

OAK LEAVES

The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin Winter 2017 ~ Issue No. 79



Pair Warning

(For Carrach of Pittsburgh, 8/30/17)

Let the call go out
in the Mist of Dream
One is coming; One is coming!
Let the Wood of Spirits
be awakened with the call
Let the bell ring over the waters
Let it be sung in the song of birds
One is coming; One is coming!
So make open the way.

Let the Wise be given notice
Gather in your hall
One is coming; One is coming!
A Fire-lighter
An image shaper,
a limner and a maker
One is coming; One is coming!
A singer of songs
Memory of old, voice of persuasion,
One is coming; One is coming!
Who built for you your worship
Who sought wisdom,
& did wise deeds as fate allowed
Who lived in love, for a wide kin
One is coming; One is coming!
So make ready a welcome.

May his gods receive him
May his ancestors welcome him
May his allies fly with him
To the home of his fate
To the very home of his fate
One is coming; One is coming!
So, O Holy Ones, make homely his home.

-Rev. Ian Corrigan



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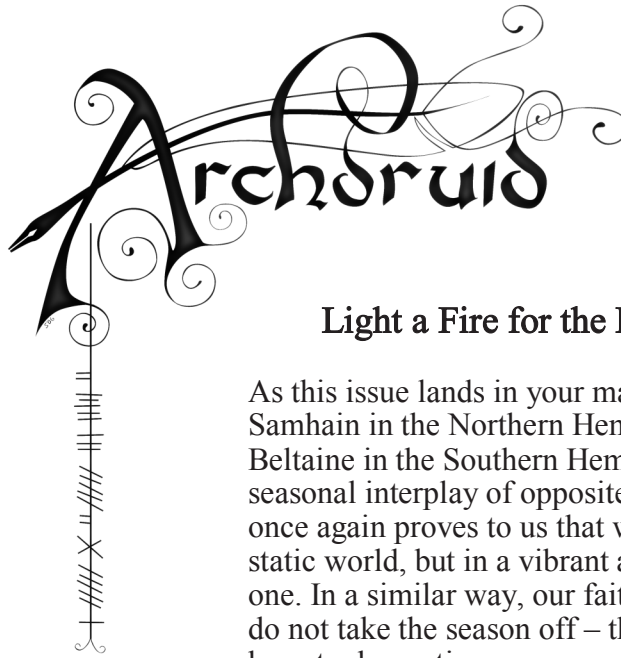
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Front Cover:

First Snow *by Rev. G. R. Grove*

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Light a Fire for the Earth Mother

As this issue lands in your mailbox, it will be Samhain in the Northern Hemisphere and Beltaine in the Southern Hemisphere. The subtle seasonal interplay of opposites across the Equator once again proves to us that we do not live in a static world, but in a vibrant and ever-moving one. In a similar way, our faith and our practices do not take the season off – the work that we have to do continues.

One of the important tasks that we undertake – in my vision of ADF Druidry – is to honor the Earth Mother, and I feel that it is appropriate to do this work every day. While I think that the Earth Mother – in her many faces and phases – is more than able to take care of herself, I think that it is a good demonstration of our devotion and of our piety to do something for her every day.

One can either make some kind of shrine or altar outside, or one can be situated inside. Or both. If an inside devotional area is decided upon, it should be located in a place that can be seen every day and perhaps several times a day. A



location near a window would be ideal because not only would you have a place set aside for the Earth Mother, but the backdrop for that altar would be a view into the Earth Mother herself: the great outdoors. As one's offerings are made on a daily basis, it would be easy to see the Earth Mother and her changes, whether grey to white to barren in northern climes, or barren to sprouting to green in southern areas. The altar and the devotionals would be part of a living and changing scene just like the Earth Mother – ever-changing.

If the shrine is to be located outdoors, it might be a good idea to find a place where an image of the Earth Mother might be drawn or created. One could use an image such as this:



If such a diagram or image is created, it can also be used for placement on the ground. If it is drawn on the ground in a semi-permanent way, or built with bricks perhaps, as the seasons turn and the weeks pass, one would be able to see the Earth Mother passing through the seasons and watch her image changing as the time progresses. She is the ever-changing All Mother, after all. If one is able to place a daily offering, be it a piece of bread or a cup of tea, the image can be a centering point outside for the offering to Her. If the image is drawn or built in the Southern Hemisphere and plants or seeds are placed within it, as time passes one can see life growing up through the Mother of All herself. It becomes a living and growing altar onto which items can be placed.

If none of these scenarios is possible, if you walk outside each day – or any day that you are able – touch the ground and envision your idea of the Earth Mother. Keep that image present in your mind's eye as you touch the ground with your fingers or your hand and say “I thank you, Earth Mother”.

If you are able to light a candle on your indoor altar for the Earth Mother, do so, and bring some light to your world and your offerings. If an open flame is not possible or advisable indoors or out, use an LED candle, which while artificial is still a representation of light. If all you have is your imagination, see a bright fire blazing and keep it lit for the length of your devotional time.

As the seasons move into light or as they slide into darkness, light a fire for the Earth Mother and kindle your practice. May the bounty of the Earth Mother be with you always!

*Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano
Archdruid, ADF*



Winter Issue of Oak Leaves

By Oak Leaves Editor-in-Chief Rev. G. R. Grove

Two themes intertwine in this issue. The first strand is the international nature of Our Druidry. This time we have articles from Rev. Ellie Lazzaro, our first European Priest, recently ordained in Germany; from Diane Cacciato, one of our newer solitary members, on her adventures in Sicily; from Marina Holderbaum Wroblewska, one of our Brazilian members, who celebrates Midsummer in December; and from Kristoffer Hughes, head of the Anglesey Druid Order, on their

the Dead. In “Casting the Bones”, Rev. D. Rowen Grove tells us of her experiences in developing a system of divination which makes use of small bones, among many other objects. Finally, we are doubly introduced to the Mari Lwyd – the “Gray Mare” – that traditional New Year’s figure of Wales. We meet her both in her appearance in the Midwinter ceremonies of the Anglesey Druids and in her history and her annual visit to the Samhain rituals of my own Grove, Chokecherry



different but related Midwinter celebrations, which celebrate the land, lore, and language of that anciently Druidical island.

The second strand, here on the doorstep of winter, is our awareness of Death and of the Dead, an appropriate topic for Samhain. One of ADF’s Senior Priests, Rev. Eric G. Canali (Earrach of Pittsburgh), died on August 31 after a long illness. He will be greatly missed by many. Yet what is remembered lives, and Eric should be long remembered for his many contributions, to his friends, to his Grove, and to ADF as a whole.

Approaching the subject of Death in a more general sense, we have contributions from Vice Archdruid Carrion Mann and former Archdruid Ian Corrigan on working with and remembering

Grove here in Denver.

Finally, among other articles, poetry, and fiction suitable for the Dark Time of the year, an introduction to ADF’s newest subgroup, the Games and Play Special Interest Group, stands out. Games are, after all, a traditional winter activity, when our ancestors huddled around their hall fires and entertained themselves throughout the long, cold nights. May the work of this new group continue to develop even after the snows of winter melt and spring returns!

As this issue was about to be sent to the printers, word came of the sudden death of Hugh Hampton, ADF’s Office Manager. He will be commemorated in our next issue, but may he pass safely to rest with the Ancestors.

Blessings, Rev. G. R. “Gwernin” Grove

Reverend Eric G. Canali - Earrach of Pittsburgh

December 28, 1952 – August 31, 2017

By Rev. Robert "Skip" Ellison



Ár nDraíocht Féin lost one of its shining stars with the passing of Earrach. He will be sorely missed, and I hope that his many works of ritual, poetry, and music, in his Groveshare project, the Book of Sassafras, and in his blog posts (<http://thebookofsassafras.blogspot.com/>), will be preserved for future generations of Druids to learn from!

I first met Earrach at the first Wellspring festival in May of 1991, and was impressed by his knowledge and enthusiasm. He was always willing to share what he had learned and to help wherever he could. In the succeeding years, I always looked forward to receiving his updated copy of "The Book of Sassafras." I have many of them still, and continue to look back at them when questions come up. Our local grove continues to this day to use his poem "The Creation Myth" in all our fire festival services.

"The Book of Sassafras" began in 1999, and was based on Earrach's "Groveshare Project" that began in 1996. The project that he created shared resource material between the Senior Druids of the groves, and it was extremely valuable as we were starting out! Along with the sharing among

the Senior Druids, a copy of all the material went to the editor of Oak Leaves. As Earrach said on the cover of the original project sheet:

"Each grove in ADF has its own unique promotional, educational and liturgical materials. The purpose of the Groveshare Project is to enrich our experience at the Wellspring National Meeting each year through the exchange of this material, thereby allowing each grove to share in the variety of expressions, concepts and inspirations of the whole organization."

We were ordained as Senior Priests together on May 31 of 2002. Since then, Earrach has worked tirelessly for his local community, and for ADF as a whole. He served as Senior Druid of Sassafras Grove for many years, then served as a resource for the community and continued to teach through his blog posts. He continued this knowledge sharing until the end of June of this year, when his illness reached a point where it prevented him from it. Though his words have been silenced, his thoughts will live on through our memories of him. Long may he be remembered!

Stepping into Priesthood – An ADF Ordination in Europe

By Rev. Ellie Lazzaro

I have recently been ordained as the first ADF Priest in Europe. We are not many members in Europe, so I mostly thought of it being a “big deal” for me personally. But talking to two Protestant Pastors, I realized that their perception of Paganism changed as I talked about the content of my training and ordination within an international Pagan Church with Priests in three different countries. Of course, we are still “small” in comparison, but they both thought of Paganism as being small autonomous groups on the fringes – and that perception changed a bit.

My ordination took place in my Nemeton, where Adrana PG has been doing most of their rites. It was a sunny day, and German ADF Members, PG members, and Pagan friends from different traditions had travelled there from all the corners of Germany. There were people participating for the first time at a rite and people who participate VERY seldom in group rites. I felt quite honored and grateful that they all worked together to make this a wonderful rite. My Ordination was performed by Drum, our Archdruid. He was a

gracious, inspiring guest, and we spent his 3 days’ stay not only talking the rite through, but doing as well some sightseeing and tasting German food, all while getting to know each other better. He was the second ADF member from outside Germany I had met. (In 2014 we had our first ADF Meeting in Germany, where Rev. Nancy McAndrew participated.) So it was actually a bit of a weird point that I was getting ordained, and except the rite we did together with Nancy, I had never participated in any ADF rite outside the ones I had led myself. But I think I’ve seen every ADF ritual video I could find during these seven years I’ve been with ADF. My former ceremonial training certainly was of help too.

Drum and I had chosen to do the rite in German, a few things like his and my introductory words and the Omen being translated. I spoke the pledge in German and English. Beforehand, we had discussed the translation word for word to get it really right. It was interesting how I could feel the weight of the stole even when speaking the pledge and it wasn’t yet on my shoulders. I also felt the well-known feeling of stepping into a current when speaking the pledge.

For the offerings I had baked a bread in form of a bee hive, to represent service to the folk. It bears as well a connection to my former training and is of great personal importance. A little shock was reading about Reverend Jan Avende’s “sacred tuft”. But Drum calmed me down I didn’t have to offer so much hair. As ridiculous as it sounds, together with my irrational fear I would forget the COoR (which – of course – I did not), having to cut a hair strand was the most frightening. I didn’t want to cut too little as not to dishonor the Gods, but not too much. I even asked my hair dresser where it would be best so it wouldn’t be seen. (Everyone has their quirks ;-)).

Different as well was that I led nearly all of the parts with a group being present. But as usual we



Photo: Jan Wieland

Photo: Jan Wieland



sang lots of songs, bringing the group-mind thus well together. After the public rite people stayed in the Nemeton, drumming and singing until Drum and I returned and the potluck began.

My Omen was *Straif, Luis* and *Beth*. Drum saw in it the happenings in my life (with an international move from Germany to France ahead) as a time of transition with the protection of Rowan and Birch for the new beginning.

Looking back I have to say that it definitely was the most stressful move in my life up until now. I felt like my priestly work of mediating chaos was not challenged on a spiritual but on very basic physical and practical ground. And three weeks after moving, I broke my foot. But I always felt safe and protected. Being in a new land – with even less ADF members than before – is definitely a new beginning, but with the lessons of the past in my hand.

