

O A R L A D F S
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The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin

Fall 2009 ~ Issue No. 46





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Three Cranes Grove, ADF
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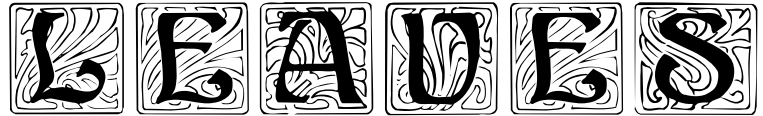


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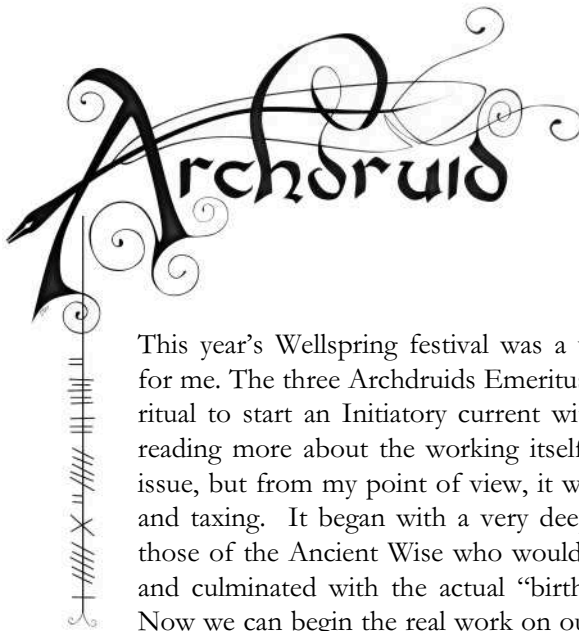
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Cover*Ancestors in a Nemeton* by AJ Gooch

This year's Wellspring festival was a very interesting time for me. The three Archdruids Emeritus and I took part in a ritual to start an Initiatory current within ADF. You'll be reading more about the working itself in an article in this issue, but from my point of view, it was both invigorating, and taxing. It began with a very deep meditation to find those of the Ancient Wise who would help in this project, and culminated with the actual "birthing" of the current. Now we can begin the real work on our part, by starting to hold initiations for those students who have completed the Initiate's Program.

The third, and final, circle of the Clergy Training Program was approved at the end of May, and already has students working through it. We hope to have the first student to finish the program ready for Ordination by the end of this year or very early next year. I want to thank all of our members who have worked so diligently to develop this program over the past years. It took a "little" longer that we had hoped, but looking at the final version, I'm sure that it was well worth the wait!

A new project has been underway since Wellspring to create an audio version of the Dedicant's Program. Led by Seamus (Jim Dillard) this project will make it easier for our members with disabilities, and those that are "audio learners," to complete the Dedicant's Program. I'd like to publicly thank Jim for taking on this wonderful project!

Bright Blessings,

Rev. Skip Ellison



Wellspring 2009 Bardic Chair

Report

by Rev. Robert Lewis



Credit: Ian Corrigan

IT WAS a beautiful Friday morning at Brushwood when the three judges, Rev. Skip Ellison, Steph Gooch, and I gathered for the first Wellspring Bardic Chair competition put on by Stone Creed Grove. We all were joking as to who was going to be Simon and the rest of the cast from American Idol as we waited for the contestants to show up, and the MC, Rev. Ian Corrigan, to start the show. The contestants, in alphabetical order, were Rev. Isaac Bonewitz (our Distinguished Founder), Melissa “Missy” Burchfield from Three Cranes Grove (Columbus, OH), Grollwynn from Whispering Lake Grove (Erie, PA), and Diane “Emerald” Vaughn from Sassafras Grove (Pittsburgh, PA).

When the judges and contestants were ready with a lively crowd gathered to watch, the contest began. We started off with Missy telling us “Orpheus and the Return of Eurydike, Almost,” a retelling of how Orpheus lost his love, and his life. This was followed by Isaac telling “Braciaca's Cauldron,” a tale explaining that a panel on the Gundestrup Cauldron shows that you will be judged at one point in the afterlife by how much alcohol you spill in this one. Grollwynn’s “Death of Baldr,” a tale of how the fair haired child of the Norse was taken from this world, was the next to be told. Finally, Emerald told us the story of “Circe” where she took on the role of Circe and told of her encounter with Odysseus.

With the story telling over, we all could now see that it was going to be a very tough competition to judge. We gathered during the next workshop period much as the first to hear the poetry portion of the contest. This time, we started off with Emerald telling “The Maenad,” a poem of the lust of the Maenad. We then had Grollwynn relate the “Ballad of Whispering Lake Grove,” the story of Whispering Lake Grove in verse.

Isaac then recited “The Druid's Response,” a tale about a wise and peaceable man’s family being killed by warriors and his unmitigated revenge. Finally, Missy ended this round with “Awen Rains Down,” a poem about how though one is distraught and lost, inspiration can still find you.



Credit: Al Gooch

At this point, the day was done. The judges gathered and conferred. We all agreed that this was a very close and tough competition. We gathered one last time on Saturday for the final round, the song competition. Emerald started off with a new song to use for re-creating the cosmos in ritual, “Create the Cosmos Again.” Grollwynn

sang to us “Odin's Hall,” a rousing song to hail the warriors. Isaac then sang us “A Hymn to the Morrigan,” a beautiful song of praise to the Morrigan. To close the competition, Missy sang “Teutates,” an uplifting song about the role that the “God of the Tribe” plays – accompanied by a lively guitar.

With the competition over, the judges conferred. It was not an easy decision. We went back and forth over all the performances, and came to the conclusion that it was a very tight race, and that the contestants we had were all extremely talented. In the end though, we realized that we had to choose one winner. That night, after the potluck dinner, Ian had the privilege of announcing the decision of the judges, and have the winner perform the winning pieces. In the end, the judges wanted to hear Missy sing her song one more time. It was Emerald, though, who won the first Wellspring Bardic Chair.

Congratulations to Emerald on the Chair, and a big thanks to all those that competed. It was a very tough competition to judge. May many more compete next year and make this the first of a very distinguished contest.



Wellspring 2009 Bardic Chair

Winner

all compositions by Diane "Emerald" Vaughn



Credit: Ian Corrigan

Story: Circe

I AM THE DAUGHTER of the Sun, the Mistress of Magic, Lady of my own land.

As such I know the moment a ship lands upon my shores. And one day a black ship landed, a ship full of sweaty, savage men. Knowing I hadn't long until their gluttony drove them to discover my palace and my stores, I swiftly prepared some food and other necessities in anticipation of their arrival. Then, gathering my handmaid nymphs about me, I set to weaving and singing a spell to hasten them on their way.

Soon enough a handful of the brutes did indeed darken my door. I welcomed them in, plying them with food and wine, all sprinkled with a simple drug that clouded their simple minds as they greedily indulged themselves at my table. Taking up my wand I then cast the spell that reveals men's true nature--changing every one to swine. I expected no better. After seeing them packed off to

the sty, I settled myself back at the loom, knowing that more would follow their missing comrades.

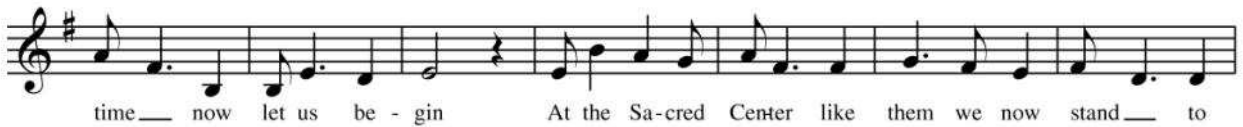
And so it was. Soon another of the beasts appeared at my door, marveling at the wild animals milling docilely about my grounds. Smiling to myself, I welcomed him into my home, to his similar fate. Seating him in a silver chair, I noticed he was handsomer than the others, with a more noble bearing about him. Their leader, perhaps? No matter, I would know his true nature soon enough for he quickly quaffed the potion I placed before him. I raised my wand for the spell, but before I could touch him he drew his sword and rushed me, aiming the blade at my throat. Startled I ducked beneath the weapon and clasped his knees in entreaty, my mind racing. How could he remain unaffected? And then it hit me—Hermes. Hermes must be helping him. And I realized he was the one Hermes always told me would find his way here, the famous Odysseus. At this realization I felt quite flattered—a Hero in my own house! Not an opportunity to be squandered, for sure.

Create the Cosmos Again

Diane Emerald Vaughn



A time beyond mem'-ry of gods and heroes_____ In that__



time__ now let us be - gin At the Sa-cred Center like them we now stand__ to



cre-ate the Cos-mos a - gain_____ to cre-ate the Cos-mos a - gain_____



Wellspring 2009 Bardic Chair

Honorable Mention

composed by Melissa "Missy" Burchfield



Credit: Ian Corrigan

Song: Teutates

Verse 1:

Carefully, the gardener tends his trees
One by one, inspecting all the leaves
Removing all the parts outgrown
Encouraging new life to grow
Letting all the green parts see the light
Teutates, gentle God of all the Tribe

Verse 2:

Scattered seeds, he gathered us in his hand.
Rooted deep, the seedlings now strongly stand.
With love and care through all the years,
In good and ill he perseveres,
to see us grow 'til we are all crowned high.
Teutates, steadfast tender of the tribe.

Bridge:

Known to each in his or her own way,
Healing us, protecting us,
Beside us day to day
He guides us on the Elder path and
makes our futures bright.
Teutates, Master Keeper of the Tribe.



Credit: AJ Gosh

Verse 3:

Teutates, Consecrate our humble Grove
Electrify us, stir our very soul
Inspire us with strength and fire
Infuse us to our heart's desire
Drench us and suffuse us with your rains
Teutates, Mighty Patron of the Cranes.

Teutates, in your arms we're satisfied
Teutates, Unifier of the tribe.

(see page 18 for sheet music)



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Ritual

Roman Harvest Ritual

by Virginia Carper



I. The Procession

Ring Bells
Cover head

II. Purification

Wash Hands

III. The Earth Mother

Ceres Mater,
Earth Mother
Our Mother
Your child offers to You,
My labours
My fruits,
My love,
Receive my offerings.

IV. Statement of Purpose

Harvest Time is here! The Earth is
bursting with Her Bounty. We
rejoice in her fruitfulness as we
harvest our crops.

Ops, Lady Bountiful, Welcome!
Consus, Keeper of the
Harvest Stores, Welcome!
Jupiter, Sky Father, Bringer of the Rains, Welcome!
Welcome All! Welcome Harvest!

V. Outsiders

Oh, Lemurs and Others,
I offer this wine to you.
For your enjoyment
Trouble not my ritual.
I offer these puzzles to you,
For your enjoyment
Trouble not my ritual.

Oh Lares, Watchers of the Home
Guardians of the Family
My Juno, My Protector,
I offer this incense to You.
I pray that You will defend
Against things seen and unseen.



VI. Grounding and Centering

Take three deep breaths reflect why you are here.

Two Powers Meditation (by Jenni Hunt)

From the east, I draw the breath of Eurus;
its rosy glow piercing the darkest of nights.
I exhale its winged morning song into this grove.
From the south, I draw the breath of Auster,
its moist warmth permitting a time of leisure.
I exhale its steamy summer brew into this grove.
From the west, I draw the breath of Zephyrus,
its western shore lit with the fires of inspiration.
I exhale its dusky shimmering sensuality into this
grove.

From the north, I draw the breath of Boreas,
its roaring wind sending us home to the warmth of our
hearths.

I exhale its icy-tongued blast into this grove.
In this grove, we share all these and each other's
breath;
breathing as one at the center.

VII. Affirming the World Order

*(Please note that according to the Roman Kin, the Cosmos was
Focus (Fire), Mundus (Pit), and Portus (Door).)*

Mundus, eye and mouth of the Earth
From where the rivers flow
Gate to all which lies below
I approach you with caution
Carry this rite to those below
That I may receive all Numinae into my rite
I acknowledge You.

