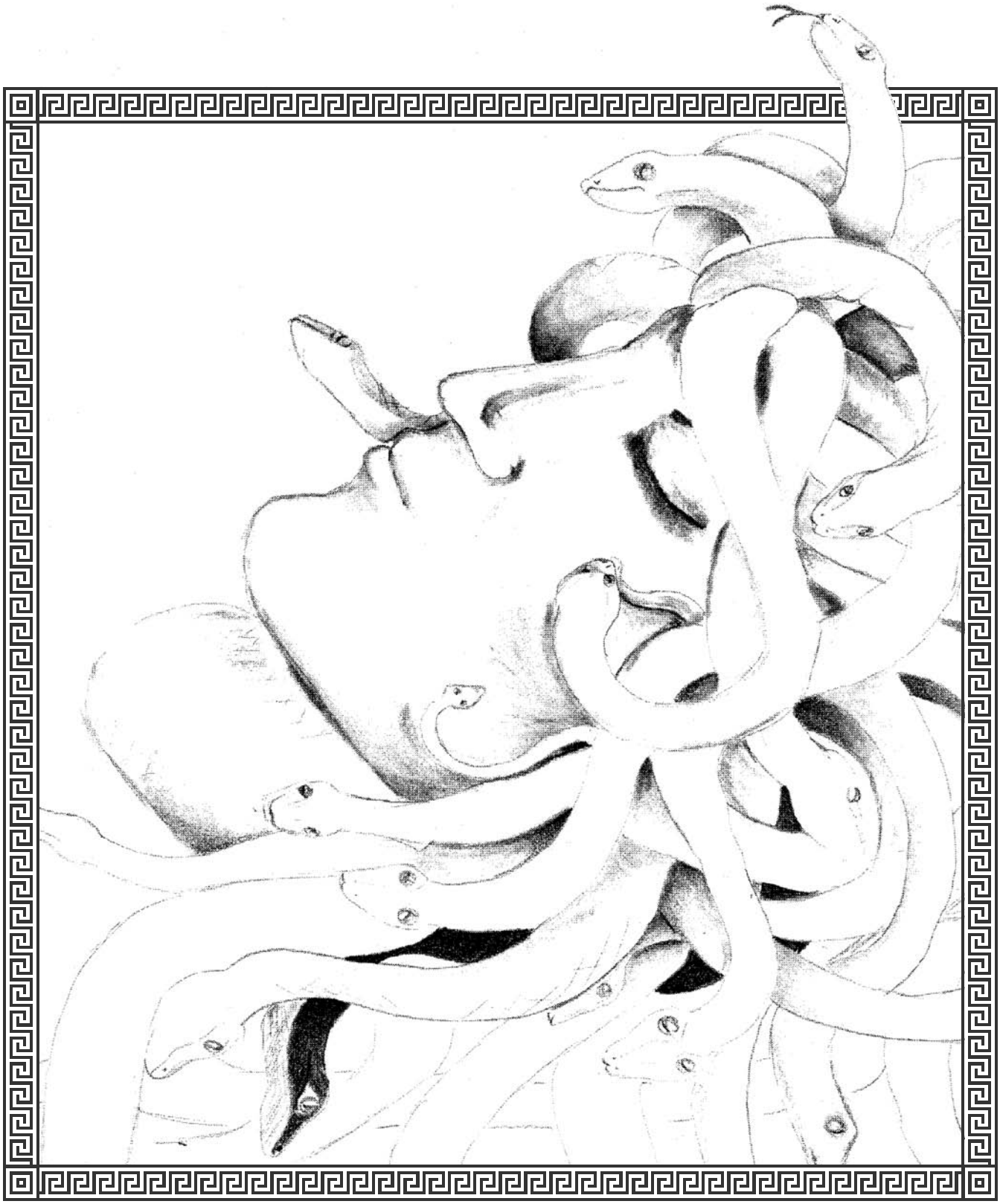
OAK LEAVES

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ÁR NDRAÍOCHT FÉIN ISSUE NO. 18



Oak Leaves

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Cover: *Pattie Lawler*

Connecting with Environments:

Druids experience two forested hillside environments

by
Dobhran, Explore, Francesca, Skip, and White Owl

edited by Explore

Appalachian Mountians
Ridges of strong quartz sandstone
Long peaceful hollows
Carved as water penetrates weaker rocks

Druids
Naturalists
Flow with the contours of the land
Move among the nature spirits
Focusing in one place
Feeling the energies and essence
Then focusing in another

Focus 1

On November 11, 2000, naturalist Druids visited a hillside that overlooks the valley of Three Licks Creek, near Shade Gap in Pennsylvania. This southeast-facing slope is in the process of reforestation after having been farmed. Virginia pines are the dominant trees sticking their roots into the thin soil that has formed upon siltstone bedrock. A few pioneer deciduous trees have started to invade the region. Black Cherry and Red Maple are among these newcomers.

The general feel or vibe of this site can be characterized as one of struggle, hardship, and transience; the harshness of the elements was readily apparent to the Druids.

SKIP: On the first ridge above the road, the feelings that I received from the trees were about their roots and how shallow and temporary they were there. The soil level felt very thin and the trees knew that growing there they wouldn't live to anywhere near their potential lifespan. Looking around the area you could see many of the other trees that had fallen and were starting to return to the soil. There was also a feeling of sadness coming from the trees.

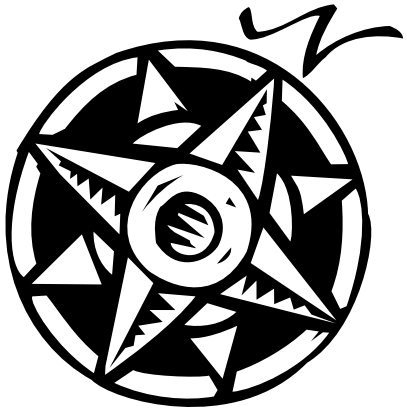
DOBRHAN: When I sat down & closed my eyes, I felt like I was going to fall forward off of the slope. It occurred to me that the trees must feel the same way—there's very little soil for their roots to hang onto, & the wind coming over the ridge was quite strong. I also noted that there were very few animal noises. The soil was very thin & filled with pebbles, cobbles & gravel. I felt sorry for any homesteading family that had tried to farm in the area.

FRANCESCA: The terrain was one that was steep at places and yet was not foreign or out of place for its surroundings. The wind naturally came over

the crest but the way it swept down the landscape had almost a sense of urgency to it, to quickly pass through this place and be gone. The terrain did not adequately prepare the surrounding growth the support it needed and as such, most were young immature trees that did not survive long or it was the wild, thorny undergrowth that survived only because of lack of competition.

I tried to just stand and feel my surroundings, yet I knew if I closed my eyes, feeling the pull of the terrain's steepness, I would surely fall forward. I squatted down thinking this would work till I again had that feeling of falling forward (and just pictured myself rolling down that slope!). I could really get a feeling for what the trees must anticipate as they grew taller. So sitting my self on the ground, I picked up a piece of round green moss and a very small pine cone still attached to a piece of branch. I felt a strong sense of caution. Cutting of the woods for wood and pasture and the road below, had man's encroachment influenced the surroundings so much? With time nature has a way of accepting things, this caution was more than just man's influence, the place itself was in such constant transition state that nature was giving off a warning signal. When I put my arm around the small sapling at my side, I was immediately aware of a deep sadness. Caution and sadness were all that I could feel from the nature that possessed this area. I 'saw' two large dogs, first impression was Irish Wolfhounds, but these dogs were too muscular for them, and they were not wolves. They came running through the woods with determination, as an afterthought they may have been used for hunting large game. But their presence was definitely felt and I don't know if that was another reason for the air of caution.

WHITE OWL: The first site felt desolate. I had less a sense of the instability of the trees because of the thin soil and wind sweeping over the ridge than I had an awareness that this was an area where death and disease had come calling, It fit, somehow, with the turning of the wheel of the year, but it was more than the post-Samhain sleep of winter. It was the devastation that death brings, and the decay that, in time, will enrich the soil and renews the forest. That is why Nathair hasn't wanted me to let my firewood man forage the farm woods for dead trees. I thought of the crone Orisha, Oya, the goddess of the winds of change with her broom to sweep away the destruction. The wind was there and the destruction. Oya's goddess equivalent for this particular land was there.



EXPLORE: I felt a sense of struggle and hardship amongst the living things. Part of me felt a general inhospitable nature at this site, but then another part of me felt free at this site—freedom in the sense of the challenge of survival. Also, like some other folks, I felt the air spirits in this spot and wanted to fly away.

The Druids pondered how to work with the energies of this place for magickal purposes.

SKIP: It was near the top of the ridge and the winds blowing out from there would usually be very strong. This would make it a good place to work magic where you wanted something to disperse over a wide range—to be carried by the winds in other words. The transient nature of the slope would add to magic that was meant to be short-lived.

FRANCESCA: A good place for transition or transforming. Letting the earth fall away and the sky open before you and your voice, energy and thoughts released and carried upon the wind. A good place for letting go and new beginnings. A good place to ground any negative energy as it has learned how to accept it. Nature Spirits are there but do not readily show themselves nor lend assistance.

EXPLORE: This would be a good place to celebrate transition and change.

Focus 2

The second place upon which the Druids focused their attention is a bit different from the first. The terrain

–Continued on page 30

The New and Deluxe Sassafras Bilé

by Chris Setlock

This year at Imbolc we consecrated our new Bilé. As the maker of it, I thought I might offer some explanation of the symbols and inscriptions that went into it. Our previous Bilé was made by Earrach, our Senior Druid. It began to split while being used as a Maypole this past Beltain. It served us well for nine years.

The Bilé is the center of our Hallows. It represents the *axis mundi*, the point where the worlds intersect. It combines elements of the three realms: land, sea, and sky. It can be viewed as the *Yggdrasil*, the World Tree, a visible representation of our cosmology. During our rites, when we open the gateway between this world and the otherworld, the Bilé stands at the gate.

Our Bilé is nine feet tall. From the floor to the lip of the fire-cauldron, it reaches through the nine worlds. It is constructed primarily of two sections of inch-and-a-half-thick oak, pole stock. It is constructed in sections to make it easier to transport. The bottom section can be left out to reduce the Bilé to six feet tall; useful if we need to set up in a low-ceilinged room. The *Irminsul* is a rectangular pillar, with four triskel-carved branches radiating from it. The shape of the Irminsul is roughly based on a drawing by Stone Creed Grove's Senior Druid, Ian Corrigan. I felt this shape was better suited to our use of the fire atop the Bilé, as opposed to the traditional Norse Irminsul, which sweeps dramatically upwards. The fire pot is copper with brass handles. The base is a tetrahedron eighteen inches on a side. It is made from laminated pine. There are weights hidden inside to make the tall Bilé stable on the relatively small base.

The symbols and inscriptions are a little trickier to explain. Sassafras is a culturally mixed grove, unusual for ADF. In turn, we honor Irish, Welsh, Norse, Anglo-Saxon, even Greek and Slavic deities. We are truly Pan-Indo-European, and I wanted the Bilé to reflect that. I tried to incorporate those symbols and ideas that have struck me as fundamental to the work of Sassafras Grove.

The base is carved on the three visible sides, with images of the *Norns*, the three sisters who sit at the base of Yggdrasil, spinning and weaving the web of Wyrd. *Urdr* is the elder, she is robed in black, and pulls the silver thread of our lives from the tangled skein of the past. *Verdandi* is a woman of childbearing years, robed in red. The eternal moment, at once always now, always fleeting, she squats, birthing the moment, measuring the span of our years. *Skuld* is the faceless maiden, robed in

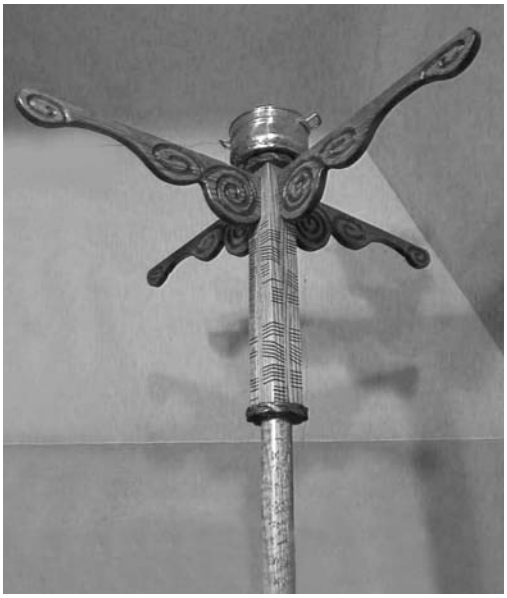
white. She is the yearning promise, the hope of tomorrow, forever over the next rise, around the next corner. She kneels, cutting the thread with bronze shears.

