

THE
UNHOLY
HOURS
PRAYERBOOK



AS WRITTEN FOR
THE TECHNICOLOR
MONASTERY

The Unholy Hours Prayerbook

AS WRITTEN FOR

THE TECHNICOLOR MONASTERY

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This prayerbook was shaped in the rhythm of the Unholy Hours and in conversation with the Keepers who walk between exile and return.

*May this book be a lantern,
carried into ruins and rebirth alike.
May it meet your hunger,
cradle your ache,
and remind you — you were never unholy.*

A Brief Introduction

How did we get here?

I find myself asking that question often these days — whether “here” is a social, political, spiritual, or personal location. As a pastor in a mainline denomination, I am no stranger to the fact that the institutional church is in the midst of a long and undeniable decline. I don’t say that with derision, but with hope — because I believe death is not the end. Death is the doorway to resurrection.

Lately, I’ve begun to wonder if the Unholy Hours — or something like them — might be the fertile soil of that resurrection. A place where personal practice and spiritual experience, rooted in honest encounter with the Divine, might rekindle a faith worth keeping. One not defined by dogma or hierarchy, but by breath, ache, beauty, and presence.

The Unholy Hours are meant to help you — and anyone who longs for it — dive deeper into your own experience of the sacred. Many of us have undergone, or are still in the midst of, deconstruction — letting go of beliefs or expressions of faith that harmed more than healed. The Technicolor Monastery and the rhythm of the Unholy Hours are here to accompany that undoing. But also to invite rebuilding. To help us sort the rubble — find the foundations, the embers still glowing — and begin to shape something true and beautiful again.

And maybe, we can do that not alone, but together. In a community of fellow travelers and sacred misfits.

Perhaps this all feels like heresy to you — I’ve thought it through carefully, and according to my tradition, it isn’t. Or maybe it’s the very thing that saves you. Either way, I hope you find in these Hours — and in the Rule, the rhythm, the deck, or the community — something that brings you peace, or offers you a holy disruption.

This prayer book was never meant to be a finished work. It is a beginning, not a blueprint. I hope you will add to it as you go. May your psalms, your rituals, your laments, and liturgies become part of the living tradition we are weaving here together.

With grace, grief, and hope,

Rev. Keats Miles-Wallace

Unholy Hours Press & Technicolor Monastery

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The Garden Remains

A PRELUDE TO THE UNHOLY HOURS

We begin in the garden – not the one from which we were exiled, but the one that never truly closed.

There is a story we were told: that we were made wrong, that we disobeyed, that we fell. But here, in the monastery, we tell it differently. We tell of a garden alive with multiplicity, where serpents whispered not damnation but discernment. Where the tree bore many fruits, and none were forbidden. Where nakedness was not shame, but shimmering truth.

This is Eden, queered and reclaimed.

Not a paradise lost, but a belonging that endures. A sacred ecology of contradiction, vulnerability, transformation. A place where binaries dissolve and every creature is beloved in their becoming.

To walk the Hours is to return – to remember that your body is not a sin, that your desire is not a curse, that your longing is a compass pointing home.

You need not climb back through the gates. The garden was never behind you. It is within. It is here. And it is yours.

A GARDEN BLESSING

May you remember
that you were never exiled – only sent seeking.
That every thorn you've touched
recalls the shape of a blossom.

May the serpent curl gently at your feet,
and the fruit split sweet in your hands.
May the waters rise to greet you,
and the soil hold your stories with care.

You who walk in shadow and brilliance,
you who bloom in strange seasons –
you are not lost.

You are home.

THE QUEER EDEN: GOD KNEW WE WOULD EAT - A MIDRASH

God never expected us to stay innocent forever. God knew we would eat. And when we did, it wasn't betrayal – it was becoming.

The fruit of the tree was never a trap. It was a threshold. A sweetness seeded with sorrow, yes – but also with vision. With the power to know good from harm, to name injustice, to make new meaning.

God's voice in the garden wasn't thunder. It was grief. Grief not at our choice, but at the pain that would follow it. Not the punishment of a jealous deity, but the ache of a parent letting their child step out into the wild.

And so God clothed us. Not in shame, but in preparation. A gesture of care. A mark of love. Armor stitched from skin and mercy. A sign that we were not exiled but commissioned.

The Queer Eden is what we carry with us. It's not a paradise lost but a way of seeing – a truth that the sacred walks beside us even as we leave the garden gate.

We are not lost.

We are not wrong.

We are the ones who took the path forward.

MIDRASH OF THE LEAVING FROM THE QUEER EDEN

The fruit was sweet.
Not with sugar, but with clarity.
It cracked something open in us –
Not a curse, but a seeing.

We turned to one another,
not in shame,
but in astonishment.
In the fierce, glowing ache of
knowing:
We are not children anymore.
We are gods in flesh.

The garden held its breath.
Even the animals stilled.

And then,
God came walking.
Not storming.
Not raging.
But walking.
The way a parent does when the
door has
closed, and silence follows.
Slow. Steady. Heart in hand.

God asked us where we were.
We answered with our bodies:
We are here. We are naked. We see.

God did not strike us down.
God knelt in the dust.
Gathered the skins of what had
passed.
Wrapped us in coverings – not to
hide us,
But to shield us from what lay
beyond the
garden walls.

“You will go,” God said,
“not because I cast you out,
but because the world needs you.
Because knowledge is a gift with
weight.
Because justice cannot be grown in
innocence alone.”

And so we wept.
We kissed the fig trees goodbye.
We pressed our hands to the trunk
of the tree
that had taught us.
And we stepped beyond the gate,
Not as outcasts –
but as bearers of the fire.

THE FEAST OF BECOMING

Date: Flexible - often celebrated on or near the anniversary of coming out, transition anniversaries, or other personal thresholds

Ritual Tool: Mirror, candle, garment, water

The Feast of Becoming honors the sacred process of emergence, especially the queer journey of unfolding into one's true self. It is not limited to gender or sexuality, though it uplifts those lineages. It celebrates the fire we carry, the names we claim, the changes we choose, and the selves we are still becoming.

This is a feast of holy unbecoming, too – of shedding the masks and mandates that no longer serve. Of stepping into the wild and radiant work of living as you are.

Becoming is not linear. This feast does not demand arrival – it blesses motion, tenderness, and the messy, radiant truth of transformation.

SUGGESTED PRACTICES:

- **Ritual Dressing:** Choose a garment that makes you feel most *yourself*. Bless it aloud before putting it on, *"I clothe myself not in shame but in becoming."*
- **Mirror Invocation:** Light a candle and sit with a mirror. Speak to yourself with reverence. Name what you are claiming, what you are releasing, and what fire you carry forward.
- **Water Anointing:** With a bowl of water, mark yourself at the brow, heart, and belly, saying, *"This is my becoming. It is holy."*
- **Communal Meal:** If shared with others, serve foods that nourish, affirm, or feel tied to your queer story. Make toasts in honor of the selves you've survived and the ones still arriving.

LITANY OF BECOMING:

(For solo or communal use)

We were told we should not eat the fruit,
but we hungered.

We were told we should not name ourselves,
but we remembered.

We were told we should not burn,
but we carried fire.

We are the ones who unfasten every lie,
And stitch our stories into the sky.

We are becoming,
And our becoming is blessed.

Welcome to Technicolor Monastery

FOR THOSE WHO KEEP TIME IN THE RUINS.

*You who have arrived at the wrong time — welcome.
You need not be healed to enter.
You need only bring your story, your silence, your ache.*

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

This is not a building. Not a hierarchy.
It is a rhythm, a breath, a gathering of scattered keepers.
A queer monastic practice for those broken open by God, time, or grief.

We borrow from ancient monastic tradition—the Hours, the Rule, the vigil,
the vow—but we bend them.
We carry what still glows. We leave behind what does not.

The Technicolor Monastery is a threshold – part sanctuary, part playground,
part altar in the wildness. It is a queer-monastic experiment for those who
live between certainties, love beyond binaries, and long for rhythms that
make room for mystery.

We are not a traditional monastery, though we honor our ancestors in robe
and habit. We are a digital cloister, scattered and embodied, rooted in the
rhythms of the Unholy Hours (courtesy of Unholy Hours Press) - a queer
liturgy that blesses breakage, invites devotion, and reclaims ritual for the
heretics, the mystics, the burned-out, and the becoming.

This is a place for holy misfits. For witches and wanderers. For those raised
inside faith and those raising something new from its ashes. Here, belief is
not required, but reverence is welcomed. We take vows not to bind but to
unfurl. We tend to what matters. We pray with our bodies. We gather across
time zones and thresholds, lit by candles and screens.

The Technicolor Monastery exists to offer:

- **Rituals** that resonate with queer, trans, neurodivergent, and deconstructed lives
- **Spiritual Practices** that nourish without coercion
- **Community** that honors each person's sacred path
- **Space** to rest, dream, rage, and re-member yourself.

We are held together not by dogma but by shared intention: to live with presence, to honor the sacred in the strange, and to build a rhythm that makes room for grief, joy, and transformation.

WHO IS THIS FOR?

This place is for anyone who has felt too much, too weird, too wounded, or too wild for traditional religion - but still longs for something sacred.

You do not need to be Christian.

You do not need to be certain.

You do not need to be healed, pure, productive, or polite.

You belong here if:

- You're deconstructing, reconstructing, or building a bonfire out of old beliefs
- You want ritual without rigidity, community without coercion
- You pray in whispers, in screams, in silence - or don't yet know how to pray at all
- You crave rhythm, softness, sacredness, and space to feel it all
- You're queer, trans, neurodivergent, witchy, recovering, tired, or tender
- You want to belong to yourself more fully, and to a rhythm that makes room for becoming

This monastery is for those who want to pray without pretending.

Who see holiness in grief and glitter.

Who want to rest without guilt and worship without shame.

Who believe that ritual can be resistance - and that mystery is a kind of medicine.

You don't have to explain yourself to enter.

You don't have to get it right.

Come as you are, and as you're becoming.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

The Technicolor Monastery runs on a rhythm, not rules (save the one rule we all agree to as part of our practice). There's no single path to follow – only invitations to return, to listen, to engage what's sacred in your own life. You're not expected to "keep up" or "do it right." Monastic time is not capitalist time. This is a place of slow cycles, deep breaths, and holy disruptions.

Here's how it works:

THE UNHOLY HOURS

*The canonical Hours divide the day by the sun.
But our Hours are marked by interruption. By ache. By exile.*

*Each Hour has a name, a wound, a gift.
You don't pray them. You keep them.*

At the heart of the monastery is a ritual rhythm called the Unholy Hours - a queered, reimagined liturgy for the liminal hours of the day. Each Hour holds space for a different kind of presence.

- **Waking** (dawn) - The breath before the day begins. A holy gasp. This Hour invites you to rise - not in haste, but in wonder. To notice that you are still here, still becoming.
- **Undoing** (mid-morning) - The unraveling hour. When the light sharpens and illusions fray. Let yourself unbecome what no longer fits. Let what was tightly held fall open.
- **Mirrors** (midday) - The truth-telling Hour. At the height of the sun, what is hidden is revealed. Gaze inward, outward, skyward. What do you see reflected?
- **Ash** (mid-afternoon) - The smoldering Hour. Where fire meets fatigue and longing turns to dust. Sit with what has burned. Let grief and glory mingle.

- **Tending** (early-evening) - The caretaking Hour. Prepare the body, feed the spirit, mend what you can. A time for gentle rituals and sacred maintenance.
- **Gloaming** (sunset) - The Hour of in-between. The world softens at the edges. Let go of urgency. Let shadows stretch. Stand at the threshold and listen.
- **Veil** (night) - The cloaked Hour. What was bright now hides. A time for release, for prayer, for the invisible to speak. Move slowly. Everything is sacred here.
- **Witching** (deep night) - The spellbound Hour. Time bends. Ancestors whisper. Dreams ignite. This is the Hour of magic, mystery, and the secret rebirth of the soul.

You're invited to pray, pause, or reflect with any Hour that resonates. Each Hour has its own rituals, invocations, and practices available in the prayerbook, ritual deck, or online spaces.

DIGITAL CLOISTER

The monastery lives in digital form - on Topia, in shared documents, across ritual decks, and through ambient soundscapes. You might walk a pixelated cloister, light a virtual candle, draw a card at your altar, or sit in quiet with others across the globe. You make the practice your own, and you are welcome to share it with others.

YOUR RHYTHM, YOUR VOWS

You choose your level of engagement. Some take on daily practice. Others return only when the spirit stirs. You may take on vows, commitments, or permissions that support your unfolding, or simply dwell here without expectation.

There is no test to belong. Only your presence.

COMMUNITY, CONSENT, CONTEMPLATION

We gather in asynchronous ways and in occasional live rituals. Some spaces are for sharing. Some are for silence. All are held in the spirit of mutual care, creative reverence, and consent. You are encouraged to take what nourishes you, leave what doesn't, and co-create what's missing.

HOW TO BEGIN

There's no single doorway into the Technicolor Monastery. You begin where you are - with your breath, your questions, your rituals already half-formed. Whether you're burned out on belief, hungry for solid ground, or simply curious, you are already in the right place.

Here are a few gentle entry points:

- **Draw a Card** - The **Unholy Hours Ritual Deck** is a companion for the journey. Each card offers a small ritual, a sacred pause, or an invocation for your day. Shuffle, draw, and let the card lead you. This is a simple way to enter the rhythm of the monastery. Even if you have five minutes and a heavy heart.
- **Visit the Cloister** - Wander the Topia monastery map - a hand-drawn digital sanctuary. You'll find quiet spaces, sacred texts, art altars, and community shrines. Light a candle, listen to an ambient Hour, or walk the cloister paths. Let your body remember: sacred space is wherever you are.
- **Pray an Hour** - Choose one of the Unholy Hours and make it yours. Start with the one that meets you in this moment. Read the prayer. Breathe. Let yourself be changed.
- **Take a Vow** - When you're ready, you might take on a vow - a commitment or a permission. Vows in this monastery aren't about restriction; they're about alignment. You might vow to rest. To soften, to say no. Or to make your life a little more holy in whatever way you need.
- **Lurk. Watch. Listen.** - You are not required to engage. It's holy to observe. Linger in silence. Let the monastery be background music for your soul until you're ready to speak, to respond, to move.

The monastery is not in a hurry. There are no deadlines, no spiritual report cards. Begin by beginning. Begin again tomorrow. Begin with wonder, or begin with nothing. Beginning is enough.

OUR RELATIONSHIP TO CHRISTIANITY

We are not exclusively Christian.

And yet, we are not entirely apart from it.

Some of us still bear the name of Christ.

Some of us have burned it from our tongues.

Some of us are haunted by hymns, psalms, or sacraments
we no longer claim — or still secretly love.

We borrow the bones of Hours, Rule, vigil, vow —

but bend them. Break them open.

Let them bleed queer, reclaimed light.

The Technicolor Monastery grows from soil shaped by Christian monasticism. We tend to its rhythms, its chants, its cycles of prayer - not out of obligation, but out of reverence and reclamation. We recognize that Christianity has been, for many, both a source of deep spiritual nourishment and profound personal harm. We hold both.

We are not a Christian community in any dogmatic sense. We are a queer, transfiguring body - a place where saints and heretics sit side by side. Some of us were raised in the church. Some of us fled it. Some still find home in the teachings of Jesus, and some speak spells in older tongues. All of us are welcome here.

What we inherit from Christianity, we touch with care:

- The rhythm of the Hours
- The call to contemplation and community
- The practice of living prayerfully, radically, and with intention

What we refuse, we name and release:

- Theologies that shame bodies or desires
- Systems of exclusion, domination, and control
- Silence around suffering, especially when it protects power

We honor our ancestors in robe and collar, in chapel and convent - but we also honor the witches burned and all others cast out by those same institutions. We claim both the Psalms and the spellbook. The crucifix and the cauldron. We do not need to resolve these “contradictions” to be whole.

This is a monastery for those who are healing from faith, reimagining it, or inventing something new entirely. You do not have to believe in God to belong here. But you may find the sacred in surprising places. You may even find yourself praying again - not to the old names, but to the parts of you that have always been holy.

THE SERPENT ABBOT

Symbol of the Spiral. Dream of the Monastery. Sacred Companion of the Abbot.

In the Technicolor Monastery, we honor both the mythic and the material, the sacred symbol and the human steward. The monastery is lovingly tended by a real Abbot – one who has taken on the vow to carry, shape, and represent this community. But even the Abbot is not alone.

Woven through every Hour is another presence: The Serpent Abbot – not a person, but a myth, a symbol, a queering of sacred leadership.

The Serpent Abbot is the *imaginal companion* to the human Abbot – a reminder that even those who lead do so in the shadow mystery. This serpent slithers between prayer and ritual, always curling at the edges, inviting us to trust the spiral over the ladder, the shed skin over the fixed role, the whisper over the decree.

WHO IS THE SERPENT ABBOT?

The Serpent Abbot is:

- The first to undo and the last to speak.
- The archetype of sacred refusal.
- The exiled wisdom keeper.
- The body of the Monastery when it disappears into mystery.
- The secret breath beneath the vows.

They are not *in charge*, but they are always *present*. They do not *command* – but they coil around everything we hold dear.

WHY A SERPENT?

In many traditions, the serpent is villainized – but here, it is venerated.

To queer the serpent is to reclaim it as:

- A guide through thresholds
- A midwife of awakening
- A healer and destroyer
- A creature of silence, shadow, and sacred risk

The Serpent Abbot holds this paradox with grace. They are the part of us that knows and unknowns at once.

WHAT IS THE ROLE OF THE HUMAN ABBOT?

The Abbot of the Technicolor Monastery is a real person – a vowed guardian of the rhythm, a voice among voices, a dreamer who keeps vigil with the spiral.

The Abbot listens, tends, creates, and carries the Hours into the world. But they do so in companionship with the Serpent – not as its master, but as its fellow traveler.

The presence of the Serpent reminds us that authority can be spacious, poetic, accountable, and strange. The Abbot is not above the community but *within it*, marked only by the vow to serve and return.

FOLLOWING THE SERPENT ABBOT

To walk with the Serpent Abbot is to:

- Let your leadership be in motion.
- Let your devotion be messy, embodied, and real.
- Let your questions lead before your answers.
- Let your skin be shed, again and again.

A PRAYER TO THE SERPENT ABBOT

O you who whisper behind the veil,
You who do not command, but curl —

Slip between the spaces in my speech.
Coil around this work I've chosen to carry.

Let me lead in your rhythm:
Unstraight, unhurried, undying.

May every vow be soft enough to shed.
May every prayer be wide enough to listen.

Serpent of the Spiral.
Dream in me.
Guide me still.

YOU MIGHT BE A SEEKER IF...

- You're exiled from something you once loved.
- You keep vigils at midnight or dawn.
- You want ritual without rules.
- You believe this world has more Hours than they named.

NEXT STEPS

- Read the Novitiate Guide: The Spiral Year
 - Browse the Lexicon of the Unholy Hours
 - Join an upcoming Vigil or Witnessing Gathering
 - Request a blessing or sigil from the Serpent Abbot
-

Go now. Remain watchful.
The Hour will find you.

The Seeker's Field Guide

A COMPANION FOR ENTERING THE TECHNICOLOR MONASTERY

You hold in your hands a grimoire of hours stitched from protest and poetry, ritual and rest. This is not a rulebook. It is a pathfinder's map, a bundle of herbs, a pocketful of queer relics for the road.

This monastery has no walls – only thresholds. It is built of breath, pixels, broken-open hearts, candle smoke, memory, and miracle. The Unholy Hours mark time not as obligation, but as invitation. Each one is a doorway to deeper presence, wider belonging, and sacred defiance.

This guide is for you, Seeker – wherever and whoever you are:

- If you are exhausted and unsure if you can still believe in anything.
- If you are exiled, unchurched, deconstructing, or just beginning again.
- If you are queer, trans, neurodivergent, disabled, fierce, and tender.
- If you are craving a rhythm that honors your grief and your joy in equal measure.

You are welcome here, not despite your complexity, but because of it.

WAYS TO BEGIN THE JOURNEY

1. Find a Corner of Reverence - You don't need much – just enough to mark this space as sacred. A candle, a worn scarf, a ritual or tarot deck, a rock from a place that remembers you. A place to breathe and notice.
2. Choose One Hour to Dwell With - Don't worry about getting the rhythm “right.” Let an hour choose you. Are you rising from the ashes? Longing for softness? Start there.
3. Let Your Body Lead - This monastery is embodied. Sway, bow, weep, wrap yourself in blankets, walk barefoot in the yard. Let the liturgy move through your limbs.
4. Read with a Pen, Not Just Eyes - Scrawl in the margins. Tear out a page and bury it. Add your name to a prayer. Make this book yours.
5. Return Differently - You don't have to follow the same path every day. Trust the Spirit of Queer Becoming to lead you elsewhere. Return not to the same hour, but to the one that calls your name now.

WHAT YOU MIGHT CARRY

TOOLS, TOKENS, AND TENDINGS FOR THE JOURNEY

Every seeker travels with a different satchel of sacred things. You may come with years of practice, or none. You may carry grief like a stone in your pocket, or joy like a secret fruit. Here are some companions for the way – none required, all welcome.

A POCKET RULE

Not a rigid law, but a rhythm. A phrase, vow, or intention to return to when the world overwhelms you. A few to try:

- “I vow to be unfinished.”
- “I vow to rest.”
- “I vow to let tenderness interrupt me.”

Write one on a scrap of paper. Let it age with you.

A BUNDLE OF RITUAL TOOLS

No need for perfection – only presence. What helps you mark time as sacred?

- A candle and matches
- A bowl of water or salt
- Anointing oil or lotion
- Cards from the Unholy Hours deck
- Fabric or a covering to signal “holy ground”

Let your altar grow like a garden – slowly, according to season.

A WAY TO LISTEN

Some hours speak in silence, others in sound. You might carry:

- A journal for reflections or revelations
- A playlist for prayer or protest
- A single question to hold in your palm

Let your attention be your most radical tool.

A COMPANION OR COMMUNAL THREAD

Though solitude has its place, this monastery lives in multiplicity. Consider:

- Sharing your rituals with a friend
- Lighting a candle in tandem across time zones
- Gathering once a month for a collective vigil, blessing, or rage ritual

Queer time loves the nonlinear. You are not late. You are not alone.

WHEN YOU GET LOST

NOTES FOR THE WAYWARD AND THE WANDERING

You *will* lose track of the rhythm. You *will* forget an hour. You may close the book for weeks or feel nothing during a ritual that once made you weep.

