



Galaxies Evening Service 23 March 2014

Service by Pete Cowley
& Fergus Collinson



Welcome:

Our theme is : **Autumn Equinox**. Our summer this year was a bit spotty with some good weather and some not so good. I hope you all enjoyed the good bits and the lingering sunshine and warmth as we head into Autumn. The Autumn Equinox has just passed and we are going to welcome the harvest from the earth after the summer growing season, glorify in the colours of Autumn and wonder at how marvellous nature is.

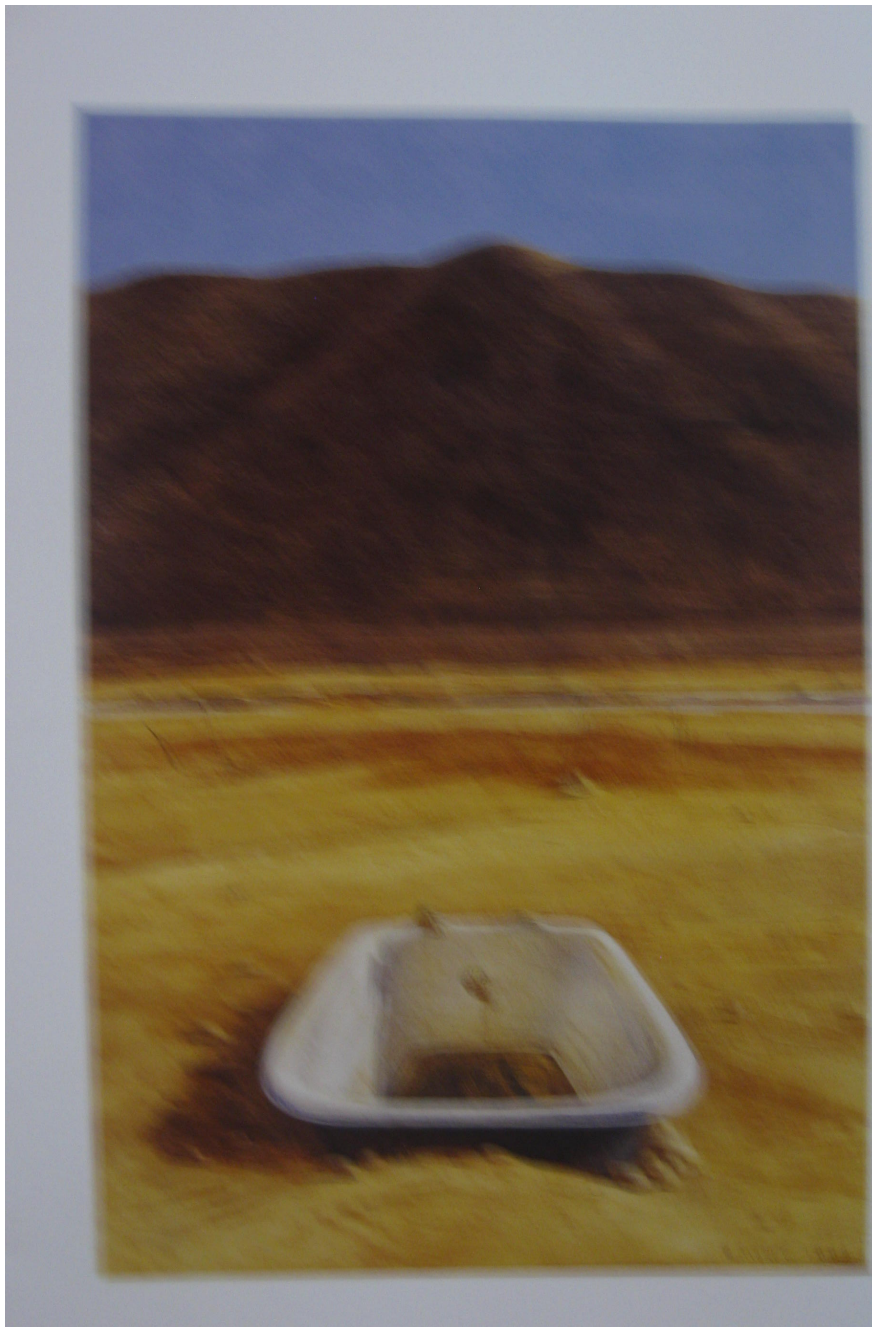


Photo of a Grahame Sydney
painting I'd call *A Bath with a
View*

**yAYY tHIS is a tIME tO bE
nAKEDLY**

voraciously
sentimental
dissolve in Grahame Sydney's
lukewarm bath tub
vast space
adore.
Then move on
refreshed
renewed, as always, by his
100% proof
absence

Fergus Collinson

Call to togetherness and sharing:

Leader: We are all part of the rhythm of life.

As we gather together to share of ourselves and our journey, may peace and love be with us.

All: **May we be makers of the peace and givers of unbounded love.**

Notices - Let us all know what is going on

Reflection

There is a sense of calm around autumn equinox as the fine weather lingers on with seductive steadiness, making winter seem far distant. Yet shadows are beginning to lengthen and sunbeams slant under verandas, shafting in under low windows.

It is a time for cutting, gathering and storage. In Britain bracken was cut as it turned bronze and yellow, and was left on the hillsides to dry. Later it would be brought into the lofts and used for storing the apple crop. In Aotearoa, raupo was cut in March when it was at its best, and the leaves used for thatching. In both countries it is still berry time; in Britain blackberries, cranberries, red and black currants would be gathered for jam and wine-making; in Aotearoa karaka berries were gathered, soaked and hangi-steamed.

