

The Gnosis of the Gnomon

*In days of old, we feared the cold,
The ravages of winter.
For colors bright, we pined and sighed,
As snow to ice would sinter.*

*How could the crops begin to grow
If sun from earth stayed parted?
The foodstores dwindled fearfully,
And many grew down-hearted!*

*Then Solstice yielded secrets up
When shadow-lengths were charted.
The druids raised their standing stones,
Their wisdom now imparted.*

*Thus Winter Solstice marks the time
When days start growing longer.
We come together full of joy,
As heat and light grow stronger.*

--'Manda

*May the coming year be filled
with prosperity and peace.*