

Late Summer



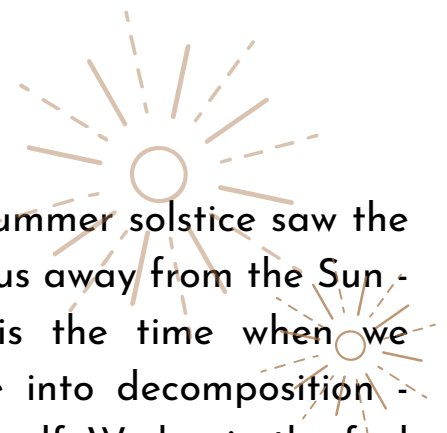
Late Summer



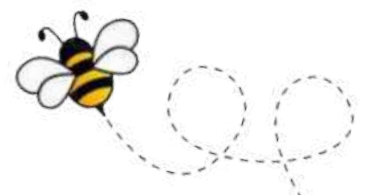
This festival is the first of three harvest festivals, held at the mid point between summer solstice and autumn equinox it is also known as Lammas or Lughnasad. Lammas is traditionally held on the 2nd February. It is a time when the abundance of the earth goddess in her aspect as Grain Mother, Harvest Mother, Harvest Queen, Earth Mother, is celebrated.




We have entered the season of the waxing dark. The summer solstice saw the portal or germination of darkness. Earth's tilt is taking us away from the Sun - each sunrise moves slowly northwards again. This is the time when we celebrate the passing of abundance and the release into decomposition - turning back inward and an expansion into our deeper self. We begin to feel the call to let go, to begin the retreat into darkness for restoration and replenishment. There is a season for all things. While success and progress and busy-ness are celebrated, it is not possible to maintain that level of abundant creativity indefinitely without cost. Now is the time for celebrating ending, when the grain, and the fruit, is harvested. We remember the Dark Mother, She who nourishes us with Her embrace, and Her soft wise whispers as we begin to lean into the quiet, fallow time to come.



This is also the time of the Wise Old Woman - Hecate, Medusa, Erishkagal, Lillith - who accepts and receives our harvest, who grinds the grain, who dismantles what has gone before. She is the divine compassionate one, She creates the space to be.





*Late summer is the time for figs -
oldest and most beloved foods of
Goddess cuisine.
Lush, sweet and fecund.*

*Associated with the procreative power of the goddess since
the Neolithic.
Egyptian mother goddess Hathor was said to have emerged
from a mythic fig tree, as did Inanna-Ishtar in
Mesopotamia. Some speculate that it was the fig which
tempted Eve in the Garden, not the apple!*



what better way to
celebrate the first harvest
than getting together with
friends and enjoying all the
fruits of the harvest.
Include bread, wine or ale
or sparkling grape juice.

Celebrating *LATE SUMMER*



Consider these questions, and maybe journal your answers.
'What within you is seed?'
'What within you is chaff?'
'What is the blessing of your harvest?'

Celebrate the god Lugh, master craftsman and warrior. Enjoy a day at a craft fair, or learn a new craft.

In this season, it's time to begin reaping what we have sown throughout the past few months, and recognize that the bright summer days will soon come to an end. We celebrate our achievements and our progress - the harvest of our endeavours.



Practise seed saving from all those plants going to seed.
Giving thanks for the bounty

folklore



With gardens full of produce, a potluck is perfect for a late summer feast. Cook up a feast to celebrate first harvest. Be sure to include some crusty bread.

According to Irish myths, Lugh, the three faced god, began this festival as a funeral feast, accompanied by funeral games of athleticism, in honour of his mother or stepmother "Taitiu" an earth mother goddess who died from exhaustion clearing the Irish landscape for agriculture. These athletic games also named Tailteann or Óenach Tailten were similar to ancient Greek Olympic games.



Thor's wife, Sif, had beautiful golden hair, until Loki the prankster cut it off. Thor was so upset he wanted to kill Loki, but some dwarves spun new hair for Sif, which grew magically as soon as it touched her head. The hair of Sif is associated with the harvest, and the golden grain that grows every year.



