

OAK LEAVES

The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin Summer 2019 ~ Issue No. 85



Eight Winds 2019

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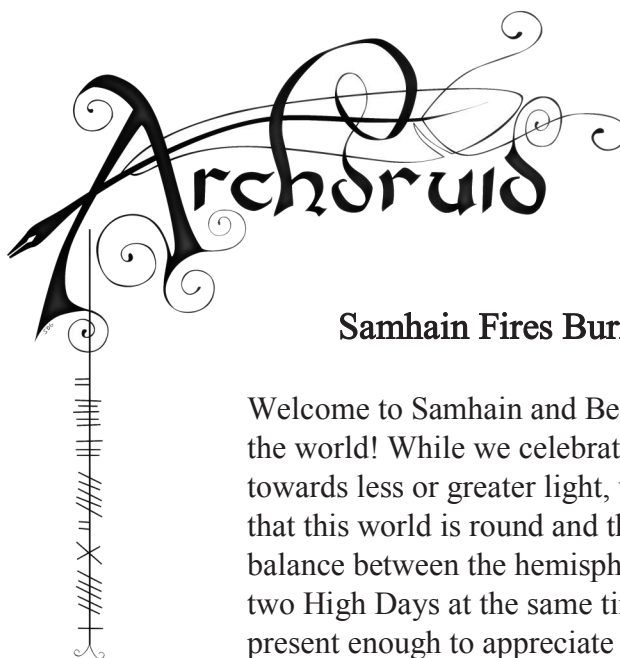
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Front Cover: Manannán mac Lir calls to the storm from atop Binevenagh Mountain
by Rev. G. R. Grove

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Samhain Fires Burn at Beltane

Welcome to Samhain and Beltaine in your part of the world! While we celebrate the movement towards less or greater light, we are always aware that this world is round and that there is a delicate balance between the hemispheres that bring us two High Days at the same time. May we be present enough to appreciate them both!

We find balance in the Equinoxes as day and night are equal. The rest of the year is increasing in light or decreasing in light. On Samhain, the Ancestors loom large in our lives and in our practice. This is their time, a time to remember, a time to honour, and a time for offerings. Let us never forget where we come from and who we are because of those who have gone before. I say the names of my closest Ancestors every day so that they are remembered and so that I remember.

On Beltaine, we celebrate the fertility of the Earth





with the Earth Mother, in this hemisphere green- ing in all directions. It is a time to reflect upon the cycles of nature that we see in the world and be thankful that the Spirits of Nature remind us constantly of the cycles of this world. Quickening, emergence, growth, flourishing, fruitfulness, maturity, decline, and death are annual pageants that we celebrate and observe every year. I have been thinking of my garden because my garden is calling to me.

Why do we mention Samhain and Beltaine in the message? ADF is an international organization and not all our members live in the United States. In fact, approximately 30% of our members live in other countries. Much of the Asia-Pacific region is in the Southern Hemisphere. We acknowledge our members and their High Days wherever they are.

For those in climates where the weather is becoming more pleasant, this may be a good time to start building a better relationship with the Earth Mother, the Nature Spirits, and the realms as they appear in this time. For those whose weather will

now be changing to something more on the cooler side, it may be time to bring those observances and relationships inside. House plants and plants brought in from outdoors are still a part of the natural world and the connection with these Spirits of Nature may continue.

For the creatures that forage for food, Beltaine means that more food will be available; for creatures moving into the Samhain season, food sources may become scarce and providing for these Spirits of Nature may present an opportunity for Druids to become more involved, that is build relationships, with those creatures.

Features within the natural world that we ascribe spiritual qualities to, such as rivers, valleys, forests, prairies, etc., take on a different character during these times of the year. Come to acknowledge and celebrate these differences of feeling in these places, and try to bring offerings with you as well. Water is an excellent offering for entities in the natural world. For bodies of



water, such as lakes, rivers, and oceans, a perfect offering is to clean the area around these places. I call these negative offerings.

Most of all, revel in the season that the High Day heralds. Watch the Sun, the Moon, and the stars and try to observe the qualities and features of this time. The Samhain sky in your part of the world will always have the same constellations in roughly the same places. The Beltaine sky will also have these same features.

The Wheel of the year is the view from the ground; the Sphere of the Year is how the wheel manifests itself for the planet. Be mindful of both wheel and sphere as we come to a better understanding of the world in motion around us.

The ADF Election cycle has just completed and we will say good bye to some Mother Grove members on May 1st and say hello to some new ones as well. Long-term Chief of the Council of

Senior Druids, Flip Rutledge, has stepped down after many dedicated years of service in this position. The new Chief is Rev. Michael Dangler. Flip, we thank you for that service. ADF Secretary Rev. Crystal Groves has also stepped down, and Victoria Selnes was elected to replace her. Non-Officer Director Leesa Kern has also stepped down, and current Member's Advocate Desiree Cook was elected to that position. The newly elected Member's Advocate is Sarah De Finney. Julie Desrosiers was re-elected as Non-Officer director, and I was re-elected as Archdruid of ADF. I want to personally thank everyone who voted and participated in this election. To those who have served, thank you. To those just joining us and/or continuing to serve, I bid you welcome and best wishes.

Blessings,

Rev. Jean (Drum) Pagano
Archdruid, ADF

Summer Issue of Oak Leaves

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

As Archdruid Jean “Drum” Pagano notes, May 1st is both Beltaine and Samhain, depending on your location. Here at *Oak Leaves*, however, we are celebrating spring and the beginning of summer, so this is our summer issue.

Once again, we are providing a variety of features in this issue. Olivia Wylie explores the colors used in ancient Irish poetry and prose.

shares one of his blog columns on a theory of Daemons. And finally, we have the concluding episode of Nathan Large’s allegorical story “The Guest of Honor”, plus a new puzzle from Chris Wityshyn.

Our next (Autumn) issue will include coverage of some of the events from our annual meeting at Wellspring, and (I hope) a cover based on an



Rev. Amber Doty tells us about the many names of the Hittite sun goddess Arinnitti and the effect this research had on her own conceptions of the nature of divinities. Rev. D. Rowen Grove tells us about some Indo-European festive bread customs, and provides a recipe of her own for a Beltaine bread. Julie Desrosiers contributes a Core Order of Ritual script used at 2017’s Kaleidoscope Gathering, together with some dramatic photos of some of the celebrants. As usual, several poets have contributed their work. I have contributed a long article on the Eleusinian Mysteries of ancient Greece which I wrote as part of an even longer essay for ADF’s clergy training course Pagan Theology 2. Rev. Ian Corrigan

entry in the art show. I have one or two other commissioned articles on the way as well, plus some material already on hand, but I want to once again encourage other people to contribute. Poetry in particular is always welcome, and I would be interested in seeing more short fiction. Please send submissions to me at oak-leaves@adf.org. We publish over 80% of submissions, so don’t be shy!

Blessings,

Rev. G. R. Grove

Not All Colors in Ireland Are Green

By Olivia Wylie

It's said by some that Homer described his sea as 'wine dark' because the Greeks had no word for blue. While the scholars are still debating that issue, studies on cognitive science have shown that the words available in a speaker's language shape the way in which the speaker's brain accepts and classifies color. Quite literally, we see what we expect to see.

In the Irish texts, we're lucky enough to have a number of poetic references to color that allow us to understand how the people of 9th century Ireland saw it. Many of the extant texts include references to color in context. But the most illuminating example comes from the *Saltair na Rann*. Contained in this 10th century text is a poem entitled 'Creation of the Winds with their Colours' (from: Hull, E. (Ed.). (1913). *The Poem-book of the Gael: Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse*. Chatto & Windus.)

King who ordained the eight winds
advancing without uncertainty, full of beauty,
the four prime winds He holds back,
the four fierce under-winds.
There are four other under-winds,
as learned authors say,
this should be the number, without any error,
of the winds, twelve winds.
King who fashioned the colors of the winds,
who fixed them in safe courses,
after their manner, in well-ordered disposition,
with the varieties of each manifold hue.
The white, the clear purple,
the blue, the very strong green,
the yellow, the red, sure the knowledge,
in their gentle meetings wrath did not seize them.
The black, the grey, the speckled,
the dark and the deep brown
the dun, darksome hues,
they are not light, easily controlled.
King who ordained them over every void,
the eight wild under-winds;

who laid down without defect
the bounds of the four prime winds.
From the East, the smiling purple,
from the South, the pure white, wondrous,
from the North, the black blustering moaning
wind,
from the West, the babbling dun breeze.
The red, and the yellow along with it,
both white and purple;
the green, the blue, it is brave,
both dun and the pure white.
The grey, the dark brown, hateful their harshness,
both dun and deep black;
the dark, the speckled easterly wind
both black and purple.
Rightly ordered their form,
their disposition was ordained;
with wise adjustments, openly,
according to their position and their fixed places.

Each of these winds and colors has its own place in Irish culture, and these cultural connotations have shaped the modern language. For example, you would never refer to a person of African descent as '*an fear dubh*' in Irish, since that name is reserved for Satan. '*An fear donn*' is used to refer to a man with brown hair. Stuck between a cultural-linguistic rock and a hard place, the Irish language uses the term '*an fear gorm*' for people of African ancestry. And that's just the beginning. The Irish language had a specific word, *dathan-nach*, for the speckled or multicolored. This word has gone through a number of changes over the centuries: at times it's used in reference to lichen on a rock, spots on a salmon's back or a brindle dog, which seems sensible to modern readers. At other times it's used to describe a nobleman's cloth, which seems odd. But since dye was expensive and the Brehon Laws included sumptuary restrictions on the number of colors certain ranks were allowed to wear, we come to understand that being described as 'well dressed and speckled' would be better translated as 'well dressed and with many colors in their clothing.'

Key to understanding any text is the understanding of the subtext in it, and understanding the color descriptions used in the tales that have

