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Praying is talking to the gods. We can do it for a variety of reasons: ask for things, thank things, praise, or simply a desire to rest in the presence of the sacred. Given how important prayers have been to the pagans over time, it's a shame that prayer doesn't play much of a role in the spiritual lives of many pagans. That's why I wrote A Pagan Prayer Book. My interest in prayers did not end with the publication of the book, of course. Nor my pleasure to write them. In fact, I wrote a second book of prayers, A Pagan Ritual Prayer Book. You can also buy my books from me, which means you can autograph them. I keep writing prayers, some based on suggestions made by people in reviews of my books. Here are some of them. A holy song I can sing for the gods; beautiful words get up from my mouth. How can I not honor you, Saints, you whose glory is great? Take these words of praise, which you are offered in gratitude. Agni (Vedic) I give praise to Agni, raise my voice in prayer, to the priest of the gods, closest to us. With these words to accelerate my thoughts to the gods. Agni, I offer you my words, as if golden butter pours your flames, feeds you, strengthens you, gives you life. I ask you to convey my prayers to the gods, priest of the gods, who speaks mellow words. Do not hide from us, in water or cane, offering fire, High Priest Agni. Be strong on our altar, raised to the gods, you who are the first to receive our offers. Turn with your many tongues this butter poured into you, this gift of gold, cleared, pure, in its flames, clear and pure. Grow strong, grow tall, powered by word and butter, increase strength through our prayers today, words spilled like sweeter butter in your praise. Artemis (Greek) Virgin who runs with animals, as quickly as the fire runs in his heart, as quickly as his arrows reach their targets, as quickly as their prey is brought to their destination: bring mine quickly to me. Asherah (Semitic) Pillar installed in the sanctuary of my house, as I anointed you with this sweet-smelling oil, I pray that Asherah comes into you, I pray that your eyes are open, I pray that you are Asherah, here in front of me. Asherah in my sanctuary, Asherah, in front of me here in my sanctuary: I smell this sweetly scented oil with which to anoint your body. Be honored, be powerful, be present before me, Asherah, yourself, on this pillar. I erected this pillar here in the high place. I lifted this stone change without a escalivada. I pour beer and offer bread to Asherah, queen of heaven, queen of the world. Athene These olives for you, Athene; I hope you approve mine with loving heart. Ba'al (Semitic) Ba'al, which advances from valley to valley, and yet the sanctuaries are built on top of the mountain; Lord of the cities, Lord of the wasteland, Lord wherever you care to travel, the oppositions fall under your raised hand, in at the sight of his raised cannon. Brighid (Irish) (Before a Trip) A Bhrighid, the flame in our home, the flame in our hearts: receive this olive oil poured at you, southern lands butter, and my fiancée, so of your sweet butter, spread thickly on the bread, upon our return. Milk will also pour into you, Protective of our blessed home, of our inner hearts, who become you with love. Cernunnos: in whom they meet opposites, but not destroyed; that you cannot know, because there is nothing against which you can be compared; because what is put against you, your opposite is there; that you can not approach, because there is no place where you move; you are already there; Controller of opposites through stillness, possessing power through calm; the cold metal that is life, the splash snake that is death; between hunter and hunted sit so still, neither both; animal horns in the human head: neither; Clinging to tension in the face of irreconcilable but eternally calm opposites: in my turmoil, in my confusion, in adversity from within in twists and turns, the seemingly unstoppable rush of my mind and my words, amid the chaos: I beg you, to Cernunnos, in which opposites meet in order of rest, a peace of diamonds. You sit between, Wearer of Antlers, between the brilliant and the one that takes us into the darkness; between what he hunts, friend of men, and what is hunted, the best of prey; even you are between the animal and man. I praise you, Cernunnos, liminal lord. Your patience is endless as you sit in the calm: you don't move, even if everyone else does - It's through your stillness that you are everywhere. Charon (Greek) On a river pole without glass our loved one, Old Man, on the other side, where his place to be an inert guide, Boatman: your rate is paid, take it to your break. The Dagda (Irish) Prodigious, belly pot, emptying god can, God good, tro-club armed, bumptious, bumbling, bumpkin god, nobler gods, nobler and