If you were a Roman woman living in the Southern Hemisphere, you may have found a way to celebrate this on the 17th....



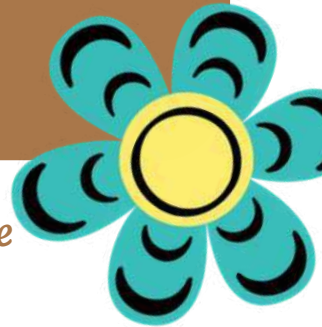
and adorning themselves with wreaths of flowers.



For many cultures, the breaking of bread is symbolic of peace and hospitality. Once you have welcomed someone into your home and you have eaten bread together, you're far less likely to kill one another. In parts of Norway, boys and girls who share bread from the same loaf are destined to fall in love and marry.



Grain has held a place of importance in civilization back nearly to the beginning of time. Grain became associated with the cycle of death and rebirth. The Sumerian god Tammuz was slain and his lover Ishtar grieved so heartily that nature stopped producing. Ishtar mourned Tammuz, and followed him to the Underworld to bring him back, similar to the story of Demeter and Persephone.



Lammas revolved around the cutting of the first grain or cereal crops including wheat, barley, rye and oats. The first sheaf would often be ceremonially cut at dawn and baked into a 'harvest bread' shared at community feasts. The last sheaf was often made into a 'corn dolly' representing the goddess and she was placed above the fireplace or hearth of the home, to bring blessings of abundance and prosperity.



It's become a custom to give people the gift of a pair of gloves at Lammastide. In part, it's because winter is just around the corner, but it's also related to an old tradition in which landowners gave their tenants a pair of gloves after the harvest. The glove is a symbol of authority and benevolence.





Indigenous Wisdom

Here on Gumbaynggirr land we are moving from Galaagaarr (hot) to Yarrawirrga which encompasses March, April and May.

This is the time we think of as high summer, which corresponds with the end of the 'summer' holidays and the return to school and work.

Prior to colonisation Indigenous people would light fires to regenerate the land through carefully controlled burning, which created fertilizing ash and enable small animals to be hunted.

Like the Goddess Kali the fires have a creative side, along with the destruction, in regenerating the land. "Seasons of the Goddess" Dr Tricia Szirom



From Facebook Page Dance of the Plants (Kulin Nation)...

When they [dragonflies] appear at the beginning of the season it tells us it is a time to harvest fish and yams. Aboriginal grandmothers use the dragonflies to test babies' hearing. They catch the dragonfly making them buzz near the babies' ears. When the baby responds, we know that they have good hearing. If not, the elders bring the dragonfly closer so the baby can feel the vibration and sound of its wings, then they sing to the spirits and the dragonfly to help the newborn to grow and be able to communicate. Dragonfly represents transformation and family.



Late Summer Ritual

You will need a candle (orange, red or yellow), a few stalks of wheat, and an unsliced loaf of bread (homemade is best), a goblet of ritual wine is optional, or you can use apple cider, which makes a great non-alcoholic alternative. Cast a circle, if that is your tradition.



Light the candle, and say...



Rubbing the wheat shafts between your fingers so that the wheat falls to the ground say...



Tear off a piece of bread and eat after saying...

The wheel of the Year has turned once more, and the harvest will soon be upon us. we have food on our tables, and the soil is fertile. Nature's bounty, the gift of the earth, gives us reasons to be thankful. Mother of the Harvest, with your sickle and basket, bless me with abundance and plenty.

The power of the Harvest is within me. As the seed falls to the earth and is reborn each year, I too grow as the seasons change. As the grain takes root in the fertile soil, I too will find my roots and develop. As the smallest seed blooms into a mighty stalk, I too will bloom where I landed. As the wheat is harvested and saved for winter, I too will set aside that which I can use later.

I receive this gift of first harvest. The bounty is here for all of us, and we are so blessed.

Drink your wine or alternative. Take a moment to meditate on the cycle of rebirth and how it applies to you –physically, emotionally, spiritually. When you are ready, if you have cast a circle, close it or simply end the ritual in the manner of your tradition.