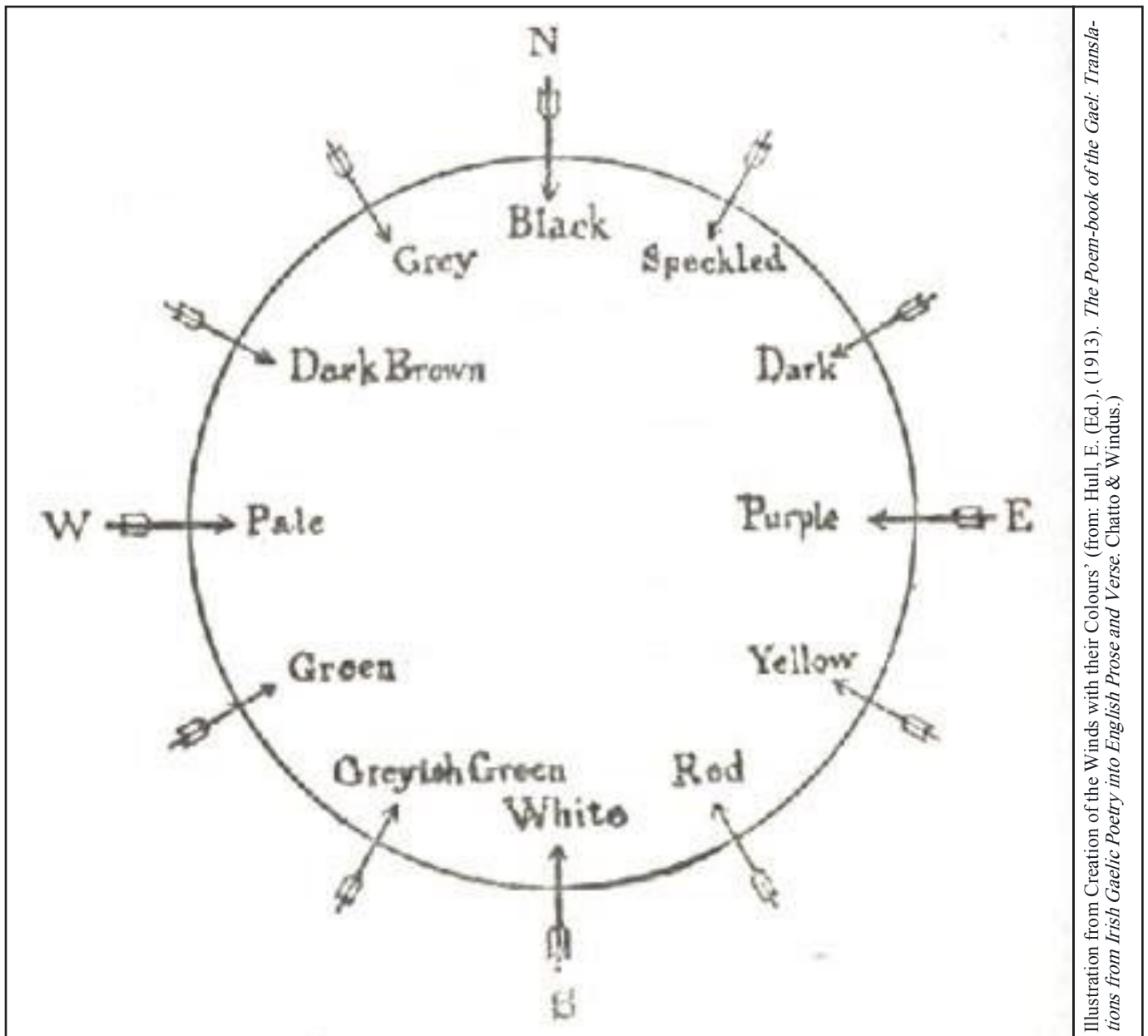


Illustration from 'Creation of the Winds with their Colours' (from: Hull, E. (Ed.), (1913). *The Poem-book of the Gael: Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse*. Chatto & Windus.)

come down to us is extremely useful in understanding the situation the original writer intended to convey.

A last note: keep an eye out for anything that is both white and red in the texts as you read them. That color combination is reserved for things not of this world. Also keep an eye out for characters dressed in green. Green was not a steadfast dye until the 15th century, so anyone described as 'dressed all in green' was wearing something that was either extremely costly or unearthly.

If you're interested in the subject of color in the Irish language, a nice beginning resource can be found at this link: <https://www.omniglot.com/language/colours/irish.php>

Resources:

- <https://www.omniglot.com/language/colours/irish.php>
- <http://language-of-color.aic-color.org/>
- <https://www.geolounge.com/medieval-irish-colorful-winds/>
- <https://breac.nd.edu/about/>
- https://openaccess.leidenuniv.nl/.../final_ingeswinkels-unusu...

Olivia Wylie is a green witch and professional landscaper who specializes in the restoration of neglected gardens. In days of rain or snow she creates works revolving around the connections between human and green lives. She lives in Denver with a very patient husband and a rather impatient cat. You can view her work at www.leafingoutgardening.com.

Sun Goddess of Arinna: Goddess of Many Names

By Rev. Amber Doty

Several years ago, I began researching the Hittite pantheon for a ritual I wanted to put together. During my reading, I found a brief reference to a goddess known as ‘The Sun Goddess of Arinna’ or Arinnitti. Arinnitti was the Hittite patron of royalty, worshiped by the kings and queens of Arinna. As her name implies, she was also the goddess of the sun. Arinnitti was attributed with righteous judgment and was seen as one of the most important deities in the Hittite pantheon. For some reason, the idea of a sun goddess drew me in and led me to want to discover more about her. Her name lit a fire inside my heart, so I continued researching. At first, I was disappointed with the lack of information. I searched for information about Arinnitti, but found myself at a bit of a dead end with very little information known about her. I knew that resources on the Hittite culture were sparse, but I was still quite disheartened.

I typically view myself as a hard polytheist, which is someone who views each deity as an individual, and doesn’t group deities with similar attributes into the same being. For example, I view Athena and Minerva as two separate deities, and not the same deity with two different names in different cultures. However, as I was researching the Sun Goddess of Arinna, I came across a passage that led me down a rabbit hole of information, and made me question my approach to the Gods and Goddesses completely. I found a passage in a text that indicated that the Sun Goddess of Arinna may have been known by other names. This wasn’t a case of a slight name variation, but an entirely different name with brand new attributes tied directly together. I suddenly wondered if I had missed some valuable information in my approach to the deities.

The first indication I had of multiple names being used for the Sun Goddess of Arinna came when

reading “Mesopotamian Gods and Goddesses” a book by Britannica Educational Publishing. In this book, there is a very short entry for Arinnitti that explains who she was and what her role was in the Hittite pantheon. The article itself didn’t contain much information; however, the title of that entry was labeled “Arinnitti (Hattian: Wurusemu).” While it wasn’t much, it gave me another name to begin to explore, and that’s exactly what I did. Additional research showed me that Wurusemu was the Hattic magna mater, or earth mother, also given the title of Sun Goddess of Arinna, or the Sun Goddess of Earth. She was seen as the source of all warmth, and the



Hattian Mother Goddess, figurine, c. 5750 BC . Image from Wikipedia commons, under the terms of the GNU Free Documentation License, <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/deed.en>. Author Nevit Dilmen.

mother of all human kind (Ravinell, 2003, p. 145). These attributes were vastly different than those of Arinnitti, so I was surprised to see the two linked together. Wurusemu was also known as the goddess of the dark earth which seems to indicate some chthonic ties.

I began trying to explore the chthonic properties of Wurusemu when I found yet another name connected to her, the Sumerian goddess Ereshkigal. Ereshkigal was the queen of the underworld (Penn Museum, n.d.). However, an ancient prayer tablet which describes a king's prayer to Arinna shows a connection to Ereshkigal. It begins with him indicating that he is appearing before the Sun-goddess of Arinna and calling to her. However, later in the tablet the king makes an offering to this goddess using the name of Ereshkigal. Another passage includes an invocation of the weather god Nerik, and describes him coming to them from "the dark earth with Ereshkigal" and calls this goddess his mother (Macqueen, 1959). However, other myths clearly indicate that Nerik is the son of the Sun Goddess of Arinna. Somehow, Arinnitti had transformed from a goddess of the Sun, to a deity with responsibilities to the sun, the earth, and the underworld all in one.

I continued researching other ancient tablets, and was blown away when I found yet another name tied to the Sun Goddess of Arinna: Hapat, the Hurrian mother goddess and queen of the deities. Hapat was the creator of cedar land and the queen of heaven and earth. The connection to Arinnitti comes from a prayer tablet from Queen Puduhepa. This tablet has been translated to say "To the Sun Goddess of Arinna, my lady, the mistress of the Hatti lands, the queen of earth and heaven. O Sun Goddess of Arinna: but in the land which you made the Cedar land you bear the name Hapat" (Taracha, 2009, p. 92). Just a brief search of Hapat gave me an entire list of other names including Kubaba and Kybele (Wasilewska, 2000, p. 104).

The deeper I dug into the research, the more references and connections I found between Arinnitti and other deities. She was synchronized



Hittite priest-king or deity, about 1600 BCE. Public domain photo from Wikipedia commons, author Daderot:

with the Anatolian goddess Lelwani (Bachvarova, 2016, p. 154), and in later history the Greek goddess Cybele and the Roman Ma-Bellona (Coulter & Turner, 2000, p. 69). In turn, each of these deities were also known by other names creating a deeper and deeper hole of connections that I was mystified by. This deity somehow managed to cross cultures, countries, and thousands of years of history to stay relevant and admired. Here I am today, thousands of years and miles away, still talking about the Sun Goddess of Arinna.

While it's probably not necessary to say, I was completely shocked by the findings of this brief research. I began on a journey to locate a single goddess of the sun, and had somehow found a deity that was all at once connected to the sun, the earth, and the underworld, each with a different name and culture. Each time I began



Hurrian incense container, 2nd millennium BCE. . . Image from Wikipedia commons, under the terms of of the GNU Free Documentation License, <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/deed.en>. Author Osama Shukir Muhammed Amin.

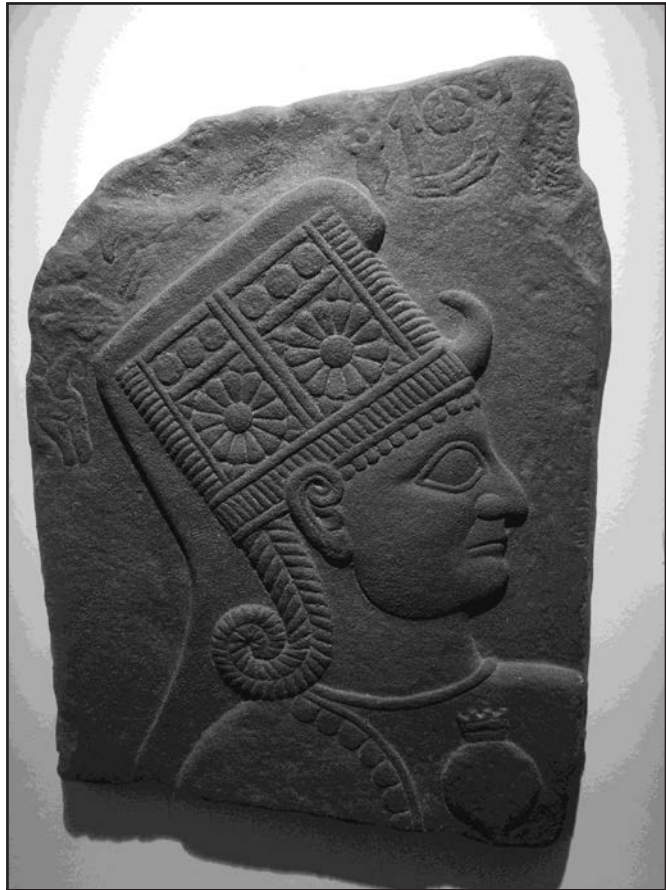
exploring, I discovered a new title tied to the Sun Goddess of Arinna, and with each of these names she gained new attributes.

As someone who has tried to base my personal practices around those of the ancient people, I've valued hard polytheism and the ability to recognize many deities as individuals. However, when I began finding ancient tablet references that indicated that Arinnitti truly was known by many names, it definitely changed my approach to her. I haven't changed my perspective in general, still approaching most deities from a hard-polytheistic perspective, and I am happy in my methodology. However, I think that this research has shown me that there may be instances where my hard-

polytheistic thoughts may not be entirely accurate. But, who am I to argue with the ancients, from whom I have built my personal beliefs?

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Queen Kupapa in the form of a goddess, Late Hittite period (8th century B.C.) . Public domain photo from Wikipedia commons, author Homonihilis.



Relief from Yazılıkaya, a sanctuary at Hattusa, depicting twelve gods of the underworld . Image from Wikipedia commons, under the terms of of the GNU Free Documentation License, <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/deed.en>. Author Klaus– Peter Simon.: .

