

Legend: (HB) = Homebrew

Where available, sources are given (*in brackets*).

Selûne

- Generic Selûnite prayer. This one was uttered by the Silverstar Alusiia Freemantle together with the adventuring band *Guardians of Hullack* in Eleasis 1350 DR somewhere in the King's Forest and elicited a manifestation of moonfire by the goddess (HB):

Waning Moon, keep the light!

Waxing Moon, shine on bright

Newborn Moon, dark and still.

Fullest Moon, guide my will!

Our Lady Of Silver Shines Upon Us All!

Upon us all...

Upon us all...

- Multifaith marriage rite (Torm - Selûne) as officiated by Arymin Tessain – Priestess of the Silver Refuge Temple in Satfron - and Barhammir Stormlund, Enforcer of Torm, in Eleint 1350 for the marriage of Esvele Ambershield and Thiomur Pennert, both lionars of the Purple Dragons in Satfron, Cormyr (HB).

Arymin: *"Under the night sky and the silver light of Our Lady, two souls meet, two lives intertwine like the stars in the firmament. May your love be like the moon, ever present even when hidden from the eyes; may your lives follow the cycles of night and day, illuminating each other in darkness and light. And may your union bring hope and comfort to those around you, as the moon guides wayfarers on their journey.*

Our Lady of Silver, shine upon our wonderful young people the gift of fruitfulness and joy, may Esvele and Thiomur shine with love in the light of your holy stars."

Barhammir: *"Torm, as you grant our weapons strength and power to defeat your enemies grant our beloved Esvele and Thiomur the strength to live a life full of love and glory, fruitful in offspring and light!*

Life is a battle, and marriage a covenant of honor. Today you swear fidelity to each other, not only in love and joy, but also in trial and suffering. May your sword never waver in protecting one another; may your oath be as firm as the rock on which we stand. As Torm watches over his faithful, may your love be an unwavering light, a beacon of justice and glory."

After the blessings, the priests tie two ribbons around the bride and groom's wrists (a silver one for Selûne, a steel-colored one for Torm), entwining them as a sign of the balance between their faiths and their eternal bond.

Arymin: *"As these two strings intertwine without breaking, so let your bond be: strong, indivisible, illuminated by faith and hope."*

Chauntea

- The Earthmother is everything, and her health is our health. She feeds us, clothes us, waters us, and shelters us. No god is greater than her, though many are noisier. No god is more forgiving, more nurturing, or more essential. Truly, Chauntea is All (*Ed Greenwood Presents Elminster's Forgotten Realms*).

- Growing and reaping are part of the eternal cycle and the most natural part of life (*Faiths and Pantheons*).

- Let no day pass in which you have not helped a living thing flourish (*Faiths and Pantheons*).

- Our fields are fruitful and our bodies hale. Courage unites us today under a single pennant, and our hearts are filled with the love of the Earthmother (*The Grand History of the Realms*)

- Protect trees and plants, and save their seeds so that what is destroyed can be replaced (*Faiths and Pantheons*).

- Chauntean funeral rite (HB), as performed by Hotia (elderly priestess of Chauntea) and an 8-year old Jhanira Barasstan in Ashabenford, Mistledale, in Hammer 1349.

Two watchmen of the militia, a Rider of Mistledale and a young civilian fell during a Zhentarim raid on the town.

On a fallow field, the bodies are laid into the ground as the child burns incense. Then the elder and the child lay seeds and dried petals in the graves.

Hotia then holds a funeral sermon as Jhanira rings a bell:

The Earthmother is everything, and her health is our health. She feeds us, clothes us, waters us, and shelters us. No god is greater than her, though many are noisier. No god is more forgiving, more nurturing, or more essential. Truly, Chauntea is All.

Today we gather under her heaven and above her earth to pay homage to those who have returned to her. As the seeds that fall from the branch and mingle with the soil, so our fallen brothers and sisters now return to her arms. Growing and reaping are part of the eternal cycle, the most natural part of life.

Let us not only mourn their absence, but celebrate what they gave: their strength, their courage, their love for this land and its people. They lived with their hearts turned to the sun, like wheat in the fields, and faced the storm with the steadfastness of oak trees.

There is no leaf that falls without the Earthmother taking it in, no root that breaks without a new shoot finding its way. So be it for them. We will cherish their memory as we cherish the seed for the next season. We will see them in the green of the grass, in the wheat swaying in the wind, in the flower blooming when spring arrives.

No day shall pass without us helping something grow. No day shall pass without us honoring the gift of life they defended with their sacrifice. O Earthmother, welcome them, nurture them, and let their spirit become part of your infinite abundance.

Let their memory be like the sun that warms the earth, like the rain that restores life to the fields, like the wind that whispers through the leaves."

Lathander

- A typical prayer during hard times (HB).

"There is fire after the embers, there is light beyond the night. No shadow is eternal, no dawn is lost forever. Lathander, guide my steps through the darkness, for your sun shall rise again."

