

# OAK LEAVES

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ÁR NDRAÍOCHT FÉIN SAMHAIN 2000 — IMBOLC 2001 • ISSUE No. 16



# Oak Leaves

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*Oak Leaves* is the quarterly journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship, Inc. It is intended to be a forum for our scholarly and artistic explorations, as well as a newsletter informing members and the community of ADF's activities. It has a circulation of approximately 550.

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**Cover:** *Gwyndewin*



# Taking the Waters—

## An Essay on the Connections Between the Nature Spirits and the Ancestors

by Amergin Aryson

Since our inception in 1997, the 6th Night Grove has used the waters from the Yellow Spring, a local landmark in our area, as the waters for our Sacred Well. These waters are stored in an airtight container between our rites, and poured into our cauldron at the beginning of each ritual.

These waters are used for asperging during the purification of members during the rite, and it is to these waters that we offer silver, in honor of the World Below and to all the Mighty Dead.

The Yellow Spring was first “discovered” by the white settlers in this area around 1800. Within a short time, people were flocking to this spring for its curative powers, and a dam was created at the base of the gorge to collect its waters. People would bath in the waters collected, and also drink the waters. The village of Yellow Springs soon grew to accommodate this influx of visitors to the spring, and a hotel and tavern were built to serve the stagecoach line passing through the new village. Unfortunately, as has so often become the case in our modern world, the waters of the spring have become polluted by pesticides and herbicides entering the water table, to the point that no longer can the water be safely drank.

For those who have never had the opportunity to visit this site, the name given it is actually a misnomer. The waters flowing year round from the spring are high in iron oxides, and a more proper name would have been “Ochre Spring.” The entire rock face from which the spring emerges is stained red, from the millennia of accumulated iron pigments. The first time I saw the spring, in the early 1970’s, the one phrase that sprung immediately to my mind was “The blood of the Mother.” Later, it was at the spring that I would attend my first Wiccan rite, held by a local coven in the area. As my spiritual path grew and changed over time, it was only natural that the spring would continue to be a place of power for me, and that our ADF Grove would come to consider it the Source and the Center of our connection to the Nature Spirits.

As our Grove began to grow, it soon became a rite of passage for new Grove members to visit the spring and make offerings there. Twice a year, at Samhain and Beltaine, we would go and collect

new waters to be added to what remained of the waters collected before. The water within our Sacred Well has become highly charged, being used in every ritual for more than three years. The trove of silver and other precious gifts offered to our cauldron throughout the Sacred Year would be made to the waters in a natural cave half way down the cliff side, where the spring waters collect. From the womb/mouth of the Mother the waters are taken. To the mouth/womb of the Mother the gifts are returned.

In the fall of 1998 some of our Grove members were preparing to attend the Lughnassadh festival, hosted by Shining Lakes Grove, in Michigan. I thought it would be a grand idea to take some of the spring's waters to present to the Arch Druid, and to mix with the waters of their Grove. The waters were carefully collected in a glass bottle, and stored for transport in the chest we use to carry our Grove's ritual items. When the time came for me to present the water to the Arch Druid, I was distraught to discover that the bottle had shattered in transport. Not just broken, mind you, but shattered into tiny pieces!

At first, we didn't take much heed of this omen. We continued to take the waters of the spring for our Grove's use without further incident. Then, on an occasion when I had sent another member of the Grove alone to collect some of the water, the same type of incident occurred. She had carefully collected the water in a glass bottle, making proper offering at the spring as she did so, but had left the bottle in her car during the day while at work. When she returned to her car that afternoon, the bottle was once again shattered, where it had been wholly intact and safe that morning.

At this point, I was becoming rightly concerned. I made a trip alone to the spring, with the specific intent of asking the spirits there what offense we might have unintentionally made. I began my trek at the great white oak tree, over 300 years old, which stands above a waterfall in the nature preserve where the spring is now located. A poem of death is engraved on a stone at the oak tree's base, in memorial to the daughter of the man who had donated the



land to the local college as a nature preserve. As I wandered down the shaded path to the spring, my mind kept going over the words of that poem, and my heart was filled with a great longing to better understand the nature of this sacred place, and the peoples who had first known its great power.

As I approached the place where stone steps lead down to the spring, the rush of the waters soft in my ears, I happened to glance to my left. There, off the side of the marked trail, a small Adena burial mound is located. No more than five feet high at its crest, unmarked, with no path leading to it, most people walk by this feature without ever knowing it is there, or else consider it a natural feature, and not one created by the hands of men.

I had known of this mound. I knew it was there, and I also knew it had never been excavated. I had considered myself to be well versed in the ancient Native American culture of this area, spending a good part of my youth reading every book I could get my hands on regarding the Mound Builder culture of the Ohio Valley. I had made a point of visiting all of the large conical mounds built by these ancient peoples, which dot the sacred landscape of this part of the country. Yet, how many times had I

silently walked past this small, unassuming mound of earth, intent solely on my destination of the spring?

I stopped in my tracks, and silently asked myself, “Whose bones lie beneath this mound of earth, so close to such a place of power?” Certainly, the ancient Native Americans considered this spring to be as magical as we “moderns” do. They would have seen it not only as a place of free flowing fresh water when all others were frozen in the harsh winter, but also as a source of ochre for dyeing and body paint in magical workings. For one to have their bones interred here, so close to the spring that its waters music could always be heard in the ears, this person must be one of great importance and great power indeed!

I pushed my way through the brambles surrounding the mound. I placed my hands upon it, and I asked the spirit of the Ancestor within to know my heart, to know that I was on a quest of understanding. I asked that the spirit would grant our Grove access to the waters of the ochre spring, and help us to understand the true magic of it. I made a small offer-

ing of tobacco, all I had to give, and left the mound with a sense of awe at the unfolding sweep of time, the great history of this mystical place swirling about me.

I bathed that day in the waters of the spring, and left knowing that the magic there is well protected. As we modern Pagans seek to reconnect with the sacredness of our local lands, its springs and rivers, its mountains and valleys, we would be wise to remember that there was a culture here before us who knew the true power of these places. Long before our ancestors crossed these lands, a people dwelt here who practiced a strong magic of the Earth.

Our Grove now makes it a regular part of our Samhain and Beltaine water gathering to stop and make offerings to the Guardian of the Spring. We ask that we would be welcomed here in this land, and that the transgressions of our ancestors be slowly forgiven, as the scars of the Earth are slowly healed. We ask that we may be a part of that healing, and add our voices to the many that call for an end to the pollution of our natural resources. As the ancient Pagans of Europe made it a part of their religions to adopt the local

deities of the new lands they moved into, so must we new Pagans now seek to understand the powers of those who were here in this land before us, and the spirits of the land who were ancient long before our peoples came to this place. We must respect the Earth, and keep it sacred in their honor. As we say in our Ancestor invocation “To all those whose bones lie in this land, whose hearts are tied to it, whose memory holds it.”

I am happy to say we have had no more troubles in taking the waters of the spring. I believe that we have taken the first small step in a dialogue that will be ongoing. We have offered a pipe of peace, and it has, for the time being, been accepted. The eyes of the Ancestors are upon us. They ask if we will truly walk the Way of the Earth. The Guardian of the Spring asks if we will now guard it well, for all generations yet to come. As Our Druidry grows in this land, let us all take heed of what the Ancestors ask of us. The Mother’s blood is our own life source. Will we take the waters with respect? Will we hold them sacred?



Over the course of years, we in ADF have wrestled with questions of how to support our members and whether or not the members of our organization were receiving adequate support. These discussions have always been complicated by the fact that we have several different types of support systems in our organization. A further complication is that support styles are very individualistic with each member having their own preference made up of how they give and best receive support.

I would first like to examine what social support is and how it operates in our lives. There are to be found among various sources many differing definitions of social support, but the definition most often referenced was advanced by Cobb (1976). Cobb views social support as an exchange of information at the interpersonal level, which provides three things:

- Emotional support, leading the individual to believe they are cared for.
- Esteem support, leading the individual to believe that they are valued.
- Network support, leading the individual to feel that they belong to a communication network of mutual understanding and obligation.

In their 1976 book, *The Strength in Us*, Alfred Katz and Eugene Bender describe the place of support in our lives:

“...Throughout history, people have used connections with small groups, with family and kinfolk, with peers and the like-mind, to give themselves anchorage in stormy, shifting seas; but in twentieth-century America (and elsewhere in the modern world), these connections have become critical to individual survival.”

Another type of support that is unique to religious organizations such as ADF is spiritual support. All of the aspects of social support are to be found in spiritual support, but these networks expand beyond human social circles and include relationships with Deities, ancestors and the natural world around us. Religious organizations intentionally establish networks that include the divine, mystical and spiritual as a living and contributing part of the system.



# Support systems in ADF

By Robert Barton

In ADF we have myriad networks that can give support to the individual, the most basic being simple membership in an organization which provides the individual with a sense of belonging to a group. In this instance, the group shares a set of beliefs that may not be common in the general social environment of the individual. Often the very beliefs that set us aside and in some way separate us from our immediate social environment and even our families and friends, provide a point of connection to this new group, and the things that may have once been barriers become bridges.

**Direct social interaction** among the members of ADF takes many shapes, each one of these shapes becoming a network of support. Even knowing one other member that you occasionally see can be considered a support system. Something as simple as regular phone appointments with advisors in the Bardic Guild can give a lot of support to an individual, as can any of the direct one-on-one mentoring programs used in our organization.

**Groves** often become very strong support networks for the people involved and the grove structure has become a cornerstone of many ADF activities. Our groves give their members a place to be and share their feelings and thoughts with others who have the same or similar values. Direct spiritual guidance and assistance is available within our groves through the Senior Druids, who have become the direct face of ADF leadership. Most of the Senior Druids have learned the job by

doing it, but theirs are the hands that actually feel the living pulse of our organization.

**Festivals** have become another strong aspect of ADF support as the members return to them year after year to see and be seen, to be recognized and to belong. How many times do we drive into the festival grounds, see a familiar face, sit by a fire with an old friend and talk, watch people walk by, listen to music and feel like we are home?

**By making ourselves aware of what it is that we actually want and need from this organization, we have a far better chance of actually obtaining adequate support.**

**Our many email lists** have each become a communication network, sometimes busy, at other times quiet, but always there with ears ready to hear us and voices ready to respond. This sort of network is relatively new in the scheme of things and so has not been explored to the fullest, but many changes have been wrought by it. For many members these lists have become the most important link in their personal chains of support.

Often, people who are solitary pagans in their local area use these

lists as their connection to our community. Even many of us who remember when this avenue of communication was not available to our community or widely used in our organization have a hard time imagining how ADF would now function without it.

**Publications**, both organizational and local are another support system, as they share information through articles and current events. *Oak Leaves* informs the whole organization on broad issues concerning us all, while also helping our people to learn as articles and ideas are presented to the entire membership. Local newsletters are more specific to areas and smaller groups, and yet, as they are exchanged between Groves they let us see what others are doing and can be a fantastic source of ideas for local activities.

**Study program** structure in ADF has been arranged so that members can learn what they need to know, and it allows them to stop at whatever level of knowledge they consider sufficient. A dedicant's program that allows one to develop basic skills and knowledge stands as either an education in basic practice or as a doorway to continued learning. A diverse guild system is now the foundation of a study program, which allows students to individualize their work to suit their needs and is quite unlike anything available elsewhere in the Pagan community.

Support styles vary greatly from individual to individual, with there being no perfect universal formula for support. Each of us

must examine our own support style by asking ourselves four questions, the answers to which clarify our personal ideas about support:

- How do I define support?
- How do I like to be supported?
- How do I like to give support?
- What types of attempts at support make me feel uncomfortable?

As we answer these questions, we become consciously aware of our own ideas and needs where support is concerned. Just doing this as an individual can help us to plan our activities and efforts to include and meet our own needs. People in any type of relationship can benefit from this exercise when done together, from a husband and wife becoming better able to support one another to a Senior Druid knowing far better how to assist each Grove member in the way best suited to that individual. But the awareness developed by either the individual or group is always a step in the right direction.

As a group exercise these questions can give very interesting and varied results. We often find that what makes one feel supported may be too much for another, and that what satisfies one may leave another feeling starved for attention. The larger the group, the wider will be the parameters of the answers to these questions. But by sharing these answers with one another, a communication will be established which often promotes sincere understanding of what one may expect or be willing to contribute. Issues of group confusion are sometimes clarified when we come to understand

what another can and cannot do and so make our expectations for that person more reasonable. A group activity of this sort can take a meeting or even several meetings to explore and process, but it can certainly be worth it.

From all of this begins to emerge a process through which members can tailor their involvement and activity in ADF so that it addresses their needs the best way possible. By first answering these simple questions, we begin to know what we want from ADF and can look around to decide what aspects and people within the organization are best suited to supporting us and where we can be most supportive to the organization and other members.

For some, we want and need the interaction of other members at a local Grove level, others may not want this or may not have a Grove near them, and so they will be solitary in their general practice. Maybe the only way that we can get that direct contact is to visit a festival each year, while for others the various email lists provide sufficient contact.

Once an individual has identified the parameters of their own support style they need to ask two further questions:

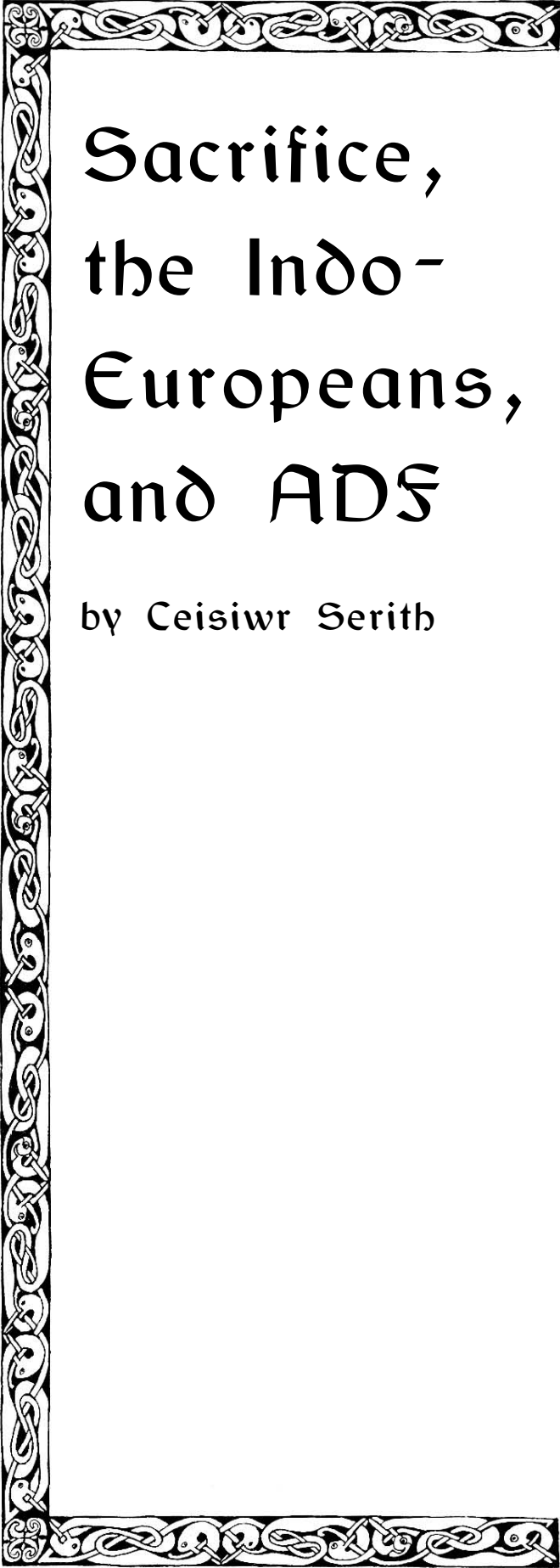
- What do I want from ADF?
- What do I offer to ADF?

