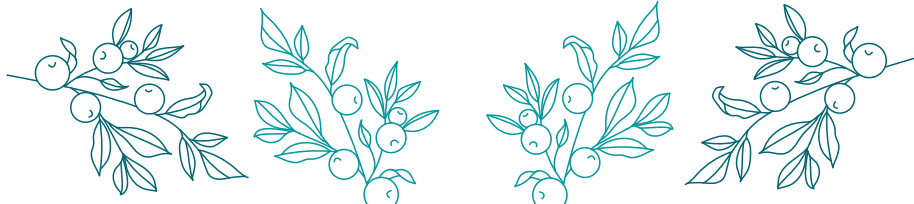




QUESTIONS FOR THE YEAR AHEAD

- What do you want to make space or time for in the year ahead?
- What would you like to release or let go of this year?
- What wants to emerge or be birthed in your life this year?
- Are there specific goals or intentions that will foster growth or awareness in your life? List them.
- How do you want to attend to your body, & your mental & spiritual health in the year ahead? What practices might foster this attention?
- What might success look like for you? What habits do you want to keep or change?
- What word, phrase or theme do you want this year to be about?
- What questions or metaphors are accompanying you as you enter 2021?
- How do you want to show up in your communities this year? What relationships would you like to tend to or foster?

• Pamphlet designed & compiled by J.Lammiman



"THE WORLD IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS IT EVER WAS.
IT IS CHANGING, BUT THEN IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN.
THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO CHANGE, AND REMAIN
BEAUTIFUL, WITH IT."



ALICE WALKER: WE ARE THE ONES WE'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR: LIGHT IN A TIME OF INNER DARKNESS



NEW YEAR CANDLE RITUAL



Items needed:

- a bucket, jar or something to place lit candles in
- rocks (to be placed in the bucket so that candles will remain upright)
- a number of tapered candles (number dependent upon amount of people participating in the ritual 10-15)

Begin with a poem or reading such as:

Memento mori (Latin for: remember we all will die)

This year we remembered.

Throughout the ages, artists have rendered elaborate still-life's of half-eaten fruit,

As a memento mori, for all who looked upon them.

To remember, our fragility. To remember our mortality.

To remember, life is precious.

We honour death because it reminds us to celebrate life.

This year, we were reminded.

In our homes while COVID numbers climbed, we remembered.

In the streets in solidarity with the sacredness of Black and Indigenous lives, we remembered.

While Australia burned and the more-than-human world suffered, we remembered.

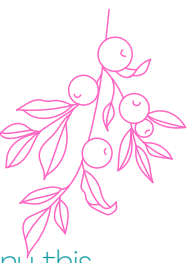
And tonight, as the world turns over into a new year, we remember the year that was 2020 and we release it back into earth's keeping.

I'd like to invite you to light a candle

and say something about what you'd like to release back into the earth's keeping at this time...



QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION THE YEAR PAST

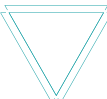


- What words/questions or themes kept you company this year?
- What were some of your key learnings? What did they teach you about the world? What did they teach you about yourself?
- What were some highlights of the year? What were some challenges? (on global, local and personal scales?)
- Reflect on three memories of the year that felt magical to you. What were they? What about them felt magical?
- What gave you energy this year? What drained your energy?
- How did you take care of yourself? What worked? What didn't?
- How have you responded to your own trauma this year? Collective trauma?
- Reflect on your community. Who showed up for your this year? How? Who did you show up for? How?
- What are you grateful for?
- What was successful (or worked for you) this year?
- What would you like to leave behind?
- What will you remember 2020 for? (globally, personally)
- What did you learn about who you are meant to be in the world this year?
- What did you learn about your body?
- New Year's is a time in-between the worlds, where we are literally between the years. In the midst of a year that held a lot of liminal space and transition, what metaphors or images have been accompanying you through the transition?