A priestly path often begins with some sort of a calling. For me the first call was finding out as a child that there once were priestesses and Goddesses. I started worshipping the Gods as a teen and came into contact with the Pagan community in my late teens. While I didn't seek taking up roles, it just happened that I often have been a founding member of pub moots and groups. It

was a pragmatic approach: "There is no study / ritual group/ pub moot? – Ok, let's found one!"

I was initiated into the Western Mystery tradition and had taken the Oath to serve the Light, the Gods, the Spirits and the folk. In a certain way, this first oath I had taken was very similar to the one I took this year again. I became a psychologist, a therapist and a mother. And I felt that this "inner spiritual Priesthood" wasn't enough any-



Photo: Jan Wieland



Photo: Jan Wieland

The Oath on the Archdruid's Sickle, to be followed by the placing of the Stole on Rev. Elie's shoulders.

more. My search for a path brought me to join ADF in 2010.

I started training on the CTP Prelim in 2012, and during this time I had a few strong spiritual encounters and one really strong "wake up call". Not unknown from former training, but due to pregnancies it had been a bit dormant. It hit me a bit by surprise but – as I learned later – the trigger was connected to the priesthood. For me it was a confirmation of the chosen path.

"But how could you become a priest in relative isolation?" was a question someone asked. True, not having an ADF community in Germany (we were 4, later 3 members when I joined) was actually one of the reasons I had first been reluctant to join. At one point I had decided that being "isolated" was one of the things I could try to actively change. I tried to help build a greater community by posting articles and experiences about ADF on my homepage in German. But actually, once I joined, I didn't feel isolated anymore. There was community on the mailing lists and

later on Facebook. There were "unrequited" relationships of people that through their homepages, publications or videos became my "mentors". I felt guided. I followed those who have gone the path before me, even when their paths started in another country. We organized ADF meetings in Germany, and since 2010 I had started organizing High Day rituals, later performing them as full COoR rites. In 2014 we became a Protogrove.

I didn't feel there were so many downs on the course work. I treated it as a postgrad course, made a nearly "sacred time schedule" and mostly stuck to it. There was just one point where I remember getting frustrated because Mythology 2 seemed to have its own rhythm. I stressed myself out a bit, and I tried to catch up time I lost due to a major exam. I realized it was me making too much pressure. Things sometimes need the time they do.

When I sent in my portfolio, I had already given up on having my ordination in my Nemeton. But Drum made it possible. It fitted in with his traveling plans in Europe.



Rev. Ellie and Archdruid Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano

The Ordination was to be the last ritual in the Nemeton. The next rite performed was the closing down of the Nemeton, putting it to sleep. I charged the energy of the rites into two stones. One was my temple stone that is with me since many years and the other was new, collected for this occasion. It stayed with one of the Deputy Grove Organizers. A month after the ordination we moved to France with the whole family.

It is also a time of testing for the PG. I will be travelling to Germany and we have scheduled online meetings and two deputy GO are stepping up. It will be a time of learning and growing and continuing to weave bands between new and old people and new and old Kindred.

Rev. Ellie Lazzaro (also known as Ishtar vom Sternenkreis or Ella Adair) has been in ADF since 2010. She serves ADF as the Regional Druid for Europe and has recently moved to Paris to stay there for three years .

For Earrach Of Pittsburgh

By Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano

Oh the Journeys in Space!
Not that long ago,
You looked up at the Sun
And the Moon,
As they neared
And joined
And parted;
The vibrant glow of the Sun
Visible to all
As the Moon absorbed all of the light.
Oh the journeys in space!

How much time did you spend
Looking
And teaching
And speaking about the stars?
And the heavens?
And the Shining Ones above?
You used Sun
And glass
And geometry
To make fire
From the heavens
Descend to the Earth.
Oh the journeys through space!

And now, unfettered,
You are free to soar
Among the cosmos,
Between the stars,
Behind the moon on any given night.
Where you once looked up from this little place
Wondering what the heavens did hold,
You now have a panoply of worlds
To find,
To visit,
To share,
As you look down onto this little place.
Share them with us now,
As an Ancestor and a friend.
Oh the journeys through space!

Casting the Bones: A Different Form of Divination

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

Initial Thoughts and Archaeology

In the early spring of 2016, I found myself having persistent ideas about “bone reading” as a form of divination. My initial impressions of this came from fiction, and for a while I ignored the notion. However, partly through some trance work, I presently became aware that Someone wanted me to do this. A little investigation led me to some modern forms of bone divination: a number of Afro-Caribbean systems, Appalachian hoodoo practices, and Mongolian Shaggai; I found references to systems which used only three or four bones or pieces, and systems which used upward of a hundred. Historically, there were forms of bone divination in ancient Greece, Asia, Europe, Labrador, and elsewhere which used only a scapula or skull, or a turtle shell. But, I wondered, had there been earlier Indo-European systems which involved the tossing or “casting” of a number of small bones, stones, and possibly other things?

Lacking at the time any hard archaeological evidence, my initial work on this was largely trance-inspired and ancestor or spirit-led, but additional research has led me to attempt to unearth and perhaps involve historical practices. What has evolved is neither one of the Afro-Caribbean systems, nor is it an Appalachian hoodoo system, although I am taking some inspiration from those and other historical systems, including some possible indications in archaeological Viking-era grave-goods. Particularly interesting is the Fyrkat wagon burial in Denmark, wherein an apparently high-status Viking-era woman, who may also have been a *völva* or seeress, was interred with, among other grave goods, a wooden box containing an assortment of bones from small mammals and birds, together with a pellet from an owl (Price), and some henbane seeds. Bags or boxes containing groups of carved bones, crystal pebbles, or turned walrus ivory have been found in other burials;

some have been classified as gaming pieces, others as “use unknown”. I am continuing to search for indications of other such grave finds and other possible connections. According to an article from the Cuyamungue Institute, the drums of some Saami shamans were sometimes used for divination, by small pieces of horn, bone, or wood, called “pointers” (*vuorbi* or *viejhkie*) which were tied to the frame of the drum by leather strips and set atop it. When the horizontally held drum was beaten, the omen was obtained from where on the patterned drum head these pieces came to rest. While this is perhaps only peripherally relevant (and not of an IE culture), I find it an interesting example of small bones used in divination.

Assembling the Pieces

When I began to work with this, I wanted to create a set of functional divination tools that could have been used by someone in Northern Europe in archaic times, and which was not specific to any single hearth culture; perhaps a more-or-less Bronze Age Indo-European system. As I began to collect a possible set of divination pieces, I diverged farther and farther from the modern systems I had seen. I'd initially included a thimble as a symbol of work (common to many current systems), but after less than a week replaced it with an antique baked clay spindle-whorl; still “work”, but of a more archaic feeling. Besides bones, I have stones and fossils, a few



pieces of shell or wood, and two metal items, one of bronze and one of silver. Some pieces are carved, others are naturally shaped. Although “bones” generally come from formerly-living creatures, I consider that stones are the bones of the earth, shells are the bones of mollusks, wood the bones of trees, and so forth.

Why is a particular item chosen to represent a certain thing or idea? It may be from a similarity of shape or appearance, it may be a traditional connection, or it may be something which came to the reader in a dream. When considering the addition of a new piece or of replacing one piece with another, I cleanse the potential piece, both physically and psychically, show it to my ancestors, and leave it on my main altar for a few days. I will usually get an impression of acceptance or rejection, sometimes with overtones of “not quite, but close.” Occasionally I find a piece which I know must be a part of the set, but I have no idea what it is to represent, and these items undergo the same treatment. If I am quite sure they belong, I will add them, trusting time, experience, and *Imbas* to tell me their purpose. From an ADF viewpoint, I found it important to have pieces for the Three Realms and for the Hallows. In my set, a malachite pebble stands for Land; a small rounded chunk of abalone shell is the Sea, and a blue quartz pebble, the Sky. I had initially thought that the Sea and the Well could

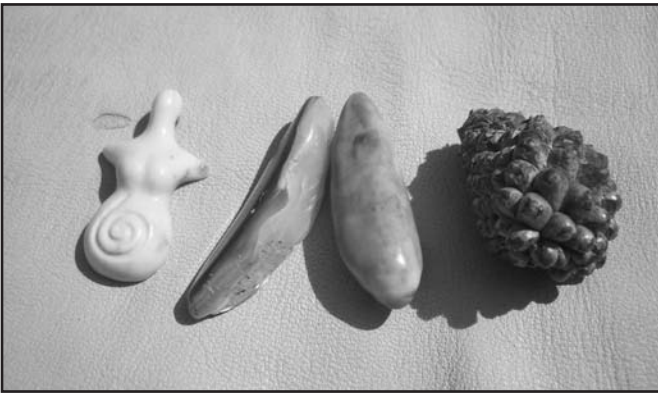


Photo: Dale Frampton

be represented by the same piece, but decided to use an aquamarine pebble for the Well. The Fire is represented by a flame-shaped piece of carnelian, and the Tree, by a piece of bog oak. The next threesome I needed was the Kindreds. This was more of a challenge than expected, but eventually I settled on a small spruce cone, picked up in the mountains, for the Land Kin. The Ancestors had early-on established two pieces for themselves: a small polished fossil walrus tooth from Alaska for the male ancestor line, and a crescent of abalone shell for the female ancestor line, but the Ancient Wise wanted their own piece and are represented by a somewhat larger rough fossil walrus tooth. The Shining Ones took some thought; I began by using a small carved bone goddess figure, but this may change.

The use or exclusion of some items common to modern bone-reading has also taken time and thought; for example, after consideration I removed the cowrie shells (commonly used to





indicate female persons in many modern systems) as something that would not often be seen in archaic Northern Europe. Yet when I recently visited a travelling “Vikings” exhibit at a local museum, I saw in their display cowrie shells, which were considered exotic items and had possibly been used as amulets. I have since re-included a cowrie shell, but as indicating a gift from afar, rather than a female person. Likewise, rather than using a knapped stone arrowhead as “pointing the way”, the small green one in my set is for “elf-shot” (malign interference from the Otherworld). Although I am working on developing an IE system, my *Awen* has led me to include two specifically North American items: a coyote tooth with a painted root (one side for Trickster, the other for Shaman), and a bison tooth for strength and for respecting the old ways. While the pieces are all different, some kinds of things work better than others; a sphere or egg-shaped piece may roll too much; a piece that is much larger than the others may emerge more often, and a much smaller one may tend to hide; heavy pieces may break more delicate items if they collide during the casting.

How?

The first piece in my set was a little section of deer antler that was given to me, which I call “the inquirer” – the person asking a question. If I am reading for an individual, I have them hold the piece while considering the question, then place this piece in the center of the reading surface for the others to land around it. Besides those mentioned above, there are pieces representing persons or relationships, family concerns, matters of good or ill fortune or health, and many other

things, the individual discussion of which is outside the scope of this article. My own set contains over sixty pieces at this point, and is far from being the largest I have seen.

I use different levels of reading, depending on the complexity of the question, the time available, and the number of pieces that will be used. The simplest is the “small omen,” of stirring the pieces and drawing out three or four, which I drop in a clump and interpret. When I was first describing the developing system to someone, I would dip into the travelling pouch, pull out a small handful, drop it into my other hand and explain; I presently realized that each time I did this, I was giving a small reading. For an ADF omen-taking, I take a handful of “random” pieces and cast or toss them onto a marked cloth. More usually, some or all of the pieces are tossed or cast onto a cloth or other surface (bone reading is traditionally done on the floor or the ground), and the interpretation is given not only from the individual items, but their relationships to other pieces and the patterns that they make. Although each piece has its own significance, most have multiple meanings; the reader must rely on their own intuition to select the correct interpretation for that reading.

Some Personal Caveats

There are some items not uncommon to modern bone-readers, which I cannot or will not use. These include modern cat bones (whether domestic or larger – this is a personal *geasa*); wolf or

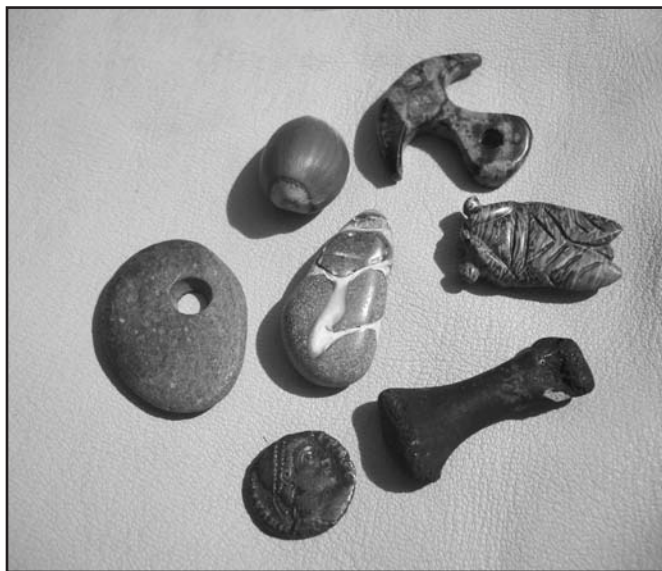


dog bones or teeth, unless I know the circumstances under which the animal died; or healed broken bones. These latter are sometimes used nowadays as an emblem of some past damage, but the idea that the animal's bone may have been deliberately broken in order to have it heal and be sellable is something I cannot use. I instead use a piece of a storm-downed small branch from my ash tree, which had suffered a hail-strike and healed over.

