

**Anglo-Saxon Blessing Rite**  
**Sassafras Grove, ADF**  
**Sæterniht, 14 Æfterra Liþa, 1557 siððan Engla tocyme (crístenlic géar 2006)**

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**Consecration of Time:** Nine Knells

**Opening Statement of Intent:** Wé cumaþ tó gebréman þa hálig wihtes! (We come to honor the Holy Ones)

**Consecration of Space:**

(Anoint with water)	May the waters around us bless and hold you.
(Mark with earth)	May the land below us bless and hold you.
(Cense with récels)	May the sky above us bless and hold you.

**Warding the Wéofodsteall:** Take flame or incense around the perimeter of the wéofodsteall while saying,

Fyr ic bere ymbe friðgearde,  
Ond béode gehwílc útlendan fleogan aweg!

(Fire I bear around this sacred space,  
and bid all Outsiders to flee)

Pour an offering of mead into the blótorc, and say:  
Þunor, accept this offering, and ward this holy place.

**Call for Inspiration:** Raise mead horn and say,  
Behold the mead of inspiration.  
Dwarf-brew,  
Ettins' hoard.  
May it touch our lips and strengthen our hearts.  
May our songs be sweet and strong,  
May our words be wrought with Wyrð.  
With mortal voice from Middle Earth we call to highest heaven!  
Let the song-mead inspire us.  
Grant us this blessing!  
Grant us this grace!

The mead horn is now passed around the assemblage and all (who wish to) sip from it.

**Honoring the Earth Mother:**

Earth, Divine Goddess, Mother Nature,

Who generates all things  
And brings forth anew the Sun, which you have given to the nations,  
Guardian of sky and sea, of all Gods and powers;  
Through your power all Nature falls silent and then sinks into sleep.  
And again you bring back the light, and chase away the night,  
And you cover us yet most securely with your shadows.  
You contain chaos infinite, yes, and wind and showers and storms.  
You send them out when you will and cause the sea to roar;  
You chase away the Sun and arouse the storm.  
Again, when you will, you send forth the joyous day  
And give the nourishment of Life with your eternal surety.  
And when the soul departs, to you we return.  
You are duly called the Great Mother of the Gods;  
you conquer by your divine name.  
You are the source of the strength of nations and of gods.  
Without you nothing can be brought to perfection or be born;  
You are great, Queen of the Gods.  
Goddess, I adore you as divine; I call upon your name  
And give thanks to you, with due faith.

(11th century Anglo-Saxon prayer)

**Honoring the Patron of Sassafras Grove:** Light the candle to Brigid and say,  
I light this candle in honor of Brigid,  
The Patron of Sassafras Grove.  
Through the years you have been midwife  
To many changes and new beginnings within our grove.  
You foster our hope through good times and hard,  
Through challenges and victories.  
You are the source of all our work,  
The voice in our song,  
The strength of our arm,  
The hand that heals discord,  
The inspiration of all we create.  
Lady of the Hearth Fire!  
Lady of the Sacred Wells!  
Lady of our Grove,  
Remember us, as we remember you. (Maria Stoy)

**Centering:** Close your eyes and breathe deeply...breathe in from your belly...in...and out...and with each breath, allow your body to relax...let your breath carry away tension from your flesh...relaxing your feet and legs...your belly and chest and shoulders...relaxing your arms and hands...relaxing your face and mouth and eyes...

Now, with your body still and calm, imagine a mist around you...feel yourself move through the mist to a place between land and water...a shoreline...listen to the sounds around you...hear the

water lapping against the shore...feel the water swirl around your feet...let the water rise up within you, into your legs...rising...into your loins, pooling into a cauldron of primal power there...you breathe and the water moves upward...rising through your loins, through your spine to fill a cauldron in your heart with healing energy...rising further up your spine and into your head where it pools into a cauldron of wisdom and vision behind your eyes...

The sea is to everyone seemingly unending,  
if you should dare an unsteady ship,  
and the sea-waves frighten you fiercely,  
and the sea-stallions do not heed their bridles.

(from the Anglo-Saxon Rune Poem)

But now, imagine the sky overhead...the sun and the moon and, far beyond them, the stars...imagine a single star at the center of the sky, shining directly over your head...see a flash of light shining down from that star...streaming down until it touches your head, filling and illuminating the cauldron there...starlight over the still water, shining from above...flowing down into your heart...warming the cauldron of healing...shining downward to reach your loins...the light awakens the power there with a renewed awareness...

Tir is a star that keeps faith well with those of noble heart.  
Always on its course,  
Over the mists of night it never fails.

(from the Anglo-Saxon Rune Poem)

Feel yourself shining and flowing with the chaos of potential and the light of world order...these powers are balanced within you...yours to shape and use, always...but for now allow the powers to recede...allow the waters to return to the primal sea, the light to return to the heavens...knowing that each time you attune to them you become more at one with these powers...breathe deep...and allow your awareness to return...as you open your eyes.

**Recreating the Cosmos:** Drop silver into the waters of Wyrð and say,

We leave this offering within the Well of Wyrð,  
Deep within the earth.  
And may the dwarves bear witness to our sacrifice.

