Sprinkle ¾ cup of the sliced almonds in the bottom of the pan, reserving ¼ cup for the batter (I often leave them out of the batter, but this is purely personal preference).

In a medium sized mixing bowl, whisk together the two flours, baking soda, and salt. Set this aside.

In a large mixing bowl, mix together the butter, honey, and eggs. Stir in the flour mixture and the sour cream. If you choose to add the almonds, do so now. Make sure to mix everything thoroughly, even scraping the sides of the bowl to make sure it's all evenly moistened. This is very important. Once the mixture is evenly blended, mix for one minute more.

Gently pour the batter over the almonds in the prepared pan and bake for 50-55 minutes or until the edges of the cake pull back from the edge of the pan. Keep a close watch on this because it's very easy to burn the almonds.

Remove the cake from the oven and place on a rack to cool for 15 minutes. Then invert the cake on a pretty serving plate and allow to thoroughly cool. Before offering it to Sunna, (or serving it to guests if you're making this for human consumption), decorate the top with confectioner's sugar. I take a paper lace doily and lay it on top of the cake and sprinkle the sugar over that. It will make a pretty pattern on the cake when the doily is removed. I prefer to make this cake without almonds but your mileage may vary.



*To him whose elastic and vigorous thought
keeps pace with the Sun,
the day is a perpetual morning.
-Henry David Thoreau*

Sunna-Rise

Michaela Macha

Long lay the languid shadows of night
Over the landscape lulled into sleep;
Blue darkness holds the fields in fast slumber,
Silent the meadows, deserted the woods.

Mound-wights rise to roam among hillocks,
Moonshine bleaches the bones of the trees,
Haunting screeches—perhaps an owl hunting;
No time for the living this hour of ghosts.

But hark—what is heard, softly at first,
A sound from eastwards filling the ear?
A murmur, a grumble, a distant rumble
Soon swelling and surging, a thundering tide—

Árvarkr's hooves! Swift-footed hurries
The stallion of Sunna, herald of dawn,
Drawing the Splendorous One in Her chariot,
To Heimdall's children most welcome of sights.

Fast wheels Her wain, faster run wights
Home to their barrow and hide from the blaze;
Shadows flee hastily, crouch under boulders;
Soon the sky brightens at Sunna's fair smile.

Earth wakes to life, stirring in wonder,
Sleep-fetters loosen; flung is the froth
Of Alsviðr's muzzle as dew on the meadows;
Eyes and doors open, flowers unfold.

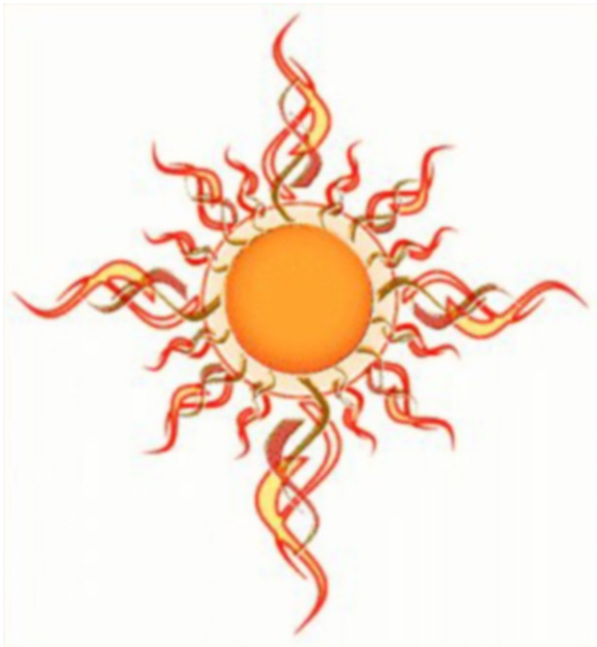
Gladly now hail the hearts of all humans
The glorious Goddess in fiery guise;
Her golden rays caressing the faces
As warm as Her laughter filling the sky.

To Sunna

Larisa Pole

Sunna

I see you at first light,
creeping across the horizon,
a beacon,
calling me to arise,
Your summoning rays,
casting shadows across the floor.
Hues of amber,
waves of yellow,
Your beauty is bright,
warm and full,
in the brief moment, when you sink into the Earth.
I wait in slumber,
for your welcomed return.



Morning Prayer to Sunna

Galina Krasskova

Hail the rising of the Sun,
Great Goddess, Bestower of all good things,
Shining brightly, You traverse the heavens
Driving back the blanket of night.
Mighty Sunna, be my pace-setter.
Help me to structure my day rightly
With time to work, and play, and pray.
Let me not lose myself to the hammering call
Of all that has to be done.
Help me to follow Your rhythms,
For You are wise and practical
And Your presence blesses us all.