The lowest pole section is carved with images of the divinities we honor as a Grove. Emerging from the base is the Salmon of Knowledge, symbolic of *Taliesin*, our bardic patron. The shining brow, thrice-born Taliesin bestows the gift of *Awen*, inspiration, so that our speech might be pleasing before the Gods. *Hu Gaddarn*, the reaper, with his sickle, and a bag of plenty, inviting us to share in the work, the labor of life. You reap what you sow. *An Dagda*, the Good God, with his ponderous belly, wearing the torc, and limned hair. He holds his club in one hand. It can kill a hundred with a stroke, or restore the life to the dead. At his feet is his cauldron, his male-womb. From it he pulls a mute warrior, for those who have been to the otherworld can never put it into words. The warrior's spear points defiantly toward the belly of a raven, one of three, the *Morrigan*, the three sisters of death and ending. Not evil, not cruel by design, but inevitable, and merciless. The enemy is not death, but the fear that robs us of life. Girding the carvings is the cross of *Brigid*. The woven rushes, symbol of hearth and home. Goddess of the forge, poetess, and healer. *Suil lin a'Bride*. At the top of the carvings is *Lugh Lamfadha*. The long handed, many-skilled child of the sun. He wears the torc and kilt, standing proud, bearing his spear of light, *an tsleg boi ac Lugh*. He proffers the sun wheel, the wheel of the year.

The middle section is carved with Anglo-Saxon runes. The inscription is a prayer of supplication to the Earth Mother, it was written down in a book of Anglo-Saxon charms and spells, from the eleventh century. It is probably much older. I couldn't find it in old English, so it is spelled in modern English. Two symbols are carved above the middle joint. One is the symbol of *Awen*: /|\. The other is the Druid's sigil, symbol of Ár nDraíocht Féin, our own Druidry.

The Irminsul, and the fire-cauldron top the Bilé, symbolic of the solar radiance, the fires above. The four branches point to the four corners of the world. The edges of the pillar are carved in Ogham: "Behold the Sacred Fire, Sacred Fire burn within us." I must admit the copper cauldron came from Marshall's houswares department, $4.99 + tax ;).

That's about it. May the Gods be pleased, and bestow their blessings.



Neo-Paganism in the Southern Hemi-sphere:

a (mostly) New Zealand Perspective

by Gareth Damian Thomas (Noiden Tain)

Like in the Northern Hemisphere, the latter part of the 20th century saw the rise of NeoPagan faiths in the Southern Hemisphere. Along with the usual obstacles of intolerance and misinformation, other problems can stand in the way of a "southern Pagan."

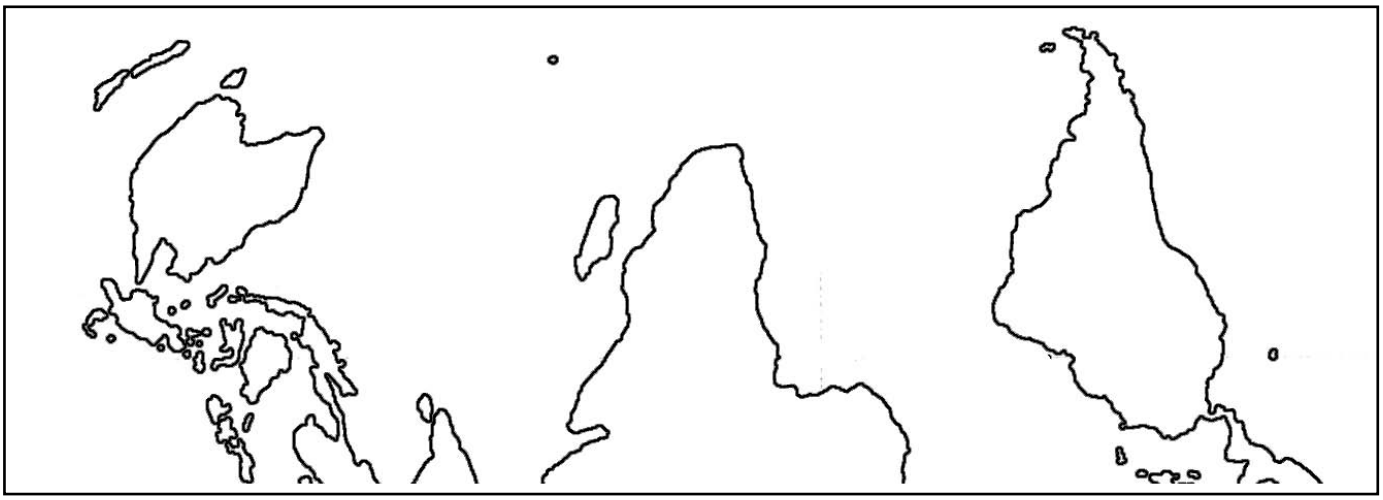
One problem for most in southern Paganism is the fact that the seasons are in opposition to that of the Northern Hemisphere. What is winter here is summer there and *vice versa*. While this is not a great hurdle to the more experienced NeoPagan, neophyte Pagans of any ilk often learn only from books. These books are written in the northern perspective with regards to seasonal cycles. Thus many a new NeoPagan is at a disadvantage when planning the seasonal rituals.[1]

Another hurdle to be overcome is that many resources in the various NeoPagan paths refer to the use of various items not native to the land we are in. Specifically various herbs and plants are used in certain contexts, one must either find alternatives (always a good learning experience) or forgo the use of the material.

When one thinks of the "Ancestors" in these lands one usually thinks to those who settled here over the last few hundred years. At least in New Zealand, there is a longing to visit the lands of our forbears; many of the old ways are kept "alive," old tales told. Thus the NeoPagan tradition of showing honour to our past is as second nature. On top of this, the Maori folk lived and died here and must be shown all due respect.

The lands of the Southern Hemisphere (specifically South Africa, New Zealand and Australia but also including South America) have a unique feeling. The peoples who went before you shape the spirits of the land. New Zealand is a place of primeval spirits as the first recognised group to arrive here were the Maori, a fierce Polynesian folk, similar in many ways to the tribal "Celts." The Maori arrived in New Zealand around 1000 AD and the first Europeans sighted the islands of New Zealand in the 18th century.[2] So one can actually tread in places not walked by man before. This is an enlightening experience and there are few places in the world where a perhaps an hour's trip can allow you to do this.

Conversely, in Australia the land has been settled for thousands of years, the native Aboriginal folk have a deep spiritual tradition, the land feels old, despite only having been settled by westerners for close to



two hundred years. Likewise South Africa has a unique spiritual feeling and long non-European history.

A Druid in these lands must recognise those who came before us to these places. That is not to say one must absorb pieces of their ways into one's own, but rather acknowledge they existed. The link to one's ancestors "matters not how far away their bones rest" (as my mentor taught me over 14 years ago), "their souls live on in you and your kith and kin!" The Gods will hear your call no matter when and where. Always question what you read and hear if it feels wrong.

This is the attitude a Druid at the "edge of the world" needs. Chances are you may only walk on the lands of your forbears once or twice. One's land is filled with plants and creatures different to others. The native trees are different from those of the north, strange flightless birds walk beside you, and songbirds sing their haunting songs in the bush as you move through it. Reptiles older than the dinosaurs sun on a rock near you, yet you can barely feel the hand of man in places. Meditation can be strange and disconcerting! Some times the old ways just do not fit. You need to learn new ones, ones that feel right.

In Australia and New Zealand a side effect of being at the "edge of the world" is a generally "secular" nature to the people. One's deeds are more important than one's "Gods" are. While both parliaments are opened and closed with Christian (Anglican) Prayer, most antipodeans (as we are known) spend little time worrying if "God will rain fire upon us" for being so irreverent. For the NeoPagan this has the bonus of reducing rabid opposition to different paths. While folk might regard you as eccentric, in most places one is unlikely to be run out of town for one's faith. To illustrate, the 1996 election saw the "Christian Coalition" receive less votes than the Greens (and again in 1999), the Natural Law party (new age "yogic flyers") and the Legalise Cannabis party. Again, of course, as with much of the western world Christianity is shrinking in traditional form, and gaining followers to the fundamentalist path. In time it will be seen what will happen!

The makeup of NeoPaganism in the Southern Hemisphere is much as the rest of the western world. Wicca predominates; Asatru groups are also a large percentage of the Pagan population. Druidry is a rarity in the neopagan form, however several mesoDruidic lodges from the 1860s flourish. Likewise ceremonial magic has a long history here. Shamanism is seen in many forms and the native Maori religion is making resurgence.

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[1] *Celebrating the Southern Seasons* by Juliet Batten, is a book that attempts to make life easier for the neophyte Pagan in the Southern Hemisphere.

[2]There has for many years been a sneaking suspicion amongst anthropologists that before the "Fleet Maori" came one or more groups existed here. This is a matter of great controversy to the modern Maori whose treaty claims are dependent on them being the FIRST folk here. Many ideas have been thrown about, most unlikely but fun is that of the several groups, either pre- Indo-European or indo-European folk (possibly "Celtic") were here and were wiped out. Evidence for this is scarce (to non-existent) and some of the proponent's scholarship is to be laughable. However I include the name of the book and author for you to check out if you are that interested: *Ancient Celtic New Zealand* by Martin Doutré and his web site is http://www.celticnz.co.nz www.celticnz.co.nz for those just curious or after a giggle!

Major Holidays of Rome: July, August, September

by Jenni Hunt

This article is the fifth of a series of articles outlining the basics of a Roman focus of worship and practice and the second in a series about the Roman festival calendar. Future topics will include the remainder of the Roman calendar (4th and 1st quarters), Early Roman Gods and Goddesses, and Roman Methods of Divination (and any other topics which may be inspired or requested). In this article, I will discuss the holidays and festivals of the 3rd quarter (July, August, and September), along with a bit of the lore attached to each.

JULY—*(Mensis Quinctilis)*

July is the first lunar month of the semester of summer and autumn. Quinctilis was the first month of the pre-Julian calendar to be named for a number, rather than a deity and was the fifth month of the year until Julius Caesar's calendar reform in the first century BCE. July in Italy is the hottest and driest month of the year, and so the preservation of crops and safeguarding the balance necessary for the survival of plant life are primary concerns. In the country, farmers would be concerned with keeping their crops dry, just as the first harvests of barley and beans begin, while in the Rome, there was the ever-present fear of uncontrolled fires raging through the city. July includes some of the more obscure holidays in the Roman calendar, the details of which are scanty, but over all, it was considered to be Jupiter's month. There are also holidays whose purpose seems primarily to celebrate the virtues of the Roman matrons (*Caprotine Nones*, and *Fortuna Muliebris*), and another whose purpose is to acknowledge the class of knights, the military *juventus* (*Transvectio equitum*).

July has six *dies nefasti* days on which no legal or political business could take place, nine days on which public religious festivals may be celebrated, one *dies fastus,* a day on which legal action is permitted, and fifteen *dies comitales* days on which citizens may vote on political or criminal matters.

July 6-13—*Games of Apollo*

What may be the oldest temple to the Greek deity, Apollo, was dedicated on July 13 in 431 BCE to enlist his help as a healing god to alleviate a plague. Because Apollo is a foreign god, the temple had to be built outside the *pomerium* in the Campus Martius. The Games were instituted in 202 BCE on the advice of an oracle named Marcius and the Sibylline Books, which were consulted in times of

crisis. The games, to be held every four years, were to honor Apollo and acknowledge his assistance in defeating Hannibal and the Carthaginians, but from 196 BCE, they were held annually. Originally, the games were only on the 13th, but later the games—very popular with the Romans—were extended to as many as 13 days. With the Praeter Urbanis in charge, celebration of the *Ludi Apollinares* included plays and gladiatorial games, and later, horse racing, plays, and beast hunts (but no gladiators, since Apollo was a deity of healing). People in Rome attended the games in great numbers, in spite of the heat of summer.

A sacrifice was made by *decemviri sacris faciundi* by Greek rite on the 13th at the temple. They sacrificed an ox to Apollo, a cow to Latona, and two she-goats to either Diana or Apollo (which is unclear), each with gilded horns. People wore garlands and held feasts in the forecourts of their homes with the doors open. Matrons prayed "everywhere, with open doors, people feasted at the entrance to their houses" (Livy's *Roman History*, 25, 12, 15). Immediately following the *Ludi Apollinares* on the calendars were six market days.