better. Dead you have your own place, Mort, and that's not all. There you rule as king; here we are the most common of people. There you inhabit a noble palace; here we live in a simple house. There you like sparkling richness; here our poverty embarrasses us. Go to your place, dead, and wait for us there. We have listened to your message and we will respond. But we're busy here, dead. We have a lot to do. Be patient, we will respond, but only when the time is right. Come back to your house, dead, and wait for us to come. For you it will be just a little time. For us been a lifetime. Life. No, no, no, no. Mother of Grain, when you strolled through the bereft world of your daughter, who had been taken by the Lord of shadows underground, a maiden in the dark, you cried, with sacred tears, she who would soon be returned to you for part of the year, to dwell among the dead for long months for you. Demeter, I too have had my son taken for death, but without the consolation of return, even for a while, however short. See the tears of a mortal, feel them falling on his chest, and know them as if they were his own. You, a mother, see me, a mother, and you cry with me until the time of mourning is over. And bless my pain, not a heart cut off by pain. Crying, crying; they move even the gods to tears, to sacred tears, as they mourn with you your loss as they mourn with me my own. Dionysos (Greek) Step round on the ground to the sacred sound by ivy topped on flowers dressed as tendrils wound our steps delivered by freedom tied to the mystery found. The boys of Dioskouroi Zeus, Saviors at Sea, help everything in all anguish: through the waves of danger that surround my days, the small boat of my small life, guide me, safe stars, in everything I do. Gentlemen, divine, who go before us, taking everything down the safest path, guiding you through all the threatening dangers, being my protectors, on this day and all, protecting this one who prays to you, who addresses you in trouble, and who thank you in times of peace. Diw's Sun (Proto-Indo-European) Sons of Heaven, from the most fearsome god, friends to mortals, and all who suffer, bring health and healing to those who adore you, Diw's Sun. Sailors at sea, Soothers of pain, take me home to safe haven, a resting port, although it is now unknown to me. Dyéus Ptér (proto-Indo-European) I am under the bright, bright, clear, blue and empty sky of all but himself, and praise the Father of the Bright Sky, Lord of the Xártus, enforcer of justice: you see everything that is done; that my facts are true. Donu (Proto-European) (In a river or at the source of a river) The rivers' care, flows through me, leaving behind, Donu, healing gifts, Donu, from this sacred place, Donu. Eostre, come! Nice as painted eggs, Eostre, come! With golden hair, Eostre, come! With winning smile, Eostre, come! Like the dawn rose, Eostre, come! Come, Eostre, bring spring, Come, Eostre, come! Epona (Gaulish) A white mare, a vision, a daughter-in-hander on horseback, sucks a young foal: Gather me, Epona, in your maternal arms, and take me away from the problems in your solidarity embrace, on the back of a conceived white mare, strolling. Gabija (Baltic) Dear Fire, dear Gabija, stay with us here, in the house where you are loved. everything you might need here: this meal, this milk, the bowl of water to keep dirt away, your family's pleasant conversation to listen to. Rest comfortably here at bed, and share your blessings around. The God (Wiccan) We sang in praise of the God of Help; we sing with finely forged words, sing to him as we should, sing for his freely given gifts, sing for his well-taught lessons. Bright ember eyes, between oaks and ash and towering pine, God of the dark under-tree. Eye of heaven, on fire on the earth spread: God of darkness and light, God bathed, furious, full of lust, resting in meadows, in the warm breezes: Who can understand a God like this? There is no need: there is only need for fear. The goddaughter (Wiccan) of the Earth, and lies in the gap between the stars, foundation and source, and the beginning of the world, found where all things end, Encloser of all, Giver by birth, Eternal Woman, Greatest Mystery: Praise, and always praise you! Blessed be, Great, You from the Silver Cart! You make plants grow and animals give up. You give us children to follow our lines. You give us daughters to love our children and glorify you. Blessed be it, Great Goddamn! Godsend of beauty, goddess of love, of life and of life, of giving birth, and queen of our land. Blessed be, Great Goddess, Silver Moon, Lovely Crescent! Great Mother, Triple Deessa, Maiden, Mother, Wise Teacher, Diana, Selene, Hekate: We Love You, and You; we are your Hidden Sons. Give us your arms. Blessed be it, Great, You golden hair, clad in green, big and bright, lady of acorn, corn, queen of meadows, queen