After these questions have been answered and this information combined with what one discovered about their needs and strengths in the earlier questions, a plan can be formulated to enable the individual to both best be served by and contribute to the organization. Perhaps one discov-

ers that there is no Grove local to them, and so that person must be solitary. Some may also discover that they have a need to be recognized for their artistic expressions of spirituality and feel that they want some basic education in ADF Druidism and perhaps some training in artistic expressions of faith. So a plan is designed by the person wherein they start the Dedicant Program, get on several lists that they feel can help them in their personal practice such as: Solitaries, Bardic, Dedicants, Discuss, and Celtic. They may also send a few of their poetic works to *Oak Leaves* for publication, and plan to make one trip to an ADF festival each year as a vacation.

While there is certainly no organization that can fulfill all of the needs and wants of every person, ADF has a lot to offer to members. By making ourselves aware of what it is that we actually want and need from this organization, we have a far better chance of actually obtaining adequate support. By familiarizing ourselves with what it is that we each can bring to ADF, we can better support the organization and other members. Knowledge of what ADF can and cannot do and what it can provide allows us to have reasonable expectations and goals that enable us to each feel that we both are supported by and contribute to this organization.





# Sacrifice, the Indo- Europeans, and ADS

by Ceisiwr Serith

Many scholars have shed much ink trying to decide what the meaning of sacrifice is. Their efforts were doomed from the start. They were trying to find the one thing that lay behind all sacrifices. There simply isn't one. Sacrifice can have different meanings in different cultures, and even more than one in the same culture. I will concentrate on sacrifice in the shared Indo-European culture.

I see three meanings in Indo-European sacrifice: the shared meal, the *ghosti*-relationship, and the relationship with Chaos. Let's look at each of them in turn.

The shared meal is the simplest and most obvious of the three. The average person, thinking of sacrifice, thinks of the great holocausts of ancient Israel, where entire animals were destroyed by fire. This kind of sacrifice does exist in Indo-European religion (the Druidic human sacrifices come to mind), but they were exceptional and I will not try to deal with them here. The usual sacrifice is quite different. Rather than destroying the entire animal, certain parts (usually inedible) are given to the gods through the fire, but the bulk of it is cooked and eaten by the human participants. The sacrifice is thus a shared meal—the gods eat their part and we eat ours, gathered together at the same table. It is a party to which we invite the gods, a sacred barbecue. It is communion in its most literal sense.

This leads us to the next meaning—the *ghosti*-relationship. \**ghosti*- is a word in Proto-Indo-European which translates as “someone with whom one has a reciprocal obligation of hospitality.” The English “guest” and “host” both come from this root. That describes the *ghosti*-relationship nicely. We are both guest and host to those with whom we have a *ghosti*-relationship; guest on one occasion, and host on another.

The *ghosti*-relationship is found in the very nature of the universe. This is true to the extent that I have identified the organizing principle of the universe as the *ghosti*-principle. This is the reciprocal giving that establishes and maintains everything. It is shown in the Indo-European cosmology. The Tree (the *axis mundi*) is fed by water from the Well. The Tree drops fruit into the Well. Back and forth they exchange their gifts, and the Cosmos is maintained thereby. (The culture that has preserved the Proto-Indo-European cosmology most clearly is the Norse one. I recommend Bauschatz or the Eddas for a description of this. I dealt with the evidence

from different Indo-European cultures and the cosmology that can be derived from them in a previous article (*Serith, 1995*).

Human relationships operate in this manner as well. In Indo-European society, relationships are established and maintained through the exchange of gifts. Indeed, one of the reasons why the Germanic dragon was considered to be evil was that he hoarded his treasure rather than keeping it in circulation. Indo-Europeans do not admire a miser.

And the ghosti-principle operates in the relationship between human and divine. We give gifts to the gods, and they give gifts to us. We offer a share of the sacrifice, and they grant us blessings. We are the hosts today, and they are the hosts tomorrow. Sometimes this is called a “*do ut des*” relationship—“I give that you might give.” It is seen as a cosmic buying off— we pay the gods to get what we want.

There is so much more to it than that, though. It is not a mere business transaction. Exchange is what Indo-European friendships are made of. By engaging in ghosti-relationships with the gods, we become their friends. And just as in Indo-European society the king must give more in such a relationship than a commoner, the Great and Shining Ones grant marvelous blessings in return for our more humble

gifts. “Ghostiyes to the Gods” is the most honorable title we can have. It is through sacrifice that this title is earned.

The final meaning I see is the most subtle. Sacrifice is a tapping of our relationship with the Outsiders, a way of allowing their power and life to enter into our Cosmos in a controlled manner, enlivening it without destroying it. Sacrifice is controlled Chaos.

But first some more cosmology is in order. I have already discussed the ghosti-relationship between the Tree and the Well. I would like to expand on that. The Waters of the Well come from the deep waters that, in Indo-European cosmology, support and surround the earth. But “there be dragons there.” That is where the Outsiders dwell, beyond and beneath our Cosmos, our well-ordered world. There lies Chaos, the power of entropy that would damage our order, that would destroy our Cosmos if allowed to enter in pure form.

Remember the relationship between the Tree and the Well, though. The Tree is Cosmos, the Well draws up the waters of Chaos. *But the Tree is fed by the waters of the Well.* How can that be? How can Chaos feed Cosmos?

Cosmos can grow stiff and brittle. Order can stifle. Established ways can grow old and die. There is life in the wildness that comes from the Well, and



that is what the waters give the Tree— a vivifying drink to be its sap, to keep its branches from becoming dry sticks. And in return the Tree, in true ghosti-relationship, gives its fruit to the Well.

I'm afraid I have let my enthusiasm run away with me. I hope I have not left my readers behind, asking what the heck this has to do with sacrifice. Hold on for just a bit longer, and I will try to make the connection.

The relationship with the Outsiders described in that between Chaos and Cosmos, between the Well and the Tree, is the one meaning of sacrifice where the actual death of the animal is relevant. Death is an instrument of Chaos: a living being goes from an ordered state of life into the decaying state of death. The system is closed, and entropy reigns. The killing is a gift to Chaos, and with the gift Chaos is brought into Cosmos to give its gift in turn. A hole is opened and Chaos flows in, the waters of the Well threaten to overwhelm Cosmos, to uproot the Tree, breaking its branches apart and scattering them. Unmediated, Chaos brings disaster, and that is just what the killing of the animal threatens to do.

Why invite it in, in the first place? Why risk our world? Two reasons. First, as I have explained, Cosmos *needs* Chaos in order to stay alive. Everything needs a little wiggle room. The only alternative is death.

Second, Chaos will enter whether we want it to or not. Entropy affects us all, no matter what we do. Our only hope is to mediate Chaos in such a way that it enlivens rather than overwhelms us.

Bruce Lincoln has shown that the Indo-European creation myth involves a sacrifice. Through this sacrifice order is established, and through its repetition order is maintained. When we sacrifice we are present at That Time, at the beginning of the Cosmos. In cosmological terms, we are at the point where the Well and the Tree join.

Through sacrifice we find ourselves at the place where Chaos irrupts into Cosmos. The death of the animal brings us to this point by the destruction of the order of life. Chaos comes pouring in.

But a ritual is ordered and ordering, and a sacrificial ritual is no exception. The sacrificial order takes Chaos and forms it into a non-destructive but still vivifying flow. In the sacrificial creation of the Cosmos, each thing is put into its proper place. Ritual order takes the formless and gives it shape. Through ritual Chaos is permitted to feed the Tree without destroying it. The answer to the question, "what is at the juncture point of the Well and the Tree?" is "the sacrificial order."

This, then, is the final meaning of sacrifice. Sacrifice provides a way to mediate and mitigate Chaos. It keeps Cosmos going.

The sacred meal, the ghosti-relationship, the ordering of Chaos—sacrifice puts us into proper relationship with the sacred and maintains us there.



Magnificent words, and I hope they have helped to dispel some of the distaste and misunderstanding surrounding sacrifice. We are not dealing here with the mystic

powers of gushing blood. We are dealing instead with a far more subtle and beautiful thing.



But what does sacrifice have to do with modern times in general and ADF in particular? Are we about to start sacrificing animals?

When ADF began, animal sacrifice was outlawed. There is still reason for this. We simply do not have the trained personnel; there are no *victimarii*. Any attempt at sacrifice is likely to end in a bloody mess. It is likely to bring Chaos in, in an unmediated manner, it will give the gods an unsatisfactory gift, it will give us impure food for our shared table. It will satisfy none of the reasons for sacrifice.

The public relations alone would be enough reason to ban sacrifice. Jews can have their kosher butchery, Muslims can slaughter according to their rules, but the time has not yet come for society to accept our own sacred butchery. A proper sacrifice is more humane than the form of killing used in slaughterhouses, but the time is not yet here for society to realize that.

That does not mean, however, that there is not place for sacrificial imagery in ADF. In the classical world, it was considered quite acceptable to replace an animal with bread if it was impossible to sacrifice an animal. In Zoroastrianism and Hinduism, concerns over non-violence led to sacrifice being replaced with bread and balls of rice, respectively. There is sufficient precedent, then, for us to replace animal sacrifice with a grain sacrifice while still following the ancient ways.

In the traditional ADF ritual, the sacrifice was replaced with praise

offerings. The food from the animal was replaced with the Waters of Life. These can be retained while still following the old form and drawing from it some of the old meanings. But one way is manifestly missing. The ADF format does not allow for the mediation of Chaos. The Waters irrupt into the world, but we have not formed a channel for them. They come in, but they are not fully mediated. Chaos enters, but order is not imposed on it. Instead, the Waters are consumed without being ordered.

This problem can be solved without doing violence to the ADF ritual format, and without offending modern sensibilities. The ancient practice of ritual substitution shows us how. For the animal we can substitute bread. By the principal of ritual reality, that which is seen as symbolic from the outside of the ritual is, within the ritual context, seen as actual. A piece of bread named and treated as an animal sacrifice is, for the purposes of the ritual, the animal itself, and the sacrifice of it is ritually as effective as that of the animal would be.

I have myself participated in this sort of sacrifice. In one case, an animal cut from flat bread was used, and in another pita bread. (I recommend pita bread; it is more practical and no less symbolic.) The bread was treated as an animal. A prayer was said over it, identifying it with the appropriate animal. For instance, "We offer this ox, as we have named it to be, to Aryamen." The "animal" was sprinkled with water and with grain (as is traditional in actual sacrifices), and then "killed" by being touched with an axe. A slice was cut from its left side. This slice was cut in two, and the top

portion placed in the fire as the god's portion. The bottom half was reserved.

After the praise offerings the omen was taken. When a good omen had been received, the main portion of the bread was shared among the participants along with the Waters. Half of the reserved portion was eaten by the main celebrants, and the other half was offered to the Outsiders. In this way, a bit of the Outsiders was allowed to enter our Cosmos and then given its share; not only the "life" of the sacrifice, but a piece of the animal. This piece was smaller than that given to the gods; we are not looking for great gifts from the Outsiders, only their vivifying influence and to be left alone.

The Waters themselves were identified with the sacrifice. This was done by pouring them into a bowl as the "animal" was sacrificed. In this way, the Waters were shown to be the sacrifice as much as the bread was. The Waters were the gift of Chaos, mediated by the Kindred, and thus the gift of both. They are fire (the Kindred) and water (the Outsiders), a gift of both orders of sacred beings. By drinking them, we take part in the ghosti-relationship between Chaos and Cosmos.

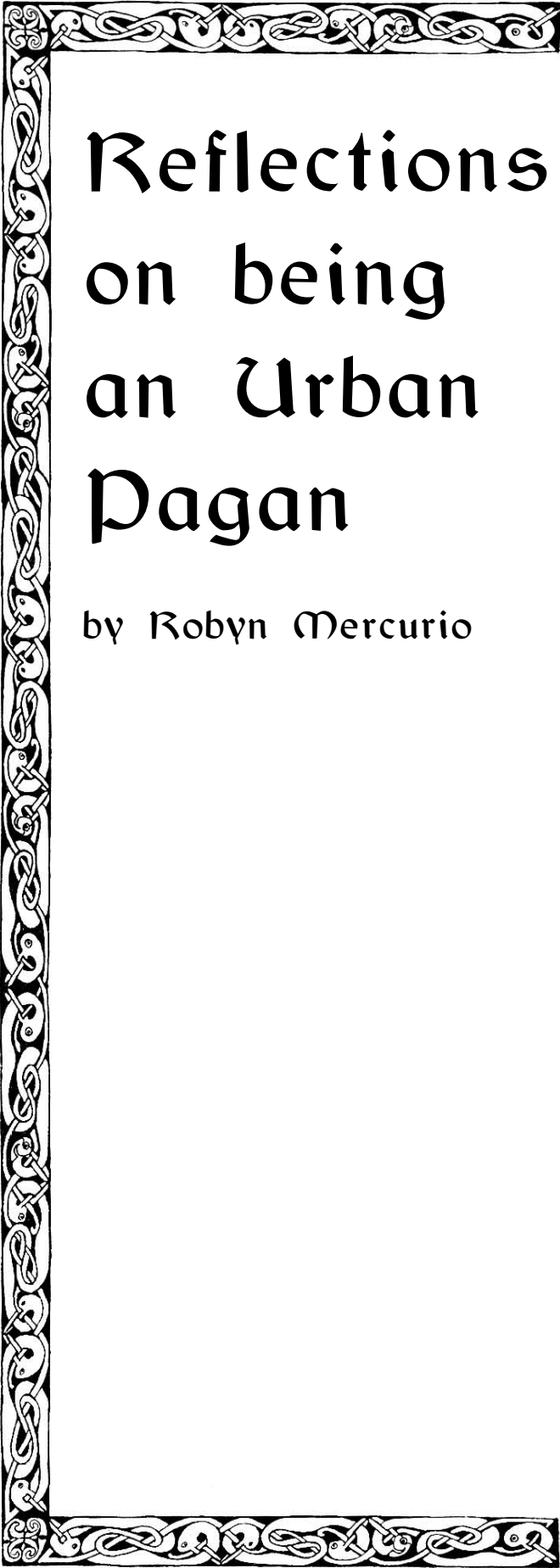
The addition of this form of sacrifice to ADF ritual allows all three meanings into the ritual. The strength and depth of the ritual are greatly increased thereby. And best of all, it puts us firmly in the ancient tradition. It allows us more closely to stand in the place of the ancestors, and approach the gods in the way they are used to being treated.