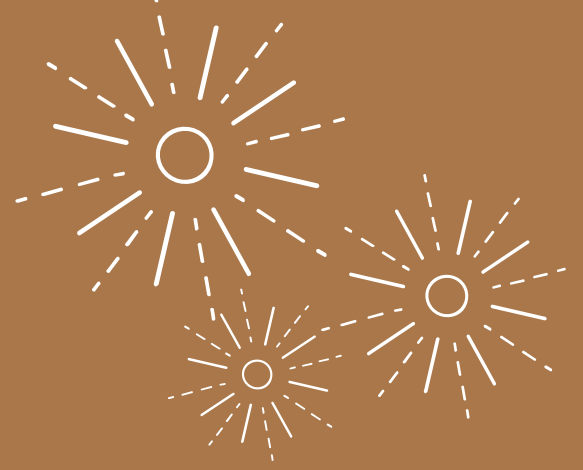
Lammas Blessing

By Caroline Mellor

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.



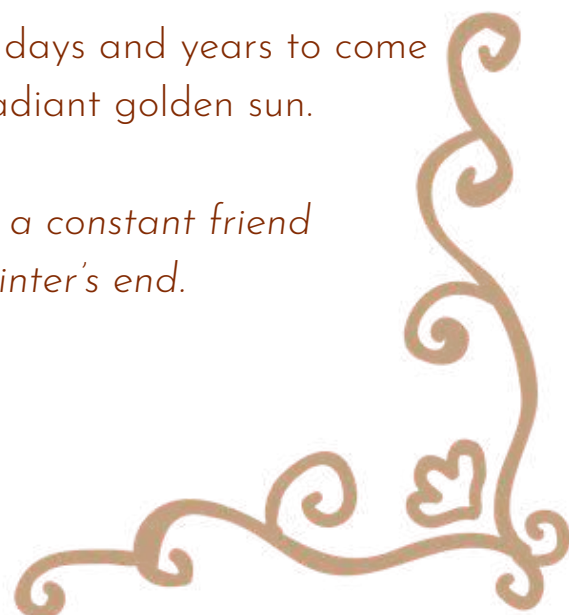
Bless us, Grain Mother
Harvest Queen
Demeter and Persephone
Sun God
and John Barleycorn
All that dies shall be reborn

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.*



Lammas Essay

by Susun Weed

The least known of the eight major Pagan holy days is Lammas, celebrated on the first of August [in the northern hemisphere and first of February in the southern hemisphere]. (The other primary holy days are the Summer and Winter Solstices, the Spring and Fall Equinoxes, and the Cross Quarter Days of Imbolc, Beltane, and Halloween.)

Lammas, or "Loaf Mass," is the Feast of the First Harvest, the Feast of Bread. This Holy Day honors the women who created agriculture and bred the crops we cultivate, especially the grains, or corn. In the British Isles, celebrants make corn dollies from the last of the newly-harvested wheat. The corn dolly holds the energy of the grain Goddess and, when placed above the door or the mantle, will bring good luck to the household all year.

When we think of corn, we think of succulent cobs of crisp, sweet, buttery yellow or white kernels: immature *Zea mays*, Indian corn. You know, corn. As in sweet corn, popcorn, blue corn, decorative corn, corn bread and corn chowder. Corn!

But, did you ever wonder why it's corn? "Korn" is an old Greek word for "grain." Wheat and oats, barley and even rice, are korn. This usage is preserved in the song "John Barleycorn must die." When Europeans crossed the Atlantic and were introduced to the beautiful grain the Native Americans grew, they, of course, called it "corn." And nowadays we think of corn as only that, but corn is Kore (pronounced "core-a"), the Great Mother of us all.





Her name, in its many forms -- Ker, Car, Q're, Kher, Kirn, Kern, Ceres, Core, Kore, Kaur, Kauri, Kali -- is the oldest of all Goddess names. From it we derive the English words corn, kernel, carnal, core, and cardiac. "Kern" is Ancient Greek for "sacred womb-vase in which grain is reborn."

