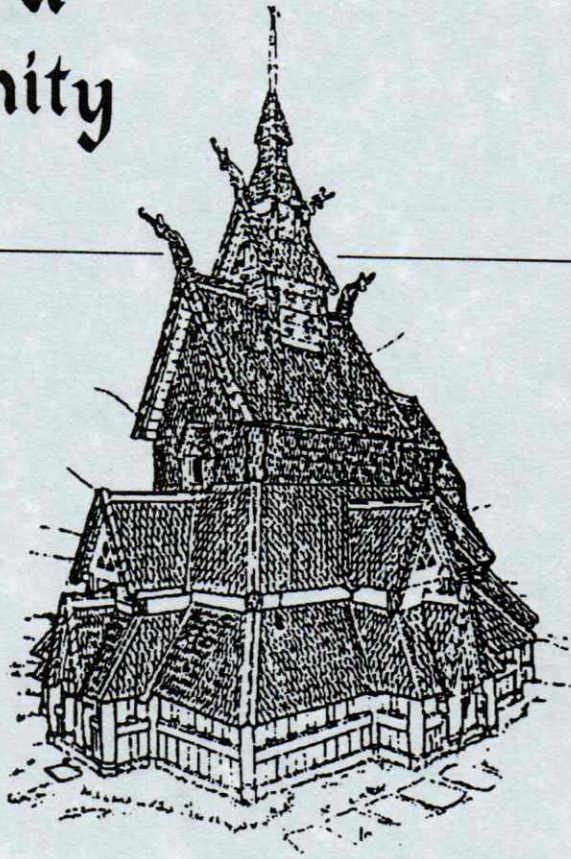


Asatru Community Church



Heimdal-Blot

HEIMDAL-BLOT

Portions in ***bold-faced italic print*** are to be recited by the assembled people. All stand as the gothi enters.

GREETING TO THE FOLK

Be all here blessed. May all ill be banished, all hatred cast out, and weal and well-being prevail, that we may listen to the wisdom within us and without us. In the sign of the Hammer, so may it be!

GREETING TO THE MIGHTY POWERS

Let us honor the Mighty Ones, the Givers of Good who have blessed us from time beyond memory. Let us honor the Gods and Goddesses, that we may be whole!

Hail Odin, Odin hail!

Odin, give good gifts!

Hail Frigga, Frigga hail!

Frigga, give good gifts!

Hail Thor, Thor hail!

Thor, give good gifts!

Hail Sif, Sif hail!

Sif, give good gifts!

Hail Frey, Frey hail!

Frey, give good gifts!

Hail Freya, Freya hail!

Freya, give good gifts!

THE GOTHI SPEAKS

[All sit as the gothi gives a simple sermon using out lore as guidance for our lives today.]

NINE HOLY VIRTUES

May our hearts be filled with virtue, that the Mighty Powers live in us.

Strength is better than weakness.

Let us be strong!

Courage is better than cowardice.

Let us be courageous!

Joy is better than guilt.

Let us be joyful!

Honor is better than dishonor.

Let us be honorable!

Freedom is better than slavery.

Let us be free!

Kinship is better than loneliness.

Let us be kin!

Truth is better than dogma.

Let us know the truth!

Vigor is better than lethargy.

Let us be vigorous!

Ancestry is better than rootlessness.

Let us honor our ancestors!

FOLKTALE

[Here the gothi tells a tale from ancient times, dealing with the Mighty Powers or the heroes.]

READING

[Here follows a reading from the Edda.]

BLOT

In the heart of each of us lies the best. As in one, so in many, be vigilant and mighty.

Defying the foeman's spear,
Longer than life shall we

The Folk drink wine.

Within our very blood,
Withstanding fire and flood,

The Folk drink wine.

Honoring kith and kin,
Guarding this, our chosen din,

The Folk drink wine.

High Gods we praise with song,
Remaining true to our strong,

The Folk drink wine.

We pray our Folk shall be,
Nor lie beneath an alien tree,

The Folk drink wine.

A mighty people shall we be,
Both strong and bold, as you and I,

The Folk drink wine.

Let the shining Sun ever be
of Midgard! Let our people be
know of our greatness! Let the
land that the Gods may rejoice
spring, but rather a people
the loom of Fate. To this we
the Gods, and they in us. By
unborn, so be it done!

READING

[Here follows a reading from the lore of our people.]

BLOC

In the heart of each of us do the Holy Ones dwell, as we strive for the best. As in one, so in many, for we are a host, a people, a Folk vigilant and mighty.

Defying the foeman's blast
Longer than life shall last -
The Folk doth abide!

