**Morgan was scribe and originator of this document, so all “I” references in black belong to her.**

**LINDA’s notes appear in purple.**

**John’s comments in red**

**Prior to Ritual, around dining room table, some notes:**

**James Stevens, retired age 63 [from post office?] in June 2010, he had 18 more months, various interests, he was a facilitator of groups like the bikers, the pagans, the buckskinners**

**Vashti (Ruth), born in CA wine region, found of CA SCA, married 35 years to Navy man, retired to Indiana, then moved to Texas, founder of Caliegh House, Baroness in SCA, was a Herald/Dancer, in ’99 breast cancer, passed in 2000**

**Isaac Bonewits, leading figure in modern paganism, graduated with Bachelors in Magic, author, Druid, Gardnerian coven, Golden Dawn, 1987 founded ADF, married 5 times, larger than life, ritual leader to the max, Phaedra was a founding member of CUUPS**

**Ancestors Ritual**

**------BEGINNING TRANSCRIPT------**

John went 10 minutes with no movement and no words.

Cyn is rocking in her seat, shoes come off, gets up and sits on ground with shot glass, still rocking back and forth, some swaying left and right, sitting cross-legged.

She curls over, her head to the ground, then lifts back up, swaying a little and rocking back and forth. Picks up glass and appears to be sharing a drink—occasionally pouring, occasionally drinking, toasting, etc. Finishes drink and places glass upside down on the ground. Back to swaying and leaning forward, hands on ground. Soon, she’s laying on the ground, on her side.)

John sort of groans (he opens his mouth like a gasp) before saying— (Linda has in her notes, this was Brigid.) “The current must flow, you will need it, I will need it; this is why you have to do it ( …do it now). It is not about you! Go, meet your ancestors.” John smiles, head back, deep breaths.

Cyn— (Quiet words) “Remind them of their skills, remind them of their arts. Remind them to take joy in love and laughter and friendship. Skills will be needed, that have been lost. Old arts to be reborn. So much to do and so little time. Has been done, can be done, must be done again. Do not forget to enjoy the wonder-- (missed this word)—learn to dance among the trees, amongst the flowers. Wildness is terrifying and beautiful. So much to learn.” Cyn says this while lying down beside Morgan. Clenches her hand and lets it fall. (while still laying on the ground on her side, her legs slowly move like swimming or dog paddling, maybe like walking.)

John— slight laugh, nodding head, conversation with James follows: “Of course you would want to meet me here. It’s a beautiful place you built…many are ill. Those of us are here do the work…we don’t see her often…work she has not chosen to do…as do we.” **[James asked about a CUUPS member who is not part of the Henge… or really of CUUPS any more…]**

Cyn rises to sit, stands

John— “We are honored.”

Cyn sorta looks around, walks around

John— “oh we understand. It was never your thing anyway.” **[elaborate ritual]**

Cyn is spinning and laughing, swaying as dancing, curtsying, quiet giggles, hands across heart.

John— “We will. We will honor your land as long as your family permits us.”

Cyn is waltzing with Gabby, stops, claps, and kisses her hand. Drinks water, sits (next to Altar), hands on ground, giggling, rises back up to waltz around. (one, two, three, step kick, hands claps) Dances flamenco? Holds palms against chest, swaying, and sits, holding glass right side up. Remorses over empty glass. “All of you sweet, lovely ladies, you’re so much stronger than you think you are. Don’t let them tell you otherwise. Just do. Don’t listen to those who tell you you can’t. Just do. Has been done, can be done, must be done again.”

Meanwhile, John is staring off (later notes he was hovering) (sitting still, mostly all this time, eyes open, breathing harder, looks thoughtful, head slightly swaying back and forth.)

Cyn continues— “It can’t be done alone. Dancing takes a partner, so does rowing a boat. If you only take one oar, you will go in a circle. Takes more than one in the work and the dance.”

John closes his eyes again.

Cyn kinda does a bow while sitting, stands, sits with arms and leg out, stands, makes hand gestures (touches head, mouth, heart) (later noted to be a “farewell”), turns around and walks, blows in folded hands… (at some point throws her hair from back to forward, covering her face) falls back to the ground lying face down, using her arms for a pillow.

Time mark 10:27 – Gabby does offerings.

After some time, John speaks up— “Well I came all this way. Will one of you fine lasses bring me a bottle (shot?) o’ whiskey? Please? Been a long time.”

Linda’s personal comment here is HOLY CRAP ITS ISAAC. Gab brings him some Irish whiskey.

“Thank you m’dear. He said “Ireland makes you…?” Lotta people call me and don’t know who I am. Figuring I can give ‘em this and that (… a spot of this or spot of that?). You good folks seem to be doing something deeper (a little deeper, though). Too busy to be at your beck and call. (…but I) Got something that’ll help. You’re doing it right. Start with the shining ones, (then the) ancestors, gonna have to slight on (sign on the?) land spirits, not all (of them), but some will help. Gonna need ‘em all. There’s a place. Two have been there, three have but they (the other) won’t come here… (her loss…) let it flow here. Fire’s just fine. (Linda has “the fire will do just fine. Actually any fire will do just fine.”) Hard part is teaching how to tap into it. You know how (John), she does (Cyn). Some can’t do it. (Linda has “Some people just can’t find it.”) These folks probably can, dunno about the rest, didn’t bother showing up. More whiskey please!”

