

OAKLEAVES

The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin

Autumn 2016 ~ Issue No. 74



Ruis

Idah

Red branches.
Samhain arrives.
Fruit of the Dark Time

Dark green yew.
New branches form.
Arise from the old

Reddening of faces
- Briatharogam Maic Ind Oc

Fairest of the ancients
- Briatharogam Maic ind Oc





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Table of Contents

Features

Fall Issue of Oak Leaves *by ADF Chronicler Manny Tejeda-Moreno*..... 3
 The Leaf Dancer: A Tale of Colorado *by Rev. Melissa S. Burchfield*..... 4
 Squirrel: An Essay *by Kevin Jenkyns*..... 5
 Wellspring 2016..... 8
 A Throne for the Dead *by Ian Corrigan*..... 10
 The Waters of Life: Making Sacred Drink *by Lauren Neuman* 18
 Exploring Modern Paganism: Folding the American Flag *by Thomas Brown* 20
 A Journey Charm Adapted from *Carmina Gadelica* *by Rev. D. Rowen Grove* 22
 A Time Of Rest *by Lauren Neuman*..... 23
 A Samhain “Pig” Sacrifice *by G. R. Grove*..... 26
 The Color of the Glass *by Rev. D. Rowen Grove* 27
 The Ogam – Geographical and Temporal Distribution *by G. R. Grove*..... 28

Columns

Archdruid's Column: A Question of Balance *by Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano* 2
 From Roots to Branches: Overcoming Our Fear and Establishing Relationships
 with the Dead *by Rev. Kelly “Carrion Mann” Kingston*..... 32
 Book Review: A Legacy of Druids *by Rev. Robert "Skip" Ellison* 35

Departments

News and Announcements..... 38
 Puzzle: Ogham *by Chris :)*..... 40
 Directory 42
 Submissions Guidelines..... 43
 Membership Form 44

Arts

A Sonnet to the Ancestors *by Chelly Couvrette* 6
 Earth Mother, Dark Mother *by Willow Nimfeach*..... 6
 Welcoming *by Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano*..... 6
 Walking With Morrigan *by Jennifer Seaton*..... 7
 A Sonnet to The Morrigan *by Chelly Couvrette*..... 7
 Remembering Heroes *by G. R. Grove*..... 19
 Great Mother *by Christina Marvel*..... 30
 The Crow *by Chelly Couvrette*..... 30
 The Elder Tree *by Chelly Couvrette*..... 30
 Crystalline *by Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano*..... 31
 The Hag *by Laurie (Lankelly) Brothers* 31
 I Am a Druid *by Keilantra (Tami Olsen)*..... 36
 The Dance *by Christina Marvel*..... 36
 Snow *by Jason L. Taaffe I*..... 36
 The Poets 37

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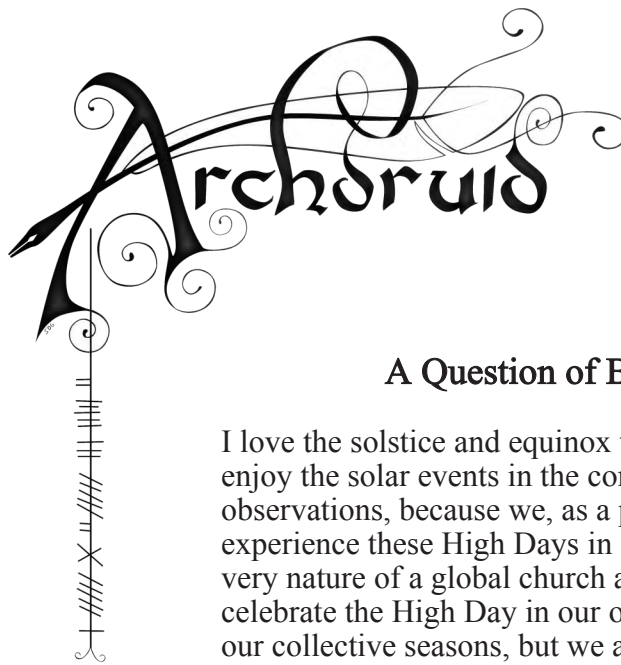
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A Question of Balance

I love the solstice and equinox times. I especially enjoy the solar events in the context of hemispheric observations, because we, as a people – as a church, experience these High Days in a special way. The very nature of a global church allows us to celebrate the High Day in our own context and in our collective seasons, but we are also reminded that the other side of the coin is also happening at the same time in a hemisphere really not all that far away in today's global setting. While we might celebrate the Autumn Equinox in the northern hemisphere and the accompanying sadness in knowing that winter will be upon us in just one turn of the wheel, we also take comfort and joy in the fact that our friends and fellow members in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Israel, and Brazil are just moving into spring and the joy and beauty that comes along with that eventuality. I think back – although the High Days were different – on my own trip to Australia last year, where I celebrated Beltinne in Australia and then came home to North America to enjoy the Samhain celebrations held here. One has a foot in two High Days – it is amazing.

It is on these days, the equinoxes, when night and day are equal, that we see, in person, the benefits of our relationship with the Nature Spirits. We see, in our own world, how things tend to heights and depths and then return to balance, much like we see in the changing of the seasons. This is one of the great lessons of the Nature Spirits. It suggests that



the natural order of things is to increase, come to balance, decrease, come to balance and then begin the cycle again. While we are more than capable of going with the flow and letting this rhythm of the natural world carry us along, the Nature Spirits make us aware of this cycle; they cannot compel us to follow these cycles. I think it is advantageous that we find the time and space inside of ourselves to return to balance as often as we can.

For those who follow a daily meditation, this is an activity that should bring one to a place of balance and maybe even peace. If one has the luxury of meditating outside in this time of year, this is an ideal time to not only find that balance

that many people seek, but also a time to commune with the Spirits of Nature and, of course, with the Earth Mother herself.

Finally, as we celebrate the richness of both Autumnal Equinox and Vernal Equinox all together on one day, one celebration here, another celebration far away, remember that the Earth Mother is broad enough to express all of these things on one day in so many different places. O Earth Mother, we praise Thee!

Blessings,

Rev. Jean (Drum) Pagano
Archdruid, ADF

Fall Issue of Oak Leaves

By ADF Chronicler Manny Tejada-Moreno

As we turn to the Fall, we also look toward the Dark and remember our Ancestors. And as we think of them, across whatever lands they lived, we realize that we know less about them, the further back in time they lived on this side of the Great Veil. Daily life is often obscured. Their lives are known in broad strokes and in the writings of Elders whose works have survived, sometimes without their names. And we still know little.

Even for those who were here a hundred years ago, we sometimes know next to nothing about their day to day life, and their thoughts about the world and their faith. We make a lot of assumptions, but evidence is scarce. Think of your own Ancestors in your family lineage – how much do you know about your great-grandparents?

Now imagine if they had left messages about how they approached their world and their faith. How much more would you know about them? And how much more insight into your world might their thoughts offer.

And this is why *Oak Leaves* matters. In one sense, our publication is about the voices of the living, across the continents and across different traditions of veneration bound by our own Druidry. Much of what you read and enjoy in these pages reflect the distilling of spiritual

insight into poetry, prose, research and art work.

But there's another important aspect of *Oak Leaves*. It is a record. Druids of the future will be able to read their Ancestors' thoughts on the unfolding world. *Oak Leaves* represents one of the few places archiving our collective insights for the future. It sounds grandiose, but it's also true. There really are exceptionally few Pagan published and archived resources. And we do keep our *Oak Leaves*, online and in print.

The works you offer in *Oak Leaves* become a record of who we are, and, in time, who we were. Publishing your insights here is a message not just to Druids around the world now, but Druids across time. What you write, draw, and compose are whispers into the future. They are gifts to Druids you may not meet, but Druids who will be listening.

In this season of harvest and gratitude, we also gather our acorns, and we can sow them as well. As always, we extend an invitation to all our readers and the ADF community to submit material, for now and for the future.

May the Fall fill you with many blessings.

Manny

The Leaf Dancer: A Tale of Colorado

By Rev. Melissa S. Burchfield, ADF Master Bard

Our fields have been ripe with the bounty of Colorado, our Earth Mother, since the time of the first harvest. The corn has reached its zenith and sits ready for our feasts. The palisade peaches are being jammed and canned, and the grains have been brought in from the fields. A wondrous display of life-sustaining gifts. Our tables are blessed.

As the trees sway gently in the breeze, lulled by the respirations of the Twin Guides, they become drowsy. Spent, after months of rapid growth and transformation, after months of providing protection and solace to the nature kin who dwell in their branches, after months of continued fertility finally coming to fruition, the trees are tired. It is time, once more—the trees are ready to fade into the slumber that beckons the Winter Goddess down from the mountains.

Riding in on the cool autumn breeze, the Leaf Dancer comes. Red is her hair, her face full of life. Her feet are sleek and full of grace, pointed toes upon which she leaps from tree to tree, twirling round the trunks to a tune of her own making, skirts cascading around her and sending the leaves to join in her fray. The wafting cool winds from her skirts as she swirls send shivers down the trunks, and the Aspens quake. The leaves, full of fervor, give up the green of the spring and clothe themselves for the occasion: brilliant yellows and golds contrasted by occasional highlights of reds and browns, all reflecting the face of Sky Father as he watches from his lofty seat in the sky. The leaves prepare to bid us adieu in a tapestry unlike any other we have seen.

And on she dances, lifting the leaves, caressing them gently but firmly in her euphoric dance, coaxing them in joy and affection to join her until they release themselves from their boughs. Free, they fly through the winds that whip her hair, swirling and twirling in an ecstatic frenzy; up, and up, and up, higher than they have ever been. The liberated leaves, drunk on their freedom, abandon themselves to her dance. She spins round and round, her skirts keeping them aloft,

and as she moves on to the next stand of trees, the leaves slowly and gently begin their final descent toward the embrace of the Earth Mother below where they are carefully returned to the soil of her bosom and made ready to be a part of the cycle once more, after a well-earned winter's sleep where dreams of the dances of life and death bring hope to the Children of Earth.

Rev. Melissa S Burchfield is a Master Bard of the Bardic Guild, as well as the founder and current Founding Head of the Order of Bardic Alchemy, a subgroup of ADF whose practices center on the misty places where Bardic Arts meet Magic and Spirituality. She has published several articles and bardic pieces in Oak Leaves, and the publication for the Reformed Druids of Gaia, The Druid's Egg. She also served at the Editor-in-Chief of Oak Leaves for four years. She is active in the local community and currently serves as the chair of the Prison Ministry Committee for ADF International. As a musician, she serves as the Bard of Mountain Ancestors Grove, ADF and was the winner of the 2010 Wellspring Bardic Chair.



Squirrel: An Essay

By Kevin Jenkyns

Today, I saw a squirrel.

I watched him as he busily went about his way preparing for the long winter nights ahead. I reflected on how he and I were alike in many ways, some good, some not so good.

He was industrious as he scampered across my front lawn. The front lawn is dominated by a huge old crabapple tree. We had just passed the Autumnal Equinox so my friend, the squirrel, and I knew the time for preparation is now. Back and forth, back and forth—such amazing energy he showed as he searched out the fruits that the tree so generously scattered about the yard. Then he dug his hole, buried his cache, searched for more treasure, and repeated this cycle of preparation again and again without any sign of tiring or slowing down.

As I watched this frenetic dance of the season, I found myself thinking about a nature show I saw some time ago on television. I can't remember the name of the show, but I clearly remember that it was about squirrels. In it, they related that squirrels bury their prizes for the winter months but only dig up about six in ten. The obvious question becomes, do they just store away that



much excess, or do they just plain forget where they stashed everything?

At this point, I started to reflect on my day-to-day activities. I always seem to be too busy to pause and even do many of the things that I claim are important to me. Reflecting on the frantic process going on before me, I had to ask, "Am I too busy for any particular reason, or have I really forgotten where my priorities lie?" At this point, I began a process of reflection, asking myself how much of what I do is driven by need, how much by habit, and how much because I never really thought about it in the first place. Will I find myself one day looking for my various precious caches only to discover I don't really know where I've put them? Do I do this or that only because I've done them before? Are the things that eat up my time of any real value?

