

PART NINE

THE BOOKS OF THE LATTER-DAY DRUIDS

2003 Introduction

WHERE DID EVERYTHING GO?!

In order to confuse the general reader, and make things more compartmentalized, I have transferred many of the contents of this section to other more logical areas in the Green Books.

The Book of the African Jedi Knight is in Green Book, Vol. 5
The Book of Ultimate Answers is in Green Book, Vol. 5
The Book of Songs and Poetry, Vol. 1 is in Green Book, Vol. 6
The Book of Songs and Poetry, Vol. 2 is in Green Book, Vol. 6

In addition, I've added the recently published Dead River Scrolls (Published 1997) to this section.

-Enjoy,
Mike Scharding
March 1, 2003
George Washington University, D.C.

Printing History
1st Edition 1993
2nd Edition 1996 (ARDA)
3rd Edition 2004 (ARDA 2)



The Drynemetum Press



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1996 Introduction

Unlike most of the previous materials written by many authors throughout the Reform, the following materials mostly come from me and my friends at Carleton (the Dead Bay Scrolls come from Hazelnut NRDNA). Most of them were written in the 1993-1995 period (which along with the Green Book volumes 2 & 3 in the Summer of 93, and ARDA) mark this as a period of high literary output. This period is reasonably separate from the 1963-1979 period of earlier-day Druidism, so I have chosen to call it latter-day Druidism. The title is also a slight humorous poke at Mormonism. There are three main categories that group the contents of part nine;

1996 Table of Contents

1. Thirtieth Anniversary Histories
The Dead Lake Scrolls (Published Aug. 93)
The Dead Bay Scrolls (Published Dec. 93)
2. Weird Stuff
The Book of the African Jedi Knight (Published Dec. 93)
The Book of Ultimate Answers (Published June 94)
3. Songs and Poetry
The Book of Songs and Poetry, Volume 1 (Published July 93)
The Book of Songs and Poetry, Volume 2 (Published Dec. 93)

My literary explosion began after reading the long-neglected materials of the Druid Archives and seeing the sheer possibilities of Reformed Druidism. All this was taking place during the May 93 to May 94 period when I was Arch-Druid. I figured that I am better at writing than at leading rituals (although I did hold an unusually large number of rituals), so I spent much of my energies went into producing literature that might outlive my physical presence at Carleton. I also had a great number of things to say, and this was a good time to write them down. Each book has been individually published before, but this is the first time they have all been published together.

Please enjoy them, do not consider them dogma and share with your friends.

Michael Scharding
January 6th, 1996 c.e. Day 67 of Geimredh
Year XXXIII of the Reform



**Figure 1 Twin pillars by Lower Arb's river,
dedicated to the Two Basic Tenets 2004.**

THE DEAD LAKE SCROLLS

Preface 1993

The Dead Lake Scrolls were written at about the time that I began to explore the history of Reformed Druidism and noticed that the records were pretty shoddy after 1980. I resolved to leave behind some type of document to cover the more recent history. It turned out that my comprehensive project would be on Reformed Druidism, so the relevance of this document is no longer as a quick summary, but as an insight into Druidism at Carleton in the early 90s during my active Arch-Druidcy of May 93 to May 94.

The Dead Lake Scrolls received little if any attention from most of my fellow Grove members, but the Hazelnut Grove loved them and wrote The Dead Bay Scrolls in response. I therefore publish them both, hoping that some wisdom will be found in them by the reader.

As with all Reformed Druidic material, none of this is to be considered to be rigid dogma or unassailable truth. Read it in the lighthearted spirit that it was written in.

-Scharding

The Book of Introduction

Chapter the First

1. I tell you the Carleton Druids are truly a marvelous exercise in religious faith. What other group on campus is as dedicated to loving nature and that encourages diversity of religious beliefs?
2. The knowledge gleaned from the practitioners of the Druidic outlook, is worthy of being written down; both for entertainment and the chance it may enlighten someone.
3. I highly encourage others to add to this work with their own writings on miraculous occurrences, insights gained and beauties observed while at Carleton or elsewhere. Poetry and songs would be a welcome addition.
4. The title of this work makes an oblique reference to the state of Lyman Lakes.

Chapter the Second

1. The Contents are:
The Book of Introduction
The Book of Years
The Book of Opposition
The Book on John Burridge
The Book of Post (s)Crypts Pt1
The Book of Paul
The Book of Haiku
The Book of Post (s)Crypts Pt2
The Book of Vigils
The Book of Cattle Raids
The Book of the Great Dream
The Book of Stones
The Book of Fire

The Book of Years

(By Mike the Fool & Richard the Green)

Chapter The First

1. How did the Druids at Carleton progress over the last thirty years? Sit down and I will tell you so that you may see the larger picture of the Reformed movement.
2. For it is in knowing the Past, that the present becomes clear.

Chapter the Second

1. The Years of Peace (1963-1968 c.e.) were spent in happy isolation at Carleton's newly founded Grove. None knew of the growing neo-pagan movement then. They only concerned themselves with removing the odious religious requirements and partaking of the waters of life. They researched and solidified a vague philosophic system and hierarchy.
2. The Groves of Vermilion and Rapid City, SD were founded by Nelson and disappeared. Likewise with the Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan, Wisc and New York Grove the First by Frangquist and Fisher.
3. The favorite ritual sites of the Druids, until the Years of Exploration, was the Hill of Three Oaks, Computer Center and Monument Hill.
4. Read the Druid Chronicles to learn more.

Chapter the Third

1. The Years of Growth (1968-1974 c.e.) started with the founding of the Berkeley College Grove, from where Robert Larson and Isaac Bonewits did take their knowledge of neo-paganism.
2. These two did also found the Twin Cities Grove and the Stockton Grove.
3. Elsewhere, the RDNA of Carleton College did found the Chicago, the Ann Arbor and the Stanford Groves under Glenn McDavid, Conway and Savitzky.
4. Carleton spent many of these years growing larger after an initial plunge in membership. All of the major publications and codification were finished by this point including the Green Book of meditations, the Apocrypha and Liturgy.

Chapter the Fourth

1. The Years of Pain (1974-1976 c.e.) were started by Bonewits' letter to the Council of Dalon Ap Landu (which is all the third order priests) declaring that the RDNA was in fact an "eclectic, Neopagan & Reconstructionist Priestcraft."
2. Many did rend their hair over his terminology! Many were exceedingly wroth with each other. See the Orange Book of the Apocrypha and the Book of the Apocrypha found in Bonewits' version of the Druid Chronicles for their words.
3. Since the current Carleton Archdruid was seemingly out of touch, so they wanted to assume a rotating head for the Council of Dalon Ap Landu.
4. A vote was taken: most of the Carleton graduates voted against it, most Californians voted for it.
5. A split developed and the New RDNA was formed.

6. The Yellow Book of The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) was published and the Orange Book of the Carleton Apocrypha was completed but unpublished.

Chapter the Fifth

1. The Years of the Decline (1976-1980 c.e.) were the result of problems with the transition of the ArchDruidcy, although Donald Morrison is not to blame, a general decrease in mysticism was.
2. The fermentative years of the Vietnam war were over, and were in the oil crisis. It was not years to be rebellious any more, for Lo!, women and men could drink and sleep in the same dorms now. We were sorely preoccupied with these new pleasures.
3. Likewise, college students could vote now instead of protest.
4. The group withered away and lost touch with the others.

Chapter the Sixth

1. The Years of the Occlusion (1980-1982 c.e.) were years in which few druids over the second order existed. Occasional calls to past Druids gained no real support.
2. For Yea!, these were the start of the Reagan years, and what enthusiasm could any Druid have?

Chapter the Seventh

1. The Years of the Revival (1982-1985 c.e.) were thus called since David Frangquist returned to Carleton College to ordain Tom & Meg.
2. A weak resumption of the old ways were resumed while the Earth-mother nurtured the returning Druidism.

Chapter the Eighth

1. The Years of the Exploration (1985-1990 c.e.) were a result of a break with the third order and the firm introduction of neo-pagan students (& their wisdom) into Carleton.
2. The students did pursue new areas of study, especially in the study of the wisdom of the Lakota.
3. Sweatlodges and nudity were introduced.
4. Waters-of-Life were laid to the side, mostly because they were dangerous with the aforesaid practices.
5. Great Fires blazed at these rituals. One such fire-leader was Joe, whose famous quote rings out through the ages: "Lo! But it is not a real fire until I burn my beard!"
6. Farmhouse was the center of this revival. Many of their names may be found on the "family tree" in Farmhouse on the second floor to this day. The site of choice was the Oak Opening in the lower Arb.
7. The Grove of St. Olaf was started and remained small under Sam's loving care.

Chapter the Ninth

1. The Years of Chaos (1990-1993 c.e.) were not a fault of the ArchDruid, Andrea the Fair, but rather because the mainstays of the group had all graduated, or dropped out of school.
2. There were many insider quarrels that did rend apart the group, and although none wished to be the leader, they quarreled anyway.

3. Pagan Studies did stop meeting and Catalyst under Salem and Celia did help to hold the group together. Especially in bringing in the members of the class of '95.

Chapter the Tenth

1. The Year of Order (1993-1994 c.e.) was then established when Mike the Fool did decide to bring back a modicum of dogma to the group.
2. The Third order did return to Carleton as may be found in the Book of Vigils and many did return to the pleasures of vigiling. (See Book of Vigils)
3. Documents of the past and certain rituals returned from the Archives.
4. The Basic plan was to give a group structure, teach the history and customs, make documents accessible, to encourage all Druid to try and lead a ritual or group exercise, and provide help in finding spiritual groups outside the Carleton after graduation.
5. Then was the Naples Grove of Florida was founded by Kyle Jemair Clark under Mike & Sam's tutelage.

Chapter the Eleventh

1. The Years of Legitimacy (1994-99) did begin and great was apprehension.
2. For how can a group based on being the rebellious outsider survive, when it is now accepted by the Institution?
3. This process did perplex the Druids of Carleton for many decades and they wisely chose not to register with the authorities that be.
4. But, in the mid 80s, the quest for cash led them into closer cahoots with the authorities that be and "Pagan Studies" was founded to garner money.
5. Many discussion groups and lecture luncheons with Druids and others were funded by Pagan Studies.
6. But Pagan Studies faded, as must all institutions.
7. Up arose another young organizer, Michael being his name, and another front organization was founded to garner money, and Friends of the Earth Mother at Carleton College was its name.
8. FOEMACC did bring in the loot and much wax, whiskey and magazines were purchased, and this brought joy to the hearts of the Druids.
9. Yet there was still apprehension in the hearts of the older Druids.
10. And the day did come in the 33rd year of the Reform (May 1995), in which Becky the Grinner did say unto the other children of the Earth Mother; "Why do we not dispose of FOEMACC and seek to garner money directly, yea, even under the very same name as 'Druids'?"
11. And for the first time in 33 years, our petition for legitimacy was accepted and the Druids were no longer the rebels on the outside of the Institution.
12. Or are they?

Chapter the Twelfth

1. The Years of the Internet: (1999-?) did usher in a revolution of inter-communication.
2. In previous years, Druids could not reach their sisthrens beyond the range of their voice and reach of the phone.
3. Now with mail of the E, and the powerful Internet, the message of Druidism; confused as it is, can now be

broadcast widely, and discussions between distant Druid became commonplace.

4. Unfortunately, these Druids did not share common vistas or pick up the cues of the face, and misunderstandings and rants did rage across the digital divide.
5. A homepage was set up in the windswept plains of the internet, Mike raising the first flag in 1996, and it was widely acclaimed as needing more work.
6. But it was in this way, that the ARDA was disseminated to unsuspecting people in many lands, some of whom actually liked it.
7. Now a mighty band of 130 Druids do talk daily from across the great Continent of North America, and beyond.
8. Some Grove exist not in a world of carbon and hydrogen atoms, but in zeros and ones, which when combined can draw a sigil.
9. And in this thought, I leave this topic, to see how it develops.



Figure 2 Mike sorting Dead Lake Scrolls in Gould Library, August 1993.

The Book on John Burrige

(By Mike the Fool)

Chapter the First

1. It was a dark and stormy night when I first saw John. I was casually strolling by the music building on campus.
2. Suddenly, I saw two green lights flying towards me. They did neither bob nor sway, but straight at me they did come.
3. Just when I thought they would impale me, a figure in a purple and black cloak roller-bladed shuttled by me, yelling "Aiiyyeeeee!.....Zoom!"
4. That was John and it was sign.

Chapter the Second

1. John was a spiritual guru for me and taught me to play the harp. Sine Ceolbhinn, my harp, is an identical twin of his harp. John loved Hostess Ho-Hos, M&Ms, and Caffeine.
2. He lived in a spiritually powerful house with peeling orange paint called "Orange Awareness House." It was the second oldest house in all of Northfield. Many Druids had lived there including Jon, Dave, Andrea and John.
3. All the Druids did work in the computer center and were VAX geeks. John was the geekiest of them all.
4. His long sable hair had streaks of silver in them, and his tall, nervous, slender figure enjoyed dancing and chasing squirrels. Truly his real name was "Moonhawk Studmuffin."