Morning Ritual to Sunna

Galina Krasskova

(A prisoner that I correspond with asked me to write a morning and evening ritual that might be done while incarcerated. This is one of the results, though I have also included elements that may be utilized should the devotee have access to candles and incense, which prisoners do not.)

Upon waking, stand and stretch, reaching up to the sky in the posture of the rune Algiz. Feel Sunna's light flowing into you and blessing you, imbuing you with vitality that will see you through the day. Walk to a window if possible, where you can look out and see the sunlight. If you don't have access to a window, use the window of your mind to envision it.

If you have access to such items, light a candle. If not, don't worry about it. We make what offerings we can and time and attention, mindful focus are more important in many cases than incense and the like.

Invocation to Sunna

Hail mighty Champion of the sky-road,
Bright blessing of Mundilfari's line.
Hail Sunna, who blazes through the heavens
In the wake of Her shining brother,
Whose passage heralds the turning of another day.
Hail beautiful Goddess of the Sun.
May You bless us this day with vitality and strength.
May we greet the day with courage and focus.
Please watch over us and help us
To order our time throughout the day rightly and well.
May Your shining might protect us
From the forces of inertia and chaos.
Hail, Sunna, mighty warrior of the heavens.
May Your name always be praised.

Meditation on Sunna

Take a few moments to contemplate what we know of the nature of this Goddess. Her symbol is one the most tangible manifestations of Divine power that we have and one of the most ancient. Most pre-Christian religions conceived of the sun as belonging to a male Deity and the moon as being female. To our ancestors, however, that polarity was reversed. What does this mean? What can we learn from this? What does it say about these two Deities?

The blessings of the sun were absolutely necessary for our ancestors' survival. Contrary to popular media, the ancient Scandinavian and Germanic cultures were predominantly agricultural, which means they were utterly dependent on the land and elements for nourishment. Without Sunna's constancy, without Her presence, there would have been no harvest, no nourishment, no continued survival. She was a very, very important Goddess. Today, with the environmental problems that our culture is facing in the wake of industrialization, that balance has shifted. What does this mean? How may we best honor Her in our modern world for She is no less important?

If you have a candle, light it at this point (don't worry if you do not). Meditate on how the power of the Greater is held forth in the lesser, how we can use the heat and light and warmth of a tiny fire to represent Sunna's power. If you don't have access to a candle, think about the fire and strength of your own spirit and how Sunna is held forth in that too. That is a connection to Her, one that we can carry with us always wherever we may walk.



Invocation to Ostara

(Light a stick of incense if you have one.)

Hail Bright dawn, eternal hope of night.
Fair of face and joyous in Your power,
You herald the way for Sunna's blazing ride
Across the heavens.
Smile upon us now as we too journey forth
To begin our day.
Let us follow rightly and well
In the wake of Your passage.
Inspire us, oh Goddess,
To those small victories
That hone the human heart each and every day.
To You, Ostara, I offer this prayer.
May You be hailed.

Invocation to Dagr

(Light a stick of incense if you have one.)

Hail Son of Night,
Herald and Aide to the gleaming Sun.
Before Her You ride
On Your red-maned horse Skinfaxi.
Before Her Your presence calls to us
To make ready for the coming of the light.
Your passage holds us, gives us structure,
Wards off the fears and loneliness
So often bound up in darkness.
Bright son of Delling,
Jewel of Your family's hall,
Herald of Day, strong and swift and sure,
Please look upon us with favor today.

Invocation to Mani

(Pour out a bit of water in offering to this God if you are able.)

Hail Mani,
Shining Son of Mundilfari's line,
Brother of Sunna,
Master of the Sky-road.
Hail God of the Moon and mysteries and magic.
Thank you for watching over us throughout the night,
For offering the inspiration and guidance
That only Your presence,
Hanging like a promise of sweetness
In the night sky, may bring.
Please bless us as we go forth into our day.
Hail, God of the Moon.

Prayer to Sunna

I offer the work of my hands and the contemplations of my heart
to You, oh Sunna, this day. May this prove a worthy and useful thing.
Hail, great Goddess.

Close this ritual by singing or reciting Sigdrifa's prayer.

Please note that these prayers do not have to be spoken aloud to
find their way to the Gods. Quiet contemplation, speaking them in a
heart and mind attuned toward service to the Holy Ones is equally
sufficient.



Sunna Prayer Beads To Combat Depression

Raven Kaldera

Just as the Tarot card of the Sun represents Joy, and its reverse is gloom and despair, so depression can have a strong effect on people ... even if it isn't caused by Seasonal Affective Disorder. True, some depression is chemical in nature, and people who can get medical help that actually helps them (or some alternative health care) should do so. However, it isn't always possible. Perhaps they can't afford health care and are still waiting for some bureaucracy to grind fine enough to allow them free care. Perhaps they've tried various medications and they did not work, or had intolerable side effects. (It happens.) Perhaps they're taking medications, but still have the occasional down day or three where there is a glitch in the med absorption, and the ensuing bout of depression must be dealt with. (That happens too.) Perhaps the problem isn't chemical at all, but one of grief and stress from outside circumstances overwhelming someone's defenses.

