

# OAK LEAVES

The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin Spring 2017 ~ Issue No. 76



The background of the poster features a wooden post on the left with a dark, carved animal head (possibly a bear or wolf) and a stone marker on the right with three circular faces carved into it. The text is overlaid on a green, textured background.

# The Wellspring Gathering

May 25 - 29, 2017

- Multi-cultural polytheist worship & magic
- The ADF Annual Members' Meeting
- **Seidhr Teaching &  
Oracular Ritual**
- **Special Offerings for the Landspirits  
& the Dead**
- **Land-based Processional  
Ritual**
- **Community Concert**

**Hosted By Stone Creed Grove, ADF, at Tredara**

- A camping festival with showers, heated spaces and accommodations by arrangement for air travelers. Meals are in camp or pot-luck, with some meals available to purchase on site. Located at Tredara Shrine, approx 1 hr east of Cleveland Ohio.

**[stonecreed.org](http://stonecreed.org) - [seniordruid@stonecreed.org](mailto:seniordruid@stonecreed.org)**

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Table of Contents

Columns:

Archdruid’s Column: This is Where We Meet *by Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano*..... 2  
 Spring Issue of Oak Leaves *by ADF Chronicler Manny Tejada-Moreno*..... 3  
 Ian’s Little Room: Purification and Impurity *by Rev. Ian Corrigan* ..... 20  
 From Roots to Branches: Walking the Dedicant Path *by Rev. Carrion Mann* ..... 30

Articles:

2017: A Review from the Mother Grove *by Rev. Crystal Groves*..... 4  
 Given to the Earth: Part 1: Offerings to Holy Wells and Springs *by Rev. G. R. Grove*..... 6  
 A Charm of Purification, adapted from Carmina Gadelica *by Rev. D. Rowen Grove*..... 11  
 Ask the Wild Bee: A Sampling of Bee Lore *by Rev. D. Rowen Grove*..... 12  
 In Magic You Must Ask for What You Need *by Diane “Emerald” Bronowicz*..... 14  
 A Rite of Purification *by Rev. Ian Corrigan*..... 24  
 Book Review: In Search of the Irish Dreamtime *by Rev. D. Rowen Grove*..... 28  
 Book Review: A Legacy of Druids *by Linda Sager Kazalski*..... 29  
 ADF Festivals in 2017 *by Manny Tejada-Moreno* ..... 38

Poetry, Fiction, and Music:

Ripple *by Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano*..... 16  
 Evocation of Fire and Blood *by Rev. Derek (Davin) Wrigley*..... 17  
 Wisdom is a Broom *by Ty Davis* ..... 17  
 The Golden Crescent *by Diane “Emerald” Bronowicz*..... 17  
 Ó Terra Mãe! *Translated by Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano*..... 17  
 A Prayer for Those Who Serve *by Wesley Jolly* ..... 18  
 Prayer for the Outdwellers' Offering *by Linda Sager Kazalski*..... 18  
 Prayer for a Recently-Passed Ancestor *by Rev. D. Rowen Grove*..... 18  
 Simple Devotion *by Rev. Jan Avende*..... 18  
 Prayer for Blessing a House *by Rev. D. Rowen Grove* ..... 19  
 Prayer for Blessing a House *by Rev. G. R. Grove*..... 19  
 To the Unsung Heroes *by Rev. Jan Avende* ..... 19  
 The Story of Persephone: A Children’s Story *by Victoria S (aka Leona Oigheag)* ..... 31  
 Mac Criomthann and the Turning of the Year: A Story *by Rev. G. R. Grove*..... 32  
 Come Home, Come Home: An Earth Mother Lullaby *by Kimberly M. Coley*..... 36  
 Purification Song *by Kimberly M. Coley*..... 37  
 The Poets..... 39

Departments:

ADF News..... 39  
 Word Search Puzzle: Artisan *by Chris* :)..... 40  
 News and Announcements ..... 41  
 Directory ..... 42  
 Submissions Guidelines..... 43  
 Membership Form ..... 44

## OAK LEAVES

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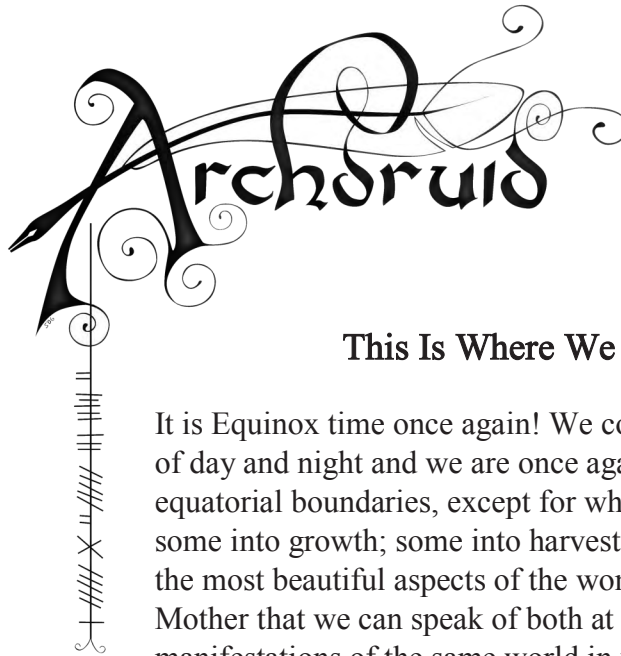
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**Front Cover:** Rev. G. R. Grove

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### This Is Where We Meet

It is Equinox time once again! We come to the meeting of day and night and we are once again equal across equatorial boundaries, except for where we are going: some into growth; some into harvest. I think it is one of the most beautiful aspects of the wonders of the Earth Mother that we can speak of both at the same time and as manifestations of the same world in which we live. If we look at things from only a northern or southern hemispheric approach, the Earth Mother goes through an annual cycle; if we look at the situation more holistically, the Earth Mother goes through a grand complexity of cycles all at the same time, even in opposite directions.

While we are assuredly three-dimensional creatures, it is interesting to step back, or perhaps better stated as step out, and look at the Earth and the complex systems that are in play. We call it the Earth Mother; others may call it Mother Nature, others may have even different names altogether or no names at all. Yet, this complex system contains coming into being, growing, flourishing, harvest, and rest. This interplay reflects our beliefs and views in so many ways. The “rest” that beings experience helps to increase the ranks of the Ancestors, and the collective experiences of Ancestors of the Blood, Ancestors of the Hearth, and the Ancient Ancestors of the Bone enrich us all as we move through time. The Ancestors represent a vast warehouse of wisdom and experience that we can turn to when we are in need. The continual cycle of Nature that we experience each year helps us to understand that we too are a part of the cycles of coming into being, growth, etc., and that is a part of who we are and who we will become. It is natural for us to do so. The Shining Ones as well are a part of the rich tapestry of experience and as we open our hearts and hearths to them, we gain from the exchange of hospitality which is the hallmark of our Way. As we continue to make offerings, we grow closer and closer to them and they gain a broader understanding of our expression of

Druidry in the modern day. We are people like our Ancestors before us, yet we express our practice in a different way, a new way, and our interactions, whether coming into being or moving into harvest, are part of this movement into seasons and continuation.

This is where we meet: at the Center of the Worlds, whether it is the equal days and nights of the Equinoxes, the far reaching extremes of the Solstices, and all points in between. As we move

back and forth across the seasons and time, we find ourselves continuing the practice that is called Our Own Druidry, blessed by the Earth Mother and the wealth of experience we find in the Kindreds.

Blessings,  
Drum

*Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano  
Archdruid, ADF*



## Spring Issue of Oak Leaves

*By ADF Chronicler Manny Tejada-Moreno*

The growing light of the turning Wheel brings us a new edition of *Oak Leaves*. Each issue and each volume is the work of an incredibly dedicated staff who take on producing it as the continuing chronicling of our collective work. This edition was prepared in Yule; and even during that busy time, your *Oak Leaves* staff has been diligently editing, drawing, and designing this issue. Their professionalism and commitment are resolute, and I am grateful to have them as colleagues.

This time of year, the earliest of flowers begin to break in the more temperate climates and begin heralding the promise of Spring. But we are also “in the belly” of winter. And in that belly, the growing light breaks through the darkness purifying all that it touches. That light is also the first flames of the calendar year, a beacon for spring, and our own insight and illumination. As you go through this edition of *Oak Leaves*, it is my hope that we each hear the whispers of our own revelations in the rites, poetry, and music

offered. But I also hope they stir your own light – whether it be a new song, a new ritual, or even a new insight to an old question. Those revelations and visions that quietly occur to each of us open roads for all of us. They can collectively light our way.

So, I hope that you are also filled with courage and confidence to write them down and offer them as your gift to your Druid colleagues by submitting them to *Oak Leaves*. As Druids, I think we have a responsibility to feed and grow the light in others. And one way we can do that is to share our intuitions, our insights, and our wisdom on these pages. I look forward to reading them all.

Brigid's blessing in these first fires,  
Manny

## 2017: A Review from the Mother Grove

*By Rev. Crystal Groves*

As we begin 2017, we reflect on the changes that affected ADF in the last year or so, and subsequently our groups and solitaries in the last year or so.

One of the larger changes towards the end of 2016 was to shorten our election process. Not only is this a change to our bylaws, but it significantly reduces the wait time and involvement to issue elections within ADF.

Another big change the Mother Grove implemented in 2015 was to implement a communication policy that helps communicate to the members any issues the MG will be discussing and voting on prior to the actual vote so that members can voice their opinions and be in the know. The current discussion logs and meeting minutes are more detailed to help with transparency, and members can directly communicate with the Mother Grove on any agenda topic.

We are also working on a membership survey to collect some data from our members, as well as input that will help us better direct our decisions and goals in the future.

Our regular host of the ADF Annual Meeting, the Wellspring Gathering, made a major location move from Brushwood to Tredara. We voted in favor of, and will be working on a permanent marker to stay at the ADF Nemeton at Brushwood to commemorate our years there.

The Mother Grove also met together in-person at the end of the year to go over the yearly budget, discuss upgrading the ADF website, and other items listed on our Mother Grove Blog, all at little to no cost to ADF. This was a major upgrade to the year prior that saved ADF thousands of dollars by reducing funds needed to bring the Mother Grove together in-person.

As an organization we donated many funds to disaster victims and celebrated Isaac's birthday with a land fund fundraiser that was successful to help foster the vision of ADF owning land. Our Archdruid reaffirmed our inclusionary statements in our organizational documents, and support for Standing Rock through our public Archdruid Blog. Our Priests continued to create holiday prayers and even participated in a "Prayer a Day" challenge for November under hashtag #prayeraday on Facebook. Several of our Groves made news with all the wonderful work they've been doing in their local areas, and we welcomed our new Archdruid, Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano with consecration at Wellspring.

### *A Quick Look Ahead*

In the upcoming ballot that ADF Members will be voting on, there will be a question regarding the wording in our Constitution regarding LGBT inclusion, meaning the members will have the opportunity to make a Constitutional change in ADF, which is does not happen frequently. This change will reflect updated wording to show our support and inclusion for the LGBT community and those within our membership.

For 2017, the Mother Grove hopes to continue celebrating diversity and making sure our members are included in the decisions that the Mother Grove has been elected to make on behalf of the organization. We will continue to encourage transparency and developing reciprocal relationships with you and serve the folk in the best ways we know how. Thank you for your support and let's continue being excellent to each other.

*Rev. Crystal Groves joined ADF in 2003 and was ordained in 2010. She is currently Grove Organizer of Hallowed Ground Protogrove, ADF. She was elected Secretary of ADF's Mother Grove in 2015. She lives in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.*



**Ston Emporo (To the Trader)**  
**A Chant for the Transport of Sacrifice**  
*By Nathan Large*

*After the first line of each couplet, repeat:*

(All of life is sacrifice.)

*After the second line, repeat:*

(Trade is gifting, given twice.)

*The first couplet is complete for reference.*

Feed the fire or pour a cup;

(All of life is sacrifice.)

Bury gifts or raise them up.

(Trade is gifting, given twice.)

To the Kindred or the World,  
Send out what you wish returned.

What you send returns to you,  
Not always in forms you choose.

Trade and commerce, deals and pacts,  
Offer worth for value back.

Give a product for a coin;  
Spend that coin for goods again.

Store or factory, farm or forge,  
Take in ore, by skill transformed.

Sculpt or weave, craft poem or meal;  
In trade for time, art is revealed.

Teach your wisdom, share your trade;

Students after bear your fame.

Raise a child to be strong;  
Pray they'll bear your name along.

Aid a friend or help a neighbor;  
Feed a foe or serve a stranger.

Honor those whose day is done,  
If you seek the same in turn.

Spend your blood or word in strife;  
Earn your due of death or life.

Struggle not to take or give;  
Soon you will no longer live.