I use some fossilized bones and teeth; of the modern ones, some I have had for decades, and others come from a local Native American source. I suggest, for those who are drawn to this system of divination but who find the use of any modern bones objectionable, to consider such things as pieces of wood, some shells, cuts of naturally shed antler, stones, and fossilized bones or teeth, the original possessor of which perished (probably naturally) many thousands of years ago.

Conclusion

If indeed there was an ancient system of this sort in use, obviously we would have no way of knowing what the individual pieces signified to those who used them: such things probably varied by location, cultural group, and individual tradition. I am not the Seer of an archaic culture, steeped in her tribe's traditions, but a Neo-pagan Druid, a person born in the twentieth century; I have had to discover the meanings of the pieces I use for myself. My own set of bones (and other



things) has pieces with ADF-specific references; another person's set might not have them. The collection of pieces I use is still evolving, as is my understanding of the subtleties of reading with them. Despite some evidence of ancient roots, this system remains largely intuitive. Though there will of course be overlap in meanings and techniques, each reader must evolve their own methods; one person cannot tell another how they "should" read bones.

My thanks to the members of the Facebook Bone Reading group, particularly Michele Jackson and Sylvia Payne, for their interest and encouragement in this endeavor.

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Rev. D. Rowen Grove joined ADF in the spring of 2010. 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.

A Wandering Druid in Sicily

By Diane Cacciato

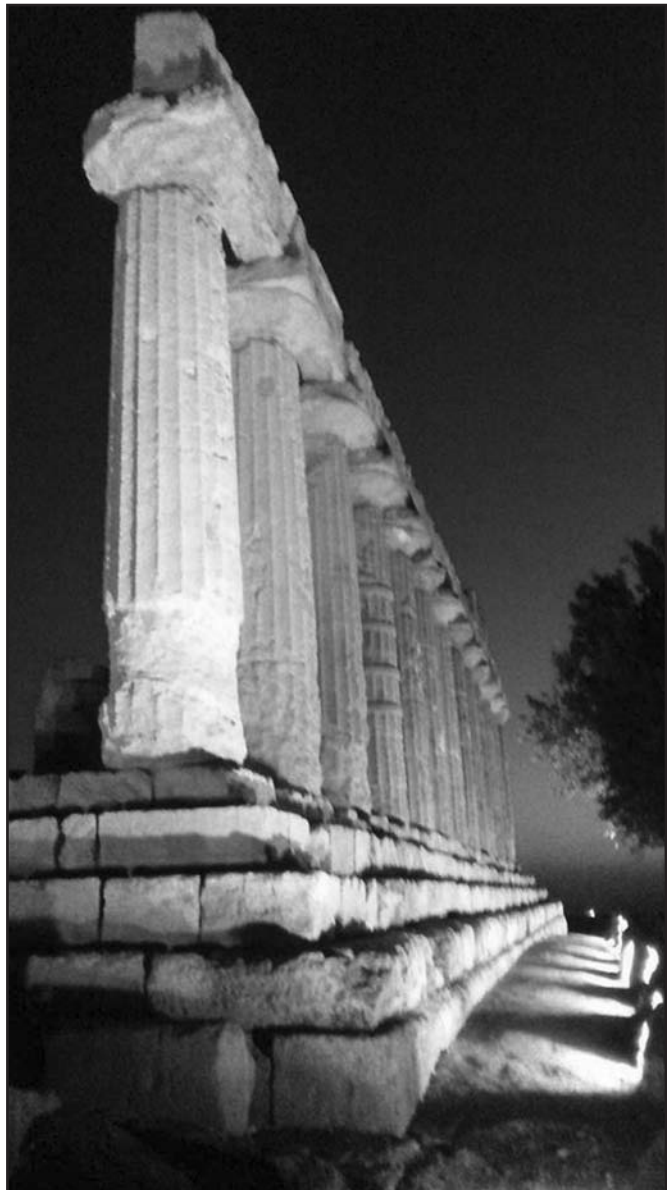
Imagine—an ancient island, fields full of olive trees with silvery leaves rustling in jasmine breezes that have drifted across the sea from Africa. Imagine a land in which the Greek gods and goddesses dance between the Catholic saints whose images are ubiquitous in every town, city, village, and home. Imagine a place in which tales of fairies and goblins and the evil eye are still whispered by elderly *nonne* (grandmothers) as they dote upon their grandchildren. Venerable ancestors either wandered their way here or invaded, leaving their mark on the land, food, language, and culture. This is Sicily. This is the island I call home every summer.

Nine years ago, my husband and I fulfilled a long-held dream: we bought a house in Sicily. Our friends thought we were crazy. Our families thought we would lose our shirts, but when we are floating in the Mediterranean, looking up at a perfectly blue sky, the beach flanked on either side by blindingly white cliffs, and delicious swordfish steaks awaiting us at the beachside restaurant, we simply laugh.

I know that when many people think of Italy, they think of Diane Lane renovating a villa in *Under the Tuscan Sun*, or Julia Roberts eating pasta in Rome or pizza in Naples in *Eat, Pray, Love*, or Daniel Craig gliding down Venice's Grand Canal in *Casino Royal*. For me, however, Italy is, and always will be, Sicily. From the spleen and lung sandwiches available on Palermo streets to the Couscous Festival in Trapani to the roast horse at the medieval festival in Buccheri, these dishes all reflect Sicilian culture. The rich and famous wander the streets of Ortigia. Migrants fleeing war and famine and drought gratefully work land that the government has appropriated from the Mafia. The Sicilians that are sitting at bars every morning drinking coffee and eating gelato are blonde, brunette, black-haired, and ginger. Their eyes reflect their ancestors with

blue, brown, green, and grey. Their skin tone stretches from bronze to the pale white of my Celtic ancestors. Sicily is a wonderful, crazy mix-up and I love every bit of it.

There are places here that, to me, are highly sacred and special. They are not the amazing cathedrals filled with priceless art, nor are they the little village churches that call people to mass every day, twice a day. For me, the sacred lies in the ancientness of this island – in the rocks and trees, mountains and caves. When I drive from



Valley of the Temples at night



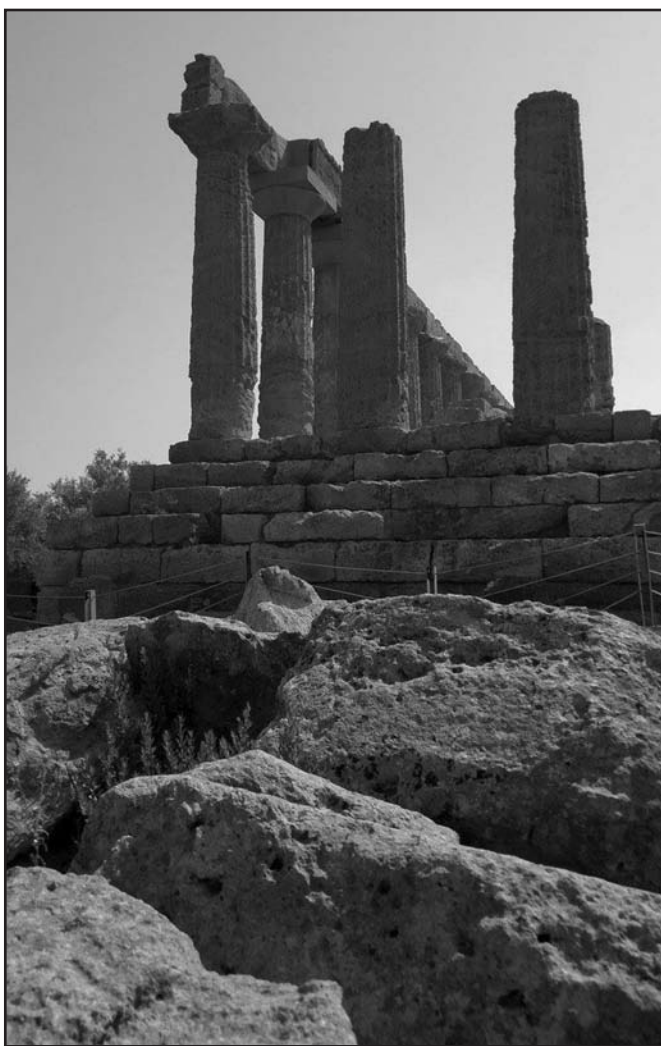
my little village of Cianciana, through and up the mountains to the larger town of Rafadali, I can feel the power in those mountains as they tower over me, my little car clinging to that windy, deserted road. I sometimes wonder at the reaction of the ancient Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and Normans as they would have come up from the sea and walked among these noble giants.

This summer, I once again visited the beautiful town of Mazara del Vallo. Every Sicilian home of ancient Greek architecture and art is beautiful and full of the ancient energy with which the island still hums, but Mazara del Vallo is special. It lies on the southwest coast, and cool breezes cross the Mediterranean keeping the temperature a wel-

come several degrees cooler than the interior of the island. On my first visit, my husband and I, quite by accident, stumbled across a tiny museum that houses the *Satiro Danzante* or the *Dancing Satyr*, one of the most important legacies of ancient Greek art that still exists today. The museum is small and nondescript, and seems, at first, to be not nearly grand enough to host such a treasure. And yet, on reflection, such a plain building is perfect for such a sublime work of art. I wandered through the three or four rooms of artifacts found under the seas. I turned a corner and was suddenly in a room completely devoid of anything except the Satyr. It stood in the center so I was able to walk around it and view it from all sides. It is tall, much taller than any human. There



Temple of Concordia and the Statue of Icarus.



From the Valley of the Temples.

is an energy to this bronze figure that fills the room and captures the viewer. The first time I saw it, even my husband, who is not much interested in ancient art, was awestruck. It dances with its head thrown back in abandon and joy that has lasted across the centuries. The ruins and artifacts in Sicily are all worth seeing, but for me, none is as magnificent and as ebullient as this beautiful Satyr. Sadly, I can't include a picture since photographs are not allowed. Yet, perhaps it isn't so sad. No picture can possibly capture this statue with any justice.

One other return visit I made this year was to the Alcantara Gorge. It is a gorge formed of lava flows from Mount Etna. Centuries of flow has created cliffs easily 50 or 60 feet high. The fast-flowing creek that runs through the Gorge is icy

cold and few Sicilians take the plunge; however, I grew up swimming in the creeks that flow from snow melt on the mountains around Vancouver. I spent a glorious afternoon trudging against the current and then floating back down and gazing up at the cathedral-like walls. It is one of the most sacred-feeling places that I know of in Sicily, and I invariably leave the place feeling refreshed in body and soul.

Finally, I made my yearly pilgrimage to *I Valle dei Templi*, or the *Valley of the Temples*. High on a hill, these Greek temples tower over the chaotic city of Agrigento. The *Temple to Concordia* is the best preserved ancient Greek temple in the world, including those in Greece. But Concordia is not the only Goddess or God venerated here. There are temples to Zeus, Juno, Heracles, the Castores, Vulcan, and Asclepius. This year, for the first time, I visited these temples at night. Lit up by flood lamps and visible for miles, the temples are spectacular. One cannot see these without being moved.

As I write this, I have just a few weeks left before I have to fly back home. I am always sad to leave this magical island, but happy to know I will be back. As Goethe said, "To see Italy without visiting Sicily is to have not seen Italy at all, for Sicily is the key to everything."

Diane Cacciato is new to ADF, but is excited to be here. She is an author, poet, essayist and retired teacher-librarian. She divides her time living between two islands worlds apart - Vancouver Island and Sicily.



December Summer Solstice in Brazil

By Marina Holderbaum Wroblewska

Since our group Fine Na Dairbre is located in the Southern Hemisphere, we celebrate the Summer Solstice in December. Our weather is about 35 degrees Celsius (95 degrees Fahrenheit) in this part of the year, and we have a lot of rain and summer storms at the end of the days. We live far from the ocean, but we have a lot of parks with lakes inside the city, and we make our rites at one of them.