The Goddess of Grain is the mother of civilization, of cultivation, of endless fertility and fecundity. To the Romans she was Ceres, whose name becomes "cereal." To the Greeks, she was Kore, the daughter, and Demeter (de/dea/goddess, meter/mater/mother) as well. To the peoples of the Americas, she is Corn Mother, she-who-gave-herself-that-the-People-may-live. She is one of the three sister crops: corn, beans and squash. In the British Isles she was celebrated almost to the present day as "Cerealia, the source of all food."

Honoring grain as the staff of our life dates at least as far back as Ancient Greece. Nearly four thousand years ago, the Eleusinian mysteries, which were regarded as ancient mysteries even then, centered on the sacred corn and the story of Demeter and her daughter Kore or Persephone. Initiates, after many days of ceremony, were at last shown the great mystery: an ear of Korn. Korn dies and is reborn, traditionally after being buried for three days. Corn and grain are magic. The one becomes many. That which dies is reborn.

Many Native American stories repeat this theme of death and rebirth, but with a special twist. In some origin of corn stories a woman is brutally murdered, in others she demands to be killed. No matter. Once she is dead, she is cut into pieces and planted. From her dismembered body, corn grows. Again and again, everywhere around the world, the story of grain is the story of humanity. The sacred symbolism of grain speaks loudly to the human psyche. To the Ancients, the light in our lights is the Kore, the core, the soul, the seed, of each being.

Real, whole grains sustain us. Real, whole grains are sacred. Real, whole grains reconnect us with our human lineage. When we eat them, we feel satisfied in a deep and fundamental way. When we eat them, we ground ourselves, we nourish ourselves in multiple ways.

But bleached and enriched grains do not sustain life, nor are they inherently sacred. Grains that have had the bran and the germ stripped away do last longer, but have little to offer us physically or spiritually. When we eat them, we feel empty. Thus, many of us have come to equate bad news weight gain with carbohydrates, specifically, grains. Grains are the Goddess who sacrificed for us; they aren't to blame. It's the processing that does us in.



Artist unknown

August [in the northern hemisphere, February in the southern hemisphere] is a good time to make peace with the Corn Mother. Switch to organic corn chips; some supermarkets carry them. Explore millet, kasha, quinoa, teff, kamut, spelt, wild rice, brown basmati, and my dietary mainstay: Lundberg organic short-grain brown rice. Cheer Ceres. Throw your own whole-grain Carnival!

Grains are medicine, too. Corn silk is an important remedy to help bladder woes. A handful of rice or barley boiled in several quarts of water is a folk remedy for anyone who lacks appetite or who has digestive woes. We're all familiar with the heart-healthy effects of eating oats. And oat straw infusion, made from the grass of the oat plant, is considered a longevity tonic in India.

Celebrate the Corn Mother any way you can. Invite Her into your life as food, as medicine, as decoration. And don't be surprised if you feel happier and healthier than ever before. The green blessings of the grains are special blessings indeed.

Susun Weed, 1st August 2019



Introduction To A Goddess

Demeter is an ancient Greek Great Mother Goddess, a goddess of life and death. The Greeks emphasized her role as goddess of fruitfulness and abundance and provider of the gift of agriculture. She and her daughter Persephone, called by the Greeks "the Goddesses", together represent the continuous cycle of life and death, the two phases of the vegetative power of the earth. Demeter is remembered primarily for her great love for her daughter—when Persephone was abducted by Hades [although there has recently been a retelling of this myth that suggests that Persephone went willingly], Demeter's grief caused the whole earth to go barren. Demeter offers a blessing of



fruitfulness and possibility, of coming joy, of abundant life, and of hope. - Goddess Knowledge Cards.

Gardening Goddesses



If your garden is anything like mine, with all this lovely rain and intermittent warm sunshine, it is probably looking more like a jungle than a well tended garden. Lucky I like my gardens wild rather than tame,

If you're lucky enough to be blessed with green thumbs and garden space then here is a list of veggies, 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.