Child or corpse, adult or youth,  
"Gift for gift" is living truth.

Trivial it seems to some,  
But to others, life's wisdom.

So these lines to you I write,  
In hopes of your words in reply.

*I acknowledge the poet and spiritual leader  
Ammachi (Mata Amritanandamayi) for prior use  
of the phrase 'All of life is sacrifice'.*

## Given to the Earth: Part 1: Offerings to Holy Wells and Springs

*By Rev. G. R. Grove*

Throughout the ages, people have made offerings to the Gods, to the Ancestors, and to the Spirits of the Land. Many of these offerings have been given to the air by means of fire, or spread on the surface of the ground, as we do in our rituals today. Many other offerings, however, have been given to the earth, by means of wells or springs, rivers, lakes, shafts, or natural caves. This series of articles will examine that third class of offerings, beginning with deposits in holy wells and springs, and will concentrate on locations in Northern and Western Europe. Sacred sites in the British Isles have long been one of my interests, and over the last thirty years I have visited quite a number of them. All the photos accompanying this article are ones I took in the last seven years.

### When and where?

Cult beliefs and practices surrounding wells and springs have flourished in locations around the world throughout much of human history. Many of these places may have been considered to be sacred because they were perceived to be in some way special. Some were healing springs, possessed of medicinal qualities, but others were only sources of pure water. Some were thought to be under the protection of a local goddess or land spirit, while others were believed to be the site of some hero's reported exploit or deification. Although veneration of any particular site for extensive periods can seldom be proved, archaeological evidence in the form of episodic deposits in or around springs or wells stretches back for thousands of years into the past. Traces of probable Neolithic worship have been found at a number of locations in Northern and Western Europe (Ray 15, Eliade 200, Brunaux 41), while Bronze Age offerings in springs and wells are reported from such diverse locations as Denmark, Switzerland, France, Italy, Slovakia, Sardinia, Sweden, South Tyrol, and Ireland (Ray 18-19, Jones 96).

Iron Age spring deposits in some parts of Western Europe may have been to a considerable extent overlaid and disguised by later Roman colonial activity, but pre-Roman spring deposits have been identified in several places, including present-day Budapest and Springhead in England. However, in some areas not affected by Greek and Roman influences, there seems to have been a preference during this period, especially in Northern Europe, for ritual deposits to be placed in lakes, rivers, or bogs rather than in wells and springs, locations which I will address in future articles. The Romans themselves celebrated established cult activities surrounding many sacred spring sites in Italy, including various wells and fountains in Rome itself. The feast of Fontinalia honored sacred springs, and wells such as that of Joturna were also honored (Ray 24-25, 39, Jones 13).

Following the Roman conquest of Gaul, the goddess Sequana, the personification of the Seine, was honored at an elaborate shrine at the river's source northwest of Dijon, called Fontes Sequanae. Rosmerta was associated with a spring at Gisse-la-Vieil, and Bormana at the hot springs at Aix-les-Bains. A number of other healer god-



The Virtuous Well, also known as St. Anne's Well, at Trellech in the U.K. Note the rags hanging from the tree behind it.

desses were worshiped at springs from Austria to Brittany. Water cults and associated offerings were also widespread in the Iberian Peninsula during this period, while important British locations included Coventina's well at Carrowburgh on Hadrian's Wall, Aquae Sulis (modern Bath), Aquae Arnemetiae at Buxton, and the temple of Nodens at Lydney (Rives 75, Ross 57, Aldhouse-Green 208-209, Jones 13, Ray 39-40). The source of the Boyne in Ireland was a holy spring (Jones 13), and holy wells there are numerous if poorly dated due to the lack of early historical sources, later modifications and disruptions, and a paucity of archaeological investigations (Ray 48-49).

As Christian influence spread, some cult sites were abandoned, but at others the reigning god or goddess was replaced by a saint. Initially the Church had tried to suppress the well cults entirely; the Council of Tours (567 CE) decreed that "every priest ... [should] forbid the worship of fountains." This instruction was repeated at intervals over the next few centuries, apparently with little effect, and by the eleventh or twelfth century the Church had compromised, and the well cults continued under new management. Not a few locations which may have had a Pagan history have been incorporated into churches. Although many locations are no longer in active use, recent estimates are of 650 surviving holy wells in Denmark, 2,000 in England, over 1,100 in Wales, perhaps 1,000 in Scotland, and possibly as many as 3,000 in Ireland (Ray 4, 87-88, Ross 55, Jones 22).



One of the Wells at Tara in Ireland.



Doon Well, Donegal, Ireland. The containers on top of the well box are for scooping up water.

### Why and how?

As mentioned above, many sacred wells are considered to have healing properties – often very specific ones – which come from an associated patron, whether god or goddess, land spirit or Christian saint. Drinking the waters, bathing in them, sleeping in the vicinity afterwards, and making offerings or prayers to the spirit of the place are some of the commoner methods of acquiring these benefits.

In ancient Greece, temples were often built beside or around springs, and the priestly caste participated in facilitating the associated uses of their waters. At the oracle of Trophonius, for example, as part of an elaborate ritual the enquirer drank from two springs: the Fountain of Forgetfulness, in order to purge his mind of extraneous matters, and the Fountain of Memory, in order to remember what the god was about to reveal to him (Johnston 95). At the sanctuary of Ampiaraos, famous both for healing and for oracles, possible approaches included bathing in and drinking the waters of the sacred spring. At Delphi, the Pythia bathed in the Castalia spring as part of her purification before giving oracles, and the spring of Cassotis was one of the few small areas there which were always left uncluttered and revered (Johnston 50, Pedley 33-34,136).



St. Columba's Well, Gartan, Ireland. The light-colored object on the left is a tea light candle.

In Gaul, the shrine of the goddess Sequana, the personification of the Seine, was the site of an important healing cult, located at the river's source northwest of Dijon. Pilgrimage to these springs is known from the first century BC (Rives 75, Pay 39).

In Roman Britain, goddesses were associated with springs at several major sites, such as Coventina at Carrowburgh on Hadrian's Wall (Aldhouse-Green 206-208). Sulis, a local British goddess, was venerated at Aquae Sulis (modern Bath), where the three natural hot springs still pump out iron-stained hot water at an average rate of a quarter-million gallons a day. Her sanctuary included the waters of the sacred spring itself (contained in a reservoir), an imposing temple with an external altar, and an elaborate bath-suite. Sulis' fame as a healing divinity brought pilgrims from considerable distances to drink and bathe in her healing waters. She may have been worshipped there for centuries before the Romans arrived, although their subsequent building activities have erased most traces of earlier activity (Aldhouse Green 200-206, Rives 75).

At Lydney, on the western shore of the Severn

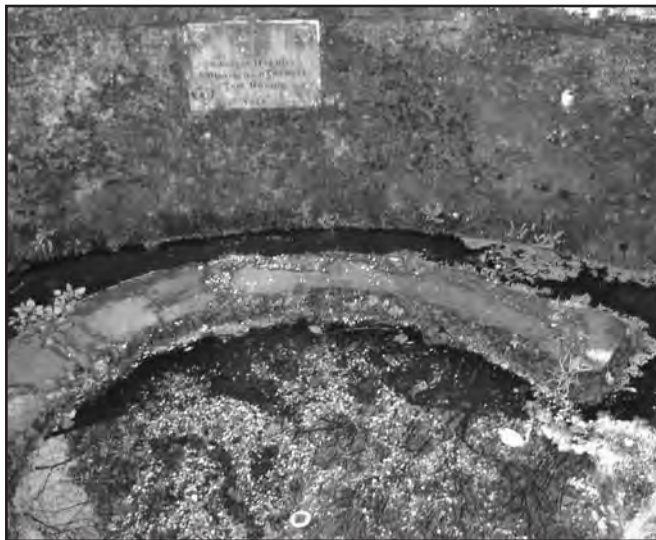
Estuary, a shrine was established late in the Roman period (3rd-4th c. AD) to Nodens, a British god who is known in only one other location. The iron-rich water of his spring may have been drunk for healing purposes. The temple complex surrounding it included a suite of baths, presumably fed by the spring. Nodens' shrine may have also specialized in dream healing, aided by professional clergy such as Titus Flavius Senilis, an "interpreter of dreams" whose presence is testified to by a mosaic. (Aldhouse Green 208-209).

The combination of bathing in the well and then sleeping (or at least attempting to sleep) on the ground beside it (or sometimes on a nearby megalith) as a curative ritual persisted into medieval and post-medieval Christian Wales (Jones 14-18, 100-101). Approximately two-thirds of the currently identifiable holy wells in Wales are considered to be healing wells, beneficial for such varied conditions as eye problems, rheumatism, skin diseases, warts, lameness, and fractures and sprains (Jones 97).

Irish and Scottish wells have a similar if not greater range of use; Bord and Bord list over seventy illnesses and ailments which might be expected to be cured by the waters of one or more wells. For some wells drinking the water is the customary approach, and water may be carried to sufferers who cannot come to the well. Other approaches



Unidentified well beside road, Glencolumbkille, Ireland.



“Pagan” St. Brigid's Well, Kildare, Ireland.

include bathing, washing the wound or injury, and sometimes sleeping in the vicinity. At many wells elaborate rituals, some uncomfortable or painful, were also required (Bord and Bord 53, 57-59).

#### **What was given in return?**

We have looked at some of the places and reasons that people made offerings to holy wells and springs. But what did they give in appeal or in return for their hoped-for blessings? What was offered to the Earth? A considerable variety of things, it seems.

Although at many Greek sites votives and other sacrifices were made primarily to the associated temple rather than to the well itself, at the shrine of Ampiaraios in Greece patients who had been cured or received the oracle they sought threw gold and silver coins into the sacred spring. Sometimes they also offered small clay statuettes or metal replicas of the cured body part (Johnston 94). Other offerings commonly left beside or placed in springs (despite proclamations forbidding the latter custom!) included food and drink – especially cakes, which seem to have been a particular problem at various healing temples of Asklepios. Meat and cheese were also offered beside springs associated with Greek heroes (Ray 47).

Several healing springs in Gaul (Montbouy, Essa-

rois, Chamallières, sources of the Seine) have yielded wooden statues, clearly of native manufacture, which were deposited during the Roman period, even though the sites themselves were probably pre-Roman. At the healing shrine of the goddess Sequana, the personification of the Seine, large numbers of carved wooden offerings representing various body parts have been discovered (Brunaux 41, Rives 75).

At the shrine of Coventina on Hadrian's Wall, more than 14,000 coins and other objects, including pins, votive heads in bronze, a bronze dog and horse, brooches, glass, pottery, jet, leather, shrine bells, and part of a human skull, were thrown as offerings into the sacred well. A second “Well of the Nymphs” nearby also received offerings of coins (Rives 75, Ross 55-57, Ray 41).

At the shrine of Sulis at Aquae Sulis (modern Bath), thousands of coins and other offerings including jewelry, a set of thirty-five inscribed gems, rich metal vessels, and items of personal adornment, such as brooches, bracelets, earrings and finger-rings have been found in the spring. In addition, a large group of lead or pewter curse-tablets, rolled up and cast into the spring reservoir as pleas to Sulis, have also been found (Rives 75, Davidson 30, Aldhouse Green 200-205).

Offerings at Welsh wells in post-medieval times have included clothes, rags, pins, buttons, buckles, coins, thorn-points, flowers, stones, and fowls. Usually the offerings were cast into the well itself, but the money was sometimes given to the person or persons in charge of the well. The use of pins as offerings, as mentioned above, dates back at least to the Roman period (Jones 92-93). Offerings at Scottish wells include pins, pebbles, pieces of clothing, or coins.

Information on holy wells in Ireland, both ancient and modern, is so voluminous that it would require another article longer than this one to even begin to discuss it. For those wishing more information I recommend Celeste Ray's book *The Ori-*

*gins of Ireland's Holy Wells*, listed below. Modern offerings at holy wells there (generally left beside the well rather than offered in it) include items associated with medical problems and with children, items or parts of clothing, pieces of cloth and ribbons, crucifixes, saints' statues, rosaries and scapulars, candles, flowers, shells, stones, coins, and tokens or bottles of water from other pilgrimage sites (Ray 53) – all very similar in nature to those things left by ancient pilgrims hundreds or thousands of years ago.

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Gate to the Virtuous Well, also called St. Anne's Well, at Trellech.

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Offerings on a bush beside Doon Well.

## A Charm of Purification, adapted from *Carmina Gadelica*

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

The extensive 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 was preserved in the oral tradition of a largely non-literate society, some of it (by internal evidence) for many generations.

Most of the purification magic found in the *Carmina Gadelica* is closely entwined with blessing or protection, for other than later Protestant anxieties over “sins” and general unworthiness, there seems to have been fewer concerns among the Gael for the need for ritual purification than occur in some cultures. A young hunter may be purified (and admonished) before his first hunt, lest he take inappropriate prey: a beast with young which are still suckling, for example (Carmichael, Vol. I, 311). There are also ritual consecrations: of a loom, or a fishing boat, but these are not specifically purifications.