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Ivory Hittite Sphinx, 18th century B.C.E. Public domain photo from Wikipedia commons, author Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of George D. Pratt, 1932

Indo-European Food Customs: Festive Breads

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

This is intended as the first in a possible series of short articles on Indo-European customs regarding foods and feasting. In some, I will be focusing on the traditions of a specific culture; in others, as here, I will touch briefly on the traditions of a variety of cultures concerning a particular sort of food. In all, I intend to include a seasonal recipe, although these will be of varying age, and not necessarily ancient.

Many cultures have traditions of particular foods to be made for specific holidays or special occasions, and there are many recipes for special breads to be baked for festivals. Some of these are yeast breads (Russian, Ukrainian, and other Eastern European ones can be very elaborate), while others, like the one below, are quick-raised, with baking powder or baking soda. Historically speaking, both baking powder and baking soda are relatively recent inventions, having been developed in the mid-nineteenth century. Prior to this, breads would have been either unleavened and baked as flat cakes on a griddle or hot stones, or the dough was raised by some form of fermentation, as in yeast or sourdough breads. The custom of keeping some of the dough to use as “starter” for a fresh batch dates back over four thousand years, and was common in ancient Egypt; a loaf of yeasted bread of mixed wheat and barley was also discovered in the Late Neolithic levels of an excavation at Lake Biemme, Switzerland (Wood, 63).

A number of Indo-European cultures had customs and regulations concerning their breads. The Irish Brehon Laws, dating from the seventh and eighth centuries CE, specified guidelines for particular sorts of bread; for example, the *bairgin banfuine* – a women’s loaf – was to be “two fists in breadth, and a fist in thickness”, whereas the *bairgin ferfuine* – a man’s loaf – should be twice that size (Mahon, 69). Special loaves sweetened

with honey were made for feasts, or to set before guests (to whom a previously cut loaf should never be given), and other special loaves or cakes were made at both Beltane and Samhain, to be offered to the Ancestors, or given to beggars in their honor. Wheat bread was considered to be of higher status than that made from barley or oats.

Germanic cultures, the Anglo-Saxons in particular, also made both leavened and unleavened breads. The former may have made use of the leftover yeast residues from making small (low-alcohol) beers. The Old English term for a baked item of raised bread is *hlaef*, from which the modern word “loaf” is derived. It seems likely that women were largely in charge of domestic bread baking; the term *hlaefdige* (lady) is etymologically derived from *hlaibadigion*, “bread kneader.” Again, wheaten bread was preferred over that of barley, oats, or rye.

Breads of the ancient Mediterranean cultures (e.g. Greek or Roman) were similar; there were raised and flatbread varieties, as well as dough fried in strips and soaked with honey, often favored at festivals. Spelt wheat was preferred for leavened breads, whereas emmer wheat was thought to make better porridge or cakes, and often used for flatbreads. Barley was also used, and sometimes mixed with wheat. There are, of course, many other Indo-European cultural



traditions concerning breads, as well as food and feasting in general, which may be considered in the future; these are some for which the author has references on hand.

A seasonal recipe:

I first encountered a variant of this recipe in the early 1980s, in a cookbook borrowed from a friend (unfortunately, I do not recall the title), as “Bride’s Bread,” and as I made most of the ritual breads or cakes for a Pagan group with which I was involved at the time, this became the traditional Beltane bread for that group. One source I saw attributed the recipe to Crete, and another claimed that it had a Scandinavian background. However that may be, is a fairly easy bread, and very tasty. As a variety of batter bread, rather than a yeast-raised one, it is not suitable for braiding or other elaborate shaping, but can, as the recipe suggests, be decorated with flower shapes made from blanched almonds, and once baked, can be adorned with small spring flowers, particularly edible ones such as pansies or violets, young dandelions, plum blossoms, or sweet woodruff.

“Beltane Bread”

Ingredients:

2 eggs
½ c. honey, warmed
½ c. orange juice
½ c. melted butter
2 T. orange liqueur
¼ t. almond extract
1 T. freshly grated orange zest

1 ½ c. unbleached flour
½ c. whole wheat flour
2 t. baking powder
½ t. baking soda
½ t. salt
½ t. ground cardamom
¼ t. ground allspice
1 c. sliced blanched almonds
½ c. or so currants or golden raisins
½ c. or so whole blanched almonds

Preheat the oven to 325 F.

In a large bowl, beat the eggs until light and slightly thickened. Add the warmed honey and beat well, then beat in the orange juice, melted butter, orange liqueur, almond extract, and grated orange zest.

Sift the flours, baking powder, soda, spices and salt, and stir in the sliced almonds and fruit, reserving the whole almonds. Gently fold the flour and liquid mixtures together until just blended. Pour the batter into a well-buttered round pan or casserole, and make decorative flower patterns on the top with the whole blanched almonds. Bake about 45 minutes, until the top of the bread feels springy when pressed and the edges are brown; be careful not to overcook it. Cool the bread in the pan for about 10 minutes before turning it out to finish cooling on a rack

Some variants on this recipe include rye flour instead of the whole wheat. The ground cardamom may be omitted if unavailable, but it does add another note to the flavor. A little fresh lemon zest is a pleasant addition as well. Chopped dried apricots may be substituted for the currants or golden raisins.

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Rev. D. Rowen Grove joined ADF in the spring of 2010, and completed her Dedicant Path work two years later. She became an ADF Initiate in 2015 and was ordained an ADF Priest in 2016. She is currently Senior Druid of Chokecherry Grove, ADF, in Denver, Colorado

Kaleidoscope Gathering Ritual

By Julie Desrosiers

This ritual was the main ritual at Kaleidoscope Gathering in 2017. The people attending chose a “tribe”, which represented an aspect of the land on which the festival was being held.

There is a procession to the main fire pit, with the celebrants leading the way. There is drumming and music to accompany the group. One of the celebrants blows the horn and calls for the Clans to join. Drumming continues as people come into the circle. People stand with their tribe around the outskirts of the circle.

Celebrants are in the centre, where there is a cauldron filled with water, a fire pit filled with wood for burning (unlit), and an altar. On the altar is a large bowl filled with oil, a large bowl filled with water and fragrant oils, a large empty bowl (for the runes), a bag of runes, a small bowl filled with seeds, three small empty bowls with evergreen boughs, a lit candle (carried in by one of the celebrants during the procession), and a torch for lighting the fire.

STEP ONE: Offerings to the Earth Mother and to the ancestral people of the land at Raven's Knoll

Before we begin this ritual, we would like to begin by acknowledging that the land on which we gather is the traditional unceded territory of the Algonquin Anishnaabeg people. We give thanks to the people who have cared for this land throughout the generations, throughout all that has been and all that will be, and who have brought all of us to this moment in time.

To the Tribe of this Land, the Anishnaabeg people, we honour you with tobacco. gimigwechiwi'ininim !

“We give this gift to you, Mother of Us All
From whence we all come,
On whose back we tread,

Whose bounty nourishes us.
All you give, is all we have
And all of our happiness is built upon you.
For this we give you first sacrifice.”
All: Hail Earth Mother, accept our sacrifice.

STEP TWO: Calling Of The Tribes

With great fervour, each Tribe is called to the circle, to join the ritual.

STEP THREE: Recreating The Sacred Centre

FIRE: “In the centre of the universe there is a great fire.”



Cait Sexton—Raven Clan. Photo provided by the author.



Loran Magie and Nest Raven. Photo provided by the author.

STEP FOUR: Opening The Gates

Lighting of the fire with torch (lit from candle):

“Let us pray with a good fire! Carry our words and gifts to the other worlds!”

WELL: “In the centre of the universe, there is a deep well. Forces of the underworld, carry our words and gifts to the other worlds!” *Silver is dropped in the well.*

TREE: *Celebrant holds staff above her head.* “In the centre of the universe, there is the great tree, pillar of the worlds, stead of the shaman!” *Staff is lowered into hole in the ground to stand as world tree.* “Carry our words and gifts on your roots and branches, throughout all the worlds!”

CLEANSING OF THE SPACE AND MARKING BOUNDARIES: *Celebrants move around the circle with fire and water, while celebrant finishes STEP THREE:*

“With holy flame, with sacred waters, this space is claimed and hallowed!

With the pillar of worlds stretching above and below, this space is claimed and hallowed!

With the spirits of the folk shining bright and strong, this space is claimed and hallowed!”

“At this center that we have created,
In the place where the waters draw forth from the deepest realms,
Where the holy fire burns, and all worlds exist in the roots and branches of the Tree,
We call to those Gods who straddle the realms.
Gatekeepers to the otherworld,
Guardians of the seekers of knowledge and beauty,
We call to you.

Weave your power with ours
And make with us a passageway,
A clear and shining path to magic.”

Priest/ess takes magician’s pose and begins:

“Let the fire open as a gate
Let the well open as a gate
Let the bile open as a gate
Let the ways be open!”

“Gatekeepers All, we honour you!” (*Oil is offered to fire*)

People: “Gatekeepers, we honour you!”

STEP FIVE: Honouring The Kindreds

Calling the Kindreds:

“We make our offering to the Kindreds of the Worlds

To those who dwell below and those who dwell above

To the tribes of Spirits

In all of the realms

Hear your true worshippers as we make due sacrifice!”

“Come forward, River Clan, Pine Clan, to make your offering to the Nature Spirits!”

“Come forward, Stone Clan and Bog Clan, to make your offering to the ancestors!”

“To make the offerings to the Gods of Teaching, Protection and Guidance, we call upon the Raven Clan!”

STEP FIVE: Main Offering/The Sacrifice

Julie is wearing a cloak made of different coloured fabrics, representing all the aspects of the land. She dances as Hobbes speaks.

Hobbes: “Listen now, as I tell you the story of how we came to be...

All worlds begin this way.

First there is chaos, and purest night.

Then, from the deepest, darkest part of the sky comes life.

Where there was only darkness, now there is light.

Where there was nothing, there is now life.

But the one-ness of their being is a lonely state

They is tempted by the darkness, to return to nothing.

There is a song inside of them, however. A song of creation. It is a song of many, a song of togetherness.

This song is emanating from within them. To release it, they must tear themselves apart.

In order to create the song outside of themselves, they must destroy themselves.

So they pull themselves apart, as a sacrifice to life. As a sacrifice to many.

Their skull becomes the sky.

The Raven finds its home, and finds the freedom of flight.

(Julie rips the black cloth and gives it to the Raven Clan)

Their hair becomes the trees.

The Pine Tree finds its home, and finds the language of the winds.

(Julie rips the white cloth and gives it to the Pine Clan)

Their thighs become a bog.

The Bog ripens with life, and makes the mists of magic.

(Julie rips the green cloth and gives it to the Bog Clan)

Their blood becomes a river.



Raven Melissa Black and Nest. Photo provided by the author.



Seviryn Hemlock Raven. Photo provided by the author.

The River flows forward, and shapes the world with time.

(Julie rips the blue cloth and gives it to the River Clan)

Their bones become stone.

And the Stones remember, remember the beginning and the sacrifice They made.

(Julie rips the red cloth, and gives it to the Stone Clan)

From the destruction of the Creator, the world is born.

From the world, we are all made.

Now we are gathered, all the parts of the world together.

To bring our offerings, and unite them in the fire.
To make the Creator whole for a moment in the flames.

Each Clan is called forward one at a time to offer to the creator.”

PRAAYER OF SACRIFICE



Julie Desrosiers wearing the cloak made out of the different tribe colours—the one she rips apart during the ritual. Photo provided by the author.

STEP SIX: Gifts From The Kindred

Celebrant pours the runes into a bowl and holds it over the fire:

“A gift calls for a gift! Let us now receive the blessings of the Creator, given to us through sacred symbols!”

