

Fires of Lughnasa 2020

Remote Ritual Script

ACT 1:

SPOILER SPACE: TRANSCRIPT BEGINS NEXT PAGE

HP: Take deep breaths. In. Out. <pause> Find a neutral position. <pause> We have come together today, through these looking glasses. Close your eyes. Picture each other, in your mind. Closer than we are now- close enough to touch. We stand together in a field of barley. It's tall – hand height for some of you – and there is a gentle rustling as the heavy, dry heads of grain bow under the sun. Your feet are cool in the earth between the rows. Your hands prickle as they run through the grain. Your head is warm under the summer sun, and sweat trickles down your back. Now- open your eyes. You see before you the community. Specifically, to the North, you see the Miller-

Miller: By the stones that grind.

HP: to the East, a farmer who is more than a farmer-

JB: By the wind that shakes the barley.

HP: to the South, the Baker-

Baker: By the stove that burns.

HP: and to the West, the Brewer-

Brewer: By the still that brews.

HP: We have come here, at the height of this season, with the crops heavy in the field, to ask the farmer if he will exchange the fruits of his labor so we may have flour, and bread, and beer and barley water. Farmer- what say you?

JB: I do. But my agreement is not the corn's consent.

HP: True. Will you consent, then, to be invoked with the spirit of this time – with Lugh, the king who is sacrificed, and John Barleycorn, shining golden under his sun? Will you allow him to come forth and share our community, so he may know what we ask of him, and choose?

JB: If that's what is required, then, yes.

HP: I invoke thee, Lugh

JB: Well, hello, neighbors! I've seen you walking by but I get the feeling hardly a one of you has seen me. Not in my proper form, footloose and free of soil! Free of soil. Divested of dirt. King of the corn I am, and shining under the sun. Would you dance with me?

HP: John Barleycorn, we have invited you here today to walk-

JB: I didn't say walk, I said dance! Stand, stand all of you. Shake yourselves. Make a noise! Shimmy like the corn stalks! <the leadership is lost from the HP, for a moment- shills stand up in front of their cameras, tech crew unmutes just Doc to provide music>

<After a bit, the energy will pass. When it's settled enough, JB will also start to slow his dancing>

JB: Yes! Yes, that exactly. Thank you all!

HP: And we thank you, for joining us. We have arranged amusements for you! Three short videos prepared by the community to explain our love for you, and a shrine where you may rest and meet your admirers. Let us end our ritual, John Barleycorn, and we will move on to these things.

JB: Of course. After all, you humans can't dance as long as I can.

HP: We will prepare to leave this place, where we have come together. Close your eyes, and picture each other in your mind. Breathe slowly- in. Out. Lugh himself is the element of Air, the principle of knowledge, of the arts and sciences, of forged cultivation; of tools and tactility.

Lugh: The sky above you centers.

HP: The Baker is your element of fire; the energetic principle of life and creativity emerges like the refulgent light capturing your halo in of vitality and contrasting you against the air and earth; the Fire is where you started and where you end.

Baker: The sun on your head cools.

HP: The Brewer is your element of water, the passive principle and the source of your cool collective as patient master of all arts

Brewer: The sweat on your back dries.

HP: The Miller is your element of Earth The prickling of your palms ease.

Miller: And the earth beneath your feet warms, to bring you back to the place where you are.

HP: And now we open the circle.

<circle closing ... uncasting? Bobby help video>

HP: <Announces the time for Community Workshops and the time for the sacrificial rit>

Thank you for coming to the Ritual. We will shortly be transitioning into Lughs Shrine where the community will get their chance to talk to Lugh, discuss, and celebrate the harvest!

We will continue again tomorrow, starting with a workshop with the Miller, the Baker, and the Brewer discussing Why We Love Grain with the community at 12:15pm.

Our evening events will begin at 6:45 with Lughs shrine opening for the second time, spending time to reflect on John Barley Corn's sacrifice, and the reaping of the harvest. Which will then transition into the evening ritual at 8:00PM

We will now be transitioning into the Lugh Shrine at this time, so you can stay here if you wish to discuss, and ask questions of Lugh.

SPOILER SPACE - RITUAL TRANSCRIPT BEGINS ON NEXT PAGE

ACT 2:

<tech intro - remind attendees to mute. Let them know to expect to be asked to swear, and how to pass. Speaker view vs Gallery>

<circle casting video plays>

HP: Take deep breaths. In. Out. <pause> Find a neutral position. <pause> We have come together today, through these looking glasses. Close your eyes. Picture each other, in your mind. Closer than we are now- close enough to touch. We stand together in a field of barley. It's tall – hand height for some of you – and there is a gentle rustling as the heavy, dry heads of grain bow under the sun. Your feet are cool in the earth between the rows. Your hands prickle as they run through the grain. Your head is warm under the summer sun, and sweat trickles down your back. Now- open your eyes. You see before you the community. Specifically, to the North, you see the Miller-

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Brewer: By the still that brews.

HP: We have come here, at the height of this season, with the crops heavy in the field, to ask John Barleycorn for his life.

JB: I don't want to die. I don't. But- you bring me back, over and over. Why?

Miller: Because you have the magic of turning soil into grain. Without you, the soil would not sustain us.

Baker: Because you have the secret of turning sunlight into bread. Without you, the sun would not sustain us.

Brewer: Because you have the secret of turning water into beer, and sweet barley water. Without you, water would nourish our bodies, but not our souls.

JB: <bows his head> <Looks up, smiling> Well then. Swear! Swear you'll bring me back, I will go down into death for you. But swear it.

Miller: By stone, we swear.

Baker: By stove, we swear.

Brewer: By still, we swear.

HP: And you, the community. Will you swear? Swear to save a bit of seed for the future? To grow each other, as we will grow John Barleycorn? <HP goes through the list of participants, calling them by name as they appear in her zoom>. (Asks each: Do you swear?)

JB: Then... there is nothing left to say. What- what should I do?

HP: There is a darkness behind you. It is your death. Go into the darkness, so we may have your light. We will sing you on your way- a song of longing for home.

<song>

HP: And now we open our circle.

<circle opening video plays>

HP: God is dead! Ceilidh ceilidh! In happier times, we would dance together before a fire. Today, the burn has happened far away, and we'll share it with you now. For the next hour or so, we'll continue stream the burn our own Forrest has recorded for us in this room, and in the Bardic Circle. For those wishing to dance, and sing, and drum-, Doc will act as our DJ, scheduling who takes turns playing music while others dance. If you want a quieter experience, feel free to return to this room. And thank you all, for your love and energy today!