However, there is at least one *Eolas* (charm, incantation, knowledge) for purification against the evil eye, and this is no beseeching prayer to a higher authority, but an affirmation of the speaker’s own power. Note that this is not a protection against this ill, but a purification to be rid of it. The folk of ADF are not in general much concerned with having an “evil eye” cast on them, so I have adapted this to be used against some other trouble, whether magical attack or mundane difficulty, which has come upon the speaker; it could of course be adapted to use for someone else’s benefit. As well as the original verse, this adaptation is based on my familiarity with the structure of Gaelic folk-magics.

### Charm for Purification of Ill-fortune or Ill-Wishing

Be the Wisdom of the Ancestors on me,  
Be the Strength of the Nature Kins in me,  
Be the Magic of the Shining Ones with me,  
And of the Triple Kindreds together,  
I cast out this ill that is on me,  
I cast out this bane that afflicts me,  
I cast out this harm that comes near me.

Power of wind have I over it,

Power of wrath have I over it,  
Power of fire have I over it,  
Power of thunder have I over it,  
Power of lightning have I over it,  
Power of storms have I over it,  
Power of moon have I over it,  
Power of sun have I over it,  
Power of stars have I over it.

Power of the Land,  
Power of the Sea,  
Power of the Sky,  
And of the Three Realms have I over it,  
Power of the Three Realms have I over it.

Be it crushed upon the grey stones  
Be it flung down the steep hills,  
Be it drowned in the salt sea,  
Which can easily consume it.

By the Wisdom of the Ancestors,  
By the Strength of the Nature Kins,  
By the Magic of the Shining Ones,  
And of all the Kindreds together.

I swim swiftly as the salmon in the sea,  
I run strongly as the horse upon the plain,  
I soar purely as the swan in the high heavens.  
By all the Kindreds together,  
*Bitheadh e mar sin!* Be it so!

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## Ask the Wild Bee: A Sampling of Bee Lore

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

As the days grow warmer and spring comes on, we will see bees foraging among the flowers. What did our ancestors think of them, these little creatures of sweetness, industry and danger? What did they believe concerning them? Here I offer a sampling of history and folklore concerning bees and honey.

From the earliest times, humankind has had a fondness for sweets; Neolithic rock art from locations as diverse as Spain, India, and Australia depict human figures using branch-stubbed tree trunks to climb up to bees' nests. The western honeybee, *Apis mellifera*, is native to Europe, Africa, and the Middle East, and wild-honey gathering probably went on for millennia before bees were domesticated. Honey harvesting was widespread in early Europe; potsherds from ca. 3,000 BCE, excavated near Runnymede in Britain contained wax and honey residue. The earliest deliberate "keeping" of bees may have occurred in ancient Egypt, but there is widespread evidence of early bee-keeping in Europe and the Mediterranean areas as well. In the wild, bees will build a nest in a hollow tree, a convenient rock cavity or small cave, or other naturally hollow object. The earliest extant written mention of a hive was by Hesiod, ca. 750 BCE (Ransome 76).

Honey and bees seem to have often been regarded as something outside of the ordinary. The Hittites appear to have venerated bees; a plaster wall painting in Çatal Hüyük, Anatolia, ca. 6600 BCE, depicts a wax comb containing eggs, brood, and adult bees, a slightly later wall painting at the same site (ca. 6540 BCE) shows a goddess with cloud of bees around her head (Crane 137), and both Hittite and Minoan goddesses were portrayed as having bees as servants or messengers. In many early cultures, ancient Greece among them, honey was suitable to offer both to the

gods, and as a libation to the spirits of the dead; it was among the substances offered on the pyre of Patroklos by Achilles. Priestesses of Rhea, Demeter, and other goddesses were called *Melissae*: bees. Aristotle thought that "honey... falls from the air, principally at the rising of the stars, and when the rainbow rests upon the earth" (Crane 594). Bees appear frequently in early Minoan and Achaean gold jewelry. The Romano-Germanic goddess Nantosvelta is sometimes depicted as carrying a staff, on top of which is a bee-skep (a wicker hive) (Ransome 155), and in other Germanic lore, honey was thought to have been the dew (*hunangfall*, or honey-fall) which dripped from the World Tree.

Judging from pollen analysis of archaeological finds, the most important early source of nectar for bees in Continental Europe and Scandinavia was the linden tree; the dominant nectar sources in Britain and Ireland were the blossoms of the oak, hazel and willow trees. There are fermented honey residues found in Bronze Age burials: a birch-bark bucket in the oak-log coffin of the Danish Egtved girl, ca. 1500 BCE, contained a linden-honey residue combined with bog-myrtle and cranberries (Glob 133), and a wicker skep found in a bog in north-west Germany dates to ca.





600 BCE. The tomb of the Hochdorf Prince, a Hallstatt Celtic site in southern Germany, contained a bronze Greek wine-krater which had held over three hundred liters of mead, worthy to be sent with the prince on his journey to the Other-world, along with his fine weapons and gold ornaments.

Ireland was famous for honey in the early Medieval period, described as “*Hibernia dives lactis et mellis Insula*,” an island rich in milk and honey, and the Northumbrian king Aldfrith, in 685, said that in Ireland “I found gold and silver: I found honey and wheat.” Traces of linden honey were found in the Birka excavations, although southern Sweden is currently the northern boundary for wild bee survival; in earlier times, they ranged into north-central Norway. Remains of tenth-century CE bee-skeps were found in the Coppergate excavations at York, with traces of comb and brood (Ogden, 13). Hives of wheat-straw bound with the outer skin of blackberry briars, with crossed sticks inserted inside for the bees to attach combs to, have been found in Irish bogs; traditional bee-skeps are still made the same way in Ireland.

Anglo Saxon and Irish beekeepers rubbed new hives with flowers or sweet herbs to make the bees feel at home; there were charms to prevent bees from swarming, to catch bees, and against the theft of bees or honey. An Anglo Saxon charm intended to call back an escaping swarm:

“*Sitte ge, sige wifsigað to earþan* (Sit, wise womensink to earth)  
*næfre ge wilde tō wuda fleogan*, (never be wild and fly to the woods,)  
*Beoge swa gemindige mines goðes* (be ye as mindful of my good)  
*Swa bið manna gegehwilc mates eþeles*” (as every man is of food and home)  
 (Hagen 153)

A few more beliefs concerning bees:

The custom of “telling the bees” or informing them of important events in the beekeeper’s family, whether of good news or mourning, is one of the most widespread. It was recorded in the sixteenth century in Britain (Ogden 69), but has also been found in Germany, Eastern Europe, and Greece. It was thought that if the bees were not properly informed, they would desert their new owner, or that the hive would die. In many areas, food or drink from a wedding or funeral feast was offered to the bees.

Bees were sometimes thought to be the souls of human folk, whether of the departed, or of those who journeyed in dreams, and for this reason, they should never be killed; Skaldic poetry compares the rounded shape of the straw beehive to that of the family barrow (Ransome 160).

It was believed in Britain and Ireland that bees should never be bought or sold outright, but only bartered or traded for (Ransome 227). A saying in fifteenth century England was that to sell your bees, was to sell your luck. One must not swear in the presence of bees – they will sting, or leave, or in extreme cases, the hive will die.

In Scottish folklore it was said that bees will not abide evil, so if bees ‘took against’ someone, they were then regarded with great suspicion. In isolated areas children were baptized with a mixture of milk, honey, and whiskey; a little was used to anoint the child, then the rest consumed by the company.

In Irish Bardic poetry, the phrase *bech eolas* or “bee of guidance” was used as a term of praise, likening the individual to the scout-bee that finds a new location for a swarming hive. May the bit of lore given here become *bech eolas* to your interest in bee-lore. As is said in Scottish folk-lore: ask the wild bee what the Druids knew....

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## In Magic You Must Ask for What You Need

By Diane "Emerald" Bronowicz

Last Spring my indoor-only cat Titus ran away. My husband Nick and I were literally just about to leave to go to A. J. Gooch's memorial service at Tredara. The car was packed, and I was just doing the “cat check” to make sure no one would be stuck in a closet all weekend. I quickly spotted Spike, Lord, and Lilly, but I didn't see Titus. I called downstairs to my husband Nick Egelhoff to see if he saw him. Nick didn't see him, so he went around and checked Titus's various beds and hidey-holes where he was likely to be. But he still didn't find him. Starting to panic, he contin-

ued to search the house while I started to look outside. Titus had once before slipped out the front door without us noticing, and we figured it was likely this had happened while Nick was preoccupied with packing the car. But we couldn't find him.

We did Missing Pets Partnership's recovery tips you should do when your indoor cat goes missing: hung up flyers, talked to neighbors, posted on social media, went door to door with flyers, set up traps and a trail cam, put out his litter box and sprinkled his litter around—you name it, we did it. And, of course, since we're us, we also



made offerings, did spells, and prayed for his return. The spellwork was difficult for me, though. I couldn't get a clear picture in my head of how he would get home because there were various scenarios I could imagine. I mostly focused on creating a hearth fire beacon to draw him back to us one way or another. The days turned into weeks, and I became increasingly worried, anxious, and desperate.

On the morning of March 18, during my daily devotion, I pulled the Greek letter "E" which means, "You desire to see offspring of righteous marriages." But that day my brain interpreted it as, "You desire to see the *outcome* of righteous marriages." And that word "outcome" jumped out at me. I desired to see the outcome. In my omen journal I wrote, "Need to do the things that will achieve the outcome I desire." But as I already said, I had a hard time visualizing that outcome other than Titus being home. So I thought:

"OK, first things first. When he was lost the other time, how did we get him back?"

"Somebody found him and called the number on a flyer that we had posted."

"And how did she find him?"

"She saw him hiding under a bush when she was out walking her dog."

And then it hit me what I needed to do. I needed Titus to be *seen*. We had gotten reports of people seeing him in one place or another, but they were always after the fact. It felt like playing whack-a-mole. But now I knew what I needed to do. I picked up the picture of Titus I had placed on the hearth and held it in the light of the sun. And I said, "Let him be seen." I visualized an obscuring mist that covered him disappearing in the light of the sun and him being out in the open being seen.

The very next day I received a phone call at 7:30 a.m. My heart leapt when I realized it was a local number with a name I didn't recognize. The woman on the other end of the phone asked me if I was Diane, and I said that I was. She said, "I can see your cat. I'm looking at him right now. He has the orange-stripy tail from the picture; I know it's him." She told me where, and I immediately drove up there. I arrived on her porch, and she pointed and said, "There, you can see him right there!" And sure enough, there was Titus, sitting on a vine and brush covered hillside. It was the first time we had received a live report about him, and it was the first time I had seen him with my own eyes in almost three weeks. I went to him, but he was too afraid and dove back under the vines. I didn't catch him that day, but now that I had seen him and knew where he was holed up, I visualized him in the trap. I went back up the next morning singing, "Gonna catch my kitty and bring him home," over and over. I saw him again and tried to go to him, but once again he scampered off, this time underneath the deck of the house next to the hill. I moved one of the traps right next to the deck, and when I checked the trap again he was in it and meowing up a storm.

Once I realized what I *needed*, I was able to focus on making that happen. I needed for Titus to be seen. And that is what led to him finally coming home.

*Diane "Emerald" Bronowicz is an Initiate of ADF, the current Senior Druid of Sassafras Grove in Pittsburgh, and a Bard Laureate Emeritus. She holds a BA in History and Theatre Arts from Boston College and a MS in Education from Duquesne University.*

## Ripple

*By Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano*

I like to think,  
And it better be soon,  
Of a time and a place  
Where the realms  
Blend as one;  
Where a fire,  
By the sea,  
Near a tree  
Are places of silence  
And magic,  
Where no one asks  
For more,  
Where nothing is needed  
More than to watch,  
And to feel,  
And to be.

I like to think  
And it better be soon,  
Of when day and night,  
Are quite equal  
For all,  
Whether northern

Or southern,  
Equatorial too,  
The sun sidles  
Into the ocean,  
Red into blue.  
I throw another log  
On the fire  
And the light carries on  
Through the night,  
Red into black.

I like to think  
And it better be soon  
Where my faith brings me peace,  
And not battles or scorn,  
And I sit by my tree,  
Breathing the silence,  
As the tree says to the sea:  
"Ripple",  
And it does,  
And the fire stays silent,  
Like me.



## Evocation of Fire and Blood

*By Rev. Derek (Davin) Wrigley*

I evoke the fire in my blood,  
Blood red with the fire of Bridgit,  
Bridgit of the forge,  
Forge of my soul,  
Soul wreathed in flame,  
Flame of power and strength,  
Strength in my blood,  
Blood red with the fire of Bridgit,  
I evoke the fire in my blood.

