



The Warrior's heart

Lessons and Ceremonies



Drum Birthing

The drum is an ancient tool used by our ancestors throughout time. It is not simply about 'making music' but more about understanding the subtle language of Spirit. It is about learning to become fluent in this language. Everyone can benefit from 'tuning in' to the tones and harmonics of the medicine drum. The pounding sound of a drum can help us to take notice of our own heartbeat. Our heartbeats keep us alive and vital.

Drumming can also be very therapeutic in getting in touch with our inner selves. A low, steady beat can create calmness whereas a stronger upbeat can stir us into action or frenzy.

This day long workshop begins this journey through the making and birthing of the Spirit Drum, underpinned by the story of the Grey Drummer

SESSIONS

Journey of stones



Our ancestors believed that stones, were the bones of the mother beneath our feet, birthed from the great ocean and the lightning, and the stones, the mountains, her bones as were all bones, even ours, were eternal. Birthed in fire and water before time began, and holding both, the mother's and the star's songs. They were the stories told before us and the songs of the dream yet to come; each and every stone, never ending, eternal, held the dream of the first ones. Each morning, celebrate our unique and our shared story / song.



Advent of the Fire Ancestor

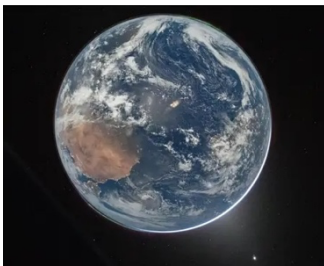
Fear Tintreach, the thundering man of the lightning, was the fire sent to soothe and be a companion to the great ocean in the beginning of time. We call this first ancestors to us to be a companion, guide and healer for our time together. This flame once called with be with us every day and night of the retreat until he returns to the stars.



The Bone Mother

For generations people have gathered to remember their ancestors and built shrines to create sacred places where they could be with these Ancestors. It is an ancient tradition in which a great mother spirit held and carried all those that had died, as well as all those waiting to be born.

The great mother had secret places to care for the ancestors and descendants. Often under the ground, in caves, or at the edges of forests, she held all from beginning to end. The mother saw all the past and futures, and so many came to sit with her and ask for guidance and for peace. She was the one who held the souls of those lost, or those waiting for birth. She brings life out of death



We are the Earth

This ground we stand, we walk upon, is the same as our body, it is our body; we call it 'Mother', who is the one that holds and nourishes. We are that same holder and nourisher, we have forgotten we are as the trees which rise out of this ground and reach for those stars; we are those that run and swim and fly; we are the same paint upon a great painting, not the painting not the paint, rather the expression of relationship which creates such beauty, such joy, such love.



The Return to Innocence

Rediscovering a sense of childlike innocence which sometimes gets lost in a fight, often not of our own choosing. Tending to our battle scars and finding our way back home, however not bypassing the pain the warrior has gone through.

Ultimately the journey back home to ourselves, is one of celebration and reemergence, a rediscovering of wonder and innocence again.

Here is an opportunity to allow such a retuning, through the ceremony offered by the Blue Flame Initiates



Loneliness of the Warrior

As warriors, we often get lonely and weary from the battle. We feel lost and fall into despair because we feel we are the only ones who are fighting. But with time, we realise that these battles are not ones that we fight on our own. They are collective wars where there are comrades involved. This ceremony is to help us break out of the loneliness that comes with being a warrior. And to embrace the collective spirit of the team.



Battle Wary

A Warrior's heart is always alert to "just one more thing, just one more battle, this will be the last thing...." Always knowing that those statements they're not true, it is not that they are lies, it is what the warrior is used to until they are expectations. Sometimes it is time to say "enough!"



Temple of the Warrior's Heart

It is said in the stories, that the Lightning, the Father of the Fires came and set creation and passion motion, and then it is said, he came to dwell in the hearts of everything, creating temples of those hearts to his fierce nature. And yet we forget to visit those temples, visit our hearts; we forget to stand in our fire.



Honouring the Ancestral Spirits

The Ancestors are not in some other world, their song is ever present in everything around us, singing to us their guidance, encouragement, warning, praise, comfort etc. And we forget that! Everything about the Ancestors is about relationship, and that relationship is the Grace of what some may call God, for us it is Tei (the love between). A ceremony to remember, reconnect and be comforted.



The Great Canoe

Our ancestors believed that the Ancient Ones arrived on Earth in sailing ships to impart wisdom and teaching. They also believed that the spirits of the dead, crossed the same great ocean to reach the mountains of the Ancestors. The crossing of water was a mystical experience for them. This mystical sojourn, which we will take, will be the means by which they encountered, engaged, conversed and interacted with the spirits.