I look up at my squirrel friend and say, "Thanks for giving me something to think about." Of course, he just pauses long enough to look up at me, for just a moment. I wonder what he's thinking. Is he thinking, "Why aren't you doing something? What are you looking at? How can you just stand there when there's so much scurrying about to be done?" Or does he just think nothing at all until the thought of, "Well, that hole's not going to dig itself," overcomes him as he goes back to digging?

I wonder?

Thank you, Brother Squirrel.

Arth yn Rhedeg

Kevin Jenkyns ("Arth yn Rhedeg") has been a member of ADF since 2012. He is sometimes referred to by his friends as the "Walker Between Worlds" due to his ability to be accepted into sacred rituals and ceremonies across belief systems and cultures. Kevin holds an ordination from the Universal Life Seminary and a certificate of completion from the Theological Education Institute of Colorado. He is Tanist (Vice Senior Druid) of Chokecherry Grove, ADF.

A Sonnet to the Ancestors

By Chelly Couvrette

Fore-mothers, fore-fathers, kin of all time,
Ancient and mighty, spirits of our tribe.
Blood kin, and spirit kin, and kin of all kinds,
Those of our past who wish to be our guides.

Our lives you've influenced with love and care,
Bended and shaped through generations passed.
And now I have written this simple prayer,
And I hope your memory will outlast.

You have all lived your lives in times gone by,
And cared for the many who have gone before,
Even if not always seeing eye to eye,
Hopefully you're not fighting anymore.

You are in otherworlds we look into,
Ancestors, spirit kin, we welcome you!

Earth Mother, Dark Mother

By Willow Nimfeach

Earth Mother
You have flowered
You have fruited
You have born for us your bounty
Now comes the season of need.

Leaves fall to litter the forest floor
Plants of the fields lay matted and tangled
Animals seek to fatten or store for
The lean times ahead.

Earth Mother, Dark Mother,
You are not just the giver of Life,
But having nurtured us,
Accept us all at our death.

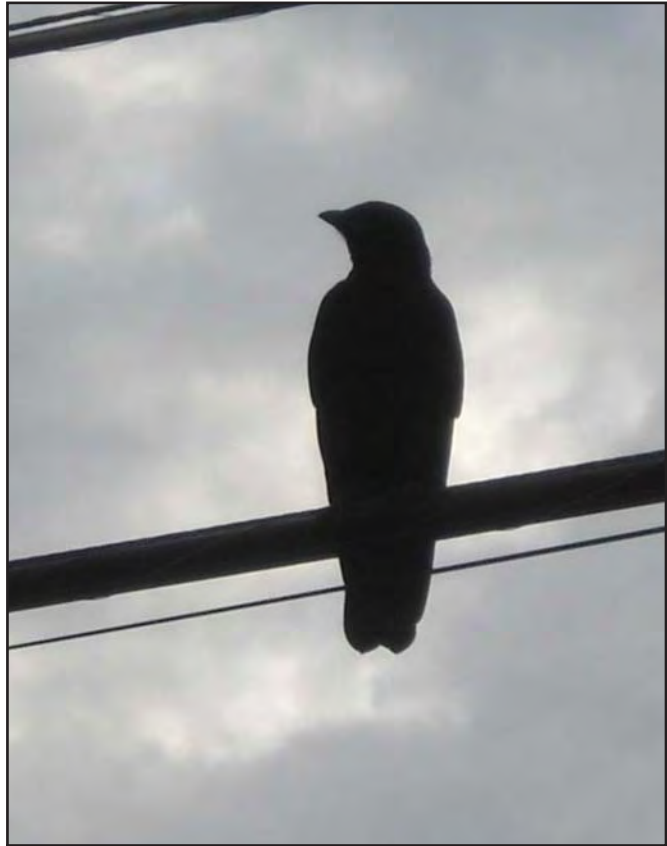
Thus is the fate of all that walk this mortal realm,
To become food for the scavengers;
For the raven and the vulture
For the opossum and the wolverine
For the worms, and the flies, and the maggots.

To return through that process
Of rot and decay
To you,
The Dark Mother, the Bone Mother,

The Mother of the Dead.

For as the field lying beneath the dying plants,
Returns greener in the Spring,
So too will our decaying forms
Nourish the next season's growth.

Great Mother, once again we
Thank you for this your bounty,
And bid you a good rest
Beneath the coming snows.



Welcoming

By Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano

Wings open, are you,
As he walks toward you
Great Mother,
Dark Mother,
Wings open, are you,
As he takes a new path
Great Mother,
Dark Mother,
Wings open, are you
Waiting,
Welcoming him
Back to the bosom of the Great Mother,
Again



Walking With Morrigan

By Jennifer Seaton

As I walk this lonely road,
The only sound ravens and crows.
Darkened by the shadowy moon,
'Caw, 'Caw... a harrowing tune.
Each step echoes in the deepening dark
Piercing the night, with the 'crunch' of the rocks.

As I walk further outside of myself,
Morrigan greets me.
A hand reaches out of the encroaching dark,
Wrapping my soul; cloaking life's spark.
The dance of death fills me with hope
As the Ancient Wise grasp the rope.
Tightening the hold she has on my life
Morrigan is slowly easing my strife.

A Sonnet to The Morrigan

By Chelly Couvrette

Oh great and mighty red-black queen of night,
Black feathers forever in my spirit life.
Your power will never leave me in fright,
Nor will you leave when I'm in any strife.
Your wings a caring constant in my breath,
Rules you set out for me to follow now.
Assist in teaching the nature of death,
As you perch up upon a pine tree bough.
You caw through the tree tops and neighbour-
hoods,
In crow form you remind me of my vow.
To live the druid way and walk the woods,
To forever be in the here and now.
Oh great and mighty red-black queen of night.
Let me forever be within your sights.

WELLSPRING 2016



**Awards Given
at Wellspring 2016 Annual Meeting:**

Founder's Award – Stone Creed Grove.

Good Fire Award – Rev. Lisa Wasilkowsky Malik for her liturgical contributions.

Naturalists Award – Explore.

Awards of Appreciation:

- ADF Social Media Team.
- G. R. “Gwernin” Grove and Manny Tejada-Moreno for the success of *Oak Leaves*.
- Kirk Thomas for Prison Ministry.
- Christina Marvel for Artistic Expression.
- Chris “Twopaws” Wityshyn for leading the drive for the Leadership Program.

Volunteer of the Year – Bonnie Landry.

Prison Ministry Members Appreciation Awards:

- Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano.
- Rev. Kelly “Carrion Mann” Kingston.
- Maria Stoy.
- Raven Mann.
- Stone Creed Grove plaque memorial for AJ Gooch.
- Rev. Kirk Thomas for bringing ADF to the darkest place on earth.

Guild Competitions:

Artisans Competition

Textiles

1st - Diane Watson - Solstice over Stonehenge

2D Fine Arts

1st - Diane Watson - Buttermilk Falls

Fiber Arts

1st - Robert Lewis

Other Crafts

1st (tie) - Melissa Hill - Bone Necklace

1st (tie) - Michelle Handa

3D Fine Art

1st - Diane Watson - Kindred Niches

Wood Working

1st - Chris Henderson - Carved Odin

Sacred Objects

1st - Autumn Aelwyd - Desir Poppet

Photography

1st - Diane Watson - Winter Solstice

Best in Show

1st - Autumn Aelwyd - Desir Poppet

Wellspring Bardic Chair:

Winner—Rev. Debra “Rowen” Grove

2016 Warrior Games

Archery

Women's 1st: Morrighan Lee (Whispering Lake Grove)

Men's 1st: Madoc Gooch (Stone Creed Grove)

Bardic Challenge

Women's 1st: Morrighan Lee

Men's 1st: Dan Fitzgerald

Hunker Down (Rope Challenge)

Women's 1st: Bonnie Lin Landry

Men's 1st: Madoc Gooch

Stone and Peg

Women's 1st: Rose

Men's 1st: Dan Fitzgerald

Stone Throw

Women's 1st: Rhiannon Ellison

Men's 1st: Madoc Gooch

OVERALL PLACEMENT

The Men's Champion: Madoc Gooch

The Women's Champion: Morrighan Lee

A Throne for the Dead

By Ian Corrigan

A THRONE FOR THE DEAD

BUILT BY THE DRUIDS OF A.D.F.
AT TREDARA, IN NE OHIO



THAT WHICH IS REMEMBERED, LIVES.

SO WE WILL REMEMBER THE DEAD. LET US REMEMBER THE FATHERS & THE MOTHERS; FROM OUR OWN CRADLES BACK INTO TIME. LET US REMEMBER THOSE WE KNEW IN LOVE, OF BLOOD & HEART; & THOSE WE KNOW AS HEROES, AS INSPIRATIONS & AS WAY-SHOWERS. LET US REMEMBER THE ANCIENT WISE, & ASK THEM FOR THEIR GOOD TEACHING. MIGHTY & BELOVED DEAD, WE MAKE THIS GIFT TO YOU, OF ART & OF REVERENCE.

BLESS THIS PLACE, WE ASK,
WHERE WE WILL GIVE TO YOU DUE OFFERING.

At Tredara, the sixteen-acre patch of land that L. and I keep here in NE Ohio, we have long been working to build remarkable and inspiring worship and magic spaces. L. began with a small worship circle in the forest for her Wiccan coven many years ago, but even that small space was ringed in small stone and equipped with ringed firepit and wooden altar. Stone Creed Grove built a Nemeton working space in the back corner in the mid-90s (<http://intothemound.blogspot.com/2012/06/new-temples-for-old-gods.html>), which served us for many years. In recent times, we have begun to outgrow it and we were making plans to bring a more major event to the place.

Three years ago, L. and I had the opportunity to double our acreage, and the new patch offered plenty of new space. We almost immediately chose a meadow in which to build a larger ritual space (<http://intothemound.blogspot.com/2014/08/new-nemeton-report.html>), and that new temple has been in use for over a year at this time, following some adventures (<http://intothemound.blogspot.com/2014/07/spear-of-lugh-tredara-tornado-drill-1.html>). Firmly established, a year or so ago we turned our attention to new projects, and the item that occurred to us first was a Mound built for the Mighty Dead.

I won't do a survey of Euro-Pagan burial mound customs here, but the heaping up of stone and earth over the graves of the honored dead has a long and widespread history. However confused Neopagan amateur scholarship may be about the relationship between megalithic passage-graves, Celtic and Germanic tumuli, kurgans, etc., the image of the Mound looms large (uh, note my title, coined a decade before this project...). Myself, Liafal, and our departed Kinsman AJ committed to the project and began feeling our way around the property for where such a thing might be located. While I had an inclination to put it in the immediate grounds of the nemeton, we determined that the central crossroad of the property in the SE corner would suit best. We removed a few 'fire bushes' and left many in place, building the mound between them to keep a sense of the original space.

At the first important ADF nemeton—the Brushwood Folklore Center—building and improvements were usually done at the Wellspring Gathering. Wellspring is the annual festival sponsored by Stone Creed Grove, which has been the loca-

tion of the ADF annual meeting for many years. Building sacred spaces together has been a powerful source of group memory and identity over the years, and so we chose to do the primary build of the Mound at Wellspring 2016.

Offerings to the Dead began to be made on this spot pretty early in our ownership. We made a series of offerings over the months and weeks prior to the build. My general permissions and reception by the spirits of the new piece of land allowed me to proceed with confidence, and the outcome, thus far, vindicates my choice not to do immediate divination concerning the spot. We did take an omen at the consecration, as I'll tell below.

