



Jamie Innes Humanist Celebrant



Naming Ceremony Example Readings



May the strength of the wind and the light of the sun
the softness of the rain and the mystery of the moon
reach you and fill you.

May beauty delight you and happiness uplift you.

May wonder fulfil you and love surround you.

May your step be steady and your arm be strong.

May your heart be peaceful and your heart be true

May you seek to learn, may you learn to live

May you live to love

and may you always love.

Anonymous

A CELTIC WELL-WISHING

The peace of the running water to you,

The peace of the flowing air to you,

The peace of the quiet earth to you,

The peace of the shining stars to you,

And the love and the care of us all to you.

Anonymous



Celtic blessing from CARMINA GADELICA

Each day be joyous to you
No day be grievous to you
Love of each face be yours
A bright flame before thee
A guiding star above thee
A smooth path below thee
Today, tonight and for evermore

Anonymous

From CARMINA GADELICA

(to accompany the ritual washing of the baby)

A wavelet for thy form
A wavelet for thy voice
A wavelet for thy sweet speech

A wavelet for thy luck
A wavelet for thy good
A wavelet for thy health
A wavelet for thy throat
A wavelet for thy pluck
A wavelet for thy graciousness,
Nine waves for thy graciousness.

Anonymous



CELTIC BLESSING

(to accompany a 'blessing' with drops of water)

The little drop of Wisdom

On thy little forehead, beloved one.

The little drop of Peace

On thy little forehead, beloved one.

The little drop of Purity

On thy little forehead, beloved one.

A CELTIC INVOCATION

I bathe thy palms

In showers of wine,

In the lustral fire,

In the seven elements,

In the juice of the rasps,

In the milk of honey,

And I place the nine pure choice graces

In thy fair fond face,

The grace of form

The grace of voice

The grace of fortune

The grace of goodness

The grace of wisdom

The grace of charity

The grace of choice maidenliness

The grace of whole-souled loveliness

The grace of goodly speech. **(Anonymous)**



Walk as tall as the trees

Live strong as the mountains

Be gentle as the spring winds

Keep the warmth of summer in your heart

And the Great Spirit will always be with you.

Native American Indian Chant

IN BEAUTY MAY I WALK

In beauty

May you walk

All day long may you walk

Through the returning seasons

May you walk

On the trail marked with pollen

May you walk

With grasshoppers about your feet

May you walk

With dew about your feet

May you walk

With beauty may you walk

With beauty before you

With beauty behind you

With beauty above you

With beauty all around you

May you walk

Navajo chant



NOW IS THE DAY

Now is the day
Our child,
Into the daylight
You will go out standing,
Preparing for your day.
Our child, it is your day,
This day,
May your roads be fulfilled,
In your thoughts may we live,
May we be the ones, whom your thoughts will embrace,
May you help us all to finish our roads.

Zuni Indian origin

May you be as strong as the oak,
yet as flexible as the Birch,
May you stand as tall as the Redwood,
Live gracefully as the Willow,
And may peace and prosperity
Surround you all of your days

North American Indian origin

May the sun bring you new energy by day,
May the moon softly restore you by night,
May the rain wash away your worries
And the breeze blow new strength into your being,
And all of the days of your life may you walk
Gently through the world and know its beauty.

Native American Indian origin



Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go.
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for a living,
And the child that is born on the Sabbath Day,
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

Traditional

May your home be a place of happiness for all who enter it;

A place where the old and young are renewed in each other's company,

A place for growing and a place for sharing,

A place for music, a place for laughter and a place for love.

May those who are nearest to you be constantly enriched by the beauty and bounty of your
love for one another.

And may all your days be good and long upon the earth.

Anonymous

May beauty delight you and happiness uplift you,

May wonder fulfil you and love surround you.

May your step be steady and your arm be strong,

May your heart be peaceful and your word be true.

May you seek to learn, may you learn to live.

May you live to love, and may you love – always

Anonymous

May there always be work for your hands to do;

May your purse always hold a coin or two;

May the sun always shine on your windowpane;

May a rainbow be certain to follow each rain;

May the hand of a friend always be near you;

May your heart be filled with gladness to cheer you.

Anonymous



Traditional Irish blessing

From this day forward
May the road rise to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the warm rays of sun fall upon your home
And may the hand of a friend always be near.
May green be the grass you walk on,
May blue be the skies above you,
May pure be the joys that surround you,
May true be the hearts that love you.

