

Monastery of Annwn Archive



About

The Monastery of Annwn is a Brythonic polytheistic monastic community founded in 2022 with the aim of providing a virtual space and place of sanctuary for those who worship and serve the Gods and Goddesses of Annwn.

Our worship centres on our patron God, Gwyn ap Nudd, a King of Annwn, who guided the founding of the monastery and brought its members together. We also honour His beloved, Creiddylad, His Mother, Anrhuna, and His father Nodens/Nudd.

We are bound together by keeping our Nine Vows, the Rule of the Heart, daily and monthly prayers and seasonal rites. We host monthly open rituals, meditations and member-only check-ins and have a private forum.

The monastery currently functions as an online support structure for us as lay monastics and hermits enabling us to lead lives of solitude and prayer and / or to serve others by bringing the wisdom and inspiration of Annwn to the world.

We are an inclusive group and welcome monastic devotees of all races, genders, sexual orientations, and those with physical and mental disabilities and differences.

Our Nine Vows

- 1) To abide by the values of devotion and inspiration.
- 2) To keep the Rule of the Heart (to cultivate love of the Annuvian Gods and follow our hearts in aligning our heartbeats with the greater beat of Annwn).
- 3) To consecrate and caretake a personal space as a cell of the Monastery of Annwn.
- 4) To maintain a devotional practice to one or more of the Gods and Goddesses of Annwn morning and evening.
- 5) To pray and check in with other members of the monastery at least monthly with the aim of building friendships and community.
- 6) To make time on a regular basis for deepening our relationships with Annwn and its Deities through practices such as prayer, contemplation, meditation, journeywork, and deep reading and listening.
- 7) To take care of our health (physical, mental, and spiritual) so we can serve our Deities to the best of our abilities.
- 8) To live as simply and sustainably as possible in relationship with the spirits of our homes and local landscapes and the wider environment.
- 9) To take an active role in the building of the monastery (optional).

The Rule of the Heart

Our Rule centres on cultivation of love of the Annuvian Gods. In this each individual is free to follow their own heart in aligning their heartbeat with the greater beat of the Heart of Annwn. Where the Heart of Annwn lies, what it is, and what it means to them, is for each individual to discover as part of the mystical journey that leads to their formation as a monastic devotee of Annwn.

Ritual Year

Our ritual year is based on the mythos of our patron God, Gwyn ap Nudd, and His consort Creiddylad. These are the Holy Days we currently celebrate.

The Flowers of Creiddylad (29th March)

As the land bursts into flower and we begin sowing our seeds we honour Creiddylad as a Brythonic Goddess of flowers and fertility. We will be making offerings of prayers and poetry and asking for Her blessings on our seeds.

The Battle of Gwyn and Gwythyr (Calan Mai – 1st May)

On Calan Mai, Gwyn ap Nudd battles against his rival, Gwythyr ap Greidol, for the love of Creiddylad. Gwyn, our Winter King, loses and Creiddylad enters a sacred marriage with Gwythyr, the King of Summer. We mourn the death of Gwyn and celebrate the return of Creiddylad from Annwn to the world as our Queen of Summer.

Gwyn's Feast (29th September)

A celebration for the feast day of Gwyn ap Nudd. We share offerings and devotions to Gwyn including a feast of pork and apples with mead and poetry readings.

Gwyn's Hunt (Nos Galan Gaeaf – 31st October)

On this night Gwyn begins riding out with the Wild Hunt to gather the souls of the dead over the winter months. We honour His hunt with drumming, singing, and poetry. We also hold a space for honouring the ancestors.

Winter King (21st December)

A celebration of the Winter Solstice honouring Gwyn as our Winter King

Twelve Days of Devotion to Gwyn ap Nudd (25th December – 5th January)

Twelve days of devotion to Gwyn ap Nudd spent in prayer, meditation, contemplation, journeywork and devotional creativity.