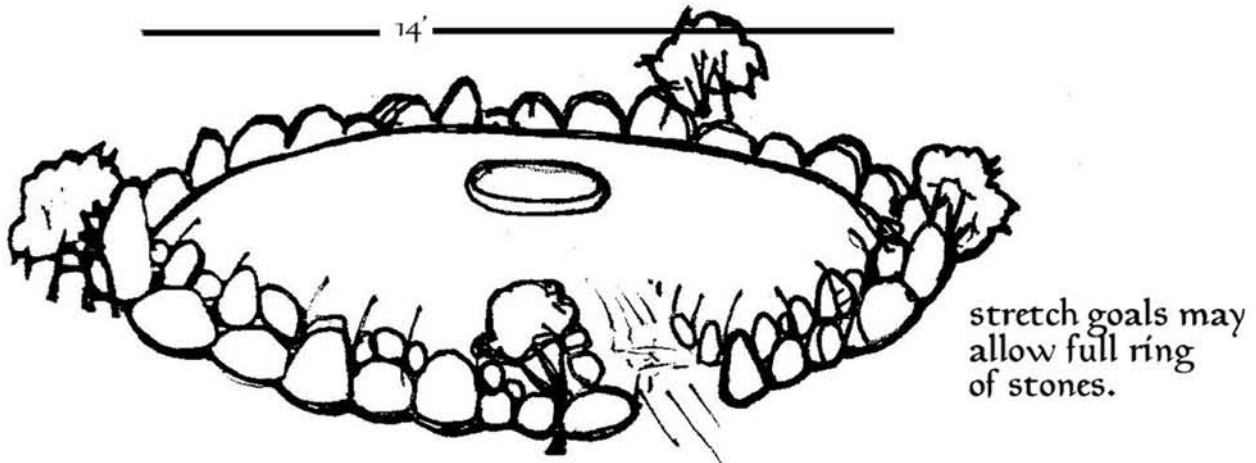
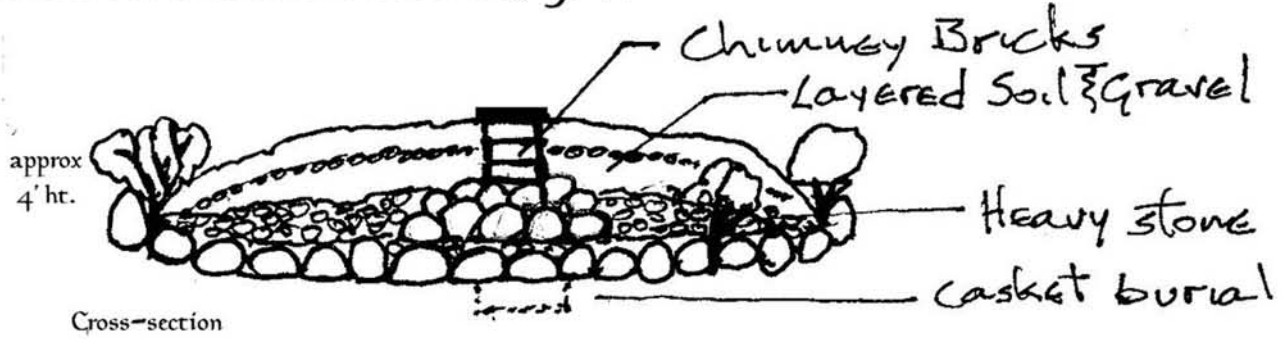
Mechanically, I found myself pressed by the scheduling of the Wellspring event to plan to build the Mound in a single day. Being the grateful owner of a modern tractor, I was confident of completing the work in the required time. To support that effort, I prepped the materials like a sous chef with mounds of cracked stone, sand, and topsoil, arranged in a row.

To obtain enough boulders to feel well-supplied for the design was not inexpensive. To support the effort, I ran an internet t-shirt fundraising campaign. I must thank the many who purchased shirts for the benefit of the effort, which specifically allowed us to reach the stretch-goal of a full ring of good rock around the Mound.

I must mention, as well, that the very weeks of that campaign saw the sudden death of AJ Gooch. I'll be posting my eulogy for my kinsman and friend soon, but here I'll say that he was the third man here at Tredara after L. and I, and his loss was a brick to the head of our local community. It did, however, help to inspire giving to our fundraising—our friend's strength carrying us even in death. The timing of his passing meant that it would be his own ashes, in part, that anchored the spiritual construction of the Mound.

In addition, ADF has been entrusted with a modest gift of the ashes of our Founder, Isaac Bonewits. A nearly-homeopathic amount of that ash was given to us in a tiny reliquary, and was added to the burial. For this, we thank Isaac's spirit and his family, and remind all that the families of Gooch and Bonewits will always be welcome to make offering at this place.

Ancestor Mound sketches, 3/16



finding the right tall stones might lead to this...

Monuments or carvings would be good, too.



The Initial Offering.

The base and anchor of the giant talismanic project was the burial of an initial grave-offering beneath the center of the Mound. For this, AJ had asked Grove member Brian Wilmott to apply his professional skills to the construction of a 'casket' to contain the initial offerings. Brian is a master carpenter, proven by his production of a cabinet-class, perfectly joined coffin of classic style. Substantial at 48" x 20" x 16", the side-panels of the coffin were decorated with Underworld art produced by Ian Corrigan, and laser-burned (text-crisp) into the wooden panels by Michael Dangler and The Magical Druid of Columbus, OH. Fitted with a well-made lid and (!) upholstered (!) by members of the Grove, the casket made, itself, a remarkable object—a wonder of craftsmanship on its arrival at the event on Thursday. To know that this art would be given in sacrifice forever to the land was... poignant. The plan was to consecrate the coffin at the



Thursday evening Opening rite, allow it to “lie in state” overnight in the community area while folk made offerings into it, and then inter it on Friday morning. So we did, with several key offerings being given that evening. I can say with certainty that we gave: a drinking set of pitcher and various memoried cups, worked platters and vessels of service, 12-year-old scotch whisky, various ale, the Underworld Gate token made by Rev. Raven Mann of honored memory—an ADF priest who has passed on. Also: a sealed casket of AJ’s personal hallows and power-objects, with personal family gifts and a skull-vase of his ashes, and many personal gifts of rings, cups, cigars, talismans, and small crafted marvels which were added. By morning, the coffin which I had feared over-large was full nearly to not-rattling with gifts.

This whole process was a combination of the serious and ceremonious with folkish and community revelry. The full Druid-Temple opening rite and blessing led to the coffin being pall-borne down the forest trail to the party, where we spent the evening drinking and admiring the memory of our beloved Dead as well as the skill of the craftsmen. The grief around our kinsman AJ was still rather raw for many, and the knowledge that this work of art was a one-night-only show made everything rather like a wake.

Morning At the Graveside.

The Mound was sited at the 'upper crossroad' of the place, where four roads meet. The land-crew

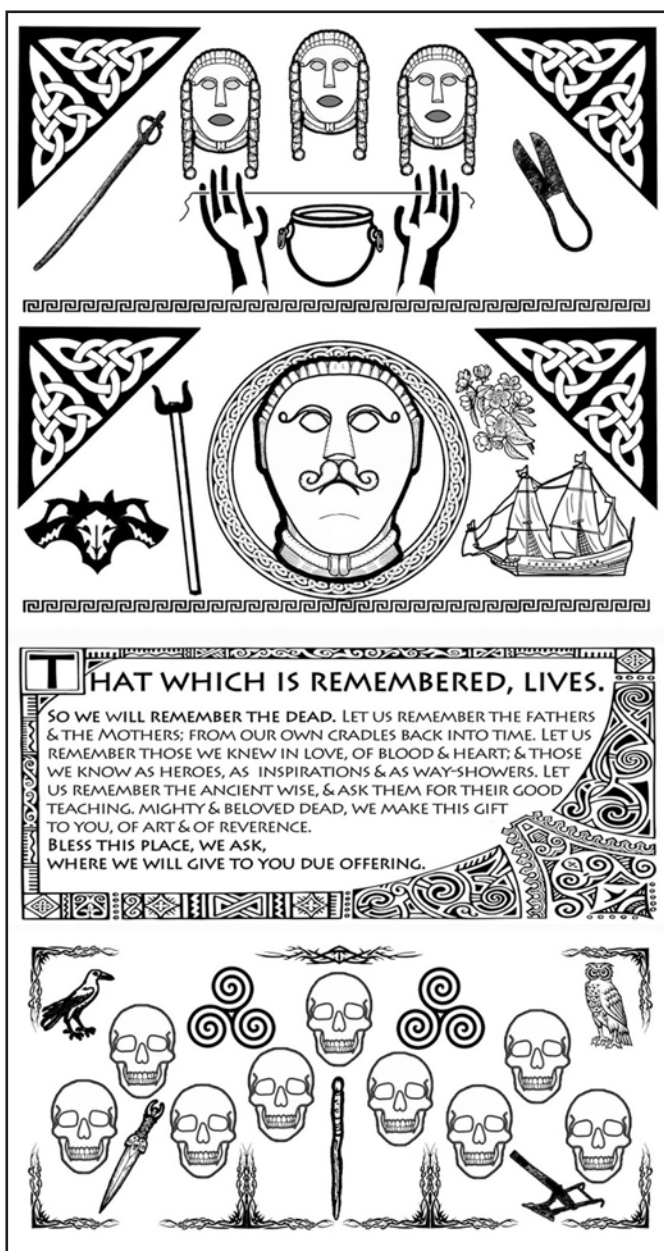


had cleared a small number of bushes (leaving more), filled holes, and dug the grave at the center of the circular area. We scheduled the graveside assembly for an abstemious 8:30 AM Friday morning, and missed it by most of an hour, but it got us going on the day. The weather was scheduled to be summer sun and 85F temperatures by mid-day, so we meant to get to shoveling.

The graveside rite was mainly improvised. I spoke about the work and we lit a fire in the bottom of the grave, because we feel funny without Fire and to confuse future archaeologists. We recited the Death Song (<http://intothemound.blogspot.com/2010/10/death-song.html>) and sang "Breaths" (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o3e-zLKyZLw>). The offerings were topped off with cut flowers and incense, and a shroud given from SCG's ritual gear was tucked over all. Brian once again proved his skill by driving nine soft worked-iron nails into his sound, oaken lid with a round-ended ritual hammer to seal the coffin.

Building the Mound.

The Fire was extinguished and the sealed coffin-offering was placed in the House of Clay. The





shovels came out and we filled the grave by hand. With sufficient earth over the grave we began using the tractor to bring several of the larger boulders to pile over the grave, along with a couple of scoops of cracked stone.

The plan was to build a central offering shaft by propping three chimney bricks up on this pile of stone. Around this center we built the initial ring of boulders, carried by the tractor and arranged on the ground by hand. The cracked stone was then used to begin the filling, and a long morning of heaping up earth began. The pace rather required steady tractor work, but many folks pitched in with hand-tools to spread and level the scoops of sand and soil as they arrived. Names deserving of mention include Brian Wilmott (the craftsman), Mike Zurilla (who was our triple-blessed land-crew boss for the weekend), two intrepid travelers from Arkansas, Oona and folks from Stone Creed Grove, and, really, too many to be sure to remember them all.

There are categories of work that are simple but not easy. The work of heaping up 4.5 feet of mound, bringing the earth roughly to the lip of the shaft-bricks was a trudge, though the thauma-

turgical aid of Tantor the Robot Elephant did the work of ten mortals. The weather was premature summer at May's end, and we sweated like two horses each as we completed the primary fill. We had discussed a stair to allow access to the top of the Mound and Brian found three flat-sided boulders to install, making a steep but usable stile up the eastern side. The bit of brick showing at the top was decorated with small stones, as we declared a primary end.

There was one more key business, and that was the installation of the stone monument, carved for us by Sidney Bolam of Bohemian Hobbit Studio (<https://www.facebook.com/bohemianhobbit/?rc=p>), who generously delivered the work to us, and accepted no fee. We stared at the work for a while, and finally chose a spot at the top of the stairs.

This project is a modern work, and some might call it a 'folly' in the older style. But I'll say this about its authenticity – it is rooted and crowned with the craft of the craftsman, the inspiration of the artist. From the Vanished Offering deep be-

neath to the Skulls of Honor on top, its whole shaping was done by community, for community, with song and fire and beer and sweat and diesel. Inspiration is in it, and love, and will, so I'll stack it's beginning in spiritual power against any in the world.

The Stomping-In.