Chapter the Third

1. Truly, did all the Druids love John and his cat, Machka.
2. One day, John became the victim of an evil squirrel.
3. Photon, for that was his nickname, was rollerblading along near Sayles, when he spotted a squirrel who had strayed too far from a tree.
4. He switched into turbo-mode and did strive to grab the squirrel. Verily, he could just about reach its fuzzy tail, as its feet madly pounded the earth.
5. Earth became gravel...
6. The gravel caught the roller-blade wheels...
7. His feet stopped, but his body didn't.
8. He hurdled through a bush and broke his wrist.
9. The safe squirrel laughed from the tree top, he having planned it all.
10. A song was composed by Ann to the tune of "Dona Dona" as found in the Rise Up Singing Book used at Picking N Grinning:
11. "On a stretcher bound from Northfield
Lies a man with a mournful eye.
High above him, in a tree top,
Laughs a squirrel from on high..."

Chorus:

How the squirrels are laughing!
They laugh with all their might
Laugh and laugh the whole night through... and (clap!)
Half that April night.
Dona Dona Dona etc.

Squirrels are easily bound and slaughtered
Never knowing the reason why
But if you chase squirrels o'er gravel
You will fall and you might die!

Chapter the Fourth

1. Aye! Did not every tearful eye fill with sorrow when John had to leave from Carleton College. In their eyes the very color had left the world
2. He was a victim of the most evil lord of the computer center, Carl, who did purge the office of 'unneeded' ones.
3. A great party surrounded the parting of John, over two score were present at Orange House. Many strange things did occur at that party, including a strange GREEN drink.
4. He then did leave, and then Druidism slumped at this college, having lost its most promising new leader, one who was not a student in fact.

Chapter the Fifth

1. Not long after, Orange Awareness House itself was razed by yellow beasts that belched smoke.
2. John now resides in south Arizona at a Commune known as Arcosanti, a place where a mediocre Sci-Fi movie, NIGHTFALL, was filmed.
3. Machka Burrige, John's owner, is with him there too, and she is doing well.
4. Here ends the Book on John Burrige.

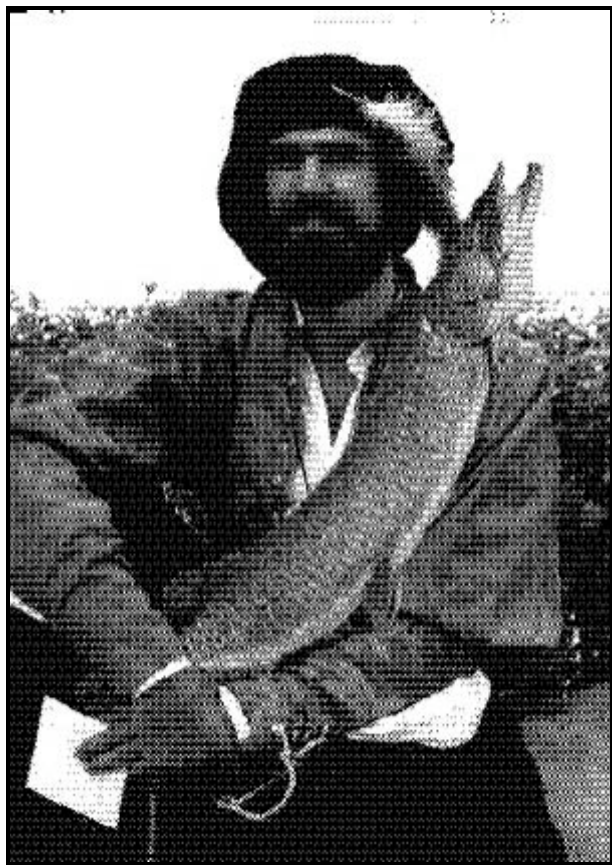


Figure 3 John Burrige & fish, 1993, Huzzah!

The Book of Opposition

(By Mike the Fool)

Chapter the First

1. As the Reagan/Bush years progressed, the intolerance of religions, especially mystical ones has increased at Carleton.
2. Yea, there were far more fundies than you can shake a stick at, Danu bless their small minds.
3. And here are some of their notorious deeds, names have not been hid to hide the guilty.

Chapter the Second

1. It was a bright, sunny day of April 10th, 1993 c.e. when Andrea the Fair and Mike the Busy did go up to the Hill of two Oaks to thank the Earth for its blessings in an Erisian fashion.
2. There were two people there, and since Mike had well advertised the time and place throughout the college, he assumed they were there for the ritual.
3. All removed broken glass from the Hill's green bosom.
4. The two people, Paul R. and Jason B., did leave with friendly remarks, indeed nothing seemed amiss.
5. Yea, but a Griffin did also mount the hill with the splendor of his red locks of hair. He said 'hi' and left. Mike took it as a sign.
6. Mike and Andrea did don the most sacred Cone-Hats of bright colors and the mystical handpuppets of John Burrige. They did dance around intoning 'Beep-Beep' mantras.

Chapter the Third

1. The ritual was mostly done (see order or worship) and Mike was reading a meditation, when Paul R, strode up and declared:
2. "I have come to tell you that you dance before false gods, who will crumble into dust before the superior might of my God on the Final Day of Judgment, and I will see you burn in the Flames of Hell as a result of your worship!!!" He then returned to Monument Hill where a prayer service was being held.
3. Andrea turned to Mike and said "What the Hell was that?" but Mike did not know at first.
4. Mike finished the service and pondered on Andrea's words as she returned to Goodhue. "At first I thought he was just being an asshole, but then later I realized it was harassment." Mike later was prone to say.

Chapter the Fourth

1. Mike did decide to reason with this Anti-Druid, but this is difficult, for Anti-Druids deny the validity of any view but their own.
2. Mike did reason with all his might against the great Anti-Druid encampment. He received an "apology" from Paul, "I didn't want to do it, but God told me to do it." Humph!
3. Mike was unable to coax an assurance that Paul would not interfere with the 30th anniversary ritual on the next week.
4. Mike did beseech upon the authorities for protection, but a legalistic loophole in the Carleton list of student rights did

not feel that students had a right not to be harassed for racial, ethnic or religious background.

5. Mike did spit forth angry recriminations. Had these baboons missed the 60's all together? Were they maliciously stupid?!
6. Mike indeed did lose his countenance, which is oft ill-befitting a Druid.

Chapter the Fifth

1. Posters had been put up on walls by fundies all this year and last, proclaiming the glory and superiority of the Christian faith.
2. Many of the said posters were removed by enlightened people, yeah!
3. Mike and others did fill the spring Carletonian paper with articles about freedom of religion and tolerance for race.
4. But was this the only time the Anti-Druids have acted? Nay! Listen and I will tell you of what I have learned.

Chapter the Sixth

1. Dave and others have told me of many persistent conversion attempts.
2. While preparing wood for a Beltane fire in the Oak Grove in 1990, I did stumble upon a group of pale people dressed in white in silent meditation. They replaced our maypole with a 8' cross.
3. A few times we've arrived at a ritual site only to find the ground LITTERED with strewn crosses.
4. The cross at Monument Hill, is not the work of Anti-Druids, but merely a religious shrine. It has been there since 1987, you should not remove it. Treat it as a symbol for the four directions.
5. Sam, Heather, Alex and I were having a sweatlodge and vigil in May 1992 on the Hill. As we were relaxing in the nude, in between sweats, a contingent of party-fiends did overrun the Hill. They would not leave nor wait 10 minutes! For they had the Hill of Oaks reserved and we did not and we were forced to pull up our stakes and finish at the Little Grove.
6. Read the Druid Chronicles for Anti-Druid activities. Also see the Book of Vigils.

Chapter the Seventh

1. I will now tell you how to deal with Anti-Druids.
2. If you enter arguments with them, you will seem to lose, since their rules to win prevent them from accepting yours.
3. But do not wage war with them, but meet their arguments with compassion, for many a Fundie is suffering from insecurity. Reasoning will not get them to abandon their only anchor, that they have found the ONLY way, and are thus saved, and that you damned.
4. Beware of rousing them. The Public will sympathize as long as you are not shown to be the aggressor.
5. Never announce the site nor time of a ritual via the Carletonian, NNB or in the VAX Notes Conference. All these are publicly accessible and may encourage attacks.
6. Never allow mailing lists to fall into the hands of non-druids.
7. Stuffing the mailboxes is safest.
8. Archdruids, meet with all druid-wannabes to sniff out spies, for we've had them before, and we'll have them again.

Meeting with them also encourages the real Druids-wannabes into participation.

9. Always reserve the site at the Campus Activities Office, if you fear interruption. If the register looks funny at you, say you're reserving the FIRE-RING at the site. Of course, the Anti-Druids could also read that reservation book to find you.
10. Many of the Fundy groups have taken to outdoor services, this is good. That's OK. Avoid running into them.
11. Having a person be a "guardian" to detour drunks and bad tempered fiends often helps a ritual. The Preceptor should take any divine "messages" and deliver them, after the ritual is finished.
12. Do not fear bringing them up on charges. First you must tell the Dean of Students of the problem. He will write to the offender with an official warning. If the warned person repeats their behavior then you have a case against them. If you don't complain the first time, you can not smite the person the second time!
13. Remember, security is on your side if they start a fight.
14. However, the Anti-Druids could say you were nude or giving alcohol to under-21 year olds. So practice these with caution.
15. If this sounds paranoiac, then ignore it, for you must live in an age at Carleton where students have resumed civility in their discourse to each other. You are blessed.
16. So ends this Book.



Figure 4 Eric Hilleman (current Archivist) receiving Blue Book of the old Archives from Sam Adams, Nikki Lambert & Mike Scharding, August 1993.

[Make friends and allies before you need them.
Know your opponent, and respect them.
Misunderstanding is more common than dislike.
What's in the open cannot be easily feared.
Try reason and charity first, then invoke the laws.
Avoid paranoia and grudges, they hurt you more.
Enjoy your time together, regardless. -Mike 2002.]

The Book of Post Scripts:

Part One

(By Mike the Fool)

Chapter the First

1. It was April 17th, 1993 when the Druids did gather at Monument Hill, where all that started did occur, to celebrate thirty years of Druidism at this college. It was a sunny day and all did agree it was a gift from the Earth-mother.
2. And Lo!, Richard, an Arch Druid of 1971 c.e., was present and did lead us in the order of worship. For at that time there were no third order priests at the college. (Nor had there been since 1984, though many did the work without being able to be ordained.)
3. And Lo!, Michael, who was but a chick in an egg with his Druidism, was the preceptor, for he knew the stuff cold!
4. And Lo!, others did show up. And their numbers were counted as four people. They were the one called Blake (of the Sci-Fi club), the one called Hannah (of the dazzling cuteness), the one called Paul (of the blond hair) and the one called Nikki (known for her wardrobe). Many more had decided to sleep late or to play Frisbee.
5. Squirrels, birds, deer and bugs were also there in attendance, although they were not always visible nor audible.
6. No Anti-Druid dared to disturb this most momentous occasion, for Michael had taken many precautions and had set up powerful wards.
7. The ritual went well, and wise words and stories were told from the wise ones of the Middle East. The difference between a camels and its rider can be confusing!
8. After the ritual, many did go to the Hill of Two (or three oaks) and did partake of food & Tang while watching the fierce Frisbee teams vie for supremacy.

Chapter the Second

1. Not long after Beltaine, Sam, an ArchDruid of St. Olaf since 1987, and Michael the Fool, did decide to undertake the duties of the office of ArchDruids for the period of time of Beltaine 1993 to Beltaine 1994.
2. These two druids did dress up and carried their ensouled musical instruments ("Stormus" the Bodhran and "Sine Ceolbhinn" the Harp) and flaming brands to the top of the Hill of Two oaks on a moony night.
3. They were enraged to find a sleeping person already on the Hill. Where else could they hold their ritual? What to do?
4. Michael said to Sam that they should build a circle of stones around this victim, who had apparently offered himself as a sacrifice. But Sam saith to Mike, "Nay, that would get us in trouble."
5. Mike also wished to pin a note to the sleeper that said "Sorry, but we didn't need you for a human sacrifice after all, thanks though!" But Sam, full of wisdom, said unto Mike, "Nay, that would get us in trouble!"
6. Mike and Sam did mosey unto the Hill of Monument, whose blank fourth side reflects upon our dogma, and they did dance around the obelisk until they became ArchDruids

of Carleton and St. Olaf respectively (and quite dizzy!) and they did ask for wisdom and a sign of blessing.

7. And Lo!, next morning when Mike mounted the Hill of Two Oaks on the next morning, to give thanks to the sunrise, there were now THREE trees present!
8. Once, this Hill bore three oaks, but many years past, a lightning bolt did blast this third tree, reducing it to a stump. Rain and the Grounds Crew further had reduced this stump to a depression on the Hill. Many gentiles thought they saw three trees, but were mistaken, for one tree was split into two trunks and deceived many people.
9. Mike had planted many acorns on the site afore this time, but here was a new oak tree, 3 men tall, sprung forth from the earth over night. It was not far from where the previous tree had stood.
10. He did fall to the ground and gave many thanks for this sign from the Earth-Mother of her love for her Druids.
11. Later, Mike realized that the Earthmother had worked through the Carleton alumni of the Men's rugby team and their tree planting memorial fund, but that did not detract from the miracle.
11. Here Paul, of the dazzling blond hair, doth add comments of his own wisdom:



Figure 5 Alice with the new tree, Oct 31 1993.

