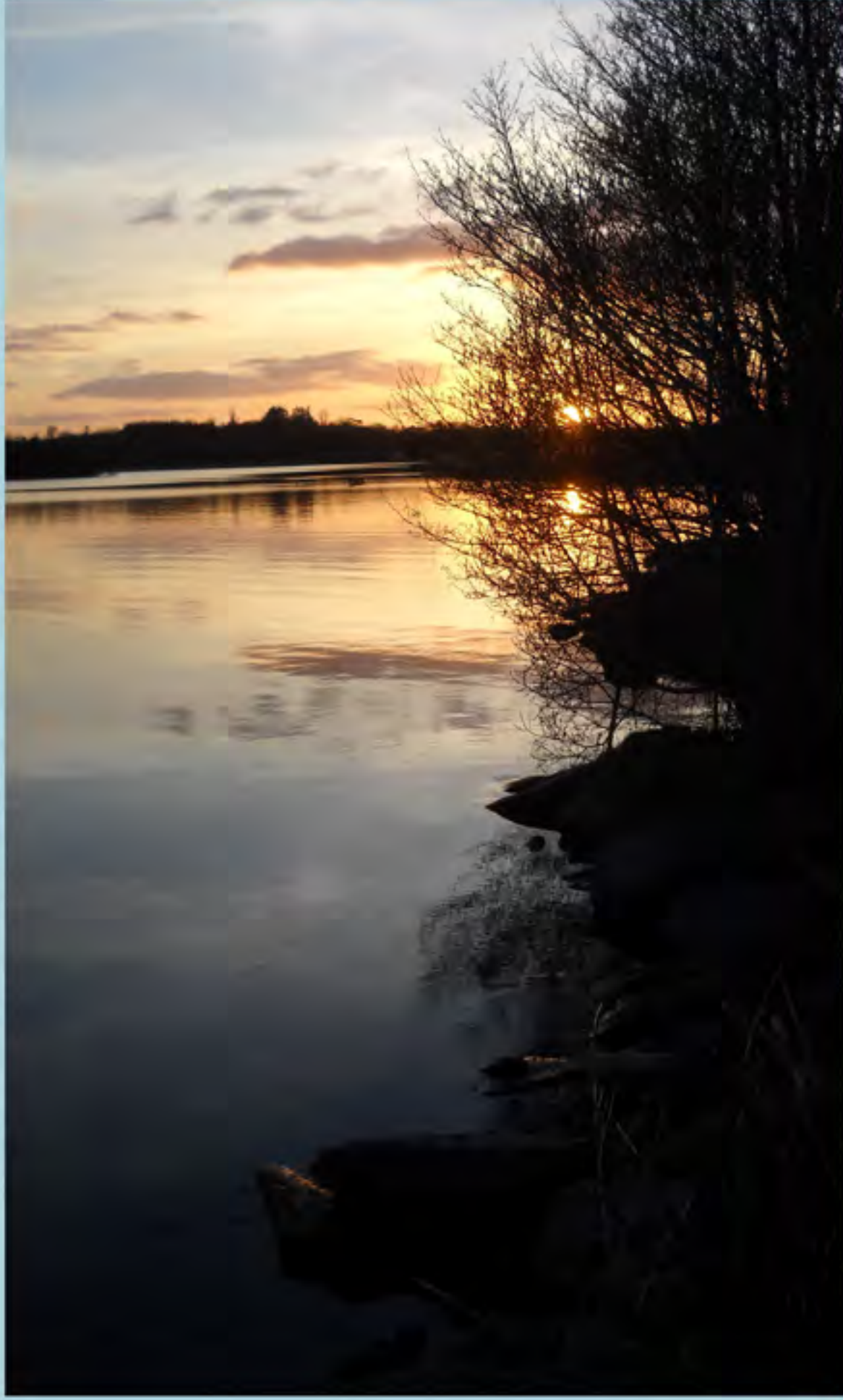


OAK LEAVES

The Quarterly Journal of Ár nDraíocht Féin Winter 2019 ~ Issue No. 87



Star Song

The stars are like songs
Sung for an eternity.

The tune,
Made of light;
The measures,
Made of seasons,
The notes,
Fall from the skies,
Like leaves from a tree.

Every day is
Autumn in the night.

~Rev. Jean Pagano~



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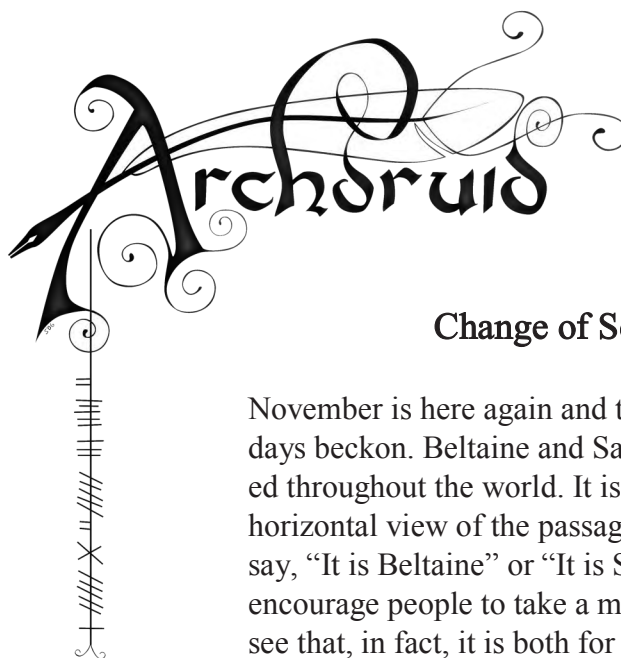
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“Winter Sunrise”

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Change of Season

November is here again and the cross-quarter days beckon. Beltaine and Samhain are celebrated throughout the world. It is easy to take a horizontal view of the passage of seasons and say, “It is Beltaine” or “It is Samhain”. Yet, I encourage people to take a more 360° view and see that, in fact, it is both for the world. Both seasons in motion show the vitality of our planet and the Earth Mother. It is the continuum of seasons for the world. If one were to live on the equator, one could step forth into Beltaine and Samhain within the same breath. It is both seasons for us all.

It is hard not to notice the lengthening or shortening of days. Each day, whether it is getting longer or shorter, has its own unique qualities and should be celebrated for what it is and not colored by concerns about the coming dark or the coming light. The length of the day is a feature, and each day is still full of potential and wonder, regardless of the luminous quantity of daylight.

As time passes, I have learned to avoid “I wish summer were over” and instead embrace the beauty of the current day. The problem with waiting for a change in the year is that its arrival is sudden and its tenure is fleeting. By embracing both halves of the year at once, we may appreciate both what it was and what will be, all at the same time.

For those of us in the Northern Hemisphere, it is a time to think back on the passing year and to those who have passed during this year. Currently, when the Veil is the thinnest between this world and the Otherworld, we reach out to them with our thoughts and our hearts. I think it is fitting to greet these friends, once living entities,

as Ancestors. I believe that a proper way to commemorate them is by speaking their names aloud at Samhain time, or every day. What is remembered does live on. We honour the dead in the High Day directly before the darkest time of the year. It is darkest before the days begin to lengthen at Yule. It is significant that we honour the dead at this time of almost-darkest time.

For those in the Southern Hemisphere, Beltaine represents the fullness of life. We are moving out of a time of the lengthening of days. The beginning of the growing season, in earnest, comes to us as the world is in full flower. The entirety of the lengthening year culminates in eight short weeks, with the longest day of the year. The blossoming of life returns, as we celebrate, as we have been told, as we have come to expect. The Sun defines our days and the season.

Again, from a terrestrial view, these seasonal displays maintain a sameness in practice for this time and this place. However, if we can take an overhead view, we will see the lengthening of days and the shortening of days, all taking place at the same time. For the Earth, as a place, it is all happening at once, in a continuum. Beltaine and Samhain, all meeting along a common axis, are here at the same time. Can you feel them happening together?

The Solitary members of ADF continue to produce high quality High Day videos, produced by Rev. Amber Doty. These are an excellent way for people to see ADF rites, done by ADF members. What is especially significant about these rituals is that these members are solitary, and by virtue of their participation as solitary members, participating in a group rite. I am very proud of the results. This allows not only our members to see what other rites look like but showcases our rites to others everywhere.

There have been many rituals, devotionals, and prayers shared through #adfdruuidry. I am so pleased to see this wealth of material be made available to people everywhere. It is heartening to see the beautiful work that has been created and that continues to grow our practice and be shared



across various social media outlets like Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook. This helps others see what we do and gives them ideas about building or expanding their own practices. Some of those items have made it into this issue of *Oak Leaves*.

Finally, I want to thank you personally for subscribing to *Oak Leaves*, one of the finest Neopagan magazines around and a part of the ADF brand. We hope to soon make it easier for non-ADF members to subscribe to *Oak Leaves* through our new adf.org website, which is in the final stages of testing. We hope to have it available to you by the time this edition hits the newsstands.

While the change of seasons represents the end of one season and the beginning of another, it is part of the cyclical nature of reality, which repeats *ad infinitum*. We may never pass through the same cycle, but we surely pass through similar cycles again and again, year in and year out. Those cycles change, as they do yearly, and we change as we pass through them as well.

Blessings,

Rev. Jean (Drum) Pagano
Archdruid, ADF

Winter Issue of Oak Leaves

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

The seasons turn, and we stand now, as you read this, on the edge of winter here in the north. The leaves have fallen and the gardens have been put to bed, their bounty harvested to enrich our winter feasts; many birds have flown south to winter in easier climes. Frost has crisped the colorful flowers and sparkles in the early morning sunlight. Now and then a drift of wood smoke scents the evening air, blue and fragrant. The hardest weather is yet to come.

Like the harvest of the gardens, this issue of *Oak Leaves* is itself a harvest of the year. Rev. Jean “Drum” Pagano, our Archdruid, reflects on the balance of the seasons as experienced in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, and on the work of ADF members during the last year. Rev. Sean Harbaugh, our Vice Archdruid, also considers the coming season and the need for rest and reflection. Chronicler Manny Tejada-Moreno shares his experiences with the spiritual aspects of bread baking – another sort of harvest. Thomas Brown explains the value of a newly built labyrinth to the members of his prison community. All of these writers explore in different ways the value of introspection to the modern Pagan’s spiritual path.

As a change of pace, my article on the Mithraic Mysteries looks back almost two millennia to the devotees of a Persian God, transplanted and revitalized in a community within the Roman Empire. Their worship of Mithras, who was called *Invictus*, “the Unconquered One”, is to us a mystery in more than one sense; we know little about their beliefs and practices, as their initiates kept their oaths of secrecy. Only the carved stones they left behind hint at their secrets. Incidentally, this article, like my previous one on the earlier Eleusinian Mysteries of Ancient Greece, is taken from a long paper I wrote last winter as part of my ADF clergy training, now

completed – another sort of harvest.