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# Reflections on being an Urban Pagan

by Robyn Mercurio

Deciding to follow a nature-based religion if you live in the midst of a city can be a challenge. Druids who live on farms or in woods, or even in the midst of suburban greenery can often step outside and immediately be in contact with the Earth. But those of us who are surrounded by concrete and live shoulder to shoulder with neighbors must make a conscious effort to ignore the pressing humanity and feel the rhythms of the Great Mother pulsing through our days.

When I first began reading works by pagans about the path, I was drawn to works that focused on their relationships with nature. Books that advocated cordoning off a corner of a room for meditation, or working indoors with candles, mirrors or pendulums were of little interest to me, precisely because escape from my room was a fundamental attraction of paganism for me. It was the gulf I felt, between my daily life and the rhythms of the Mother Earth, that spurred me towards our religion. It is perhaps why I was drawn first to Druidism rather than Wicca or other goddess-based religious practices.

So I turned to books that taught me how sit beneath a tree, how to notice the habits of animals, and those that spoke of vision quests in the wilderness. Many of them suggested that I plant a grove of trees in my yard, or grow my own food, or take long walks through the woods. All of them assumed that I lived deep in the forest, had leisure to spend weeks out in nature, or, at the very least, possessed a fair sized yard that could handle these great works of horticulture that I was supposedly developing. But few of these suggestions are practical, or even practicable, if you live in the city. I've never been much of the church-only-on-Sunday type and my hopes of getting to the wilderness proper to practice my "new" spirituality on a regular basis were few and far between.

Despite living in one of Washington, DC's most urban neighborhoods, I am fortunate enough to live close to what I consider one of the District's most impressive "monuments": Rock Creek Park. From my door, you can walk 4 blocks into a small patch of trees known locally as Klingle Woods. It borders Piney Branch Creek, which cuts through an old Indian quartz quarry and runs directly into Rock Creek. While the Park Service has been kind enough to carve out and laboriously maintain an asphalt bike and jogging path along the banks of what was once a mighty creek, it is the numerous small dirt paths that first gave me the connection I needed to the Earth.

There are many things I have been able to do and learn in this “urban” park that I never would have thought possible inside a city. I’ve sat beneath an oak tree and used it to plot the path of the sun over the course of the year. I’ve wandered over the hills, finding vistas where one can see only an occasional house, and imagining how Washington was in the days when the land was owned by the wind and the rain. I’ve found a meadow that is made for sun-worshipping in the depths of December and I’ve clambered through Piney Branch in search of quartz and the hoped-for Indian relic. And I’ve seen animals: eagles, hawks, deer, raccoons, and —once— a red fox. I know the paths through the forest almost better than I do the streets surrounding my neighborhood. So I am more fortunate than many urbanites— I do have a private wilderness that I can find any summer evening or early morning before work.

Despite my bond with this particular piece of landscape, there are large swathes of my day in which my longing for a bit of wild earth makes me impatient of the manicured tree boxes and flower beds of downtown. It once depressed me utterly to think of the way in which nature has been trapped, stuffed, and mounted for urbanites to “enjoy.” The flowers seem little more than an architectural extension of the buildings at whose feet they sit and the trees reach their lonely arms across concrete and asphalt in a vain attempt to touch one another. I would walk on my lunch hour and wonder how the Earth would ever survive the indignities our species hands to her.

One week, deep in the grey depths of winter, I created a visualization or meditation for myself that I first practiced on a tiny triangle of green, pinioned between K Street, I Street, and Vermont and 15th. It is a tiny park with large oak trees, a statue of some random war hero and plenty of winos and sleeping bums. In the summer the place is covered with squirrels stashing away the leavings of lunch patrons and the air is filled with car horns and the occasional bubbly laughs of secretaries who have shed their shoes and are wiggling their toes through the grass. In winter, it is given over to the bums and hurrying walkers on their way to and from work.

The visualization I tried that first day went something like this:

Ground yourself, feeling your roots reach down into the earth, down below the concrete, down

through the earthworms and decaying matter, down until you feel your roots drawing up the energy of the Earth. Then reach out to the tree nearest you with those roots, feeling its roots reaching towards you as well. Feel these roots pushing up the concrete, reaching below the buildings, connecting with other roots of trees, flowers or other plants. Look at the landscape around you and feel the thin covering of concrete over the power of these roots. Imagine what the landscape will look like centuries from now, if humans have abandoned the site. See the way in which nature will reclaim the landscape. See the vines tugging at the bricks, the grasses pushing apart the sidewalks, the roads springing with great trees and flowers. Feel the march of the ants carrying away refuse, piece by infinitesimal piece.

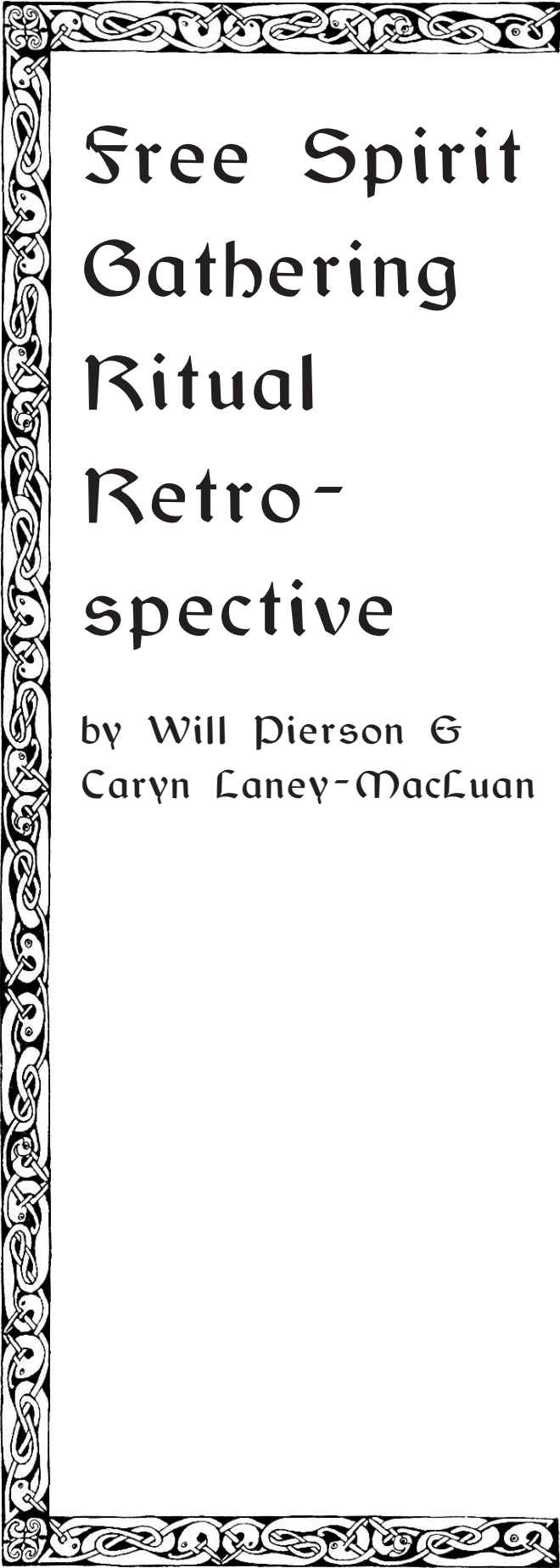
Then look in the air. Notice the birds and the bugs. Watch them alight from tree to tree, connecting downtown with park with suburb with wilderness. Feel the cleansing power of the wind, the scouring of the rain, the melting of the sun. Imagine them working slowly, inexorably, to erode the structures around you. Imagine the Earth as a vast body upon which the structures of humans sit as a thin crust that will vanish the moment we give up our vigilance.

I still often swing between fear for the Earth and joy in her strength. And there are times when I forget to notice life being lived, regardless of the works of humans. But I’ve found this picture of roots and crumbling structures to be one of the most powerful for connecting me to the Earth in almost any surrounding. I’ve begun to understand my city in a new way. Instead of seeing concrete and glass, I notice the weeds along the road. I look out of my window at work and see, not the skyscrapers of Arlington, but the marshy tides of the Potomac. I notice the sun and the clouds, the moon and the stars. It is the minute traces of nature that the urban druid must track to plot the pulse of the Earth. And though it has been far from easy, my struggle to see life through the eyes of the Earth Mother has, for me, transformed this city of concrete and steel into a life-celebrating, sacred wilderness.

Ancient Mother, blessings and welcome.

*This article originally appeared in “What’s Brewing,” Mugwort Grove’s newsletter.*





# Free Spirit Gathering Ritual Retro- spective

by Will Pierson &  
Caryn Laney-MacLuan

Free Spirit Gathering (FSG) is an annual Pagan gathering in northern Maryland with an attendance of about 700 people each year. The opening, closing and main rituals are coordinated by the planning committee, but a number of other groups offer both open and closed rituals. Mugwort Grove has traditionally held their Midsummer high day ritual at FSG. This year the planning committee decided to try to get a number of the attending different groups to jointly plan and perform an eclectic main ritual for all the folk. They promptly went out into the Wiccan community to elicit help. Four months later, unable to find even 2 groups to willing to work together, a committee member suggested a main ritual performed by the ADF Groves of the area.

Although initial coordination between the Groves was rough, planning went smoothly once a central planning group was formed from core members of each of the area Groves (Mugwort, Cedar Light, and Raven Hawk). Each of the groves has their own style of performing the ADF liturgy, and we realized early on that this could not be a Grove-specific ritual. It had to be something totally different. Step one was to go back to the standard liturgy and design a ritual from ground up.

The challenge was to create a ritual that would speak to all the participants, regardless of background. With that in mind, we carefully chose the deities, the songs, the visual effects, and the sound effects. We realized that at any given time, some of the folk would either not be able to see or hear everything that was transpiring; therefore, every effort was made to facilitate broad range visual effects.

A series of workshops were taught by ADF members to facilitate understanding of ADF, Druidism, and the Main Ritual. They were as follows:

## *Thursday*

*Choreography & Movement* – Panel-Discussion  
– led by Will Pierson

*Dragons and Fairies and Giants, Oh My!*– Skip Ellison

*Druidism through the Ages*– Skip Ellison

*Holy Wells in Ireland and Britain*– Doreen Motheral

*Signs & Omens*– Panel-Discussion  
– led by Will Pierson

*Danu Pathworking*– Kathryn Donaldson

## *Friday*

*The Role of the Magician in ADF*– Skip Ellison

*Pre-Ritual Briefing: Structure and Design of the Ritual*  
– Caryn Laney-MacLuan

*Intention & Prayer*– Panel-Discussion  
– led by Will Pierson

*Group Preparation & Centering*– Panel-Discussion  
– led by Will Pierson

*Druids in the Land*— Explorer  
*Pre-Ritual Briefings*— Caryn Laney-MacLuan

### *Saturday*

*What is ADF?*— Skip Ellison  
*Offerings, Gifts and Sacrifices*— Panel-Discussion  
– led by Will Pierson  
*Pre-Ritual Briefings*— Caryn Laney-MacLuan  
*Greenwoman & Greenman*— Doreen Motheral  
*Sacred Presence & the Deities*— Panel-Discussion  
– led by Will Pierson  
*Pre-Ritual Briefings*— Caryn Laney-MacLuan  
*Who Were the Celts?*— Skip Ellison

In the past, the main ritual at FSG had been performed in a soccer field approximately 50 yards away from the main festivities, camping, and vendors. We decided to change the main ritual location to the center of the campground. This change better facilitated access to the ritual by mobility limited individuals and created an event that no one in the camp could ignore. It also helped focus the energy of the entire festival around the main ritual, as we were constructing the site for days prior to the actual event, attracting a great deal of curiosity and attention. The site itself was formed of concentric rings rather than one large ring. This allowed more people to gather within earshot and visual range of most of the activities. The concentric rings had 3 clearly marked aisles with the world altars at the end and outer edge of the ritual space. In the center, we erected a 25-foot bilé, along with a large cast iron cauldron for a well, and a large portable grill for the fire. Hanging from an ornate frame, we had Cedar Light's gong, wrought from an old fire extinguisher. The main celebrants formed the innermost circle. Folk who were mobility limited were just behind them. The rest of the Folk filled in the three wedges of the circle.

The processions started from three different locations each with standard bearers, horn blowers, drummers, and/or a bag piper. At the appointed time, the processions started through the camp, each entering the ritual space from pre-marked paths corresponding with one of the three wedges. As the first procession reached a predetermined spot, the celebrants in the center began the processional chant. This ensured that all three processions would be singing the chant together as they entered the ritual space. Other grove members were assigned traffic control duties as folk entered the space so that the aisles were kept clear and to usher in latecomers.

Speaking parts were intentionally kept to a minimum due to difficulties in being heard by the whole group. Most speaking parts were also accompanied by visual events so that the folk could see something was happening even if they couldn't hear it. All praise offerings were auditioned beforehand and the number was strictly

limited. A one-page flyer was handed out to all participants while entering the ritual space with the ritual outline and the words to the songs.

The main power raising and release was a topic of much discussion among the planners of this ritual. We realized that many of the folk coming to the ritual were only there for "a sensation."

