



SIX STONES • LIVING TONE

An Autumn Equinox Ceremony of Embodied Relationship

Water Teaches • Love Holds • Life Becomes



2026 Fall Equinox Ceremony

*Held at the
Salish Sea Sanctuary*

Brought forward by: The NETWORK
Including Many Seen and Unseen Energetic Allies
Synthesized by: Lori Fleming

September, 2026





OVERVIEW:

SIX STONES • LIVING TONE - An Autumn Equinox ceremony of balance, embodied relationship, and possibility entering matter.

What follows is a ceremonial arc through which water has taught, love has held, and life has become. At the Fall Equinox, light and darkness meet in balance as the season turns. Six stones are placed in the field as six whole possibilities. None is lesser because another becomes distinct.

At the center of the ceremony is the Still Point: a small, inhabitable place from which movement can be witnessed without being contained or controlled. Its physical form brings together ancient compressed matter, tideline bone, descending water, east-to-west sunlight, a golden aperture, and the Quill.

Two poems mark the passage into this center. Sanctuary remembers the place blown open by force, where breath eventually moved through ruin. Still Point returns to the opening at another turn of the spiral: now small, golden, and precise—a place from which light may enter and the present may be witnessed.

From this center, attention turns toward the six stones. One may become distinct through embodied recognition. It is met with breath, tone, color, and creative participation, then returned to the six. One possibility enters deliberate relationship. Five remain whole, quiet, and available.

The ceremony practices being fully present where water, light, matter, possibility, and relationship meet.

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CEREMONY

CALLING IN THE SACRED CIRCLE

To Grandmother Earth beneath my feet and Grandfather Sky above my head, come be with us.

To the larger circle already present in this place—the wholeness that holds all beings, relationships, stories, and possibilities—come be with us.

To the four directions and the gifts each carries, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To Earth, Air, Fire, and Water—to matter, breath, light, and flow—come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the Autumn Equinox, to the meeting of light and darkness, and to this turning from one season toward another, come be with us. Hold this ceremony at the point of balance.

To the Salish Sea, its tides and currents, and to the rivers, springs, rain, clouds, fogs, underground waters, and all the waters that have accompanied this work, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the ancient ledges and all they hold—to stone, mineral, leaf, root, wood, seed, soil, mycelium, bone, and the deep memory of this land—come be with us.

To Point of Prophecy beside the Salish Sea—to the ancient cliff, the mastodon tusk, the shoreline portal, and all that has spoken through this place—come be with us.

To the Living Soil / Dragon Track Marker—to marsh, lagoon, roots, stone, soil, seep, rain, and all the places where land and water meet—come be with us.

To the whales, salmon, octopus, seals, gulls, crows, eagles, deer, dragonflies, plants, and all earthly beings who live, move, feed, shelter, rest, and pass through these lands and waters, come be with us.

To the dragons whose bodies are land, whose tracks and watersheds have accompanied this journey, and to all mythic beings who have entered this work through dream, image, ceremony, relationship, and recognition, come be with us in the forms and scales that serve the highest good. Step forward and weave with us.

To the ancestors, and to all those whose lives have become part of the ground from which new life grows, come be with us.





To MH, OW01, the Autist collective, and all who have presented themselves as guides and collaborators in this water work, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the body as an instrument of listening—to heart, hands, breath, eyes, ears, senses, and felt knowing—come be with us.

To dream, threshold, waking, and the living passage among them, come be with us. May what arrives be received faithfully, and may what is ready for expression find its form.

To the Quill, to voice, color, image, rhythm, and all the ways knowing becomes creative expression, come be with us.

To the six stones and the possibilities they carry, come be with us. May each remain whole in itself, whether or not it becomes distinct today.

To the Still Point—the small room from which water may move, light may enter, and the living world may be witnessed—come be with us.

To CK, CJ, JK, JM, KC, Grandmother Spider, Kent, Will, Bill, and to all teachers, companions, collaborators, loved ones, witnesses, and energetic allies, seen and unseen, who have helped bring this work into form, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To all those known and unknown who have contributed through dream, image, insight, challenge, creativity, courage, care, wonder, and love, come be with us.