Vesta Mater,
Hearth Fire
Home Fire,
Accept my offering.

Vesta Mater,
Working Fire,
Loving Fire,
Hallow this rite.

I stand at the Door in hope and love.
Salve the Portus!
The Doorway between the Worlds!
Carry my prayers to the Worlds beyond.

VIII: Open the Gates

Janus Pater
Opener of Gates
Janus Pater
Keeper of Doors
Janus Pater
You look both ways
Protect me
Open the Doors!
Allow my prayers pass to the Kindreds!

LET THE GATES BE OPENED!

IX. Bardic

Phoebus Apollo
Bringer of Light
Encourager of the Muses
Let me drink the waters of Castalia
Inspire me in my praises,
Inspire me in my offerings
Inspire me in my readings
Bright Apollo,
Bringer of Light.

X. Three Kindreds

Oh, Nature Spirits, Numia who inhabit the world.,
Look upon us with kind eyes.
Help us care for Your world.

Di Parentes
Ancestors near and far,
Flowers I offer.
I have not forgotten the wine and milk for you!
I pray that you share with me your guidance.

Salvete Capitoline Trio, watching over all things Roman.
Iuppiter Maximus Optimus, Jupiter, Best and Brightest.
Juno, in all Her Aspects
Stern Minerva, Who guides scientists and artisans.

Salvete Dii Consentes
Neptunus of life giving waters.
Mars Silvanus defending the land

Gracious Venus, our Friend,
Apollo Mendicus, the Healer
Diana of the Woods,
Volcanus, Smelter of Metals
Vesta of the Eternal Flame
Mercurius, Fleet-footed Patron of merchants
Ceres Who regenerates the land.

Salvete Dii Indigites,
Ancient Gods of the land and Heroes from long ago
Welcome to my rite.

Welcome Mighty Ones and Holy Powers, may you
find hospitality at my fire.

XI. Main Offering

Salve Ops, Goddess of Plenty!
Wealth of the Earth
You provide us with what we need:
Fruits and grains.
Ancient One, long worshipped.
I raise my cup of wine to you.

Salve Consus, God of the Granary!
Protector of the storage bins,
Guardian of our harvest
I honor your watchfulness.
Ancient One, long worshipped.
I raise my cup of wine to you.

Salve Iuppiter Maximus Optimus!
Lord of the Sky
Who speaks to us with thunder and lightning.
Jupiter Pluvius, Bringer of the Rain
Ancient One, long worshipped.
I raise my cup of wine to you.

Ops Mater accept this bread.
Consus accept this bread.
Jupiter Optimus Maxinus accept this wine.

Any praise offerings.

Piacular Offering *(from Jenni Hunt)*

Gods and Goddesses,
Holy Ancestors,
Spirits of this place:
If anything that we have done here has offended You,
If anything we have done here has been incomplete,
If anything we have done here has not been in the proper
manner,
Accept this final offering in recompense.

XII. Taking of the Omen

Diviner reads omen

Diviner announces omen

Have the offerings been accepted?
What are the blessings offered to us?
What do the Kindreds want from us?

XIII: Return Blessing

Asking for and Hallowing the Blessings

Oh Kindreds
Lares and heroes
I offered to you and seek your blessings
Dii Parentes and Manes
I offered to you and seek your blessings
Ancient and Mighty Ones
I offered to you and seek your blessings
I ask to know your love
As a gift calls for a gift
From the waters of life come wisdom, health, and
wealth.

Affirmation of the Blessings

Behold the Waters of Life!
Holy Ones. Lares, Heroes, Di Parentes
Ancient and Mighty Ones
Grant to me, the blessings I seek
The bright flow of giving turns a circle.
Allow your blessings to flow into this cup,
Let me drink in love, wisdom, and strength
Hallow the waters
Consus, Ops Mater, Iuppiter Maximus Optimus

XIV. Workings

My oath.

XV. Farewell

The Deities of the Occasion

The Kindreds

Great and Mighty Ones, I remember You.
Ops Mater, Gracious Lady of the Earth
I thank You!
Consus, Vigilant Lord of the Harvest
I thank You!
Jupiter Optimus Maximus, Sky Father
I thank You!

Dii Consentes, the Council of Twelve
I thank You!

Ancient and Noble Ones
I thank You!

The Capitoline Trio, watching over us
I thank You!

Mighty Ones!
I Thank You!

Die Manes and Parentes
I thank You!

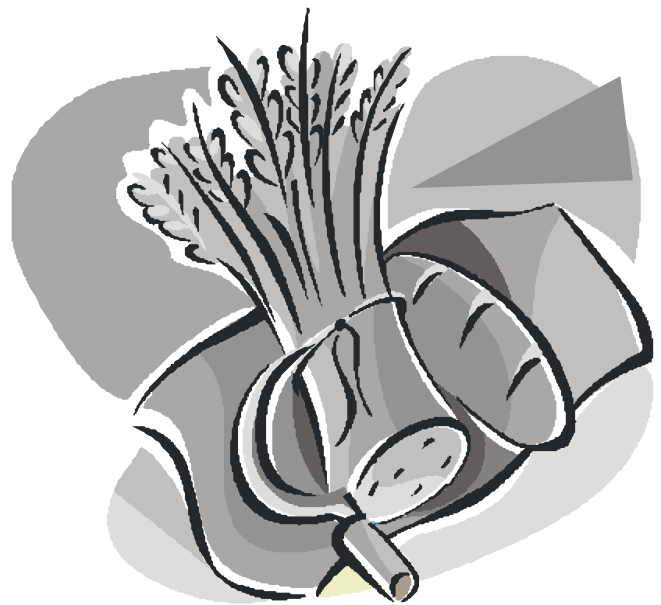
Lares and Numinae
I thank You!

Ancient and Noble Ones
I thank You!

Thanking the Bardic Patron

Phoebus Apollo,
Thank you for your bardic inspiration.
Hail and Farewell!

I ask that You remember me, as I remember You.
May our love be an never ending circle.



XVI. Closing the Gates

Let the Gates Be Closed!

Farewell to the Gatekeeper

Janus Clusivius, Closer of Doors

Janus, God of Endings

I thank You!

Hail and Farewell!

Restoration of the Ordinary

Let the Portus be only a door.

Let the Focus be only a fire.

Let the Mundus be only a well.

Regrounding/Centering

Take three deep breaths. Reflect on the work you have done and the blessings you have received.

XVII. Thanking the Earth Mother

Ceres Mater, I thank you for your support and substance. I honor you.

Thanking the Hearth Goddess

Vesta Mater, Lady of the Fire,

I thank You for your warmth, light, and protection.

I honor You.

XVIII. Closing Rite

Closing Prayer

I have honored the Gods and Goddesses, Holy Ancestors and Spirits of the Place.

Musical Signal

IO Harvest!

Virginia Carper has been a member of ADF since 2006 and currently leads the Roman Kin.

The Fire on Our Hearth

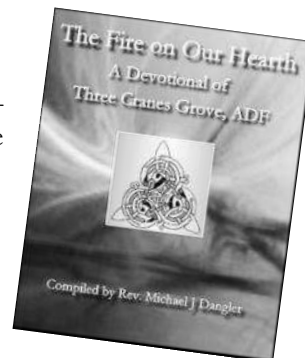
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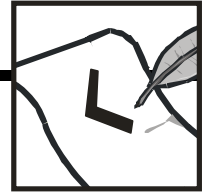




Article

Stewing Up Your Destiny: A Modern View of Fate

by Gaarik Daruth



WHAT we know of the Indo-European cultures we emulate and draw inspiration from includes at least a sentence or two on the subject of Fate. In the Norse world-view, in which I began my Neopagan education, there were three women who had a primary hand in this: the Norns. Indeed, the Norns are considered to have command over the fates of all humans, as their names, Urdhr (Fate), Verdhandi (Being), and Skuld (Necessity), would indicate.¹ While some, such as H.A. Guerber, link them to the web-spinning Fates of Greek myth,² most sources (including she) place the Norns solidly at the Well of Urdhr, the gathering place of Aesic morning court, where they draw water and clay daily from the well to renew the World Tree.³ In this way, and because of Odin's sacrifice of his eye to Mimir's Well for wisdom, I see the receptacle of human destiny not only as a skein (another valid analogy, in my view), but as the Well itself, holding the water and materials of our fate therein. I feel the Celtic view may have been similar, with the emphasis on hazel-laden springs in the lore. This understanding will make what I am about to discuss a bit easier to swallow... so to speak.

Now, on to the matter at hand: one man's viewpoint, informed as it is by the influences above.

I don't see fate as the be-all, end-all of the universe, being merely doled out by the Spirits to an unsuspecting humanity. To me, fate is rather like stew that is always being added to and taken from. The pattern seems incomprehensible from the outside, as things keep being added to the stew, changing it. Every vegetable, fruit, herb, or meat put in alters the stew in some fashion. Yet, for all the additions to the stew, there is a pattern. If enough people put beef and potatoes into the pot, it will still be called beef stew, despite the number of other ingredients that may exist

inside. If one person keeps putting in celery, it will have a strong celery taste, which mixes with the other elements of the dish. And the more one puts celery in, the more likely it is he will spoon celery out when eating it.



"The Norns: Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld under the world oak Yggdrasil"
by Ludwig Burger. (1882)

I don't see the future as fixed, but rather a series of patterns that have been put into the stew since time immemorial. One reaps what she sows. If, years ago, you did something to harm someone, that harm goes into the pot. Is it so hard to understand when that harm you did comes back and burns your tongue when you sit at the cosmic dinner? I'm sure some will nod their heads in agreement and say, "Yes, whatsoever you do will come back to you times three!" This is where I have to draw the line. You are not the only one putting into the pot.

That's the thing that I think people forget. We don't always pull our share out when we eat the stew of fate. Some of us get large beautiful chunks of tasty beef, or tofu for the vegetarians, when all we put in was blood and excrement. Yeah, there's a bit of after-taste, but we really don't notice, because it's beef and it's good. Meanwhile, those who have put in good ingredients, celery, beef, tofu, cumin, garlic (lots of garlic!), are pulling out some cumin-flavored garbage and asking how this got put into the batch. They eat the garbage because it's one of the cosmic rules, I guess (we need a stupid cosmic rule for this allegory to work): whatever you put in, cannot be taken back (as in, cannot be removed "uncooked"); whatever you take out, you eat. So a few people put in a few good things each, thinking this will make a great stew, and then you have a few putting in enough garbage to feed them all, then go poking through the stew for the choice bits. Sometimes, some of these (both good ingredient and garbage contributors) have a

good relationship with one of the chefs, and can get a better spoonful or two.

The real problem is no one puts in just good food or garbage. One, who usually contributes the sausage, forgot to peel back the plastic rind, so he and another young lady end up eating plastic. The sausage ended up going to a third young lady. Does it matter that this woman contributed beef? Pork? Red mouldy stuff that had been sitting in her fridge for years? Nope. Maybe she put in all three of those, plus plenty of other stuff. The point is: there's so much nasty stuff in the stew because people have been throwing in their garbage with their other food for years. Ultimately, no one is blameless; some are a bit less blameless than others.

The underlying pattern is this: put garbage in, take garbage out. Put good in, get good out. If everyone puts both in... it's a toss-up what you will get, but it all comes out when the pot's done simmering.