We have deep roots in Gaelic Reconstructionism, and as we don't have as much evidence from myth of solstice and equinox rites and customs as we have for the main high days, we took a decision to choose one God or Goddess to honor on each of them, following the examples of Lughnasadh and Imbolc. We choose the Gods for each festival by reading their myths and folkloric cus-

toms associated with the season in Ireland, and discussing who would fit in each one. The Gods that are not chosen for a festival are honored in monthly rites, so we honor all our Gods in a one year period. For Summer Solstice, we have Manannán mac Lir as our guest, who is the Gate Keeper for all our rites. Based on summer customs, it is the time to pay for the protection of Manannán, and for us, also the time to pay reverence to our Gate Keeper and thank him for his gift of revelation as he gives us entrance to the Otherworld.

In our Túath, we all came from different magical backgrounds, and we agree that the main liturgy should be fixed. Not static, because we change and improve it, mainly through oracles. At each rite we ask the Otherworld for advice, and





whether we should change anything; then we discuss the answer and find a solution, and then take the oracle again to see if it was approved. So, our liturgy is always evolving, but it is the same for each festival. What changes is the Opening Statement, which for Summer Solstice is a ritual purification of Land, Sky and Waters, using three blessed torches, one for each.

The first thing we do is to make the Fire for our own purification with torches and for the opening rite. For this ritual, we ask for the sun to lend us his power of purification and to burn in each torch to purify the three realms, then each of the keepers of the torches makes the blessing and purification of it by saying a prayer and touching the respective element.

As the liturgy goes on, we honor the Goddesses of Sovereignty, which is our adaptation of the Earth Mother prayers. Then we create the Sacred Center by joining our world – land, sky and waters – to the ones from the Sidhe and establishing our Nemeton between the worlds. Next we call

Manannán, make the first offering to him as our Gatekeeper, and ask him to open the Gates for us. Finally, we call the Deities, Ancestors and Sidhe to join us, and we make offerings to them. Then the main rite can begin.

This part begins with a prayer to Manannán when we describe him coming to us as it is in *Immram Brain*, and make a statement to reinforce the alliance and our commitment to honor him. Then it's time to pay the rent. We pick up the reeds and go to a higher place in procession, singing a prayer for Manannán to protect us and receive our present. When we arrive at our destination, we put the reeds on the ground and say a prayer of gratitude.

The third part of the main rite is a solar rite for Manannán. We pray to the sun and its gifts of bringing fertility, purification and light to this world. At this moment, we do not feed the fire and let it almost become extinguished, while we say we must honor and guard the Sacred Fire as well as he protects and guards us. Then as we say we have to do our part, and honor him as the sun, the fire, and the bright Manannán, each one



throws three sticks at the fire, and then we feed the fire to make it grow strong.

The last part of the specific rite is the Sacrifice to Manannán, which is a small bag of leather or linen with natural things given by each one, like rocks, leaves, barks, flowers, or even something made by ourselves, which will be put into the fire as a sacrifice to Manannán.

Then it's time for the main sacrifice. Our sacrifice is made to each of the three Kindreds. We have an amphora full of wine as Sacrifice for the Gods, a bracelet or handspun thread or something related to Celtic Culture for the Ancestors, and an oil or beeswax mixed with herbs for the Sidhe. We give the sacrifice to them, and pay attention as it burns to read the ritual omen. Then we take the Ogham to ask for advice and feedback from the Kindreds.

The next part flows as the Core Order. At the Sacred Waters we seek for the blessings of the

Gods to transform the waters into the waters of the Segais Well, and share them between us and with the Kindreds. Then we thank the Kindreds and Manannán, close the gates and dissolve our Nemeton.

During our rites, we try to perceive each sign and response from the nature around us, so each bird singing or fire noise at the right moment is received as blessing and a sign of approval from the Otherworld.

Marina Holderbaum Wroblewska is an anthropological researcher, silversmith, and historical tailor, who discovered in archaeology a path to understand the ways of the Ancients as a religious path and as a historical artisan. She has been in ADF since 2006, but doesn't see herself as a Druid or a priest in modern terms, but as a person whose work is to walk between the worlds and contact the Kindreds in search for knowledge. She is part of a small Túath of good fellows who share this same religious path with her and call themselves Fine Na Daibre.

Let There Be Light! Alban Arthan on the Isle of Anglesey

By Kristoffer Hughes – Head of the Anglesey Druid Order

The Anglesey Druid Order (ADO) is a polytheistic mytho-centric, bilingual community based on the island of Anglesey, North Wales. Known in the native tongue as Ynys Môn, this was the high seat of the ancient British Druids. The ADO has three components to its structure, fashioned upon the spokes of a triskele in true tripartite Druidic fashion! Our first spiral is the encouragement and teaching of personal Druid practice. The second

the deities and humans, and we achieve this through the worldview and practice of modern Druidry. We consider that our contemporary tradition and its followers are a vital aspect of an evolving living organism, one that shifts and alters its moods and patterns to the beating pulse of the land itself. We move into relationship and community with it, as it moves into community with us.



represents the community of the Order as an initiatory mystery school. The third is the state or civic spiral whereby we interact, work, and facilitate rituals and other educational activities with the wider secular community of the island. The Order is a living tradition; its function is to facilitate the experience of a sustained relationship between the animistic principle of nature and

Our community is composed of many members; only some of them are human, and perhaps most ironically, it is the human members of this community that are the least permanent. Other members include deities, ancestors, genius loci, woodlands, ancient monuments and so forth. One of Anglesey's most famous sacred sites, and one of the oldest members of this community, is the ritual complex of Bryn Celli Ddu (the hill in the



dark grove). It is here that the Order gathers to perform its civic ceremonies twice a year, during the summer and winter solstices. This monument has become synonymous as the spiritual home of the ADO, and yet this 6,000 year old monument has seen many peoples come and go; but what is apparent, even to modern archaeologists, is that she seemingly adapts herself to the needs of the people. She has been modified a dozen times, and it is relationships that transform her countenance. Alas this brief account is too short to express and articulate the wonder of this relationship and its impact.

As a mytho-centric Order, we work closely with the mythology of these lands and have developed practises to connect and encourage relationships with the deities and archetypes that they allude to. We are fortunate to live within a mythological landscape that remembers the old names that our mythologies record, and it tingles with excitement to hear them being spoken out loud once more. Our myths represent a history of the heart, and yet they, like our monuments, adapt themselves to the needs and requirements of the people. They are alive.

As the cycle of the seasons dances towards Alban Arthan – the winter solstice – we gather at Bryn Celli Ddu and delve into our mythology, and from it we look to Llew, the Lord of Light, and

his transformation from the eagle at the edge of forever to the radiance of light, the bringer of hope and renewal. We are inspired by the 4th Branch of the Mabinogi, where Gwydion followed the great Sow to the base of the Tree of Life that stands between the worlds, and upon its topmost branches, rotten and weeping, sat Llew, the shining one, in the shape of an eagle, silently waiting the call of magic to summon him from the darkness. In this spirit we take on the mantle of Gwydion, and with offerings and libations we sing the old Song-spells to bring Llew back into the world –

Oak that grows between two lakes,
Darkness casts on sky it makes,
Unless a lie I do tell,
The flowers of Llew we smell.

Oak that grows in upland soil,
Rain nor heat can ever spoil,
Twenty gifts its branches hold,
And Llew the skilful hand so bold.

Oak that grows beneath the slope,
Shelters prince so fair with hope,
Unless a lie is spoke to me,
Llew shall come unto my knee.



The old Song-spells or *Englynion* fall from the lips of the ritual party, in Welsh and in English; mistletoe, acorns and pine cones are burnt in turn to the Lord of Light; and voices climb to the top of the Tree of Life. Wands are lifted, and spirits heightened to a crescendo – and Lleu – returns.

During the same ritual the Mari Lwyd (the Grey Mare) is honoured and appeased with gifts of money, food, and ale. The Mari has been a function of folkloric practice in Wales for centuries, and whilst it is tempting to connect her to the horse deities of the Old World, there is little evidence to suggest this to be fact. However, she is our tradition, and one steeped in memory and power. The Mari consists of a horse's skull upon a stick that is harnessed to an operator who hides beneath her white shrouds; her mouth is articulated to snap alarmingly. Whilst expressing a frivolous joviality she also holds a fearful quality, for she is the power of winter, the bite of frost and the silence of snowfall. She is the bone queen, and in our tradition represents the psychopompic

function of Rhiannon. What follows is the snapping of jaws at the genitals of the ritual party; bardic wits are challenged and chants and songs, some as old as the trees, are raised in offerings to the Queen of Winter. Eventually, as the songs fall to silence, she is given money, food, and ale, and is – hopefully – appeased enough to grace us with a gentle winter.

As the Mari departs, gifts of mistletoe gathered from the mountains are offered to the party, and then voices rise once more in praise of a new dawn as candles are lit and fires leap from cauldrons. The ancestors and spirits of place are quenched with offerings of hot cider. And with that the Order's Alban Arthan ritual comes to a close.

But something else continues, and it is a joy to us to observe so many members of our Island community be transfixed and then transformed by participating in our rituals. For many, the old names are familiar, and in that hour spent against the cold in an ancient place, something within them remembers, and a spark is lit. And as one



Welsh writer expressed in Wales' national weekly magazine – *Golwg* – it can also be a life changing experience...

“A few days before Christmas, it will be the shortest day and longest night, and then, very slowly, things will be illuminated. The sun holding its might on the heavens for just a little longer. That was the old celebration – the celebration of Llew, God of the sun, and the fact that he always returns to illuminate our days in the end. So after the Christmas dinner, when the crackers have let us down with their bad gifts yet again, I shall raise my glass to Llew, the smallest bit more light than was there the day before. And I shall raise a glass to whoever once said “Let

There be Light.” For the old gods are returning among the Welsh.”(Manon Steffan Ros)

Druids serve to inspire. May you be inspirational, may you be radiant with Awen.

Blessings and best wishes of the season to you all.

Kristoffer Hughes is Chief of the Anglesey Druid Order, a native Welsh speaker, a Druid in the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids, and its 13th Mount Haemus scholar. He is the author of several books, and works professionally for Her Majesty's Coroner. He lives on the Isle of Anglesey.

Samhain and Midwinter / Yule Prayers to Mother Earth

By Birgit Reinartz

Kühl streicht der Wind über meine Haut,
kühl streicht er über deine Haut, Mutter Erde.
Nebelschwaden hüllen dich ein
und verbergen dich oft vor meinem Blick.
Tautropfen glitzern auf den Spinnwebfäden,
die sich zwischen den Gräsern spannen,
die sich zwischen den Ästen spannen,
die sich zwischen mir und der Welt spannen:
Zeichen für das große Netz des Lebens,
in dem wir alle miteinander durch dich verbun-
den sind,
durch den Raum und durch die Zeit.
Nicht gefangen, nicht hilflos,
sondern als denkende, fühlende Wesen mit
Verantwortung füreinander.
Halte uns, Mutter Erde,
sei unser Anker im Hier und Jetzt,
wenn sich die Schleier zwischen den Welten
öffnen
und Zeit und Raum keine Rolle mehr spielen.
Amen!

Tief hast du dich in dich selbst zurückgezogen,
Mutter Erde,
und doch hast du wie jede gute Mutter immer ein
Auge auf deine Kinder:
Auch in der längsten Nacht des Jahres, wenn al-
les still und starr zu sein scheint,
können wir darauf bauen, dass du für uns da bist
und uns hältst, so wie immer.
Mag auch Schnee dich mit einer Decke überzieh-
en,
mag unwirtliches Wetter uns in die Häuser
treiben:
Wir wissen: Du bist da draußen,
immer da,
und sammelst frische Kräfte,
um nach der langen Dunkelheit neues Leben
hervorzubringen.
Sei auch in diesem Ritual bei uns und halte uns in
deiner Hand.
Amen!

Cool blows the wind, caresses my skin.
Cool does he caress your skin, Mother Earth.
Wafts of mist wrap themselves around you
and conceal you from my views.
Dewdrops are glistening on cobweb threads,
spanned between grasses,
spanned between branches,
spanned between me and the world:
Signs for the great web of life,
in which we all are connected through you.
Through space and through time,
not captured, not helpless,
but as thinking, feeling beings with responsibility
for each other.
Hold us, Mother Earth,
be our anchor in the here and now,
when the veils between the worlds open up
and neither time nor space are important any-
more.
This is my gift for you, Earth Mother.