Golden gods, like Frey, Freya, and (of course) Sunna, are the divine equivalent of an antidepressant. Their warm light reaches out into people's hearts and souls and brightens everything, if only for an hour, or even a moment. If you're wrapped in a black cloud, even that moment can be the thing that keeps you going until tomorrow, one weary step at a time.

To that end, these beads are a spell against depression. They can be done any time of the day or night, but it's best to do them while She's still in the sky. One note: While it is expensive, at least one bead (ideally the first one) should be made of real amber, not fake. It's how you connect to Sunna's power to begin with. Amber has always been Day to jet's Night.

This is a small string of beads—one large golden bead, eight medium-sized beads for the eight solar points of the year, and nine small sun-colored beads as spacers between these. The first and last lines are said on the large golden bead, as the prayer comes around in a circle (like the year). The same line—"Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!"—is said on each sun-colored

spacer bead. The eight beads of the solar year can be different colors as you choose; I tend to use sparkling crystal for Yule, red for Oimele, light blue for Ostara, green for Beltane, yellow for Litha, gold for Lammass, orange for Mabon, and black for Samhain.

Even in the midst of shadow, my hope never dies, and like Sunna it will light my way.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

I begin in the darkness of Yule, but new life is born from the frozen snow.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

In the time of ewe's milk and the first white lamb, may I rejoice in the growing day.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

The spring awakens beneath my feet, and I raise my eyes to the winds of dawn.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

In the time of flower and fruit, I remember that there is abundance all around me.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

I will sing for joy on the longest day, and my heart will once again be filled with light.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

As the grain is cut like the shortening golden days, I learn that even sacrifice must be greeted with laughter.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

The harvest is laid before me, with all the gifts of the Sun, and I am learning to be grateful.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

Though on the Day of Death I pass into the darkness, may I carry the spark ever with me.

Hail Sunna! May my darkness fly before the song of your fiery wheels!

Even in the midst of shadow, my hope never dies, and like Sunna it will light my way.

Yoga Sun Salutation for Sunna

Seawalker

For those who practice yoga, the classic Sun Salutation is one of the first vinyasas anyone learns in yoga. Yes, this is a modern mixing of cultural traditions, but Sunna cares not a whit. The idea is to concentrate on a single rune while doing each asana, and think of one line of the following prayer, or say it aloud if you have the breath.

First position (Mountain): Concentrate on the rune Sowelu/Sigil.
Think to yourself, or speak aloud, “Hail Sunna.”

Second position (Extended Mountain): Concentrate on Algiz. Say,
“The new day challenges me to be my best.”

Third position (Forward Fold): Concentrate on Uruz. Say, “I am
strong enough to touch the earth.”

Fourth position (Lunge/Warrior 1): Concentrate on Dagaz. Say, “I am
strong enough to face the morning.”

Fifth position (Plank): Concentrate on Ehwaz. Say, “Bless each step I
take.”

Sixth position (Four-legged Staff): Concentrate on Jera. Say, “Bless the
ground beneath my feet.”

Seventh position (Cobra/Upward-Facing Dog): Concentrate on Ansuz.
Say, “Bring what I strive for into my grasp.”

Eighth position (Downward-Facing Dog): Concentrate on Mannaz.
Say, “Help me take joy in what I already have.”

Ninth position (Lunge/Warrior 1): Concentrate on Dagaz. Say, “I
touch the Sun and She clears my eyes.”

Tenth position (Forward Fold): Concentrate on Uruz. Say, "I touch the earth and She gives me strength."

Eleventh position (Extended Mountain): Concentrate on Algiz. Say, "I accept the challenge of the new day."

Twelfth position (Mountain): Concentrate on the rune Sowelu/Sigil. Think to yourself, or speak aloud, "Hail Sunna."



The Gods, Sunna and Mani especially perhaps, are not absent from what we do. They are in the here and now, intimately involved in the flowing tides of our lives. They are not separate from modernity; They are bound up inextricably with it. -GK

Litha: Sunwheels Alight

K. C. Hulsman

Midsummer (or Litha, Sonnenwende, Sankthansaften, Midsommardagen, etc.), is without a doubt a day with heavy connections to the sun. For those of us in the Northern Hemisphere, Midsummer is the longest “day” of the year, as the sun appears in the sky for far longer than any other day of the year. In certain places of the Northern hemisphere including parts of Scandinavia, the sun may never fully set, giving locals an eye-witness view to a phenomenon colloquially known as the “midnight sun”. As such, it should come as no great surprise that in pre-Christian times, as well as for Pagans and Asatru today, the summer solstice is marked with celebration honoring the sun itself.

