



Beaver Moon Ritual November 2020

Storm

The temperature
Cruises down, slides
Limply toward zero,

Meets it and crosses under
To the dark side
Of winter. Soon

I have to scrape frost away
To watch it withdrawing
Into itself, along the minuses,

All evening. Heaven
Help us! I say. But heaven
Is full of spitting snow,

And the deer lying
In the pine groves outside of town,
The foxes plunging home,

Even the crows, plump
As black rocks in the cold trees,
Are beginning to shiver. But they

Can bear the wrack of the storm. Patient
As stones or leaves or clumps of clay,
What saves them is knowing they are mortal –

What saves them is thinking that dying
Is only floating away into
The life of the snow. – Mary Oliver

Opening Prayer

Adapted from the
Thanksgiving Address

Tonight, we have gathered to give thanks for the cycles of life. We have been given the duty to live in balance and harmony with each other and all living things. So now let us bring our minds together as one as we give greetings and thanks to each other as People.

Now, our minds are one.

We put our minds together and give thanks to our oldest Grandmother, the Moon, who lights the nighttime sky. She is the leader of women all over the world and she governs the movement of the ocean tides.

By her changing face we measure time, and it is the Moon who watches over our children here on Earth.

Let us gather our thanks for Grandmother Moon together in a pile, layer upon layer of gratitude, and then joyfully fling that pile of thanks high into the night sky that she will know.

With one mind, we send greetings and thanks to our Grandmother, the Moon.

Now, our minds are one.



A Prayer for Reconciliation

Where there is separation,
there is pain.
And where there is pain,
there is story.

And where there is story,
there is understanding,
and misunderstanding,
listening
and not listening.

May we – separated peoples,
estranged strangers,
unfriended families,
divided communities –
turn towards each other,
and turn toward our stories,
with understanding
and listening,
with argument and acceptance,
with challenge, change
and consolation.

Because if God is to be found,
God will be found
in the space
between.

Amen

(From Daily Prayer by Pádraig Ó
Tuama)

The Inner History of a Day
By John O Donohue

No-one knew the name of this day;
Born quietly from deepest night,
It hid its face in light,
Demanded nothing of itself,
Opened out to offer each of us
A field of brightness that travelled ahead,
Providing in time, ground to hold our footsteps
And the light of thought to show the way.

The mind of day draws no attention;
It dwells within the silence of elegance
To create a space for all our words,
Drawing us to listen inwards and outwards.

We seldom notice how each day is a holy place
Where the eucharist of the ordinary happens,
Transforming our broken fragments
Into an eternal continuity that keeps us.

Somewhere in us a dignity presides
That is more gracious than the smallness
That fuels us with fear and force,
A dignity that trusts the form a day takes.

So at the end of this day we give thanks
For being betrothed to the unknown
And for the secret work
Through which the mind of the day
And wisdom of the soul become one.



“Human beings suffer.
They torture one another
They get hurt and they get hard.
No poem or play or song
Can fully right a wrong
Inflicted and endured.

History says, Don't hope
On this side of the grave,
But then, once in a lifetime
The longed-for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up
And hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea-change
On the far side of revenge.
Believe that a farther shore
Is reachable from here.
Believe in miracles
And cures and healing wells.

Call miracle self-healing,
The utter self-revealing
Double-take of feeling.
If there's fire on the mountain
And lightening and storm
And a god speaks from the sky

That means someone is hearing
The outcry and the birth-cry
Of new life at its term.
It means once in a lifetime
That justice can rise up
And hope and history rhyme.”

— Seamus Heaney, The Cure at Troy: A Version of Sophocles' Philoctetes



CLOSING PRAYER

**On this night, when the moon is full,
we give thanks for its illumination.
May we rest, in harmony with winter tree,
and shivering crow.**

God be with us.

**May we have the courage to
endure the night,
listen to our longings and
be reconciled to those we love.**

God be with us.

**May we be open to possibility,
gentle with ourselves and
patient with the pace of change.**

God be with us.

**May the darkness in which we find ourselves
become a womb of transformation.**

**God be with us,
Amen.**