











The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin Winter 2015 ~ Issue No. 71



There could I marvel

My birthday

Away but the weather turned around.

It turned away from the blithe country

And down the other air and the blue altered sky

Streamed again a wonder of summer

With apples

Pears and red currants

And I saw in the turning so clearly a child's

Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother

Through the parables

Of sunlight

And the legends of the green chapels

And the twice told fields of infancy

That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart moved  
in mine.

These were the woods the river and the sea

Where a boy

In the listening

Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his  
joy

To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.

# Cernunnos Shrine Crowdfunding Campaign

Coming Soon in Fall 2015

Cascadia Grove, ADF, is building a shrine to the Celtic god Cernunnos at White Mountain Druid Sanctuary at Trout Lake in Washington state. You can help! Check out our Indiegogo site at <http://igg.me/at/cernunnosshrine> in early October 2015.



At left is the working sketch of the Cernunnos Shrine to be constructed in Spring 2016. It will also feature a fire altar and oak tree bench as seen in the photo of the Lugh Shrine on the back.

The Cernunnos Shrine will be the fourth such built around the 10+ foot tall stone pillars of the Druid Sanctuary's Stone Circle. Rituals are held in the Circle eight times a year during the High Holidays and Cross Quarter days.

To the right is the completed shrine to Lugh at the eastern side of the Stone Circle (see below). The Cernunnos Shrine will sit at the western end of the Stone Circle, across from this shrine.

More photos, sketches and descriptions of the location will be posted on our Indiegogo site when it goes live in October.

Cascadia Grove is a branch of Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship. You can find out more about us at [adfcascadia.org](http://adfcascadia.org) and about ADF at [adf.org](http://adf.org).





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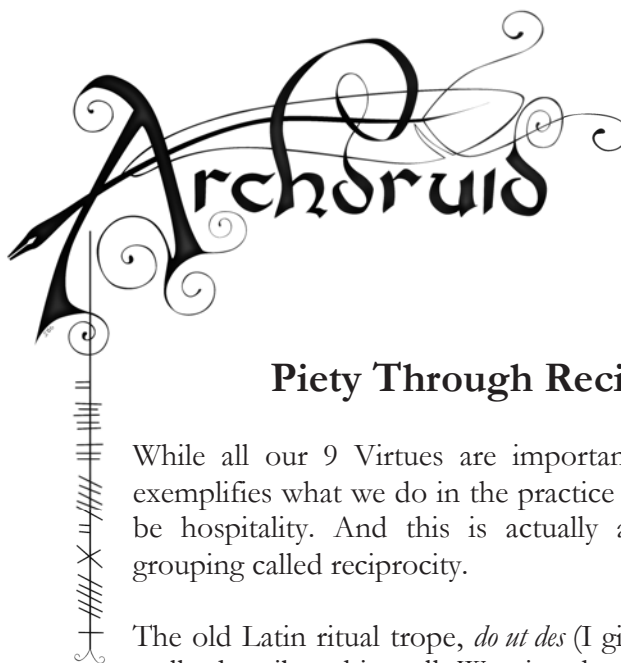
Winner of the Annual Artisans Guild Competition at Wellspring 2015

By: Ash Wagner

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## Piety Through Reciprocity

While all our 9 Virtues are important, the one that best exemplifies what we do in the practice of our religion has to be hospitality. And this is actually a subset of a larger grouping called reciprocity.

The old Latin ritual trope, *do ut des* (I give that you may give) really describes this well. We give that we may receive, and this idea underpins all of our everyday relationships. If we don't want to become isolated, which at the extreme can lead to madness, then we need to interact with other people.

And the best way to do this is through reciprocity. We give love, attention (and occasionally things) to other people in hopes that we will receive the same from them one day. It's a two-way street, and one that we all must travel if we are to be healthy and happy folks.

This two-way street also applies to our relationships with the Gods and Spirits. We give to Them and, we hope, They will giveback to us.

In the story of the abduction of Persephone by Hades, her mother Demeter wandered the earth in her grief and refused to let anything grow and prosper. As a result, the starving people stopped making their offerings to the Gods, which deprived the Holy Ones of their τιμή (price or honor). And this was intolerable to Them. Zeus had no choice but to allow Persephone to return to the earth, that Demeter might let it fruit once again.

So reciprocity goes both ways. We give that we may receive, and They give that They may receive. Reciprocity aids the good life. And that's why we make our offerings to the Kindreds and ask for blessings in return.

So be it!

-Rev. Kirk S. Thomas  
Archdruid, ADF



# Representing ADF in Berlin at Lange Nacht der Religionen

By Mairi NicDhoisen

For four years now, Berlin has invited people from various religions to represent their faith at Lange Nacht der Religionen. People were encouraged to visit churches, mosques, synagogues and temples to get to know people of other faiths and learn about their religion. This year was the first time for pagans to attend the event and represent their faith(s).



Members of OBOD, PFI, ADF, but also pagans from reclaiming, Wicca, eclectics, shamans and heathens met at the family centre „Menschenskind“ on this Saturday morning, to explain their paths to interested guests. In the building, as well as outdoors, tables were put up and decorated with lots of love and devotion.

Every participant brought along some vegetables, and a big soup was cooked over the fire to be shared with participants and guests. There were also cookies, fruits, cake, as well as coffee and tea for everyone. \*Ghosti at its best!

I shared the booth with a friend of mine, who was collecting donations for the goddess temple in Tübingen, Germany. Two ADF members from

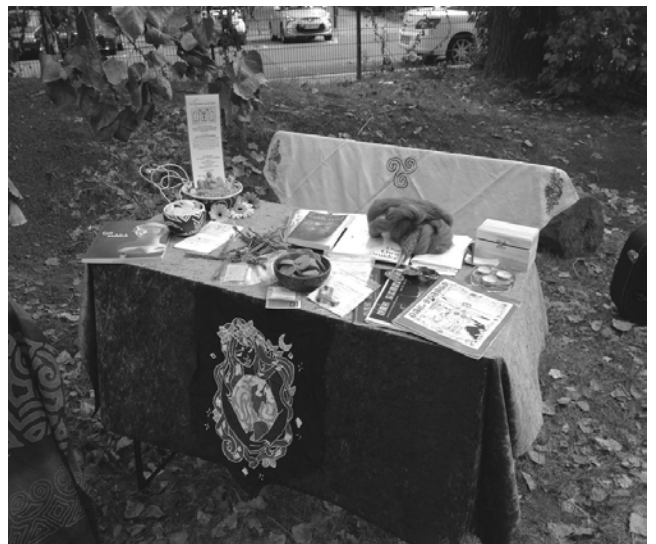
Bavaria had travelled the long way to join and support us.

We built our altar for Brigid, Cailleach, Manannan, Ogma and Dagda. The poplar near our booth gave us one of its fallen branches to be used as our world tree. Members of the organizing team helped with light, tie-wraps and cloths, so that altar and booth were ready for our guests. At 2pm all participants joined hands around the fire and we were welcomed by the organizers.

Donate Pahnke spoke about what all pagan paths have in common, what we all share and why we are here. Quickly, our guests came and joined our circle, letting it grow and grow.

We then sang the chant „We are a circle“, which was a lovely experience with all the guests among us. For the whole afternoon and evening there were various things planned: reclaiming rites, rites from the Asatruar, a shamanic rite by Voenix, and also many lectures on various topics.

With my friend I spoke about hearth cultures in ADF. We started by singing, We approach the sacred grove“ and walking around the fire to bless it. Then we explained the concept of hearth cultures, why we are encouraged to choose one





and how to do that, as well as how we had chosen one while learning more about it. I then sang some Gaelic songs, explaining a bit about the differences and functions of various song types in Gaelic culture.

At our information booth we welcomed various people, well experienced pagans, newbies, atheists, seekers, as well as Christian theologians.

Everyone was curious and open-minded and it was a pleasure for us to answer their questions. We had brought some goodies along with us, Brigid's crosses, candles with the flame of Cill Dara, pebbles painted

with ogham and spirals, and prayer beads honoring Brigid. At the end of the evening, there was almost nothing left, and all the flyers I had printed were gone.

We had expected about 100 guests to come along. Instead, there were over 250! It was a great first participation at Lange Nacht der Religionen for all the pagans. The whole event was peaceful and nice, and everyone left with the promise to be back next year!

Thanks go out to our Regional Druid Elen for preparation, lovely flags and the big poster! Thanks go also to Nicole and Jacob for being with us in Berlin, it was lovely to spend time together.

*Màiri NicDhòiseu - I joined ADF in 2012 and am currently enrolled in the Initiate Path and nearly finished with CTP Preliminaries. I founded Clan of the Green Mother Protogrove in August 2014. My hearth culture is Scottish Gaelic.*

## Lord & Lady

By Jennifer Seaton



Trees sway in the breeze that is her breath.  
Leaves blow in the magick that is her beauty.  
Rain falls softly from the clouds that are  
his sheath.  
While thunder bellows, his call to the wild that  
he commands.  
She is the Mother of the Earth,  
the creature of nature.  
He is the Father of the Sky, the ruler of the heaven's and the God of War & Hunt.  
Together they rule the Pagan World  
As the Lord & Lady;  
The Goddess & Her Consort,  
The Horned God.  
Mother and Father.  
The Hunter and the Hunted.  
The divine creators,  
Ruler of all that is magick,  
and all that we hold dear,  
Life.



# Creating the Cosmos Through Gingerbread

By Rev. Francesca Hedrick

In ADF we consider the origins of the cosmos as the Indo-Europeans may have viewed it. Modern science aside, in trying to describe how the cosmos is created through sacrifice, one of the best explanations is stated by Bruce Lincoln: "The myth tells us of the origin of the world and also of the origin of the most important human institution - sacrifice. In truth, these are not two separate origins but one. The first sacrifice is the origin of the world, and each repeated sacrifice serves to re-create it" (Lincoln 139).

In the Norse/Germanic myths, the story of creation starts with the formation of the primordial giant Ymir 'Twin,' who is nurtured by a cow born of the frost (Puhvel 219). The tale then continues with three brothers related to the giant (Odin, Vili and Ve), who kill Ymir. From this giant Ymir, pieces of him are transformed to become the sea, land and mountains. Races of giants, both male and female, emerge from the body parts of Ymir (Davidson 173).

The sacrificial death and subsequent transformation of body parts into beings and their world, sets the stage for the subsequent myths of the giants, the gods, and the future. Therefore, the murder is necessary for life to spring forth and creation of the world to occur as told in the myths. By sacrificing the life of the giant Ymir, the creation of the world and cosmos is formed.

How then do we actually create the cosmos for use in ritual that describes the process of cosmos creation through sacrifice? The easiest way to do this would be to make a giant gingerbread man cookie.

Stop laughing.

The flour used represents the earth that is mixed with the primordial waters; this forms the basis for the creation of the being, then it goes through the transmutation of baking by fire. As the 'being' cools, he is then decorated and revered.

During ritual, the creation of the cosmos is recreated by the dismemberment of this cosmic man by offering parts of it to the Kindreds and finally to the folk that are present.

*Hail Holy One*

*You were born of the land and the waters,  
You were born of the air and the fire,*

*Hail Holy One*

*You are sacrificed to once again become the land  
and the waters,  
You are sacrificed to once again become the air and  
the fire,*

*Hail Holy One*

*You are remembered as a giant among us,  
You are remembered as one of the Kindreds,*

Hail Holy One

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*Rev. Francesca Hedrick is a priest of ADF and an active member since 1999. She has been dynamic within the organization and contributor to many of ADF's sub-groups.*



# Reflective Essay on Traveling Clergy

Coyote Ridge Correctional Center

By Thomas Brown

On the second to the last Saturday in August, members of the ADF Traveling Clergy visited the Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group in Conell, WA. We were pleased to host Rev. Jean 'Drum' Pagano and Rev. Melissa Missy Burchfield, who joined our mentor and spiritual advisor, Rev. Kirk Thomas, for an all-day get-together. The purpose of this essay is to share my thoughts about the experience.

As I begin this reflective missive, it should be mentioned that this was not the first time that ADF Priests or members of leadership have made the trek to Connell. Rev. Jeff Wyndham (Ian Corrigan) and Rev. Sue Parker-Wyndham (Liafal) traveled to Connell in June of 2011. Then, in 2014, Jonathan Levy from Columbia Protogrove, ADF and Karen LaFey from Cascadia Protogrove, AD attended our five-year celebration. Another Druid, Rory Bowman, goes to great lengths to attend our High Days with Kirk.

Those two events were ecumenical, the first including Wiccan and Asatru guests, while Drum and Missy's visit would be small and strictly an ADF affair.

Planning for the day on my end was far from difficult. When Kirk visited at Lughnasadh, we sat down, figured out what would work and what would not work, outlined the day, and assigned



ritual parts and duties. Everyone knew what they would do when Drum and Missy visited.

Truth be told, I had been anticipating and planning this day for some time. My vision was to share the work Kirk has shared with us with Drum and Missy and quantify the value of prison ministry in our lives. I hope we succeeded in demonstrating the virtues as we live them.

The day was divided into various themes and goals: meet and greet, do a workshop, have a Unity Rite, eat lunch, have another workshop, thank our guests, and conclude the day.

In a hazelnut shell, that's just what we did.

The meet and greet was to allow Drum and Missy time to introduce themselves and their works in ADF to the men and to introduce the Frog Stone Circle members to them. My goal was to set them and the men at ease—we, too, were anxious about the visit.

Once our niceties were concluded, we began with a Prayer to the Earth Mother. We started the day right. The Frog Stone Circle is aware of hospitality, and our devotional work is very personal and centered on the Earth Mother. There are few examples, other than the man next to us, to demonstrate hospitality or devotional work through purification. Each of us has been given a framework and points of reference from Kirk. Drum led a workshop on hospitality and devotional work through which we gained a broader understanding of these concepts.





Going outside gave us a lot of time to talk and get further acquainted with Drum and Missy. It was nice sharing the story of how the outside grounds came together and how we overcame challenges through the years. We have been quite fortunate with our journey, and our Darkstone Nemeton reflects the gifts of successes and failures.

The ritual was an ADF Unity Rite to tie all of Our Fellowship into the work. I was in charge this day so Drum and Missy could see, as others who have experienced, how we normally work together as a group.

I have confidence in my own abilities and that of my team to perform proper public rites. That is a credit to the training programs of ADF; so, it was with great ease that the ritualists were briefed and we were able to honor the Kindreds.

