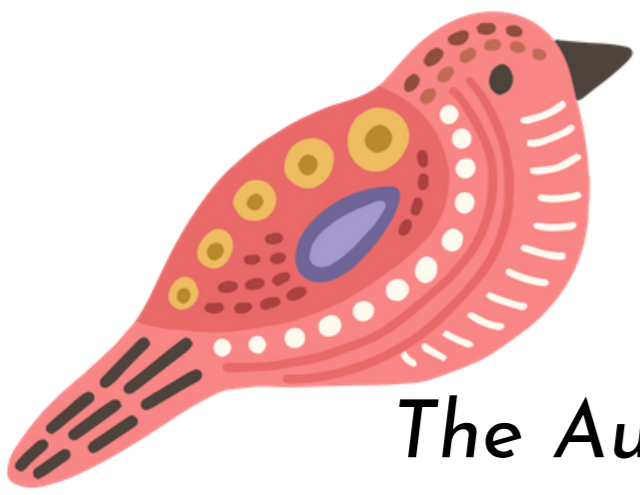






# Autumn Equinox

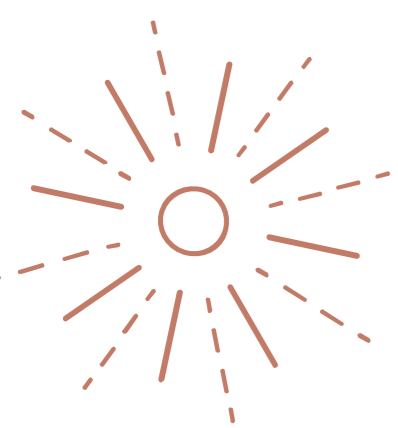
Some call this celebration Mabon, pronounced MAYbon. It falls between 20-23 March. The equinox marks the 24 hours of equal number of hours of light and dark. We are now in the season of Yarrawirrga (Gumbaynggirr).



The Autumn Equinox is celebrated as the second harvest festival of three. It is a time for giving thanks for the things we have, whether it is abundant crops or other blessings. It's a time of plenty, of gratitude, and of sharing our abundance with those less fortunate. The cornucopia, from Latin cornu (horn) and copia (abundance) is the perfect symbol for this time of year in the southern hemisphere. Also called the horn of plenty, it is a symbol of abundance and nourishment - commonly a large horn-shaped container overflowing with produce, flowers, or nuts.

We are now journeying through the season of waxing dark. We are on our way to the metaphoric underworld. In the mythic world, Persephone, as the seed containing all that is needed for renewal, would be preparing to return to the underworld, leaving her mother, Demeter, to mourn; withdrawing her fertile energy from the land and allowing it to fallow. Pomegranates and chestnuts are in season - perfect offerings for altars. Pomegranates being the food consumed by Persephone in the underworld.

Nearly all of the myths and legends popular at this time of the year focus on the themes of life, death, and rebirth, which is consistent with the contracting of Earth energy in this season, allowing for rest and renewal.





# Celebrating *AUTUMN* *EQUINOX*



The equinox is a time of balance. How balanced does your life seem? Are you allowing balance and peace today?

You may like to journal your thoughts and feelings about balance.



This time of waxing darkness is considered a time of the Mysteries. A time to honour Modron, Morgan, Epona, Persephone, Pamona and the Muses.

Grapes are everywhere in Autumn, so it's no surprise that second harvest is a popular time to celebrate wine-making, and deities connected to the growth of the vine - Bacchus, Dionysus, the Green Man, or some other vegetative god or goddess, the god/goddess of the vine is a key archetype in harvest celebrations



The acorn is a symbol of strength and power. In autumn, these tiny yet hardy little nuggets drop from the oak trees to land on the ground. Because the acorn only appears on a fully mature oak, it is often considered a symbol of the patience needed to attain goals over long periods of time.

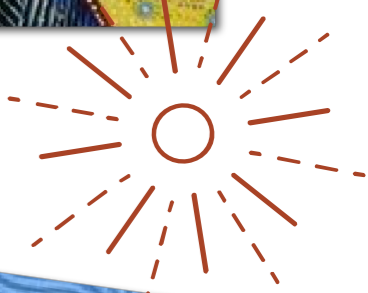




# Indigenous Wisdom



The Gumbaynggirr Seasonal Calendar mural design was completed by students of Bellingen High School with Nellie Gallop and is based on the work of Chels Marshall, Ricky Buchannan, Uncle Tony Perkins and Arrawarra Cultural Centre. The inspiration came from a similar (coastal) work created at Scotts Head Public School.