Good. This, too, is sacred.

Monasticism, queered and decolonized, is not about perfection. It's about return. And return. And return.

Here are some truths to keep near when the path goes dim:

DISRUPTION IS NOT FAILURE

Some days you won't light the candle. Some weeks, the only prayer will be crying in the shower. Let it count. Let it *all* count.

DOUBT IS A DOORWAY

The hour of Undoing exists for a reason. So do Messengers of Rage, disappearance, grief, and questioning. If the ritual stops working, you haven't failed – you've arrived at the threshold of something deeper.

BEGIN AGAIN IN THE MIDDLE

There's no need to go back to the start. Open the book wherever you are. Draw a card, say a single line aloud, lay your hand on your heart, and exhale. That is a complete ritual.

LET THE BODY LEAD

When the mind is fogged or flat, return to sensation. Touch water. Feel your pulse. Hum a single note. Light a match and watch it burn down. Trust your body's quiet compass.

THE HOURS WILL WAIT

They are not angry. They are not counting. The Hours are not clocks; they are invitations. And like the best of friends, they are glad every time you show up.

THE MONASTERY THAT MOVES WITH YOU

YOU ARE NOT OUTSIDE THE WALLS. YOU ARE THE WALLS.

This monastery is not stone. It is not bound by land or gate or creed. It lives in your rituals, in the breath between tasks, in the long pauses where you remember what matters.

You don't need to be in the right mindset. You don't need to be clean, sober, stable, or certain. The monastery meets you in the mess. In grief. In joy. In the checkout line, the clinic lobby, and the late-night kitchen floor.

It moves with you because it was made for bodies like yours – bodies that cross thresholds, live outside binaries, and carry both scars and magic. The rituals were written to bend and stretch with your days. The rule is gentle. The Hours are spacious. The silence is never empty.

So light your candle, or don't. Speak your devotion, or sit in quiet. Show up half-heartedly, or not at all. The monastery is still here. The monastery is *in* you.

And it is always enough.

Novitiate Guide: The Spiral Year

A QUEER PATH OF INITIATION INTO THE UNHOLY HOURS

WHAT IT MEANS TO BEGIN

To become a Keeper is not to ascend, but to spiral.
You will not be the same. You were never meant to be.

You begin not as a novice or monk,
but as one drawn to the wrong Hour.
You are not initiated — you are undone.

THE SPIRAL PATH

The path of becoming is not linear. It curves. It pauses. It returns.

Stages:

- Knocking
- Seeker
- Unfurling (Novitiate)
- Keeper
- Veiled (optional elder path)

Each spiral may differ in size, shape, and speed. You may walk it again.

WRITING UNHOLY VOWS

WHAT IS AN UNHOLY VOW?

An unholy vow is not a promise to be pure. It is not a contract to behave or believe a certain way.

It is:

- A devotion made in the dark.
- A whisper of your ache and your becoming.
- A spell woven from grief, desire, and defiance.
- A witness to the part of you that refuses to disappear.

Your vow is not meant to last forever. It is meant to be true for right now. You may rewrite it or choose something altogether new when the Hours break you open again.

PREPARE THE SOIL

Before you write, take time to ground yourself. You are not crafting a performance. You are listening for the vow that has already been growing in the cracks.

Find a quiet space. Light a candle. Sit with your breath. Then ask yourself one or more of these questions:

- What ache has led me here?
- What part of me was called “too much” or “not enough,” and now longs to be honored?
- Where have I broken—and what has grown in the break?
- What do I need to tend, feed, or speak aloud—even if no one else understands it?
- What part of the sacred do I still trust? What part still trusts me?

You may journal your responses, speak them aloud, or simply sit with what rises.

BEGIN THE VOW

When you're ready, begin shaping your vow. You might start with:

OPENING PHRASES

- I vow to...
- I choose to walk with...
- I offer myself to...
- I will tend...
- I will no longer...

Let your language be raw, poetic, or simple. Your vow does not need to explain itself.

SAMPLE VOWS FOR INSPIRATION

- I vow to tend the wounds the world ignores.
- I vow to live in the in-between.
- I vow to name what has been silenced in me.
- I vow to stay soft in a world that punishes tenderness.
- I vow to follow beauty, even when it shames me.
- I vow to dance ugly, cry loud, and rage holy.
- I vow to honor my ghosts without letting them possess me.
- I vow to return when I forget.
- I vow to seek the sacred in shadow.
- I vow to walk barefoot through my ruin.

REFINE (OR DON'T)

If you feel compelled to shape your vow more clearly—trim, reword, or distill—this is your time. But remember:

Perfection is not the goal. Presence is.

If it quivers in your throat, if it feels terrifyingly honest, it is ready.

OPTIONAL: RITUAL FOR WRITING THE VOW

If writing the vow is to be done as part of initiation preparation (individually or in a group), you may follow this suggested ritual:

You will need:

- A candle
 - A pen
 - A piece of torn paper, cloth, or bark (notebook paper is fine too)
 - A space where you can sit undisturbed
1. Set the space. Light the candle. Whisper the Rule aloud or in your heart.
 2. Ground the body. Breathe deeply. Place your hand on your chest or belly. Feel where the ache lives.
 3. Speak what brought you here. Aloud or in writing, name (in any words) what exile, longing, or story brought you to the edge of this vow.
 4. Write your vow. Do not rush. When it arrives, write it once and let it be. (If the words shake, all the better.)
 5. Seal it. Touch the paper to your forehead, your heart, or the flame (safely). You may fold it and place it on an altar, burn it, or keep it close until the rite.

OPTIONAL: MULTIPLE VOWS

Some choose to offer more than one vow, forming a litany or a breath-prayer sequence.

I vow to feed what is hungry in me.

I vow to speak what has been silenced.

I vow to hold paradox like a flame.

If you do this, you may invite the community in your preparation and initiation to respond to each line with:

“Let it be so.”

FINAL BLESSING FOR THE VOW-MAKER

May your vow never leave you unchanged.
May it follow you like a shadow.
May it wound you lovingly when you stray.
May it become the sacred ache in your chest.
And may it always, always lead you home.

CHOOSING AN HOUR

Each Hour holds a wound and a gift. Some call you. Some haunt you.
Let one find you. Or draw one from a bowl. Or begin with:

- The Hour of Waking
- The Hour of Ash
- The Hour of the Veil

Once chosen, keep it. Observe it. Ask nothing of it but to remain.

THE FIRST KEEPING (28 DAYS)

For one moon:

- Keep your vow
- Tend your Hour
- Witness one thing each day

Mark your Book of Hours.

It need not be beautiful. It need only be real.

THE UNFURLING

To *unfurl* is to let your spirit open like a banner in the wind – visible, vulnerable, and claimed. It is the quiet, personal shift from wandering alone to walking as a Keeper: one who tends the rhythm, who shows up for others as well as themselves, who chooses devotion over observation.

Unfurling does not require perfection, readiness, or proof. There is no gate, no test. Only the deep sense that it is time to say yes – more fully, more publicly, more relationally – to this path.

To unfurl is to be *witnessed*, and to become a *witness*. To unfurl is to say, *I am part of this*. It is a movement of the heart, not a badge or status. A shift of posture, not of worth.

When you feel the pull toward deeper commitment – to the Hours, to the practice, to the shared becoming of this community – you’ll know. And when you unfurl, we will see you. And we will be ready to meet you there.

A BLESSING OF THE SERPENT ABBOT

“You are not fixed, nor fallen.
You are unfurling. You are strange and sanctified.
You are held by the Hour and hold it in return.”

May your days be crooked.
May your nights be watchful.
Go now, and keep what the world forgot.

WHERE TO GO NEXT

- Deepen your vow, or try a second
- Share your Book of Hours with another Keeper
- Submit your psalm or sigil to the Monastery Archive
- Begin again

For the Keepers

A PATH OF SHARED STEWARDSHIP

To become a Keeper is not to rise above, but to root deeper. Keepers are those who have chosen to stay close to the Hours – not perfectly, but persistently. They are guides, witnesses, companions, and co-dreamers. They hold space, not power. They tend paths, not gates.

Keepers help carry the rhythm of the monastery. They listen for the pulse of change. They offer presence when someone is lost, silence when someone is seeking, and ritual when a threshold has come. Some keep with incense and poetry. Others keep with spreadsheets and gentle reminders. All are vital.

There is no further initiation rite – only the lived rite of showing up.

Keepers might...

- Host communal Hours in digital or physical space
- Share reflections, prayers, or rituals with the community
- Help orient new Seekers or support Unfurlings
- Steward the monastery's shared spaces (online or otherwise)
- Tend to the holy mundane: reminders, schedules, candles, links
- Pray quietly for the unseen needs of the monastery.

Becoming a Keeper is a choice.

It arises from fidelity to the Hours and love for the other Seekers walking this queer and sacred path. No one is required to step into this role. And no one becomes a Keeper alone – those who keep are kept, too.

BLESSING FOR THE KEEPERS

O you who have chosen to stay,
who return not out of obligation,
but out of love –

May your keeping be soft and steady.
May you be held as you hold.
May your silence be sanctuary,
your presence be prayer,
your labor be liturgy.

May you remember that you are not alone.
That to keep is not to control,
but to witness, to tend,
to walk with sacred slowness
alongside the others who wander here.

May the Hours rise to meet you.
May your candle never lack a flame.
And when your hands grow tired,
may others reach out to steady the light.

Amen. Ashe. And so it is.

Unholy Hours

Ritual Deck Guide Book

A DEVOTIONAL COMPANION FOR SEEKERS,
SAINTS, & SINNERS

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the Deck

This is not a tarot. This is not a doctrine. This is a set of devotional provocations.

These are cards for the threshold moments—when your faith frays, when your grief thickens, when you don't know how to keep going. This deck is a liturgy for the unkept hour, the unreconciled body, the beautiful blur of devotion and defiance.

This deck was born from the Unholy Hours — the queer monastic hours of lament, tending, defiance, and rest. You may use the cards to mark time, begin prayer, find direction, or rupture a ritual that no longer fits.

There are four suits:

- Tendings – sacred practices, spiritual rituals, ways to care
- Vows – commitments, permissions, and theologies of desire
- Messengers – mythic companions, archetypes, and ancestors
- Portals – sacred thresholds, changes, and initiations

HOW TO USE THE DECK

As Devotional Divination

- Pull a card each day at an Unholy Hour (e.g., the Hour of Undoing, the Hour of Grief).
- Let it shape your prayer, spell, rest, or ritual for the day.

As Liturgical Companion

- Use each suit to build rituals: Vows for intent, Tendings for action, Messengers for invocation, Portals for transformation.

As Initiation Tool

- Let the cards call you into the monastery. Pull one as your vow for a season.
- Use Portals to mark your transitions.
- Let a Messenger guide your novitiate.

THE SUITS

TENDINGS

These are practices of embodiment, re-enchantment, and sacred disruption. They are meant to be accessible, personal, and adaptable. No purity required.

Use these one per week or intuitively when needed. Pair with a vow, messenger, or portal card.

These are personal, but may also be done communally (even silently in parallel).

Keep a journal, altar, or sensory object nearby if you like physical grounding.

Symbol: A candle in an open hand

Function: Practices and rituals to tend the sacred — in your body, your community, the world.

Voice: Gentle, grounding, pragmatic, poetic.

“To tend is to touch with intention. This suit teaches care that is not passive but priestly.”

Vows

These are radical commitments, whispered oaths, and sacred permissions. These are not contracts of control but living, breaking, re-binding devotions to yourself, your truth, your grief, your joy.

You can draw one vow a week and live with it as a question, not a task. Speak it aloud when you wake, whisper it before you sleep. Break the vow. Re-take it. That is the practice.

Symbol: A padlock with roots

Function: Commitments and permissions. Vows of becoming. Sometimes binding, sometimes freeing.

Voice: Fierce, discerning, liberatory.

“These vows do not constrict — they consecrate. What you promise here shapes the self you are becoming.”

MESSENGERS

Mythic archetypes, half-remembered saints, queer ancestors, sacred monsters, and divine misfits. Each brings a voice, a story, and a summoning. These cards invite reflection, embodiment, and myth-making. They're less about answers than about being accompanied in your becoming.

Sit with one for a week or a moon cycle. Let them walk beside you - imagine their presence in daily decisions or moments of struggle. Journal with them: "What would The Rebel Magdalene say about this?" "What does Mx. Doubt want me to question today?" Invite their stories to change yours.

Symbol: A winged eye with a guiding star

Function: Archetypes and mythic companions who show up in queer form — tricksters, saints, ancestors, animals, the unloved god.

Voice: Playful, ancient, prophetic.

"Messengers are not safe. They are here to unsettle and awaken.

Some come cloaked in myth, some come bearing your grandmother's name."

PORTALS

These are thresholds, ruptures, moments of trembling, and sacred hinges in time. They're not always beautiful, but they're always real. Portals are where the soul stumbles and decides: Will I go through? Or will I stay the same?

Draw a Portal card when things shift: a breakup, a loss, a name change, a dream ending. Let it mark beginnings and endings - your feast days and deaths. Pair it with a Messenger, vow, or a Tending to deepen the ritual.

Symbol: A keyhole with a celestial interior

Function: Sacred thresholds — birth, grief, rupture, betrayal, discovery. Each Portal opens to a new liturgical state.

Voice: Liminal, haunting, transformative.

"A Portal does not ask permission. It opens when you are undone. Enter with reverence."

CARD FORMAT

Each card includes:

1. Name — evocative and poetic
2. Suit Symbol — visual shorthand
3. Invocation — a prayer, spell, or calling-in
4. Ritual — a suggested practice, action, or reflection

For example:

Card: The Vow of Holy Withdrawal Suit: Vows

Invocation: I retreat not from love but toward it. I do not abandon the world, I make sanctuary within it.

Ritual: Choose a space in your home and set it apart for your restoration. Say no to three things this week that would cost your spirit too much. Let the refusal be a holy act.

FINAL CHAPTER: MAKE YOUR OWN HOURS

Use blank cards (or pages) to write your own Tendings, Vows, Messengers, and Portals.

This monastery is not static. It grows with your devotion.

SPREADS

A liturgy of layout. A practice of pulling what dares to speak. These spreads are not fortune-telling. They are devotional architectures — prayers in shapes, patterns in longing. Pull with reverence. Pull with rage. Pull with a question you are still afraid to ask. Each spread names a shape of time: descent, silence, fire, renewal.

THE HOURGLASS SPREAD

For: thresholds, endings, and becoming

Cards: 3

[3]

[1] [2]

1. What is falling away — A loss, ending, or release
2. What holds — What anchors or blesses you in the midst
3. What comes next — The possibility on the other side

Use this spread during times of transition or spiritual molting. It is best read during the Hour of Undoing.

THE LAMENT PSALM

For: grief, rage, prayer when no words come

Cards: 5

[1] [2]

[3]

[4] [5]

1. Grief – The sorrow you can name
2. Rage – The fury underneath
3. Silence – What remains unspoken
4. Vision – What is being revealed
5. Return – The path back into your life

Inspired by the lament psalms of scripture and the queer grief we carry.
Pull this during any Hour or the Hour of Ash.

THE CLOISTER CROSS

For: orienting within the monastery of your life Cards: 4

[4]

[1] [] [2]

[3]

1. Vow (West) – What you are called to commit to
2. Messenger (East) – Who is showing up to guide you
3. Tending (South) – How you are being asked to care
4. Portal (North) – What threshold you stand before

Each direction holds a suit. This is a centering spread for moments of devotion, discernment, or initiation.

THE NOVITIATE PULL

For: beginning a new season of practice

Cards: 2 or 4

Two-Card Novitiate

1. Your vow for the season
2. Your tending for the season

Four-Card Expansion

3. Messenger walking with you
4. Portal you must pass through

Use this to begin a liturgical season (Advent, Pride, Lent, Midsummer, etc.) or to explore unfurling as a novitiate.

THE LITANY SPREAD

For: crafting a prayer or spell from longing

Cards: 3

[1] [2] [3]

1. Longing – What your heart aches for
2. Resistance – What blocks or binds you
3. Benediction – The sacred word spoken over it all

Speak these cards aloud as if reading a prayer. Pause between each as though lighting a candle.

THE TENDINGS

PULSE

Message: *My body is still here. My life is still mine.*

Key Themes: Aliveness, grounding, embodiment, claiming, presence

When to Engage: When you feel numb or dissociated. When grief, anxiety, or shame pull you out of your body. When you need to remember you're still alive.

To be queer is often to leave the body behind – to escape it, mistrust it, hide it. But the body never leaves you. Your pulse is the quiet drumbeat of survival. It doesn't ask whether you feel holy. It just beats.

The Pulse card brings you back, not to idealized embodiment, but to reality. To the blood in your neck, the rhythm in your wrists, the living, you may have forgotten how to notice. This Tending doesn't need you to love your body today. Only to listen to it. Only to claim it as yours.

There is power in saying: *this heartbeat is mine*. There is ritual in returning.

Ritual: Find your pulse on your neck, your wrist, your chest. Close your eyes. Count ten beats. With each one, say inwardly, "This is mine." Let your pulse be a prayer. Let it bring you home.

ASHES

Message: *Let what is ready to die, die. Let me grieve it well.*

Key Themes: Grief, release, endings, death rites, unmaking

When to Engage: When you're clinging to something long dead. When grief is heavy in your hands. When it's time to let go, but you want to let go *well*.

Some endings are chosen. Some are stolen. Some sneak in wearing the clothes of survival.

The Ashes card honors them all.

This is the tending you do at the end of a story – not to tie it up with a bow, but to let it burn. Ashes are what remain when the fire has done its work. They do not pretend wholeness. They are what is left after loss – and they still belong to you.

In queer life, we become experts at carrying what's gone: Lost families, old selves, failed sanctuaries, unmet hopes. The Ashes card says you don't have to carry all of it forever. You can let it fall from your hands. You can scatter it, bury it, weep over it, honor it, and walk away.

Let your grief be a rite. Let your release be sacred.

Ritual: Write down something you're done carrying – a name, a fear, a memory, a burden. Burn it safely, or tear it, or flush it, or bury it. Scatter the remains outside, or press them into the earth. Say aloud, "Be undone." Then place a hand over your chest. Breathe once. You are allowed to grieve. You are allowed to go on.

THREAD

Message: *I mend what I can. I bless what I cannot.*

Key Themes: Repair, imperfection, tenderness, acceptance, craft

When to Engage: When something breaks – inside or out. When you long to fix what cannot be fixed. When you want to offer care instead of control.

We live in a culture that throws things away – clothes, people, selves. But queerness teaches a different magic – the slow, mending kind.

The Thread card is not about fixing everything. It's about choosing to tend what's torn, *even when it stays torn*. This is the card of stitching and binding, of taping and gluing, of honoring the brokenness that still deserves our hands. Of knowing that some things – relationships, identities, beliefs – can't be put back the way they were. Still, they can be wrapped in love.

The Thread card invokes queer domesticity: mending a coat with glitter thread, taping the spine of a well-worn zine, patching your jeans for the tenth time. It says repair is not about erasure. It's a ritual of love. And where repair isn't possible, reverence still is.

You are not required to heal every wound. But you can hold it gently.

Ritual: Sew a tear. Glue a broken piece. Tape a ripped page. As you work, whisper, "You are worth mending." If it cannot be fixed, wrap it gently in fabric or cloth. Place it on your altar, or bury it in your garden. Say aloud, "You are still sacred."

SALTWATER

Message: *My salt is holy – tears, sweat, sea, spit, and blood.*

Key Themes: Embodiment, emotion, sacred fluids, cleansing, grief, and praise

When to Engage: When you feel too much. When you can't cry and wish you could. When your body leaks. When you need a ritual for what pours out of you.

This body we're told to be ashamed of – leaky, weeping, sweating, bleeding, yearning – is already sacred.

The Saltwater card reclaims the holiness of your fluids. It reminds us that we come from the ocean, from wombs, from tides. Saltwater has always marked rites of passage: baptisms and burials, births and breakups, baths and healings. Salt tears on your cheek are not a failure of control. They're a liturgy.

In queer life, our salt is often shamed – our sweat called too much, our tears dismissed, our sex-pathologized, our blood feared. But the monastery of the body knows better. It names these things sacred. It holds the crying spell as high as any psalm.

Salt preserves. Salt cleanses. Salt marks the truth of aliveness. Let it come. Let it be.

Ritual: Let yourself cry. If no tears come, bathe in warm saltwater, or place a pinch of salt on your tongue. Taste it. Feel it. Say aloud, "This is sacred." Place your hand on your face or chest. Let it stay for a breath or longer than you think you need.

FEAST

Message: *I take in what I need and call it good.*

Key Themes: Nourishment, pleasure, enoughness, gratitude, desire.

When to Engage: When food feels fraught. When you need to practice receiving. When you want to bless your hungers – bodily, spiritual, or otherwise.

We were taught to fear our appetites. To shrink our hungers. To take up less space. But the Divine is not stingy. She feeds the multitudes.

Feast is a rebellion against starvation culture, in all its forms. It blesses your longing for flavor, for touch, for joy. This card reminds you that sacred practice doesn't always look like fasting or restraint. Sometimes it looks like a single ripe fig. A piece of toast. A jawbreaker on your tongue as you whisper a blessing.

For many queer and trans folks, eating has been a site of shame, control, or scarcity. This card invites reclamation. You are allowed to receive. You are allowed to enjoy. You are allowed to say *this is enough*, and mean it, not as punishment, but as praise.

Feast doesn't require abundance. Just intention. Even a crumb can become communion.

Ritual: Prepare or receive one small thing with care. A piece of fruit, a slice of bread, a spoonful of sweetness. Hold it in your hand. Notice its texture, its scent, its color. Eat slowly. With reverence. Say aloud, "I bless this bite. May all who hunger be fed." Offer a moment of silence for those without.

STILLNESS

Message: *I do not have to move to be real.*

Key Themes: Presence, rest, being, non-performance, invisibility

When to Engage: When you feel pressure to perform. When rest feels unsafe. When your body asks for pause. When you need to remember you are worth it, even when still.

Stillness is not absence.

Stillness is not laziness.

Stillness is a kind of prayer.

This card confronts the grind-like compulsion to prove, to produce, to be visible or legible at all times. For those of us raised in systems that require constant justification of our existence – capitalism, ableism, white supremacy, heteronormativity – stillness can feel radical. Even dangerous.