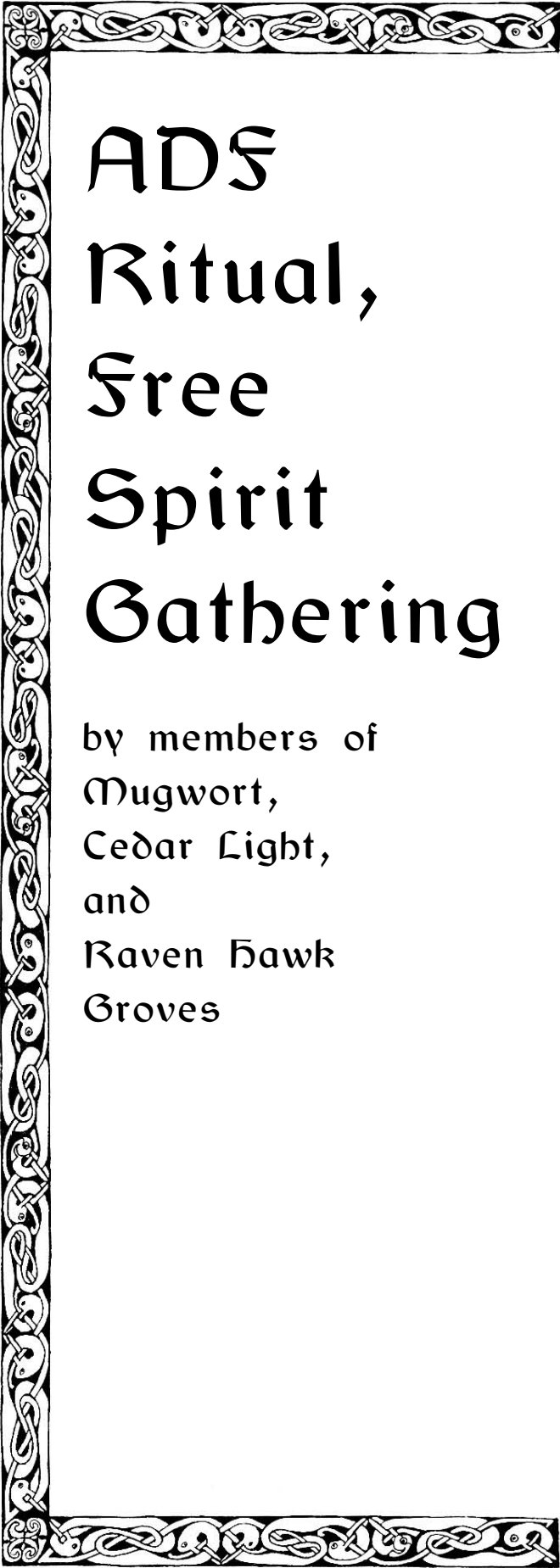
We set out to give them just that while also facilitating a constructive release of the energy raised to the deities called. We did this by way of a 3-way chant, which got louder and faster to the point of crescendo. Each wedge of the circle had a chant leader and several grove members to help carry the chant for that section. The folk were directed before the start of the chant to, at the sound of the horns, release all energy and send it towards the center by whatever means they saw fit. Once they were out of breath from howling, yelling, trilling, whatever, they were directed by a druid in the center to "Drop and stick your fingers in the dirt!" This occupied and re-grounded them while a druid in center offered final prayers of sacrifice.

The omen was done by use of runes and the waters of life were returned to the folk by aspurging teams (two per aisle). The magical working of the rite consisted of sending the energy of the praise offerings to the deities and asking in return for their guidance, motivation, and direction for nurturing our world and ourselves. (The theme for this FSG was "Nurturing Our World.") At the end of the rite we recessed, declared victory, and drank heavily in true druid fashion.

### **Lessons Learned:**

- Face to face communication is critical in the beginning planning phases. Much time and energy was lost trying to clear up email miscommunication. Questions could not be immediately addressed, presumptions were made, and tempers flared. All of which was resolved in one face-to-face afternoon meeting.
- The workshops and pre-ritual briefs were invaluable to the folks' understanding of the liturgy and symbolism. It truly enhanced what people got out of the ritual.
- Announcing each step as the ritual progressed helped participants stay in touch with what was happening.
- Using flip charts for the pre-ritual briefs was extremely useful as a teaching aid, although somewhat cumbersome.
- Performing a walk through several hours before the ritual to check blocking and timing was highly significant to the smooth performance of the actual event.
- Use of nursery tape was very colorful and effective for marking off the space but was a big pain to remove afterwards. We recommend the use of lime or something that can remain where it is lain.





# ADS Ritual, Free Spirit Gathering

by members of  
Mugwort,  
Cedar Light,  
and  
Raven Hawk  
Groves

## PROCESSION TO NEMETON

Thirty minutes prior to start of Ritual the folk will begin to gather at each of three points in the camp. Look for the Standard Bearer at each of these points — the Fire Circle, the Troll Booth, and the Maple Tree.

Fifteen minutes prior to start of the Ritual a gong will sound nine times to signal start of procession to Ritual site.

The Standard Bearer, Drummer, Horn Blower, and Chant Leader will start processing toward the Nemeton in the Dining Hall Field, gathering folk as they go.

As each of the three processions reach the tree line before the main ritual site, the Horn Blowers will cease. A Chant Leader in the center of the Nemeton will begin the Processional Chant. The Chant Leader in each of the three processions will start to sing along to the Processional chant. The Drummers will change beat to keep time.

## PROCESSIONAL CHANT:

*We approach the Sacred Grove  
with hearts and minds and flesh and bone.  
Join us now in ways of old,  
we have come home<sup>1</sup>*

Each of the three processions will enter through a separate World Gate in the Nemeton and be guided into concentric rings of folk by the Standard Bearers: Bilé/Nature Spirits section (marked in green), Well/Ancestors section (marked in blue), or Fire/Deities section (marked in blue and white).

At the Ritual start, the Horns will signal to cease the chanting of the Processional.

## DRUID ANNOUNCES START OF RITUAL

### HONORING THE EARTH MOTHER

All folk sing chant:

*Earth Mother, we sing to your body.  
Earth Mother, we sing to your stones.  
Earth Mother, we honor your body.  
Earth Mother, we honor your bones.<sup>2</sup>*

### INVITING BARDIC ASSISTANCE

The Dagdha, the Good God, Father of the Druids, and Keeper of the Harp:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

## CREATION OF GROUP MIND

All the folk assembled allow the tones to build:

*OM!*

## DRUID PRESENTS RITUAL STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

### OUTSIDER OFFERING

### ESTABLISHING THE SACRED CENTER

Fire:

*Oh, Sacred Fire,  
we burn with you!*

Well:

*Oh, Sacred Well,  
we flow with you!*

Bilé:

*Oh, Sacred Tree,  
we stand with you!*

All folk chant:

*We come from the fire,  
living in the fire  
Go back to the fire,  
turn the world around.*

*We come from the water,  
living in the water  
Go back to the water,  
turn the world around.*

*We come from the forest,  
living in the forest  
Go back to the World Tree,  
turn the world around.*

*Water make the river  
river feed the forest  
Forest fuel the fire,  
turn the world around.<sup>3</sup>*

## INVITATION TO ACT AS GATEKEEPER

The Morrigan, the Great Queen:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

(3 female druids raise hands and sing Morrigan chant by Gwynne Green)

## DRUID OPENS THE GATE BETWEEN THE WORLDS

### INVITATION TO THE THREE KINDREDS

Nature Spirits:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

Ancestors:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

Tuatha De Dannan:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

### HONORING THE PATRONS AND DEITIES OF THE SOLE GATHERED

The folk gathered may go out to their patrons and deities with words, sounds, howls, etc.:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

### INVITATION TO THE PATRON POWERS OF THE RITE

Danu, Mother Goddess of Celts:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

Greenman,  
God of the Greenwood:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

Cernunnos,  
God of the Wildwood:

*Blessings and Welcome!*

All folk sing chant:

*Hail all the Gods,  
Hail all the Goddesses,  
Hail all the Holy Ones,  
We dwell together.*

*Powers of the Sky,  
Powers of the Sacred Earth,  
Powers of the underworld,  
We dwell together.*

*HAIL all the Gods!*

*HAIL all the Goddesses!*

*Hail all the Gods & Goddesses.<sup>4</sup>*

## Free Spirit Gathering 2000 Main Ritual Guide

*Nurturing the Worlds Within  
in Celebration of  
Mean Samradh  
(Summer Solstice)*

Officiated  
by the Druids of  
Cedar Light Grove,  
Mugwort Grove,  
and  
Raven Hawk Grove  
of ADF

## DRUID ANNOUNCES PRAISE OFFERINGS

As final Group Praise Offering all folk gathered in the Well/Ancestors section (marked in blue) will chant:

*We all come from the Goddess  
And to her we shall return  
Like a drop of rain  
Flowing to the ocean*

Those folk in the Bilé/Nature Spirits section (marked in green) will chant:

*Corn and grain, Corn and grain,  
All that falls shall rise again.*

Those folk in the Fire/Deities section (marked in blue and white) will chant

*Hoof and horn, Hoof and horn,  
All that dies shall be reborn<sup>5</sup>*

## REGROUND AND CENTER

### SINAL PRAYER OF SACRISICE

Druid seeks an interpretive Omen.

### DRUID CALLS RETURN OF BLESSINGS INTO WATERS OF LIFE

As the participants feel the Waters of Life aspersing them, they should begin to chant:

*We are a circle within a circle,  
With no beginning and never ending*

Drums signal end.

### THANK THE PATRON POWERS

Cernunnos:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

Greenman:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

Danu:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

### THANK PATRONS/DEITIES OF SOLR GATHERED

Folk thank their deities and Patrons as appropriate:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

### THANK RINDREDS

Tuatha De Dannan:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

Ancestors:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

Nature Spirits:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

### DRUID CLOSSES THE GATE BETWEEN THE WORLDS

### THANK GATEKEEPER

The Morrigan:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

### THANK BARD

The Dagdha:

*Blessings and Farewell!*

### DRUID DECLARES END OF RITE

Chant Chorus at center starts chant as gong sounds in time. Druids lead folk out of grove while chanting.

All folk sing Recessional chant:

*Walk with wisdom  
from this hallowed place.*

*Walk not in sorrow,  
our roots shall ere embrace.*

*May strength be your brother,  
and honor be your friend,*

*And luck be your lover  
until we meet again.<sup>6</sup>*

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### NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Words and music by Sean Miller

<sup>2</sup>Author Unknown

<sup>3</sup>Based on ancient African Chant, last verse by Caryn Laney-MacLuan

<sup>4</sup>Words: First verse, Trad.; Second verse, Richard MacKelley; Bridge section, Gwynne Green. Music Paul Maurice, Sean Miller, Gail Williams

<sup>5</sup>Words and music by Ian Corrigan

<sup>6</sup>Words and music by Sable





## CONCERNING DRUIDIC SIGILS AND THE TALISMANIC ART

An important and ancient portion of the magical art is the making of signs of power, and their use in consecrating objects of power. From the first carvings in the ancient tombs of the stone age, through the symbols graven in gold and bronze, to the scibings of monks and the knots and spirals of craftsfolk, graphic symbolism has always contained meaning beyond words alone.

The simple truth is that we inherit nearly nothing from the ancient Druids about how they used signs and symbols. We do not know whether the swirls and angles of old carvings held magical meanings, much less what those meanings were. If they shaped talismans of wood or metal, we do not know how those looked or what symbols they bore. Even the ogham letters are obscure, their use in magical writing partially revealed in tales, but still far from clear.

In the effort to create modern Druidic magic, the creation of sigils, emblems and signs of power seems inevitable. In all our efforts we are forced to apply various modern magical methods to the bits and snippets we inherit from pre-Christian Europe. These notes are an effort in that direction, an attempt to create 'sigils' - that is, abstract linear figures that convey magical ideas and powers - that are meaningful in Our Druidry.

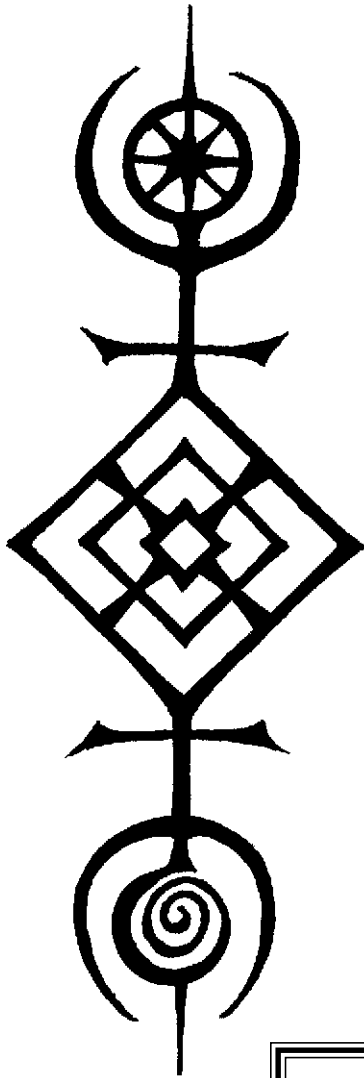
### The Meanings of Celtic Patterns

It would be lovely if the swirls and knots of celtic artwork contained hidden meanings, keys to the Celtic Pagan worldview. Unfortunately, history tells us otherwise. Knotwork is just as likely to come into Celtic lands with the church, from Syrian teachers, and from the Vikings as from any more primordial source. And while the vegetal and fractal forms of Celtic art are highly suggestive of Otherworld presences, we know nothing of their meaning, except what we can imagine from gazing on those antiquities.

All that said, it's possible to make a simple distinction that may be useful in designing Druidic signs and sigils. The flowing, organic patterns of La Tene art might be associated with the Underworld Power, the Waters that flow beneath all being. In complement, the Heaven Power, the World Order that draws pattern out of potential, might be represented by knots and key patterns. Starting from that simple basis, we might be able to design meaningful patterns to decorate and enliven our magical tools and power objects.

### The Sigils

These sigils were designed for a magical working intended to allow a small group of participants to create powerful magical talismans. The working used the basic ADF ritual format, adding elements of practical magic. These signs do have roots in the iconography of IndoEuropean Paganism, but have been rendered in an 'occult' style that is meant to titillate the imagination and inspire the mind. They are offered to the reader in hope that they may be of some use in future Magic work.



## THE SIGIL OF THE COSMOS

This sign uses motifs from folk art depictions of the 'tree of life' to express core IndoEuropean Pagan concepts.

The Wheel is the sign of the Sky Powers, the turning, eternal order of the heavens. It is the sign of many sky gods, of the Thunderers, and of the Sun, Moon and Stars.

The Hall of Lugh is the pattern of the Great Hall of the Gods, the symbol of the quartering of the world, of the establishment of the Middle World

The Spiral is the sign of the Underworld Powers, the flowing, unshaped potential of all being. It is the sign of the goddesses of waters, of the whirlpool, of the Deeps.

Together, these signs affirm the Order of the Worlds, a protection from ill and an affirmation of blessing.