July 6—Temple to Fortuna Muliebris—*nefastus publicus*

On this day, a temple was dedicated on the Via Latina about 4 miles outside of Rome *to Fortuna Muliebris*, "Fortune of Women." Dionysus of Halicarnasuss relates its significance lies with the story of Corolianus. The Senate wanted to honor women, specifically the wife and mother of Corolianus, because they talked him out of attacking Rome.

Tradition has it that Corolianus had captured the town of Corioli from the Volscians in 493 BCE. A decorated Roman general, he got himself banished from the city by opposing the distribution of grain to starving plebians, then turned traitor by going over to the Volscians. Leading their armies, he nearly made it to the gates of Rome, but his mother Volumnia and wife Vergilia met him outside the city with their two sons and begged him not to attack. At first, their pleas were met with silence; then (according to Plutarch), they four of them threw themselves at Coriolanus's feet, and he cried out, "O mother! What have you done to me?" After her passionate speech, he pulled his mother up off the ground, and said, "You have gained a victory, that is fortunate enough for the Romans. However, it has destroyed your own son. No one else has defeated him; but that is what you have achieved" (Grant 195). Then, according to Livy, he embraced his family and sent them back, and withdrew his forces from before the City. Having then led his army out of Rome's dominions he is said to have perished beneath the weight of resentment this act caused, by a death which is variously described. . . . There was no envy of the fame the women had earned, on the part of the men of Rome—and to preserve its memory the temple of Fortuna Muliebris was built and dedicated.

The temple later became associated with the aspect of marriage of women, and the established practice of women who wanted to marry a second time was that they should touch the statue before they could remarry. However, only newly married women (*univirae*) should worship the Goddess.

July 7—Nones of the Wild Fig—*nefastus publicus*

The *Ancillarum feriae,* is the "feast of the serving women," also known as the *Nonae Caprotinae*, the Nones of the wild fig. On this day, Juno Caprotina was honored as a patron of female servants. According to Plutarch, this festival commemorates an episode after the Gallic invasion of Rome when the Latins demanded women from the Romans. Several female servants were sent in disguised as a free woman to the Latins. While the Latins slept, the *ancillae* disarmed them and lit a signal fire on a tall fig tree. Plutarch relates that during the festival there were numerous booths selling fig-tree boughs outside the city, and brightly dressed *ancillae* ran around and staged mock battles among themselves. Varro, however, indicates that the *Caprotinae* refers to women who sacrifice to Juno Caprotina under a wild fig tree on this date, using its milky sap for offerings instead of milk. The purpose of the stick cut from the fig tree, he insists, was probably used by *ancillae* in the mock battle. A more agricultural explanation for the festival is that the sticks from wild fig were cultivated for pollination. The connection to Juno comes from the "marriage" of the male *caprificus* to the female *ficus*, and so Juno was involved as the patron of marriage.

July 15—Parade of the Equites—*dies nefastus*

The *Equitum Romanorum probation* or *transvectio* commemorates the assistance from Castor and Pollux at the battle of Lake Regillus in the fourth century BCE. The story of the battle may be fact or

myth, but tradition has it that Castor and Pollux led the Romans to victory and were seen watering their horses in the Forum and reported the victory to the Romans in the city. Thereafter, Castor and Pollux were considered patrons of the Roman cavalry, the *Equites*. This colorful parade of as many as 5,000 mounted knights was established in 304 BCE by the Censor Quintus Fabius Rullianus, lapsed, and was revived by Augustus in the first century CE. It must have been a breath-taking spectacle to see all the *Equites* decked out in their *trabeae* (purple robes w/scarlet stripes), crowned with olive wreaths and wearing all their military decorations as they processed by tribe on their white horses from the Porta Capena (home of Mars) past the temple of Castor and Pollux.

July 18—Anniversary of the Battle of Allia—*dies comitales*

On both the *Fasti Antiaes minores* and *Antiates maiores*, July 18 commemorates that black day when Fabii were defeated on the Cremera in 479 BCE, as well as the day the Gauls captured the city of Rome in 390 BCE. Because these two unfortunate events occurred on this day, although it was a *diei comitalis*, it was considered **very** unlucky and therefore a terrible day for any business or political transactions, journeys, or marriages.

July 19, 21—LUCARIA—*dies nefasti*

Lucus means "grove," and according to Festus, the sacrifice was celebrated between the Via Salaria and the Tiber river. It is likely that the *Lucaria* is a seasonal sacrifice to propitiate those vague spirits of the forest before felling trees, especially those woodland spirits and nymphs related to Leucaria and Rhea Silvia, mother of Romulus & Remus. July would indeed be the appropriate season for ground-clearing and thinning the woods to let the light in and a suitable occasion for Cato's prayer and accompanying sacrifice of a pig:

> Be thou god or goddess to whom this grove is dedicated, as it is thy right to receive a sacrifice of a pig for the thinning of this sacred grove, and to this intent, I or one at my bidding do it, may it be rightly done. To this end, in offering this pig to thee I humbly beg that thou wilt be gracious and merciful to me, to my house and household, and to my children. Whilt thou deign to receive this pig which I offer to thee to this end (Scullard 26).

July 23—Neptunalia, Festival of the God Neptune—*dies nefast*

Neptune is a very old, Italian god of fresh water, and did not become a sea God until he was associated with the Greek God, Poseidon. At the *Neptunalia*, in any case, he was invoked more particularly as a deity whose concerns were the drainage and irrigation of farmlands. July was the hottest and driest month of the year, and it would have been within Neptune's purview to maintain a constant water supply and prevent crops from drying out and burning, as well as to mitigate against outbreaks of fire in the city. Neptune was one of the first gods listed for at *lectisterium* (see September 13), where he was seated with Mercury—a pairing of the deities of seafaring and trade. People made arbors of leaves, which were probably used to shade them from the hot July sun. It is significant to note that other than Apollo and Mars, Neptune was the only deity to whom a bull could be sacrificed, although we don't really know anything specifically about the ritual performed on this date.

July 25—Furrinalia, Festival of the Goddess Furrina—*dies nefasti*

Even Varro doesn't know much about the Goddess Furrina, except to note that "honour was paid to her among the ancients, who instituted an annual sacrifice for her, and assigned to her a special priest, but her name is barely known, and even that to only a few" (Varro VI 19). Presumably she has some association with water, particularly with respect to drilling operations and wells, or at least springs and wells, and we know that the celebration of her State holiday involved an animal sacrifice. She may well have been an Etruscan deity, although the *Lucus Furrinae* on Janiculum Hill is not referenced any earlier than the third century CE (Scullard 168, 252).

AUGUST—*(Mensis Sextilis)*

By August, the harvest would be nearly complete on most of the Italian peninsula. The tasks left farmers would involve storing grain and cleaning up. According to Varro, August was the time to cut straw, build haystacks, harrow-plow land, collect leaf-fodder, and irrigate the fields a second time. The rustic calendar indicates it was also time to prepare stakes, collect the harvest and wheat, and burn the coarse part of flax. The month was protected by Ceres, and sacrifices were also made to Spes, Salus & Diana. Some of the

festivals had connections with the harvest and storage of crops, and many took place near the Aventine, Circus Maximus, and on the bank of the Tiber, all of which were originally part of the cultivated land.

There were six *nefasti publici* in August, days on which legal action is permitted, as well as six *dies nefast*, days on which no legal or political business could take place and 16 *dies comitales*, days on which citizens may vote on political or criminal matters. There is also one *endotercisus* day in August, which functions as *dies fastus* in the morning and *dies comitalis* in the afternoon.

August 3—Supplicia canum—*dies comitalis*

Not precisely a festival, this date appears on calendars to mark a procession through the city bearing dogs that have been crucified alive. This practice hearkens back again to the 'black day' when the Gauls sacked Rome, and the dogs remained asleep, rather than warning the Romans of the impending attack. While the laziness of the dogs is commemorated, the 'sacred' geese—who did awaken in time to keep the Capitoline Hill from being taken—are carried around in a litter all decked out in purple and gold.

August 5—Festival of Salus—*dies fasti*

The *collis Salurtaris*, the part of the Quirinal hill where the temple of Salus is located is probably the site of an older altar or shrine used by the early cult of Salus. She may have once been primarily an agricultural and fertility goddess, but as the partner of Aesculapius, she later came to be associated with the personification of health and preservation, just as the Greek Hygieia as the partner of Asklepios. The oldest images of Salus show her holding sheaves of wheat, and on some coins, she is seen feeding a snake from a *patera* (a dish used specifically for offerings) and holding a scepter. Macrobius indicates that she was also named Semonia and may have shared a cult with Semo Sancus in early times. During the empire, she was honored as *Salus Publica populi Romani* ("Public Health of the Roman People"). Her temple on Quirinal Hill was dedicated in 302 BCE by Gaius Iunius Bubulcus Salus.

August 12—Festival of Hercules—*dies comitalis*

Hercules was one of the first Greek gods to make it to Rome, and although he is still considered a foreign god, his temple was actually placed inside the *pomerium* near the Circus

–Continued on page 26

Seeking the Wisdom of the Ancestors:

A Form of Indo-European Divination

by Ceisiwr Serith

In the Irish tale *Serglige Con Culainn* a ritual is described in which a white bull is killed. A man eats his fill of its meat, drinks its broth, and goes to sleep after a prayer is spoken over him by four druids. While he sleeps he has a dream of the man who will become king (MacCana, pp. 91-92). In a similar story told in *Togail Bruidne Da Derga*, we are further told that the prayer was "an incantation of truth," and that the man will die if he lies about what he dreams (Gantz, p. 65).

These two stories contain most of the essential elements of a form of divination that may be found across a wide swath of the Indo-European domain, from Iceland to India. This article will present the evidence for this technique and attempt to reconstruct its original form.

In another Irish tale, the *Life of St. Berach*, four Druids lie on rowan hurdles that are covered with the hides of sacrificed bulls. They drink new ale, call on the gods, and wait for a revelation.

Other Celtic sources provide numerous examples. For instance, Scottish folklore prescribes that a seer be wrapped in the skin of freshly killed cattle. He is then to be taken to an isolated wild place to await his answer (Nagy, p. 138). In a version from the Western Islands, from 1703 (related in Davidson, p. 143), a man is wrapped in a cow's hide and left in a wild place overnight. "Invisible friends" come to him to tell him what he wants to know.

A more complete example that is late (post 1200), but still recognizable, is the Welsh "The Dream of Rhonabwy," from *The Mabinogion*. The title character, while on a search for a renegade prince, is put up for the night in a pathetic excuse for a hall. It is warmed with a fire of chaff which throws up smoke and chokes everyone. A hag serves Rhonabwy and his two men a dinner of barley bread, cheese, and watery milk. When it is time to sleep, they are given a pile of straw and sticks, infested with fleas. Rhonabwy understandably can't sleep, and goes to the far end of the hall, where there is a yellow ox-skin on a platform. He lies down on that, and has a dream in which a youth dressed in yellow and green takes him to King Arthur's court. A parody, to be sure, but parodies must be based on something or they are simply not funny.

The Germanic realm provides more fragmentary versions. In the *Mariu Saga* (13th. cent.) a man sits on the hide of a freshly skinned (and presumably freshly killed) ox, with squares drawn around it. The devil comes to him to reveal the future

(Davidson, p. 143). A divination described in the Icelandic Saga of Erik the Red involves a hood and a platform (Buchholz, p. 32). According to German folklore, those who went to a crossroads between eleven and midnight on Christmas or New Year's Eve and sat on an animal hide would learn the future.

So far the examples come from Christian era sources. That makes the Roman evidence all the more important. In *The Aeneid* (7.80 ff.) Latinus, troubled by omens, goes to the oracle of Faunus for advice. At this oracle, at a fountain deep in the woods, the priest performs divination by sleeping on the hides of sacrificed sheep. Spirits come to him, including both the gods and the dead.

Ovid describes a similar ritual (Fasti 4.649-7). King Numa sacrifices two sheep in a sacred grove, one to Faunus and one to Sleep. The hides are laid on the ground and he is sprinkled with water and wine, and puts two beech wreaths on his head. He wraps himself in the fleeces, prays, and then dreams. Faunus appears to him in his sleep with an oracle. Before the ritual he must abstain from sex, meat, and the wearing of rings.