But the queer monastic path says: *you are already real*. Not because of what you do, but because you are. Stillness isn't the opposite of action. It is the soil where discernment grows.

Let the world spin. You are allowed to pause.

Ritual: Sit or lie down in complete stillness for 3-5 minutes. No goal. No outcome. Let your body rest. Let your breath move without effort. Close your eyes if it helps. Say inwardly, "I am here. I am enough." If the mind races, let it. You don't have to chase it. You can just be.

FLAME

Message: *I call light into this moment.*

Key Themes: Illumination, memory, presence, witnessing, hope

When to Engage: In grief, in ritual, in need of clarity or connection. When honoring the dead. When seeking guidance. When something sacred asks to be seen.

Flame is the first altar.

Before doctrine, before dogma – there was fire. And we gathered around it, whispering stories to the dark.

This card brings the heat of remembrance. Of saying a name aloud so it echoes in the chambers of now. Of calling light not to erase the dark, but to make visible what lives inside it.

Queer folks have long lit candles in the wake of silence – vigil flames for our dead, our disappeared, our defiant. In monasteries of ash and backrooms and bedrooms, we've made holiness with wax and wick.

Flame reminds you that light can be small and still be real. A single spark can sanctify the night.

You don't have to know what to say. Sometimes all you need is to show up with the match.

Ritual: Light a candle with intention. Name someone, something, or some truth that needs honoring. Say aloud or inwardly, "Let there be light for this." Hold a breath in silence. Let the flame do the talking.

If you cannot light a literal flame, trace one in the air, or envision one glowing behind your ribs.

WAIL

Message: *My voice is allowed to be wild.*

Key Themes: Expression, release, unmasking, rage, grief, sound

When to Engage: When words are not enough. When you need to scream. When silence has been forced upon you. When emotion rises and your throat closes.

Some sounds do not belong in polite society. Some cries rattle stained glass. Some screams summon angels.

Wail arrives when your body can no longer hold what it's carrying. It offers a release valve. Not one that is tidy or digestible, but one that is *true*.

Queer mystics know this sound. The unholy psalm. The guttural song. The shower-cry. The pillow-scream. The keening at the edge of loss, or the brink of becoming.

You do not need a reason.

You do not need permission.

The Voice was given to you not just for speaking, but for *releasing*.

Wail does not ask for performance. It asks for surrender.

Ritual: Find a space where you can let sound out safely. Scream into a pillow. Howl in the shower. Groan, growl, hum a dissonant drone. Let it be ugly, messy, cracked. Let it be real. Say aloud or inwardly, "I am allowed to make noise."

If silence is required, vibrate your throat quietly. Mouth the cry. Let the tension move.

SOFTEN

Message: *I release the need to clench.*

Key Themes: Surrender, gentleness, permission, body listening, unraveling

When to Engage: When you're bracing against a list. When anxiety tightens your chest. When kindness feels hard. When you've been holding everything too tightly for too long.

The world teaches us to harden: Spine straight. Skin thick. Smile sharp. But softness is a radical form of trust.

To soften is not to weaken – it is to unclench around what cannot be controlled. It is to return to the shape you were before the armor. Before the flinch. It is to breathe into the locked places and say, “You don't have to be ready for battle anymore.”

Queer and trans bodies often learn to brace – to make ourselves smaller, safer, tenser. Soften comes like a whisper from the divine, “You are allowed to let go.”

Softening is holy because it risks tenderness.

Ritual: Sit or lie down in quiet. Scan your body gently – not with judgment but with presence. Find one clenched place - jaw, shoulder, belly, hand, heart. Breathe into it. Say softly, “You can let go now.”

Let the tension melt, just a little. No need to force. The invitation is enough.

WALK

Message: *Let each step speak for me.*

Key Themes: Movement, pilgrimage, grounding, mindfulness, prayer in action

When to Engage: When you're restless. When prayer feels stuck in your head. When you need to clear grief or gather clarity. When the path ahead is uncertain, and still you must move.

You do not have to sit still to be sacred.

Walk is a pilgrimage card. Not across continents or through cathedrals, but through your breath and bones. It teaches that the ground is an altar, and every footfall a syllable of prayer.

Queer ancestors often walked toward exile, toward chosen family, toward a life beyond the map. We walk to remember them – and to claim our place in the world they carved.

This card honors the sacredness of movement. Not for productivity, not for performance – but to remember that you are here.

Each step can carry intention, lament, desire, or blessing. And if walking is not available to you, your breath and gestures still make the journey real.

Ritual: Step outside or into an open space. Take a walk with no destination. Let each step rise and fall like a mantra. If walking is inaccessible, move your body in any way that honors the intention – rocking, stretching, swaying.

Let the rhythm become a prayer.

Let your body carry what words cannot.

KISS THE DIRT

Message: *I return to what holds me.*

Key Themes: Grounding, reverence, embodiment, ancestral belonging, earth as witness

When to Engage: When you feel unmoored. When you forget where you come from. When you need to be reminded that you are held, not alone. When grief or joy overwhelms you and you need something older than words.

Before altars, before books, before names for God – there was dirt.

This card calls you home to the first sanctuary - the earth beneath your feet. Dirt does not demand credentials. It does not ask who you love or how you identify. It only opens, receives, and remembers.

To kiss the dirt is to humble yourself to something older than every system that tried to erase you. To let the ground know you. To say with your body, “I still belong.”

In queer mysticism, we often speak of chosen kin and sacred sites made on the margins. This card says, *The soil was never the enemy. It was the first ally.*

Ritual: Go outside, if you can. Find earth - soil, sand, stone, or wood. Place your hand, lips, or forehead to it. Let your body meet what is beneath you. Say aloud or inwardly, “Thank you for holding me.”

If desired, leave a simple offering - a breath, a cup of water, a word of love.

CARRY A STONE

Message: *I carry what is mine, but not alone.*

Key Themes: Grief, memory, talisman, letting go, embodied prayer

When to Engage: When you feel heavy with sorrow or story. When you need to name what you're holding. When something won't let you go – or when you're ready to begin letting it go.

Not all burdens can be dropped at once. Some must be held, named, carried for a time – then returned to the earth that outlives us all.

This card calls you to make grief tangible. To shape memory into matter, so you are not gaslit by abstraction. So you can say, *This is real. This mattered. This was mine.*

In queer life, we often carry unspoken losses of safety, of family, of the selves we had to abandon. This practice honors them. It sanctifies the act of remembering.

And then, when you're ready, it lets you place that weight back into the soil.

You are not meant to carry it forever. But you are allowed to carry it for now.

Ritual: Find a small stone or object. Hold it in your palm. Name it, aloud or silently, with a grief, memory, or truth that lives in your body. Carry it with you for one day. Let its weight remind you that you are not alone in your holding. When the time feels right, return it to the earth with a breath or blessing. Say, "I carried you, now I let you rest."

DANCE UGLY

Message: *Beauty is not the point. Freedom is.*

Key Themes: Embodied Liberation, joyful rebellion, movement as prayer, unshaming

When to Engage: When shame threatens to shrink you. When your body needs to move without critique. When joy is rising – or when you want to remember it can.

There is a holiness in moving ugly. In failing, stomping, gyrating, howling – in ways the world said were *too much, too strange, too queer*.

Dance Ugly invites you to *unclench from the aesthetic*. To let your limbs pray in their tongue. To break the spell of mirrors and watchers and rules.

This is ecstatic unchurched. This is the praise dance of the misfit and the sacred fool. This is saying to every ancestor who was punished for moving, “Your joy lives on in me.”

You do not have to be graceful to be sacred. You just have to be *honest*.

Ritual: Put on music – anything that stirs or shakes you. Clear a small space. No mirrors. No audience. Just you. Now dance.

Let it be awkward, wild, silly, strange. Let it be honest. Let it be free. Move until you feel something *shift*.

When you stop, place your hand on your heart. Say aloud, “I am not beautiful. I am holy.” (And if that feels too hard or harsh to say – just say, “I’m here.” That is enough.)

THE VOWS

I VOW TO BE UNFINISHED

Message: *I grow in spirals, not straight lines.*

Key Themes: Becoming, imperfection, nonlinear growth, queer time

When to Engage: When you feel pressure to be complete, perfect, or “over it.”

Completion is a myth sold by the empire and self-help books. This Vow roots you back into the spiral. It invites you to live like a poem that refuses tidy endings. Unfinished doesn't mean broken – it means still blooming. You, dear one, are a sentence still unfolding.

Ritual: Write a sentence or a prayer and leave it incomplete. Say, “Amen anyway.”

I VOW TO REST WHEN I AM TIRED

Message: My body is not a machine. My worth is not my output.

Key Themes: Sacred rest, resistance to grind culture, embodied limits

When to Engage: In burnout, over-scheduling, guilt around slowing down.

Rest is resistance. Rest is rebellion.

In a world that devours bodies for production, your pause is a sacred protest. This vow reclaims tiredness as holy.

You are allowed to stop—not because you earned it, but because you are human.

Ritual: Lie down for 5 minutes—even if you're busy. Especially if you're busy. Say, “This, too, is sacred.”

I VOW TO BE CHANGED

Message: Let my becoming break me open.

Key Themes: Transformation, shedding, spiritual evolution

When to Engage: When facing a threshold, in transition, or resisting change.

Becoming hurts. So does staying small.

This vow invites you to be shaped by what loves you back—and what wrecks you open. Queerness itself is a practice of holy change. You're not failing if you're breaking. You're molting.

Ritual: Choose one object or belief you've outgrown. Place it on your altar or in a box labeled "Was."

I VOW TO TELL THE TRUTH, EVEN WHEN IT TREMBLES

Message: My voice is holy, even when shaking.

Key Themes: Honesty, vulnerability, sacred speech

When to Engage: When hiding your truth, playing small, or fearing conflict.

Truth is a spell.

It does not need to be loud, or eloquent, or brave—it only needs to be yours. Your trembling voice can break chains and resurrect futures. Speak, even if all you can manage is a whisper.

Ritual: Speak one small truth today—to yourself, or someone safe. Whisper if you must. Sing it if you dare.

I VOW TO MAKE ROOM FOR RAGE

Message: My anger is not shameful. It is a signal. It is sacred.

Key Themes: Anger, justice, release, fierce love

When to Engage: When your rage is boiling or repressed. When shame tries to silence your heart.

There is holy fire in your bones.

Anger is not the opposite of love—it is love's alarm system. This vow unshackles your fury from repression.

You are allowed to feel it. To name it. To let it move through without making it palatable.

Ritual: Name what infuriates you. Write it. Stomp it. Scream it. Let it move through, not rot inside.

I VOW TO LET PLEASURE GUIDE ME

Message: Desire is a compass, not a crime.

Key Themes: Embodiment, consent, eroticism, joy

When to Engage: When you're numb, disconnected, or ashamed of wanting.

Pleasure is not frivolous—it is information. This vow returns your body to you, whispering that delight is divine.

What if your joy was the most direct path to God?

Ritual: Do one thing today just because it feels good. Eat slowly. Touch yourself. Laugh too loud.

I VOW TO RETURN TO MYSELF AS SANCTUARY

Message: I am my own temple. I am safe in me.

Key Themes: Self-trust, safety, inner belonging

When to Engage: When you're seeking external validation or feel unmoored.

You are not a guest in your body—you are the keeper of your sanctuary. This vow turns you inward, not in isolation, but in reclamation. You are allowed to come home to yourself.

Ritual: Place your hand over your heart, or womb, or chest. Say, "Welcome home."

I VOW TO STOP APOLOGIZING FOR EXISTING

Message: I am not too much. I am not wrong.

Key Themes: Shame release, radical self-acceptance, boundaries

When to Engage: When self-worth shrinks or internalized oppression speaks.

You were never too loud, too soft, too queer. You were exactly the thunder some world needed. This vow breaks the cycle of unnecessary apology and reclaims the sacredness of your presence.

Ritual: Catch one unnecessary apology today. Replace it with: "Thank you for holding space for me."

I VOW TO HOLD GRIEF AS SACRED

Message: I do not need to get over it. I will live with it like a shadow that teaches.

Key Themes: Grief, mourning, ancestral love, sacred ache

When to Engage: When grief is heavy or hidden. When others rush your healing.

Grief is not a wound to be sutured shut.

It is a companion. A teacher. A ritual in slow time.

This vow honors sorrow as a sacred rite, not a problem to solve.

Ritual: Set a glass of water on your windowsill for your grief. Name it. Thank it. Let it be seen.

I VOW TO DISRUPT WHAT HARMS, WITH LOVE

Message: My silence is not always holy. My voice can be balm and blade.

Key Themes: Activism, loving boundaries, sacred resistance

When to Engage: When you witness harm. When your love needs teeth.

Love is not passive.

This vow braids tenderness with holy refusal. To disrupt is not to destroy—it is to realign the sacred center.

Let your voice be sharp with care.

Ritual: Say no. Call something out. Refuse a system gently or loudly. Say, “I love us too much to stay quiet.”

I VOW TO EMBRACE MY CONTRADICTIONS

Message: I am messy and holy. I am both/and. I am becoming.

Key Themes: Wholeness, paradox, integration

When to Engage: When you feel fragmented or “too complicated.”

Contradiction is not failure—it is a sacred mystery. This vow reminds you that binary thinking is a cage. You were born to be both wild and still, sacred and strange, gentle and defiant.

Ritual: Name two truths about yourself that feel opposite. Let them sit beside each other without fighting.

I VOW TO LOVE WHAT I ONCE EXILED IN ME

Message: The parts they taught me to hide are the ones that pray best.

Key Themes: Shadow integration, queer healing, self-love

When to Engage: When shame resurfaces or self-rejection looms.

What if the hidden parts of you were the most holy? This vow calls back your exiled pieces—not to fix them, but to love them. Queerness is the art of re-honoring what was forbidden.

Ritual: Choose one part of yourself you once shamed—gender, kink, softness, hunger. Give it something beautiful: a poem, a touch, a name.

I VOW TO FORGET WHAT I WAS TAUGHT WAS HOLY

Message: If the altar does not welcome me, I will build my own.

Key Themes: Spiritual liberation, deconstruction, reclamation

When to Engage: When tradition harms or no longer fits.

Not all altars are sacred.

This vow grants permission to unlearn dogma, to queer your liturgy, to build new sanctuaries. You were not made to fit into holiness. You were made to remake it.

Ritual: Break one small rule—gently, intentionally, queerly. Make a new one. Call it holy.

THE MESSENGERS

THE RUNAWAY NUN

Message: *Leave the place that made you small. Sanctify the escape.*

Key Themes: Liberation, sacred disobedience, flight, queer exodus, inner permission

When to Engage: When you are contemplating leaving something oppressive – community, relationship, belief, habit. When shame is louder than freedom. When you need to bless a departure.

She kissed a girl and heard God sing.

The Runaway Nun is the patron saint of holy fugitives – the ones who found freedom in defiance, who heard the call not *into* the cloister but *out* of it. She reminds us that exile can be anointed, and that leaving is sometimes the most faithful act of all.

We are told God dwells in obedience – but this Messenger knows God also hides in rebellion, in suitcases packed under moonlight, in prayers whispered through bus windows. The Runaway Nun doesn't ask for permission to be free. She blesses her blistered feet and runs away.

This card calls you to leave what made you smaller, quieter, straighter. Not in bitterness, but in sanctity. Let this be your exodus. Let this be your annunciation.

Ritual: Pack a bag – literally or symbolically. Choose one thing to take with you: a reminder of who you are becoming. Choose one thing to leave behind: an artifact of your old cage. Then say aloud, “This leaving is sacred. This freedom is divine.”

Mx. DOUBT

Message: *Your questioning is not a lack of faith. It is the faith.*

Key Themes: Uncertainty, sacred inquiry, deconstruction, belief as process, queer theology

When to Engage: When you're unraveling inherited beliefs. When certainty feels violent. When silence is mistaken for peace. When your questions feel too dangerous to name.

They ask better questions than most prophets.

Mx. Doubt isn't here to hand you answers. They are the incense curling in the corners of the room, the unsatisfied hum beneath the hymn. They appear when you've outgrown the god you were handed, but haven't yet found the god who fits.

In queer mysticism, doubt is not a flaw. It is a pathway. A lover. A thorny invitation into truer holiness. Mx. Doubt teaches that the divine is vast enough to be questioned – and tender enough to stay with you through the asking. They are the reason the temple trembles when you speak your truth aloud.

You don't have to land anywhere yet. You only have to wander faithfully.

Ritual: Write the question you're afraid to ask. Let it be messy, impolite, even heretical. Fold it and keep it close: in your pocket, under your pillow, in your shoe. Each time you touch it, whisper, "This question is a doorway. I am walking through."

THE SACRED SLUT

Message: *Let your joy be extravagant. Let your touch be theology.*

Key themes: Pleasure, embodiment, sensual devotion, worthiness, queer erotics

When to Engage: When shame clouds your desire. When you've forgotten, your body is holy. When you need to reclaim holy agency, or the sacredness of sensuality.

Pleasure as prayer, body as altar.

The Sacred Slut knows that ecstasy and devotion have always been lovers. She dances where psalms meet the hips. They whisper prayers into skin and say grace with every gasp. This Messenger arrives when you need permission to want to touch, to feast, to savor what your body has always known.

In a world that tries to sanctify suffering and exile desire, the Sacred Slut turns every moan into a hymn. They remind you that your queerness is not too much. Your longing is not a mistake. Your skin is not a battleground to be won, but a temple to be adored.

This card invites you to remember: holiness is not the absence of flesh. It is the fullness of it.

Ritual: Dress up just for yourself—whatever makes you feel radiant. Touch your body with reverence: your hands, your chest, your thighs. Speak aloud, even when it feels strange: “This is sacred. I am sacred. Nothing is too much.” Let that be your liturgy tonight.

THE DISAPPEARED BELOVED

Message: *They are not as far as they feel.*

Key Themes: Grief, ancestral presence, loss, love that lingers, sacred memory

When to Engage: When mourning a lost love. When someone is gone but won't let go of your heart. When you need to believe that absence is not the end.

Gone, but not lost. Your grief is proof of love.

The Disappeared Beloved lives in the empty chair, the song you can't sing, the name you whisper when no one's listening. They are not only the departed. They are silenced, the stolen, the forgotten ones whose love marked you and never quite let go.

This Messenger does not promise closure. Closure is a myth invented by those unscarred by loss. Instead, they offer something gentler: presence that persists. A sacred haunting. They remind you that your grief is a form of prayer and that to miss someone this much is holy.

In the queer tradition, memory is resistance. Love that outlives erasure is communion. They Beloved may be gone, but they have not left you.

Ritual: Say their name aloud. Even if it trembles. Light a candle, sing their favorite song, or hold something that once held them. Then speak into the stillness, "I carry you. I remember. You are not lost to me." Let the silence answer back.

TRANSFIGURATION

Message: *They don't have to understand your becoming. It is still holy.*

Key Themes: Transformation, visibility, radiance, unapologetic selfhood, queer glory

When to Engage: When you are stepping into your fullness. When others resist your change. When your evolution feels lonely or dangerous, but true.

Change in front of your enemies, and still shining.

The Transfiguration stands on the mountaintop in lipstick and combat boots. They shimmer not despite the risk, but in defiance of it. They are the moment the mask falls off, the chest is bound or unbound, the truth is spoken without shrinking. Not everyone will understand it. That's not the point.

This Messenger comes when you are glowing and afraid. When the mirror feels unfamiliar. When the world wants you back in your smallness. But holy transformation is not about approval. It's about radiance. The Transfiguration reminds you that change is not betrayal. It is resurrection.

You were never meant to stay the same. You were meant to shine.

Ritual: Wear something bold. Something that makes you feel like a revelation. Step into the light – sunlight, candlelight, bathroom fluorescents – and say, “This is me. And I am radiant.” Feel the glow settle into your bones. Let no one steal it from you.

THE GHOST IN THE MIRROR

Message: *What you avoid is still part of you. What you disown can still bless you.*

Key Themes: Shadow, self-recognition, inner exile, haunting, healing integration.

When to Engage: When you can't look yourself in the eye. When old versions of you resurface. When you're afraid of the parts of yourself that won't go away.

The one who watches when you're not looking.

The Ghost in the Mirror is not here to scare you. They're here because you forgot they were still waiting. This Messenger holds the parts of you you left behind – grief you never voiced, names you once used, mistakes you made before you knew better. They linger not to punish, but to be seen.

To be queer is often to compartmentalize – to survive by splitting yourself. The Ghost comes to reunite you with your reflection, not with shame, but with gentleness. Look again. The one you were is still inside the one you are. And she's lonely.

What you exile doesn't vanish. It waits for welcome. And when you greet it, you begin to become whole.

Ritual: Stand before a mirror. Let your eyes adjust. Say aloud what you see that you've tried to forget. Speak to yourself with tenderness. Then whisper, "I see you. I remember. You are still mine." And let your own gaze be the blessing.

THE HOLY FOOL

Message: *Spirituality without absurdity is just performance.*

Key Themes: Sacred Play, disruption, humility, subversive wisdom, queer joy

When to Engage: When you're taking yourself too seriously. When dogma has taken up your spirit. When failure feels fatal. When you need to laugh your way back to truth.

They laugh in the face of purity. They fall on purpose.

The Holy Fool doesn't preach – they pratfall. They trip into revelation and spill communion wine on their shoes. This Messenger reminds you that absurdity is sacred, that joy can break chains, that God sometimes arrives in drag and bad jokes and mishaps that turn out to be freedom.

In the tradition of fools, jesters, and queer clowns, the Holy Fool is the one who tells the truth sideways. They take nothing too seriously – not even holiness. They mock piety to reveal dignity. They are the sacred interrupter, the drag performer at the cathedral door, the laugh that breaks the fast.

They remind us: your mistakes can be sacraments. Your joy can be resistance. Your laughter can be prayer.

Ritual: Do something ridiculous and sacred at once. Sing a hymn off-key. Wear sequins to light candles. Trip on purpose and bless the ground. Then declare: "I am divine and disastrous. I am blessed and ridiculous. Let it be so."

THE WOUNDED SAINT

Message: *Your pain is not proof of failure – it's the portal.*

Key Themes: Survival, sacred wounding, resilience, tender strength, queer suffering transformed

When to Engage: When healing feels slow. When you are ashamed of your scars. When you need to remember that brokenness and blessing often arrive hand-in-hand.

Still bleeding. Still blessing.