## The Golden Crescent

*By Diane "Emerald" Bronowicz*

Waning crescent  
Harbinger of dawn  
Glowing golden with reflected light  
Of the Sun's impending rise.  
Even as night holds us in its fearful grasp,  
You hang shining to remind us that  
All nights end.  
Even the longest nights.  
Even the darkest nights.  
Day brings revelation to us all.



## Wisdom is a Broom

*By Ty Davis*

My mind, my tower.  
Congested with experience.  
Cobwebs of confusion  
Covered with the dirt of dissonance.  
The tower of choices that every man is born in  
And can never leave must be cleaned.  
Wisdom will brush away the cobwebs.  
Wisdom will sweep experience into action.  
Wisdom will dust away the dissonance so that I  
    can look out into the world with all that I can  
    be and want  
To be.  
Wisdom is a Broom.

## Ó Terra Mãe!

*Traditional, translated by Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano*

Ó Terra Mãe!  
Nós louvamos a vós que faz brotar a semente,  
Que desabrocha a flor,  
Que agita a grama.  
Nós louvamos a vós pelo vento que sussurra,  
Através do gracioso olmo,  
Através do formoso bordo,  
Através do vívido pinheiro,  
Através da brilhante bétula,  
Através do poderoso carvalho.  
Nós louvamos a vós por todas as coisas  
Ó Terra Mãe,  
Aquele que dá a vida.

## A Prayer for Those Who Serve

*By Wesley Jolly*

Those who serve, we honor you  
You who stand on the wall to protect us from  
harm  
You who bind and tend us when we are ill or in-  
jured  
You who make up the line between order and  
chaos  
You who brave the very fury of the elements to  
save and protect us  
We honor you!  
Gods and Goddesses, we ask your blessings for  
these warriors and guardians  
Ancient and powerful dead, we ask that you  
watch over and keep them safe  
Spirits of nature, creatures of air, fire, earth and  
water, support and sustain them  
Outdwellers, grant them respite, place no obsta-  
cles in their path  
We pray that the Fire might warm you, the Wa-  
ters refresh you, and the Tree shield and pro-  
tect you, today and forever.



## Prayer for the Outdwellers' Offering

*By Linda Sager Kazalski*

Gods and spirits of this land,  
Whose ways are not ours,  
Offerings now for you and yours,  
We give in memory of your band.  
We come in peace, to pray and sing,  
And ask that you withhold your sting.

## Prayer for a Recently-Passed Ancestor

*By Rev. D. Rowen Grove*

I hail now (*Name*), (*relationship*) of those here.  
(*Name*.) you were born into this world,  
Grew and flourished, overcame challenges, lived  
your life; (*add other deeds if desired*)  
And when I (*or other person*) was born, you were  
part of my (*their*) world  
Giving strength and love,  
Teaching wisdom and guidance,  
Showing honor and courage,  
Until the end of your days.

Now you have set forth on a new journey, to an  
old land,  
To join with your ancestors,  
To meet once again those who went before you,  
To be reunited with your own lost ones.  
May your journey be swift,  
As your welcome is sure.  
We who remain here remember,  
And speak your name with love  
And speak your name with honor  
And speak your name, O (*Name*), that you be not  
forgotten.  
May we live our own lives well, until our own  
time is accomplished  
And meet again, to share the tales of our days.  
Hail, (*Name*)  
Be it so.

## Simple Devotion

*By Rev. Jan Avende*

A simple flame to brighten the dark.  
A simple flame, a simple spark.  
A simple flame to burn at the center.  
A simple flame, a simple prayer.  
A simple flame of offering made.  
A simple flame, a simple gift.  
A simple flame to brighten the dark.  
A simple flame, a simple spark.

## Prayer for Blessing a House

*By Rev. D. Rowen Grove*

*(Lights candle)*

I light this flame, that this house be blessed.  
Holy Brigid, Triple Flame, Well of Wisdom,  
May Your blessing be on this house, and all who  
dwell therein,  
In their sleeping and in their rising up,  
In their going forth, and in their returning home.  
Bright Brigid, bless this house by night and by  
day,  
By all the airts and in all the realms.  
From door to door, from floor to roof,  
From wall to wall, and from found to summit,  
By earth, sea and sky.

Be it so!



## Prayer for Blessing a House

*By Rev. G. R. Grove*

Land Spirits and Noble Ones, Shining Gods and  
Beloved Ancestors,  
I ask now your blessings and protection on this  
my house.  
Protect it and all those who dwell in it  
From all without that would do us harm,  
From all within that would do us ill,  
That we may live in peace and safety within its  
sheltering walls.  
Let it come to no harm, either within or without,  
Whether by storm or strife,  
Whether by accident or intent,  
Whether by actions lawful or unlawful.  
May it be a secure haven  
Now and always.  
So may it be.

## To the Unsung Heroes

*By Rev. Jan Avende*

To the parent who's toddler just melted-down in  
the parking lot:  
I see your struggle.  
To the student who whose family just disowned  
them:  
I see your struggle.  
To the mother who's child hasn't talked yet, and  
hears cries of "Mommy!" all around her:  
I see your struggle.  
To the man, anxious, who fights depression with  
every breath:  
I see your struggle.  
To the family who isn't sure what the next few  
months will bring:  
I see your struggle.  
To the patient who's doctor doesn't seem to hear  
or believe them:  
I see your struggle.  
To the father who never sees the sun rise or set  
due to work:  
I see your struggle.  
To the healer who speaks prayers for others but  
can barely light a candle for themselves:  
I see your struggle.  
To the couple, who desperately want a child, and  
watch another pass by with tears in their  
eyes:  
I see your struggle.  
To the person who watches their friends make  
memories without them:  
I see your struggle.  
To the woman fighting her own demons in order  
to put on her mask of "I'm fine":  
I see your struggle.  
To the unsung heroes: the fighters, the caregivers,  
the village,  
To the ones who feel unseen, unheard, unloved:  
I see your struggle, I value your voice,  
And I honor you.

## Ian's Little Room – Purification and Impurity

*By Rev. Ian Corrigan*

Life contains terrible things. Fate weaves as it weaves, and all beings make our way by our wit and strength among the weavings. For some, life presents terrible moments. Fear, pain, disgust, horror are the unpleasant, mind-torturing results of the exposure of a common mortal to those moments.

For most people disease and violent crime are common causes of such reactions. Natural disasters and random destruction can happen anywhere. The mortal heart reels when the material things of a lifetime are washed or burned away in hours.

I am, on Wednesdays, an animist. My animism tells me that all these things must have or be spirits. The ancients understood this. Many of these terrible things were the province of the Shining Gods. Apollon ruled the plague, Poseidon the earthquake, Ares ruled war. Here is a mystery – all these terrible things are holy. Gaelic lore tells us that poets are often made great only when their hearts are turned by some terrible moment. However we also know that many are broken by those same events, and many struggle long and hard before the choice between broken and whole is clear.

The ancients held that exposure to such duress produced spiritual and social ill. They referred to this tendency as “impurity”, and worked rites and customs to purify those who had been exposed. It is safe to say that in ancient times these ideas were caught up in notions of morality. However in our time we may, if we like, take a more therapeutic approach without losing the flavor of the old customs.

I believe that in our time we suffer needlessly



from a lack of formal methods for relieving the stress and horror of life's ill times. As we develop our Pagan ritual set, it seems to me that rites of purification, relief and heart-healing can be valuable. Again, this need not imply that impurity equals moral wrong, any more than does material dirtiness. It merely acknowledges that some effects are unpleasant, and that we will be better off without them.

This isn't a scholarly paper, and I don't intend to review what we know about Hellenic or Roman or Vedic spiritual pollution and purification. Instead I'm going to do what I usually do, and try to summarize and synthesize some sense out of my fact-salad brain. I'd like to begin by trying to discern the core ideas behind the things that were considered to be polluting.

1: Death, Risk of Death, and Injury – In terms of producing fear and lasting trauma, nearness to death and the circumstances that might cause it must be top of the list. For the ancients this produced a taboo on handling corpses and on contact with blood.

In our time there is little that is more unsettling than contact with injury and death. From the passing of a loved one, to a random encounter with death on the street to even an account of death in the media, closeness to this great and frightening thing can produce unease and push us off-center. Spilled blood remains such an intrinsically powerful moment that a few people



will always have a palpably physical reaction of revulsion. I've seen commonly brave folks fall right over at the sight of blood.

Disease falls into this category as well. Any disease of sufficient strength can remind us of death, in ourselves and others. The ancients sometimes attributed physical disease to spiritual causes, especially to pollution and contact with taboo circumstances. While we need not go so far, we can recall that a troubled mind does not best support the health of the body. From the animist perspective, again, we must assume that diseases can or do exist as spirits, or as the attacks of spirits that can be approached in a spiritual way.

What are we to make of this? I'm suggesting that if events disturb our hearts, if they gnaw at our calm or distract us from our interest then there may be an advantage in a meditative and ritual purification. It's like having one's hands dirty as one approaches the cooking – best to wash off.

2: Sex, and the Desire for Sex – Let's take as a given the thick layers of patriarchal, theological and modernist moralizing about this subject. All of that aside, the urge to indulge in sexual pleasure is innate, and the new adult will develop what strategies they can. The balance between fleshly inclination and social permission produces levels of stress that can seem (especially to the young) equivalent to risk of death.

Ancient Greeks depicted sexual desire as daemons with whips, lashing poor mortals through the world in pursuit of their imagined ideals. Great tragedies hang on the foolish choices we make in pursuit of our 'One True Love' or 'Perfect Lay'. This was entirely contrasted with what was understood as domestic love, and familial or friendly affection. While I think that modern cultural trends have somewhat relieved the burdens of medieval moral codes, the driving goad of sexual desire can disturb our hearts as surely as can fear.

Among our Druids we have had occasional discussions about what 'sexual impurity' or 'illicit sex' might consist of in our context. The list was not long. I suppose my favorite answer is "sex you regret".

3: Family, and Social Duty – I'm writing this in the "Holiday" season in the US, a time that for many brings the stresses of family and social interaction to the fore. Ancient notions of the duty that children and parents owe to one another still cling in our psyches, and often conflict with modern notions of individuality and liberty.

Even outside the family, social obligations bring us into contact with sometimes-irreconcilable conflicts of expectation. Then there are those moments when we screw up. Oathbreaking, law-breaking and the various smaller betrayals of life can also disturb our peace.

How can I put it? If it makes you feel fucked-up, it's pollution. It is the psychic or spiritual or magical residue of those encounters, those feelings, those small, biting imps, which we mean to wash away with ritual purification.

There are some very specific instances in our culture when I think such rites of purification might be of special value.

It was the business of supporting returning war veterans that prompted this reflection. In many cultures those who are sent out to deal death in

the name of the people are offered various kinds of spiritual comfort. Psychological damage from participation in war can be extreme, as shown by tales from ancient times and statistics from today.

Traditional Christianity offers relief from the burden of 'sin', but that leaves soldiers in a funny place. Have they sinned in doing their duty? Perhaps they have not, but that does not relieve them of the disruption that killing and contact with death must bring, no matter how well justified. In a Pagan context, I propose that deeds do not have to be morally wrong to be disruptive and polluting – they simply have to bring us into contact with fear, dismay and confusion.

Safety professionals find themselves in similar circumstances, as must medical professionals. Clergy, counselors and many helping vocations may find themselves entangled. Anyone who seeks a lover, keeps a job, or raises a family may find themselves in need of purification.

An effort must be made to apply Wisdom to the long list of possible knee-jerks and other irrational reactions available. Most important, I think, will be to remove guilt and shame from this discussion of emotional impurity. This has been an ongoing process in late-Christian and post-Christian culture. On the material level we have largely eliminated the social stigma from cancer, though we are still working at it on the psychosocial level in terms of mental illness, diabetes, and other diseases. In the same way we can realize that to require purification and healing, we need not admit to 'fault'. To find oneself exposed to the impure, and have one's purity disturbed need not arise from any 'moral error', though moral error may be involved. To seek purification is not an admission of weakness, though it may be an effort to grow in strength. Again, wisdom and discernment allow us to examine our hearts and deeds, and treat ourselves fairly. Purification is an example of self-care, in this month's jargon.

Especially, we must note that it is possible to be-



come screwed up by doing things that are right and good. Neither the cosmos nor our minds and bodies have any intrinsic moral values or agenda. They do not care whether you had Every Right or No Other Choice. The course of wisdom and justice occasionally calls for terrible deeds. They do not cease to be terrible by being morally correct. To execute a criminal, slaughter a hundred animals or kill the opponents of one's people is intrinsically disruptive to the human spiritual condition, however firm the rationalization that supports it might be. Even a war hero comes home needing to be relieved of the burden of stress (leave aside imagined 'guilt') that hard service gives.