Yugirr (Dolphin): Joy in Giving: Yugirr helps us to walk in rhythm with the pulse of the Earth Mother's heartbeat so that we may learn to communicate through meditation with Spirit (Alexander, 2007)  
Yugirr is a creature of the Autumn Equinox when it brings joy in the abundance of the harvest. (Seasons of the Goddess, Szirom & Cutelli)



Artist: Rachel Saunders



We love to hear Gawiyarr (yellow-tailed black cockatoo), heralding rain and a respite from the heat and humidity. We are grateful for the way Gawiyarr cares for country making our gardens flourish right now in the season of Yarrawirrga.

# folklore

Pomona was a Roman goddess who was the keeper of orchards and fruit trees. Unlike many other agricultural deities, Pomona is not associated with the harvest itself, but with the flourishing of fruit trees. She is usually portrayed bearing a cornucopia or a tray of blossoming fruit.

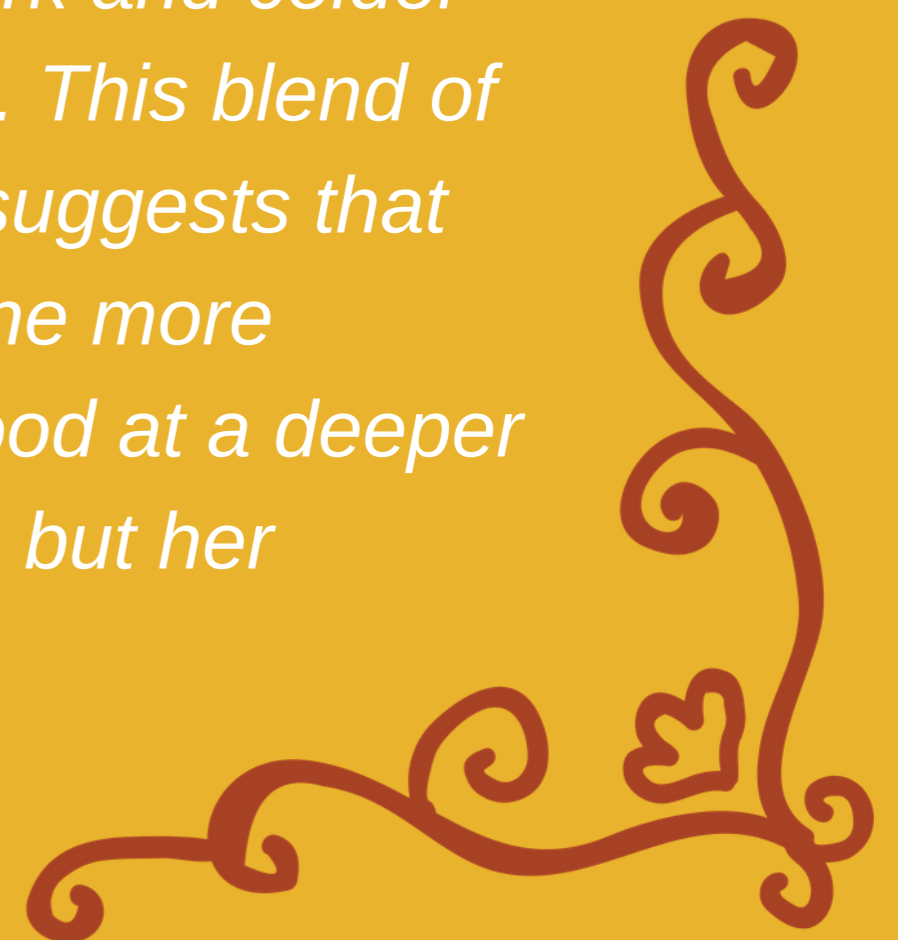
The name for the festival of the Autumn Equinox in Druidry is Alban Elfed, which means 'The Light of the Water'.



At this festival it is appropriate to wear all of your finery and dine and celebrate in a lavish setting. It is the drawing to and of family as we prepare for the winding down of the year at Samhain. It is a time to finish old business as we ready for a period of rest, relaxation, and reflection.

By Maria Ede-Weaving...