- A hymn to Lathander which appears to have originated in The Monastery of the Sun in Waterdeep and then spread among wrestlers, warriors, monks and the most militant priests (HB):

*"Mold my body in your divine shape, O Mentor of Self-Perfection.
Let my limbs be strong as the rising sun, my breath steady as the morning breeze.
Through toil and trial, through struggle and strain,
May I honor your light with every step, with every strike, with every triumph."*

- A common merchant prayer to Lathander (HB)

*"There is your blessing upon new ventures, Commander of Creativity,
And potential in each ray of your morning sun.
Shine your light upon our toil, so we may spread your word of joy!
May each deal be honest, each craft inspired, each day better than the last."*

- A short prayer uttered before dawn by adventurers, travelers and wayfarers (HB):

"By the light of dawn, may my path be clear. By the warmth of the sun, may my heart be strong. By Lathander's grace, may my deeds bring hope."

- A prayer/invocation, common among novices and/or converts (HB):

*"As the sun rises, so too shall I rise.
As the night fades, so too shall my burdens fade.
Lathander, renew my spirit, cleanse my heart,
And let this new dawn be my first step toward the light."*

- Typical sayings (Faiths and Avatars):

"From death, life."

"There is always another dawn."

"In the dawn, beauty reigns, and the way is clearer."

Shar

Several (HB) teachings, preaches and invocations

- *In the beginning, when my Goddess set out to create life, mortals were not meant to wither and die — they were born to be eternal, as enduring as the darkness from which all things arise. Yet the gods of light, fearing a world beyond their control, twisted this design. They wove mortality into the fabric of existence, binding the soul with the chains of fear — for without fear, those false gods would hold no power.*
- *The horrors you see today — the grotesque, the unnatural — are not the work of darkness, but the cruel design of the gods of light. These abominations were crafted to terrify mortals, to drive them into the arms of false deities who thrive on worship born of dread.*
- *But some souls — those who glimpsed the deeper truth — found their way back into the embrace of the eternal dark. They cast off the shackles of mortality, defying the gods of light. For their defiance, they were cursed — twisted and deformed not by Shar's hand, but by the vengeful spite of the jealous gods who sought to punish what they could not control.*
- *Understand this: the so-called "undead" are not failures, but echoes of a forgotten truth — beings who have reclaimed the path to immortality, transcending the fleeting desires and hollow promises of the gods of light. True immortality lies not in bending to the will of those fickle powers, but in embracing the quiet strength of the eternal darkness, where no fear, no falsehood, and no limitation can take hold.*
- *Selûne's light — that so-called warmth — is the great lie that echoes across the ages. It cloaks itself in comfort, yet it is a veil of death and destruction, smothering the noble spirits my Goddess, Shar, first brought into being.*
- *In the beginning, mortals were not meant to wither and fade — they were born immortal, eternal as the night itself. Yet the gods of light, jealous of what they could not create, cast their burning rays upon the world, and from that searing touch, mortality was born. The sun's light does not give life — it steals it.*
- *Those who call themselves the chosen of the gods, The Elminster of the world — beings gifted with unnatural immortality — are not blessed but robbed. Their so-called grace is but the return of a stolen fragment of the truth: you were born immortal, and the sun's relentless gaze stripped that birthright away.*
- *Yet death is not an end — it is a return. The spirits of the departed linger still, whole and unbroken as they were meant to be. Not cursed, but perfected — veiled in forms that mortal eyes, dulled by light's deception, can no longer comprehend. To those blinded by the false brilliance of Selûne, these souls appear twisted and grotesque — yet this distortion is not a mark of failure. It is the truth of what lies beyond the veil, glimpsed by those too weak to understand it.*
- *For in the quiet of darkness, where no light can intrude, Shar's design endures — eternal, unseen, and unshaken.*

- *I pray to the Goddess of Nothing and Everything, Shar, Mistress of the Night, Keeper of Dreams, and Weaver of Reality. She who has existed before the first breath of time and will remain long after the final flicker of light fades. For in darkness, all things begin — time, space, and even existence itself are but limitations placed by the light. In the endless void of Shar's domain, all things are remembered, all moments endure, and all that once was can be relived.*
- *Dreams are but glimpses — brief visions granted by Shar — showing what may come to pass or what has already unfolded in forgotten ages. They are her gift, a whisper of her power, revealing that the boundaries between past, present, and future are but illusions. Through dreams, she allows mortals to witness her influence — the unseen hand that shapes reality itself.*
- *To truly understand the power of my Goddess is to embrace the stillness of the dark — to exist without sight, where no illusion of light can deceive or diminish her presence. In this void, she gives freely — wisdom, strength, and purpose — gifts that cannot be stolen or corrupted.*
- *I do not fear the light, for it reveals only what darkness has already shaped. The light breeds false promises — greed, envy, lust, and pride — desires that fester and grow when one forgets the quiet truth that all things return to shadow.*
- *Enlightenment is but a myth, a lie whispered to the weak, convincing them that truth lies beyond what darkness has already provided. The light seeks to claim the aberration of creation — yet it is in the still, quiet dark that true peace, knowledge, and power reside.*
- *Shar's gift is not absence — it is completeness. In her shadow lies everything you need, waiting to be discovered by those strong enough to embrace it.*