Time To Harvest



[Complete article here](#)

Make pesto from your basil plants, chilli oil from your chillis, or flavour your warming meals with a sprinkle of turmeric or ginger.

Create tinctures with the herbs that will soon be dying back for use through winter. Blend some herb teas for coughs and colds from dried herbs and make a supply of elderberry syrup to help ward off the coming winter flu. Store them in the freezer for winter-long flavour.

Fresh herbs are generally tastier than dry herbs. They add life, colour and a fresh taste that dried herbs cannot deliver. So why dry them? There are many herbs that just don't hang around all year. Drying herbs allows you to enjoy them after they are long gone or while they are taking their winter break. When dried, some herbs still keep an excellent flavour. Dried Greek Oregano adds so much flavour to a rich tomato sauce and some would say it works better than fresh. Many medicinal herbs die back in winter, such as Echinacea, Astragalus, Turmeric, Ginger and Chaste tree berries. These can be stored dried for up to two years. Giving you medicine when the plant is sleeping.

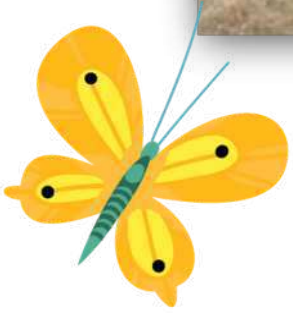


- 
- Angelica
 - Beetroot
 - Broccoli
 - Calendula
 - Carrots
 - Chinese Cabbage
 - Chives
 - Cornflower
 - Delphinium
 - Dill
 - Forget-me-not
 - Hollyhock
 - Leeks

- Lettuce
- Lupins
- Marigolds
- Mustard
- Parsley
- Potato - tubers
- Shallots
- Silverbeet
- Swedes
- Sweetpea



Sourced from Sow When poster published by Eden Seeds



In English folklore, John Barleycorn is a character who represents the crop of barley harvested each autumn. Equally as important, he symbolizes the wonderful drinks which can be made from barley – beer and whiskey – and their effects. In the traditional folksong, *John Barleycorn*, the character of John Barleycorn endures all kinds of indignities, most of which correspond to the cyclic nature of planting, growing, harvesting, and then death.



Correspondences

Late Summer

Elements

Harvest
Bounty
Plentifulness
Purification
Change
Sickles/Scythes
Corn dollies



Animals

Rooster
Crow
Calves
Stags



Crystals

Carnelian
Tigers Eye
Adventurine
Citrine
Obsidian



Food

Bread
Corn
Berries
Nuts
Beer
Wheat
Barley
Jams



Incense

Frankincense
Basil
Rose
Sandalwood



Colours

Deep Greens
Deep Orange
Golden Yellow
Bronze
Light Brown



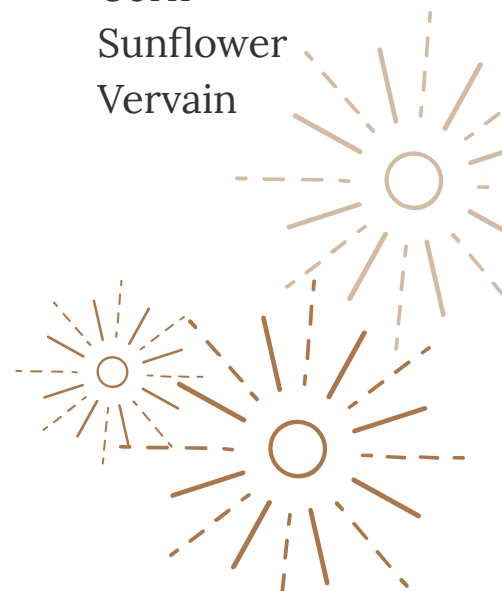
Deities

Demeter
Pomona
Lugh
Parvati
Tammuz



Plants

Peony
Marigold
Echinacea
Rosemary
Hops
Corn
Sunflower
Vervain



Boozy Wildcrafted Berry Compote

Extract from *Gather Victoria* - Full article [here](#)

Using alcohol and sugar to preserve the fruits of the summer is a century old tradition. My Oma made Rumtopf (literally meaning Rum Pot) [you can use vodka if rum is not your thing] into which she would add fruits and berries as they came into season; strawberries, blueberries, cherries, red and black currants, sliced apricots and pears. This concoction then sat until winter, when it was poured over ice cream for our family's traditional Christmas Eve dessert.