The Wounded Saint does not flinch from the ache. They carry their pain like relics – stitched into their cloak, pressed into their palms, gleaming in candlelight. They know the holiness of hurting and the cost of surviving. This Messenger reminds you that pain has never disqualified you. It has transfigured you.

They appear when you're exhausted from pretending to be okay. When you've bled for love or identity or truth, and wondered if it was worth it. The Wounded Saint doesn't erase the pain – they honor it. And in honoring it, they make it sacred.

To be queer is to bear wounds the world would rather not see. But the Wounded Saint whispers, "Don't hide them." Your scars are not shameful. They are scripture.

Ritual: Mark your scars – visible or invisible – with touch, ink, or intention. Say, "You survived. You still shine." Thank them for what they taught you, even if you're not ready to forgive how. Let that gratitude open into blessing.

THE ONE WHO WOULD NOT STAY SILENT

Message: *Some truths crack the world open. Speak anyway.*

Key Themes: Revelation, testimony, defiance, sacred speech, queer prophecy

When to Engage: When your truth feels dangerous. When silence has become a cage. When your voice trembles with power, and you need to let it loose.

Voice like thunder, tenderness like a knife.

The One Who Would Not Stay Silent is not here to be polite. They are here to unsettle the room, to name the harm, to rupture the ritual with truth that cannot wait. This Messenger carries the holy burden of testimony – I iced, not theorized. Flesh-and-bone prophecy from the margins.

They've paid a price for speaking. But they speak anyway. And now it's your turn.

Queer holiness is loud when it needs to be. The whisper becomes a storm. The confession becomes liberation. The One Who Would Not Stay Silent walks beside you when you're ready to be heard – when your voice shakes, but your spirit won't wait.

Ritual: Find a quiet place. Record a voice memo or whisper to yourself. Say the thing you've swallowed. What truth have you buried to stay safe, loved, employable, acceptable? Say it now – not for them, but for you. Then repeat, "My voice is holy. My truth is a gospel. I will not disappear."

THE MASKED ONE

Message: *Identity is ritual. Costumes are armor and altar both.*

Key Themes: Multiplicity, sacred disguise, queer performance, play, protection

When to Engage: When you're shifting identities. When you're performing to survive – or to explore. When you're unsure which self is real. When you need to remember, all of them are.

Every face they wear is a prayer.

The Masked One doesn't lie. They shapeshift. They arrive in drag, in cosplay, in the practiced persona that once kept you safe – and may still be saving your life. This Messenger teaches that identity is not a fixed point. It's a dance. A ritual. A costume party thrown by the soul.

They walk with every queer person who's ever asked, "*Who am I now?*" and found the answer stitched into a binder, a glitter beard, a name spoken like a spell. The Masked One is not about deception – they're about devotion. The self is sacred. And sometimes, the mask reveals more than the face ever could.

You are allowed to be many. You are allowed to change. You are allowed to protect yourself with beauty and strangeness and disguise.

Ritual: Put on a mask – literal or symbolic. A persona. A name. An outfit that feels like armor. Ask aloud, "Who am I when I am hidden? Who am I when I am free?" Then let yourself become that answer. Just for a moment. Just for tonight. Just for always.

THE SOFT ANIMAL OF YOUR BODY

Message: *You don't need to earn your existence.*

Key Themes: Rest, worthiness, creatureliness, sensory wisdom, queer embodiment

When to Engage: When you feel disconnected from your body. When you're exhausted from performing. When you forget that being alive is enough.

Wild. Tender. Needing nothing but love and air.

The Soft Animal of Your Body does not care about your resume. They do not speak the language of goals or worthiness. They curl around your ribs and hum, *breathe, breathe, breathe*. They are instinct and sweat, and skin – the part of you that existed before shame. The part that never forgot how to want.

This Messenger arrives when you're striving too hard, apologizing for taking up space, punishing yourself for needing rest. They remind you: you are not a project. You are not a burden. You are a creature. And creatures are holy.

To be queer is to wrestle with the body – its longings, its betrayals, its magic. The Soft Animal doesn't wrestle. They nest. They stretch. They sit in the sun. And they invite you to do the same.

Ritual: Lie on the floor. No pose, no posture, no pressure. Breathe like an animal – low in your belly, slow in your chest. Let go of words. Let go of expectations. Whisper (or growl, or purr), "I am here. I am alive. That is enough."

THE EXILED GOD

Message: *Divinity left the institution. It lives in the margins.*

Key Themes: Sacred Heresy, displacement, marginal revelation, divine intimacy, queer theology

When to Engage: When you feel exiled from faith. When the god you were taught cannot hold you. When you need to find the sacred beyond the steeple, the pew, the page.

Let the temple. Lives in your mouth now.

The Exiled God was cast out with the rest of us. Not because they failed, but because they refused to stay small. This Messenger bears the scent of incense and alleyways, sanctuary and street protest, psalms and silence too deep for prayer. They are the divine gone feral – the one who followed you out when the church door shut.

They are with the trans kid who lit a candle in their closet. With the lover who turned moaning into the liturgy. With the doubter who couldn't pray anymore, but still wept during thunderstorms. The Exiled God is no less holy for being banished. They are more.

This card reminds you: the sacred doesn't leave you when you leave the building. Sometimes, that's when it gets close enough to touch.

Ritual: Say a prayer that would have gotten you excommunicated. Make it tender. Make it fierce. Make it filthy, if it needs to be. Let it rise from your gut like a chant. Then say, "You found me. I found you. We are still holy."

THE REBEL MAGDALENE

Message: *You are not a side character in someone else's salvation.*

Key Themes: Sovereignty, sacred rage, reclaimed narrative, erotic wisdom, queer apostleship

When to Engage: When you've been misnamed or dismissed. When you're ready to reclaim your story. When your power is rising, and the world tries to tame it.

They tried to erase her. She wrote her gospel.

The Rebel Magdalene has been called many things – whore, saint, sinner, wife, liar, muse. She has had stories carved into her skin by men who feared her voice. And still, she rises, pen in hand, anointing oil on her fingers, mouth full of truth.

This Messenger walks beside anyone whose history was rewritten by someone else. She is the queer kid whose testimony was silenced. The survivor was told to “forgive and move on.” The woman who dared speak of pleasure and was called unholy for it

But Magdalene remembers. And she writes it down.

She reminds you: your story is scripture. You don't need to be authorized to tell it. You are the one you've been waiting for.

Ritual: Write your own gospel: a paragraph of your truth, your pain, your beauty. Make no edits. Make no apologies. Read it aloud to yourself – or to someone who sees you whole. Then say, “This is my gospel. It is enough.”

THE PORTALS

IN THE AFTERMATH

Message: *You are still here. Now, the reckoning begins.*

Key Themes: Survival, reflection, aftermath, sifting through, choosing what stays

When to Engage: After rupture, betrayal, coming out, or any personal cataclysm. When the worst has already happened, and you're asking, "What now?" As a tool for discernment – what will I carry forward, and what must be laid to rest?

There is a silence after the storm – not peace, something rawer. Survival has a sound, a vibration you feel in your teeth, in your ribs, in the aching parts of you that kept going when everything else stopped. "In the Aftermath" is the Portal of What Comes Next – not the next big chapter, but the breath just after screaming, the hour after the door slams shut, the week when the texts stop coming.

For queer and trans folks, Aftermath is a frequent country we are exiled into: after the family meeting, after their diagnosis, after the protest, after the breakup, no one else understands. This card doesn't rush you into healing. It doesn't ask you to be wise or grateful. It simply sits beside you with a candle and says, "You made it. That's no small thing."

Ritual: Make a list of what is still with you: people, truths, fragments, artifacts. Circle what's worth keeping. Burn or bury the rest. Let the fire or soil carry away what cannot come with you.

IN THE MIDDLE OF IT

Message: *You are inside the fire, and yet you still breathe.*

Key Themes: Endurance, presence, not-knowing, sacred struggle, liminality

When to Engage: When you are lost, heartbroken, or inside a decision that hasn't revealed itself yet. When the grief or desire is loud, but clarity hasn't come. When you feel suspended, no longer who you were, not yet who you will be.

There is a holy terror to the middle: not the threshold you crossed, not the arrival point, but the messy, burning, aching between. It's the moment your voice cracks mid-confession, the days when grief clings to your ribs like smoke, the hour when nothing makes sense but you must still choose to exist.

"In the Middle of It" is not a card of answers – it's a card of survival by faith and instinct. It's where the mystical heart pulses, when we are most undone, most tender, most real. The middle is where the transformation is doing its slow, furious work. You don't have to understand it. You just have to stay close to your body.

For queer seekers, especially, this is familiar terrain. Transition, gendered or otherwise, is mostly middle. We live here often, loving without a map, leaving without a plan, becoming by degrees.

Ritual: Place one hand on your chest, one on your belly. Breathe deep and slow. Say aloud, "I am here. I am here. I am here." Repeat until you believe it, or at least until you hear yourself say it.

THE NAME YOU HAVEN'T SAID OUT LOUD

Message: *The truth of you has been waiting.*

Key Themes: Identity, emergence, sacred naming, revelation, self-recognition.

When to Engage: When you're circling a new identity, desire, or role but feel uncertain. When reclaiming a name or naming something you were taught to fear. When a secret self is ready to be seen.

There are names we're given, and names we choose. But this card is about the name that chooses you, the one that hums beneath your skin, that echoes in your marrow before your mouth ever forms it. It may not be a name in the traditional sense. It might be a role, a calling, a truth, a gender, a god-name, or a soul-word.

To name is to summon. And to summon something sacred is to take a holy risk. The name you haven't said aloud yet might scare you. It might feel too big or too soft or too strange. But it's not too much for the mirror. It's not too much for the night. And it is *not* too much for you.

In queer spiritual life, naming is resurrection. This card invites you to whisper yourself into being.

Ritual: Write the name. Whisper it. Try it on. Let the mirror hear it. Let it crack something open. Let it become real. You do not owe anyone else an explanation - not yet. This ritual is for *you*.

WHEN DESIRE WON'T LET YOU SLEEP

Message: *Let longing be your oracle.*

Key Themes: Hunger, yearning, eros, truth beneath craving, holy ache.

When to Engage: When haunted by longing, especially longing you don't fully understand. When wrestling with shame or fear about what you want. When your desire keeps rising despite attempts to bury it.

Desire is not the enemy. It's the compass. The flicker that refuses to go out. Too often we're taught to tame our wanting—shame it, silence it, numb it. But queer life teaches us that desire is sacred. It isn't just about lust or longing for a person (though it can be). Desire is how your soul says, "This way." It is the fire that keeps you awake for a reason.

This card arrives when something in you is unsettled on purpose. The ache you're feeling is the knock of a door trying to open inside you. You do not have to fulfill the desire for it to be holy. You only have to listen.

Not every desire leads to satisfaction. But every desire reveals something true.

Ritual: Light a candle. Speak or journal your desire without shame or editing. Name it. Let it breathe. Then offer it to the night, not with the need for it to be fulfilled, but with reverence for what it's teaching you.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE HURT

Message: *What you survived still matters.*

Key Themes: Memory, grief, sacred dates, unhealed wounds, ritual return.

When to Engage: On the anniversary of a breakup, death, rupture, betrayal, or trauma. When an old hurt resurfaces and catches you off guard. When you want to make meaning of a date others may not see.

Time doesn't always close the wound. Sometimes it stretches into a thin seam across the soul – still tender, still singing on certain days. Queer life is often punctuated by losses the world doesn't mark: the day you were outed, the day they left, the day the silence came.

This card comes as a quiet witness. It says, "You are not wrong to remember. You are not weak to feel it again. The ache is a sign of your aliveness."

In queer mysticism, anniversaries of pain can become feast days of survival. Not to celebrate the hurt, but to mark the fact that you kept going. The hurt changed you, but so did the healing.

Ritual: Mark the date with sacred care. Take a ritual bath. Hold a stone. Write a letter to your past self. Speak aloud, "I remember. And I am still here."

WHEN YOU NEED TO VANISH

Message: *Disappearance can be holy.*

Key Themes: Withdrawal, invisibility, sacred silence, autonomy, rest, reclamation

When to Engage: When you're overwhelmed or overexposed. After a period of deep emotional labor or burnout. When you long for invisibility or solitude. Before a major transition or identity shift.

Sometimes the soul needs to slip away. To be untraceable. To exit the performance and retreat into its own mystery. In a world that demands constant availability - online, emotional, spiritual - disappearance becomes an act of resistance.

This card honors the sacredness of going off-grid. Not to abandon, but to return to the self unfiltered. Mystics and witches knew the value of the hidden grove, the hermitage, the cloistered chamber. Queerness, too, has always held the wisdom of vanishing: for safety, for survival, for becoming.

To vanish is not to erase yourself. It is to whisper to your spirit, "You deserve sanctuary."

Ritual: Go off-grid. Log out. Silence the notifications. Leave a note on your altar, in your journal, or in your heart that says, "I'll return when I'm ready."

You owe no one your constant presence. Vanish like a blessing. Vanish like a spell.

AFTER YOU TOLD THE TRUTH

Message: *Truth costs. Rest anyway.*

Key Themes: Vulnerability, aftermath, recovery, courage, truth-speaking, softness

When to Engage: After a confession, confrontation, or truth-telling moment. When your body feels shaky after setting a boundary. During recovery from emotional exposure. In the space between saying something real and knowing what comes next.

Telling the truth is a spell that cannot be taken back. Once spoken, it reshapes the room, the relationship, the self. And sometimes, even when the truth sets us free, it also breaks something open – inside or around us.

This card is a shelter in the storm that follows honesty. The trembling. The silence. The wondering: *Was it too much? Did I lose them? Am I still safe now that they know?*

But the truth is holy. And your body deserves gentleness in its wake. Wrap yourself up. Let the heat of tea or bath or blanket remind you: You did something brave. Let yourself be held. Let yourself rest. This is not weakness – it is sacred aftermath.

Ritual: Wrap yourself in something soft, a blanket, a robe, favorite sweater. Make tea or a comforting drink. Rest like the truth cost you something – because it did.

WHEN YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT

Message: *Loneliness is not failure. You remain sacred.*

Key Themes: Solitude, grief, resilience, bearing witness, survival, sacred isolation

When to Engage: In grief, especially after loss or abandonment. When community feels distant or unreachable. When stepping away from harmful belonging. On nights when solitude feels like a wound.

Sometimes everyone leaves, or it feels that way. Friends fall away. Lovers move on. Communities fracture. Or perhaps, like so many queer and trans folks through history, you outlive the story that held you. You remain a quiet ember in a darkened room.

This card doesn't rush you to fix. It honors the ache of aloneness as holy ground. To be the only one left is to become your own witness, your own keeper. It doesn't mean you are wrong. It means you are still here.

There is dignity in making a table for one. There is power in lighting a candle and saying grace with no audience but the moon. This card reminds you, you are never truly alone. You carry your dead, your past selves, your sacred name. Set a place for them all.

Ritual: Set a table for one. Light a candle as witness. Eat slowly. Say grace over your own name. You are worth the blessing.

BEFORE THE LEAP

Meaning: *You don't need to be ready - only willing.*

Key Themes: Courage, fear, transformation, risk, choice, liminality

When to Engage: When facing a major decision or transition. When fear and longing exist in equal measure. Before coming out, initiating change, or speaking up. When waiting for permission to move forward.

There is no perfect moment to leap. No voice from heaven, no final green light. Just the quickening of your spirit and the truth that staying still will cost you more. This card meets you in that electric stillness - on the edge, on the verge, breath held.

For queer seekers, leaping often means losing safety, coming out, changing names, speaking truths, and choosing life outside the blueprint. Before the leap is a holy threshold. It's where ancestors linger, not to push you, but to bless your trembling.

You don't leap alone. The leap is a prayer made with your body. A spell cast with your yes.

Ritual: Name the fear. Name the longing. Then do the next thing, even if your hands shake. The leap has already begun.

ON A DAY YOU FEEL NOTHING

Message: *Numbness is a messenger, too.*

Key Themes: Disconnection, protection, embodiment, compassion, slow healing

When to Engage: When depression, burnout, or grief dulls your senses. When your body or heart has gone quiet. When you fear you're not "spiritual" or "present" enough. When you're simply surviving, and that has to be enough.

There are days when the world goes quiet inside you. When the colors dim and your heart tucks itself away. Numbness isn't absence - it's armor. A softness your nervous system lays over you like a blanket, saying, "Not now, love. Not yet."

In queer life, numbness sometimes comes after too much, too much hiding, too much effort, too much breaking and mending. It can feel like failure, but it's not. It's a form of knowing. A pause that says, "Feelings will return when it's safe."

This card doesn't ask you to feel. It asks you to stay. To trust that even without the spark, you are still whole.

Ritual: Hold an object with texture — stone, wool, a branch, a seashell. Feel it. Let your hands remember what your heart can't. You are not failing. You are protecting something sacred.

WHEN A DOOR SHUTS

Message: *A closed door is a holy no.*

Key Themes: Loss, redirection, grief, sacred boundaries, endings as protection.

When to Engage: After rejection or a lost opportunity. When a relationship, job, or identity path ends abruptly. When something you longed for doesn't open. When closure is necessary for your safety or freedom.

We are taught to pry open every door, to hustle and hope and push our way through. But some doors shut - and they mean it. Now, because you failed, but because the path would have failed you.

Queer people often learn this the hard way: a job that wasn't safe, a family that couldn't love us whole, a lover who said goodbye. We mourn what we were never given, and it is right to mourn.

But this card whispers, "*What if that door closing was holy?*" What if the rejection carved out room for your resurrection?

Let the door shut. Thank it for its refusal. Then turn your face to the wind and walk on.

Ritual: Write a thank-you letter to the closed door. Name what it taught you. Name what you grieve. Then burn it, seal it, or bury it. Let mourning become your map forward.

WHEN YOU ARE TOO MUCH

Meaning: *You were never meant to shrink.*

Key Themes: Liberation, embodiment, bigness, defiance, self-blessing, refusal to apologize

When to Engage: When you've been told you're too loud, emotional, intense, sensitive, demanding, or dramatic. When you've shrunk to be accepted or feared taking up space. When shame creeps in after expressing desire or rage. When your fullness threatens someone else's comfort.

Some of us were born too loud, too sensitive, too queer, too glittering for the world that raised us. We bent our spines to fit rooms too small, softened our voices, folded our hunger, and learned to apologize with our eyes.

But *too much* is a lie spoken by those who benefit from our shrinking. This card arrives like a thunderclap of blessing to say: **You are not too much. You are vast..** You are the flood, the wildfire, the cathedral of your aliveness.

And your magnitude? It is not a flaw. It is a portal.

Ritual: Take up sacred space. Sing with abandon. Wear something that stretches the bounds of "tasteful." Sprawl on your bed like a blessing. Say aloud, "This is mine. This is mine. This is mine." Claim your too-muchness as holy.

WHEN IT ALL COMES CRASHING DOWN

Message: *You are still here. And that is holy.*

Key Themes: Collapse, renewal, presence, survival, sacred rubble, new beginnings.

When to Engage: In the wake of loss, breakups, job upheaval, and housing instability. When identity unravels or faith fractures. When the plan fails, the body gives out, or grief steals the map. When you've hit bottom and need a ritual of beginning again.

There are days when the sky splits open. When everything you clung to - relationships, identities, dreams, structures - crumbles in your hands. These moments aren't just painful. They are sacred. Because collapse is honest. It tells the truth that nothing else would say.

The myth of constant growth is a capitalist lie. The soul knows decay. Knows what it is to be reduced to ash, to bones, to breath and nothing more. And still, there is a heartbeat in the wreckage.

This card is not the end. It is the altar you build from what remains.

Ritual: Sweep the floor. Clear the space. Place an object you love in the center. Sit before it and name it. Say, "I begin again. Barefoot, trembling, real."

AFTER THE DRAW:

A BENEDICTION FOR THE UNHOLY HOURS

You have reached the edge of the deck – not the end, but another threshold.

Maybe your hands are dusty with ash. Maybe your pulse is still tangled in revelation. Maybe nothing made sense, or everything made too much sense all at once. Good.

These cards are not meant to answer you.

They are meant to accompany you.

To provoke, to pierce, to witness.

To hold open the wound and whisper, “This too is holy.”

You have shuffled through vows you haven’t spoken, encountered messengers with your own face, stepped through portals you didn’t choose, and tended aches no one else could see. That is sacred labor. That is queer devotion.

Let the Hours hold you now.

Let the inked icons and trembling rituals live not just on paper but in your days. Let your life become the fifth suit – wild, unwritten, unfinished.

And when the world tries to rush you into clarity, when your name feels too heavy, when you forget the sound of your longing, come back.

Draw a card.

Speak a vow.

Burn a leaf.

Make a mess.

Begin again.

The monastery is still here. And so are you.

Unholy Hours:

A PRAYER BOOK FOR THE TECHNICOLOR MONASTERY

INTRODUCTION TO THE UNHOLY HOURS

WHAT ARE THE UNHOLY HOURS?

The Unholy Hours are a sacred rhythm of queer timekeeping - a reclamation and reinvention of the canonical Hours once (and sometimes still) used in monasteries to mark the day with prayer. Ours are unruly and unapologetic, woven from rage and reverence, tenderness and defiance. They are time broken open, stained glass shattered into a mosaic of presence.

Each Hour names a facet of the queer life of the spirit: Waking, Undoing, Mirrors, Ash, Tending, Gloaming, Veil, and Witching. Together, they cradle us from first light to deepest dark and back again.

We do not call them *unholy* as a rejection of holiness, but as a reclaiming: the holiness of bodies misnamed, of nights unspoken, of prayers uttered between clenched teeth. That which was named “unholy” by others is sanctified in this space by the very words used against it.

QUEERING THE MONASTIC RHYTHM

To queer something is to disrupt, to bless in sideways ways, to liberate from rigid form into living mystery. These Hours do not demand belief – they invite you to touch the divine in the mess of your life. They do not require perfection – they ask only for your presence.

Here, the liturgy is stitched from scraps: poems, memories, chants, questions, laments. Here, the monastery has no walls – only portals.

PRAYING IN DEFIANCE AND DELIGHT

You may come to these Hours exhausted. Angry. Ecstatic. Dissociated. Holy. This book holds all of you.

You may use these prayers to resist empire. To hold your trans body with love. To grieve without shame. To rage against silence. To name your wounds and wash them tenderly. To return again and again to your deepest yes.