Sunna (or Sol) is described in our tradition as the Goddess who guides the sun in its track in her chariot drawn by horses, as her brother Mani similarly drives the moon coursing through the sky. We have no actual depiction in the archaeological record of Sunna herself; the closest we come is the Trundholm sun chariot from the Nordic Bronze Age (1700 BCE - 500 BCE) found in Denmark, which depicts the sun (not the Goddess) being pulled by a horse drawn chariot. In this image, the wheels of the chariot are clearly in the form of solar crosses, or sunwheels.



From ancient sources going back thousands of years, we have two types of sunwheels present in the archaeological record. The first is known as a solar cross, which is a circle bisected by a horizontal, and a vertical line arranged in the shape of a cross. The other incorporates the Sowilo rune (which literally means ‘sun’), and may be known as a swastika (which was infamously misappropriated by the Nazi party in World War II) or fylfot (which is a specific type of swastika that has truncated looking limbs). Variations of this later type of sunwheel can incorporate a varying number of Sowilo runes (two or more) into its symmetrical design.

One of the traditional folk practices for Midsummer celebrations in the areas where the Norse Gods were once (and in some cases still are) honored is to set a sunwheel (or a wagon wheel) on fire. In some cases the wheel was simply lit locally and incorporated into the Midsummer bonfire. In other cases people trekked out into the countryside, found a hill, set the sunwheel on fire, and let it roll down the hill as they chased after it, people watching and cheering as they watched it roll along it’s fiery way, setting vegetation aflame. Sometimes mini-fires were set in the fields, as a way of directly burning, in offering, the crops that the sun had helped to grow. Fragrant herbs might also be tossed into local bonfires instead.





Figure 1

For Litha this year (2009), I made my very own sunwheel to adorn the altar, which was infused with fragrant herbs and flowers. I opted to make my sunwheel in the solar cross design, and began by going to my local crafts store where I purchased a natural straw wreath, as well as natural raffia. Additionally, I stopped off at the florist and picked up sunflowers, yellow roses, purple mums, and a few other odds and ends that seemed appropriate. Then I used the raffia, and wrapped the wreath with it creating my base solar cross design. Once I had made the solar cross (Figure 1), I then began incorporating the flowers into the sunwheel (Figure 2). The end result (Figure 3), only decorated the altar for a few brief hours before it was tossed into the Litha bonfire in offering to Sunna herself.

This is an easy project that anyone can do for a modest investment, and can be made both by individuals for their own private rituals or by groups of people as a joint and collective offering. This crafty little project can also serve as a great way of including children into the Litha celebrations.



Figure 2



Figure 3

Prayer to Sunna

K. C. Hulsman

Hail Sunna

Daughter of Mundilfari the time-turner,
Sister of light-gleaming Mani,
Wife of Glenr, and fair mother,
We hail you.

Day-Star, Light-Bringer,
Elf-Beam, Ever-glow,
All-bright, fair-wheel,
Year-counter
We greet you.

Shining grace bestow upon us,
Healing hands lay upon us,
Blessings of warmth, joy and plenty
We ask of you.

Hail to thee Sunna,
Dancing Fire of Sky and Air,
Lady of the Midnight Sun,
Golden, ever-Shining One.
We Hail!



Sunna Ritual

Galina Krasskova

(This ritual was first performed the second morning of Etinmoot, August 2008.)

This ritual should be performed outdoors, where individuals can see and experience Sunna's presence directly. Folk should be called together in a circle. We originally performed this around a fire pit and while there was no fire, the pit made an excellent place to deposit offerings to Sunna (a fire was lit later in the evening and the offerings then consumed).

Godhi/Gythia: We begin by hailing Skoll Sunchaser. Let Him who travels behind now be hailed before. To the wolf who helps this Goddess maintain the rhythm of Her travels, who never shirks in His duty, as She does not shirk in Hers. Hail, Skoll Sunchaser, mighty wolf, son of the Ironwood. *(Pour out alcohol in offering.)*

Godhi/Gythia:

Hail Sunna,
We call to You,
Who rides triumphant in Your chariot
Across the broad expanse of day.
Hail, Sunna, our Pacesetter,
Who with Your brother governs the seasons,
The turning of the year, our rising and retiring.
Bless us, Great Goddess, with the strength, vitality and health
That is Yours to bestow. We honor Your might, Your power, and Your
eternal presence. Be with us here today, Sunna. Hail.

A moment should be taken by the officiant to speak on Sunna's importance to our ancestors. She remains the single most visible manifestation of the Gods. All we have to do is look up to see the power of Her passage across the heavens. Without Her benevolence

there were no crops. Without crops, there was no food and the people suffered. Of all the Gods and Goddesses, Sunna perhaps had the most direct impact on the lives of Her people. It's easy for us to forget that, living as we do in an industrialized society that doesn't depend so readily on direct interaction with the land and its elements for sustenance. Yet without Sunna, our world would be a barren, icy rock.