## THE SIGILS OF BEL AND DANU

The Children of Earth  
remember

The Mother of  
All

Power  
of Birthing

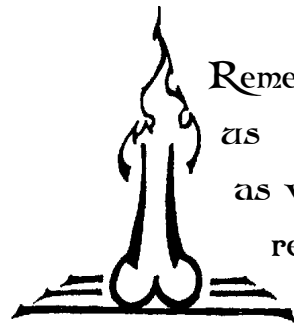


Fountain of Wisdom  
Loving Sustainer  
Remember as  
as we remember you

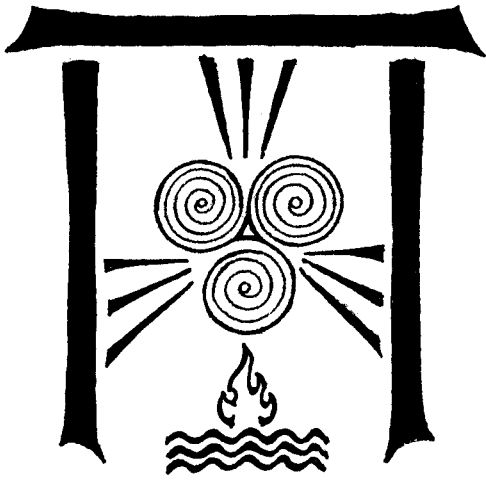
The Children of Earth  
remember

the First Father

All-Kindler  
Flame of Inspiration  
Lightener of Ways



Remember  
as  
as we  
remember  
you



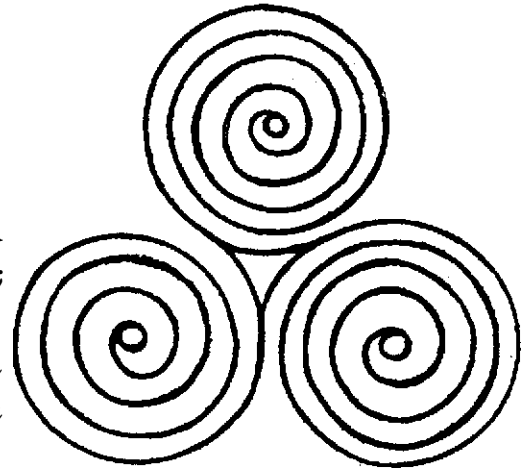
## THE GATE SIGIL

The sign of the Open Gate. It combines the trilithon symbol of the ancient houses of the Gods, Dead and Sidhe, with the magical sign of the triskelion. Its power grows from the union of Fire and Water, at its base.

## THE TRISKELION

The symbol of all the Sacred Triads - Land, Sea and Sky; Underworld, Midrealm and Heavens; Gods, Dead and Sidhe.

It is especially the sign of Manannan Mac Lir, the God of Magic, the Lord of Journeys, Keeper of the Gates.



## THE SIGN OF THE DEAD

The Mighty Ancestors, who watch and ward their descendants, and whisper their wisdom in our blood.

## THE SIGN OF THE SPIRITS

The Noble Spirits, who grant us the sharing of the land, and keep the non-human world.

## THE SIGN OF THE DEITIES

The Shining God/desses, who sustain us and inspire our souls, who bring all blessing to the worlds.

## THE EYE AND THE HAND

These signs are the power of humankind to work magic. The Eye is the power of seeing, of vision, of wisdom. The hand is the Power of Shaping, of making the world into the pattern of the will.



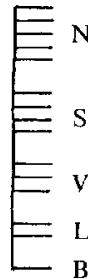
ƿ - F	ᚱ - H	↑ - T
ᚢ - U	ᚦ - N	ᚷ - B
ᚦ - Th	ᚠ - I	ᚹ - M
ᚱ - A	ᚫ - J, Y	ᚺ - E
ᚱ - R	ᚭ - P	ᚻ - L
ᚷ - G	ᚿ - Y	ᚾ - Ng
ᚷ - W, V	ᚿ - E	ᚾ - D
ᚷ - C, K	ᚿ - S, Z	ᚾ - O

## THE RUNES

The magical alphabet of the Pagan Norse expresses concepts key to both Germanic and Celtic magic.

## THE OGHAM

The Celtic 'Tree Alphabet' is a secret cypher of the Celtic bards and Druids, meant to make magical inscriptions on monuments. (Chart from McManus' "A Guide To Ogham")



N



S



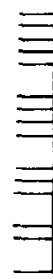
V



L



B



Q



C



T



D



H



R

Z

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G

M



I

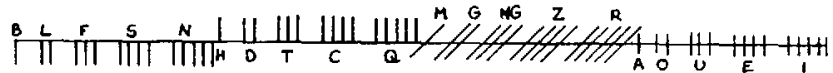
E

U

O

A

In the manuscripts there is an accommodation to the horizontal left-to-right direction of the standard script and the vowels appear as vertical strokes bisected by the stemline rather than as dots:



## THE MAKING OF TALISMANS

A talisman is an object charged with the intention or force that it represents.

A talisman is conceived through the Power of Vision, made by the Power of Shaping, and is consecrated by the Power of Speech.

*The Primary Charge:* is the main symbol, in the most prominent place on the piece. It should express the core idea of the talisman.

*The Secondary Charges:* are other symbols, representing the Powers that aid and support the work of the talisman.

*The Statement of Intent:* is devised in poetic and shadowy terms, and inscribed on the piece.

## THE MAKING OF SIGILS

Any magical intention can be expressed in an artistic and arcane sign by this simple means. First, devise a simple sentence to express your intent, i.e. "This is my will, to open a Gate Between the Worlds".

Second, remove all duplicate letters, i.e. thismywlopenagbrd

Third, use these letters to create symbols, combining shapes and using artistic license. The intent is to completely bury the intention in powerful, evocative symbols.

# Poetry

---

## SAMHAIN

Red leaves carried in the salt west wind  
Turn to brown upon dry soil  
The sun is bright, but sheds no warmth  
On the last rich gold of scattered Fall.

The great wheel turns another year  
Old, and golden bright with death.  
Bare branches now, the Old Lord's limbs  
Chill wind, the Old Lord's breath.

In meadows that the scythe has tasted  
Samhain fires are high.  
The circle dance is spinning, woven  
On graceful foot, with darkened thigh  
Like dancing leaves on sleeping branches,  
The darkest memory tide is stirred  
The deepest thought flame now is kindled  
Consuming, the fire in ancient words.

Samhain, the thin veil opens, fingers  
Reaching through the blackness deep  
Through the grey cloud wisps, old voices,  
Shapes shifting, through the fire creep.

Passion, hunt, the flame consuming  
Ash leaf shard and twisted stem  
Like Mab's dogs, red eyed, howling, hunting  
For the last gold morsels of seeded Spring.  
Dancers in the fire and moonlight  
Passion spent, and fury gone  
One by one surrender madness  
To dizzy cold and silent dawn.

The spiral dance is downward twisted  
The Horned One's chant, the welcome home.  
"Home" is on the North Wind whispered  
The swordless Death Lord takes his throne.  
And to Mab, Death's firey sister  
Whose loins have yielded up their spark  
"Follow" now the North Wind whispers  
The thin veil traced in timeless dark.

And in the barren, fruitless meadow  
In cold dawn, round the embered fire,  
Her face a flower, her eyes a-tremble  
A young maid spins the ancient spire.  
Chanting home the swordless Horned One  
Like a doe she leaps cold flame.  
In Autumn's death the seed is carried  
In Mab's cold womb, life stirs again.

— *Kenny Klein*



# Poetry

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## *Sonnet 1:*

### MORRIGAN

As I lay dying in a field so strange  
And as my blood commingled with the dew,  
When at its bounds my spirit there did range,  
Then came a cry from high atop a yew.  
There perched a regal figure watching me,  
A bird of ebon plumage, keen of gaze  
And sharp of voice, upon that haunted tree,  
Who then rose up into the morning haze.  
It landed next beside my broken form;  
Into its eye I gazed as life did wane  
And seemed enwrapped in downy wings, so warm  
Yet stern, a guide to lift me up from pain.  
She carried me away into the air  
To Tir na nOg, to feast in rapture there.

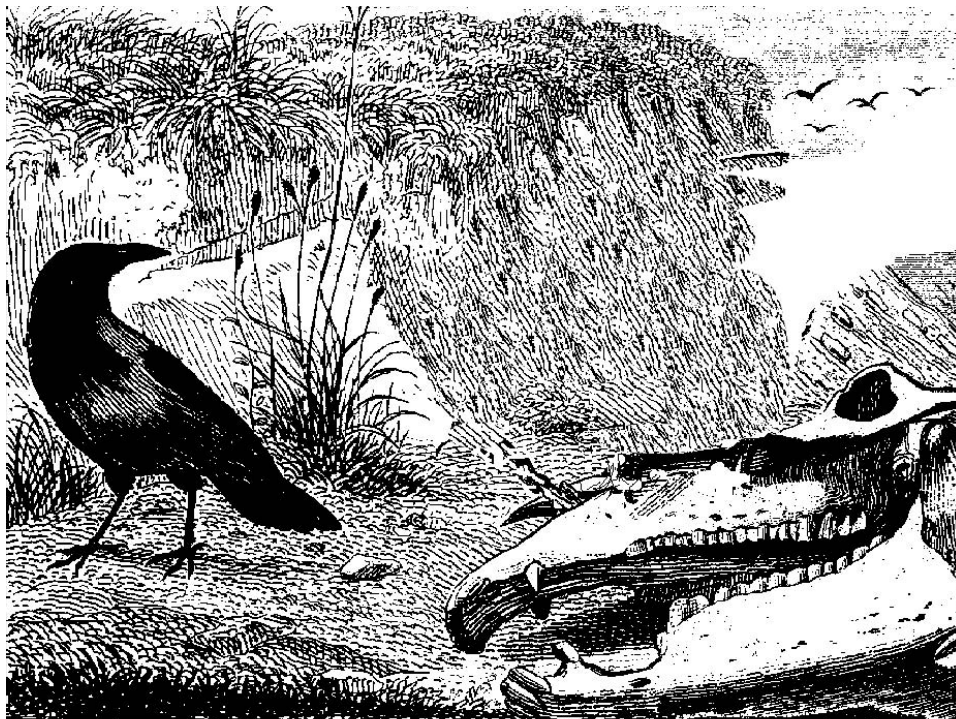
— *Ravenbard*

## *Sonnet 2:*

### DEVOTION

Unto the hooded crow I am in thrall  
And to her path are my desires fond.  
Aloft her darkling wings do rise and fall  
And through her eyes I glimpse what lies beyond.  
I see beyond the hills and mists and trees  
That barricade my path unto the truth,  
As flying high I look at what she sees,  
Revealing there a world of blooming youth  
And mould'ring death, alike to be consumed—  
A wanton appetite for love and death,  
Which mates or feasts in visage ebon plumed,  
Transforming all to one sustaining breath.  
And in the world of vision she shows me  
I understand I worship that I see.

— *Ravenbard*



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## THE CAILLEACH'S REIGN

The Cailleach reigns, cold wind builds  
Crows come close, land lies in sleep  
Whitened slumber, barren fields  
The Crone's chill, through bones will creep  
Lugh's radiance, strength faded  
Brigid warms, clinging hearthside  
Moon is mother, nights aided  
Hunter's time, Kernunnos bides  
Livestock culled, winter's larder  
Harvest over, foxes roam  
People's toil, ever harder  
When Cailleach reigns, all are home

—by *Inish*



## UNTITLED

Trust and Hate and Love and Fate,  
I Don't Understand The Social Grace,  
The Human Race Confuses Me,  
These Words I Bring For The World Of Emotions  
Dreams Lost and Dreams Found,  
So IT Is Written, So It Shall Come To Pass  
Quote The Raven: "NEVERMORE"

— *Memnoch*

## A RHYME FOR BRIGHID

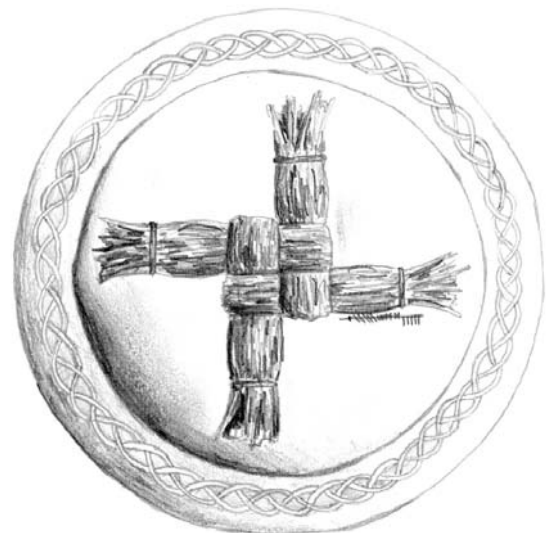
Since ancient days  
We have gathered 'round fire  
Sacred light of Brigid  
Matron of healers  
The artisan's goddess  
Heart of the bard that inspires

The ewes swell with milk  
Your eternal waters thaw  
As You turn the Wheel of Life  
Breath of the Mother  
Maiden of Fire  
Muse of poets we hold in awe

Your spirit sustains us  
Through the season of Longest Night  
Joy in the laughter of children  
Warmth in a friend's smile  
Tenderness in a lover's embrace  
You are love through all seasons  
In darkness and light

— *Inish an Banfili*

*Grove Bard, Garran Abhainn Triskele, ADF*





## Storytelling

# The Great Train Ride

by Brian Morache

One can learn much from watching them, for people seem to reveal more than they intend when they travel

With a sound like thunder, the huff of a great dragon, and a screeching befitting a banshee from the Otherworld, the big locomotive pulled from its stop. The fire of the earth's core burned in her belly, and water from the oceans boiled in her cauldron, making the steam that would drive the huge wheels. Her massive bulk would move slowly at first, struggling against what appeared to be insurmountable odds, but the engine would move none the less. For once the wheels had begun to roll, one could no sooner hold back the tide than halt their momentum.

The locomotive was a grand beast, both deadly and beautiful in the same breath. Her power was undeniable, but the grace with which she moved gave evidence to the completeness of her creation. A mass of iron skin and brass fittings, the engine possessed all that was required for the journey. Yet, she went far beyond mere functionality; for as with all works of art, the locomotive possessed an essence all her own.

The cars behind this powerful beauty were so many that they seemed to disappear into the horizon. Some were mundane, drab looking in their gray paint, while others embodied the opulence of a royal palace with stained glass and ornate fixtures. Whether simple or luxurious, it mattered not to the locomotive, for each was arranged in line, and all had essentially the same purpose. Against such weight, the drive wheels pulled and tugged, biting hard into the rails—steel meeting steel. Sometimes they would slip, straining against a steep grade, but they always rolled forward, never surrendering to the challenge. The cars, filled with passengers, were totally dependent upon the engine to get them to their destination; and those people had every confidence in her to see them through. It didn't matter if it were the next stop or hundreds of miles down the line.

The passengers were most interesting to observe. One can learn much from watching them, for people seem to reveal more than they intend when they travel; one just has to know what to look for. They never bring baggage with them when they board, arriving innocent and with an amazing passion for the trip. In their exuberance, many run through the cars, enjoying the ride for the adventure that it is. Yet, as the trip gets longer, they begin to pick up a few things; and what they do with their bags makes all the difference later on.

Some of the passengers collect more than others: odd trinkets and various knick-knacks from one stop or the next. A few pick and choose very carefully what to take with them and what to leave behind, but many simply pack everything away until their baggage literally explodes from the compartment, spilling out before

—Continued on page 30

In the forest clearing they took the stag's life, breathed his into theirs. Its heart to brave Elkheart's lips pressed, a crimson ribbon upon his face, the badge for his swift foot and true arrows in the hunt.