The Book of Paul: Part One

(By Paul the Mighty)

Chapter the First

1. Shortly following the arrival of the new oak, the foliage of all the arboretum did shower forth their blessings unto the new oak.
2. Mike, the most-knowledgeable, did collect the offerings for the oak and did skillfully weave them into a ring of life and blessings.
3. Herewith did the two elder oaks contribute to that ring. With familial support, Mike and Paul braved the dizzying heights of the oaks to collect their leaf offerings.
4. Yea, they were like unto squirrels!
5. With the offering to the fledgling oak complete, Mike and Paul did proceed with a ritual of goodwill and blessing.
6. After completing the noon-ish ritual under the gaze of the benevolent sun, and with the support of the Hill of Three Oaks, a libation from the waters of life was imparted unto the oak.
7. The oak did quickly drink from the waters and, with minimal coaxing, persuaded the two nearby ape descendants to bathe it with more powers of life.
8. Immediately after the oak had consumed all Druidic nourishment available, a strange wanderer did appear, and he did stare with wonderment and delight upon the healthy new oak.
9. Lo!, the powers of the Earth Mother surged through the oak and it did shine with glory.
10. So sayeth Paul, the mighty.



Figure 6 Paul the Mighty & Nikki Lambert at Monument Hill for 30th Anniversary, April 1993.

The Book of Haiku

Placing the kitten
To weigh her on the balance
She went on playing.
-Issa

Nine times arising
To see the moon whose solemn pace
marks only midnight yet
-Basho

O sprint time twilight...
Precious moment worth to me
a thousand pieces
-Sotuba

O summer twilight
bug-depreciated to a
mere five hundred.
-Kikaku

Snow Whispering down
all day long, earth has vanished
leaving only sky
-Joso

Carven Gods long gone
dead leaves alone forgotten
on the temple porch.
-Basho

Vanishing springtime
wistful the lonely widow
pouts at her mirror.
-Seiki

A bright autumn moon...
in the shadow of each grass
an insect chirping.
-Busoh

Black cloud bank broken
scatters in the night... now see
moonlighted mountains!
-Basho

Two ancient pine trees
a pair of gnarled and sturdy limbs
with 10 green fingers.
-Ryota

Yellow butterfly...
fluttering, fluttering on
over the ocean.
-Shiki

Crossing it alone
in cold moonlight, the brittle bridge
echoes my footsteps
-Taigi

Every single step
is quivering now with light
O how bitter cold!
-Taigi

One fallen flower
returning to the branch? oh no!
a white butterfly.
-Meritake

Grey moor, unmarred
by any branch... a single branch
a bird... November
-Anonymous

The soft summer moon...
who is it moves in white there...
on the other bank?
-Chora

Here is the dark tree
denuded now of leafage...
but a million stars!
-Shiki

He who climbs this hill
of flowers finds here a shrine
to the kind goddess.
-Basho

Some poor villages
lack fresh fish or flowers,
all can share this moon.
-Saikaku

Under a spring mist
ice & water forgetting
their old difference....
-Teitaku

Colder far than snow...
winter moonlight echoing on
my whitened hair.
-Joso

After moon viewing
my companionable shadow
walked along with me.
-Jodo

Coolness on the bridge...
Moon, you and I alone
unresigned to sleep
-Kikusa-ni

Winter moonlight casts
cold tree-shadows long and still
my warm one moving.
-Shiki

Weeping...Willows
kneel here by the waterside
mingling long green hair.
-Kyorai

In stony moonlight
hills and fields on every side
white and bald as eggs
-Yansetsu

Penetrating hot
September sun on my skin
feel the cooling breeze.
-Basho

Feeble feeble sun
it can scarcely stretch across
winter-wasted fields
-Bokuson

Ah leafless willow
bending over the dry pool
of stranded boulders.
-Busoh



Figure 7 Japanese Garden c. 1993.

The Book of Post Scripts:

Part Two

(By Mike the Fool, Alice, Heiko & Brandon)

Chapter the Third

1. Verily, the third order has languished over the last 15 years. Problems with over devotion to the Waters-of-Life, led to a lack of devotion to the Druids. Beware, ye!, the curse of over-devotion! The next ArchDruid, Katya was unable to fix the damage and went into Occlusion.
2. From 1980 to 1982, the years of occlusion, few above 1st order did roam these sacred groves. Great was their despondency! Lamentations did pour forth from those who sought guidance. A weak call for help did ensue, and yea!, it was answered by a David's love! He did travel forth to fix the damage done.
3. David the Chronicler, did return in 1982 to revive a languishing group at Carleton. Tom, Bob, and Margaret, newly of the 3rd order, did lead the group until 1984 during these Years of Revival. Yet, sadly, none followed these Druids into the third order.
4. Druidism slept at Carleton until the visit by Selena Fox and her husband Dennis in 1985. Many did attend her lecture and ate at Farmhouse, where a feast was thrown for in her honor.
5. Earlier, Curtis and Paul (who was a Glover) had found Isaac's Druid Chronicles in the basement. But they knew not what to make of Druidism, but some pyrotechnic rites and stuffed toy dinosaurs were applied to the problem, to the amusement of all.
6. Heiko, the dark haired, did show Selena of this book, and she imparted unto them the basic history of the RDNA. Many desired to restart this group, but there was no Druid initiate then known. All despaired.
7. Then, by luck or fate, Alice (the good person) did pass by and stated that she was an initiate of the Druids of the second order, or at least of the first order. All did jump up in amazement and asked her for the story of how this event had come to be. She said unto them:
8. "In my freshmen year, the ArchDruid did reside in Burton, on the highest floor thereof, which I and my friends did also reside upon. Their names were Judith and Maggie.
9. "One night, that Druid asked us, 'Do you wisheth to be Druids, fair ones?' We replied back unto him "Verily, we do!" We went to the Hill of Three Oaks and were initiated by that same ArchDruid, who wore a blue bathrobe. He told us 'I don't want you to take this too seriously'. That is my story."
10. All who did listen thereunto did run up to the Hill of Three Oaks. When they had mounted the skybound hilltop, they saw thereon a Stag and a Doe of marvelous beauty. But as they did approach, the two deer had vanished! Each took this in their own way. Many did enter the second order on that night.
11. Unable to bring back another Third Order Druid to 'properly' initiate them, any Druid who led a ritual was considered a third order, and should be respected by all as such. If they so desireth now, they may return for a formal ordination.

12. What did the third order mean before the Years of Exploration? It meant that you vigiled overnight and were initiated by a third order priest with the third order ritual, one that has not been changed since 1965. Back then, only third order priests could lead a ritual, vote on the board of Dalon Ap Landu, received a copy of the annual report from succeeding Archdruids, and were the only ones allowed to initiate a 2nd or 3rd order Druid.
13. What does the third order mean in the Year of Order (1993 to 1994)? It means you have spent a night vigiling in the woods in meditation and was initiated by a 3rd order priest with third order ritual, one that has never be changed since 1965. You will then receive a copy of the annual report from succeeding ArchDruids and are allowed to initiate a 3rd Order Druid. You will also vote on the Council of Dalon Ap Landu, if it is ever revived.
14. According to our new tradition, Second order Druids may initiate 2nd and 1st order Druids with either the official formula or with a made-up version. Second orders can lead rituals.
15. According to our new tradition, First order Druids are anyone whose ever shown up at a ritual and may initiate anyone else into the 1st order. First orders can lead rituals.
16. The 4th through 7th orders are essentially closed, and will probably never be accessible again. Oh, well, big deal

Chapter the Fourth

1. You may ask, "What happened to our Groves, which were scattered across the country?" I will tell you.
2. During the 70's, the ones led by Isaac Bonewits did break with the RDNA and were known as the New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA) and as the Schismatic Druids of North America (SDNA), Hassidic Druids of North America (HDNA), the Other Druids of North America (ODNA) and the Zen Druids of North America (ZDNA). In 1979, all these groups changed back their designation back to NRDNA.
3. During the 80's, a few groves led by Isaac Bonewits did break with the NRDNA and mutated into a grim, scholastic group known as Ar nDraoicht Fein ("Our own Druidism"). They did much research on Paleo-paganism in Indo-European cultures.
4. During the later 80's, a few groups led by Pat and Tony Taylor did break with the Ar nDraoicht Fein and formed the lighthearted Henge of Keltria, which concentrates almost exclusively upon Celtic Paleo-pagan culture.
5. Today all four groups still survive; the RDNA, NRDNA, ADF and the Henge of Keltria. Rejoice in the Druid Sigil, that all do honor!
6. What does this symbol, found on the altar stone upon the Hill of Three oaks mean?
7. Some say its a floor plan of a temple in Stuart Piggott's book. In which case it should have a square around it.
8. Some say the circle represents the year, whose left and right lines part the winter and summer half, being the two days of Samhain and Beltane.
9. Some say that the Druid symbol is a Yunic symbol, in other words, a representation of a vagina.
10. Regardless of what it is, it is a symbol of Reformed Druidism to the world!
11. So ends the Book of Post-(s)Crypts, Part II.

The Book of Vigils

(By Mike the Fool & Sine Ceolbhinn)

Chapter the First

1. A vigil is an important marker in one's spiritual quest for religious truth. Therefore any vigiler's story may inspire someone to undertake this mystery of vigiling.
2. What is a vigil? It is the spending (at least) seven hours in the outdoors at night, awake and not speaking unto another. A vigil is mandatory for entering the third order.
3. At dawn, the ordination to the third order is delivered unto the vigiler by another Third Order Druid.

Chapter the Second

1. Not long after the planting of the new tree, Mike did undertake the vigil for the third order. In preparation, the dilapidated pentagonal sweatlodge (near Farm House) was razed by Mike and Paul, of the long limbs.
2. Much wood was salvaged. A story of its magical origins is therefore appropriate:
3. Not long after the Years of the Exploration (1985-90) began, Heiko, Paul (a Glover) and Jan decided to build the sweatlodge by Farm House, where they could sweat.
4. On the soft, dewy morning, of which they would begin construction, they did leave Farm House and looked upon the site.
5. There grazing on the spot was a white Stag. Others say it was a Stag and a Doe. This vision then did vanish. Lo!
6. They took this as a sign, each in their own way.
7. Paul, the blond, and Mike, the fool, did take this wood of Sweatlodge to the Little Grove (also known as the Druid Den) near the Hill of at least Three Oaks. By the Earth-mother!, did not the fires from the old sweatlodge not leap 20 feet in the air, ALL NIGHT!
8. That night (may 21st) a sweatlodge was set up and Richard (ArchDruid of 1971), Paul and Mike did partake thrice of sweat sessions. Then the two did leave Mike to vigil under a starry sky.
9. Mike then did stay up all night. Yea, the weariness of a hard day did sore press him. Verily he spent the whole night on his feet. If he did stop for more than two minutes, he felt sleep creep into his thoughts. He did not know if he would truly make it unto morning, every hour was like a day. Every step he walked was like unto a league.
10. Richard was an hour and a half late the next morning.
11. Mike did enter into the third order, and although he grumbled a great deal, he was greatly satisfied that he had not slept!
12. The next 14 hours, though, he did sleep!

Chapter the Third

1. Not long after this, Mike did initiate his trusty loyal harp, Sine Ceolbhinn ("Jean Sweetmusic") into the third order at the island that is called Mai Fete.
2. Sine had vigiled many times and was deemed worthy of the honor bestowed upon her. Mock not the Harp!

Chapter the Fourth

1. Andrea, Arch Druid of Carleton during the Years of Chaos (1990 to 1993), did vigil many times and is revered for her devotion...
2. On June 19th, she and Mike, clad only by the thunderous and roiling sky, performed the third order ordination using only sub-optimal reading light.
3. I say unto ye, always use white paper, large print and a flashlight in the dark!
4. Taranis bellowed his approval and all ran back to their respective homes, for the Great Flood of 1993 was being unleashed.

Chapter the Fifth

1. Verily it did rain for many days, until new lakes appeared throughout the arboretum.
2. During the same night as Andrea's initiation, Sam, the Wise Ole, did vigil at the Center of the Universe, which is found just north of Skoglum field at St. Olaf.
3. He wore, as he was wont, naught but a black/blue kilt and a smile.
4. Yea!, did he not spend the night in an open field where lightning leapt back and forth across the sky every 10 minutes until dawn?!
5. The following morning to the aforementioned night, Mike found this brave lad, still alive, wrapped in a tarp like an Irish Tamale.
6. Sam's wits were so addled by the experience that he thought he had enjoyed it! Furthermore he had seen things that he not seen, heard things that he did not hear, felt things he had not felt, smelt things he had not smelt and tasted things he had not tasted!!
7. So did Sam enter into the 3rd order!

Chapter the Sixth

1. Yea, a call did cry out from Circle Sanctuary in Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin that a great meeting of students of the Earth-Mother should meet at a Cave of Eagles near a city called Madison.
2. And the ones who did call forth was named Selena, patron saint of the RDNA, and her husband Dennis.
3. And this meeting was called "Pagan Spirit Gathering 1993," and it was the 14th one, 10th at this site.
4. Sam, the wise, and Mike, the not-so-wise, did journey forth with a non-druid friend, Tim-of-the-car.
5. The journey was four hours and they saw many beautiful trees.
6. The site was a steep valley surrounded by trees and, Yea!, did many people who were pitched in tents did roll down the hill side in the night! Yet none were hurt!
7. The number present was over five hundred. Half of them enjoyed the covering of the sky more than that of clothing, Sam and Mike included.
8. Sam and Mike did arrange to have another 30th anniversary ritual and over a score of people did show up! 2 large bottles of the waters-of-life were passed around and drained, which may be a record amongst Reformed Druids!
9. Among the attendants was Alice, from the Years of Exploration. Also there was Tony Taylor and the Henge of

Keltria, a member of the Ar nDraoicht Fein, two members of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids (O.B.O.D.) and a young man named Kyle. All enjoyed the ritual with the Wisdom of Thomas the Fool being shared.