New Story Ceremony

There are those moments, those days, when we look back at those chapters, those stories, in our lives, and they are not, were not how in hindsight we would have liked them to be. As thieves we took what we could get, and were left with the guilt and shame, regret and disappointment of having to make do, or wishing, dreaming for a better ending, and ending in

which perhaps we could have been the hero, or the one who lived happily ever after. As beggars and thieves, we accepted what was left or to be spared, or took what belonged to others. This ceremony helps us rewrite and create new chapters to our stories.



Lost in War

War is not a disease; war is a symptom of disease. This disease is a human condition. The disease is an infection of fear, the ravages of the three headed demon. By this disease we all get lost, in ourselves, in others, in judgements. This non prejudicial ceremony is undertaken as a group to soothe, placate and disperse the symptoms of the disease.



Ember Circle

The Ember Circle is a prayer in action. It is a shared prayer for peace within ourselves, a shared labyrinth walk, to confront our own limitations and to become warriors who will bring an end to the conflict beyond us. We approach the ritual with humble honesty, committing ourselves to the prayer and striving to be the

best we can be. Above all, we stand unafraid of witnessing the fragility of the world.



Releasing of Weapons

Every day, almost every moment some challenge some interaction, some battle stands before us. They might be tiny, some decision to be made, or huge, you are asked for choices you cannot make in the moment. Tiny or huge, they all require your immediate attention, your time, your effort, your fight, and

always deciding whether it's your battle or not, and even then, likely being drawn into battles which are not yours.



Calls from the Hat

We move from one experience to another, on task to another, one day to another and most of the time we believe we survive them if only to go onto the next. The things we do, the things we say, the things we perceive all move through the censor of our mind. Our mind filled with rules and regulations that keep us on the straight and narrow. We never take a wrong turn or look around a new corner, we have to keep our lives fixed on the tried and tested, no longer to make us feel good, no longer just to get through, but now to survive. We try to break the rules to live and not simply exist.



Quest of the Labyrinth

The labyrinth is an ancient, and perhaps celestial, device to reach into the depths of our souls and hearts. The path of the labyrinth is a maternal journey into ourselves, and a paternal journey into the world. It represents the ancient nomadic journey from and to the stars. The labyrinth is, in a sense, a bridge between worlds.



Blue River Initiations

Across the surging tempest and gnashing mountains, bodies tortured with blood and sweat they walked the way of dreams, of passion, of the determination of restless lovers. They came from the shadows of belief to the brightness of a tiny flame, which shimmered in the promise of a new dawn, these holy ones, these wise ones, these Sagart, these priestly warriors of the ancestral ways. Partake and witness the final struggle in ancient ritual of the newly ordained Sagart.



The Warrior's Eye

As warrior's ourselves, we need and value that sense of security, safety, when we stop and recuperate, and even when we are called back into those battles of our lives. In a crafting ritual, we come to manifest the ancient symbol of protection and warning, to carry in our days ahead.



The Ghost Hunt

Our habits always come hunting after us, and the story we tell ourselves will always hunt the habits, those ghosts, and we end haunting ourselves. These are the ghosts which are always wandering around, searching for us, to possess us, to become our addictions, to become our burdens.

These ghosts are whispers and shadows of the past, of dreams left behind, of selves we dreamt of, we wished to be, and only half sensed because we did not trust ourselves.

These ghosts caught in a reciprocal hunt, a shared haunting, are always just out of reach, as we are to them. In this separation, there is no friction to energise, no song to sing out loud. These are personal despair, a lack of hope, caught in a history in which we put aside ourselves.



Tears of the Ancestors

"I love the rain, then no one can see me crying."

- Charlie Chaplin

The poignant statement that we hide our tears in the tears of others is a powerful metaphor for masking profound heartbreak, sorrow or vulnerability. In the rain, our emotions remain concealed, allowing us to project a facade of strength while privately grieving. This act of emotional concealment is akin to the rain washing away sins as the tears of a mother comfort a wayward child.



Standing in our Truth

Truth is the aim of belief. People need the truth about the world in order to thrive. Truth is important. Believing what is not true is apt to spoil people's plans and may even cost them their lives.

Truth is the acceptance of a state in relation to facts and reality.

This acceptance is the collective opinion of the majority who accept that state.

But once that majority believed that the sun went around the earth, so much so that to speak against this was a heresy and such might have brought about severe punishment or death.



Song of Dadgra-Deer

Every child knows that when faced with an obstacle, we find a way around it, a challenge, we strive to overcome it. For they know they can.

Such is the essence and spirit of the innocent, the wild, the primal spirit.