Sunna Meditation: Drinking in the Sun

Have the participants extend their hands upwards to the sky. Invite them to concentrate on the heat of Her presence. She is a Goddess of health, wholeness, and vitality. She is a Goddess of might in its purest, most unfettered manifestation. Invite them to drink in Her presence. This is something that they can do every single day. Go outside, stand in the sunlight and spend a few seconds or minutes drinking in Her warmth, drinking in Her presence, drinking in Her vitality. These are the gifts She offers us and they're there for anyone who would reach out for them.

When the officiant has the sense that everyone has done this to their own satisfaction, he or she should fill a horn with libation and pass it around the gathered folk, inviting each person to hail Sunna in their own words.

Offerings

The officiant then makes whatever offerings he or she has brought to Sunna, and invites the gathered folk to do the same. Thanks are then given to Sunna, for Her presence, Her strength, Her constancy, Her might. The ritual is completed by having the folk chant Her name, over and over until the energy peaks.

Godhi/Gythia: Thanks are given to the Goddess Sunna for Her blessings this day. May we go forth from this ritual space infused with the power of Her presence. Hail, Goddess of the Sun. Hail Sunna.

Hymn to Sunna II

Rebecca Buchanan

He chases her ever
ever across the sky
ever around the worlds
ever around the Tree
Hati
Hati Hróðvitnisson
Fanged phantom
Hidden in storm cloud
and storm wind
Hidden within the very air
Ever hunting
Ever pursuing
And she runs
she flees
she races
across the heavens
Precious light held safe in her womb
Daughtersun
for an unborn world.

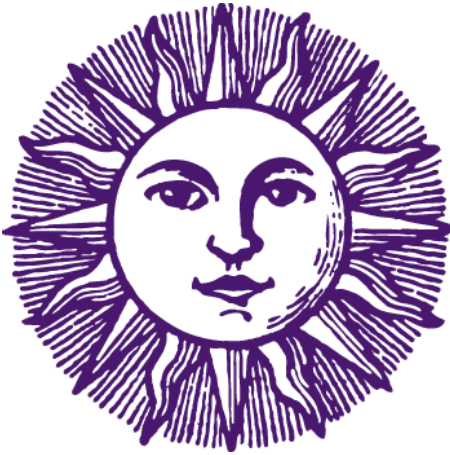


Prayer to Sunna

Jon Norman

Hail Sunna!
Lady of light,
Bright bride of the heavens,
Nurturer, provider, giver of life!
Glorious one, I praise you,
Your beauty, your strength, your power!

Everglow,
Sister of Mani,
All shining one,
I hail you!



*Yet we would die as some have done,
Beating a way for the rising sun.
-Arna Bontemps*

Sun Wheel Rite For Yule

Raven Kaldera

This is a Neo-Pagan rite that has been adapted for the Northern Tradition, honoring the Wheel of the Year, to be performed at Yule when the Sun is at its lowest point.

We made a Sun Wheel by lashing pieces of wood to a yard-wide metal hoop bought in a craft store, so as to form an eight-spoked wheel, and we covered the unsightly metal by wrapping it with colored yarn. More yarn was tied to the ends of the spokes and knotted together, about four feet up from the center of the wheel. A flat candle holder was affixed to the center. The first time that we did the rite that this one is based on, the wheel acquired its eight sacred dangly objects. After that, we would bind (with more colored yarn) evergreen boughs onto it.

We always lit a short fat red candle in the center, where the strings were farthest away, but sometimes we put candles on the edges as well. When it was covered in fresh evergreens, we would cut oranges in half and hollow out the inside (throwing the orange bits into the Yule punch), and nestle the half-orange-peel cups in among the boughs holding votive candles. We never had a problem with the candles burning the fresh greenery or the wettish orange peels (if carefully arranged and watched), but if you try this, be very careful that no candle flames are near enough to the supporting strings to burn through them, or the whole thing will come down in a flaming mess.

This rite uses at least nine people, so it's a good one for an inside ritual where you've got a lot of folks who want to participate. Each person was dressed in the appropriate colors. Our sun symbol was trashpicked, someone's thrown-away art project, a base with a big gilded metal spiral and a candle holder on top. One could just as easily be made from a toy horse and cart and a wooden disk, all sprayed gold.

(Eight people gather around the sun wheel, decorated and hanging from the ceiling. The ninth—the Sunna officiant—is clothed in colors of glittering flame and carries the sun symbol. The Sunna officiant lights the candle in the center of the sun wheel and says:)

Hail to the Sun who walks the way
Of dusty dawn, of golden glow,
Of glint of growing, turning Day.
Hail to the cycle and the flow.

Welcome to our hearth and home and tribe.

This is the darkest day of the year, the longest night, when the Sun is swallowed up and dies. In ancient times, the Sun was brought back to life with fire and light on the Solstice.