I am proud to say that our training and devotion complimented that of our Traveling Clergy, and we had a wonderful ritual. My goal was to demonstrate competence while honoring the Gods. To accomplish this, our newest member incorporated ADF's Mission and Vision Statement into the Statement of purpose from memory. We honored the Earth Mother, The Gatekeeper, and The Ancient Wise as the Beings of the Occasion since these powers are honored in Druid rites with a focus on ADF's spiritual work.

Missy even taught us a new song for the Blessings (return flow) portion which we will use in future rituals.

When we went back inside, we ate lunch. It was an affair that we have endured on several occasions. PB&J, chips, and an orange: standard fare. The meal was limited by the scarcity of policy that fails to see the value in hospitality. Still, we made do. After lunch, Missy led a workshop on blending

Bardic Arts and the Bard in ritual space. This workshop was useful for us as a group as it was for personal devotion. It should be said that as a member of the Bardic Guild and the Order of Bardic Alchemy that I was quite pleased by this discussion and presentation. The Frog Stone Circle uses songs and chants on a regular basis. She shared poetry as well which proved an inspiration to many.

At three o'clock, it was time to talk about prisoner relations. It was my intention to present material based on fact, value, and policy (a balanced logos, pathos, and ethos argument). I began by stating numbers, who and how many have left or stayed ADF members. It's a small number, and I doubt ADF will see a deluge of ex-prisoners wanting to share fellowship with our Groves and Protogroves. For example, as time passes, folks on the inside find out that our environment of taking responsibility for thoughts, feelings, and actions as a spiritual lifestyle is unachievable on the outside.

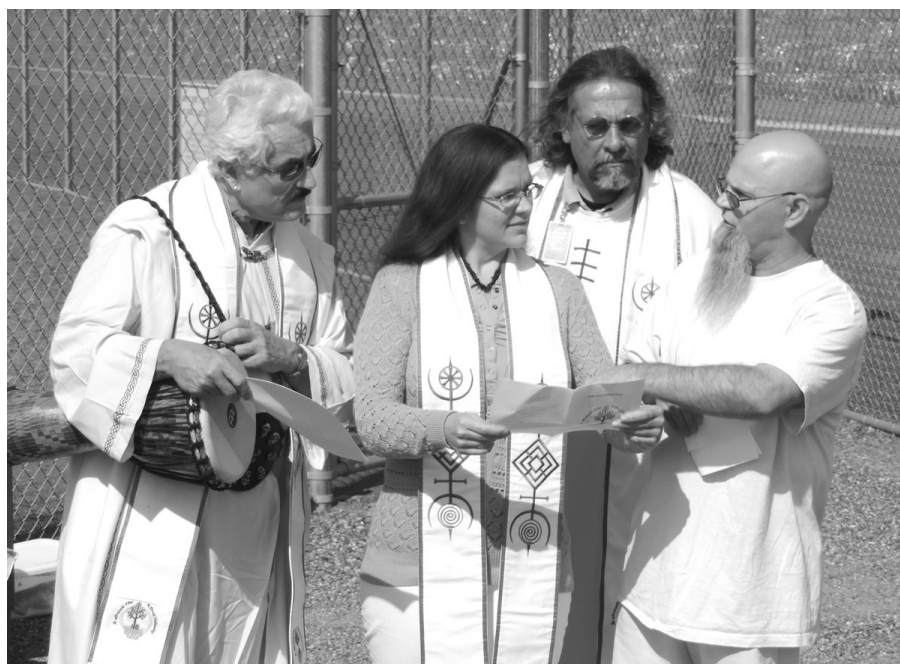
The work, the virtues, and the social expectations shared by the Frog Stone Circle are not to their liking. I suspect that this may happen in any group that advocates living a values-based, goal-oriented life. Sadly, to date, no one who has left from here has sought refuge with a local ADF group. That being said, please note that my evidence for this is based purely on personal observation.



The Frog Stone Circle provides such a place for spiritual unity and avenues for an individual to heal. I have come to call this coming to terms with undigested life. The inner and outward devotion can be very cathartic for the group as individuals. This communitas (group identity) helps rectify the damage of one's personal soul.

Men can focus on personal discipline and devotion, learn from virtues that shape their lives, and find stability with a balanced moral compass.

The FrogStone Circle's work is a pathway for folks to see the faces of those that have been victims and work to resolve transgressions of past, present, and future: it has become a place to heal. Yet, we also recognize that there are barriers to success once released: housing, employment, finances, transportation, and family relations. Re-entry is a hot topic these days, and there are organizations with the wrap-around services for those who want to succeed. There is a great concern that those who return to society will lack a key component in our group: a supportive spiritual community.



For inspiration and guidance, I look to the Poets, Magicians, and Priests of old and new. Isaac Bone-wits once said that ADF would ask questions that would make people in the Neopagan community uncomfortable because doing so was a psychologically healthy approach to problem-solving. That's not word for word, but anyone familiar with Isaac or his style of writing would recognize the candor. We're asking ADF to be that spiritual support.

The Leadership of ADF, through the Risk Assessment Committee, is doing that by addressing and attempting to answer tough questions through church policies. There is still a long way to go, and no one person has the answers to many of the concerns that ADF require. I can tell the Folk of ADF that those concerns are not far from our minds either. I can also say that there is value in spiritual investment. But, like many topics raised in this article, that is for another reflective essay.

We broke for afternoon count and reconvened at 6:00pm to discuss the history of the Reformed Druids of North America. It was great hearing the lore and to take part in the roots of Our Druidry. There are now nine new Druids of the First Order of the NRDNA. Good stuff!

The day wound down with Missy leading us in songs and chants and inquiries about our personal devotional practice.

I think Drum and Missy found the answers interesting as they provided personal examples and were helpful. I closed with a promise to Missy to write several articles (including this one) based on discussions this day: one about our ritual year that includes civic rites, Pagan prisoner time management, and one about home shrines and devotional work while incarcerated. I also promised to complete the work to become an ADF Master Bard.

Missy sang Folsom Prison Blues, which was great. We closed the day with Drum making a final prayer to the Earth Mother.

It was emotional, saying our good-byes, and we thanked them for their service. It was a good day. I pray to the Power that many good things will come of it.

*Thomas Brown is the Internal Organizer of Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group (PWG). He is ranked in several Guilds and Orders of the ADF Study Program. He completed these goals while incarcerated, having a fulltime job assignment, and attending college. He received his Associate of Arts degree from Walla Walla Community College and is pursuing a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from an extended studies program. Thomas also works as a Career Clerk and Instructional Aide for the Correctional Industries department of Offender Workforce Development at Coyote Ridge Corrections Center. As part of his job duties, Thomas facilitates classes in career planning, job readiness, and environmental literacy as the Roots of Success Instructor.*

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# Personalizing Your Practice Through Tactile Arts

By Ted P. Gilliland

Recently, Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group had the privilege of hosting a visit from Revs. Melissa “Missy” Burchfield and Jean “Drum” Pagano of ADF’s Traveling Clergy. Through the course of the day, the Frog Stone Circle (FSC) engaged in fellowship, workshops, and a unity rite with these two gracious members of the greater ADF community. Reciprocity was bountiful as we gained spiritual and practical guidance for our religious practice while in return the clergy gained insight into the workings and bonds of ADF’s sole prison worship group (PWG)<sup>1</sup>.

Because of the restricted environment in which we members of FSC find ourselves, resources are limited; therefore, many of our home shrine implements and ritual regalia are hand-crafted. Our items were shared with Drum and Missy throughout the day. Soon after seeing these items, Missy suggested I write an article for *Oak Leaves* (one of several she suggested that day).

Seeing how the drawing of omens plays a prominent role in ritual, many of our members have made divination sets using readily available materials. Handcrafted omens/oracles, in my experience, work just as well as fancy expensive sets to communicate with the Kindreds while engaging in an orthopraxic religion: in this instance, cups and strings work just as well as cell phones. So, what materials have we used? FSC Internal Organizer, Thomas Brown, had an old broom handle cut into discs. Some of these were left unadorned while others were painted before he and fellow FSC member Rich Tullis inscribed ogham and animal oracles. Old playing cards were the material of choice for FSC member Jim Turner’s Rune set. He glued them together in stacks of one quarter-inch in thickness and then cut them to size before sanding, painting, and inscribing them with the Runes. Then, he sealed them with floor wax. Using cardboard backs from paper tablets, old pee-chie-type folders, and card stock cut into 1 ¼” circles, I layered them together

with the cardboard in the middle and created several sets of Druid Animal Oracles finished with paint, pen, and Mod-Podge®.

For those with a bit more craftiness, creating personal hallows offers a greater challenge and can afford a greater sense of accomplishment. Consider your hearth culture when designing your Hallows. Do you employ a Fire/Well/Tree? A Fire/Well/Mountain? How do you express these? When first beginning our personal practices, I imagine many of us had rudimentary hallows. Rev. Michael J Dangler writes of his use of “Three Bowls and a Stick<sup>2</sup>.” Most members of FSC started out with nothing more than a small plastic container for a Well, a piece of charcoal from our Nemeton as a Fire representation, and a stick or rock for the Axis Mundi. I have used a picture I drew of my vision of the Hallows as well. After Rev. Ian Corrigan gifted FSC a “Traveling Magic” A Druid Ritual Kit<sup>3</sup>, I was inspired to create my own portable home shrine. I had previously been experimenting with lidded and hinged boxes made of cardboard backs from paper tablets. One design that I liked was a chest with a rounded lid. Inside the lid I made a diorama using the image from my vision mentioned above. I had it reduced to fit into the lid then built up 3-D images using shredded toilet paper mixed with glue and water. When it dried, I painted and sealed it with floor wax. It currently sits in the middle of my home shrine as a focal point for my daily devotions.

Much more elaborate than my Hallows are those created by Jim Turner. He, too, started out very simply and took inspiration from several sources: Rev. Dangler’s “Three Bowls and a Stick,” Rev. Corrigan’s *Sacred Fire, Holy Well*, and Rev. Skip Ellison’s *The Solitary Druid*<sup>4</sup>. In the bleakness of our “neo-chernobyl environment<sup>5</sup>,” Jim was toying with the idea of crafting a bonsai World Tree to brighten the drabness of his living space. His challenge was the choice of materials. His solution? The standard prison art-supply: toilet paper. He rolled and shaped the trunks and branches using toilet paper. Once he had a form he liked, he began stud-

ying how to make the foliage. When he noticed someone cleaning with a green scouring pad, he had an “aha!” moment. He cut and painted one of the pads to create the missing element of his evergreen bonsai.

More of a challenge for Jim was making a Well to hold real water since toilet paper and cardboard obviously don't hold up well when wet. At lunch one day, he was given fruit in a small 1-ounce Solo© cup. He built a base around the cup that served to hide the cup and match the stand for his World Tree.

Now on a roll, Jim only had one more Hallow: Fire. In an environment where access to matches is restricted, how does one make fire and keep it on his home shrine? Focusing on the need for a *representation* of Fire, he began his brainstorming. Being a person who likes balance and aesthetics, he wanted something that looked like fire. Taking charred kindling from the Nemeton fire, Jim broke the wood into small pieces, arranging and gluing them into the form of a miniature bonfire. Then, he painted them with soot. To finish, he took cotton from an aspirin bottle and pulled it into thin strands, shaped them into flames, and painted them with watercolors. The base of Jim's Hallows ended up being different geometric shapes, and he attributes this to inspiration from the Gods. The Tree has an angular base, the Well base is circular, and the Fire is square. Hallows complete!

In this environment, we work with what materials are available, so too, can anyone else. One way of connecting your ritual items to the Fire is to take pieces from your ritual fire pit, crush them into powder, mix with wood glue and water, and use it as ink to inscribe your personal tools. FSC members Allen Root, Jim Turner, and I used this method in the creation and decoration of several of our ritual items.

Ritual regalia may be the most challenging craft I do. Sewing, in my opinion, is becoming a lost art, as are the various other needlecrafts. For those



newly learning, patience is required. For those of us with experience, it is a form of relaxation and at times, meditation. Among FSC members, ritual regalia is scarce. Purchasing ritual wear is expensive, and getting fabric required money that we simply don't have. We did have fabric sent in for one tabard. Because there was no pattern, the process required six of the nine virtues: wisdom, vision, perseverance, moderation, hospitality, and fertility. Taking someone else's vision and creating a product had difficulties of its own even before picking up the needle. Having wisdom to admit I do or don't have the ability is as important as having the vision to realize another's vision. Perseverance is required when drawing the design...and redrawing the design, and making changes to the design, and making it larger, and making it smaller—this is not for the faint of heart. I have learned to be hospitable to others when changes are suggested, though I prefer to deal with them in moderation. Through the fertility of my craft, I have embellished with beads, embroidered center pieces, and sewn, by hand, a robe, a tunic, a tabard, and a hat. While the end results have mostly been impressive, there have been a couple occasions where I have had to rework a finished product: something I certainly do not relish.

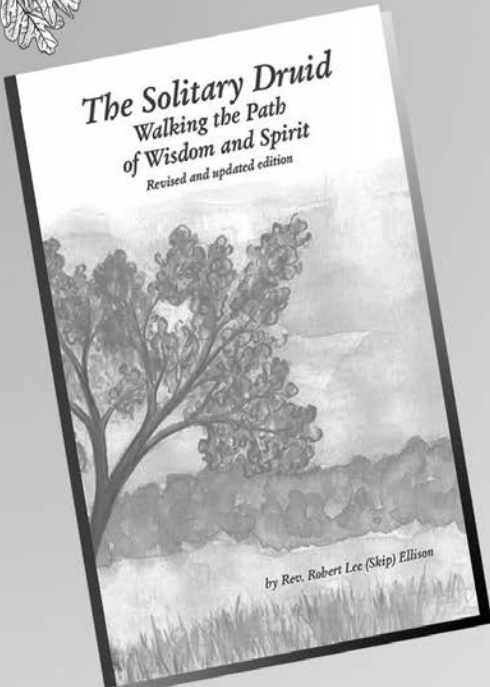
Not all of the above projects turned out right the first time. There was a lot of trial-and-error involved. As you can tell, there are different skill levels involved when making your own ritual accoutrements; however, with basic skills and patience, you can literally personalize your practice. Setbacks aside, making ritual items has been an enjoyable and fulfilling pastime. To those who think they do not have the time or the skill to produce ritual items, I disagree! As with any en-

deavor, if it is important to you, you will find the time, and when you apply your hands toward creative projects, you just might be surprised by the results.

### Notes:

1. See Rev. Pagano's blog entry "I was wrong" and responding comments at <https://adruidsprogress.wordpress.com/2015/08/30/i-was-wrong/>
2. See Our Own Druidry (ADF 2011) p98 for Rev. Michael J Dangler's "Three Bowls and a Stick: Creating a Home Shrine on a Budget" article.
3. Available at <https://www.thegamecraft.com/designers/ian-corrigan>
4. These books are available at [ADF.org/store](http://ADF.org/store)
5. A phrase coined by Rev. Pagano in "I was wrong."