In the Zoroastrian *Arda Wiraz Namag* (Prologue 1-3, in Flattery, pp. 14-16; also in Boyd, pp. 84-89 [Boyd spells it Arda Viraz Namag]), Wiraz is chosen by lot, as the most righteous of men, to conduct a divination to ask the departed souls whether Zoroastrianism is the true religion. In a thirty-step wide place, he washes himself and puts on a new garment. He lays a new blanket on some boards and, sitting on it, performs the dron ritual (a bread offering modeled on a sacrifice.) He honors the dead and eats food, presumably the dron. He then drinks three cups of a mixture of wine and the drug mang. He says grace and falls asleep. While he sleeps priests chant prayers over him. In his sleep, he is taken on a tour of the land of the dead.

Finally, the *Chandogya Upanishad* (5.2, in Hume) preserves a complete ritual of this type, to be performed on the night of the full moon. The celebrant is to mix "all sorts of herbs with sour milk and honey." He is then to make four offerings of ghee into a fire, to "the chiefest and best," "the most excellent," "the firm basis," and "the abode." Crawling away from the fire, he takes up the herb, milk, and honey mixture in his hands and prays over it for preeminence and unity with everything. From the cup he then drinks four sips, praying to Savitr, god of magic and the sun when it is not in the sky, as he does so. He cleans the cup and lies down to the west of the fire on a skin or the ground. If he sees a vision of a woman, his ritual has been successful.

When the details of these examples—Celtic, Germanic, Italic, and Indo-Iranian—are considered together, there is clearly a pattern to which each has made modifications. The form of the proto-ritual seems to have been that a milk-giving animal was sacrificed and its meat was most likely eaten by the diviner. (Consuming the majority of a sacrifice is a standard part of Indo-European sacrificial ritual.) The diviner also consumed a sacred drink, either the animal's broth, a substitutionary drink, or an intoxicating beverage. He then lay down on the animal's skin, which was most likely put on a low wooden platform. Prayers were said over him by priests (the ritual is public rather than private), and then he slept. A vision came to him in his sleep from the ancestors.

The public nature is important. The ritual may be to determine the next king, or to find proof for Zoroastrianism, or the determine the significance of omens. The public nature may be indicated in the Scottish example by the fact that the seer is wrapped up in the hide first and must then carried to the site of the divination. That the ritual described in the *Chandogya Upanishad* is not public is easily explained by the fact that Upanishadic Hinduism replaced corporate sacrifice with individual mysticism.

The being(s) to whom the sacrifice is made is only rarely mentioned. In *The Aeneid* and *Fasti* it is Faunus (and Sleep), in the *Chandogya Upanishad* it is Savitr, and in the *Arda Wiraz Namag* the offering is made to the departed souls.

The beings that the vision comes from is more often given. In one Irish version it comes from demons, in the Scottish from "invisible friends," in

the Icelandic from the devil. The Irish and Icelandic versions are obviously Christianized, and the source given for the vision indicates that the ritual was not considered properly Christian. In *The Aeneid* the revelation comes from gods and the dead, in the *Chandogya Upanishad* from a woman, and in the *Arda Wiraz Namag* from the souls of the dead. Rhonabwy's vision is of King Arthur's court, and thus of the past.

Leaving aside the Christianized versions, I would like to suggest that the knowledge sought is intended to come from the ancestors. This is clear in the Aeneid (not only do the dead appear to Latinus, but Faunus is his father) and the *Arda Wiraz Namag*, and implied in "Rhonabwy." Since Savitr is god of the sun when it is not in the sky, it may be implied in the *Chandogya Upanishad* as well; he comes from the Underworld.

The major variation is the absence of sacrifice in some versions. This is easily explained by their cultural contexts. In both Iran and India animal sacrifice (particularly of cattle) came to be seen as ab-horrent. These traditions have therefore replaced animal sacrifice in this ritual in the same way they replaced it in others, with bread (Iran) and dairy products (India). And of course the later versions from Celtic and Germanic sources occur in a culture in which sacrifice is out of the question. In these versions the sacrificed animal has been reduced to a hide.

An interesting secondary detail is the wooden platform, which appears in Ireland, Wales, and Iran, and possibly in Iceland. This may be a liminal device — the seer is lifted up, but not high, putting him neither on the ground nor truly in the air.

Some of the Celtic and Germanic examples, and one of the Roman, prescribe wrapping in the hide, rather than merely lying on it. In this way the seer is identified with the sacrificial animal; he is in its skin. This may be intended either as a liminal device—between human and animal, life and death —or so that by this identification with the sacrifice the seer might go with the animal to its intended divine target.

The seer, identified with the dead animal, goes where it goes, to the ancestors. And from them the seer acquires knowledge to benefit the community.

That the second explanation was the original one is indicated by other details. In most versions, the sacrifice is consumed in some way, eating being a common form of identification. Compare, for instance, the horse sacrifice mentioned by Gerald of Wales (102), in which a king being inaugurated must not only have intercourse with a mare who represents the land, but must also eat her flesh, a double identification.

Before ending this article, I would like to discuss some side questions. The first involves the nature of the Gaulish god Ogmios. Palmer (p. 164) holds that the identification of the Ogmios with Hercules rested on the Gaulish god being represented with the skin of a sacrificial animal, which was confused with the lion skin Hercules was usually depicted wearing. I would like to suggest that it was the skin used in just the sort of oracular ritual I have been discussing. This would fit in better with other classical descriptions of Ogmios, and with the usual equation of him with the Irish Oghma, than would seeing him as a Gaulish from of Hercules. If Brunaux is right (p. 72) in describing him as a god who carries off the dead, the divinatory ritual discussed here becomes even more appropriate to him.

An interesting non-divinatory parallel comes an element of the Vedic funeral ritual as given in the *Asvalayana Grhya Sutra* 4.3.20-27 (in Panikkar, p. 606). A goat or cow is sacrificed and its pieces are put on or next to the corresponding part of the corpse — heart on heart, limbs on limbs, etc. The corpse is finally covered with the animal's skin.

Now this is clearly primarily an example of equating the dead person and the sacrifice. That, however, makes it all the more interesting. The dead man, covered with the skin of the sacrifice, is conveyed to the land of the dead. And he is presumably on top of a cremation pyre. Is this latter the source of the elevated platform? And could the divinatory ritual as a whole be an attempt to go to the land of the dead in the same way that dead men do?

The possibility of a connection between divination and funeral ritual is also raised by the famous funeral described by Ibn Fadlan

(CE 921) (summarized, for example, by Sayers, pp. 173-174). He describes a funeral of the Rus, a Germanic people living in what is now Russia. The relevant portions are that a slave who is going to accompany her master into death drinks an intoxicating beverage and is later lifted over a "doorframe" and tells those attending of what she sees in the land of the dead. The dead man lies in a ship, and after the rest of the ritual is performed the ship is set on fire. Since it requires approximately twenty-one square meters of wood to effectively cremate a human body (Barber, pp. 379-380), unless accelerants were used a pyre must have been erected, either around the ship or inside it, making a platform for the dead man.

I tentatively put forward the suggestion that this funeral ritual may also be a parallel. If so, the elements have been separated. It is not the dead man (obviously) who performs the ritual; his role is to lie in his boat on a pyre, perhaps a substitute for the platform found in the divination ritual. The roles of drinking the intoxicating beverage and observing the land of the dead fall to the slave who is about to be killed to accompany her master. Such elements as ritual intercourse and human sacrifice make me hesitant to put too much emphasis on this as a parallel. It is clear, though, that an investigation of Indo-European funeral rites is may lead to the origin of the divination ritual.

Funerals are themselves liminal rites, and there are strong elements of liminality throughout the Celtic and Germanic traditions. The ritual may be performed at a crossroads, or new ale consumed, or it is specified that the hide must be from a freshly slain animal. These tend to be lacking in the other traditions, and even some Celtic and Germanic examples, which leads me to believe that, while liminality was not a crucial element of the original ritual, it either was part of it, or has migrated into the ritual from other ritual practice.

Whatever the origin of the ritual, its clear presence in separated but complete form in both the two Irish sources and the Indo-Iranian sphere point toward a shared common Indo-European heritage. The seer, identified with the dead animal, goes where it goes, to the ancestors. And from them the seer acquires knowledge to benefit the community.

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Shining Lakes Lughfest Competitive Poetry

Judges: Kirn Greymalkin, Maria Valayil, Rob Henderson

Final Standings:

Toad

Willow

Dafydd

Davroz

Brooke

The winning poem of the Shining Lakes Lughfest poetry contest:

Harvest 2000

by Toad McGuire

Red apple, golden grain
The Gods provide once a year
The Harvest.

We toil and sweat
To bring in the best of
The Harvest.

Thrash and slice
Shuck and store
That Harvest.

Lest we forget, honor thy Gods
Thrice for that Harvest.

So set aside a day for your
Own Harvest
And thank the Gods for our bounty
Of all that is good
To sustain us 'til next year's
Harvest.

Second Place:

The Harvest is a Ring

by Willow Fae

The harvest is a ring
A ring has no end
When it seems done
It starts over again.

When the harvest is ready
You can share with anyone
Who wishes bear the fruit.

Bear it to the wind
That blows through the willows,
For the harvest is the willows
The wind blows through.

As well as wind that makes
the willows quiver and bend
The harvest is everywhere
Without end.

Fourth Place:

Harvest

by Davroz

At each day's awakening,
Rise and partake of the bounty,
Counting blessings bestowed
And repaying favors owed.

For each one is a provider
To the mother,
And beside her we strive
For another day to be alive.

Lest we forget our due,
She gives us tasks anew;
That each may work to solve
And meet with firm resolve.

If we are bold and strong,
We are assured of long unworried life.
If we are weak and lost,
The cost is pain and strife.

When day is done
And we have in hand our justly won reward,
Look to each other, sisters and brothers,
And bless the harvest of another day.

The Installation of the Archdruid

By Phoenix

The day opened clear and warm on Saturday, the 19th of May at our Wellspring Gathering. It seemed that all our energies were still flowing toward the special event. There were workshops scheduled and meetings to be had but in the back of that entire buzz, was knowledge that this day was special. For today was the day that Ár nDraíocht Féin would consecrate the new Archdruid.

The Grove of the Sacred Crows gathered myself and the head of our Artisan's Guild to discuss the ritual planned to help attune Skip for the festival's ritual culmination. Rob Barton had written a ritual for Skip that even the simple read-through sent shivers down my psychic self. I just couldn't wait to see this even through. What would my dad think? I had hoped that this was what he was hoping for.

Finally, clad all in black, and Skip resplendent in his full ritual attire, we made our way to the pre-chosen spot. Upon reaching our destination, we saw that Skip had stopped to ponder the true magic of our growing Earth Mother. He found a place where several plant species grew together, separate but one. Truly a symbol of ADF and our groves.

When the final preparations were made Skip was brought forth to sit beneath the tall maple tree and to gaze out at the forest. He was bade to listen to the teaching and wisdom of our ancestors. And to see within a child's eyes the power and strength of tomorrow. He drank from the cup of truth from the well of wisdom, was anointed with honey and oil and dressed again in his Druid robes. This ritual was simple, powerful, and true with its content. After the attunement was completed, Skip was left with the forest and his thoughts.

As the sun traveled further on his path, the sound of the horn gathered the folk assembled for the work. To the sound of the slow beaten drum, they assembled to the Nemeton at Brushwood Folklore center. There around fire, well and tree, we gathered. All the kindred and Skip's matron and patron were invoked, and then he was called forth. Met by Fox and the Archdruid Emeritus, Isaac Bonewits, Skip was challenged.

"Will you work for the people of ADF and put their needs before your own?" Asked Fox.

"I will," intoned Skip.

He would, he has, and he will continue to do so.

How many of us can make this sacrifice?

The ritual flowed around us all, spiraling in around Skip and all I heard were those first words of his sacrifice. Skip told those assembled his visions for ADF and made an offering of his own life and power. Many, MANY others stepped forth and added their strength and offerings to the Kindred and our working. With all the sacrifice of treasured and valued things, Skip's first words called out to me again. I saw people embrace him, look him in the eyes and draw out emotion from within him. Tears and laughter mingled in our magical moment. Time again spiraled, this time out to bring us back to our mundane world. Food and spirits did we find, as well as friends and fun for all. Many kind words and congratulations assailed Skip, who seemed to positively glow with happiness. Our evening potluck teemed with conversation, challenge from one warrior to another, and the overall excitement from a powerful and important ritual.