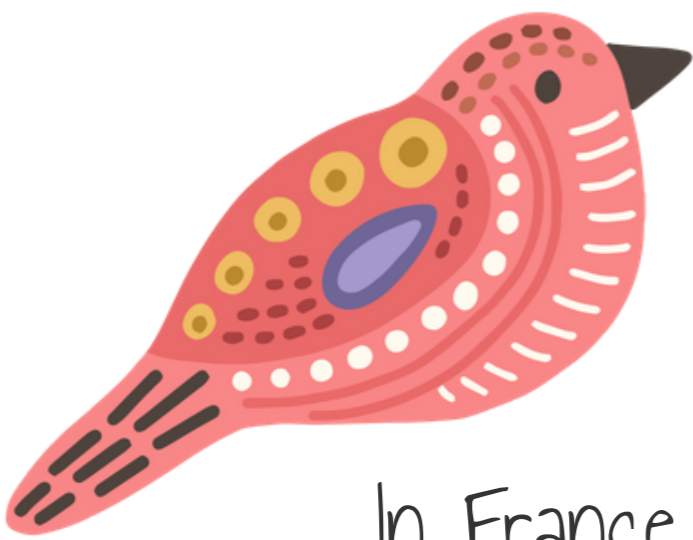
*The paradoxical mystery and beauty of the Autumn Equinox is that when the year is waning and moving towards the dark and colder days of winter, the earth blesses us with abundance. This blend of decline and bounty always comforts me because it suggests that the Earth provides us with all we need to deal with the more challenging times to come, and this can be understood at a deeper level: nature provides us with not only her harvests, but her strength, wisdom and endurance too.*



# folklore



Both as a celebration and as an after-celebration, harvest workers participated in parties known as scotales. Featuring drunken revelry, drinking games, and debauchery, the church disapproved of and even banned these parties, though they seemed to continue undeterred into the middle of the 20th century. Usually a collection happened during a community harvest dinner, and then all the harvest workers went out drinking after the party.



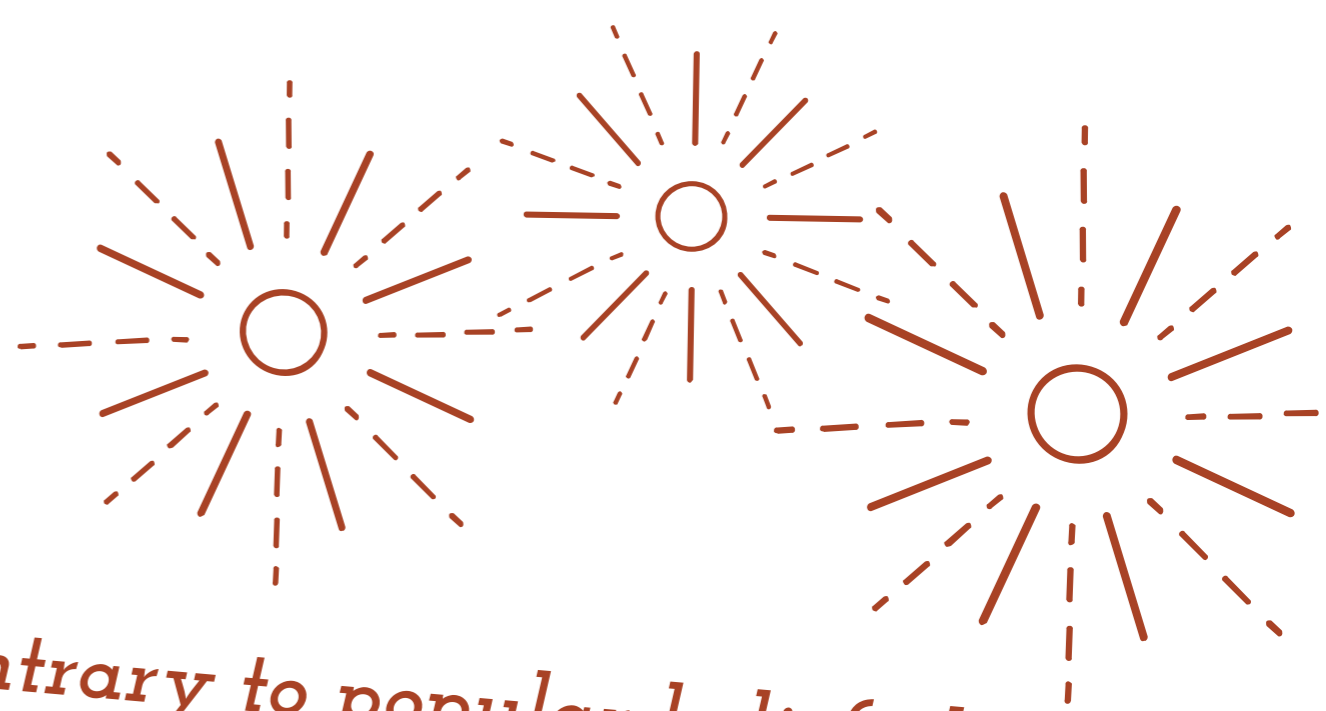
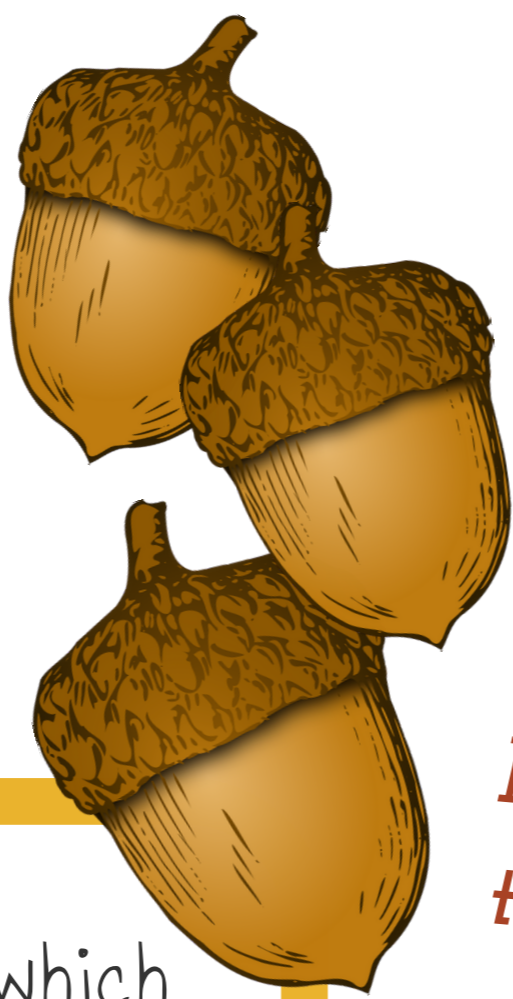
The tradition of eating roast goose at Christmas actually originated as a Michaelmas (Christian Harvest Festival) tradition. Since Michaelmas was a time when farmers settled arrears with their landlords, they often paid in livestock; initially this consisted of a goose. It became tradition to present landlords with a goose on Michaelmas, and for the family to also eat a goose. In Great Britain, eating the bird ensured good financial fortunes in the coming year. In Germany, people of the time believed that the breastbone of the goose predicted the weather of the season. Eventually goose became the traditional main course of Christmas dinner, and eating the bird at Michaelmas stopped.