In the distant past, long before the first ancestors descended from the stars upon the earth, this primal force drove creation, and challenged us to know our value, so we knew that we were worth the love of the earth.



Heart Exorcism

How many times have we heard, “open your hearts...”

And we do, to feel good, to connect to others, to be present in the world, to be available for others. All good stuff.

But no one ever tells us to or how to, close that heart; we all walk around with doors wide open, never considering that the world we live is rife with opportunistic squatters, interlopers, and intruders, who see the open door as an invitation, as a shelter or retreat from their strife and closed hearts, not to mention the lurking shadows ready to parasitise or malign.

Some of these may be unintentional, as in becoming attached or addicted to the warmth of that open heart, and then that intent on freezing that warmth.

Our hearts become ‘possessed’ and haunted through our good intent, and in providing for others, the provision for ourselves slowly depletes and fades away.

This will be an experience of a traditional exorcism ceremony



No apologies

In the first times, the earth sang her song, the song of who and how she was, there was none to doubt that, only the fire in her heart, and the fire was the source of her beauty. She sang her flawless song to the stars above and below. The shining stars on hearing this seductive invitation, sang back to her, their song of unadulterated acceptance from their own flawless fiery hearts. The unified songh is a complete, seamless, rhapsody of unfathomable love. This song, the friction of the fires of the earth and stars, descends to earth, perfect, innocent, in no need for any further definition or explanation.

This is who we are, the perfect song and the perfect singer, how can we apologise for this perfection?

And yet we do, our lives become the apologies for not being what others expect or need, and we end in battling ourselves to be more than we can be.



The Barq of Geoladair

When our hearts are caught in grief (personal, communal, or mundane), there is armouring. This is a keeping away and keeping with. And that which is lost becomes not just lost but also forgotten. In this ceremony we will remember and carry the lost and forgotten to the compassionate boatman, who will

carry them to their rightful place amongst the stars.



S'ualsch Dearg Red Mountain Ceremony

The ‘Wrap About’ ceremony is an ancient ritual of cleansing, purification, and healing. It contains the elements of caring, intimacy, and mother energy. Its spirit is one of bringing us to a deeper appreciation and commitment of and to ourselves, Red Mountain was an integral part of the nomadic journey to reconnect the wayward traveller to the safety of home. It is about the essence of the lost child, or the

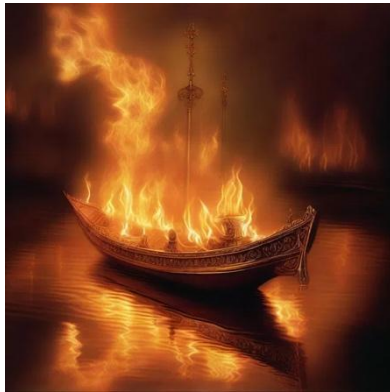
weary warrior, returning to the welcoming arms of the mother and home.



Benificence Ceremony - Resonance for the Lost

We live in a world, a time, when so much is considered lost, out of reach, and distant. In this our hearts are stretched, sometimes to the point of breaking. We are assailed by the media with stories and images, which intensifies feelings of being unable to take any action. We are unable to

simply reach out, touch, soothe and pity the world we hear and see. In this ceremony we may not make waves, however, the ripples will change something, somewhere.



bád ar an cailte; the Soul Boat

This traditional ritual is to help support the detachment of the living and the dead. It is to set sail any unresolved or incomplete bindings between the living and the dead.

However, it is also used to support the transition of that which is incomplete and unresolved between the ancestors and descendants.



Cacao Ceremony

The spirit of the cacao is the spirit of resolution and reconciliation. Following the Red Mountain, this ceremony of the mountains (called Fire in the Blood) is a devotional celebration of the sacrifice of love, a ritual of the heart, and the letting go of all that keeps us apart



Fire Ceremony

The Fire is the Sacred Hearth where all ancestral spirits commune. It is where the family draws close so as to be with the ancestors and descendants. It is also where, in the cold of the night, we are enlivened and brought to sight. Fire is regarded as the First Ancestor, which promised to always stay close, light the path ahead, and take from us all that burdens us. The Fire is the dweller of the heart, and comes to gather us, warm us, illuminate us and free us. It is always a ceremony of celebration, and an opportunity to walk with or on the fire.

Morning and evening meditations



The morning wakes and calls us in its new day song, to share the adventure and exploration of the moment and the day ahead. In simple ritual we greet the sun and the world around us as they in turn greet us.

The evening unfurls its blanket of starlight, to gather us as children from the day's escapades, and wrap us in a lullaby of dreams. In a reflection of the morning ceremony, we allow the starlight to reflect the day and open the night for us.