Deeply you have withdrawn yourself, Mother
Earth,
but just like every good mother you still keep an
eye on your children:
Even in the longest night of the year, when every-
thing seems to be calm and quiet,
I can count on you to be there for me,
supporting me like you always do.
May the snow cover you with its blankets,
may inhospitable weather make us stay indoors:
I know that you are there,
outside,
always,
gathering new power
to give birth to new life after the long darkness.
Be with me in my ritual and hold me in this night.
This is my gift for you, Earth Mother.

Winter Tanka

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

Darkness spirals down
Through long months of waning light;
Now deep in the Night,
Stirs a hidden glowing seed
From which new Light shall grow.

Midwinter Night

By Rev. G. R. Grove

As the red sun sets
blue night from the east swoops in –
the old year is dead.
By our fire waiting we stand –
will a new dawn ever come?



Mari Lwyd

By Rev. G. R. Grove

Pen gaseg ar bren onn - yw
Dim ond hen ysbryd - menyw
bod wedi marw amser maith
yn ôl. Nawr, yn y noswaith,
mae hi 'n cerdded trwy 'r tref
gyda wyneb yr hunllef,
a'r pobl rhoi cwrw cryf
iddi – am ei mynd adref!

A mare's head on an ashen post?
No, it's only some ancient ghost
Of a woman who died in the long ago days.
Now, in the twilight – or so they say! –
She walks through the town in a linen sheet
With a nightmare face, through the very streets,
And the people give her strong beer – no foam! –
Just to make sure that she will go home!

Waiting

By Rev. Francesca Hedrick

The rooster crows
It's time to work
Old Mother Frost is waiting.

Spinner of threads
Weaver of tales
Work is waiting.

Protector of hearth
Gatherer of lost children
Grandmother is waiting.

The gardens are going to sleep
The beds need making
Frau Holle is waiting.

The Mari Lwyd

By Kevin “Arth yn Rhedeg” Jenkyns

I stand, transfixed, before the shifting mists before me. The fog rolls toward me so thick that I believe, if only for an instant, that my very form shall be crushed before it on its interminable march through time. Suddenly, the eyes, bluest of blue – no, greenest of green – no, deepest of red, pierce my soul, and I share with her indomitable spirit the knowledge of the ages. Her face, long, ancient, sun-bleached bone with teeth long unfamiliar of the touch of mundane fare, shows through the cloud. Her visage, white as snow, draped with both strength and tenderness. What’s this I hear? Is it bells... is it singing? A voice, ethereal and eternal says, “*Bendithion i ti, fy mhlentyn.*” And, with these words, I awake.

These words may seem a bit dramatic or over the top, but I believe they do, in fact, convey the feelings that stir within me each time I see the Mari Lwyd.

Who, or what, is the Mari Lwyd? Well, the Mari Lwyd is a horse’s skull attached to a pole. The back of the skull and pole are covered with a cloth or white sheet that covers the person carrying the pole. The Mari is then decorated with ribbons, bells, and eyes which are usually made of bright cloth or are Christmas decorations inserted into the eye sockets. Add a group of handlers and the Mari Lwyd is ready to make her rounds.

Going back to the turn of the 18th century, there are numerous accounts of the Mari Lwyd. The Mari Lwyd as most know her today is a wassailing custom found in Wales. The tradition is particularly favored in the southern areas of Glamorgan, Monmouthshire, Pembrokeshire, Carmarthenshire and Brecknockshire. However, there are records in the north of Wales, and these traditions were thought to originate through the usual slow migrations of populations from south to

north. So, what does your everyday Mari Lwyd do?

As a wassailing tradition the Mari Lwyd is most known as a New Year or Christmas tradition. The Mari Lwyd and her handlers go from house to house requesting admittance. The residents of the home are expected to deny entrance, and a bantering, often in song, goes back and forth between the Mari and the house. Often the banter is a kind of ritualized exchange of insults, kind of like “Playin’ the Dozens” in New York. Should the Mari Lwyd win the contest, and she always does, she and her handlers are invited in for a respite of drinks, cakes, fruits and, perhaps, a bit of coin. It is thought to be a good omen to have the Mari Lwyd bless your house for the upcoming year. After the respite, the Mari and her entourage are off to the next home. This procession begins at dusk and often continues throughout the night.

The etymology of the Mari Lwyd is greatly debated. Folklorist Iorwerth C. Peate believed that the term meant “Holy Mary” as a reference to Mary, Mother of Jesus. E. C. Cawte believed that the term meant “Grey Mare.” Rather than flail you with another 1,000 words about this debate, I shall endeavor to boil it down. I believe that both arguments have some merit. The name “Mary”, handed down from the Aramaic to the Greek, to the Latin, and then to the English, took a bit of time to actually get to Wales. That being said, it’s quite easy to accept that Mari could be the Phoenic of Mary. On the other hand, I just don’t see a parallel for the word “Holy.” On the other side of the argument, “Llwyd” is the Welsh word for “Grey.” “Mare” on the other hand is nothing like its Welsh equivalent. Some people have countered this with the idea that since the tradition is particularly strong on Monmouthshire, which borders England, the Welsh people there would certainly have been familiar with the English word “Mare”. You can see how this debate



Photo: R. fiend, Wikipedia commons

can go back and forth. The clincher for me is that in Ireland they have a hooded horse tradition called the Láir Bhán, and on the Isle of Man, they have a tradition known as the Laare Vave, both of which mean “White Mare.” I’m going with the preponderance of evidence on this one.

Does the Mari Lwyd go back into pre-Christian times? Most scholars would say that the Mari, as we know her today, is a more recent invention. (Me personally, I tend to think of the Mari as a more recent incarnation.) Regardless, we know that our ancestors used bones, particularly skulls and horns/antlers, for their magical powers, their symbolism, and as a presence vessel for the spirit world, and these practices had their roots well before the Christian era. It doesn’t take a big leap to see the power of the Mari Lwyd reaching from the past to touch our present.

So, where from here? At Chokecherry Grove in Denver, Colorado, we have the Mari Lwyd as an honored visitor at our Samhain Rites. What better way to set the mind to the realm of the ancestors than with a visit from she who walks from times past? When the Mari comes to our circle she dances with, around, and among the folk. Individuals will dance with Mari and polite bows and

curtsies are exchanged to show respect. Many hands will reach out to give the Mari Lwyd a loving pat along her white-boned face. Of course, all wish to feel that they, too, have received the Mari Lwyd’s blessing.

Whether the Mari Lwyd is from more recent times or from time immemorial, I dare say, is not as important as what she leaves you with in the end. For me, the Mari Lwyd reminds me that there is a place in time where the most ancient of human understanding is swallowed up by the passage of time, and it is this place from which the Mari Lwyd brings tidings.

May you all, in the Samhain Season, hear the blessing, “*Bendithion i ti, fy mhlentyn**.”

* (“*Bendithion i ti, fy mhlentyn.*” = “Blessings to you, my child.”)

Arth yn Rhedeg (Kevin Jenkyns) has been a member of ADF since 2012. He is Tanist (Vice-Senior Druid) of Chokecherry Grove and Pennaeth (Chieftain) of the Welsh Kin Tylwyth y Ddraig Goch. He also has had the honor of being the "handler" of the Mari Lwyd on numerous occasions over the years.

From Roots to Branches – Necromancy

By ADF Vice Archdruid Rev. Carrion Mann

When you hear the word “Necromancy”, does it bring to mind images of cloaked figures hanging out in graveyards at midnight, digging up corpses and reanimating them to do the evil bidding of magicians? If it does, you are not alone... because for many this is exactly the image that modern media and even some recorded history have helped to paint. But what is Necromancy really, how is it practiced, and does it have a viable place in our magic today? I, for one, believe that it does...

Necromancy is perhaps one of the least understood forms of magic. It is an art that few in our modern age will even admit to practicing,

largely because it is considered by some to be the “blackest of the black arts”. Necromancy, however, can be simply defined as a form of magic that seeks to commune with the dead through incantations and ritual. But because Necromancy deals with death and the dead, sources of fear and

ignorance for human beings in general, it has become associated with darkness, and therefore perceived as evil. As with any form of magical practice or technique, it is the intention or purpose of the magic and the will and ethics of the magician, and not the magical technique or system, that determines whether or not the magical act is helpful or harmful, positive or negative, or, as categorized by some, black or white. Necromancy is merely a form of or technique for magic that is colored by intentions of magicians, not unlike other magical practices. So, please watch the color of your crayons.

Throughout recorded history, and assuredly before that time, human beings have thought it possible to interact with the dead. From this belief, the living sought to summon and interact with the dead for a variety of reasons. The desire to communicate and interact with spirits of the dead is rooted in the belief that they have answers and information which would benefit the living. For example, the dead certainly have information about the afterlife and possibly even information about the meaning of life, two areas of unknown where the living through time have struggled to gain answers. Additionally, ancient magicians were known to work with the spirits of the dead

to heal the living, to discover lost objects, and to alter weather patterns. Spirits of the dead were and are summoned for divinatory purposes as well.

The practice of Necromancy attempts to facilitate a connection between the world of the living and that of the dead, and therefore

thresholds, crossroads, and other between places are of significance for this work, whether natural or created by the magician. The place between the worlds, known to some as the veil or “Bardo”, is a place where the dead can be closer to the living and the living closer to the dead. Necromancers are not only a mouthpiece for the dead, but also individuals who walk between the worlds.

While spirits of the dead are not all-knowing or all-powerful, they do have a different perspective than the living, and a complement of powers all their own. The spirits of the dead, not unlike other Powers in the cosmos, are empowered and sustained by energy; therefore, offerings to the dead



are necessary to building positive relationships with these spirits. The spirits of the dead desire human contact, but remember – like the living, they have their own agendas. Please be advised that not all spirits of the dead are helpful and some are ill intentioned. This work does require protective efforts for both the magician and the ritual space to ensure that you don't attract something you didn't intend to that has malicious intent.

To begin this work, establish, cleanse, purify, and protect a working location that can function as a crossroads, as well as cleanse, purify, and protect yourself. Define the beginning of your work and focus your intention. This can be accomplished with a call or musical signal that speaks to the spirit(s) whose attention you seek; bone flutes or other instruments connected or associated with the dead work nicely. Specifically, state your intention – who do you want to commune with, what is it that you want, and why are you seeking one or more among the dead? This can be as simple as to seek to increase your awareness, to open communication, to gain understanding, or something more specific.

I encourage those new to this practice to attempt to contact someone among the dead that they had a good relationship with in life as an initial contact, because this will most likely be the easiest and safest point of contact to make. Offer to the spirit(s) of the dead you have called. The offering can be a physical offering, such as food, drink, incense, or flowers, or an energy offering from you. If your offering is your own energy, have an object associated with the spirit or that is specifically designated for the purpose of holding energy offerings to put the energy into, to avoid a spirit taking more energy than you intended. Call the spirit to you and see yourself share the offering with them. Think about what you want from them. Open all of your senses and pay attention. Be aware of subtle changes around you – for example, changes in temperature, a sudden breeze where there shouldn't be one, a shadow, a shift in a mirror, a flickering light, a scent, a sound, an impression, a fleeting emotion, or an image in your mind's eye that seems to come from no-



where. Spirits of the dead frequently communicate through empathy and telepathy and rarely will their voice sound like the voice of the living, and it is unlikely that they will appear as a fully manifested human being. If this is what you are expecting, you will be disappointed.

When you are finished communing with the dead, thank them and offer to communicate again in the future. Close any gateways you may have opened and make sure that the spirits know that your work is complete for now, and signal the end of your work.

If you are intrigued by this work, give it a try; begin a new relationship or continue an old one. The wisdom and inspiration to be gained from the dead is well worth the effort!

Rev. Kelley "Carrion Mann" Kingston joined ADF in 2001. She became an ADF Priest in 2008, and a Senior Priest in 2014. She is currently the Vice Archdruid and Preceptor of ADF, and is Leader of the Order of the Dead.