My Oma made her Rumtopf in one large crock, layering in fruit throughout the season. [Or you can] fill mason jars with different combinations of berries, foraged fruit (plums and pears) and alcohol (vodka, brandy, rum). Often I'll infuse herbs and blossoms into the mixture, rose petals, fennel fronds, even Queen Anne's Lace.



The only downside is, of course, the waiting. This allows the full flavours to mellow and slowly develop, and can take a few months. (That said, I do occasionally dip into mine far earlier). But the upside is that you'll have summer in a crock – ready for savouring by a blazing winter fire. And it will warm more than your tummy and bones, it will nourish and revitalize your entire body as well.

But for me, the best part of making compote is the magic. I begin picking the berries on the first of August, which in old Britain was the traditional time of the “Festival of First Fruits” better known as Lammas or Lammastide or Lughnasa. This represented the first harvesting of the growing season's bounty and was often referred to as the berry harvest.

Boozy Wildcrafted Berry Compote

Ingredients:

Approximately 2 cups blackberries

Approximately 2 cups salal berries [or blueberries]

Approximately 1 cup Oregon grape berries [or any other fruit]

2 cups of honey

1 750ml bottle of vodka (if you like you can infuse the vodka with rose petals or other blossoms. Simply soak them in the vodka for a week or two before straining them off)

Directions

Rinse your berries of dust and debris and let dry.

Place in large ceramic crock or large pickling jar.

Pour over with vodka and honey. The berries should be completely submerged. If you still have room – add a few more berries.

Stir gently.

Then put away for the winter i.e. two to three months. Give a gentle stir every now and then. If you want to sample it earlier – wait one month at least!

When ready, just spoon over whatever you want.





Traditional Australian Damper



This Aussie damper is about as iconic as Australian food gets. A quick easy rustic bread perfect for Lammas.

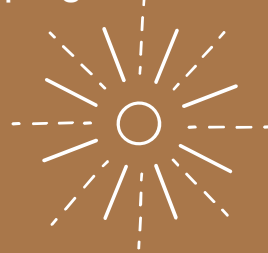


Equipment:

Baking tray OR a Dutch oven OR a camping oven OR 6 solid sticks

Ingredients:

- 3 cups (450gms) plain flour
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- (80gms) salted butter at room temperature
- 1 cup (250mls) milk
- oil to grease



Optional add ins - add just before adding in milk

Savory

- ½ cup tasty or parmesan cheese
- ¼ cup chopped herbs such as parsley and or chives

Sweet

- ½ cup sultanas OR
- ½ cup chocolate chips





Instructions:

1. If using a Dutch oven make sure there is enough room in your oven with the lid on first. I have to put my oven rack on the bottom shelf and take out the other shelves to fit mine in.
 2. Pre-heat the oven to 390°F (200°C).
 3. Lightly grease a Dutch oven or baking tray with oil.
 4. Add the baking powder to the flour and mix well.
 5. Cube the butter and add to the flour. Rub the butter into the flour with your hands until fine bread crumbs form.
 6. Add the milk and mix with a spatula initially until dough starts to come together, then switch to using your hands.
 7. Shape the dough into a rough ball.
 8. Put the ball into the Dutch oven or onto the baking tray. Cut two or three shallow lines in a cross/star shape.
 9. If using the Dutch oven put the lid on. Bake in the oven for about 40 mins or until starting to go golden brown and makes a hollow sound when you tap the bottom.
 10. Remove from oven, serve with your favourite toppings and enjoy!
- 



RUGHMASADH

May your harvest be bountiful, beautiful, and nourishing.

May it sustain you through the autumn and winter months ahead.

May the love of friends, family and Goddess warm you always.



www.goddesstemplebellingen.org
info@goddesstemplebellingen.org



onny Hut

