

OAKLEAVES

The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraiocht Féin

Summer 2016 ~ Issue No. 73





Ur

Purple glow,
Two trees combine,
A link to within

Propagation of plants
- Briatharogam of Maic ind Óc

Eadha

Silver white,
Rustle the leaves,
A voice in the wind

Exchange of friends
Briatharogam of Maic ind Óc



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OAK LEAVES

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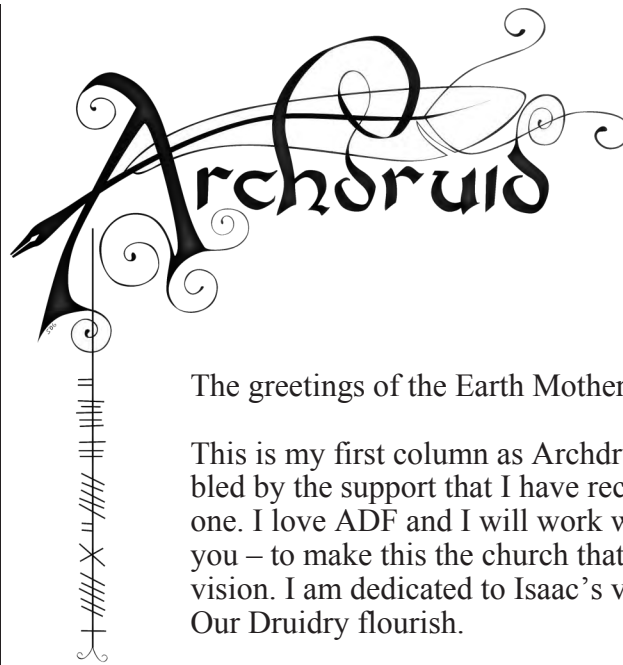
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The greetings of the Earth Mother to you all!

This is my first column as Archdruid and I am humbled by the support that I have received from everyone. I love ADF and I will work with you – with all of you – to make this the church that Isaac saw in his vision. I am dedicated to Isaac's vision and to seeing Our Druidry flourish.

I am indebted by the hard work that the Archdruids before me have done: Isaac, Ian, Fox, Skip, and Kirk, and I will reach out to them all, in this world and the next, for their advice and wisdom. I am excited about the Mother Grove that I will be working with and am confident that we will rise to the many opportunities that will present themselves to us.

This Oak Leaves is our summer issue and Beltane/Samhain (for our friends in the Southern Hemisphere) will have arrived at this point and we will be moving into the new season with renewed purpose and determination for the work ahead. Our Kindreds are so very close at all times. Please reach out to them, individually or collectively, and try to connect with them every day if you are able. Building relationships with the Kindreds is vitally important to our work as Druids, for Ár nDraíocht Féin, and as children of the Earth Mother.

Before we step forward into the future that awaits us let us take a few moments and look back on the Druidry that we have inherited, whether it be from ADF, from the New Reformed Druids of America or the Reformed Druids of America, or from other Druid organizations around the world. Let us find our common purpose and let us celebrate our commonalities, because there are many. Let us reach out to our Neo-Pagan friends and invite them into our practice as observers and participants and let them see how we live our Way.

Finally, as I look out and see a bright, sunny sky with clouds slowly moving across that vast expanse, I know that we are all blessed in our own way. Let us celebrate the seasons together!

Blessings,
Drum
Archdruid, ADF

Outgoing Archdruid

by Rev. Kirk Thomas

The time for transition is now upon us. A new Archdruid and Vice Archdruid have been elected and we begin a new era in ADF's spiritual growth. The last six years have been some of the most important in my life, and I can only hope that my efforts as Archdruid have been beneficial for ADF. I leave office with a sense of personal satisfaction of having done the very best that I could do. I ask all of you to forgive my faults and to celebrate my strengths.

I call upon everyone in ADF to give our new Archdruid, Rev. Jean Pagano (Drum), and our

new Vice Archdruid, Rev. Kelly Kingston (Carrion Mann), as well as our new members of the Mother Grove, Cathy Wayman (Selene Tawny) and Nicholas Egelhoff, all your support and prayers for a successful and productive year ahead.

ADF is a vast organism made up of many small parts, and each and every one of us is one of those parts. May the gods smile upon ADF and give their blessings to us all now and in the future. So be it!

Midsummer Issue of Oak Leaves

by ADF Chronicler Manny Tejada

Welcome to the Midsummer Issue of *Oak Leaves*. The *Oak Leaves* team is celebrating a rebirth, as it were. The last year has been a challenging transition. So, as Spring moves to Summer, we look forward to sharing with you this current edition that is the culmination of some exceptional work by a group of amazing professionals that were pulled together to create an amazing team.

I think it is appropriate to share with you my gratitude for their collective work, support and responsibility that was captured by our African Ancestors in the Swahili word, *Ujima*. The concept is not about task completion as a team, but rather it is the continuous unfolding of accepting responsibility and accomplishing work on behalf of the community. That *Oak Leaves* team, whose names you will see at the beginning of this issue, are spread across the internet and yet worked efficiently, collectively and neighborly to manifest this issue. I want to share my gratitude at having such an extraordinary team of individuals.

As part of this issue, and particularly because summer is often a time of untroubled freedom when we use the long days to really explore our worlds, I think it is also a moment to remind ourselves of the personal work and growth being done by our incarcerated ADF members and the

ministry sponsored by ADF clergy. So, this issue has a special section written by those members, some of who are in the Frog Stone Circle. This is an opportunity to welcome their engagement with community and to honor all their work in their transformation.

I want to also invite you to consider participating in *Oak Leaves*. We are constantly looking for your submissions, whether they are your personal experiences, short stories, poetry, artwork or even doubts. *Oak Leaves* is both a forum for all our collective wisdom and anxiety as well as an archive of our development, our art, our reasoning, and our theology. And, given the untapped intellectual expertise of our membership, I would eventually like to include a section of the articles that have been not only editorially reviewed but also peer-reviewed, thus benefiting from the scholarly strengths of ADF.

At its essence, *Oak Leaves* is the permanent mirror of us. Just as we can look back to the thinking of our fellow ADF members from two decades ago, we also leave our record for the future. So, I invite you to participate in the building of this archive. It is our duty to be good ancestors.

Midsummer Blessings!

AJ Gooch, In Memoriam

By Ian Corrigan

Let us take a moment to write about our good friend... our brother... AJ Gooch. He passed from life due to a suspected pulmonary embolism following minor surgery on the 28th of February, 2016, at the age of forty-eight. He is survived by his son and daughter, Madoc and Sydney, and wife Stephanie, and by the work and worth of several organizations and communities of which he was a central part.

We met the Gooches at Stone Creed Grove's Summer Solstice of 1998. Madoc was in a stroller, and the young family was searching for a spiritual home. The sense of accord was immediate, and the family threw itself into ADF, and into the local Grove.

At that time AJ's disability, the result of an auto-accident and subsequent surgeries, was not as severe as it would become. Throughout the years that we knew him AJ fought against ongoing nerve and structural difficulties, which produced chronic back-pain at levels that we guess were well beyond what an uninjured person might suspect. He faced medical predictions of life in a wheel-chair, but he never arrived there; largely, we thought, due to pure cussedness, but also due to the care of his family and ongoing alternative



medical attention. AJ seldom allowed his pain to interfere with his mood, and we consider him a fine example of a bad lot well-handled.

AJ was, maybe first of all, an organizer. When we met him he was finishing a long term as the Seneschal (administrator) of the local SCA Barony. His interpersonal and political skills had allowed him to see that group through a difficult change of leadership. He was also the 'Lord' of a small but noisy household – a matter of personal loyalty and tribe, more than bureaucracy. His work in the Current Middle Ages had given him broad experience in organizing events large and small, handling an all-volunteer membership work-force, and generally herding cats. From the first he was ready and willing to share those skills with ADF. AJ served nearly ten years as Senior Druid of Stone Creed Grove, helping us grow and solidify our work. He became a partner in the Grove's effort to develop Tredara as a Pagan resource, and his absence will be deeply felt in those ongoing efforts, as in all. Our local organizer cadre being fairly incestuous, AJ and Steph also quickly became organizers for the Starwood Festival. While his son was young he took charge of Starwood's Children's Program, and now-adult members of that community will remember him as that big, nice guy that helped them have a great, if different, 'church-camp' experience.

AJ's skill with children (some called him the baby-whisperer) was an example of the kind of heart that AJ brought to the world. A big, tough-seeming young man, he possessed a core of empathy and open-heartedness. He was the sort of fellow that spent time on the phone and in





person with friends, just getting his broad shoulders wet, helping friends process their bad times and enjoy their good ones. Certainly AJ enjoyed good times, and his ability to bring life to a party had as much to do with his openness and easy respect and affection as his skill as a bartender, grillmaster, and host.

AJ was also a man of art, and arts. A craftsman in metal and wood, he expressed musical talent especially as a drummer and didgeridoo player. He developed his high level of natural talent through casual workshop instruction, but especially by hours of real practice. (I admired him for his success at mastering circular breathing.) AJ will be remembered in Cleveland's alternative community as the organizer and host of the "Thursday Night Drum Jam", a venerable meeting that AJ revived and preserved for many years, bringing it out of living-rooms into notable public venues.

All of these things came together in AJ's personal priesthood. AJ had a desire to serve the gods and spirits, to work magic, and to serve the community spiritually as well as by organizing. His charisma and forthright face made him a fine public ritualist. He was ordained in ADF in the 2002 bootstrap ordinations and, while he did not complete the scholastic work of ADF's training

program, served as a priest in fact in Stone Creed and the surrounding Pagan community. He was dedicated to Brigid, both of the Arts and the Hearth, and to Manannan the Wise. He served as a chief, a diviner, and as the occasional voice of inspiration, bringing such things as the Oath-ring custom to SCG's local religion.

A person can have many sorts of luck. AJ lived with the bad luck of his injury, but he lived, and lived a life he often enjoyed. He was blessed with a family that he loved, and with an extended tribe that he loved as well, in all its motley qualities, and which loved him in turn. His memorial was attended by over three hundred, all drawn by the departing light of AJ's life and work. We lit the Fire of his final offering (well, not final...) in the fire-altar that he mortared with his own hands. His life was short, it must be said, but it was not quiet or without reward. The wise also say that luck comes from strength, and it was AJ's strength - of body, heart and character - that made his life shine brightly, and that will keep his memory equally bright in the hearts of those whose lives he touched.

May he Roam In Pride, wherever his fate takes him.

The **ghosti* of Our Own Druidry

by Rev. Jan Avende

Reciprocity is an essential component to walking the path of Our Own Druidry. This is familiar to many of us in the context of ritual: we give gifts to the Spirits that we may build a relationship with them, and receive their gifts in turn. This relationship of reciprocity is also important in how we interact with each other and with our community as a whole. A healthy community is supported by the gifts of its folk so that it may then support each of those individuals. There are many ways to engage in this **ghosti* relationship: many ways to give, and many ways to receive. We can give the Gift of Prayer. We can give the Gift of Inspiration. We can give the Gift of Community. We can give the Gift of Wealth. We can give the Gift of Service. The more we strive to share these Gifts, the stronger our community will grow, and the more fulfilled we will be in Our Own Druidry.

The Gift of Prayer - *Rta*. We maintain right action and right relationship with the Gods and Spirits. It is important work to ensure that the proper sacrifices are made at the proper times. We write liturgy and lead rituals. We know the cycles and seasons, and we keep the High Days. We pray on behalf of those who need and request it. When we commune with the Kindreds and engage in a **ghosti* relationship with them, we are giving the Gift of Prayer and upholding the Work and Vision of Ár nDraíocht Féin.

The Gift of Inspiration - Lead others to the flame. We give workshops and create teaching materials. We do community outreach and explain our beliefs to the curious. We welcome those seekers of the Old Ways into our path. When we ignite the fire within others that they may walk the path of Our Own Druidry, we are giving the Gift of Inspiration and brightening the Work and Vision of Ár nDraíocht Féin.

The Gift of Community - One fire. One hearth. Our community with each other is what makes us strong. We embody the spirit of Hospitality. We can give the gift of community by being present and thoughtful in our online pagan communities, by attending and participating in our local pagan communities, and by being a lis-

tening ear and a sounding board to others in our community. When we are consistently present in the lives of those practicing Our Own Druidry, we are giving the Gift of Community and being part of the Work and Vision of Ár nDraíocht Féin.

The Gift of Wealth - Wealth that is hoarded is not wealth at all. This is a common theme across our Indo-European Hearth Cultures. When we give of our wealth—our tangible resources—we are manifesting the essence of “movable wealth.” *Do ut des*. “I give so that you may give” means that as we give in support of our community, they in turn will be able to give in support of us. When we give of our monetary resources, we are giving the Gift of Wealth and supporting the Work and Vision of Ár nDraíocht Féin.

The Gift of Service - Everyone in ADF is an expert at something. Everyone has a talent or skill that can benefit others. Sharing our special knowledge and our time is something that everyone can do. There are many tasks in the work of Our Own Druidry that just require someone to donate their time, or their specific skill set, to see a task through. We help set-up and tear-down ritual space. We organize potlucks and take dishes home to wash. We schedule and attend meetings. We hold an office in a grove or subgroup. We review coursework. When we share our talents and our time, we are giving the Gift of Service and contributing to the Work and Vision of Ár nDraíocht Féin.

Five Gifts: Prayer, Inspiration, Community, Wealth, and Service. These are ways that we can give of ourselves to support the Work and Vision of Ár nDraíocht Féin. In sharing these things we will find that we are given great blessings in return as our community is strengthened, we are valued and supported, and the path of Our Own Druidry is brightened.

Rev. Jan Avende is the current Wellspring Bardic Chair and has been a member of ADF and Three Cranes Grove since 2009. She is an ADF Initiate, and is active as an officer and member in many of ADF's subgroups. She enjoys writing rituals and prayers on request and talking with others about how they practice Our Druidry.