Prayers

To the Spirit of the Monastery of Annwn

You are new
and yet You are ancient.

You are of the Deep
yet You speak the world.

You call your monastics
to solitude and the silence of prayer
yet You inspire us to raise our voices in poetry and song.

You reside in our hearts and souls
and every breath we take.

We sing You.

We carry You
everywhere we live.

Your walls hold us and offer sanctuary
but they keep nobody out.

Your doors are always open.

Your only demand is love of the Gods,
of each other and all beings
in life and death.

Your challenge is to love death itself.

When we pass through that door
You will still be there –
the other monastery,
like the other Tawe in a distant land
where the tides beat furiously upon the shore.

~ Sister Patience

New Moon Prayer

Gods and Goddesses of Annwn
we come this new moon
as monastic devotees
to honour You.

We honour darkness, we honour depth,
we honour light, we honour breath,

we honour warp, we honour weft,
we honour the weaving of life and death.

Let our breath be one with Your breath
and our hearts beat one with Yours.
Let our hands be one with Your hands
in harmony, devotion, and love.

Merged together, above, below, within, without,
this day and all days, this night and all nights.

~ Co-written by monastic devotees

Prayer to Gwyn ap Nudd for Awen

Gwyn ap Nudd Lord of Annwn
I pray with you this day
Gwyn ap Nudd Lord of Annwn
may Awen flow this way

Hollow are your hills
sacred are your ways
Gwyn ap Nudd
Lord of Annwn I pray with you this day

Awen flows through the river
Awen flows through the sea
Awen deep within the well
may Awen flow through me

~ Sister Aelfwyn

I Hail You

A Morning Prayer to Gwyn ap Nudd

Gwyn ap Nudd, White son of Mist,
I hail You in the morning
and pray with You beside me
I will never be lost again.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Hunter in the Skies,
I hail You in the morning
and pray with You beside me
my hunt, my quest, will never die.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Bull of Conflict,
I hail You in the morning
and pray with You beside me
I will keep on fighting through this day.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Keeper of the Cauldron,
I hail You in the morning
and pray with You beside me
my life will be filled with inspiration.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Ruler of Annwn,
I hail You in the morning

and pray with You beside me
I will know the unfathomable depths.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Gatherer of Souls,
I hail You in the morning
and pray with You beside me
I will gather up my pieces be whole again.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Lord of the Dead,
I hail You in the morning
and pray with You beside me
I will walk with courage until the end.

I Hail You

An Evening Prayer to Gwyn ap Nudd

Gwyn ap Nudd, White son of Mist,
I hail You in the evening
and thank You for Your guidance
through the mist and the fog and the rain.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Hunter in the Skies,
I hail You in the evening
and thank You for Your guidance
as my hunt, my quest, leads into night.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Bull of Conflict,
I hail You in the evening
and thank You for Your guidance
as our battles end at the close of the day.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Keeper of the Cauldron,
I hail You in the evening
and thank You for Your guidance
as I become the vessel for Your inspiration.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Ruler of Annwn,
I hail You in the evening
and thank You for Your guidance
as I come to know the unfathomable depths.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Gatherer of Souls,
I hail You in the evening
and thank You for Your guidance
as I gather up the lost pieces of my soul.

Gwyn ap Nudd, Lord of the Dead,
I hail You in the evening
and thank You for Your guidance
as I walk with courage towards the end.

~ Sister Patience

Gwyn, Master, Teach Me

Teach me, teach me, dearest Gwyn,
in Thine own sweet, loving way,
all the lessons of perfect witchcraft

I must practice day, by day.

Teach me confidence, my Gwyn,
of Thine own counterpart;
not in words and actions only
but in confidence of the heart.

Teach gratitude, sweet Gwyn
to this tired, worn heart of mine
which still wishes
to hold your favors for all time.

Teach me fervor, blessed Gwyn
to move forward, firmly paced
as as to never look back,
never to quit the race.