At autumn equinox, light and dark come one more into balance. It is time to give thanks and make offerings, to acknowledge the power of seeds to carry life during their time of gestation over the dark months. This is the moment of time to tune into the mystery of the changeover, knowing that what appears to be dying is really part of the movement forward into renewal and rebirth. This is the moment to hold faith that the darkness will bring forth new life at the spring equinox.



Alban Elfed

Approx: March 21/22

(Minor Sabbat - Solar Festival)

The Second Harvest

1st Day of Autumn

Day and Night of Equal Length

Sun reaches 0 Degrees in Sign of Aries

Gender: Masculine in nature



"Hoof and horn, hoof and horn. All that dies shall be reborn.
Corn and grain, Corn and grain. All that falls shall rise again."

Even though Mabon is ruled by the young Holly King, the Oak King is still holding His Earthly Crown. There is a fusion of counter masculine energies and the nature of the Twins and their Oneness is prevalent at this Sabbat. There is a switch in the paradigm though, and that can be sensed as the Oak King makes way on His journey towards the Underworld through the Sacred Womb.

We honour the dark as being another part of the light and light as being part of darkness. The two halves of one whole, neither being, in actual fact, good nor bad but a necessity of and for life.

Today, all things are in balance, but after tonight darkness will once again overcome the light as the nights become longer and the days shorter.

At this time, the dying God of the Sun is preparing for Winter by readying Himself for His last breaths, and His passage into the Underworld at Samhain. This is a time to reflect on those who have passed over and events that have been and will be.

The Goddess laments Her dying God. Her own youth is fading and She is now maturing into Her Wise Crone aspect. But She holds great joy, for deep within Her Maiden aspect She carries the impregnated seed of Her consort, who will be reborn at Yule. She also knows that She herself will once again be young Maiden as the Wheel of the Year turns further on.

The full moon closest to this festival is called the Harvest Moon; and a time for gathering inspiration from past experiences and past lives. A time to try to understand one's self and to grow spiritually. A time to be oriented in the present, to remember the past, to live for today and to believe in the future.

Mabon is a time of reflection, a time of gathering, a time of balances and the struggle to remain in balance. As Autumn moves into Winter the Goddess slowly leaves the land to rest in the Underworld, awaiting the birth of Her child at Yule, and as She goes, the land echoes Her departure, evident in the changes of nature around us.

At this Sabbat, take a moment to reflect upon your life; this past year, your joys, your sorrows, your disappointments, your triumphs. Look back upon the year just passed, and when looking at the full Harvest Moon, realise in Her reflection is the sum of all of our experiences of the previous months.



Christian: harvest

No major Christian festival became attached to autumn equinox. Why was this? It would appear that there was no answering resonance in Christianity to the stories of the descent into the underworld of Mabon or Persephone. The closest Christian festival came a week later at Michaelmas. This was held in honour of St. Michael, the chief archangel who expelled Satan from heaven, and in the northern hemisphere this fell on September 29. It was the traditional time to eat goose, the bird had grown aft on corn stubble left after harvest, and it was also thought to be bad luck to eat blackberries on or after this day.

In many countries around Britain, harvest rites survive in various customs enacted at the cutting of the rye, wheat or barley crop. The practices go back to neolithic cultures where the last ears of the grain would be tied to the top of a mount to signify the umbilical cord, connecting people with the womb of the Goddess inside the earth. Throughout ancient Egypt, Greece and all over the grain growing lands of Europe, people made corn dollies. In Greece the corn seed itself was stored in pots near the hearth to remind people of the dead, known as the Demetrioï - the people of Demeter the Grain mother - who were at rest in her womb and would be resurrected in spring.

The Church readily absorbed the old Pagan practices of harvest celebration, welcoming it in with ringing of bells. People brought their wheat and bread to be blessed, and even hung a corn dolly over the

chancel arch. However, none of this survived the zeal of the Reformation; it wasn't until Victorian times that the Harvest Thanksgiving service was revived, and people could once more bring the fruits of the harvest into the church to be blessed. This revival is believed to date from 1843, when Rev R.S. Hawker invited his parishioners to come and receive the sacrament 'in the bread of the new corn' at his church in Morenwenstow, Cornwall."

Blahblahblah. That is good aye. Nice big fat words on the screen.

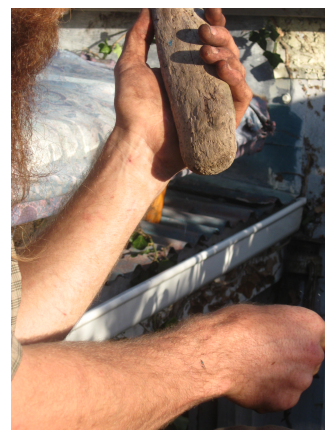
sTEEVO aND nATALIE aRE aWAY, aND tHERES nO dOUBT aBOUT iT, i mISS cONNECTING WITH fATHER NATURE oUTSIDE
pissing.



Still the same roofing iron triangle I started off with, and I've absolutely gotta include my cheerfully lemon rusted up Edmonds baking powder deco sunrise gate. I'm stinking hot, and its raining, so as Natalya hoped, I'm enjoying cheerful nudity, light blaze inside though my pear tree branches, strident jangly, and the Suva orange flowers, trumpet triumphant.

Its the Duality Perspective in my Ralph Peterson

Library CD I'm playing now, more ready for winter



Walking to the Fall Equinox by Rafael Jesús Gonzáles

One morning the bedroom
fills with rainbows -
the light slants golden
& fall has come.
For one brief moment
day & night dance in balance
& the time is come
for the pressing of the grapes.

Departure

Go well and enjoy the colours of
Autumn!