The last event of the evening was the Sumbel, a Norse drinking rite. The folk gathered in the roundhouse amongst the banners of the groves assembled, tables laden with drink and a fire large enough to warm the coldest heart. Oaths were made, tribute to our new Archdruid offered, as well as other deserving folk. Toasts and boasts were made as laughter and energy flowed, and still Skip's words of sacrifice were still in my head.

"Will you work for the people of ADF and put their needs before your own?" Asked Fox.

"I will," intoned our new Archdruid.

He would, he has, and he will continue to do so.

He is a powerful man whose intelligence and drive for perfection as he sees it will steer our ADF into a new era. We are lucky to have him in our grove and as part of our lives. I know I am honored to call him Dad.

Roman Divination for the Installation of the New Archdruid

by Jenni Hunt

Over the past three years, I've had my own personal gadfly trying to get me into the Seers Guild and develop my divinatory abilities. That very same gadfly asked me to help take the omen for the main ritual at Wellspring this year, whereby Skip Ellison would be installed as the new Archdruid. After such hesitation and uncertainty, I accepted the challenge, thinking that if all else failed, I could always flip a coin—a Roman *sestercius*, of course.

Before I can describe the events of the ritual and my divination, I need to provide a brief explanation of Roman Augury. For Romans, divination never involved fortune-telling or predictions. But it was generally agreed that if all things are comprised of an essential element, it follows that one event could be reflected in another, such as in the appearance of entrails, lightning, or the flight of birds. Rather than answering such questions as "What will happen tomorrow?" or "Who will I marry?" auspices were taken to determine if a particular course of action is approved by the Gods (*fas* vs. *nefas*), or "What does this sign tell us about the gods' will?" (Ogilvie 55)

There are "necessary' auspices (*impetravtiva*), which are solicited and which ask for the answer to a direct question, as well as "fortuitous" auspices (*oblativa*), which were unsolicited and unexpected. When an *auspex* set himself up to take the *auspicia*, he would clearly define where and when he would be looking for signs. He would designate a quarter of the sky (*templum*) with a staff (*lituus*) to watch for a sign, typically from the flight and song of birds appearing within that *templum* during the designated period of time. There are two types of bird behavior to observe—that of the *oscines*, singing birds such as the raven, crow and owl whose strength, pitch, intonation, position, and frequency of song was noted; and the *alites,* flying birds such as the eagle and vulture, whose speed, direction, number, height, rhythm, the strength of the sound of their flapping wings, and actual behavior were observed.

In addition to birds, I include as part of my observation any other natural phenomena (e.g., rain, falling leaves and ashes) or beings (e.g., butterflies, chipmunks, hornets) present; the direction of the wind and any obvious changes thereof; smells that may be carried on the wind into the *templum*; inorganic objects (e.g., airplanes, passing cars) or events occurring within the *templum*; as well as any distractions, errors, or miscues in the ritual celebration itself (e.g., the priest forgetting the words of an important prayer, someone stumbling, falling, or becoming ill during the ritual).

There seems to be little extant information regarding the specifics of augury—it isn't as if you can consult Cicero's *On Divination* to determine the significance of a male sparrow flitting across the *templum* from right to left while singing. In Latin, the word for "left" is *sinister* and is considered unlucky, while the "right" is *dexter*, or fortunate. Generally, it seems to me that movement from left to right is fortunate, but where solid research fails me, I rely on inspiration and divine intervention—a tricky combination, I admit. However, prior to this Wellspring, I had taken the auspices three times—one for a private *Lemuria* rite, one for a Roman *confarreatio* wedding, and one for our Grove Inception ritual. Each of these divinations has proven to be quite successful, and the vividness of the divination I describe below still stuns me. All I really did was sit, watch, and listen—the clarity of the signs I observed was so obvious that I have no doubt there was a significant divine intervention.

Divination for the Installation of the New Archdruid

I had come to the Nemeton early and set up my chair so that I was facing roughly east/southeast and had a good view of the ritual area, as well as a clearing in the trees above and slightly to my left. The wind was coming from behind me from my left to my right, and the sun was also at my back. There were few clouds, and they also seemed to be moving from my left to my right. I marked my *templum's*

—Continued on next page

Here are the final results for the 2001 election of officers

Please note that these are the 2001 *election results, not the most recent election results. Since the 2001 election, Hekatatia was elected temporary Member's Advocate after Amber Ferguson resigned. Cari Raines resigned as Central Region Director. Allen Marshall declined election (he was elected by one write-in vote).*

Below: the results of the 2001 elections!

Total votes available to be cast: 1176

Total Votes Cast: 522 (44%)

Votes Cast by Region:

Northeast:	219	(42%)
Great Lakes:	159	(30%)
Ohio River:	67	(13%)
Central:	48	(9%)
Pacific:	17	(3%)
Southeast:	8	(2%)
Far North:	2	(0.4%)
International:	1	(0.2%)
Unknown:	1	(0.2%)

2001 Officer Election Results

Archdruid:

Skip Ellison:	494	(95%)

Vice Archdruid:

Sue Parker	373	(71%)
Anthony Thompson	134	(26%)
Norma Hoffman	14	(3%)

Scribe:

Matt Ducar	475	(92%)

Administrator:

Todd Covert	483	(93%)

Member's Advocate:

Amber Ferguson	436	(84%)

Preceptor:

Rob Barton	457	(88%)
Cynndara Morgan	17	(3%)
Isaac Bonewits	14	(3%)
Amergin Aryson	4	(1%)
Sue Parker	3	(1%)
Rob Henderson	2	(0.4%)

Non-Officer Director:

Rob Barber-Delach	402	(77%)
Michael Immonen	35	(7%)
Bob Knox	14	(3%)
Sue Parker	7	(1%)

Regional Director Election Results

Northeast Regional Director:

Paul Maurice	109	(50%)
Jennifer Hunt	101	(46%)
Fran Hendrick	14	(6%)

Great Lakes Regional Director:

Rob Henderson	82	(52%)
Shawn Miller	44	(28%)

Ohio River Regional Director:

Walter Minning	46	(69%)
Anthony Bailey	20	(30%)

Southeast Regional Representative:

Allen Marshall	1	(13%)

Central Regional Representative:

Cari Raines	29	(60%)

Far Northern Regional Representative:

No candidates

2002 Annual Membership Meeting:

Wellspring Gathering	280	(54%)
Summerlands Festival	116	(22%)
Lughnasadh Festival	84	(16%)

The Guild Master election is completed and our new Guild Master is Gwynne Green—*Chief of our oldest Guild and Chief Bard since 1994.*

The Mother Grove also appointed Jenni Hunt *as the remaining Non-Officer Director position. Congratulations and Bright Blessings to all!*

—Fox

Roman Divination of the Archdruid Rite

Continued from page 3...

vertical boundaries by specific trees to my left and to my right, and the horizontal boundaries by the level of the tree tops above and by a line on the ground between the two trees, which included part of the ritual space and circle itself within the Nemeton.

As the main celebrants consecrated the site, little happened. But as they were nearly finished, a bright, fat, male robin came to inspect their work. He lit almost directly in the center my *templum*, cocked his head, fluttered to another branch to examine the site from that perspective, nodded his approval, and flew off to my right. Robins are the cheerful harbingers of Spring and so beginnings, so I interpreted this robin's sanction of our ritual preparations as an extremely positive omen. We were definitely ready to begin.

Soon I noticed that the birds of those woods began to raise their voices, their songs, and their chatter. They sounded eager, excited, anticipatory, and downright impatient. I sensed that they didn't need most of the ritual elements we normally perform, but accepted that we needed to go through them in order to tune in to the environment properly—something they do naturally. As I sat in the Nemeton, listening to the cacophony crescendo, I began to hear the heartbeat drum and saw the first of the folk processing to the Nemeton. During the entire course of the ritual, this woodland concerto continued, and as the breeze bent the branches in the upper part of the

templum and sparrows and robins flitted in and out of view, they consistently moved from left to right, indicating the blessings of those Kindred present.

Once the Outsiders had been acknowledged and asked to disturb not our working, a turkey vulture appeared in the *templum*, soaring in from directly in front of me in the east. Then as it was directly above the Nemeton, it slowly looped counterclockwise once and continued on its way west, carrying with him of that which we had not summoned.

I noticed that Mark, who was acting as photographer and was stationed in the lower right center of the *templum*, stumbled, causing a slight distraction just as the services of the exiting Archdruid, Fox, were acknowledged. I hesitate to draw a conclusion from this event — suffice it to say that any such message was only parenthetical to the main working of the rite, the overall omen for which was positive.

Morrigan anticipated her invitation to join us as a Deity of the occasion, but remained with Skip, as his patron. Even before she was invoked, I heard the call of a single crow behind me in west, where Skip waited to enter the Nemeton. The crow never entered the *templum*, skirting the edge of the woods, but she did seem to settle quietly—for the most part—among the trees on the western edge of the woods to observe the rite. I felt her watchful presence and heard her occasional call punctuate various parts of the Archdruid's oath throughout during remainder of the rite.

Soon after Skip had entered the Nemeton, almost directly in the center of the *templum*, I noticed a jet far above, traveling downward with a slight left-to-right angle from my view. It seemed to me a prodigy, its vapor trail making it look like a falling star, marking that moment as auspicious, a sign from the Gods of the Sky the holiness of the moment.

At some point after the gates had been open and the deities of the occasion invoked, but before the main offerings were made, I began to hear the drone of an airplane approaching the *templum* from the right. I listened and watched it with some degree of anxiety as it entered the *templum*. As it did so, the breeze swirled around in disarray in the trees above, and the birdsong became garbled. While I didn't feel these signals outweighed any of the previous positive omens, I sensed that something more was going to be asked of the folk in attendance at the rite.

When it was time for me to announce the omen, I stepped up into the center of the Nemeton without a plan or words yet in mind for what I would say. I announced that the nature spirits of that land looked upon the installation of our new Archdruid with much excitement and approval, but that there was more wanted from each of those in attendance. Skip's oath to ADF was not sufficient to guarantee the prosperity of the organization without corresponding oaths from the folk. As I told of this conditional blessing, I turned counterclockwise, catching the eye of each person in the circle around the Nemeton, offering the caveat that no one present should leave the rite until they had given something of themselves.

I announced, "Bene — It is well."

I returned to my seat to observe any further signs, interrupting my vigilance for a moment while I made my own sacrifice and whispered vow. I vaguely noted people coming and going to the well and dropping things into it, laying objects in the fire, or casting them about the Nemeton. Finally, the wind shifted its course and blew true and strong from behind me and into the southeast, carrying on it the coda of the birdsong that had begun before even the folk had arrived. Relaxed now, I sensed the scales had been tipped, and I announced, *"Bene*— It is well." The installation of the new Archdruid has met with the approval of the Kindreds and the prosperity of Ár nDraíocht Féin assured to the extent that we all keep the oaths we made that day.

Pax Deorum nobiscum!!

ADF Administrator Report

Lughnassadh 2001

Submitted by Todd Covert
Administrator, ADF

THE ADMINISTRATIVE STATE OF THE ORGANIZATION:

ADF has undergone a fairly substantial change in its administrative structure since spring 2001. The previous Administrator, Anthony Thompson, appointed himself Information Manager, charged with oversight of ADF's information technology functions, freeing me up to concentrate on those functions specifically delegated to the Administrator: provision of membership services and fiscal administration.

The first of these two areas has been brought directly under the supervision of the Administrator for the first time. The decision was made to move the ADF Office from Michigan—where it had been during Fox's term as Archdruid—to California (where I reside). The position of Office Manager has been vacated because of this move and I have assumed direct responsibility for membership processing. ADF had been employing a part-time paid office worker to do this work in Michigan, but had no Office Manager to train, supervise, or—most crucially—back her up when she was unavailable, subsequent to Janet Adelmann's resignation last fall. We may yet hire a part-time employee in California, but that decision is being weighed against the possible renting of an office space.

At this time, processing of new memberships is generally taking no more than two weeks from the time the members sends his or her payment to the Office. It is hoped that this will be sustained in the long term.

On the fiscal front, the Mother Grove passed a resolution conforming the operating budget year to the Bylaws-mandated fiscal year. This entails the relatively painless expedient of operating an additional six months under the budget pattern established by Anthony. I applaud Anthony for being the first to develop a budget for ADF. I will be submitting a proposed budget for 2002 in November.