From my perspective as a Pagan ritual priest I am interested in developing methods and customs that will allow those who have been in contact with ill to receive relief from the feeling of spiritual dirtiness and emotional confusion, and the social unwelcome that accompanies it. I have seen myself how a sense of disconnection and emotional imbalance encourages people to neglect spiritual work. If we don't feel worthy it becomes difficult to worship. If we're dirty, it feels rude to come to the gods' table.

As a Pagan priest, I think it is sensible for us to work toward developing ritual and meditative methods that allow people to calm their hearts and refocus their minds on their path. These rites need to combine social efforts with personal trance and self-awareness, along with the active involvement of the gods and spirits. Meditative



work should be crafted for householders and the only-mildly-religious; modular trance ‘spells’ can be accompanied with ‘teachings’ about emotional management. This is the kind of work that begins to make Yr Hmble a little nervous. I will experiment on myself with magick arte as I please (and maybe on my wife ;)), but when we start designing works intending to fiddle with the emotional constitutions of others I become a little twitchy. Nevertheless I think our communities can benefit by the effort.

I’m unprepared, as yet, to make hard prescriptions on this matter. Some notes:

#### **Trance and Reframing:**

- Separate moral guilt or social shame from the fact of pollution.
- Calm the body through relaxation and basic meditation.
- Perhaps use Two Powers: Underworld to dissolve and wash away residue, Heavens to restore original patterns and energize.
- Could connect directly with Augeidies work – trance presence of the Agathos Daimon or Da Fein.

#### **Questions toward ritual practices:**

- *Confession* – A Big Question. There are obvious merits to the practice, but some real theoretical concerns as well. If the pollution is the result of criminality, deceit or ill-deed, then I wouldn’t want to offer purification without social restitution. When the deed is inadvertent or sanctioned, as in war, then I’m far from sure I care to make

the subject recite the items that trouble them.

- *Restitution* – My question is how to balance the personal and social values of this complex of customs. In typical modern Pagan fashion I’m inclined to have the business be about the individual, about their own peace and calm. Those who view social guilt and shame as an important goad to good behavior will be concerned about the idea of relieving ill-feelings without restitution for ill-deeds. On the other hand society is not well-served by cycles in which emotional confusion caused by a previous ill-deed becomes, itself, the goad to further criminality. Is it worthwhile to offer a service of grace, with confession and restitution a separate matter?

- *Material symbols* – This is the easy part. I would assemble as many members of the subject’s community as can/will come, and lay a sacrifice for the subjects’ preferred gods. There will need to be a hymn or litany written that has the right hooks. (A biggish challenge...) I would compose a set of water-and-fire customs to materially contain the purification power, and work the whole deal under the gods of the subject’s house.

Less serious pollutions can be dealt with much more simply, with water-and-fire blessings, ritual baths, etc. These should, in my opinion, become regular parts of Pagan spiritual practice, for the benefits of calm and freedom that they provide. Daily shrine practice for families and solitaries should, in my opinion, certainly contain simple versions of this sort of purification.

To lay the dog on the table, my goal is to aim for therapeutic goals while removing attention from the common self and focusing it on community, the gods and on the higher self. If we build a religious context in which people understand that the duress of life produces spiritual impurity that can be relieved by ritual action we will have a powerful set of instruments for helping non-specialists benefit from spiritual work.

*Rev. Ian Corrigan is a Senior Priest of ADF, Archdruid Emeritus, and ADF Bard Laureate Emeritus.*

## A Rite of Purification

By Rev. Ian Corrigan

When pollution is upon one or more of the folk, this rite is used to cleanse the spiritual nature and ease the mind and heart. It can be worked for a single client or for a small group of clients, who may bring witnesses as they choose.

- The Nemeton is arranged as for a small group rite with the Well large enough to receive a good amount of poured water. The Well is placed opposite the Fire with the Tree in the Center. The priest will sit at the fire, standing to support the work, and the folk to be purified will sit around the well. Live flame is a must, though a candle-ring can be sufficient.
- A large pitcher is filled with water, with enough clean white towels to reasonably serve the crowd-size.
- Each of the Clients, or those seeking purification, should bring a light cotton or linen cloth large enough to cover their head. If the rite has a sufficient fire, the cloths will be burned at the end of the rite. Otherwise, a cloth should be provided in which to wrap all the cloths.

The rite is worked seated. If it is worked for a single person that person sits opposite the priest. Small groups should group around the Well, if there are too many present for each to lean forward to the Well. While the priest begins the rite at the fire, it will require movement and attendance upon those being purified; it will be helpful to have additional ritualists available for those tasks.

### The Sacrifice:

*The priest/ess(es) open the Grove in whatever way they prefer, hallowing the space, and especially being certain to properly consecrate the Water and the Fire.*

*During the opening purifications the cloths of the Clients should be specially aspersed and censed.*

*If the rite is worked for a specific person or family, then the offerings should be made to the Gods and Spirits of the Clients. In a more general group, offerings to the Three Kindreds in general might be made.*

*Make the Prayer of sacrifice and take an omen to be certain that all is well. Following a positive omen, the Purification Blessing begins:*

**• I call now to the Holy Ones to give to me as I have given to you, as a gift calls for a gift. Let your power be with me in this work, and let this be a work of Blessing, that I may cleanse from ill and impart blessing. I open my heart to the flow of your blessing, I, your child and worshipper.**

**• Let the work be worked true!**

**• Greetings to you (name of Clients) and welcome to the Hearth of Peace, Gratitude and Cleansing. Let us all begin by finding our Center and our Power**

*Pause for a moment of silent meditation or recite an initial entrancement.*

*The Druid speaks:*

**• The Fire and Water shine and flow in us. Remember, Child of Earth, that these powers are yours by the fact of your birth. Hold fast to your roots, be crowned in stars. In this balance we are always fit to come before the Gods.**

**• Yet we know that the world is not free from trouble. Where there is strife, where there is ill-luck, where wisdom fails, we are made impure. We can no more avoid this than we can avoid the dirt of the road, and so we come before the Fire and Well, to bathe our spirits and make ourselves**



clean. Let us begin by speaking truth.

*The Confession and Statement of Virtue:*

- It is true that I have failed in Wisdom, forgotten Piety, been blind to Vision.
- These faults come to us all.
  
- It is true that I have failed in Strength, forsaken Honor, been lost to Courage.
- These faults come to us all.
  
- It is true that I have failed in Diligence, slighted Hospitality, shorted Sensuality.
- These faults come to us all.

*(If there is anything specific that the clients wish to say, it should be said here.)*

- Yet I seek Wisdom, Piety, and Vision; I seek Strength, Honor, and Courage; I seek Diligence, Hospitality, and Sensuality. For these good virtues I will strive, though I might falter. To that end, I come to the Water and the Fire.

*The Clients take up their cloths. The Druid speaks:*

- Friends, let us cover our heads; not for shame, but to make ourselves visible to the spirits and to array our minds and hearts in the intention of our rite.

*The Druids prepare for the water blessing, saying:*

- Look into yourself...find in you that from which you wish to be cleansed...cup your hands before you...breath deep and move the waters of the

earth within you...let the waters carry the ill from which you would be healed into your hands...look into your cupped hands and see there a symbol of that ill...

- With your ill drawn out and held before you, see the water flowing with the power of the Powers, as we hallow the waters of Blessing...

- We draw blessing from the Cauldron of Blessing. We pour the waters of cleansing and renewal. Behold the holy vessel of magic, the outpouring of blessing from (the Deities of the Occasion).
- When we receive the cleansing of the Waters we cast off our ills and discomforts, washed away in the flow of the Well of Blessing.

*Drops crystal into the Cauldron:*

- Let these waters bring clarity and purity, cleansing mind, body, and spirit...

*Drops jet into the Cauldron:*

- Let these waters bring rest and comfort, and the peace of a calm soul...

*Drops carnelian into the Cauldron:*

- Let these waters bring life and strength to the flesh and joy to the heart!

So let power flow in these waters, for the blessing of those gathered here, for the healing of ill, for the renewing of life...Behold the Waters of Life!

- So let us recite the Hymn of Purity, in joy for the inflowing Blessings of the Gods and spirits.
  
- By the power of the Powers
- By Spirits, Gods, and Dead
- Let us be free from every ill, from the imps that cling, from all that is impure or unfit for whole life and holy work.

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Nine Kinds of Pollution

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by crime – for to break what we know as true law disturbs the heart.

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by blood – violence, murder, or disease; the spilling of blood brings terror

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by duty – for even in the doing of good we can be touched by ill

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by the Eye – ill sights, ill visions

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by the Hand – ill deeds, ill blows

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by the Heart – ill feelings, ill imaginings

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by Power – for strength brings obligation

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by Foolishness – trouble comes when wisdom fails

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean

• From Pollution by Love and Hate – for a tangled heart brings ill

By the cleansing power of the Waters, let us be clean



*The cauldron is passed, and all sing a proper chant or hymn as each receives a ladle of water on their hands...Druid says to each:*

• **By the cleansing power of the Waters, you are made clean.**

*When all have been cleansed, the Druid helps restore peace and center. The Druids prepare the Blessing Fire with the proper herbs to hand.*

*When all is ready, the Druid speaks:*

• **Now, where there has been ill, let there be blessing. Look into yourself and find those places made empty by the cleansing of your ills...be open to the light, that it may fill you, quickening your body and brightening your spirit...raise your hands before you and be open to receive the Fire of Blessing...**

• **Let the Fire warm your body and your spirit as you draw it into yourself...**

*Druids take up the Blessing Fire, unlit, and bless it, saying:*

• **We draw fire from the Sacred Fire. We kindle this flame, a fire of wisdom, love, and strength, and a hearth of welcome and peace. Behold the Fire of the Gods, kindled by magic to carry the Blessing of (the Gods of the Rite). When we come to the Fire, we reflect transformation, inspiration, and illumination in our bodies, minds, and spirits; we return to our best nature, to the Divine Fire in us.**

*Drops vervain into the Fire, saying:*

- Let the power of the Druids' magic bring blessing to this fire

*Drops mugwort into the fire, saying:*

- Let the power of vision and purification bring blessing to this fire

*Drops mistletoe into the fire, saying:*

- Let the power of the All-heal bring blessing to this fire

By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

*Druid touches the spark to the Fire as all recite the Litany of Blessing*

- Let the Fire be kindled by the living Flame  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

- Rise, O Flame, in beauty, strength and purity  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

- Shine, O Fire, with Heaven's power bright  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

- That our bellies be full with the blessing of the Fire  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

- That our hearts be warm with the blessing of the Fire  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

- That our foreheads shine bright with the blessing of the Fire  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

- Now come to the Fire that offers warmth to all  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be blessed!

- Now come to the hearth and the comfort of home  
By the blessing of the Light, Let us be

blessed!

- Be welcome at the Fire,

- So, O mighty Powers, (Gods of the Rite), let your power shine in this fire for the blessing of those gathered here, for the purification of hearts, and the renewing of life. Behold, the Fire of Life!

*Druids carry the fire round to each, and each takes it in by passing hands through it and drawing it to the heart. Druid says to each:*

- By the blessing of the Sacred Fire, be you Blessed!

*The clients remove the cloths from their heads, fold them carefully, and the Druids take them.*

*The Druid speaks, saying:*

- So the work is done, and done, and well done. By Water, are you made clean, and by Fire, you are made whole. Be welcome at the Hearth of the Folk and receive your share of the Blessing of the Gods.

*Druids Pour the Blessing, saying:*

- So let this be the Cup of Fellowship, of kinship with the living, of honor to the Dead, of the Power of the Gods. When we drink of this Blessing, let us drink in wisdom, love, and power, that we may do the work of life as it is brought to us. Behold, the Waters of Life!