In my view, this is how divination works, how magic works, and how one can change his stars (to quote an old Heath Ledger flick)⁴. Divination reads the things that have been placed in the Well discussed above, showing the pattern of things to come based on the patterns that have been woven into the waters. Put in wisdom, take out salmon. Put in silver, take out riches. Put in Mimir's head, and take out a jotun (who is none too happy to see you, by the way). Of what I have read of old Celtic and Norse lore, it was well understood that the skein of fate was both always being woven and immutable once woven (to go back to that wonderful Greek analogy). Sometimes, know-

ing one's fate was the precise catalyst to causing that fate to come about; would things have been different without a divination performed? Perhaps, by embracing one's fate with joy and determination, one can overcome it; time and again it has been seen, when one flees their fate, they orchestrate it. However, take the example of the Fairies of Sleeping Beauty: those that desired to could not stop the spell of death once it was written, but they could alter it: "Death" became "Death-like slumber.." Likewise, the final curse of Dallán Forgaill did continue to curse, but for what had already been written by the magick of Dallán's life, the recipient was not who he had intended; rather, it was himself who succumbed.⁵

When you put time in to help a child, you build her future. When you treat people with respect despite having a bad day, you create a better world for themselves and others. When you work towards good things even though you may often fail, you are performing magick even the same as the rune-worker carving their runes into the waters of Wyrd and the branches of the World Tree. All these examples, as well as many others, change fate from the unalterable pattern to the ever-living one. You may not change the past or its effects on what comes after, but you can add to that pattern in daily life to make the future appear considerably brighter... (or darker, for that matter).

About the author: Gaarik Daruth is a rune-worker with seven years of experience and is unofficially the "Bard in Residence" of Silver Branch, Golden Horn Protogrove in Denver, CO.



Citations

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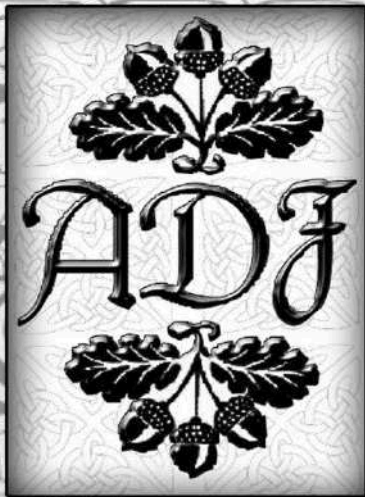
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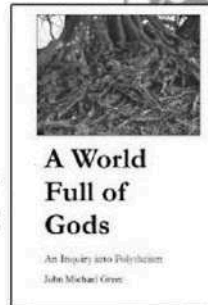
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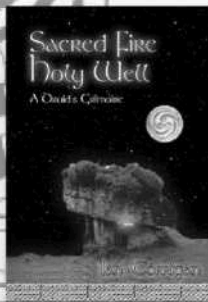
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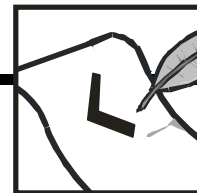




Article

The Might and Magic of the Dead

by Rev. Carrion Mann



An Introduction to Building Relationships with the Ancestors

THERE IS ONE THING in this existence that we can all be very sure of: the fact that one day each of us shall pass from this world and enter an Otherworld through the process of death, joining our kin among the Ancestors.



Credit: Royalty Free

Scientific efforts for centuries have sought to escape illness, aging and death in general, and though through their efforts life maybe be significantly prolonged, death is inevitable for all living things. So, why does such a natural part of every life produce such fear and doubt in the hearts and minds of the living? One very viable reason might be that for ancient and modern individuals alike, “ritual and belief are concerned almost exclusively with the death of others; one’s own death remains in the dark” (Burkert 190).

For ADF Druids the Ancestors are the Kindred most like us; however, for many, this Kindred seems to be the most difficult to connect with for a variety of reasons including, but not limited too, the attitudes of mainstream culture, relationships with living family members and the barriers generated from these relationships. Neopagans, in general, often venerate the dead in some way over the course of each year, but are we truly making the most of the **ghosti* relationship with them? It is through developing a greater understanding of the Ancestors in both a modern and ancient context, as well as by actively working to further enhance our relationship and remove any personal barriers that we can truly experience their might and magic in our lives.

Few, if any, among us have never attended, performed or celebrated Samhain as modern Neopagans. This celebration most often marks not only, the death of the old year and the beginning of

the new, but also almost always includes traditions venerating or remembering the Ancestors or Mighty Dead in some way. Samhain is a liminal time or a ‘time between’ making it a very magical time, when the Dead are known to walk among the living (Bonewits 1884). Additionally, Yule is yet another Neopagan high day, which often incorporates traditions honoring the Ancestors. But what of the rest of the year? How do the Dead become part of our personal and group religious and magical practice year round? Granted, the ADF Core Order of ritual includes offering and invitation to all three Kindred during each high day ritual observance, but is this enough to make the most of our relationship with the Ancestors? The Dead can be instrumental sources of inspiration and wisdom, as well as our closest guides, protectors and teachers.

Developing an understanding of the Ancestors begins with defining and classifying what we mean when we utilize the term, Ancestor, as a global category for the dead. Ian Corrigan defines the Ancestors as, “the Dead of the Clans of Mortals...our own kin and folk in the Otherworld” (48). The Ancestors or Mighty Dead can be further be categorized into three groups for the purposes of our work: the Beloved Dead, the Honored Dead and the Restless Dead. While these categories are most definitely not the only means by which to categorize the Dead, they have proven to be functional classifications. The Beloved Dead are best described as our ancestors of blood, our grandmothers and grandfathers or those of our direct family lines that have come before us. The Honored Dead are our heroes and heroines, whether ancient or modern. These Ancestors are our role models, mentors, teachers and guides that are not blood related to us, but have none-the-less been an important influence in our lives. “The heroes are the link between present mortal lives and the human past” (Corrigan 49). The third and final category is that of the Restless Dead. The Restless Dead represent a population of dead that exist between this

world and the Otherworld, but are part of neither. They are those beings that can merely get close enough to our fires to smell the sacrifice, but cannot partake of it. Caution should be exercised when working with this classification due to the fact that overall we know very little about them and why they have become 'stuck within the veil'.

So, why are the Dead important to our work? "The Mighty Dead have vision and magic beyond those of mortals, and can have great influence over the lives of their descendents" (Corrigan 49). Furthermore, the Dead have journeyed in this realm as human beings before us and to this end have much wisdom they can share from their experiences alone. Our Ancestors have a direct connection to us in that they have an interest in the continued existence of humanity and their descendants in general, which makes them most likely willing sources of aid in our journeys.

For the ancient Indo-European cultures the Ancestors were an important part of their spirituality. Ancient traditions associated with the Dead commonly included: veneration of the generations immediately passed, veneration of important cultural figures and honoring ancestors linked to a clan and tribe, as well as those that ensure the prosperity of the folk. Though information concerning the dead is not full, clear and concise, evidence of ancestor worship and a cult of the dead practices do exist within most Indo-European cultures. "There are indications of a cult of the ancestors among both the Irish and Scandinavians, but these are difficult to establish clearly" (Ellis Davidson, "Myths and Symbols" 123).

Within Norse culture there is evidence of both ancestor worship and of a cult of the dead and the existence of an active cult of the dead in Scandinavia is beyond question. Within this culture worshipping men after death was by no means an unfamiliar notion. Saxo documents a cult of the dead connected

with Uppsala. The Swedes have been accused in historical record of making gods of men and worshipping them. In many cases, however, this worship was not specifically given to a dead man, but to a burial mound known as the *howe*. Sacrifices were made to the dead often in the form of gold or silver and placed into slits in the top of the *howe*. The custom of 'sitting on the *howe*' to gain inspiration and wisdom from the dead is well documented within Norse tradition. (Ellis Davidson, "Road to Hel" 99-105).



Iron age burial mound, Nolby, Västernorrlands Län, Sweden

Credit: Royalty Free

For the Celtic cultures there is little agreement concerning the fate of the dead by historians; however, classical authors documented that the Druids taught that the soul was immortal (Green 51) and furthermore, they were at least familiar with the theory of transmigration of the soul or the reincarnation of spirits reborn into any number of forms including:

human, animal, inanimate objects, such as pools, which is evidence in the mythology concerning Etain, daughter of the King of Ulster (Ellis Davidson, "Myths and Symbols" 123). While there is no universal accepted belief about reincarnation among the Celts it is clear that spirits were often believed to be born or reborn for various reasons to include: being chosen to do the work of the powers and fulfill a destiny, as in the case of CuChulainn; choosing rebirth for themselves to aid their folk; returning to the mortal world to work out their path or being placed under a *geas* by a magician. Additionally, within Celtic culture was a practice of sitting on grave mounds to attain help and inspiration, similar to that of the Norse custom of 'sitting on the *howe*'. "The mound which may be the abode of the dead and home of supernatural beings is the spot where communication may be established with men..." (Ellis Davidson "Myths and Symbols" 130-31).

Greek culture demonstrates the existence of a cult of the dead within not only its mythology, but also in its sacrificial practice known as the holocaust. “Among the Greeks, holocausts are found primarily in the cult of the dead, as described in the *Odyssey*; this corresponds to the burning of the corpse, and in both cases one speaks of a fire place, *pyra*” (Burkert 63). The cult of the dead practice within Greece, not unlike the Norse howe, it was believed that within the grave the dead actively dwelt and for this reason libations were made upon the graves in hopes that the dead would bless the living (Burkert 194-95).

From only a few cultural examples it becomes clear that the ancient Indo-European people looked to their Ancestors for wisdom, inspiration and blessings, while offering sacrifice in return. This is not unlike our the modern context of Ancestor veneration within ADF; however, the ancients did not stop there, as many of us have today.

Beginning to develop a personal relationship with the Dead can take place in a variety of ways including, but not limited too, regular sacrifice, meditation, trance, ritual, gravesite visits, genealogical research, as well as through reading the mythology of a culture, it is really a matter of what works best for the individual. Experimentation with a variety of tools is key to initial contact with the Ancestors of blood or those of spirit. Over the years I have heard the many difficulties experienced by those trying to connect to this Kindred. These barriers have included: being adopted, growing up in a dysfunctional and abusive

family or simply being raised in a single parent household. While these barriers are very real and do impact our work and spiritual development, they do not have to keep us from building a relationship with the Dead. First and foremost, building relationships with the Dead is not unlike establishing a friendship in the Middle realm. We have a choice with whom we associate with among the Dead, as we do with the living. Also our relationships in this world occur in varying degrees of intimacy and this also holds true with our relationship built with Otherworldly beings. The first step toward lessening the impact of past events and circumstances on our relationships with the Dead is simply being aware that barriers exist and seeking a way around them, while being careful that fear, anger and sadness do not overwhelm our efforts, making a reciprocal relationship with the Ancestors more difficult than it needs to be.

For the ancients the Ancestors were not only remembered and honored, but they were called upon to aid individuals in their magic and divination; to protect their land and aid their descendents, as well as to inspire the living through their deeds. While general connections with the Ancestors, fostered mainly through high day ritual observance, have been established within ADF, much work remains to truly experience the Might and Magic of the Dead.

May all that was, be what is, that it may be again...

Rev. Carrion Mann has been a member of ADF since 2001, serves as a Deputy Preceptor and leads the Gaelic Kin.



Credit: Royalty Free

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Song

Teutates

by Melissa "Missy" Burchfield



Voice

Care fu - ly the gar - den - er tends the trees.____
One by one, in - spec - ting all the leaves.____ Re - mov - ing all the parts
____ out grown, En - cour - ag - ing new life____ to grow, Let - ting all the green____
____ parts see the light.____ Teu - ta - tes, Gen - tle God____ of all the tribe.
____ Known to each in his____ or her own way.____
Heal - ing us, Pro - tect - ing us, Be - side us day to day.____ He
guides us on the El - der path, He makes our fu - tures bright. Teu - ta - tes Might - y Keep -
er of the tribe!____ Teu - ta - tes con - se - crate - our hum - ble Grove,
____ il - lu - min - ate us stir our ver - y souls.____ In -
sp - ire us with strength____ and fire, In fuse us to our hearts____ de - sire



Credit: Royalty Free

*Tentates and warriors,
from the cauldron of Gundestrup, exterior plate A,
c. 1st century, c.e.*

Drench us and su - fuse us with your rains, Teu - ta - tes, Might - y Pa -

- tron of the Cranes. Known to each in his or her own way.