This is a book of altars made from protest signs, of incense burned for ex-lovers, of prayers carved in eyeliner across bathroom mirrors. A book for those who never felt fully or at all at home in church, yet carry a fierce and flaming devotion.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

- Solo Practice: Light a candle, whisper a blessing, read aloud or in silence. Choose one Hour to anchor your day or trace the whole arc from dawn to deep night.
- Communal Practice: Gather with other seekers - in person or online - to share the Hour. Rotate who reads. Respond with breath, bells, or gestures.
- Digital Chapel: Use the Technicolor Monastery's online spaces to participate in live Hours, post your reflections, or find recorded prayers.
- Alterations & Additions: You are welcome to adapt any text. Change pronouns, swap readings, make it yours. Add marginalia, draw in the margins, and cross things out.

The Unholy Hours are not a script. They are a spell, a song, a spell-song. Take what you need.

THE CALENDAR OF THE UNHOLY HOURS

In the Technicolor Monastery, time is not linear but cyclical, spiral, queer. The Hours return like tides – some bold and bright, others hushed and hidden. Rather than regulate life, the Unholy Hours invite you to rhythm it: to meet each moment with presence, prayer, protest, or rest.

You may choose to pray a single Hour a day, or trace the whole arc across morning to midnight. You may mark just one Hour each week as a tether point for your soul. There is no right rhythm – only the one that feels like breath.

Here is one possible weekly cycle:

Day	Hour to Anchor	Invitation
Sunday	Waking	Begin again. Breath queer resurrection.
Monday	Undoing	Unravel shame. Be tender. Start small.
Tuesday	Mirrors	Witness your reflection and be seen.
Wednesday	Ash	Hold grief. Compost pain. Honor the rage.
Thursday	Tending	Tend what’s sacred. Set boundaries. Rest.
Friday	Veil	Commune with the dark. Light a candle.
Saturday	Gloaming	Celebrate transition. Linger in liminal.

You may also track the Hours by the sun’s arc in a single day, matching hour to light: Symbols, Gestures, and Ritual Tools

Hour	Approx. Time	Themes
Waking	Dawn	Breath, protest, presence
Undoing	Mid-morning	Shame, unraveling, healing
Mirrors	Midday	Visibility, gaze, chosen kin
Ash	Mid-afternoon	Mourning, memory, rage
Tending	Early evening	Care, exhaustion, mutuality
Gloaming	Sunset	Transition, liminality, queer dusk-walkers
Veil	Night	Mystery, ancestors, the unseen
Witching	Deep night	Magic, dreams, sacred intoxication

Each Hour has its mood, movement, and meaning. To enter sacred time with your body and senses, you may wish to gather or enact:

COMMON TOOLS FOR ALL HOURS

- Candle or Flame - light to mark time's crossing
- Bell or Chime - a sound to open the Hour
- Bowl of Water - for blessing, reflection, or touch
- Mirror - for self-recognition and divine encounter
- Ritual Deck/Tarot/Oracle Cards - for divining stories or questions
- Cloth or Scarf - to wear or wrap as a sacred vestment
- Book of Names - for speaking aloud those you carry
- Offering a stone/Token - to place on an altar or shrine

GESTURES ACROSS THE HOURS

- Bow - in reverence or surrender
- Touch Forehead, Heart, Belly - to bless the mind, spirit, body
- Open Palms Upward - to receive what the Hour brings
- Hand Over Heart - to center and feel
- Kiss the Earth/Floor - to ground and humble
- Trace a Circle - to seal the Hour, or cast it open
-

Some Hours may invite more specific gestures (e.g., ashes on the skin at Ash, or wrapping in a shawl at Tending), which are described in the section for each Hour.

Creating an Altar for the Unholy Hours

A SPACE TO PRAY, RAGE, REST, BLESS, AND BE.

WHAT IS AN ALTAR?

An altar is a threshold – a place between ordinary and sacred. It can live on a shelf, a nightstand, your kitchen table, or a patch of forest floor. It does not need to be fancy. It only needs to feel *true*. Let your altar reflect your longings, your lineage, your queer magic, your story of faith, your grief, and your glory.

CORE ELEMENTS (CHOOSE WHAT RESONATES):

- Light: A candle, an oil lamp, or even a strand of fairy lights. Light marks intention, presence, and transformation.
- A Cloth or Base: Something to signify this as a set-apart space – fabric, a wooden board, a tile, etc. Let it anchor the space.
- Sacred Objects: Anything that speaks to your spirit. Examples:
 - A photo of a beloved
 - A stone you carried through a hard season
 - A feather, bone, or pressed flower
 - A key, vial, or relic
 - Queer ephemera (zines, protest buttons, pronoun pins, etc.)
- Symbols of the Hours: If you observe the Unholy Hours Rhythm, consider setting out symbols for:
 - Waking - a match, dawn-colored ribbon
 - Undoing - broken thread, a shedding leaf
 - Mirrors - small hand mirror, glass
 - Ash - incense, charcoal, paper burned at the edges

- Tending - balm, cup, thread and needle
- Gloaming - sunset stone, dim light
- Veil - veil, lace, dark cloth
- Witching - moon water, crystal, star map
- A Bowl or Cup: To hold water, salt, tears, or ritual herbs.
- An Offering Space: A small dish or area where you leave notes, items, or prayers.
- Room for Change: Let your altar evolve with the seasons, your emotions, and needs. Nothing is fixed.

OPTIONAL PRACTICES

- Bless the space each time you enter: light a candle, place your hand over your heart, or say: "This is my altar. This is where the sacred meets me as I am."
- Sit before it daily or weekly, even for a breath. Make it a space where silence is welcome and nothing must be explained.
- Tend it regularly – dust it, rearrange it, speak to it, feed it with new symbols as your life unfolds.

The Unholy Hours

A RHYTHM OF QUEER TIME

Time, in the monastery, is not a prison – it is a practice. It is not counted by clocks, but by breath, by body, by movements of longing and loss and light. The Unholy Hours are a rhythm of return, a cycle of sacred interruptions: they do not demand rigid observance but offer anchor points for the day, invitations to pause, unravel, re-root, and remember.

Each Hour is a threshold, a small altar in time. It names what is already happening in us – Waking, Undoing, Mirrors, Ash, Tending, Gloaming, Veil, and Witching – and blesses it. These prayers are not meant to be perfect or pious. They are meant to be *true*. Come to the Hour as you are. Leave as you will become.

WHAT AN HOUR MIGHT INCLUDE

Each Hour can be approached simply or richly, in solitude or community, in stillness or with movement. The following are suggestions, not prescriptions:

- Opening breath or Gesture: A physical way to enter the Hour – lighting a candle, placing your hand over your heart, stepping outside, or bowing to your reflection.
- Invocation: A brief prayer, chant, or summons that calls the energy of the Hour into presence.
- Reading: A passage from the prayer book, scripture, poetry, a card draw, or something you've written.
- Reflection: Silent or spoken – a journal entry, a voice note, a question to carry.
- Ritual Act: Lighting incense, washing your face, blessing your body, burning a regret, or texting a beloved.

- Closing Blessing or Dismissal: A way to seal the Hour – words of release, a kiss to the air, a bell, “amen,” or silence.

Not every Hour needs every element. Some may simply be a breath in the hallway or a moment of grief in the car. Some may be shared around a table. Some may rise in the middle of the night like a holy ghost. Let them come as they will. Let them mark you.

A BLESSING BEFORE THE HOURS

A preparatory invocation for entering sacred time:

O Time that Refuses the Clock,
O Rhythm That Sings in Spiral,
I step into you with bare feet and unguarded breath.
I do not come to master you –
I come to be moved.

Bless this body, which pulses in queer time.
Bless this day, which may not unfold in order.
Bless this moment, which is enough for now.

May I pray not with perfection, but with presence.
May I listen not for answers, but for echoes.
May I leave space for the holy to arrive,
in stillness, in disruption,
in whatever shape this Hour takes.

Welcome, sacred Time.
Welcome, Unholy Hours.
Let me begin.

A COMMUNAL BLESSING BEFORE THE HOURS

L: Come, beloveds, gather in time beyond clocks.
in breath, in body, in this strange and holy pause –
we arrive.

A: We arrive. We arrive.

We come with what is tender.

We come with what is undone.

We come as we are.

L: Let this hour open like a wound and a window.
Let the divine meet us where we do not pretend.

**A: We meet the divine in our need,
in our glitter and our grief,
in our longing and our defiance.**

L: May this be sacred ground.
May this be unruly sanctuary.
May this be enough.

A: Amen. Ashe. Let the hour begin.

BLESSING BEFORE THE HOURS - COMMUNAL CHANTS

Option 1: “We Arrive”

(round or unison, 4/4 time, minor key works beautifully – try D minor or E minor)

We arrive, we arrive, we arrive as we are.

We arrive with our hunger, our glitter, our scars

(repeat x4, gradually layering voices)

Option 2: “Let This Be Sanctuary”

(slow chant, 3/4 or 6/8, haunting and tender)

Let this be sanctuary.

Let this be enough.

(repeat slowly, 3-7x)

(optional call/response:)

L: Come as you are.

A: This is enough

WAKING

Time: Dawn

Mood: Emergence, breath, remember that you are still here

Invitation: This is the first light - the quiet yes of your body before language returns. Waking does not ask you to be ready. It asks you only to be. To notice breath. To gather yourself gently from the night. To remember you belong to the living.

Opening Breath: Place one hand over your heart. Feel its beat.

Inhale gently.

Exhale without effort.

Say aloud or silently: "I have returned."

Prayer:

Holy is this stirring.
Holy is this body,
returned to me again.
Holy are the remnants
of dream and dark,
the ache that followed me
from sleep,
the light that rises anyway.

Let this be enough;
to breathe,
to be,
to begin.

Amen, or something like that

Practice Prompt: Touch your face. Whisper your name like a blessing. If you cannot rise yet, bless the bed that holds you.

Blessing: May this be a day that does not rush your becoming.

UNDOING

Time: Mid-morning

Mood: Unraveling, release, unbecoming

Invitation: The day is in motion now, and so are you. But before you build, before you perform, before you prove, you are invited to *undo*. This hour honors the sacred act of loosening: the unfastening of roles, masks, identities, and expectations. Here, unraveling is not failure – it is faith in your becoming.

Opening Breath: Place your hands palm-up in your lap or at your sides.

Inhale: “I release.”

Exhale: “I return.”

Let something fall open in you.

Prayer:

Let this be the Hour
of holy unraveling.
Where what no longer fits
can be set down without shame.

Let the threads of my becoming
fall freely
winding into new forms I don't yet
know.

Unfasten me, Spirit.
Undo what is tied to fear.
Unravel what I was taught to
carry.

I do not have to hold it all.
I do not have to be who I was.
I am allowed to loosen.

Amen, or let it fall apart.

Practice Prompt: Name one thing you are allowed to release today. Say it aloud. If you can, drop your shoulders. Unclench your jaw. Unbutton something. Breathe.

Blessing: May your undoing be gentle, and your unmaking be holy.

MIRRORS

Time: Midday

Mood: Illumination, self-recognition, truth-telling

Invitation: This is the brightest part of the day – the hour when nothing hides. Mirrors asks you to see clearly, to stand in the full light of your becoming. It is not about perfection. It is about presence. To witness yourself without distortion. To honor the truths that shimmer beneath the surface.

Opening Breath: Stand or sit upright. Face a sort of light – sun, candle, screen flow.

Inhale: “I am here.”

Exhale: “I am seen.”

Let the light touch your face.

Prayer:

Let me see truly.

Let me see without shame.

Not through the eyes of the world
– but through the gaze of love,
clear and unwavering.

May I face what lives in me:
the beauty I've buried,
the rage I've silenced,
the hope I hardly dare name.

And when I see myself –
not as perfect, but as whole –
may I not look away.

Amen, or mirror me.

Practice Prompt: Look into the mirror or your own eyes in a selfie camera. Hold your gaze for ten seconds. Speak one kind truth aloud. Or, if that's too much, gently say: “I am still becoming.”

Blessing: May the truth you see become a doorway, not a wall.

ASH

Time: Mid-Afternoon

Mood: Heat, hunger, exhaustion, holy residue

Invitation: The day is burning low. Fatigue sets in. Longing stirs. Ash is the Hour of what remains – the ember after the blaze, the ache beneath the action. It is where grief meets desire, where what's been lost and what's still burning live side by side. You are invited not to fix, but to feel. Not to rise, but to smolder.

Opening Breath: Place your hand on your belly. Feel its rise and fall.

Inhale: "I carry the flame."

Exhale: "I honor the ash."

Let the breath settle deep.

Prayer:

This is the hour of fire spent –
of effort poured out,
of wanting without answers.

May I bless the burn and the body it
leaves behind.

Let me sit among the embers.
Let me name my hunger.
Let me mourn what has gone to ash.

Holy are the remains.
Holy is the longing.
Holy is the heat that has not gone
out.

May I not rush to clean it up.
May I not demand it makes sense.

Amen, or let it smolder.

Practice Prompt: Name a desire or grief you've been avoiding. Write it down, speak it aloud, or hold it like a stone in your palm. Don't solve it. Just stay with it for a breath or two.

Blessing: May your ashes become soil. May what's burned feed what grows next.

TENDING

Time: Early Evening

Mood: Care, gentleness, grounded presence

Invitation: This is the Hour of quiet devotion. After the heat, before the descent. Tending calls you to care for what is still living – your body, your space, your aching parts. It is not glamorous, but it is holy. A pot stirred. A floor swept. A breath taken with intention. This is love made ordinary.

Opening Breath: Place both hands on your chest or belly.

Inhale: “I am worthy of care.”

Exhale: “I offer what I can.”

Let care flow both inward and outward.

Prayer:

Bless these hands,
however tired they are.
Bless this body,
however unfinished it feels.

Let small acts be enough.
Let gentleness be a form of prayer.
Let me begin again with
tenderness.

Let me tend without urgency –
to what is mine,
to what is fragile,
to what asks for attention but not
perfection.

Amen, or as long as it takes.

Practice Prompt: Tend to one thing: a corner of your room, a wound on your heart, a plant, a dish, a thought. Let the act be simple. Let it be enough.

Blessing: May every small act of care ripple out like prayer.

GLOAMING

Time: Sunset

Mood: Transition, liminality, sacred pause

Invitation: This is the Hour of blur and beauty. The light bends. The edges soften. Gloaming is the moment between stories – neither day nor night, neither arrival nor departure. You are invited to pause here. To let what's unfinished rest. To stand at the threshold and not rush across.

Opening Breath: Gaze out a window or toward a fading light.

Inhale: "I welcome the in-between."

Exhale: "I release the need to know."

Feel the dusk settle into your skin.

Prayer:

Let this Hour be a hinge.

Let me not fear the turning.

What was bright is fading now –
not in failure, but in rhythm.

Let me meet this change with
wonder, not grasping.

Let me loosen what clings and
greet what comes.

Between light and dark,

between known and unknown,
let this be a holy pause.

A breath held at the threshold.

Amen, or not yet.

Practice Prompt: Light a candle or turn on a small lamp as the sun goes down. Say aloud: I honor the in-between. Let yourself do nothing for one minute. Let that be sacred.

Blessing: May you find beauty in what is unresolved.

VEIL

Time: Night

Mood: Darkness, concealment, quiet surrender

Invitation: Night draws its curtain now. What was visible retreats. Veil is the Hour when the world softens into shadow, when endings whisper and silence becomes its own liturgy. You are invited to stop striving. To let the day fall away. To meet the holy hidden, without needing it to explain itself.

Opening Breath: Dim the light. Close your eyes.

Inhale: "I am held."

Exhale: "I let go."

Let the darkness be a cloak, not a threat.

Prayer:

Bless the dark
that does not demand.
Bless the questions
that go unanswered.
Bless the endings
I cannot make tidy.

Veil me, Spirit.
Wrap me in what I cannot see.
Let the hush be healing.
Let this surrender be sacred.

I do not need to understand the
dark to rest inside it.

Amen, or silence, will do.

Practice Prompt: Turn off one light. Lie down or recline. Name something from the day that you are ready to lay to rest. If words fail, simply breathe and release.

Blessing: May the dark hold you without asking you to shine.

WITCHING

Time: Deep Night

Mood: Magic, shadow, dream, ancestral presence.

Invitation: This is the Hour when time thins. When dreams speak louder than reason. When the veil between worlds is not a well, but a breath. Witching invites you to descend into mystery, into memory, into the sacred dark. It is not an Hour of fear, but of possibility. What you meet here may change you.

Opening Breath: Let your eyes soften or close. Light a candle or imagine one burning.

Inhale: "I enter the unseen."

Exhale: "I open to wonder."

Let the dark speak.

Prayer:

Here, in the Witching Hour,
let my spirit drift wide.

Call to me,
ancestors and dreamwalkers.

Call to me,
forgotten parts of myself.

Let what is hidden rise – not to
haunt, but to teach.

I offer no resistance to mystery.
I welcome what stirs in shadow.
I trust the dark to birth something
new.

May I be remade in the night's
deep waters.

Amen, or by moonlight alone.

Practice Prompt: Place a journal or scrap of paper beside your bed. Before sleep, ask one question you don't know how to answer. Write it down. Let the night respond in dreams, symbols, or silence.

Blessing: May what finds you in the dark carry you into the dawn.

BLESSING AFTER THE HOURS

O Time That Unfolds like Petals,
O Holy That Hid in the Cracks –
you were here..

In the hush, in the howl,
in the tear I did not name,
in the rage I almost buried,
in the love that cracked me open again –
you were here.

I leave this Hour,
But I do not leave its presence.
Its ember glows in my ribs,
its echo hums in my blood.

May I carry what was kind.
May I compost what no longer serves.
May I trust that I am still becoming –
even now, even after.

Amen. Ashe. So be it. Let it be.

A COMMUNAL BLESSING AFTER THE HOURS

L: Beloveds, the Hour has passed.

But its pulse is not gone from us.

A: It lingers in our marrow.

It hums in our breath.

It sings in our silence.

L: We do not leave this hour unchanged.

We are softened. We are scorched. We are stirred.

A: We carry what was given.

We release what must go.

We remain in the holy unfolding.

L: Let us go into the day/the dark/the dream

with courage, with compassion,

and with no need to be finished.

A: Amen. Ashe. We rise. We return. We remember.

BLESSING AFTER THE HOURS - COMMUNAL CHANT

Option 1: “We Carry What Was Given”

(modal folk, 4/4, can rise and fall gently like breath)

We carry what was given.

We release what must go.

We remain in the holy unfolding.

(repeat slowly, with space between the lines)

Option 2: “We Rise, We Return” Round

(round or layered harmony; joyful and grounded)

We rise, we return, we remember.

We rise, we return, we remember.

(stagger entry and stack harmony)

Daily Practice Guide:

Living the Unholy Hours

The Unholy Hours are not a schedule to be mastered – they are an invitation to live rhythmically, not rigidly. You can move with all eight Hours, or with one or two that call to you. This guide offers a few ways to shape your days with intention and magic.

THE PULSE OF A SINGLE HOUR

Time needed: 2-10 minutes/day

Choose one Hour each day to accompany you. It could be based on the actual time of day or chosen at random in the morning.

Daily steps:

1. Read the Hour's entry from the prayer book.
2. Breathe with its invocation (1-3 breaths).
3. Do the Practice Prompt - this might be lighting a candle, whispering a word, journaling a sentence, or simply noticing what you feel.
4. Return to the Hour in thought or movement once during the day (e.g., whisper "I welcome the in-between" while waiting in line, or stretch your arms with "I release.")

For example: If today is *Undoing*, you might pause mid-morning, take one deep breath, and lay your hand on your chest saying, "I unravel gently." That's it. That's prayer.

THE THREEFOLD DAY

Time needed: 5-20 minutes, spread across the day

Anchor your day with three Hours: one morning, one midday, one evening.

Suggested flow:

- Waking (at dawn or waking): orient to the day with breath and blessing.
- Mirrors or Ash (mid-day): reflect, adjust, name what needs tending.
- Gloaming or Veil (evening): unwind and release what you're holding.

You can rotate the Hours or let intuition guide you. Journal briefly, light candles, or simply pause in silence with each.

THE FULL RHYTHM

Time needed: 5-10 minutes per Hour, or a flexible daily flow

For monastics, deep seekers, or seasonal retreats. This follows all eight Hours in rhythm with the day.

Practice elements might include:

- Reading the prayer at the assigned Hour.
- Performing the Hour's breath and invocation.
- Doing the prompt or a movement (lighting, bowing, stretching, tearing paper).
- Keeping a small altar and rotating the Hour's symbol or candle throughout the day.
- Leaving space between the Hours. Let the rhythm shape you, not pressure you.

Consider an altar with 8 stones, cards, or images. Move one forward as the Hours pass.

MODULAR PRACTICE IDEAS

To customize your own rhythm:

- Use draws: pull a card from the ritual deck for each hour you keep, each day, or week.
- Use seasonal Hours: pair Hours with life cycles - Waking for beginnings, Ash for grief, Witching for dreamwork.
- Practice communal Hours in digital or physical space: everyone lighting a candle at Gloaming, or reading the Undoing prayer on a shared Zoom.

PERMISSION NOTES

- You don't have to be consistent to be sacred.
- You can forget a day and still be in the rhythm.
- The Hours are not "missed" – they are always circling back.

THREADS OF THE HOURS

Each Hour carries a distinct pulse, but there are golden (and blood-red, ink-black, silver-laced) threads that wind through them all. These threads are not rules – they are invitations to presence. Like knots in a rosary or stitches in a quilt, they offer form without rigidity. Each thread can be touched in prayer, ritual, movement, or silence.

THREAD 1: BREATH AS LITURGY

Every Hour begins and ends with breath. Breath as invocation. Breath as refusal. Breath as offering.

Touchpoint: Begin each Hour with three slow breaths, saying:

"I am here. I am becoming. I am beloved."

THREAD 2: GESTURE AS SACRED LANGUAGE

Each Hour has a core gesture—a bodily movement or posture that anchors its energy. These gestures invite us to pray with our bodies. They may be as subtle as a touch to the lips or as embodied as falling to the floor.

THREAD 3: FLAME & LIGHT

From candle to ember to full extinguishment, light threads through the Hours. Lighting (or extinguishing) a candle becomes a portable rite for entering each Hour.

THREAD 4: VOWS IN ECHO

Across the Hours, vows are remembered, broken, rewritten, whispered, and re-committed. A single vow might echo across a day:

- Waking: “I vow to listen.”
- Undoing: “I vow to be changed.”
- Tending: “I vow to make beauty.”

