



*Mythology + Meditation of*  
**ANCESTORS**

*"Oats and corn, oats and corn, all that dies shall be reborn.  
Vine and grain, vine and grain, all that falls shall rise again."*

We are each and all standing on the shoulders of our Ancestors. As in our Vinotok anthem and ancient Harvest chant above, we will ourselves someday become ancestors for those who follow us.

**MEDITATION**

To begin, we must offer the traditional Land Acknowledgement ritual to the First People and the First Nation to see and exalt this river-rich valley as both their Summer Home and earthly paradise. We give thanks to the Ute Nation, whose name is said to mean, "Dwellers in the Turquoise Sky", which certainly they and we are privileged to be. We ask permission to dwell with and honor the Place Spirit of the "Pahvant", the Ute name for the valley's confluence of many waters. This is said to be a sacred place of peace, healing and ceremonies of great meaning. We note our deep gratitude for being allowed to live in this sacred Land.

We offer thanks, blessings and honor to those whose bones have fed the Earth, also remembering and carrying forth the legacy of the Old Timers, Elders, Homesteaders, Ranchers, Miners and founders of our community.

We pause to name our personal Ancestors. First, those whose names we remember. You can simply say, "I thank, honor and bless (speak the names \_\_\_\_\_)". When you come to the place where you do not know the names you can say, "Even though I do not know your names, I thank, honor and bless you."

We are their fruit and heritage. We are the harvest for which Our Ancestors lived and died. Let us rise! By these actions let us become better Ancestors for our future generations.

It is so!

by Marcie Telander, Vinotok Godmother and Founder





## Every Man is Green

By Marcie Telander

*for Dan Escalante April 2020*

*As well as Art Thilquist, Andy Bamberg & Jamie Madsen who have Walked On*

Ours is a place that celebrates the Green.

Ours is a place that celebrates sacred feminine and the Green Man.

All women are the sacred land.

All men are green.

We are all the harvest.

We are a valley of souls who venture into the inner wilderness,  
as well  
as the outer wilds.

Sometimes we enter with others, sometimes we leave  
alone.

We know that we do not own this Place Spirit, this Earth Home,  
we do not own time.  
Time owns us, and the Earth receives us

The mountains enfold us, the rivers carry us home.

We are the seeds, and we will all become the Harvest.

We are meant to be tilled into  
the furrows of  
mountains, turned by the winds, water and weather.

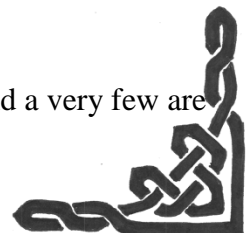
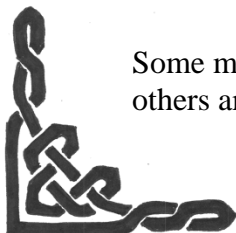
Some men are elders when they are planted,  
others are still youths.


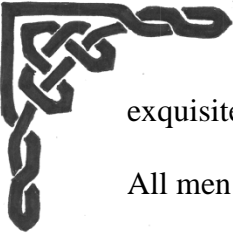
All men are Green.

Some men are too swift to be caught,  
others are caught by the swift splendor of each heartbeat.

All men are Green.

Some men are exuberantly Green, some are quietly Green,  
others are gently, tenderly Green, others are valiantly, powerfully Green and a very few are





exquisitely, quintessentially Green.

All men are necessary. All men are Green.

We are all the Harvest.  
We will feed the soil--  
human becoming humus,  
humus becoming human.  
It will be some time before  
the new World Communion will be ready--before the seed sprouts, grows perfectly tall,  
comes to a head

is sickled and bundled by many hands which become one hand,  
one hand which becomes  
many.

Then, at Lamastide we harvest first offerings together.

The threshing floor is alive and filled with chaff.  
We gather at the circle and bake  
the bread.

The ovens are lit,  
we are surrounded by warm sweet smells of yeast and grain, growing the loaves of life--  
and communion to come.

We are the harvest.  
We sing "Oats and corn, oats and corn all that dies shall be reborn."  
We must be satisfied that our labors will be enough.  
We are ancestors of the future and this communion  
**must** come.

This year we will share a feast of bitter herbs, salted wafers,  
the hosts of our tears.

All men are precious, all men are Green.

We will share in the Equinox rites, We are the Ancestors, the food, the Feast and the  
nourishment  
of tomorrow.

All men are Green.  
Walking along beside the cart toward the Autumn Equinox Fires bearing the sacrificed Green.  
We will sing "Vine and grain, vine and grain,  
all that falls shall rise again."