Chant of the Gods

by Jennifer Seaton

Gods of darkness, Gods of light;
Gods of eternal day and night.
Gods of hearth, Gods of home;
kings and queens of realms unknown.
Gods of stars, Gods of moons;
Gods of ancient relic tombs.
Faerie folk from times of past
Burning embers fading fast;
Keepers of the ancient lore
guarding immortalities door,
magick flowing fast and free,
kin to the earth's histories'.
Gods of thunder, Gods of Light;
keepers of our earthly rites,
keeping to the space beyond,
through the mists they all have gone.
Tuatha Dé Danaan heed our call,
bring forth your magick to us all.
Flow your knowledge through our veins,
bask us in your wondrous ways.
Gods of darkness, Gods of light;
Gods of eternal day and night.



The Dance

by Christina Marvel

Each one of us yearns for a healing
Loving connection with the divine
Some touch or word to spark the fires of our life

And each one of us distracts ourselves
Every day, with a busy frenzy
Yet the grass still calls for you to sit
And the wide open sky sings love songs

Take heed lest you spend too long
Without the waves of wonder
Crashing on the shores of your heart

For each breath we take is a sacred act
And each beat of the heart measures
Out the dance of your life.

All the world is in the throes of living
The ecstatic divine
And she is calling you to dance.

A Sonnet to the Gods

by Chelly Couvrette

Deities, Ancient spirits, gods of old,
Warriors, healers, poets, magicians,
Ancient wearers of shining stones and gold,
The spirits who can now give us visions.

Our lives you've watched over with love and care,
You can teach your lessons through pain and
strife,
Making sure they are not too much to bear,
Ensuring that they do not take a life.

Your tales are told from person to person,
Of years gone by and battles that you've won,
Devotees know all different versions,
Revealing that you are not truly gone.

You are in otherworlds we look into,
Deities, Ancient Ones, we welcome you!

Two Means of Acquisition of Poetic Inspiration in “Gwion Bach” and “Kvasir’s Blood”

by G. R. Grove

“How did this craft that you call poetry originate?” asks Ægir in Snorri Sturluson’s *Skáldskaparmál* (Sturluson 60). Norse tradition as relayed by Snorri has one answer, and Welsh tradition another. I will deal with Snorri’s answer first, as given in his narrative by Bragi (Sturluson 60-64).

Briefly, the story runs thus. To seal a peace treaty between the two races of Gods—the Æsir and the Vanir—representatives of each group spat into a vat. Out of the spittle they made a man called Kvasir, who was the wisest in the world. Two dwarfs killed Kvasir and collected his blood into two vats and a pot. To this they added honey, and so created a mead which made anyone who drank of it a poet or scholar. The dwarfs were forced to give the mead in compensation to Suttung, a giant whose father they had killed. Odin decided to get the mead for himself. He went in disguise to a place near where it was kept, and tricked the nine slaves of Baugi, the brother of the mead-owner, into killing each other. Then he offered to do their work all summer in exchange for getting Baugi’s help in obtaining a drink of the mead. At the end of the summer, the two of them went to Suttung, who refused to share the mead. Then Baugi bored a hole into the mountain where Suttung lived, and Odin turned himself into a snake and went through the hole. Odin made himself agreeable to Suttung’s daughter Gunnlöd, and slept with her three nights in exchange for three swallows of mead. He sucked it all down in three gulps, and flew back to Asgard in the shape of an eagle, Suttung pursuing him to no avail. Now he shares the mead with those whom he would have been skálds.

The Welsh version, *Chwedl Gwion Bach* (“The Tale of Little Gwion”), is slightly more straightforward. The story exists in its complete form in Elis Gruffydd’s sixteenth century *Chronicle of the Six Ages of the World*, and according to him was widespread in oral tradition at that time (Gruffydd vii), but clearly it was much older, as references to it abound in the poetry of the *Gogynfeirdd* (Welsh “Poets of the Princes,” fl. 1150-1300 CE) and in much of the contents of the early fourteenth century manuscript called *Llyfyr*

Taliesin (“Book of Taliesin”). *Chwedl Gwion Bach* is only the first half of a longer story, *Ystoria Taliesin* (“The Story of Taliesin”), but I will ignore the second half of that tale today.

The story runs as follows. Briefly, a witch called Keridwen had an ugly son whom she wished to make wise. To do this required the gathering of magical herbs, and their boiling in a cauldron for a year and a day. At the end of that time, three drops of magic liquid would leap out of the cauldron, and whoever swallowed them would become the most inspired and learned person in the world. Keridwen hired two helpers for this project: an old blind man and a little lad named Gwion. When the time came for the magic drops to leap out of the cauldron, Keridwen was asleep, and instead of enlightening her son, they landed on Gwion’s thumb. He put it in his mouth, thereby ingesting their wisdom. Realizing (with his new-found insight) that Keridwen would kill him, he fled. When she awoke, she pursued him, and both of them shape-shifted several times





during the chase, but at last she caught him and swallowed him. She then became pregnant, and give birth to him nine months later. She sewed him up in a leather bag (or boat) and threw him into the sea, where he remained for forty years until caught in a fishing weir, from which a young nobleman called Elffin removed him. He (Gwion) then became the inspired poet Taliesin (Ford 14-17).

The two stories look superficially very similar. There is a cauldron of magical liquid, a woman in charge of it, three drinks/drops, a year's/season's work put in first, flight and pursuit and shape-shifting. But behind this similarity lie some very basic differences. In the Norse example, Odin gets his three drinks by trickery and seduction, while Gwion gets his three drops by accident (or fate). Odin makes it safely back home with his magic mead, while Gwion is caught and undergoes an initiatory experience, to be reborn as Taliesin—an experience of which Odin, as a God, has no need. The skaldic poets then are those born with the talent—those with whom Odin shares his mead. The Welsh poets get their *awen* through a transformative initiation—nine months in Keridwen's belly, followed by forty years (!) in a leather bag or boat (Ford 18). This latter experience calls to mind the folk tales about the various

places where one can spend the night, to be found in the morning either mad, dead, or a great poet.

Other factors also set the two tales apart. In the “Kvasir's Blood” tale, the narrative point of view is always third person omniscient, and the storyline moves smoothly from one character's part in it to the next, only switching back once to Suttung's realization that his mead is gone. In contrast, in “Gwion Bach”, we move back and forth between Keridwen's and Gwion's point of view several times, especially during the chase sequence. In Gwion's case there is a latency period between his ingestion of Keridwen's brew and his rebirth as the inspired poet Taliesin, while Odin is Odin throughout, even when working under an assumed name. Finally, although both stories were recorded in a Christian environment, Snorri was working with pagan traditions no more than two hundred years dead, while in Gruffydd's Wales (and even that of the twelfth to thirteenth century CE *Gogynfeirdd*), Christianity had been dominant for six or more centuries. The biggest difference between the two stories, however, lies in their protagonists: Gwion is human (even when reborn as Taliesin), while Odin is a God. Welsh poets, like their Irish equivalents, are both born and made.

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- Sturluson, Snorri. *Edda*. Trans. Anthony Faulkes. London Rutland, VT: Dent Charles E. Tuttle, 1995. Print.
- G. R. (“Gwernin”) Grove joined ADF in December of 2009 after a chance encounter with a member in Ireland, where she was researching paleo-druids and visiting sacred sites. Since then, she has completed her DP work, the Generalist SP, the CTP-Prelim, the Initiates Path, and most of the Liturgists Guild's second circle, and is one of the Bardic Guild's four Master Bards. She is currently the Chief Design Editor of Oak Leaves, Pennaeth (Chieftain) of the Welsh Kin and Chief of the Scholars Guild, a reviewer for the Generalist SP, and a DP mentor.*

Virtue – What’s the point?

by Aylwyn

When starting out to explore the Nine Virtues, I couldn't clearly answer for myself what a virtue is. Also, even though I know that being virtuous is a good idea, I again wanted a clearer idea as to why I should be virtuous. So before I began my exploration of my take on the Nine Virtues, I attempted to identify a working definition for virtue and then establish the logic behind why I should be virtuous.

ADF identifies nine pagan virtues that if embraced and adhered to consistently will allow an individual to “to do right and live well.” (Unknown) But, what is virtue? I think a good starting point for positing on the nine virtues would be to define, for our purposes, what a virtue is. Here are three definitions on which we can build:

According to *Oxford Reference, the Oxford Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, virtue is:

A quality considered morally good or desirable in a person; the important virtues are traditionally the four cardinal virtues (see cardinal 2), justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude, valued by the classical philosophers and adopted by the scholastic philosophers, and the three theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, enumerated by St Paul. Virtue is its own reward proverbial saying, early 16th century; meaning that the satisfaction of knowing that one has observed appropriate moral standards should be all that is sought. The saying is found earlier in Latin, in the works of the Roman poet Ovid (43 bc–ad c. 17).

According to *Dictionary.com*, virtue is:

1. Moral excellence; goodness; righteousness.
2. Conformity of one's life and conduct to moral and ethical principles; uprightness; rectitude”

And lastly, according to *Merriam – Webster*.

1. a : conformity to a standard of right : morality
b : a particular moral excellence”

Before this exploration, my own personal definition of virtue was: “The adherence of thought and action that takes into consideration not only

consequences to self, but also to the greater whole in that said thoughts and actions support benevolence, understanding, and respect.”

So, looking at the definitions I found, as well as my own idea of virtue for insight, the words *conformity, adherence, moral, excellence, and standard* stand out to me as keywords important to definitions I found. Embracing those keywords, I feel virtue can be defined as follows.

Virtue: Identified behaviors and/or characteristics that, when held to, embody standards of morality, benevolence, understanding, and excellence.

Now that we have identified what a virtue is, why do we, ADF (or anyone for that matter), even bother with virtue? What’s the point, collectively as an organization and individually as members of ADF, in embracing virtue at all? Researching this question, I came across an interesting article that tries to give an answer. From the perspective of Confucianism, Huang Yong writes: “...one should be moral [or in our case virtuous] because it is a joyful thing to be moral. In Plato’s terms, it pays (not in the material and external sense but in the sentimental and inner sense) to be moral.”

This view resounds not only with the Roman poet Ovid (from the above definition found in the *Oxford Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*), but also with what Rev. Ian Corrigan wrote in *A Further Preview of the DP: Right Action*. “Our modern word 'Ethics' comes directly from the Greek *ethikos*. For all of the Greek philosophers, *ethikos* was about achieving *eudaimonia*, literally 'good fate,' or 'with the favor of the gods.' *Eudaimonia* is usually translated as 'fulfillment,' or 'leading a flourishing life.’”

Yong further writes: “One can also seek joy in doing non-moral or even immoral things as well as in doing moral things. So there remains a reasonable question: why should I seek joy in doing moral things rather than in doing non-moral and/or immoral things? The Confucian answer to this question is surprisingly simple: to be moral is a distinctive mark of being human ... Of course, if the person is still not motivated to be moral and prefers being a beast to being a human, then Confucianism indeed does not have any further answer, except to say, as Mencius indeed does,

that this person must be stupid.”

Well said, Mencius! Yong and Corrigan clearly lay out why we bother. Though, I do feel that, in the last citation, Confucianism is a little unfair to “beasts”. I feel I can say animals, more than humans, are true in their intent and actions. Anyway, embracing virtues not only leads to a joyful and fulfilling life, but also places us in favor with the gods. Further, we also bother because simply we are not stupid.

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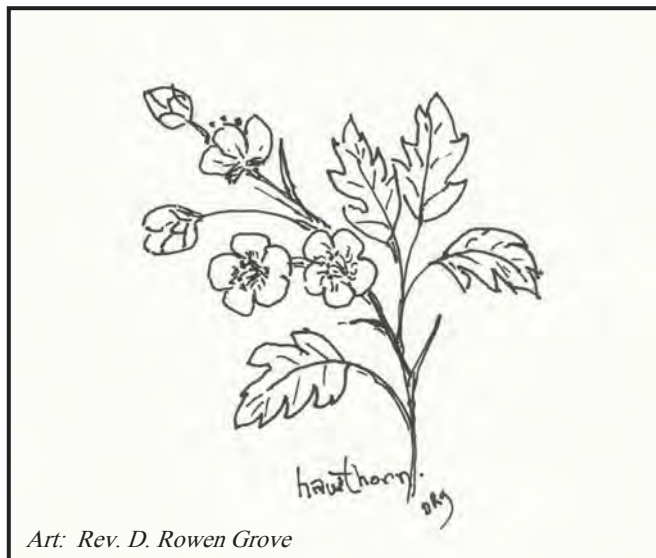
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Art: Rev. D. Rowen Grove

Three Strings

by Lesley Domnu

Three strings that can connect us.
One from the head, one from the heart, and one
from the "oh my".
Some have one, some two, and some have three.
Each person having different strings and types
than the others.
Some a mutual inspiration of the mind.
Some a deep concern and love of the heart string.
Some their touch pulls the passion out.
Each person's strings different.
Some so strong, some weak.
Some made to withstand it all.
So, I give mine, I give some the mind at times.
I give some my heart in all the different forms.
I give some, wouldn't you like to know.
Some have one,
Some have two,
Some have three.
And though some may not see it, it is there.
Though some do not tug back it is there.
Those strings that can hurt to cut sometimes must
be.
But my strings are mine to give, not up to you.
And I give freely as long as they are accepted.
So will you play the strings with me and build
them?
Will you help them grow and stretch when need-
ed?
Will you pull on it when you need me close?
Will you let the others to others be there?
These strings are mine to give, not yours.
I will fight to keep them, but you have to do your
part.
Some have one,
Some have two,
Some have three.
Some will always have the heart string.
Some will never be forgotten.
Some will always just have to ask even to this
day and after the pain caused, I will come.
Some will not be understood by others.
But all strings have areas that repairs are made,
areas where more thread is added.
These are my strings and I choose, not you.