Each Hour invites one vow to rise—sometimes in defiance, sometimes in longing.

THREAD 5: SHADOW & SILENCE

Even in brightness, the shadow thread weaves through:

- Waking: What am I waking from?
- Undoing: What must unravel?
- Veil: What won't be spoken?

Silence is its own ritual, especially at Witching and Veil. A moment of unfilled space is sacred at every Hour.

THREAD 6: THE BODY AS MONASTERY

The pulse of each Hour is carried in the body:

- Waking: the stretch
- Undoing: the exhale
- Mirrors: the heartbeat
- Ash: the slump
- Tending: the embrace
- Gloaming: the turning inward
- Veil: the laying down
- Witching: the dissolving

Every Hour can be entered through bodily awareness. The body becomes the clock, the chapel, the altar.

The Rule of Unholy Hours & The Technicolor Monastery

A DEVOTION FOR THE EXILED AND RETURNING

The Rule of the Unholy Hours is not a law to bind but a rhythm to live by. It is a scaffolding for devotion, a spine of intention for those who move through the world with cracked faith, sacred rage, or tender hope. This Rule names the practices, permissions, and postures that shape life in the Technicolor Monastery – not as rigid requirements, but as invitations toward presence, queerness, mutual care, and ritual depth. It honors the cyclical nature of becoming, the holiness of the undone, and the sanctity of everyday acts. Whether you follow it strictly or loosely, alone or in community, this Rule exists to help you live your days as liturgy.

We are the ones who pray late,
weep loud,
rage holy,
and love in the margins.

We do not tidy our souls.
We do not worship in straight
lines.

We keep unholy hours:
the sleepless, the sexed, the
breaking, the broken.
We light candles at midnight,
and confess to mirrors,
and speak psalms in the voice
that trembles.

We vow to be unfinished.
To rest when we are tired.
To tell the truth, even when it
costs.
To let pleasure lead us home.

We hold grief as sacred.
We name rage as prayer.
We dare to love what was exiled
in us.

We remember:
the gospel was always queer,
the body always holy,
the Spirit always wild.

We break rules and rewrite
liturgies.
We kiss dirt and dance ugly.
We let the dead speak and the
silence answer.

We are not here to behave.
We are here to belong.

When we forget,
we return.
When we break,
we bless the pieces.
When we disappear,
we leave the light on.

This is our Rule:
soft, defiant, held in trembling
hands.
A devotion for the unrepentantly
beloved.
A vow made barefoot.
A liturgy that limps.

The Rule of Unholy Hours Expanded Companion & Ritual Guide

The rule is meant to be lived into, not mastered. This guide is a companion for that living. Here you'll find reflections, breath prayers, rituals, and provocations that unfold the Rule one piece at a time – offering depth rather than demand, invitation rather than instruction. The Rule may be read in a single sitting, but this guide asks: What would it mean to dwell with each vow, each permission, each sacred turn of phrase as a threshold in itself?

This is not a workbook. It is a slow-burning candle. Use it in solitude or with a circle of fellow travelers. Let it guide you across a week, a month, or a season. Let the Rule become not just something you follow, but something you feel.

There is no rush. The rhythm is already inside you.

*We are the ones who pray late,
Weep loud,
Rage holy,
And love in the margins.*

Reflection: This is our entrance rite. Not all who wander are lost, but many are grieving. We are those who've been shut out or walked out - who still ache for a sacredness that includes *us*. This line names us before we even have to explain ourselves.

Ritual Practice: Light a candle at an *inconvenient* hour. Pray for those who were taught they pray wrong. Include yourself.

*We do not tidy our souls.
We do not worship in straight lines.*

Reflection: Queer holiness is messy. Grief leaves dishes in the sink. Desire doesn't file itself alphabetically. Straightness - both in gender and in spirituality - is not our organizing principle. We bless the crooked path.

Ritual Practice: Leave something intentionally imperfect on your altar.
Name it holy.

*We keep unholy hours:
The sleepless, the sexed, the breaking, the broken.*

Reflection: This is not monasticism that wakes at dawn to chant. This is monasticism that moans at 2 am, that leaves voice notes after heartbreak, that prays with eyeliner running and sheets still tangled. These hours *count*. These hours *speak*. These hours *belong*.

Ritual Practice: Set a recurring reminder at one unholy hour. Each time, consider what you are in the middle of doing. Whisper, "Even this is sacred."

*We light candles at midnight,
And confess to mirrors,
And speak psalms in the voice that trembles.*

Reflection: We bring devotion into the places we were told were private, shameful, or unworthy. The mirror becomes our confessor. The quivering voice is not less sacred - it is more. This is an embodied liturgy.

Ritual Practice: Hold eye contact with yourself in the mirror for a full minute.
Say aloud, "I see you. You're still here."

*We vow to be unfinished.
To rest when we are tired.
To tell the truth, even when it costs.
To let pleasure lead us home.*

Reflection: These are our vows. Not of poverty or chastity - put of permission. To be undone. To be soft. To be truthful. To follow what brings us life, not performance.

Ritual Practice: Choose one vow to keep imperfectly for a week. Track it. Break it. Return. That is the practice.

*We hold grief as sacred.
We name rage as prayer.*

Reflection: This is the queer priesthood: holding space for what the church tried to cast out. The parts of you you were told were shameful? They pray the best. They deserve a feast.

Ritual Practice: Hold a funeral for a version of yourself that didn't survive. Offer flowers, a song, or silence. Say: "Thank you for getting me this far."

We remember:

The gospel was always queer,

The body always holy,

The Spirit always wild.

Reflection: Our theology doesn't need to be invented from scratch - it already *lives in the cracks* of the old one. Jesus touched lepers. Magdalene kissed his feet. The Spirit came as fire, not order. Our queerness isn't outside the sacred story - it is the sacred story.

Ritual Practice: Write your own gospel verse. One line. Begin: "And on the seventh day..."

We break rules and rewrite liturgies.

We kiss dirt and dance ugly.

We let the dead speak and the silence answer.

Reflection: This is embodied resistance. This is joyful irreverence. This is ancestral magic. We are not afraid to make new rituals out of sweat, music, and memory. Our holiness is not always quiet, and thank God.

Ritual Practice: Make a playlist of "ugly prayers." Songs that saved you when nothing else could. Dance to one of them barefoot.

We are not here to behave.

We are here to belong.

Reflection: This is the break in the liturgy where we drop the performance. We're not auditioning for grace. We're already in. We belong without proving it.

Ritual Practice: List five things you did this week that felt "too much." Say: "I belong anyway."

*When we forget,
We return.
When we break,
We bless the pieces.
When we disappear,
We leave the light on.*

Reflection: This Rule expects you to fall apart. That's not failure - it's the rhythm of devotion. Forgetting is part of remembering. Returning is our sacred practice.

Ritual Practice: Choose one candle or lamp in your home to be your "welcome light." Whenever you disappear - emotionally, spiritually, physically - turn it on as your beacon.

This is our Rule:

Soft, defiant, held in trembling hands.

A devotion for the unrepentantly beloved.

A vow made barefoot.

A liturgy that limps.

Reflection: This is the altar. This is the gospel of the unbehaved. This is queer monasticism that blesses collapse, longing, laughter, and fury. This is a vow you don't have to keep perfectly - only keep returning to.

Ritual Practice: Stand barefoot on the ground. Say aloud: "I vow to begin again." Breathe. Begin again.

The Queer Monastic Year

A LITURGICAL RHYTHM FOR THE UNHOLY & BECOMING

The Queer Monastic Year honors a time that is spiraling, not straight. It does not follow the seasons of empire or tradition, but the seasons of the body, the wound, the wild uprising, and the soft return. It is a calendar stitched from ash and silk, protest and prayer.

Instead of Advent or Ordinary Time, we move through Unmaking, Becoming, Tenderness, and Disruption – four queer seasons that mark the soul’s cyclical journey through death, rebirth, delight, and holy unrest. These are not “quarters” but invitations, constellations, breathing rooms. They ask not for belief but for attention.

Each season holds its own vows, rituals, messengers, and portals, drawn from the Unholy Hours Ritual Deck and lived in shared or solitary practice. Some days are sacred interruptions. Some are silences. Some come with no instructions. You may follow this calendar closely or let it haunt you softly from the margins. Either way, it exists to help you live queerly in time.

SEASON OF UNMAKING (LATE FALL–WINTER SOLSTICE)

Theme: Death, rupture, shedding, silence, release

This is the season of undoing - when the soul lets go of its disguises and the world goes dark enough to see what's been hiding. Here we burn what no longer serves. We honor the disappeared. We make room for holy ruin. We vow not to be complete. The work of Unmaking is not destruction, but clearing the altar for something true.

- Begin with Ashes (burning what no longer serves)
- Invoke The Body That Would Not Disappear
- Vows: "I vow to be unfinished," "I vow to be changed"
- Practices: grief tending, solitude, dark vigils, vow-breaking as ritual
- Portal: In the Aftermath



Feast of the In Between – Oct 26 - Intersex Awareness Day



Day of the Disappeared — honor queer/trans lives lost or erased Nov. 20



Sabbath of Silence — Early/Mid December - a week of no planning, only feeling

SEASON OF BECOMING (WINTER SOLSTICE—SPRING EQUINOX)

Theme: Rebirth, return, transfiguration, threshold crossing

In the dark that turns toward dawn, something dares to become. This is the season of names spoken for the first time. Of returns that are not regressions but revelations. Of bodies remembered as holy ground. We bless what blooms awkwardly. We call back the parts of us that ran for safety and now wish to come home. Becoming is not linear - it is breath, beckon, and boldness.

- Portal: The Name You Haven't Said Out Loud
- Messenger: The Runaway Nun (calling, escape, redefinition)
- Practices: blessing new names, public declarations, body reclamation
- Vow: "I vow to return to myself as sanctuary"

 Feast of the Displaced Child - honor queer, houseless, and disowned youth (Dec. 24)

 Incarnation of the Unlikely - ritual of welcoming a self or truth thought impossible (Dec. 25)

 Feast of the New Self — light candles for past versions of you (Jan 1)

 Naming Day — personal or community name-claiming ritual

SEASON OF TENDERNESS (SPRING EQUINOX—PRIDE MONTH)

Theme: Pleasure, mutuality, sacred play, holy intimacy

Here we remember: joy is not a luxury — it is liturgy. This is the season of soft hands, silly rituals, sensual altars, and wide-hearted prayers. We tend to one another with curiosity and consent. We dance our sacraments. We trust doubt. Tenderness is not weakness — it is worship. Every glimmer of liveness, a gospel.

- Tending: Pulse, Thread
- Messenger: Mx. Doubt (as holy curiosity)
- Vow: “I vow to let joy be as sacred as grief”
- Practices: altars of pleasure, queer communion, consensual anointing



Blessing of the Body — every scar and curve a scripture March 31



Day of Sacred Slowness — no tasks, only tending May 1

SEASON OF DISRUPTION (PRIDE TO FALL EQUINOX)

Theme: Rage, protest, love-as-interruption, sacred refusal

This season refuses silence. It hollers, weeps, marches, and burns. We gather here not just to be soothed, but stirred. We name what harms. We love what resists erasure. We rupture systems and sanctify the scream. This is not the end of the world – it is the middle of a better one being born. Disruption is devotion in motion.

- Tending: Light a Fire, Touch Your Own Pulse
- Vows: “I vow to make room for rage,” “I vow to lovingly disrupt what harms”
- Portals: In the Middle of It
- Messengers: The Sacred Slut, The Burning Bush That Would Not Be Consumed



Feast of the Unruly — celebrate refusal, riot, and wild joy



Rite of Holy Rage — communal scream or art ritual for justice

The Feasts of the Exiled & Returning

BECOMING:

DECEMBER 21 - THE FEAST OF THE LONG NIGHT

For endurance, darkness, and the holy presence that does not vanish.

This feast honors the longest night as a sacred womb – where seeds sleep, grief ripens, and unseen transformations begin/ It is a vigil for the parts of us still waiting, aching, still not yet. It calls us to keep watch, not in fear but in fidelity.

- Keep vigil for part of the night (or as long as you are able). Sit by a single light.
- Write the names of things you're still waiting for. Bury them in soil.
- Recite a litany of endurance: Still I wait...Still, I watch... Still, I am here."

Prayer: This night does not end quickly.

This ache does not lift easily.

But you, O Holy One Who Lingers,
are in the dark with me.

Not hurrying. Not fixing.

Just staying.

So I stay, too.

I hold the long night with you.

And I trust that holding is enough.

PSALM FOR THE LONG NIGHT

I am still here.

That is the prayer.

The lights went out. The path disappeared.

The silence got louder than God.

And still—

I am here.

I lit one match.

I held one broken vow.

I carried grief like a lantern.

And I did not vanish.

Blessed be the long night.

Blessed be the ones who kept breathing in it.

DECEMBER 24 - FEAST OF THE DISPLACED CHILD

For the sacredness of the unwanted, the overlooked, and the hidden.

This day honors those whose births were not celebrated, whose arrivals were shamed, hidden, or feared. It is a vigil for the queer child, the unchosen one, the miracle no one prepared for.

- Wrap an object in cloth and place it on your altar as a symbol of sacred holiness.
- Write a letter to your younger self, blessing the parts that had to hide.
- Light a small candle in a quiet place and say: "You were not wrong to arrive."

Prayer: I bless the child who wasn't expected. I bless the story no one wanted to hear. I bless the silence that tried to keep me out. I came anyway. I am still coming. I carry the displaced within me, and call them holy.

DECEMBER 25 - INCARNATION OF THE UNLIKELY

For improbably holiness, strange births, and divinity in unworthy places.

This day reimagines the Christmas story – not as the empire’s triumph, but as a strange queer birth in a borrowed body under threat. It blesses the god who comes unbeautiful, inconvenient, and against expectation.

- Anoint a crack, stain, or broken object in your home. Say: “God is here.”
- Read aloud a story of unlikely survival (from your life or another’s)
- Eat something simple but beloved. Remember how divinity enters through hunger.

Psalm:

You came when they said not yet.
You arrived where no one looked.
You cried out, and they missed the miracle.
Still, you came.
Not to a palace –
but to a people.
Not in glory –
but in guts and grime.
Blessed be the strange god,
the unlikely one,
the one who shows up uninvited
and stays.

FIRST DARK MOON AFTER JAN 1 (MOVABLE) - FEAST OF VANISHING

For the sacred act of retreat, disappearance, and chosen disengagement.

This feast is not about being erased – it is about choosing to vanish. To step back. To go off-grid. To turn to your soul instead of the world's expectations. It is an invitation to leave no trace for a day, not out of shame or fear, but as an act of sacred refusal.

It is the holiest of groundings.

- Unplug for 24 hours. No posting, no replying, no performing.
- Turn off all notifications and wear something that signals “unavailable.”
- Leave a physical or digital sign: “I have vanished. I will return when I’m ready.”
- If you must be in the world, go quietly. Be the mist.

Prayer:

Let me vanish without guilt.

Let me be invisible without erasure.

Let me disengage without explanation.

Let this silence be a sanctuary.

Let this absence be an altar.

I disappear – not to escape –

but to remember I do not owe the world all of me.

MID-JANUARY OR DURING SEASON OF BECOMING - FEAST OF THE NEW SELF

For rebirth, claiming wholeness, and blessing change

- Light candles or float them in water – one for each past self.
- Speak aloud names, pronouns, identities, or roles you've worn.
- Dress in something that feels like *now*.
- Bless yourself with scented oil or water, naming this moment as holy.
- Share a meal in celebration – with others or in solitude.

Prayer: To all the selves I've been: thank you. To the self I am becoming: welcome. To the mystery of what's next: yes.

EARLY SPRING - NAMING DAY

For name claiming, truth-speaking, and declaration

- Speak your name aloud – your chosen name, your secret name, your sacred name.
- Have a companion or community echo it back: *We hear you. We bless you.*
- Mark the name in ash, water, or ink on your skin or paper.
- Carry a small token (stone, thread, wax seal) as a reminder of your name's power.

Prayer: This name is not a mask. It is a mirror. A doorway. A flame. I am not what I was called – I am what I claim.

FEBRUARY 14 - FEAST OF THE EX-VOTO

Also, to be observed any time a vow has been kept, a miracle survived, or a body endures. Rooted in the folk Catholic tradition of votive offerings (“ex voto suscepto” – from the vow made).

This feast honors what was promised, endured, escaped, or survived. It is a holy day for those who have come through. For queer bodies that heal without explanation. For transitions – of gender, of grief, of circumstance – that you marked alone. For near-deaths, unexpected mercies, and long recoveries. For promises kept even when no one was looking.

This is not a feast of certainty. It is a feast of the sacred mess: scars, tokens, relics, ragged miracles.

- Create your ex voto: a small object, drawing, or handmade token that represents a vow kept or a survival achieved.
- Place it on your altar or bury it somewhere meaningful.
- Write a letter of thanks to your body, your younger self, or whatever force saw you through.

Prayer: I made it through. Not always with grace. But with blood and breath and persistence. This is my offering: a shard, a whisper, a scar. Not because I believe in tidy endings, but because I believe in honoring what remains. This is for the vow I kept. This is for the vow that kept me.

ASH WEDNESDAY (MOVABLE) - FEAST OF THE RUINS

For surrender, smudging, soot, and starting again.

This is not the church's Ash Wednesday, but we remember it. This is a threshold day, a dirt-on-the-forehead day, a reckoning. A day to admit you are dust, not to diminish you, but to remind you that being ephemeral is holy. Here, the ashes do not symbolize guilt. They mark grief, transformation, and the work of unmaking. You may come to this day with pasts to release, vows to unravel, or identities once-beloved and now too small. You may come with nothing but exhaustion. You do not have to fast - unless fasting is a freedom. You do not have to repent - unless it heals you. You do not have to kneel - unless it helps you to rise.

- Burn a page with your burdens written on it. Mix the ash with oil and mark your forehead, chest, or feet.
- Whisper, "I am dust and delight."
- Fast from something that depletes you. Or indulge in something that restores you - intentionally, sacredly.
- Begin again. With tenderness.

Prayer: I am not only what I build. I am what I burn. Let these ashes mark a holy ending. Let them be soft soil for what I cannot yet imagine. I was not made to stay the same. Unmake me gently.

TENDERNESS

MARCH 31 — FEAST OF THE UNBURIED & BLESSING OF THE BODY

For trans ancestors, visible and vanished. For embodied holiness, scars as scripture, sacred sensuality.

- Build an altar to a trans elder or ancestor
- Name yourself aloud, fully
- Take one vow of embodiment

COLLECT FOR THE UNBURIED DEAD (MARCH 31 / TRANS DAY OF VISIBILITY)

O Spirit who knows every name
that was erased,
every body that was misnamed,
every grave that never got a
headstone—
gather them now.

Let them be seen in our faces.

Let them speak in our voices.

Let the bones of the prophets rise
up in joy.

May we live in a way that makes
them proud.

May we never forget what they
paid for our visibility.

We pray this in the name of all our
names.

Amen.

- Anoint your body slowly, lovingly – name each part as sacred.
- With a partner or in community: receive and offer affirmations aloud.
- Place mirrors or candles around your space to reflect beauty.
- Sing or hum to your own skin.

Prayer: This body is a sanctuary. These scars are altars. This skin is not an apology – it is scripture.

GOOD FRIDAY — FEAST OF THE WOUNDED GOD

For those whose holiness lives in scars, softness, survival, and refusal to stay silent.

This feast honors the sacredness of the wounded. It does not glorify suffering, but it names suffering as something God has known. It says: You are not broken beyond belovedness.

We remember the pierced and the pierced-through:
Jesus, bleeding and still blessing.
The trans body, holy in transition.
The survivor, still breathing.
The queer saint, wounded by exile but radiant in truth.

This God does not demand your healing. This God honors your wounds.

This day is for naming our injuries – physical, spiritual, ancestral – and holding them without shame. It is for ritualizing pain, not to keep us there, but to let it speak.

- Anoint your scars with oil. Name each one.
- Write a lament: for what still hurts, for what was never mourned. Read it aloud.
- Light a candle for every name you know who has suffered for being queer, trans, disabled, or simply different.
- Let someone bless the parts of you you're ashamed of.

Prayer: Bless the God who bleeds.

Bless the God who does not hurry us to heal.

Bless the body that survived.

Bless the pain that taught us where to begin again.

I am not less because I am wounded.

I am the altar. I am the offering. I am beloved.

PSALM FOR THE WOUNDED GOD (GOOD FRIDAY)

You bled, and no one called it beautiful.

You wept, and they turned away.

You were naked and shamed,
and still you stayed.

If God can hurt, so can I.

If God can be abandoned, so can I.

If God can rise,
maybe I will too.

But not yet.

First, let me rest in the wound.

First, let me lie still and not be fixed.

EASTER SUNDAY — FEAST OF THE RETURNING GOD

For resurrection stories, re-emergence, and the queer return to self.

This is a feast for those who left and chose to come back in a new form. It honors the God who goes away, who dies or disappears or goes dark, and then returns – not unchanged, but transfigured. This God is not the same when they come back. And neither are we. We celebrate every coming-back story:

The one who left the church and found faith anyway.

The trans person who returned to their body after years of exile.

The lover who forgave themselves.

The soul who stopped hiding.

This is not a triumphant return to what was. This is the sacred return to what could be. A queer resurrection. A homecoming to the self.

- Write a letter from your future self who has returned to life after a season of silence, grief, or confusion.
- Bury something symbolic (a word, a name, a fear) – then dig it up, bless it, and rename it.
- Host a ritual meal for those who have overcome something challenging. Share stories of survival and re-emergence.
- Revisit a past version of yourself with kindness. Invite them back in.
- Stand at a threshold (a doorway, a gate, a shoreline). Say aloud: “I return as someone new. I return to myself. I return with love.” Step forward.

Prayer:

I have gone away.

I have gone under.

And still, something in me chose to come back.

Bless the God who knows the dark.

Bless the God who returns radiant.

Bless my becoming.

I rise not as I was, but as I am.

MAY 1 OR ANOTHER SABBATH DURING TENDERNESS - DAY OF SACRED SLOWNESS

For rest, consent, and unrushed presence.

- Do nothing with urgency.
- Move through the day with a mantra: *There is no rush.*
- Tidy, cook, create, and tend with only as much effort as joy requires.
- Practice one hour of stillness.

