**Resources from Veriditas Handheld Finger Labyrinth Walk with Judith Tripp on 8/4/2023**

Bless the earth underfoot  
the breeze on my neck  
the still dawn  
the open sky  
the feather fall  
the beetle climb  
the crow call  
the swift fly  
the cloud drift  
the rising sun  
the barley field  
the river run  
the grass seed  
the ripe plum.

Bless the toad leap  
the thunderclap  
the kingfisher and dragonfly  
the sunlight dancing on the water  
the wildflowers growing in the summer  
the meadowsweet  
the honey bee  
the blackberry moon  
the gliding swan  
the eyes to see  
the ears to hear  
are all part  
of the river’s song.

Bless the seed  
on fertile ground  
the skylark trill  
the morning mist  
the hazy heat  
the twilight glow  
the meteor shower  
the midnight kiss  
the fields and stones  
the Lammas bread  
the wheel that turns  
that all are fed.

Bless us, Grain Mother  
Harvest Queen  
Demeter and Persephone  
Sun God  
and John Barleycorn  
*All that dies shall be reborn*

Bless this body  
this breath  
this good earth  
this new day

May our dreams of days and years to come  
be blessed by the radiant golden sun.

*May abundance be a constant friend  
by our hearths ‘til winter’s end.*

Blessed Lammas to all!

**CANDLEMAS BLESSINGS**

I’ve a warm sleeping dog the colour of ginger nuts biscuits, curled beside me. He feels as warm as the contentment in my belly. My Beloved is sitting outside, sipping her favourite morning tea, nose to breeze, ear to bees and birdsong, heart to sky and land. I’m sitting in quiet, contemplating the returning light as it slowly stretches out our days until they rubber band to the width of summer.

I don’t feel ready yet for the light and the ebullience of spring. I’d like to linger cave snug and earth dark a while longer. I want to wind further into the labyrinth and dream more deeply, but the pomegranate and grapes are leafing already, with wee green tendrils reaching up and out for the sun. I know I’ll succumb to the allure of blossom and bee song. Light’s momentum is nothing if not stunningly irresistible.

In this moment though, I’m with you, Persephone. I really get why you turned your back on the constant joy of summer and took the downward path. I’d choose to eat the pomegranate seeds too, making sure I could always return to the deepness of earth, with its hidden roots and bones, caves and bear pelts.

One thing I know, is a light in the darkness is always more brightly seen.