The antlers, the largest anyone of the clan had ever seen, crowned Elkheart's head in a dance thanking the beast's spirit for his generous bounty. That night hungers were sated. I was just a child but I remember the night. Shaman, whose white sightless eyes caused children to run in fear; Shaman, Elkheart's beloved brother had an important message for the clan. I did not fear Shaman. I was intrigued by him. I would follow him through the forest and wonder how he could see. I would wonder at his ability to navigate without the aid of path or eye. I would even close my eyes and try walking through the oaks. I would stumble and bump into their sturdy trunks and in their laughter they would hurl acorns upon my silly head. Shaman lived in this labyrinth.

On that night, Shaman emerged from his dwelling, energized by his wondrous vision. He walked with a gait I had never seen before. Shaman walked with strength and power, the walk of a young hunter, to the pelt and declared it sacred. He said in his vision the pelt of the stag would transport the whole clan.

Everyone was excited. We all worked on the pelt to flesh it out. We all worked to tan the hide into soft leather. But mostly we waited for Shaman to tell us what to do next. Shaman bid the strongest men to fell a mighty oak. In fear they set about the task. The sacred oak's life must not be taken without good reason. But Shaman had had his wondrous vision and the spirit of the stag and the oak were strong within him. So the men felled the oak and hollowed a barrel out of the trunk and set about lashing the tanned hide of the stag upon the oak base. Twenty-six moons passed. I was no longer a child. I was now a hunter, like the strong Elkheart.

Within that time when I was becoming a man, the drum found life. In turn we each carved our rune into the oak. In turn we each beat upon the head. In turn each of our hearts pounded with the spirit of the stag. After a bountiful hunt we would commune with the heartbeat of the drum. We celebrated long into the night, rejoicing in the hunter moon as the oaks turned crimson and dropped their bounty to the earth below.

It was on a late autumn hunt when I thought I heard the footfall of a stag in the wood behind me. Elkheart had taught me well. I was motionless in the dusk. But to my surprise it was not a deer I saw step out into the clearing, but Shaman. In his arms he carried the massive

*—Continued on next page*

## Storytelling

# Shaman and Elkheart

by Damiana Blume

BY morning, elkheart's son  
had left his earthly home  
and was riding the coracle  
of mannanan

drum, his small frame dwarfed by its heft. My impulse was to assist but then I thought I should watch to see where he was going. He made his way up the ridge through the stand of young birch into the cave of the ancestors. The clan had long since abandoned the cave of the ancestors. We now lived along the banks of the river where the Goddess provided water and fish to sustain us when times of hunt were poor. The cave of the ancestors was reserved for the dead.

But here was Shaman entering the cave of the ancestors with the sacred drum. I thought best to return to my hunt. I arrived late at the encampment. I had not been successful. Elkheart came soon after I and he too bore no flesh. One by one the hunters returned to the fire and each in turn told of a hunt with no fortune. Then Elkheart's son Ravenworn, entered the camp with three fine hare hanging from his pack. There would be no venison this night but rabbit would sustain the hunters another day so we could again seek the larger game. In the firelight we talked of tracks we had seen in the wood. Several men had caught glimpses of a large stag and we planned our best hunt for the following morning. I did not tell of seeing Shaman this far from the village.

The next morning we awoke before dawn. The early snow would make tracking easier. It was cold as we headed out into the wood and as the midday drew near we realized this was not a simple dusting. The snow was falling hard and the wind fierce. By the time we set to tracking our wounded beast his tracks were nearly blown clear. For eight days we fought the snows and with just three deer to show for our journey we returned to the village.

We were weary from the hunt and what we found at the village bore heavy upon our hearts. Fever had accompanied the snows. The woman had prepared two funeral pyres. They awaited our return. The old

and the very young were the first to fall ill. In the hut of Elkheart, his small boy lay gasping for air, his body drenched with the waters of the sickness. The Old Woman sat at his side with poultices of bark and herb. But the sickness was strong and unwilling to take the offering. By morning, Elkheart's son had left his earthly home and was riding the coracle of Mannanan. Elkheart's roaring sob could be heard throughout the village. His grief rattled the walls and roof of each dwelling. In a wild rage he plunged his body into the cold river and stood there in the knee-high shallows, steam rising from his body into the frigid air of winter. Elkheart too fell to the fever.

Thus came the long cold winter. The winter, which took breath from old ones and young ones in their sleep, haunted the clan. Game was scarce; Elkheart, himself frail with disease, no longer had the heart to lead the hunt. The clan became quiet and restless. The drum and Shaman were absent. The heartbeat had been torn from the land. Would Beltane never arrive?

The days grew steadily darker; wind-driven snows battered our souls. The clan clung on to the winter marker, Yule, with its promise of lengthening days. The hunters managed to kill enough meat to provide venison for the feast. The stew pots were filled with the roots of the harvest. But many were missing; many souls had passed on to join the ancestors.

Often I thought of Shaman. I was certain he had gone to the cave of the ancestors to die. Others questioned his absence, some in anger for the absence of the healer in our time of need. It was Elkheart, his once strong brother who had lost so much to the fever, who defended missing Shaman. "He goes ahead to prepare the way."

As the days grew longer I would extend my hunts farther and farther from the river. I was growing tired of the dry fish, which lately had become the daily meal. My

tongue hungered for fresh game. It was on one of these days that my hunt brought me to the ridge near the cave of the ancestors. I had never been to the cave, only the leaders of the clan would come here for ceremony. But for some reason on this day, I found myself walking through the stand of birch to the opening of the cave. There was a soft breeze, a winter wind that set the branches to clicking overhead. Their incessant chatter seemed to say one thing to me. "Enter, enter, enter." The message rang so loud that I turned to look behind to make sure no one was there speaking the words. "Enter, enter, enter." So it came about that I crossed the threshold of the cave of the ancestors.

The cave was not the dark place I had expected. The reflection from the snow outside lit the vestibule. But Shaman was not here. I ventured deeper to a second room where I had expected to find his dead body. To my surprise what I encountered was Shaman sitting with his back to me on a mat of woven grasses. Around him were the bones of the ancestors. The air, thick with incense, made my head whirl. On his lap he held the drum. "So, you have come at last to walk the labyrinth." He had been expecting me. How could he have known?

Shaman bid me to sit and drink the tea he was brewing in his fire pot. We talked of many things. We talked of the lean hunt. We talked of the fever that had taken the fire from Elkheart. We talked and we beat the drum. Slow and steady heartbeats vibrated through the cave, through me. The smell of the tea was intense and assaulted my nostrils. The steam grew tendrils, which crawled through my body. The taste was not pleasant and I felt more than my tongue was involved. My fingers tasted the tea; my eyes tasted the tea; my loins tasted the tea. The tea enveloped me with its aura until I was no longer in the cave of the ancestors.

I was walking in an ancient oak grove and a mist hovered above the ground. Dew dripped from may-apples and the sun was just rising in the east. It was Beltane. At the far end of the grove I could see three figures walking toward me. One I knew to be Elkheart, his imposing stance was unmistakable, the second his frail brother Shaman. The third man I did not know. As they drew closer the third man came into focus. He was a portly but immensely strong fellow with flowing gray hair and beard. His robe was white and blue like the sea. I heard his jovial laugh and at once felt at ease.

I joined the three and found myself seated at the base of a great oak. It was Shaman who first spoke. "This is the Tree of Life, know well its roots. Hear the song of the ancestors." Indeed I did hear the song of the ancestors. I heard the steady rhythm of the heartbeat pounding within my chest. And I saw the roots. I traveled through the roots deep into the ground, where I stood within the roots of the tree and the third man revealed his name to me. Mannanan spoke. "This is the Well of Life, come here often and drink her waters." As he spoke these words a great wall of fire engulfed me and it was Elkheart's voice that pressed to my ears. "Let the Fire of Life burn within you Shaman."

Elkheart called me Shaman.

I had one last vision of the three men. A huge wave of water rose up and Mannanan was driving his ship, directing two immense white horses on their way. He was not alone in his boat. Shaman and Elkheart both were with him. They rode the wave until I could no longer see them, until I could no longer see the ship, until I could no longer see the ocean of water. Everything was black. I was alone in the dark cave of the ancestors. My body, drenched in sweat, shivered in the cold. I do not know how long I had been there. Time had ceased to exist. I rose to my feet, my legs shaky at first then

more sure with each step. I walked to the entrance of the cave. The bright sunshine pierced my eyes but the warming rays felt good upon my cold skin.

I gathered up my bow and the drum; I started for home. Through the birch I walked with a new confidence. The trees, the sun, the sky all seemed to send me their greetings. Upon one branch that swept across my path sat a black raven.

She looked at me and smiled.



## Correction:

The story, "The Rainmaker's Apprentice," published in *Oak Leaves* 14, was incorrectly attributed. It is an Open Hearth Foundation story.

## The new CD release by Amergin "In the Nemeton" is now available for sale.



The CD includes ten original songs, including "When They Hanged the Fiddler (Callahan's Lament)" and "In the Nemeton."

CDs may be ordered online for \$15 each, plus \$3 shipping and handling.

Contact: [Amergin9@AOL.COM](mailto:Amergin9@AOL.COM),  
or call 937-228-7866.

## The Great Train Ride

*Continued from page 26...*

them in one tormented mess. Mostly everyone has at least some, tucked neatly away or carried upon their shoulders, but they all eventually have it. More than a few try to pretend it isn't there, filling their time with other things in the vain hope that it will simply go away on its own. It is to their folly, for baggage, you must understand, goes with the trip; and while it is always there, it should never, ever get in the way of the next big adventure. Some passengers need help clearing it off their tables or sorting through their baggage to decide what is junk and what is of value. Thankfully, there are sometimes passengers who are glad to help if one will only let them. One should consider oneself lucky to find a passenger such as this, for they are truly of a rare breed. There are many more who might take advantage of an overloaded passenger, stealing their watch and sometimes, sadly, a bit more.

It's a good thing that the passengers' baggage doesn't get in the way of the view, for it is a sight to behold. The train passes over rolling hills and lush forests, over tall mountain ranges and broad rivers, through small towns and bustling metropolises. It is a majestic image that defies time itself, for young and old alike marvel at its beauty. There are those passengers who constantly look to where they've been. Granted, their vision behind them is always clearest, but they seem to get so caught up in what was, that they can only appreciate the sight of the moment once it has passed. Someday these passengers may learn that, while the

engine's wheels may slip once in a while, they are always moving forward. No matter how hard they may wish it, once the train has passed, there is no going back; and the perfect moment, like the wind in the trees, can never be held in the palm of the hand. While it is good to remember where one has been, it is equally important to see where one is and know where one is going.

This brings me to a few other passengers, those who have become fixated with what is to come. It's always nice to anticipate what's around the next bend or at the end of the tunnel, but the track ahead is like a foggy marshland to them. It teases like some Vaudeville showgirl, revealing just enough to entice but never what is actually there. I suppose it should be that way, for to know for certain what lies ahead would be like cheating at cards. The unknown is the best part of the adventure.

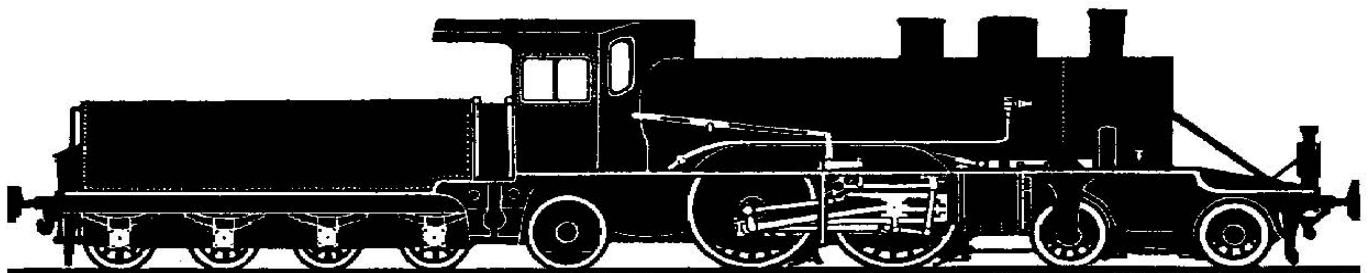
There are all kinds of passengers, too: some are fine gentleman and ladies, while others are mere bullies, gamblers, and people of ill repute. There are many games played by the gamblers, and all of them are weighted in the dealer's favor. Never be taken in by sultry eyes and a suggestive smile, for there, too, is another deadly game with stakes much higher than one's fortune. No matter what you may play—and you will play to some extent—there are always winners and losers. Someone will rejoice, while another lay hurt and broken. If there is any kindness at all, it is found in those passengers who pick up the fallen and dust them off. Quite often, when the dirt of defeat is washed away, they find a rare beauty worth more than the finest jewels; and the loser ironically becomes the biggest winner of all.

So it is that passengers get on and off, some staying for quite some time, while others seem to come and go in the blink of an eye. There are those passengers whose ride is not as pleasant as they had hoped. The trip is filled with pain and sorrow, hardly worth the trouble it seems. A few try to leave before they reach their destination. It is truly a pity, for the greatest gift of the trip is that it can go from the worst possible existence to the most joyous of journeys in a brief moment. The track often takes sharp corners, and no one can see what is around them, not even the engineer.

Everyone needs faith, needs to know that they will reach their destination in due course and that while one part of the trip may be terrible, the rest of it can be so much better.

So it is that the train rambles on, sometimes meeting other trains heading west or to some otherworld, but always moving. Passengers disembark for these passing trains, some climb on board for the first time; great things happen alongside the tragedies; baggage is stuffed away, sorted through, and often discarded when the time is right. Quite fittingly, in the end, the passengers take nothing with them. They board the next train or last station with merely who they are and what they are held accountable for, both the good and the bad. Such is the way of things at every station, be it a lone outpost in the country or the crowded city terminal; the story is always the same.

As for the train? For her there is no end of the line, because as the tired, old cliché says, life does go on.



# Vice Archdruid's Lughnasadh Report

Since Beltaine, I've traveled to five festivals: Wellspring, Wiccan-Fest, Free Spirit Gathering, Sirius Rising and Starwood, to give workshops on ADF and to meet with members. I've also visited with one of the Groves I'm mentoring and attended their Lughnasadh Ritual. This quarter, I've traveled about 2500 miles for ADF. And it was well worth it to meet a lot of new people!

At Wiccan-Fest, Liafal (Sue Parker) and I led the main Saturday Ritual. It was attended by about 200 people, who had a chance to see ADF-style ritual in action. At the Free Spirit Gathering, members from Cedar Light Grove, Mugwort Grove and Raven Hawk Protogrove led a great

main ritual that gave many more people a chance to see our style of ritual. And at Starwood, ADF put on the Thursday night main ritual. All in all, close to 700 people have had a chance to observe and take part in our rituals just at the festivals I've attended.