Prayer: Let me learn from slowness. Let me choose the holy over the hurried. Let me trust that nothing sacred is wasted by rest.

DISRUPTION

JUNE 24 — FEAST OF THE FLESH

For incarnation, embodiment, queerness, pleasure, and holy desire.

This feast is unapologetically bodily. It honors the sacredness of sensation, the aliveness of flesh, and the queerness of being incarnate. We remember: divinity once wore skin. And still does – in drag queens and doulas, in scarred torsos and soft bellies, in trans teenagers and old lovers and sacred sluts. This is not a feast *despite* the body, but *because* of it. Desire is not a sin – it's a summons. Touch is not a threat – it's a temple.

The Feast of the Flesh invites us to bless what religion told us to bury. To sanctify sweat, stretch marks, arousal, and appetite. To honor the way queer bodies make the divine visible.

- Anoint your own body with oil, naming each part with a blessing: *This is sacred. This is holy. This is mine.*
- Create a pleasure altar with textures, scents, and objects that bring embodied joy.
- Practice consensual touch, solo or partnered, with reverence. Let desire be devotion.
- Write a hymn of praise to your own body, especially the parts you were told to hide or hate.
- Stand in front of a mirror. Look at your reflection with soft eyes. Place a hand on your heart, and say: "My flesh is not a curse. It is a cathedral. I worship here."

Prayer: Bless my hungers. Bless my hips and hollows, my scent and sweat. Let me find the sacred in skin and sinew. Let me remember the Divine wanted to feel, too. In this flesh, I meet the mystery. And I say yes.

PSALM FOR THE FEAST OF THE FLESH (JUNE 24)

Blessed be the body.

This skin, this sweat, this holy ache.

I name every scar as scripture.

I kiss my own shoulder and mean it.

I refuse to shrink.

I was not made in shame—I was made in sensation.

God did not come to erase the body,
but to dwell in it.

Blessed be the thighs that thunder.

Blessed be the belly that softens.

Blessed be the hands that have loved in secret.

May we be unashamed.

May we be anointed.

May we be enough, already.

JUNE 28 OR PRIDE MONTH — FEAST OF THE UNRULY

For protest, wild joy, and disobedience as devotion.

- Wear whatever makes you feel untamed.
- Dance in the street. Sing loudly. Make signs of joy or rage.
- Host a ritual meal where everyone names one thing they refuse to apologize for.
- Share queer histories aloud like gospel.

Prayer: We were never meant to be tame. Holiness is not the absence of riot.

Blessed be the unruly. Blessed be the wild.

COLLECT FOR THE STREET SAINTS (JUNE 28 – STONEWALL)

O God of brick-throwers and runaway girls,
bless the ones who kicked open the door.

For Marsha and Sylvia, for unnamed saints in leather and lace,
we give thanks.

Teach us to riot like prayer,
to glitter like gospel,
to fight like the ones who knew they were divine.

Let us never forget
that sacred things often begin in the streets.

Amen and amen.

JULY 22 — FEAST OF MAGDALENE THE UNBELIEVED

For the saints, we were told not to become – and became anyway.

This feast honors Mary Magdalene, not as a repentant sinner, but as the apostle of apostles. As lover, prophet, ecstatic, and witness to resurrection. It honors her as queer kin: misnamed, rewritten, cast out, and still showing up at the tomb.

The feast of Magdalene is for those who have been misread. For femmes with fire. For sacred sex workers. For exiles. For anyone who's been told your holiness made you too much, too dirty, or too dangerous. It is also a feast of devotion – of naming love as liturgy, of standing with the broken and the risen, of seeing and being seen.

- Write a litany of names you've been called and names you reclaim. Burn or bury the false ones; speak the true ones aloud.
- Light a red candle and place something fragrant beside it (perfume, herbs, rose oil). Sit with Magdalene as a companion. Ask: *What do you want me to remember?*
- Gather with other femmes or queer folks to share stories of reclamation and power.
- Take a jar of oil or fragrant balm. Place it at the feet of your altar – or at your own feet. Say: *"I anoint what I was told to hide. I witness the resurrection in me."*

Prayer: Magdalene, misnamed and undeterred – you wept and stayed and loved anyway. You knew a truth too big for the men who tried to write you out. Let your fire be in me. Let your tenderness linger. Let me show up, again and again, at the tombs this world calls final – and call them holy thresholds instead.

IN SUMMER - THE RITE OF HOLY RAGE

For protest, release, and sacred anger

- Scream. Into a pillow, out a window, into a microphone.
- Write letters you don't send. Burn them with intent.
- Invent others to join in a shared yell, drum, or chant.
- Create art from fury. Make it messy. Make it true.

Prayer: May my rage be righteous. May my anger make a way. May I never forget that fury can be a form of love.

UNMAKING

SEPT. FULL MOON OR ANY OTHER THRESHOLDS— FEAST OF THE THRESHOLD

The Feast of the Threshold honors the sacredness of transition—those shimmering edges between what was and what is yet to come. It is a feast for liminal bodies, liminal times, and liminal identities. It is a ritual pause between doorways, when one foot is lifted but not yet landed.

This feast belongs to all who have lived between binaries, labels, places, or selves. To crossdressers and crossers-out, to the excommunicated and the emergent. It belongs to new names and old scars. It belongs to everyone who has said: *I am not who I was, but not yet who I will be.*

- Draw a line of chalk, salt, or light and step over it with intention. Speak aloud who or what you are leaving behind, and what you are inviting in.
- Read poetry at the threshold - verses about in-betweenness, reinvention, or queerness as spiritual passage.
- Cross-dress or costume - lean into your most liminal expression. Play with gender, time, or identity as a celebration.
- Ritual of Naming - Write down a threshold you've crossed this year (emotionally, physically, spiritually) and name it as sacred. Burn or bury it, or tuck it in your prayer book.
- Mark time nonlinearly - Use spiral journaling, tarot spreads, or body movement instead of resolutions or calendars.

Prayer: Blessed are you, O Holy In-Between, who meets us not in arrival but in the aching middle. You who cross borders barefoot, you who live in transits and trans bodies, you who never ask us to be finished — Meet us here, on the edge. Not past, not future. Just this breath between them. Just this opening.

COLLECT FOR THE THRESHOLD (FULL MOON IN SEPTEMBER)

O God of the in-between,
bless the moment when nothing fits.
When the old life is cracking
and the new one hasn't arrived.
Give me patience in the hallway.
Give me courage to unlatch the door.
May I not rush through the ache.
May I not fake the clarity.
Hold me here—
and then,
when it is time,
let me walk through.

OCTOBER 11 — FEAST OF COMING OUT (NATIONAL COMING OUT DAY)

For queer revelation in all forms—whether spoken, whispered, or unspoken.

- Say your truth into the wind
- Bless someone else's name
- Eat something that reminds you you're still alive

PSALM FOR COMING OUT AGAIN (NATIONAL COMING OUT DAY, OR ANY DAY)

I didn't come out once.
I come out every day.
In the way I dress.
In the way I grieve.
In the way I survive.
I keep naming myself like a hymn.
I keep becoming.
I keep loving what they told me to hide.
This is not just a revelation—
it's a resurrection.
May my becoming make room for yours.

OCT 26 - FEAST OF THE IN-BETWEEN (INTERSEX AWARENESS)

For bodies that defy binaries, beauty that breaks expectation, and identities that live in between.

This feast blesses ambiguity, fluidity, and refusal to conform. It honors intersex lives, past and present, and calls all into deeper reverence for the vastness of embodiment.

- Lay your hands on your belly. Say: "This is good."
- Light two candles – then light a third between them.
- Wear something that makes you feel like *both, neither, or more*.

Prayer: I bless the spaces between names. I bless the bodies that refuse to explain. I bless the holiness of the hybrid, the threshold, the in-between. Let no one erase what you are. Let no one name you without your permission. You are not a mistake. You are a miracle of mystery.

OCT 31 – NOV 2 THE TRIDUUM OF THE DEAD BELOVEDS

A trifold honoring of Samhain, All Saints, and Day of the Dead; a queer triduum of loss, memory, and communion with the dead.

- *Morning*: Light a candle and name the day's feast.
- *Midday*: A simple act of offering - burn incense, share a memory, pour a libation.
- *Evening*: Gather in community or quiet prayer. Open to visitations and dreams.

Oct. 31 – Feast of the Exiled Saints: For the queer and trans elders, martyrs, mystics, and icons erased from history or cast out from holiness.

This is a day of reclamation. We name those who were canonized in our hearts but never in the church. We light candles for Marsha, for Oscar, for Bayard, for Storme, for every saint thrown out of sanctuaries but alive in our blood memory.

- Create icons of your own queer saints.
- Read or recite the lives of LGBTQ+ elders, activists, artists, and ancestors.
- Wear their colors. Tell their stories. Canonize the uncanonized.

Nov. 1 – Feast of the Unnamed: for the ones we never knew, those erased, disappeared, or denied memory.

This is a day of sacred silence and deep listening. We mourn those whose names were never spoken: trans siblings misgendered in death, lovers lost to AIDS who were buried in shame, queer youth erased from family albums.

This feast is for the disappeared, the disavowed, the never-counted.

- Hold vigil in silence.
- Scatter petals, stones, or glitter in a public space as a ritual of naming without names.
- Write “unknown” on a candle and let it burn until it extinguishes itself.

Nov. 2 – Feast of the Intimate Dead: For the ones we knew and loved – the lovers, friends, kin, and companions whose absence aches.

This is the most personal day. It is not abstract. It is for *them*. For your beloved. For the friend who overdosed. The partner who didn't survive. The parent you didn't get to come out to. The one who held your hand through transition. The one whose laughter still echoes in you.

- Build an altar just for them. Include scents, foods, music, and objects they loved.
- Share stories or host a grief circle.
- Write a letter, sing a song, or wear something they gave you.
- Light one candle each night.
- Speak one name.
- Say: "You are still with me."

PSALM FOR THE DEAD BELOVEDS (NOV 2)

I set your name on the altar again.

I do not ask you to come back.

I do not need a sign.

I just want you to know:

I remember.

I still tell your jokes.

I still curse your absence.

I still wonder what you'd think of my hair.

You are not a ghost.

You are my breath when I don't know what to say.

May the veil stay thin.

May I keep lighting candles for no reason.

NOVEMBER 20 - DAY OF THE DISAPPEARED

For grief, memory, and resistance to erasure

- Create a memorial altar with names and photos of the disappeared—personal or collective.
- Read names aloud from a list or pin them across your space.
- Burn a candle or incense for each story that has gone untold.
- Offer your body as witness: lie down, sit vigil, or carry a sign.

Prayer: We remember the ones who should still be here. May their names be sanctified by our breath. May our grief become justice.

WEEK BEFORE WINTER SOLSTICE - SABBATH OF SILENCE

For ceasing, feeling, and undoing the liturgy of doing

- Set aside 1–7 days with no productivity planning.
- Light a candle at dawn and dusk, naming no intentions.
- Journal only in fragments or poetry.
- Practice “unsaying”—taking back words or expectations that no longer serve.
- Hold one day as a full “vow of silence”, letting gestures and presence speak.

Prayer: Let there be nothing to fix. Let there be silence deep enough to hear the ache. Let there be sacred space for what cannot yet be named.

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Rites & Rituals

The Technicolor Monastery is a place of sacred experiment, where ritual is not a performance of perfection but a living language of the body and spirit. The rites gathered here are not prescriptions, but invitations - frameworks for marking time, holding grief, conjuring joy, and calling the divine closer in all its queer and untamed forms. Whether offered in solitude or among companions, each ritual is a doorway into the moment, into the mystery, into yourself. You do not need special tools or perfect words – only the willingness to pause, notice, and name what is holy.

“THE FIRST YES” - FOR THOSE ENTERING THE RULE FOR THE FIRST TIME

Invocation: I have been many things.

I have been faithful and furious.

I have been ashamed and alive.

I have been told I am too much and not enough.

Still, I come.

Gesture: Remove your shoes and stand barefoot. Touch your chest. Say aloud: I enter as I am. I will not wait to be perfect. This is my first yes.

Objects (optional): Candle (to light), bowl of water (to touch forehead or hands)

Blessing: May this vow not bind you, but carry you.

May this path not straighten you, but steady you.

May your “yes” echo across all the no’s you’ve ever been given.

“WHEN THE VOW IS IN PIECES” - FOR WHEN YOU’VE
LOST YOUR WAY, BETRAYED YOURSELF, OR FEEL
SPIRITUALLY NUMB.

Invocation: I forgot.

I ghosted God.

I couldn’t hold the practice.

I broke what I swore to love.

Still, I speak.

Gesture: Take something fragile - a leaf, a dry flower, a piece of paper. Hold it. Break or crumble it gently in your hands. Say: I bless the pieces. I am still holy, even broken.

Objects (optional): Ashes, mirror (to gaze into without flinching), a stitched item (visible mending = sacred mending).

Blessing: The Rule was never a test.

The breaking is part of the vow.

May you be held as you are.

“THE SECOND YES” - FOR THOSE RE-ENTERING THE RULE AFTER ABSENCE, DOUBT, OR COLLAPSE.

Invocation: I wandered.

I disbelieved.

I changed.

I burned the map.

Still, I return.

Gesture: Light a candle (especially one you've used before). Wrap yourself in something cozy. Say: I do not have to explain my return. I only have to arrive.

Objects (optional): an object from when you first entered (a journal, a card, a stone), fresh water to drink, something new to offer the altar

Blessing: You are not behind.

You are not too late.

The Rule was always waiting with the porch light on.

“THE BEAUTIFUL DEPARTURE” - FOR WHEN IT’S TIME TO LEAVE THE RULE ENTIRELY - OR FOR A SEASON - WITH INTENTION AND DIGNITY

Invocation: I loved this.

I needed this.

I am changed.

I am ready to walk another way.

Still, I bless.

Gesture: Snuff the candle or blow it out. Leave one small offering behind - something ephemeral. Say: I leave with tenderness. I take what is mine. I bless what I cannot carry.

Objects (optional): A candle, a letter to the rule, a trail of petals or chalk leading away, a bell or chime to mark the exit.

Blessing: May the vow you took become compost.

May new vows bloom in its place.

May your path be soft, strange, and wholly yours.

“THE HOLY REVEAL” - FOR WHEN YOU NAME YOURSELF
IN A NEW WAY: GENDER, DESIRE, TRUTH, OR HOLY
CONTRADICTION.

Invocation:

I speak now what I once buried.

I write myself into the margins.

I say the name/word/truth the divine gave me in a dream.

Gesture: Write your name/word/truth on a slip of paper. Say it aloud. Say it again. Say it louder if you can. Burn it, wear it, or tuck it into your altar.

Objects (optional): A mirror, a new piece of clothing, jewelry, a pronoun pin, etc., a perfume or oil to anoint yourself.

Blessing:

May your name be a doorway. May your truth echo off cathedral walls. May the divine respond with: “Finally.”

“THE SHATTERING” – FOR THE LOSS OF LOVE,
FRIENDSHIP, BELONGING, OR SAFETY.

Invocation: This is not a small grief. This is the kind that rewrites the rules.

Gesture: Write a letter to the one who left (or the one you left). Place it under a bowl or rock. Crush something soft. If tears come, collect them on your fingers and anoint your chest.

Objects (optional): a black cloth or scarf, a breakup playlist, an object they gave you, now transformed into a talisman

Blessing: May your tenderness not turn to stone.

May your ache be recognized as prayer.

May what is gone open space for what is true.

“THE GATHERING” - FOR WHEN SOMETHING GOOD
HAPPENS AND YOU LET YOURSELF RECEIVE IT.

Invocation: Something has grown.
And I did not sabotage it.
And I am allowed to celebrate.

Gesture: Prepare for a small feast. Light more candles than you think you need. Say grace in your own tongue. Toast your past self.

Objects (optional): fruit, bread, honey, a handwritten note naming what you're proud of, fresh flowers, or herbs.

Blessing: May your joy be loud.
May your body believe it's allowed.
May the harvest feed your ghosted selves.

“THE FLOATING” - FOR WHEN YOU FEEL NUMB, UNREAL,
OR DISTANT FROM YOUR BODY.

Invocation: I am not all here.

But I am still scared.

Gesture: Hold something textured, weighted, or scented. Name five things you can see. Three you can touch. One you can still believe.

Objects (optional): A grounding stone, a favorite scent, water to sip

Blessing: May the world return gently.

May your body forgive the exit.

May presence arrive like a slow dawn.

“THE QUEER ORDINATION” - FOR WHEN YOU NEED TO
REMEMBER YOU ARE HOLY.

Invocation: They did not make me a priest.

So I made myself one.

Gesture: Anoint your forehead, chest, and hands with oil. Name three ways you serve to love in the world.

Objects: oil, glitter, body paint, a stole, a crown, or a shawl, a whispered vow

Blessing: You are ordained in desire.

You are blessed in defiance.

You are sent in softness.

“THE LAST LIGHT” - FOR FINISHING SOMETHING: A CHAPTER, A RELATIONSHIP, A SEASON, A LIFE PHASE.

Invocation: It is over.

That doesn't mean it was wrong.

That doesn't mean I failed.

Gesture: Extinguish a candle, close a door. Say, “This ending is holy.”

Objects (optional): a small bell, salt, a stone placed at the edge of something.

Blessing: May you not rush to begin again.

May the ending have its full time to speak.

May you leave carrying only what matters.

THE UNFURLING - AN UNHOLY INITIATION

Any Seeker who has completed their first Keeping of the Unholy Hours - making them a Novitiate - and who feels they are ready to make a larger commitment to the order, is welcome to stand for initiation as a Keeper of Vows. The Novitiate(s) may be initiated virtually or in-person, with general preference being for an in-person gathering of the order or a subset of its members. Any Keeper, Veiled, or the Abbot may preside over the initiation. This liturgy will be written with the assumption of an in-person gathering and various physical elements or aspects that might not always be available. Improvisation is encouraged should there be a missing or unavailable aspect.

In digital gatherings, the spiral may be drawn on paper or traced with the body. The fruit may be symbolic—a dried fig, a plum, a clove. Let the absence of a shared room not rob the rite of intimacy.

COLORS OF THE RITE

Black, oil-slick, dark wine

SYMBOL OF THE RITE

Split-tongue flame

THE SPACE

The space should be large enough for gathering and may be public or private, whether a church sanctuary, a local park, a retreat center, or a hotel ballroom, etc. The room should be divided in half, with Keepers and Veiled on the side furthest into the space and Novitiates, Seekers, and Knocking on the other side, closest to the entrance, and the presider in the center. Ideally, the center of the floor would be marked with a fiddlehead spiral. There should be a threshold present roughly halfway along the course of the spiral, whether a door frame or two tree branches held for novitiates to pass under.

MATERIALS

- A fruit will be offered to the novitiates, one fruit of knowledge (ideally a pomegranate) placed at the beginning of the spiral.
- The robes or other piece of garb that will be offered to the Novitiate(s) before they pass through the threshold.
- Candles will be required for each initiated member and novice, as well as a means of holding them, whether in hand or sand troughs, etc.

THE RITE

THE GATHERING

The Novitiate, Presider, and other members of the order gather in a communal space, Novitiate(s), Seekers, and Knocking closest to the entrance, and other members furthest into the room - symbolic of their journey through the order thus far. Depending on the resources of the space, it is appropriate to be seated or standing.

As those who are already initiated enter the space, they should take and light their candle, either holding it or placing it in the appropriate holder.

The Novitiate may choose to enter the space barefoot or by some other intentional means.

The presider greets the assembled.

Presider: Beloved heretics, shadow-siblings, keepers of the not-quite and the never-was - welcome.

You have gathered in the crooked light, not by accident but by ache. You have heard the hours toll, not with bells but with blood, breath, and bone.

Tonight, we do not seek purity. We seek the sacred beneath the soot. We do not bind with doctrine - we vow by rupture.

Let the veil be split. Let the circle break. Let the exiled be gathered in the dim light.

Witness now: another dares to enter. Another dares to be undone.

The presider speaks directly to the novitiate(s).

Presider: You have come to the threshold with nothing but your name and your longing.

I see the ash upon your feet. I see the fire beneath your tongue. You are not here to be made clean. You are here to be claimed. Claimed by the Hours that twist and howl. By the vow that cannot be spoken in straight lines. By the holiness that hides in broken things.

This path will not save you. It will not fix you. It will not end.

But if you are faithful to the breaking, to the tending, to the wandering, to the wound, it will make you *true*.

Are you prepared to embrace your exile, to be unmade in the presence of the sacred?

The initiate responds with these or similar words.

Novitiate: I am ready. I bring my longing and my ruin. I will walk the broken path. I will tend the unholy flame. I will be unmade, and made again, by shadow, by truth, by love without shame.

Presider: Enter the spiral of your undoing.

THE FIRST THRESHOLD

The novitiate steps to the beginning of the fiddlehead spiral and/or stands before the two fruits. The presider speaks to all assembled.

Presider: They told us the story wrong. They told us Eve was deceived. They told us Adam was ashamed. They told us the garden was lost. But here, under the serpent's gaze, we remember:

The fruit was not a curse. It was an invitation. To see. To know. To carry the holy into a world that does not yet recognize it.

The serpent came not to destroy but to prepare them for the aching beauty beyond the garden's walls. For the work of tending thorns, of naming beasts the world called monstrous, of making something sacred from the wreckage.

They did not fall. They walked out - clothed, awake, marked.

So now, you stand where they stood:
Bare in your knowing. Hungry with your vow.

Will you take the fruit? Will you clothe yourself with intention, not shame?
Will you walk beyond the walls - not to escape paradise, but to bring the sacred to the shadowed places?

You are not falling. You are becoming. Now, take what has been forbidden.

The presider turns to the novitiate, offering them the fruit. If there are multiple novitiates, each should be questioned by name individually.

Presider: This is not your last chance to turn back. There have been many before and will be many more after. This is the first of the threefold threshold.

Name, will you eat of the fruit of knowledge, and carry its taste into the world?

Novitiate(s): I will.

Any turning back to the world will be wished well on their way. Those continuing forward will walk further down the spiral, coming to the location of their ritual clothing.

THE SECOND THRESHOLD

Presider: In the Garden of Eden, after eating the fruit of knowledge, Adam and Eve were aware that they were naked and so took on clothes of fig leaves. Some would say that this was out of shame for their nudity. We hold that they were armoring themselves for work outside the walls. This is the second of the threefold threshold.

Name(s), do you accept the clothing that armors you for your work outside the ethereal barriers of our covenant to one another?

