**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.