In France, people dyed eggs on Michaelmas as well as Easter. These eggs were also decorated, but much more conservatively than Easter eggs; they were wrapped in sheets of ivy and plunged into water, and then painted with tacit references to Saint Michael. At one point in this process the painter had to throw the egg in the air and catch it. If the egg broke, it foretold bad luck for the coming winter. On Michaelmas, the youngest member of the household sat at the fireplace and ate the egg.



# folklore



It is Persian new year which celebrates the goddess Ardivi Sura Anahita. She is seen as the source of all life, and is the goddess of all the waters and the source of the cosmic ocean.

*Contrary to popular belief, the holiday name Mabon isn't thousands of years old. It was popularized by Wiccan author, Aidan Kelly, in the 1970s. Historians do not believe ancient Pagans celebrated the equinoxes and solstices like we do today. For example, the ancient people who built Stonehenge obviously worshipped the sun and tracked its movements, but it's unlikely they celebrated the Autumn Equinox.*



Acorns are a symbol of security and abundance. Folklore has it that carrying an acorn will bring forth a long and healthy life, luck, protection and ward off illness.

Acorns placed on windowsills protect the home from lightning. When the moon is full, an acorn placed on the windowsill will draw money to you.

Planting one under the light of the moon will bring luck and prosperity to you and your home.





# Contemplation & Writing For Autumn Equinox



We are moving into the dark time of the year; a time for turning inward, settling in, restoring and dreaming. Perhaps this little practice can set the mood for the time of rest.

from "The Holy Wild Grimoire"  
by Danielle Dulsky

## The Liminal Space of Creation

*"Come inside, and permit me to pour you something earthen and bitter before I tell you of my dream vision, before I ask you to question all you know to be true, and before I bid you cast your sweet psyche into the liminal space between the only-imagined and the very real yet-to-come. Here, let me hold your hands. Breathe softly and sink your consciousness down to the womb-heart, down to that energetic void between life and death. There, time knows no bounds."*

As orphans of modernity, our spirits can so easily become constrained by the limits of linear time. We speak of the scarcity of time; there's *never enough* time, we shouldn't *waste* time, we need to *make more* time. The language we use when we talk of time shows us how flawed our perspective is when we think of time as a finite commodity. For everyone though, there are certain practices that allow time to move differently, that invite even the most tightly scheduled day to breathe a bit more freely.

Of course, it is a great privilege to befriend time in this way. The landscape of every life will not allow for the strange choreography of time stretching to take place regularly and often, but the medicine of what the Irish might call *eternal time* is available to all. A little bit of deep time's medicine goes a long way. Take a moment now to breathe, to imagine you are breaking the cage of linear time around every cell in your body; then consider the practices you engage in that make time seem to bend. You know these because when you reenter linear time, when the painting is finished or long wander is complete, you see that far more hours have passed than you realised. Name your experience of deep time now:

*I can sense deep time when it is close, and I've named it...*

Imagine how the span of your day would feel if you could spend it immersed in the practices that bring you closer to deep time, the gardening or the fire tending. These practices might be what you would call your art. They are usually goalless and solitary but not always so. Describe a day of *you*, living a little closer to deep time's dance, engaging in the practices that bring you a greater sense of beingness.