10. Kyle was so moved by the spirits that he did rush up to Mike and Sam and did ask to enter the third order. The two ArchDruids were puzzled, for Kyle was but a 1st order druid on that very day, but since Kyle was camped next to them, and had given them steak and alcohol all week, they judged him a man of good heart and soul.
11. Kyle was then raised to the second order by Mike and all there present raised the cup and drank yet more of the waters-of-life.
12. Kyle was then raised unto the third order of Dalon Ap Landu by Mike and all present did raise the cup again drink yet more of the waters-of-life, for he promised to vigil on his return home.
13. Kyle was then made ArchDruid of Naples, Florida and all present raised the cup and drank yet more waters-of-life, for Kyle promised to recruit more partakers of the Water-of-Life on his return home, and to write to us often.
14. Mike, Sam, and Kyle, the only three known ArchDruids in the country (although others existed without our knowledge), did pour praise upon the Earth-mother for the creation of a new Grove!

Chapter the Seventh

1. Alice, the reviver, did step forward and asked to be brought into the third order of the most fertile Dalon Ap Landu. Alice having vigiled many times in the past, was deemed quite worthy.
2. Mike did read the words, and all present did partake of the Waters-of-Life yet again.
3. Mike the Fool did consider initiating Sam's drum, Stormus, into the third order, but saw that Kyle was filled with a satiety of holiness.
4. All then did stumble back unto their tents, especially Kyle, to meditate upon the sharing of the Waters-of-Life. Praise Be!

Chapter the Eighth

1. And so it came to pass that Paul, the blond, did decide that he also would vigil with the Earth-Mother.
2. And he did choose a night that did prove to have poor weather, as is common for Druids.
3. The site that Paul had choseth was the Island of Mai-Fete in the lower of Lyman's Lakes, where Mike's Great Dream had occurred.
4. Taranis, god of thunder, enjoys vigils.
5. Mike did long question this blond Druid and found him most knowledgeable and wise, far more than himself.
6. In the morning drizzle, in apprehension of which Mike had wisely laminated the Ordination sheets (O how wise he was!), Mike did ordain Paul the Mighty into the Third Order.
7. The two cloaked members of Dalon Ap Landu did participate in the time-honored tradition of a ritual breakfast this time at Hardee's, of which Paul, of course, paid for, as is custom.

Chapter the Ninth

1. The next who did wish to enter the Third Order that summer was Nikki Lambert, a redoubtable young wench who had decided to vigil in the most inaccessible site yet known to Druidism.
2. We called the site the Pine Forest of the Deep Lower Arboretum. Indeed it took 30 minutes to reach the site on foot!
3. Mike and Nikki did set up camp on the pine needles and collected wood for a long fire.
4. They went to the Cannon River to cool down over with a quick swim, for it was a sweltering night, and to purify themselves in the flowing waters of the Cannon.
5. After the fire was going, Nikki was left to fend for herself on that long night in the woods.
6. There were many four legged critters that did noisily poke about her camp during that night, interrupting her concentration.
7. And, lo!, she found that pine wood burns very quickly and spent most of the night trying to constantly replace the diminishing firewood stock.
8. She also lamented her lack of caffeine.
9. In the morning, Paul & Mike, joined her. She was relatively cranky, but none the worse for wear.
10. With the fire rekindled, the ceremony of consecration was performed by Mike, and Nikki gloriously entered the Order of Dalon ap Landu. And great was the quantity of Waters that was consumed by all parities!
11. Another quick swim in the Cannon was called for, but was kept short due to the persistence of the bugs, known as mosquitoes.
12. A long becloaked march was made to Hardees for breakfast, parading through the streets in fine cloaks. We were tired, but proud!

Chapter the Tenth

1. The last Druid to enter the Third Order during that busy Summer Break was Brandon Schields, one of the Druids from the late 80s.
2. His ordination occurred after he led a sweatlodge on Lughnasadh evening. Sam, Paul & I attended the sweat and found it good..
3. After the cleansing sweat, we went to the Hill of Three Oaks, and once there, Sam did ordain his dear friend at about 8pm, because Brandon had vigiled on a previous day. It was Sam's first ordination of another Druid into the Third Order, and he did it well.

Chapter the Eleventh

1. That Fall, the Frangquists did visit Carleton and Rebecca Hrobak did vigil on the bosom of the Earth-Mother, not long before the Samhain rite of 1993 was performed.
2. Hers was almost a pleasant vigil in the Little Grove (known also as the Druid Den) not far from the Hill of Three Oaks, except for the strong chill that was in the air. She however burned but one large log during that long night.
3. Indeed she was honored that night by a visit from David & Deborah Frangquist, along with many other Druids seeking to give her company, yet most of her time was spent quietly in meditation of staring into the fire.

3. When a good 5 or 6 Third Order Druids did march up to the Hill of Three Oaks, we saw the Sun break over the horizon and marveled at how it was framed in the branches of a large oak tree.
4. Mike did bring Rebecca into the Third Order, although there was but little Waters for the service.
5. At that time, Nikki and Mike did enter into the Fourth Order of Grannos with the blessing of Frangquist.
6. Paul did enter the Fifth Order of Braciaca under the blessing of Frangquist.
7. Mike did enter the Sixth Order of Belenos under the blessing of Frangquist.
8. Possibly the largest Druidic bonfire at Carleton was held that Samhain in honor of our guests, the Sheltons and the Frangquists. Mike barely escaped incinerating himself with the unprecedented use of gasoline. It was a grand sight!

Chapter the Twelfth

1. During the next spring of 1994, two more Druids did wish to enter the Third Order; Anne and Michelle the Dark, and they wished to vigil on the same night.
2. Anne vigiled on a Sandy Island and Michelle the Dark vigiled under the boughs of great spreading willow tree by the riverbank. They were also given much firewood to pass the night.
3. Unlike all the previous vigils that year, theirs was very pleasant, because it did not rain and they had many friendly visitors. In fact it went so smoothly that the previous vigilers were jealous and the air was loud with their jealous comments!
4. After a fortuitous sighting of deer, we processed by Torch Light to the Hill of Three Oaks where Sam brought Anne to the Third Order.
5. Nikki brought Michelle the Dark to the Third Order, and the golden rays of the rising sun did illuminate the Druid Sigil that had been drawn on her forehead by the Waters.
6. We all did drink deeply of the Waters, so much so that we had trouble reaching The Happy Chef, so we instead took a cab there!
7. At Happy Chef, reeking of camp smoke & whiskey, we did try the Black Raspberry Liquor with our pancakes, in addition to more Waters.
8. We were also forced to take a cab back, although we were only 15 blocks from Campus!
9. This did begin the time of the Triple Archdruidcy of Carleton in which the three buxom friends (Becky, Michelle the Dark & Anne) did boldly lead the Druids in seeking the Earth-Mother at Carleton.



Figure 8 Sam ordaining Ann into 3rd, May 1 1994.



Figure 9 Anne Graham on her vigil, Apr 31 1994.



Figure 10 Michelle on her vigil, Apr 31 1994.



Figure 11 Nikki ordaining Michelle, May 1 1994.

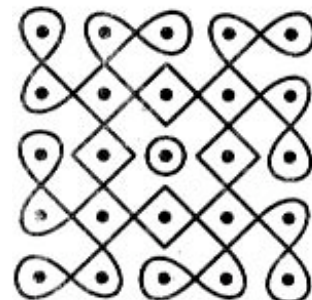
Chapter the Thirteenth

1. In the May of 1995, a most unusual ordination took place with Heather.
2. After preparing herself and receiving blessed items through the mail, the ceremony was conducted over the phone, from Jane of Olaf's room with Sam Adams providing Musical accompaniment.
3. And so, with the help of US WEST, Mike did bring Heather into the Third Order.
4. Mike and Sam felt that the ceremony was adequate but deficient in charm compared to a ritual being performed in person.
5. Later that Summer, Mike went to Royal Oak Michigan (a good place for a Druid to live) and aided Heather in vigiling, for she sleeps too easily.

Chapter the Fourteenth

1. Almost a year did pass before another opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of vigiling did arrive. And this did prove to be yet another double vigil!
2. The three Archdruids of Carleton College were tired after 2 years of leading the Grove, so they were delighted when two freshlings, Michelle Hajder and Irony Sade, did ask to enter the Third Order in the May of 1996.
3. And all the Druids did rejoice at seeing these new contenders for the Third Order.
4. Irony, for well he is named, chose to vigil in the pine forest, near where Nikki had once vigiled, although he did not know of Nikki, and he chose to perform the vigil without fire and he chose to walk throughout the night, not staying in one place too long.
5. Michelle the Blond, who did enjoy tea, chose to vigil in a far more distant spot on the Cannon, verily!, it was 40 minutes from Goodhue, in a lowland of enormous trees. No Druid had ever dreamed of vigiling so far from the campus!
6. Anne, Michelle the Dark and Mike did escort them out into the Arb and we did help carry tents (for it looked as if to rain) and blankets.
7. Mike remained with Michelle the Blond, who would become his great-grandchild, and imparted the history of the Druids and explained their ways to her, although she already did know most of them instinctively, although it was only her freshman year at Carleton.
8. After bathing in the chilly waters of the Cannon (for Lo! he stinkethed), Mike did leave Michelle the Blond to meditate on her vigiling and he sought to locate the peregrinous Irony, whose own nocturnal wanderings on that vigil would lead him throughout the Arb, as had Mike's Vigil three years hence.
9. Irony did startle Mike by appearing suddenly out of the sable darkness with nary a sound, which is indeed amazing, as Mike was renowned for traveling without sound in the woods of the Arb.
10. After Mike imparted a few words of advice to him on Druidism, for Irony was already wise in the ways of Druidism in his Freshman year, Mike did notice that Irony was glowing.
11. Mike had already known that Irony was "close" to the spiritual world, but Mike did not know that the spiritual world glowed through Irony in the night!

12. Mike did essay to find a hidden source of light on Irony's personage, but none could be found, and Mike took this as a good omen.
13. That night it did rain only lightly, for the Earth Mother smiled upon this vigil, and Mike did secretly camp in the tall grassy fields near the Hill of Three Oaks, for he feared the wrath of Security guards should he be discovered.
14. Later that night, Irony did startle Michelle the Blond by appearing suddenly out of the sable darkness with nary a sound, which was stupid, for he had to dodge a swinging cudgel, swung by a frightened Druid.
15. Irony did apologize to Michelle the Blond, for they are good friends, and they shared smores and tea over a campfire for a short while as it misted softly around them.
16. Anne and Michelle the Dark, and perhaps others, did visit the two vigiling Druids and shared their wisdom and brought more water for tea & cider mix.
17. Morning did come, as it always does (though slower on vigiling nights, so the vigilers claim), and Anne & Michelle the Dark did essay to discover where Mike had camped. They then fatiguedly processed for 40 minutes to get to the site of the two vigilers.
18. We moved stealthily so as to surprise the vigilers, and to verify that they had not fallen asleep during the night.
19. Irony was not to be found at his allotted site and the three Third Orders did lament that he could possibly be anywhere in the Arb and noted that they were too tired to look for him.
20. So they grabbed Irony's stuff and went to find Michelle the Blond, and soon reached her site.
21. As we approached her site, we noted that Michelle the Blond was in a trance and looked through us and did not see us, although we were but 20 yards from her. So she wandered away into the woods while we quietly packed up her gear.
22. Eventually Michelle and Irony both returned to the vigil site and it was revealed that they were both still of the 1st order. We therefore brought them unto the 2nd Order.
23. After this the ordinations to the 3rd Order were performed by Michelle the Dark with both Michelle the Blond and Irony the Glowing being present together. It rained a little and Mike took many photographs, as he was wont.
24. Then we processed back to Goodhue, noting a fortuitous pair of deer along the way, and drove to Hardees where whiskey and syrup did flow, although the two Vigilers did weasel their way out of buying us breakfast.
25. So, in this way Michelle Hajder and Irony Sade did enter into their Archdruidcy at Carleton and begin a rather intense period of activities during the Years of Legitimacy.



The Book of Cattle Raids

a.k.a. The Book of Reveling

(By Mike the Fool)

Chapter the First

1. At this Pagan Spirit Gathering of 1993, all the different Druids and Neo-Pagans did gather together to discuss how to pass the time, as it was the sixth of the seven day festival.
2. Tony, the Tailor, did suggest that all take their stuffed toy cows, stuffed toy animals and cow-ish shaped decorations, and they did have a cattle raiding game. The rules were such:

Chapter the Second

1. Only camps with cow-colored banners are playing.
2. Guile is better than force.
3. All cows must be kept in the open, contentedly grazing before your tents.
4. Do not damage these icons for they support your very lives with their milk.
5. The quality of the raid is better than the quantity of cows.
6. Tony is the final arbiter and A-Druid-icator.
7. Blood-price is assigned by Tony on poor sports, brutes and destroyer of property.
8. Any who weareth a cow on their person may be taken with that cow to the camp and done with as the Druid wishes!

Chapter the Third

1. That morning Sam and Mike did well by capturing 12 of the 24 icons before any guardians could stir from their tents.
2. Mike, the skillful, did climb a tree to fetch Pig-asus, the Pig, and did capture Bill the Cat, who was a most un-cow-like cow.
3. Unfortunately, Mike did overtly & loudly brag of the number of their cows and Sam, the guardian of the cows, was distracted by the charms of a well-endowed sky-clad Keltrian, whilst the many men of that tribe did swipe much of our great herd!
4. Alas! and Alack! for the guile of the Keltrians!