A BLESSING



Don't try so hard.
It comes in a shiver sometimes
, Sometimes in a winter windowpane,
Wild with the unseeable
Frozen there in ice:
The shapes above clouds,
The score and libretto of wind,
The plot of waves.
Don't try so hard..
Sometimes it falls,
A flake at a time,
Into your life while you're asleep.
Sometimes it comes as a winter
Blackness,
Waiting for storm, or ice, or thaw,
Or even wind,
And the still air groans,
And the trees crack,
The swamp shudders,
And the woods thrill.
Sometimes it comes when you least
Expect it. And sometimes it doesn't.
Quiet, still, no voice (even small) ,
No whirlwind, no reply; no burning.
Just a bare winter bush.
This is God, too.
The space between the stars,
Where noise goes to die,



And the space between
atoms,
Where the charges thin out:
These are places, too.
The moment in the
movement of the soul,
When it all seems to stop,
Seized up.
This is true, too.
Ice is, also. And dormancy.
And I don't mean the stirring
Of seeds beneath the snow,
But the place between.
And the moment before.
And I don't mean the
lightning bolt,
But what it passes through.
I don't mean a dream,
But dumb sleep.
"Not a thing" is something.
After the end.
And before the beginning,
Is time, too.
Let it alone, don't try so
hard.
This is God, too.
All of you is.
Stephen Philbrick as
referenced in Alice Walker's:
*We are the Ones, We've Been
Waiting for...*



CANDLE RITUAL CONT.

After the poem, invite people to light a candle, share something that they are releasing back into the year that has passed, and place the lit candle in the bucket.

When finished read:

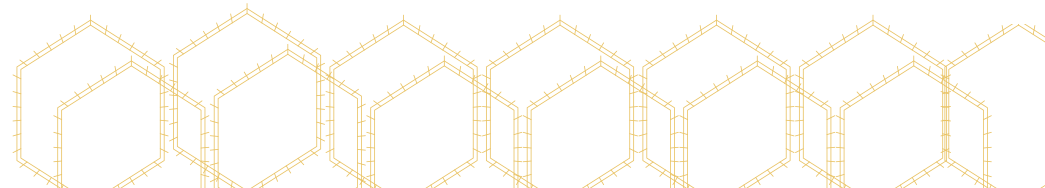
A Walk



by Rainier Maria Rilke. transl.: Joanna Macy

*Already my gaze is upon the hill, the sunlit one.
The way to it, barely begun, lies ahead.
So we are grasped by what we have not grasped,
Full of promise, shining in the distance.
It changes us,
even if we do not reach it,
Into something we barely sense, but are:
A movement beckons, answering our movement ...
But we just feel the wind against us.*

Invite people to light and place more candles, invoking or calling in something they would like to see emerge or be birthed in their lives or the world in the year ahead.

After all have done finish with a minute or two of silence.





We are in the rapids now
We are in the rapids now
and there is no choice but to go with the flow
a rite of passage
out of the plague of numbness
where we can't avoid looking into the ugliness
and where we have no choice but to wake up to the
beauty.

Perhaps, if I walk the earth softly enough
I can feel the roots move below my feet in a slow
search for water.

I can feel the earth turn
and stay close to the magic
that holds me connected to all that is.

The eye of the world watches as Gaia shudders
and thousands of lives are lost in Burma and China.

We are reminded of the frailty of our future
and perhaps our only survival
is to open our hearts to this great mystery.

Will you step into this dream time with me?

Will you cross the gateway?

Ride these rapids?

This rite of passage?

--bev reeler



WAYS TO REFLECT ON THE YEAR

- Write a letter to last year and a letter of greeting to the New Year.
 - Journal or write a poem about your experience of the last year and how you'd like to move into the new year.
 - Take a walk in your neighborhood and notice what more than human entities exist in your community. If you feel your attention being pulled towards one of them, move towards them. Introduce yourself and wait for a response. Ask them how you might build a relationship with them and what support you could give them in the upcoming year. Commit to visiting with them often in the year ahead.
 - Take a few moments to make a map of members of your community; thinking of plants, animals, humans and other entities that you consider part of your community. On your map, write a bit about what you are grateful for about each of them and then note the way you are supported by them and how you'd like to continue to cultivate relationships with them in the upcoming year.
 - Make a mind map of the gifts, skills and learnings you cultivated in 2020 and then spend some time reflecting on how you'd like to use those things in your life and the communities you are a part of in 2021.
 - Pull together some art supplies and using color or B&W, allow yourself to intuitively doodle, using colour, shapes or line to reflect how 2020 made you feel. Do the same with 2021.
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