of fields and forests, Bright star, Mother of Earth, Queen of life and love! Blessed be it, Great, Tree Protector! Godsending gaily, Crowned to light, Great and powerful: You walk through the fields and plants rejoice. The Gwhedhru s (proto-Indo-European) Unrhythmed drumming thunder, proclaims its arrival, the warrior band, the Gwhedhru s, who ride the cloud tops, roaring. Helios (Greek) Helios in the midday sky, see what I do precisely, push me when I act unfairly. Judge, but gently, to keep my way right. Herakles/Hercules (Greek/Roman) With arrows you killed the Snake of the Hesperids, With a Torch the Hydra, With your own hands the Nemean lion. I don't care what weapon you use while my difficulties fall in front of you. Hermes and Apollo (Greek) Lord of Deception, Hermes, Although you stole the cattle from Apollo, he accepted you laughing as a brother (although zeus s Lord of thieves; a god through the world above, a go at the world below, both of hidden birth: the truth too often as secret as theft. Horus Fiercest Hawk, Evil Defeatist, Sun Above Bright, Heat of the Day: Destroy with your jet the dangers of life, with your path. Indra (Vdic) Killer of Vatra, freer from the waters, remove obstacles, bring blessings, in my life, vajra-wielder, Indra, Powerful God. Isis (Eqyptian) Queen who fell in love travelled a lot, through and again, to recover the body of Osiris, her dead and dismembered husband, victim of traitor Seven: Isis, weave together with divine magic my fragmented marriage and bring it to life again. Godess Throne, it rules in my heart. Mother of the Suns shine on me. Queen of days, protect me in the light. Queen of nights, protect me in the darkness. Queen of everything I do, and everything I do, and everything Janus, keeps our doors well in our absence. Open the way for blessings to come, close the door to everything I do, and everything I that would hurt me, everything that would threaten me, and all the threats also to my family, my friends, to everything I have: Janus who looks in both directions, look at me with benevolent eyes. Juno (Roman) Juno, goddess of marital peace, sweet and strong, soft wife, queen and savior and pure, who reigns with her young husband there, above the heavenly vault, arrive, pray, his quiet hand, and soften discord in my marriage, for you this prayer; to you I will utter grateful words. Manannán (Irish) A Mhannanán, a rider in the secret sea, the waves of white man lie under the wheels of his cart that across a meadow plain, a fertile land of just flowers, makes its way towards me. Mhanannán, who still waves, bring agitation, bring agitation, bring embroidered winds; then calm seas, as if after a storm. From the bottom of old fears, then calm them down with the bell of your branch. Mhanannán, listen to my prayer. In the midst of overwhelming waves I tell you, and, son of the sea, you will calm them down. Because it's the horses that draw your cart, your goad the golden bell bell. Manann n, play a strain of things in the harp to dry the teas of those who are in sadness before they start falling. Peace, peace, the sound of strings, the game, Manann n, a quiet strain. Marduk (Babylon) Smasher of cities, which killed Kingu and Tiamat with their powerful club, with their storm mason, Marduk I praises. Overcome from chaos, Ordainer cosmos, Marduk I praises. Blessed by those who live in the city when they wait for protection, and by those on farms when they ask crops to thrive, Marduk praises them. You they were elevated to the king by the gods by right of his power, which rules over gods and men, who brings blessings to those who worship you, and retain them from those who do not recognize you: Marduk, you praise. Minerva (America, through the work of the Framers, wise and flawed, helps us all, voters and elected officials, to live by their ideals. Mithras (Roman) Unknown mystery is his death of bull, Mithras, and Mystery of his birth, rising from the rock, torch and knife, fire and steel, you boon companions in his saving undoing. Take me, through fire, to the peace of The Sun, there in the heavenly realm, to dwell on the stars that berearded your cave, purified, divine, a god myself. Locked up, imprisoned, in the world cave, I seek liberation into the heavenly, the divine. Bull-killer, free me, Head of Leon, purify me, to climb into the solar realm, to shake the hand of the sun itself, there for dinner by your side, a god myself, divine. Mitra (Vedic) Good friend, Mitra, look lovingly at your worshipper who becomes you into affection. Protect all those who stand in the way of Varuba. Give me a quiet life surrounded by friends. Nehalennia (Gaulish) Across the sea on her faithful ship, Nehalennia, which carries the loads safely to shelter, bring blessings to me that brings blessings to you, words and good thoughts, and a grateful heart. Night