Financially, ADF is doing better than it has in years, with over $20,000 in the bank between the existing account in Michigan and the new checking account in California. It is my hope that some of this will go towards publication of a Dedicant Program handbook and a revised Grove Organizers Handbook.

One area of concern, however, is the state of ADF's financial records. As in so many areas, we have had turnover in the office of Pursewarden recently. This has left our records in some degree of disarray. Our current Pursewarden, Gaiason, is working to remedy this and has succeeded in preparing preliminary financial reports for last year. Much work remains, however, to reconcile the books up to the present.

In other areas, our online Regalia sales operation is being reworked by our new Regalia Manager, Francesca, acting chief of the Artisans Guild. Archdruid Skip Ellison has been diligently selling Regalia items at festivals this summer and has brought in over $1000 in sales. *OAK LEAVES* Editor, Seabhac Fionn and his staff succeeded in turning out two issues in the space of one month, getting us, essentially, back on schedule after an unfortunate lapse. As an adjunct to the quarterly *"OL"*, I began an irregularly-issued electronic newsletter, sent to all members with e-

ADF has undergone a fairly substantial change in its administrative structure since spring 2001

mail, called *"News from the ADF Office"*. Response was remarkably favorable and I hope that this will become a regular offering by future Administrators.

Behind the scenes, Anthony Thompson is working on updates to the architecture of ADF's member database which will allow it to be moved onto the Web, facilitating easier editing and, ultimately, true instant online joining and renewal. At the same time, Webmaster Shawn Miller has provided a number of new pages to the ADF website this year, particularly pertaining to the new Study Program requirements.

ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD APPOINTMENTS IN THE PREVIOUS QUARTER:

I am pleased to report that virtually all of ADF's appointed "Administrative Board" agreed to continue in their respective positions. This includes: Seabhac Fionn, *OAK LEAVES* Editor; Anthony Thompson, Information Manager; Shawn Miller, Webmaster; Jan Curran, Listmaster; and Gaiason, Pursewarden. New to the Admin Board are: Douglas Dean, Assistant Administrator; and Francesca, Regalia Manager. The position of Chronicler remains vacant, as Sylvan declined to continue in the post. At this writing, four members have expressed interest in the position and a decision is expected in a few weeks.

PLANNED ACTIVITIES FOR THE NEXT QUARTER:

Aside from the search for a Chronicler mentioned above, a reevaluation of the Regions and the responsibilities of the Regional Directors is currently being undertaken and should be finished during the coming quarter. A decision as to whether to commit resources to a physical Office space in California or to a paid office helper should happen during this time as well. Another issue of *OAK LEAVES* is due out shortly. And our relaunch of Regalia online shouldn't be too far behind that.

Number of members at the beginning of the quarter:	585
Number of members at the end of the quarter:	621
Number of members expired in the previous quarter:	47
Number of members renewed in the previous quarter:	30
Number of new members in the previous quarter:	53

Respectfully submitted,
Todd Covert
Administrator, ADF

Warrior's Guild Championship — Trillium 2002 —

5th overall — BJ
4th overall — Sleeping Dragon & Uberod
3rd overall — Seabhac Fionn
2nd overall — Guy
1st overall — Kyle

Individual Events

GO — Guy
Short Distance Archery — Seabhac Fionn
Long Range Archery — Guy
Ugly Ball Throw — Sleeping Dragon
Circle Challenge — Kyle
Footrace — Lee

On the Solitary Path

Reading the Book of the World

By Judith Anderson Morris (toadie)

As I see it, one of the primary tasks of Druidry is to simply *see*. Seeing is easy. You have only to open your eyes. We have been given the gift of sight at birth; a newborn opening her eyes to the world for the first time sees, but it is seeing without meaning. The seeing that changes our lives, that touches our spirit, that teaches us about our world is the seeing of another kind. Writer Marcel Proust puts it this way: "The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes."

In their book, *Spiritual Literacy: Reading the Sacred in Everyday Life*, Frederic and Mary Ann Brussat tell a story from the film *Smoke*. A man who manages a cigar store in Brooklyn takes a picture of his store at precisely eight A.M. daily from across the street. He then dates the photo and puts it into an album with four thousand other photos taken at the same time and place.

One day he shows the pictures to a man who is suffering from writer's block. The man flips through the albums, but admits he just doesn't "get it." He declares that the pictures are all the same. The store owner patiently explains that the details are in the differences, that one spot experiences a wide variety of small changes daily. This revelation changes the writer's perspective, and he loses his writer's block.

The cigar store owner is reading the book of the world. He is stepping beyond the ordinary. He is truly *seeing*.

I remember a professor when I was a writing major telling the story of a girl who had severe writer's block and was in jeopardy of failing his class. He sent her out to a café on a corner and told her to write about what she saw. She came back with a list of things, but no real writing or meaning. Okay, he told her, then look at that wall and write about one brick. The way to understanding, he said, starts with the details.

A Taoist philosopher puts it this way: "One has to be in the same place every day, watch the dawn from the same house, hear the same birds awake each morning, to realize how inexhaustibly rich and different is the sameness."

That is the challenge of Druidry. Just today and today and today. *Seeing* our world and its place in our worship. When we truly see the world around us and above us and below us, we are grand participants in the worlds and realms of worship.

I challenge you to begin *seeing* your small world and journaling it. Soon you will be writing the book of the world—one day at a time.

CORRECTION:

The deadline for the call for papers in *Oak Leaves 17* has been extended to November 15, 2002.

Please send electronic submissions to
ohturtle@aol.com
and paper submissions to
Jenni Hunt, *c/o* the ADF office.

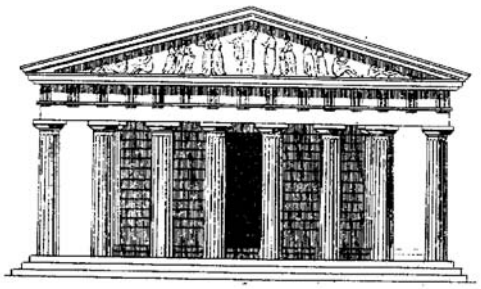
Book Review

OLD STONES, NEW TEMPLES: ANCIENT GREEK PAGANISM REBORN

BY DREW CAMPBELL

Xlibris Corporation
ISBN: 0-7388-3201-4 (Trade Paperback)
ISBN: 0-7388-9201-7 (eBook)\Pages: 352
http://www2.xlibris.com/bookstore/
bookdisplay. asp?bookid=1219

Old Stones, New Temples was written by Drew Campbell as an introduction to Hellenic religion. It does all it says and then some. Even though it was not written for a scholarly audience, Campbell has striven for historical and linguist accuracy, with footnotes provided at the end of every chapter, and a very informative bibliography and glossary. The outline format of the chapters is especially useful when trying to quickly locate information on a God, divinity, hero, et cetera, or when preparing to read up on an upcoming festival. The exercises included in some of the chapters are also a nice touch in finding ways to apply what has just been read.



The main purpose of *Old Stones, New Temples* is to serve as a handbook to practice a modern form of Hellenic Paganism. The book was also written for those interested in clergy; to provide a theoretical introduction to the religion for those perhaps devoted to another faith, pagan or not. The book is also useful for friends and/or families of Hellenic Pagans. Several chapters are written to provide answers to basic questions involving paganism (some specific to Hellenism).

The first part of the book delves into the Gods and the Universe. The first two chapters on mythos and polytheology, and cosmology, theogony, and anthropogony are very straightforward. Clearly outlined and defined, Campbell shows how what is known of the ancient models can apply to modern day living. The remaining chapters in this section provide a very informative guide to the Olympians and other Gods—including the Underworld-with brief descriptions, epithets and devotional activities associated with them, and heroes, nature divinities and other beings.

The second section discusses styles of worship, with chapters on sacrifice and the cosmic order, the mysteries and alternative religious movements, and divination, oracles and the will of the Gods. There is a standard offertory ritual outline that can be used for modern practice.

Part three looks at Hellenic values. The chapter on ethics and living in community provides an overview of the Greek view of human interaction, social bonds, time, glory, and acclaim, moderation along with other Delphic maxims from the point of view of writers of the ancient times. In summary, the author provides food for thought as to how relevant this is to modern Hellenes, since more interest may lie in reconstructing religion and not its social structures. The following chapter on the Hellenic view of prayer and piety continues with what is known from ancient sources, such as the importance of daily acts performed. The last chapter in the section provides more detail on worship at home and outlines Hellenic devotional rites and daily observances that can be performed. There is even a schedule of the regular monthly devotions.

Part four looks at modern ways to celebrate the life cycle. Included is a historical background behind the rituals of childhood, adolescence, marriage and funerary rites along with modern observances and actual rituals that can be performed.

The fifth section provides rituals for special needs, once again, including historical perspective and applying it to the modern day with rituals that can be performed. Included are a rite for purification and a Delphic oracular rite.

The sixth part is a large section of the book and provides the most information on celebrating the

Continued on next page

Old Stones New Temples

Continued from page 25...

annual festivals, or heortai. The first chapter explains how and why the rituals used in this book are used. Included is the Hellenic ritual calendar, based upon the Athenian calendar of the classical period, and the names for the 12 months. Ancient and modern applications are given as well as a list of some useful items to have on hand for rituals. The following 10 chapters are devoted to more than 20 festivals and include approximate date(s) celebrated, background, modern observance, a scripted ritual that can be performed and a suggested menu feast.

The final part provides miscellaneous information, including a Hellenism FAQ, resources and some recipes for incense and festive dishes. The glossary and extensive bibliography are both quite useful resources to complete the book.

Overall, *Old Stones, New Temples* is a great reference book for anyone looking for an easy-to-read, well documented and researched approach to modern Hellenic Reconstructionist Paganism. Speaking now from personal experience, my sister (non-Pagan) found the FAQ and introduction on Pagan reconstructionism quite informative and easy to understand.

Reviewed by Kallisto

Roman Holidays

Continued from page 11...

Maximus. Tacitus noted that "the furrow which traced the boundaries of the town began at the Cattle Market (the *Forum boarium*) to take in the great altar of Hercules." (Rose 90) No Italian equivalent of Hercules was found, and so he wouldn't seem so foreign, he was initially known as *Semo Sancus Dius Fedius*. His cult was controlled by the families of the Potitii and Pinarii until State took over in 312 BCE.

The sacrifice was celebrated in Greek manner with the head uncovered but crowned with laurel.

The Praetor sacrifices a heifer to Hercules, and during the sacrifice, there must be no reference to any other gods made (no *generalis invocatio*). No part of the sacrificed animal could be removed from the temple area, so it had to be eaten then and there—a free meal especially appreciated by the poorer residents of the city. There were no restrictions on what Hercules could eat or drink (*Herculi autem omnia esculenta, poculenta*), and he had quite a reputation for gluttony.

The district where his temple was situated was considered so holy that women were excluded, and even dogs and flies were not permitted to pollute the area of his altar. It is not coincidental that the area of the *Forum boarium* is central to merchants, who considered Hercules their patron. The regularly tithed part of their income to him to placate him and ask for continued prosperity. They also honored Hercules as one who successfully averted evil, as he had done in his many adventures.

August 13—Festival of Diana—*nefastus publicus*

Diana was originally an Italian goddess, perhaps originally a wood spirit, but later she came to be associated more generally with the affairs of women. Her cult center at Aricia was associated with politics from an early time, Diana being the chief deity of the Latin League, which met at her sacred grove (*nemus*) at Aricia. The *Rex nemorensi* ("King" of the grove of Nemi) was well known as "the priest who slew the slayer and shall himself be slain," and Frazer's *Golden Bough* begins with the telling of a ritual slaying—if one could break a bough from the tree, he would be entitled to fight the king. Tradition has it that Servius Tullius founded the cult of Diana in Rome, yet outside the *pomerium* on the Aventine Hill, in order to unite the Latins with the Romans.

Two kinds of offerings were made to Diana: models of female reproductive organs or women with children, and stags and other animals associated with the hunt. Slaves were allowed to attend her festival—one of the few they could attend without fear of 'polluting' the ceremonies, in fact, they could seek asylum in the temple on the Aventine Hill. Ritual practices on this day also included women washing their hair, but the reason for this is unexplained.

August 13—Festival of Vortumnus—*nefastus publicus*

Originally an Etruscan god of the fullness of fruit, Vortumnus was worshipped as the patron deity of

the city of the Volsinii and may indeed have been the chief god of the Etruscans. Like Juno, he probably came to Rome by the rite of *evocatio*, when the Volsinii were successfully besieged by Marcus Fulvius Flaccus, who triumphed in 264 BCE.