Frog Stone Circle

The Frog Stone Circle's Ritual Year

By Thomas Brown

The Frog Stone Circle is an approved subgroup of Ár nDraiocht Fein (ADF). It is not a Grove or Protogrove, Guild or even an Order. It is a Prison Worship Group (PWG) established and administered by the Clergy Council with a trained/ approved prison minister. Despite organizational limitations required by "official" ADF entities, the PWG holds semi-public rituals for High Days and other "civic" holidays throughout the year. Because of that responsibility, we have had to flesh a meaningful liturgy by trial and error. Several discussions have taken place concerning the Powers we desire to worship throughout the year. Therefore, the purpose of this article is to share the PWG's ideas about our "Wheel of the Year", the Deities and Powers we chose to honor as a group, and how we balance various rites throughout the year.

When we started out at Samhain 2009, we followed a ritual pattern for the year that Rev. Kirk Thomas set for us. Some of us already had relationships with various Celtic deities through previous study. So, we were content that our first rituals honored Celtic (Welsh, Irish, Gaulish) deities and beings. We have juggled the intentions of the liturgy over the years, but kept the basic pattern that Kirk provided. Even in that first year, we deviated from Celtophile ideology and included a Hellenic Fall rite. We gratefully accepted advice from Hellenized Groves and White Owl Kins, members all of whom helped with the lore and customs. Then, over the next couple of years, we learned to honor Hittite Gods for the Summer Solstice along with Roman and Proto- Indo-European deities at the Winter Solstice. We were determined to include a variety of Hearth cultures in the group which led to the addition of a spring Anglo-Saxon rite for Erce and Eostre. As a group, we have been working on how the Powers we offer to throughout the year fill out a bigger picture. Here is what we have come up with so far.

Sarnhain, at the hinge of winter, begins with an Irish rite involving the myths of the Morrigan and An Dagda and the Honored Dead. This pairing of

the lore may even be considered the standard in ADF and other modern Pagan traditions. Then we go south with a Welsh rite honoring Lieu Llaw Gyffes *IS* wounding and transformation into an eagle. The idea is that Lieu is a god of the "sun" and the "Englyn" sung by Gwydion to coax him down from the oak tree is seen as the knowledge of cosmic renewal. For Irnbolc, the PWG honors the (Irish) Goddess Brigit; she is, of course, the Matron for many of our members. Spring is a time of peace and balance, so we honor the Anglo-Saxon Earth Mother Erce and the Goddess of Dawn Eostre. We will get to some of the rationalization in a moment. Suffice it to say that the Frog Stone Circle considers the Earth Mother and Gatekeeper is very important in the ADF tradition.

Beginning in 2014, due to an increasing need for pagan services, we have begun offering civic holiday observances as well. Most notable is "All Snakes Day" in lieu of St. Patrick's Day. We used a "Celtic" cross, given to me by the chaplain, as an Outdweller offering. This was not an act of disrespect; it was our intention to honor the revitalization of paganism that Christianity set to destroy. We were very clear about that. Then we observe Earth Day, Mother's Day and Memorial Day. Earth Day was heavily Gaulish while Mother's Day (in honor of the "Mothers" of modern paganism) was Hellenic. Celebrating Memorial Day was not feasible due to prison conditions. Of interest to fellow Druids has been honoring ADF's founder, Isaac Bonewits, as our source for inspiration. Here is a sample of a prayer we developed for use throughout 2014:

Hail Isaac Bonewits, modern Bard, Druid and Priest who hastened old ways for new days! You who walked amongst us, now you share your tales in the ranks of the Ancient Wise. We bid you welcome to lend us your wit, your wisdom and grace so that we may work magic this day. You, who taught us these ways from elder day, you, spoke to us of duty, legacy and joyful prayers as we do the work of the wise. Silver our tongues, Isaac, as the mighty Druid you were, and as a powerful Ancestor you have become. We remem-

Frog Stone Circle

ber your face, High Druid of our tribe, and give this offering at the fire of piety. We trust in you as we trust in the Gods. Isaac Bonewits, accept our offering.

*Song "Isaac of the Bards" ©
(Adapted from "Brigit of the Bards" by Peggy
Kaan)*

*O Isaac Bonewits, Ageless Bard,
Share with us flames of inspiration.
Spark poetic wordswithin our heart,
Shape tills creative composition.
O Archdruid Emeritus,
Now walking among the Ancient Wise.
We call to you to join us here
Our need is great and through worship eulogize.
O Mighty Isaac we sing this song,
May our words be sweet for you to hear,
Your abundant blessings we have received
With hearty love and Pagan cheer!*

As Beltane (the Hinge of Summer) approaches, we honor the Welsh lore of Rhiannon 's marriage to Pwyll, Lord of Annwn. She is, after all, a sovereign "horse goddess" and Beltane is a fertility festival. Please note that dancing a "May Pole" is not an option for the Frog Stone Circle (that is the subject of another essay). For the Midsummer, we honor the Taranis, the Gaulish Thunder God to bring rain to the parched plains of eastern Washington. Lughnasadh is Irish and honors Lugh Samildanach but does so in various ways. One year we had a warriors dance as an offering when two members gave their Dedicant Oaths. We have had a ritual drama of Lugh's coming to Tara and subsequent battle with his dark grandfather, Balor. Other times we honor Lugh's foster mother Tailtiu for clearing the fields of *Brega*. As one might expect the festival of Lughnasadh is one many of us enjoy. At the fall equinox rite, we honor *Kore* 's descent in the Underworld becoming Queen Persephone. The fall rite is the observance of summer, along with the rites of spring, thus bringing balance to the Frog Stone Circle's liturgical calendar.

Before delving into our Anglo-Saxon and Hellenic hearth culture argument for the equinoxes as they've been explained, the remainder of our planned civic rites should be addressed. Immediately following Beltane comes Father's Day were we honor the founding fathers of modern pagan-

ism (Isaac included). The 4th of July is a very liberal tongue-in-cheek liturgy based on Isaac's and Deborah Lipp's statue dedication work in Washington D.C. a few years ago. Freedom is a queer subject for those in prison. For Labor Day, we plan to have a Proto-Indo-European rite for the Producers of modern paganism. It may even be Slavic in honor of a member's Polish grandfather. We are thinking this rite will be about the poets, artisans and grass roots Pagans of the past (both known and unknown).

With that said, here is the reasoning for following this liturgical pattern. Various scholarly sources and highbrow reasons could be presented, but I think the readership will understand our thoughts on the matter.

Samhain is a New Year and time when we remember our dead and acknowledge that we are still living in the mid world. It is also the agreed upon time to hold elections for the PWG. Mid-winter sees the rebirth of the sun and the secret knowledge of the sun's renewal. At Imbolc, we begin purifications for the coming year. Candles, offerings and prayers are common along with emotional responses from the celebrants due to visions of Brighid. At spring, we see the ascent of greening the earth in a time of celestial balance. Therefore, spring becomes significant in the scheme of the year as we praise, honor and call upon a female Gatekeeper. Beltane is lusty and brings fertility and a quickening onset to summer. It is a very creative time of members of the Frog Stone Circle. Midsummer shows us the power of the sun while calling for gentle rains to fall upon golden fields. Lughnasadh reveals the harvest and offers a reprieve from the "busy" work of the year with games and revelry. Then, we shore up the year with a fall mystery rite. Here we see the descent of Kore into the Underworld as the deity of the occasion. Again, it is significant that we call upon Hekate as the Keeper of Gates for this time of balance.

Our ritual year brings peace at the equinoxes along with the knowledge and power of the solstices. These days are interspersed with the four "fire" festivals that bring purification, fertility, virility and rebirth respectively. The Frog Stone Circle eliminates any misogynistic

Frog Stone Circle

thoughts amongst the membership by honoring Eostre and Hekate at times of cosmic balance: a cosmological duty that is not necessarily the sole responsibility of male deities in a Pan IE group. Honoring other beings from various Heath cultures in our civic rites demonstrates a pattern of living in this world and taking responsibility for our places here. It is the opinion of this writer that these outward actions of worship will spark an inward journey of self-discovery into the mysteries of modern paganism. Self-discovery is one of the many goals of this Prison Worship Groups of Our Druidry; besides that, we are making offerings and trusting in the Gods for Their transformative nature though our very own ritual year.

Thomas is a Candidate to join ADF's Initiatory Current and the Internal Organizer of the Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group. He has completed the Seer's Guild first circle, Bardic Guild first circle and the Generalist Study Program. Additionally, as a member of the Order of Bardic Alchemy and Order of the Crane, his commitment to service manifests by encouraging fellow prisoners to uphold virtues and take responsibility for thoughts, feelings and actions.

Poem: Medb

by Jason L. Taaffe I

Great warrior Queen of Connacht who said that
no
King could reign without being married to you.
You hold the kingdom's sovereignty within.
The magnificent but malevolent Queen.
Warrior Queen, who fought just as fiercely as
Morrigan,
Wild and wilful.
Medb, you will forever be remembered
For the invasion of Ulster.
The Bloody War.
Capturer of the Great Brown Bull of Cuailgne
And slayer of Cuchulainn
Great Galway bather
Warrior Queen and Goddess
Your time of honor is now.

Poem: Danu

by Jason L. Taaffe I

Our melodious lady
Of the most ancient
The first mother
Mother of the Gods

Boundless
Beyond death

The primal female force
The eternal spirit of the tribe
Wondrously fertile
Through Her we experience our birth

The Earth itself sings your name
In rich dark soil
In graciousness of a bountiful harvest
Thank you Earth Mother, Danu

Poem: Pagan Wheel

by Jason L. Taaffe I

The Mother and thirteen, Great Gods of old
The foundation of the Ancestors, rooted deep,
forever hold
The ways of Nature, through spirits are faintly
told

We revere the seasons, beginning the onset of
cold
With keeping in the practice we know we'll never
mold
Turning again, new life shall never be woed

To be proud of our harvest, hey LOOK! and be-
hold
As we start again, with studies we will be knowed
On the hearth we send prayers through the
glowed

Death springs life to seeds we have sowed
In the Old Ways with pride we have crowed
Our oaths and faith can never be sold
Hail and welcome! Great Gods of old!

Frog Stone Circle



Frog Stone Circle

Honoring Civic Holidays

by Thomas Brown

The Frog Stone Circle has a vision to be a place of transformation for the prisoner members of Our Druidry, yet virtue cannot be obtained without acts of service to the community. Therefore, in 2014, ADF's only Prison Worship Group (PWG) began a journey of service by honoring civic holidays throughout the year. In addition to the regularly scheduled High Day observances, these rites will allow the men to worship and honor many Gods, Spirits, and Ancestors throughout the year. The schedule includes such holidays as All Snakes Day (St Patrick's Day) on March 17, Earth Day on April 22, Memorial Day, Mother's and Father's Day, July 4th, Labor Day, and Veteran's Day. There are nine dates planned and in the works.

Besides sharing the ideals and work with the folk of ADF, this article is intended to feature thoughts and ideas that the Frog Stone Circle has for Earth Day this year.

The intent for Earth Day is a continuance of the slow moving process to bring plants, herbs and flowers into the outside area used for religious services. Currently, there is a Native American style lodge, an Ásatrúar circle in the shape of Odin's eye, a Wiccan circle in the shape of a pentacle, and the Frog Stone Circle's "Dark Stone Nemeton" with a world tree, fire pit, and well. Grass grows throughout these designated areas; there are benches, large rocks, and other areas prepared to receive the green stuff. We are starting with juniper, sage, and lavender since they are robust and easy to acquire. Plans to add more as the years go by are in the works, but these things take time. The speed of an oak is normal for correctional facilities.

While discussing these "beautification" plans with Kirk (ADF's Archdruid), he informed me that Isaac Bonewits would have liked to see Earth Day become the ninth Neo-Pagan High Day. Obviously, that never caught on. Maybe it was too close to Beltane or ruffled some people's feathers? I hope it did. Either way, that conversation was inspiring and convinced me to honor

Isaac for Earth Day and seek "Bardic" inspiration from him throughout the year for our civic holidays. After all, it is has been my pleasure to coordinate and often lead Frog Stone Circle rites. What better way to share in the vision of Our Own Druidry by including "old Uncle Isaac"?

So, for everyone's pleasure, here are a few prayers and a song written specifically for Earth Day in honor of Isaac Bonewits, ADF's founder, raconteur, and Bard. He is among the Ancient Wise and continues to inspire even in the darkest depths and misty places. Enjoy!

Prayer for Bardic Inspiration

Hail Isaac Bonewits, modern Bard, Druid and Priest who hastened old ways for new days! You who walked amongst us, now you share your tales in the ranks of the Ancient Wise. We bid you welcome to lend us your wit, your wisdom and grace so that we may work magic this day. You, who taught us these ways from elder day. You spoke to us of duty, legacy and joyful prayers as we do the work of the wise. Silver our tongues, Isaac, as the mighty Druid you were, and as the powerful Ancestor you have become. We remember your face, High Druid of our tribe, and give this offering through the fire of sacrifice. We trust in you as we trust in the Gods. Isaac Bonewits, accept our offering.

Song, Isaac of the Bards (Adapted from Brigit of the Bards by Peggy Kaan)

*O Isaac Bonewits, Ageless Bard,
Share with us flames of inspiration.
Spark poetic words within our heart,
Shape this creative composition.
O Archdruid Emeritus,
Now walking among the Ancient Wise.
We call to you to join us here
Our need is great and through our worship
eulogize.*

*O Mighty Isaac we sing this song,
May our words be sweet for you to hear
Your abundant blessings we have received
With hearty love and Pagan cheer!*

Frog Stone Circle

Statement of Purpose

As our ancestors once did, so we do today, and may our descendants do in the days to come. We come together this day, from east and west, to celebrate Earth Day as modern people. We will make offerings to the powers of land, sea and sky and strengthen our bonds with the Ancestors, Nature Spirits and the Shining Gods and Goddesses. Together, we shall seek the blessing of the Powers as we establish herbs and plants on this Dark Stone Nemeton. Now, let us make our offerings with joy and reverence. *Buetid Ita! (Boo -A Y'<tid EE 'ta) So be it.*

Thomas' commitment to service manifests by encouraging fellow prisoners to uphold the virtues and take responsibility for their thoughts, feelings, and actions. He is a Candidate to join ADF's Initiatory Current and is the Internal Organizer of the Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group. Thomas has completed the Seer's Guild first circle, Bardic Guild first circle, and the Generalist Study Program. Additionally, as a member of the Order of Bardic Alchemy and Order of the Crane, his commitment to service manifests by encouraging fellow prisoners to uphold the virtues and take responsibility for thoughts, feelings, and actions.