Anonymous

IN THESE FINGERS, IN THESE HANDS

I have seen a mother at a cot - so I know what love is;
I have looked into the eyes of a child - so I know what faith is;
I have seen a rainbow - so I know what beauty is;
I have felt the pounding of the sea - so I know what power is;
I have planted a tree - so I know what hope is;
I have heard a wild bird sing - so I know what freedom is;
I have seen a chrysalis burst into life - so I know what mystery is;
I have lost a friend - so I know what sorrow is;
I have seen a star-decked sky - so I know what infinity is;
I have seen and felt all these things - so I know what life is.

Anonymous

BABIES DON'T KEEP

Cleaning and scrubbing
Can wait 'til tomorrow
For babies grow up,
We've learned to our sorrow.
So quiet down, cobwebs
Dust go to sleep,



I'm rocking my baby
And babies don't keep

Anonymous

BLESSING

Be true for those who trust thee,
Be pure for those who care.
Be strong, for there is much to suffer,
Be brave for there is much to dare.
Be friend to all – the foe, the friendless.
Be giving and forget the gift.
Be humble, for thou knowest thy weakness.
And then, look up and laugh and love and live.

Anonymous

WHEN

When you are lonely
I wish you love.
When you are down
I wish you joy.
When you are troubled
I wish you peace.
When things are complicated
I wish you simple beauty.
When things are chaotic
I wish you inner silence.
When things look empty
I wish you hope.

Anonymous



You are a child of the universe,
no less than the trees and the stars;
you have a right to be here,
however you perceive here be.

Therefore be at peace with all humanity,
whatever beliefs you hold,
and whatever your labours and aspirations,
in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your self

Anonymous

Anywhere you wander happy moments are waiting for you

For there are worlds of new things to see
And worlds of new things to do
So when far away places are calling, check your maps before you start
But remember sometimes the happiest route is just to follow your heart

The journey itself is half the fun
Of going away on a trip whether you drive a car..

Or fly in a plane..

Or sail the seas in a ship

With all the special sights you see,

The exciting things you do..

The fun of it all , is the fun you get from discovering something new

Unexpected things that pop up

Will make your pleasures double...

But be sure to laugh at little things, like running into trouble

All the wonderful things you will see will be photographs on your memory

And the welcome smile on a strangers face makes a nice souvenir of a far away place



You're sure to see a wider world than you've ever known before

A world full of adventure and new places to explore

So anywhere you wander, anywhere you roam..

Have lots of fun then hurry back

To those you love at home.

Anonymous

TAKE TIME

Take time to hold me on your lap

To have fun and make me laugh

Take time, as these days will go by so fast

Take time to give me extra hugs

To teach me a rhyme or song

Take time, as I won't be little for long

Take time to tuck me into bed

To read me that story you know by heart

Take time, as these days will soon part...

Take time to imagine or make-believe

To play some silly games

Take time, as I'm growing up and away

Take time to let me help you work,

To teach me the things you know,

Take time and enjoy me as I grow



Take time to cherish
To listen and help,
Understand and give a guiding hand
Take time to help the little ones, as time is all we have....

Anonymous

TO MY CHILD

Just for this morning I'm going to smile when I see your face
And laugh when I feel like crying.

And let you chose what you want to wear and smile and say
How perfect it is.

I am going to step over the laundry and pick you up and
Take you to the park to play.

I'll leave the dishes in the sink and
Let you teach me how to put that puzzle together.

I'll unplug the telephone and keep the computer off and
Go outside with you to blow bubbles.

Just for this afternoon I won't worry about
What you are going to be when you grow up or
Second guess every decision I have ever made.



This evening I will hold you in my arms and
Tell you a story about when you were born and
How much I love you.

Just for this evening when I run my fingers through your hair,
I will simply be grateful that
I have the greatest gift ever given.

Anonymous

We love you more and more each day,

You bring us so much joy;
To us you are an angel,
The most special little boy.

We could sit and watch you
Smile and laugh and coo
For hours every day;
We wish we had nothing else to do.

We are reading this just for you
So that you will know
How very much we love you,
From the top of your head
To the tip of your toe.

No words could ever really express
How much that we love you,



How our world is fuller now,
And how much we adore you.

We will always be next to you,
Watching over every step you take;
We promise to guide you
Through decisions you must make.

Please go through life now,
Be the best person you can;
We will always be with you,
From being our precious little baby
To being a grown-up man.

Anonymous

She is the child we wanted,
The source of all delight,
The reason that we haven't slept
For many a long night.
Our social life is fading
Our money goes through the door,
With keeping up with all her needs
It seems like a thankless chore.

We knew she would be demanding,
And life would never be the same,
We never knew parental love



Is just one other name
For a huge pile of washing-
All her breakfast on the floor,
Baby food behind the cushions,
Things smeared upon the door.

