

## Creative Spirit: Fire and Candle-making



### Fire



Fire is essential to life, bringing us warmth, light, shelter and protection. There are myths and tales about the coming of fire in every tradition; try looking some up in sacred texts, folk tales, libraries and the internet. Ask others in your community what fire tales they know and what fire means to them.

On dark days and nights, fire is a place to gather and share stories. If you don't have a hearth in your home, light a candle, have a BBQ or bonfire and gather with your friends and families to share tales of fire and transformation.

Fire is associated with change. The phoenix that rises from the ashes is a symbol of rebirth that appears in many cultures. What do you want to change in your life? What do you want to change in the world? How can you be a light that shines in the darkness?



### Candles

The simplest candles are made by buying sheets of beeswax and rolling them around wicks. Wicks should be dipped in wax for 30secs and left to dry before use so the candle burns well. Thrifty candles are made by saving and melting down the ends of old candles; scoop out the old wick and add a few drops of essential oil and some wax colour to refresh the wax. Fasten a wick into a yoghurt or plant pot with sticky-stuff, pour in your wax as soon as it is melted and keep the wick straight by fastening to a stick at the top.

For safety, use a double saucepan to melt your wax. Oil the mould first so you can remove the candle when set. Plunge a saucer of wax into cold water to make weird and wonderful shaped water candles.

### The Phoenix Bird

In the Garden of Paradise, beneath the Tree of Knowledge, bloomed a rose bush. Here, in the first rose, a bird was born. His flight was like the flashing of light, his plumage was beautiful, and his song was ravishing. But when Eve plucked the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, when she and Adam were driven from Paradise, there fell from the flaming sword of the cherub a spark into the nest of the bird, which blazed up forthwith. The bird perished in the flames, but from the red egg in the nest there fluttered aloft a new one - the one solitary Phoenix bird. The fable tells that he dwells in Arabia, and that every hundred years, he burns himself to death in his nest; but each time a new Phoenix, the only one in the world, rises up from the red egg.

*Hans Christian Anderson. 1850*