Poem: Ashes of Samhain

by Jason L. Taaffe I

One foot, one tribe, one thought, one time
the ashes we all share, with a sacredness none
dare
we spread the wealth throughout the land, black-
ening up thy hands.

On barefoot streets, through frozen grass and
stones – our keeps
going back to simplicity, strengthening our reci-
procity
to honor in Her sleep, make haste without a peep.

Standing proud with my buddies, seeing we look
hard in our studies,
learn quick the mistake, the next time will be
great –
with aid of my brothers, we can send thanks to
our Mother

This was inspired by the day after Samhain 2015 at Northern Nevada Correctional Center – we gathered the ashes left on the hearth (fire altar)

and did a processional to spread the ashes on our land (ceremonial grounds) barefoot... brrr... then we all gathered to give our weekly Earth Mother Prayer... but realized we had just entered the season of sleep and didn't want to wake her, so we wrote poems about her instead.

Poem: Ode to Sol

by Jason L. Taaffe I

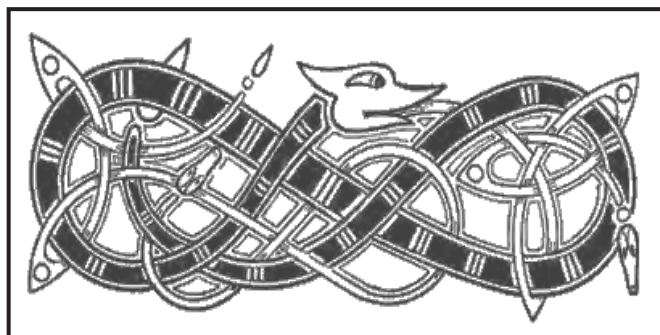
We thank you for sharing with us your rays of
warmth and light
We're glad of your return, thus becomes less the
night
Without you would greatly hinder the sense of
sight
So we gather here today to praise you with this
rite

We thank you for taking less sleep
Without you we would surely weep
Because of you, the harvest we may reap
Our promises of praise to thee we keep

We will praise you as you turn
In hopes that you continue to burn
The heat and warmth you give, we do yearn
With your light we continue to learn

As we watch you travel west as doth the crow
Know that you are far from being our foe
With your help, the seeds we will sow
And by your grace Sol, we pray they will grow

We appreciate it when you rise
And are at awe of your greatness in size
Though we hope we are becoming wise
Let us pray that we may never cut ties



A Few Words

From the Newly Formed Prison Worship Group, the Cosmic Oaks

Greetings, brothers and sisters, from the Cosmic Oaks. We celebrated our second Yule together with the welcome addition of the Archdruid, Kirk Thomas. It was a wonderful ritual, full of warm wishes and good feelings for the coming year. I feel truly blessed by the Kindreds to have our mentor, Jonathan, with us. His guidance has been incredible and sincerely welcomed in a world where knowledge is so scarce. Thank you all for your support of our new group.

—Mandy (Julie) Walker, Group Leader

Merry meet, everyone. My name is Wolf Star. I would like to give a special hello to the ADF community. I have been Wiccan for 25 years now, and I have been drawn toward Druidism for several. I am a new member of the Cosmic Oaks here at CCCF. Thank you to those of you who voted us in as a group. I feel it's important to be connected anywhere you live. The sense of need for community is very intense when behind prison walls. I experienced my first Druid Yule ritual and it was inspired. Thank you very much, Rev. Kirk Thomas, for joining us this year. You have an amazing presence about you. I would also like to send a special thank you to Jonathan, our volunteer. Every time I see you I have at least twenty questions. Your knowledge, patience, and guidance I greatly value and appreciate. Thank you, Jonathan, for your time, heart, and dedication.

—Wolf Star

First off, I would like to say hello to the ADF community. I want to say thank you to all of those who voted us in as a group. We, the Cosmic Oaks, appreciate any and all support that we receive. Being behind bars, we have the stigma of “they are just criminals”, but by voting us as a group you make us feel like we are more than criminals—that we are people. To Jonathan, a BIG thanks for your guidance, understanding, compassion, and for listening to what we need as a group. Also, thank you to the Archdruid, Rev. Kirk Thomas. We appreciate you taking the time to come and lead our Yule ritual. We look forward to any time that any ADF member(s) would like to meet us.

—Jen (Jennifer Cox)

And that leaves me to bring this to an end. Good

day to all in the ADF community. My name is Angel and I am the co-leader of the Cosmic Oaks here at Coffee Creek Correctional Facility in Wilsonville, Oregon. I want to thank all of those who gave us their support for our becoming a group. It means a lot to not only become the second prison group, but also an all-women's group, and to have the ADF community supporting us. We are very touched by all the support and dedication that Jonathan has given to the ladies here at Coffee Creek. Jonathan is an amazing man, very patient and understanding. Believe me, a group of women can be a challenge in a normal situation, now add to it the fact that we are inside these concrete walls and, well, I just thank the Gods and Goddesses for him. He should get an award for valor or something. I was raised as a Christian all my life and always felt something wasn't quite right and I didn't completely fit in. Then a friend suggested that I “check out” Druids. From the moment I walked in, I felt it—you know, that feeling that you get when it all just suddenly fits. That was it—my moment—and I've not looked back. That was over a year ago. Jonathan has always explained things so that a newbie such as myself can follow and not feel dumb, and I can



keep up with all who came before me. Jonathan, I can never say thank you enough because of your time and energy and dedication. I now can see my path and life choices clearly. And you also gave us your support in becoming the Cosmic Oaks.

Next, I'd like to take a moment to say how grateful I am to the Archdruid, Rev. Kirk Thomas, who attended our 2015 Yule ritual and made it the most glorious memory I have. You are a delight to listen to and a joy to speak with. This celebration will remain in my mind, heart, and soul for all eternity. Thank you so very much. We welcome you back any time with open arms.

Again I'd like to thank you all for stopping by and reading these words put together for you. If anyone has questions for Jonathan please email him at ColumbiaADF@gmail.com. I am also always open to correspondence with any and all:

Angel Kirk-miles #11154192
CCCF
24499 SW Grahams Ferry Rd
Wilsonville, OR 97070

Have a blessed day, and may all our journeys be safe and full.

—Angel

Sky Father

by *Christina Marvel*

Great Sky Father,
You who sit above the world
With weary eyes, looking on every
Heartache, Malevolence, and Injustice.
You see every tear that wets the Earth Mother
and hear every cry that calls to heaven.
You, also, see the bravery of the humble
and the strength of those unnoticed.
You see beauty in true love
As well as in the diligent work of the virtuous.
As I sit here looking up into the vastness of you
I begin to think of what you would see in my
internal landscape.
And I know that each moment, I chose whether
or not
I become that which tears this world apart
or one who rebuilds with a vulnerable beauty.

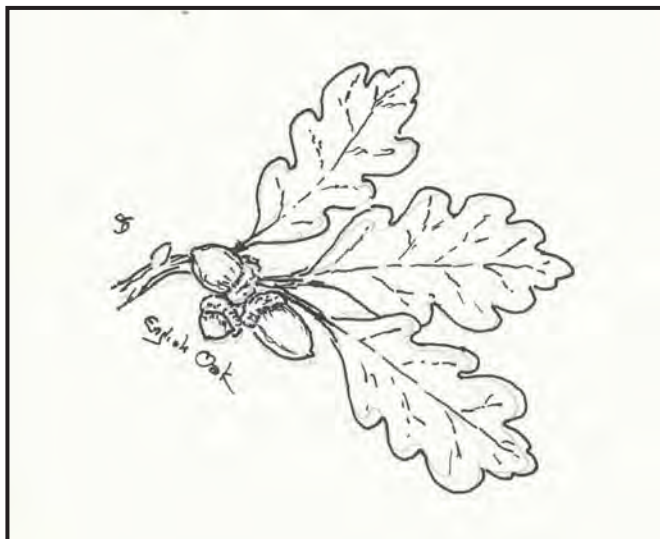
The Phoenix or Jarilo's Song

by *Wayne Keysor*

Sometimes in the halls of ice, amidst tears un-
wept,
there is an undeniable moment,
an unutterable mystery
conceived in an all-consuming ache,
when, in the space of a single heartbeat, we rise.
We rise like the glittering, golden phoenix,
so beautifully burning with our own precious
need,
bursting into the fullness of a life that cannot be
but our own.

It is an explosion of color and sensation that
overtakes us suddenly,
trapped as we were in the shivering, dark rooms
of the soul,
a place of blue-tinged lips from which only
barren, lifeless words escape,
a tower with no doors, a palace with no windows,
a forest in which there are no monsters
because even they fear the emptiness,
and it carries us up, a fiery meteor whose light
is a prodigy, a sign, a true miracle.

And for those who have had this moment,
you know, like you know nothing else,
that you'll never be the same again,
but you don't know why.
And yet still the winter of the soul beckons
fearfully,
a wan and dreadful hag waiting just beyond sight,
but in that clearest of moments, you do not care
because you burn,
you burn.



Vision Board Ritual

by Lesley Hooper

Preparation for ritual:

Cut out pictures of what you want! These can be anything, like picture of bills being paid, your dream car, your dream house, money in general, or maybe you want intangible things like the ADF symbol to represent your work in ADF, a picture of you and friends to build those relationships, or a picture of camping to represent getting outdoors more. There is no wrong picture if it means something to you!

Items for ritual:

Pictures
A board to put them on
Glue
Silver
Oil
Grain
Spring water
Ale
Tree or tree representation
Well
Fire

Ritual:

1. Musical Signal. *(To establish the beginning. Ring a bell three times.)*

2. Earth Mother. *(Pour a bottle of pure Spring Water into the Cauldron.)* O Earth Mother, you are our foundation—our roots. Without you this ritual would not be able to occur. We ask that you support us in our work as we create our vision of things to come.

3. Bardic Calling. We call upon the Bards of old. May the remembrance of their tales, poems, and songs fill us with inspiration for this work.

4. Statement of Purpose. We are here today to ask the Blessings of the Kindred upon this gathering as we create tools for our vision of things to come.

5. Gate Keeper Calling. *(Offer silver to the Cauldron.)* We call now upon the gatekeeper Manannan who keeps the way for us. We ask that you

aid us now in our work by lending your might to mine to open the gates and ward the ways between for us.

6. Outsiders Offering. *(Pour ale into a glass and take it outside the Circle.)* Outsiders, we know that you are still here and around us on a daily basis. We ask that you accept this offering of ale and trouble not our work.

7. Kindred Offerings.

Nature Spirits. *(Spread some grain around.)* Nature Spirits, we ask that you join us in our ritual today and aid us in our working to vision our desires. Nature Spirits, we call upon all who live under the earth, swim and walk upon the earth, and who fly above the earth; join us in our work today.

Ancestors. *(Pour a small amount of whiskey or ale to the well.)* We are here in remembrance today. We remember your aid to us in all of our past work and ask that you aid us again today as we strive to bring vision to our desires.

Shining Ones. *(Add some oil to the fire.)* Shining Ones, we call upon all of you to witness this ritual and to aid us in our work—to make our desires a vision.

8. Main Sacrifice. Garanus, we invite you now to join us as we transform from desire to vision. Help us put our words and visions into action and see this board we make as a reminder! Help us to create a vision that is rooted in magic and fulfilled with hard work! Please accept this sacrifice of oil and join your magic with ours! *(Add some more oil to the fire. Now, take out your board and glue on it your pictures as you see fit.)*

9. Divination. *(The Seer takes an omen and announces it to the folk. Write this on the board.)*

10. Return Flow. *(Sprinkled onto the people and boards.)* We ask that, as we have given, we also receive. Feel the spirit of transformation come over you and know that you are blessed.

11. Thanking the Kindreds.

Shining Ones. Shining ones, we thank you for aiding us in our rite to create vision to desires.

Ancestors. Ancestors, we thank you for aiding us in our rite to create vision to desires.

Nature Spirits. Nature Spirits, we thank you for aiding us in our rite to create vision to desires.

12. Thanking the Gatekeepers and Closing the Gates. One last time today we call upon the gatekeeper Manannan. We ask that you aid us now in our work by lending your might to mine to close the gates.

13. Thanking the Bards. We give thanks to all of the Bards of Old that have helped us today in our work. Your words have given us the inspiration needed to make this ritual strong.

