

## Saule

(She should be wearing yellow or gold clothing and amber necklaces, and should be carrying a basket of golden apples. One year she threw out butterscotch candies to the guests as she left — standing in for tears of amber.)\*

Oh you have risen early, my darling ones. Do you see the rosy sky beginning to brighten over the eastern hills? I am coming to you, my sweets. I am your beloved Saule, Mother Sun.

How I love to hear you sing your songs to me! Sometimes you sing that I am a red apple setting in the west. Or that I make my bed in an apple tree, where my sacred serpent the *zaltys*, twines around my arms. In the late evening, I board my golden boat and travel beneath the world to my rising place in the east. When I am very sad, I sit in my apple orchard and weep tears of amber. But on the morning of Winter Solstice — or *Kaledos*, as we call it — I am reborn as my daughter the Morning Star, the year's young sun.

I have also heard you whisper that the magical smith Kalvis forges a goblet of gold, and that it releases me from the dark of night. I charge over the mountains of dawn in my chariot drawn by two silken horses. Oh I do love the exhilaration of the race!

As I love my children. I shine on all of you — there is no limit to the love I have for you. Even though you tease me when you sing: *Saule, you seem to be rushing! Go slower! Stay late in the sky! We have much work to do and need the extra light!* Oh my dear ones! There is always tomorrow! I will rise for you again.



Dance for me on the morning of Kaledos! Sing my songs and carry the golden apples of the sun throughout the town! Greet each other with wishes of health and prosperity — on this morning, your prayers will be answered and your wishes fulfilled, O my beloved ones!

\*Patricia Monaghan's wonderful book *O Mother Sun* (Crossing Press, 1994) is my main source of information about Saule.