**Ian`s Little Room –
A Yule Offering for the Lost Dead**

By Rev. Ian Corrigan

*Let an offering of bread, honey, and ale or wine
be prepared, along with a small fire or candle.*

*Begin with whatever prayers and offerings to the
gods and spirits are proper to your work, and then
prepare the fire so that the food offerings can be
placed before it.*

- Let the blood of the Dead water the root of the
Tree.
Let the Hazels of Wisdom grow from deep roots.
Let wisdom, strength and love nourish every be-
ing, by the rising of the light.
- Often do we honor the Ancestors, blessed and
beloved.
With them we share warmth at the Shrine of the
Hearth.
Many are those who die whom we know not,
Yet human kinship does not stop at the garth`s
wall.
- All our allies among the Dead, help us to speak
to the Lost.
Elder Wise, Grandparents of our lines,
Join your voices with ours in love and mercy
For all the Host of the Dead.
- Hear me now, all you lost spirits,
All who died suddenly, without warning;
All who died unjustly, or by the hand of another;
All who died alone, in unknown places, or in
deep waters;
All who died without the embrace of kin.
- We make these offerings to you, for your rest
and peace
That you no longer be lost
That you no longer be angry
That you no longer be vengeful



But be welcomed at the Fire.

(Lay the bread offering, and pour honey upon it)

We honor you with this gift of bread and ale.

(Lay the Ale or wine offering)

Though we may not name you,
We have not forgotten you.

(Light the small fire or candle)

- This small fire we light for you,
As the small sun of Yule morning will rise.
Let it be as a hearth of warming
Where peace prevails
And all feast as friends
With the Blessing of the Gods.
Host of the Dead, accept my sacrifice!

*Rev. Ian Corrigan is a senior priest and Archdruid
Emeritus of ADF.*



The Plaid of the *Cailleach Bheara*: A Tale for the Edge of Winter

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

It is autumn now, and soon it will be winter; the trees have dropped their leaves, and the small creatures of the land have lined their burrows with the last of the dried grasses. Days to come will be cold, and nights bitter; the land and the creatures will be needing protection. And protection they will have, for the Hooded One is out to wash Her plaidie, Her blanket, before She spreads it across the land. You'll know of Her, of course: the *Cailleach Bheara*, the Hag of Winter. You say you've not heard of Her? Oh, surely you must have: She goes about the coasts that overlook the Western Isles, when She isn't traipsing about in Ireland, or dropping rocks to make a few more islands for the sailors to navigate. There's a-many tales of Her doings, but draw closer now, and I'll tell you all what She's about at *this* time of the year.

It's the edge of winter here: we're almost to *Oidhche Shamhna*, Samhain Eve, and the *Cailleach* has come out from Her home that's up by Ben Nevis, the shield-boss of the world, and She's out to wash Her blankets. But Her plaidie is a large one, for it must cover the whole of the land, and that takes a good bit of washing. There's but the one place in all the Western Isles that is big enough, and that's the Cauldron of the Plaid: the *Coire Bhreacain*, the great whirlpool that's out to the north of *Eilean Mór*, up by Jura.

Now the *Coire Bhreacain* is no simple eddy in the flow of the Sea, but a personality in Her own right. She's rightly called the Old Woman Who Eats Ships, and when She raises Her voice, you can hear Her for nigh on twenty mile, and mayhap more. But this time of the year, what She's doing is helping the Hag, and dangerous it is for any human folk who'd venture near, for when the Powers are at Their own work, They cannot always be taking care for unwary fools who get under Their feet. No small basin is the *Coire Bhreacain*, for the depth from the surface of the sea to the bottom of the spin when the wash-

water goes out is more than thirty times the height of a tall man. Aye, that deep She is.

So in the late autumn, as it is now, the *Cailleach* brings her blankets down to the sea, and a fine tangle they are, for the year's wear is on them, with all the mud of spring, and sheep-trodden with summer's dust, and bits of bracken and tangles of brambles, and drifts of the leaves new-fallen. She shakes them out over the waves, and their shadow falls across the Isles like a heavy cloud; the old crofting folk would shake their heads at this, for they knew well what that shadow meant. Then She lets the blankets down into the Sea-Cauldron, and for three days She'll scrub them and the foam will fly – spume on the wind for miles, it is! All the wear of the year goes off them, all the mud and the dust and bits of this and that wash out as She scrubs, and the *Cailleach* pulls them up from the tide race, and wrings them out. The *Coire Bhreacain* is a little calmer then, and She goes to rest for a bit, but the *Cailleach Bheara* is still at Her work. As She wrings the water from Her blankets, the autumn rains come down across the sea and the Isles, and She shakes them out, all pure white as they are now, and spreads them out across the hills and the Isles, a fine thick coverlet of snow to protect the land-folk through the deep nights of winter.

So now you'll know the tale of the *Cailleach Bheara*, the Hag of Winter, when She goes out to do Her washing before the winter comes on. Some folk fear Her, and not without cause, but in Her own way and time She watches over the land and its creatures, sheltering them under Her plaid until the year turns, and the spring comes 'round again.

Rev. D. Rowen Grove joined ADF in the spring of 2010. 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.

Play With Us! An Introduction to the Games and Play Special Interest Group

By Nathan Large

Play has a mixed reputation in modern Paganism. Critics, even within Pagan circles, deride much worship and magical activity as “play”. Detractors label the amusement, color, and cheer that enliven Neopagan worship as unserious, embarrassing “frivolities”.

Playful elements are hardly unique to Paganism as a faith. But Neopaganism tends not to downplay the playful side of its practice. Many Pagans embrace joy, entertainment, and pageantry within their spirituality. Indeed, these are elements that attract many people to (Neo)Pagan practice and belief.

We created the Games and Play Special Interest Group (SIG) upon the assertion that there is no separation between play and spirituality. Play is and should be a part of our worship, from its role in effective ritual to its intersection with our study, devotion, and daily lives.

Play suffuses *all* distinctly human activity: worship, study, war, politics, even work itself (Huizenga; Callois). Play does not preclude serious manner, intent, or effort; it is not necessarily frivolous. It is, however, free, fair, purposeful, and inventive, and the source of many benefits within spirituality and civilization.

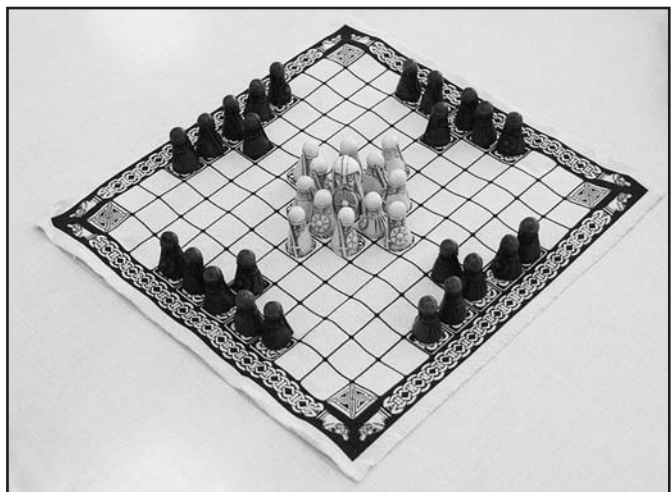
The better we recognize and explore these truths, the more fulfilling and effective our spirituality will be. Our play, our love of play, and our explicit incorporation of play into our worship are assets, not flaws. Play is not the antithesis of serious religion. If anything, the structure, joy, and honesty of play provide power in our workings and proof of our beliefs.

We are very serious about our play.

Myth after myth attests the playful nature of

divinity. The brothers Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades cast lots to assign their domains on Earth (Homer 406). The Vedic divinities dice to determine the fate of existence (Handelman and Shulman). Athena and Poseidon competed in a game of gifts to determine ownership of Athens (Apollodorus 3: 14.1). The Aesir played upon tables of gold, which remain behind to be found after Ragnarok (Bellows 5, 25). Odin challenged several Jotnar to riddle-games, often with their lives as forfeits (Bellows 70-83). When Lugh entered Tara, his first challenge from King Nuada was to play against a master of *fidchell* (Gray 41).

Humans play games *with* the Gods. In Kemetic lore, a hero could gain immortality or divinity through skillful play at Senet (Piccione). Vedic priests not only re-enacted the activities of the divine, but encouraged the Gods to play along, ensuring prosperity and cosmic order through successful play (Huizenga 15, 105-108). In our own modern ritual forms and spell work, “as above, so below” carries a similar sense of reciprocal play; we play by certain rules, with the expectation that our proper conduct will influence other worlds and their inhabitants.



Tafl board. Creative Commons license, created by Matěj Bařha, found via Wikimedia Commons.

and started official hosting and endorsement of activities. Even if you're just curious about what we're doing, join our Facebook group, *Spraoi Dóiteán* (Gaelic for "the ritual of games"). The SIG is already sharing information: books and articles, websites, game crafters and sellers, and our personal experience incorporating games and play into our spiritual work.

If you have something to share, we welcome your thoughts. We have a few founding members but want much more participation. We'd like to discuss plans for SIG activities and encourage events with SIG sponsorship and endorsement.

You'll see what I meant before: we're very serious about play. We're more than an interest group for ADF gamers, although all games and casual play have their place. We can show how our spirituality is interwoven with play, and how embracing that relationship improves our worship.

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Ancient 20-sided die inscribed with Greek lettering. Public domain image.

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Nathan is a writer and storyteller, working primarily in speculative fiction with frequent mythological themes, often informed by his doctoral study in the psychology of thought and language. After twenty years of storytelling across varieties of role-playing - and over a year of live public practice - his fascination with folk tales and myths, ancient and modern, continues to grow. He recently released the first two novels in his Empyrean Dreams sci-fi series with Laine Megan Lundquist; two more should follow this year. Nathan also writes as acting Secretary of the Games and Play SIG and Secretary of Whispering Lakes Grove, Erie, PA.

The Dark Side of the Fair Folk

By Rev. Robert "Skip" Ellison – Archdruid Emeritus

Illustrations by Rhiannon Ellison

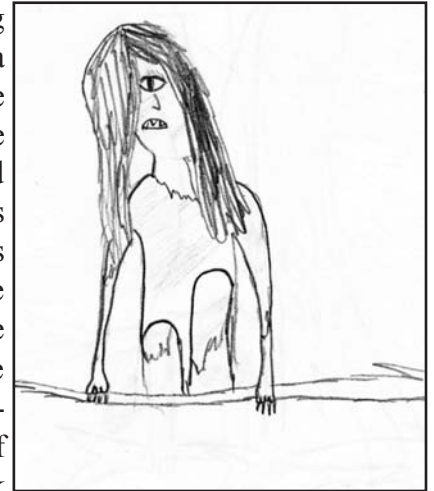
One of the classes of beings within the Nature Spirits that many of us work with are the Faeries. The modern idea of the faeries is that they are all sweetness, and nice, and always helpful. But looking at the folklore collected over the past few centuries, you will see that is not always the case. Many of the faeries have as their main goal in life to be as spiteful and destructive as they can be. You must be careful who you choose to work with!

An interesting tidbit gleaned from reading the collections of folklore gathered in the 1700s and 1800s is that the faeries did not like to be referred to by that term. They were fine if you used their actual individual names, such as "Hob Goblin" or "Tom Tit," or if you referred to the race/type of being they were, such as "Brownie," or "House Elf." It was just the "generic" term "faeries" they didn't like, and they were said to bring bad luck to those people who used it.

Most people that interact with the faeries on a regular basis have developed their own euphemisms for the tribes of faeries that live in their lands. For example, in Ireland they are referred to as "The Good Folk", "The People of Peace", "Wee Folk", "The Mother's Blessing", "The Gentry", or the like. In Scotland, they are referred to as "The Still Folk" or "The Silent Moving Folk". And in Brittany, they are called "The *Corrigan*", "Phantoms of the Dead", "*nos Bonnes Mères les Fées* (Our Good Mothers the Faeries)", "The *Fées*", "*Fetes* (Fates)", or "*Fions* (Sprites)". Through the rest of this article, I will refer to them as "The Fair Folk".