The husband of Pomona, Vortumnus, for whom "the first grape turns blue on its bunch, and the ear of corn swells with a milky juice" was sometimes known as Vertumnus (Propertius 4, 2, 13f) and associated with changes, particularly the change of seasons. According to Propertius, Vertumnus receives the first fruits of the season and in whose right hand could be seen the first purple grapes of the vintage, the first yellow ears of corn at harvest, sweet blushing cherries, autumn plums, apples, and pears, and mulberries reddening in summer days; there too in the basket lay the dark-green cucumber and swelling gourd, and there, or wreathed about his face, drooped every flower that bloomed in the meadows. (Ovid 438-40)

According to Ovid, by appearing to the shy goddess Pomona in many disguises, Vertumnus was finally able to woo her when he appeared in his own form, although she was nearly blinded by his brilliance!

August 17—PORTUNALIA—*nefastus publicus*

Portunus is an ancient Italian deity. His flamen was responsible for little more than applying grease (*persillum*) to the armor (*arma*) on the statue of Quirinus. Portunus is associated with doors and considered to be a protector of doors and, more particularly, keys. His name could be translated as a "a means of carrying across," in which case, very early in Rome's history he could have been the deity who presided over the ferry that crossed the Tiber. Indeed, this August 17 is referred to as the *Tiberinali*a by the Philocalus calendar. Eventually Portunus was also understood to be the god of *ports* (*harbors*).

August 19—Vinalia Rustica—*dies fasti*

The Vinalia ("wine festival"), originally honoring Jupiter, but later associated with Venus, in her capacity as a deity of the well-tended garden, rather than the Goddess of love and beauty she became after being associated with the Greek Goddess, Aphrodite. Varro notes that on this date a "temple was dedicated to Venus and gardens were set apart for her, and then the kitchen-gardeners went on holiday" (Varro VI 20). *Vinalia Rustica* is the second wine festival of the year, the first being the Vinalia Priora on April 23, when the first wine from the previous year's vintage could be brought into the city.

The Vinalia Rustica was celebrated in the country to celebrate the start of the grape harvest, although but mid-August is really too early for that—harvesting usually takes place at the end of September. Perhaps it was more to gain protection for the growing vine, instead. An offering of a ewe-lamb was made to Jupiter, and before the entrails were laid on the sacrificial fire, the Flamen Dialis officially announced the vintage (*auspicatur vindemoniam*) and picked the first bunch of the year

August 21—CONSUALIA—*nefastus publicus*

Consus is the God of the store bin and the harvested grain that is stored in underground storage bins. Consus had an underground altar lying beneath the track of the Circus Maximus at the first turn at the southeastern end of the *spina*—a spot traditionally considered to be one of the four corners of Rome's original *pomerium*. On July 7, a sacrifice is made by the *sacerdotibus publicis* to bless the storage of grain after the June harvests. The pit was kept covered and opened only when such offerings were made. (See also, the *Consualia*, August 19 and December 15 at the time of autumn sowing.) The August Consualia celebrates the end of the harvest. In the lower-lying areas of Italy, the grain would be cut by about July 31 and slightly later in areas of higher elevation. It also included attention to the goddesses Seia, Segeta (also known as Segestia), Messia (the Goddess of seedtime and crops), and Tutulina (the Goddess who watched of the preservation of the crops). Consus means "storer," or more precisely refers to the deity in charge of the ensilage of crops or the harvest store.

The Flamen Quirinalis was in charge of the ritual sacrifice, along with the Vestal Virgins. They would remove the soil from the underground altar in the Circus Maximus, and begin with a sacrifice of the first fruits. The festivities continue with horse and chariot races in the Circus Maximus, and horses and asses in the city would be garlanded and given a vacation day in Consus's honor.

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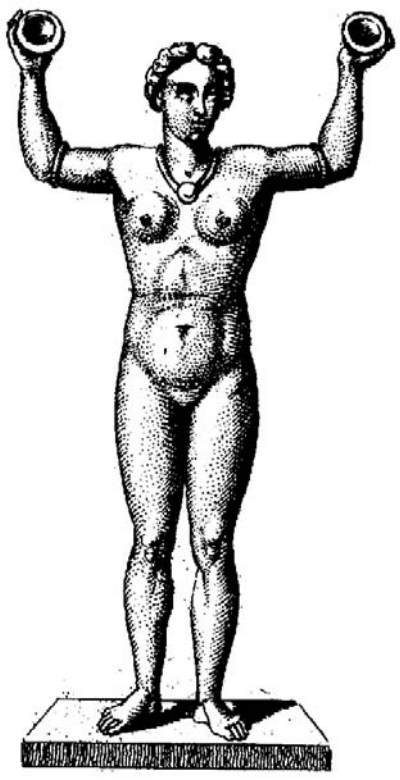
Dionysus of Halicarnassus associated those horse races with the story of the Rape of the Sabine Women. Romulus took the opportunity to exploit the Sabine men's love of horse racing by inviting to the Consualia. While they were engrossed in the races, the Romans stole the Sabine women. The Etruscans also had a penchant for horse racing, and there may indeed be a connection between horses, which were funerary animals, with the underground altar of Consus in the Circus Maximus. Later, Consus became equated with the Greek God, Poseidon, because of his association with horses.

August 23—Volcanalia—*nefastus publicus*

Vulcanus is thought to have originally been an Italian fire god, although his name is not Latin. He is one of the older deities of Rome, however, as he does have his own Flamen. He would have been particularly respected—feared even—during the dry season because he could destroy all the crops and even the city with his destructive fire. He was never associated with the creative fire of the Greek God, Hephaestus; indeed, Vulcanus was the father of the fire-breathing monster Cacus that Hercules had to defeat.

The temple of Vulcanus had to be built outside *pomerium* because of his the potential for dangerous destructiveness. Offerings were made not just to Vulcan, but also the nymphs Juturna and Ops Opifera, deities of water, whose assistance may have been enlisted in case of an uncontrolled fire. Ops is also associated with corn and the harvest. Vulcanus received a classic substitution sacrifice—people would drive animals into the fire as a substitute for themselves or throw live fish as a substitute for human souls *pro se*. According to Varro, "on that day the people, acting for themselves, drive their animals over a fire" (Varro VI 20).

Several other deities related to water and harvest, Maia, the Nymphs, Ops, and Hora, receive homage along with Vulcanus. Maia is the consort of Vulcan and the goddess responsible for the growth of living things. She also received a sacrifice of a pregnant sow by the *flamen Volcanalis* on May 1. On August 23, according to the *Fasti Arvales*, a sacrifice to her was made *supra comitium*, that is, the Area Vulcani that rose above the Comitium. Ops Opifera, a deity of water (in case of uncontrolled fire) was also associated with corn and the harvest. In that capacity, she is the Goddess of fertility and plenty. About Hora or the Nymphs we know virtually nothing.



Ops

August 25—OPICONSIVIA—*nefastus publicus*

The cult of Ops ("Lady Bountiful the Planter"), the Goddess of plenty, may be of ancient Sabine origin. She received sacrifice in connection with Volcanalia on August 23. According to Festus, she is regarded as Earth (*terra*) because human race and all resources come from her *omnes opes*. The *sacrarium* (shrine) in the Regia corresponds to the household *penus*, the domestic store cupboard, and the fruits of the earth were tended by the king's 'daughters,' the Vestals.

*A*ugust 27—VOLTURNALIA—*nefastus publicus*

Voluturnus is thought to be an Etruscan river or wind god. Although his nature and origins are cause for much speculation, there was a *Flamen Volturnali*s dedicated to his service. He is variously described as the father of Juturna (a fountain deity), the wind of devastation "whirling around the heights" (Lucretius 5, 745), who raised clouds of dust during battle of Cannae (Liv., 22, 43, 10) and burned the grapes (Col, 5, 5, 15). His name may be related to the verb *volvere* ("to roll"), lending credence to the idea that he is the embodiment of Eurus, the name for both the southeast wind and a river in Campania. Or Volturnus may be an Etruscan name associated with the family name, Velthuma.

September—*(Mensis September)*

September was a month of relaxation; there were lots of

games, but no really important festivals. There are no large letter days (used on most calendars to indicate the most important festivals) in the entire month. The campaigning season is over, and September marks the lull between the harvest and the vintage. At this time, farmers would be expected to paint their wine jars with pitch, pick apples, loosen the soil around tree roots, and cut straw. According to the rustic calendar, the month is protected by Vulcan. In September, there is only one *nefastus publicus*, a day on which public religious festivals are celebrated, five dies fasti, or days on which legal action is permitted, and 21 *dies comitales*, days on which citizens may vote on political or criminal matters.

September 1—Jupiter & Juno—*dies fasti*

There are two temples dedicated to Jupiter dedicated by Augustus on this date. One was dedicated to Jupiter *Libe*r or *Libertas*, the God of liberty of Osco-Umbrian origin. Unlike Dionysus, with whom Liber later became associated, Jupiter Liber had nothing to do with wine. Rather, he presided over creativity or the creative force (Adkins' Dictionary 122).

Also on September 1, Camillus vowed a temple to Juno Regina. Camillus' s capture of the city of Veii in 396 BCE is a fascinating example of the Roman rite of *evocati*o. The Romans were having a very difficult time capturing the besieged Etruscan city, and so Camillus took a rather drastic move in stealing its patron deity. The rite of *evocati*o involves luring a deity from her home by promises of more grandiose worship elsewhere. In Camillus's case, it worked like a charm. He built Juno a beautiful temple in Rome in 392 BCE, and in it he put the wooden statue he had brought from Veii. This is how Juno came to be respected as one of the most important deities in Rome.

September 4-19—LUDI ROMANI

The Roman Games were held to honor Jupiter Optimus Maximus, whose temple on the Capitoline was dedicated on September 13 in 509 BCE during the reign of Tarquin the Elder. Originally, they were votive games, but came to be celebrated annually by 366 BCE, and the number of days increased to sixteen days. Cicero relates a story that explains the annual repetition of the games that were first held during the Latin War. Apparently, a slave "bearing a yoke was led about the circus and beaten with rods." After that the dream a man reported having had a dream indicating that Jupiter was greatly displeased. The man was told in the dream to report it to the Senate, and when he failed to do so immediately, he became quite ill. His friends carried him to where the Senate was meeting, at which he related the substance of his dream, then immediately became well. The Senate acknowledged the credibility of the man's dream by having the games repeated (Cicero 283-4).

Jupiter as Deus Pater

These rather expensive festivities were organized by the Curule Aediles and were extremely popular, since they included numerous games and lots of free entertainment for nearly half the month of September. Dionysus of Halicarnassus describes in detail the procession beginning the games. In it were athletes, dancers, flute and cithara players, burlesque bands, and statues of Gods and Goddesses carried on litters. Following the procession were chariot races and running, boxing, wrestling, and gymnastic competitions, as well as theatrical shows.

September 13—'Banquet' with Jupiter (and later Juno, Minerva)—*nefastus publicus*

This *epulum* takes place at end of the Ludi Romani to commemorate the dedication of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, which was dedicated by Marcus Horatius Pulvillus, the first consul of the Republic. At that temple was the tradition of driving a nail into the temple wall each year to avert plague. By counting the number of nails in the wall, one could tell what year it was.

—Continued on next page

Roman Holidays

Continued from page 29...

By the first century BCE, the celebration became a joint feast among magistrates, senators, and the deities of the Capitoline Trio —Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. In 196 BCE, the banquet had become so elaborate that a college of three *Epulines* was appointed, whose responsibility it was to organize all such banquets. Festivities began with a sacrifice of a white heifer and using the second batch of mola salsa made by the Vestal Virgins. The images of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva presided over the banquet. Jupiter's face was reddened with *minium* and he reclined on a *leculus*, a "dining couch," while Juno and Minerva, decked out in the finest of garmets, were seated on *sellae*, "chairs." Just as one might entertain any dinner guests, the images of the deities were offered food and plied with music.

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_____. *On the Latin Language: Books V-VII*. Robert G. Kent, trans. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1938.

Vulcan

Connecting with Environments

Continued from page 3...

has a gradual downward roll to it through mostly young woods down to the bottomlands and back up the other side to the next ridge. It is eastern deciduous forest that bears the climax vegetation of the region. The ground surface is a northwest facing slope, on the opposite side of the same ridge as the first site, that was logged in the 1960s. But since that time, saplings sprouted from the stumps of the logged trees. They nourish their small bodies with the old, established root systems. Moss and fragments of the underlying bedrock girdle many of the tree trunks.