Once the primary heaping-up was done, we invited people to climb up barefoot and stomp their way around the top. The mix of sand and topsoil was fairly firm, and a flat top evolved quickly. A steady progression of the folk, circle-dancing women, etc. helped to conform the fill to future uses. My goal had been to have enough flat surface on the fourteen-foot diameter to provide seats for a small group, or a bed for one or two; this was achieved.

I am told that there was a spiritual 'breaking in' as well. A roving band of Druid priests and fellow-travelers made improvised rite on the mound, and trancework led to results of which I suspect more will be heard. The new construction seemed to amount to a spiritual attractive nuisance, but nobody broke their head.

As mentioned, the weather was lovely, if tropical-hot. Finally, on Saturday afternoon, the heat and humidity broke into a rolling thunderstorm, the mightiest of the season so far, with winds high



16 • Oak Leaves • Autumn • Issue #74

enough to send folks scurrying, and rain in tubs. Despite the inevitable difficulties we were pleased to see the sandy Mound hold its shape and drain the water well. So we felt as if the construction had been well stomped-in by the time we reached the final Rite of Consecration on Saturday afternoon.

The Consecration.

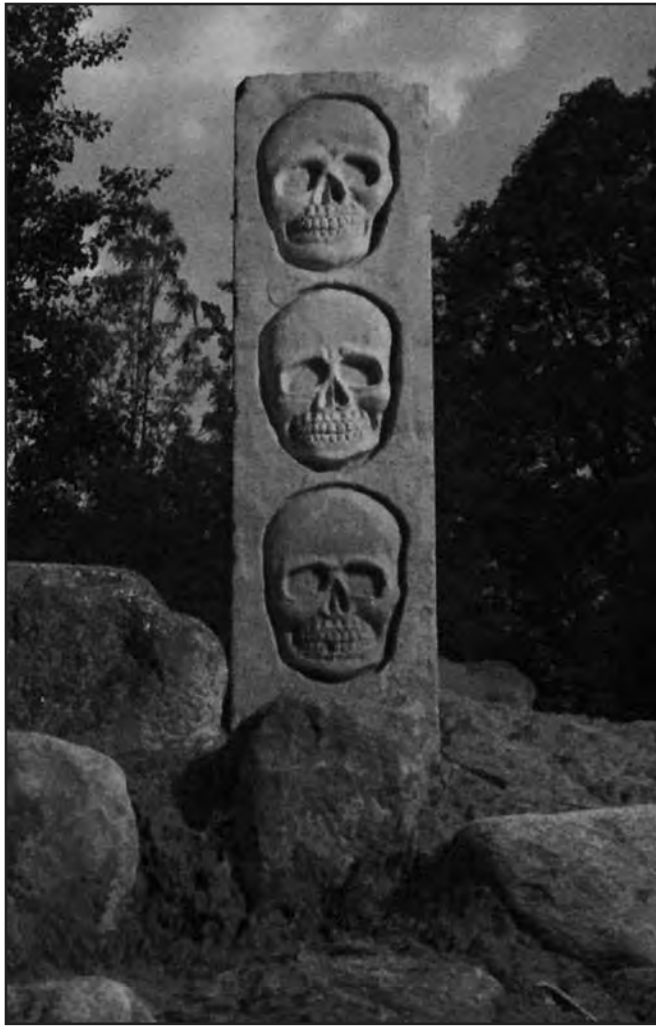
The final rite of the sequence was a modified Order of Ritual rite, done in full sun on Saturday afternoon, following the storm. We contemplated postponing the work for fear of the flooding but, in fact, the land drained very nicely and a little treatment with straw made it quite usable. We assembled at more-or-less the appointed time.

I had planned the construction of the Mound in rather a lot of detail. We were winging the consecration. The weather conditions were high in my priorities; I wanted to avoid sun and heat injury. I devised a little trick and instructed the company to attend with a towel or veil or cloth that could be draped over the head and face. The 'veil' would be drawn over the face for the vision portion and could be used to protect the head and neck throughout the rite.

ADF has not developed a rubric that separates Underworld offerings from our common sacrifices. Among the Hellenes, that split was fairly severe, though matters are less clear to the North. For this rite, we decided to focus honor on multicultural Kings and Queens of the Dead. At the core level this meant Hades (Aidoneos, we learned), Pluto, Persephone, Velnius, etc. As the Gatekeeper, we offered to Hermes Cthonios, Manannan, and Arawn. We chose not to receive a drink blessing, but rather to give all to the Deep and seek blessing in a vision.

We opened with a simplified outline and a short Sacred Center affirmation. Three priests made the invocations of the Gatekeeper(s). The Landwights were honored especially as the beings whose bodies made up the Mound—kins of stone and soil. The Underworld Gods were invoked by a round-robin of priests and chiefs and given precious crystal as an offering. That brought us to the core of the work.

The central offering to the Dead was worked in three parts. First, we heard words of memory about the three ADF Honored Dead who are given special memory in the Mound—Raven Mann, AJ Gooch, and our Founder, Isaac Bonewits. We



then heard the Invocation of the Dead. Brian's wife, Ygrainne, is a skilled Pagan priestess who has recently become a part of our Grove's work. I had asked her to expand the simple prayer which I had written for the casket-panels into a longer invocation, which included the specific language for blessing the Mound itself. Finally, we gave a gallon of milk, a bottle of whiskey, apples, bread, and honey into the new offering shaft at the top-center of the Mound.

For an omen we drew three Ogham lots. The first was Nion, meaning "letters" and given to the ash tree: communication, tradition, and the Warrior's Shield. (This letter had appeared in the blessing of the casket, so it provides a frame.) Muin was the second, meaning "Esteem" and given to the vine: connection and clever effort. The third lot was Gort, "Garden", given to the ivy: fertility, the soil, and bounty.

I took this as a good omen then and agree now. The spirits offer us communication and support through the Mound, they offer teaching and gain in honor, and they offer the bounty of the very

land in which graves are dug. May we gain the good of these blessings over the years.

The Blessing confirmed, we called for a vision. Pulling the veils over our faces, we opened our hearts to the spirits for a sun-shortened length of time. Sometimes truth comes like a cliché; I am grateful for the loving embrace of my kinsman that was the central point of my own short vision.

I felt the rite was concise yet detailed and produced a proper atmosphere, even in the mid-day sun. It capped a work well-done by a community working together, and produced a modest monument.

Going Onward.

Now we have this Mound—this Sidhe, this Seat or Throne made for the Dead. The next step is to devise both local cult and occasional extraordinary use for it. I'll be writing about both as we go. I anticipate using the mound for regular offerings and for regular divination and communion with the Dead. I plan its use as a place for a High Seat for Seidhr work and a basis for utiseta type outdoor spirit-rites. Located in the center of our patch, it should provide silence and darkness for many kinds of chthonic experiments.

As we said several times over the course of the work, it is the oath of Liafal and I that this Mound, as all of the Tredara sacred complex, will be accessible for worship and inspiration as far into the future as we can provide. May we all be blessed in the work.

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

To see the photos in this article in color, visit Ian's blog at <http://intothemound.blogspot.com/2016/06/a-throne-for-dead.html>

The Waters of Life: Making Sacred Drink

By Lauren Neuman

ADF ritual energy has two halves, if you look at it from a larger perspective: an offerings half—in which we send all our love, devotion, and offerings through the portals into the Otherworld—and a blessings half, in which we accept blessings in a "return flow" from the Otherworld. Those blessings are (usually) concentrated into a sacred drink, (usually) called the Waters of Life.

Originally, the Waters of Life were whiskey or spring water. ADF ritual has expanded to include mead and other alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages. The alcohol is sometimes said to represent the "life" part.

As Nine Waves Protogrove (originally the Clear Lake Druidic Study Group) got started in 2013, we typically had mead for our Waters of Life, since that fit with our hearth culture and was tasty. We have also used whiskey, gluten-free beer, and hard cider, all very successfully, as part of our ritual offerings and return flow.

However, a few things happened that got me thinking about including alcohol in our rituals:

1. We now meet in a park that does not allow alcohol on the premises.
2. We now have an underage regular ritual attendee, and in Texas it is illegal for us to give him even a sip of alcohol.
3. I had circled in the past with recovering alcoholics, who would not be able to partake of our blessings, and we now have a person in recovery who is a member of the protogrove.
4. I myself am on medication that is contraindicated with alcohol, so I was dancing with danger already.
5. There is nothing in ADF ritual guideline that specifies that the Waters of Life **must** be alcoholic.

There was a spirited discussion on the ADF Facebook group about the topic, where several good arguments were made in favor of not using alcohol.

We figured we could do one of two things: we could have two cups/mead horns, one with actual

mead and one with water (which presents a logistical issue, even in a group of only ten people, and would still be breaking the rules of the park where we meet), or we could just go with a non-alcoholic option. We considered several, like fruit juice or kombucha (which is certainly live-ly), but ended up not being able to settle on something that everyone liked.

One of the best posts on the ADF Facebook discussion came from Ceisiwr Serith, who spoke of making his own sacred drink for rituals. His recipe included barley (which I can't consume, having celiac disease), but it got me thinking about ways to make a sacred drink that we could all enjoy and that would feel special (since that's important), but that wouldn't exclude anyone. Inspired, I went digging for recipes and came across some recipes for "soft mead"—basically honey water. I got creative, and came up with the following:



Spiced Sacred Drink

4 cups filtered water
1 cup raw honey
1-2 lemons or small juicing oranges
2 inches fresh ginger, thinly sliced
2 cinnamon sticks
8 whole cloves

Juice the citrus fruits and toss them—peel, juice, and all—into a large, non-aluminum pot with all the other ingredients. Cover and place over very low heat (do not allow to boil) for at least several hours, stirring frequently. Strain and serve warm or at room temperature, or refrigerate for up to a week.

The recipe makes about 1 quart of sacred drink, but it is easily halved or doubled as necessary. It travels well in an insulated thermos if you need to keep it warm.

Nine Waves was, at first, very skeptical of my creation. They liked having mead; the alcoholic "life" was important and it felt special to us to share mead from our mead horn together. But they humored me, and they all now look forward to our sacred drink at each ritual.

This is extremely tasty, especially served warm on a cold night around a campfire, and it requires preparation and is "special"—I only make it for our rituals. The spices represent a level of "offering" (even buying cinnamon sticks in bulk in the ethnic food store, they are a little pricey). And we now don't have to worry about new people being averse to our Waters of Life (other than a possible allergy to any of the sacred drink ingredients) or not being able to consume alcohol. The spices provide their own sort of "life" to the drink, and it has become a regular part of ritual preparation for me that I really enjoy.

Making our waters of life isn't something I had ever really considered early in our study group days, only having used pre-made or purchased drinks, but I now look forward to doing so on ritual days as we prepare for the ritual in all the other myriad ways that we get ready.

Lauren Neuman is the Grove Organizer of Nine Waves Protogrove and is currently working her way through the preliminary courses of the Clergy Training Program. She joined ADF in 2012, after a rather eclectic romp through the ranks of modern paganism. She resides in the southeast of Houston, Texas, where she enjoys gardening, reading, writing, and being the Druid in the Swamp.



Remembering Heroes

By G. R. Grove

In the Pass of the North Cúchulainn fought,
in the Pass of the North he fell,
and life and time for his folk he bought
with his spear and his battle-yell.
His life and his time, they were both cut short,
but his fame is living still.

As a boy he chose undying fame
over long life alone,
for he heard the Druid, and he left his game
his killing-skills to hone,
and he paid the price of a shining name
bound to the standing stone.

And Glory was what he lived for,
and Glory was what he won,
and a fame that will last forever
while Ireland sees the sun,
until the Bards are heard no more
and the tale of years is done.

(from "Glory" by G. R. Grove)

Exploring Modern Paganism: Folding the American Flag

By Thomas Brown

This article was written to explore a Paganized version of the honorable ritual of folding the American flag. It has been filched and reworked from a Christian version used by the US Air Force Academy. Some of the wording for this ceremony was left intact; those sections have been included as quotations. Only references to America as a wholly Christian nation have been changed. In addition, this revised version is not meant to replace or to supplant the original version, but instead to advance the tapestry of religious and cultural inclusivity among American people. The sole intention is to honor Pagans, Heathens, and/or liberal religionist minorities who served in the Armed Forces alongside Christians, Jews, Muslims, Atheists, and/or practitioners of indigenous religions.