Moving on with the season, John Hyatt shares a Midwinter tradition from the modern Heathen community – the Våntljusstaken or Light Anticipation Candles. We have our usual collection of poetry (and I urge anyone who writes poetry to contribute their own for future issues!). Not having a new ritual submission this issue, I offer two examples from my own work – a magical working and an invocation of the Kindreds suitable for the Core Order of Ritual (or indeed other rituals). Rev. Robert Lewis gives us advice on how to stage and share online rituals as well. Compatible with the nature of the season, as we gather for our winter feasts, Rev. Chelly Couvrette offers suggestions on how to deal with allergies and other food restrictions in our welcoming community.

Rev. Ian Corrigan shares another of his blog articles – this one on the nature of spells. Nualláin Ó Súilleabháin shares a different sort of magical tale, mixing his mundane experiences with those he has encountered in trance. Finally, Rev. D. Rowen Grove reviews Ellen Evert Hopman’s new and very timely book *The Sacred Herbs of Samhain*.

Once again, I would like to thank all the contributors, without whom this magazine would not be possible. I hope all of you who read it enjoy their bounty, whether you do so in the northern winter or the southern summer. For now, a joyous Samhain and Beltane to you all.

Blessings,
Rev. G. R. Grove

Words From the Vice Archdruid

By Rev. Sean Harbaugh

The coming of winter is such a magical time. The warmth of summer makes way for the cool evenings and wet weather. The birds fly south to a more temperate climate, while the creatures of the forest prepare to settle in for a long sleep. For me the season is a period of rest from the hustle and bustle of summer. It is a time of inner reflection, where we can look at ourselves and see what we feel needs to change.

As a Pagan, we generally view the coming of Samhuinn as a time to reflect on our ancestors. And this makes sense, as the vibrant life of summer and harvest gives way to the dropping leaves and frozen ground. Many believe the Veil between the worlds is thinnest at Samhuinn, and

that the ancestors have easier access to join us here in the physical. I don't believe the barriers between the worlds are any thicker or thinner at any particular time of year, but I do believe in group practice where combined energy creates the results we want to achieve.

So, take this time and reflect on the changing season. Think about your loved ones who have passed. And think about what you can change about yourself. The season is upon us.

Blessings,
Rev. Sean W Harbaugh
Vice Archdruid



Breadporn

By Manny Tejada-Moreno

“Peace goes into the making of a poem as flour goes into the making of bread.”

~ Pablo Neruda

My friends on social media have become keenly, perhaps desperately or irritatingly, aware of a running series I have called “breadporn”. The series is nothing more than close-up pictures of freshly baked bread, just out of the oven. Occasionally, I have even created videos of the bread emerging from the oven, and even more recently, attempted to post the sound of bread cooling –for those who have not experienced this, there is a faint crackling sound that the bread emits from its blistered skin.

As I’ve written elsewhere, “I learned to make bread partly for health reasons and partly because I married an Italian who looks at our grocery store bread with a compassionate mix of curiosity, embarrassment, and horror. Schadenfreude might work its way in there as well. I was determined to get as close to Italian loaves as possible here stateside. While I could get a basic loaf after some practice, I committed to learning tricks from family members in Italy through observation, supplication, and coercion. Through them, I learned the right mix of flour, water, yeast, salt, and time. I even grew my own starter, which I was certain would lead to hospitalization.” It didn’t. But there was a different hospitalization that made me aware of a different aspect that has crept into my breadmaking.

A couple of years ago, I had to have urgent and major surgery to correct a disorder in my neck that could have left me paralyzed without immediate corrective action. The situation had become so serious that the specialist team of physicians were worried that if I were to sneeze or cough suddenly, it could leave me paralyzed. The surgery involved breaking all the vertebrae

of the neck from the back and expanding the spinal canal. Then, I’d be flipped over and have stabilization plates put in from the front.

There were three things I was worried about over the surgery: make sure all the legal documents had been signed, how much will this cost, and how will I get the breadporn done?

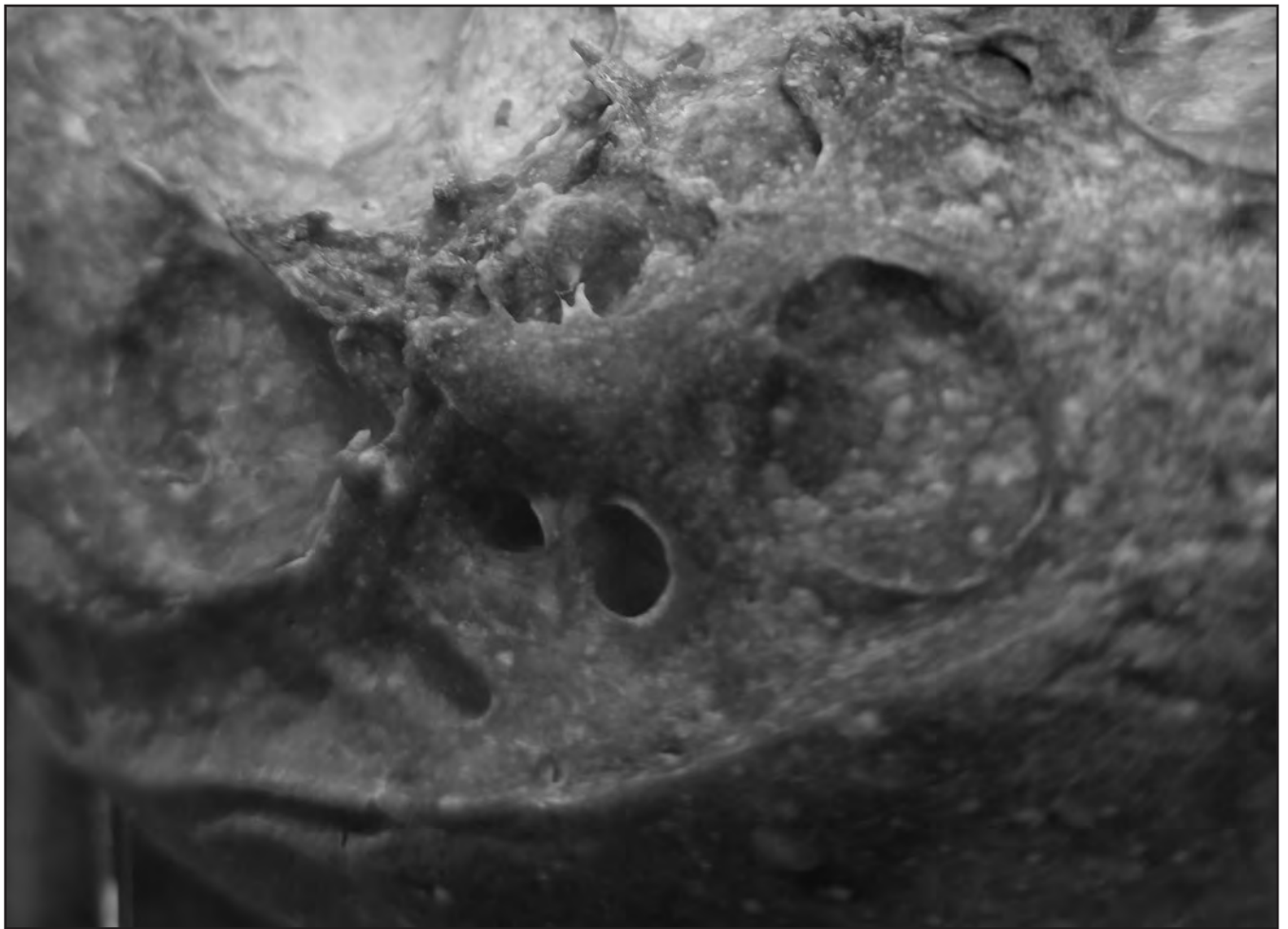
Breadmaking had become a devotional practice.

I had not really processed that until the ability to make bread had been taken away. Cooking as magic or meditation is certainly nothing new. Many people experience the “Zone” phenomenon when they cook: time slips away because of the focus and enjoyment of the task and you begin experiencing higher performance.

That wasn’t it either. Kneading the bread is meditative and watching the components of flour, salt, water and yeast coming together as they



Photo by the author.



form different stages of a maturing dough adds to the contemplative aspects of baking.

And of course, there is a spirituality about food. From the laws of *kashrut* to stories such as Jesus feeding the multitude to the Hindu dietary regimen described in the *Bhagavad Gita* with *tamasic*, *sattvic*, and *rajasic* foods, human societies have been exploring the intimacy between spiritual and physical sustenance.

They collectively point to the mindfulness of consumption: that eating has a spiritual side and must be approached with purpose, awareness and intent.

Many of us have aspects of that in our different spiritual traditions. My culture teaches how the process of making foods creates a palpable connection between the food, the consumer, and the cook.

Those familiar with “magical realism” may recall

Laura Equivel’s novel, *Like Water for Chocolate*. The main character, Tita, has a deep passion for cooking nurtured by the family cook, Nacha. Tita’s connection with her cooking is so powerful that she imbues her emotions so fully in the food that they unintentionally manifest in the individuals who consume her creations. But the connection to spirituality in these ways was perhaps, for lack of a better term, an anticipated aspect of breadmaking.

What really took me by surprise was how breadmaking strengthened a connection with my ancestors.

The modern convenience of supermarkets has separated us from the daily tasks that our ancestors labored with to keep food on the table – at least many of mine did. And the further in the past, the more inconvenient those daily tasks might have been.



Photo by the author.

But this act of breadmaking, I learned through them, was different. There may have been farmers in my ancestry; and perhaps winemakers, or even shepherders. Who knows? Much of the deep past is lost.

But they all made bread in their homes. That's the most likely conclusion from the economic realities my ancestors faced. If you wanted bread, you had to make. Breadmaking wasn't the luxury it is to me today: Breadmaking was a daily act of survival.

My ancestors worried about food, prayed over food, and worked over food. They created community through food. They welcomed strangers with food. They taught their children, biological and intentional, how to cook, and through their memories carried recipes for celebrations and strategies to survive famine.

And the devotional act drew them closer in real ways. Kneading dough is something that practically every generation of my family line has done. That transformation of dough to bread is something that every person of my past witnessed; some were forced to do it for others;

Photo by the author.



some did it for pride, and all did it to stay alive.

The luxury of breadmaking exposed all of those connections and invited generations of ancestors into my kitchen. Some of them are curious wondering why I bother when it is now so easy to buy bread at the bakery literally for a couple of dollars and 5 minutes away. Some of them are happy to see that the kneading and proofing have nourished a connection to them.

And I think that makes all of us in the kitchen happy: they like the offerings I leave them and

the unanticipated conversations that now happen because of a surprise devotional from bread baking.

Still, I do feel that some are shocked by the idea of social media and breadporn, but that's ok. Nothing is as scandalous as the Kitchen Aid mixer.

Manny Tejada-Moreno is ADF's publisher. He joined ADF in 2004, and has been serving in that office since 2015. When not traveling, he lives in Florida..