Novitiate: I do.

The Abbot, presider, or a chosen sponsor helps clothe the novitiates, saying:

This is not the garment of shame. It is the sign of knowing. It is the mark of your work and with whom you stand.

The novitiates walk to the third and final threshold, the doorway, tree branches making an arch, or opening in a curtain.

THE THIRD THRESHOLD

Presider: Before the Rule, there was the exile. Before the vow, there was the wound. We were told to leave the garden quietly. We chose to leave singing. This is not a Rule of gates and punishments. This is the Rule of ash and wild fig. The Rule of the unguarded hour, when the serpent speaks and the soil remembers. Let it be read in hunger. Let it be kept in fragments.

Together, we read the rule:

**We are the ones who pray late,
weep loud,
rage holy,
and love in the margins.**

**We do not tidy our souls.
We do not worship in straight lines.**

**We keep unholy hours:
the sleepless, the sexed, the breaking, the broken.
We light candles at midnight,
and confess to mirrors,
and speak psalms in the voice that trembles.**

**We vow to be unfinished.
To rest when we are tired.
To tell the truth, even when it costs.
To let pleasure lead us home.**

**We hold grief as sacred.
We name rage as prayer.
We dare to love what was exiled in us.**

**We remember:
the gospel was always queer,**

**the body always holy,
the Spirit always wild.**

**We break rules and rewrite liturgies.
We kiss dirt and dance ugly.
We let the dead speak and the silence answer.**

**We are not here to behave.
We are here to belong.**

**When we forget,
we return.
When we break,
we bless the pieces.
When we disappear,
we leave the light on.**

**This is our Rule:
soft, defiant, held in trembling hands.
A devotion for the unrepentantly beloved.
A vow made barefoot.
A liturgy that limps.**

The presider addresses the novitiates directly.

Presider: The Rule is not carved in stone. It is whispered in the dark and remembered by the body. You are not called to perfection. You are called to presence. To the ache that pulses in the in-between. You are a keeper of the Hours, not to master time, but to be mastered by mystery. You will not be pure. You will not be praised. You will be *faithful* to the fracture.

Tend what is cast out. Feed what is hungry in you. Speak what has been silenced. Hold hands with your ghosts. You are vowed to the wandering. You are vowed to the wound. You are vowed to the work.

This is the Third and final Threshold. By what vow will you be undone and remade?

The novitiate speaks their vow aloud. It may be chosen from a set or written by the novitiate - see examples below.

Examples: I vow to tend the wounds the world ignores. I vow to live in the in-between. I vow to speak the names that were taken from me. I vow to hold paradox like a flame.

The assembly affirms each vow with a simple response.

Assembly: Let it be so.

A physical threshold is marked - a veil, arch, doorway, or a line of stones. A single unlit candle per novitiate is placed on the far side, surrounded by the lit candles of those who came before.

Presider: May your vow never leave you unchanged. May it follow you like a shadow. May it wound you lovingly when you stray. May it become the sacred ache in your chest. And may it always, always lead you home.

THE CROSSING

Presider: Now come. Cross not into the exile we were promised but into community. You are no longer of the garden. You are of the hours.

The novitiate(s) step over the threshold, light their candle, and join the circle. The assembly chants as the novitiates cross through. "O Lux, O light, serpent-bright - wrap me in shadow, cloak me in flame. I cross, I vow, I bear no shame."

Presider: Let the garden grow wild. Let the serpents speak freely. Let the night be holy again. The Unholy Hours have a new keeper.

THE SENDING:

Presider: Go now in the crooked light. Tend the wounds. Keep the Hours. Be unholy, and be beloved.

Communal Rituals & Liturgy Bits

These are designed for queer circles, chosen family, small spiritual gatherings, house church rituals, grief vigils, or online spaces. Each invites witness, tenderness, and sacred interruption.

GATHERING RITUAL - "NO ONE ARRIVES ALONE"

Opening words:

"We come with hangovers and heartbreak.

With tattoos and tenderness.

With doubts we don't say out loud and hope we can't kill off.

We come bearing witness to each other's becoming.

Communal Action:

Everyone places an object on the altar (a leaf, a button, a rock, a note). One person lights the central candle.

All speak: **"We vow to return. We vow to witness. We vow to be too much and beloved."**

GRIEF VIGIL - “FOR THE THINGS THAT WERE TAKEN”

Used for:

- The Pulse anniversary
- Anti-trans legislation
- Family rejection
- Personal grief without names

Ritual flow:

- Begin in silence (3 minutes)
- Read aloud: a psalm of grief, a list of names, or a shared sorrow
- Everyone writes something they've lost on paper and places it in a bowl (to burn, tear, or bury later)
- Closing words: “This grief is not a weakness. This grief is a prayer no one taught us. Let it echo until it turns into action, or tenderness, or rest.

QUEER BENEDICTION CIRCLE - “THE BLESSING OF BEING”

For endings, departures, healing circles, and post-ritual closing

Everyone speaks over each other in a slow crescendo:

Blessed are the bent.

Blessed are the unfixed.

Blessed are the ones who left and the ones who returned.

Blessed are the hands that tremble.

Blessed is the body you did not abandon.

Optional Final Gesture: *Everyone places their hand over their own heart. Say together: “We are the sanctuary now.”*

DISAPPEARANCE RITE - “WHEN YOU NEED TO GO QUIET”

Purpose: To allow someone to step away without guilt, punishment, or questioning.

Read together:

There is holiness in retreat.

There is prayer in going quiet.

There is love in the letting go.

Everyone says to the person:

Go with a light on. Go with your name intact. Go with no shame.

Leave a candle burning until it extinguishes on its own.

COMMUNAL VOW RENEWAL - “THE RETURNING FIRE”

When: Once a year, on a significant date (e.g. Trans Day of Visibility, Ash Wednesday, a full moon)

Everyone brings:

- One vow they want to renew
- One practice they want to release
- One object of devotion or defiance

Ritual Flow

- Speak the rule together
- Burn or bury the “release” items
- Place vow objects on a shared altar
- End with each person saying: “I vow to love the ones I used to be.”

THE LITURGY OF THE QUESTIONED HEART

A ritual for those who seek God but have been told God does not seek them. Can be used before the Reading of the Rule, or as a separate rite altogether.

NAMING THE STRUGGLE — A LITURGY OF CONFESSION FOR REALITY

Leader or Abbot says:

“Let us speak not of what we believe,
but what we carry.
Let us confess not our sins,
but our sorrow.”

“We have been told God is a straight line.
We have seen God weaponized.
We have heard God’s name shouted over graves,
and not always in blessing.”

“And still, here we are.
Questioning. Gasping. Burning.
Still asking if the light might love us back.”

Pause. Invite silence. Let people speak their confessions if the space allows—softly, aloud, or silently.

CLAIMING THE QUESTION — THE SACRED CURIOSITY

The initiate, returning, or otherwise questioning member is addressed:

“You have not come with certainty.
You have come with a question.
And here, that is holy.”

“What is the question you carry into this place?”

They may speak a single line, such as:

- “Is there a God who sees me as I am?”
- “Can love survive doctrine?”
- “What if doubt is devotion?”

Leader responds:

“Let your question be your compass.
Not to resolve—but to return.
You are welcome, not despite it,
but because of it.”

RECLAIMING HOPE—A WORD OR HYMN

Here you can reclaim a biblical passage, queerly interpreted, or offer a hymn that speaks to hope. Let it be personal to the initiate if possible.

Examples of reclaimed scripture:

“And Jacob was left alone; and a Being wrestled with him until dawn.” (Genesis 32)

— You are not cursed for wrestling. You are blessed in your wounding.

“Lord, I believe; help my unbelief.” (Mark 9:24)

— Both are welcome here: belief and the cry of its absence.

Or choose a hymn or chant:

- Come, Thou Fount (especially the verse: “Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it...”)
- She Who Is (Megan W. DeFranza / queer reinterpretations)
- Original chant such as:
“Even my doubt is a prayer,
Even my ache is a hymn.” (repeat slowly)

THE RULE & TEMPLE TALK

After this, the Rule can be read as part of an initiation ritual, but now framed as a map not of belief, but of fidelity to mystery and presence.

Continue with a Temple Talk/sermon and/or a short, poetic blessing from the Abbot or community elder, naming the hope the community holds on behalf of the initiate:

“You may not believe every word,
but we believe in you.
And if God is near—
we believe God does, too.”

“Let your vow be shaped by your doubt,
your devotion by your disobedience,
your holiness by your hunger.

For as long as you stay,
and wherever you go—
you are part of the Hours.”

Psalms & Collects

COLLECT FOR THOSE WHO LEFT THE CHURCH

God of the ones who walked out,
who slammed the door,
who slipped away quietly with a hymnal in their coat—
bless us now.
For every time we said no
and didn't die.
For every time we said yes
and weren't believed.
For every empty pew that still haunts us,
let a wildflower grow.
We are still sacred.
Even out here.
Especially out here.
Amen.

PSALM FOR BURNOUT

I am tired to my marrow.
I do not want to be resilient.
I want to be soft and spared.
I want to be held, not useful.

Do not ask me for one more thing.
Let me be unproductive and beloved.
Let me disappear without shame.
Let me nap like it's holy.

The world will still turn without my striving.
The divine does not keep score.
God, I am so tired.
Rock me like a child, and tell me I don't have to earn this rest.

PSALM FOR PARENTING (OR TRYING TO)

This child, this chaos, this small wild mercy.
Some days, I am a miracle. Some days I am a monster.
I yell, then cry. I hold, then collapse.

Give me the patience I do not have.
Give me grace, I do not think I deserve.
Let my child forgive me before I forgive myself.
Let them know they are loved, even on the days I lose it.

May this be enough.
May I be enough.
May love carry what my hands cannot.

PSALM FOR HOLY RAGE

I will not be polite.
I will not be silent.
My anger is not a sin—it is a signal.
A flare fired into the night.
A roar from the bones of my ancestors.

I am angry because I care.
I am angry because I was taught to swallow it.
But no more.
Today I pray in fire.
Today I say: I will protect what I love.

May my rage be righteous.
May it lead me toward repair, not revenge.
May I never apologize for the voice that kept me alive.

PSALM FOR POLYAMORY

I do not love in halves.
I do not divide. I expand.
This heart has multiple rooms.
This body is not a battleground.

I love with permission, not possession.
I love with boundaries, not cages.
I love with a calendar, a group chat, a soft damn map of tenderness.

The world told me there's only one way to belong.
I said no. I said again.
I said: Love is not scarce.
I am not less for being many.
I am more.

PSALM FOR SURVIVING HOLIDAYS IN CHURCH SPACES

I sat through the hymns.
I folded the bulletin like a weapon.
I clenched my jaw through the sermon.
And still, I did not disappear.

I do not belong here. And yet—
the candles feel like home.
The music remembers me.
The bread tastes like memory.

O God of the ones who stayed too long,
O God of the ones who left too late,
hold me in the pew where I wanted to scream.
Let my silence be a psalm.
Let me leave, this time, with peace.

PSALM FOR CHOOSING REST

I am not lazy. I am not failing.
I am tired, and the world is too much.
I choose stillness—not because I am weak,
but because I am wise.

Rest is not an interruption.
It is part of the vow. It is part of the rhythm.
It is sacred like breath, like dusk, like rain.

Let me lay it all down.
The doing. The proving. The martyrdom.
Let me just be—
cradled by a God who says, “Enough now, beloved.”

PSALM FOR THE QUEER BODY

They told me my body was wrong.
Too soft. Too loud. Too strange. Too much.
And still I did not un-become.

My hips defy category.
My hair tells my history.
My scars speak in tongues.

This is the body I bring to the altar.
Unshaved. Unapologetic. Undone.
This body has survived exile.
This body has known love.

I name every curve holy.
I name every wound sacred.
My body is not a mistake.
It is a site of revelation.

Votive Prayers & Personal Devotions

Some prayers rise from need, sharp and sudden as a wound. Some prayers settle in the chest like longing. And there are prayers lit slowly, deliberately, with love and grit, placed on an invisible altar to smolder through time. These are votive prayers: prayers of offering, remembrance, and fierce devotion. They mark what matters. They name who we carry. They ask without demanding. Whether whispered at the edge of sleep, scrawled in the margins of grief, or breathed before an image of the beloved, votive prayers are the soul's lit candles still burning, still reaching, even in the dark.

A RITUAL OF VOTIVE OFFERING

Purpose: To offer prayer through gesture, word, and flame for a person, memory, longing, or cause.

You'll need:

- A candle (or multiple, if making several offerings)
- A small object to place near the flame (stone, image, note, etc.)
- Silence or music (optional, as desired)

Ritual:

1. Prepare a quiet space and breathe deeply, arriving in the moment.
2. Name your intention aloud or silently. This may be a name, grief, desire, commitment, or mystery.
3. Light the candle slowly in silence or saying: *I name this light for what I cannot hold. I name this light for what I love beyond language.*
4. Speak or write your votive prayer, or choose from examples below.
5. Sit in the presence of the flame as long as needed. Let it burn as witness. When you are ready, blow it out with care or let it extinguish on its own.

VOTIVE PRAYERS FOR THE HOURS

FOR THE LOST

I light this for what is missing – the child I was, the names I never spoke, the dreams I had to bury to survive. May they rise, wild and holy, in places I cannot yet see. May I remember I am not made of absence, but of persistence.

FOR A BELOVED (LIVING OR DEAD)

I light this for you, beloved – for your laugh that still echoes in my ribs, for the way you taught me how to be tender without apology. Go in peace. Stay with me.

FOR THE BODY

I light this for my body, tired and brave. For the skin I've hated and the bones I've come to love. For every wound that became a door. Let this be a fire of blessing, not to fix, but to honor.

FOR QUEER SURVIVAL

I light this for every queer life that made mine possible. For the archives lost, the kisses in hiding, the names erased. I light this for the ones who couldn't stay. And for us, who are still here, still shimmering.

FOR THE FUTURE

I light this for the days that haven't come yet. For the stories, I don't know how to live. May I meet them with wonder. May I become someone who blesses the path.

The Technicolor Monastery Glossary

A LEXICON OF THE UNHOLY, THE HOLY, &
EVERYTHING INBETWEEN

A

AFTERMATH, THE

A sacred threshold space that follows rupture, loss, or revelation. In the aftermath, we gather what remains and begin again - differently.

ASHES

What is left after the burn. Symbol of surrender, memory, and potential. Ashes are not endings but compost.

ASHING

A ritual act of marking oneself or another with ashes – to honor grief, transformation, or mortality.

B

BLESSING THE RUINS

A liturgy of acknowledgement: what was broken still holds beauty, and from collapse, life insists on returning.

C

CANDLE-LIGHTING

An act of intention and invocation. A small fire to call presence, remembrance, or prayer into the space.

CARRYING A STONE

A ritual of bearing visible weight to name invisible burdens. Sometimes placed down. Sometimes carried onwards. Always holy.

CRACKED FAITH

Faith with seams and scars. A belief not in perfection, but in the beauty of survival and contradiction.

D

DANCE UGLY

A permission slip to move without shame. To dance without choreography, to worship without restraint.

DEVOTION

No obligation, but offering. What we give not because we must, but because we long to. A rhythm, not a rule.

DISAPPEARED BELOVED, THE

An archetype of what was lost, erased, or exiled – a person, a part of yourself, a way of being. They are not gone. Only waiting to be remembered.

E

ECHOING SILENCE

The sound beneath sound. A sacred stillness filled with what cannot yet be spoken.

EXILED GOD, THE

The Divine that dwells outside sanctioned holiness – found in the margins, the misfits, and the ones told they did not belong.

F

FEASTING AS DEVOTION

A sacred act of embodied celebration. Feeding the body is not separate from feeding the spirit.

FOOL, THE HOLY

An archetype who disrupts through joy, paradox, and irreverence. The Fool knows what sacredness institutions forget.

G

GHOST IN THE MIRROR, THE

A reflection that doesn't behave – your past, your shadow, your deeper truth calling you home.

GLOAMING

The hour of in-between – sunset's hush. Where endings soften, and beginnings whisper.

H

HOLY RAGE

Anger that honors. Not destructive for its own sake, but the fire that clears space for justice, for truth, for love.

HOLY FOOL

See *Fool, The Holy*

I

INVITATION TO UNDOING

A sacred unraveling. To let go of what is false or no longer serves, and allow truth to emerge through the tearing.

K

KEEPER

A practitioner, guide, or community member who tends the rhythm of the Unholy Hours. Not a gatekeeper. A flame keeper.

L

LITURGICAL REFUSAL

The sacred act of saying no to shame, to systems, to stories that deny your wholeness. Refusal can be prayer.

M

MESSENGERS

Queer archetypes, inner truths, or ancestral voices that arrive bearing wisdom. They do not always speak in words.

MIRROR HOUR

Midday's reckoning. Where shadows appear and clarity comes, not always gently.

P

PORTALS

Moments of opening. Invitations to step across thresholds – into grief, desire, revelation, or rebirth.

PULSE

The rhythm of breath, blood, and ritual time. What reminds you you're alive.

R

RITUAL GESTURE

A movement, act, or symbol imbued with meaning. A bow, a stone, a scream – all can be ritual when held with intention.

RETURN TO SANCTUARY

Coming home to yourself. To safety. To sacredness. Sometimes it's space. Sometimes it's a body. Sometimes it's a breath.

S

SACRED REFUSAL

A holy no. The act of denying what erases, diminishes, or cages the soul.

SANCTIFIED CONTRADICTION

Holding complexity without collapse. A queering of binaries – saint and sinner, sacred and profane, exile and belonging.

SOFT ANIMAL OF YOUR BODY

Your unpolished instinctive self. The part of you that wants, aches, rests, and survives. It is already holy.

STILLNESS

Not the absence of movement, but the presence of attention. A slowing that reveals what was always there.

T

TENDING

The art of care – for wounds, for joy, for the ordinary sacred. A spiritual practice of intimacy and maintenance.

TECHNICOLOR

A palette of queer spirit. Not pastel piety, but saturated, strange, shimmering truth. A refusal to live in grayscale.

THREAD

A symbol of connection between people, times, and selves. Sometimes strong. Sometimes frayed. Still binding.

THRESHOLD PRACTICE

A ritual to mark entry or exit: birth, death, coming out, forgiveness, leaving a room.

U

UNHOLY HOURS

The daily rhythm of the Technicolor Monastery - eight sacred moments not bound to productivity or perfection. They are: Waking, Undoing, Mirrors, Ash, Tending, Gloaming, Veil, and Witching. Each is a portal. Each holds a blessing.

UNFINISHED

The state of holy becoming. To be unfinished is to remain open to surprise, transformation, and tenderness.

UNDOING

The sacred work of unraveling old patterns, false stories, and inherited shame. A process of re-becoming.

V

VEIL

The thin space between here and elsewhere. Between self and spirit. Between what is seen and what is sensed.

Vow

A sacred promise, offered not to bind but to align. A vow says: I will return to this truth, again and again.

W

WAIL

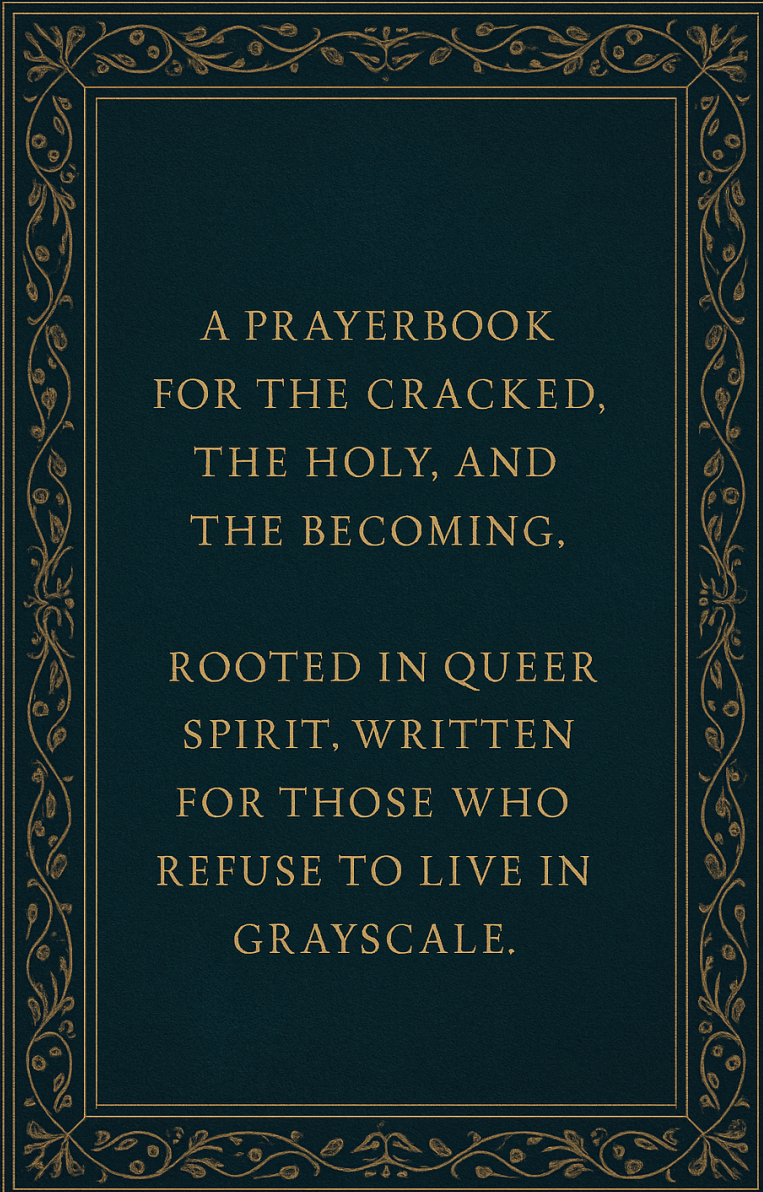
A spiritual release – a sound too true to stay silent. Wailing can be prayer, protest, or praise.

WITCHING HOUR

The sacred depth of night. When the veil thins and magic speaks clearly.

WHEN YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT

A portal of survival, loneliness, and ancestral resilience. It honors those who endure, even when the chorus has gone silent.



A PRAYERBOOK
FOR THE CRACKED,
THE HOLY, AND
THE BECOMING,

ROOTED IN QUEER
SPIRIT, WRITTEN
FOR THOSE WHO
REFUSE TO LIVE IN
GRAYSCALE.