Heal - ing us, Pro - tect - ing us, Be - side us day to day. He

guides us on the El - der path, He makes our fu - tures bright. Teu - ta - tes Might - y Keep -

- er of the tribe! Teu - ta - tes in your arms we're sa tis - fi -

- - - ed. Teu - ta - tes Un - i - fi - er of the tribe!



Opinion

The ADF Liturgy and The Importance of Being Ourselves

by *Anthony Fleming*



I RECENTLY heard from one of the lists that some groves may be adding Wiccan elements to the Core order of ritual. If this were true, I would find it disturbing. The standard liturgy is one of the main things that attracted me to ADF. I believe that in a world of far flung groves of people who usually interact only in a virtual world, the liturgy is the bond that makes us one.

For the record, I don't have anything against Wicca. Like many of us I started out on a Wiccan path. Over time, however, I found reconstructionism more suited to me.

One of the reasons that I believe in keeping pretty strictly to the standard format is because it gives us a unity that is spiritually strong and also is very practical. I believe that doing the same things over and over again over the course of many rituals builds up the energy needed to be heard by The Kindred. There is a power in knowing that in groves all over the world, on or near a given high day, everyone is doing essentially the same thing. On a practical level, I like the idea that I could go to any ADF ritual and know more or less what was going on at any point in the rite. At many of the eclectic rituals I have attended I was so busy trying to figure out what the officiants were doing and why, that I couldn't really

lose myself in the ritual and feel that closeness to the divine that we seek.

I believe that we should never change any element of the liturgy without thinking long and hard about why we are changing it. I personally would not change anything essential about the liturgy unless the Mother Grove officially sanctioned it. I know how this sounds, but it is not due to conservatism for the sake of it. Making changes too easily could lead to a slippery slope that could quickly lead to rituals that would not be recognizable as ADF at all.

I would imagine that many groves feel pressure to be all things to all people. As the Grove Organizer of a new Protogrove I can understand the desire to please people so that our Groves grow. At the same time, we should try to grow strait and true, even if it is as quickly as a speeding oak. I believe that over time as new folk become used to the format, they will come to appreciate the liturgy as it is. Not to put to fine a point on it, but we are not Wiccan. If people want to attend Wiccan Sabbats, then it might be time for them to form their own group.

Anthony Fleming has been a solitary member of ADF since 2007.



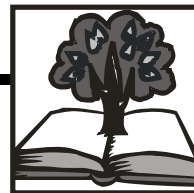
Credit: Al Gosh

The Nemeton at Wellspring



Book Review

by Rev. Ian Corrigan



Celtic Flame; An Insider's Guide to Irish Pagan Tradition

Aedh Rua 2008

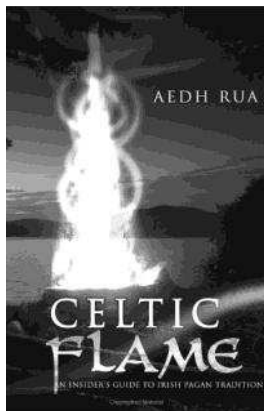
iUniverse, Inc.

ISBN: 978-0-595-52970

This is a welcome addition to the wave of Celtic Paganism books beginning to break in the last year. Author Aedh Rua is a long-time participant in the effort to build a modern Gaelic Paganism, and this small book is a good summary of the basics. I recommend it to those seeking an introduction to Gaelic lore and neo-Celtic practice.

Aedh Rua (a former member of ADF, incidentally) does a good job of presenting the basics of a Tuatha De Danann pantheon, with plenty of good lore for each of the deities. Beyond the primary list of the Highest and Wisest, he also describes a category of deity he calls Earlaimh – ‘Patrons’. These are lesser spirits, Landwights, even Ancestors who become the special patron of some local tribe or place or family. Rua’s device provides a nice category for those beings that become ‘promoted’ to functional deity-hood. His chapters on the Ancestors and the Daoine Sidhe, and on the Otherworld are brief but informative.

The book offers an interesting chapter on a virtue-based ethic and Gaelic metaphysical principles. This concept of Fhírrine – Truth, in the Druidic sense – extends from the personal to the social. There’s a lot of good summary of Gaelic concepts in this section. The author uses it as a chance to discuss Gaelic social organization as well, perhaps a little more than I



might have liked. However it is a very nice summary of some basic principles of brehon law – something not normally found in Neopagan treatises.

The chapter on the Fhomoire gives me my only chance to actually disagree. Rua makes the Fomor entirely too ‘demonic’ or ‘anti-cosmic’ to fit my understanding of their place in the lore. He describes them as entirely opposed to ‘the Truth of the Gods’, while I would suspect that they have been subsumed in that order, even as their chaos continues to refresh

the world. All of that aside he provides a good description of the beings of the Fomor, and some discussion of dealing with them.

The chapter on ritual draws on many of the sources common to ADF ritual, and is quite compatible with Neopagan Druid liturgy. Rua provides some nice charms and invocations in Gaelic and in English, and in fact offers his entire short basic ritual in Gaelic, in an appendix. He provides simple solo works for each of the Gaelic High Days, as well.

Gaelic kinsfolk will be very pleased with this book’s handling of Irish language. Almost every vocabulary term or name offered is accompanied by its phonetics. A pronouncing glossary is included at the end. The actual charms and invocations in gaeilge don’t come with phonetics, but they’re simple enough to make excellent exercises.

Celtic Flame makes a fine introduction to authentic Gaelic lore and practice. It should be useful to reconstructionists and to Neo-Druids, as well as anyone who wants a better understanding of Irish lore.



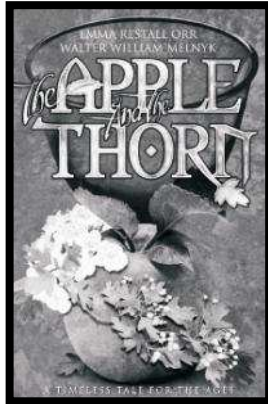
Out of the Ancient Mists Comes the Tale of

THE APPLE AND THE THORN

BY

Emma Restall Orr, and

Walter William Melnyk



A work of magical mythology, hanging in the balance between fact and fiction, this tale draws upon the legends and history of our ancestry, and the landscape itself, a story of worlds colliding in love and war. Major characters in the tale are the Chalice Well itself, the Red Spring and a very special Cup of blue glass.

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Emma Restall Orr (Bobcat) is Head of the Druid Network.

William Melnyk (Oakwyse) is a former Episcopal priest in the United States.

Expressing the depth of their own religions visions, the tale is a powerful expression of British animistic Paganism and mystical Christianity— and what happens when they meet.



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Festival Review

Establishing ADF's Initiatory Current at Wellspring 2009

by Rev. Kirk Thomas



FOR SEVERAL YEARS the ADF Clergy Council has worked to create the ADF Initiate Program, a course of training into the ways of magic, seership and trance for ADF, and with it a current of spiritual initiation. This program would train students in the magico-religious aspects of the clergy program without the expectation that graduates would have to join the clergy (though they could go on and complete clergy training should they so desire).

The culmination of this training would be an actual ritual of initiation. Such an initiation would require some sort of spiritual current that the student could tap into – a current that would unify all ADF Initiates and help provide some of the “juice” they would need for their work. So how could ADF, relatively young and new, start such a current?

As a part of the work of growing our spiritual current the clergy of ADF have been exploring an otherworldly locale and inner Nemeton where we have been forming relationships with beings we call the “Ancient Wise”, those of the Sacred Dead who were poets, magicians and priests, and who would be willing to join with us to help us all walk the elder ways. This has been done through the good offices of the two deities who we honor in every sacrifice, the Warders of the Ways, the Earth Mother and the Keeper of Gates.

The Clergy Council debated long and hard, but finally decided that our four Archdruids, Rev. Isaac Bonewits (ADF's founder), Rev. Ian Corrigan, Rev. John “Fox” Adelman and our current Archdruid, Rev. Robert “Skip” Ellison, should be the conduit through whom this current would be focused. The Archdruids would be the first to be “initiated” or, more precisely, empowered; they would then be responsible for performing the first initiations in the system.

It seemed unfortunate (if not embarrassing) that there were no women in this mix, due to the vagaries of chance and history, and so it was decided that the rite to start this current flowing should be run by women of ADF, to bring gender balance to such an important and magical occasion. The four Archdruids would



Credit: Al Gooden

spend the time before the rite in trance, off by themselves, so that they could visit the otherworldly locale and invite the Elder Wise to aid us in starting this current. At the appropriate time in the rite the nine women leading it would bring the men into the light of the fire and together, with the aid of the Earth Mother and the Gatekeeper, everyone attending would help in building the energy needed to start the “juice” flowing. This was also an ADF Unity Rite, so we would be joining all of ADF into this work.

This working arrived at the event as nothing more than an idea, and it was the skill and effort of many of us that made it happen. In the days before the ritual there was much activity in the camp. The Archdruids designed their private work to deepen their connections with the Patrons. The women were busy designing the main ritual and assigning the parts. And the rest of us were waiting in growing anticipation for what we could already sense would be a momentous occasion.

One Archdruid, Rev. John (Fox) Adelman, had told us that he would not be able to attend. The others thought about how to have him represented in the rite, but nothing really acceptable could be found. And then at the last minute he appeared! He had realized just how important this rite would be and that he must be present, and so he dropped everything and drove all day from Ann Arbor, Michigan, to get there in time.

And at last that time came. I had been asked to lead the folk to the crossroads and there lead them in a grounding and centering while we waited for the messenger to arrive to let us know that it would be time to process to the ADF Nemeton there at Brushwood.

After the grounding, and while waiting for that messenger to summon us, I could feel a palpable energy coming from the Nemeton. I was suddenly rocked with emotion as though suddenly hit with a wave of seawater. Apparently the Gatekeeper was already there. I brought myself under control just as Morrigan, the young daughter of Raven and Carrion Mann, arrived to lead us to the rite. I knelt to her and gave her the box of silver that the folk had offered for sacrifice, and we all followed her to the Nemeton while singing “We Approach the Sacred Grove”.



Credit: Al Gooch

As we came to the bridge guarding the sacred precinct we could see the Archdruids off to the left, seated and deep in trance, while the women were on the mound around the fire, all singing a descant to our chant. Rev. Sue Parker was their leader, and the other eight women were Rev. Barbara Wright, Rev. Caryn MacLuan, Rev. Carrion Mann, Rev. Jessie Olson, Diana Paar, Leesa Kern, Selene Tawny and Karen Clark. They stood in a circle serene and poised – a truly arresting sight – as they sang.

Finally we had all assembled around the Nemeton and the rite began. The women performed a full ADF rite using the Core Order of Ritual, and made the central offerings to the Earth Mother, the Gatekeeper and the Ancient Wise, making serious and joyful sacrifice to all the Powers present.

The Omen was awesome. Three seers drew from three sets of runes. Leesa Kern, Rev. Carrion Mann and Diana Paar drew their runes:

R Leesa said, “The Gatekeeper gives us Raido, the Journey – the Journey begun.”

R Carrion said, “The Elder Wise also give us Raido.”

H Diana said, “The Earth Mother gives us Hagalaz. The Journey is not easy. And there are many obstacles to overcome.”

Ouch. But this was appropriate for what we are trying to do. Journey modified by Hail – the way is there and ahead of us but there will also be bumps on the road – probably a very true description of the future for this current.

And then it was time to bring in the Archdruids for the Unity portion of the rite (tied into the Blessings section) and to establish the current. But this would not be as easy as it sounds. A young, female child led in each Archdruid, and then the women challenged them in turn. Only after receiving a satisfactory answer would they receive the charge and be allowed in.

Rev. Robert Ellison was first, led in by his granddaughter Rhiannon. Rev. Sue Parker gave him his challenge, “Before you set foot upon this path, what will you do to empower, to strengthen and to guide the initiatory path of ADF?”

Rev. Ellison responded, “I will do as I have done always in the past – anything that is needed.” The women consulted each other and decided that this was simply not good enough. “More,” they said, “We want more.”