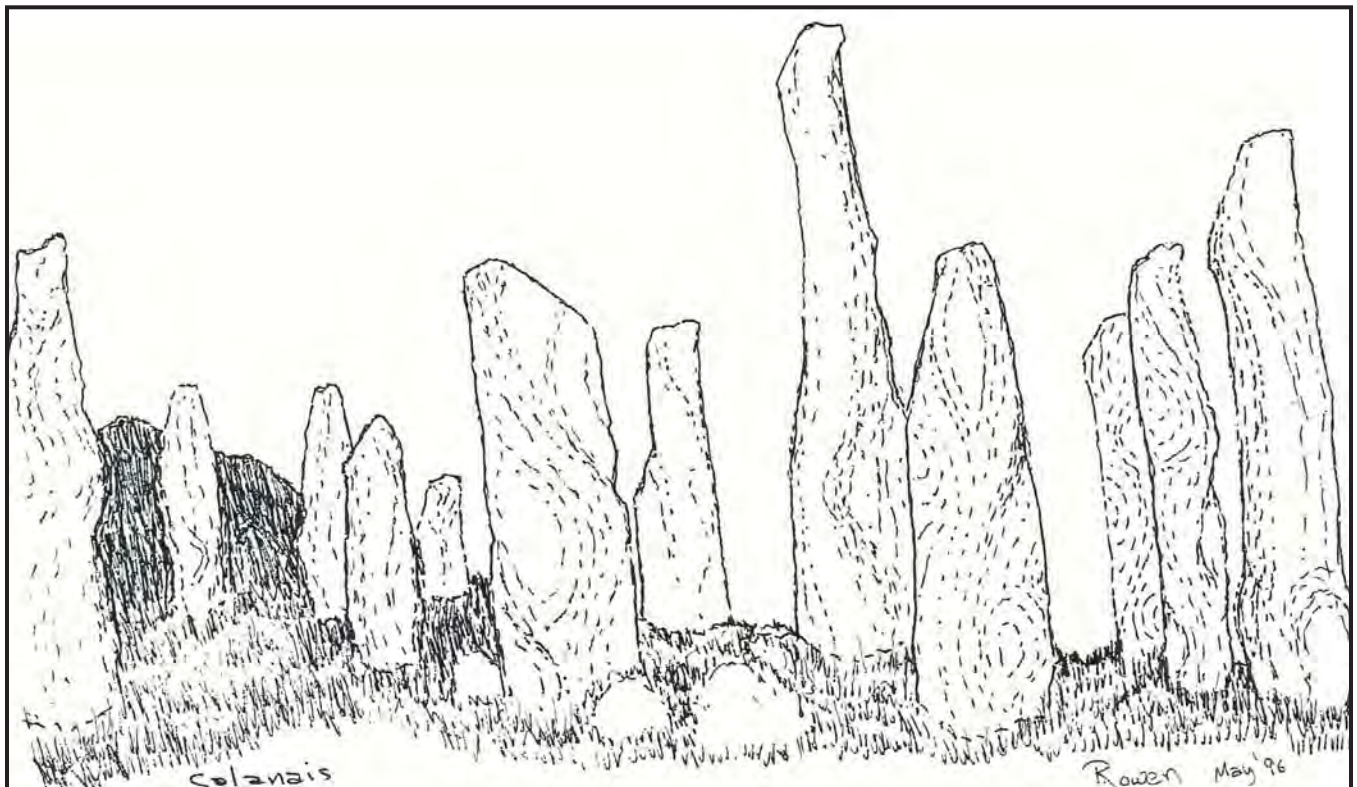
14. Thanking the Earth Mother. Earth Mother, we thank you again for the support that you have given to us and pledge to always honor and respect you.

15. Announcement of Continuity and End.

Lesley Hooper is a long time member of ADF and contributor to Oak Leaves. She has held leadership positions from chief of an order to treasurer of a guild and many others. Lesley uses ADF Core Order of Ritual in private practice and brings ways for using it in everyday life.

An Offering to Gaia by Slaine na Mailpe

Gaia.
Earth Mother and Mother Earth,
Source of gods and all our births.
I thank you for this harvest home,
I thank you for all blessings shown.
To you this grain I now return,
Imbued with love with which I burn.
Eternal cycle. Endless. Complete.
From me to you, from you to me.



Core Order of Ritual in Anglo-Saxon Verse

by Maria Stoy

Sound now the horn! Let all worlds hearken!
We come here now To honor the Holy Ones.

Stand as the Tree, Stretching roots
To the deep well, Branches wide reach up
Elf-Fire embracing. Firmly connected
Below and above, Between earth and sky.

Beings whose ways From law waver,
Kinless and friendless, Foes of the Ases,
Dwellers in shadow With dark intent,
Turn from this door Our work trouble not.

Sweet Mother Earth, Mighty yet tender,
Provider of all things Needful and pleasing
To enrich and nourish All nations and tribes,
We honor your body And praise your bounty.

Behold, Etin-Hoard, Honeyed Dwarf-brew.
Awaken within us Wisdom and vision.
Songs of praise freely Pour clear and sweet
From mortal lips, To lofty heights fly.

Come we together Friends and kin-folk
In purpose united. Offerings pour
In thanks for gifts From High Ones given.
Prayers we raise In rite just and holy.

Bright and worthy Silver we bring.
Cast in waters depths This well sanctify.
Wisdom of ancients Stirs and awakens,
Floats to the surface, Memory Flows.

Incense rises Skyward to fires
Of sun and stars. This flame sanctify.
Sire of creation, Spark of insight,
Pierce the mist Morning emblazon.

Fixed at the roots With fire's light crowned,
Stretching branches Breach all the Worlds.
Sacred the Tree At creation's Center,
Holy the Tree The heart of the Earth.

Part now the clouds, Make ready the path
That wanders between. Ways be open.
The gates unlock. Guided safely
On branch-roads, Realities bridging.

Mothers and Fathers, First teachers of lore,
Our youth you guarded, Guided our way.
Blood of your blood, Bone of your bone,
Recalled to mind, Be here remembered.

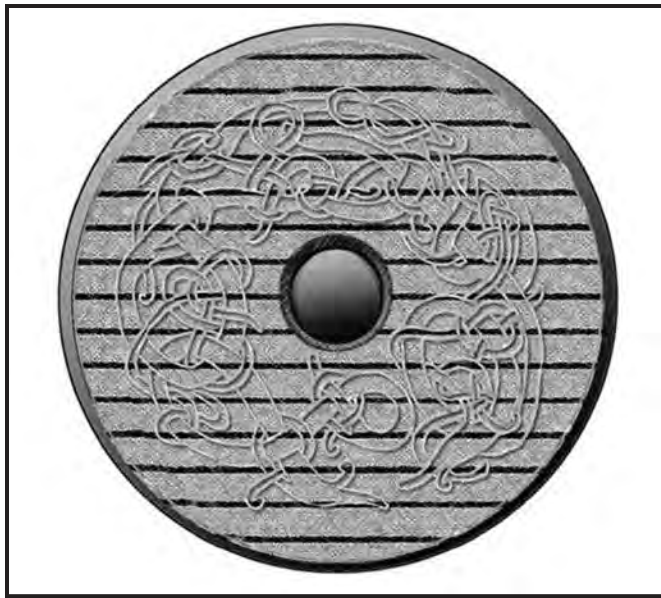
Root, bud and branch, Whale-road and river,
Elves, dark and fair Dwellers above and below.
Playful wights in Wild wood dancing,
Helpful spirits, Homes protecting.

Fierce and bright ones, Who ice and fire tame,
Mighty bestowers Of Breath and Spirit,
Guardians of fields' Growth and harvest,
Bringers of life, Death's grim bearers.

Mighty Kindreds, Our call now heed.
Companionship share, Ancient compacts keep.
Fine offerings we bear To sacred feast.
Gifts freely given Noble guests to honor.

For wisdom quest. Hearts and minds quiet,
Seeking blessings. Secrets revealed
As Wyr'd's tangled Web discloses
What is needful For folk to know.





Song to Nodens

by G R Grove

Nodens, God of healing – arts,
fortress strong, heed our calling –
come, your magic now revealing!
Hail, Nodens, hail!

Nodens, God of fishing – men,
send us catches fine, befitting –
satisfy our wants and wishing!
Hail, Nodens, hail!

Nodens, God of faithful – hounds,
sound your horn, be fierce yet gentle –
guard us now from all things baleful!
Hail, Nodens, hail!

Nodens, God of flowing – waters,
gather them, that gift bestowing –
on our thirsty lands ungrowing!
Hail, Nodens, hail!

Nodens, God of dreaming – sleep,
keep us safe in visions gleaming –
aid their wisdom now reclaiming!
Hail, Nodens, hail!

Nodens, God of shining – light,
bright one, all our eyes adorning –
to our midnight bring your morning!
Hail, Nodens, hail!

Nodens, Romano-Celtic God whose healing shrine overlooks the Severn Estuary in Britain. Meter: Welsh englyn milwr with cyrch-rhyme (half-rhymes in some lines are intentional). Suitable for any High Day on which the God is invoked as Deity of the Occasion.

Gift follows gift, Full is the horn!
Sweet, golden mead By Kindreds' grace
Filled with blessings On favored kin
Graciously bestowed, Gratefully received.

Connections forged Strengthen community.
In hallowed space Sacred bonds renewed.
Though parted now, Partnership endures.
Good journey bid we To honored guests.

Far we have wandered On hidden ways.
Behind us now The branch-roads close.
Reality narrows 'Til one world remains.
With key in the lock The gates are closed.

The well returns Once more to water.
Darkens the fire To sallow flame.
Firm stands the tree Though the center retreats.
All is as before, Bettered by our work.

Loving and fierce one, Our lives in your hands,
From you we are born, In your bosom we rest.
Sweet Earth Mother, Your gifts we savor.
Praises we sing For all you provide.

Sound again horn! Holy work completed,
Our frith renewed, In friendship we part.

Maria is currently the Bardic Guild Preceptor and Chieftain of Eldr ok Iss: Kin of Fire and Ice. She is a member and former Senior Druid of Sassafras Grove in Pittsburgh. She continues to serve the grove as a liturgist and bard, and is working her way, slowly, through several ADF Study Programs.



Ian's Little Room – The Magic Wheel – The Year Oath for Magical Power

By Ian Corrigan

Our modern, eight-fold round of Neopagan ritual feasts, called the Wheel of the Year by many, is still a topic of conversation and minor controversy. Invented by Neopagan pioneers Gerald Gardner and Ross Nichols (founders of modern Wicca and OBOD Druidry respectively) the eightfold wheel is one of the unifying symbols of our movement. However it is not an artifact of the ancient world. Assembled from 'British' folklore, it is a combination of Gaelic, Welsh, Norse and English folk-memory and scholastic rediscovery. Taken as a whole it cannot be found in any Indo-European culture, though each of the Eight Days has a huge store of lore in many.

Local variations of the annual round vary hugely between, say, Hellenic and Norse countrysides. This leads those who seek to reconstruct any specific ethnic ritual pattern to consider rejecting our modern pattern in favor of a more local reconstruction. The Wheel is firmly based in the seasons of Britain and Ireland. This suits the seasons of a considerable segment of North America, but not others.

Our Druidry adopted the Eightfold Wheel in an



effort to unify ourselves with the broader Pagan movement, and because it offers an opportunity to apply a broad pattern to traditional Euro-Paganisms. It is firmly in place in modern Paganism, and for our purposes here I will take it as a given. My consideration here is the utility of observing the Wheel as a personal magical practice.

In preparation and development for magical work the student seeks to build personal magico-spiritual 'authority' or 'power'. This is understood differently by different traditions. Some tribal systems seem to imagine an impersonal force or vibration – 'mana' or 'aché' – that can be accumulated. Indic systems use both impersonal energies – prana, etc, - as well as building 'merit' or authority through repetitive recitation of incantations (mantra), yogic feats, pilgrimages and sacrifices. I am willing to take that for a model of how western polytheists can begin the work of gathering magical authority with which to speak with the spirits.

So I suggest that a major part of the 'preparations' for Pagan magic and spirit arte might involve the completion of various oaths and deeds. Ancient and medieval magical instruction couches such things under the rubric of 'purity', advising refraining from sex, meat, alcohol and 'vulgar company'. While a modern magician may (rightly or not) be less concerned with 'ritual purity', the whole matter can be reframed as 'acts of will'.

The magician chooses an 'austerity' – a fast, a period of celibacy or social isolation, takes an oath, and accomplishes the promised goal. Inversely the magician can take an oath to accomplish some specific action – to create a shrine, perform a sacrifice, create some work of art or skill, or accomplish a specific series of rites or



workings. By setting one's will and accomplishing it one accumulates honor and acknowledgment in the spiritual world.

If I may digress to my own personal gnosis I might suggest that the spirits are impressed with our human ability to manage ourselves, change directions, and take control. Many spirits are as set in their ways as any tree or stream, but they observe humans changing our lives, appearance, deeds and direction. This is our power as a species – to shape our own behavior just as we shape matter and ideas. That power, focused and developed, is one way to think of the 'authority' or... 'juice' of the magician in dealing with the spirits.

So for those of us working magic in an ADF context it is a simple plan to formally take an oath to present or participate in the Eight Sacrifices of our Druid Year. This is a short step for any of us that are directly working in our religion. Those that are near to a working Grove may have an easy time fulfilling such an oath, while solitaries may find themselves inspired to work personal sacrifice rites.

However I would advise even those who are participating in Grove rituals to consider doing private High Day rites in a personal temple as part of an oathed year of seasonal work. Those who intend to do personal magical work will need the ability to manage a full fire-sacrifice rite for themselves. A one-year round of full, 'high-day' style offerings at your home shrine or temple is a fine way to both develop ritual skills and complete a powerful oath.

For those who intend to develop personal power for practical magic the Wheel also offers a

chance to participate in powerful mythic themes, and to approach a constellation of the gods that can be very useful to magicians. The balanced mythic symbols of the Neopagan calendar offer us a chance to work through an important series of invocations and receive important blessings. Taken together the Year-work can amount to a working of both initiation and empowerment. Let us conclude with a review of how the High Days can be adapted for such work. Of course Yr Hmble Auth works from a Gaelic/Celtic perspective, and it is best if I teach what I know. I include notes on Indo-European generalities, and cultural specifics.

- The November Feast - In the Celtic calendars the 'Samhain' feast was the great day of liminality and of contact with the spirits. In our time it is associated with the Dead, and is a good time to renew and solidify one's personal alliances with the Dead and the gods of the Dead. Every kind of Underworld initiation and summoning is proper at this season.

- Winter Solstice – A time for expressing gratitude. It is a good season to honor the gods that have aided you, and perhaps welcome them formally to a home or shrine. A good time to honor gods of tribe and clan, hearth and home.

- The February Feast – 'Imbolc' (perhaps 'in the belly') in the Gaelic calendar, is the season of purification, cleansing and preservation. It is especially dedicated to the Hearth Goddesses, and thus to the Sacred Flame. Consider invoking that goddess, along with work to bless and cleanse your own home.