Teach me magic, Gwyn
that my every day may see
something added to our world
that my soul is bared to Thee.

Teach me patience, my love, Gwyn
so that I can breathe and be
firmly grounded, rooted,
in acknowledgement of what you do for me.

Teach Thy Heart to me, dear Gwyn
is my fervent, final prayer
for all beauties and perfections
are in full perfection there.

~ Sister Prey

Reunion

Was I a monk or mystic? Did I meet You?
Was I a cunning-man or -woman? Did I know You?
Was I a heretic or witch who dared to greet You?
And for me, to put the holy Church below You?

There's a cross on the tree-lined skyline
I'm sipping coffee as I watch the window glass
On the sidewalk, there's my holy King
Inside me, distant church bells ring

Mournful, as they're calling me to Mass
There's a cross—I don't see the steeple
In the poignant dusk I feel a pang of loss
You're taller than a man could be—
Your antlers, like an ancient tree
Branch out and cover up the distant cross

On the roads or fields, would You chase me?
For forgotten bonds, You came to hunt me
In my fear and passion, You embrace me
And I thrill to feel how much You want me

I feel You when the Pagans start their drumming
We writhe and chant beside the leaping flames
The shadows flicker smoky gold
You're dancing, primal deep and old
My Horned One calls His people by our Names
I'm here to dance the music You have taught me
I'm here to show Your people where You tread
Reweaving Worlds they forced apart
This Circle breathes with You its Heart
A place for both the living and the dead

(na na na x 8)

In the barrow dark You call my name
And glitter in the weaver's frame
He served You with ancestral dreams
She chanted by the moonlit streams
Annwfn's Child, call me home
My stories sleep in a silent tome
And me, I know for all my days
I'll give the Faery King my praise!

Between the beats of Time I feel You breathing
And while I live, my soul is in Your care
The Lord of song and poetry
The Soul of wind and rain and sea
And when I die, I know You'll guide me there
You sparkle like a dream I half remember
I wonder if I've met You here before
You blossom red, my Winter Rose
Beneath all words, my spirit knows
And so I turn to follow You once more.

You blossom red, my Winter Rose
Beneath all words, my spirit knows
And so I turn to follow You once more.

(na na na x8)

~ Brother Delight

Ye O's of Ye People

Chorus: O i comnaíde tuigithir bláth bith!

(Old Irish: 'O, always [lit. in residence] flowers covering the world' inspired by Fionn Mac Cumhaill's Cétemain, caín cucht)

O Creiddylad lover of Fairy,
What loneliness befalls this host
as we make our rites to end,
And you are no stranger to loneliness
As you are One who connects wild with wild,
heart with heart, and root with root.

O i comnaíde tuigithir bláth bith!

What it is then to bring these final words
to your throne of tree and stone,
in the circle of wing and tendon,

axe and mushroom, hoof and bone,
vetch and antler, seed and builb.
Is to yield to a celebration ever-turning.

O i comnaíde tuigithir bláth bith!

Bring soon then your doomsday
to our now today, hen catching corn,
stretching your canopy above us,
worlding ancestors and generations to come;
activating wild commons; opening colliquy;
gathering, building, weaving, we magic Your Day always...

O i comnaíde tuigithir bláth bith!

They are in Winter: Snowdrops from tombs;
purple from forests; Daffodils ye Fair Folks' horn;
yellow from forest floor; Primrose from ancients.
In Spring: Wood anenome stretching from anthers;
Hedgerows of Dog Violets; Wild Garlic carpetting one
Earth; yellow hoods of Annwn's carpet plant Anrhuna.

O i comnaíde tuigithir bláth bith!

They are in Summer: The Bluebell floors;
Sovereign Gentimtella of constancy;
Rosebush of beckoning; Fairy-Bells dancing.
In Fall: Climatis; Woodbine: Yon lover Aimee Vibert.
Chrysanthemums; And Aconite and wild affinity again,
Your thorns singing from the ecstatic graves in late Winter.