*Ted P. Gilliland joined ADF and the Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group in 2011. He completed his DP in 2012 and is currently engaged in the GSP. He is also working through the Lesser Mysteries Initiate requirements for the Demeter and Eleusinian Mysteries Order. His mother taught him to sew in 1977, he picked up cross-stitching in 1988, embroidery in 2009, and now works at a Correctional Industries textile shop. His future plans include the Bardic Guild SP and giving back to the ADF community.*



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# Just Breathe

By Piper Perry

Wisdom from the  
Mountain Ancestors ProtoGrove  
Symposium on Grief, Loss and Transition



*Everybody breathe. It's like lead in here.*

-Mari Golan

Grief, loss and transition seem like leaden, heavy subjects. As polytheists in a monotheistic society, we don't often seem to have help carrying these subjects. This symposium was designed to give us some tools to carry those loads.

The symposium opened Friday evening with our keynote speaker, the Reverend Soltahr Tiv-Amanda. The Reverend Tiv-Amanda is a pillar of the Denver Wiccan and Neo-pagan community and a professional counselor. She gave the beginning of the symposium dignity, and a unity. Using the analog of the Wheel of the Year and relating it to the stages of our lives and how we age, she spoke of the perils and joys of aging, the pain of grief and the beautiful potentials of transition.

**This was an educational and affirming experience, very much in keeping with the ADF virtue of wisdom. Not only did it give us tools to carry the heavy load, it gave insights into why they might not be so heavy in a polytheist's world.**

The Reverend Tiv-Amanda also spoke of those that have gone before us. As druids, our ancestors are a cornerstone of practice. We remember them, we come to them in times of trouble, and we thank them for the gifts and lessons they have passed on to us. She spoke of ways she relates to her ancestors, the work she has done to heal and strengthen those relationships. She closed our conversation with the invitation for the audience to use either sage, to help cleanse our relationships with our ancestors, or sweet grass, to remember the sweetness of what they passed down to us. The next day of the symposium opened with workshops. I attended the Pagan Future, Christian Past: Becoming More

than our Histories workshop, presented by Mari Golan, Mountain Ancestors Proto-Grove senior administrator and a graduate of the transpersonal psychology department at Naropa University.

This was described as an informative talk, storytelling and interactive discussion to offer attendees an opportunity to express the process of transitioning away from their Christian upbringings and the pain and loss that causes. Mari laid out the format so that there was an excellent blend of information, interactive storytelling and the opportunity for self-reflection and growth.

Mari gave us the statistic that we Pagans are less than half of one percent of the population in the United States. Reporting on paganism in surveys that included religious preference began in the 90s, and the survey choice was Wiccan.

There is a generation now that was born and raised pagan, my child is part of that generation, but that's not most of us. Most of us converted from another faith, another worldview. The residue of that lingers and sometimes rears its ugly head when we are interacting with someone with different conversion baggage. It was wonderful to hear the stories of others and see and reflect how things have changed over time, both perceptual and practical.

Back in the 80's when I became pagan, there wasn't much knowledge or understanding of how what we were converting to would change our relationship to ourselves, our families or our society.

If you were pagan, people assumed you were a Hindu or a Buddhist or, as you explained that no, you weren't a Hindu or a Buddhist or any other exotic religion they had read about in National Geographic, then you were a baby sacrificing Satanist. I was an angry young pagan for a long time. Abrahamic worldviews and Judeo-Christian culture are the roots of the evils of my family and my society. With time and personal work, that anger trans-

formed into something more helpful and useful or changing the world around me.

This panel reminded me how much I have changed, and how much is still left to change. In addition, this panel reflected how much the world has changed, with the availability of resources and groups about converting to any of the many forms of paganism has transformed the conversion process.

I also attended *Outdweller: Exploring Personal Loss and Grief as a Cultural/Societal Outsider*, presented by the Reverend William Ashton, one of our local ADF priests. This was a more philosophical discussion, yet just as informative. In this lively, yet not light, comparison of myth, history and ADF principles, Reverend Ashton gave us a different way to look at the outdweller concept and how we interact with the other, in this land.

We walk a fine line here in the New World. Because of our history on this land, we have created outdwellers. Our ancestors created them too. We could chose to draw that hard line, the line between the Titans and the Olympians, the line between the Aesir/Vanir and the Jotun, the line between the First Nations and us in the here and now. But, as Reverend Ashton said with his analog of the individual as the cutting edge of the axe, we have historical baggage behind us, driving us forward, we have the ability to change how we cut. If we move from I/it model, to I/thou model, the philosophy of Martin Buber, we can choose to take the conciliatory path. We can help heal the rifts and honor the land as good guests in the best spirit of ghosti.

I was unable to attend the presentation by our Regional Druid, Reverend Derek Wrigley who presented *Hosting the Morrigan: A Pagan Primer on Grief and Loss*, about the stages of grief. I was also unable to attend the presentation by Casey McCarthy, a professional counselor, *Don't Fear the Reaper: Making Relationship with Death and Dying*, on creating a death practice that allows for creating right relationship with death.

After lunch, there was the ending panel discussion of Polytheists in a Monotheistic Society, facilitated by Reverend Melissa Burchfield and presented by Reverend Ashton, Reverend Wrigley, Reverend

Tiv-Amanda, Casey McCarthy and Mari Golan. One of the highlights of the panel was the Reverend Wrigley's impressive and practical tips on how to navigate the hospital system if you are a pagan. No fire (candles, incense, smudging) in a hospital room. No blades, as weapons policies in most hospitals are very strict. There is no privacy, so be mindful that certain pagan practices may be more difficult to perform. If you feel like you aren't been treated well, get your nurse to advocate for you. If someone is dying, their wishes are paramount in a hospital.

Part of the pagan clergy in a hospital discussion was presented for clergy specifically. If you want to be available to minister to pagans in the hospital, both Reverend Ashton and Reverend Tiv-Amanda gave the sound advice of learn the language of chaplaincy and hospitals, take hospice or hospital volunteer courses and dress the part.

The panel also discussed some compassionate and responsible ways to dispose of a pagan's property after death and magical/energetic legacies of our working religious tools. Another topic was, attending a Christian burial, usually arranged by the family of the deceased, and alternative celebrations of the lives of those that have gone before.

Once we moved into conversations about transition, our presenters discussed how to be responsive to and respectful of difference in our own community, how we should educate ourselves so that the one black person or one transgender person isn't spending all their time and energy educating us.

They spoke about feeling excluded because of their differences, and that listening is the most important thing we can do. Mari Golan presented a very clear message on sometimes we have to stop doing harm before we can help.

Also discussed was how sometimes people react because they want to help someone through grief, loss and transition and don't know how, while other times they just don't want to feel discomfort.

The importance of how we can be present and kind for the person transitioning for, as was pointed out in many different ways, if we are there to help or comfort someone, that the ego should not be involved. Serving in that moment as a counselor or clergy should never be about the person serving.

As the closing event of the symposium, it was a fount of information and perspective that we could all take back to our lives and practices.

For the first ADF sponsored symposium that I have been to, this was an educational and affirming experience, very much in keeping with the ADF virtue of wisdom. Not only did it give us tools to carry the heavy load, it gave insights into why they might not be so heavy in a polytheist's world.

There are rumors of a Spring Symposium, and another Fall Symposium. It's a goal worth working toward.

*Piper Perry has been a Norse worldview pagan for over 25 years and an ADF member for a year. She recently finished her dedicant path work.*

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## A Norse Morning Prayer

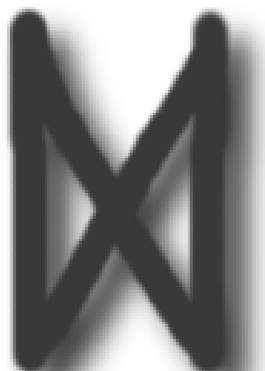
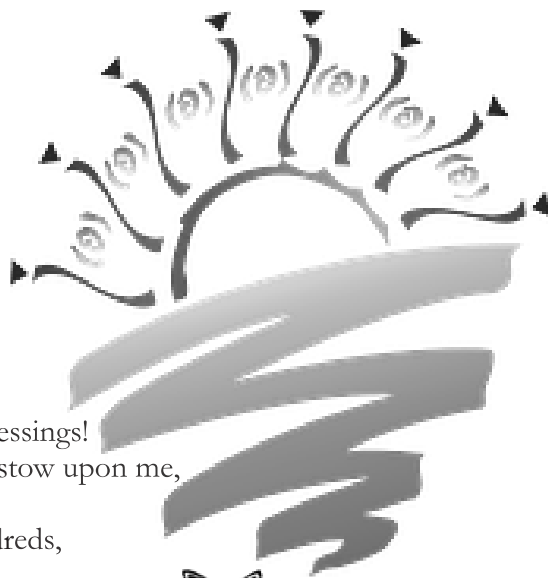
As inspired by Sigrdrifa's Prayer

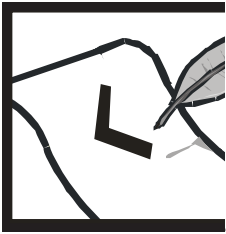
By *Mike Kaan*



Hail, Day!  
Hail, sons of Day!  
Hail, Sunna  
and your golden rays!  
You brighten my way  
as I dwell in Midgard,  
giving me hope and happiness,  
O light of the world!  
Hail, Earth Mother!  
Hail, Ancestors!  
Hail, Land wights,  
Gods and Goddesses, hail!

Mighty Kindreds, I thank you for your blessings!  
For the wisdom, courage, and abundance you bestow upon me,  
I thank you!  
Grant me victory this day, Mighty Kindreds,  
a day won with virtue!  
So be it!





# Yoga And Discovering the Three Cauldrons

## A Dedicant's Meditation Journey

By Ygraine Willmott

Last December I began to feel that my lack of completion of the Dedicant Program was holding me back from my spiritual goals and from serving our grove most effectively. I already had a meditation practice as a component of my regular yoga, so it would not be necessary to begin anew simply to meet the needs of the DP requirement.

Instead, it offered an opportunity to examine my yoga and its mediational component for how it fit with Druidry's goals of mental discipline.

Modern Hatha Yoga and its derivatives are not directly Indo-European in origin like Vedic teachings. I have no goal to represent them as such. While many of the postures, known as *asanas*, and the practice of austerities go back into antiquity, most of modern yoga developed in the last 100 years.

Yet certain useful techniques in the modern Paganism have been informed by this yogic disciplines, our styles of grounding and centering, meditation and breath-work particularly, because there are so few surviving elements of this nature in European lore. We know tales where *filidh*, prophetic poets, spent hours lying underground with stones on their chest, seeking visions of the sublime, but only a smattering of reports of how our ancestors might have achieved mental discipline survive.

The morning before our grove's last Yule rite, my husband and I went to our usual yoga practice in a restored silk mill that looks out over the tree-lined banks of the Cuyahoga River. Part of our personal practice is to walk the several blocks along the river to the studio, briskly moving through the evolving vistas of the changing seasons. On this cloud covered morning, it was chilly, but without snow, and the swollen river rushed by. We joined a handful of others performing Sun salutes, a posture that sends yogis stretching tall to folding, to flattening completely, with head raised like a cobra, then standing to reach high again in repetition.

This seemed a mindful start to a Solstice day that saw me later swearing an oath before the grove to finally complete work on the Dedicant program by Wellspring.

I found, in the course of these five months, as I increased my ability to quiet my mind, that my yoga practice grew to compliment my Druidry. I have moments of awareness, in meditation or when breathing into a rigorous pose, where deity is very palpable, including contact with Brighid, the Morrighan, Cathabodua, Cernunnos and recently a very strong awareness of the Vedic Dawn goddess Ushas. I have also found peacefulness and focus during the sessions that I am able to translate into work and home life.

A student of yoga since college, taking formal instruction in Iyengar and Hatha Yoga styles. I've never worked this hard on my practice before. In order to fulfill the requirement that asks dedicant seekers to try different techniques in pursuit of mental discipline. I took advantage of many teachers with complimentary approaches to cultivating mindfulness and meditative awareness.

Each one of my teachers drew from traditions that focus on mind, body and spirit, with breath-work and meditation playing vital roles in integrating the lessons learned during the actual *asanas*. I avoided classes that were simply "fitness based" or classes with artificially altered environments, like those of the fad "hot yoga".

In evaluating new teachers I looked for their commitment to providing modifications to difficult poses and pointers on building a home practice, helping achieve strength and alignment to be successful in more challenging poses. I am a very flexible person, which has been the case since childhood, yet age and lack of use can rob me of potential in these areas if I don't stay moving this way.

I lack core strength after having multiple childbirths. I have opportunities to build shoulder, neck and arm strength for poses like Crow or head, hand and forearm stands. While these are physical feats, the mental discipline that needs to be cultivated to practice and master them is not to be underestimated.

There are three opportunities for meditation in yoga. In the beginning, there is a moment, usually seated cross-legged, sometimes lying or standing,

where the goal is to peel away the cares and distractions of the external world. Posture is a key in this moment, connecting with sitz bones, spine, shoulders, and head, holding them in alignment, then coming to focus attention to the breath. We often at this point set an intention for the practice, dedicating the work to a goal, which can include a deepening relationship with spirit. Stray thoughts can come up as they do in other meditations, but the continual focus on the breath and the alternation between stillness and motion, give the mind something else to focus on other than these thoughts.

Most notably, there is a lying down meditation at the end of each class, in *savasana*, corpse pose, where the whole body relaxes after the rigors of the *asanas*, hips and shoulders melting down into the mat in release. This is sometimes in darkness, and we may be covered with a blanket by the instructor. During *savasana*, a deeper state of meditation can be achieved, as the body had just gone through stretches and challenging poses that helped release so many external cares. The balance of relaxation along with holding strong the postures, while still breathing deeply and mindfully, really helps one slip into a trance when the practice is complete.

Interestingly though, there are also moments of moving meditation in each of the *asanas* themselves, with opportunities to return again and again to the breath, to move past discomfort, finding an edge, inhaling deeply into it, and exhaling out each bit of tension, journeying even deeper into the pose. This is an important aspect of meditation in yoga, because it teaches non-reactiveness to discomfort, what is called Pratyahara, which means ‘control of the senses’.