Celebrant carries bowl to each tribe, and has a member pull a rune for their group. Rune is given to the Seer (Julie) who interprets it on the spot.

STEP SEVEN: Cauldron Of Blessing

All five omens are “placed” in the large bowl of water. Smaller bowls are filled from this bowl and all the folk are asperged with them.

STEP EIGHT: Basking In The Blessing

Hobbes: “In their Oneness, the Creator heard the song. The Song of together. The song of life. Hear it now, within yourselves, and let it out, to be shared with the world.”

A moment of gratitude with tonal chant

STEP NINE: Thanks And Closing

“We have called out to the Shining Ones and been answered with glorious resounding. We have given our offerings and been blessed in return.

Great and wonderful is this world and the creators who made it!

With each call we make to the Shining Ones, and each offering we give

They heed our calls more, and our connections become stronger.

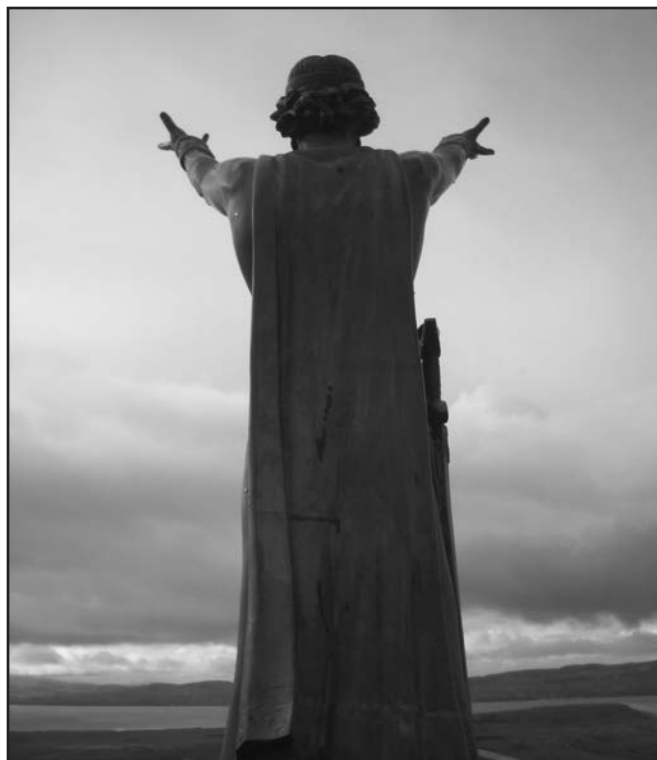
Though the rite is ending, we leave this place wiser,

And carry the blessings and beauty, with us always.”

Thanks and closing of the rite...

Julie Desrosiers is the Senior Druid for Thornhaven Grove and has served her Pagan community in numerous ways throughout the years, including as event organizer, volunteer, ritualist and public

speaker. She is most interested in ritual construction, ritual as art (and vice versa), and the synthesis of the mind, body and spirit in ritual work. Julie is also the custodian of Thornhaven, a plot of land (18 acres) that is being actively naturalized and consciously imbued with sacred energy, to serve as a place of powerful worship and communion with the Gods, Ancestors and the Spirits of the Land.



To Manannán on Binevenagh Mountain

By Rev. G. R. Grove

Above the cliffs he stands, his arms raised high,
And summons up the storm. The bitter wind
Affects him not. He is a part of it
And it of him, just as the waves he rides
Are him as well. Here on his mountain top
On waves of grass, not sea, he stands alone
And looks far out across the sea below.
His time will come. For now, he watches us
As we watch him, and one day soon, we know,
He will return, in truth, to rule his land.
The Old Gods never die, but merely sleep
Until the circle of the years completes.
Already there are Druids again in Ériu.
Can great Manannán, then, be far behind?

9 Virtues Prayer to Athena

By Rev. Amber Doty

Gracious Athena,
I ask that you guide me with your many gifts
As I approach this new day.

Grant me wisdom in my options,
And the vision to understand their impact.

Grant me courage to make decisions,
And the integrity to do what is right.

Grant me perseverance to keep moving forward,
And the moderation to know my own limits.

Grant me the grace to show hospitality to those I
meet,
And the fertile gift of creating new and beautiful
things.

Allow me to live in these virtues,
As I continue to piously honor you
In this and every day.



Athena. Image from Wikipedia commons, under the terms of the GNU Free Documentation License, <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/deed.en>. Author : Tetraktys

Athena: Guide & Guardian

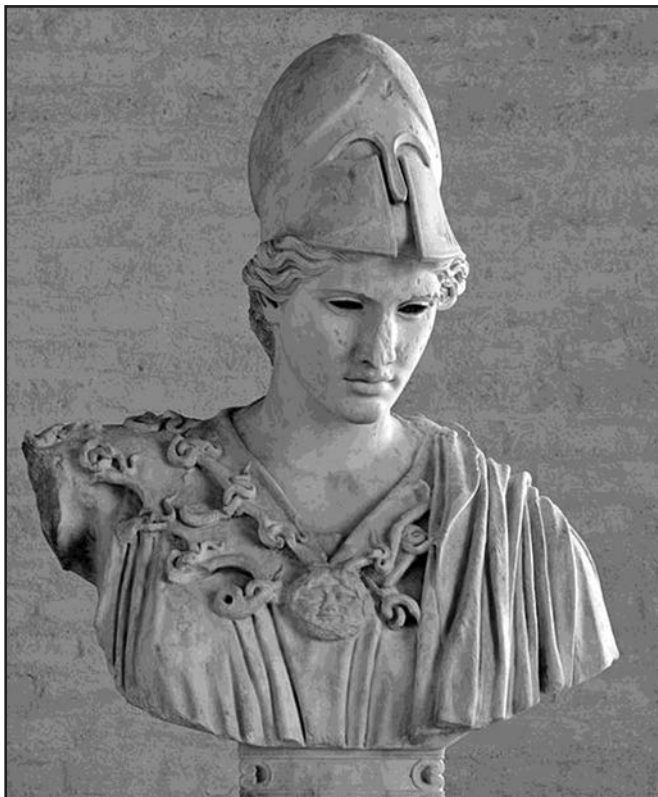
By Rev. Amber Doty

Flying upon the wings of an owl,
Bringing wisdom to the darkness.
Weaving solutions to obstacles,
And strategies to complications.

Knowledge blessed upon your chosen,
Guiding words when they feel lost.
In those unexpected moments
They find you standing by their side.

Guardian, guide, and pathfinder,
Mentor, protector, and friend.
Leading those on their odyssey
As they battle monsters unknown.

Crafting, fighting, studying,
Your gifts shared with those who seek.
By following your guidance,
Humans can become heroes.



Athena. Public domain image from Wikipedia commons,



Bedtime Prayer
By Rev. Amber Doty

Now I lay me down to sleep
Hypnos, safe, my sleep will keep
Nyx brings darkness to the night
Eos wakes with morning light.
Rest my body, heart, and mind,
And wake in morning pure and fine.

I See You
By Rev. Amber Doty

I see you in the golden wheat rolling across the plains,
And in the spring when the grass turns green.
I see you in the deep, rich soil
Where we grow so many things.
Earth Mother, I see you.

I feel you when I bury my feet in the sand,
And when my hands work the earth.
I feel you as I run among the trees,
And when I need to be strong.
Earth Mother, I feel you.

I see you when the world seems big and full of life,
When all days seem bountiful and good.
I see you when the world seems cold,
And I'm afraid I am alone.
Earth Mother, I see you.

I hear you in the laughter of my children,
And the waters rushing in the river.
I hear your call in the plants
And when I'm knelt in prayer.
Earth Mother, I hear you.

I see you in the food we eat and the sustenance it brings,
And in the bountiful gifts of the world.
I see you in the parks hidden in the heart of the city,
And dancing free in all the wild places.
Earth Mother, I see you.

Earth Mother, you give us life, you give us home,
You provide for us when we're wrong,
You uphold and sustain our lives.
We exist because of you.
Earth Mother, we see you!

Green Tide

By Rev. D. Rowen Grove

The hollow hills stand open wide upon the eve of
May,
Between the silver moonrise and the last gold
light of day –
From out a gate that lies between the seen world,
and unseen,
Come a hundred flashing riders, in a thousand
shades of green.

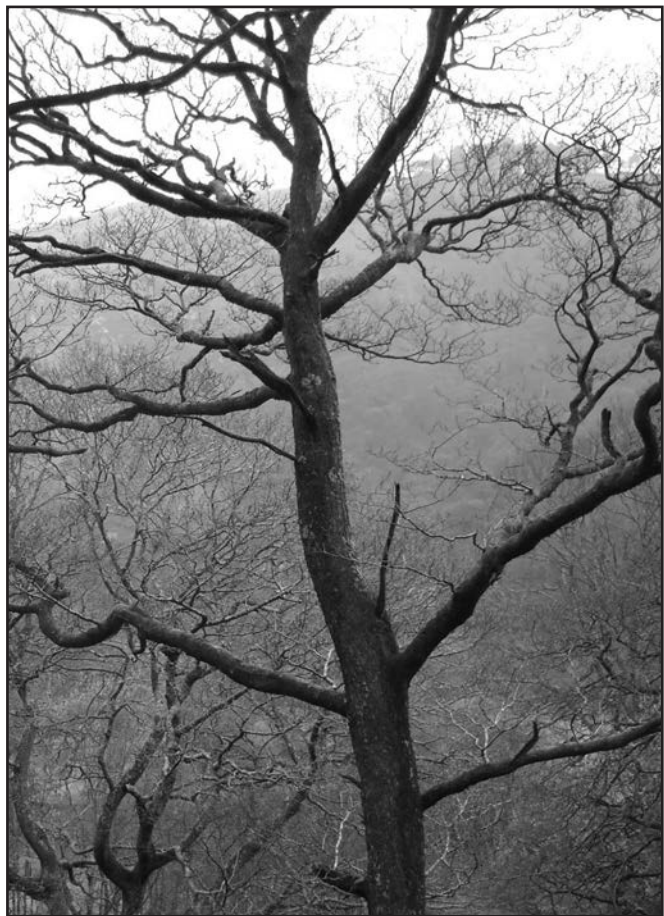
Over hill and river-glen, swift along they pass –
Cloak and gown and petticoat, green as any
grass:
And the ringing bells and singing sets a tingle in
the blood –
Merry is the woodland when the green tide's on
the flood!

It's green upon the river bank, and green upon
the hills –
Bright the night and swift the flight that ripples up
the rills,
That sets the new leaves sighing, that sings along
the wind –
Merry is the woodland when the green tide's
come again.

Over hill and river-glen, swift along they pass –
Cloak and gown and petticoat, green as any
grass:
And the ringing bells and singing sets a tingle in
the blood –
Merry is the woodland when the green tide's on
the flood!

It's little care the Green Ride has for mortal joy
or pain –
The heart you gave from out your breast, you'll
not get back again
Though you follow after Riders and their
banners' silken sheen,
It's a dance too swift for mortal feet, that spreads
the tide of green

Over hill and river-glen, swift along they pass
Cloak and gown and petticoat, green as any grass:
And the ringing bells and singing sets a tingle in
the blood –
Merry is the woodland when the green tide's on
the flood –
Be wary in the woodland when the green tide's
on the flood.



Prayer for the Rain

By Rev. Amber Doty

The rain pours down from the heavens above
Refreshing and revitalizing
Bringing nourishment and growth.
Let the cool water purify all it touches.
Let the waters bring blessings to our lives.