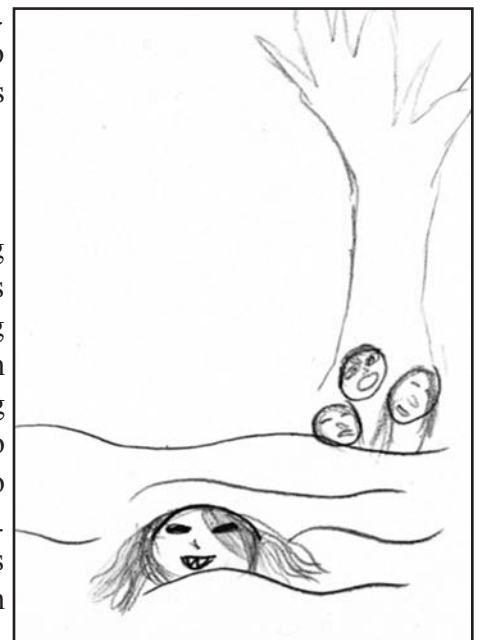
The first Fair Folk I'll talk about is found in England near Leicester, located in the East Midlands in County Lancashire, and is called Black Annis. According to legends, Black Annis would come down from the hills at night to steal children. If she caught one out alone at night, she would take them home, skin them alive and eat

them, and then put their skin on the walls of her cave (Time-Life Books 21). It was said that she had dug the cave out from solid rock with her bare hands, and it was called Black Annis's Bower by the locals. She was described as an old woman with only one eye, long claws, and a bluish face. One of her favorite places to stay and watch for humans in her area was the tops of large oak trees. She may also have been a shape-shifter. Some of the legends talk



about her taking the shape of a great cat, which would stalk travelers in the area. This legend persisted until the middle of the 18th century (Parkinson).

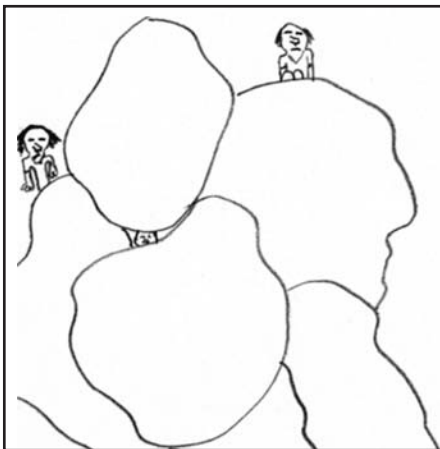
Another of the Fair Folk from the Lancashire area is Jenny Greenteeth, not a pretty name by any means. She is also known as Ginny Greenteeth, Wicked Jenny, or Peg O'Nell. She is a river hag that is known for pulling children into the river to drown them. A river hag is a common



motif in the tales from the British Isles, and most areas have their own version. Charles Hardwick, writing in 1872, talks about her in the book *Traditions Superstitions and Folklore of Lancaster and the North of England*. He says:

"I remember well, when very young, being cautioned against approaching to the side of stagnant pools of water partially covered with vegetation. At one time, I firmly believed that, if I disobeyed this instruction, a certain water 'boggart' named 'Jenny Greenteeth' would drag me beneath her verdant screen and subject me to other tortures besides death by drowning (Hardwick 279)."

Moving on to the Cornwall area of England, we find the Spriggans. They are like the pixies, but the Spriggans are more spiteful and full of malice. Where the pixies will play tricks that are not harmful, the Spriggans love to do tricks that hurt or even kill humans. It was believed that the Spriggans haunted the lonely places such as ruins, certain standing stones, barrows, and windswept

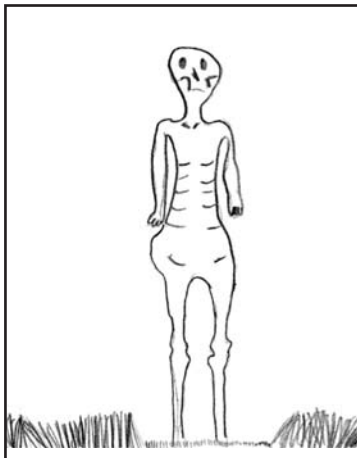


craggs. They were thought to be descended from the Trolls, and were often found near where Giants were active. It is also said that they want

to steal small children and replace them with their own kind. If you have seen the movie *Labyrinth*, the Spriggans are the ones that took the baby for the Goblin King. In appearance, the Spriggans are described as grotesquely ugly, with wizened features and crooked skinny bodies. We get a good description from them in the book, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, edited and collected by Robert Hunt in 1881. There he writes:

"This is known, that they were a remarkably

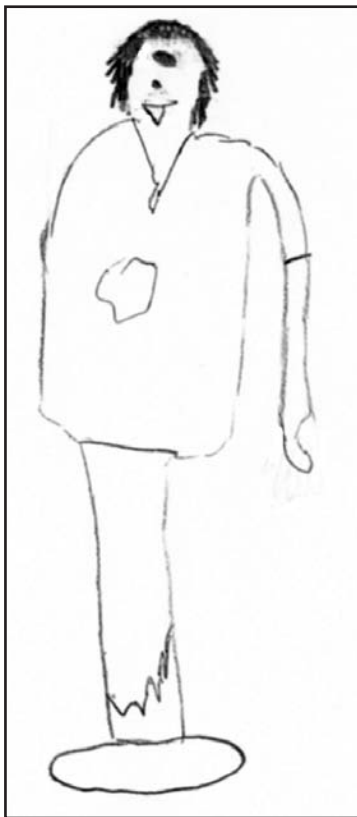
mischievous and thievish tribe. If ever a house was robbed, a child stolen, cattle carried away, or a building demolished, it was the work of the Spriggans. Whatever commotion took place in earth, air, or water, it was all put down as the work of these spirits."



We find our next example in Ireland. They are the *Féar Gurtha*, which means "The Hungry Grass." This legend appears to have started after the Great Famine of 1848. Stories appeared about certain patches of land that were bewitched. It

was said that if a traveler passed over them, he would suffer uncontrollable pangs of hunger and if assistance were not given to him immediately, he would die right there on the ground. Irish peasants used to sprinkle the grass with any leftover crumbs from their meals, to stave off the *Féar Gurtha*. This was supposedly sent as a warning from the faeries against the people's lack of generosity. This tale was first told by William

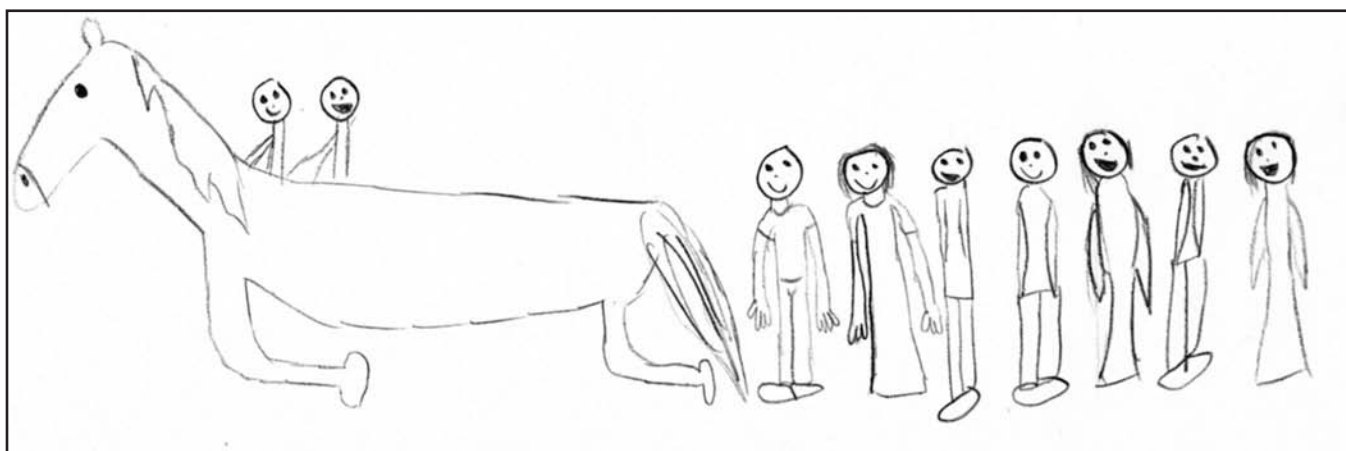
Carleton, in *The Dublin University Magazine* for April 1856. It was called "*Fair Gurtha, or the Hungry-Grass*".



We move on to Scotland for our next example. The *Fachan* is a one-legged, one-handed, ugly being who is said to live in the lonely gorges and wild areas of Scotland. Some of the tales tell us that along with one hand and one leg, the *Fachan* also had one eye, one finger, one

toe, and only one of all the other body parts a person could see. Another name for them was “Peg-Leg-Jack”. From the tales, their main goal in life was to drag off and kill unwary travelers. Some of the tales refer to this being as a type of *Athach*, or Giant, and say that out of all the faeries the travelers might meet, this was the one feared the most (Terrano, MacKillop 176, Froud)!

And we’ll stay in Scotland for our last Fair Folk type, the *Kelpie*. The *Kelpie* is a Scottish water faerie. It is usually seen in the shape of a beautiful horse standing near a creek or river. Sometimes, it will only give the person that mounts on it a dunking in the creek, but will not harm them further. However, other times, the *Kelpie* was said to lure humans, especially children, into the water to kill and eat them. It usually does this by



encouraging children to ride on its back, where its skin becomes adhesive, and it then drags them to the bottom of the water and devours them – except for the heart or liver (Keightley 162-165). A common Scottish tale is the story of nine children lured onto a *Kelpie's* back, while a tenth child keeps his distance. The *Kelpie* chases him and tries to catch him, but he escapes. A variation on this is that the tenth child simply strokes the *Kelpie's* nose, but when his finger becomes stuck to it, he takes out a knife from his pocket, and cuts his own finger off. He saves himself, but is unable to help his friends as they are pulled underwater with the *Kelpie*.

The examples given here are only a few of the types of Fair Folk that are not nice to work with. More information about many of the types of Fair Folk that live in the British Isles can be found in

my book – *The Fairy Races of the British Isles*, ISBN-13: 978-1497430235. It can be found on Amazon here - <http://tinyurl.com/lo7urno>, and it is also available in a Kindle version.

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Rev. Robert “Skip” Ellison was ADF’s third Archdruid. He lives in East Syracuse, NY.

**Stolen Lightning:
The Social Theory of Magic**

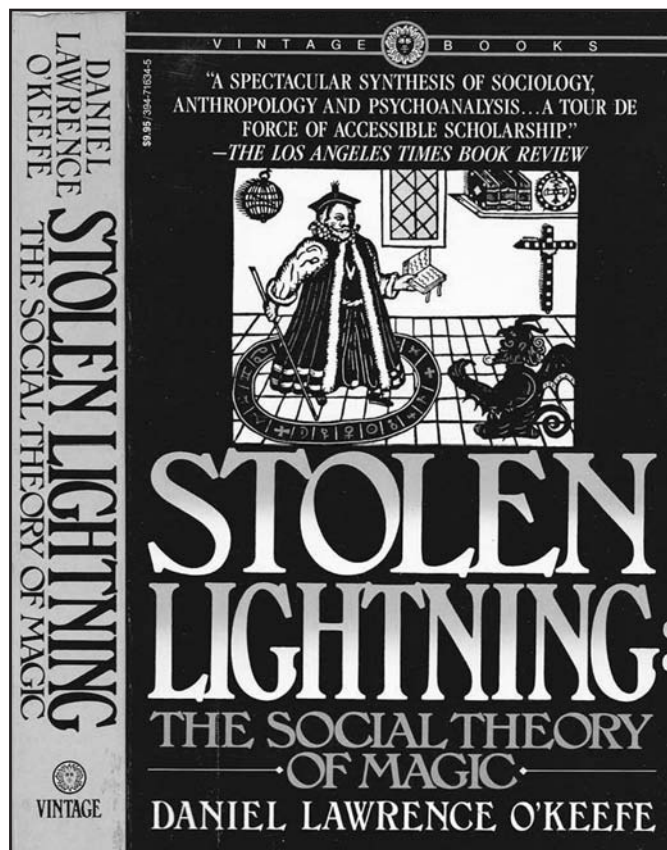
By Daniel Lawrence O'Keefe
Reviewed by Pigeon

As Reviewed, New York: Vintage Books, 1983
(598 pages)
First Printing, New York: Continuum, 1982 (581
Pages)
ISBN: 978-0394716343

I found *Stolen Lightning: The Social Theory of Magic* several years ago and I've not heard it discussed within the Pagan community. I couldn't resist diving in and evaluating the book's potential for ADF. I enjoyed the book and recommend it, but with three distinct caveats detailed below.

O'Keefe leverages sociological methods along with history, anthropology, and psychiatry to create what he called a *complete* general theory of magic. "Complete" is a strong word, but I'd agree it's at least comprehensive. Magic is real, he argues, yet we know more about recent hard science discoveries than ancient human questions surrounding religion and magic. Magic is real because everyone practices rituals in some way, and rituals strengthen human will. Finally, magic is real in that it represents humanity transforming a unique human trait – conceptualizing abstract ideas into symbols – then further transforming symbols into social action. "When culture becomes too secularized," O'Keefe argues, "defenses against magical [or mental] illnesses fall into disrepair" (133; also, see Róheim 1955).