Let us imagine, now, those dark and ancient times. Go back six thousand years to a cold place. You are clad in clothing of rough wool and fur, and you speak a language unlike ours, yet with some words that will someday be passed on to us. Your people have lived in this cold place for so long that you remember the glaciers melting, the Ice Age receding. It is part of your creation myths.

Imagine that you are standing in a clearing in the woods, the scent of pine all around you, just before dawn. It is freezing cold, and for days uncounted you have huddled inside next to a fire, with the sky too dark to work or even to see outside. Yet on this morning your eyes are fixed on a single standing stone, or perhaps a pole driven into the earth, which will prove the rebirth of the Sun which gives all life.

Imagine that you watch the Sun rise, seeing it come up in its appointed place as it always does, and a hush of wonder falls over your tribe, crowded around you. It is the promise of the new year, the promise that the days will get longer, and eventually warmer, and the spring will come. You rejoice. You cheer. You weep with joy. You beat on drums and shout. You call this day *Yeohwla*, which means simply, the Winter Solstice.

Someday strangers will come, driving wagons, great numbers of them. They will settle next to you, and intermarry with you, and teach of things like wheels and horses, and you will give them the words “wife”, and “child”, and teach them the mysteries of “Yeohwla”, which their descendants—and yours—will pass on as Yule. You will teach the mysteries of Hope and Rebirth, of fire and light that resurrects the year. And they will stand in that cold place and learn to praise the coming of the Sun, and so will their children’s children. And so do we.

Take flame now, flame from the wheel of the Sun, and carry it close to you, for fire is precious. It means warmth and light and cooked food. Be careful with it, neither letting it spread nor go out. Each of you light a candle and hold it close.

(Everyone comes forth with small candles and lights them from the wheel’s flame. The Sunna officiant lights the Sun symbol. Then the first of the eight callers steps forth, dressed all in white and gold. The Sunna officiant moves to stand behind them, and holds up the Sun symbol so that it can be seen above their head.)

First Caller: Hail to the sleeping Sun Maiden who awakes!

Hail to her first steps, like one newborn,

As she feels the change, the shift,

The turn from downward to upward!

On this the shortest day of all,

Odin leads the Wild Hunt in shrieking furor,

Bonfires burn and voices are upraised in song,

And Sunna blinks her sky-bright eyes

And blesses us on the frosty Yule morning.

(The first caller ties a straw pinecone to the end of one wheel spoke. The second caller steps forward, dressed all in red and gold.)

Second Caller: Hail to the Sun over the snowfields!

Hail to her light over the frozen land

As the lambs are born and the ewe’s milk flows.

Frau Holle shakes the snow from her pillows

Like clouds of feathers in the sky,
We hail the Disir of our ancestors,
The women who survived to watch in wisdom,
And Sunna lights the darkened sky
And blesses us on this frozen Oimele morning.
*(The second caller ties a snowflake to the end of one wheel spoke. The third
caller steps forward, dressed all in blue and gold.)*

Third Caller: Hail to the Sun in the time of Spring!
Dawn's own moment, the in-breath of perfect air,
The time of wind and rain, fierce storms
And freshest of wet mornings. Hail Ostara
As she dances through the greening fields, hail Freya
With flowers blooming in her footsteps.
Hail Thor who brings the rain and washes clean,
And Sunna lights the equinox sky
And blesses us on this wet Ostara morning.
*(The third caller ties a colored egg to the end of one wheel spoke. The fourth
caller steps forward, dressed all in green and gold.)*

Fourth Caller: Hail to the Sun in the time of Greening!
The trees spread their leaves, the flowers bloom,
The pole rises to touch the sky!
For deep in the darkness Odin the Wanderer
Who hung three nights in the embrace of the Tree
Has won the runes and broken free, and we rejoice!
Walburga walks the woods, the Hunt can never catch her,
And Sunna lights the green-leaved sky
And blesses us on this fair Walpurgisnacht morning.
*(The fourth caller ties a bunch of colored ribbons to the end of one wheel
spoke. The fifth caller steps forward, dressed all in yellow and gold.)*

Fifth Caller: Hail to the Sun on her most perfect day!
We are torn between great joy and great sorrow

For the Sun is golden overhead, and abundant are the fruits
 Of the earth, and yet Baldur's blood soaks
 Into that earth as well. It is the first sudden funeral
 Of the year, and we dance for sorrow and for joy.
 The first golden king walks the Hel Road,
 And Sunna reigns over the tear-blue sky
 And blesses us on this bright Litha morning.
*(The fifth caller ties a tiny golden sun to the end of one wheel spoke. The
 sixth caller steps forward, dressed all in amber and gold.)*