Hands in Water
By Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano

Hands over water,
I show my palms to the Ancestors
And they show me theirs in return:
Lines connect from deep within the well.

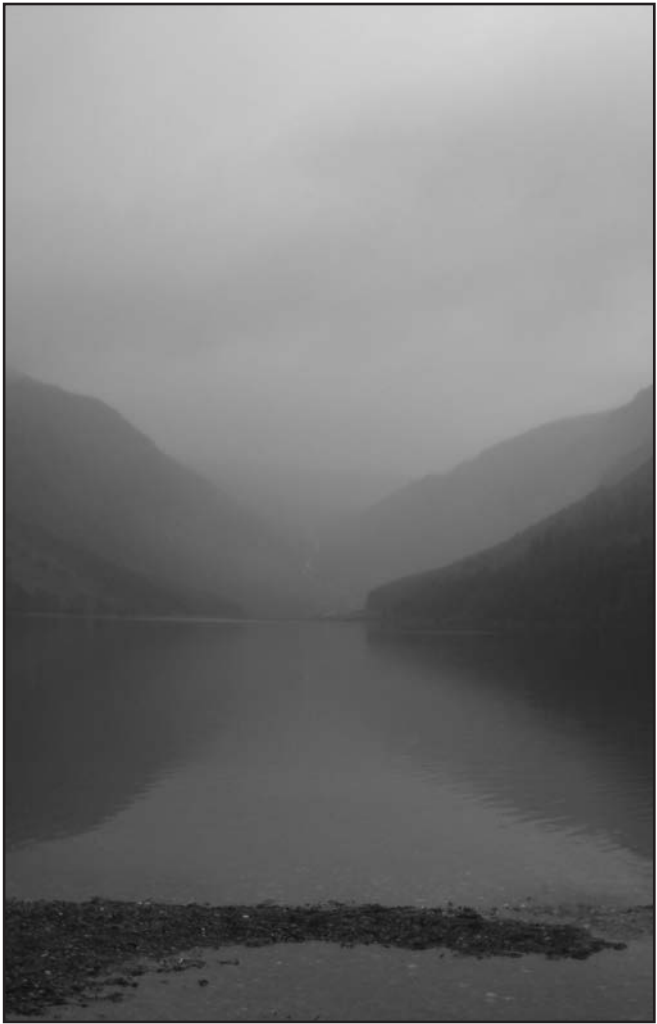
Hands on the water,
Fingers and palms meet
I feel your cool touch:
Share your insights from deep in the well.

Hands in water,
Ancestors yield, fingers reaching:
I seek your depths:
Guidance from an open gate.



Prayer for Monday
By Rev. Amber Doty

Mondays are a time for new beginnings,
A chance at a fresh perspective.
Let wisdom guide my answers
While integrity guides my actions.
Open my eyes and my mind
And allow me to be productive and positive.



Serenity Prayer
By Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano

Sunrise
And the serenity it brings:
The wind at dawn.

Noon
And the serenity it brings:
The bright fire shining.

Sunset
And the serenity it brings:
The dusk flows in.

Stars
And the serenity it brings:
The night sky surrounds completely.

The Eleusinian Mysteries

By Rev. G. R. Grove

Of all the mystery cults of the ancient Mediterranean world, the Mysteries of Eleusis are perhaps the most famous. Originally known simply as “the Mysteries”, they gave their name to the whole genre: in Greek “to initiate” is *myein*, “initiate” is *mystes*, and “initiation” is *mysteia*. The public parts of their initiatory rituals can be fairly reliably reconstructed, but there is still much debate and uncertainty about the secret parts, and indeed about the whole nature and purpose of the cult (Burkert *Greek Religion* 276).

Sources.

Our literary sources for the Mysteries include the playwrights Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes (especially the latter’s *Frogs*); the poet Pindar; the philosophers Plato and Aristotle; the Roman writers Praetextatus, Cicero, Plutarch, and many others; the 2nd century CE travel writer Pausanias; and various Christian apologists, including Clement of Alexandria. There are also sculptures and vase painting from the Classical and Hellenistic period which convey details of the public rituals.

Archaeology and History of Eleusis.

Indo European settlement in Greece started about 2000 BCE. At Eleusis the most ancient remains are from the 18th-17th c. BCE Middle Helladic period. At this point there was no sign of a temple. This settlement was destroyed by fire. The next settlement, which was to be more or less continuous thereafter, began in the late Helladic-Early Mycenaean period (1580-1500 BCE). Initially the area later occupied by the Sanctuary complex was left empty – possibly as the site of an open-air ritual. The earliest temple building is from the 15th c. BCE (middle-late Mycenaean), when according to legends the Eleusinian Mysteries may have begun (Puhvel 128; Mylonas 24, 29-33; Kerényi 18-21).

Athens probably conquered Eleusis and took over administration of the cult in the last quarter of the 13th century BCE. Their domination was interrupted several times during wars and uprisings, most notable during the Dorian incursion at the end of the 12th century BCE. In between these disturbances, the Sanctuary buildings steadily expanded, and by the end of the 7th century BCE or the beginning of the 6th century BCE, if not before, Athenian domination was firmly in place (Mylonas 29-33; Zaidman 132; Meyer 17).

During the second half of the 6th century BCE and the beginning of the 5th century BCE, the reputation of the Sanctuary became Panhellenic and initiation was no longer restricted to Athenians – any Greek could be initiated. Facilities were enlarged. The Sanctuary buildings were extensively damaged during the Persian invasion of Greece under Xerxes in 480-479 BCE. It was rebuilt and expanded, initially between 479 and 461 BCE. Subsequently it was expanded several times between then and 146 BCE. Under the Romans, the Sanctuary reached its final and greatest extent when the privilege of initiation was opened to all citizens of the Empire. It was at this point that it became forbidden to mention the personal name of the Hierophant (the Chief Priest of the cult), a custom which continued to the end of the cult. The sanctuary was partly destroyed by the invasion of the Kostovaks in 170 BCE, but immediately rebuilt. Valentinian’s prohibition of nocturnal rites in 364 CE would have prohibited the celebration of the Mysteries (and also some early Christian activities), but was later rescinded. The Mysteries came to an end with the destruction of most of the buildings when Alaric, Christian King of the Goths, invaded Greece in 395-396 CE (Kerényi 17; Mylonas 77, 88-9, 155-156, 186, 481; Wright loc 325, 620-633).

Mythological Background.

The foundation myth of the Eleusinian Mysteries is described in the Homeric *Hymn to Demeter*,



General view of the Sactuary of Demeter and Kore and the Telesterion. Wikipedia commons: author: Carole Raddato: <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/2.0/deed.en> Attribution-Share Alike 3.0

which was probably composed around 600 BCE or a little earlier (Zaidman 134-136; Meyer 20-21). It tells of the abduction of Demeter's daughter Persephone (also called Kore, "the maiden") by Hades, the many-named son of Kronos, brother to Zeus and lord of the underworld. Demeter heard her daughter's cry, and searched for her in vain for nine days, fasting and with torches in her hands. On the tenth day Hekate and Helios told her what had happened. Demeter withdrew from Olympus and wandered about the earth in the shape of an old woman, coming at last to Eleusis, where the daughters of King Keleos made her welcome. She told them that she had been carried off from Crete, but had escaped her captors. They took her to the king's house, where at first she sat pining. They offered her wine, but she refused it, asking instead for "a drink of barley-meal and water mixed with pennyroyal". She became a nursemaid to the

young son of Keleos. Secretly she anointed the child with ambrosia, and placed him in the fire to make him immortal, but Queen Metaneira surprised her doing so and cried out. Angrily Demeter took the child from the fire, and resumed her own appearance, a bright light shining from her. She ordered the people to build her a great temple and beneath it an altar, under the steep walls of the city. They build it, and Demeter took up residence there, still mourning the loss of her daughter. For a year, no seed sprouted and no flower bloomed. At last Zeus sent Iris and other gods to ask her to relent, but she refused. Then he sent Hermes down to Erebus, to persuade Hades to release Persephone. He succeeded, and Persephone returned to her mother, but because she had eaten a pomegranate seed which Hades gave her, she was obliged to spend one third of the year with him, and only



View of the Telesterion, This file is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 4.0 International .license by Davide Mauro - Own work, CC BY-SA 4.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=65983036>. Image was trimmed at either end to fit the double page width.

two thirds with her mother. On this, Demeter relented, and let the earth grow fruitful again. Then she taught her holy rites to the kings of Eleusis (Athanasakis 1-14; Johnston 99).

Secrecy of the Mysteries.

Of the public parts of the Mysteries we have many accounts, but of the private parts only hints. The Homeric Hymn ends as follows: “Demeter... went to the kings who administer the laws, Triptolemos and Diokles... and mighty Eumolpos and Keleos... and showed them the celebration of holy rites, and explained to all... the awful mysteries not to be transgressed, violated, or divulged, because the tongue is restrained by reverence for the gods” (Athanasakis “To Demeter” l. 473-479). Sophocles’ *Oedipus at Colona* (ll. 1049-1053) mentions the “solemn rites fostered by the Great Goddesses for those whose lips are hushed under the golden seal put upon them by the priestly Eumolpidae” (Lefkowitz et al). During the 5th, 4th and 3rd centuries BCE a number of men were

prosecuted and a few executed for penetrating into the Sanctuary when not initiates, or for revealing the Mysteries to the uninitiated. The most famous case was that of Alcibiades in 415 BCE, who was alleged to have imitated the Mysteries in his own house with a party of drunken friends. He was condemned *in absentia*, his property was confiscated, and all the priests and priestesses of the state pronounced curses on him. Even in the 2nd century CE the writer Pausanias avoided describing the customs regarding the Mysteries and the buildings within the Sanctuary on the grounds that “the uninitiated may not lawfully hear of that from the sight of which they are debarred”. The most substantial accounts of the secret parts of the Mysteries are descriptions from some early sources by initiates who converted to Christianity and no longer felt bound by their vows of secrecy, and from the Christian apologists such as Clement, but their accounts are somewhat contradictory and probably biased (Mylonas 224-228; Kerényi 83).

Athenian Officials and Eleusinian Priesthood.
The Mysteries came in two parts, the Lesser



Mysteries in the spring and the Greater Mysteries in the fall. The overall management of the festivals was the responsibility of the King Archon, one of the chief magistrates of Athens. The religious aspects were controlled by the priesthood of Eleusis. Chief of these was the Hierophant, the High Priest of the cult of Demeter at Eleusis. He was from the family or *gens* of the Eumolpids, the descendants of Eumolpus, the first priest of the cult, whose name means “a good singer”. He was the paramount officiant of the most sacred parts of the ritual, and his title means “he who shows the *Hiera*”, the sacred objects of the ritual. He alone could enter the Anaktoron where they were kept. The Hierophant’s assistants included two priestesses devoted respectively to the two Goddesses (Demeter and Kore), who were also of the Eumolpids. The second most important of the male officiants was the Dadouchos or Torchbearer, who came from the family of the Kerykes. Among his duties was the purification of the candidates, especially those who were stained with blood guilt. The Hierokeryx or Herald, who read the proclamation of the festival, and the Altar-Priest (probably the sacrificer) also were also of the Kerykes. The Priestess of Demeter, also known as the Hierophantide, was of either

the Eumolpids or the Philleidae, and the Hierophant’s near-equal. All of these religious officials held office for life and were allowed to marry, although the Hierophant was required to be chaste during the periods of the Mysteries and perhaps at some other times. The Hierophant, Dadouchos, and Hierokeryx wore long purple robes, myrtle wreaths, and diadems during the ceremonies, as illustrated on some surviving vases, and must have made an impressive sight (Mylonas 229-233; Zaidman 136; Wright loc 240, 249, 284, 288; Burkert *Greek Religion* 285; Kerényi 23).