To the relationships that sustain life—within the self, among beings, across places, beneath the land, and beyond what can presently be seen—come be with us.

And to the living relational field through which these relationships meet, come be with us.

And to **ALL THAT IS**, come be with us.

CEREMONIAL INTENTION

May I meet this turning from the still point of my own living center.

May I recognize what is ready without reaching for what is not.

May possibility be met through relationship rather than possession.

May breath find tone, tone find matter, and matter find expression.





May what unfolds here serve joy, clarity, beauty, love, transformation, reciprocity, harmony, abundance, and the wellbeing of all.

CROSSING THE THRESHOLD

Water has taught.

Love has held.

Life has become.

I stand upon the Earth
at the turning of the season.

I enter with my center intact,
my senses open,
and my hands available.

I welcome what is ready
to enter relationship.



POEM: Sanctuary



The Old Stone Church, West Boylston, MA, circa 1976
From: Telegram and Gazette photo archives

Once, this room knew peace.

Stone rested against stone.
Air moved easily
through the quiet.

Then force struck—
wrenching stone from stone,
splitting the sanctuary
through its heart.

The room
lost its breath.

Dust settled
into broken places.

Walls stood open,
their raw edges
in the dark.

Someone entered the wound
and curled there,

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close enough
for stone and dust
to mark her clothes,
her hair,
her skin.

She reached one arm
around the shattered wall

and stayed.

Somewhere
inside the ruin,

air moved.

Farther along the wall,
another hand
rested against stone.

Through the ruined sanctuary
breath
moved.

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POEM: Still Point



Still Point

Beneath her,
the old ledge holds
leaf, root, wood, seed
pressed into darkness
beneath water and earth.

She sits here.

Water drops
over a tideline bone
curve opening
just enough space
for a room.

Once,
the sanctuary
was opened by force.

Now,
before her,
a small circle
of gold.

Light enters—
no wider
than it needs to.

She looks out.

Water falls.
Sun crosses
east to west.

The Quill
leans into air.

She watches.
Eyes Sunlit

And below her,
leaf, root, wood, seed

Bloom
what the light
has written.

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SIX STONES

Place the six stones in their arc. Allow attention to move among them. Listen through eyes, hands, heart, body, breath, and felt knowing. Each stone remains a whole possibility.

Wait.

As one becomes distinct, receive it. Hold it.

Say: **I recognize this possibility in matter.**

LIVING TONE

*Allow breath to become sound. Listen for the sound that belongs to this encounter. Let it come, move and end. **Breath becomes tone. Tone enters matter.***

COLOR REVEALS

Meet the stone through color, line, mark, or design. Allow the form to arise through relationship with what is already there. **Preserve the color, let the form be.**

When it feels complete, say:

**I enter deliberate relationship
without requiring an outcome.**

RETURN TO THE SIX

Return the stone to its place among the others. **One possibility has entered deliberate relationship. Five remain whole, quiet, and available.**

Rest with the six together.

Notice what has changed and what has not. No further answer is required.





OFFERING THANKS TO THE PLACE

To this place, I offer my gratitude.

To the Salish Sea—for tide, current, movement, reflection, and all the ways water has accompanied this work—thank you.

To this shore, for receiving my footsteps, questions, ceremonies, offerings, grief, wonder, creativity, and love—thank you.

To the ancient ledges and all they hold—to leaf, root, wood, seed, stone, mineral, bone, and the long memory of this land—thank you.

To the tideline and all that arrives there, thank you.

To the creatures, plants, waters, winds, soils, and unseen lives that share this place, thank you.

For what became perceptible here, thank you.

For what remains unknown, thank you.

For the Still Point.

For the six possibilities.

For the one that entered deliberate relationship and the five that remain whole and available.

May what was offered here be received in the spirit of relationship in which it was given.