Walking the Labyrinth

By Thomas Brown

We now have a labyrinth at Coyote Ridge Corrections Center. It is supposed to be used for the men to step away from prison life for a few moments, solve problems through a walking meditation, and leave that problem or burden in the labyrinth. The way in is the way out. A simple way to help folks heal without any one of us having a lock on the Divine.

The idea for a labyrinth has been floated about for some years amongst the Pagan, Christian, Buddhist and other folks among the spiritual community within and outside the prison. Like many things that happen within a prison, or life in general, anything new has to be grown in the dark. Now the labyrinth is built and in the full light of the sun. Just as the varied questions it took to create it, there are just as many for its presence. This essay is about the creation of the labyrinth and use of existing space to bring healing, transformation, and contemplation to incarcerated men. This is a reflective essay and doesn't focus on the scholarship, myth or lore of labyrinths. That's been left to the individual.

As mentioned earlier, many of us talked about a labyrinth for years. Where would we build it...? Who would use such a thing...? Is there relevance to the lives of prisoners who are already in a maze of human failings...? What about mental illnesses...? How do we avoid doctrinal and spiritual and ethical challenges...? Why would the facility allow such an endeavor...? In other words, how do we pass the straight face test of an experiment with proven results across a multitude of faith practices? Questions upon questions upon challenges for such a simple idea.

Then, as such things often happen, the person who was needed to bring it all together shows up at Coyote Ridge and becomes friends with me and other Druids. I'm not saying that's the cause

for such things, but there is a correlation. He was hired, constructed the path, and maintains the grounds for the facility. The labyrinth is new so we don't know what it truly means to those who use it. It's supposed to be ambiguous.

We settled on simplicity. People would walk in silence and contemplate life outside of the daily routines of prison life. Druidry and Buddhism offers that reprieve, but many are not called to be Druids or Buddhists. The labyrinth would be a place to think about one's place and what it means to be in the moment of existence. My suggestion for this initial use is to think about the riches one has now and not what one wants. I'm sure the Buddhist would have a few things to say about attachment and being in the moment. And the Christians have other ideas. For Druids and other Pagans, a Chief Druid once told me – hang on tightly, let go loosely. The labyrinth is designed for this purpose of simple existence. There's only one way in and one way out.

Many of us have unique problems. Walking the labyrinth allows for a quiet time to focus on understanding a problem or situation. The path in allows one to take note of thoughts, feelings, and actions that hastened the problem or situation as traveling to the center. The path out allows one to compare earlier views with other ways to think, feel, and act. Reflections are encouraged. Many have come to use the labyrinth at a later time to understand self and make better choices. In other words, it can reveal the mystical in very simple terms.

Another purpose of the labyrinth is to journey to the center and leave one's cares and woes behind. That is very personal. Of course, there are suggestions for Pagan and Heathen men to make offerings. This is also true for other folks where purification is sought. I imply that our existence is a gift and if we are to enjoy happiness, we

Chartres pattern Labyrinth. Wikipedia, public domain image.



must also enjoy sorrows. Walking the labyrinth allows one to feel the weight of our happiness, or sorrows, and be free of the emotional burden those feelings bring into our lives.

The labyrinth is not a maze or puzzle. It does not require one to find a correct path in or out. There is only one way in and one way out. It's a spiral path that speaks to the soul of many. I think of it as a deepening Well of self-knowledge and the choice to enter is very personal. In the future I hope to reflect on the benefits of this labyrinth. For now, the choice has been presented for the incarcerated folks at Coyote Ridge to enter, find the center and be healed, and come out.

In closing, it's not by chance that we started construction of this path in spring and now it's fall. A macrocosmic ascent and descent for microcosmic journey. I'll recommend reading the lore to Pagans and Heathens. But, then again, none of us has a lock on the Divine.

Thomas has been a member for ADF since 2009 and is ranked an ADF Master Bard in the Bardic Guild and the Order of Bardic Alchemy. He is also Druid Grade Member of OBOD, a RDNA Druid of the Second Order, and member of the Berengaria Order of Druids, Druid Clan of Dana, and Fellowship of Isis.

The Mithraic Mysteries

By Rev. G. R. Grove

History.

The Indo-European god Mithra or Mithras is first known from the first half of the second millennium BCE. He is mentioned in the *Rig Veda* and in a Hittite treaty dating from about 1380 BCE. He began to appear in Persian tradition around the eighth century BCE, where he was known as a divine warrior of light, truth, and justice. His worship there survived, at least in pockets, the collapse of the Persian Empire after its conquest by Alexander the Great [356-323 BCE] (Bremmer, loc. 2548-2779; Meyer 210-221).

The Mithraic Mysteries, however, are not attested before the late first century CE, when they suddenly appeared in the Roman Empire. The cult may have originated in Rome, where it had only minor Persian details, such as the Iranian costume of Mithras and some of his companions in various artistic representations. The earliest datable evidence for it is from the end of the first century CE; by the middle of the second century CE it had reached almost all of the areas where it was ever attested, which included the western half of the Roman Empire, North Africa, Syria, and Roman Britain. About 420 sites have yielded materials related to the cult, including about 1000 inscriptions and 700 depictions of the bull-slaying. It has been suggested that the cult may have been created expressly for the mid-level civil servants of the imperial government and the middle ranks of the army in order to provide them with a stable practice and community during their transfers throughout the provinces. Despite flourishing for two centuries, in the fourth century the religion, like many other mystery cults, was persecuted and eventually surpassed by the Christians (Bremmer, loc. 2548-2779; Henig 232-232; Rives 139-141; Meyer 210-221; Graf 102; Johnston 103-104; Wikipedia).

Mythology.

Much of what we know (or think we know) about Mithraic beliefs comes from archeological monuments in the Mithraea. The most common scene is the bull-slaying, which represents the creation of an ordered universe by Mithras; as the bull dies, grain sprouts from parts of his body. Other mythological scenes include the birth of Mithras from a rock (possibly at the midwinter solstice); his shooting of an arrow to open a spring; his carrying of the bull into the cave to be killed there; his meeting with Sol (the Sun), their handshake, and their later dining together after the bull-slaying (Meyer 199-201).

Practices.

Worshippers met in dark artificial caves or cave-like buildings whose decorations “expressed belief in Mithras as the creator of an ordered cosmos who would guarantee the worshiper an ordered life” (Meyer loc. 2622). Worshippers ate and drank in the Mithraeum in company with their God and in imitation of his feast with the Sun after the killing of the Bull. In contrast with that feast, however, the worshiper’s sacrifices, as shown by archaeological excavations, seem to have mostly been suckling pigs and chickens. Because the Mithraea were small, the number of people who could participate in these rituals would have been small as well. Appropriately for a religion based on a Persian god, fire was an important part of the cult (Bremmer, loc. 2548-2779; Henig 232-232; Meyer 210-221; Johnston 103-104).

Initiations.

In contrast to most of the other Mediterranean mystery cults, Mithraic initiation was limited to men. Initiates seem to have come primarily from the middle ranks of the Roman army, imperial staff, and freedmen and slaves of the imperial household; on the whole, most were neither very



A Roman tauroctony (bull-slaying) relief from Aquileia (c. 175 CE; Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna). Clad in Persian costume, including cape and Phrygian cap, Mithras half kneels upon the bull as he slays it. His supporters Cautes with his torch pointing up, representing day and life, and Cautopates with his torch pointing down, representing night and death. Mithras himself looks over his shoulder towards Sol. (Wikipedia, Author Cristian Chirita, Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 3.0 Unported license).

high nor very low on the social scale. In Britain the cult was popular with sailors, merchants and soldiers. Mithras' title *Invictus* ("the Unconquered") may have particularly appealed to the military. The cult was especially common in heavily militarized areas such as the Rhine and Danube frontiers, where it may have been rapidly spread by army transfers (Bremmer, loc. 2548-2779; Henig 232-232; Rives 139-141; Meyer 210-221; Johnston 103-104).

There is not much information on the process of initiation. Initiates were required to swear an oath of secrecy, which they mostly seem to have kept. Because of this, there is considerable scholarly disagreement about many features of the cult. Architectural details of the Mithraea and later

written accounts generally agree that there were seven grades: Raven, Bridegroom, Soldier, Lion, Perses, Heliodromus (Sun-runner or Courier of the Sun), and Father. There seem to have been initiatory tests, possibly including mock burial, and ritual humiliations in the first three grades, which may have been preparatory. There are indications that the three lowest grades, and especially the Ravens, may have acted as servants at the feasts (Bremmer, loc. 2548-2779; Henig 232-232; Meyer 210-221).

Full initiation may have begun with the Lion, the middle grade, which was associated with fire (appropriate for a Persian-derived cult) and burning incense. Although the first three grades were purified with water, which is the enemy of



Mithras shares a banquet with Sol reclining on the hide of the slaughtered bull. Mithras holds a torch in his left hand, Sol a whip in his.. Sol is dressed only in a cape; around his head is a crown of eleven rays. They are accompanied by two torchbearers (Cautes and Cautopates again?). In the upper left corner, looking away, is Luna, partly hidden in a cloud. (Wikipedia, Louvre, Source/Photographer Marie-Lan Nguyen (2007), public domain image.)

fire, the Lion was purified with honey on his hands and tongue. At the end of the purification, the Father shook the hand of the new initiate, reflecting the depiction on some of the reliefs of a handshake between Mithras and Sol. Initiates were therefore referred to as *syndexioi* (“those united by the handshake”) The “Father” was the head of the congregation, which based on the size of the Mithraea may have numbered between twenty and fifty. He supervised the shared meal, the votive altars, and probably the sacrifices. He was occasionally called “Pater et

Sacerdos” (“Father and Priest”) (Bremmer, loc. 2548-2779; Henig 232-232; Meyer 210-221; Wikipedia).

Beliefs.

Some possible parts of the worship of Mithras may be preserved in the “Mithras Liturgy” in the Great Magical Papyrus of Paris, which makes use of astrology and magic to provide a liturgical spell “for the ecstatic ascent of the soul to God” (Meyer 211). The promise of the cult seems to have been equally divided between ultimate goals such as salvation, transformation of the



A Mithraeum found in the ruins of Ostia Antica, Italy, showing the couches on either side on which the initiates reclined during their banquet. A damaged statue of Mithras stands in the back of the room. (Wikipedia, Author Michelle Touton (Ailurophyle), public domain image.)

initiates, and unity with the Sun and Mithras, and more practical ones such as the bonds of brotherhood in a mobile population (Henig 232-232; Johnston 103-4; Meyer 197-202).

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Crafting Yule Traditions with Vântljusstaken (Light Anticipation Candles)

By John Hyatt

Approaching the Winter Solstice/Yule time generally brings modern-day Heathens a variety of minor (in the scheme of the world-events) conundrums of choices. Most have a background in Christianity which is often considered baggage to be eschewed, something to consider as part of who we are, or somewhere in between.

The relationship with that monotheistic religion prior to moving into Heathenry (or other non-Christian practice) can be considered bitter and harmful, or positive in many ways but just not the path for that individual.