- Spring Equinox – This season calls for rites for blessing seeds, and for planting the work to come. In some traditions the Spring Equinox is the New Year. A good season for beginning any work. In several IE traditions this is the feast at which the Year's Fire should be ritually kindled.

To add a degree of difficulty to a Year Oath, one might undertake to keep an eternal flame. For almost any modern person that will mean a candle-flame, group of candles, oil-lamp or other manageable flame. The greater degree of attention required to maintain a spark can add to the power of this work dramatically, as well as providing a powerful source of consecrated flame. While some cultures light or renew that

fire at Spring Equinox, Celtic cultures famously renew the Sacred Fire on Samhain and Beltaine.

- The May Feast – ‘Beltaine’, in Irish, means ‘Beautiful Fire’, and the Celtic customs center around the Sacred Fire, as well as the Holy Well. Beltaine is about improving and securing one’s ‘luck’ – one’s magic. Customs require holding fast to one’s own – getting the first drink and lighting the first fire on May morning. It is also a feast of the Landwights, and a time for securing alliances with the nonhuman clans that make up the Good Neighbors.

- The Summer Solstice – In many cultures the chief feast of the ‘fairies’ or Otherworld kindreds. The season of delight, of rest while the crops flower and grow, and, like Beltaine, of the delight of physical love. It might be a season to work sex magic, or gain a spirit-lover.

- The August Feast – ‘Lughnassadh in Irish – “Feast of Lugh”, a harvest feast in Irish lore, it is the time when the crops are defended from the storm, from the Old Giant. It is the season of the Warrior Champion, and of the Goddess that chooses the slain. It is a time to gather one’s strength, and to name and own one’s power.

- The Fall Equinox – the Season of Reaping, with all the customs associated with the harvest and the spirit of the slain. It is a time to invoke the powers of fertility and gain, along with the very Spirit in the Corn, that Landwight power that sustains our lives.

Death and Sex and Birth and Conflict; The Comfort of the Hearth and the Thrill of the Wild; the Gods of the Dead, the Rulers of the Sidhe, the power in seed and flower and fruit – all these are available to the magician who keeps the Year Oath with skill and grace. Modern in form, ancient and rich in story and customs, we can use the Neopagan trope of the Eightfold wheel to grow in spirit, in understanding and in magical power.

May the work of the Wise be increased.

Rev. Ian Corrigan is a Senior Priest of ADF, Archdruid Emeritus, and ADF Bard Laureate Emeritus. He is constant y present 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 a chance to pray with the same fire.



Book Review: Sacred Darkness
A Global Perspective on the Ritual Use of Caves.
by Rev. D. Rowen Grove

Moyes, Holley, ed.
University Press of Colorado; December 15,
2014; 520 pages
ISBN-10: 1607323605

Despite modern clichés, deep caves were not used primarily as habitation sites in the ancient world, but rather as spiritual and ritual spaces. A cross-cultural study of the ritual use of caves both ancient and more contemporary, this collection of twenty-nine original essays by a team of international scholars explores evidence of such usage from the Paleolithic era to the modern day. The contributors have made use of both archeological evidence and ethnographic studies of modern ritual practices in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and Meso-America, and Australia, in considering ritual and religious practices conducted within caves and similar features, whether natural or constructed.

Although all contributions are concerned with the sacred uses of caves, the articles vary widely in subject. The first section, “Old World Cave Traditions”, includes such topics as “Ritual Cave Use in European Paleolithic Caves”, and “Caves and the Funerary Landscape of Prehistoric Britain”. The second section, “New World Cave Traditions”, contains articles such as, “Footsteps in the Dark Zone: Ritual Cave Use in Southwest Prehistory”. The next section addresses “Case Studies in Ritual Cave Use”; I found the article, “Recognizing Ritual in the Dark: Nakovana Cave and the End of the Adriatic Iron Age” particularly interesting. The fourth section, “Ethnographic and Ethnohistoric Studies”, contains articles on topics including “Caves in Ireland: Archaeology, Myth, and Folklore”, and “Where the Wild Things Are: An Exploration of Sacrality, Danger, and Violence in Confined Spaces”. The final section, “New Approaches”, concludes with the article, “Why Dark Zones Are Sacred: Turning to Behavioral and Cognitive Science for Answers”.

Not all articles presented here will be of immediate relevance to ADF folk studying Indo-European traditions, as not all topics will be of equal interest to the individual reader. But there

is knowledge and insight to be gained from studies outside the area of one’s own particular interests; the articles are cross-cultural and trans-temporal in scope, and useful in the understanding of both ancient and modern ritual practices. This is not a book to be read through in haste, but sampled, considered, and enjoyed.

Rowen Grove joined ADF in the spring of 2010, and completed her Dedicant Path work two years later. She is an Initiate of ADF, chief of the Seers' Guild and preceptor of the Scholars' Guild, and has recently completed the coursework for the first circle of the CTP. Rowen is also a co-founder of Chokecherry Grove. (And yes, "Grove" is her legal, mundane surname, and has been since she was born.)



Simonides and the Twins:

A Story from Ancient Greece

by G. R. Grove

With a flourish, the poet Simonides struck the last notes of the song on his kithara. The winging notes echoed through the crowded, smoky hall, and the audience, which had kept silence during his performance, burst into loud and raucous applause, beating with their cups on the long trestle tables until it seemed the rafters trembled, and spilt pools of the raw red wine reddened the surface like blood. The poet bowed briefly, smiling, and took his seat again beside his host. The young boxer on the far side of the table, whose recent victory in the Isthmus Games had been the topic of Simonides' ode, was grinning happily, but Scopes, the local clan chief who had commissioned it, seemed less pleased.

"Why did you not tell us more of the action, poet?" he growled under cover of the renewed noise in the hall. "Those fine figures of speech are all very well in Athens, but we Thessalians like to hear the crunch of bone and see the spurt of blood in a contest. This was Andros' victory, after all, not that of Castor and Polydeuces!"

The poet took another sip of the rough local wine to wet his dry throat, and considered his next words. As a temporary exile here in the north, sheltering from the bloodshed which had followed the assassination of the tyrant Hipparchus, it behooved him to speak carefully, but he also had his reputation to maintain. "You knew, O Scopes, my style before you asked me to compose," he said. "Indeed, I believed that you had taken some pleasure from it in the past. Was I, then, misinformed?"

"Nah, nah!" grumbled Scopes, his broad bearded face, already red from the heat of the hall and the wine he had drunk, darkening further. "But that was in the South! We proud Northerners, we who have heard you sing our ancestor Achilles' combats at Troy, expect more blood and guts in our music. If we had wanted praise of the Gods, we would have asked for it – and paid accordingly!"

"Umm," said the poet, and made believe to drink again. This was no time to become wine-fuddled. "Well, you may consider then, O chieftain, that you received a bargain – although your generous hospitality, of course, has been worth a great deal

to me in itself."

A gleam of cunning showed in Scopes' dark eyes. "As to that," he said more slowly, "it has been a pleasure to have you here. But as to the ode – as I did not bargain for praise of the Gods, but only for praise of one man..."

"Yes?" said the poet.

"I will pay," said Scopes, grinning now, "for the half of the ode I requested, the half of the price I offered!"

The poet's face stiffened. "And of whom, then," he said, "shall I ask the rest of my fee?"

"Ask those who received the benefit of your work," laughed Scopes. "For the praise you sang to the Dioscuri, let the Dioscuri pay! That, O Simonides, is Northern trading! But my hospitality, and that of my clan, is yours for as long as our hall stands!" And he laughed again loudly.

Simonides forced himself to smile, but beneath the table he made the sign against ill fortune. Despite his mercenary reputation, he was a pious man at heart, and he knew that it is not well to make such sport of the Gods. After a few minutes he made an excuse to leave the table. He felt that he needed a breath of fresh air.

He found none in the courtyard. The hot summer night pressed still and breathless on the land, stifling and heavy with the stink of men and beasts. Simonides wiped sweat from his forehead, and thought with regret of the cooling ocean breezes at his Euboean home. This harsh, mountainous land, which still seemed to wear the recent footprints of the Gods, had its own beauty, but it was not his. His mind ran back over his evening's performance, not in dissatisfaction, but thoughtfully. It might be that Scopes had some small grounds for complaint, for the ode had not exactly been suited to its audience; yet poetic inspiration breathes where it will, and this was the piece which the Lord Apollon had sent him. To ignore the leading of the Gods was not wise. Well, he would sing more Homer for his hosts tomorrow. That would put them in a better mood...

His thoughts were interrupted by a servant.
“Message fer you, Masta’.”

“Yes, what is it?” frowned Simonides, not best pleased.

“Twa horsemen, Masta’,” said the boy, in an upcountry accent so thick as to be almost unintelligible. “Askin’ fer you at th’ gates, they be. Somethin’ about a horse.”

Simonides sighed. “Tell them to come back tomorrow.” Every second Thessalian seemed to be a horse-copper, he thought; it was tiresome at times.

The boy shook his shaggy head. “Nah, nah, Masta’. Very urgent, they said it be. Has to be tonight.”

“Oh, very well.” Simonides sighed again, too weary to argue. He could feel his sweat-soaked robe clinging to his back, and an iron band of headache seemed to be tightening around his temples. Perhaps there would be more air to breathe outside the gates. “I’ll come.”

The boy led him swiftly through the maze of Scopes’ fortress, where the shadows lay ink-black despite the brilliant stars overhead. At the gates a bored young warrior, naked but for his leather kilt and sword-belt, leaned against one stone upright with his spear, in a pose which would have been familiar to the Achaeans at Troy. Beside the other gatepost, a pinewood torch burned brightly, its resinous scent heavy on the still air, which did indeed seem a little cooler here. Simonides paused in the gateway, looking around. Of the two young men and their horses, there was no sign. “Well, where are they?” he asked irritably. “Is this some sort of a joke?”

The shock-haired servant boy shook his head. “No joke, Masta’. They was here, sure as I stands here.”

Simonides sighed. He should go back to the hall soon, before Scopes missed him. But it was certainly cooler out here, and at the thought of the hall-clamor, his headache tightened another notch. Massaging his temples gently, he felt a twinge of curiosity about the disappearing horse-coppers. “What were the young men like?”

“Big tall fellers, they was,” said the boy, pleased to be believed after all. “Heavy, like, but all muscle. Wouldn’t want t’ catch a clout from



either o’ them. Like as two beans, they was, and funny leather caps on they heads. Never saw the like before.”

Despite the heat, Simonides felt a shiver run down his spine. “Leather caps,” he said softly to himself, remembering some phrases of his ode, “and much alike... No, it couldn’t be.” He peered at the boy suspiciously. “Who put you up to this?”

“Nobody, Masta’. I was jus’ down here, bringin’ Timos”—he indicated the silent gate guard—“a sup o’ wine from th’ hall, when I seed ‘em. They asked me, was you here, and when I said yes, told me t’ take a message. An’ I did.”

“Curious,” said Simonides under his breath. Either the boy was telling the truth, or he was a great natural actor. Cautiously he shook his head; the headache seemed to be fading. It was time to go back to the hall. He turned and took a few

steps, and stopped when the dogs began to howl. "What on earth?" he began to say, when the earth herself moved under his feet and threw him to the ground. He tried to rise, fell again, and clung with widespread arms to the shuddering earth while the rocks beneath him roared. In the fog of dust he heard, not saw, the gate pillars fall, and the crashing and the cries of people and animals as one by one the buildings of the fortress collapsed. He felt himself sliding sideways, tried to dig his nails into the hard-packed dirt, and brought up against one of the fallen pillar-stones, which trembled, as he trembled, in terror. Then, as abruptly as it had begun, the earthquake ended; but the screams – some of them – continued for a long time. Only from the pile of rubble which had been Scopes' hall was there silence, a silence which soon began to be broken with the crackling of fire.

Dazed and filthy, picking his way through the rubble, Simonides clung to two thoughts: firstly, that the Gods did indeed exist; and secondly, that he had been fully paid that night for his praise. Indeed, the Dioscuri had given him the highest wage a man could receive – they had given him his life. No poet could ask more.

G. R. ("Gwernin") Grove joined ADF in December of 2009 after a chance encounter with a member in Ireland, where she was researching paleo-druids and visiting sacred sites. Since then, she has completed her DP work, the Generalist SP, the CTP-Prelim, the Initiates Path, and most of the Liturgists Guild's second circle, and is one of the Bardic Guild's four Master Bards. She is currently the Chief Design Editor of Oak Leaves, Pennaeth (Chieftain) of the Welsh Kin and Chief of the Scholars Guild, a reviewer for the Generalist SP, and a DP mentor.



Nine Poems to the Gods

by Ceisiwr Serith

To Zeus

I do not ask, as rash Semele did,
to see your true form.
But come in whatever form you wish
to this altar, smoking with incense,
Zeus who hears the suppliant's prayer.

To Poseidon

Between high and low tide I build a small cairn
of water-smoothed stone
and place on its top my offering
to be taken by the waves of the returning sea,
your steeds, Poseidon Hippios,
carrying them to you.

To Nike

Out of opposition,
rescue me, Nike.
From greatest desperation,
free me, Nike.
Over enemies' contention,
make me victorious, Nike.
Whenever I compete,
may I emerge as winner,
Winged Nike, fleet for success.

To Juno

Juno Seispes Mater Regina,
bring purity, prosperity, and power to me
as I burn these [grains/sticks/cones] of incense for
you,
sweet smells to ask for your loving concern.



To Janus

Open the way for blessings to come,
close the gate to all that would harm,
all that would threaten me,
and all threats as well to my family,
my friends, to all I own:
Janus who looks in both directions,
look on me with benevolent eyes.

To Varuna

As a mortal, with limits,
I am limited in keeping the rta,
making mistakes,
unable to follow it perfectly.
May I not feel your net, Varuna,
that drags down sinners,
but your helping hands
and words of advice,
your limitless wisdom,
to guide me.