I've also been monitoring all the ADF lists and responding to answer questions or to direct a problem to where it could be answered.

Bright Blessings

*Skip Ellison*



## ADS Budget: July 2000 to June 2001 —

### INCOME

Starting Balance	5692.75
<i>Donations</i>	
Membership	11700
Compassionate	60
Publications	80
Land Fund	50
Unrestricted	300
<i>Office</i>	
<expense account only>	
<i>Regalia</i>	2000
<i>Internet</i>	
Product Referrals	70
<i>Publishing</i>	
Oak Leaves	
Subscriptions	80
Advertisements	60
Members Guide (sales)	50
DP Guide (sales)	0
Grove Org. Hbk (sales)	0
Liturgical Hbk (sales)	0
<i>Outreach</i>	
<expense account only>	
<i>Administrative</i>	
Theft Repayment	600
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>20632.75</b>

### EXPENSES

<i>Donations</i>	
Compassionate Memberships	60
Publications	80
Land Fund	50

### *Office*

Banking Fees	500
Office Supplies	500
P.O. Box Fees	250
Postage & Delivery	1000
Printing & Copying	1500
Software (QuickBooks)	125
Office Worker (8 hrs / wk)	4000

### *Regalia*

Stock	1200
Postage & Delivery	150
Audio Tapes	0

### *Internet*

Web Site	250
Mailing Lists & Aliases	200
Domain Names	70
Credit Card Ability	900

### *Publishing*

Oak Leaves (4 issues)	
Printing (\$1200/issue)	4800
Mailing (\$400/issue)	1600
Members Guide	
(printing 1000, est 500 mem/yr)	1200
DP Guide (printing)	0
Grove Org. Hbk (printing)	0
Liturgical Hbk (printing)	0
Software (QuickBooks)	100
Outreach (advertisements)	0

### *Administrative*

Contingency/Reserve	1250
Grove Charters	0
Reimbursements	800

**Total Expenses** **20585.00**

**Ending Balance** **47.75**

# Falling Acorns



## Whispering Oaks Grove

### Senior Druidess Report

We recently resumed after a temporary hiatus in Grove activities. The following is information from this past Quarter:

May 6– Beltaine Celebration: 20 people attended, 2 ADF members

June 20– Summer Solstice Rite: 10 people attended. 2 ADF members

July 15– Full Moon Community Worship and Business Meeting: 17 people attended, 6 ADF members

*The following are our scheduled activities through Samhain of this year:*

August 12– Community Worship with Study Group and Business Meeting

August 18-20– Summerlands Lughnasadh Games

August 26– Community Worship with Study Group and Business Meeting

September 9– Community Worship with Study Group and Business Meeting

September 23– Autumnal Equinox Service with Study Group and Business Meeting

October 13-15– Cumberland Falls Moonbow Grove Initiating Ceremony and Campout with Study Group and Business Meeting

October 27– Samhain Service

*There will also be several interim Grove fundraiser socials TBA.*

### Pursewarden Report

Opening balance (2/29/00):  
\$124.40

Purchases: Documentary video on Paganism for educational purposes:  
\$23.00

Deposit: \$10.00

Ending balance: \$102.93

Bank service charges: \$8.47

### Scribe Report

Elections: New Pursewarden (Gaiason), 1 Grove Ritual Officer position (Diviner)

Issues Voted On: Voted to appropriate funds to pay for gas for the Cumberland Falls scouting trip

Significant Grove communications in the previous Quarter:

Instituted a Warriors' Guild for the Grove

Listed the Grove in the local newsweekly

Listed the Grove in several Kentucky Pagan Resources Web sites

Begun confirming guest lecturers for our "Saturday School: Indo-European Paganism" class series

We also have several other projects planned for the upcoming quarter.



## Senior Druid's Report

### The 6th Night Grove

#### *Beltaine-Lughnasadh, 2000*

My sincere apologies to all that this report is so far past due!

The 6th Night Grove began the quarter at Beltaine with 12 members. (Down from our record high of 19 members in the quarter from Imbolc to Beltaine.) We had several Grove

members move out of the area, and several more resign from the Grove or let their Inactive Membership status lapse due to nonattendance. We ended the quarter at Lughnasadh with 12 members. We actually lost 2 members during the quarter, but gained 2 new members, to keep our numbers even!

During the last quarter our Grove celebrated many wonderful rituals and shared great community with our fellow Pagans. We began the quarter with Beltaine, which we celebrated with Triskele Rivers Grove in Cincinnati. They held a wonderful Needfire ritual and Maypole dance. For Mean Samradh, (Summer Solstice,) our Grove held a great rite at Pine Grove camp in Taylorsville Metropark. The Wicker Man was offered once more to the Earth Mother, and prayers were sent for a bountiful harvest. Our Lughnasadh Rite was held in our home Nemeton, with a great potluck feast following. A freelance writer from the *Impact Weekly* newspaper in Dayton attended this rite, doing a story on Paganism in Dayton, and we are all looking forward to reading the article that should appear in the near future. We also continued to hold our regular Grove Rites of Offering on the first Sunday of each month, for a total of 5 open to public ADF rites held by our Grove during this quarter.

For the quarter from Lughnasadh to Samhain we will celebrate the feast of Mean Foghamar, (the Autumn Equinox,) with a rite and potluck feast in our home Nemeton. This is the celebration of the main harvest and the bounty of the Earth Mother. We finish this quarter with the Rite of Samhain, a time to remember those who have passed to the Otherworld during this turn of the wheel, and to honor all of the Mighty Dead. We will continue our yearly tradition of making a day trip to Ft. Ancient State Park that day, to make offerings to the spirits of the Ancient Native peoples of this land.

All of the current Grove Officers of the 6th Night Grove will have their two year term of office expire on this year on Samhain, November 1st. Any Active Grove member may run for any Grove office, with the exception of the office of Senior Druid. Only those who have been Active Grove members for at least one year may run for the office of Senior Druid. Any Grove member wishing to run for a Grove office must announce their candidacy by October 1st. If no other members of the Grove wish to run for a Grove office, and none of the current officers announce their wish to resign from office, the current officers of the Grove will automatically have their terms of office renewed for another two year term.

Brightest Blessings!

*Amergin, Senior Druid,*

*The 6th Night Grove, ADF*



## Regional Report

### Ohio River Region Director's Report

Belatine-Lughnasadh, 2000

Dear Fellow Members,

My sincere apologies that this report is so far past due! The preparations for the SummerLand Gathering festival, the regional event for the ORR, have taken the vast majority of the time and effort of all the members of the 6th Night Grove and Triskele Rivers Grove, the two host Groves of the festival.

First, congratulations to Whispering Oaks Grove, in Louisville, Kentucky, for getting their Provisional Grove

Charter during the past quarter! This brings the total Groves in the Ohio River Region of ADF up to four!

The SummerLand Gathering, held August 18, 19, 20th, was a great success this year, far exceeding our expectations! We had a total of 92 people attend the festival, (81 adults and 11 children). We had representation from Muin Mound Grove, Shining Lakes Grove, and Wild Onion Grove from outside the Ohio River Region, and Triskele Rivers Grove, 6th Night Grove, and Whispering

Oaks Grove within the Ohio River Region. We also attracted many non-Grove affiliated ADF members from within the Region, and many individuals of the greater Pagan community from Dayton, Cincinnati, and Columbus.

A total of 22 adults competed in the Lugh Games, hosted by the Warrior's Guild of Triskele Rivers Grove. Triskele Rivers Grove, for the second year in a row, took home the White Horse trophy, and the title of Grove Champions of the Region. Torix, of Triskele Rivers Grove, took home the Regional Champion award. Krystal Wolf, of Triskele Rivers Grove, took home the Women's Champion award. Arnold B., of Columbus, took home the Non-Grove affiliated Champion award. (Next year we need more folks from outside Triskele Rivers Grove competing!)

We had some great workshops presented by Skip Ellison, Vice Arch Druid of ADF, and David Bledsoe, a local drummer. Puzzle of Light, a local Alternative/World Music band, performed on Saturday evening. The crowd had a great time during the interactive drumming set!

The sponsors of the SummerLand Gathering will soon be sending a check to ADF for approximately \$340, our promised 10% of the festival's net proceeds. The remainder of the festival proceeds will be divided evenly between the two hosting

Groves. We hope to make next year's SummerLand Gathering festival even bigger and better!

The Ohio River Region of ADF has undergone a small loss of membership during the last quarter. We started out the quarter with 85 members in the Region, and we ended the quarter at 69 active members. I hope all those who have not yet renewed their ADF membership in the past few months will do so! I know how easy it is to forget, or to run short on money. I am myself waiting for a check in September to renew my own membership, which elapsed August 25th!

Rob Barber-Delach recently created a great new Regional Map for all the regions of ADF. When I examined the map for the Ohio River Region, two facts became apparent. First, of the 85 members we started the quarter with, only 21 of them are beyond a one-hour drive of an ADF Grove currently operating in the region. Second, there is a real need for new Groves to be organized in the central Indiana and eastern Tennessee areas, to serve the needs of the members there. If any ADF member in those areas is interested in starting a Protogrove, please let me know and I will do everything I can to help you get off to a good start and put you in contact with other ADF members in your locality.

For the upcoming quarter, there are no hard plans to do any other type of Regional events. Some of us have discussed doing a small midwinter event, such as having several bands play at an indoor venue that would be conveniently located for most of the members in the region. If anyone in the region is interested in such an event for the winter, please let me know and we'll see if we can make it happen!

Many Blessings!

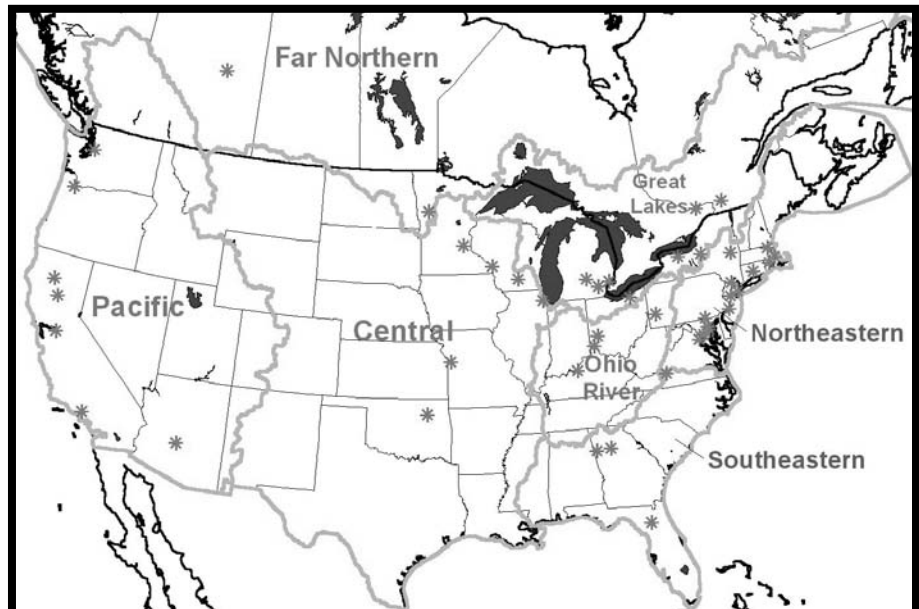
*Amergin Aryson, Regional Director,*

*Ohio River Region, ADF*



*Below is the current listing of ADF Groves, Protogroves, SIGs, and ADF officers.*

*Groves are listed alphabetically by state/province, and as of this writing there are a total of 43 groves (40 in the U.S., 3 abroad).*



ADF's new system of Regional Representation includes seven regions related by common watersheds rather than artificial political boundaries. Each star on the map represents an ADF Grove or Protogrove.

## Groves

### CENTRAL REGION

#### **River of Fire Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Hekatatia Ruadhbran  
P.O. Box 2282  
La Crosse, WI 54602-2282  
Areas: WI, MN  
E-Mail: riveroffireadf@aol.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/river-of-fire>

#### **River of Night Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Ostara Voss  
P.O. Box 7271  
Minneapolis, MN 55407-0271  
Areas: MN  
E-Mail: vossing@pro-ns.net

#### **Sun Raven Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Suil Bhran  
PO Box 8212  
Madison, WI 53708  
Areas: WI, MN  
E-Mail: suibhne@jvl.net.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/sun-raven>

#### **Wild Onion Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Christopher Sherbak  
PO Box 87651  
Chicago, IL 60680  
Areas: IL, IN, MI, WI  
Phone: (773) 489-5766  
E-Mail: sherbak@attglobal.net  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/wild-onion>

Montreal, Quebec H1W 3V9  
CANADA  
Areas: Quebec  
Phone: (514) 259-8916  
E-Mail: one@cedep.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/silver-fox>

#### **Earth Song Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Brantan Hawke  
P.O. Box 3424  
Duluth, MN 55803-3424  
Areas: MN, WI, ND, SD  
Phone: (218) 721-3751  
E-Mail: hawke@crystalwood.com

#### **Fieldstone Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Hearthstone  
P.O. Box 161  
Calumet, MI 49913  
Areas: MI, WI  
E-Mail: hearth@angelfire.com

### FAR NORTHERN REGION

#### **Flickering Shadows Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Jennifer Kennedy  
21511 Wye Road  
Ardrossan, Alberta T8E 2J2 CANADA  
Areas: Alberta  
Phone: (780) 922-2499  
E-Mail: falan@planet.eon.net

### GREAT LAKES REGION

#### **Clairiér du Renard Argenté**

**Silver Fox Grove, ADF**  
Senior Druid: Paradox  
2624 Jeanne d'Arc

*Note: If you find errors in this listing, please contact us.  
Last updated 11/30/00.*

## Red Maple Protogrove, ADF

Grove Organizer: Drahkan  
200 Earl Grey Drive  
Box 110  
Kanata, Ontario K2T 1B6 CANADA  
Areas: Ontario  
Phone: (613) 839-3962  
E-Mail: drahkan@nitemaster.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/red-maple>

## Shining Lakes Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Robert Henderson  
PO Box 15585  
Ann Arbor, MI 48106-5585  
Areas: MI  
Phone: (734) 487-4931  
E-Mail: robh@cyberspace.org  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/shining-lakes>

## Stone Creed Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Shawn T. Miller  
PO Box 18707  
Cleveland Heights, OH 44118  
Areas: OH  
E-Mail: seniordruid@stonecreed.org  
Mailing list:  
[stonecreedgrove@onelist.com](mailto:stonecreedgrove@onelist.com)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/stone-creed>

## Third Coast Protogrove, ADF

Grove Organizer: Steve Marquie  
5946 North Hagadorn Rd.  
East Lansing, MI 48823  
Areas: MI  
Phone: (517) 332-7985  
E-Mail: wb9tow@egr.msu.edu

