



**Mythology of  
THE MAGISTRATE**

*“Bye great Grump, Fie on your name.  
We shall feed you to the flame!”*

Someone needs to bring order to our revelries and wild rituals of reverence and abandonment. Someone must face the large throngs of riled-up Townspeople at the Trial, all of them chanting “Burn the Grump! Burn the Grump!” And most of all, that person must step forth to offer the Great Grump Effigy some kind of just trial.

This is the archetypal Town Magistrate, who commands the Passion Play’s theatrical Court and Trial from his or her embodiment of fair play. It is the Magistrate’s job to ensure that the accused plaintiff, the Grump, receives from the Trial Its just deserts and deserved awards or punishment.

So far, for the last 36 years the Court and the crowd have found the Grump “Guilty as charged, and to be dually conveyed to the Crossroads to be burned in the Harvest Bonfire”. And thus, the Grump becomes the willing Sacrifice which will ensure that our beloved Green Man, Red Lady and our Mother Mountain will continue whole and healthy for another year and a day. That is, until the next Autumn Equinox when the seasons wheel around to Mabon, and the Equinox time of Balance, banishing and beckoning, death and rebirth, sacrifice and harvest.

by Marcie Telander, Vinotok Godmother and Founder



**Poem for the Magistrate**

Oh, Magistrate

Recite rhymes that illuminate our movements,  
For those who have never witnessed the wild within.  
In each establishment draw those who crave release  
From their seats and routine,  
With the might in your voice.  
Enticing onlookers to join in Nature's dance

Oh, Magistrate

Remind us why we've gathered, what we honor.  
Community, diversity and unity.  
Hark back to our ancestors, guiding our gaze to the future.  
Tell again, of the Great Grump  
Of who's burdens he carries  
Of the troubles and negativity, we must shed.

Oh, Magistrate

Keep order in the throng of merrymakers  
Demanding sacrifice.  
Direct the rowdy to respect our Harvest Mother's court.  
You shall oversee a fair trail .  
Order, Order  
We shall have harmony.

Oh, Magistrate

Hear the defense of this keeper of worries and weight.  
Hear the roar of the crowd as they persist.  
Judge his responsibility to us all.  
Decree the Red Lady be spared.  
Declare the Green Man will rise again.  
Proclaim this cleansing bring bountiful snows.

*Anna Claire, Wordsmyth*