In a strenuous or difficult posture, the mind’s first thought is to get the body to release the position and eliminate the uncomfortableness that is being experienced. When we focus on the breath, inhaling and exhaling calmly, facing that discomfort with relaxed poise, we confront fear and panic. We surrender into the breath. The breath acknowledges this, becoming first more labored, yet also more controllable. As we notice this, we let the breath do the work and the mind relaxes. We become the ‘witness’, an observer of our own discipline. We can then learn how to use these techniques in everyday life, during discomfort on the job, in the face of road rage, in tense moments in our relationships, even when confronted with illness and loss, we suffer.

This does not apply to a pathological position in an *asana* that might lead to injury, but rather the normal exertion and stretching that is part of pushing oneself in the pose. A good instructor will encourage you to back off a pose should discomfort become too painful or distracting. On a given day, your edge can change. Just because I can do the splits doesn’t mean that every time I practice I will fall into that pose with ease. Illness, stiffness from driving, lack of sleep, even a weekend of partying can all limit the range of how far I can push myself. I now know how to approach that edge.

I have seen over the last five months that my edge has moved. Postures that eluded me like Tripod Headstand, Crow or frog-hopping as a transition between postures are now beginning to be accessible. Postures that I could achieve before but with stiffness and struggle to remain in good alignment are now accomplished with greater ease and more surrender, even tough postures like Floating Lotus, Crescent Moon, Double Pigeon, and Dolphin.

One of my teachers offered an eight week course at her lakeside studio in the woods from March through the end of April. The goal of this class was to do an hour of fairly vigorous practice and instead of finishing with simple *savasana*, she led us in a deep guided meditation called *Yoga Nidra*, to relax each body part, one at a time, allowing the mind to go into a conscious state of deep ‘yogic sleep’.

After we completed this journey, our goal was to create some kind of art, while in this fertile state, with a stimulating collection of art media provided. Each piece had to be complete in about ten minutes. I found that, because of my prior experience with trance work, I was able to go very deeply into a visionary state, slowing my breathing way down, and floating through a world of scintillating vistas, filled with images and voices.

The resulting artworks captured messages from my inner self, from Gods and spirit guides.

The most profoundly stirring of these was a water color sketch of a woman’s torso with a rooted tree trunk instead of legs and three swirling cauldrons seated in the place of her loins, heart and head. The lower cauldron had a fetal-like figure manifesting in its center. The figure’s arms were raised in a invoking posture, her skin golden hued, with no features and no face, just the cauldron’s churning visible

through translucent walls. I had been experimenting previously in yoga with three body energy locks called bandhas.<sup>1</sup> The process of controlling these locks in the body that can cause energy to temporarily pool in the pelvis, chest and throat, which when released can flow with even more vigor.

As I furiously tried to capture this image in brush strokes with the wet, yielding medium of water color, it hit me. The bandhas are like the Three Cauldrons of Poesy!

These three locks are called Mula-Bandha above the perineum, Uddiyama-Bandha in the chest at the point of the diaphragm and the Jalandhara-Bandha, activated by slightly tucking the chin. During bandhas practice, muscles in these places are lifted and held ever so slightly, while the breath continues, and the body remains relaxed. Yogic writings speak of how *prana*, the life force, swirls about in the body when its motion is temporarily stopped by activating the bandha.

In the days after this vision, a serendipitous online post about the 7th century Irish poem describing the Cauldron of Poesy made me resolve to get serious about pursuing what I could learn from both bandhas and the Three Cauldrons.

Erynn Rowan Laurie writes about the similarities between the Cauldrons of Incubation, Motion, and Wisdom and the yogic chakra system, but goes on to explain that they are not truly the same, since the chakras spin outward like wheels, where the Cauldrons contain energy.<sup>2</sup> In yoga, the bandhas actually contain the chakra's flow. In a way, they are as much like locks in a shipping canal as they are like a ligature.

I am now seeking to explore these connections further. The Irish materials about the Cauldron of Poesy clearly express that bardic inspiration is as much about the body as mind and spirit. It also becomes clear that the joys of the body are not just for the youth, since training to be a *fili* took so many years.

The Cauldrons of Motion and Wisdom also take a lifetime filled with experiences of deep joy and great sorrow to be turned upright according to the texts. But those who can do this experience special poetic inspiration known as *imbas*. I am reminded that it was poetic inspiration that derailed me from finishing an earlier meditation journal when I got too

caught up in writing a series of poems and failed to journal for several weeks.

Clearly a balance needs to be struck between inspiration and obligation. This time around I feel like the regular yoga and the necessity to write about it held me to a path toward completion.

It could be said that the key to a successful Yoga practice is a Triad comprised of Strength, Flexibility and Mental Discipline.

Revisiting the practice week after week built a foundation for not only new physical feats but activated in me the transformative nature of work.

My practice is a chance to begin anew after inviting the death of old negative patterns. The breath rising, maturing and falling away is a microcosm of life. Each pose also rises, achieves a crescendo, and then decays once it's allowed to release. After the spent body gains restoration in corpse pose, the yogi turns onto the side in a fetal position and prepares to rise again revitalized.

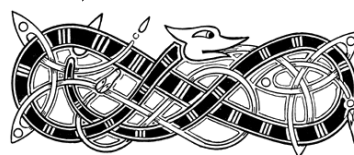
In my yoga, I feel a kinship with Amerghin when he says, "I am a hawk on the cliff, a boar for valor, a salmon in a pool...I am the point of a weapon." In the yoga *asanas*,

I've assumed the form of many poetic things: a fish, a boat on the sea, a playful dog, a dolphin, a strong bridge, a goddess. I have been Shiva's avenging daemon warrior manifesting from the ashes to slay with sword and behead an adversary. I have known uncertainty as I sway in tree pose waiting for my muscles and neurological pathways to catch up with my inspiration. I glimpse moments of real ecstasy when my fifty-two year old body balances on its own head. Calmness and patience now replace fear and I now have a language to express this journey.

#### Notes:

1. Yoga in Daily Life: the System, an online resource, [yogaindailylife.org.au/bandhas](http://yogaindailylife.org.au/bandhas), for information on bandhas and Yoga Nidra

2. Erynn Rowan Laurie. *The Cauldron of Poesy: Lectures on Irish Magick, Cosmology and Poetry based on the Irish Text called the Cauldron of Poesy*, (Seattle: Preppie Biker Press, 1992)





# Winter Memories

By: Lauren Driver

It being around Christmas or Yule always reminds me of the winters my family would spend up at our cabin in Truckee. One year in particular stands out, partially because it's the one and only time I can recall that the whole family was there together in one spot.

I was very young, about four, and very excited to see my cousins and the snow. We had arrived late at night, or early in the morning, to find that the driveway packed with snow about four to five feet deep.

All I knew was that it was taller than me and cold.

My dad got out of the truck, an old F-150, that I have many fond memories of being in, bonking my head on the window when would take a sudden turn or stop. He was gone a while, maybe an hour, my uncle and my sister's boyfriend with him. When they came back, my dad picked me up, wrapped me in blankets and carried me into the house, through tunnels of ice and snow to the front door.

I was surrounded by ice worn smooth by the shovels, the sides packed tight to keep it stable. Moonlight glimmered through the ice, but it was dark and cool. Wrapped in blankets and held against my dad's chest, warm but surrounded by ice and cold. I felt like I was a summer princess visiting the land of ice and snow for the first time, like Lucy seeing Narnia surrounded by heavy blankets of snow.

I have always treasured the times I spent with my dad. He was the tallest man I knew at the time, and I loved when he would pick me up and carry

me in his arms, or on his shoulders. I was safe and warm in his embrace and the tunnels of snow were beautiful. They shimmered with moonlight and I believed that we were traveling to a new world, or passing through fairyland. It was so still and quiet.

I still remember how glorious it was to be inside in the warm cabin, surrounded by family. Christmas that year was especially fantastic. I will never forget.

Recently, I talked about it with my dad, all he remembers was that it was only three feet tall and it was hard work, but I will always remember the tunnels, heading down into the unknown, feeling safe in my dad's arms. That is what made it memorable, I love my dad but that was a time when I felt closest to him, when I was in his arms that night I felt the safest.

That is my favorite memory of childhood, being held safe in my father's arms.

*My name is Lauren Driver and I have been a member of ADF for about 3 years now and I am loving the community more and more each year! I am a member and affiliated with the Protogrove of the Valley Oak here in the Bay Area and have been since it began two years ago. This is my first submission to Oak leaves, though I do write prolifically on my own. This is a story of one of my favorite holidays from my childhood. Holidays now are bittersweet but the memories of childhood are always magical.*





# A Reflection of Change

*By Richard E. Tullis*

Saturday, August 22, 2015 would start out like any other day; however, it would not end like one. My name is Richard Tullis. I am an inmate at Coyote Ridge Correction Center and a member of the Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group (FSCPWG). I have spent over 16 years in prison; I am 35 years old.

I first came to Druidry about ten years ago by reading a book entitled *The 21 Lessons of Merlin*. I did not know much about Druidry, so when I read this book, I believed it to be right. Seven years later I would find out the infamy of this book, and needless to say, I felt robbed.

A promotion in custody allowed me to move to minimum security at Coyote Ridge where I met Thomas Brown. Tom invited me to join the FSCPWG services. Soon after my involvement, I realized various mistakes I had been making. Through study and devotion, I began to heal the hurts of my past and care for others.

Saturday morning, I woke up in my small cell and got ready to meet two of ADF's Traveling Clergy for a day full of workshops, rituals, and music. As I walked through the chapel doors, I instantly got nervous. I saw the familiar face of Rev. Kirk Thomas and two unfamiliar faces. I found myself greeting Kirk and walking right past the traveling clergy!

As I greeted Kirk, I wondered why I did not say anything to the other two. I thought to myself, That is not like me to be so rude. So, why now? I looked back at them and realized: they scared me! These nice-looking people intimidated me. Me! I mean, I'm not so little, at 6'6 and 247 pounds, I am not easily scared. So why was I afraid of them?

The truth is, I did not want to say or do anything wrong. In this moment, I was seriously lacking in confidence. In the last 16 years, I have been used to talking mostly to inmates, correction staff, and family.

I have only talked to a handful of normal, everyday people (civilians, as we call them), and on top of that, I have only every talked to one other person

who was as inspirational and influential as these two people: Rev. Kirk Thomas. I realized that I needed to just be myself and help these people carry their bags.

Just before it was officially time for us to start, I felt I needed to make up for being rude earlier. I went to each of them and introduced myself directly. As I stood next to them, I felt small, like a mouse standing next to an elephant waiting to be stomped. A few minutes later, we did our formal introductions as a group, and we were officially introduced to Rev. Melissa Missy Burchfield and Rev. Jean Drum Pagano. To me, it was a show of respect for them to take time out of their busy lives to come to our little prison in the middle of nowhere. They showed interest in our little group, and for that I am thankful.

The day went on, and the unity rite was approaching. I was nervous, of course, not wanting to mess up my parts in front of the Traveling Clergy members, so what do I do now? I start to joke around to calm myself down, but I ended up making myself more nervous.

I sat there wondering if anyone else was as nervous as I was, and then I heard a noise in the background. It was a guitar and a soft voice.

I looked up and saw Missy not 10 feet from me preparing for ritual. I do not remember my exact thoughts at the time, but I remember feeling an instant calm wash over me. It was at that moment that I felt something I had not felt in a long time: a feeling that I belonged here, at this place, at this exact time, and that my life thus far had led me to this. I finally felt a sense of existence. It could not have been more perfect. I did not want to be anywhere else on this day, a feeling which has never happened to me over the last 16 years. The Universe brought me to this, and I needed to be here.

The rite got under way, and I felt a power of peace and flow unlike any ritual previously.

The afternoon moved forward through lunch, then Missy's workshop, and then our prison relations meeting with Missy and Drum.

I originally thought this meeting would be a minimal part of the day, but this was definitely not the case. I sat there and listened to Drum speak, and in his honesty, I found myself once again doing something that I had not done in a very long time: my eyes started to water, I found myself on the verge of letting tears flow. Drum told us how he felt before and how he feels now, and that showed what a good man he is. I know it was probably not easy for him, and I also know that because of it, myself and the others have a great respect for him.



3.Revs. Melissa Burchfield, Jean Pagano, and Kirk Thomas are three of the finest people I have ever had the honor of meeting. They care about people, they are inspirational, and they are virtuous. These folks are everything a Druid should be.

It has been over a week now since I last saw them. I still feel sad that it's over. One thing is certain, I took away more from them than I ever would have imagined, friendship, hope, a rekindled fire, trust, knowledge, and a love for three of ADF's most elegant

On the way back to my cell for count, Kirk asked if I would be coming back later. I said, I would not miss it for my freedom.

We laughed as if it were a joke, but I meant it, I would rather be with these people on this day making new friends.

A couple of hours later we returned to the chapel. This time, I made sure to greet Missy and Drum and not be rude again. We went through an RDNA rite, and there are now nine new Druids of the First Order. The rite was beautifully run by Drum.

We then got to sit and listen to music provided by Missy. As the day came to an end, I found myself becoming sad, I did not want it to end.

As we said our goodbyes, I first said goodbye to Drum, then Kirk, and then Missy. By the time the goodbyes were over, I had to look away from Missy out of fear of tearing up again. I remember thinking that I hope she doesn't think I'm rude for that, too. I think she saw me starting to get emotional and understood my actions.

I went back to a long night of no sleep and pondered over everything that had transpired that day. I realized some things that I want to share:

1.ADF is set up to help people be successful in their spiritual practice.

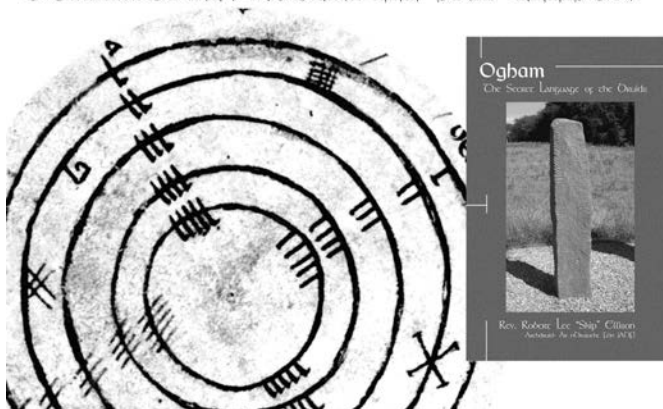
2.The leaders of ADF do what they can to provide the tools the people around them require to grow.

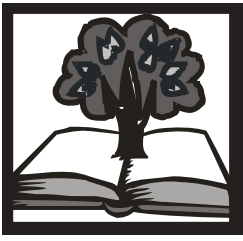
people. Last Saturday gave me the blessing I was seeking to grow and reach the top of the Oak Tree. My change starts here.