Kindle récels and say,

We leave this offering to the Sunlight Realm above.  
May the smoke carry our devotion upward,  
And may the elves bear witness to our sacrifice.

Cense and asperse the Eormensyl symbol, and say,

The roots of the Eormensyl are nourished in the waters of Wyrð.  
Its infinite limbs reach to the Sunlight Realm and beyond.  
Woden's steed, greatest of trees, spanning the worlds of gods and men.  
Between the light above and the waters below, we gather at the Sacred Tree.

### **The Creation Myth:**

Before time and space and order, there was only fire and ice,  
And between these a gaping void.  
From out of the north poured endless frost,  
To meet with endless flame raging from the south.  
Coming together, spiraling and swirling,  
until within the void a Middle Earth formed.  
Neither cold nor hot, neither dark nor light, but covered in twilight.  
And in this twilight the earth produced Tuisto, the first of all things.  
Male and female was he, and from him all Gods and Powers emerged.

A war then raged among the Mighty Ones,  
Until there was a peace between the Ases and Waners.  
The Waners then built mighty halls in the world that lies beyond the western sea;  
The Ases took the highest heavens as their home and set a wall around it.  
And together they drove the Ettins to the world beyond the dawn.  
Thus the Mighty Ones came to dwell  
in the outermost worlds traversed by the glory of elves\*.

And the Ases then espied, between these realms,  
two trees growing in the Middle World.  
Two trees, standing along the seacoast, an ash and an elm,  
With no destiny assigned to them;  
with no wód, nor willa, nor blód.  
The gods gave each of the trees three gifts;  
To each tree, the breath of inspiration, the power of intellect, and a divine form.  
And so from the ash tree came the first man, and from the elm the first woman.

Like the ash and the elm,  
Our spiritual roots reach down, even now,  
to seek nourishment in the waters below;  
to seek nourishment in the Well of Wyrð.  
Wód inspires us to reach upward to the light.  
Like the ash and the elm, each of us is like unto the Great Tree  
that spans the worlds.

“The Fire; the Well; the Sacred Tree;  
Flow and flame and grow in me!”

(\*In the sun’s path. Glory-of-elves is another name for the sun.)

### **Opening the Gateway:**

One-Eyed Woden,  
World-wanderer, wolf-lord, wild wondrous windmaster!

Hooded and cloaked you walk between the worlds.  
Woden, accept our sacrifice!

Pour an offering of mead into the blótorc, and say:

Give us your blessing!  
Open a way between the worlds,  
That our prayers and praise might be heard in the halls above,  
below and beyond  
this Middle Earth.  
Woden! You who hear all!  
Hear us now, and let the gates be opened!  
(Three knells will signal the opening of the gate.)

**Honoring the Ylfe (Nature Spirits):** Sprinkle mugwort into the récelzfæt, and say:

I give this offering to the spirits who dwell in this place.  
To elf and dwarf,  
Woodwose and wight,  
Moss-wife and púca and hob.  
Good neighbors, we honor you.

All sing:

Air spirit, wood spirit, field spirit, lake spirit,  
We are but one Spirit living in the world.  
Some dwell on land and some dwell on wind,  
And some undersea, all living in the world.

**Honoring the Ancestors:** Sprinkle rosemary into the récelzfæt, and say:

I give this offering to the ancestors who have brought us to this place.  
Across the ages we call to you!  
Ancestors of blood, who've given us worldly form;  
Ancestors of spirit, whose inspiration illuminates the path before us.  
Ancestors, we honor you.

All sing: *Mothers and Fathers of Old*

**Honoring the Gods:** Sprinkle stór into the récelzfæt, and say:

I give this offering to the Mighty Ones who have blessed this place.  
You who dwell in the celestial heavens,  
You who dance upon the waves,  
You who are found in the depths of the earth, and in the wild places.  
Mighty Ones, we honor you.

All sing: *Hail all the Gods*

**Ærende:** A rúnwita will draw staves of the Fuþorc to determine if our offerings have been accepted and to receive any messages the deities, ancestors or elves wish to give us.

**Farewell to the Kindred:**

Mighty Ones, Ancestors, Spirits of this world,  
May there ever be peace among us.  
We thank you for your many blessings.  
Wassail!

**Farewell to the Gatekeeper:**

Woden!  
You who wander between the worlds!  
One-eyed, hooded and wise beyond all knowing.  
We give thanks for helping us to open the Way!  
Let the gate be now closed.  
(Three knells will signal the closing of the gate.)

**Final Offering:** Pour the remaining mead into the blótorc and say:

We return the mead of inspiration to its source.  
From the gods, to the earth, to us; from us, to the earth, to the gods!

**Return to Middle Earth:** Close your eyes for a moment and take a deep breath...let your spirit return fully to this Middle World...let the Great Tree fade into the mists...let the récelsfæt become an ordinary smouldering coal...the Well of Wyrd, a simple vessel of water...take a deep breath...step into this world...and open your eyes. The rite has ended.

**Deconsecration of Time:** Nine Knells

All sing: *Walk with Wisdom from this Hallowed Place*