*I woke marked by a simplicity I cannot name, and I lay there wondering...*

*I brewed myself a cup of...*

*I don't know how long I stood there, just...*

*Before I knew it, I was making...*

*I wandered...*

*I became...*

*I sang a song of...*

*I rested in a deeper understanding of...*

When you feel ready, underline the medicinal words and phrases; then use your name for deep time to complete the first prompt below, and stitch the underlined words and phrases together to complete the second prompt.



*I named deep time [your name for deep time]*

*Deep time named me [your underlined words]*








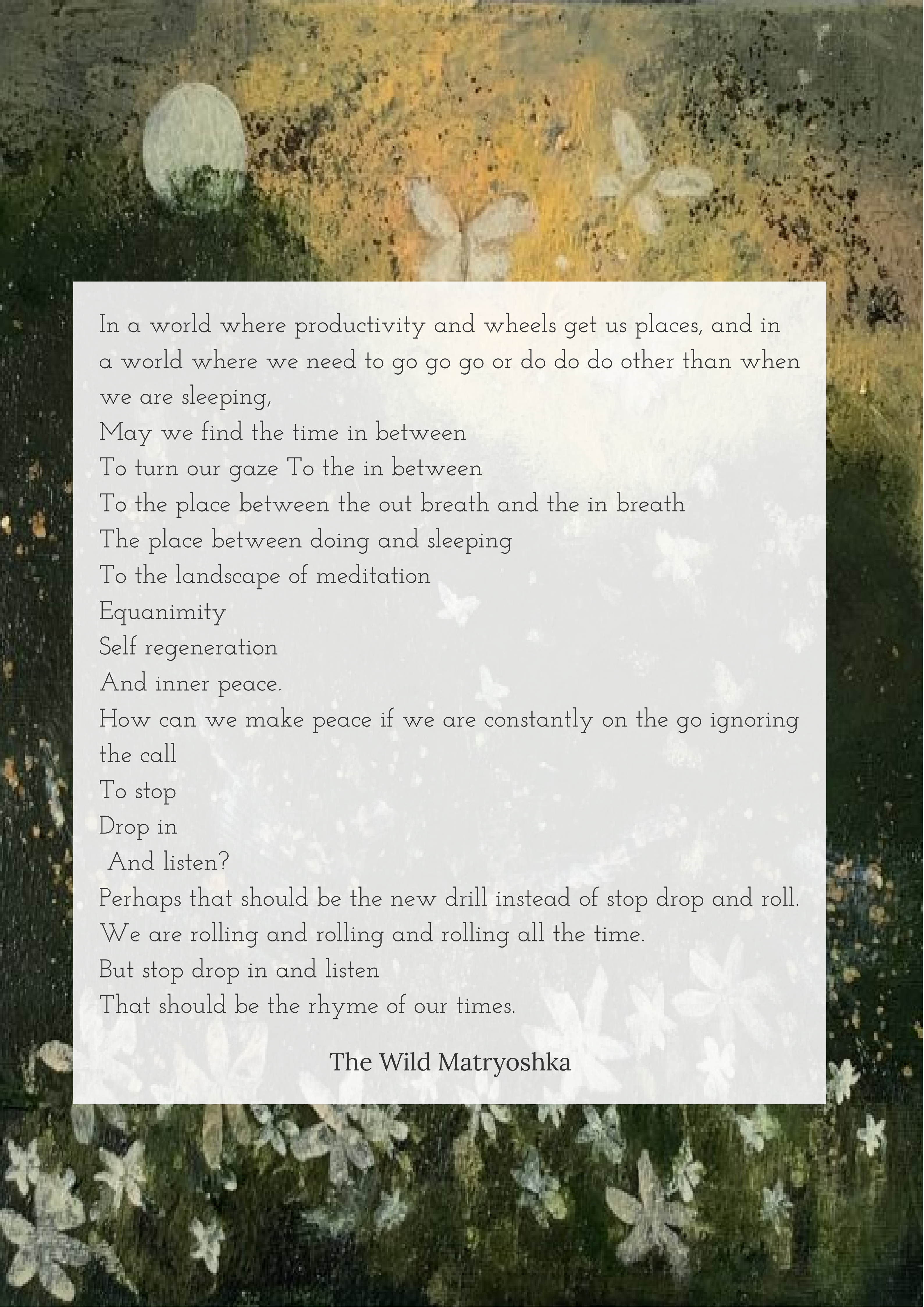
# Autumn Prescription:

By Stasha Ginsburg



root gently, softly into darkness.  
become one with soil, soul  
night. dark night.  
release the stories, the old stories  
to the roots  
and depths  
to the bones where ancestors  
sing stories to sleep  
let go,  
let go more...  
to silence to moth time,  
to undying flame  
until there is no more story to story  
until there is no more darkness  
because the light burns bright.  
shining, hermit's lantern streaming from within  
chemistry embodied (after all, we are stars,  
from the beginning  
and to the end)





In a world where productivity and wheels get us places, and in  
a world where we need to go go go or do do do other than when  
we are sleeping,

May we find the time in between

To turn our gaze To the in between

To the place between the out breath and the in breath

The place between doing and sleeping

To the landscape of meditation

Equanimity

Self regeneration

And inner peace.

How can we make peace if we are constantly on the go ignoring  
the call

To stop

Drop in

And listen?

Perhaps that should be the new drill instead of stop drop and roll.

We are rolling and rolling and rolling all the time.

But stop drop in and listen

That should be the rhyme of our times.

**The Wild Matryoshka**



# Introduction to a **GODDESS**

**Epona**, from Celtic Gaul, was especially worshipped as a protectress of horses, a bringer of fecundity to mares and a giver of well-being to foals. She was the only Celtic goddess to be adopted by the Romans. A lunar goddess, Epona is often depicted with a cornucopia, a symbol of abundance and plenty. Like the symbol of the horse, she is a bringer of fertility, a source of inspiration, and a figure of death - a psychopomp on the soul's final journey. As late as the 12th century, Irish kings underwent a ceremony of symbolic birth from Epona in her form of a white mare as part of claiming their kingship.

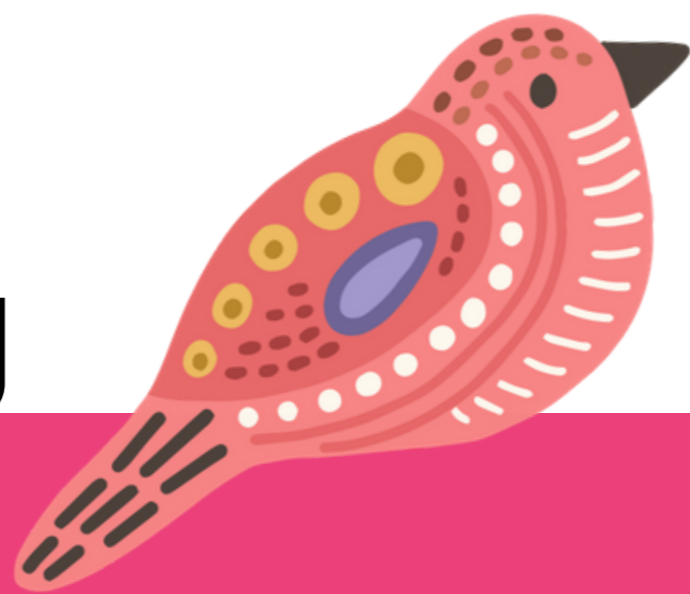


In ancient days, a king was ritually wedded to the goddess as part of becoming a king.

Comfortable in both the realm of life and that of death, Epona is a strong symbol of independence, nurturing, intuitive understanding, instinct and vitality. - Goddess Knowledge Cards.



## **Gardening** Goddesses



If you're lucky enough to be blessed with green thumbs and garden space then here is a list of vegies, herbs etc. to plant now in the mid north coast of NSW area. This list is not exhaustive, and there are many other fabulous plants you could add to it. Remember that much of the region is on the cusp between temperate zone and sub-tropical zone, so you may need to experiment if you don't already know where the warm and cool parts of your garden are situated. Have fun and good luck with your gardening.





Everyone (almost) loves having fresh flowers and bulbs blooming when the Spring Equinox rolls around. Now is a perfect time to prep the garden for Spring and to acknowledge Summer is ending.

Remember, the flowers will bloom again as the Wheel of the Year continues to turn. Try writing a wish or intention on a piece of paper and plant it with the bulb. Hopefully, your intention will bloom with the coming spring season!



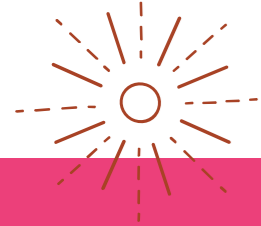
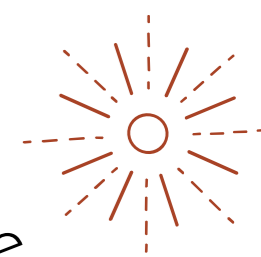
## Planting Bulbs



There's also a wide range of autumn-blooming bulbs that are just as beautiful as Spring bulbs and often more interesting. For example...