*Richard E. Tullis has been a member of ADF for three years. He is a Dedicant and a talented artist working in pencil, paint, and sculpted mediums. He is currently working toward his Associate Degree and works as a Trainer in the Coyote Ridge Dog Program.*



DISCOVER THE SECRET LANGUAGE OF THE DRUIDS  
OGHAM BY REV ROBERT LEE "SKIP" ELLISON





## Book Review: Sacred Gifts: Reciprocity and the Gods

By Rev. Michael J. Dangler

### **Sacred Gifts: Reciprocity and the Gods**

by Rev. Kirk Thomas

Tucson, AZ: ADF Publishing, Inc., 2015. Book.  
ISBN 978-0988900905

Over the last several years, the idea that modern Pagan religions ought to model themselves on the ancient notions of reciprocity held by pre-Christian religions has taken firm root. Thomas' book, *Sacred Gifts: Reciprocity and the Gods*, is an excellent primer on those ancient notions, and also on how to bring them into sharp focus for modern practitioners.

At once both accessible and impressive in its examination, deeper, more scholarly asides can often be found in his footnotes for those who are interested in either the source of the information, or the occasional story that offers deeper explanation of a point. This helps keep the book moving at a quick pace without becoming too wrapped up in its own virtues.

Thomas has a particular knack for providing an exploration of key concepts, such as the idea of microcosm vs. macrocosm, or the evaluation of sources, in an elegant yet deep way. Very often, he provides an example rather than an explanation, which ensures the material is both relevant and accessible, and helps to support his argument at the same time.

I was pleased, as well, to see that Thomas did not rely on a single set of theories about religion in this work: while the book offers an excellent introduction into relevant thought by Eliade, he also discusses the theories of Huizinga, Lincoln, and Burkert as they apply to notions of reciprocity in religion in general. Also refreshing, Thomas mostly limits his discussion to religions from Indo-European-speaking cultures, which helps to avoid the pitfalls of generalizing too broadly when it comes to his theories (he notes the limitation in both introduction and conclusion).

Thomas spends a good deal of time examining key notions that we could all benefit from learning

more about: friendship, sacred space, historical types of sacrifice (and their modern reflexes), the rules of sacred play, and many others. The book is well-organized to help the reader build an understanding for coming concepts, and help keep you from getting lost in details.

The book is not entirely about mythic and ritual history, though you might be forgiven for mistaking it as such for the first few chapters. Toward the end of the book, in the last chapter, Thomas provides hands-on work for a person who might want to apply these concepts of reciprocity and engage with a spirit as well, offering a quick (and excellent) primer on meditation, trance, piety, and ritual work, with two rituals (one to meet a spirit, and one to forge an alliance with that spirit).

If I had a criticism of the book, it might be that I would have liked to see this chapter diving just a bit deeper into this sort of work, or perhaps make this into two chapters.

The division of the book into these two parts (chapters 1-7 being about reciprocity in a sacred context, and chapter 8 being about the hands-on work) helps to ensure that those interested in the subject from a scholarly point of view aren't inundated with modern Pagan work throughout, but those who are interested have a place to work those skills into their religious work. Thomas is the current Archdruid of *Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship (ADF)*, so his personal stories and work occur frequently in the book, but not in an intrusive manner that might impact the scholarship of those first seven chapters.

A good companion book for this might be Ceisiwr Serith's *Deep Ancestors: Practicing the Religion of the Proto-Indo-Europeans*, also from ADF Publishing, which I've also reviewed and found to be a fabulous resource. I might recommend starting with Thomas' book, and reading Serith's book next, though they complement each other in whatever order you might read them.

In the end, I highly recommend this book: it's accessible, deep, and provides a fascinating window

into the practices of Pagans, ancient and modern, giving us a roadmap for applying these practices to enrich our own, modern lives.

I will also recommend this book be considered for inclusion as a “General IE Studies” book in the ADF Dedicant Path work, as it covers a wide variety of IE cultures in keeping with the themes we seek to have our students cover in those books, and also recommend it for anyone doing further study (such as for Cosmology 1, Trance 1, or IE Myth 1, or even a few other courses in our more advanced study programs). I suspect I will be making extensive use of this book as supplemental suggested reading for a variety of topics when I teach workshops and courses going forward.



## Lineage

*By Alena Jones*



## Midwinter

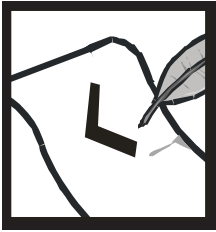
*by Tracie Tatro*

When they tell you  
that you are weak -  
when they tell you  
that you  
need them -  
laugh.  
They say it because they are afraid of your power.  
Let me tell you of your birthright:  
woman to girl,  
mother to daughter:  
Your inheritance is that of Freyja,  
unburnt by three fires  
and Bríg, Bright Arrow.  
Like Boudicca's daughters they may beat you  
and rape you  
and they will say  
that this takes away your sovereignty...  
but you will still be a queen.  
Like your foremothers,  
you rival our men in courage.  
You are power beyond measure,  
will beyond breaking,  
strength beyond death.  
You will need these three to live,  
in your body -

The still, the quiet, the winter  
Where Nature pauses  
And The Piper draws a breath  
The Cailleach sleep the chill away  
And the Holly King falls to the Oak  
While we huddle around our fires  
Telling stories and dreams  
Of a time when the light was warm.

Amanda Mancini





# Outsiders At Saturnalia

By Maria Stoy

While co-writing our grove's first Saturnalia rite, we ran into a bit of an issue deciding how we would treat with the Outsiders. Our grove traditionally lays a very clear boundary between "Us" and "Them," but since Saturn is a bit of an Outsider himself, it seemed rude to make a formal

statement delineating our space and then asking him to join us.

We decided on a two-fold way to deal with Outsiders as well as the aspects of ourselves that might not be conducive to the work at hand.

We created a small shrine dedicated to Cloacina, a Goddess of Purification, set in a private area outside the ritual space. In the shrine we placed an image of the Goddess, a bowl of water, salt, incense, and ivy vines. During the pre-ritual festivities, participants each spent some quiet time alone at the shrine, reflecting on what they wanted to leave behind for the duration of the rite and purifying themselves by whichever method worked for them. Once they were finished, they created and wore a crown of ivy, an outward sign of the inner work.

When we reached the point in the rite where we would normally treat with the Outsiders, we claimed the space instead using water, salt, and incense:

*By the might and power of the Land we claim this space.*

*All darkness and unease we hold at bay.*

*May all who enter here come with pure and radiant bodies,  
devoted to worship in peace and friendship.*

(Sprinkle salt around the hall)

*By the might and power of the Sea we claim this space.*

*All fear and cowardice we hold at bay.*

*May all who enter here come with pure and radiant hearts,  
devoted to worship in peace and friendship.*

(Sprinkle water around the hall)

*By the might and power of the Sky we claim this space.*

*All trouble and wrath we hold at bay.*

*May all who enter here come with pure and radiant minds,*

*devoted to worship in peace and  
friendship.*

(Cense the hall)

Our hope was that Saturn and those Spirits sympathetic to our work that day would feel welcome, and that those who lacked purity of intent would remain beyond our walls. It was certainly different than anything we had done before but it seemed to work. The ritual was lovely, the omen was good, and we plan to repeat the rite.

RUN, DON'T WALK  
TO GET YOUR COPY OF  
**Deep Ancestors**  
NOW!

Gods, and Rituals, and \*Xartus oh my!  
Available Now at the ADF Store Books Section  
<http://adf.org/store>

# Sol Invictus

Gateway Invocation Saturnalia 20013

By: Maria Stoy



## Gateway Opening

*You come as a babe,  
Radiant hope of nations,  
Potential flowing in blinding waves  
From your gentle hands.  
Golden youth whose piercing vitality  
Enlivens and quickens the land*

*You come as a warrior,  
Gleaming sword and brazen shield  
Driving back the cold-hearted foe  
Undefeated, untiring, unstoppable  
Defender of life whose shining might  
Guards the heavens and the Earth*

*You come as a wise man,  
Whose clear but ancient eyes  
Have seen all of history unfold  
Burning with visions of gods and heroes  
Undying memories of all that was  
Irradiate our minds and souls*

*You come as a King,  
Golden-crowned sovereign  
Fair and bright, fearsome and cruel  
Divine Emperor of all our days*

*You hold life and death in your hands  
The awful power to heal or to destroy  
Daystar, Invincible Sun,*

*As you have watched over the earth since the beginning,  
Watch over us now!*

*As you have driven back the darkness with your rebirth,  
So now drive back the walls that separate us from eternity!  
Warm the waters here below and let the well open as a gate*

*Charge the flames here above and let the fire open as a gate  
Bless the reaching branches here before us and let  
the tree open as a gate.  
Let the gates be open!*

## Gateway Closing

*Invincible Sun, who wields power over life and death,  
We thank you for all the blessings you bestow  
On this day and all days.*

*As we leave this sacred space, we know that your eyes are  
ever watchful,  
Your sword ready, your power undiminished.*

*Radiant, eternal and undying one,  
We ask that you withdraw again to your throne in heaven.*

*As your warmth withdraws from waters below, let the Well  
close as a gate.*

*As your light withdraws from the flames, let the Fire close  
as a gate.*

*As you withdraw from the worlds here created, let the Tree  
close as a gate.*

*Let the gates be closed!*



# Finding the Leaf Dancer

By: Christi Rigby



A beautiful fall morning in Colorado finds the air crisp, although the day promises warmth later. The sun rises and marks its changes, with the sky looking as if candy corn was placed upside down: dark orange, yellow, and then bright white as it expands across the eastern horizon. The car just edges into the mountains where that light will be hidden for some time; a ribbon of asphalt, black in the shadow that looms from the hills as they are parted, two solid gold lines leading a way safely through the canyons. Another vehicle looms too close behind, a gentle glide to the right to allow them past. This journey is not about the speed, but the appreciation, getting there a moment faster will not change that.

Through small towns, a cherry cider stand, a couple restaurants and coffee shops, then the crest of a hill offers a look down over the lake of Estes Park, holding the center of the valley wide as businesses and homes spread out from around it. A quick stop at the bottom, the hope to see the famed elk as they bugle and collect in herds, claiming the streets as their own. Peering over the edge of the bridge, a still pool gathered from the movement of the creek, there's an idle thought, "Wonder if there are any fish down there?" An almost instant response as a trout surfaces with a delicate splash, then circles back around a rock, spirit of the water, unseen until asked for a response then showing itself. The heart swells in gratitude for the gift.

Coffee spreads its warmth through the cup to hands chilled by the mountain air, while the cinnamon spice fills a heart with memory of the season. Others gleefully chat about pumpkin spice, not the reason for a smile, the smell of cinnamon always drawing forth memories of mornings with ancestors, baking. Walking back to the car, those thoughts held cherished, but the elevations are calling as the sun manages its way over the edge of the hills and reflects light off the sequins of windows on the fabric of the western hills.

Joining few other cars that turn to take the Peak to Peak highway through the hills. Rising up out of Estes, a look to the left leads to the shoulder to take in the sight: evergreens, almost black in the shadows; an oval of aspens in the middle, golden in their splendor, as if pulling to them the light of the sunrise as it graces the valley. Other cars pull over, people take out their cameras in an attempt to catch the moment, but the beauty surpasses the ability of all but the camera in one's mind. A moment captured for the ages.

Back on the road, rising up, passing others stopped for photogenic moments of the aspens. A turn to a hiking trail, the cultivated lot holds few cars. Still in shadows the vehicles there, colors darkened from their true nature. Stepping out, the chill that the coffee held off settles in again. Layers are added: thin gloves, soft fleece hat, light jacket. Pack added to, the sun at that will be needed soon, a bottle of water, small snack and an offering container holding grains and dried fruits, mixed with local honey. The chirping sound of the car alarm breaks the morning quiet as it is pressed twice under the thumb, then securely zipped away.

The air around is cool as steps guide down onto the path, the sounds around muffled by the evergreens. Each step onto the rocky path, leading towards the west, is further into the wilderness of the national park. Unlike summer, there are no bird sounds, the skittering off to the right maybe a squirrel or rabbit, but none are brave enough to share their spirit. Traffic passing can still be heard, though it grows fainter as the trees begin to extend their shadows, engulfing the pathway and guarding from the signs of the outside world.

Rounding a corner, a magpie stoops on a rock and cocks its head to the side, then lifts black wings, the light catching the peacock sheen of the feathers. Near the rock the bird drew attention to is trash left behind by another, which is added to the pack, removing the sign of the outsiders in this forest's land. A whisper of cool wind whirls around, as if in a small thanks for the willingness to be a good guest in its domain.

Another turn of the path, a small stream ahead, weakened by the heat and the months since the rain passed. It's barely able to dance its way over some of the larger rocks that the spring abundance of the past have carried in place. Camera raised, picture taken, memory captured to compare if this way is traveled again. Simple ways to mark the changes of these rapidly evolving mountains, speed in their relative youth. Stepping over the stream silently thanking it for its work and beauty. With a small slip, a heel touches the water and the sound of the water is suddenly reminiscent of a giggle. Soft laughter joins the water's sound as another step moves clear of the muddy edge, making the journey up the small embankment and managing to stay dry this time.

The wind picks up slightly, an omen, or just the pathway of the storm that is coming on the next day? Sweat of the hike is noticeable as the sun rises into the powder blue sky. Gloves make their way into a pocket, jacket unzipped as the warmth of the sun cascades down.

There, in the distance, the sound... Another stream? It cannot be rain, must be what is being sought in this journey. The path not straight leads up and around a small hill, the promise of the sound almost a tease now lost in the boulders of the pathway.

Stopping at the apex, the water bottle is pulled from the pack. Cool sips help the dryness of the altitude. Jacket knotted around a slightly damp waist before standing to continue on. A small clattering of rocks from behind, turning slowly and expecting another hiker, but no one can be seen. Rustling, rushing through the pine needle carpet of the forest, a squirrel, must have been, right?