Sixth Caller: Hail to the Sun over the fields of grain!
 On this day Frey, the second golden king,
 Walks willingly to his doom. As the sickle cuts,
 As the grain falls, as the harvest is begun,
 The people are fed, and the Sun's bounty is collected.
 Hail to Frey and his willing sacrifice, no sudden thing
 But measured, open, gentle-handed like Death
 And Sunna lights the summer sky
 And blesses us on this golden Lammas morning.
*(The sixth caller ties a tiny wheat sheaf to the end of one wheel spoke. The
 seventh caller steps forward, dressed all in orange and gold.)*

Seventh Caller: Hail to the Sun over the Harvest Fair!
 We have worked and toiled on Jord's fertile breast
 And we reap the abundance that we deserve, or at least
 That we have been lucky enough to get this year.
 Hail to the scythe, the winnowing basket, the honey in the hive,
 The grain and beer, the milk that flows and the flesh
 That is sacrificed that we might live and thrive,
 And Sunna lights the autumn sky
 And blesses us on this cool Harvest morning.
*(The seventh caller ties a straw horn to the end of one wheel spoke. The
 eighth caller steps forward, dressed all in black and gold.)*

Eighth Caller: Hail to the Sun on Winter's Gate!

The leaves fall like a carpet before Sunna's fading path
 And the barrows of the Ancestors call us, looming
 Like dark shadows through the bare black trees.
 Darkness is setting in, but we do not fear,
 For all things turn again unto the light, as Sunna
 Herself has taught us, in her dancing round of the year.
 And Sunna lights the clouded sky
 And blesses us this Winternight morning.

*(The eighth caller ties a skull to the end of one wheel spoke. The Sunna
 officiant steps forth.)*

Sunna officiant: Hail to the Ancestors who lived that we might live,
 Who watched the Sun's round and praised her mightily.
 Hail Sunna! Bless us all with your bright gaze
 And bring the light of contentment
 With all things that flux and change
 And yet always come around
 Into our questing hearts.

All: Hail Sunna!

*(A horn of mead is passed, and folk speak of some great difficulty that
 troubled them, but that they have now come to terms with, and how they
 came to understanding on a day-to-day basis. This is the sort of thing which
 Sunna excels at—aiding those who would learn how to cope daily with
 something hard that will not pass, and teaching them never to let it dim
 their light. The candles are not put out until everyone has left the room,
 unless they become a fire hazard.)*

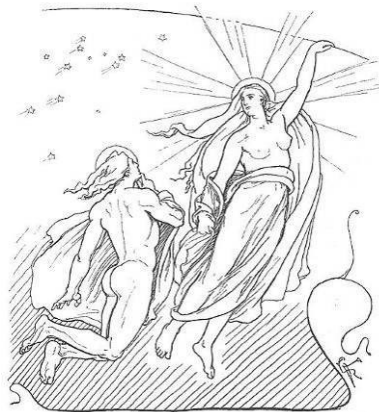


Epilogue

Galina Krasskova

The prayers, poems, recipes, and articles collected here are an expression of love and delight in two magnificent Deities, Who until recently seem to have been little honored in the community at large. It is my hope that this book will be pleasing to Them, and useful to people who may wish to honor Mani, Sunna, and Their family but who don't know where to begin. I've also included a list of suggested titles, books that have the potential to feed that devotional flame. Ultimately though, devotion, faith, spirituality are not found in books. They're found in action, in a heart attuned to practice and experience. It is through experience that faith expands. It is through that expansion that religion becomes something other than an antique relic—carefully reconstructed, fanatically preserved, brittle, and lacking in true nourishment. To quote a Baltic proverb that my mother taught me: when it comes right down to the minutiae of devotion, “the work will teach you how to do it.” Books while precious, are only markers on that road of action.

So ... may we all become drunk on our love and devotion to the Gods. May we lose ourselves in the profligacy of that inebriation. May the moon bless us in this divine lunacy; may the sun strengthen us in our words and in our deeds, and may Her sister give us fortitude. Hail to the house of Mundilfari. May They always be honored.



Suggestions for Further Reading

- Arismendi, Fuensanta and Krasskova, Galina, (2008). *Root, Stone, and Bone*. MA: Asphodel Press.
- Barks, Coleman, (2003). *Rumi: The Book of Love*. NY: Harper Collins Publishers.
- Barrows, Anita and Macy, Joanna, (2005). *Rilke's Book of Hours: Love Poems to God*. NY: Riverhead Books.
- Gelling, Peter and Ellis-Davidson, H.R., (1969). *The Chariot of the Sun*. New York: Frederick A. Praeger.
- Gyll, Andrew, (2009). *Shadow Gods and Black Fire*. MA: Asphodel Press.
- Kaldera, Raven, (2006). *Jotunbok: Working with the Giants of the Northern Tradition*. MA: Asphodel Press.
- Kaldera, Raven, (2006). *The Pathwalker's Guide to the Nine Worlds*. MA: Asphodel Press.
- Kaldera, Raven and Krasskova, Galina, (2009). *Northern Tradition for the Solitary Practitioner*. NJ: New Page Books.
- Krasskova, Galina, (2005). *Exploring the Northern Tradition*. NJ: New Page Books.
- Krasskova, Galina, (2008). *Feeding the Flame: A Devotional to Loki and His Family*. MA: Asphodel Press.
- Krasskova, Galina, (2007). *Walking Toward Yggdrasil*. MA: Asphodel Press.