### Nerine

These easy-care bulbs grow in a wide range of climates. The strappy leaves of the widely grown pink Nerine bowdenii die down before clusters of ribbon-petalled blooms appear. These flowers are traditionally sugar-pink, but there is also a white form, 'Alba', which is considered to have a little more class. Plant the bulbs close to the surface in a sunny spot, then leave them alone. Then there's the golden 'nerine' (Lycoris aurea), a yellow-blooming Asian cousin with whiskery stamens that lend it the name spider lily. This species isn't as cold-tolerant as true nerines, and it's a good choice for semi-shade in the subtropics. All of these plants will do well in pots. Grows 40-60cm high and 15cm wide in full sun or semi-shade. Suits subtropical, arid, warm temperate and cold temperate climates. (Gardening Australia April 2023)



- Angelica
- Beetroot
- Broccoli
- Calendula
- Carrots
- Cauliflower
- Chervil
- Cornflower
- Cress
- Forget-me-not
- Hollyhock
- Hyssop
- Leeks



- Lettuce
- Lupins
- Mustard
- Onions - spring
- Peas - climbing
- Radish
- Strawberry Runners
- Thyme
- Turnips



Sourced from Sow When poster published by Eden Seeds



# Correspondences

## AUTUMN EQUINOX



### Elements

Second Harvest  
 Equality and Balance  
 Abundance  
 Gratitude  
 Sharing  
 Success  
 Some say air, some water



### Animals

Blackbird  
 Butterfly  
 Eagle  
 Horse  
 Owl  
 Goose  
 Stag  
 Salmon  
 Stag  
 Eagle



### Food

Breads/Grains  
 Nuts  
 Apples  
 Pomegranates  
 Potatoes  
 Carrots  
 Onions  
 Squash  
 Pumpkins

### Incense

Autumn blend -  
 (benzoin, myrrh, and sage)  
 Cinnamon  
 Frankincense

### Crystals

Amber  
 Emerald  
 Citrine  
 Cat's Eye  
 Jade  
 Lapis Lazuli  
 Sapphire  
 Yellow Agates



### Colours

Red  
 Orange  
 Russet  
 Maroon  
 Brown  
 Gold



### Deities

Modron  
 Aphrodite  
 Morgan  
 Epona  
 Lilitu  
 Persephone  
 Pomona and the Muses  
 Thor  
 Hermes  
 Green Man

### Plants

Ferns  
 Flowering Banksia  
 Honeysuckle  
 Marigold  
 Manna Gum  
 Passionflower  
 Rose  
 Sage  
 Sunflower  
 Thistle  
 Yarrow





# Reaching for the Balance

Excerpt from essay by  
Maria Ede-Weaving

*Artist: Holly Sierra*

Balance is often equated with stillness and yet when I stand on one leg, I am aware that in order to stay still and not topple, my body is going through a series of subtle muscles adjustments. This suggests to me that balance is actually quite active - we put effort in to achieving that centred, rooted place. I think this is true for all areas where we seek equilibrium, right from our emotional selves to our health and working lives, we constantly have to adjust our balance to settle, and it's not hard to realise when we are off kilter - we feel it in the symptoms of unease, worry, illness and discord. But even these are not a problem because such emotions and conditions communicate that it is time to adjust our footing and regain balance. The trick is to stay aware and keep actively engaged with the process.

To the ancient Egyptians, Ma'at was Divine Universal Balance that functioned both at the Macrocosm of the Cosmos and Nature and the Microcosm of Society and the human individual. To them, it was crucial to the well-being of the whole - be it nature, community or person - to seek balance and harmony between all the constituent parts. Without Ma'at, there is chaos, discord and imbalance, the interconnected flow of the cycle is broken and trouble ensues.