The flag folding ceremony of the United States Uniformed Services has traditionally been used for dramatic and uplifting rituals to honor the flag on special occasions, such as Veterans' Day, Memorial Day, Independence Day, and other national, civic holidays. The flag ceremony is also used to honor veterans whose service in the military has achieved notice through commemorations of valor, retirement from service, or death. The following ceremony can be used for minority folks who are still serving in uniform, who have served in uniform, or who died while serving in uniform.

“As an Army and Navy custom, the flag is lowered daily at the last note of retreat. Special care should be given that no part of the flag touches the ground. The flag is then carefully folded into the shape of a tri-cornered hat, emblematic of the hats worn by colonial soldiers during the War for Independence. In the folding, the red and white stripes are finally wrapped into the blue, as the light of day vanishes into the darkness of night” (Streufert).

The flag is kept under watch throughout the night as a tribute to our nation's honored dead. The next morning it is brought out, at the ceremony of reveille, to be raised aloft in honor of the noble price of freedom.

How to Fold the Flag

“Step #1 - To properly fold the flag, begin by holding it waist-high with another person so that its surface is parallel to the ground.

Step #2 - Fold the lower half of the stripe section lengthwise over the field of stars, holding the bottom and top edges securely.

Step #3 - Fold the flag again lengthwise with the blue field on the outside.

Step #4 - Make a triangle fold by bringing the striped corner of the folded edge to the open (top) edge of the flag.

Step #5 - Turn the outer (end) point inward, parallel to the open edge, to form a second triangle.
Step #6 - The triangle folding is continued until the entire length of the flag is folded in this manner (12 folds).

Step #7 - When the flag is completely folded, only a triangular blue field of stars should be visible” (Streufert).

Flag Folding Ceremony

(Begin reading as the Honor Guard or the Flag Detail begins coming forward.)

This flag folding ceremony represents the ideals of universal religious freedom in the United States of America: a steadfast vision of our forebears who sought to enjoy a life free from tyranny and oppression. Folding the flag at the retreat of the day reminds every American of the never-ending struggle to be free.

The portion of the flag that denotes honor is the rectangle of blue containing the stars. These stars represent the states each of our veterans served in uniform, whether at home or abroad. The blue rectangle dresses from left to right and is inverted when draped as a pall on a veteran's casket.

(Wait for the Honor Guard or the Flag Detail to unravel the flag and fold it into a quarter fold. Resume reading when Honor Guard or Flag Detail is standing ready.)

The first fold of the flag is a symbol of the regeneration of life, the Earth Mother, the foundation of support for peace amongst all humankind. It represents the bluest skies to the greenest forest: the dark, moist earth who supports and provides for Her children.

The second fold symbolizes the sky, the ordering of the worlds, the quickening father, and the spark of life. It represents the light of the sun, the moon, and the stars that shines upon the good and the bad.

The third fold is for our ancestors who fought and died for the freedoms we enjoy. Our ancestors include ancestors of blood, ancestors of heart, and ancestors of tribe. We honor those who gave their lives to attain peace and justice throughout the world.

The fourth fold acknowledges our commitment to world peace. Together we can end the injustices of the world, starting at home. We are steadfast in the fight against global warming and climate change, dependency on fossil fuels, clear cutting and deforestation, animal cruelty, human trafficking, and world hunger.

The fifth fold is a tribute to our country's cultural diversity. America is a country of many languages, cultures, and religious beliefs, as well as the freedom to have no beliefs at all. We honor these differences as a nation of people and respect each other for the things we each have in common.

The sixth fold is for the hearth of the home, where the fire of our hearts rests. This is a fire kindled in the hearts of every citizen, joined together like the stars of the flag. It is with our heart that we pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which stands, one nation, comprised of many faiths, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

The seventh fold is a tribute to our Armed Forces. It is through the bravery of men and woman that we protect our country and our flag against all enemies, whether they be found within or without the boundaries of our republic.

The eighth fold honors the turning of the Wheel of the Year: the equinoxes and solstices, the three parts of day and one of night, the seasons for a good harvest, and the health, wealth, and wisdom of our citizens.

The ninth fold is for the mothers of our mothers, for womanhood, and for fertility. It is through their faith, love, loyalty, and devotion that the characters of the men and women who have made this country great have been molded.

The tenth fold is a tribute to the fathers of our fathers, for strength of arms, and for moderation. It is for the fathers who have given sons and daughters for the defense of our country.

The eleventh fold, in the eyes of the Pagan, Heathen, or liberal religionist minority citizen, is a symbol of the Gateway through which we all must walk. The land eternal awaits the just and the unjust as we fight for the rights and dignity of all creatures. We have a long way to go, and we are almost there, but our work is not yet complete.

The twelfth fold brings forth completion in the center of all, and the three points of the folded flag represents the trust we place in our government: The President, the Congress, and the Supreme Court. May each branch have the wisdom to know where we come from, where we are this day, and where we want to go as a nation.

(Wait for the Honor Guard or Flag Detail to inspect flag. Resume reading after the inspection.)

Now that the flag is folded, the stars are uppermost, reminding all American citizens of our ideals of truth, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The flag honors the blood of our ancestors who fought and died for the human rights, the religious freedoms, and the privileges we enjoy today. It is due to their dedication, commitment and sacrifice in our Armed Forces that we honor them now in the name of freedom.

Works Cited

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Thomas Brown is a prisoner member of Ár nDraíocht Féin (ADF). He is working through various ADF study programs and serves as Internal Organizer for the Frog Stone Circle. This flag folding ceremony (working) was written to fulfill one of the requirements of the ADF study program.

A Journey Charm Adapted from *Carmina Gadelica*

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

The six-volume collection of Scots Gaelic poetry, hymns, prayers, and other lore generally known as *Carmina Gadelica* was assembled in the late nineteenth century by Scottish folklore enthusiast Alexander Carmichael. Much of this material had been preserved in the oral tradition of a largely non-literate society, some of it (by internal evidence) for many generations.

The charm below is adapted from a longer warding charm, which was “sung by a pilgrim in setting out on his pilgrimage.” (Carmichael, Vol. I, 316-317). As adapted, it could be used at the start of any journey, and perhaps especially for one travelling to a religious festival or retreat, or to an old sacred site, as a modern version of a pilgrimage. The repetition of the last line is a variation frequently encountered in Gaelic charm-work. It would not be difficult to change this slightly for blessing another person.

Warding Charm for a Journey

I set forth on my journey;
Now may **ghosti* be in my speech,
and Wisdom and Piety in my words;
May health and strength be on me
Till I come back again.

By pathways and by highways,

In cities and in wild places,
May my Ancestors watch over me
May the Land Folk show me the right road
May the Shining Ones stand with me
And the Triple Kin guide my going forth,
And my returning home;
My going forth, and my returning home.

Bitheadh e mar sin! May it be so!

Works Consulted

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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 was ordained an ADF Priest in 2016. Rowen is also a co-founder of Chokecherry Grove. (And yes, "Grove" is her legal, mundane surname, and has been since she was born.)



A Time Of Rest: An Argument For Recharging Your Spiritual Self Each Week

By Lauren Neuman

We're all busy. Very busy. Modern life is full of crazy demands on our time, energy, and spiritual selves. Often, we rush through the week only to find that our weekends are even busier than our weekdays, packed with errands, socializing, and managing our homes and families. I've found that my life never seems to get less busy, and, in fact, as I've been leading a Protogrove and working on my ADF studies, I'm finding that I started to feel like my spiritual work was just adding to the craziness that was the rest of my life. (And I don't even have small children to chase around!)

So after a lot of thought, and some practice, and talking to some friends (both in and out of ADF) I'm here to make the argument that it makes sense to step away from all of that for a little bit. To do a little ritual at your home altar, maybe with your family, set aside some time to recharge, and to opt out of the craziness for just a little while; maybe just for half an hour; maybe for a whole morning (how luxurious!)

Paganism has a strong tradition of high day celebrations and of lunar festivals. Those times are full of magic and potential, and we honor the passing of time with those rituals. I keep monthly rituals as well, but those all have a specific purpose. What if, instead of another ritual with an active purpose, we had a ritual and built in some time specifically for rest and recharge? Not for celebration, but for contemplation and relaxation.

If you're familiar with the Abrahamic traditions, you've certainly heard of the Sabbath (a custom that most modern people no longer really honor in any concrete way). In those traditions, people typically refrain from doing work or mundane tasks for 24 hours, but often include spiritual practices, study time, and socialization as part of their time of rest. While taking a full 24 hours out of modern life would be difficult to impossible for most of us (at least without a lot of prior planning), a short time to recharge can make the rest of the week seem more manageable.

With that in mind, I set out to start giving myself some time each week - rather than saying, "don't just sit there, do something!" I said "don't just do

something, sit there!" And amazingly enough, even just 30 minutes of intentional extra space, carved out of my Saturday morning, started to breathe some life back into my week.

What kinds of things might I do in my "resting" period?

- Read a book
- Enjoy a cup of coffee/tea and a snack
- Share a story with someone
- Meditate
- Hug a tree
- Watch nature/clouds
- Go for a walk
- Call a friend or relative and catch up
- Make some art (or just doodle)
- Write a letter or a card
- Snuggle or play with a cat

I came up with the ritual below in a fit of inspiration as I started to plan out how this practice could really take off. It is designed to take about 20 minutes and has two endings - one for if you're doing the ritual by itself and one for if you're doing it to start a short period of rest. If you don't think you can commit to giving yourself some downtime regularly, see if maybe squeezing in just the ritual is enough to give you the space you need to recharge. I like using the ritual to begin my recharge time, simply because it gives me a clear cue that I am setting some time apart to not get caught up in busyness.

In the introduction to the ritual, there is a short reference to the most recent high day, as a reminder to carry the spirit of the high day through each season in the Wheel of the Year. I like to try to "live" in the Wheel of the Year, but you're welcome to substitute another seasonal reference. Perhaps a quick check-in with what's happening in nature, like a particular tree blooming, a holiday, or the harvest of a particular crop?

I encourage you to give this a try and see if building in some downtime helps make the rest of life seem less hectic. Whether you work a standard Monday-Friday job or have floating days off, it's

designed to mark the end and beginning of the week and give you some space to contemplate and relax.

Weekly Blessing Ritual for a Time of Rest

Statement of purpose:

At this liminal time between the ending of one week and the beginning of the next, I approach the sacred center of all to find my place in the cosmos. In this season of (most recent high day/seasonal reference), I come before the Kindreds to bless and hallow my time of rest, that I may go into the next week recharged and rejuvenated.

Outdwellers (Optional)

Those beings whose works do not harmonize with mine, accept this offering and leave me in peace. Those parts of me that distract from my purpose, I put aside and recognize this time and space as holy. May I form my Cosmos in the midst of Chaos. (make offering outside of the main ritual space)

Purification

(sprinkle with water, cense with incense)
By the powers of fire and water, I cleanse this space and all within it. May I be pure and hallowed as I approach the sacred center of all.

Grounding and Centering

(Brief Two Powers meditation)
(Light candles)
Let us pray with a good fire.

Earth Mother and Sky Father

I honor the Earth Mother, the green growing earth, the caverns of rebirth, the sovereign of all. I honor the Sky Father, bright stars above, the fire within, the order of the cosmos. Earth Mother and Sky Father, uphold me in my ritual. I come before you with honor and praise. (Make offerings)

Recreating the Cosmos

(hallow the well)
In the deeps flow the waters of wisdom. Sacred well, flow within me.

(hallow the fire)

I kindle the sacred fire in wisdom, love, and power. Sacred fire, burn within me.

(hallow the tree)

From the depths to the heights spans the world tree. Sacred tree, grow within me.

Gatekeeper

Keeper of the gates between the worlds, warder of the sacred paths, watcher of the ways, lend your magic with mine and let my voice sound through the worlds.
(make offering)

Let the fire open as a gate to the upperworld. Let the well open as a gate to the underworld. Let the sacred tree hold fast all the ways between. Let the gates be opened!