Gab gets whiskey.

Once your start, it will never…… but ohhh what comes through. Thank you, m’dear [to Gab]. “Now You’re gonna have to do some stuff for me. Too much free work in this life. Bottle of Irish whiskey every year on my birthday. Sing one of my songs; yes they’re still my songs. (…. They’re still not doing it.) Go talk to Phaedra (his last wife), don’t tell her I sent ya. She’s heard that before. She won’t believe you and everyone does that she’s sick of it. Just ask her. You sure you wanna do this? It’s…it’s the hardest thing I ever did, and I had three other arch druids helping me. I can help ya from this side.” Drinks. “But you better be on with it. I dunno anything about that than you. Just because we’re (they’re?) dead doesn’t mean we’re (they’re) smart. Just because we’re dead doesn’t mean we know more about it than you do. I can’t see what’s coming. (I’m not gonna let what I built die?) (not gonna let what I built die here.) Get on outta here. (Go on now.) ” Stands, gives Gab back the drink. Thank you, m’lady. “I’d ask ya for a kiss, but I know you don’t want it.”

Gab takes cup and John deeply exhales, falls over.

Cyn shows signs of consciousness.

John wakes up. At some point, about this time,

Cyn sits up, I’m beside her, “Too much to be done,” she says. She smiles at me through her hair, “Ravenling, Ravenling, where is your sister?” I tell her that she’s here this time and calls Gab over. Cyn takes her hands and says, “You were not with us last time, child.” Gab explains she had work and Brighid forgives her. “You can do so much more. The both of you. Oh I’m so sorry child, you’ve got so much work ahead of you.” At this point she takes my right hand and I can’t write down what she’s telling us, but generally she’s encouraging us that we can do so much more than we think, we have so much potential if we are willing to work for it. She says a transformation is waiting for us in the Forge if we are willing to go, but we must go separately and we must feel we are ready. As she’s talking to Gab and I have a free hand, I recall a fun line following her telling Gab that her hands can make such amazing things, “The Dagda knows it, I know it, hell, even Morrigan knows it and she doesn’t listen to anybody!”

Eventually she asks for Linda. I don’t listen in much, but I do catch a few words as they embrace (later noted it was quite tightly). “You deserve better… if you’re busy taking care of everyone else, who will be taking care of you?”

My [Linda] convo with Brigid was quite long, and we embraced throughout. Obviously, I couldn’t write anything down. She spoke to me of heartache, of loved ones, of being strong and letting go. I was unaware of anything else going on around me, until a bit later when John shows up next to Cyn.

Brighid leaves as Cyn rests against a tree.

John has this hard, unwavering stare, I don’t move away from him as Gab and Linda tend to Cyn.

I notice a bird chirping.

John rises from his seat and gives me his circlet thing **[torque]** —“Symbol of authority” I put it on my arm, then he takes off his Cernunnos pendant and hands it over too—“Symbol of protection”. He walks over to Cyn, bends down to ear-level and tells her, “I’ll be taking him tonight.”

[Linda] At this point, I was still reeling from the profound Isaac and Brigid experiences, and I had been helping Cyn at the tree, when John came up and said the above quote. I have to say, from here to the end is quite a blur for me. What notes I took were fragmented sentences, and it was in the dark (far outside of circle) so I couldn’t even see what I was writing. I thought, when the words from John were “I’m taking him tonight”, I thought it was The Morrigan **[not the Morrigan – the Queen of Air and Darkness]**, I was frightened for him and all that he does. I may or may not add my comments in the exact order they happened.

Cyn quickly snaps out of it to stop our new visitor, insisting she gives the offering as she can hear the Queen better than the Druid can. John says “then YOU give the offering. You listen…….” The two go off to the far east outside of the circle. John says “you know how I feel, but he doesn’t.” This confused me, because why would Cyn know The Morrigan [who I thought had showed up] better than John. I hesitate to follow but end up doing so, [as does Linda, and I had chills – it was not cool or cold at all though], keeping a distance from the two so I can’t catch all of what they’re saying.

I [Linda] am listening here, and trying to understand, still thinking it was The Morrigan and trying to give her deference.

I wrote “John talked about” and then drew a line, so I think he, as the Queen, said these next sentences, to Cyn, as … beats me.

“Do you see now? See what’s going on – how serious it is – figure(so) of myth and legend – you have a special calling – you can do what you can see, can hear, build this order, establish the current, you need it.”

“I’ve had enough of you.”

About this time, I think, I look back to the circle and see Gab standing at the end of it. She looked, well, pitiful. I believe she said later she didn’t feel comfortable leaving the circle. Seeing Gab that way fed into my overall feeling that something was out of control, not right, and that tonight was not the night for it.

The exchanges between Cyn and John are ramping up. I think it was here that John says “I gave authority and protection away…. That you honor the gesture….. are you going to listen?”