Probably one of the most uniformly celebrated holidays around the world is that of “Christmas”. Since the beginning of the Christian advancement and conversion practices, the movement has absorbed local pagan traditions, renamed them with Christian terms, incorporated them into the religious liturgy, and created new traditions to coincide with their new faith. As societies and cultures changed with integration and interaction with others, practices adapted to the stimulus of new and different ideas. Over the centuries of practice, and as people were born into the faith, the origins of these practices were forgotten and often lost to the mists of Niflheim.

Thankfully, due to archeology, writings, and the continuance of traditions from generation to generation, we can begin today to recall some of those origins and attempt to reconstruct what our ancestors may have practiced. Given that this includes a lot of geography, a vast amount of time, and really having only the most miniscule clues, resulting in a lot of guessing, surmising, and connecting dots that may not belong together, volumes of books are written about the “pagan” origins of Christmas.

About this time among Heathen groups, particularly on social media, discussions arise about

how people celebrate during the Yule season and how they do it in a Heathen way. The results vary from people taking examples from certain practices (as noted above) and using them as their foundation for a Heathen Yule tradition to those who unravel the traditions from their heritage and Christianity to find the pieces with which they can form new or revised Heathen traditions to connect with the Gods, Ancestors, and Nature Vaettir (spirits).

One of those repurposed traditions is that of the Vântljusstaken (Sunwait Candles) being re-envisioned from the Advent Candles. I discovered this in 2017 from the post of a friend and found a page on Facebook to inspire the growth of this delightful tradition for the entire family.

It takes the premise of lighting a candle for a specific number of days or weeks prior to Christmas eve (usually twelve days) and changes some of the parameters (which are also flexible depending on the individual). The Vântljusstaken/Sunwait Candles practice came from Swedish traditions and was adapted for a meaningful experience.

The lighting of the candles begins six weeks prior to the winter solstice on a Thursday. Thursdays were selected because of a Swedish tradition known as Thorshelg. “The reason for the Thursdays is that, Thursdays have a traditional significance in Scandinavian folk lore. Thursdays have been the day for trolldom (folk magic) and communicating with the gods and nature spirits long into Christian times,” explained one of the page organizers. “There are accounts as late as the 19th century where the Thorshelg (Thor's hallow) was celebrated by inviting Thor and Frigga to the house on Thursday night.”

She continued to state that other cultures have a



specific holy day and that as there isn't a one day specific to all of Heathendom universally, it makes sense for people to select what works best for them in this "tradition in development". Some may choose to do the activity on the six Thursdays prior to the Winter Solstice (21 December); some may choose to do it on the day that the solstice falls upon for six weeks prior – with the final candle on 21 December; some may choose to begin six days prior with the final day on the

solstice, and some may choose another day that is special to them. "I think everyone should feel free to do as they feel most comfortable. We are creating this together," she said.

The procedure of the event is to light one candle each week until the solstice, recite a poem, stanza, or meditation, and contemplate on the season. For the Vantljusstaken activity, the first six letters of the Futhark (F U T H A R K) were



chosen as a sort of runic “guide.” In preparation of the activity, one can select the six candles, carve or draw a stave on each candle (or as part of a decorated base or candle holder), anoint each candle, or address the energy of the runes with the candle. This would be a great way for families to include their children in a creative activity that can also include storytelling, learning about runes, and strengthening those family ties at this special time of year.

On the chosen night, light the candle while reciting the Vântljusversen poem (available in Swedish, Dutch, French, and German on the page) or one of your own choosing that is meaningful to you/your family. The rest of the ceremony is up to you to create to suit your desires for the winter, Yule, the coming year, etc.

One thing that this author does is to contemplate on the energy of the rune of the week. How does that energy/power influence and interact with my life? How can I harness or observe those influences and recognize them?

At the end of the time, extinguish the flame. At the next week, relight the candle prior to starting with the next until all candles are lit at the end of the process. Some choose to allow all of the candles to burn down on the final night, sending the energy and intents of the working into the universe. (A note of caution: do not leave burning candles unattended, accessible to children and pets, or around flammable decorations or items.)

Väntljusversen poem

Fehu - In the first of sunwait we light
The candle of Fehu so bright
Until the return of the queen of skies
May her beauty and splendor in it rise

Uruz - In the second of sunwait we light
The candle of Uruz so bright
With all that has passed and ahead of us lies
May the passing of time in it rise

Thurisaz- In the third of sunwait we light
The candle of Thurisaz so bright
When the force of winter upon us lies
May the return of spring in it rise

Ansuz - In the fourth of sunwait we light
The candle of Ansuz so bright
In worship of gods old and wise
May the powers of Regin in it rise

Raidō - In the fifth of sunwait we light
The candle of Raidō so bright

In yearning for that which never dies
May our longing for new life in it rise

Kenaz - In the sixth of sunwait we light
The candle of Kenaz so bright
A light in darkness again shall arise
May the hope of yule in it rise

For some, this may not work for you for a variety of reasons. In Heathenry, we develop our practices and relationships with the Gods in ways that are meaningful to each of us today. The Väntljusstaken is not a right or wrong way to honor Yule or the Gods. It is a way to do it. May your Winter Solstice/Yule Tide seasons be filled with joy and amazement.

(Images used in this article taken from the Väntljusstaken/Sunwait Candles Facebook page with permission.)

John Hyatt is Chief of the Seers Guild and co-founder of Coast Oak Grove, San Diego



4 Haiku in Praise of the Gods

By Jeffrey Keefer

Cernunnos

Ensnoced in peace, I
intuit, implore, nobly
harked torc and antler.

Taranis

May your wheel roll on,
quenching our rainy whispers,
our pining, nourished.

Ucuetis

Forge us stouthearted,
aloft, firmly resisting
injustice through fear.

Sequana

Mercy, river queen,
extend your cure-steadied arms
and bless across time.



Brighid's Needs

By Nathan Large

"I need a smith," said Lady Brighid.
"Are you the one to serve my need?"
"I would," I said, "but I've no craft."
"I'll teach you art," said Lady Brighid.

"I need a bard," said Lady Brighid.
"Will you receive the poet's seed?"
"I would," I said, "but I'm so tired."
"I'll give you fire," said Lady Brighid.

"I need a seer," said Lady Brighid.
"Will you take my book and read?"
"I would," I said, "but I'm afraid."
"I'll brace your heart," said Lady Brighid.

"I need a priest," said Lady Brighid.
"Will you tell the world of me?"
"I would," I said, "but I'm busy,
At forge, and harp, and prophecy,
Making what you asked of me."
"That's what I said," said Lady Brighid.





Prayers for Some Gaulish Deities

By David Fickett-Wilbar (Ceisiwr Serith)

Smertrios who provides,
Smertrios who protects,
destroy the snakes which beset me
which would destroy my prosperity
which would destroy even me.
Strike them, Smertrios,
swiftly and hard,
and I will offer to you in thanks.

Rosmerta and Mercury:

one providing crops,
one providing money,
both providing prosperity,
both providing proper rule.
Provide me, provide this land, with these,
that I, that we, may be well fed and rich,
and in our proper place.

Rosmerta who provides,
with open hands,
all we need:
give to me my desires,
and I will limit them to the necessary.

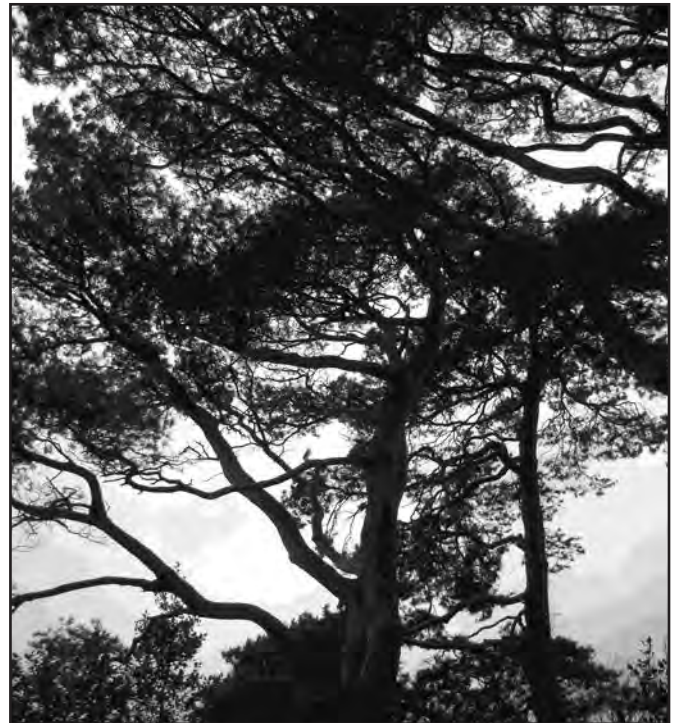
A Prayer at Sunset

By Rev. Ian Corrigan

Time Turns, its turning none of us may stay
Even now, on by me it does fly
I come again to darkness, after day
And Winter After Summer rules the sky.

Yet Darkness is as sweet as Light, I say
My heart is calm, I do not dread the night
In season I seek sleep in nature's way
and own no worry, and no fear or fright

So hail the sunset, shadowed evening bring
as holy Earth brings everything in turn.
In darkness I can, truly joyful, sing
And keep the warmth
where heart-fire's flame does burn.



Valiant

By Nathan Large

When my mind first knew itself
It birthed an aspect I loved well:
A shining soul, unblemished, true and pure.

Filled with love for every creature,
Beauty writ in every feature,
For each ill he seemed to hold a cure.

Afraid to lose this better heart,
I made an oath between my parts
To never let the world's destruction in.

Not all shared in this contentment;
Thoughts perverse met dark resentment,
Finding holes in my assumed defense.

Blind to vulnerability,
Shocked to see the best in me
Slaughtered by the simplest of attacks,

I could not accept this failure;
Put myself through Hel to tell her
She must send my brighter spirit back.

Grief the price of resurrection,
Tears and woe from every section,
Proof that I deserved my joy returned.

Hate refused to mourn my lost love
Arguing its day was long done;
Like the world, my heart deserved to burn.

Now my best in darkness lingers
While the rest brawl, pointing fingers;
Too dangerous a place for one so pure.

Yet I still occasionally
Spy a stray escaping sunbeam;
Worlds align, and brightness can shine through.

Though bound, he still resides secure,
'Til winter's end arrives to cure;
When rising sun will dawn upon new spring.

I'll have punished and forgiven
Rougher parts that left me riven;
We'll put aside the past to build again.



Earth Day Invocation for Inspiration

By Nathan Large

Heralds of the many worlds,
Sing to wake our sleeping Earth!
Sing to wake the dozing green:
The flower blooms, the buds on trees.
Sing to wake the slumbering beasts:
The frozen fish, the dormant bees.
Sing to call the Kindred three:
The dead, the land, the deities.
Sing to wake up humankind:
Our sluggish souls, our muddled minds.
Heralds of the sleeping Earth,
Help us rouse this drowsing world!