Within our very blood
Withstanding fire and flood -
The Folk doth abide!

Honoring kith and kin and clan
Guarding this, our chosen land -
The Folk doth abide!

High Gods we praise with every breath
Remaining true to kin to death -
The Folk doth abide!

We pray our Folk shall never kneel
Nor lie beneath an alien heel -
The Folk doth abide!

A mighty people e'er to be
Both strong and bold, and brave and free!
The Folk doth abide!

Let the shining Sun ever find our Folk as it looks over the affairs of Midgard! Let our people be plentiful in the world, that all humankind know of our greatness! Let the tongue of our Folk be always heard in the land that the Gods may rejoice in us! Let us not be an autumn without a spring, but rather a people ever-born and ever new, with mighty deeds on the loom of Fate. To this we bend our hearts and wits, that we may live in the Gods, and they in us. By our ancestors, and by our descendants yet unborn, so be it done!

So be it done!

By all the heroes of ancient time! By Erik the Red and Herman of the Cherusci and Alarik the Goth! By all the other stalwarts who followed great Fate for our people and Gods, may we prosper and thrive victorious! By the heroes of our day as well, may we prevail and be strong!

May we be strong!

SONG

[As we call to Odin by his ancient names, a basket for offerings will be passed.]

**Herjafather Herjafather Sigfather Oth-in
Herjafather Herjafather Sigfather Oth-in**

**Herjafather Herjafather Herjafather Sig-tyr
Herjafather Herjafather Herjafather Sig-tyr!**

[Three times; last verse ends with a drawn-out "Oth-innnn!"]

[From this point on, exact wording may vary depending on the inspiration of the gothi.]

HAMMERSIGN

In the sign of the Hammer, and in the holy names of Odin, Balder, Frey, and Thor, I hallow the horg to Heimdal, and bless the place of blot! May all that is unholy flee before the might of Mjollir! May our minds, too, be hallowed a whole, given to the good of the Gods and the Folk. As Heimdal guards Bifrost bridge, may this place be warded from all ill!

INVOCATION

By the horn, the horn of fate, White God come!
By the bridge, the tumbling bridge, White God come!
By the ears, by the eyes, White God come!

God of the hearth, the gentle fire
You who helped to carve our forms
You who shaped the ways of men
Lord of the home, watchman God!

We salute you, White God,
To you who are the
To you the first of
To you the maker of

By the horn of fate
By the bridge of
Hail Heimdal, the
Hail, Heimdal,

GIVING

Heimdal, we offer
might, our main, our
our fight against those
grey slavery to Mjogard
for we have no master
but rather as a sign of

TAKING

Heimdal, you hear
horn. Pour now your
we may grow closer to

BLESSING OF THE FOLK

[Gothi circles the assembled
I give you the blessing of

CLOSING

The blot is done
ancestors to grow. May
with courage and trust

Heimdal, as you
gifts, and remember your

Now are Har's
sons of men, but of no
speaks them! Hail, the
gets them! Hail, those

We salute you, White God, Heimdall
To you will rise the gifts of sacrifice
To you the joyful songs are sung
To you the mead is drunk, o watchman!

By the horn, by the sword,
By the lonely watch you keep!
Hail Heimdall, golden-toothed!
Hail, Heimdall!

GIVING

Heimdall, we offer you blot! Not of blood, but the gifts of our might, our main, our troth. May it aid us, Gods and humankind alike, in our fight against those who would war against Asgard, or seek to bring grey slavery to Midgard. Heimdall, accept our gifts, not as from slaves - for we have no master! - nor as something given in fear and trembling, but rather as a sign of our kinship!

TAKING

Heimdall, you have take our gifts, as seen by the mead in this horn. Pour now your blessing into it, making it a true mead of might, that we may grow closer to you and to each other by sharing it among us.

BLESSING OF THE FOLK

[Gothi circles the assembled folk and sprinkles them with the holy mead.]

I give you the blessing of Heimdall!

CLOSING

The blot is done. May it cause our love of the Gods and our ancestors to grow. May we struggle with all the greater will to live free, with courage and trust in our strength, until we be gathered to the Gods!

Heimdall, as you wend your way to your home, take with you our gifts, and remember your brothers and sisters here in Midgard.

Now are Har's sayings said in Har's hall, helpful to the sons of men, but of no help to etin's sons. Hail, the one who speaks them! Hail, the one who knows them! Gain, the one who gets them! Hail, those who hear them!

The Asatru Community Church
is affiliated with the
Asatru Folk Assembly

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Thank you!