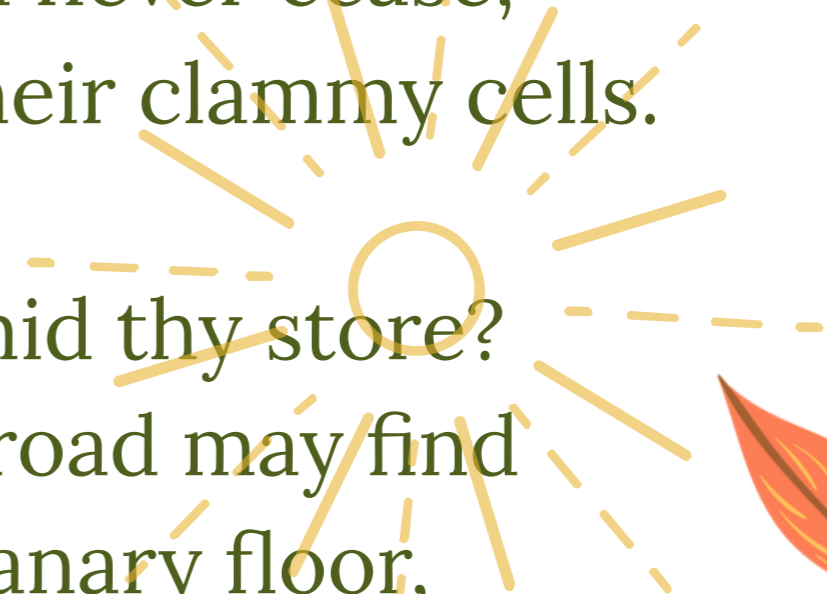
# Ode to Autumn - John Keats



Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.



Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.



Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,--  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies



# Crabapple & Rosemary Hand Pies: Ancestral Offerings

From Gather Victoria



Dating back to prehistory, crabapples were offered as food for the dead. The Celts and the Norse left them as grave offerings (petrified remains of sliced crabapples in burials dating back to 5000 BC). During “Mabon” in Ireland and parts of Scotland, it was customary for women to visit burial mounds, called cairns, to honour dead ancestors, especially female ones. According to folklore, all human souls were reabsorbed into the wombs which bore them, and therefore, only women inhabited the Land of the Dead! If you can't find crabapples use Granny Smiths.

## Ingredients

### For Filling:

About a 1 1/2 lb – 2 lbs of crabapples (depending on size)  
2 tbsp fresh lemon juice  
1 tsp lemon zest  
1 tsp salt  
1/2 cup packed brown sugar  
1 tsp freshly ground nutmeg  
1 tsp freshly grated cinnamon  
1 tsp. cardamom  
3 tsp of minced fresh rosemary  
1 stick butter  
1 egg, lightly beaten, for brushing  
coarse sugar to sprinkle

### Pie Dough

2 1/2 cups unbleached all-purpose flour  
1 tablespoon granulated sugar  
1/2 pound (2 sticks) cold unsalted butter, cubed into 1-inch pieces  
1 cup cold water  
1 cup ice  
1/4 cup cider vinegar  
1 teaspoon salt

## Directions

Place dry ingredients in a large bowl and mix well. Cut in butter with a pastry blender. Be careful not to overwork, and make sure you have small pieces or clumps of butter still visible in your dough. Drizzle in your vinegar and ice water slowly, cutting into flour, a little bit at a time. Keep adding until your dough has formed and is easily pliable. Wrap in plastic and refrigerate while you prepare your filling.

Core and cut apples in halves and quarters, making sure they are approximately the same size. Don't forget to squeeze lemon juice over the apples as you go (to prevent browning.) Add zest, salt, sugars, nutmeg, cinnamon, and rosemary, and stir to combine.

Place your butter in a saucepan and melt over medium heat. Add your crabapple mixture. Let cook until the apples are soft and you have a thick syrupy sauce of caramelized butter and sugar in your pan. Put aside to cool.

Divide your chilled dough into four. Flour your working area take one portion and roll out about 1/8-inch thick. Using a large circular mason jar lid or the mouth of a wide glass cut out your circles. Transfer the dough on parchment to baking sheets and chill in the refrigerator for at least 30 minutes.

Remove and fill half your dough circles with apple filling – make sure you leave room around the perimeter for pinching. Cut out your stars from half of the circles and put the dough stars aside. Using a pastry brush dipped in water (or your finger) wet the perimeters of your circles and then place the tops over the fruit. Seal the fruit by pinching the edges together with a fork (or again your fingers!) Place dough stars on top of some of your pastry circles. (leave a few with no cut-outs).

Brush a beaten egg over the surface of the tops of your dough circles and scatter coarse sugar to coat. Bake on a parchment-lined baking sheet for 10 minutes in a preheated oven at 400 F, until crusts begin to brown. Lower heat to 350 degrees and continue baking until crust is golden all over and juices bubble, about 30 minutes more. Cool completely on a wire rack or serve warm with ice cream.



Last Word...

Early autumn mornings,  
everyone asleep  
The house is quiet and  
hushed  
The grandfather clock  
echoes soft rhythmic ticks  
Dim light appears as the  
sun starts to rise  
A cool breeze floats through  
an open window  
Coffee brews and breakfast  
sizzles  
Soft blankets and a purring  
cat, Autumn has begun.

- Amanda, *The Peculiar Brunette*

'Til next time, blessed be!



[www.goddesstemplebellingen.org](http://www.goddesstemplebellingen.org)

[info@goddesstemplebellingen.org](mailto:info@goddesstemplebellingen.org)