The Survivor's Shield

By Shane A. Saylor

Note: Before you start reciting, you should ground yourself. The Survivor's Shield is to be recited thrice times three. After the first three recitations, take a minute to focus the energy and to catch your breath. Repeat twice more and you're finished.

Nine Blessings on the Gun Men who wantonly take life.
By the Sky above, let the winds fill their lungs with air to breathe.
Let the Sky above fill their hearts, minds and souls with the gift of compassion that they have irresponsibly discarded.

By the Sea around us, let the waters drown them in life.
Let the Sea with its ebb and tide remind them how sacred life is.
Let the Sea boil the water in their bodies reminding them of their own mortality.

By the Earth beneath us all, let the Gun Men be immobile.
Let the Earth reveal its splendor lessening their madness.
By the grace of the Gods, let the Earth ground the Gun Men, absorbing their madness, their rage, their desire for Death.

Nine blessings of peace on all who recite this.

The Call
By Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano

We call to those in need

We light a fire:

To draw healing to you,
To give you the light of hope,
To guide you on your way.

We light the flame,

With hand,
With heart,
With hope

A Magical Working for Protection

By Rev. G. R. Grove

This is a magical working to be performed as part of an ADF Core Order Ritual. It is intended to fit in after the sharing of the Blessings. The ritual for which it was written was Celtic in theme. The charm itself is based on several early Irish examples. The Deity of the occasion was Brigit, and offering was made to her thusly:

Celebrant. We offer now to Brigit, beloved of Bards,
protector and healer, and helper of smiths.
Fair gentle Lady, herds'-defender,
feeder of folk, and maker of mead,
at spring's beginning we hold your feast,
when lambs are born and milk first flows.
Shining Lady, tender of flames,
we ask your aid and mercy today—
Brigit, accept now our offering!

Magical Working

A length of blue cloth ("Brigit's Mantle") has been previously placed on the altar.

Celebrant. Where is the one who asks for Protection?

Suppliant. (*Coming forward.*) Here I am.

Celebrant. (*Takes "mantle" from the altar.*)
We call now to Brigit, beloved of Bards,
protector and healer, and helper of smiths.
We ask her now to bless this cloth,
fill it with protections against all ills,
that whoever wears it may meet no harm,
not within nor without, not at home nor abroad.
For this we call upon Brigit's strength, and ours.

(*Celebrant holds up "mantle".*)

Celebrant.
The charm placed of Brigit upon her Mantle,

The charm placed of Danu upon her Tribes,
The charm placed of Lugh upon his Spear,
The charm placed of the Dagda around Tara.

Charm against arrow,
Charm against sword,
Charm against spears,
Charm against bruising and against drowning.

Charm against firebrand,
Charm against adder,
Charm against levin
Charm against harm in fields of battle.

Charm against child of faery,
Charm against child of earth,
Charm against hostile one,
Charm against deadly peril.

To guard you from your back,
To preserve you from your front,
From the crown of your head and your forehead
To the very sole of your foot.

An isle you are in the sea,
A hill you are on land,
a well you are in wilderness,
Health you are to the ailing.

Be the Mantle of Brigit about you,
Be the Spear of Lugh before you,
Be the Strength of the Dagda around you,
That no harm may approach you.

Celebrant. (*Places length of blue cloth around Suppliant.*)
So may it be!

Folk. So may it be!

(*Suppliant returns to place.*)

A Bardic Invocation of the Three Kindreds and Awen

By Rev. G. R. Grove

Celebrant. The Gates to the Other Worlds stand open wide. It is time to call upon the Three Kindreds to join us in our rite. Who calls to the Ancestors?

First Bard / Speaker to Ancestors: I do.
I call to the Ancient Bards, and also those we have known,
those who we have loved, those gone before.
I call to Taliesin, who sailed with King Arthur, and to Aneirin, who sang Gododdin's praise.
I call to Amairgen, first bard of the Irish, to Dallán Chief Poet, and old Senchán Torpéist.
I call to the Norse skalds, Boddason called Bragi, Thiódólf, and Úlfr, and Egil Skallagrímsson.
I call to old Homer, who sang the Trojan War, and told us of Odysseus' long delayed return; and I call to Orpheus, whose voice raised the stones,
and all the many others, remembered or unknown.
To you, and all of those whose works inspired their people,
I call now. Old Ones, join as we call—
Ancestors, accept now our offering!

(Offering made to the Ancestors by Sacrificer.)

People. Ancestors, accept now our offering!

Celebrant. The Gates to the Other Worlds stand open wide. Who calls to the Land Spirits?

Second Bard / Speaker to Land Spirits: I do.
I call upon all the singers of the Land – the birds who sing at dawn, the midnight owls, the cry of the geese in the autumn sky, the wolves and the coyotes who sing in a pack, the stag who bells in the twilight woods, the wind in the branches, the trees themselves, the rain on the water, the roaring waves, the whispering touch of the winter snow—
hear us as we praise you – join us as we call!
Land spirits, accept now our offerings!

(Offering made to the Land Spirits by Sacrificer.)

People. Land Spirits, accept now our offering!

Celebrant. The Gates to the Other Worlds stand open wide. Who calls to the Shining Ones?

Third Bard / Speaker to Shining Ones: I do.
I call now upon the bardic Gods, those who sing, and those who shared with us their power of song.
I call to An Dagda, of the four-angled music; I call to Aengus Og, with his silver harp.
I call to Keridwen who brewed the magic cauldron;
I call to Gwydion, best teller of tales.
I call to Odin, who stole the mead of poetry; I call to Bragi, who put it to use.
I call to Apollon, God of songs and seeing; and I call to the Muses, and Pan with his pipes.
High Ones and Shining, whom our ancestors honored,
hear us as we praise you – come now as we call!
Shining Ones, accept now our offerings!

(Offering made to the Shining Ones by Sacrificer.)

People. Shining Ones, accept our offering!

Celebrant. We offer now to the Honored One of our rite, Holy Inspiration – Imbas, Awen.
You who give the power of singing, and sing in all songs.

Holy Inspiration, accept now our offering!

(Offering of mead made to Holy Inspiration by Sacrificer.)

People. Holy Inspiration, accept now our offering!

Online Rituals

By Rev. Robert Lewis

With the advances in technology over the past many years, there have been multiple attempts to move what we do as far as rituals to an online environment. There are many reasons for this, but in my opinion one of the most important ones is that there are plenty of solitary practitioners. These people don't have a local community due to where they live, problems with the local community, medical problems, or some other reason. It doesn't matter why they cannot make it to a ritual, only that they are missing out on rituals and desire to attend rituals.

One of the earliest examples I know of has been the use of text-based software. This has been IRC or some other form of a text-only chat room. The advantage of this is that it is very low in data usage, and it is very reliable. Unfortunately, this is based on reading. If the person running the ritual wants it to be interactive, the waiting for replies by participants can result in replies coming in after you start the next part. The synchronicity of the ritual never came out well. It worked, but could be greatly improved on.

Video games have been used for online rituals. The one I am aware of was Second Life. Here, B. J. Rogers of ADF had built a ritual site in the game and had people take their characters there to perform ritual. This improved upon the text-based ritual because you were able to also do voice. This solved some of the synchronicity issues because everyone could speak and be heard. This introduced other problems though. Software was resource intensive, and it was not always easy for the person running the ritual to do all the actions in game, such as pouring the offerings. Even with the complications, it was an improvement.

With the advent of free multi-person video chat software, we have now come into a new age for

online rituals. At this time, there are many options available for this. Probably the most well-known ones are Google Hangouts and Skype. Unfortunately, Google has announced that Hangouts will be shut down in 2020. There are others that cost money, but they are stand-alone programs and also provide full web conferencing suite features such as screen sharing and recording. The most popular ones at this time are Zoom, GoToMeeting, and WebEx. What I will be talking about is my experience with using Zoom for online rituals, but everything applies to whatever software you choose to use.

First, a bit about the software and hardware requirements. Whatever software you choose to use, you want to be able to have the host on video with audio. This requires a device that can handle the load. The more you try to do, the heavier the load. I have found for best results, connecting to the router via Ethernet cable makes everything run smoother. On top of this, you need to have a webcam and microphone attached to the computer.

Participants only need to be able to see video, although it is ideal if they can speak back. You also want to limit costs for participants. With the paid softwares, they usually do not require more than the host have a paying subscription. The others joining the conference need only install the software or use a web app to get into the meeting. One last thing to keep in mind is that people should name themselves in the app. When you do a ritual that requires you to call on specific people, when you don't know the people, you will have a tough time saying which "Galaxy 9" you want.

The most important thing when doing online rituals is your own setup and preparation. Before you ever do your first ritual, make sure your technology works. Set up your video and audio as



View of the ritual setup from the view of the camera and microphone.

you think it will work and test it with a friend. This will invariably not be your final setup, but it will be a good starting point. What I have found as far as setup is that you want to have a camera that is at least 5 feet away and a microphone as close as possible. The further the camera is from you, the wider the shot you can have. It's not really the width of the shot you will have problems with, but instead the height. Even sitting down behind the altar, my 5-foot distance is barely enough height to capture the altar and my head. If I raise my hands too high, they go off camera. The closer the microphone, the easier it will be for you to be heard. Be aware though that with a microphone in front of the speakers, or on a different system than the speakers, you will get feedback and echoing. Always test this before doing it for real.

Something that was not obvious to me when starting is the placement of the screen you will

see the participants and yourself on. The temptation is to set a laptop on the side of the altar, and run the webcam as far away as you can, possibly using a USB extension to get more distance. Your natural inclination though will be to look at your screen, not the camera. This means you are looking to the side. If you can, use a TV or monitor that you can hook up to your computer and have that directly behind the camera.

If you expect to use any text chatting, be sure you can read it from that distance, and you can at least move a mouse around the screen from where you are. It's even better if you can type too. This may require that you have two devices running, or that you use a dual monitor with one being close enough to read/reply. I have found what works best for me is to have one computer set up with the microphone, camera, and television, and a second laptop sitting closer to me that



View of the ritual setup from the ritualist's point of view. Notice that the camera on top of the step stool is in line with the TV so that looking at the TV will produce you looking into the camera.

I also log in with to provide chat functions. A secondary benefit of this with Zoom is that once you reach 3 participants, you now have the option to pin or spotlight a specific user to make things like recording easier.

Now that you have your setup working, it's time to design the ritual. This can be as you normally do it. There are a couple things to ask yourself before you write it though.

- Is this ritual going to be people watching you or participatory?
- If the other participants are doing something, are you going to be setting up sacred space, or is everyone going to be doing it?
- If blessings are being received, how are the participants going to receive them?

- Will the ritual be recorded?

It really comes down to is this being done in one place or every place you're being watched from?