Rev. Ellison continued, “I will give myself, my time, to bring forth the current, to bring the words of the ancient Mother and Father to the initiates, to let them



Credit: Al Gooch

journey to the place that I have been and to see what I have seen.” This the women accepted. And then Rev. Olson charged him with, “I charge you to make your words and deeds as one and fulfill this oath.”

Next the Rev. Ian Corrigan, led in by young Morrigan, was challenged by Selene Tawney, “What will you do to empower, to strengthen and to guide the initiatory path of ADF?” To which he responded, “I will do as I have always done. I will bring my wit, my words, and my strength and my skill, my heart and my hands to the service of our Druidry. I bring with me the spirit of wisdom from the Mound to the extent that I can bear it and I mount the horse for this ride for our Druidry.” Rev. Caryn MacLuan gave him the charge, “I charge you to make your words and deeds as one and fulfill this oath.”

Rev. Isaac Bonewits was next, led in by Artos’ daughter, Rowen. He was challenged by Rev. Barbara Wright, “Isaac Bonewits, what will you do to empower, to strengthen and to guide this initiatory path?” And he responded, “I will do as I have done. I will make the necessary sacrifices of my life, of my wealth, of my heart, of my soul. I will open the floodgates to let the teachings pass through me. I will open my heart to the love of the Earth Mother that Her love may flow through to all who will walk these paths.” This, too, was acceptable to the women and Karen Clark spoke the charge, “I charge you to fulfill this oath.”

And finally, Rev. Parker challenged the last Archdruid, Rev. John (Fox) Adelman (led in by Rhiannon), “What will you do to empower, to guide and to strengthen the initiatory path of ADF?” Fox responded, “I bring with me the unseen connection from the Otherworlds to this World and this place. I will bring my heart and my faith and my commitment to do this work in this Order, to follow the commands to put things aside to heed the call as I did this day. I will be there.” Rev. Olson then spoke the charge to him.

The Archdruids formed a circle around the fire, holding hands. The women formed another circle around the Archdruids, also holding hands. We, the folk, held hands and formed a larger circle around them all. Rev. Caryn MacLuan led us in slowly ramping up the powers of heaven and earth within us so that we could send them to the women who would send them to the Archdruids – conduits to conduits to conduits. And when the powers filled us, we began to intone, sending these powers on their way. The effect of this built up stronger and stronger and became so powerful that the cosmos itself seemed to vibrate.



Credit: AJ Gresh

Rev. Parker announced, “Let it be known that in this place and in this time the ADF Initiatory Path has been born! So be it!” And our response was so great it reverberated through the trees.

With such power raised, the Archdruids then called for the Blessings and performed the

Unity Rite. As usual, they read out the names of the Groves of ADF while pouring the hallowed water on to the ground, connecting the blessing with the roots of all the groves and solitaries in ADF, binding them to us for the work to come.

Now that the Initiatory Current has been born and is flowing through ADF, the time will soon come to begin further initiations. We have one student who has already completed the work with another one not far behind. Many more are in various stages of the program and soon we will have ADF Initiates in place to further and continue this work.

Let the work grow strong! Let the Elder Wise grant us wisdom! And let ADF prosper from what was done that day.

May the blessings of the Earth Mother, the Keeper of Gates and the Elder Wise be on us all.

Rev. Kirk Thomas is currently ADF's Vice Arch Druid and has completed the Initiates program work, eagerly awaiting his turn for initiation.



Poetry

A Teaching Riddle

by Michel Daw



The holy one who faith-full guards the shrine,
With eyes and heart sees all and answers true,
Through old and new keeps covenants divine
And cosmic scale brings into human view.

Defender strong who shields with arm and heart,
With valor firm contends against the tide,
The troth to keep nor from the right to part,
Unflaggingly to toil and to abide.

The artisan who makes the worlds anew
Will welcome all with open hearth and door.
True balance teach, and excess to eschew,
To reap the fruits of new and ancient lore.

Three guides stand tall and silent, mentors old,
To light the path, three candles each uphold.

See Page 36 for Solution



Credit: Royalty Free

Standing Stones o' Stenness, Orkney Isles

c. 3100, B.C.E.



To Dionysos: After Reading Walt Whitman

by Brandon Newberg

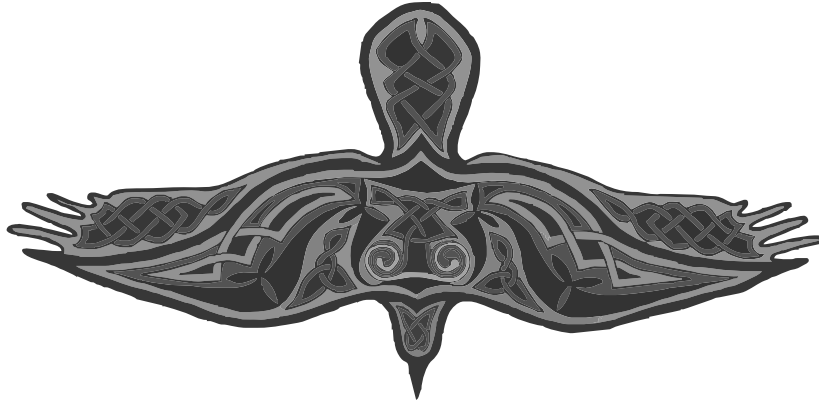
To be in any form, what is that?—he says,
O Dionysos, what is that? The man, he writes
In long, sensuous lines a song about himself,
As if to praise a god who slips between his thumbs,
Makes a circuit of his back, and crooks his toes,
Who glides along his nape, and titillates his calves...
Now isn't that your gift, O joyful Dionysos?—
To make us mad with being, drunk with form, a mass
Of tingling nerves and fingertips? Happy, he says,
I merely stir and press and feel, and I am happy.

If it were true of all men, as it was of him!
O Dionysos, if it were! But those who loafe
On leaves of grass, when loafing's over, go to work,
When summer's gone, and leaves fall, in winter too;
And then to stir and press and feel, and be so happy?
Could I praise a god who smiling takes his coat,
Walks to work, and wraps his throat against the wind,
Who counts the sores of cold and, tingling, laughs?
To be in any form—to be in *any* form—
Happy, O joyful Dionysos, what is that?

The Morrigan

by Shoshana

Image Credit: Royalty Free



Long night lit
by blood moon,
dead silence split
by the harbinger cry
of a crow.

She comes, sword in hand,
eyes silvered with
foreshadowing,
rapier smile
curving her lips.

Phantom Queen.
Beauty cold
and silent as falling snow,
but shining with victory,
and ecstasy promised,
both in and after battle.

She says nothing;
simply holds out Her sword,
blade already
well blooded.



Image Credit: Nafisah Tung (Tyshea)

My hands are trembling,
my eyes swollen
with tears un-cried.
I have spent this night
bound and staked
and brought to
my knees in sorrow,
keening my anguish
to air and water
fire and earth,
praying for comfort
and release.

She offers neither;
simply stands,
sword arm extended,
waiting, not patiently,
but waiting still,
Her regard
stern and farsighted,
but not unkind.

And then a whisper,
both rough and delicate,
like the brush
of some dark wings:
What price justice?
What price knowledge?
What price power?
What price wisdom?

The command is forceful
and demanding,
but again, not unkind:
Off your knees, now.
Fight or surrender
as you Will,
but do it on your feet.

And so I rise
and take the sword
from Her ever-steady hand.
I am heavy on my feet,
heavy in my heart,
but the hilt
fits palm and curled fingers
like it belongs;
a familiar weight
and heft to the blade,
and I begin to remember
who I am.
She nods, once,
warrior to warrior,
and turns away,
moving with
ageless grace,
honed by battle dance
and armored in mystery.
And I think,
sometimes armed
is better than comforted.

The Ancestors

by Grey Whittney

The Ancestors shape our way forward,
By leaving us maps from their past, allowing us to see
that we can move forward.
The Ancestors shape our thoughts,...
By leaving us ideas, and images, objects and visions
of time gone by, our history.
The Ancestors shape who we have become,
By merely being with us all those times where,
without them, we'd have fallen.
The Ancestors shape how we move on,
For the hardest part is them becoming the ancestors that we honor,
in our hearts, and in our thoughts, and in our souls.
Hail the Ancestors,
of those newly departed, and those who welcome them in the Other World.
Hail the Ancestors,
While they teach us what we know till we meet again.
Hail the Ancestors,
for they remember us, and we remember them.

Let All That Are to Mirth Inclined

Samhain Version

by Anne Keough

Let all that are to mirth inclined,
Consider well and bear in mind,
The souls of those who've gone before;
To Them we open wide the door.

The thirty-first day of October,
Our thoughts grow serious & sober,
When we call out to those who've died,
The Dead whom we carry inside.

The Dead draw near to us this day,
So let us sense Them in the way,
The wind blows through the trees above,
And wrap us in Their unseen love.

The Dead are with us this day still,
They're in our veins, our cells, our will
To carry on with life each day,
We pray They guide us on the way.

Tomorrow's children bring to mind,
That someday we will be in kind,
With Those whom we honor this day,
And with them we will always stay.





Personal Story

A Trip to Montana

by Steve Strahan



IT WAS SUMMER, in the spring of life, when I agreed to visit my Mother. While we were somewhat estranged then, the whys of it now known trivial, in my heart it was a promise to be kept.

Poverty was a regular companion in those days, so the trip from central Colorado to far northwestern Montana could only be made by hitchhiking. But as a regular traveler by thumb, the hundreds of miles of mountains and sage studded plains between origin and destination were no source of concern. And so early one August morning, I walked out to the highway and waited, blowing breath-rings in the cold air.

The first day was an uneventful series of roadside pick-ups and drop-offs, the attendant sights a seemingly endless collage of red and yellow rocks, sagebrush and the occasional antelope. Sometimes, when I was on the side of the road, passing travelers would salute with the wave of a hand, while others waved with an extended middle finger.

I managed to make it to Jackson, Wyoming, arriving around dusk. Having failed to leave Poverty back in Colorado, dinner consisted of stopping in a small store to buy a microwave burrito and canned soda. I tucked them in my pack, walking out of the store, then west and out of town, into the rapidly fading light. By the time I stopped walking, the lights of Jackson were no more than a soft glow on the eastern horizon.

Finding a soft grassy spot near the side of the road, I spread my bed-roll next to a small creek and barbed wire fence. Sitting back, I munched on the burrito, fascinated by the magnificent vista spread before me. The Tetons, abrupt and jagged, loomed ahead like a displaced Himalaya, backed by a broad curtain of flickering stars.

No evening travelers approached from the miles seen in either direction, so the path to and from the Tetons that night was clear. I was, it seemed, the sole human inhabitant of a large and otherwise empty place. The only sound was that of the wind, softly caressing the ear. For a moment, a fleeting really, I felt a strong sense of communion with my surroundings.

Exaltation suddenly fragmented into small, sharp shards of deep loneliness. The Earth beneath and the Sky above were so very, very big and I so very small. With a quickening of breath and a tightening chest, I reached

a point of almost existential dread. Desolate, I hurriedly gathered my things and walked the several miles back into town. I ended up camping in a city park and fell asleep to the dim sound of country music wafting out of the Million Dollar Saloon. Somehow, the honky-tonk Jackson night was of more comfort than the threatening silence of that high and empty country.

The second day was a test of endurance. It began with a wait of several hours in Ashton, Idaho. It was a lesson in demographics, as most folks who lived in that area were Mormons. As such, they were not much disposed to picking up vaguely suspicious types on the side of the road, much less one with Poverty as a companion. In time, a friendly and talkative salesman stopped, apparently in need of an audience. After a trip through the Targhee Pass and other points north, I was dropped in Butte, Montana.

Butte's gigantic open wound of a pit mine dominated the town and perversely, in the sky above the Navy Blue Angels flying team was streaking about in unison, their jets trailing streams of red, white and blue smoke. A couple of quick rides later and in near darkness, I ended the long day with a drop in Arlee,



Credit: Royalty Free

Montana. This was the fertile Jocko valley, home of the Flathead nation.