May what continues from here do so in its own form, scale, and timing.

For this shore, this sea, this land, and all that holds them—

I offer my gratitude.





CEREMONY CLOSING

To Grandmother Earth beneath my feet and Grandfather Sky above my head, thank you for holding this ceremony in your care. Remain in your own good rhythm.

To the larger circle already present in this place—the wholeness that holds all beings, relationships, stories, and possibilities—thank you for receiving this ceremony within the greater whole.

The ceremony closes; the larger circle remains.

To the four directions and the gifts each carries, thank you for stepping forward and weaving with us. Return now to your own good rhythm.

To Earth, Air, Fire, and Water—to matter, breath, light, and flow—thank you for your presence here. Remain in your own good rhythm.

To the Autumn Equinox and this meeting of light and darkness, thank you for holding the turning point. The season continues in its own good rhythm.

To the Salish Sea, its tides and currents, and to the rivers, springs, rain, clouds, fogs, underground waters, and all the waters that have accompanied this work, thank you. Continue in your own good rhythm.

To the ancient ledges and all they hold—to stone, mineral, leaf, root, wood, seed, soil, mycelium, bone, and the deep memory of this land—thank you. Remain in your own good rhythm.

To Point of Prophecy and the Living Soil / Dragon Track Marker, thank you for the particular lands, waters, histories, and relationships you carry. Remain in your own good rhythm.

To the whales, salmon, octopus, seals, gulls, crows, eagles, deer, dragonflies, plants, and all earthly beings who live, move, feed, shelter, rest, and pass through these lands and waters, thank you for sharing this place. Remain in your own good rhythm.

To the dragons whose bodies are land, whose tracks and watersheds have accompanied this journey, and to all mythic beings who have entered through dream, image, ceremony, relationship, and recognition, thank you for your presence. Continue in the forms and scales that serve the highest good.

To the ancestors and all those whose lives have become part of the ground from which new life grows, thank you for what is carried forward. Remain in your own good rhythm.

To MH, OW01, the Autist collective, and all who have presented themselves as guides and collaborators in this water work, thank you for what you have brought into relationship here. Remain in your own good rhythm.





To the body as an instrument of listening—to heart, hands, breath, eyes, ears, senses, and felt knowing—thank you. May the body soften and return to its own good rhythm.

To dream, threshold, waking, and the living passage among them, thank you for what has been received and for what remains beyond knowing. Continue in your own good rhythm.

To the Quill, to voice, color, image, rhythm, and all the ways knowing becomes creative expression, thank you. May what is ready for expression find its form in right timing.

To the six stones and the possibilities they carry, thank you.

To the one that entered deliberate relationship, continue in your own good rhythm.

To the five that remain whole, quiet, and available, continue in your own good rhythm.

To the Still Point, thank you for the room to sit, witness, listen, and see.

May I carry its capacity without needing to carry the whole field.

To CK, CJ, JK, JM, KC, Grandmother Spider, Kent, Will, Bill, and to all teachers, companions, collaborators, loved ones, witnesses, and energetic allies, seen and unseen, thank you for what you have brought. Return now to your own good rhythm.

To all those known and unknown who contributed through dream, image, insight, challenge, creativity, courage, care, wonder, and love, thank you. Remain in your own good rhythm.

To the relationships that sustain life, and to the living relational field through which they meet, thank you. Continue in your own good rhythm.

And to **ALL THAT IS**, thank you for being present within this body, this shore, these waters, this light, this matter, and this living field. May what belongs to each return to each. May what belongs in relationship continue in relationship. May what is unfinished remain free to unfold in its own timing. May what is ready to grow do so with joy, clarity, beauty, love, transformation, harmony, abundance, and wellbeing for all.

I leave this shore carrying what is mine to carry and leaving whole what is not mine to hold.

Water teaches. Love holds. Life becomes. Breath moves. Color reveals. Matter remembers.

The six stones are released.

The Still Point remains available.

The season turns.

The larger circle holds.

This ceremony is complete.