O i comnaíde tuigithir bláth bith!

~ Sib. Temperance

Full Moon Novena Prayer – Nine Faces of Gwyn

Gwyn ap Nudd
on these nine nights
of the full moon
we pray to
Your nine faces –
Warrior, Hunter, Lover
Dreamer, Inspirer, Ruler,
Reaper and Gatherer
and to Your Unknown Face.

I.
On this first night
we pray to You as Warrior.
With Your spear in Your hand
from doubts defend us.
With Your shield at Your side
from fear protect us.
Your strength and courage
grant to bolden us
on this first night.
On all nights.

II.

On this second night
We pray to You as hunter.
With Your keen eye
You relentlessly seek us.
With Your swift bow
Awen pierces us.
Your patient pursuit
grants to reveal us.
On this second night.
On all nights.

III.

On this third night
We pray to You as Lover.
With gentleness
Your arms embrace us.
With tenderness
Your touch awakens us.
Connecting Joy–
You dance with us.
On this third night
On all nights.

IV.

On this fourth night,
We pray to You as Dreamer.
With the baying of hounds,
To slumber lull us.
With the cry of ravens,
Through dreamland lead us.
With deep mystery,
From mist deliver us.
On this fourth night
On all nights.

V.

On this fifth night
we pray to you As inspirer
Within the cauldron of Annwn
Your wisdom ignites us
Within the song of your land
Your stories enchant us
Within the eternal dance
Your Awen flows through us
On this fifth night
On all nights.

VI.

On this sixth night
we pray to You as Ruler.
Oh Lord of Annwn
forever watch over us.
When broken we kneel
before You heal us.
To our sovereignty
and self-love raise us.
On this sixth night.
On all nights.

VII.

On this seventh night
we pray to You as Reaper.
May You hold close our souls
take away our fears; soothe us
Sacred one, balancer of Life and Death
continue to keep us
Holder of the Great Mystery
from the cosmos to our hearts, guide us
On this seventh night.
On all nights.

VIII.

On this eighth night
We pray to You as gatherer.
With Your steadfast patience
You search for us.
With Your inspiring words
You beckon us.
Your strong arms
never tire of carrying us.
On this eighth night.
On all nights.

IX.

On this ninth night
We pray to Your Unknown Face
With the vastness before
may you continue to lead us
through mysteries both great and small
we look to You to continue to guard us
through the Unknowable may we
know ourselves, as you know us
On this ninth night,
on all nights.

~ Co-written by monastic devotees

In Summer We Miss You

For Gwyn ap Nudd in Summer

In summer we miss You
we miss You like we miss the rain
but we know You will return again
like the raindrops on our window panes.

In summer we miss You
we miss You like we miss the snow
but we know You will return again
like blackthorn in its moonlit glow.

In summer we miss You
we miss You like we miss the moon
but we know You will return again
like life's cycles; all in tune.

In summer we miss You
we miss You like we miss the Star

but we know You will return again
with silver song, high sweet and far.

In summer we miss You
We miss you like we miss a song
but we know You will return again –
in silence Your melody lingers on.

In summer we miss You
we miss You like we miss the Dance
but we know You will return again:
the Phoenix, bright with radiance.

In summer we miss You
we miss You like we miss our breath
but we know You will return again
like the primordial dance of death.

In summer we miss You
we miss You like we miss time gone before
but we know You will return again
like crashing tides upon the shore.

In summer we miss You.
we miss You like we miss the breeze on our skin
but we know You will return again –
as summer ends winter will begin.

~ Co-written by monastic devotees

Sacred Spaces

As monastic devotees those of us who have taken our Nine Vows have consecrated and now caretake sacred spaces as cells of the Monastery of Annwn. Here are some photographs of the spaces we keep for our Gods and Goddesses.