Chapter the Fourth

1. Mike did once again increase their herd with six more cows. Unfortunate for this brave lad, he did stir up the wrath of Cow-Woman. Fear ye her wrath!!
2. Cow-Woman, weighing twenty Stone, did bellow in anger and charged upon Mike and Sam's encampment. With her iron-strong arms she did wrestle both frightened Druids unto the ground and then branded them as chattel. Oh, the shame on these two Druids!
3. She stuffed all her cows, plus two more for interest, into her ample bosom, where no efforts could dislodge them! Mike and Sam did try to no avail! Eventually, they had to admit defeat.

4. With a loud, contemptuous snort she did stomp out of camp as Mike and Sam wept for their lost cows! But, Sam pointed out that other cows were in need of our loving care!

Chapter the Fifth

1. One such raid was the raid on the Keltrian camp where eight cows did graze, guarded only by five Druids.
2. Mike and Sam did skillfully creepeth forth, using Winnebagos to obscure their progress towards that mighty rival Druid encampment.
3. Waving high above it was a great eight-foot cow-flag that all other desired to possess.
4. With silent guile, they swept upon the cows, scattering the herd into a wide stampede
5. One Druid, named Kyleen, did grab Mike and did sorely wrestle him down to the Earth before wresting the cow from Mike's grasp.
6. Mike and Sam did dodge and swerve until they escaped with two more cows! MOO!!!
7. They sang as they ran back to their camp:
How many cows have you now?
No Cows! No Cows!
How many cows have we now?
Six cows! Six Cows!
8. For verily they had six cows, though two of them were rather feline in form and so did not produce very good milk.
9. These two druids did feast richly of milk and cheese, as was their right of proud herd owners!

Chapter the Sixth

1. Mike and Sam did make other daring raids, at the cost of many bruises and scratches and showed their bravery and Guile.
 2. Mike and Sam did then return to Northfield, with Tim-of-the-Car, with many new connections and friendships with other groups. Ones that they will share with their fellow Druids.
 3. So ends the Book of Cattle Raids.
- Moo.



Figure 12 Sam & Mike at PSG July 1993 with

The Book of the Great Dream

(By Mike the Fool)

Introduction

1. I add the account of this dream because it explains a lot of my devotion to the RDNA.
2. Other dreams, by others, are no less valid a source of inspiration. Dreams deal with things that our waking minds cannot.

Chapter the First

1. I decided that I would lead the Beltane of 1992, since no one else seemed inclined. For truly, many Beltane rituals have bombed in the past.
2. The Beltane of 1990 collapsed because a strange man showed up and threw blood on the altar stone of the Hill of Oaks while Heather was reinscribing the Druid Sigil.
3. This was my first ritual that I had led and it was held on Mai Fete Island, not long after the slime-o-rama in the algae on the previous day.
4. It was done skyclad with Alex the hairy, Heather the Fair, and Sam the wise. We were to make a circuit of the lower Lyman lake. We assumed bird shapes for the first third, wolf-shapes for the second third and horse shapes for the third. Then, lastly, we did assume fish shape and swam to the island in the chilly waters.
5. Then all did bed down by a ROARING hot fire, in a large snuggle of wool blankets under a starry sky. All did dream strange things, and here is mine, which I remembered.

Chapter the Second

1. It was a dark and stormy night in which there was no color but shades of grey. It was a desolate, mountainous road that I was traveling.
2. This road reminded me of the highlands, nothing scenic, just road. So narrow was this road, that I had to press up against the cliff face to avoid oncoming cars, which sought to hit me.
3. I traveled many miles in the hard rain and lightning. My soul felt great pain and pity for itself. I stopped at a bus-shelter.
4. A tourist bus did pull up, and then did pour forth its passengers. They were the members of the class of '94 and '95, people of the past who I didn't know and faces of people I had not met yet.
5. When the people got onboard, I asked if I could join them, for my journey was long, and my feet were tired. Miraculously there was only one space open, and they were expecting me.
6. We traveled long and came to another pit-stop. When I got out, they drove off without me. This upset me, but I continued to travel onwards until I reached the top of the hill. Then I slid down the other side for a mile.
7. I finally slid under a parked truck and banged my head mercilessly on the universal joint. I crawled out and saw a youth hostel. A warm YELLOW light did come from the windows.
8. I entered and there were all the people from the bus playing cards and running about doing things. I asked if there was a

bed I could sleep on. Miraculously they were expecting me, since a late cancellation had made an opening!

9. Then did a man walk up to me. His body was covered with red, stiff hog bristles (in a black and white background) with a bald head and piercing blue eyes. He reminded me of a Druid, Donny, I had met on the Isle of Arann of Scotland the previous year.
10. This man did shake my hand, in a secret way, much like a mason's handshake and said to me. "Welcome to the club, Michael. You are one of us, now!" He smiled.

Chapter the Third

1. I awoke with a start and then snuggled into the blankets thinking upon this vision until the sun came up and we all chanted
2. He is the sun god! He is the one god! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra!
3. I did take this dream as an initiation into a Druid priesthood.
4. Powerful are the spirits on this campus! There are many fairy mounds, stone circles, groves, rivers, diversity of plants and animals. It is a good place to do vigils or seek the spirits.



Figure 13 Sine Ceolbhinn the harp on Mai Fete Island, Summer Solstice 1993.



Figure 14 Mai Fete Island, Winter Solstice 1993.

The Book of Stones

(By Mike the Fool)

Chapter the First

1. Dark and stormy was the night that I pensively strode forth on my last exploration in the arboretum, for I was preparing to go to the land of the rising sun.
2. I did not know the future of Druidism at Carleton, for the presumptive Archdruids did cry of their unpreparedness, as often they do.
3. I went to the circle of stones near the Hill of Three Oaks, "the Dancing Sisters" as David Frangquist had named them so many years ago, and asked them, "O mighty stones, bones of the earth, heareth now my plea, we who are thy siblings. How farest Druidism in the future?"
4. Long were the stones quiet, as is their wont.
5. And I waited.
6. Lo, they did not speak, so I did prepare to leave, when they quickly spoke up, and this did they say, "The sea refuses no river. The stone that lieth not in thy way, need not offend thee. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master."
7. And with that they did become quiescent.
8. And I understood message of "The Twelve."

Chapter the Second

1. Many are mysteries found in the alignments of the rocks at Carleton.
2. It is said that under the altar stone on the Hill of Three Oaks is an original copy of Frangquist's Druid Chronicles, but this is false.
3. The Class of 1886 rock outside of the Library is said to have broken in two when the last member of that class died.
4. The obelisk on Monument Hill has a fourth side, which is blank, and it is said that this side describes the mysteries of Druidism. It is due south of the Hill of Three Oaks.
5. There is a second rock on the Hill of Three Oaks and the altar stone line up with rising and setting sun of Beltane and Samhain. It is said that on both days the sun doth rise behind the crown of an old oak tree in the east and doth plunge at sunset into the brick tower of Carleton's steam plant.
6. "The Twelve" are in line with the Hill of Three Oaks and the Skinner Memorial chapel. It is uncertain what this means.
7. Bracing the sides at the top of the hill path to the Little Grove are two stones known as "King Arthur's Seat" and "Fair Eleanor's Seat" on the north and south respectively. Whosoever sleeps on them all night will be filled with poetry or madness in the morning.
8. Near the lower-arb's tennis courts, on the banks of the mighty Cannon River, are 4 sets of obelisks that once connected Lost Island to both sides of the Cannon, by a bridge that is now gone. It is said that at midnight on midsummer's day, a bridge of light stretches between the obelisks, and whosoever crosses this bridge will be transported to a land of faery.
9. It is rumored that sleeping beneath the arch of the Hadzi sculpture throughout the night will result in a visit by a powerful guardian spirit.

The Book of Fire

(By Mike the Fool and Andrea the Fair)

Chapter the First

1. How to build a fire, sounds simple? It is. Certain conventions have arisen over the years pertaining to fire collection.
2. The Earth-Mother did choose well in putting her Druids on this campus, for wood abounds for the use in Fire, but you must choose that wood wisely.
3. Sometimes fires are not very important.

Chapter the Second

1. Though shalt use only dead wood. Live plants have psychic abilities and scream in fear when you yank or break their limbs. Do you want bad vibes in your ritual fire?
2. Matches and lighters are permissible.
3. Use of Druid juice, although discouraged, is necessary to encourage wet wood.
4. Always collect a little more kindling that you'll need. You'll need it.
5. Four armloads will do a simple ritual fire.

Chapter the Third

1. Sweatlodges are a powerful spiritual tool for Druidic rituals. Do not use them merely for pleasure.
2. Many Native Americans and Native European cultures used Sweatlodges to purify the body of poisons and negative energy. The mind often travels well in the Dark when all that heat and magic start flying around.
3. Drugs and Alcohol are big NO-NOs, because they are dangerous with sweatlodges and should not be used before hand.
4. Drink A LOT of water and salt during the day of the sweat.

Chapter the Fourth

1. Sweats are done nude and not for perverted reasons. Many mystics claim that magic energy dissipates from the body through the palms and soles, the forehead, the belly, the armpits, the nipples and the genital organs. For the most powerful sweatlodge, it must be done in the nude, and you should warn all comers, before they come, of this fact.
2. Because of the nudity, choose a secluded spot at night where wanderers are unlikely to pass by. A guardian/fire tender is recommended. Little Grove and Oak Grove are Good.

Chapter the Fifth

1. I will tell you how to make a sweatlodge, if no one knows at the time of this reading.
2. Dig a foot deep hole, about one foot wide where the ground is comfortable to sit upon.
3. You build a "igloo" of bent poles, tied down into a dome about three feet high and six feet wide, around that hole in the ground. You cover the dome with plastic tarps to hold in the steam vapors. You cover the tarps with blankets to keep in the heat, so that the steam lasts longer.

4. You gather ten or more fist sized rocks. Volcanic rocks are better and they will not 'Explode' when water is poured on them. Most of these 'explosions' are the formation of cracks, but the Sound of that happening is frightening.
5. You gather at least ten armloads of dry, deadwood, with possibly a charcoal base for the fire. You build the fire and insert the rocks into the fire. When they are glowing hot, you transport them into the foot deep hole you dug. Frying pans and thick leather gloves help at this point. Keep the fire going, with possibly a second round of rocks heating up while you sweat.
6. Strip down and purify yourselves. Then you prepare for meditation and enter the sweatlodge. You can do some mantras, chants and prayers until you, or the rocks, are finished. Then exit and drink some water.

Chapter the Sixth

1. Always practice safe fire rules.
2. Use a fire-ring with little surrounding underbrush.
3. Extinguish the fire to the point where you'd be willing to hold all the logs between your legs for a minute.
4. Beware of windy days.

Chapter the Seventh

1. Beware of glass at ritual sites, the best thing to do to prevent build up of glass is for someone to pass the ritual sites after 'party' times of the year and pick up any WHOLE bottles.
2. If whole bottles stay out more than a day, they will become broken bottles.
3. Magnets will pick up nails really well.
4. Encourage shoes to be worn when a site hasn't been groomed.

Chapter the Eighth

1. I tell you that it is far better that the Druids use wood than for it to be chopped into mulch by grounds crew.
2. If you do spot areas of the Arb, where trees have been cut down and stacked into neat piles of log, I tell you that you should abscond with those logs to a hidden spot and store them for future ritual usage.
3. Any bad karma can be dealt with later. Do not delay, for they will return to collect the wood.

Chapter the Ninth

1. You may ask who made the two sweatlodges used from 1992-1995?
2. The first was made by Michael and Matt (the tall) on Mai Fete in the Summer of 1992.
3. The wood for that came from saplings cut down by grounds crew when they cleared the woods next to Lower Lyman lake.
4. The second, of the lower arboretum, was made by Paul the Blond and Michael in the summer of 1993.
5. The wood for that came from saplings cut down by grounds crew when they cleared the woods next to the Oak Opening of the lower arboretum.
6. It should be noted, that there is a rival tradition at Carleton for demolishing the sweatlodge after every usage rather than re-using it.

Chapter the Tenth

1. At campfires, it is always nice to have some type of food that can be cooked after the ritual.
2. Smores, hotdogs, marshmallows and tea pots are the favorite things to heat.
3. Coals cook better than flames.

Chapter the Eleventh

1. Another fun fire activity is making Candles and Torches for Druidical purposes.
2. Both generally require paraffin wax which is cheap, although Beeswax is always preferable in quality.
3. To heat wax, use a double boiler system by filling a pot with water and putting the can holding the wax inside the water. This prevents the wax from surpassing a boiling point, which could produce a cloud of combustible wax vapors!
4. Candles can be made by filling Dixie cups or halved coke cans with wax and suspending a thread in the hardening mixture. Candles can also be repeatedly dipped into the wax, but this will a great deal of time.
5. To make fine torches, you need to gather stalk of dried mullein rods from the fields. They look like crusty corndogs on hollow woody stems between three and seven feet high.
6. One can dip torches gradually or you can take semi-congealed wax in your hands and just squish it onto the torch.
7. Be careful not to put too much wax on a torch that it will cause the stem to snap!
8. A torch made in this way will burn for 10 to forty minutes and is difficult to extinguish by wind or nearby movement.

Chapter the Twelfth

1. It is considered good luck to leap over the Druid campfire. But do so carefully.
2. So ends the Book of Fire.



Figure 15 Being AD can give you a headache.

THE DEAD BAY SCROLLS

or

The Apocryphal of Miracles by the New Reformed Druids
of North America of the Hazelnut Mother Grove South
Bay Branch

Original 1993 Introduction:

In all the hoop-lah over the Discovery of the Dead Bay Scrolls, I think it's time to set forward the truth of the matter. For those who accuse me of unconscionable delay in taking two years to publish them, I can only remind them that it is taking over 45 years for the Dead Sea Scrolls to be published.