Kindreds

I call out to you, the Mighty Dead. Hear me, my ancestors, my kindred. You have gone before and prepared the way. You guide and encourage me to great deeds. Join me here at the center of all worlds, and be welcome here at my good fire. (Make offering)

I call out to you, the Nature Spirits. Hear me, good neighbors and friends. You inhabit this world with me, and we share the same earth. Your wisdom inspires me to live rightly. Join me here at the center of all worlds, and be welcome here at my good fire. (Make offering)

I call out to you, the Shining Ones. Hear me, great eldest and brightest. You dwell in the heavens above and the worlds below and exist both in and out of time. Your guidance and blessings lead me forward. Join me here at the center of all worlds, and be welcome here at my good fire. (Make offering)

(If you have a patron deity or deities that you wish to honor as part of this ritual, invoke them here)

Let my voice arise on the fire; let my voice resound in the well
May all beings here be honored by my offerings and accept my reverence.

Omen

May wisdom rise from the depths of the well,
and descend on the flames of the fire.
What blessings do you offer me in return
for my gifts?

On what should I contemplate, as I leave the
past week behind?
What blessings to the Kindreds grant me for
this next week?
On what do I need to focus for the upcoming
week?

(Record the omen)

As I walked through the past week, I recog-
nize (first omen interpretation)
Today, as I rest and recharge, I welcome in
(second omen interpretation)
As I walk into the week to come, I focus on
(third omen interpretation)

Blessing

(a cup of drink is prepared)
Ancestors, Mighty Dead, pour your blessings
into these waters.
Nature Spirits, Good Neighbors, pour your
blessings into these waters.
Deities, Shining Ones, pour your blessings
into these waters.

(elevate cup)
These waters of life I accept into my being.
May their blessings fill and enrich my
spirit.

(drink)
The blessings are one with my body and spir-
it. I reaffirm my relationship with the Kin-
dred and with the Cosmos.

Thanking the Kindreds

(If you invoked a patron deity or deities,
thank them here)

Great Shining Ones, may there ever be peace
among us.
I thank you for your many blessings.

Nature spirits, good neighbors all, may there
ever be peace among us.
I thank you for your help and wisdom.

Ancestors, beloved dead, may there ever be
peace among us.
I thank you for your guidance and inspiration.

Thanking the Gatekeeper/Closing the Gates

Keeper of the gates between the worlds, war-
der of the sacred paths, watcher of the
ways, thank you for holding fast these
portals. Lend your magic with mine and
let these gates be closed.

Let the fire be but flame. Let the well be but
water. Let the tree be but a tree. Let all be
as it was before, save for the magic I have
made. Let the gates be closed!

Thanking the Earth Mother and Sky Father

Earth Mother and Sky Father, the green grow-
ing earth and the bright stars above, thank
you for upholding and supporting me.
May I go into the coming week always
aware of your presence.

Ending the Rite (ritual only)

With the peace and blessing of the Kindreds, I
leave this sacred space to go back into the
world, recharged and ready to approach
another week. May the fire of my heart
burn brightly for all to see. Be it so!

Ending the Rite (rite followed by period of rest)

With the peace and blessing of the Kindreds, I
leave this sacred space, with candles burn-
ing, to show my devotion as I enter into
the next (amount of time) of rest. May this
time of rest be blessed, may I find rejuve-
nation and restoration, and may my rela-
tionships with the Kindreds be strenght-
ened. Be it so!

(Don't leave candles unattended! Move them
to a place where you can keep an eye on
them, and blow them out if you go to
sleep or leave the house.)

*Lauren Neuman is the Grove Organizer of Nine
Waves Protogrove and is currently working her way
through the Preliminary courses of the Clergy Train-
ing Program. She joined ADF in 2012, after a rather
eclectic romp through the ranks of modern paganism.
She resides in the southeast of Houston, Texas, where
she enjoys gardening, reading, writing, and being the
Druid in the Swamp.*



A Samhain “Pig” Sacrifice

By G. R. Grove

For a number of good reasons, ADF prohibits blood sacrifice in our public High Day rituals: most of us are not trained slaughterers; the public relations aspect is quite negative; and as Isaac once remarked, it’s so difficult to get blood stains out of white linen. Nevertheless, ritual slaughter was and is an important part of many ancient and not-so-ancient religious rituals. Following suggestions by Ceisiwr Serith and others, I developed this form of “pig” sacrifice for a Welsh Samhain ritual. The “pig” is a loaf of bread, which may be decorated with “ears”, “eyes”, etc.

Remembering the Old Ways – Pig Sacrifice.

Druid. Samhain is the time of the last harvest and the time of slaughter, when animals which could not be safely overwintered were killed, and their meat preserved to feed the folk in the dark days ahead. We no longer shed blood in our rituals; yet

still we may remember the Old Ways and reenact that sacrifice. Bard, prepare the place of sacrifice! (**Bard sets draped TV table in front of main altar, and steps back.**)

Sacrificer, bring forth the victim! (**Sacrificer carries in the bread Pig and places it on the table. Druid circles altar and stands on the other side of the table.**)

Druid blesses the Pig, saying:

By my magic, given to me by the Gods, Creature of grain, I name you Animal.

By my magic, given to me by the Gods, Animal, I name you Pig.

As Arawn gave pigs to Pryderi, we sacrifice you, Pig, in his name.

Let the sacrifice commence!



(Sacrificer ritually kills and dismembers the Pig, placing the head on the altar, while the Druid watches. Then both return to their previous positions.)

Druid: Lord of the Underworld, we thank you for your gift! Hail, Arawn!

Folk: Hail, Arawn!

The Sacrificer then carries the remainder of the Pig around the circle, so that each person may

take a piece. Anything left over is given to the Fire along with the Pig's head.

G. R. ("Gwernin") Grove joined ADF in 2009. 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 Design Editor of Oak Leaves; Pennaeth (Chieftain) of the Welsh Kin; Chief of the Scholars Guild; half of the listmaster team; a reviewer for the Generalist SP and a DP mentor.

The Color of the Glass

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

"En este mundo traidor / nada es verdad ni mentira / todo es según el color / del cristal con que se mira" ("In this traitorous world, nothing is truth or lie: it is all the color of the glass with which you see it." -- Ramón de Campoamor (1817-1901); my translation)

In January of this year, I underwent the first of two cataract surgeries, to correct my increasingly foggy vision. The first surgery went very well, and as that eye healed, I became aware that each eye was seeing rather differently. The still "foggy" eye perceived things in warmer, yellower tones; white paper was cream-colored, and the blue at the base of a flame hardly noticeable. The newly repaired eye saw things brilliantly and precisely, but in slightly cooler colors; the flame-blue was more vivid than ever before. The change was particularly noticeable in an antique glass witches' ball; the left (foggy) eye saw it as the rich dark teal it had always been, but the right now perceived it as a sort of deep, slightly greyed indigo. Noticing this sent me wandering around my house, looking at vintage glass items through first one eye and then the other; but although there was sometimes a difference in shade, only the one piece had undergone such a drastic change. The glass itself had not changed, but closing one eye and then the other gave me entirely different information. In due time the second surgery was done, and my color perception once again matched on the two sides. I still notice the more vivid colors, and the slight "bluing" of the world, but doubtless I will become accustomed to this, and accept it as normal.

So what has this to do with Druidry, or magic?

The old glass ball is the same color it has always been, but my physical perception of it has changed; I will never see that particular shade of elusive dark teal glass again, except in memory. It is doubtless still there, but I cannot see it. I see other things, and some things that others do not. Since the surgeries, I have seen more motion from the corners of my eyes; more glimpses of Otherworld folk; more sudden flares and flickers of light where no light should be. Are these all purely "ordinary," mere mundane effects of the surgery? Perhaps, but I think not.

The worlds change; we change. We are very visual creatures, and by and large our culture emphasizes this. I am not talking of opinions here, or personal biases, (which do, indeed, affect the way we "see" the world) but the realization that how we each perceive things physically may – or may not – be what is "really" there. And if one person sees something another cannot, which is correct? What color *is* the glass?

Rev. D. 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 was ordained an ADF Priest in 2016. Rowen is also a co-founder of Chokecherry Grove. (And yes, "Grove" is her legal, mundane surname, and has been since she was born.)

The Ogam – Geographical and Temporal Distribution

By G. R. Grove

Origin. The basic ogam alphabet seems to have been created for the purpose of writing the Irish language (McManus 59), and is particularly suited to rapid execution on wood and stone (Sims-Williams 80). Examples on wood, however, have not surprisingly failed to survive, and the script is known only from memorial inscriptions on stone, from later manuscripts, and from a small number of durable artifacts. Many scholars believe that the ogam's inventors were familiar with the Latin alphabet, for which it may have been developed as a cipher, perhaps in the fifth century CE (Sims-Williams 80; McManus 1) based on the dual-script monumental inscriptions found in Britain. An earlier date, however, is not ruled out, especially if the letters were first used on wood or other perishable materials (Sims-Williams 81); McManus (40) considers that some of the Irish monumental inscriptions could be as early as fourth century CE.

Types. Ogam occurs in two physically and temporally bounded forms. The earlier form, called Orthodox ogam, is found on memorial and (possibly) boundary stones. This form of ogam normally uses only the first twenty letters, or *fé-da*, which make use of the twenty permutations possible from incising one to five dots on, and straight lines across, to the right of, and to the left of a stem line, which on stone monuments was usually vertical, reading from bottom to top. The later version, called Scholastic ogam, is found in manuscripts and on many of the Pictish carved stones. This form of ogam was usually written on a horizontal stem line, and makes use of up to five additional characters, or *forfeda*, of more complex shapes (Sims-Williams 79).

Distribution. Carved Stones: Orthodox ogam inscriptions have been found in Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, Devon, Scotland, the Isle of Man, and the Shetland Islands. Outside of Ireland, they were generally found in areas of Irish colonization. Their presence in the Pictish areas of eastern Scotland, however, may be an exception.

Ireland. Orthodox ogam inscriptions have been

found in most counties of Ireland, with the vast majority in Kerry, Cork, and Waterford. The Irish ogam inscriptions are seldom accompanied by an inscription in Latin letters, and never by an equivalent in Latin (MacManus 61). The general consensus, based on linguistic analysis of the names (some of which fall in the Primitive Old Irish period), is that they date generally from the fifth through the sixth or seventh centuries CE (Sims-Williams 79-80, McManus 60).

Wales. According to Edwards (35), thirty one Orthodox ogam inscriptions have been recorded in Wales, twenty two of them in the southwest within the area of the Irish-settled Early Medieval kingdom of Dyfed. Of these twenty two, five are ogam only and seventeen are a combination of ogam and Latin letters. A small cluster of seven inscriptions further east in the Brycheiniog area includes two ogam only inscriptions (Irish), and five bilingual inscriptions (Irish and Latin) (Edwards 35, Redknap and Lewis 60-61) (McManus (48) shows a total of thirty four, so possibly there are three in dispute.) Most of these were probably memorials or funerary monuments, although some may have been boundary markers. Some of the stones were repurposed from older uses; one ogam-only inscription was carved on a Roman altar, another bilingual one on a fourth century Roman milestone (Redknap 61).

Cornwall.

The ogam inscribed stones in Cornwall again seem to be associated with Irish colonization. Thomas (37) considers that movement was actually from fourth century Ireland to fifth century Wales (especially Dyfed), and then from Wales to sixth century Dumnonia. His whole chapter 3 (27-39) on the possible invention of ogam and its later diffusion is worth reading, as indeed is his whole book.

Scotland.

