



Close your eyes and see a pearly gray swirling in front of you as if you were inches away from a gauzy curtain ruffled by a breeze. You feel a tingle on your face like static electricity. •••

Step through the swirling gray. •••

And find yourself in the amber glow of an Autumn sunset that pours honey on the colors of the world. You are at the edge of an orchard rich with the smells of ripe apples that borders fields of grain golden with the harvest to come. You hear the sounds of work and the songs that accompany work in the distance. The air shines with the flight of bees, geese, spider gossamer, and the swirling dance of leaves.

There is a path that leads through the fields in a gentle downward curve to a river that reflects all the rich colors of the world. You feel a pull to take the path to answer the river's call. As you walk you take in the scent of drying leaves, of wheat, corn, the sweetness of fruit, and the deep smell of soil about to sleep. The Sun is warm but gentle upon your skin. You look about at the sight of work well done and the fulfillment that is soon to come with bushels to set aside for the cold months. You walk and walk at a leisurely pace. ••••

After a while you hear a song coming from the fields. The song grows louder and clearer as a man in work clothing, bearing a scythe, comes around a stack of hay bales. He smiles and tips his floppy hat at you and proceeds to sing you a song:

All Among the Barley

(We learned it from Holly Tannen. We think by Swansea Jack, Welsh Group 1978)



Now is come September, the hunter's moon begun
And through the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down its head

*All among the barley, who would not be blithe
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe*

The spring is like a young man who does not know his mind
The summer is a tyrant of most ungracious kind
The autumn's like an old friend, who loves one all she can
And she brings the bearded barley to glad the heart of man

*All among the barley, who would not be blithe
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe*

The wheat is like a rich man, it's sleek and well-to-do
The oats are like a pack of girls, laughing and dancing too
The rye is like a miser, it's sulky, lean, and small
And the ripe and bearded barley is monarch of them all

*All among the barley, who would not be blithe
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe*

Now is come September, the hunter's moon begun
And through the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red
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*All among the barley, who would not be blithe
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe*



You thank him for the song and he motions with his hand that you should follow him. He shows you a narrower, less well worn, path that still leads down to the river. Your guide hums and laughs and occasionally glances back to make sure you are still following. ••

You see large oak and holly trees line the river. You pass between two ancient trees that intertwine to form a gate. Past the trees, you see a stone mill house with its wheel turning in a river that sparkles as if it were full of topaz and citrine stones. He points his scythe to the door of the mill. He bows to you and vanishes like mist in the sun. ••

You enter the mill and the sound of the turning and the grinding of the wheel is louder than you would have imagined. The longer you listen, the more you hear that there is a beat and a rhythm in the turning mechanism. But something is not right. You can hear that your breath and the beat of your heart are not in line with the turning of the mill. The longer you look the more you begin to see swooshes of color and energy moving about and throughout the mill. ••

You take a few more steps into the mill and your eyes and ears adjust again. Overlain atop the old stone and sturdy wood and powerful machinery, you see a ghostly set of scales with a bright sun on one side and the dark sun on the other. The scales barely fit within the clearance of the ceiling. •• An orange tabby, the mill cat, runs through the scales as if they were nothing, disturbing nothing. You step closer and find that the scales feel solid to you. In fact the bright sun gives off warmth and the dark sun radiates cold. •••



You hear someone clear their throat and see an old woman in a homespun dress with dried flowers in her hair is standing next to you. Her smiling eyes are the color of old blue porcelain. She is carrying a basket that seems much too large, too heavy, for her. She says, “Dear Child, you must decide how much to be saved as seed and how much we set aside as the harvest. You must balance the scales of day and night, summer and winter, and life and death. When you do, the sound of the mill and the sound of your heart will be one.” •••••

With great care you take things from her basket and place them on the scales. This goes on and on until it feels and looks right. ••••• The sound and the feel is almost right. •• Then it is and the old woman smiles at you. She says, “You’ve done well. Now make a wish, one that is just for yourself as I turn the Mill of Magic.” ••

Then with a hand that seems to frail for the task she spins the mill stone up to a tremendous speed. Two stars light in her eyes as she speaks the rune:

Fire Flame, Fire Burn

Make The Mill Of Magic Turn

Work The Will For Which We Pray

Eko, Eko, Evohae.

Air Breath, Air Blow

Make The Mill Of Magic Go

Work The Will For Which We Pray

Eko, Eko, Evohae.



Water Heat And Water Boil
Make The Mill Of Magic Toil
Work The Will For Which We Pray
Eko, Eko, Evohae.

Earth Without And Earth Within
Make The Mill Of Magic Spin
Work The Will For Which We Pray
Eko, Eko, Evohae.
Eko, Eko, Evohae.
Eko, Eko, Evohae.

You feel yourself turn to mist and swirl above the mill stone. You are one with the ebb and flow of the mill. You hear her say, “You are always welcome at Harvest Home.”

You close your eyes and see a pearly gray swirling in front of you as if you were inches away from a gauzy curtain ruffled by a breeze. You feel a tingle on your face like static electricity. ••• Step through the swirling gray. •••

And you are in the here and the now. You are in your body. You are in the here and the now.

Open your eyes slowly. Wiggle you toes and fingers. Breathe deeply.

Say your name aloud three times.