The Initiations.

There were three stages of initiation at Eleusis. Initially the Mysteries were restricted to citizens of Eleusis and Athens, but gradually they were opened to all Greeks, and at last to all Roman citizens. Men and women, free and slaves, young and old, Greeks and non-Greeks - anyone who had the time and the money for the various preliminary preparations and fees (amounting to fifteen drachmas in total) could be initiated, although not every Athenian was (Bremmer loc. 312, 326; Burkert *Greek Religion* 285).



From wikipedia commons: public domain image. "Demeter, enthroned and extending her hand in a benediction toward the kneeling Metaneira."

The first stage of initiation was called the Lesser Mysteries, held at Athens in the month of Anthesterion (February) in the spring, usually once but sometimes twice in a year. Each initiate (called a *mystes*) was accompanied by a previously initiated person called a *mystagogos*. The candidates took part in individual ceremonies of purification which probably included fasting, sacrifices, sprinkling of water or bathing in the river Ilissos, and perhaps dancing (Mylonas. 240-241; Zaidman 102, 137; Meyer loc. 18; Burkert *Greek Religion* 286; Kerényi 45-60).

The Greater Mysteries were held once a year in the lunar month of Boedromion, corresponding to

September and the beginning of October. Special envoys were sent by the Hierophant to all the Greek cities as much as two months before to arrange a holy truce and to ask for official delegations and tithes of first fruits. On the day preceding the festival, the 14th of Boedromion, the sacred *Hiera* of Demeter were removed from their usual place in the within the Sanctuary (a small room called the *Anaktoron* within the larger *Telesterion* ("Hall of Initiation") which was thought to have been the original dwelling of the Goddess) and carried to Athens in chests which concealed their nature in an elaborate and solemn procession. There they were deposited in the special sanctuary of the Goddess Demeter in Athens (Mylonas 243- 247; Burkert *Greek Religion* 287).

On the first day of the festival, Boedromion 15th, called *Aghyrmos* or “Gathering”, the King Archon called the people to an assembly at the Agora. There the Hierokeryx (Herald) read the proclamation of the festival in the presence of the Hierophant and the Dadouchos. Everyone who had clean hands and intelligible speech (i.e. could speak and understand Greek), who was pure from all pollution and whose soul was conscious of no evil and who had lived well and justly might be initiated (Mylonas 247-248; Bremmer loc. 333; Zaidman 136-137, Meyer loc. 18; Burkert *Greek Religion* 287).

The second day of the festival (*Elasis* or *Halade Mystai*) was begun by the heralds proclaiming “to the sea, oh *mystai*!” All of the candidates went to the sea to be purified, each carrying with him (or her) a small pig which also had to be washed in the sea, and accompanied by the *mystogogai*. After the purification and probably before returning to the city, each *mystes* sacrificed his or her own piglet, burned it, and scattered the ashes. The *mystai* then put on new clothes and myrtle wreaths. The third day was probably occupied in official sacrifices and prayers for the city and citizens of Athens and of the other participating cities. The fourth day (*Epidauria*) was taken up with preparing candidates who had arrived late, and possibly with additional private preparation and instruction of the *mystai* (Mylonas 250-51; Zaidman 137; Aristophanes II. 336-337; Meyer 18; Bremmer loc. 339, 352; Johnston 99; Burkert *Greek Religion* 286-287; Burkert *Homo Necans* 256-258; Kerényi 60-61).

The fifth day, Boedromion 19th, called *Iacchos* or *Pompé*, was the day of the great procession which returned Demeter’s *Hiera* and her priests and priestesses to Eleusis. Most, although not all, of the initiates and others went on foot the whole distance of fourteen miles from Athens to Eleusis, and the procession, with various stops for ceremonies including dances, sacrifices, libations, ritual washings, and singing of hymns accompanied by pipes, consumed the entire day. The initiates chanted “*Iacchos O Iacchos*” as they danced along. Once they reached the Sanctuary,

the night may have been spent in singing and dancing in honor of the Goddesses (Mylonas 220-225, 253-254, 340-353; Aristophanes *Frogs* II. 311-459, Meyer loc. 18, Bremmer loc. 352-367, 375; Johnston 100; Burkert *Greek Religion* 287; Kerényi 61-66).

The sixth day (Boedromion 20th) and the following night (Boedromion 21st) were called *Telete* or “Completion”. The public part of the festival being over, we have only fragmentary information on the next two days and nights. Boedromion 20th may have been spent in resting, fasting, purification, and sacrifice. The fasting may have ended with the drinking of a special potion called the *kekeon*, a mixture of barley meal, water, and mint like that which ended Demeter’s fast in the Homeric Hymn. As darkness fell, the torch-bearing *mystai* will have entered the *Telesterion*, which in the 5th century BCE could accommodate 3,000 people on its stone-cut benches. This was the place of initiation into the Greater Mysteries. What happened next is a matter of conjecture. The rites seem to have included three elements: the *dromena*, “that which was enacted”; the *logomena*, “the words that were spoken”; and the *deiknymena*, “the sacred objects that were shown”. Some scholars believe that the *dromena* involved a sacred pageant or mystic drama enacted by the Hierophant, the Hierophantide, and the Dadouchos, presenting the story of Demeter and Persephone. As part of it, the initiates may have been sent outside the *Telesterion* (but still within the Sanctuary) to search for Persephone, and were recalled by the Hierophant striking a gong. Regarding the *logomena*, there is little evidence; they may have been brief liturgical statements, explanations, and invocations by the Hierophant, hence the requirement that those to be initiated be able to speak and understand Greek. The *deiknymena*, the objects that were shown, remain equally unknown. All that we are sure of is that at the climax of the ritual the Hierophant, standing in front of the *Anaktoron* in the midst of a radiant light, exhibited the *Hiera* to the initiates. Clement of Alexandria (150-215 CE) quoted a supposed



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password of the *mystai* as follows: “I have fasted, I have drunk the *kekeon*, I have taken from the *kiare* (box) and after working it have put it back in the *kalathos* (basket) and from the basket into the box”. What “it” was – a stalk of wheat, sexual models, ancient wooden statues, or some sort of mill for grinding grain such as a mortar and pestle – we don’t know. But amid rejoicing and brandishing of torches, the rite will have ended (Meyer loc. 18; Bremmer loc. 312; Zaidman 138-139; Johnston 99, 105; Burkert *Greek Religion* 288; Burkert *Homo Necans* 268-269; Kerényi 75-78).

If we know little about the *telete*, we know even less about the *epopteia*, the third and highest degree of initiation. The *mystai* were qualified for this step one year after their initial induction, but probably not all undertook it. It would have taken place on the night following the *telete*. Its name implies “the revelation”, the gazing at and

silent contemplation of the objects shown by the Hierophant. The order of ceremonies may have begun with the extinguishing of all light. There was probably dancing, speaking, or singing, and some sort of terrifying experience. Then the Hierophant and the Hierophantide may have met in the darkness in a symbolic sacred marriage, after which the Hierophant emerged from the Anaktoron in a blaze of light to announce the birth of a child, Brimos to Brimo, at the top of his voice. The last item seems to have been the showing of a stalk of wheat gathered in silence (Meyer 19, Bremmer loc. 501-532; 704-708; Wright loc. 713-717, 725-730; Burkert *Greek Religion* 288; Burkert *Homo Necans* 269-273; Kerényi 91-94).

The eighth and last day of the festival at Eleusis, Boedromion 22nd, may be devoted to sacrifices (especially a bull sacrifice), libations and rites for the dead, and possibly other festivities such as singing and dancing. The pouring of libations may have been accompanied by the mystic cry

“*Hye! Kye!* (“Rain! Conceive!”), directed first at the heavens and then at the earth. On the following day the initiates dispersed, returning to their homes (Mylonas 278-9; Meyer 19; Bremmer 562; Johnston 100; Burkert *Greek Religion* 289).

Promise.

The Mysteries were practiced at Eleusis for almost two thousand years. What was the meaning of them, that drew hundreds of thousands to participate in them over that span of time? Aristotle said that “initiates are not required to learn anything; rather they receive impressions and are put into a certain frame of mind, after having been suitably prepared”. Zaidman suggests that initiation was a process of internal transformation, founded on the emotional experience of a direct encounter with the divine (139). Bremmer (loc. 618-623) believes that the initiates were responding to the promise given in the Homeric Hymn of wealth in this life and a good afterlife: “Whoever on this earth has seen these [the Mysteries] is blessed, but he who has no part in the holy rites has another lot as he wastes away in dank darkness” (Athanasakis “*To Demeter*” ll. 480-483). Pindar said “Blessed is he who has seen this and thus goes beneath the earth; he knows the end of life, he knows the beginning given by Zeus” (Burkert *Greek Religion* 289). But as Mylonas (22) says, “Legends and archaeology agree that at Eleusis for centuries the human mind and soul were sustained by a doctrine and a belief of which the details and the meaning were lost when the lips of the last Hierophant were sealed by death sometime in the 5th century of our era. We cannot know the meaning of the cult today, but we can learn a great many things about it... from the ruins that have survived”.

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A Theory of Daemons

By Rev. Ian Corrigan

Prepared for Neopagans, especially polytheists attempting to create meaningful modern cult.

In the development of Neopagan religious practice and discourse several disputes have arisen concerning the true nature of the gods and spirits. In my opinion these disputes arise mainly due to the remains of Judeo-Christian theological thinking, combined with the influence of modern skepticism and rationalism. As one who finds consideration of theology and metaphysics useful, I will attempt to venture perhaps further into such speculations than is common in our modern Pagan discussion.

Let me begin by saying that for this discussion we will treat the world of spirits as ‘real’. In this we need not adopt any firm description of the final nature of that reality. Whether it is a subcategory of ‘material’ manifestation within the quantum foam, or a psycho-linguistic field, or an epiphenomenon of human telepathy, or any other thing, the whole world – every culture in every age – has experienced the presence of the spirits. Communication, direct material action, possession, and para-personal expression are just some of the spirit-phenomena common to many or most human cultural experiences. Materialist science has devised a number of clever efforts that attempt to ‘explain away’ such phenomena. In the mythic reality of our Paganism, let us begin by taking spirits as given, and making it our business to know how to deal with them well.

While we may not be able to box up the ‘True Nature’ of spirits, we can approach them as phenomena, and discuss the traits that humans have seen. To avoid a long summary of worldwide evidence, I will presume to propose a list of general behaviors and characteristics of spirits, in no particular order:



- Spirits are not primarily material, though many traditions describe them as able to manifest bodies of air and smoke, or even of more dense elements.
- Spirits act both psychospiritually and on occasion materially. Like much of magic, spirits seem to operate by affecting How Things Go – which crossroads are taken, which way the coin falls, etc. It is rare to the degree of ‘miracle’ for spirits to act directly on matter, but it is not unknown.
- Spirits resonate with and respond to the material world. When described as ‘animism’ we think of spirits as being ‘in’ or ‘of’ specific material objects – the spirit in a tree or of a waterfall.
- Spirits act through living people, not only by direct possession or guidance, but by influence based on their nature. A merry spirit makes mortals near it inclined to merriment.
- Spirits are widely various in their influence on mortals, some being potentially or overtly dangerous or destructive and others providing blessings worthy of the divine.