Despite the well-published claims with amply valid evidence, the Dead Bay Scrolls were not written in ancient Icelandic. The often-cited passages of Das Edda Todvordgeshritten is not from translation, but merely bad English. End of debate.

As for the location of the discovery of the documents, I can only state that they were discovered in 1993 at an undisclosed Trailer park in the Bay Region of San Francisco. The Dead Bay Scrolls were then mailed to Carleton College by an undisclosed source. There they were rediscovered in a small mailbox at Carleton by a Nomadic Postal worker who gave them to Michael Scharding. Once there, the original of the DBS were carefully photographed by an Epson Scanner and placed on magnetic media. In order to protect the scholars' rights to publication, Michael Scharding reserved the editor's right to the limited first publication in 1993. However, due to pressing demand for copies by the public, Michael has relented and given free access to the DBS to the general public.

Controversy has raged over the contents. Do they contain information that would undermine the assumed beliefs of the Reformed Druids? Do they tell of disunity with the group before the great Druid Diaspora and the Destruction of the Berkeley Grove? I'll not answer these questions yet, as many more years of study are required by scholarly panels. However for the first time, they are now available to the public. Enjoy.

Michael Scharding, Editor
Computer Math Center
Dec. 9th, 1993 c.e. 40th Day of Geamradh
Year XXXI of the Reform

New 1996 Introduction

I wrote the original introduction after intensive study of the Dead Sea Scrolls for a school project, and was sick of all the bickering that I saw there. Basically, when I wrote the Dead Lake Scrolls in August of 1993, I sent copies to the various existing groves at the time. The Hazelnut Grove was so enamored with them, that they set about writing their own materials to honor the thirtieth anniversary of Reformed Druidism, which had occurred on April 1993.

This is the one of the few NRDNA documents that has been produced without Isaac's influence, and they can therefore give a broader understanding of the NRDNA. Most of the Druids of the Hazelnut Grove were old-time Druids, from the 70s, so here they give voice to their ideas of how Druidism stands in California today.

Das Edda

Todvolkfortgeshritte

The Edda of the People's Death March on the Beach

1. Along the long seastrand did they march
2. All the folk on their way to what was to be
3. Unbeknownst to them
4. Their last moot in the grove for a very long time
5. For a dog a lifetime,
6. For the mice of the fields, generations would pass
7. Until one day
8. Arch-Druids twain, one who had been there
9. One who had not would gather new clans
10. In a southern land under the oaks
11. Celebrate the feast of the first grain harvest
12. And that of Lugh of the Long Hand
13. Ordain new druids onto the Order Second
14. Led were they by a Valkyrie
15. Not gay laughing Brunhilde
16. But one of her grim-faced sisters
17. Resolute she trod on,
18. Stopping only when sounds told her
19. Her charges were not as solemn
20. Or as resolute as she
21. One by one they dropped to the sand
22. But the resolute and hale continued
23. After the grim-faced Valkyrie
24. Until at length they came to the rock
25. At the northern end
26. The skraeling (Indian) headed rock
27. Where two of the number drew the sigil
28. Sacred of the circle with two spears
29. One down, one up
30. Their voices lifted
31. To be carried away on the wind
32. The anthem the last time to be sung
33. And then came the Boring Times
34. Eight years when the Druids' voices
35. Were silenced, and the voices in the trees
36. Were silent also, a long season of sleep
37. Until the polarity of Co-ArchDruids met,
38. To call new clans, to ordain new druids
39. Onto the First and Second
40. And raise one long a Second onto the Third.
41. The death march of the Druids had ended
42. And now came the Parade of Life and Increase.

Translated from the Old Tongue by Thorhilde Ooftasdotter var Vinland

THE BOOK OF THE BORING TIMES

Chapter the First

1. Between the last ritual of the Hazelnut Mother Grove in the land of the East Bay, the Death March, and the first meeting of the Hazelnut Mother Grove South Bay Branch (Gee, look at all those puns!), which occurred at the first harvest time of Lughnasadh, there passed several years when Republicans held high office, and nothing was occurring with the Druids of California.
2. Unless things were happening in other parts of the state with other Druids of the Reform, who did not communicate with the Mother Grove.
3. These were called by the Arch-Druid the Boring Times, not to be confused with the Burning Times.

Chapter the Second

1. In that same place where lurked the Orks and the AK-47's there also lurked a young man for a few moons who was a student in Wicca of she who was to become the Co-Arch Druid.
2. This young man had just got out of the Army and was a bit naive.
3. He believed, or so did he tell the Co-ArchDruid, that the ArchDruid was not just playing computer games to play computer games. He was playing them to do important ritual Magick that would either save the world as we know it or change reality so that we would like it better.
4. And the Co-ArchDruid pondered this and wondered at its meaning.

Chapter the Third

1. And the ArchDruid dwelt during most of the Boring Times in the land of Orks and AK-47s and he was sore displeased.
2. For the quake came and trashed his space, and buried him under a torrent of his books.
3. He crawled out and rent his hair saying "No more! I have had enough!"
4. He had an asthma attack and moved to the South Bay.
5. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Fourth

1. And he then told the Co-ArchDruid that what he was doing with the games was a form of catharsis, called kill therapy, in which the monsters became fundies and all the other creatures the ArchDruid Stephen would rid the world of.
2. And she came to participate.
3. And he still does so to this day.

Chapter the Fifth

1. And the ArchDruid moved four times during the Boring Times until he came to rest in the Alamo, and then moved one more time to where he dwells today.
2. Always during the Active Times and the Boring Times did he promote musical groups and New Age Fairs by distributing their cards and flyers at many locations in the East and South Bay.

3. While promoting the shows, one of which he himself co-produced, he would collect and tell jokes about he-who-was-then-vice-president, Quayle, who was at that time a figure of fun for many (and horror for more).
4. And he collected until he had 365 of them.

Chapter the Sixth

1. After the end of the Boring times, he participated in the Laundry Think Tanks, at which the officers of the Grove planned the next meeting of the grove, and in what other activities the Grove would participate.
2. At the most recent non-boring ritual, Lughnasadh, even Mr. Boring showed an unboring part of himself by participating fully, which shocked the Arch Druid into having an asthma attack (two days later).
3. And there was great rejoicing.

THE BOOK OF MR. BORING

(AKA EARACHE ALIEN MESS)

Chapter the First

1. In the city of San Jose there dwelt a man called Earache Alien Mess.
2. He was co-producer with the ArchDruid Stephen of the New Age Renaissance Fair, which was not boring.
3. But the Mess prided himself in not thinking and in being boring.
4. The Mess played organ and volleyball, did astrology and had a radio show at the local cooperative radio station.
5. It was called the Eric Mystic show, which Stephen did rename the Earache Mistake Show. It consisted of New Age music and topics with people calling in.
6. Once he and Stephen were subbing for a woman who was then ill. Hers was not a call in show, but Earache told people to call in. It was a show on Celtic Magick and Druidism.
7. People were so bored when they heard his voice they stopped calling in.
8. Stephen then took the mike, and in his Edward R. Murrow voice said, "Earache Mess, the voice that silences communication."
9. People called in after that.

Chapter the Second

1. But in time even Mr. Boring became bored with being boring and not thinking.
2. And so he studied how to be less boring. He also engaged in a very dangerous activity; thinking.
3. And so it was that in the fullness of time his face actually cracked into a smile, and he laughed at times, and no damage was done.
4. But he still had a problem. And it was dealing with women. He did not even try, thinking it not worth the trouble.
5. But women, especially Druidesses, and pagan women are powerful, and he missed much by being sexist.

THE BOOK OF GAMES

Chapter the First

1. But still within the Boring times in that same place where lurked the Orks and the AK-47's there also lurked a young man who was a student in Wicca of she who was to, become the Co-ArchDruid.
2. This young man had just got-out of the army and was a bit naive.
3. He believed, or so did he tell the Co-ArchDruid that the ArchDruid was not just playing computer games to play computer games. He was playing them to do important ritual Magick, that would either save the world as we know it or change reality so that we would like it better.
4. And the Co-ArchDruid pondered this and wondered at its meaning.

Chapter the Second

1. Meanwhile the ArchDruid played the computer games, and added more games whenever the Earth Mother did spread Her largesse in his direction.
2. And so also did he put money by to add to his collection of computers on which to play games and so either save the world or to change reality as we know it.
3. And the ArchDruid moved away from the land of Orcs and AK-47's many times until at length he came to dwell in a place called the Alamo which was in San Jose.
4. And he was the only dweller in that place beside the concierge who spoke English. All the others spoke Spanish.
5. And so the Co-ArchDruid spoke to them when she came to visit the Arch-Druid for what she called Kill Therapy.
6. She expiated her anger by killing things on the computer.



**Figure 16 Stephen Abbot & Joan Carruth
at Berkeley Grove, c.1978,**

THE BOOK OF THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY

Chapter the First

1. And the Druids had now come to their 30th year, and wanted to celebrate and thank the deities for helping them to thrive for 30 years.
2. But there also was a death of an author held high among the People for his wisdom. And many were the books of his writing held and cherished among the people, especially the Co-Archdruids.
3. And the Arch-Druid wanted to honor him now, not wait for Samhain. And so was there a memorial as well as great joy for the 30 years of the Reform.

Chapter the Second

1. And the Co-Arch-Druid was in a state of delight for the Arch-Druid Terlach who had ordained her into the 2nd and into the 3rd also was in attendance.
2. And he was Preceptor, and honored an ancient, hoary tradition of the first Preceptor (Cherniack).
3. And when the Co-Arch-Druid asked him if the Earth-Mother had given forth of Her bounty, he answered "Yup!"
4. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Third

1. And the Arch-Druid, whom she had herself laid the apostolic hand of 3rd Ordination upon after he waited over 8 years after his 2nd, was there and took part in the procession and other parts of the ritual, and was congratulated by the older ArchDruids.
2. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Fourth

1. But there was also in that place great puzzlement, for they wondered that she would ordain when others had refused to, for in many minds and many quarters he was seen as a jerk.
2. And she answered onto them saying, "He did the work. He endured the ordeal. He has studied much in many traditions, but especially the sage Kon Fu Tse, who has wrought many changes within him."
3. For he is a magician. And it is the task of a magician to produce changes in reality in accordance with his will. And he is also a priest.
4. And so did the Co-Arch-Druid anoint him just before the close of the year. Even just before the holy day of Samhain, for she was a sadist.

Chapter the Fifth

1. He had committed to doing a Samhain druid ritual for the OTO'ers, thinking he could get her to perform it.
2. But it was in her mind to ordain him and have that be his first ritual as an Arch-Druid. And he called his Grove Tuatha De Danaan.
3. And many were the members from Hazelnut Mother Grove South Bay Branch (Gee, look at all those puns!) who attended the ritual and saw that it was well done.
4. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Sixth

1. And great was the Co-Arch-Druid's pride at seeing this, so that several buttons broke, for she saw that she had ordained well.
2. For it is the way of a true priest to rise above their personal imperfections, act their station and to lead the people in the ritual, and the one called Sommer did that well.
3. And it was the first ritual to be done in the East Bay for several years, and since the Hazelnut had moved, and its name had grown by many characters, it was the first grove in the East Bay to be holding regular rituals.
4. And there was great rejoicing



THE BOOK OF THE LAUNDRY-THINK-TANK

Chapter the First

1. And it came to pass that the Co-Arch-Druid preferred to do her laundry the slow cheap way at her own washer and dryer, rather than at any Laundromat.
2. But the washer and dryer were at her former residence, the house of her mother-in law.
3. And this was also the dwelling of, the Arch-Druid of the Hazelnut Mother Grove South Bay Branch (Gee, look at all those puns!).
4. And so during the time of agitation, the rinse, and the house shaking spin. (5.4 on the Richter scale) The Co-Arch-Druids discussed the matters that mattered to them. So was born the grand tradition of the Laundry Think Tank.
5. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Second

1. They did reason together, and-occasionally rhymed, and even burst into song, which the others in attendance did try to ignore.
2. They planned the next ritual to be held at which the Arch-Druid always had a guided meditation.
3. And the Co-Arch-Druid included it in her script, and there was great rejoicing.
4. But the Arch-Druid, who was fond of shamanism, hated scripts) and made up a poem:
5. If you must have scripts,
Study them here
'Cause once at the site,
Scripts disappear.
6. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Third

1. And at first only third orders did participate.
2. But behold!, two there were who were only firsts, though one had a high degree in Ar nDriaocht Fein, the Other Druids, and was exceedingly wise in the their ways.
3. So the Co-Arch-Druids said they were invited, because of their wisdom, for they were women. And like the Co-Arch-Druid they were Wiccans.
4. And they joined the Think-Tank.
5. For their wisdom was discovered in a Tarot Reading.
6. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Fourth

1. There came one into the Laundry Think Tank also who was large and made good food.
2. Now this one had been named after the Good God, Dagda in a special naming ceremony at Ancient Ways, a gathering of the folk.
3. The ritual came after a 3rd Order Ordination of Don the Blonde also called Butt Boy.
4. And the Arch-Druids did greatly love to give all the people names by which they would be known. The Co-arch-Druid

named one woman named Sonya who had blonde hair Paper Moon so that she was Sonya Paper Moon.