If you are going to do it so that you do everything and people just watch it, then you can open up the platform options to things like Facebook Live or YouTube Live where everyone else is essentially watching a recording. Otherwise, you need to consider your wording. For a simple blot, a hammer hallowing is a common feature. Consider your wording so that it will be done not just at your location, but all locations. Similarly, in ADF rituals, there is the opening and closing of the gates. Open them and close them in all locations. Blessing of waters is another thing that should be done everywhere.

How do we do all this remotely? First, we have to look at our wording. Word it in such a way that it

is obvious that you are doing this everywhere. A second thing that should be done is visualization. This may be only on your end or it could be something you direct everyone to do. Visualize the actions happening not only in your space, but in the space of all those watching.

Now we likely don't know the details of where everyone is. What I have found to work is to visualize a generic person in your place. Put the intent into this visualization that the generic person is everyone watching. In front of them is everything you have. As you do your work, visualize this generic person doing the work and that this is being done in every place. This takes a bit of concentration, but it does work rather well.

The key thing is to include wording in your ritual to be inclusive of all locations. Look at your ritual as a personal, solitary ritual. Every time you want to say the words me, I, mine, etc., replace them with inclusive terms. Also, be conscious of making it clear that the big parts of the ritual are happening in all the homes. I tend to use phrases like "In my home and all of our homes..."

My online rituals have been a mixture of ADF and Troth based rituals. For the ADF rituals, they have been simple blessing rites. Here the point is to honor the Kindred (gods, ancestors, and land spirits), and to receive blessings from them in return. Overall, this is a relatively simple ritual to run, even though it has many parts. The ritual gives all participants time to make offerings of their own and to receive the blessings from the Kindred.

The Troth based rituals have been relatively simple in ritual structure, but much more difficult to run as they were oracular seidhr (spae) rituals. Here we have people asking questions of a seer. These rituals have more technical issues as the querent needs to let us know that they have a question, usually by raising their hand or messaging through chat. The seer then needs to find an answer for the question and give it back. Some of the issues with this type of ritual, such as the seer

being too quiet, are not as huge an issue here because of technology. Others, such as that of spiritual connection between the seer and the querent, are more difficult. Similarly, the pool of energy the seer can draw from is radically different, if present at all, compared to doing it all in person. With a competent seer and guide/warder for the seer, though, this can be done.

No matter how or why you do the online rituals, just doing them will provide some fulfillment for those that watch it. It may be the first ritual a solitary member has seen of your tradition. Whatever you do, do it to the best of your abilities. It may be the only community that a person is able to get to due to their circumstances. Be friendly and welcoming. You may record it and put it out on the web. Make sure all those that are present are fine with this and are able to turn off their video/audio to avoid being recorded. Be sure that you edit out the bits at the beginning and end when you are trying to turn it on and off, and be sure there is both audio and video.

Some final thoughts, before you go and do this yourself. Show up early, at least 15 min early if possible. It will likely be Murphy's Law taking over when you show up just in time; something will go wrong. I showed up 2 minutes before doing a ritual only to find a cat had chewed through the USB cable for the microphone, and I had to find a replacement cable. Check and double check that you have everything you need before beginning. Practice doing the ritual where you will be doing it from. If you're sitting, this will result in a different ritual style than if you're standing and walking around. Ultimately though, have fun and do it to the best of your abilities. This does work, and this is beneficial to all who participate.

Rev. Robert Lewis is a Senior Priest of ADF and has been a member since 1999. He is currently working on training members in Oracular Seidhr and trance work. He also is working on promoting inclusive heathenry and international relations.

Food Restrictions at Feast:

How you and your group can be good hosts to those with food restrictions.

By Rev. Chelly Couvrette

Have you ever been at a potluck and had someone say “Oh, I’m not sure if I can eat that, I have an allergy to...” or “Oh, I can’t eat that, it has...”? These are common place thoughts at potlucks for those who eat in specific ways either due to personal choice or their health.

Many people these days have heard about anaphylaxis, a life-threatening allergy to a substance. Many of the most common ones include wheat, eggs, shellfish, peanuts, tree nuts, dairy, soy, fish. However, you can still have severe allergies to something that isn’t on this list as well. Something as prevalent in food as palm oil or coconut can also cause this life-threatening reaction.

There are also conditions such as celiac, inflammatory bowel disease, and eosinophilic conditions which can severely reduce the foods a person can eat because of a component for that food. Celiacs cannot eat gluten. This is different from a wheat allergy and includes things like barley and oats. Inflammatory bowel disease and eosinophilic syndromes are both highly individualized to the person’s body chemistry.

Other things can be just a weird intolerance but won’t kill the person or cause lasting damage. For example, if I eat one very specific thickener that is in a lot of things, my TMJ sets off due to the inflammation my body experiences. It specifically affects my jaw and my teeth and it is totally not worth it even in the miniscule amounts that are in store bought food. However, other than not being able to eat, or brush my teeth for a day or 2 while it leaves my system, I do not have any lasting damage from having eaten it. Someone with Celiacs disease, Inflammatory Bowel Disease, or any of the Eosinophilic conditions will.

So, what are some ways you can make it so that people with these food restrictions can feel com-

fortable eating?

- Never pressure a person saying “oh you can’t even have a little bit?” “[insert condition here] can’t be that bad that you can’t have [insert food here]”
- Know how to respond to an anaphylactic emergency
- Also know what the specific person’s plan is for regular attendees and members
- Do they have an EpiPen or other epinephrine injectable with them?
- Label your potluck items! Even if you label it with “store bought broth” bring the label with you or attach it to the ingredients in some way. You





would be amazed what can be in something that a person can't have!

- Try to make sure if a label will be ripped through when you open an item that you cut the label above the ingredients and keep that portion intact
- For those in dual language areas: try to ensure you do not rip the other language either in case a guest does not speak the primary language as their first language. Not everyone knows their allergens in other languages.
- If you're not sure about an ingredient, say you cannot guarantee. Be honest. We would rather know we can't eat it vs thinking we can safely do so and it not be safe.
- Serving spoons stay with the dish they came with (and make sure you have extras if someone forgets a serving spoon!) This allows for no cross contamination and keeps safe dishes safe for those that need them to be.
- Try to sort potlucks to keep specific things together.
- For example: Gluten Free, Vegan/Vegetarian, Peanut and Treenut Free etc.
- This allows for more safety if the serving spoon rule gets broken.

- If it is not potluck: ensure you know about food restrictions in RSVP notes. Does Jaime not eat meat? Can Linda not eat turkey? Is Brittney allergic to bananas? These are things you need to know if you are serving vs it being potluck. Cook allergen containing foods LAST and the safe foods first to ensure a lack of accidental cross contamination.

One of the best ways to make sure any guest, member, or regular attendee is safe at any time with regards to these things is to communicate with them. Open, honest, communication will let those who have these restrictions feel safe and welcome and able to fully participate in any festivities that are being planned!

Rev. Chelly Couvrette has been an ADF member since 2006. She has completed the Initiates Path and is working on the Clergy Training Program. She has had mobility issues half of her life with various degenerative and chronic conditions. As a mentor for both the Dedicant Path and Initiate Path she tries to ensure that all students can find ways that suit their own journey to complete what they wish to.

What is a Spell?

By Rev. Ian Corrigan

The word ‘spell’ travels with a lot of baggage, and is used with very little technical consideration. It has been redefined especially by fantasy writers in so many ways that sorting nonsense from tradition, and determining a useful technical definition for our modern magic art is a project worth doing.

Linguistically the word means 'a spoken charm or incantation', and so we could limit its meaning to 'the spoken component of a magical rite'. That isn't what people mean, these days, though.

Allow me to begin at the end, and attempt a definition of a spell – we'll see whether it's the same at the end: “A spell is magical or spiritual work with a specific intended effect and usually a specific target”

In traditional magical literature ‘spells’ are most often small ritual patterns, involving a combination of natural objects, spoken words, proper timing, ‘occult’ symbols and often the aid of specific gods or spirits. Folk magic tends to quietly bury these elements in traditional rules that often don't accompany the transmission of spoken charms – one is supposed to know the rules. More formal ritual magic instructions may make a spell seem like a complex working of its own, by listing the work in detail and sequence. Both of these approaches can be practical and correct. I tend toward the latter.

The whole business of using magic to obtain a specific goal may involve multiple smaller sub-rituals, offerings etc. All these ‘spells’ together are often described as a ‘working’.

In our post-European, post-Christian USA there is that tendency to want products neatly packaged and labelled with instructions. So many who ask for ‘spells’ in internet forums seem to want the



proverbial ‘magic words’ that make things change in the blink of an eye. This is, in fact, no more likely in magic than in medicine, and spellcraft can involve multiple ‘appointments’ to accomplish a goal.

Here it may be useful to quote and discuss my favorite definition of ‘magic’. It comes from the Greater Key of Solomon:

“Magic is the Highest, most Absolute, and most Divine Knowledge of Natural Philosophy, advanced in its works and wonderful operations by a right understanding of the inward and occult virtue of things; so that true Agents being applied to proper Patients, strange and admirable effects will thereby be produced. Whence magicians are profound and diligent searchers into Nature; they, because of their skill, know how to anticipate an effort, the which to the vulgar shall seem to be a miracle.”

Allow me to paraphrase:

“Magic is the study of the secret and spiritual forces of nature, their character and powers, so that by applying proper force at the proper place and time effects can be produced which have been called ‘magical’. So magicians learn to predict effects by knowing cause, which makes them seem to be wizards.”

Can I tighten it up?

“Magic is the knowledge of the hidden (occult) powers of things, and of the spirits, and the application of those powers to produce effects.”

So, spells are a specific application of this principle – the application of the occult powers of natural and spiritual things to work personal will.

Spellcraft inside Polytheist religions

In many world traditions of polytheism and animism the use of religious symbols, rituals and skills for the immediate personal gain of worshippers and their families is a normal part of the work. These traditions teach rites for prosperity, health, fertility and inspiration, much the same as the desires of modern magic-users.

Sadhana

The Sanskrit term ‘*sadhana*’ can be translated as ‘a specific practice or form’. In dharmic religions the term is used both for the prescribed spiritual practice a teacher might set for their student, and also for specific sets of practices intended to produce results. The latter are patterns that may include proper herbs, proper colors and numbers of candles, proper offerings of incenses, flowers, etc. and of course a proper spoken incantation (i.e. ‘mantra’ in Sanskrit). These patterns are often transmitted through what amount to spellbooks, and are an orthodox part of Hindu and some Buddhist religion

Ebbo

In the post-African religions of the New World ‘Ebbo’ is a word meaning offering or sacrifice. It can be applied generally to religious offerings to the spirits, but it also refers to specific patterns of practice intended to produce specific outcome – i.e. spells. The forms of some such ritual offerings are determined by the spirits themselves, but there are also specific traditional forms, including arrangements of specific numbers, types of fruits, colors of candles, etc., arranged in the proper way, place and time, with the proper invocations.

Again, by the terms of western magic, this amounts to a ‘spell’.