*The water is distributed, first to the clients, then to all, with song. Once each has a full cup, the rite is ended.*

### Closing

*The Druids raise their cup and make a toast proper to the feel of the rite. It is always proper to toast "To the Future" or "To Tomorrow".*

*The rite is then ended, carefully and reverently, in the usual way. The cloths are burnt if possible, or taken and buried.*

*Rev. Ian Corrigan is a Senior Priest of ADF, Archdruid Emeritus, and ADF Bard Laureate Emeritus.*

**Book Review: In Search of the Irish  
Dreamtime – Archaeology & Early Irish  
Literature**

*Reviewed by Rev. D. Rowen Grove*

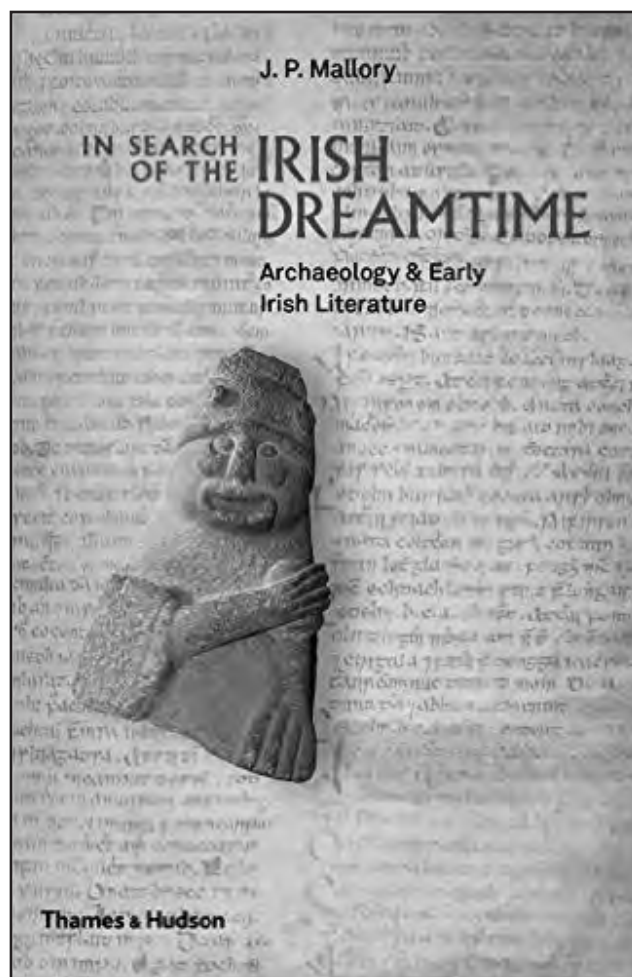
Mallory, J. P.

Thames & Hudson, London; June 14, 2016

ISBN-10: 0500051844

J.P. Mallory, well known to many ADF folk for his earlier book, *In Search of the Indo-Europeans*, here examines the relationship between the Early Medieval accounts of the lore of ancient Ireland, and the archaeological records of that time and place. I initially wondered about his choice of a title, as the word “dreamtime” is so culture-specific to the peoples of Aboriginal Australia, but the author (with a precautionary apology to that culture) explains his borrowing of the term as, “a sacred time in which both the natural world and human culture and traditions originated and that these beginnings still resonate in the spiritual life of people today.” What he calls the “Irish Dreamtime” is the traditional retelling of the origins of the Irish as related by early medieval manuscripts. Mallory carefully explores these versions of the earliest history of Ireland, which placed Irish mythological events on a historical timeline of conquests, battles, and royal reigns purportedly extending even further back in time than the history of classical Greece, and just as carefully compares them to current archaeological evidence.

The author provides a summary of the major tales of both the Mythological and Ulster Cycles, which are his main focus, and proceeds to consider them against the evidence of archaeology, language, and history in order to establish the context in which the histories were written and whether or not they may contain echoes of genuinely ancient traditions and practices. Mallory examines the not-uncommon assumption that early literary traditions of a culture may reasonably be used in understanding archaeological finds from hundreds or even thousands of years before those accounts were written. Linguistic consider-



ations, the use in the tales of the Ogam alphabet (a later development than the Iron Age) and the contrast between the details of legendary and archaeological burial rites are among the things examined, as well as evidence as to whether specific locations, such as Emain Macha, Rathcroghan, or Navan Fort, should be considered as having been actual royal residences, or rather ancient ritual sites. He also considers the physical environment of the legends, comparing early depictions in Irish literary tradition with archaeological evidence of such diverse things as styles of warfare and weaponry, the natural environment, the building materials and methods of the time, whether for dwellings or for ships, and the domestic material culture of early Ireland. Native plants and cultivated, wild animals and those raised by humans are considered, along with descriptions of legendary halls and homes examined and compared with the excavated remains of actual Bronze Age or Iron Age buildings. Indications of material culture, from tools and weapons, to pig and cow bones, to the styles, materials, and colors

of both clothing and jewelry, both from legend and from excavations are laid side by side, and in general the author concludes that rather than “opening a window on the Iron Age” as has often been rather uncritically believed, the material culture depicted in the tales far more closely matches that of the early medieval time when they were first written down. But although the history of Ireland as written by early medieval chroniclers may well fail to accurately convey the true cultural context of Iron Age life and events, the author’s juxtaposition of traditional “Dreamtime” tales and current archaeological evidence clarifies and expands our knowledge of Iron Age Ireland.

*In Search of the Irish Dreamtime* is an excellent examination of the degree to which the relationships between the mythological literary and the archaeological records of a historical site or a whole culture should be considered. While the author concludes that the connection between

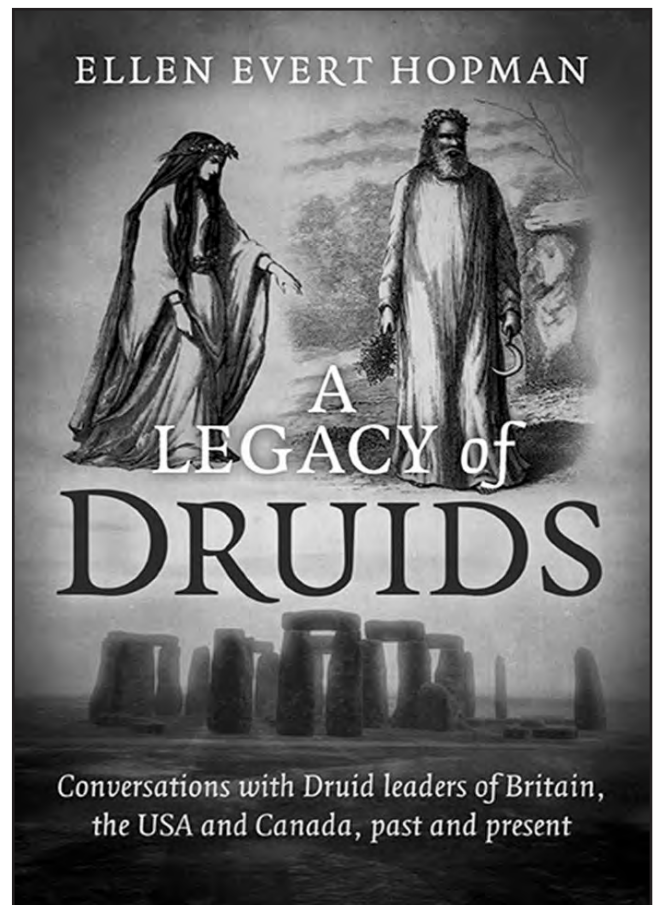
legendary material and the archaeological record is often not nearly as great as is frequently believed, he treats both mythology and excavated artifact clearly, and in the end does not entirely discount the relevance of the old tales to understanding the past. As he concludes, “In the end the early medieval Irish literati created a Second World that they passed off as the Irish Iron Age. That they did a superb job is evident in the centuries of scholars who have argued whether this imagined world was a real document from Ireland’s prehistoric past.” Mallory writes in a clear, occasionally humorous style, making his complex topic intelligible and accessible even to the casual reader, and while his evidence is carefully documented, it is also entertaining and enjoyable. Mallory describes this book as a companion to his earlier work, *The Origins of the Irish*, and I intend to obtain a copy of that one, in order to read them side by side. This is a book to read, re-read, and consider well.

**Book Review: A Legacy of Druids: Conversations with Druid leaders of Britain, the USA and Canada, Past and Present**

*Reviewed by Linda Sager Kazalski*

Hopman, Ellen Evert  
Moon Books, April 29, 2016  
ISBN-10: 1785351354

This is a wonderful book for anyone who is either a druidic student or contemplating the druid’s path. This book consists of interviews held in or about 1996 with many of the leaders of many traditions in druidry. There is the distinct feeling of sitting in on campfire conversations with the people who have been instrumental building neopagan druidry. I appreciate that the conversations are 20 years old and that the author has given a bit of information not only to let us know where the interviewees were in their paths at that time, but what they are doing now. Several of the interviewees have died in the intervening years, so this book is an illumination into their thought processes and personalities as well as their contributions which really is not available elsewhere. I



will definitely be recommending this book to my students.

## From Roots to Branches: Walking the Dedicant Path

*by ADF Vice Archdruid Rev. Carrion Mann*

As 2017 begins many of us will either start for the first time or start again our journey on the ADF Dedicant Path. Some of us may also be continuing our journey on this path from the previous year. Many will set out with their goal for this year being that of “completing the DP” which seems to actually have little to do with the journey and much more to do with submitting the eleven exit standards and having them reviewed and approved if you were to ask most students. Some members will meet this goal I am sure; however for others, it will be a journey that lasts much longer than a year and let me be the first to tell you that this is absolutely okay.

What I would like to impress upon DP students from the start is that the DP or Dedicant Path is not a program whose primary goal is necessarily “completion” like other ADF programs of study, but instead should be undertaken first and foremost, as a journey that is on-going and perhaps for some never-ending. The purpose of undertaking the Dedicant Path journey should be one of personal spiritual development in an ADF way and not really a means to an end.

As the ADF Preceptor, I have frequently had new members coming from other Neopagan traditions ask if they can be exempt from the Dedicant Path or pieces of it, especially the mental discipline requirement, because of previous experience. The answer is always, “no” because the Dedicant Path is about developing an understanding of underlying concepts and practicing basic skills as an ADF Druid. Even if someone has extensive ritual and mental discipline experience from other traditions, the experience will be different when utilizing these skills specifically for the practice of ADF Druidry. This doesn’t mean that the previous experiences are not helpful; they most certainly can be in many ways. I happen to be a member that came to ADF after practicing other Neopagan traditions for quite some time and I have never discounted my previous experience as if it was wasted time or thought that by beginning the ADF Dedicant Path that I was starting all over. In time I learned to reframe what I had

learned from my practice of other Neopagan traditions so that it became an asset to my ADF Druid practice.

When the Dedicant Path documentation was established as an entrance requirement for the other programs of study, the importance of the documentation began to overshadow in importance the journey itself, when it should be the other way around. For some the DP became a mere stepping stone and something to get out of the way so that they could enter the program of study that they really wanted to undertake. The DP has also been a stumbling block for others who had been long time members of the organization and longtime practitioners of Neopaganism. Many of these members didn’t and still don’t see the need to take this most worthwhile journey.

The first time that I took this journey, it took me about four years to do the work necessary for documentation. In that time I had joined a newly founded Protogrove and was the parent of young children, which kept me quite busy...not to mention trying to establish my professional career at the same time. In the four years that I was undertaking the journey of an ADF Dedicant...I started the work, stumbled from time to time when life got in the way... started completely over numerous times until I actually was firmly on the Path and stuck with it. I found success along the Path, experienced a few or perhaps more than a few failures, and I learned much more about ADF Druidry than what I submitted to fulfill the documentation requirements. I encourage everyone to give this journey a try for your own personal spiritual growth. It’s never too late to start, and you may choose to submit documentation of your journey or not; it is entirely up to you. Each student’s experiences are going to be uniquely their own, and this is the beauty of this journey.

Recently, I began the journey of an ADF Dedicant again with Rev. Christopher Temple and several members of my Grove. Chris and I had both completed the documentation requirements long ago from our initial journeys and thought that it might be beneficial to do this journey again, and we were not wrong. While some mem-

bers of the group do intend to submit documentation for the DP when they are ready, I really have no intention of completing the documentation again in any formal way, with the exception of journaling our process so that it may benefit others in the future. I am interested in the Dedicant Path journey for the potential benefit to my personal spiritual practice and discipline. What I can tell you already is that taking up this journey once again has in many ways breathed new life into my work. The foundation established by my first journey concluded thirteen years ago is once again being actively built upon by continuing to walk the Dedicant Path and finding others interested in walking this Path with me.

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

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SEE PAGE 43.

## The Story of Persephone: A Children's Story

*By Victoria S (aka Leona Oigheag)*

Once upon a time, when the world was still young, the Harvest Goddess had a daughter, Persephone. The young woman was enamored of beautiful flowers and would often wander off to see what she could find. One day, Persephone found a particularly beautiful flower and was enamored by its beauty. While she was admiring the flower, a dark chariot rose up out of the ground, and its rider reached out and grabbed Persephone around the waist. Against her will, Persephone was whisked away to the Underworld.

For many months, Persephone stayed with Hades in the Underworld, pining for the Sun and land again. Again and again, Hades offered Persephone food and drink, but she refused, knowing that eating or drinking would trap her in the Underworld. Eventually, she got so hungry that she had to eat. One, single Pomegranate seed was all she ate, but it was enough.

As time passed in the Underworld, Persephone began to realize that not everything was dark and gloomy there. She began to see the beauty in the

grays, both within the Underworld and within herself. All the while, Demeter walked the land searching for her daughter. As she searched, Demeter would let no grain or crop grow.

Zeus, the king of the Gods, saw what was happening to the land and the people who had no food. He sent Hermes to convince Hades to release fair Persephone. Hermes spoke softly to Hades and the god of the Underworld agreed.