5. Now this ritual of ordination and naming was the first Druidic event at Ancient Ways in five years, so it will live in the memory of many. At least eight and thirty.
6. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Sixth

1. For Don the Blond had survived the endless night's vigil without so much as a fire.
2. And he would create the Angus Og Grove of Alameda and Contra Costa counties and thereby create a new kind of Druid, the Ombanda Druids of North America.
3. But it is not known if this had indeed come to pass. And the Arch-Druid had doubts.

Chapter the Seventh

1. Also was there discussion of matters of great philosophical weight, such as opening the other orders to others who had interest, not by rank, for the Arch-Druid was not one to love hierarchy, but merit.
2. So each order would have its own color ribbon and a tutelary deity appropriate to its nature.
3. Green was known to all as healing and herbs and called Dian Cecht after the God of Healing.
4. Blue also for Bard, Taliesin, Cerridwen and Brigid.
5. Grannos for brewing.
6. Martial Red for warriors
7. Purple for Magick and Myrrdin.
8. Silver for Women's Mysteries Arianrhod.
9. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Seventh

1. But not always was the discussion among the Druids of such great philosophical weight.
2. Many times did they play games on the great electronic philosopher's machine, and kill things which were imaged electronically, for in the Arch-Druid's (strange) mind were these activities linked ritually.
3. Also was there a game of the role-playing, and the Co-Arch-Druid got to play the parts of the non-player characters, and monsters, and growl and wroth greatly with delight.
4. And there was great rejoicing.



Addendum to the Ordination of the Second Order

After finishing the chalice, the Candidate goes off for a period of isolated meditation in which s/he assembles an altar/sacred space, and meditates upon the five-fold Powers of the Mother. When s/he returns, the AD asks the following five questions in order to determine what has been discovered in hir meditation.

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Power of the Mother? (Fire of Earth)

C: Gives an extemporaneous reply.

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Beauty of the Mother? (Water of Earth)

C: Gives a reply

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Understanding of the Mother? (Earth of Earth)

C: Gives a reply

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Wisdom of the Mother? (Air of Earth)

C: Gives a reply

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Magic of the Mother? (Spirit of Earth)

C: Gives a reply



Figure 17 Emmon Bodfish, Larry & Sue Press, Beltane 1983 at Live Oak Grove.

THE BOOK OF SAMHAIN

Chapter the First

1. And as the great wheel of the year turned the Grove came to its favored place to celebrate a ritual for Samhain.
2. And when the Co-ArchDruid offered the sacrifice the winds were silent for it was the coming of the time of Sleep for the Earth Mother.
3. But the Grove had new spears to consecrate and three new Druids were sealed to the First Order.
4. One of the bearers of these spears was a new First Order named Crazy Bear.
5. And he did the greeting of the quarters according to the Native American medicine way.
6. The ArchDruid called up the quarters in the familiar Celtic tradition.
7. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Second

1. And the officers of the Grove, the ArchDruid, the Co-ArchDruid, the Cocoa-ArchDruid, and the Preceptor told the People of the Grove what Samhain meant to them, and each person in attendance put the name of the honored dead into the circle.
2. But there were in that same place boys racing through on bicycles, for it was a public park.
3. And so they had a right as well as the Druids to be in that place. But the boys showed themselves to be Anti-Druids, for they heckled and called out rude comments, which the ArchDruid and Crazy Bear were unable to ignore.
4. And so Crazy bear ran towards them brandishing the spear.
5. And the Anti-Druid boys rode home and told their parents, and the parents called the police, who came and interrupted the ritual.
6. But the Co-ArchDruid was able to give the Grove the blessing, which was traditional.

Chapter the Third

1. And the people pondered what they had seen and were of several minds (at least one more opinion than there were those present, as is traditional).
2. And the ArchDruid was greatly irked and prophesied dire things for the Grove as a part of this.
3. He thought it was the Brit Bitch or the followers of Bush & Wilson, and the religious right on the warpath to wipe out pagankind. But the Co-ArchDruid took it as a sign of the Druids' innate strength.
4. For it was not until they showed their strength that the Anti-Druids acted against them, for they were not worthy of notice before. But flex a little muscle and the Anti-Druids suddenly sit up and take notice.
5. The Druids and pagankind in general will just have to work a little harder, and fight a little harder from now on.
6. And if getting a permit is required, get a permit.

Dead River Scrolls

2003 Introduction

Not much is known about this collection, which covers the 1997-2001 years at Carleton College, in which Mike was no longer visiting the Carleton Grove as frequently due to his self-imposed exile to Japan for four years. Following the triple Arch-Druidcy of Michelle, Ann & Becky; Irony and Michelle the Blond took over until she dropped out. After this, Merri, Chrissy, Chris, Dan and a host of other Druids stepped in to help with running Grove matters at Carleton.

The Dead River Scrolls were originally written by various Druids in 1997, but they got lost. More was written in 1999, and I lost those. But the third time I collect the materials, I held on to them tight, and much did reveal itself from generous donors, on dusty disks that I had misplaced. This collection of more awful writings by me, and much more interesting ones by my friends will hopefully entertain you a little. It covers letters, epistles and speeches from the Carleton and Akita Grove from 1996-2003.

Sincerely,
Mike Scharding
Day 7 of Earrach, Year XL of the Reform.
February 7, 2003

Printing History
1st Edition 1997
2nd Edition 1999
3rd Edition 2003 (ARDA 2)



Figure 18 First Stone Circle, c. 1956.

The Mini-Epistle of Michelle the Dark

(By Michelle Curtis, 1996)

1. March 5th, 1996 19:48
2. The previous postings has sparked quite a bit of discussion on the mailing list. To tell the truth I haven't actually read all of the posts. I did want to see if I could spark some discussion on here about what people believe, not just about paganism but just religion/spirituality in general.
3. I, myself, go through periods of searching. I must always re-examine my beliefs. This happens every few years and I am currently in one such mind set.
4. Usually I try to read about different religious practices but who has time for that during the school year? I have come to realize that I am more of a spiritual than a religious person.
5. The distinction (in my mind) being that spirituality is something you feel and religion is something you practice. Usually the two would have to coincide. Your religious practices should not go against the way you feel about things.
6. Because I am drawn to different aspects of different religions, but cannot reconcile myself to one as a whole, I am forced to pick and combine them....
7. Anyway, I just wanted to try to spark up some conversation about belief and stuff in general. I hope you have been finding my posts from the list to be useful...



Figure 19 Top Amanda on right,
Bottom Amanda doing rite Beltane 1997.

The Epistle of Amanda

(By Amanda Bradley, Dec 1997)

1. Dear Michael,
2. Thank you for your long-distance support, it's nice to know that because of our devotion to the Earth we can share our experiences and friendship.
3. There are many people who follow a Druidic path and call it Buddhism, Catholicism, etc.
4. I always find it interesting to attend the religious services of another faith, or get into a discussion with someone who think they believe differently, and see just how much we have in common.
5. We're all seeking, taking the paths that seem the most fitting for our beliefs, but we're all going to end up in the same place.
6. What, may I ask, pulled you to Druidism?
7. For me it was the combination of religion and Nature, the fact that it doesn't require me to think that other religions are "wrong".
8. [Many people have always believed that there is only one "right" way to spiritual awakening or whatever one would call it. However, you are right in that so many religions are very similar, they probably ARE the same religion, but some people found things they didn't like about one, changed it, and denounced the original.
9. Also, Christianity DID borrow from the Pagan religions in order to get more Pagans to convert.
10. These similarities aren't limited to Christianity and the Pagan religions of Western Europe, though. In Indian religions three is also a holy number, and there is a trinity of the Buddha, his Spirit body, Enjoyment body and Dharma(human) body, and there are parallels with Indian religion in Native American religions. Sorry about the run-on sentence. (24 Oct 1996)]
11. You asked about my vigil. It was one of the most surreal experiences of my life.
12. Michelle started out with me in the lower Arb shortly before sunset. She shared with me information I would find valuable through the night.
13. As darkness fell, I expected it to bring fear, but I felt fear only once that entire night when something ran across a field and I thought it came at me through the foliage lining the trail.
14. I did a lot of thinking before the sun rose that morning, mostly about the mother-daughter relationship I have with the Earth/Goddess (I'm Wiccan).
15. I saw it as an omen that I stood on the hill at sunrise, a doe and her fawn stepped into view in a nearby field. I can think of nothing else to say about the experience, it was beyond any verbal description.
16. Things are going well with the Druids. We have good participation for most things, but for our last full moon ritual no one showed up. Probably, because it was fairly cold and there were three inches of snow on the ground.
17. All in all a good fall term.
18. I don't have an anthology yet, so I'm borrowing the Religious Diversity House copy for now.
19. Have a good Yule.
20. Amanda

The Sigil Letters

Chapter the First: The Sigil Vigil

1. Dear Siblings
2. You asked me what I see when I look at this neat little sigil you sent to me? Is it now traditional to wear Druid Sigils as jewelry, this smacks of prosyletization, don't you think?
3. I had always preferred retaining the sigils for liturgical work and carving them on the winds at the close of the service with our hands (Peace, Peace, Peace), thus showing vividly how temporary is our mark on the world.
4. But, it was a good question, so I stayed up last night and thought about it, which is not hard since we have 23 hours at the South Pole.
5. Here are the more comprehensible thoughts that resulted;
6. I see two parallel lines intersecting a circle. (is there more to it than that?)
7. I see the original ritualistic gestures of its shape carved on the winds (where do they go?)
8. I see a fork and a knife on a plate (what was for dinner?)
9. I see two chopsticks resting on a bowl (is it full or emptied?)
10. I see a lid to a pot with bars to keep it from falling in (what's for dinner?)
11. I see a grate to filter out the flow of something (what's to be kept out?)
12. I see two boards placed on a well-top (are you thirsty?)
13. I see two pins and a ring, holding up a hairdo (how fancy is it?)
14. I see a drum and two drum sticks (what music does your rhythm accompany?)
15. I see two saplings with the sun rising behind them (what will happen today?)
16. I see two bars on window (is it locked?)
17. I see a galloping turtle with his head pulled in. (what is he afraid of?)
18. I see the world's tropics of cancer and Capricorn. (where will you go?)
19. I see a thing that cannot be described (do you see it too?)
20. I see a baseball in mid-flight (how will you swing?)
21. I see a bridge spanning over a pond (is it deep?)
22. I see rabbit ears on TV antenna. (What channel are you tuned to?)
23. I see a drawbridge of a castle entrance (what is protected?)
24. I see a Celtic cross, with swords unlocked (why were they fighting?)
25. I see some planks laid over a chasm (what made the hole?)
26. I see eyelashes on a half-closed eye (what does it see?)
27. I see the stalactite & stalagmite lined entrance to the Earth-Mother's womb (what will come out?)
28. I see three enclosed spaces (what else in there?)
29. I see a gold platter and two ivory tusks (was it worth the cost?)
30. I see the trails of two friends in a grassy meadow (which flowers will they pick?)

31. I see two streams of a waterfall pouring over the mouth of a cave (must you get wet?)
32. I see infinite space stretching away from the sigil (what is out there?)
33. I see the refined end-product of some melted rocks, hauled far from home (just like us, isn't it?)
34. I see a division of a perfect year into two half seasons and two "days between the years"
35. I see analogies that have gone on too long (when will I stop?)
36. I see a short tube when viewed from the sides (details depend on the vantage point)
37. I see two parallel lines intersecting a circle on the other side. (sometimes opposites are similar)
38. It is a lump of pewter, than I hung on my computer.
39. -Ian Friesland, June 1997

Chapter The Second: Sigil Musings

1. November 11th, 1997
2. Dear Amanda Bradley, Sister-in-the-Mother.
3. I wish you a happy Celtic Year and beginning of the Time of Sleep in Reformed Druidism (Samhain to Beltane).
4. As a present I offer you this Druid Sigil which I usually give to new 3rd Orders. What does it mean?
5. It is merely a lump of silver to some, worth \$20.
6. To others it is a symbol of weirdness, of people who refuse to accept societies predetermined paths of spirituality.
7. To others it is a symbol by which to recognize other Druids, but verily I believe that there are many people in many faiths or codes who follow the Druidic path but use a different name for it. Seek these people, too.
8. To others, it is a symbol of their desire to control the "magic" of Nature. I have done this too, but beware of egotism, because the control of Nature's magic can be abused, just as we have abused Nature's other resources.
9. To others, it is an indefinite thing. This simple symbol has seemingly never been adopted or named before by any known group before 1963. It can be used as a tool without existing prejudice for teaching.
10. To you, it will mean whatever you wish. If you wear it, people will associate your deeds and words with this symbol.

I give it to you with this in mind.

Yours in the Mother,

Michael, Druid Missionary in Japan



Figure 20 Akita Grove with Bon Den, c. 1997.