Spirits who become the ‘Gods’ of humankind seem to be those who are particularly powerful or able. In essence they are those who respond to human worship, and give good blessings. While



Winged genius facing a woman with a tambourine and mirror, from southern Italy, about 320 BC. .Image from Wikipedia commons, under the terms of the GNU Free Documentation License, <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/deed.en>. Author Marie-Lan Nguyen.

some spirits seem rather localized – attached directly to a specific material basis – the spirits who are called ‘Gods’ by the poets often have presence in a wider range of culture and geography; they transcend the local. Sometimes this has a natural material basis – the Sun is visible in all places, even if its effects vary. Sometimes it has a widespread cultural basis – customs surrounding hearth-fire can be relevant to most human habitation.

As a Pagan I take nature and its dance to be a map of the real nature of spiritual reality. As above, so below, the old wisdom says – nature is the materialization of spirit, and we can learn

much about one from the actions of the other. When we apply this principle to the nature and presence of the gods, we arrive at what I see as the center of polytheism.

Just as with any real thing in our natural world, the divine exists in and as multiple (infinite... uncountable...) entities. The gods as they appear in ‘mythology’ – in the bodies of tales preserved and retold by poets – bear only a generic resemblance to those gods as they are present in local temples and regions. If one considers ‘Diana’ of the Anatolian city of Ephesus, in comparison to the Artemis/Diana of Greco-Roman story my



Apollo (left) and Artemis (right), Attic red-figure cup, ca. 470 BCE.. Public domain photo from Wikipedia commons, author Marie-Lan Nguyen: .

principle is clearly indicated. This phenomenon happens across the polytheist world. In both India and in West African religions it is often formally acknowledged. The Goddess or ‘honored spirit’ of a local village may have the same name and stories as that of three villages away, yet have local presence, history and nature that clearly distinguishes her from another presence in another temple. This doesn’t prevent scholars and theologians inside the tradition from identifying them all as one entity, or villages from competing over whose Goddess is the coolest.

To me this entirely blurs the argument between so-called ‘hard’ and ‘soft’ polytheisms, in which ‘hard’ insists that every iteration of a deity is a distinct entity and not an ‘aspect’ of some other,

while the ‘soft’ holds that deities are trans-individual, existing in many aspects. It is clear to me that traditional polytheisms today, and almost certainly those of European ancestors, are and were both. I sometimes propose an axiom that gods and other mighty spirits simply have the power to exist as multiple persons.

To find a specific solution in the myth and metaphysics of Pagan peoples I turn to the Hellenic notion of ‘daemons’. The word ‘daemon’ (from roots meaning ‘separate being’) is a general Greek term for ‘a spirit’. Homer applies it to the Gods while popular Hellenic Paganism could apply it all the way down to one’s garden-sprites as well. In Classical Greek Pagan theology, the Daemons were similar to what we think of as ‘angels’ – agents and messengers of the gods. They were understood to attend the sacrifices on behalf of the gods, to carry the blessings of the gods in turn to mortal worshippers, and in essence to function *as* the god at the local level. In this

way Zeus ‘of’ a particular regional temple could be both a separate self-acting agency, and a ‘person of’ the storied deity.

I have described Sam Webster’s Fire metaphor before, but it is so very apt here. If I take a spark from a fire, and go a mile away, and use it to light another fire, it will be, in many ways, almost exactly the same as the original – same chemical processes, consuming the same kinds of fuel, etc. It is Fire, in the directly descriptive sense. Yet each such fire is distinctly individual – it is in a new place, it illuminates new things, it develops a unique history and narrative. So, we might think, it is with the Gods. A new image is made, a new ritual fire is lit, and customs are established influenced by the landscape and climate of the new temple.

We may say that in such work a different daemon of the deity is attracted to one temple than to another. In essence these spirit ambassadors or presences act and exist *as* the deity, as it may appear in the setting mortals have made for it. Mythic tales tell of deities making their own places of worship, reshaping the material world, but again, this level of the miraculous is not the rule. More commonly humans make a particular pattern, lay a sacred feast with a particular flavor, and it attracts the deity in and as a properly resonant daemon.

In this way it is not mistaken to think of the beings that act in each temple as separate and individual beings, who may have their own inclinations and desires. Likewise, if you spoke with any one of them, they would identify themselves as That God from the Stories, even as local versions of the myths diverge. This polyvalent perspective renders empty many disputes about which kind of worship, which narrative, which theology, is the ‘real’ version from Ancient Days. The real pattern of ancient Paganisms was probably a patchwork of localisms linked by larger cultural forms.

This model has applications at both the most immediate levels, and at the transcendent. For those of us working to establish a home *cultus* it

offers the freedom to establish the work as we will, and accept the results we get. When we establish a home shrine, develop our customs, and implement them ‘religiously’, we summon a daemon of the god who is fit for the work we are fit for. If one wishes simply to establish harmony, get a good blessing, and live in peace, then the simple sacrificial relationship with your own local daemon of your god may be all you need. For those of more mystical bent, the divine work of formal ritual makes a pathway of linkages – from the image of the God in your mind, through the material form of an idol and invocation, to the daemon of the God who serves at your fire, to, perhaps, the cosmic principle of the God themselves.

This model can lead us toward certain other speculations. Modern Pagans often ask ourselves about how such culturally similar forms as, say, Diana and Artemis, or Manannán and Manawydan, may be spiritually related. For those drawn to lumping, this daemon theory can easily be expanded from the local to the regional. I myself find it just too unlikely that thunder-gods from neighboring cultures with linguistically-neighboring names such as Taranis, Thunor, and Thor must be utterly distinct entities. If there is some shorter list of great powers behind the many cousins of the European pantheons, it is the transpersonal and transcultural spiritual powers behind so many local daemons. Even so they need be no more relevant than a poet’s tales of the Earth-Mother are to bringing in a good harvest, as we approach those Powers almost exclusively through their local expressions. There is nothing in Pagan ways to insist that the ‘highest’ must be a special object of worship; practical work often is better done through more earthly spirits. Once again, we need not try to decide which is ‘true’ – that all gods are separate individuals, or that some gods are ‘aspects’ or ‘persons’ of one another. We can comfortably and reasonably go for ‘both’.

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

The Guest of Honor

By Nathan Large

Introduction

“The Guest of Honor” was inspired by the idea of depicting ritual as a journey, a path walked by a visitor among the Worlds. In particular, this travel would be a Fool’s Journey from ignorance to wisdom. I used the Core Order of Ritual as the map. This concept transformed into an allegory for ritual as a structured event – a party – in which the participant is one guest among many invited. The resulting story is presented in serial form across four issues for reasons of space, but the section breaks neatly segment major sections of a Core Order Ritual, perhaps not surprisingly. I hope you can follow this journey across the year and enjoy the story not only for its core, but also its outward form.

The Guest of Honor

Part IV: Conclusion and Confrontation

From outside the house, Kelly could hear a conversation. The departing guest, Bev, joined in, her voice indistinct but lively. The other speakers sounded like Lewis... and several younger men. With a sick feeling, Kelly guessed that the bikers were waiting outside.

Bev *knew*. That woman knew her enemies were waiting for her, right outside, and made her promise to confront them... so much for her insistence on honesty! Although, Kelly had to admit Bev never *said* she’d seen the riders personally... or that they were gone.

The gang might have been outside, talking to Lewis, the whole time. Seeing the host and hostess looking at her with concern, Kelly was embarrassed again. She covered her shame by pulling on her jacket, stashing the bag away again in its pocket. Then she retrieved and put on her dry socks and shoes, which were almost too warm to be comfortable.

“Uh, thank you for the party. The food was wonderful. And the fire, too,” she said, nodding to Donna and Ed. “Good to meet you all.”

The last was said to Bree’s departing back. To her partial credit, the woman turned and waved goodbye before accepting her coat from Ed. Then she, too, was out the door, disappearing into the mist.

Morton shook Kelly’s hand again, bowing slightly. “A pleasure, mistress Madden. I hope you will join us again sometime? Our hosts permitting, of course.”

“Of course,” echoed Donna.

Kelly agreed, hastily, “Oh, yeah, sure. I’d love to. And good to meet you too, Mr. Clay.” *You look creepy, but you were the most familiar one here*, she thought to herself.

“Wonderful,” he answered, genuinely pleased. He withdrew his hand, took his coat, and parted with additional handshakes for Ed and Donna... and even a polite nod to Vern.

“You, too,” the hostess told that reluctant guest. Vern pouted but stood up, grasping the cardboard box of treats Donna had packed for him.

“Have a good night, Kelly,” he said with an odd shift of manner. “Be safe and stay dry.”

“Um, you too,” Kelly answered, pulling up her hood. “It was good to meet you, too.”

His mood broke with a sheepish duck of his shaggy head. Vern hugged Donna tightly and scrambled around the table, passing Ed, who gave him a companionable pat on the back.

Then there were three. Kelly made her way to the exit, eying the few remaining tarts.

“Oh, take some,” Donna told her.

“I wish I could leave you something in return,” Kelly said.

“Bring a treat to share when you visit again,” Donna advised, “or ingredients. Practical contributions are always welcome.”

“Or more entertainment,” Ed added. “Usually, our parties aren’t this exciting. Next time...”

Donna interrupted him, “Do *not* encourage her. Bad enough that Bev’s filling her head with ideas. Though, you might go out with her and make sure everything’s all right?”

“Sure,” Ed agreed. “Come on, Kelly, let’s go see what Lewis has been up to.”

Ed let Kelly pass, to take the lead through the front door. She stepped onto the porch, taking in the scene outside.

The rain had slowed to a trickle, the mist faded into a clearer dusk. None of the four guests could be seen; all had vanished into the night.

Lewis was there, talking animatedly with four teenagers in soaked clothes: three boys and a girl Kelly didn’t recognize. They were a mixed lot, an assortment of near-adults sharing only a neighborhood and a loose regard for laws and persons. Each teen leaned against a bicycle, looking ready to mount if necessary. Kelly heard the end of a protest: “...not going to wait here forever. We’re not stupid...”

The complaint – and Lewis’ counter – were cut off by Kelly’s appearance. Five faces swung toward her: one concerned, one relieved, two furious, and one maliciously gleeful.

The apparent leader, the one speaking to Lewis, shouted at Kelly: “Get out here. Give us our stuff.” His bleached hair looked like it had been spiked once, before the rain beat it down.

Kelly kept her hands at her sides, fighting the

urge to clutch the bag in its hiding spot. Maybe she could bluff her way out, say she’d dropped it? Say the people in the house took it to give to the police? Would they search her to be sure?

With Lewis and Ed there, they probably wouldn’t lay a hand on Kelly. But she’d have to have their protection as far as the bus stop, maybe all the way home. For that reason – and a newfound respect for her new acquaintances -- Kelly didn’t want to lie and implicate them.

Actually, she didn’t want to involve them at all, at least, not further than she already had. She also wasn’t going to lie or run. Bev was right. Even if she managed to trick or avoid the punks that night, leaving the matter undecided just meant she’d be paranoid, hiding or running every day after.

Would the two men back her up if she defied the gang? Protect her if the teens attacked first? Kelly considered her options as she hesitated on the porch.

Finally, she decided. There was one best chance, one that didn’t risk her new friends... hopefully, they *were* friends, now... and might not leave her in danger, later.

She pulled the bag out of her pocket, crushed and crinkled. At its appearance, the gang leader smiled, though the girl looked disappointed.