To Perkwūnos

Striker, you strike firmly.
Oak God, you stand firm.
Your wágros, which none can withstand,
flies unerringly against serpents,
even the Great Serpent,
to free the Waters, and the Cows, and the loveliest Maidens,
who come dancing forth from the cloven one
as he lies broken beneath your holy blows.
Perkwūnos, I praise you,
who rescues Order from Chaos,
and brings it to the lives of those who worship you,
who offer you food and drink,
and words of praise
likes these that I offer you today.

To Telepinus

If we have angered you in any way, Telepinus,
we are sorry.
If anything we have done has caused you to withdraw,
we ask forgiveness.
Without you the land is dry,
without you the grain does not grow,
without you the animals do not multiply,
without you we do not prosper.
Return, we ask, and revivify the land,
make it and all of us and all we own fruitful.
Come and smell the cedar oil we pour out!
Come and taste the sesame seed we lay out!
Come and anoint yourself with the pure olive oil
we set up!
Come to us, be happy.
Come to us, calm your anger.
Come to us, still your soul.
Come and remain with us throughout our days.
Telepinus, do you hear?
Wherever you are, listen to our prayer and come.

To the Dagda

Turn away, Ollathair, from me the blasting end of
your thunder club,
extending instead the one that blesses.
See: I have made porridge for you,
something I know you like.
Receive it and give in return.

From Roots to Branches: Comments from the Vice Archdruid *by Rev. Carrion Mann*

At the beginning of it all we hear the words of an Ancestor, “There doesn’t seem to be any organized group of people trying to reconstruct what the Paleopagan Druids actually believed and did, not trying to apply such knowledge to create a Neopagan religion fit for the Space Age” (Bonewits “*Druids Progress 1*” p. 1). Isaac Bonewits then posed the following question to his *Druids Progress* readers, “What can we do?” and then answered it with “We can do it ourselves!” From this point forward for the last thirty plus years with the guidance, wisdom and blessings of the Kindred, this is exactly what we, the members of ADF, and others before us have, are, and hopefully will continue to do far into the future. I know that I plan to continue my dedication and commitment to this seed that was planted long ago, the seed that sprouted and began to grow into a small tree that is now nearing maturity. It is my hope that we can do this work together.

By defining an ancient concept for a modern age in the term *Druid*, ADF Druidism, merely an idea at the time that the first *Druids Progress* was published, began to take form. In the 1980s there were a growing number of researchers studying Indo-European Paleopaganism and its clergy, and publishing written work based on this research. Isaac believed that drawing from the best scholarly sources available was important to this early work because it gave ADF a realistic and authentic foundation from which rituals, art, music, polytheologies, fellowship and more could grow. Today, we are fortunate that the amount of quality scholarship has continued to grow and more than ever before, we have easily accessible resources from which to obtain information to further enhance our rituals, art, music, theologies and Our Druidry. We have come a long way from the “non-scheduled, highly irregular” publishing of *Druids Progress*. We continue to hold scholarship that is based on solid research in high regard and have continually built on our realistic, authentic foundation.

Scholarship, in and of itself, however, is not enough. ADF was and is not merely a reconstruction of the past, but something more. Isaac saw the Druids of old as, “artists, intellectuals, magi-

cians and clergy, holders of the highest wisdom their culture (or subcultures) have to offer” (Bonewits “*Druids Progress 1*” p. 1) and it was his belief that ADF Druids could one day be comparable to the Paleopagan Druids, but to do so would require hard work and dedication. This then brand new form of Druidism would be not only Pan-Indo-European, but also combine serious scholarship with Neopagan theory, experience and practice of the day. The goal at this time was for ADF to become an active Neopagan religion “that our Ancestors could be proud of” and the goal was to do this as soon as possible. It was through the union of scholarship and practice that something truly unique; something that could give meaning and bring benefit to our lives in this modern time was created.

While ADF is a religion based on solid scholarship, Isaac also envisioned a system for training clergy that would compare with that of professional clergy in other religions. While the primary focus of ADF’s work would center on the beliefs and practices of the Indo-Europeans and adapting them for modern use, Isaac was extremely clear that racism and/or sexism in any form would not be tolerated and that all individuals no matter what race, gender or affectional preference would be welcome. Additionally, he saw benefit in a structural hierarchy with mobility upward and downward based on knowledge and skill that could be demonstrated. Isaac was interested in attainment of knowledge and skill, not only to build competency, but excellence. It is through this excellence that he believed something magnificent would be created. I believe he was right. Something truly magnificent has been created! Something that is open, inclusive and maturing through the work of many. We have come far in our development of training; however, there is more work to be done. Our Indo-European centered practices continue to provide an overall unique Neopagan identity with beautiful variations and diversity, which we are learning to value and celebrate. We continue to value knowledge and skills that can be attained and demonstrated.

Together, may we continue to build a religion and an international church that would make our Ancestors proud!

Works Cited

Bonewits, Isaac. "Druids Progress 1" www.adf.org/system/files/members/publications/druids-progress/druids-progress-1-web, 1984.

Rev. Kelley "Carrion Mann" Kingston is the Vice Archdruid and Preceptor of ADF.

The Coming of Lugh *by Chelly Couvrette*

On a day of days,
a great feast was had,
Nuada back in the throne,
A young boy approached,
The gate to the land
and bade they let him enter.

The guards they said,
Who are you,
to have such sway o'er us...

A member of the Tuatha,
and of the Fomore,
Foster son of the great Tailtiu.
My name, is that of Lugh

Without a skill you may not enter,
Nuada's rules and all,
so what say you,
young boy named Lugh
What is your craft and call?

Question me, I am that of many
A carpenter, smith and champion,
A harper, A poet, A teller of tales,
A physician, magician, and cup-bearer.

We have all these,
within these walls,
you cannot be helpful here.

Yes says Lugh,
but are they all,
within one strapping lad?
So the guard he went,
To Nuada's court
to find audience with him there,
to tell of a man,
the all skilled man,
standing outside his great court.

Nuada said he may be challenged,
with some rousing rounds of chess,
to prove his worth as Idánach,

to let him enter here.

Each one Lugh faced,
Each one Lugh won,
For he is the every skilled.

Shocked and dismayed Nuada was,
to hear of this great news,
Let him in! Let him in!
Cried the king of the court,
There's been no one like him before!

The guards welcomed Lugh,
and lead him straight to,
The seat that was filled with knowledge.

Oghma the champion,
set out his own challenge,
for the lad of every skill.
He threw a great flag-stone
fit for eighty yolks of oxen
Right through the wall of Nuada's home.

Lugh responded,
and back went the stone,
through the wall to the center of the room.

O'er the night,
Lugh serenaded,
told stories and had them in stitches.
At the end of the night,
he put them to sleep,
with that of one soft tune.

When all this was seen,
by the king of the court,
he thought about what he could do.
To free his people of tyranny and taxes,
that they did endure,
From the other half of the great boy named Lugh.

He then had a thought,
a glorious thought....
What if Lugh were king?

And so Nuada moved,
for 13 nights,
and days 13 too,
so Lugh would have some clout.

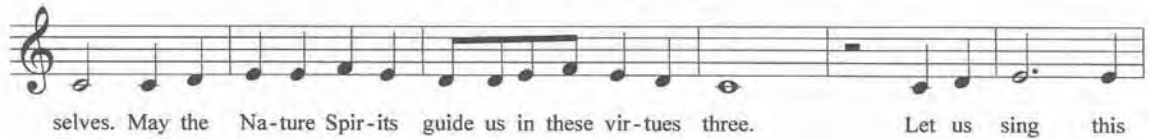
And that is the story,
of the coming of Lugh to Nuada's court,
and how he became the king of the Tuatha Dé
Danann.

Kindreds Lullaby Song

Rev. Sara K Blackwelder

May the Kin - dreds watch o'er and pro - tect you. May their
love em - brace and sur - round you. Re - mem - ber the vir - tues to
do what is right. And sleep with the peace that they're with you to - night.
Wis - dom is know - ing what's right from what's wrong. Pie - ty is love of the Gods
Vi - sion is see - ing the way to be free. May the Shin - ing Ones
bless us with these vir - tues three. Cou - rage is hav - ing the strength to stand
tall. In - teg - ri - ty the will to speak truth. Per - se - ver - ance
means that we will go on May the An - ce - stors lead us in these vir - tues three.
Hos - pi - ta - li - ty is open - ing our hearts to man kind. Mod - er - a - tion is
watch - ing our means. Fer - ti - li - ty is find - ing our cre - a - tive

Kindreds Lullaby Song



The Druids of the NorthWest Region of Ár nDraíocht Féin Present



Eight Winds Festival 2016

July 14 - 17 2016

Join us for a weekend of community, learning, creativity and connecting with the outdoors. This event is open to all Druid, Heathan, Pagan and other open-minded guests.

Prosser Reservoir Truckee, CA
 Adults: \$40 for the weekend + \$80 food plan
 Children 13 and under: \$20 for the weekend + \$30 food plan
 Children under 3 are free
 Register & more information at <http://northwest.adf.org/eight-winds-2016/>

Titles from ADF Publishing

Sacred Lands and Spiritual Landscapes

Wendy Griffin, Editor ISBN: 9780976568193

Sacred Lands & Spiritual Landscapes is based on a symposium sponsored by an old southern university & a very new seminary created to serve the communities of Pagan and Earth-based religions.

An Introduction by noted historian Ronald Hutton and comments by Chas Clifton serve to put this unique collaboration into context as the first book to come out of a gathering of scholars of Pagan Studies in North America.

SACRED GIFTS: RECIPROCITY WITH THE GODS
 Rev. Kirk Thomas, Author ISBN: 9780988900905

In Sacred Gifts: Reciprocity and the Gods, Rev. Thomas, Archdruid of Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship (ADF), explores the development of personal relationships with Gods and Spirits. We give love and aid to our friends and family, and they return the favor. And we can give love and aid to the Spirits so that They can return the favor to us. I give so that you may give. We give so that They may give.

Weekday Hymns for Heathens

by Todd Reiser

Thursday

Great son of the ancient earth, may I be brave this day as you are brave; may I know strength this day as you are strong; may I know courage this day as you are courageous; may I trust and defend the goodness of my brothers and sisters as you know and defend the goodness of mankind. Great son and friend of man, on this day, Thor's-day, may you be named and remembered!

Thor's Prayer

Friday

Great Lady of Asgard, may I be wise this day as you are wise; may I be patient this day as you are patient; may I know the peace of silence as you know that peace; may I use my words calmly and concisely as you employ your words rationally and rarely. Great Lady of Asgard, on this day, Frig's-day, may you be named and remembered!

Frigga's Prayer

Sunday

Great Lady of Illumination, may I be bright this day as you are bright; may I be swift of thought as you are quick across the sky; may I shine this day as you shine; may my will be sure and clear as you are bold and radiant. Great Lady of Illumination, on this day, Sunna's-day, may you be named and remembered!

Sunna's Prayer

Monday

Great Son of Night, may I be steadfast as you are steadfast; may I realize time as an asset as you hold it fast; may I know the blessings of prayer as you bless the dark; may I trust that there will be a well lit path just as you will always be brilliant in darkest night. Great Son of Night, Great 'Gleamer' and 'Teller of Time', on this day, Moon's-day, may you be named and remembered!

Mani's Prayer

Tuesday

Great Father of Order, may I be honest as you are honest this day; may I know and live my Troth this day as you know and live yours this day; may I stand tall this day as you radiate from above; may I seek betterment via my sacrifices as you

have sacrificed for the good of all. Great Father of Order, on this day, Tyr's-day, may you be named and remembered!

Tyr's Prayer

Wednesday

Great Father of Mystery, may I be impassioned this day as you are passionate this day; may I seek answers this day as you seek answers this day; may I sing strongly this day as you sing this day; may I walk a road of bold decisions and wise ways as you, great Walker and Seeker, travel nine worlds of foe and friend, word and deed, lore and story. Great Father of Mystery, on this day, Wodan's-day, may you be named and remembered!

Odinn's Prayer

Rise Up For Manannan mac Lir of Binevenagh Mountain

by Rev. Jean Pagano

Your hands outstretched
Setting the sea in motion,
Above or below the waves;
No statue needed
To know that you command
The sea,
THIS sea,
So close to Eriu's shore.

Call to the sea,
That she may listen,
Winds blow from sea to shore,
That we may learn,
That we may follow,
That we may know
Your name and your tales.

Your hands outstretched,
And we do the same,
To call,
To follow,
To honour,
To show the lines on our hands,
Like the currents of the sea,
Each with a story to tell.

Do they think that a chisel,
A cross,
And some words

Will erase you from this land?
How little they know of the power
Of Manannan;
How long they have forgotten
Of Lir, your father,
Old, cold, and never-forgetting.

To those who destroyed,
This tribute to Him,
As you take to the Seas,
He will be the God Thereunder;
As you take to the Land,
His waters will traverse your path;
As you steal away under the Sky,
The clouds will be waiting and watching,
Their rains beholden to Him.

And when your last days,
Thieves,
Come crashing upon you,
A dark and towering wave,
From the greatest of depths;
No chisel,
No cross,
No words,
Will protect you from the maelstrom,
Sent by Lir himself.

Laugh,
Thieves,
Laugh:
Manannan still raises his hands,
In warning.

The Poets

Ceisiwr Serith: *Nine Poems to the Gods.* Ceisiwr Serith is a writer and teacher in the Pagan community and long-time member of ADF. He has published several books including *A Book of Pagan Prayer* and *Deep Ancestors*.

Chelly Couvrette: *A Sonnet to the Gods* and *The Coming of Lugh.* Chelly has completed the Initiates Path and is currently serving as the pursewarden of the Naturalist Guild, as well as a Dedicant Path Mentor and Reviewer. Their interests are wide ranging and they look to the god Lugh as the master of all skills.

Christina Marvel: *The Dance.* Christina Marvel is a professional painter in Columbus, Ohio. She has been in ADF for the last 3 years.

G R "Gwernin" Grove: *Song to Nodens.* G R has published four collections of poetry and four historical novels (with a little magic) set in 1st and 6th century Britain and Ireland. She is an ADF Initiate, Chief of the Scholars Guild and Welsh Kin, and one of the Bardic Guild's four Master Bards.