And just as we think 'This is enough,
We can handle this no more!'
Her tiny hand creeps up and touches us,
A hand that we adore.
A little smile that's full of love
Blue eyes so sweet and mild,
Remind us we succeeded in our dream
Of having our beautiful child

Anonymous

May the light of love shine forth on you, on those for whom you care and on those who care for you. May you be ever blessed with peace and understanding as you travel through your life and may you come to the end of your journey in gentleness and joy.

Anonymous

LIVE YOUR LIFE

Live your life that the fear of death can never enter your heart.

Trouble no one about his religion.

Respect others in their views

And demand that they respect yours.

Love your life, perfect your life,

Beautify all things in your life.



Seek to make your life long
And of service to your people.
Always find a word or sign of salute when meeting
Or passing a friend, or even a stranger, if in a lonely place.
Show respect to all people but grovel to none.
When you rise in the morning, give thanks for the light,
For your life, for your strength.
Give thanks for your food and for the joy of living.

Chief Tecumseh of the Shawnee nation

(1768 – 1813)

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth in Lunnon Bank
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin muckle, mair:
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
An' centre in the breast
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

Robert Burns

(25th January 1759 – 21st July 1796)



From THE PROFIT

Your children are not your children

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you,

And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

For life goes not backward nor carries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.

Kahlil Gibran

(6th January 1883 – 10th April 1931)

A CRADLE SONG

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,

Smiles awake you when you rise.

Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,

And I will sing a lullaby;

Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore, sleep you;

You are care, and care must keep you.

Sleep pretty wantons, do not cry,

And I will sing a lullaby;



Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Thomas Dekker

(1572–1632)

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea.

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

(6th August 1809 – 6th October 1892)



THE GIFT

I want to give you something, my child for we are drifting in the stream of the world

Our lives will be carried apart, and our love forgotten.

But I am not so foolish as to hope that I could buy your heart with my gifts.

Young is your life, your path long, and you drink the love we bring you at one draught and
turn and run away from us.

You have your play and your playmates. What harm is there if you have no time or thought
for us?

We, indeed, have leisure enough in old age to count the days that are past, to cherish in our
hearts what our hands have lost forever.

The river runs swift with a song, breaking through all barriers. But the mountain stays and
remembers, and follows her with his love.

Rabindranath Tagore

(7th May 1861 – 7th August 1941)

PEACE IS IN YOUR HANDS

Peace is in your hands

The peace and power of the universe is in your hands

Where else should it be?

This peace is yours alone.

No one can give it to you.

No one can take it away from you.

It is yours.

It is you.

Marcus Aurelius

(26th April 121 – 17th March 180)



ON THE SEASHORE

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep.

Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.... On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

Rabindranath Tagore

(7th May 1861 – 7th August 1941)

INFANT JOY

I have no name:

I am but two days old.

What shall I call thee?

I happy am,

Joy is my name.

Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!

Sweet joy but two days old.



Sweet joy I call thee:

Thou dost smile,

I sing the while,

Sweet joy befall thee

William Blake

(28th November 1757 – 12th August 1827)

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A dreary place would this earth be

Were there no little people in it;

The song of life would lose its mirth,

Were there no children to begin it;

No forms, like buds to grow,

And make the admiring heart surrender;

No little hands on breast and brow,

To keep the thrilling love chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,

Unfeeling nature more inhuman,

And man to stoic coldness turn,

And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm,

were there no babies to begin it;

A doleful place this world would be

were there no little people in it.



John Greenleaf Whittier

(17th December 1807 – 7th September 1892)

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream--and not make dreams your master,
If you can think--and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it all on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew



To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings--nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

(30th December 1865 – 18th January 1936)

Twenty years from now, you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbour. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore; dream; discover.

Mark Twain

(30th November 1835 – 21st April 1910)

CONTENTMENT

If you can work sincerely and correctly on what is at hand and do so with energy and calm, not allowing distractions, but keeping your inner spirit pure, as if you had only borrowed it and had to return it intact; if you can act in this way, hoping for nothing, fearing for nothing, but satisfied with modulating your actions to the way of Nature and with fearless truth in every word you utter, you will live contentedly. And no one can take that from you.

Marcus Aurelius

(26th April 121 – 17th March 180)



This is what you shall do: Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to any man or number of men... re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your own soul, and your very flesh shall be a great poem.

Walt Whitman

(31st May 1819 – 26th March 1892)

At every step the child should meet the real experiences of life; the thorns should never be plucked from the roses.

Ellen Key

(11th December 1849 – 25th April 1926)