Fraser's inventory (13-133) shows fourteen stones from Scotland which bear ogam inscriptions, including one small piece from the Shetland Island (not shown on the map). McManus (45) says twenty seven, but provides no locations. With one exception they are all from the Pictish

areas of eastern Scotland; the exception is from Dunadd, an Early Medieval fort in Argyll which was the center of the Irish Dal Riata kingship. They are also almost all ogam of the Scholastic type, being incised on the surfaces of the stones rather than the edges. Of the fourteen ogam carvings, five occur in combination with Pictish symbols, five in combination with Pictish symbols and crosses, two occur with crosses only, one in combination with a Latin inscription, and one by itself on a standing stone. Stones bearing Pictish carvings without crosses (“Class I” stones) are considered to date from the sixth through the seventh centuries CE and perhaps later; stones containing crosses in combination with Pictish carvings, or crosses alone, are dated from the second quarter to the eighth century through the ninth century (Fraser 1). This approach would date most of the Scottish ogam inscriptions between the sixth and the ninth century CE. Left unsolved is the question of why the Scottish ogam inscriptions are almost entirely restricted to the Pictish east coast as opposed to the Irish-settled west coast of Scotland (7th-9th c.) (McManus 45).

Other Locations. Other locations for ogam inscriptions in the British Isles include: Devon (2 inscriptions); Isle of Man (5 inscriptions); and the Shetland Islands (1 inscription) (McManus 44; Fraser 132).

Distribution: Other media: Scholastic ogam.

Ireland. After about the end of the seventh century CE, Orthodox ogam gradually ceased to be used on monuments. The somewhat different version called Scholastic ogam, however, continued to be used in manuscripts, especially by the Irish filid, at least until the seventeenth century CE, and also on a variety of portable objects as well as on tombstones (MacManus 128-129). The main body of manuscript ogam is found in three Irish texts, originally written in about the eighth century CE (Sims-Williams 112). These are specifically the *Auraicept Na n-Éces* (“The Scholars’ Primer”), *De Dúilib Feda na Forfid* (a short tract dealing with the values of the five additional letters or *forfeda* which were not present in the orthodox ogam), and *In Lebor Ogaim* (“The Book of Ogam” or “The Ogam Tract”) (McManus 137).

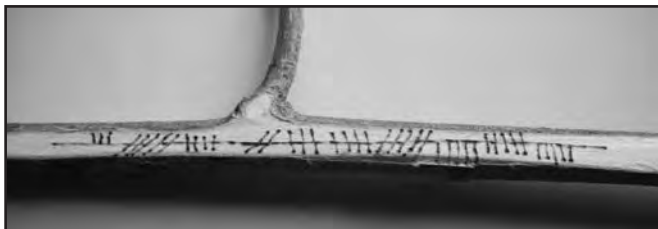
Continental manuscripts. Outside of Ireland, some ogam is found in continental manuscripts, either as marginalia by presumably Irish scribes such as those in the ninth century Codex Sangallensis 904, or in language discussions such as the Codex

Bernensis 207 (McManus 133-135).

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G. R. (“Gwernin”) Grove joined ADF in 2009. 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.



Great Mother

By Christina Marvel

Great Mother,

In the hope of a mother who sacrifices
everything for her child

You are there.

In the kindness of an embrace or an un-
derstanding heart

You are there.

In the gift of food or the pouring of ale

You are there.

In the pain of birth and the weeping at
death

You are there.

In the planting of seeds and the harvesting
of fruit

You are there.

For this world is full of your roundness
and light

It is you who sustains and rebuilds

After the storms of life.

And it is you who gives each of us the
strength

To love, to forgive, and to begin anew.



The Crow

By Chelly Couvrette

Blue black feathers form pointed wings,
Soaring high above.

A caw comes from a tree top,
As the crow lands upon its crown.

The crow shows us the very end.
Proves its point and disappears.

It shows us what we can achieve,
And how we are meant to be.



The Elder Tree

By Chelly Couvrette

Deep purple leaves hide the mysteries,
Sweet smelling pink flowers from the rain,
Dark violet berries hold the answers,
As they are crushed in order to be drank.
Don't burn the wood as it screams out your name,
Don't house the leaves for they curse,
Take care of the dryad who lives in the tree,
As it is a gate to the realm of the fae.

Crystalline

By Rev. Jean Pagano

There is nothing that exists
Except the Fullest of Moons
And the Crystalline Night

This moment bends time,
Oh Lord,
The bridge from the Earth
To the Moon,
Is ours this evening,
Even if this comes to pass
Some other day,
Some other time,
Some other lifetime:
We cross this bridge,
Tonight

We shimmer in white
Like the waves between,
The Earth and the Sky
We flow in Light
Each footfall on that Bridge
Resounds like the cobbler's hammer
On the keenest of woods;
Each strike
And the clouds are dispersed
Each strike
And the planets obey
Each strike
And we become hollow as well:
The Moon holds all sound
As a ransom to the Night

The Moon takes our silent oath
And we are released
To take the long tumble,
Back to Earth again
As we stream towards
The waters that are our lives,
The Moon speaks words of wonder:
"Bíodh sé amhlaidh",
And we become that sound
And it resonates within us,
The planets all plummet,
Like the acorns into water,
The clouds become pillows,
To soften the fall;
The Moon becomes the brightest
Star
And the universe subsides

Wash, wash, wash, and swirl
The waters of oblivion
Polish us like stones in a
Rapid stream
The Earth becomes mica
And we become ripples,
Ripples in the waters of life,
Weather with time,
Weather with purpose,
In the crystalline night.



The Hag

By Laurie (Lankelly) Brothers

The Cailleach, Queen of Winter,
The Hag, Maker of Nightmares,
Rules over the dark and cold.

Above, the ground lies fallow,
And frozen stars hang immobile in the heavens.
Below, the seeds await rebirth,
Animals slumber, birds fly to warmer skies,
Trees stand naked, exposed
To the cruel ravages of ice and snow.

Yet all dream of the time
When the Cailleach releases Her grip
To prepare for Her rebirth as the May Queen.
When the Cailleach, whose beauty
Lies hidden beneath Her folds of grey,
Will transform Herself once again
Into the warm caress of Spring.

And the Wheel slowly turns,
Eternally following the Sun.

From Roots to Branches :
Overcoming Our Fear and Establishing Relationships with the Dead.
Comments from the Vice Archdruid

By Rev. Kelly "Carrion Mann" Kingston

Death...what images fill your mind and what emotions fill your heart when you hear this word? Does it bring darkness, pain, sadness, fear, anger, chaos, cold and a whole host of other unpleasant things to mind?

Death is dark and it is chaotic. It does bring fear to the hearts and minds of humankind. It is a hugely emotional experience for both the living and the dead. It does represent loss, pain, grief, suffering and is therefore wrought with superstition, untruth and misunderstanding. It is something difficult to talk about, difficult to explain and often misunderstood. Death is, however, ultimately unavoidable for all living things. As human beings it is a part of our world and a part of our lives over which we have little control. Human beings have always feared the unknown.

In this modern age the scientific community continues to struggle with creating basic definitions for the difference between life and death, continuing to viciously debate over at which point death actually occurs and at what point is the unborn considered to be alive. When we cease to be able to understand and use logic to explain a part of our world or lessen our fears by talking about them, human beings have historically propitiated terror, developed superstitions and persecuted others as reactionary attempts to protect themselves.

Because of the fear held in general by human beings surrounding the subject of death we have learned to protect ourselves and distance ourselves from this transition in a variety of ways. For example, we change our language regarding the subject to lessen the impact it has on our hearts and minds and make it socially acceptable to talk about. We talk about death delicately saying that a person has passed away, passed on, and expired. We refer to the dead person as 'the deceased'. We talk about the body in a very impersonal ways. A body becomes an object that is 'bereft of life', a set of remains, a cadaver, a corpse and finally a skeleton. Additional de-

scriptors are terms usually reserved for non-human dead but carcass and yes, carrion do apply.

We have created numerous superstitions to help alleviate our fear including: if you don't hold your breath while going by a graveyard, you will not be buried; a bird in the house is a sign of a death. A widely held custom is shutting the eyes of the deceased so that they do not take others with them. In some cultures, the deceased's house was destroyed or burned; in other cultures, the doors and windows were left open to cleanse the house and allow the spirit to escape.

We have gone so far in our fear that we have removed the process of death as far from our environment as we can from our homes to professional institutions. It was not so long ago the majority of people died in their own homes. The body would also be washed and prepared for burial by the family. Finally, the deceased member of the household would make their last journey to the cemetery from their home. Today in developed nations, it is estimated that approximately 75% of the world's people make the transition between life and death in a medical setting instead of surrounded by loved ones, comforted and aided by clergy in their own homes. We have removed caring for the body of the dead from our responsibility and given it over to yet other institutions in the form of funeral homes, undertakers, and morticians.

We live in a world that largely cannot accept death in a healthy way...as the natural unavoidable transition that it is; and therefore, the majority cannot accept the Dead and/or have functional relationships with them. Those that are able to overcome this fear stand outside society; working between the living and the dead from within the shadows to avoid the detrimental fear-based reactions of others. This I believe is a huge disservice to both the living and the dead.

The key to lessening the fear that surrounds death, dying and the Dead is to assist others to

enhance their knowledge, to gain wisdom, to provide explanation, to develop skills and to begin talking about death, dying and the Dead in a healthy way.

In order to begin building successful relationships with the Dead, an individual must not only face their personal fears concerning death, dying and the Dead, but also confront and overcome societal fears that may have been with us since childhood.

I am frequently asked about practices and traditions to begin to establish connections with the Ancestors...for techniques for first steps on the path of building and those aimed at enhancing Otherworldly relationships with those who have gone before us. There are a variety of activities that can be utilized to begin and enhance such relationships. Additionally, the terms Ancestors and Dead do not have to mean your blood kin. Ancestors are those once human Dead that continue to aid us and teach us, offering wisdom from once human experiences to the living. They may be those of your family line or not. Ancestors

attached to particular places, those who are cultural heroes, or others who take an interest in your life and your work can be just as valuable. So, if you do not know who your blood Ancestors are, or you do...and don't want contact with them for whatever reason, this does not exclude you from building successful working relationships with the Dead.

I encourage everyone to build Shrines for the Dead because this act of veneration really has unlimited possibilities. You can set up a personal shrine where you make offerings and perform devotional ritual, as well as perform magic and divination with the Dead in general or to specific Dead. You might expand this practice and establish a group shrine at a gathering where everyone brings Ancestor memorabilia to place on the shrine and shares a story or memory that accompanies the placing of the items. The words shared usually help to explain to all gathered why the item is being included and why the Ancestor(s) is being venerated. This can actually be done quite successfully at an open to the public ritual event



as long as you reassure your guests upfront that immediately following the event their personal items will be returned to them.

Meditation and trance journey work are also great assets for building relationships with your Ancestors. If you have no direct connections with the Dead and have some skills for meditation and trance, you can perform a ritual that includes a specific mediation section or trance journey in the work section of the ritual for the sole purpose of meeting an Ancestor that is interested in forming a relationship with you. You don't have to know names or have any specific Ancestor in mind (but you can) and simply reach out, introduce yourself and see who responds.

Ancestors Feasts or Feasts of the Dead can be held by individuals, as family gatherings, as Grove member gatherings, and also as part of public high day events. These events can also be as general or as specific as you would like them to be. Basically, what you do is plan a dinner, set an extra place at the table for your Ancestors and share your meal with them, placing food and drink items for them as an offering. During this meal those participating may share stories and memories about Ancestors that are particularly special to them. Writing these stories and memories down is also an excellent technique for veneration and for keeping these stories and the memory of your Ancestors alive!

Some individuals also keep a book or list of the Dead and add to this book each year the names of those who have died in the past year. Keeping a list of Ancestors that are close to you and reading this list during workings in remembrance also helps to strengthen the relationships between the living and the Dead. Our Grove has a Book of the Dead where names of those who have passed over the last year are listed by members and guests alike and then this book is read each Samhain following ritual at our potluck dinner.

Cemetery visits were once a much more popular tradition than they are now; however, Samhain is a great time, but not the only time, to visit and take gifts to graveyards. Spending time at graves of those included among your Ancestor allies can be a very inspiring experience.

Of course, compiling and researching family history and other genealogy activities can help you

begin to build relationships between you and your blood relatives and develop a greater understanding of the mark they left on our world. For those who do not know of any blood Ancestors, try researching the life and history of your teachers, mentors, or historical role models. Reading lore can also lead to the building of powerful Ancestor relationships.