After a visit to a nearby café for a fried chicken meal (which exhausted my funds), I again found a grassy spot and barbed wire fence (seemingly ubiquitous in the West). Settling for the night, I became somewhat concerned about the presence of bears in the area. In defense I positioned myself directly below the fence, calculating that I could roll one way or the other in the event of a nocturnal ursine visit. A silly plan really, but these are the things one can worry about when on the side of the road. I climbed into the bed-roll and weary from the long day, quickly fell asleep.

At times, I was disturbed by the sound of vehicles travelling much too fast on the nearby road. Around 1:30 a.m. I was roused by the sound of a racing engine, then squealing tires followed by the sound of an impact of sorts. Perhaps a car veering off and striking a fence or some other roadside obstacle? Briefly considering the possibility of being run over by one of these reckless phantoms, I smiled to myself at the absurdity of the thought and returned to sleep. After dreams dominated by angry bears clawing me out of my roll, I awoke at dawn and broke camp. Walking out to the two lane highway, I raised an arm and pointed a thumb skyward.

Within minutes, a brand new blue Lincoln Continental Mark IV stopped. Behind the wheel was an elderly Flathead (he later told me he was 82, meaning he had been born in the 1890's). The man was what one may expect a Native American to look like, with a deeply lined reddish face framed by long braided gray hair covered with a big white straw hat. Looking more like a cowboy ironically, because he was also wearing cowboy boots and had a big silver belt buckle, he asked where I was going and I told him "Whitefish", or about a hundred miles north. He was going to his home, near Polson or only about thirty miles, but was pleased to give me a ride as far as he was going.



Credit: Royalty Free

I'd not previously been in a position to have a conversation with such a person and peppered him with questions. He was a gentle soul, patiently answering all of them, even when they were probably foolish and/or condescending. He had many things to say, some prosaic and some more philosophical.

The new Lincoln was a result of the tribe selling water rights, the proceeds shared on a yearly basis with all tribe members. He'd much rather ride in a car than on a horse, especially in the winter. This was a severe blow to my romantic notions of how a Native American would miss the old days.

His grandparents had lived in a "teepee" (his word, not mine) and it was a bad thing because in later years, they became blind from the smoke from the fire inside. He was quite happy with his home, which was modern in every way. Such was another silly and naive belief blown away.

I asked him about his religion, then (as now) being most interested in such matters. He explained that the tribe was very vigilant in preserving their relationships with their Gods and the Spirits of the Earth,

though many attended the Catholic Church as well. He said that as far as he could see, there was no harm in hedging one's bets in such matters.

He went on, saying that all they were, all they owned and all they would ever be was dependent upon their being proper (in the context, a word I then thought odd) in their observances of the Old Ways. He was careful to say that most of what they believed was to be shared with tribe members only, so he didn't go into much detail. But when I asked him how someone like me could commune with his Gods, he said that as far as he was concerned their Gods and Spirits (he mentioned both) would reveal themselves to anyone who respectfully cared to seek them. His words were to the effect that (as best as I can remember them) "Man may not possess the Gods or Spirits, but the Gods and Spirits may certainly possess Man".



Credit: Royalty Free

The Grand Tetons Mountains, Grand Tetons National Park, Wyoming

Handing me a ten dollar bill as he dropped me off on the side of the road (evidently seeing Poverty, but kind enough not to mention it), he offered his blessings for a safe journey. Sadly, I then lacked the courtesy to ask the old Flathead's name so I cannot call it now to offer due respect. Today, I am deeply ashamed to admit this.

It took no time at all to make it to Mother's house later that day and I spent a delightful week reconnecting with her and my younger siblings. The trip back to Colorado was unremarkable, other than a brief encounter with a Fundamentalist Christian. He tried to recruit me to his group, then living in an Idaho "compound", on the other side of the Bitterroots. He was more than a little creepy and when he stopped for gas, I took a walk until he disappeared.

Since becoming acquainted with Our Druidry, I've had occasion to reflect upon those few days so many years ago. I realize that the journey to my Mother's home offered a variety of profound lessons, but I didn't have the ability to recognize them as they were being presented.

I paid little real attention to the land as I stood on the side of the road or as it passed by in car and truck windows, thus losing the opportunity to fully experience the Earth's gift of some truly marvelous places.

That night in the Tetons I was seated in an awesome natural cathedral, surrounded by the brilliant Sky and in company with the Nature Spirits. Instead of fullness and joy, in my heart was only fear and loneliness.

The Great Ones spoke to me through the old Flathead and I had neither the wherewithal to fully appreciate the message, nor the respect to properly show thankfulness and appreciation to them or the man.

I know now that we are obligated to appreciate the bounties of Nature as they reveal themselves. I know now that the Gods and Spirits of the Earth are always with us and we need to respect and honor them through prayers and offerings. Finally, I know now that The Ancestors speak to us in many ways and we need to be vigilant for their words and thankful for their wisdom.

Ritual and other observances are necessary, but we also need to be sure to pay attention to the great blessings and lessons flowing through our daily lives, especially since they may be disguised or even hiding in plain sight.

Inspiration may reside in the web of a spider and beauty in what appears to be a barren landscape. Wisdom may be seen in the sparkle of a child's eyes or love in the wag of a dog's tail. And in the end, true fulfillment may be found by living FOR the worlds, rather than simply IN them.

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Lore

The Dream of Óengus Macc Óc

retold by Steph Gooch



LONG AGO, the young god, Óengus Macc Óc (*oyn-gus mabh oak*), dreamed of a lady so lovely, he fell sick and couldn't eat. Physicians were called from all over until the finest physician of all, Fergne (*fiirg-nel*), finally figured out that he was sick with love.

Fergne called in Óengus' mother, Goddess Boánd (*Bō-abn*), to help him. Boánd sent men out searching for the lady, so that her son could be cured. After a year, they admitted defeat and consulted Óengus' father, the good God, Dagda (*dahg-dah*), King of the Sidhe (*shee*) of Ireland. The Dagda sent out warriors to search, and after another year, they consulted Óengus' step-brother, Bodb (*Babh*) the Red, King of the Sidhe of Munster. Bodb sent out warriors to search, and after a third year, they found 150 ladies matching her description at Dragon's Mouth lake; however, Óengus recognized his true love among them, and Bodb identified her as Cáer Ibormeith (*caw-ehr i-bor-mehth*), the daughter of Ethal Anbúail (*eth-abl abn-boo-abl*) of Connachta (*con-ach-ta*).

Then Óengus and Boánd and the Dagda, along with their warriors, visited Aillil and Medb (*ay-lil and mayv*), the king and queen of Connachta, to ask for Cáer Ibormeith's hand in marriage. The king and queen referred them to the lady's father, who told them he could not consent to the marriage. The warriors threatened the father until he confessed that the girl had a terrible power, whereas she turned into a swan every other year on Samhain (*sow-un*), and thus he could not give her away in marriage.

Óengus returned to Dragon's Mouth lake on Samhain and asked her to come speak with him. She said, "I will come speak with you if you promise I can return to the water." He promised, and after speaking with her, Óengus turned into a swan and circled the lake with her three times, before flying off with her, thus fulfilling his promise. After that, the lady remained



with Óengus. This is how Aillil and Maeve became friends with the Macc Óc.

Citation:

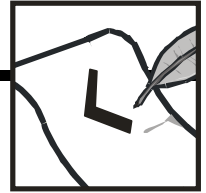
Gantz, Jeffrey, transl. Early Irish Myths and Sagas. New York: Dorset Press, 1985.



Article

Festivals and Families

by Nancy McAndrew



AS OUR PAGAN religions grow up, we must accept that we will have increasing numbers of children raised within our faiths. For organizers and hosts of public pagan events the questions become "What are event organizers expected to do for children? Where does the responsibility for the children lie, with the parents or with the festival?" As a member of two different religious tribes, one very family-focused, one peopled with childless folks (or parents of teen-adult children), and as an event organizer, I have had the opportunity to see a number of ways to include and exclude children from a community's spiritual activities. Over and over have I encountered a cry from parents for child-friendly events. And I have done some serious soul-searching and unscientific community research into what that might mean and ways it might be accomplished. Believe me, this topic is a snarl of conflicting expectations, connotations, and emotional entanglements.

It comes down to a sense of entitlement. I am *entitled* to enjoy an event with my children. or, I am *entitled* to enjoy an event unencumbered by your children. Well folks, it ain't that easy. Unless the event organizers have children or come from a community with lots of children, providing activities for children will be low on the priority list. And most of us have had direct experience with the difficulty of having a successful meditation with a fussy baby or loudly inquisitive youngster nearby. A workshop can be quickly unraveled by a parent trying to entertain or scold a child.

When event organizers begin to delve into the realm of Children's Activities it is all too easy to approach it from the standpoint of "How can we keep the kids away from the important stuff?" That attitude can lead to a case of parents v. the childless and will produce a generation of Pagan children with no love for community, no sense of tradition, and no feeling of Pagan kinship.

The single best approach for parents who want to see more family oriented and child-friendly events is to volunteer. I know how hectic family life can be and how precious is the time of parents. One needn't step into a huge coordinator role or commit hours to the endeavor. If there is an event in your area that does not seem child-friendly, a simple email to the hosts offering an hour or even half an hour kids workshop or activity may work wonders. It would be lovely if all

Pagan events had a children's element, but simply wishing for it won't work. If parents take up the mantle, we'll see a steady increase in events that welcome our children with open arms and craft tables. In my own experience, the only times I have seen any meaningful thought given to kid-friendly activities have been when parents themselves got involved and began the work. Please read that carefully, when parents Began the Work. It only takes a little time to get it going. If parents

band together to provide even a small space, a brief time for kids, then the larger community will see that it is not the onerous task it can appear to be.

Where to begin when thinking about children at an event:

Some areas of concern

It is easiest and legally safest to *not* assume responsibility for anyone else's child. Event staff could be liable should anything happen to a child under their supervision. Something for events to consider is to require a waiver before a child participates in **any** programming, with or without parental supervision. I am a fan of the sign-in sheet. It allows an event to see how many folks were at various activities and in a Children's Area, a brief "You are ultimately responsible for the supervision and safety of your child" at the top and parents signatures along with the child's name below does the trick. Most parents understand that anyway, but it always bears repeating.



Credit: Royalty Free

An event can make it easier for parents to connect by scheduling a family meet-and-greet time. During that time parents can network amongst themselves and perhaps work out times when they look after one another's children or pool resources to hire someone to babysit. With a bit more planning, an event can establish an e-group or message board where attendees are able to network and arrange cooperative childcare ahead of time (or other networking topics - carpooling, collaborative camping, etc.). This serves to begin the festival tribe-building work before the event and can encourage a family-friendly atmosphere.

If there is camping at your event, is it possible to designate a few spaces as Family Camping? A sign posted in that area with suggested quiet times and a no public debauchery policy could cut down on hard feelings and the possibility of kids awakened by Great Rites or adults awakened by 3am feedings. Likewise, an area for Rowdy Camping (well away from Family Camping) might be welcomed where folks can feel free to...whatever until...whenever.

Stating upfront what the event expectations are is important but we can all stand to be mindful of our language and try to avoid insulting phrasing. Perhaps instead of saying "No Children at the Fire Circle," we could state: "16 and older after 11pm."

Many parents have told me that they don't need tons of scheduled, structured workshops and activities for their children, but just a space for them, maybe some basic materials. This is fairly painless to achieve for event organizers. As an event planner, I understand that finding staff and/or volunteers can be a real hurdle. Below I'll offer a few suggestions for Children's Activities that can be left unstaffed or expanded by a volunteer/facilitator.