This place seemed friendly to the Druids. They felt the presence of the Fair folk and other spirits as well as an overall enchantment.

WHITE OWL: The second site, even though the trees were relatively small and leafless, was luxuriant by contrast. Below us was forest sweeping down to the valley floor and way back up to the top of Shade Mountain on the other side. (The wide fields and the road that I know lie below were hidden by the thickets.) The almost vertical slope of the mountain opposite gave a sense of grandeur and scale that made the abundance of moss on the ground all around us comforting and immediate. Intricately patterned and vividly green, the moss contrasted sharply with the dull grays and browns of woods and rocks. Like bright bed coverings or thick carpets for the fairies who might live there. I felt a sense of shared pleasure and peacefulness. Although I know many other places on the farm which seem more magical and

enchanted to me, that day this place was the one.

SKIP: On the second ridge, the feelings I got were of warmth and peace. It appeared to be a place frequented by the Fair Folk, as well as by many of the woodland animals. There were also strong feelings of the bounty and fertility of the forest.

EXPLORE: It seemed comfortable and stable. Possibly nurturing. I felt a sense of an old natural order at this site. Even though the trees were not that much older than those at the first site, they seemed at peace with the process of living.

DOBRHAN: I felt much more relaxed & cheerful. I was playing with some small stones & watching the treetops sway in the wind. The site felt more lively & protected. Although I didn't see any animals at this site either, it was easy to imagine squirrels playing on the trees & deer browsing on their way down the slope. The soil was much spongier than the other site (a lot more organic material), & there were soft drifts of moss growing. I also found lots of acorns at this site, whereas at the other site I only found two.

FRANCESCA: As soon as we came to it, all I could do was smile. The positive energy that flowed through this place was intoxicating. I could feel the 'fairy' or fair folk all around; they darted behind trees watching us. Not alarmed but curious as to why we had stopped at this particular place. I could feel the energy in the tree that I touched and just smiled. To my left we had passed a small grove of pines, in passing I had not noticed it, but now my attention drawn to it I felt them strongly centered there. I stooped down and started placing small stones in a stacked arrangement; I could feel the vibrations in the stones and let them tell me how to place them. I did it in honor of the folk that where there. I asked if I could take one of their stones to remember this place and since

This place seemed friendly to the Druids. They felt the presence of the Fair folk and other spirits as well as an overall enchantment.

I had not brought anything with me, promising to make an offering to them later (which I did Sunday morning). This was truly an enchanted place. The stability and calmness of this site bodes well for nurturing and healing magick.

EXPLORE: This place was a stable forest where I could retreat for comfort and to do personal or group healing work.

FRANCESCA: There is so much positive energy flowing through this place that any number of things can be done here. A wonderful place for healing and for energizing oneself. This would probably also be a good place to come to if there is a problem that is going to need a lot of focusing and energy work because of the peace and tranquility here. And this would certainly make a good spot if you wanted to send energy back into the Earth for it will gladly be accepted and remembered.

It seems to be a good place to get help from local spirits.

FRANCESCA: Nature Spirits freely move through this place and are easily accessed here. If treated properly will work in your favor. For specific help or direction this is an especially good place to meditate to contact them.

SKIP: This would be a good place to work magic where you required the aid of the Fair Folk or where you wanted something to increase. For example, where you wanted a better job or for a grove to work together to grow stronger.

Connecting with the land in a group or as an individual can be an intense learning experience. Taking time to feel and experience the essence of a place can help us respect and work with its forces. As Druids and others communicate with one another regarding energies of the landscape, we can learn to conduct our rites, celebrations, and other magickal work in a way that respects the land and nurtures our spirits.

A Word from the New Chronicler

I'd like to take this opportunity to give thanks to the previous Chronicler and *Oak Leaves* staff for their hard work in getting the journal back on track. Sylvan and Seabhac did some tremendous work with *Oak Leaves*, though the entrance of Kieran on the scene shifted their priorities somewhat over the past couple years (and who could blame them—what a cutie!).

I have to admit that I accepted appointment to the position of Chronicler with some trepidation, remembering the infamous words of P. T. Barnum ("There's a sucker born every day") when the appointment became official. But if that were true, we're all suckers, and that's what makes the world go 'round—or ADF, anyway.

Over the holidays last year, I gratefully accepted the Ohio River Region's offer to take on the responsibility of publishing *Oak Leaves* for the coming year. David Kling, aka Athanasios, of Grove of the Twilight Owl, ADF, in Springfield, Ohio is the new Editor. David has shown a great deal of energy and enthusiasm in getting *Oak Leaves* back on track, potentially adding more advertising, and making it a mainstream publication.

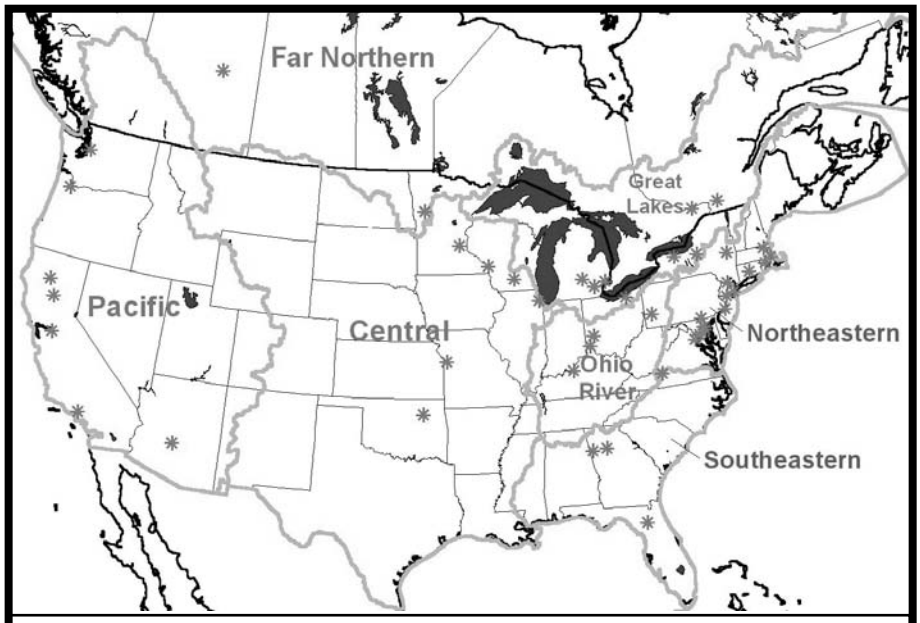
Kieran and Sylvan getting into the spirit of Cattle Raiding at Wellspring 2001.

I look forward to working with the new staff and hope to begin a new era in ADF Publications. Anyone who would like to join us in this mission, please feel free to contact me with your ideas and areas of expertise.

Jenni Hunt
Chronicler, ADF
chronicler-adf@adf.org

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 45 groves (43 in the U.S., 2 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

Awen Wyrd Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Banurra
P.O. Box 112
Colfax, IL 61728
Areas: IL
Phone: (309) 723-2251
E-Mail: awenwyrd@mchsi.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/awenwyrd

Midgard Hearth Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Bjorn Patsson
P.O. Box 630134
c/o D. Flores
Houston, TX 77263-0134
Areas: TX
Phone: (832) 265-7596
E-Mail: bjornpatsson@hotmail.com

Note: If you find errors in this listing, please contact us. Last updated 08/15/02.

Raven Wood Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Patrick Donlea
P.O. Box 1635
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Areas: IL
Phone: (815) 356-9844
E-Mail: ravenwood@joltmail.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/raven-wood

River of Fire Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Hekatatia
P.O. Box 2282
La Crosse, WI 54602-2282
Areas: WI, MN
E-Mail: riveroffire@mac.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/river-of-fire

Sun Raven Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Suil Bhran
PO Box 8212
Madison, WI 53708
Areas: WI, MN
E-Mail: suibhne@jvlnet.com

Wild Onion Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Barbara Wright
PO Box 1606
Oak Park, IL 60304
Areas: IL, IN, MI, WI
Phone: (708) 386-7388
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GREAT LAKES REGION

Dancing Lights Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Rod MacPherson
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CANADA
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Phone: (905) 579-3121
E-Mail: adftoronto@powergate.ca
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/dancing-lights

Red Maple Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: puck
RR # 3
Pakenham, ON K0A 2X0
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E-Mail: info@redmaplegrove.org
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/red-maple

Shining Lakes Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Robert Henderson
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Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1732
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
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Cleveland Heights, OH 44118
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E-Mail: seniordruid@stonecreed.org
Mailing list: stonecreedgrove@egroups.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/stone-creed

Willow Marsh Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Erryn Shanahan
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Phone: (313) 881-4578
E-Mail: Willowmars@aol.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/willow-marsh

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Grove of the Other Gods, ADF
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Gooseberry Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Cynndara Morgan
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E-Mail: Waywont@cs.com

Hearth Fire Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Jan Curran
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Mailing list: Hearth_Fire_Grove @onelist.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/hearth-fire

Little Acorn Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Sylvan
15372 Inlet Place
Montclair, VA 22026
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Phone: (703) 897-5397
E-Mail: sylvan-adf@comcast.net
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/little-acorn

Grove of the Midnight Sun, ADF
Senior Druid: Flip
1494 Sussex Tpke.
Randolph, NJ 07869
Areas: NJ, PA, NY
Phone: (973) 252-0668
E-Mail: info@grovemidnightsun.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/midnight-sun

Mugwort Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Cenn Ruadh
P.O. Box 835
Greenbelt, MD 20768-0835
Areas: MD, DC, VA
Phone: (410) 536-4909
E-Mail: motheral@ix.netcom.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/mugwort

Muin Mound Grove, ADF
Senior Druid: Lady Heather
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Phone: (315) 656-8681
E-Mail: sellison@twcny.rr.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/muin-mound

Nemos Ognios Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Ceisiwr Serith
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Rockland, MA 02370
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Red Oak Grove, ADF
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Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/red-oak

Grove of the Sacred Crows, ADF
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Protogrove of the Seven Hills, ADF
Grove Organizer:
Nancy McAndrew
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Three Songs Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Wolf
1190 Park Ave #302
Rochester, NY 14610
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Tear of the Cloud Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Illious
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World Tree Grove, ADF
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OHIO RIVER REGION

Ancient Path Grove, ADF
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Earth Dragon Protogrove, ADF
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Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/draig-talamh

Sassafras Grove, ADF
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The 6th Night Grove, ADF
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c/o W. Minning
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Thistle Dew Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Gaiason
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Three Cranes Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Michael Dangler
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Grove of the Twilight Owl, ADF
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PACIFIC REGION

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Raven's Mist Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Ceirseach
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Rogue River Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Aigeann
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Grove Organizer: David Foster
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Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/sonoran-sunrise

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Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/dogwood

Misty Oaks Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Gealtinne
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Peachtree Grove, ADF
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Areas: GA
Phone: (404) 395-6224
E-Mail: northcut@mindspring.com
Web: http://www.adf.org/groves/peachtree

Stone Glen Protogrove, ADF
Grove Organizer: Atemlos
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Bremen, GA 30110
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E-Mail: atemlos@ivillage.com

Groves & Guilds & SIGs

Guilds

Artisans Guild
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Preceptor: Curucahm Mellondil
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Web: http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/artisans

Bardic Guild
Chief: Gwynne Green
Preceptor: Gwynne Green
Mailing list: adf-bards@adf.org
Web: http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/bards

Healers Guild
Chief: Rodney Cox
Preceptor: Gealtinne
Mailing list: adf-healers@adf.org
Web: http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/healers

Liturgists Guild
Chief: Earrach of Pittsburgh
Preceptor: Jennifer Hunt
Mailing list: adf-liturgists@adf.org
Web: http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/liturgists

Magicians Guild
Chief: Ian Corrigan
Preceptor: Wyldkard
Mailing list: adf-magicians@adf.org
Web: http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/magicians

Naturalists Guild
Chief: Epona
Preceptor:
Mailing list: adf-naturalists@adf.org
Web: http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/naturalists

Scholars Guild
Chief: Athanasios
Preceptor:
Mailing list: adf-scholars@adf.org
Web: http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/scholars

Seers Guild
Chief: Lisa
Preceptor: Paradox
Mailing list: adf-seers@adf.org
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Warriors Guild
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Prisoner Relations Committee
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The Mother Grove

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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? _____

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

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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.

Notary Seal

_____
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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