## Willow Marsh Protogrove, ADF

Grove Organizer: Emily Shanahan-Gabriel  
PO Box 447  
St. Clair Shores, MI 48080-0447  
Areas: MI  
Phone: (313) 881-4578  
E-Mail: Willowmars@aol.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/willow-marsh>

## NORTHEASTERN REGION

### Black Dirt Protogrove, ADF

Grove Organizer: Isaac Bonewits  
P.O. Box 372  
Warwick, NY 10990-0372  
Areas: NY  
E-Mail: bonewits@warwick.net

### Cedar Light Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Zaina Katherina  
PO Box 21723  
Baltimore, MD 21222  
Areas: MD  
Phone: (410) 483-2246  
E-Mail: zainasweet@aol.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/cedar-light>

### Druid's Healing Protogrove, ADF

Grove Organizer: Lacota  
P.O. Box 255  
Lisle, NY 13797  
Areas: NY  
Phone: (607) 692-7261  
E-Mail: lacota9@hotmail.com

### Green Man Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Norma Hoffman  
PO Box 1483  
Highland Park, NJ 08904  
Areas: NJ, NY  
Phone: (732) 249-6680  
E-Mail: eternalansw@earthlink.net  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/green-man>

### Gooseberry Protogrove, ADF

Grove Organizer: Cynndara Morgan  
P.O. Box 5491  
Richmond, VA 23220  
Areas: VA  
Phone: (266) 266-7464  
E-Mail: Waywont@cs.com

### Hearth Fire Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Jan Curran  
PO Box 1138  
Billerica, MA 01821  
Areas: MA, NH  
Phone: (978) 439-5515  
E-Mail: ivydruid@mediaone.net  
Mailing list:  
[Hearth\\_Fire\\_Grove@onelist.com](mailto:Hearth_Fire_Grove@onelist.com)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/hearth-fire>

### Little Acorn Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Sylan  
15372 Inlet Place  
Dumfries, VA 22026  
Areas: VA  
Phone: (703) 897-5397  
E-Mail: sylan-adf@usa.net  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/little-acorn>

### Grove of the Midnight Sun, ADF

Senior Druid: Emerald Dragyn  
PO Box 6503  
Bridgewater, NJ 08807  
Areas: NJ, PA, NY  
Phone: (908) 658-9322  
E-Mail: info@grovemidnightsun.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/midnight-sun>

### Mugwort Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Nathair bheag  
P.O. Box 835  
Greenbelt, MD 20768-0835  
Areas: MD, DC, VA  
Phone: (703) 204-9822  
E-Mail: gardenpup@toad.net  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/mugwort>

### Muin Mound Grove, ADF

Senior Druid: Skip Ellison  
7188 Minoa Bridgeport Road  
E. Syracuse, NY 13057  
Areas: NY  
Phone: (315)-656-8681  
E-Mail: sellison@twcnny.rr.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/muin-mound>

## **Nemos Ognios Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Jennifer Hunt  
61 Hurdis Street, Apt. 1501  
North Providence, RI 02904  
Areas: RI, MA  
Phone: (401) 724-6344  
E-Mail: riturtle@juno.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/nemos-ognios>

## **Raven Hawk Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Caryn MacLuan  
109 Old Farm Ct  
Glen Burnie, MD 21060  
Areas: MD  
E-Mail: [carynmacluan@earthlink.net](mailto:carynmacluan@earthlink.net)

## **Red Oak Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Bardd Dafydd  
9 Cooks Mill Ct.  
Mount Laurel, NJ 08054  
Areas: NJ, PA, DE  
Phone: (856) 439-1610  
E-Mail: [dafydd@bardd.com](mailto:dafydd@bardd.com)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/red-oak>

## **Rocky Meadows Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Druid #1  
579 Windy Hill Road  
New Freedom, PA 17349  
Areas: PA, MD  
Phone: (717) 235-3760  
E-Mail: [delyn@nfdc.net](mailto:delyn@nfdc.net)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/rocky-meadows>

## **Garrán na bPréacháin Naomh: Grove of the Sacred Crows, ADF**

Senior Druid: Gwynne Green  
PO Box 388  
East Bridgewater, MA 02333  
Areas: MA  
Phone: (781) 769-1991  
E-Mail: [ardbard@mediaone.net](mailto:ardbard@mediaone.net)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/sacred-crows>

## **Three Songs Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Wolf  
P.O. Box 168  
Brockport, NY 14420  
Areas: NY  
E-Mail: [threesongs@threesongs.org](mailto:threesongs@threesongs.org)  
Mailing list: [threesongs@onelist.com](mailto:threesongs@onelist.com)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/three-songs>

## **Tear of the Cloud Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Illious  
P.O. Box 109  
Guilderland, NY 12084  
Areas: NY  
E-Mail: [illious@nycap.rr.com](mailto:illious@nycap.rr.com)

## **World Tree Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Paul Maurice  
PO Box 10036  
Cranston, RI 02910  
Areas: RI, MA  
Phone: (401) 785-9605  
E-Mail: [pmaurice@adf.org](mailto:pmaurice@adf.org)

## **OHIO RIVER REGION**

### **Sassafras Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Earrach of Pittsburg  
PO Box 100091  
Pittsburg, PA 15233  
Areas: PA  
E-Mail: [earrach@sgi.net](mailto:earrach@sgi.net)

### **The 6th Night Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Amergin Aryson  
P.O. Box 1521  
Dayton, OH 45410  
Areas: OH  
Phone: (937) 228-7866  
E-Mail: [6thnight@6thnight.org](mailto:6thnight@6thnight.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/6th-night>

### **Triskele River Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Antonyus Kaleal  
526 Symmes Road  
Fairfield, OH 45014  
Areas: OH, KY, IN  
Phone: (513) 737-9005  
E-Mail: [antonyuskaleal@earthlink.net](mailto:antonyuskaleal@earthlink.net)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/triskele-river>

## **PACIFIC REGION**

### **Cascade Dragonsong Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Epona  
25025 SE Klahanie Blvd. Apt. L302  
Issaquah, WA 98029  
Areas: WA  
Phone: (425) 427-2620  
E-Mail: [epona-1@home.com](mailto:epona-1@home.com)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/cascade-dragonsong>

### **Loch Shea Meara Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Laurel LaFae  
7417 Karlsburg Circle  
Stockton, CA 95207  
Areas: CA  
Phone: (209) 474-1323  
E-Mail: [laurel@poetic.com](mailto:laurel@poetic.com)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/loch-shea-meara>

### **Raven's Cry Grove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Todd Covert  
859 N. Hollywood Way, Box 368  
Burbank, CA 91505  
Areas: CA  
E-Mail: [RavensCryADF@aol.com](mailto:RavensCryADF@aol.com)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/ravens-cry>

### **Ravens Mist Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Ceirseach  
CobbleStone Creek, 4200 Paradise Rd #2029  
Las Vegas, NV 89109  
Areas: NV  
Phone: Unlisted  
E-Mail: [freebird9@earthlink.net](mailto:freebird9@earthlink.net)  
ICQ Number: 84723188  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/ravens-mist/>

### **Sonoran Sunrise Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: David Foster  
7014 E. Golf Links, Box 34  
Tucson, AZ 85730-1064  
Areas: AZ  
Phone: (520) 298-0694  
E-Mail: [thedruidd@theriver.com](mailto:thedruidd@theriver.com)

# Groves & Guilds & SIGs

## SOUTHEASTERN REGION

### **Burning Skies Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Calogan  
P.O. Box 100256  
Palm Bay, FL 32910-0256  
Areas: FL  
Phone: (321) 726-8023  
E-Mail: burningskies@cfl.rr.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/burning-skies>

### **DogWood Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Gwyndewin  
P.O. Box 584  
Moneta, VA 24123  
Areas: VA  
Phone: (540) 586-6253  
E-Mail: gwyndewin@aol.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/dogwood>

### **Peachtree Grove, ADF**

Senior Druid: Martin Parker  
PO Box 1146  
Clarkston, GA 30021-1146  
Areas: GA  
Phone: (770) 499-0901  
E-Mail: martin00@mindspring.com  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/groves/peachtree>

### **Stone Glen Protogrove, ADF**

Grove Organizer: Atemlos  
622 Atlantic Avenue  
Bremen, GA 30110  
Areas: GA, AL  
E-Mail: atemlos@ivillage.com

## Guilds

### **Artisans Guild**

Chief: Karen Dougherty  
Preceptor: Curucahm Mellondil  
Mailing list: [adf-arts@adf.org](mailto:adf-arts@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/artisans>

### **Bardic Guild**

Chief: Gwynne Green  
Preceptor: Gwynne Green  
Mailing list: [adf-bards@adf.org](mailto:adf-bards@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/bards>

### **Healers Guild**

Chief: Jan Curran  
Preceptor: Jay Tibbles  
Mailing list: [adf-healers@adf.org](mailto:adf-healers@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/healers>

### **Liturgists Guild**

Chief: Paul Maurice  
Preceptor: Cyndara Morgan  
Mailing list: [adf-liturgists@adf.org](mailto:adf-liturgists@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/liturgists>

### **Magicians Guild**

Chief: Skip Ellison  
Preceptor: Liafal  
Mailing list: [adf-magicians@adf.org](mailto:adf-magicians@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/magicians>

### **Naturalists Guild**

Chief: Matt Ducar  
Preceptor: Marae Price  
Mailing list: [adf-naturalists@adf.org](mailto:adf-naturalists@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/naturalists>

### **Scholars Guild**

Chief:  
Preceptor:  
Mailing list: [adf-scholars@adf.org](mailto:adf-scholars@adf.org)

### **Seers Guild**

Chief: Bardd Dafydd  
Preceptor: Paradox  
Mailing list: [adf-seers@adf.org](mailto:adf-seers@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/seers>

### **Warriors Guild**

Chief: Robert Henderson  
Preceptor: Robert Barton  
Mailing list: [adf-warriors@adf.org](mailto:adf-warriors@adf.org)  
Web: <http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/warriors>

## Committees

### **Grove Organizing Committee**

Chair: Bardd Dafydd  
E-Mail: [dafydd@bardd.com](mailto:dafydd@bardd.com)  
Mailing list: [adf-goc@adf.org](mailto:adf-goc@adf.org)

### **Outreach Committee**

Chair: Anthony Thompson  
E-Mail: [athomps@adf.org](mailto:athomps@adf.org)  
Mailing list: [adf-outreach@adf.org](mailto:adf-outreach@adf.org)

### **Prisoner Relations Committee**

Chair: Camille Grant

## SIGs

### **Anthro-Archaeology SIG**

Coordinator: Londubh  
E-Mail: [gadruid@bellsouth.net](mailto:gadruid@bellsouth.net)

### **Brewing SIG**

Coordinator: Collin White  
E-Mail: [collin@hearthfire.org](mailto:collin@hearthfire.org)

### **Children's Education SIG**

Coordinator: Peter Gold  
E-Mail: [peter\\_gold@worldnet.att.net](mailto:peter_gold@worldnet.att.net)  
Mailing list: [adf-parents@adf.org](mailto:adf-parents@adf.org)

### **Fire and Ice Kindred**

Coordinator: Paul Maurice  
E-Mail: [pmaurice@adf.org](mailto:pmaurice@adf.org)  
Mailing list: [adf-norse@adf.org](mailto:adf-norse@adf.org)

### **Solitaires SIG**

Coordinator: Christopher Sherbak  
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# The Mother Grove

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## The Mother Grove

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## Other Leadership Positions

### Archdruid Emeritus

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### Webmaster

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### Webmaster

Shawn T. Miller  
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### New Mailing Address:

Ár nDraíocht Féin  
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48318-0127

**ADF World Wide Web Page:** <http://www.adf.org/>

**ADF Central Office:** E-mail: ADF-Office@ADF.ORG

# Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship, Inc.

P.O. Box 180127, Utica, MI 48318-0127

## Membership and Subscription Form

One form per person, please.

Legal Name: \_\_\_\_\_  P  S  C  
Religious Name: \_\_\_\_\_  P  S  C  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  P  S  C  
City: \_\_\_\_\_ State/Province: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip/Post Code: \_\_\_\_\_  
Country: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Birth Date: \_\_\_/\_\_\_/\_\_\_ (mm/dd/yy)  
Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_  P  S  C

In which ADF Grove do you intend to participate, if any? \_\_\_\_\_

Beside your name, address, phone, and email address, please indicate whether the information is: Publishable (P), meaning it can be printed in ADF publications and we can give it out freely to people who wish to contact you; Sharable (S), meaning we can give it out to ADF members who request it; or Confidential (C), meaning that only the Mother Grove and ADF office staff will have access to it.

The information on this form represents a:

New Membership     Renewal     Revival of Expired Membership  
 Information Update (if name/address changed, indicate previous: \_\_\_\_\_)

If this is a new membership, where did you hear about us? \_\_\_\_\_

### ADF Membership Rates

Regular Membership (includes Oak Leaves)	_____ years @ \$30/year = \$ _____
Family Membership* (no duplicate mailings)	_____ years @ \$15/year = \$ _____
Prisoner Membership (includes Oak Leaves)	_____ years @ \$20/year = \$ _____
Associate Membership** (does not include Oak Leaves)	_____ years @ \$15/year = \$ _____
Subscription to Oak Leaves	_____ years @ \$20/year = \$ _____

\* Family memberships are for blood relations and spouses living with Regular or Associate Members, and do not include duplicate mailings.

\*\* Associate Memberships may be purchased by members of ADF groves and protogroves ONLY. To purchase an Associate Membership, this form must be submitted to ADF by your local grove or protogrove.

Your Membership will officially begin on the postmark date of this form.

Membership Donation ..... = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Earmarked Donation for:

    Publishing Activities ..... = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

    Land Fund ..... = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

    Other: \_\_\_\_\_ ..... = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Unrestricted donation to ADF General Fund ..... = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Minus amount paid earlier on \_\_\_/\_\_\_/\_\_\_ ..... = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed: = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Checks or money orders should be made payable to "ADF" in US Dollars only. Sorry, no credit cards.

I am 18 years of age or older:  Yes  No (Check one)

### Waiver

If you are under the age of 18, you must have a parent or guardian sign here to indicate her/his permission for you to be a member of ADF, and that signature must be notarized.

To whom it may concern: \_\_\_\_\_ has my permission to become a

(Enter child's name here)

member of ADF, and I am fully aware of the Neopagan nature of this organization.



\_\_\_\_\_  
Parent or Guardian's Signature

\_\_\_\_\_  
Parent or Guardian's printed name

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for membership processing.

# Contributors' Page

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Ceisiwr Serith very enthusiastically joined ADF the first year it was in existence. Since then he has taken a few sabbaticals, but now he is almost certainly back to stay.

## ARTISTS:

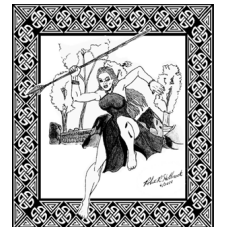
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