Cyn ends up trying to invoke the Wild Hunt, Linda and I are there staring as John is giggling, circling Cyn. **[at this point, she has us both]**

At this, I [Linda] wrote, to myself I guess, “I just ran out of paper and patience.”

I was thinking ‘Crazy time. The Morrigan, giggling? What the hell is up with whoever Cyn is. John starts circling around Cyn, or vice versa, can’t recall, but did think,…. John’s getting wild? Is that Cernunnos? Does Cernunnos giggle? All I could think was this was not tonight’s purpose, don’t screw this up for us, whoever you both are. There’s not enough of us here to deal with you [both], I don’t know who the hell you both are, I have no idea what to do or what the RIGHT thing to do is, and Gab is standing over there by herself.

At this point, I think, She goes through John and into Cyn.

I shout “NO” and soon after Linda steps in declaring “Not tonight!” Linda said “No” and “Not tonight” repeatedly. The conversation with the Queen I wasn’t able to entirely record as I was sort of afraid of her thinking I was ignoring her.

**[at some point about this time, she leaves me and is only in Cyn]**

Queen is upset that we ask for Wildness and yet we don’t welcome it when it’s “inconvenient”. She wants us to decide what we want from her by Samhain.

I think Cyn, as the Queen, says all these next sentences.

“And remind them all….”

“Oh… come for the wildness…. You keep asking for” “waiting” “always when it’s safe.”

“What we do isn’t safe.”

FORCEFULLY “Do what needs to be done.”

“Remind those lazy fucktwits… their excuses…..”

“Single deities”

“and work with every ally….to work with…that all your gods can gather and if you wait too long it is not mine or my blood that will wash away your …”

“Time is shorter than your gods think. When it comes to destruction, you would think they would take my word for it.”

Morgan recorded similar sentences from the Queen as the last two that I just wrote. I think Morgan’s recording was after Cyn had been seated back in the circle, so maybe she repeated them, or I may have these sentences above, which as I recall were all spoken outside of circle in the far east side, out of place in this document. It was to me that the Queen said “WHEN?” and then gave us until Samhain to get ‘wild.’ I did not commit anyone, nor even myself, to her ultimatum. By that time, I felt angry, but didn’t want to show it, so I stayed silent and staring.

John fell down again, in the far east, and I waited with him. I wrote these things….. Morgan called over – necklaces back on – John saying “I’m a useful piece – she left me and went in to Cyn.” “This one did just fine.” As he came back, I asked John himself to help bring Cyn back, because I had not a clue what to do with her – we had already used oil after Brigid – she had been the Queen for so long, it seemed, so I was scared for her.

Linda tends to John’s body as I try to escort Cyn—who is still the Queen of Air and Darkness—back to the circle. She sort of snaps at me because I wasn’t addressing her properly and when I do she asks for wine. I head back and tell Gab to watch the Queen while I get a drink. I grab the whiskey and can’t find the goblet so I give the Queen the bottle. She didn’t seem to like that as she spits “peasants!” at me.

Cyn sits in Gab’s seat. “Brighid seems to have really taken a liking to you two,” she says to me. She notices I’m a scribe and tells me to write this down (she spoke fast and I didn’t get all of it because I didn’t want to ask her to repeat herself):

“The magic of the Henge was drawn up with the (nest?), dance the circle of offering and stone. When you and yours decide when it is time to solidify your Henge, tell the Druid and the Witch that they must dance backwards. (circle dance)” **[which I assume refers to the clockwise circle we made around the Ring of Brodgar, but that needs divination to confirm]**

The rest of the conversation is fleeting, but I’ve caught the following:

Gab and I will live long enough to see it all. “Not a curse I could have done better…you don’t need to go to Ireland to find the fae…” When we find “the mountain”, we will make our own offer that no one in the Henge will make for us.

“All the water of Danu’s river cannot keep the fire (Brighid’s fire) out. Air and Darkness will consume your poor little world. When the wolf comes down from the mountain, don’t cry to me.”

“He will never learn, he is too afraid.”

“When you and you and you, will you or those lazy idiots who couldn’t be disturbed decide that our situation is dire enough that you’re willing to set aside your fears to work with your allies, let me know if it’s finally time to deal. And if you wait too long, it is not mine or my blood that should spill.”

Warning: Your time is shorter than you think, shorter than yours Gods think. When it comes to darkness and destruction, you would think people would call on me more.”

**------- END TRANSCRIPT --------**

Here are some side-notes that follow the ritual:

Hannah and William’s God who likes chocolate is very glad we were here. They like the spirits of this land and they expect reverence every year. On any day we choose (preferably around Samhain), we pour chocolate and blue corn for them and say their name if we can pronounce it, but not necessary if we can’t. God who visited Cyn while she lie face down had lots of teeth.

**Our Alliances:**

Brighid  
Cernunnos  
The Morrigan  
Lugh  
Ma’at  
Ammun  
Thoth  
Thehuti  
Anpu  
Azet  
Cerridwen  
Danu  
James Stevens  
Isaac Bonewits  
Vashti Woodring

I want to add here that I honored Odin during opening, and hung my medallion on a torch light. Later, I went back to same torchlight and had a convo and gave offerings to “Odin the Watcher.”