Late Classical Paganism

Remnants of traditional Euro-Middle-Eastern polytheism and spiritism were preserved in the important proto-grimoire called the *Picatrix*. This ritual manual focuses primarily on the Planetary powers, themselves remnants or reflections of Olympian Gods. The rites usually center around an image or idol of the spirit, and then use number, color, type, etc. to determine a proper set of offerings. This style of offering-ritual, preserved for us in text over the past 2,000 years or so, bears a remarkable resemblance to other forms of spirit-based devotional spellcraft.

This style of devotional, offering-based ritual seems ready to introduce into our modern polytheist efforts. Drawing on lore, tradition and the inspiration of the spirits, rites of this style could be devised in nearly any ethnic system. Of course, ethnicities will each have their distinct customs, which can add to the depth of such designs.

Folkloric and Popular Spellcraft

Offering-based spells that draw on the spiritual power of core cultural gods and spirits are one side of the coin of traditional spellcraft. The other is the vast body of lore that employs the ‘occult (i.e. hidden or little-known) powers of natural things’, along with the basic principles of mechanistic spellcraft.

The latter were defined by Frazer as ‘sympathy’ – like affects like; and ‘contagion’ – that which has been in contact continues to influence the contact. These are not so much the actions of spirits but natural principles, which operate regardless of the spiritual environment in which they are used. These techniques, plainly called ‘tricks’ in some traditions, become dressed in the mythology of whatever culture takes them up.

For instance, the ‘packet talisman’ – a small bag



James George Frazer (1854-1941). Wikipedia Commons public domain image.

or wrapped packet containing herbs, stones, seals etc. – can be identified in the 16th century scholastic occultism of Agrippa, yet it also arrives in the New World through Congo ethnic custom, producing the ‘gris-gris’ or ‘mojo-bag’ of the hoodoo tradition. Such a charm-bag employs sympathy by using herbs and stones of the proper resonance, and employs contagion by the wearing of such a charm next to the user’s skin. Charm-bags are made with prayers to saints, invocations of the polytheistic gods, or even animistic address to the aggregated spirit of the charm itself. This is icing on the basic mix that makes the spell.

Colored candles or lights, proper incenses and perfumes, traditional or discovered magical sigils and seals, all of these are part of this category of spellcraft. Image-magic, the old hair-and-fingernails gag, the use of photographs, drawings or even the written name of a target, all of these use sympathy and contagion to ‘transmit’ the intention of a practical spiritual work. Often these

methods are employed along with offering and invocation to direct the power of whatever spirit is offered to.

Wrapping Up

So, then, a spell is a ritual or set of rituals intended to employ spiritual or occult power for a specific practical goal. This sort of practice may exist as part and parcel of a religion or spiritual tradition. If it doesn’t, it almost certainly exists just outside of it, relegated to some category like ‘witchcraft’. In my opinion our Neopagan religions, as we construct them, can benefit from making such techniques integral to our spiritual work.

Rev. Ian Corrigan is a senior priest and Archdruid Emeritus of ADF., He blogs at <https://intothemound.blogspot.com/>.



Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535/1538) Wikipedia Commons public domain image.

Story: "Sipping Sweet Fire"

By Nuallán Ó Súilleabháin

Amber it pours
Pondering pain
Peat it is smoked
Softly I smile
Smudged my nostrils
Nosing the ancestors
Their earthen aroma
Our blessings imbibed
Biding my time
Sipping sweet fire.

Sang my boy to sleep. Kissed my wife good night. See you soon. Went to set up.

I pour two fingers. Tune my guitar. Kill the lights. Light a candle. Plop my aching back down. Pick up the glass and breathe. It bites right. I reach my roots beneath. Raise my leaves to the sky. Close my eyes and sip sweet fire. Breathe.

The glass lowers from my eyes to reveal the mist beyond the bow of a curragh. I breathe it in cool and moist. And wade and wait. Breathe cool and moist. And wade and wait. Breathe.

The tree-choked shore emerges from the mist. The curragh runs aground. I heave over, pull it ashore, and tie it off. Now the long walk inland.

Time passes with each tree until it opens upon a vast clearing with some scattered buildings. Many curious figures of all sort walk about their own business as I carefully mind my own and let these Good Folk go on about their own way.

I cut a direct line toward one particularly pale building with its two stories bound between the trees where any good story belongs. A quiet and familiar nod from the imposing figure at the door which I return wishing to always remain on the right side of the order he enforces within.

I enter the dimly lit hall, noted by none as they feast and holler, fret and falter, and laugh, argue, and haggle in general delight. Amidst the din, I walk along the right to collect my drink, a flickering fire in the hearth along the left simmering a stew, until another far more familiar face behind the bar points further along to the stage where my glass and guitar await.

I press forward and am stopped short of the stage from behind. "Evening. Been a while since your last visit."

"No doubt."

"She's getting impatient. Don't forget the agreement."

"I'm here now. How about I get to it and we can fuss it out after? Wouldn't want to keep her waiting." The Great Queen and I have been doing this dance for a while, back and forth, to and fro, about The Work. Short explanation, my craft and her plans. Life's little delays, marriage, job promotion, fatherhood, another promotion. All good but still worthy distractions. Then an early morning seizure on an LA freeway with my whole family in the back seat.

Everything went dark. The world slipped away. Someone unplugged my router, counted to twenty, and plugged me back in. To this day I still feel like I'm waiting for all the lights to finish flashing and shine solid.

The next words I remember were an EMT. "Your wife is driving behind us." I could see my blue-green car out the back window. Darkness. Reality creeps in from an ER. Someone says, "You're going in for a cat scan." Darkness. Reality creeps in... they're scanning me. Darkness.

“They’re never going to find us.”

Darkness.

Slowly my lights come on back in the ER. “Can I get a sandwich or something?” ...lights dim again. “Here’s your sandwich.” My tongue hurts like hell but that’s the plainest sandwich I’ve ever enjoyed. “SOMEONE GIVE ME A DAMN CIGARETTE.” Um, I don’t smoke. Lights dim.... “GIVE ME A DAMN CIGARETTE!!!” Lights come on again. My dad is there. A nurse sighs, “You can’t smoke in here, ma’am. And no, you can’t go outside. We’re too busy to take you out.” On and on she bellows. I start laughing. My dad shushes me. On she bellows and on I laugh. Through all the curtains I hear the other patient. “I HEAR YOU LAUGHIN’. You’re gonna pay for that.” I laugh again, “Oh, we’re all already paying for it.” All the nurses laugh along with my dad as he almost gives up trying to shush me. I could lie and say that was unlike me but *in vino and in seizure veritas*.

My lights start to stay on and I get the fuller story. My wife was in the back seat with my one-year old son. Asked me if I was ok. “Yeah. Just one of those weird hot flashes. It’ll pass.” What I never knew were mini seizures all those years finally went full tonic-clonic as I tried to keep it between the lines. Out went my lights. My wife unbuckles and dives into the front seat, steers us over, and dives head first to the floor board to hit the brake with her hand.... So I’m told. My wife saved us all.

Fast forward. Cat scan and MRI clear. Medicine has me symptom free. I get my license back after 5 grueling months of stifling carpools unable to even get groceries alone for my family. But ever since, my mild and managed depression has grown and haunted my every step. This agreement with the Morrígan has been on hold. My work on the Dedicant Path has been on hold. I’m just trying to keep afloat. Parenthood, marriage, work. Breathe.

“Yeah. Alright. She’ll chat with you after your set.” He nods me toward the stage and I see her at the table in front of center stage sitting next to Ogma. He’s got plans for me too.

I climb the steps, pick up my guitar and throw the strap over my head and sit on a stool. I pick up my glass and sip sweet fire. I raise it to the audience, a scattering of folk notice and raise in kind, and I set it back down on the other stool next to me.

“To the gods. ‘*As I walked by the dockside one evening so rare....*’” I hear my voice and strumming echo through the hall and pour out flat into my living room where I sit candle lit. The song closes to scattered approval. I raise my glass and sip sweet fire. Breathe.

“To the spirits, ‘*Is cosúil gur mheath tú nó gur thréig tú an greann...*’” Slightly more approval from the folk in the hall, my cat Pangur purring upon the couch, as the subject of the song ditches her mortal family. I raise my glass and sip sweet fire. Breathe.

“...” Ancestors. Not too close with my family. Not sure how to change that either. Then I remember my ancestors of craft. And I welcome them to our fire.

“To the ancestors, I welcome Luke Kelly and Ronnie Drew, from whom I’ve learned so much.” Sure enough, here they come, pints in hand and move up to a table off stage left next to the bar.

“To the ancestors, ‘*Oró 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile, Oró 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile, Oró 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile, Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh!*’....” Luke and Ronnie are very kind and stir the rest to approval.

“Thank you.” I sip sweet fire over my eager tongue, leaving the empty glass, and set my guitar aside and there she stands, halting me. Never mind the particulars here. Her business with me is still just that, her business. Suffice to say, good

set. Thanks. Now get my affairs in order, get focused, and get busy honing my craft. Yes ma'am. Ogma winks and follows her out. Breathe.

I step left off the stage towards the bar, Luke and Ronnie, awaiting me with a round and over their shoulders I see him. His eyes moist and frantic staring intensely at nothing. He babbles and pleads to the air. "Uncle David!?" That stirs him but still he moans and paces and hammers his temples for relief. Ronnie and Luke take hold of him. "Oh chrisakes. He's not yet settled enough to be in this place." They move him towards a table in a quiet corner and sit him down, talk and comfort him.

My Uncle David. Last he was seen in this world my cousin went to check in on his father. Hadn't heard from in a while. Phone calls unanswered. He enters his father's home, heads back to the bedroom and finds him in bed, his body ravaged by the gun left lying by his hand to the side. My Uncle David. Breathe.

My head pounds. I want to talk to him but he doesn't even know where he is. I want to ask him. Breathe. I want help but how can I ask him? How can I avoid that darkness? I want to ask him but he doesn't know where he is. And could he even tell me? He fell to it. Breathe.

"Lad! Get us some water for him." Luke shoves me along. I come back with a glass. They guide it into his hands and up to his lips. His sips it back. Whimpers. He sips again. Whimpers calmer. Slumps quiet staring into the little ocean in his hands.

"We'll keep watch over him. You get on back to your family." Ronnie assures me as he pats David on the back. "Have a good night."

I nod and turn to go. I stop just behind him. "I'm sorry we didn't get to visit more, Uncle Dave. I'll come back and see you soon." Ronnie pats my shoulder. Luke rises gives me a hug. "We got him."



And on I go. Out of the clearing, down the long path to the tree-choked shore where I untie the curragh and let the currents carry me home.

I open my eyes. Put out the candle. Rise and go to the kitchen. Fill a glass of water. One pill for seizures. One pill for depression. Hug my wife goodnight. And read a book until I settle into sleep.

Sipping sweet fire
Far lies the finish
A finish of peat
Pleading for progress
Aggressive desire
Destiny awaits
A wandering bard
Bound by a song
Sipping sweet fire
He breathes.