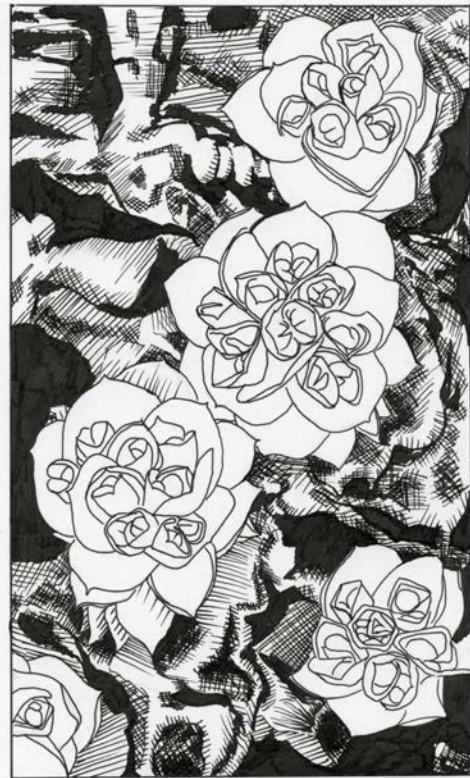
Stretching neck and shoulders, the pack is settled again. Mid-morning, should not be too much longer, a smile enters with the thought, "Nothing worth having comes easy." If easy was all that was desired, a stop on the side of the road with pictures would be enough, but then the beauty of this time would have been missed. The smile continues as the next steps carry forth down into a small ravine.

As the crest of the other side meets light boots, the sound teases again: a soft cascade that extends from above and across the edge of the ridge. Turning and moving forward, the brown of the

pine bark gives way to the powdery white surface of the aspens. Light expands, and the air feels warmer in the presence of the trembling poplars.

Patterns of leaves on the ground greet light steps, moving forth into the grove of the quaking leaves and branches. Bright sun becomes more of an image of golden skies through the branches. The crack of dried pine needles underfoot is a stark contrast to this soft mulch of leaves of prior seasons. Another soft smile enticed into existence as a breeze caresses skin, the same as it does with the saffron leaves above. There are small glimpses of red at the very top of the trees as if they have attempted to emulate the sunset with their change of dress for fall.

Dew gathers and creates a dome of moisture in the middle of a gilded leaf upon the ground. A picture many have seen, but a moment too perfect to let pass without being captured again. Kneeling in the middle of the white barked beauties, a hand is put down into the mulch. Closed eyes and a whispered



*Euphorbia* Web by: Christina Marvel

greeting is offered to the delicate roots of the living patch of color. Quiet in the midst of trunks and branches resembling lace, one root can make a grove with each tree connected to those around it. Not surrounded by a group of individuals, but of one being drawn forth in a clearing until the entire space belongs to it. Fast growing in the land of trees, claiming the space needed and drawn to the very limit of what is available. Seeds are held in roots, deep within the earth until after a fire clears way for them. A moment in time when one waiting seed springs forth and begins the growth of a new place of peace.

Connected to the land around, there is a true feeling of being grounded within nature. The trunks surround, and the mind's eye pictures an elaborate gazebo built just for moments of celebration. Extended grace, down within the roots, becomes deeper as it connects to the cool water in the soil below and is then pulled up into a place of being. Reaching up to the sky, the sun is pulled into a welcoming mind, then distributed and mixed within, before the connection is completed and released.

Patience now, a virtue needed as the waiting begins. Opening the senses and seeking to *experience* what the heart knows is there. A soft rustling begins behind. Turning to view it, the moment has passed. Leaves twist overhead, with physical sight just missing a glimpse of the power that moved them. The story the heart is needing to envelop, a moment in nature when the beauty of the local spirit makes itself known with the same clarity of the deities of ancestral places that have been diligently studied.

“Leaf dancer...” is whispered within the mind, not needing words aloud to greet the Presence in abundance. From one branch to another, directing the music of nature captured in the grove. A sound like water in the distance, with one leaf joining another in the joy of Her touch as She moves through the canopy above. Spirit of beauty given by the land worshipped with thanks for the comeliness and danger of its youth.

Branches bend gently beneath Her weight. A leap to the next creates a cascade of gold and

yellow in the sunlight. Long fingers brush each leaf with joy and purity, connecting through each tree to show how bound to one another they are. The music of the breeze is the only song She requires to curtsy and pirouette, each leaf a partner in the ballroom of Her domain.

The realization, the shining of the sun as the leaves quake and tremble, the graceful bowing of the branches, the stream-like sound of the canary and amber as they rub against one another affectionately... Guiding sister and brother in the dance of the deity that leads them in this unique and beautiful movement. These are the symbols of the deity, no corporeal form is needed as the heart lifts, each breath joining with the land in the dance.

A small swaying, drawing to booted feet, gentle hand on a trunk and then to the next, coated with the powdery white of its existence. Twisting and turning through the thin trunks, dancing to the music of the fall breeze. Laughing softly as a few leaves fall from the branches above, fluttering around the movement of the day, joining with the grove and the Lady, honoring their connection to the earth mother and their unique beauty.

Time leads to an end of the dance, kneeling again where it began with closed eyes and a whispered prayer. An offering is made, words shared, and omens read. The worship of another passage in the turn of the wheel, drawing towards its renewal. Soon the crops will all be gathered and stored for the lean months to come. It is a time of reconnection with family and with spirit as the nights grow longer. More time spent in kitchens, warding off the chill of the outer air with baking. This moment in time heralds the change coming forth in its beauty.

Thank you, Leaf Dancer, for being a spirit fitting this land. Thank you, Colorado, for being the earth mother of all who chose to dwell here. You are not gentle, nor do you embrace the weak of spirit. You seek those desiring the challenge of a young land, the rush of the fear of a harsh, expanding existence. Leaf Dancer, she of a special time of bounty, a time when the deciduous grow and embrace the diversity of the land.

*Christi Rigby is an author and a student on the Dedicant Path, with Mountain Ancestors Protogove, ADF in Boulder County, Colorado where the Leaf Dancer makes herself known as the leaves change colors and fly from the trees in their final dance of freedom before the White Snow Goddess descends from the Rocky Mountains...*



## Jan's Little Room –

Step by Step: A New Look at our Druid Order of Ritual

By: Ian Corrigan

The most common offerings used are either vegetable oil (olive oil burns best) or powdered incense given to the fire. At home shrines incense sticks make a convenient, if modern, adaptation. Also common are offerings of drink – frequently ale, mead or whiskey. These may be spilled directly on the ground, poured into an offering bowl to be given to the ground later, or sometimes poured over an image. Food offerings are often given, bread, honey and butter being common. Other common offerings often include flowers, clear water and precious metals and stones.

Whenever possible burnable offerings are given directly into the Fire (or burned in the censer if you're working at a candle-ring Fire). Silver, metal and stones are often offered into the Well. Some Groves and shrines allow silver to accumulate in the Well, occasionally offering much of it into some place of water or earth. Others deposit such offerings following every rite. In general all offerings should be deposited outdoors when the rite is complete, unless left as trove in the Well. Offerings should never be taken back into your own use – once given they must be discarded or destroyed entirely.

And so back to our outline:

### **Offering to the Three Kindreds**

Every full rite includes offerings to all the spirits, conceived in our customary categories of Landwights, Ancestors/Dead and Deities. Of course we know that these categories are merely conventions – the spirits are mysterious and often indistinct. By honoring them in these categories, called the Three Kindreds, we hope to 'cover all of our bases', honoring all and excluding none.

This portion of the ritual has changed dramatically over the years. In Isaac's original model the Triad Invocations (as they were called) were based on the Norse symbol form. A prayer was given for each Kindred, and a cup of drink was blessed and passed around



the Grove while the company sang. Occasionally this form is still used, especially in Groves and shrines that keep a Norse path. Since we now consider it important to make physical offerings, some of the drink will always be poured out to each Kindred in turn, usually as the final act in the passing of the horn or cup.

More generally the Three Kindreds are offered to individually, each given a proper offering and welcomed to the Grove. While there is no rule, custom often directs food offerings for the Dead, offerings of mixed seeds and/or 'sparklies' – stones or coins – for the Landwights and scented oil or strong spirit for the Gods. Some make a clear correspondence with the Hallows, giving the Dead's offering into the Well-Shaft, the Wights' offering to the ground around the Tree and the Gods' offering to the Fire, but there is no requirement for that. In many cases all non-burnable offerings will need to go into an offering bowl, to be deposited outdoors later.

The offering to the Kindreds is a central and deeply significant portion of the rite. In group rites it gives everyone present the chance to call out to their own constellation of spirits, to bring

a remembrance of the beings of home shrines into public worship. In some kinds of general-purpose rites of blessing and worship the Kindreds, all together, are made the focus. We conceive ourselves as convoking the ‘crowd of spirits’ or the ‘constellation of the worshipped’. In many cases this phase serves as preliminary offerings for the ‘Guests of Honor’ – the deities of the occasion.

### **Key Offerings**

Deities or other spirits specific to the occasion and intention of the rite are now invoked. Originally this section was referred to as “Invoking the deities of the Occasion” and was focused rather conventionally on choosing and inviting one or more of the Gods proper to the work. The years have taught us that this section may include more than just deities, and other than just invocations. However the primary work of this section is calling the principle spiritual powers of the rite.

The deities and spirits of the occasion are most commonly chosen based on the folklore and mythology of the seasonal rite at hand. By far the majority of ADF’s ritual work has focused on our eight High Days, the regular round of holy seasonal festivals common to the modern Pagan community. The usual routine is to decide first in what ethnic mythology the rite is to be worked, then find which of the Gods and Spirits of that system fit the seasonal and mythic connotations of the holy day. Invocations and offerings are written or chosen with the aid of research into the symbols of the beings and their meanings. In many cases this work has been done and is available in the scripts and outlines of our Groves and authors. However Our Druidry always encourages us to go back to the sources and apply our own creativity and inspiration to the material we find.

In recent years a number of other kinds of rites have been developed. Perhaps the most common of those is sometimes called a ‘blessing rite’. These are usually non-seasonal rites, sometimes timed by the moon, in which the offerings are focused on the Three Kindreds as broad general categories, ethnicity is often downplayed

and the goal is to generate a strong current of blessing for the folk from all of the spirits. This approach allows folks from a variety of systems to come together, quietly ignoring the details of ethnic distinction in favor of the commonality of community.

On the other end of a spectrum are rites based not on some seasonal constellation of myth, but rather are offerings to one or two specific beings, done for purposes of attunement, empowerment and the building of relationship – i.e. worship. Rites offered to a single deity can allow in-depth offering, visualization and poetics, and produce intimate experience of the presence of power and blessing. Such rites allow us to come into the presence of the divine in a way that festive seasonal rites may not.

The OoR is frequently adapted for rites of passage. Weddings, funerals, and acknowledgement of spiritual achievement are common. Simple public rites of this kind sometimes use a shortened outline, but will often include offerings to deities and spirits chosen by or for the subjects of the rite. The Bride and Groom might offer to their own allies among the Three Kindreds; the gods of the deceased might be called to a funeral.

Whatever the intention the Beings of the Occasion are welcomed as honored guests, invited and praised with poetry, given gifts of offerings proper to their nature, and given a good seat. Many groups like to use a physical image of the God as the object of such work. Others prefer using visualized images, or seating the God ‘in the hearts’ of the worshippers. Both are powerful methods, and can be used well together. The goal is to bring the presence of the invited beings strongly into the ritual space, and into the minds and hearts of the participants. In public rites this is followed by the chance for the community to come before the Gods.

### **Praise and Personal Offerings**

In public ritual there is always an opportunity for members of the company to come to the center and make a quick offering. Most traditionally this is a piece of performance art, usually a song, poem or musical piece. More recently it has become customary for the company to come to the fire and offer flowers, herbs, food, etc., such as might be proper to their personal intention,

and in honor the Divine Guests.

This is an original and central portion of the OoR. In Isaac's original small-group development of the work each member of the group brought a prepared artistic piece, even if only a favorite seasonal poem, and each offered their artistic performance to the Gods and Spirits. When ADF began to offer rites for larger audiences that approach became untenable, and for many years some members of groups would bring formal offerings, while the others watched. In time it seemed natural for people to bring small offerings to be brought forward and given either silently or with a short prayer.

We have found that this section is often misunderstood. It is meant to be a time of offerings, of things given to the Gods and Spirits. It is not a proper moment for a description of a personal problem, or for the making of a petition or request of the God. It is not a time to boast of accomplishments unless the intent is to praise the God for aid and support. In general it is not a time to speak to the assembled people, except perhaps to briefly introduce the offering. Rather words and hearts should be addressed directly to the Gods, sincerely and openly, even if performing the words of another.

The Praise Offerings section (as it is most traditionally known) can be rather a production in a larger group seasonal rite. Members who bring performance offerings come forward and offer them, while those with material offerings bring them to the Hallows. Often the final offering of this section is some seasonal custom or offering, which ties the personal offerings back into the theme of the rite.

In solitary High Day rites this section can be condensed. Often it is enough to choose a single piece of season poetry or song, or some household seasonal custom and offer it along with proper material offerings. Just as in public rites this can be a significant moment, one that helps to affirm the presence of the Beings of the Occasion and the honor due to them.

### **The Prayer of Sacrifice**

The final gesture of the Offerings section of the Order of Ritual is a formal prayer to the Beings of the Occasion asking them to receive the offerings and be give their blessing. In the very oldest

scripts of the rite this was the only place where a material offering was given. Now it stands as the culmination and summation of all that has been given before, usually accompanied by a final material offering.

One gesture that can be very effective is to begin by placing the offerings, during the invocations, before the image of the god, and actually disposing of them into the Fire or Well or earth at this stage of the rite. This can make a visual moment as the offerings are consumed, that provides the proper atmosphere of awe and power. In any case the Prayer of Sacrifice is the culmination of the first half of the work, and should always be a moment in which the ritualist assembles awe, aspiration and reverence to be offered along with oil, bread and silver.

### **The Hinge of the Rite**

This step is not listed in our Order of Ritual, but if I do not explain it then there is every chance that the outline will not be understood. It is not accompanied by any words (usually) or any specific gesture, but knowing of its presence is a key to directing the flow of actions, ideas and intentions of the Order of Ritual.

From the Opening of the Gate the momentum and direction of the rite has been a flow from the assembled worshippers to the assembled Gods and Spirits. At this moment, when the offerings have been made and the Omen is being prepared, we intend for the energy to turn and begin to flow back from the Gods and Spirits into the Grove. Like every moment of neither-nor, when we do not yet know what or whether the Blessing will be, this is a moment when a calm heart and a clear eye are needed. The ritualist must turn attention away from the wonder of the presence of the Beings sufficiently to return to the work and bring the Blessing through for herself and/or the folk.

The remaining half of the COoR is devoted to bring that Blessing through. It begins with the taking of an omen.

## **PART 4: THE BLESSING**

In the original outline this section was called the Return Flow. While custom has somewhat

renamed it that old term remains an important reminder of the intent of this section. We ask and call for the Powers to send us the a flow of Blessing proper to the rite, in return for our offerings and honor.