Kelly walked forward. One of the two other boys muttered, “I *knew* she had it. I’m going to call Billy and tell him to get over here.”

No one interrupted as he pulled out his phone and dialed. The call faded into background as their leader told Kelly, “Hand it over. We’ll talk about what you owe us for our trouble.” He glanced at Lewis, who cocked an eyebrow and crossed his thick arms.

Kelly caught the exchange well enough. “Owe you? I’m giving it back. My mistake. I’m sorry.

There you go, your stuff *and* an apology.” She inhaled deeply. “And that’s all you get. We’re done.” With her final words, she crossed the remaining yard and held out her hand, offering up the treasure.

He took the bag and opened it, peering inside. “How do I know everything’s there? You trying something?”

Kelly set her feet and squared her hips. She could hear Ed stepping down from the porch behind her. “I already tried something. It didn’t work. It was dumb. If you want, I’ll promise never to bother you again.”

The other girl stared at her and screeched, “You *stole* from us! Boris, beat her ass. We can take these dudes.”

The leader, Boris, waved her down. The boy on the phone reported, “Billy’s on his way. He was up Third.”

Boris looked at Kelly, standing just beyond arm’s reach. He looked at Lewis, just as close in a different direction. He took in Ed, further back but watching the group with hands on his waist.

“Nah, I don’t want to risk it if they called the cops.”

“But...”

“Shut it. I’m already pissed you said my name. Let’s go.”

His tone suggested he wasn’t accepting any arguments. The four climbed up on their seats and began to turn away.

Kelly’s pulse was rumbling in her ears. Still, she risked a final nudge, calling out as the gang rode away: “That’s smart. And don’t think you’re coming after me later. You saw my friends. Better call it even and forget it.”

They didn’t yell back, but she saw Boris raise his hand and wave as he turned a corner.

It would have to do. Kelly exchanged a look with Lewis, who had turned from watching the retreating bikers to watch her.

“Um, thanks,” she offered.

“No problem,” he answered, nodding sharply. “You think you can get home all right? Do you need a ride?”

Kelly considered the offer. “Nah. I’m good. I think my Mom would freak if she saw you dropping me off. Plus... if they see me going home alone, it looks better. Tougher.”

Ed snorted loud derision. “Suit yourself. Some strong is just stupid. But you know your enemies better than we do. Lewis, get on inside. There’s still some food and the brandy is open.”

Lewis turned to join his ‘Dad’, waving back at Kelly. “Good night! Come visit again; we didn’t get to talk much.”

“I will,” she promised. She was a bit disappointed he hadn’t offered a hug and too embarrassed to ask once he began to climb the steps.

She watched for a moment more, hearing Lewis ask, “Anything else I missed?”

“Just the usual. Bev was in a good mood. Probably enjoyed the to-do outside as much as the party inside. You missed her toast, though.”

“Oh, I got a word from her.”

“Of course you did, pretty boy.”

The door closed and swallowed the rest of their banter. Kelly forced herself to turn away, facing the drizzling night. She walked to the corner, noting the street names at the crossing. Ninth and Oak. She’d remember that. She’d plan to come back that direction, some other day.

It was only after she sat down on the bus that Kelly remembered she hadn't asked about the next party. How often did they have guests over? Would it be rude to stop by unannounced, some other time?

Kelly supposed she'd just have to wait a while and then risk it. Somehow, she didn't think they'd mind a smaller, briefer visit just to talk and plan ahead.

The next time, she should bring a proper gift to share.

*Nathan Large is a writer and storyteller, working primarily in speculative fiction with frequent mythological themes. After twenty years of storytelling across varieties of role-playing – and two years of live public practice – his fascination with the power of 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 creates as acting Secretary of the *Games and Play SIG* and Secretary of *Whispering Lakes Grove, Erie, PA.**

The Poets

Rev. Amber Doty. Rev. Amber Doty is an Initiate and a Consecrated Priest from Omaha, Nebraska. She wears several hats within ADF including Solitary SIG Coordinator and Central Regional Druid. She is a life-long mythology enthusiast, mother of two, book collector, gamer, and all-around geek.

Rev. D. Rowen Grove. Rowen joined ADF in the spring of 2010, and completed her Dedicant Path work two years later. She became an ADF Initiate in 2015 and was ordained an ADF Priest in 2016. She is currently Senior Druid of Chokecherry Grove, ADF, in Denver, Colorado

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



Word Search Puzzle

By Chris :)

Slavic Deities

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

BELOBOG
BERSTUK
CHERNOBOG
DAZBOG
JARILO
LADA
MORANA
PERUN
ROD
STRIBOG
SVAROG
SVETOVID
TRIGLAV
VALES
ZORYA

News and Announcements

Program & Path Completions

Michael Caldwell #377735 (Hildolf Eldir)
Dedicant Path
7 January, 2019

Jared Carrasco #352232
Dedicant Path
7 January, 2019

John Jones #844612 HB-12 (Fieldmouse)
Dedicant Path
7 January, 2019

Robert McKay-Erskine #369679 (Pangur Bahn)
Dedicant Path
7 January, 2019

Kelli Hayward (Kelli Hayward)
Dedicant Path
12 January, 2019

Renee Kolb
Dedicant Path
1 February, 2019

Nickolas Pazder (Worm)
Dedicant Path
4 February, 2019

James Rollins
Dedicant Path
4 February, 2019

~Congratulations to all~

Upcoming Events

Wellspring Gathering
23-27 May, 2019
Tredara, Madison, OH, USA

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

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<http://stonecreed.org/wellspring>
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The Wellspring Gathering

May 23 - 27 2019 Tredara Hearth, Madison, OH

Ceisiwr Serith (David Fickett-Wilbar)

- Proto-IE Hearth Culture
- Lore of the IE Sacred Drink

Chris Godwin

- Irish Mantra and Incantation
- IE Folk-Magic

Sara Mastro

- The Orphic Hymns and their Use in Magic
- Hekate Rite of Invocation

Casual Camping with showers and Chem Toilets. Nearby shopping and facilities. Potluck Feast Sat. Evening.

- Grand Symbol and Reception of Officers
- The Dead and the Mound-cult
- Wellspring Bardic Chair Competition
- Artisan's, Warrior's & Brewer's Competitions
- Hellenic Symposium



Chokecherry Grove ADF
will present
Our 5th Annual Rocky Mountain Retreat
on October 18-20, 2019

For updates and preregistration
follow us on Facebook
or on our website at chokecherryadf.org



ADF Directory



The Mother Grove

Archdruid	Rev. Jean 'Drum' Pagano	adf-archdruid@adf.org
Vice-Archdruid	Rev. Sean Harbaugh	adf-vice-archdruid@adf.org
Treasurer	Margaret Forsell-VanHorn	adf-treasurer@adf.org
Secretary	Victoria Selnes	adf-secretary@adf.org
Members Advocate	Sadie de Finney	adf-members-advocate@adf.org
Chief of the Council of Regional Druids	Rev. Amber Doty	adf-cord-chief@adf.org
Chief of the Council of Senior Druids	Rev. Michael Dangler	adf-cosd-chief@adf.org
Non-Officer Director	Rev. Lauren Mart	laurmm@gmail.com
Non-Officer Director	Jennifer Hatter	anusingjenn@gmail.com
Non-Officer Director	Desiree Cook	@gmail.com
Non-Officer Director	Julie Desrosiers	poledrasdaughter @gmail.com

Additional Leadership Positions

Administrator	Jane Wayson	adf-administrator@adf.org
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Isaac Bonewits	[deceased]
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Ian Corrigan	tredara@ncweb.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. John 'Fox' Adelman	john.adelman@trw.com
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Robert 'Skip' Ellison	skip@dragonskeep.us
Archdruid Emeritus	Rev. Kirk Thomas	druidkirk@gmail.com
Chronicler	Manny Tejada-Moreno	adf-chronicler@adf.org
Information Manager	Arthur Shipkowski	adf-info-manager@adf.org
Listmaster and Moderator	Rev. G. R. Grove	adf-listmaster@adf.org
Preceptor	Rev. D. Rowen Grove	adf-preceptor@adf.org
Store Manager	(vacant)	adf-store@adf.org
Webmaster	Arthur Shipkowski	adf-webmaster@adf.org

Committees

Clergy Council	Chair: Rev. Jean 'Drum' Pagano	adf-archdruid@adf.org
Council of Lore	Chair: Rev. D. Rowen Grove	adf-preceptor@adf.org
Grove Coordinating Committee	Chair: Rev. Caryn Laney-MacLuan	adf-gcc-chair@adf.org
Grove Organizing Committee	Chair: Rev. Nancy McAndrew	adf-goc-chair@adf.org
Prisoner Relations Committee	Chair: Rev. Kirk Thomas	adf-prison-ministry@adf.org

For information on **Regional Druids** please see the full listing at:
<http://www.adf.org/members/org/cord/>

For more information on **Groves, Guilds, Special Interest Groups (SIGs), and Kins**, please see the full listing at:
<http://www.adf.org/groups/groups-list.html>

Ár nDraiocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship

Oak Leaves Subscriptions:

ADF and Oak Leaves Membership Rates:

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Prisoner Membership: \$10/year

Subscription to Oak Leaves: Members: \$20/year
Subscription to Oak Leaves: Non-Members: \$25/year

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adf-office@adf.org

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Submission Guidelines for Oak Leaves:

Oak Leaves welcomes submissions of articles, poetry, artwork, and anything else that might be of interest to our Druid readers. Submissions relating to the turning of the wheel of the year and the celebration of the High Days are particularly encouraged. Submissions from non-members will be accepted, but preference will be given to submissions from ADF members. Since excellent scholarship is one of ADF's goals, please document sources of ideas and materials that you used for your writings. Please follow the standards for references in the MLA Handbook or Style Manual. We will not accept submissions with footnotes, as they require considerable editing to convert to endnotes. We reserve the right to reject submissions which do not meet our standards. When planning lengthy submissions, please inquire first at oak-leaves@adf.org.

Electronic submissions are preferred, sent as email attachments to the Oak Leaves submissions address: oak-leaves@adf.org. Written submissions should be sent in one of the following formats: MS Word (.doc/.docx), Rich Text Format (.rtf), or Text Format (.txt). Please include a brief ADF-related bio for all articles and essays. For more information on submissions, please see our web page at <https://www.adf.org/publications/periodicals/oak-leaves/submissions.html> or contact us at oak-leaves@adf.org.

Deadlines for submissions (two months before publication date):

Spring Issue : December 1st;
Summer Issue : March 1st;
Autumn Issue : June 1st;
Winter Issue : September 1st

A Prayer for the Murdered

Prepare a single candle or a small devotional flame, and have a bell or chime.

To all those who in this turning of the world have been slain by foul murder, or the sudden weapon, by malice or madness, for gain or for naught, we remember you, saying:

Rise into Darkness, or into Day.

Suddenly sundered, rise.

Leave pain behind, hear a new bell

And see this flame I light for you.

A light not distant, but near

Of hearth and earth,

Even as you turn toward the stars

Let this flame be warmth,

you are remembered.

Let this flame be love, un forgotten

Let this flame be comfort, as you need

May you be guided as you seek

Strengthened as you need

And welcomed to your true place.

So be it!



The background of the poster features a large, intricate Celtic knot design in a light green color, set against a dark green background. In the foreground, there is a photograph of a stone archway or structure, possibly a ruin or a natural rock formation, with a small figure standing near it. The text is overlaid on the top and bottom of the image.

SUMMERLAND FESTIVAL 2019

AUG 15TH - 18TH

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