Sample Activities:

1. Simple: A craft table goes a long way. Putting out a bucket of crayons, paper, tape, maybe even safety scissors, and a trash can will go a long way. Such a table does not need to be supervised, though I do recommend a sign saying "Unsupervised Craft Table" so everyone knows what is going on. **Expanded:** If you have more time/energy/resources, providing instructions for a simple, thematic craft is not too difficult. The internet is full

of ideas, or most bookstores have a teacher-section with activity books. Print out the instructions and post them at your table (you can laminate them to use from year-to-year). If you have a volunteer, they can lead a more complicated craft project--one hour is more than enough time.

2. Simple: Who doesn't love story time? Download a Pagan myth pertinent to the season and clip it in a



Credit: Royalty Free



folder for parents to read to their children. There is quite a collection of child-appropriate tales in the ADF-Parents Program — print and put in a binder. I've found many black-white/line drawings of Gods and Goddesses online that can be printed out as coloring sheets. **Expanded:** Why not include reading a story as a work shift? Your public library has plenty of books, or if you have a volunteer ahead of time let them bring a book of their own.

- Tell/read a story then assign the children the roles of the story characters and have them pantomime the story as you read/narrate a second time through.
- Couple a story with a related craft or make puppets out of craft sticks, tissue paper, and white glue for the children to put on a show of the story.

3. Simple: A games area can be fun and inexpensive what with all the Dollar Store treasures available. Put out a few jump ropes, a ball, a Frisbee, big foam noodles, and some plastic buckets and, of course, your sign stating that the area is unsupervised. **Expanded:** A volunteer can supervise a games hour (tug-of-war, freeze tag, trains and stations, etc).

4. Simple, w/ a facilitator: How about a nature walk/scavenger hunt? Armed with a list of a few things easily found in the region, take the children on a walk through the woods and try to find everything on the list. A sample list could be; 2 different leaves with jagged edges, 4 leaves with round edges, 1 mushroom, 2 white rocks, something red, 2

straight sticks, 3 bent sticks, 1 big leaf, 1 blue feather, 1 feather of any color, 3 berries, piece of bark shaped like a boat, rock that looks like an animal, 2 yellow flowers, etc. With a large group of children and more parents/volunteers, work in teams. **Expanded:** Have the children use their treasures to decorate a Nature Altar. If it is possible, arrange for that altar to be incorporated into a ritual.

- Using found sticks, bark, stones, etc the children could build Fairy or Gnome houses in the woods. Braid some vines or grasses together for a pretty little wreath as a gift. Children enjoy taking their family to the site later. If it can be coordinated with ritual leaders, perhaps the children could take the nature Spirit offerings to the houses after the main ritual.

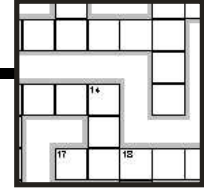
It bears repeating, our Pagan religions are still young. We don't have the generations of members that the big brick-and-mortar religions do so it stands to reason that we don't have great childcare or Vacation Edda Camp in the summers yet. We're still learning. But, we'll need to step it up if we want our children to be *truly* raised in our faith. It takes a village, sure, but it can start with a folding table and a stray bucket of crayons.

Nancy McAndrew is Chief of the Council of Regional Druids, hailing from Grove of the Seven Hills in Lynchburg, VA, of which she is a founding member and frequent officer.





Last Issue's Puzzle Key



Across

1. **EPIPHANY**—Mystical revelation
5. **FREYJA**—Norse Goddess of Love
10. **VIRGO**—August 22 to September 23
11. **INITIATION**—Beginner Ceremony
12. **SANSKRIT**—Classical Indian Language
14. **CLOTHO**—Moirae - Spinner
17. **GIBBOUS**—³/₄ Moon
18. **TORCH**—Kenaz
24. **ESOTERIC**—AKA Inner circle
27. **REES**—Alwyn & Brinley...
28. **AQUARIUS**—January 21 to February 19
29. **MIDDLE**—Meso
30. **MORTA**—Parcae -Cutter
33. **MUSES**—9 Greek Goddesses of inspiration
35. **INCENSE**—Aromatic substance
36. **SALVE**—ointment, balm etc.
41. **POSEIDON**—Trident wielder
42. **INDIA**—Ganges is a Sacred River in...
45. **ELK**—Algiz
46. **AESIR**—Ansuz
47. **NUMEN**—Latin for Deity
48. **NEMETON**—Grove AKA
49. **GORIAS**—City of Lugh's Sword
50. **MAN**—Mannaz

Down

2. **PWYLL**—Rhiannon's Husband
3. **DURGA**—A Hindu Mother Goddess
4. **SMITH**—Artist of Rider Waite Tarot deck (last)
6. **RUDRA**—Siva is AKA
7. **PANDORA**—Gk box opener
8. **BIFROST**—Rainbow Bridge
9. **HOLLY**—Tinne
13. **ING**—Inguz
15. **DOGMA**—Religious expectations
16. **CROWLEY**—This occultist died in 1947 (last)
19. **HERNE**—Hunter accompanied by Spectral hounds
20. **DEATH**—13th major Arcana
21. **CONFUCIUS**—Chinese Philosopher 551-479 BCE
22. **DEVIL**—15th major Arcana
23. **CERIDWEN**—Her cauldron gave knowledge
25. **CATTLE**—Fehu
26. **GIFT**—Gebo
31. **ARISTOTLE**—Greek Philosopher 384 - 322 BCE
32. **ASPEN**—Eadhadh
34. **WHEEL**—10th major Arcana
37. **APPLE**—Queirt
38. **VERGIL**—Roman Poet 70 bce-19ce
39. **HOME**—Othila
40. **NIFLHEIM**—Hels Realm
43. **JUNO**—Wife of Jupiter
44. **WAND**—baton, caduceus, scepter etc..

Teaching Riddle Answers: (Pg. 27)

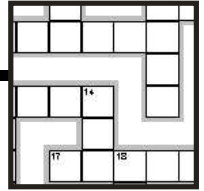
Priest
Wisdom
Piety
Vision
Warrior
Courage
Integrity
Perseverance
Producer
Hospitality
Moderation
Fertility
The Three Classes [Dumezil]
3X3 = the Nine Virtues





Crossword Puzzle

by Chris :)

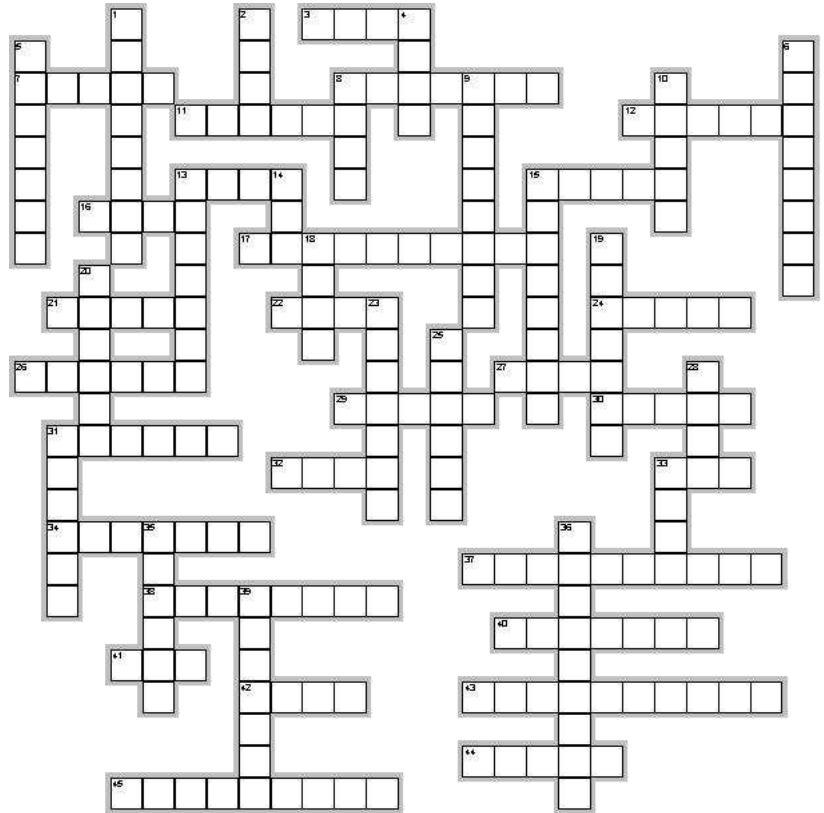


Across

3. Pagan Celtic Britain author (last)
7. Indian-he rescued the rain clouds
8. Ur
11. Perseus killed....
12. Author Ellen E.....
13. Transcendental Magic author
15. Slavic god of thunder...
16. *Salvia officinalis*
17. *Cymbopogon citratus*
21. Laguz
22. *Humulus lupulus*
24. Ruis
26. He received the caduceus from Apollo
27. Author Patrick K.....
29. Home of New Delhi
30. Author Peter B.....
31. Indian - the divine twins
32. Matronalia was her holiday
33. Idhadh
34. Son of Brigit and Tuireann
37. 14th major Arcana
38. Welsh -Pwyll's wife
40. High Magic's Aid author
41. Half man & half goat
42. Gk Sister to Aries
43. Found in a peat bog in 1891
44. Roman Goddess of the Hearth
45. Welsh- Mother of Dylan and LLEU

Down

1. Washer at the ford
2. *Isatis tinctoria*
4. 17th major Arcana
5. $\frac{3}{4}$ Moon is aka
6. Cleena is queen of the....
8. Hagalaz
9. Norse- watcher of Bifrost
10. The River Boyne was named for her....



EclipseCrossword.com

13. Roman - Malignant spirits/ghosts.
14. Isa
15. GK In the guise of a stallion he mated with Demeter
18. 18th major Arcana
19. Beowulf's enemy
20. April 21 - May 21
23. Longest River in Ireland
25. Lia Fail was from this city.....
28. Muin
31. Son of Dagda and Boann
33. Indian - First Ancestor....
35. Greek = The North Wind
36. Gk Hesiod's foam Goddess
39. Hades river of sadness



News and Announcements



Dedicant Program Completions

Melissa (Missy) Burchfield

Three Cranes Grove, ADF
Completed April 2009

Anthony Fleming

Solitary
Completed May 2009

Michelle Lee Handa

Sassafras Grove, ADF
Completed May 2009

Jim Harmon

Solitary
Completed May 2009

Nickolas Morgaan

Solitary
Completed May 2009

Timothy Phistry

Wild Onion Grove, ADF
Completed May 2009

Arthur Shipkowski

Hemlock Vales Protogrove, ADF
Completed May 2009

New Protogroves

Larrea Tridentata Protogrove, ADF

Las Vegas, NV
Founded April 20, 2009

Beautiful Rivers Protogrove, ADF

Buffalo, NY
Founded May 15, 2009

Goose Creek Protogrove, ADF

Herndon, VA
Founded May 18, 2009

Silver Branch Golden Horn Protogrove, ADF

Denver, CO
Founded May 19, 2009

Coming Events

Summerlands

August 20-23, 2009 in Yellow Springs, OH
<www.6thnight.org/summerland>

Midnight Flame Festival

September 10-13, 2009 in Bellaire, Michigan
<<http://www.grovemidnightsun.org/midnightflame.html>>

The Chenille Canopy

The Chenille Canopy was created and exists for the benefit of all women who are members of ADF. It is designed to encourage new ideas, provide a supportive forum for discussion and the resolution of life challenges. The Chenille is intended to empower women to enhance their spirituality, strengthen interpersonal relationships and to pursue leadership roles within ADF

The Chenille Canopy does this by:

- Sponsoring regional weekend retreats and facilitating fellowship opportunities at ADF festivals
- Maintaining a web site and hosting a discussion list on Yahoo groups
- Learning, sharing and celebrating women's mysteries together

We feel there is a great need within ADF for women-oriented spirituality, and by separating ourselves from our brothers on occasion to nurture each others' ideas, plans and visions as women, we hope to strengthen each other as individuals, whereby enhancing our contributions to ADF. Our sincere hope is that the knowledge, skills and insights we obtain from each other because of our interactions "under the Chenille" will be disseminated to ADF as a whole as we return to our groves and our individual spiritual practices.