Nualláin Ó Súilleabháin has served as a bard for the broader pagan community in Fresno, CA, for many years before joining ADF. When not busy with the wife and son, he sneaks off to Dutch Brothers with a poké bowl and a stack of books to find yet another angle of research to tie into Bardry. He says, "I quote 3 songs in the text, all Irish folk and public domain. They're ones I perform often and I include them from memory."

Book Review: The Sacred Herbs of Samhain by Ellen Evert Hopman

Reviewed by Rev. D. Rowen Grove

Hopman, Ellen Evert; foreword by Andrew Theitic

Destiny Books; August 1, 2019, 216 pages
ISBN-10: 1620558610

Ellen Evert Hopman, Celtic Reconstructionist Druid, homoeopath, and Master Herbalist, has produced an intriguing and very seasonal book in *The Sacred Herbs of Samhain: Plants to Contact the Spirits of the Dead*, which is an extensive blend of folklore, her personal insights, and practical knowledge, combining herbalism, history, folk-medicine, and magic. The festival of Samhain marks the transition from the bright half of the year to its dark half, and is considered the end of the Celtic year, as autumn shifts to winter; this is traditionally a time when the barriers between the physical and spiritual worlds are at their most permeable, and when ancestral and otherworldly spirits are most likely to attempt to interact with the living. As might be expected, many of the herbs and other plants associated with this time have specific properties that offer interesting possibilities for divination, contact with the ancestors and other spirits, and journeys in the Otherworlds.

The author commences with her reflections on her own attendance at a local Samhain rite, and continues with additional introductory commentary on the importance of Samhain in the traditional Celtic year, and the topic of voyaging to the Otherworld(s). Following that, she discusses herbal protections in general, and as in her other books, continues with some useful basic instructions for the preparation of assorted herbal products, including teas, decoctions, salves, poultices, and other things. After this, she includes a rather strongly worded cautionary section concerning potential allergies and sensitivities, and recommends that the reader study the listed contraindications for each herb they may intend to use, and perhaps search online

for any relevant “herb-drug interactions.” She then adds some additional information on homeopathic dilutions, and concludes the first section with instructions for flower essences and tinctures, plus some suggestions on alternate uses of the seasonal herbs, such as using them in a crown, in a charm or amulet bag, or simply placing the herbs on the practitioner’s altar.

The next part of the books deals with “Herbs of the Spirits and the Dead” This includes extensive discussions of herbs to be used for protection from spirits or fairies, herbs appropriate for purification, herbs useful in divination or visionary work, and herbs to communicate with, release, or give honor to the dead. Hopman lists twenty-seven herbs and plants for protection, including relatively well-known ones such as apples, dandelions, rowan, and juniper, as well as more exotic items like belladonna, mandrake, and woody nightshade. She includes five which are useful for purification; two of these are sage and rue. Two of the five which may be used in divination are hazel and mugwort, and a few of the twenty-five more which are appropriate for communication with or honoring of the dead are hawthorn, mullein, rosemary, wormwood, and yew. Some plants are referenced under more than one usage. For each of these, she offers suggested methods of harvesting or otherwise acquiring the plant, one or more preparations, and cautions as to their use; in some cases, this is very necessary, as several of these plants – for example, aconite, or almost any part of the yew tree – are quite toxic.

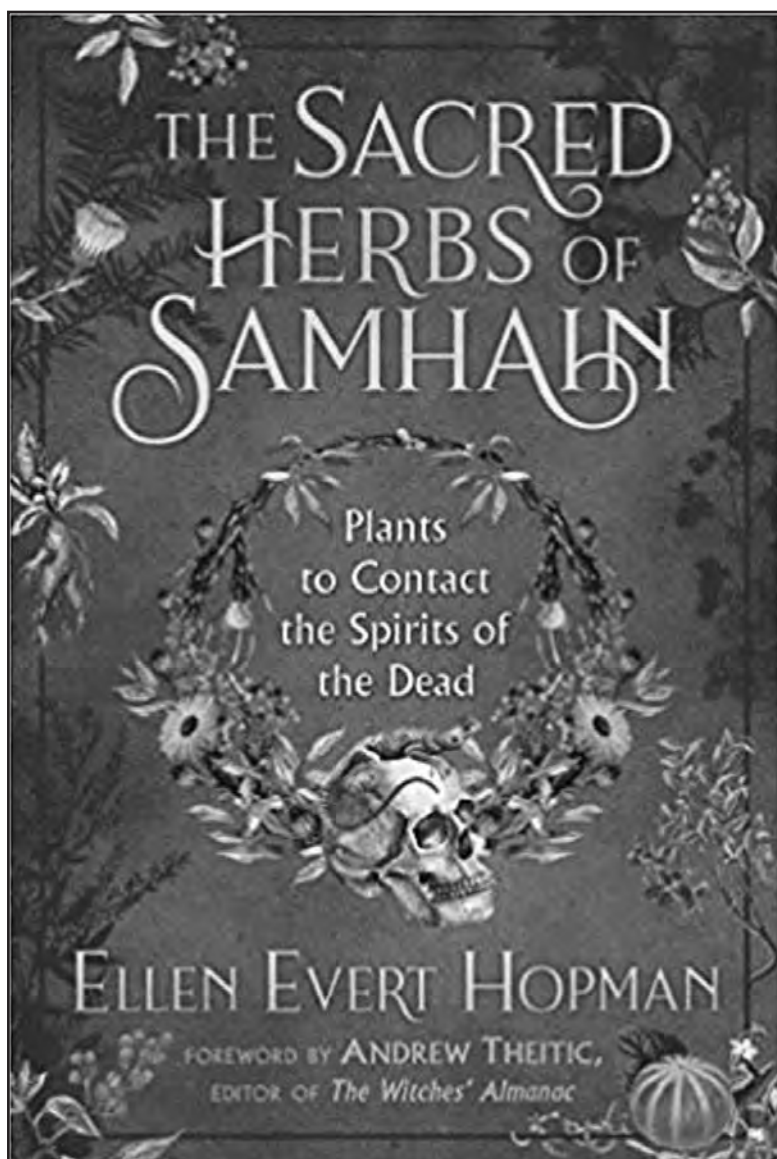
Continuing with a section titled, “Herbs, Foods, and Traditions of Samhain,” Hopman goes on to discuss an assortment of ritual foods for seasonal offerings or feasting, with some intriguing suggested recipes, such as a Dia de los Muertos’s “Pan de Muertos” (Bread of the Dead), Soul Cakes, some assorted preparations of seaweeds, various recipes using nuts (including instructions for making acorn flour), and an Irish Barmbrack

recipe. She continues by examining the history and practice of the Samhain custom of the “Dumb Supper”, (a gathering of the living to which certain of those who have passed on are invited, and at which silence is mandatory throughout the meal) with detailed instructions on how to conduct one, and providing suggested recipes.

The final sections of the book include a suggested Samhain ritual (more appropriate for group work rather than as a solitary rite), and a section on “the Goddess at Samhain,” which focuses on some of the aspects of the Morrigan, including appropriate offerings and altar-dressing for Herself. The book concludes with appendices suggesting various appropriate offerings to be made to the Land and Water spirits, and different seasonal ones to be offered to the Fairies, at the eight High Days of the year. There are also seven pages of references and a suggested list of resources, as well as extensive indexes on the herbs and other plants discussed.

I found *The Sacred Herbs of Samhain* to be an enjoyable read, occasionally containing a certain amount of unverifiable personal opinion, but overall very interesting and potentially useful. I did observe one error, although it has nothing to do with the book’s herbal lore: a Scottish traditional song quoted from *Carmina Gadelica*, and translated as “the Apple Tree” (original: *Craobh nan Ubhall*) is described as a “walking song”, when it is in fact a *waulking* song, i.e. one sung during the traditional Hebridean custom of communally fulling a newly woven length of wool. This may, of course, have been an error on the part of the author’s source, or of an editor, or simply an auto-correct.

All in all, the author examines the identification, harvest, and both practical and ritual uses of more than seventy plants and trees associated with the Celtic festival of Samhain. The book also



features seventy-three color plates taken from an assortment of vintage herbals and botanical texts, and is further enhanced by a scattering of appropriate quotations, folklore, and anecdotes. For the most part accessible, straightforward, and practical, *The Sacred Herbs of Samhain* is an intriguing and enjoyable source of lore, history, and magical and practical information regarding plants sacred to the festival of Samhain, and containing much information which could be useful throughout the year.

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.

Word Search Puzzle: Bards and Bardic Gods

By Rev. G. R. Grove

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

Taliesin
 Aneirin
 Amairgen
 Dallan
 Senchan
 Thiodolf
 Ulf
 Egil
 Homer

Orpheus
 An Dagda
 Aengus Og
 Keridwen
 Gwydion
 Odin
 Bragi
 Apollon
 Muses
 Pan

News and Announcements

Program & Path Completions

Creel Unbelov'd (Forest Daughter)
Dedicant Path
20 May, 2019

Rev. G R (Gwernin) Grove
Clergy Training Program Circle 3
22 July, 2019

Lu Robinson (Grace Robinson))
Dedicant Path
25 July, 2019

Daniel Parson
Dedicant Path
27 July, 2019

Wayne Keysor
Initiates Program
19 August, 2019

Rev. G. R. (Gwernin) Grove
Third Circle CTP - Senior Priest
12 October, 2019

~Congratulations to all~

The Poets

Rev. Ian Corrigan is a senior priest and Archdruid Emeritus of ADF. Ian has been a devotee of the folk music of the British Isles for most of his musical life. His work with ADF has included the creation of ritual songs and chants, and the preservation of vocal tradition. Brigid is the primary deity of his inspiration.

Jeffrey Keefer has practiced Druidry for a decade, and is now into his second year with ADF. Embracing a solitary path while living in the Big Apple, he believes his Druidic service is partially fulfilled through actively editing Wikipedia and serving as the Board President of Cherry Hill Seminary. He writes poetry as a bardic expression of awen.

Nathan Large is a writer and storyteller, primarily working in speculative fiction with mythological themes, but his study within ADF has taken a Bardic turn, producing several "new myths", fables and a growing number of praise poems and songs. His original science fiction series with Laine Megan Lundquist, *Empyrean Dreams*, will soon release its fourth self-published book, and he is developing a strategy card game based on

sacred trees and the Ogham, *Growing the Grove*. Nathan serves as deputy coordinator of the Games and Play SIG and Secretary of Whispering Lakes Grove in Erie, PA.

Rev. Jean "Drum" Pagano 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.

Shane A. Saylor joined ADF in 2018. He is a solitary member.

David Fickett-Wilbar (Ceisiwr Serith) is a member of Nemos Ognios grove in Durham NH. He is the publisher of several books on Paganism, including *Deep Ancestors: Practicing the Religion of the Proto-Indo-Europeans* and *A Book of Pagan Prayer*, and has been published in the *Journal of Indo-European Studies* and the *Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium*.



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Sacred Fire, Holy Well

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By Ian Corrigan

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ADF Directory



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