Because she had eaten fruit in the underworld, Persephone could never fully return to the land. Zeus saw the problem and decreed that Persephone shall live for two-thirds of the year with her mother and the land, and one-third of the year under the earth with Hades.

On Samhain night, Persephone returns to the underworld to take her place as its Queen.

*Victoria S joined ADF in 2011. She is currently a member of the Protogrove of the Valley Oak.*

## Mac Criomthann and the Turning of the Year: A Story

*By Rev. G. R. Grove*

The Druid called Mac Criomthann sat on the hill of Emain Macha as he had so often done before, and thought about the things that he had seen and done in the past year. Beltane was approaching, and he had come back, as he usually did at this time, to the place where he had first got his training and had later established his home. It was pleasant to see, in the fields and farms below him, those things which had changed and those which had not changed over the past twelve moons. Crops and cattle had flourished in that time; the spring pastures were lush with rich green grass, and the plowed fields showed faintly green as well with the emerging crops. Cows with their calves, sheep with their lambs, and mares with their foals grazed lustily and nourished their young. Mac Criomthann smiled to himself at the distant sounds of their voices. The Gods he served had been generous to Ériu that year.

Humankind too had prospered. Even at this lean time of year, when the previous summer's stocks of grain were running low, there was no famine in the land. He remembered well the hunger of some previous years, when a harvest blighted by late frosts and heavy rains had left the poor folk with little enough to see them through the following winter. Nor was weather their only enemy; in hard times wolves and outlaws increased, and wars small or great brought their own form of death and destruction. Mac Criomthann had seen much fighting in his life; as a youth he had carried his own spear in battle, killed men, and shed his own blood. Since then he had stood more than once as a peacemaker between armies, if not always with success. Being of no Irish kingdom himself – he had got his birth and his raising in Britain – he could take a detached view of their quarrels, and use his priestly status where he might in the interests of all.

Britain was not so lucky, or so the merchant kind said. Year by year the Roman invaders there extended their conquests; year by year they tight-

ened their grasp on his people, and gripped to the bone. The sacred groves on Ynys Môn they had cut down before he was born, and cut down their priests as well; now only in the Far North of that land was it safe to be a Druid – in the Far North, and in Ériu, the last Sanctuary. Even here, thought Mac Criomthann grimly, there was no ultimate safety; it could only be bought, year by year, through the grace of the Gods, and by the lives of men.

Sighing, he turned his thoughts back to the pleasant day around him. The shadow he cast on the hillside before him was lengthening as the sun declined toward the west. Below in his homestead there would soon be food, and friends with whom he must confer on the Beltane rituals ahead. Yet he lingered for a few minutes more, enjoying the warmth of the sunlight on his back, and the touch of the little soft east wind on his bearded face and on his dark hair. This day, like all days, was unique and beautiful, and its like would never come again, though the years turned without number; he gave thanks for it to his Gods in his heart. Then he rose, brushing a few clinging blades of grass from the seat of his gray sheep-colored robe, and set off, smiling, down the hill with the long mountaineer's stride of his British youth.

The walled compound of his homestead lay already in the hill's shadow when he reached it, although no torches were yet lit at its gates. Blue and aromatic, peat smoke from the central hearth fire filtered through the round-house's thatched roof as it did every evening of the year – every evening but one. That evening was fast approaching, when all the fires in the land would be put out, to be rekindled with coals brought from the Beltane fires. So was it always at this point in the year, as darkness passed into light, the winter's death into the summer's life. On Beltane Eve the herds of cattle and sheep would be driven bawling between two fires to purify them of their winter's ills, before being moved to the summer pastures, safely away from the growing crops.

Young men and girls would go with them, to protect them from wolves and from raiders, and to collect their milk for the making of butter and cheese. But before those fires were lit, before those herds could be driven, there must be planning, and Druids' magic prepared.

As Mac Criomthann approached the gateway, he heard the stamping of horses' hooves and the voices of strangers. Reaching the gate, he stopped to view the scene within. Three young men and three tall well-bred horses stood there, with his own servants attending them. Two of the men were older, with the tough, self-sufficient look of soldiers. The other was younger by far, taller, in every way different: flaxen-haired, where they were dark; dressed in a bright red tunic and a four-colored cloak, where they wore serviceable brown wool and leather; eager and curious and – yes – nervous, where they seemed stolidly indifferent to their surroundings. A king's son, thought Mac Criomthann, at the very least – and, yes – here he smiled – one whom he thought he knew.

As he stood watching them, a woman came to the house-place door, bearing a silver-mounted cup in her two hands. A tall woman she was, and dressed in the same gray robes that Mac Criomthann wore, for she also was a Druid – a *bán-draoi* – and one of no little fame. Her long loose hair, fox-red in the fading twilight, gave her her name – Ruad – and Mac Criomthann smiled again to see her, back from her own travels and in their house once more. Perhaps he made some little movement, for her green eyes met his gray ones across the courtyard. “Welcome, Lord,” she said to the young man. “Be welcome in this place. Here is himself, now, come to greet you.”

The young man turned as Mac Criomthann came forward. “Honored One,” he said, “I have come far to see you. My father the King asks—”

“Time enough, Conall Finn, to speak of asking, when you have been made properly welcome in my house,” said Mac Criomthann. “Drink of the cup my lady offers, and come in with us to the fire. You have ridden far to ask your question; an hour's rest will not change my answer, or see you the sooner home.”

“Of course you are right, Honored One,” said young Conall, taking the cup Ruad offered. Yet he paused for a moment before drinking. “I ask your



pardon for my haste,” he said. “But the weight of it has been this long time on my shoulders, and I do not know... But let it be as you ask.” And he drank of the honey-sweet liquor he was offered, and passed the cup to his fellows, and they all went together into the house.

“It began after Samhain,” said Conall, as they sat around the hearth-fire after meat, each of them with a cup of good ale in his hand. Three more of Mac Criomthann's fellow Druids had joined them, come to share the Beltane planning with him. “We did not know at first what to think, but as our losses grew, my father the King sent me to you, because of his respect for your wisdom, and also because of the strength of your magic, which he had seen.”

Mac Criomthann nodded. He remembered well that day: two armies standing ready to fight, the sunlight bright on their painted shields and sparkling on their swords and their spear-blades; the fierce shouting as they gathered themselves to charge; and then the gray mist, cold and bitter, rolling in from the sea, blotting out the sight of man from man, though they stood side by side. He had called that mist by magic, at no small

cost to himself, to avert a slaughter; afterwards, when he spoke to them, the leaders listened, and the invaders went home... "What, then, troubles you now, to seek me out at this time, after such a long journey?" he asked.

"The disappearing of some of our people," said Conall.

"How, disappearing?" asked Mac Criomthann. "Do you mean that they left? Or vanished somehow before your eyes?"

"In the night it was that they left," said Conall. "Or at least, they were not there in the dawn."

"Mmm," said Mac Criomthann. "What else can you tell us?"

"Little enough," said Conall, running his fingers through his pale hair. "My father asks that you come and advise him. And I ask, too, as his likely heir, since the death of my eldest brother last summer."

"Of what sort were those who disappeared?" asked Ruad, speaking for the first time in this conversation.

Conall frowned. "Young men and boys, for the most part, I think."

"Sons of strong farmers?" asked Ruad. "Married men with families?"

"No, I think not. I am not sure about all of them," said Conall uncertainly.

"Why, then, do you come to me here, when you can tell me so little? How can I advise you?" asked Mac Criomthann. But he knew what the answer would be.

"I ask, rather," said Conall, "that you come back with me. Work your magic, Honored One, and bring them back! For surely you can see what is hidden from such as I!"

"Perhaps I can," said Mac Criomthann. "But I cannot answer you now; I have work to do. Bide here with us until Beltane morning, and then you shall have your reply."

"You give me no choice," said Conall, trying to smile. "I shall wait."

Later that evening, returning to the house from the gateway after seeing off the other Druids with whom he had been conferring on their plans

for Beltane, Mac Criomthann saw Conall's two companions walking toward the stable. Turning, he followed them. "A fine evening it is," he said quietly as he came up to them.

"Indeed, and it is, Honored One," said the older of the two, nodding.

"And a long ride you have had to get here," said Mac Criomthann.

"Half a moon's worth," agreed the other. "Glad we were to arrive, and welcome to us is your hospitality."

"It is yours for so long as you need it," said Mac Criomthann, and paused, frowning as if in deep thought.

"What troubles you, Honored One," asked the younger man after a few minutes. "Can we aid you in any way?"

"I believe you can," said Mac Criomthann. "Tell me what you know, if you will, of this matter which brings your lord here. For I think you two may know more of it than he does."

"No, Honored One," said the older man, frowning in his turn. "Perhaps we do. But who would listen to such folk as we, when kings say otherwise?"

"I will," said Mac Criomthann, and smiled.

That night in the house, when all the others lay sleeping, he said softly to Ruad, "It is much as you thought."

"I know it," she said, her breath warm on his shoulder. "And what will you do?"

"That also you know," said Mac Criomthann. And they spoke no more together that night.

Beltane Eve came, and the year turned. Throughout the land darkness swallowed the hearths and the houses, as all fires were extinguished until they could be relit by coals carried from the new fires lit and blessed by the Druids. Then bonfires burned hot in the countryside, and the cattle were driven bawling between them. There was dancing and drinking and feasting, and the people made merry throughout the night. And the next morning at the appointed places the appointed sacrifices were made.

Mac Criomthann stood that morning in the early sunlight on the hill of Emain Macha, and

watched the folk who had gathered there go down again. Beside him the logs of the Beltane fire where he had sacrificed still smoldered. Young Conall came toward him from among the few who lingered on the hilltop, and on his face was an expression of mingled hope and uncertainty. “What is your answer to my question now, Honored One?” he asked. “Will you ride with me tomorrow, and bring your magic to aid us in our trouble?”

“My answer,” said Mac Criomthann, stern-faced, “is ‘no’. No, I will not ride with you, and I will not bring my magic to your aid.”

“No? But – but why – but how–?” Conall stammered. “I have told you of our distress, our need for your wisdom and your magic. Why will you not come?”

“My wisdom you may have freely, so long as you have it here,” said Mac Criomthann. “But your riddle requires no magic for its solving. Tell me truly, Conall: how many brothers have you? And where are they now?”

“Four,” said Conall slowly. “No, three, since my oldest brother was killed. Two of them are younglings at my father’s court, but the third quarreled with my father last autumn, and at Samhain he was driven out.”

“That was your brother Aed, was it not?” said Mac Criomthann. “The one most beloved by many of your father’s young warriors? The young warriors who have been quietly disappearing – although their disappearing is unseen? Or so you have told me.”

Conall stood silent. Mac Criomthann nodded. “Last night at the Beltane fires, this morning on this hilltop, you have seen my magic, and that of the Earth herself, of Ériu, which is much greater than all the Druids together can command. Here at the turning of the year toward summer it is strongest, as it is at Samhain toward winter. Why did your father quarrel with his son Aed and cast him out?”

“He – Aed – would not obey!” said Conall in a rush. “He wanted always to lead, to be first in the fighting, to be himself King already. My father was angry at him often, but – but... he was – he is – a great warrior, and men loved him for it.”

Mac Criomthann nodded. “The bond between fighting men, those who have shed their



blood together, is very strong. I know it well, I was a warrior in my youth, and shed my own blood for my kin. But I am thinking that your people also love your father the King, and would not shame him by leaving him openly for his out-cast son. Is it not so?”

Conall nodded. “It is true.”

“Find Aed,” said Mac Criomthann, “and you will find your missing men. What comes after that will need a different kind of magic than that of the Druids. But like the turning of the year toward the light, you now will have a new chance. Tell your father to use it wisely.”

Conall drew a deep breath. “I will,” he said, and turned to go down the hill. “Are you not coming down now, Honored One?”

“Not yet,” said Mac Criomthann. He watched the young man go slowly down the hill, and smiled. The larks were rising, singing in the bright air; the fresh odor of the new green grass, crushed underfoot by many but already beginning to rise up again, blade by blade, was strong and sweet. The sunlight on his face was warm and golden, the morning breeze which ruffled his dark hair was pleasantly cool, and the world all around him lay newborn in the summer light. Not all mysteries in the world of men required magic for their solving, and yet magic, if they could see it, was all around them. Mac Criomthann sat on the hill of Emain Macha for a long time that morning, and gave thanks in his heart to his Gods for the beauty of the day.