Jason L. Taaffe I: *Medb, Danu, Pagan Wheel, Snow, Ashes of Samhain, and Ode to Sol.* Jason is a member of the Frog Stone Circle Prison Worship Group (PWG) located in Washington state.

Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano: *Rise Up.* Drum has been a member of ADF since 1984 (he was ADF's eighth member). He is an ADF Senior Priest and an Initiate and our current Archdruid. He enjoys working with his various altars, spending time in Nature, and studying and teaching the Ogham.

Jennifer Seaton: *Chant of the Gods.* Jennifer has been a member of ADF since 2011.

Lesley Domnu: *Three Strings.* Lesley is a long time member of ADF. She has held several leader positions and is currently working on her Initiate Program.

Rev. Sara Blackwelder: *Kindreds Lullaby.* Sara loves sharing her Bardic works with her daughter and the people of the community. She is always hoping to improve upon her work and welcomes constructive criticism in the hopes of becoming a better Bard.

Slaine na Mailpe: *An Offering to Gaia.* Slaine has been a member of ADF since 2015. She is a member of Raven's Cry Grove and is currently working through the Dedicant Path.

Todd Reiser: *Weekday Hymns for Heathens.* Todd has been a member of ADF since 2005.

Wayne Keyser: *The Phoenix or Jarilo's Song.* Wayne is an ADF Journeymen Bard and member of the Order of Bardic Alchemy. He joined ADF in 2008 and has completed the Dedicant Path and the Generalist Studies Program. His hearth culture is Irish, but he appreciates a good classical reference now and again.



News and Announcements

Program & Path Completions

Erin McKibbin

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: December 2015

Rovena Windsor

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: January 2016

Member 7307

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: February 2016

Rev. Robert Lewis (Robb)

Completed: 3rd Circle Clergy program
Date completed: February 2016

Erin Picard

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: February 2016

Debra 'Rowen' Grove

Completed: 1st Circle Clergy program
Date completed: March 2016

Laura 'Snow' Fuller

Completed: 1st Circle Clergy program
Date completed: March 2016

Lisa Wasilkowsky Malik

Completed: 1st Circle Clergy program
Date completed: March 2016

Bonnie Landry

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: March 2016

Member #3685

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: March 2016

Protogrove & Grove Approvals

Hallowed River Proto Grove

Cookeville, TN
Date founded: January 15, 2016

Grove of Nova Scotia Druids

Nova Scotia, Canada
Date of charter: January 15, 2016

~Congratulations to all~

Announcements:

Cosmic Oaks Prison Worship Group

Has been approved by the Clergy Council
Date approved: December 2015

The Druid Moon Podcasts 2016

4/18 5/16 6/13
7/11 8/15 9/12 10/10 11/7 12/12
Ar nDraíocht Féin – You tube channel

Upcoming Events

Wellspring Gathering

May 26-30, 2016
Tredara Retreat Center, OH

Three Rivers Festival

June 2-5, 2016
Eganville, Ontario Canada

Eight winds Festival

July 14-17th, 2016
Truckee, CA

Sirius Rising Festival

July 18-24, 2016
Sherman, NY

Chrysalis Moon Festival

July 20-24, 2016
Springville, IN

www.adf.org/events

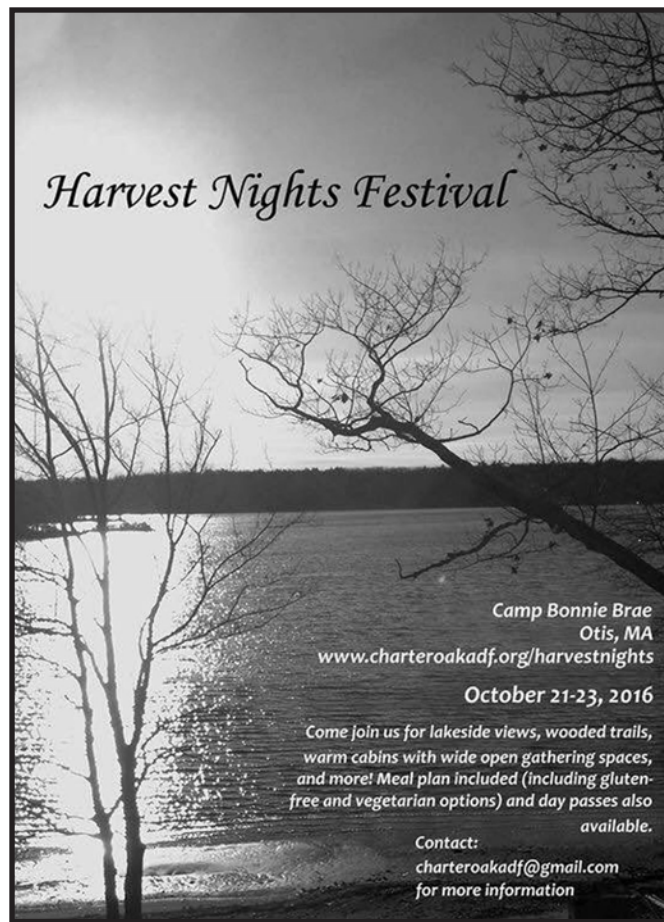


CHOKECHERRY GROVE, ADF'S
SECOND ANNUAL
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RETREAT

DENVER, COLORADO
OCTOBER 14-16, 2016

Our first Colorado Retreat was so successful, we plan to do it again, so mark your calendars now! We are expanding the program this year to include a Friday evening bardic & drumming circle, a full day of Saturday workshops and presentations, and a Sunday morning closing ritual.

For more information, visit our website at chokecherryadf.org, or follow us on Facebook!



Harvest Nights Festival

Camp Bonnie Brae
Otis, MA

www.charteroakadf.org/harvestnights

October 21-23, 2016

Come join us for lakeside views, wooded trails, warm cabins with wide open gathering spaces, and more! Meal plan included (including gluten-free and vegetarian options) and day passes also available.

Contact:
charteroakadf@gmail.com
for more information

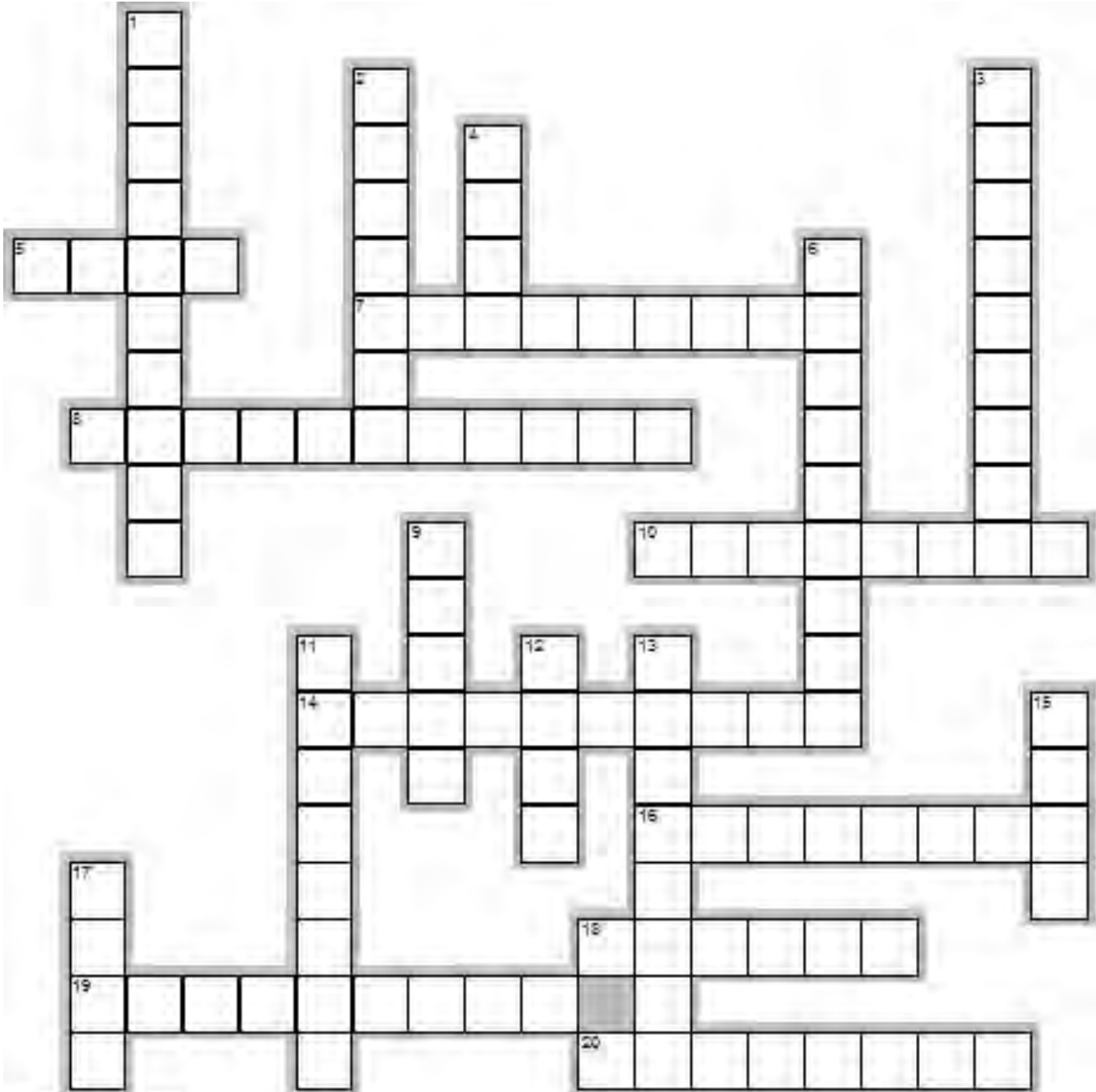
Rhiannon's Apothecary



rhiannonsapothecary@juno.com
or find us on Facebook

Crossword: Intro to Philosophy

by Chris:)



Edgington Press



Across

5. Author of *The Communist Manifesto*
7. "God is dead! He remains dead! And we have killed him."
8. The simplest form is superior is AKA.....
10. Father of Western Philosophy
14. Author of *The Golden Verses*
16. Zeno of Citium founded the school of _____
18. Author of *Works and Days*
19. Master Kong
20. Author of *Meditations*

Down

1. Heliocentrism
2. The Five Ways
3. Author of *Nicomachean Ethics*
4. Beheaded *Utopia* creator
6. I think therefore I am
9. The Cave Analogy
11. Pleasure is the greatest good
12. Categorical Imperative
13. Author of *The Social Contract*
15. Problem of Causation
17. Father of Liberalism

SACRED GIFTS RECIPROCITY WITH THE GODS

Rev. Kirk Thomas, Author
ISBN: 9780988900905

In *Sacred Gifts: Reciprocity and the Gods*, Rev. Thomas, Archdruid of Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship (ADF), explores the development of personal relationships with Gods and Spirits. He describes the subtle and complex integration of personal commitment, devotion and reciprocal offerings that begin and sustain with the Gods and Spirits. *Sacred Gifts* is all about reciprocity (the give and take of life) and how the religions of the ancient world relied upon this gift exchange to even exist. Just as people give to each other in life, so may we give to the Gods and Spirits, expecting blessings in return. The book researches the history of reciprocity across various ancient Pagan cultures and organizes the common nature across them. *Sacred Gifts* explores this timeless way of looking at our dealings with the Gods mirrors how our own society holds together even today. We give love and aid to our friends and family, and they return the favor. And we can give love and aid to the Spirits so that They can return the favor to us. I give so that you may give. We give so that They may give.





ADF Directory



The Mother Grove

Archdruid	Rev. Jean 'Drum' Pagano	adf-archdruid@adf.org
Vice-Archdruid	Rev. Kelly 'Carrion Mann' Kingston	adf-vice-archdruid@adf.org
Treasurer	Rev. Sara Blackwelder	adf-treasurer@adf.org
Secretary	Rev. Crystal Groves	adf-secretary@adf.org
Members Advocate	Nicholas Egalhoff	adf-members-advocate@adf.org
Chief of the Council of Regional Druids	Rev. Amy Castner	adf-cord-chief@adf.org
Chief of the Council of Senior Druids	Flip Rutledge	adf-cosd-chief@adf.org
Non-Officer Director	Rev. Sean Harbaugh	seanthedruid@gmail.com
Non-Officer Director	Cathy 'Selene Tawny' Wayman	carrionmann@gmail.com
Non-Officer Director	Leesa Kern	firewomanpg@gmail.com
Non-Officer Director	Rev. Caryn Laney-MacLuan	caryn.adf@gmail.com

Additional Leadership Positions

Administrator	Jane Wayson	adf-administrator@adf.org
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Kirk Thomas	druidkirk@gmail.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Isaac Bonewits	[deceased]
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Ian Corrigan	tedara@ncweb.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. John 'Fox' Adelman	john.adelman@trw.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Robert 'Skip' Ellison	skip@dragonskeep.us
Chronicler	Manny Tejada	adf-chronicler@adf.org
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Preceptor	Rev. Kelly 'Carrion Mann' Kingston	adf-preceptor@adf.org
Store Manager	Selene Tawny	adf-store@adf.org
Webmaster	Rev. Robb Lewis	adf-webmaster@adf.org

Committees

Clergy Council	Chair: Jean 'Drum' Pagano	adf-archdruid@adf.org
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. Melissa Burchfield	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

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).

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. 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: _____

FESTIVAL OF THE MIDNIGHT FLAME

September
8-11, 2016
Bellaire, Michigan

Hosted by
Grove of the
Midnight Sun, ADF

Chain O'Lakes Campground,
7231 S. M-88, Bellaire, MI

For more information and reservations call 231-533-8432
or visit our website at <http://grovemidnightsun.org/midnight-flame/>

2016
SUMMERLAND
Festival



6thnight.org

August 18th - 21st