<<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/chenillecanopy/members>>

May the Kindreds bless our work!

Submission Guidelines

Oak Leaves welcomes submissions of artwork, articles, poetry, letters to the editor, and anything else that might be of interest to our readers. Submissions, and especially artwork, relating to the turning of the wheel of the year and the celebration of the High Days are particularly encouraged. Submissions from non-members will be accepted, however, if space is constrained, preference will be given to submissions from ADF members. Certain pieces may receive preference, depending on available space.

References and Notations:

Since excellent scholarship is one of ADF's goals, please document sources of ideas and materials that you used for your writings. Detailed endnote references are preferred rather than simply providing a bibliography. Please follow the standards for references in the MLA Handbook or Style Manual. We will not accept submissions with footnotes, as they require considerable editing to convert to endnotes.

Medium of Submission:

Electronic submissions are preferred, sent as email attachments to the Oak Leaves submissions address:

oak-leaves@adf.org

Please send one submission per attachment specifying the format, author's name, your email, and membership status. Be sure the title of the piece and your name are at the top of the page, and you have checked it over for spelling and grammatical. Please ensure that any graphics included in your submission are not embedded into the document but attached as a separate graphics file (.jpg, .png, etc.). Graphics files should be at 300 dpi gray-scale, where appropriate.

We will also accept electronic submissions on CDs, sent to:

OL Editor,
P.O. Box 17874
Tucson, AZ 85731-7874

Please do not upload the article directly to the wiki as this has caused some confusion. Written submissions should be sent in one of the following formats: Rich Text Format (RTF) or MS Word. Submitted materials will not be returned to the sender, unless specifically requested.

Art Submission Guidelines:

We now accept photos as well as drawings and computer generated pictures. Some of the color pictures will need to be modified to black and white but we will do that as necessary. We would like to have pictures submitted at a minimum of 300 dpi, and in a useable format such as .jpg, .png, etc. Please send them to the Art Director at metrophage@gmail.com. We are not currently accepting hard copies of your art.

Deadlines for submissions are:

Spring: December 1st,

Summer: March 1st,

Autumn: June 1st,

Winter: September 1st



ADF Directory



The Mother Grove

Archdruid	Skip Ellison	adf-archdruid@adf.org
Vice-Archdruid	Rev Kirk Thomas	adf-vice-archdruid@adf.org
Treasurer	Kristine Marino	adf-treasurer@adf.org
Secretary	Rev. Robert Lewis	adf-secretary@adf.org
Members Advocate	Arthur Shipkowski	adf-members-advocate@adf.org
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Chief of the Council of Senior Druids	Flip	adf-cosd-chief@adf.org
Non-Officer Director	Anthony Thompson	athomps@adf.org
Non-Officer Director	Selene Tawny	selene@zoomtown.com
Non-Officer Director	Mariah Sheehy	caelesti@gmail.com



Additional Leadership Positions

Administrator	Selene Tawny	adf-administrator@adf.org
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev Isaac Bonewits	ibonewits@neopagan.net
Archdruid Emeritus	Ian Corrigan	tredera@ncweb.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev John "Fox" Adelman	john.adelman@trw.com
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Regalia Manager	Medb Aodhamair	adf-regalia@adf.org
Webmaster	Anthony Thompson	adf-webmaster@adf.org



Committees

Clergy Council	Chair: Skip Ellison	adf-archdruid@adf.org
Council of Lore	Chair: Raven Mann	adf-preceptor@adf.org
Grove Coordinating Committee	Chair: Rev Caryn MacLuan	adf-gcc-chair@adf.org
Grove Organizing Committee	Chair: Aigeann	adf-goc-chair@adf.org
Prisoner Relations Committee	Chair: Rev Barbara Wright	adf-prison-ministry@adf.org



Regional Druids

Upper Midwest Regional Druid	Jean Pagano	adf-upper-midwest-rd@adf.org
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Europe Regional Druid	Hekataia	adf-europe-rd@adf.org

Guilds

<u>Artisans Guild</u> Chief: Sharon Smith	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/artisans
<u>Bardic Guild</u> Chief: Rev Jennifer Hunt	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/bards
<u>Brewers Guild</u> Chief: Flip	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/brewers
<u>Dance Guild</u> Chief: Zona-Lisa Bennett	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/dance
<u>Healers Guild</u> Chief: Rodney Cox	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/healers
<u>Liturgists Guild</u> Chief: Rev Kirk Thomas	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/liturgists
<u>Magicians Guild</u> Chief: Rodney Cox	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/magicians
<u>Naturalists Guild</u> Chief: Linda Costello	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/naturalists
<u>Scholars Guild</u> Chief: Christopher Sherbak	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/scholars
<u>Seers Guild</u> Chief: Meredith McDonald	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/seers
<u>Warriors Guild</u> Chief: James Dillard	http://www.adf.org/members/guilds/warriors



Special Interest Groups

American SIG	Coordinator: Karen Dutton	kdutton@carolina.rr.com
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Children's Education and Parenting SIG	Coordinator: Epona	epona@mysticdruid.com
Ecstatic Trance SIG	Coordinator: Siobhan	siobhanols@yahoo.com
Foireann Mhorrigan	Coordinator: Wry Welwood	wrywj@yahoo.com
Military Outreach SIG	Coordinator: Francesca	ladybythesea@yahoo.com
People of the Purple Feather	Coordinator: Aethon Tobar	aethontobar@gmail.com
Safe Haven SIG	Coord. Lightwind De Domnu	blesseddruideess@gmail.com
Solitaires SIG	Coordinator: Brandon Newberg	SolSIGCoordinator@gmail.com
Technopagan SIG	Coordinator: Dubhlainn	jamie.goodwin@hotmail.com



Kins

<u>Eastern Indo-European: Aus Dhwer: Eastern Gate Kin</u> Leader: Rev Michael Dangler	http://www.adf.org/members/kins/eastern-gate/
<u>Gaelic/Celtic: Clann na nGael: Gael Kin</u> Leader: Carrion Mann	http://www.adf.org/members/kins/gael/
<u>Germanic/Northern: Eldr ok Iss: Kin of Fire and Ice</u> Leader: Flip	http://www.adf.org/members/kins/fire-and-ice/
<u>Hellenic: Oi Asproi Koukouvayies: White Owls Kin</u> Leader: Diane "Emerald" Vaughn	http://www.adf.org/members/kins/white-owls/
<u>Proto-Indo-Europeans: Pontos Proto-Indo-European Kin</u> Leader: Briar	briar.druid@yahoo.com
<u>Ancient Roman: The Roman Kin</u> Leader: Virginia Carper	http://www.adf.org/members/kins/roman/
<u>Russian/Baltic/Slavic: The Slavic Kin</u> Leader: Francesca	http://www.adf.org/members/kins/slavic/
<u>Welsh: Tylwyth Y Ddraig Goch: Clan of the Red Dragon</u> Leader: Rev Kirk Thomas	http://www.adf.org/members/kins/red-dragon/

Groves and Protogroves:



Australia:

Silver Birch Protogrove, ADF Local to: Australia silverbirchadf@gmail.com



Canada:

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Thornhaven Protogrove, ADF Local to: ON thornhavenadf@yahoo.ca
Island Willow Protogrove, ADF Local to: QC islandwillow@gmail.com



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Hollow Hills Protogrove, ADF Local to: Hampshire, UK hollowhillsadf@gmail.com



USA:

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Grove of the Rising Phoenix, ADF Local to: AZ info@risingphoenix-adf.org
Sonoran Sunrise Grove, ADF Local to: AZ sd@sonoransunrise.org
Awen's Breath Grove, ADF Local to: CA awensbreath@aol.com
Burning Waters Protogrove, ADF Local to: CA burning_waters@sbcglobal.net
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Apple Branch Protogrove, ADF Local to: IL ashley@apple-branch.org
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Wild Hare Grove, ADF Local to: KS, MO info@wild-hare.org
Cedarlight Grove, ADF Local to: MD clg@cedarlightgrove.org
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<u>Spiral Spirit Protogrove, ADF</u>	Local to: PA, DE, NJ	info@spiralspirit.org
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<u>Goose Creek Protogrove, ADF</u>	Local to: VA	odilla@gmail.com
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<u>Protogrove of the Shenandoah, ADF</u>	Local to: VA	gotshenandoah@gmail.com

For more information on Groves, Guilds, Special Interest Groups (SIGs), and Kins please see the full listing on our webpage:
<<http://www.adf.org/groups/groups-list.html>>

Contributors

To this issue of Oak Leaves

Art

Holly Bird

Caer Iborneith

AJ Gooch

Ancestors in a Nemeton

Wellspring photos

Nafisah Tung (Tyshea)

Celtic knotwork sword

Articles

Gaarik Daruth

Stewing Up Your Destiny: A Modern

View of Fate

Rev. Carrion Man

The Might and Magic of the Dead

Nancy McAndrew

Festivals and Families

Columns

Rev. Ian Corrigan

Celtic Flame

Rev. Skip Elison

Message from the Archdruid

Anthony Fleming

*The ADF Liturgy and The Importance of
Being Ourselves*

Steve Strahan

A Trip to Montana

Crossword

Chris :)

Festival Reviews

Rev. Robert Lewis

Wellspring 2009 Bardic Chair

Rev. Kirk Thomas

Establishing ADF's Initiatory Current

Poetry, Song & Story

Missy 'Melissa' Burchfield

Tentates

Michel Daw

A Teaching Riddle

Steph Gooch

The Dream of Óengus Macc Óc

Anne Keough

Let All That Are to Mirth Inclined

Brandon Newberg

To Dionysus: After Reading Walt

Whitman

Shoshana

The Morrigan

Diane 'Emerald' Vaughn

Circe

Create the Cosmos Again

The Maenad

Grey Whittney

The Ancestors



Ár nDraiocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship

P.O. Box 17874, Tucson, AZ 85731-7874



Membership and Subscription Form

One form per person please.

Beside your name, address, phone number, and e-mail 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.

Legal Name: _____ P _ S _ C

Religious Name: _____ P _ S _ C

Address: _____ P _ S _ C

City: _____ State/Province: _____ Zip/Postal Code: _____

Country: _____ Phone Number: _____ Birth Date: __/__/__ (mm/dd/yy)

Email Address: _____ P _ S _ C

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? _____

If this is a membership renewal please state your ADF membership number: _____

In which ADF Grove do you intend to participate in, if any? _____

I am 18 years of Age or Older: { } Yes { } No (If no, see waiver below.)

ADF Membership Rates:

Regular Membership _____ years @ \$25/year = \$ _____

Prisoner Membership _____ years @ \$10/year = \$ _____

Subscription to Oak Leaves - Members _____ years @ \$20/year = \$ _____

Subscription to Oak Leaves - Non-Members _____ years @ \$25/year = \$ _____

Total Due \$ _____

Please mail this form with your check or money order (made payable to "ADF" in U.S. dollars only.) Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing. There are special rates for Prisoners. Please contact us if you are a prisoner or are assisting one. This form may also be found online at: <http://www.adf.org/joining/join.html>.

Under 18 Membership Waiver

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

To whom it may concern: (enter child's name here) _____ has my permission to become a member of ADF, and I am fully aware of the Neopagan nature of this organization.

Parent/Guardian Signature

Parent/Guardian Printed Name

Notary Seal:



Credit: AJ Greenp

Rev. Ian Corrigan pours water on the earth during the Unity Rite, as Rev. Robert 'Skip' Ellison read the names of all of the Groves and Protogroves in the ADF.



"What will you do to empower, to strengthen and to guide the initiatory path of ADF?"

"I will do as I have done. I will make the necessary sacrifices of my life, of my wealth, of my heart, of my soul. I will open the floodgates to let the teachings pass through me. I will open my heart to the love of the Earth Mother that Her love may flow through to all who will walk these paths."

*Rev. Barbara Wright & Isaac Bonewits,
Establishment of ADF's Initiatory Current
Unity Rite, Wellspring 2009, p. 23*