As you come, Night, with stars on your train, crickets start your song, frogs come together and owls too, and I, with a human voice, praise your dominant presence, a whole chorus in your honor. Welcome to Peace, Peace; with soft eyes watch the earth, on these honored dead, now at rest, away from the horror of war. Blanket with olive leaves, while they sleep, unchanged and unforgivable for those who are in debt. Perkwus (Proto-Indo-European) Pern of many edges, proclaims what wields you, w gros, the champion, Perkwus, who comes with the storm driving him in front of him. Perun (Russian) Perun's arrows turn away enemies, and apply justice, and grant fertility. God with flaming hair, with a burning face, I see you come with the clouds to perform your powerful esces. Poseidon (Greek) Earth-Shaker Blue Man, Lord of the Horses, the kingdom is the sea: I stand on your coast and watch your waves as they roll up and leave, each singing a song of praise to you, and I join in with my prayer. Between high and low tide I build a small stone cairn softened by water and placed on top of my offering to be taken by waves of the returning sea, your horses, Poseidon Hippios, taking them to you. Pūъan (Vedic) Glowing Pūъan, who conveys the bride as if in her goat-guided cart, to a peaceful life, lead, as if you were married, to prosperity, lord of the roads, dealer. Accept this brilliant, gold and rich, rich ghee, about your lingam, lord Hiva, Destroyer of Illusions. Storm God We speak to the Lord of the Lightning, we seek the Lord of the Right, for him, the ever-brilliant Champion, an anthem to banish the night. Because when he comes, he comes in the dark. And when he comes, he brings the light. A flash that crosses the greyness, an accident that deaf our ears, a peak that nails the chaos, a strike that softens our fears. Because when he comes, he brings the light. With the rain, the greenness brings us, with grain, illuminated our days, with the power that distances falsehood, with the right opens our paths. Because when he comes, he comes in the dark. And when he comes, he brings the light. For the truth, it kills all confusion, for youth, stands like a star, the day, is shown in the storm cloud, the road, mark from afar. And when it comes, it comes in the dark. And when he comes, he brings the light. Yes, when it comes, it comes in the dark. And when he comes, he brings the light. Taranis (Gaulish) Thank you, Taranis, for this living rain, pouring from the wheel while rolling through the sky, loosening seeds, refreshing plants, carrying flowers and producing fruit, this monsoon rain that revives the suffering earth, dry land and waiting. Terminus (Roman) Terminus, watches well for our land in our absence. Tvahth, every floor, every joint venture, Tvahth; they can be like this, in this house I am building, Tvahth, god to do. Winds winds, fill the sails of the little ship of my life, propelling it safely through shoal-filled seas, to rest safely in the welcome port. No gales, no calm, just a breeze full of canvas, I ask. Zeus (Greek) I do not ask, as Rash Semele did, to see his true form. But come in any way you want to this altar, smoking with incense, Zeus who hears the prayer of the supplicant. Xáryomen (proto-Indo-European) Xáryomen, lord of the law of the people, donor of well-arranged friends: be our good husband. Get together. Make us one. That we worship you as a single people, that we come before the gods speak in one voice. Pipes and cables, communication and electricity, roads and street signs, and lampposts and lanes, EMT, police, firefighters, doctors, nurses, subway workers, and the routes they travel, crossing the city: all this is your body, your manifestation, X ryomen, our beloved god of social force, under whose blessing we draw, so many people, in a unified city.: thanks to you I pour this butter on the fire, the gift of the cow, the food of the flame, this gift for you, friend of the people. Samhain Prayer The circle turns and the sun diminishes: Now the darkness of the God overcomes its brightness. Now, then, begins the reign of death and cold. the North blows the cold wind, a wind from the site of the largest darkness. People hold their layers close against frost. But naughty can stop this cold; nothing can be put aside. Therefore, we rejoice before Death, knowing full well that death never lasts, never wins the final victory, and that the bright days of summer will return. Be happy, then, because death is coming! If you're glad, because winter is on us. Autumn Equinox Bright Prayer is harvest, decreasing the sun; his days of brilliant government are over. This is the moment when the fire of summer glory diminishes and becomes old in the west, the feast of the west, the celebration of the harvest, the feast of the dying sun. Sun.

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