*Rev. G. R. Grove is a poet, a storyteller, and an amateur historian as well as an ADF priest. To learn more about Mac Criomthann and his origins, see her books “The Druid’s Son” and “Mac Criomthann Tales”.*

# Come Home, Come Home

An Earth Mother Lullaby

Kimberly M. Coley

8



Come home, come home, the Earth Mother calls to my fra - grant  
home, come home, the Earth Mother calls to the moun - tain's  
home, come home, the Earth Mother calls to the oc - cean's  
home, come home, the Earth Mother calls to the fo - rest  
home, come home, the Earth Mother calls to your dee - pest

15



fields sun - shine sweet, a - buzz with bees, hard at work, and the  
tall, air - y sight, swept with clouds, drif - ting through, and the  
deep sal - ted brine, filled with life, swim - ming strong, and the  
calm, thick - ly treed, a - live with scent, shim - mered light and the  
dreams, fe - ver bright, watch the path you seek come alive an - and

21



ti - i - ny sou - ound of lit - tle furred feet ma - king paths through  
ech - o - ing ca - all of wi - ing - ed beast soun - ding o'er the  
ru - u - shing sou - ound of wa - a - vy peaks cru - shing 'cross the  
my - ste - ry sou - ounds as cre - ea - tures seek trail - ways through the  
know that in all of the beau - ty you seek, I am there, and

28



grass - es deep. Come  
crag - gy peaks. Come  
chan - ging tides. Come  
crun - ching leaves. Come  
you are free. Come home, come home!



# Purification Song

A Fire and Water Chant for ADF Ritual

Kimberly M. Coley

5



By the light of this fi-re in the smoke from its flame we are cleansed in the na-me of the three

9



As we stand at the cen-tre of our cos - mos pre-pa- ring for our call to the Gods Dead and Sidhe

13



Let these wa - ters make pure our in - ten - tions and po-wers let our minds come to - ge - ther to see



through our words thoughts and ac-tions we're di-rec - ting our ma-gic in the realms of the land sky and sea.



## ADF Festivals in 2017

*By Manny Tejada-Moreno*

This is the time of year when many of us are planning our yearly tours and vacations. The ADF website has additional information as festival information becomes available at <https://www.adf.org/events/index.html>. Still, we wanted to share what we know at the moment for the 2017 festival season. Below is the Festival Crosswalk in chronological order to our knowledge at the moment. It's always best to double-check in case information changes from the time of publication. We hope to see you out there!

### **Ghosti\*con**

Date: March 23<sup>rd</sup> - March 26<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Location: Albany, New York

Website: <http://ghosti-con.org/>

### **Trillium**

Date: April 13<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Location: Cross Junction, VA

Website: <http://trilliumgatheringadf.org/>

### **Wellspring**

Date: May 25<sup>th</sup> – 29<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Location: Near Cleveland, OH

Website: [www.stonecreed.org/wellspring](http://www.stonecreed.org/wellspring)

### **Three Rivers**

Date: June 8<sup>th</sup> – 11<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Location: Raven's Knoll, Golden Lake, ON

Website: <https://3riversfestival.wordpress.com/>

Three Rivers Festival is the annual gathering of ADF members and other druid-friendly folk in the Eastern Canada Region. It is held on a private Pagan-owned campsite with full amenities. There are workshops, multiple rituals, and always a laid-back, joyous kind of energy. This year, the theme is "Between the Worlds", where we will be exploring the sacred state of liminality. We will also be installing a shrine to Manannán mac Lir in the expanding nemeton at Raven's Knoll. Please join us in fellowship and fun!

### **Eight Winds**

Date: July 13-16, 2017

Location: Trout Lake Abbey

Website: <http://northwest.adf.org/eight-winds-2017>.

Eight Winds is a pagan-centered camping festival and gathering held annually in the western United States. This exciting event is hosted by the Northwest Region of ADF, but is a festival open to all of ADF membership and friendly non-ADF pagans. Join us for a long weekend of learning, hospitality, community, ritual, great food, fun, and entertainment.

### **Summerland Gathering**

Date: No Dates Announced for 2017 but typically in mid-August

Location: near Yellow Springs, OH

Website: <http://www.6thnight.org/>

### **Beyond the Gates**

Date: August 24-27, 2017

Location: Trout Lake, WA

Website: <http://beyondgates.weebly.com/>

Nestled in the Mt. Adams territory, Columbia Grove, ADF welcomes you to share the long summer days with us at the White Mountain Druid Sanctuary, part of Trout Lake Abbey. Workshops, Communion, Rituals, and Fellowship amongst stone circles and streams. Beyond The Gates is an opportunity for the Pagan Community to spend time together in Friendship and Unity. The focus of this gathering is not only workshops but fellowship and hospitality. If those who attend wish to impart knowledge to their fellow participants, then that is a gift of their Spirit. Nothing is required they do not wish to give freely. Beyond The Gates is a time to connect Spiritually, Mentally, and Emotionally with others of like mindset.

### **Festival of the Midnight Flame**

Date: September 7-10, 2017.

Location: Bellaire, MI

Website: [http://www.groovemidnightsun.org/midnight\\_flame\\_festival.html](http://www.groovemidnightsun.org/midnight_flame_festival.html)

### **Rocky Mountain Retreat**

Date: October 13-15, 2017

Location: Denver, CO

Website: <http://www.chokecherryadf.org/> or follow on Facebook

Chokecherry Grove in Denver, Colorado will be holding our 3rd annual Rocky Mountain Retreat

over the weekend of October 13-15, 2017. The schedule will include a Friday evening get-together for participants, a full day of talks and classes on Saturday, and a Sunday morning closing ritual. This is not a camping retreat, although we hope to expand to that format in future years,

and all of these events will be held in urban south Denver, half an hour's drive from Denver International Airport.

See [www.adf.org/events](http://www.adf.org/events) for more festival information.

## The Poets

**Diane “Emerald” Bronowicz:** The Golden Crescent.. Diane “Emerald” Bronowicz is an Initiate of ADF, the current Senior Druid of Sassafras Grove in Pittsburgh, and a Bard Laureate Emeritus. She holds a BA in History and Theatre Arts from Boston College and a MS in Education from Duquesne University.

**Ty Davis:** *Wisdom is a Broom.* Ty lives in the Midwest on a hill filled with Oak Trees. He originally wrote this poem as an offering to Brigindu. He aspires to join the ADF clergy program after he finishes his Dedicant Path.

**Rev. D. Rowen Grove :** *A Charm of Purification, Prayer for a Recently-Passed Ancestor, Prayer for Blessing a House.* Rowen 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.

**Rev. G R “Gwernin” Grove:** *Prayer For Blessing a House.* G R has published four collections of poetry and four historical novels (with a little magic) set in 1st and 6th century Britain and Ireland. She is an ADF Initiate, Chief of the Scholars Guild , and one of the Bardic Guild’s four Master Bards. She was ordained in 2016.

**Wesley Jolly:** *A Prayer for Those Who Serve.* Wes grew up in the rural South. He is currently ordained through the Universal Life Church, but he is working on completing the Dedicant Path, with the intention of seeking ordination as clergy in the ADF. He is currently the Grove Preceptor of the Three Branch Rivers Grove.

**Linda Sager Kazalski:** *Prayer for the Outdwellers' Offering.* Born and raised in the rural mountains of upstate New York, Linda began learning about the land and family traditions from her maternal grandfather, a dairy farmer. A First Class Girl Scout, raised by an Eagle Scout, she’s been a tree-hugging dirt-worshipper ever since. She is Senior Druid of Three Branch River Grove, ADF, of Hampton Roads, Virginia.

**Nathan Large :** *A Chant for the Transport of Sacrifice .* Nathan is a writer and storyteller, primarily in speculative fiction (science fiction, fantasy, and weird horror), with frequent mythological themes. His experience includes a doctorate in cognitive psychology, more than twenty years of storytelling in multiple role-playing formats, and a lifelong fascination with folk tales and myths.

**Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano:** *Ripple, Ó Terra Mãe! Ó Terra Mãe!* 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.

**Rev. Jan Avende:** *Simple Devotion, To the Unsung Heroes .* Jan has been a member of ADF and Three Cranes Grove since 2009. She is an ADF Initiate is active as an officer and member in many of ADFs subgroups. She enjoys writing rituals and prayers on request and talking with others about how they practice Our Druidry.

**Rev. Derek (Davin) Wrigley:** *Evocation of Fire and Blood.* Derek joined ADF in 2010 and was ordained in 2015. He lives in California and is active on the ADF solitaries group and list.

# ARTISAN

*By: Chris:)*

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

This month's puzzle is a word search on artisan-related words—list of words to find on next page.

## WORDS TO FIND:

ACRYLIC  
APERTURE  
BLENDING  
BRUSH  
CANVAS  
CHARCOAL  
COLLAGE  
COLOR  
DIGITAL  
EXTENDER  
FABRIC  
HUE  
INK

LOOM  
MIXEDMEDIA  
OILS  
PAPER  
SATURATION  
SKETCH  
STENCIL  
STITCH  
TEXTURE  
THREAD  
VARNISH  
VELLUM

## News and Announcements

### Program & Path Completions

**Diane Bronowicz Egelhoff**  
Completed: Initiates program  
Date completed: Sept 2016

**Rev. Amber Doty**  
Completed: Initiates program  
Date completed: Oct 2016

~Congratulations to all~

### Protogrove & Grove Approvals

**Protogrove of the Gathering Waters**  
Troy, IL  
Date founded: Sept 14, 2016

**Northern Rivers Grove**  
Philadelphia, NY  
Date of Charter: Sept 30, 2016

**Nine Waves Grove**  
Houston, TX  
Date of Charter: Nov 14, 2016

**Golden Birch Grove**  
Pointe- Claire, QC Canada  
Date of Charter: Dec 03, 2016





# 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                               | Margaret Forsell-VanHorn           | adf-treasurer@adf.org        |
| Secretary                               | Rev. Crystal Groves                | adf-secretary@adf.org        |
| Members Advocate                        | Desiree Cook                       | adf-members-advocate@adf.org |
| Chief of the Council of Regional Druids | Rev. Amy Castner                   | adf-cord-chief@adf.org       |
| Chief of the Council of Senior Druids   | Flip Rutledge                      | adf-cosd-chief@adf.org       |
| Non-Officer Director                    | Rev. Sean Harbaugh                 | seanthedruidd@gmail.com      |
| Non-Officer Director                    | Cathy 'Selene Tawny' Wayman        | selenetawny@twc.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' Adelman            | john.adelman@trw.com      |
| Archdruid Emeritus         | Rev. Robert 'Skip' Ellison         | skip@dragonskeep.us       |
| Archdruid Emeritus         | Rev. Kirk Thomas                   | druiddkirk@gmail.com      |
| Chronicler                 | Manny Tejada-Moreno                | adf-chronicler@adf.org    |
| Information Manager        | Luke Landry                        | adf-info-manager@adf.org  |
| Listmasters and Moderators | Rev. 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: Rev. 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. Kirk Thomas                  | adf-prison-ministry@adf.org |

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

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

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

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



# Submission Guidelines



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

## References and Notations:

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

## Medium of Submission:

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

**[oak-leaves@adf.org](mailto:oak-leaves@adf.org)**

Please send one submission per attachment specifying the format, author's name, your email, and membership status. Be sure the title of the piece and your name are at the top of the page, and you have checked it over for spelling and grammatical errors. Also: please include a brief ADF-related bio for all articles and essays.

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

## Art Submission Guidelines:

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

## Deadlines for submissions are:

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





# Ar nDraiocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship

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

## Membership and Subscription Form

One form per person please.



Beside your name, address, phone number, and e-mail address, please indicate whether the information is: Publishable (P), meaning it can be printed in ADF publications and we can give it out freely to people who wish to contact you; Sharable (S), meaning we can give it out to ADF members who request it; or Confidential (C), meaning that only the Mother Grove and ADF office staff will have access to it.

Legal Name: \_\_\_\_\_ P \_ S \_ C  
 Religious Name: \_\_\_\_\_ P \_ S \_ C  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_ P \_ S \_ C  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_ State/Province: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip/Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Country: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Birth Date: \_\_\_ / \_\_\_ / \_\_\_ (mm/dd/yy)  
 Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_ P \_ S \_ C

The information on this form represents a:  
 New Membership  
 Renewal  
 Revival of Expired Membership  
 Information Update (If name/address changed indicate previous)

If this is a new membership, where did you hear about us?  
 \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

### ADF Membership Rates:

Regular Membership \_\_\_\_\_ years @ \$30/year = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Prisoner Membership \_\_\_\_\_ years @ \$10/year = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Subscription to Oak Leaves - Members \_\_\_\_\_ years @ \$20/year = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Subscription to Oak Leaves - Non-Members \_\_\_\_\_ years @ \$25/year = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total Due \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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

### Under 18 Membership Waiver

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

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

Parent/Guardian Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Parent/Guardian Printed Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Notary Seal: \_\_\_\_\_





# FESTIVAL OF THE MIDNIGHT FLAME

September  
7-10, 2017  
Bellaire, Michigan

Hosted by  
Grove of the  
Midnight Sun, ADF

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

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