### **Taking the Omen**

This step of the rite has been reinterpreted several times, and each and every version of those interpretations is still in use somewhere in our Groves and shrines. As usual we have not defined an orthodoxy on the matter. The student will need to begin at whatever level his skill allows, and evolve her own understanding of how to take the omen.

There are many ways to do a simple divination. The most usual is to draw a few lots (most often three) from a symbol-set such as the runes or ogham, or even the tarot. By using a specific and definite symbol system of that sort we hope to avoid too great a dependence on subjective interpretation. We encourage every student to learn the basics of the symbol-system proper to their preferred ethnicity. Thus when three symbols are drawn many (maybe all) of the attendees at a rite will be able to interpret them for themselves. This prevents too great an importance being placed on the specific interpretations of whatever seer is speaking at any specific rite.

In the original construction the omen was taken to determine whether the gods and spirits have accepted the offering, and thus whether a blessing would be given. This originated as an RDNA custom, in which the Druid observed the signs of nature, waiting for birdsong, or other event to send a signal that the offering was accepted. However in Our Druidry the tool used for the omen was most often one of the qualitative symbol-based systems such as tarot or runes, rather than a simple binary, yes/no choice. In keeping with ancient descriptions this has often been the drawing of three runes, ogham lots or letters. This led to efforts to 'read' the omen for more than the original simple question "Is the offering accepted".

In time the focus of the question asked shifted to "what blessing do the gods and spirits offer". This allowed a qualitative reading of the symbols of the omen. This is still a popular approach, and some

Groves directly charge the Blessing with the powers of whatever runes or ogham letters are drawn. This is probably the most widely used of the forms of question for the Omen.

One popular variation is to specify one symbol each for the Three Kindreds. One Rune, or other letter symbol, is drawn for the Dead, for the Landwights and for the Gods, asking their specific flavor of blessing. This allows for a more detailed interpretation.

While there is always the temptation to view the ritual omen as a prediction of coming conditions, this is not its purpose in the ritual. We do not ask the spirits to tell us how the next season will be for us, or to advise us. We ask what the reaction to our rite is, at the moment when the omen is taken. For this reason the omen is usually kept simple. We seldom see a full 'layout' of cards or runes, because we're not asking about 'past present, future, outside influences,' etc.

There is always the possibility that the omen will be unfavorable. The original model allowed that if the first omen was a negative answer then a second round of offerings could be made, and the omen taken again. As many as three rounds of offering and asking could be allowed. In practice this has happened only occasionally. I know of no case where a rite was closed without receiving a Blessing, due to bad omens.

The omen is the first step in the work of Blessing. It tells us when the gods and spirits are pleased, and what they offer in turn. Once a positive omen is received, the Blessing work continues.

### **Calling for the Blessing**

Once the Omen has been declared to be good the assembled worshippers open themselves to the Blessing by calling for it to be given. Isaac's original outlines called this step the "Induction of Receptivity." The intention is to turn the attention of the worshippers to the returning flow of power from the gods and spirits to the mortal world.

This step was originally expressed through the Litany of the Earth Mother, a direct inheritance from the RDNA. Since it has become less frequently used I will give the whole text here:

D1: *Of what does the Earth-Mother give, that we may know of the*

continual flow and renewal of life?

D2: *The waters of Life.*

D1: *From whence do these waters flow?*

D2: *From the bosom of the Earth-Mother, the ever changing All-Mother*

D1: *And how do we honor this gift that causes life?*

D2: *By partaking of the waters of life.*

D1: *Has the Earth-Mother given forth her bounty?*

D2: *She has*

D1: *Then give me the waters!*

Ian began the custom of asking three questions of the participants. The group is asked whether they wish to accept the Blessing, and share it with all. One useful trick for group work is to not explain in advance that the group is to answer aloud. When the first question is asked, it may require a “Well, do you?” This leads to a moment of fun as all answer, and the next two repetitions focus the intention.

In solitary or micro-group rites it can be enough to acknowledge the good omen and declare oneself open to the Blessing. If the rite is being worked for a purpose more specific than general blessing then that intention might be restated here. “Give me the Blessing of Beltaine, life, blossom and fruit...” or as is proper.

This short but valuable phase leads directly into the next:

### **Hallowing and Receiving the Blessing**

By ‘hallowing’ we mean precisely the same thing as ‘consecrating’ This is the moment when the power of the Beings of the Occasion and the Three Kindreds are brought into manifestation in a material vehicle. It is magic of the kind called ‘sacramental’. A sacrament is the material presence of a spiritual force, and through that material presence the Blessing is transmitted into the very body of the worshipper.

The most traditional material basis for transmitting the Blessing is as a cup of drink. The original RDNA liturgy used scotch whiskey and water, and alcoholic drink, ale, mead or wine, are still very common. The custom is for each participant to be given only a mouthful of the drink, so there is no intention to make anyone tipsy, but alcohol has always represented the presence of spirit within matter to Pagan ways. In most group rituals both

alcoholic and non-alcoholic drink is hallowed, often using cider or other fruit juice.

A second common means of distributing the blessing is to consecrate a bowl of water and then sprinkle the Blessing over the assembled group. This can be effective in larger crowds, or where time is a factor. The ritualists can move as quickly as they like, raining the Blessing over the assembled group.

It is important for the ritualists to do their best to focus the attention of the group firmly on this work. This moment, when the elements of the Blessing are shown to the group, and the spiritual power of the gods and spirits is called into them, should be one of willed attention, awe and wonder. The most traditional phrase for the final declaration of consecration is inherited from RDNA: “Behold, the Waters of Life!”

Many other things have been employed as part of giving the Blessing to the people. Fire, incense, and bread are all common. Some High Day Blessings might involve contact with a ‘mystery’ object – touching a spear or corn-dolly or other proper symbol of the meaning of the rite. This section can allow for a great deal of creativity, well beyond the simple drinking of a horn of ale. Of course it is common for the group to sing a chant or hymn proper to the intention while the Blessing is passed.

One piece of utterly practical advice from Isaac about this section is especially worth remembering. In larger group rituals it is best to have enough cups so that no more than ten people are drinking from each cup. The painfully slow business of passing a single cup among 40 or 50 people should be avoided. This means having enough ‘handlers’ to make the cups pass smoothly without overlapping, but it greatly improves the pacing of the Blessing.

In solitary rites it is vital to be focused, peaceful and intense in this part of the work. When one is at a home shrine, or at a personal outdoor fire, the rite comes to a powerful height at the Prayer of Sacrifice. There is that moment of hope for a good omen, usually fulfilled. The steps of the Blessing can then be worked in a smooth and continuous way. Perhaps the cup or horn is raised, empty and the ritualist Calls for the Blessing. The Horn is

then filled with the drink, itself a powerful symbol of the arrival of the divine power, for which there is language in our various scripts. Raising the full horn, the Blessing is called down into it. The drinking should be done carefully and mindfully. Some traditional recitation or piece of poetry proper to the intent of the rite might be read or recited as the Blessing is drunk.

### **Affirming the Blessing**

This final step of the Blessing completes the basic triad – “Tell what you’re going to do; do it; tell what you did”. The ritualist now announces that the Blessing of the gods and spirits has been received; we affirm together that all have been blessed. This can be as simple as “We have received the good blessing of the Holy Ones... so be it!” but is often extended to reflect the seasonal theme or other intent of the rite. It is sometimes referred to as the Final Blessing, meaning the last spoken statement that affirms the power and meaning of the rite.

In performance it is often valuable to pause for a while after the Blessing has been drunk or received, to allow for contemplation and reception of the rite’s influence. The Final Blessing then puts a well-crafted end to the silence, returning attention to the meaning of the rite. This might be followed by another short period of silent contemplation.

### **Works**

With the spirits of the attendees full of the Blessing of the gods and spirits, this is the time for any other intentional work that might be called for. In Grove rites this might be a baby-blessing, a First Oath or Dedicant’s Oath, even a simple handfasting . Occasionally a healing or other more specific boon or blessing might be worked – the sort of thing that might be called a ‘spell’. That seldom happens at High Day rites, though various rites of passage are more common.

There are several scripts that apply the OoR more directly to spellwork. In some there is a full blessing and drinking in the usual way. In more folkloric adaptations the whole Blessing becomes the actions of the spell. However in the majority of our rites of worship there is no spellwork done. Rather we open ourselves to the Blessing offered by the gods and spirits, trusting that we will grow

in health, wealth and wisdom by the work.

## **PART 5:**

### **Thanking the Powers and Ending the Rite**

One of the easiest errors to make in the performance of our rites is to give inadequate weight and dignity to the final acts, the giving of thanks and formal ending. In the Vedas the opening and closing sections of the rite are called the ‘two wheels of the chariot’ of ritual performance. They should be balanced, though truly our closing rites are simpler in words and structure than the opening. Nevertheless they should be done deliberately and joyfully, with a true sense of gratitude and care.

### **Affirmation of Success**

The ritualists joyfully proclaim that the rite has been successful. The Sun will return, the Corn will ripen; whatever the intent of the rite has been it is affirmed with thanks and to the credit of the beings of the occasion. All are guided back to focus on the Hallows, and to remember the beings of the occasion and the Blessing they have received.

There is a traditional turn of phrase and idea connected with this phase that is worth remembering. We often affirm that by doing our work we grow closer to the gods and spirits, and that they become more aware of us and our needs. This small reminder affirms our greater mission – to awaken and restore the worship of the gods and spirits in our time.

### **Thanking the Powers**

All beings who have been invited to the rite are now thanked for their attendance and blessing.

Those familiar with other forms of Pagan or magical invocation may have noted that at no time have we discussed ‘summoning’ or ‘binding’ the spirits honored in our rites. While we perform purifications and protections from ill-will in the opening of the Grove, we do not ‘banish’ spirits. Rather the Fire of Sacrifice is a welcome place for all spirits who abide within the Cosmic Order of the Worlds. We invite the spirits to come and partake of our offerings, and by the rule of reciprocity we expect their blessing in turn. In our experience they are glad to give it.

So we first thank those who have been invited after the Gate was opened, from last to first:

- Beings of the Occasion
- Three Kindreds – each thanked in turn.

Often an additional final thanks is given: “to all beings who have stood with us in this rite, we say again, we thank you!” The work now moves to formally closing the Grove including giving thanks to those powers who we always ask to aid us in that work.

### Closing the Gate

Thanks is given to the Gatekeeper, and a formal declaration is made that the Gate is closed, often accompanied by a poetic visualization.

The ritual act of closing the Gate is also a chance to acknowledge the Three Hallows in closing. The Hallows aren't beings, to whom thanks is due. Rather they are expressions of impersonal cosmic realities, joined together in the Center, and enchanted by our rites to be the Gates Between. So in closing we declare that they are once again merely their material forms, dismissing the trance, the vision and the meaning as we close the Gate and return to our common awareness.

This is usually the time when the ritualists lead the group to ‘re-center’. All are once again reminded of the simple basic trance which began the rite. The swirling feelings of influence and energy that may persist from the rite are calmed and integrated and any excess energy is allowed to bleed off into the cosmos, as the gate closes.

### Final Thanks

Any powers that were invited before the Gate was opened are now thanked, including a deity of Bardic Inspiration, if one was asked for aid. The Outdwellers, not having been invited, are not thanked.

Most traditionally, the final act of the rite is the thanking of the Earth Mother. This is accompanied by the final pouring out of any remaining offerings.

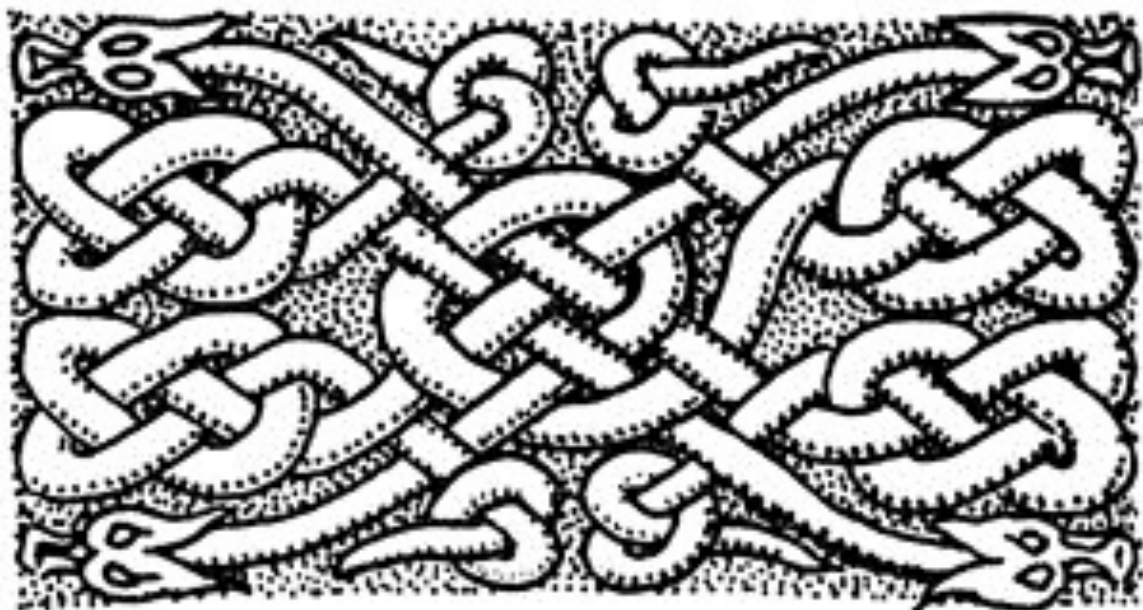
With a final thanks and blessing, the rite is declared to be at an end.

The ADF Order of Ritual has been a living process through our decades of development. No doubt it will continue to grow and change with our understandings. This essay is intended to preserve what I recall of the history, development and meaning of the work. I hope it helps make new students aware of the background and depth of our rituals.

May we all be blessed in the work.



*Rev. Ian Corrigan is a Senior Priest of ADF, Archdruid Emeritus, and ADF Bard Laureate Emeritus. He is a constant presence in the festival scene and provides a great deal of scholarship and fun at any fire. His heart is as big as his laugh, and his love for the Earth Mother and the Land inspires the hearts of all who have chance to pray with the same fire.*





# A Baltic Tale of Night and Day

By: Rev. Melissa S Burchfield, ADF Master Bard

Golden-haired Saule sat alone, spinning her amber wheel, weaving the very thread of life when the Moon first laid eyes upon her. Fiery Saule, richly dressed in golden silk raiment and crowned with shining jewels, was a vision of sparkling loveliness that Menulis could not resist. Menulis, silver-dressed Guardian of Night and Time, won the heart of his Balta Saulite, his Darling Little Sun, after much courting, and they were wed in the Primeval Spring. First born to the Sun and Moon was Žeme, the Earth, followed by Vakarine, the evening star, and most beautiful Aušrine, the morning star.