Another major thread is the relationship between magic, religion, and science. Magic predates religion, which in turn predates science. This implies science renders magic obsolete. However, O'Keefe suggests that magic (for the most part) strengthens scientific inquiry by freeing science from pure empirical analysis and encouraging abstract thinking. Humanity then translates the abstract into even more symbols and meanings, which further strengthens human will. He also



contends that magic is a defense of the self against intensively institutionalized religion and excess secularization, supported by psychiatric evidence (277). This suggests that ADF's orthopraxic view (rather than fixed political orthodoxy) encourages our self-development and defenses against an "uncanny" post-industrialized society.

Although I agree with O'Keefe's findings, I offer three critiques. First, O'Keefe builds his general theory through synthesis of preexisting sociological theories, but the other theorists consist mostly of early 20th Century Western thinkers: Mauss, Weber, Durkheim, Levi-Strauss, Wittgenstein, to name a few. The text is then a collection of social scientists pondering magic without consulting actual practitioners. No Levi or Waite; no Crowley or Agrippa; no Eastern thinkers despite discussion of Buddhist and Hindu magic; absolutely no one from the late 1960s to 1980s magic community. While I agree with O'Keefe's broad theory, including practitioner literature would lend the text far more credibility.

Second, and perhaps the most damning, is O'Keefe's synonymizing of witchcraft with black

magic (for an example, see pg. 422). I don't assess he intentionally set out to disparage witchcraft – indeed, my above critique suggests he had little exposure to Pagans. Since he was synthesizing existing theory he likely operationalized the variable “witchcraft” based on social scientific literature of the time (and again, Westernized). It unfortunately associates witchcraft with evil, and for readers new to magic this will certainly set the wrong tone.

Finally, a minor criticism. O'Keefe divides magical practice into seven types: thaumaturgy, extra-sensory perception, black, medical, religious, occult, and ceremonial. I prefer Bonewits's *Laws of Magic* (1990, pp. xxii). The former are passive categories, while the latter are active methods. When it comes to our Work, magic methods are far more precise tools for conceptualizing outcomes than magic categories.

Despite my critiques and the book's age, I found the actual writing engaging, readable and conversational. I also assess O'Keefe's underlying argument that magic is both central and necessary to human social interaction lends strength to our own magical practice, let alone that magic *works*.

Therefore, I recommend *Stolen Lightning* for the ADF bookshelf.

Previous familiarity with Weber, Durkheim, et al., isn't necessary for following O'Keefe's thinking. However, for quick reference I recommend Stanford University's *Encyclopedia of Philosophy* at <https://plato.stanford.edu> (accessed 23 Aug 2017).

I also discovered during the review that the author also invented Festivus, the holiday popularized in the 1990s sitcom *Seinfeld*.

Other Works Cited

Bonewits, Isaac. *Real Magic: An Introductory Treatise on the Basic Principles of Yellow Magic*. York Beach, ME: Samuel Wiser, 1990.

Róheim, Géza. *Magic and Schizophrenia*. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1955.

James “Pigeon” Fielder joined ADF in 2012 and has been raiding Chokecherry Grove’s coffee supplies since June 2016. He is also a co-founder of the new Games and Play SIG.

The Poets

Rev. D. Rowen Grove: *Midwinter Tanka*. 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. Fredrica Hendriks: *Waiting*. Francesca joined ADF in 1999 and was ordained in 2003. She is a member of Cedarlight Grove, ADF, in Maryland, and Secretary of the Scholars Guild.

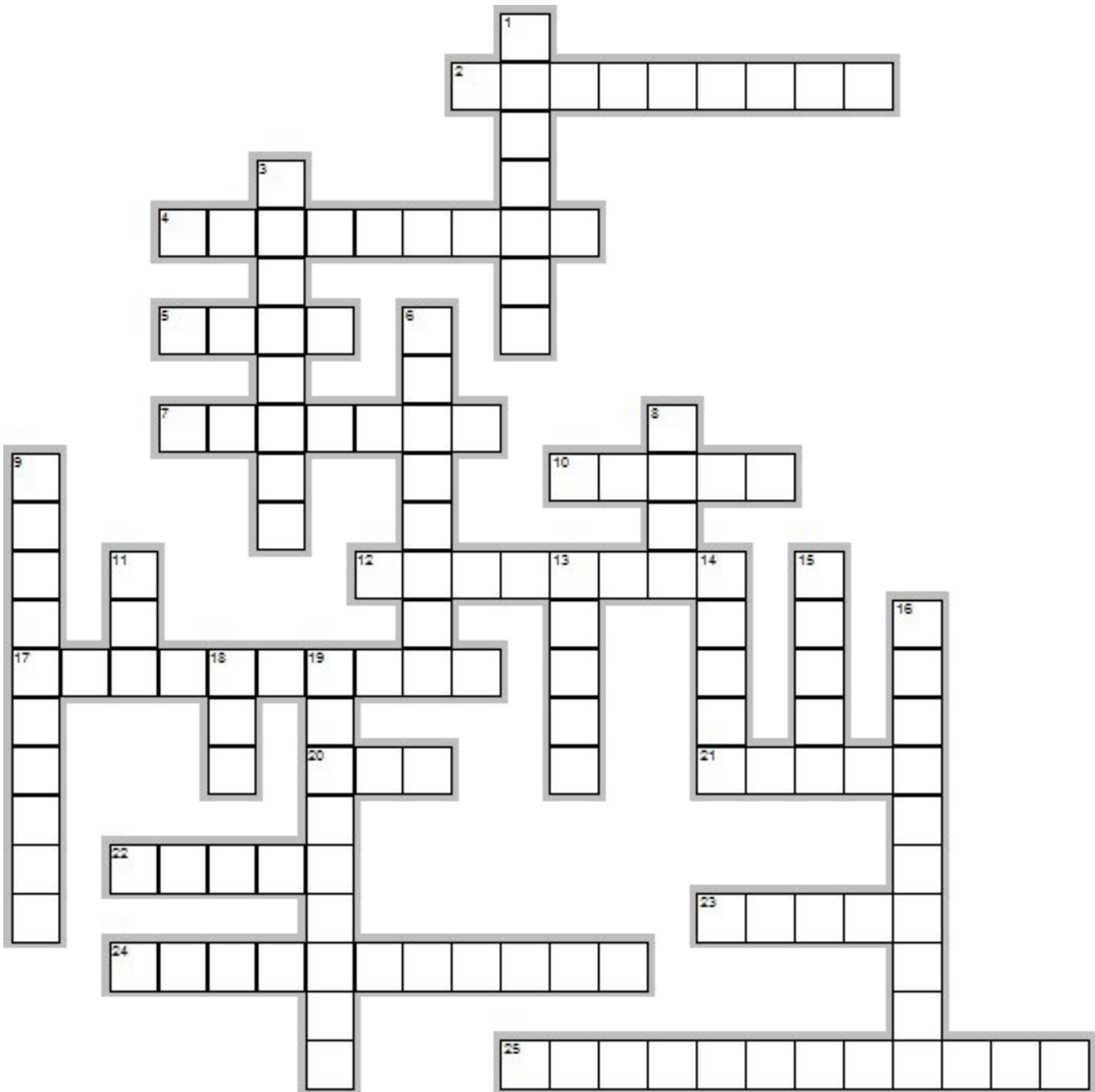
Rev. G. R “Gwernin” Grove: *Mari Lwyd. and Midwinter Night*. G R joined ADF in 2009. She is an ADF Initiate, Chief of the Scholars Guild, and one of the Bardic Guild’s four Master Bards. She was ordained in 2016, and is Senior Druid Emeritus of Chokecherry Grove, ADF, in Den-

ver, Colorado. She has published four collections of poetry and four historical novels (with a little magic) set in 1st and 6th century Britain and Ireland.

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

Birgit Reinartz: *Samhain and Midwinter / Yule Prayers to Mother Earth*. Birgit joined ADF in 2013. She is a Solitary member and lives in Germany.

Norse 2
Puzzle by Chris:)



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Puzzle Clues

Across

2. Hall of Norse Gods
4. Choosers of the fallen
5. First being
7. Odin's magic Spear
10. Wife of Odin
12. Home of the Vanir
17. Odin's Hall
20. The one handed God
21. Destiny rulers
22. Keeper of the golden apples
23. God of fertility
24. Home of Fire Giants
25. Freyr's golden boar

Down

1. Elf's realm
3. Fenrir's Chain
6. Himinbjorg is his dwelling place
8. Brother to Odin
9. Dwarf's realm
11. Giant daughter of Loki
13. Thought raven
14. Memory Raven
15. God of Vengeance
16. Thor's Hall
18. Wife to Thor
19. Giants realm



News and Announcements

Announcements

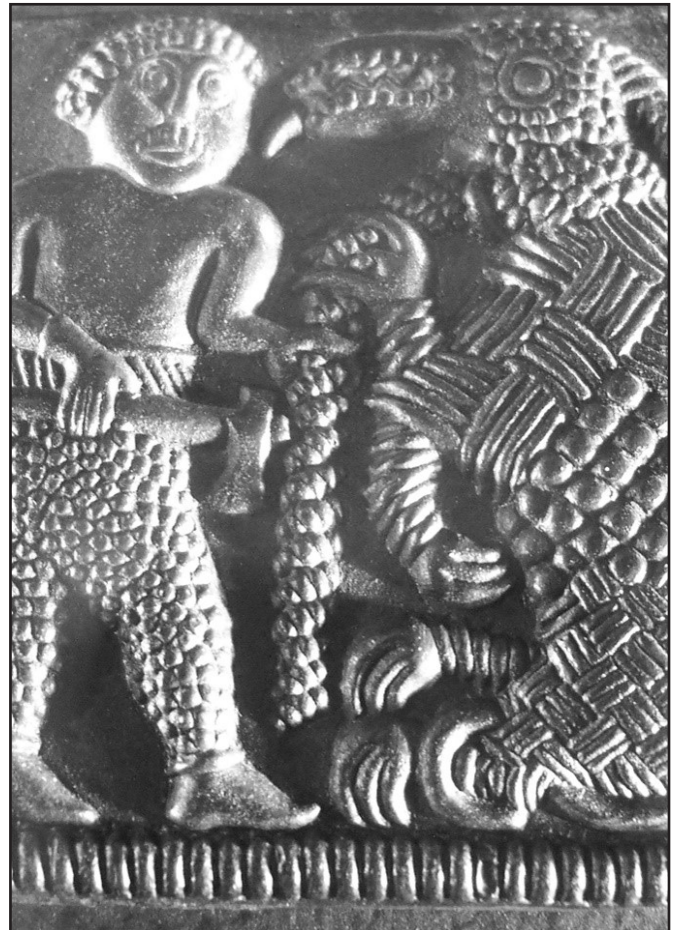
Northern Kin Study Program is live

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Trillium Spring Gathering (ADF Festival)
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Cross Junction, VA

Ghosti-Con 2018
March 22-25, 2018
Albany, NY

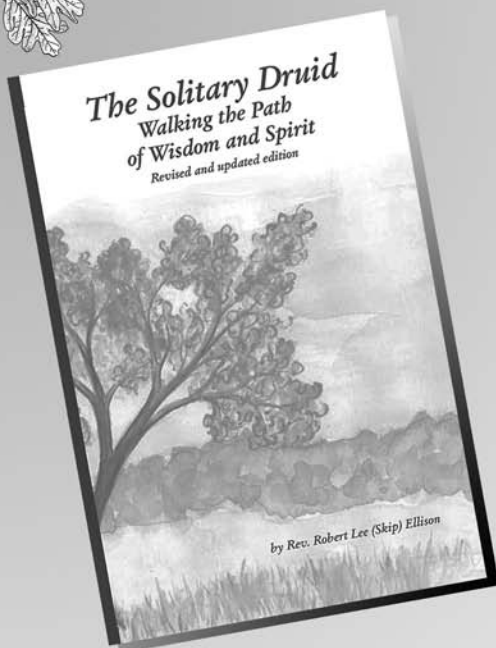
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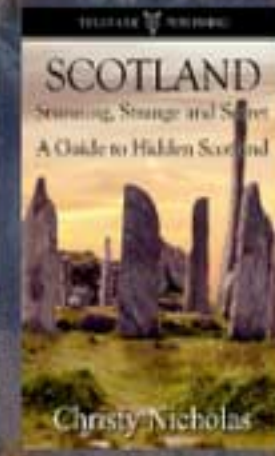
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