Divination and direct spirit communication activities are also possible and great vehicles for building, enhancing and continuing relationships between the living and the Dead. Samhain is an excellent time for obtaining the wisdom of the Dead through divination, seership and direct spirit communication activities. These activities can actually be use in planning goals for the upcoming year.

I encourage everyone to confront your fears surrounding death, dying and the Dead, if you have not done so already, and open your hearts and minds and reach out to the Ancestors...someone is waiting to answer your call!

Rev. Kelley "Carrion Mann" Kingston is the Vice Archdruid and Preceptor of ADF, and a Senior Priest.

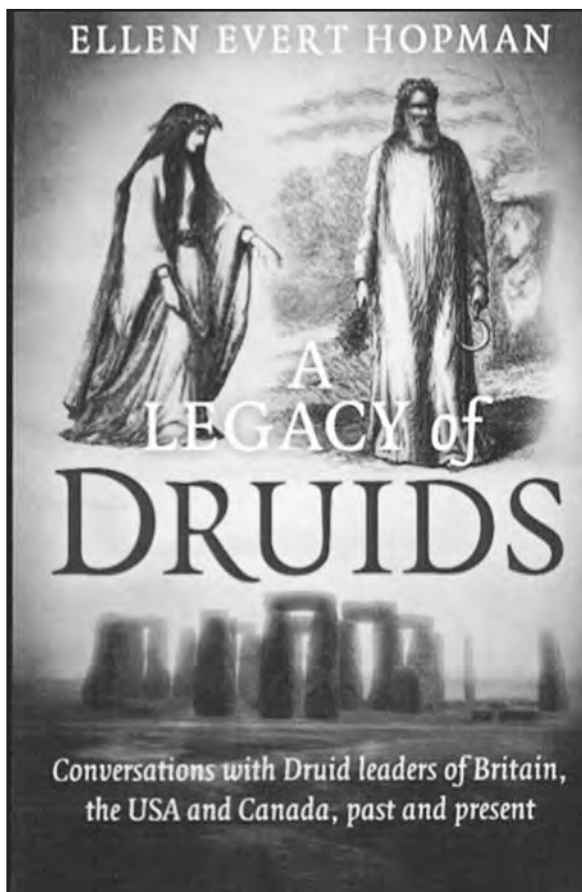


Book Review:

A Legacy of Druids by Ellen Evert Hopman

Reviewer : Skip Ellison

Published by Moon Books Publishing, 2016.
ISBN:978-1-78535-135-8



This book is a new look at interviews that were done in the late 1990's with the leaders of some of the Druid organizations, and other prominent members of the Druid community. Included in the book are interviews with several ADF members, including our founder, Rev. Isaac Bonewits, as well as Archdruid Emeritus, Rev. John Adelman (Fox), Ceisiwr Serith, and Rev. Bryan Perrin. In these interviews, we learn some of the history of the individuals, what they feel had been accomplished at that point in time, and what they wanted to see for the future.

I feel it is important to know where our church, along with other Druid organizations, comes from. This book gives us part of that history in a very easy to read format. I found the most interesting part was looking at what the individuals felt would happen in their future, and comparing that with what has happened. I see some of the advances talked about have happened, just not on the scale that was hoped for. And other "wishes" are still to be realized in the future.

Overall, I would definitely recommend this book as a good resource for modern Druid history, and consider it a great addition to any library, including university libraries. Any student of comparative religion should read it to get a "Druid" perspective!

Rev. Robert "Skip" Ellison is an Archdruid Emeritus of ADF. He was elected Archdruid in 2001 and served for nine years, until 2010. He is also past Senior Druid of Muin Mound Grove, one of ADF's oldest Groves.



I Am a Druid

By Keilantra (Tami Olsen)

I am a druid.
The earth is mine
and I belong to the earth.
I see the trees and the skyscrapers.
I feel the soft dirt and the concrete.
I hear the birdsong and the car horn.
I smell the honeysuckle and the dark smog.
I taste the evergreen and the packaging plant.
I am a druid.
The earth is mine
and I belong to the earth.
I cry when the earth is injured.
I scream when the earth is destroyed.
I bleed when the earth needs to heal.
I rest when the earth is at peace.
I am a druid.
The earth is mine
and I belong to the earth.
With the summer I grow strong.
With the autumn I grow wise.
With the winter I grow still.
With the spring I am reborn.
I am a druid.
The earth is mine
and I belong to the earth.



Photo: Calliean

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.

Snow

By Jason L. Taaffe I

White crystals of life, time encapsulated in ice.
The ascension of vapors from Earth Mother,
rise to meet her mate.
This becomes the reincarnate union
of the cycle of life.
The transformation of transcendence
from that which flows the deep.
Caused by the warmth and inspiration
of the flame which burns inside.
The mist is delicately crafted
and sent back for rebirth.
Kissed by the North Wind
as it passes by.
Crystalline transmutation
takes its full effect.
As it waits the time
to be taken in again.

The Poets

Laurie (Lankelly) Brothers. *The Hag.* Laurie has been a member of ADF since 2008.

Chelly Couvrette. *A Sonnet to the Ancestors, A Sonnet to the Mrrigan, The Crow, The Elder Tree.* 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.

G. R. Grove. *Remembering Heroes.* G. R. ("Gwernin") Grove joined ADF in 2009. 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.

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

Willow Nimfeach. *Earth Mother Dark Mother.* Willow has been a member of ADF since 1997. She is currently a member of the Artisans Guild and the Bardic Guild.

Keilantra (Tami Olsen). *I Am A Druid.* Tami has been a member of ADF since 2010.

Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano. *Welcoming, Crystalline.* 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. *Walking with Morrigan.* Jennifer has been a member of ADF since 2011. She completed the DP in 2015.

Jason L. Taaffe I. *Snow.* Jason is a member of the Fallen Oaks Prison Worship Group (PWG) located in Nevada.



JOIN US IN OCTOBER IN COLORFUL COLORADO!

Our first Colorado Retreat last year was so successful that we are doing it again! We are expanding the program this year to include:

a Friday evening bardic and drumming circle,
a full day of Saturday workshops and presentations,
and a Sunday morning closing ritual in one of Denver's beautiful parks.

Our featured guest speakers will include ADF's Archdruid Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano, and ADF's newest Bard Laureate, Rev. Melissa Burchfield.

This will be an in-town, non-camping event at locations in south Denver. For more information, including preregistration links, visit our website at chokecherryadf.org, or follow us on Facebook!

News and Announcements

Program and Path Completions

Race MoChridhe

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: April 2016

Member 7120

Completed: Dedicant program
Date completed: April 2016

Lauren Neuman

Completed: Clergy program
Date completed: May 2016

G r Grove (Gwernin)

Completed: 1st Circle Clergy
Date completed: May 2016

Amber Ferree (Avelyn)

Completed: 1st Circle Clergy
Date completed: July 2016

~Congratulations to all~

Protogrove & Grove Approvals

Columbia Grove

Portland, OR
Date of Charter: May 3, 2016

Announcements

The Sacred Fire SIG

Rituals and devotional practices
Creation Date: May 15, 2016

The Druid Moon Podcasts 2016

7/11 8/15 9/12 10/10 11/7 12/12

Ar ndraiocht fein – You tube channel

Upcoming Events

Pan Pagan Festival (Pan-Pagan Festival)

Date: 3-7 August, 2016
Location: 7510 N 250 E Rd,
Monterey, Indiana
Details: <http://www.midwestpaganCouncil.org/ppflocation.html>

Summerland Gathering (ADF Festival)

Date: 18-21 August, 2016
Location: Camp Clifton,
2256 Clifton Rd,
Yellow Springs, OH
Details: <http://www.6thnight.org/>

Festival of the Midnight Flame (ADF Festival)

Date: 8-11 September, 2016
Location: Chain O' Lakes Campground,
7231 S M 88 Hwy,
Bellaire, MI
Details: <http://www.grovemidnightsun.org/midnightflame.html>

Rocky Mountain retreat (ADF Festival)

Date: 14-16 October, 2016
Location: Kirk of Bonnie Brae,
1201 South Steele Street,
Denver, CO 80210
Details: http://www.chokecherryadf.org/p/blog-page_25.html

Harvest Nights Gathering (ADF Festival)

Date: 21-23 October, 2016
Ends: 23 October, 2016
Location: Camp Bonnie Brae,
951 Algeria Road,
Otis, MA
Details: <http://charteroakadf.org/harvest-nights/>

For more festival info see www.adf.org/events

O Earth-mother!
We praise thee that seed springeth,
that flower openeth,
that grass waveth.
We praise thee for wind that whispers.



through the graceful elm,
through the shapely maple,
through the lively pine,
through the shining birch,
through the mighty oak.
We praise thee for all things,
O Earth-mother,
who givest life.

Artwork—Rhiannon

OGHAM

By: Chris:)

E	D	H	A	D	H	N	M	I	F	E	Q	M	T	I	N	N	E	M	Q
A	S	N	O	A	L	N	O	U	P	L	M	T	V	D	Q	Q	E	T	O
B	A	H	G	M	L	K	K	F	I	H	E	V	C	L	U	K	B	A	N
Z	Z	X	O	R	W	R	X	O	T	N	I	S	K	H	S	P	X	R	N
X	F	M	A	U	R	N	T	R	V	A	T	N	C	D	H	M	B	X	H
C	U	T	H	E	U	R	X	F	Q	O	E	O	U	F	U	R	L	Y	G
V	O	C	U	T	I	W	M	E	L	A	I	B	Z	J	A	C	U	T	L
M	N	L	Q	Q	S	Q	G	D	L	S	T	L	O	A	T	A	I	G	N
F	W	S	B	N	U	A	X	A	S	R	Y	O	F	M	H	K	S	A	R
H	D	U	Q	I	B	E	T	L	O	A	D	G	J	Q	N	Q	B	I	P
W	A	I	N	O	O	E	I	G	Y	I	D	V	I	O	H	A	O	L	U
Y	H	L	O	N	G	W	A	R	C	B	U	O	Z	O	Y	J	I	O	U
P	A	L	V	N	H	K	E	B	T	H	I	C	S	B	O	A	H	S	C
C	C	E	S	P	A	G	C	E	W	G	R	S	X	F	S	F	B	L	J
B	A	A	H	I	M	F	X	Z	H	N	E	T	B	E	I	T	H	E	R
T	L	N	E	G	E	E	L	M	N	Z	X	Q	B	A	B	W	N	J	Z
F	I	D	T	X	U	D	A	A	W	C	F	O	V	R	E	H	B	B	K
N	M	V	O	W	F	A	V	I	Z	X	O	A	W	N	Y	O	A	X	D
E	M	Q	N	W	T	L	Q	L	R	A	J	L	S	B	M	E	Y	D	X
G	A	O	Z	N	W	D	S	M	C	B	W	E	L	U	T	L	F	O	H

This month's puzzle is a word search on the Ogham—list of words to find on next page.

Words to find:

AILM
BEITHE
COLL
DUIR
EBHADH
EDHADH
FEARN
FEDA
FLESC
FORFEDA
GORT
HUATH
IDO
IPHIN
LUIS

MUIN
NGETAL
NION
OGHAM
OIR
ONN
QUEIRT
RUIS
SAIL
SRAIBH
TAEBOMNAI
TINNE
UILLEAND
UR



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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
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Chief of the Council of Senior Druids	Flip Rutledge	adf-cosd-chief@adf.org
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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. Isaac Bonewits	[deceased]
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Ian Corrigan	tredara@ncweb.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. John 'Fox' Adelmann	john.adelmann@trw.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Robert 'Skip' Ellison	skip@dragonskeep.us
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Kirk Thomas	druidkirk@gmail.com
Chronicler	Manny Tejada-Moreno	adf-chronicler@adf.org
Information Manager	Luke Landry	adf-info-manager@adf.org
Listmasters and Moderators	G. R. & Rev. D. Rowen Grove	adf-listmaster@adf.org
Preceptor	Rev. Kelly 'Carrion Mann' Kingston	adf-preceptor@adf.org
Store Manager	(vacant)	adf-store@adf.org
Webmaster	Luke Landry	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

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Membership and Subscription Form

One form per person please.



Besides 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

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



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September
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Bellaire, Michigan

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