The family fell quickly into routine. Aušrine burned the morning fire and made Saule ready for her journey across the sky, for every morning Saule drove her Chariot of Fire into the sky, leading her white mares on to the Baltic Sea where she was met by her companion, Perkunele, who bathed the weary Sun Maiden at the end of her journey. Saule's chariot was transformed into a gilded boat when it reached the sea, and guided by Perkunele, she sailed home to where Vakarine had prepared her bed that she may rise and prepared for the next day's journey.

Each day's journey was shared with the bearded Sky God, Perkunas the Thunder, who rode alongside Saule in his own chariot, carrying his lightning-bolt sword and stone axe. Needless to say, Perkunas and Saule were close as brother and sister, and it was with great sadness in his heart that Perkunas noted the roving of Menulis. Saule, who rose very early, retired for the evening shortly after Menulis ascended to rule the night, and he was easily and often led astray by the shimmer of a nearby star while Saule slept. Perkunas was keenly aware when Menulis became overly interested in Aušrine, the Morning Star, even more beautiful than her mother with her mother's golden hair, adorned with a sun crown and a starry mantle closed with a moon-shaped brooch.

One fatal morning, as he was returning from a night alone in the sky, Menulis gave in to his obsessive desires and took Aušrine as she prepared the fires for her mother, tearing her starry mantle and flippantly tossing aside her crown. Perkunas became so enraged at the sight that he slashed at Menulis with his lightning sword, leaving the scars on his face that may be seen in the night sky even still.

Saule was so angry with Menulis for his infidelity that she declared an end to their marriage, banishing him to dwell in the night sky alone. With her head held high and her daughters by her side, Saule continued her work on her own, the Matriarch of the Sky who watches all the Children of the Earth herself and still finds time to dance upon the hills in silver shoes with joy in her heart, Saule, the Golden Apple of the Sun.

*Leaping into Fall* by: Christina Marvel





# Sacred Lady of the Flame

By: *Rev. Sara K Blackwelder*

In OL issue #67 I was excited to see Carraig put a tune to the Clergy Council's charm that unites the Sacred Flames to the fire kindled in the current ritual. I liked it so much that I decided to create a companion piece. In my personal practice, I honor the Keeper of the Sacred Flame, she is a Hearth Goddess, the one who tends to those sacred fires. I had written an invocation for her in ritual, but I felt like I needed something more. What I did was create an interactive ritual piece that flows with the tune by Carraig. I kept it in the same key and worked off of the ending note of his piece to further develop the work. The end product is something that I feel works very well within ritual, preparing the space and honoring this Sacred Lady of the Flame.

## Bio: Statement

Rev. Sara K Blackwelder is active in many aspects of ADF and loves her work serving this community. She lives in Florida with her family and is active in many programs of ADF. She is currently working on a variety of Bardic pieces as part of her service. For more info about Sara's work you can see some of what she is doing at [sites.google.com/site/sarakarlee/home](http://sites.google.com/site/sarakarlee/home)

## Sacred Lady of the Flame Chant

Rev. Sara K Blackwelder

Sa - cred La - dy of the Flame. Shine with-in us here to - day.

Take our words and deeds a - bove. A - ccept our of - fer - ings. Pur - i - fy us,

lead and guide us, aide us as we pray. Keep us safe for those we love, i -

llum - i - nate our way.



# The View from Here

## Comments from the Vice Archdruid

By Rev. Jean Drum' Pagano

In the vision of ADF, Isaac states: "All these Neopagans are going to need publically accessible worship, teaching, counseling, and healing. Within thirty years we expect to see indoor temples and/or sacred groves throughout North America and Europe..." (Bonewits). One of the really exciting things about Isaac's vision is that, like the lotus, it keeps unfolding.

One of the ways that the Vision of ADF continues to unfold is the presence of ADF Groves and Protogroves – thirty years after the vision was first formulated – in places other than North America and Europe. Silver Birch Grove in Australia is one example, Fine Na Dairbre Protogrove in Brazil is another. Finally, and very recently, Aeron Protogrove, in Durban, South Africa, has now been formed and recognized by the Grove Organizing Committee.

Each of these new Groves and Protogroves, along with our already existing Groves and Protogroves, provide collections of ADF people now on five continents instead of the two originally envisioned by Isaac. Each and every Grove, Protogrove, Worship Group, Study Group, and solitary represents a unique and different way of

expressing Our Own Druidry. Each describes a new way of bringing forward Isaac's vision of an expanding Druidry into the modern world – all of the modern world.

Many solitary practitioners, Groves and Protogroves sprouted from the acorns of Isaac's early work with ADF. I was one of them. As time passed, the branches of that original tree extended to all parts of the United States and Canada, into Europe as well, including Ireland, England, Germany, France, Portugal, Italy, the Netherlands, the Czech Republic, Croatia, Austria, and Spain. We have members in Asia as well, from Turkey to Japan.

An old saying states "the acorn doesn't fall far from the tree". In the case of ADF, this might not actually be the case. Our acorns have spread far and wide.

*Rev. Jean Pagano is the Vice Arch Druid of ADF and a Senior Priest.*

### Works Cited

Bonewits, Isaac. "The Vision of ADF." n.d. [www.adf.org](http://www.adf.org). Web. 29 09 2015.





# News and Announcements

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## Program & Path Completions

### Elisabeth Willmott (Ygraine)

Completed: Dedicant program

Date completed: June 2015

### Katbast

Completed: Dedicant program

Date completed: August 2015

### Piper Perry

Completed: Dedicant program

Date completed: August 2015

### Rev. Robert Lewis (Robb)

Completed: Initiates program

Date completed: September 2015

### Christina Mosher (Christina Marvel)

Completed: Dedicant program

Date completed: September 2015

### Rev. Nancy McAndrew

Completed: Circle 1-Liturgists SP

Date completed: September 2015

### Member #8367

Completed: Dedicant program

Date completed: September 2015

## Protogrove & Grove Approvals

### Three Branch River Proto Grove

Portsmouth, VA

Date founded: June 13, 2015

### Emerald Desert Proto Grove

Pearce, AZ

Date founded: July 11, 2015

### Raven's Hollow Proto Grove, ADF

Lancaster, SC

Date founded: July 28, 2015

### Hallowed Ground Proto Grove

Gettysburg, PA

Date founded: August 12, 2015

### River Rose Proto Grove

Portland, OR

Date founded: Sept. 5, 2015

### Ozark Druids Grove

Fayetteville, AR

Date of Charter: Sept. 19, 2015

### Aeron Proto Grove

Malvern, Durban South Africa

Date founded: Sept. 24, 2015

~Congratulations to all~

## Announcements:

### The Order of Manannan Study Program

Approved: June 2015

### Newly Ordained ADF Priests:

Jan Avende, David Crawford and

Amy Castner.

Ordained: August 2015

## Upcoming Events

### PantheaCon 2016

February 12-15, 2016

San Jose, CA.

### ConVocation

February 18-21, 2016

Detroit MI.

<https://www.adf.org/events>

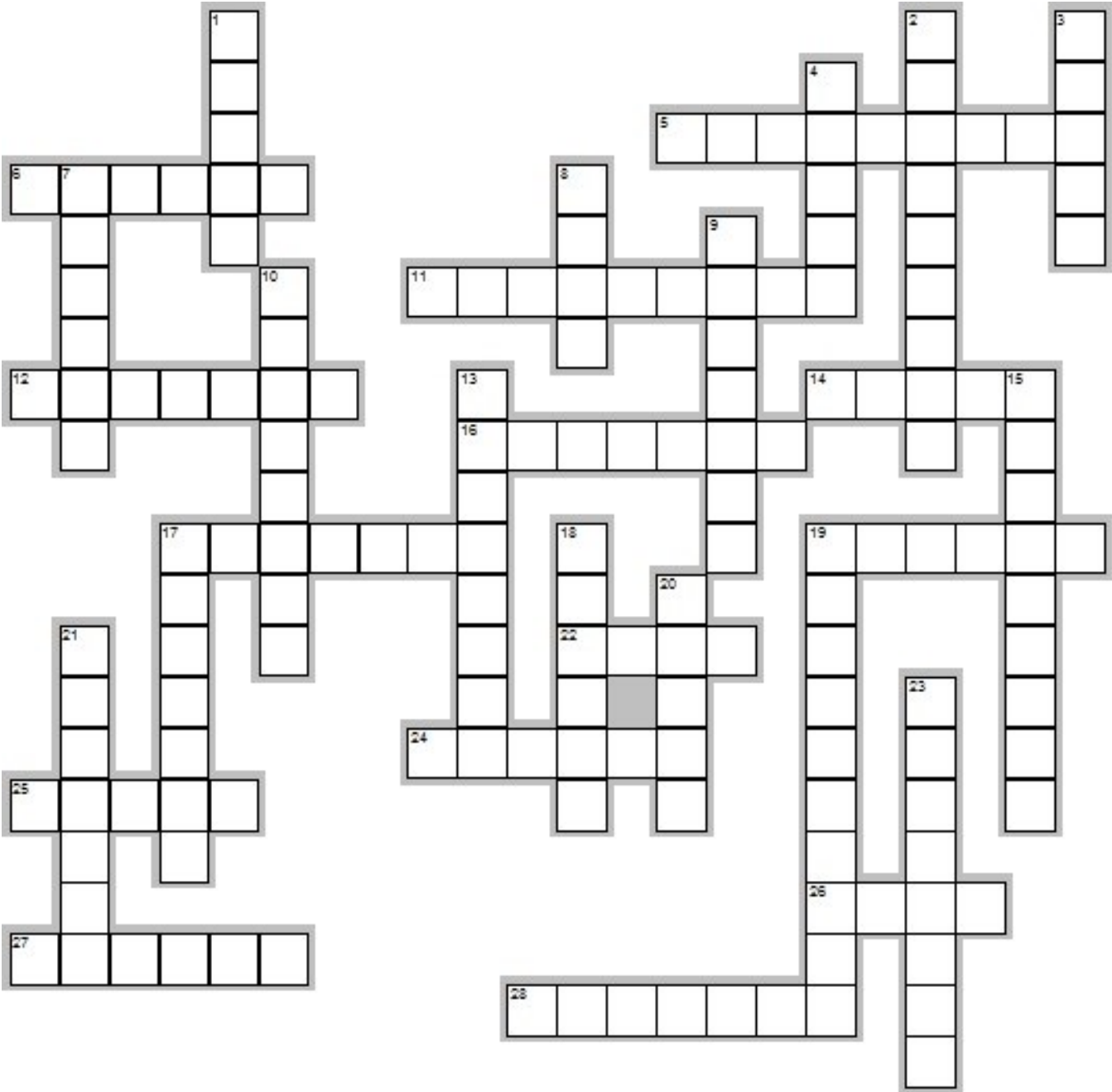
For more festival info





# Crossword

By: Chris:)



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## Across

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5. The Yggdrasil gossip
6. He was the smartest centaur
11. They escorted the bravest dead
12. His Roman holiday is may 15
14. AKA Pluto
16. Irish God of love
17. The Brahmins were made from his mouth
19. Odins 'thought' raven
22. Payment for Charon
24. Husband of Ops
25. This planet was named for her
26. Norse hammer God
27. Indian Divine twins
28. They made Fraya's necklace

## Down

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1. He locked up his daughter in a crystal tower
2. She was created out of oak-meadowsweet and broom
3. Veles was his opposite
4. Roman God of Doorways
7. He stole Apollo's cattle
8. Father of Jormungand
9. Guarded by Heimdall
10. Deepest pit of Hades
13. Her house stands on chicken feet
15. Slavic war god
17. Poseidon & medusa's son
18. He replaced Uranus
19. Cast out of Olympus
20. Her River is found in Leinster
21. Gaulish god of light
23. They made the helmet of invisibility

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# ADF Directory



## *The Mother Grove*

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Non-Officer Director	Rev. Caryn Laney-MacLuan	caryn.adf@gmail.com

## *Additional Leadership Positions*

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Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Ian Corrigan	tredara@ncweb.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. John 'Fox' Adelman	john.adelman@trw.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Robert 'Skip' Ellison	skip@dragonskeep.us
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Store Manager	Rev. Jean 'Drum' Pagano	adf-store@adf.org
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## *Committees*

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Council of Lore	Chair Rev. Kelly 'Carrion Mann' Kingston	adf-preceptor@adf.org
Grove Coordinating Committee	Chair: Rev. Caryn Laney-MacLuan	adf-gcc-chair@adf.org
Grove Organizing Committee	Chair: Rev. Nancy McAndrew	adf-goc-chair@adf.org
Prisoner Relations Committee	Chair: Rev. Ayliah 'Amber' Cannon	adf-prison-ministry@adf.org

For information on **Regional Druids** please see the full listing at:

<http://www.adf.org/members/org/cord/>

For more information on **Groves, Guilds, Special Interest Groups (SIGs), and Kins**, please see the full listing at:

<http://www.adf.org/groups/groups-list.html>



# Submission Guidelines



Oak Leaves welcomes submissions of artwork, articles, poetry, letters to the editor, and anything else that might be of interest to our Druid 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](mailto: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 errors. Also: please include a brief ADF-related bio for all articles and essays.

Written submissions should be sent in one of the following formats: MS Word (doc/docx), Rich Text Format (rtf), or Text Format (txt).

While electronic submissions are preferred (and may be given priority for printing), readable hard-copy submissions may be sent to:

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

Submitted materials will not be returned to the sender.

## 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 grayscale but we will do that as necessary. We would like to have pictures submitted at 300 dpi, and in a useable format such as .jpg, .png, tiff, etc. Please send them to the Art Director at [adf-ol-art@adf.org](mailto:adf-ol-art@adf.org). Contact the Art Director to inquire whether hard copies of your art may be submitted, depending on scanner availability.

## Deadlines for submissions are:

Spring: December 1st,  
Summer: March 1st,  
Autumn: June 1st,  
Winter: September 1st





# Ar 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 @ \$30/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: \_\_\_\_\_



Hymn to the Earth Mother

O Earth-Mother!  
We praise thee,  
Who seed springeth,  
Who flower openeth,  
Who grass waveth.  
We praise thee for winds  
that whisper  
Through the graceful elm,  
Through the shapely maple,  
Through the lively pine,  
Through the shining birch,  
Through the mighty oak.  
We praise thee for all things.  
O Earth-Mother!  
Who givest life.