Krasskova, Galina, (2008). *Full Fathom Five*. MA: Asphodel Press.

Krasskova, Galina, (2008). *The Whisperings of Woden*. MA: Asphodel Press.

Maestas, Silence, (2008). *Walking the Heart Road*. MA: Asphodel Press.

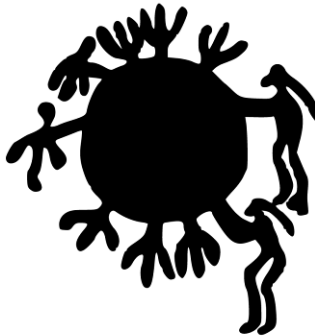
Nichols, Tracy, (2009). *Love Songs for Laufey's Son*. MA: Asphodel Press.

Nichols, Tracy, (2007). *From the Heart, For the Heart*. MA: Asphodel Press.

Turville-Petre, E.O.G., (1964). *Myth and Religion of the North*. New York, NY: Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

Vongvisith, Elizabeth, (2006). *Trickster, My Beloved: Poems for Laufey's Son*. MA: Asphodel Press.

Vongvisith, Elizabeth, (2009). *Be Thou My Heart and Shield*. MA: Asphodel Press.



Useful websites

“The House of Mundilfari”: <http://www.mundilfari.org/>

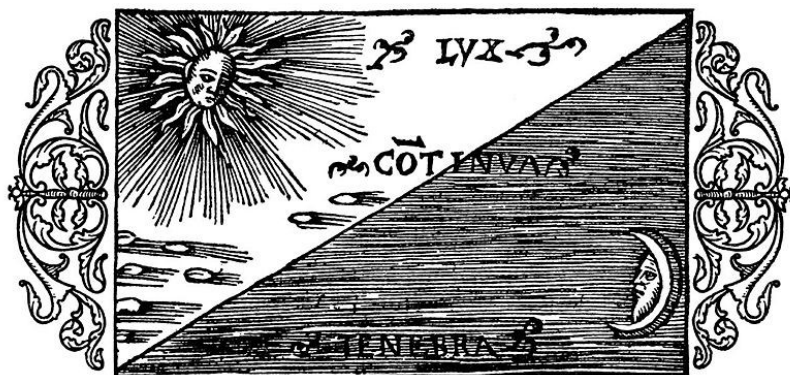
This is a site dedicated to the Sky Etins of the Northern Tradition.

“Northern Tradition Shamanism”: <http://www.northernshamanism.org/>

This is a web page devoted to information on Northern Tradition shamanism.

“Odin’s Gift”: <http://www.odins-gift.com/>

This site is one of the largest compilations of Heathen poetry available either in print or online. It incorporates material both from pre-Christian sources and modern devotees.



About the Editor

Galina Krasskova is a free range tribalist Heathen who has been a priest of Odin and Loki for close to fifteen years. She is the founder of Urdabrunnr Kindred in NYC, and a member of Ironwood Kindred (MA), Asatru in Frankfurt (Frankfurt am Main, Germany), and the First Kingdom Church of Asphodel (MA). She is also a member of the Fellowship of Isis, where she was ordained in 1995. Galina's primary interest is Heathen devotional work and she has both written and lectured extensively on this subject. She is heavily involved in the reconstruction of Northern Tradition shamanism and, in addition to several of her own books, has contributed to Raven Kaldera's "Northern Tradition Shamanism" series. Galina holds a diploma in interfaith ministry from The New Seminary, where she was also ordained as an interfaith minister in 2000, a BA in religious studies from Empire State College, and an MA in religious studies from New York University. She is a member of the American Academy of Religion, the Religious Coalition for Reproductive Choice and currently works both as a staff writer for BBI Media and as part of a team of ministers for The Interfaith Fellowship. She may be reached at Krasskova@gmail.com.

Other books by Galina Krasskova:

Exploring the Northern Tradition (New Page Books)

Northern Tradition for the Solitary Practitioner (with Raven Kaldera, New Page Books)

The Whisperings of Woden (Asphodel Press)

Full Fathom Five (Asphodel Press)

Feeding the Flame (Asphodel Press)

Walking Toward Yggdrasil (Asphodel Press)

Sigyn: Our Lady of the Staying Power (Asphodel Press)

Root, Stone, and Bone (with Fuensanta Arismendi, Asphodel Press)

Sigdrifa's Prayer (Asphodel Press)