

# 13 Winters, Mote It Be

Cast a circle,  
protected by candle light.  
Nothing but mother nature,  
the Goddess and the God,  
to protect our ritual this night.  
Call upon the Goddess,  
Our mother.  
Call upon the GOD,  
our father.  
Due what thou wilt,  
but they watch over us all!  
Earth the elements that bind us together.  
Air calling out to each corner.  
Fire letting the energy flow through us.  
Water protect us during the ritual tonight.  
Draw a pentagram in the air,  
to open and close our circle.  
Merry meet and merry part,  
this is our rite so mote it be!  
BLESSED BE!