Chapter the Third: My Vision of the Sigil

1. I've thought a bit about the sigil. The following is born out of my experiences with a Rosen Method practitioner, my experiences with the Mists of the Stone Forest Grove in Minneapolis, as well as the events of the night of my vigil. In Neopagan Druidism, such as we are, there is a tendency to three-ness.
2. There are a number of three aspected Godheads in Celtic mythology, for example.
3. There is also the aspect of three in time, which has Gaelic names for past, present and future that I cannot remember.
4. Also, the three realities that the Cosmic Tree unites: Upper World, This world, Lower World. Another "three" that we at Mists worked with is that of Gods & Goddesses, Nature Spirits, and Ancestors. In our rituals we invoke these three.
5. The sigil of OBOD is the three rayed sign, commonly translated as the rays of spirit, mind, and body.
6. My view of the RDNA sigil is that the two vertical rays represent spirit and soul. Soul could alternately be called mind. I see the difference between spirit and soul as being the two parts of life that reach for the heavens (spirit), and that which embraces the Earth(soul). I won't say that this is a sharp definition.
7. They could just as easily be two aspects of the same immaterial aspect of a human as two different things altogether.
8. However, they have a body around them, and I believe that is very effectively symbolizes the unity of Life, especially within a Pagan worldview.
9. The two rays extending in both directions beyond the "body" can than have significant meanings of the need to have the balance of an inner life coupled with the outer life of experience.
10. I am a believer in the mind/body connection, and this sigil could well symbolize that too.
11. That has been my experience of late with this Rosen Practitioner. It's a subtle form of touch that reads the soul as kept in the body. I was doing some experiments of my own in my last session, and the results were outstanding.
12. This practitioner I see is good. If I changed my mind in mid-stream, he felt it. I was changing my energies, by centering very deeply. When I hit core, I get body rushes, and when I did, he immediately noted it.
13. I was being silent the whole time, and experimenting with the method because I see this as being a powerful tool for healing souls, which is a desire of mine.
14. So the sigil to me is very profound. I wear it constantly, and it serves to remind me of my Third Order calling.
15. -Robert Harrison, ODAL, Carleton Grove (associated)



The Book of Exile, Part One

(By Irony, 1997-1990)

Chapter the FIRST

1. May 6, 1997
2. Dear Mec,
3. I will not be in evidence over this summer.
4. With any luck I will be wandering Wales and Ireland with my estranged lady love. She had a dream some years ago that we would be in England together the summer before her senior year. Self-fulfilling perhaps, or gratuitous wish granting, but we are formulating travel plans either way.
5. Now I am working on a paper that has crashed four computers and done outrageous power outage. Theological implications of the Ancient Mariner... Someone does not want the thing written.
6. I seem accidentally to have declared a religion major, primarily because I wanted Jackson as an advisor, and found that I am six courses ahead of the game. Time for some time off.
7. There is an internship in Germany I may fall into next term, assuming I come back from the isles. Nothing academic, just building twelve meter racing sailboats within half an hour of both the North and Baltic oceans.
8. Carleton seems unsympathetic to people interested in learning about life rather than ivory. I dearly love the place and the people, but I need some time to myself again.
9. When do you reemerge from the east?
10. Irony

Chapter the SECOND

1. May 7th, 1998
2. Dear Mec,
3. I've settled back into Carleton at last after a long and full year pursuing education in other forms and places.
4. I worked for a month at the end of last spring then poured all the earnings into a plane to Germany where I stayed until October, living alone, learning to drink, working with a blacksmith, living off bread and brie and musslix.
5. I was in Nieder Saxon, Schleswig-Holstein where the Viking 'Empire' was centered, as far North as you can go and not be in Denmark. Barrows are scattered about the landscape, now largely forgotten and unmarked by the locals, though I found the stubs of candles in the hollow of the crown of one.
6. I also spent a fair bit of time playing with the deer in the wild park. While doing that, I encountered a pleasant and awe-inspiring shock of a pure white doe.
7. The trip was badly organized and suffered from discrepant paradigms such that the only things that worked out were those I found for myself. By October I was ready to leave, which was good; they were ready to deport me!
8. So I went to England, reacquainted myself with my British relations whom I had not really seen in fourteen years. I stayed in London for two weeks in the company of an overbearing aunt and a discomfortingly beautiful cousin. She had the most distracting habit of greeting me with a kiss on the cheek. One that verged dangerously on the

electric corners of the lips upon occasion. I was very glad we were related.

9. Then I traveled again to a commune in Swindon where I worked for a time and learned many things, to Avebury, where I wandered, was rained upon, and left an offering of blood on the old, old stones, to Glastonbury where I spent the night on the Tor while the winds wept and invisible things clumped about the grass.
10. There I met an old, old witch, a beautiful Mauri woman in her late seventies, still clear of mind, but approaching death who could see in me with a clarity that many miss having known me for years.
11. Then home again by a wandering route where I returned to Merri, at last, and we spent a longer time together than we have since the spring we met. I got to know my family again during those two months, the brother who is growing up without me and the father who is more at peace than I have ever known him to be.
12. I arrived in time for Samhain and a wonderful William friend of mine and I celebrated in style in a field below/beyond my home, out of sight of everything but stars.
13. After Christmas I left for Sea or SEA rather: Sea Education Association - The Semester at Sea program, the most enlightening experiential, and challenging academic phenomenon I have yet to encounter.
14. I learned less about myself there than others did, of I went into it knowing more about this person that I am. I did learn much about how the world works, about power and resolve, how people change and function, and a dozen practical things of work and living.
15. I turned as black as the Arab I am and lost fifteen pounds to sea sickness. Someday I will return to the sea.
16. She is coming to Carleton in the fall, and I will teach her all I know about the workings of this place and to the dubious wisdom and traditions of the last three years.
17. She has that rarest of gifts, true initiative. NO one remaining here does. There is no feedback, no suggestions are offered. Things happen only when out of the nothingness, I, or alas more rarely Michelle Hajder, decides that they will. Then people come participate and wander off again, without comment.
18. Chrissie, though, creates her own schemes and is inspired by those she sees. She arrived at my door with a bag of tricks and announced that we were to celebrate. After the feeling I have here of having to force things through by my will and my presence - all the while trying not to be a leader- it was unspeakably refreshing to have someone enthusiastic, creative in their own right and willing to walk beside, instead of behind or before.
19. I feel vaguely bad about planning for her to assume the leadership here and even a tad of humorous guilt for 'importing' an active and dynamic Druid when there were no local ones forth coming. I have known Chrissie since before she could walk. Promoting her to Archdruidcy feels almost dynastic sometimes.
20. And now I've returned.
21. I have designed the first ethics major at Carleton, which may open up a new concentration.
22. Someone has stenciled John Lennon upon the north facing stone of the circle. Somehow it does not bother me much. The place is well loved by the people here, the lady has a path beaten down to her and I find flowers and offerings there at times.

23. I performed the weddings at Beltain to the great delight of the couples and onlookers. One was a couple from my class. The other, Harriet Erwin and her boyfriend, the secretary of philosophy / religion / classics, if you don't recall.
24. We danced the maypole into the ground and Michelle led the last dance so that I could watch it all happen for once.
25. I am happy in a peculiar way with the near future looking full, serious, and wonderful. I miss my love immensely but we will be together again for another while soon. I am sorry to have missed your wedding.
26. Enough for now, for one letter,
27. Yours in service,
28. Irony
29. Carleton College, MN

Chapter the THIRD

1. Date: Fri, 06 Nov 1998 14:44:00 -0600
2. Druidism, as I practice it, is at its heart the recognition of only two things:
3. That the spiritual search is important, individual, and life long, and that nature presents one avenue down which to take this search.
4. What it requires is simply a great degree of intellectual honesty with ones self. You do not simply choose what you will believe; you search out what might be true and subject it to some rigorous examination.
5. Approach life with the premise that everyone and everything can teach you something you don't yet know, and knows something that you never will.
6. Druidism is about actively learning as much as you can about life and yourself- not merely on the spiritual plane.
7. I could go on forever, but it will become a description of my search, rather than classical reformed druidism if I continue much.
8. It may help you to know one of the very basic suppositions and assertions of that system. You have a right to believe what you know to be true, no matter what anyone thinks of it.
9. I would be glad to talk to you in person about anything. An important learning technique is sharing with others the things you have learned, unlearned, or wondered about. Through their reflections on it, you glean a lot.
10. Give me a call if you wish, or stop by. 646-4566.
11. Irony.

Chapter the FOURTH

1. Dear Mec,
2. After nearly four years I am no longer Carleton's Archdruid. It is an odd feeling. My sigil necklace broke on the trip home and there was a longish space of time where I felt that I could no longer do magic, like that was a thing that went with the position... How was your severance experience?
3. It seems that I am still a servant of whatever it is I've finally begun calling god. It's strange.
4. I feel like this is another training period for a task I can't see yet. The other side of my brain thinks it's all hogwash of course. Who is to say who is right?
5. I enjoyed our contest last night. However long it took to recover from it...

6. I would be honored if you would come to my wedding.
7. For the Apocrypha: "Tread lightly on Fairy toes, and beware all drinking games with past Arch-Druids."
8. You taught me alot, Mec, I thank you.
9. Til next time.
10. Irony
11. June 1999, New York

The Tree Epistle of John

(By John Burridge, 1999)

Chapter the FIRST

1. January 17th, 1999 18:34:13 -0800r'êM
2. You wrote: Tomorrow's tea will be focused around a discussion. 'Are we making it all up?' The search, the circle, god, magic, meaning... 'Is any of it really there?'
3. I'm not so sure that the question, "Are we making it all up?" is a useful question. (Well, OK, it's one which philosophers have been asking about reality for a while... but then I'm a theatre major disguised as a physics major disguised as a computer person.)
4. Certainly we're being slightly more conscious about how we interpret what we are sensing. Unless you meant, "Is what we're experiencing something which can be measured with machines?" maybe a more interesting question could be, "What is making us choose to organize our sensory input in a way which includes magic, the search, etc.?"

Chapter the SECOND

1. For example, once, while I was hugging a tree, it hugged me back.
2. Now, it didn't grow arms, and the branches didn't move to squeeze my shoulders, but at the time I felt a warmth and a sensation of touch around my shoulders. That I experienced a hug is a truth.
3. The explanation of "what really happened" is another matter. A non-exhaustive list of explanations:
4. The Spirit of the Tree decided that I needed a hug and did something with ectoplasm (or what have you).
5. I was rather depressed at the time, and in need of some kind of comfort so badly that I imagined the tree hugging me strongly enough to "feel" it.
6. By hugging the tree, I somehow brought our "fields" together, and the exchange of "charge" between the tree and my body registered as a sensation of heat and pressure.
7. By hugging the tree, I relaxed my shoulder muscles and the release in tension caused a small muscle spasm interpreted as a shoulder hug.
8. Radiation from the Reed College nuclear reactor just happened to pass through my shoulders at the same time that I was hugging the tree.
9. The Deity saw that I needed comfort, and caused Radiation from the Reed College nuclear reactor to pass through my shoulder at the time I was hugging the tree.
10. None of the above. All of the above.

Chapter the THIRD

1. I prefer to believe the first explanation. It could be wrong.
2. Since I don't expect other people's lives to depend on familiar trees hugging them (or at least believing that familiar trees could hug them), I don't see that it matters what I'm believing about the tree (at least it is consistent with my animist spiritual beliefs).
3. The only thing "wrong" about my belief (as Mark Dwyer will point out) is that it assumes that Trees in general (and The Deity specifically) are even interested in or care what one human being is feeling for the rather short period of five minutes.
4. But hey, it beats being nihilistic about the world.
5. - John



Figure 21 Betsy at New Circle, Beltane 1997.



Figure 22 Irony at Old Circle, Samhain 1996.

The Book of Q

(By Q, 1999)

Chapter the FIRST: Introduction

1. "Arf! Wan! Wan!" as we say in Doggese, or as I say, in English, "Hey there, how are you doing?"
2. I'm not sure I should be here, I'm borrowing Mike's keyboard while he takes a nap.
3. He seems very busy writing stuff here, so I thought I'd write a few things from my perspective.

Chapter the SECOND: The Basics

1. Food and drink is good. Can't state that too strongly.
2. Play and rest is good. Amen to that!
3. I like people to be nice to me.
4. Don't bite the hand that feeds you, unless they're being idiots.

Chapter the THIRD: Other Pleasures

1. I don't know about sex, they neutered me, bastards....
2. If it itches, scratch.
3. Chase anything that moves.
4. Did I mention food?

Chapter the FOURTH: Other Stuff

1. Every day is special and new.
2. Go for walkies, mountains and forests and rivers are good.
3. Forget the paths and just wander about, you'll find something new this way.
4. Visit your friends often.
5. Clothes and leashes get in the way of the good life.
6. When playing in the water, don't fight the current, just cross the river.
7. If you talk too much, especially near unawake people, they get angry at you.

Chapter the FIFTH: Conclusion

1. Hey, this writing thing is pretty easy, huh?
2. Gotta go. He's waking up again....

Q the Dog
July 30th, 1999
Akita, Japan



Figure 23 Akita Grove Circle, c. 1998.

The Book of the Sermon

(By Pat of Akita Grove)

1. Aye, it was a bad omen, for it was Midsummer's Day, the longest day of the year, and yet a service was held in the forest of Takayama.
2. Mike's arrival in our country was certainly a mixed blessing, for although he brought the teachings of the Reform to blend with our Shinto, he did also bring with him his speeches.
3. It is unfortunate that Mike is inspired with enough thoughts to keep several men busy, thus he wishes to dispense the extra ones to those around him.
4. For many weeks he had worked on that speech and for many minutes did it last.
5. A priest of Belenos, Mike did verily stop the sun in the heavens, for time seemed to stretch beneath the torrent of words that he unleashed on the listeners.
6. Grass grew several inches, brains froze and drool escaped the lips of some of his victims.
7. Several were enlightened as their minds sought escape from their bodies, others writhed in abject boredom.
8. Having studied the ancients, he felt not the urgent press of youth, and seemed bent on remaining there talking until we all had reached great age.
9. What was said was not remembered, but valuable insight was inadvertently gained from the message.
10. When the words, stopped, and consciousness returned to the listeners, all blew a kiss to Mike, to remind him of an ancient Druid lesson, known by the masses.
11. Keep It Short & Simple.



Figure 24 Pat doing Sirona's Shugyo Service, at the Akita Grove's waterfall c.1998.

The Book of Exile, Part Two

(By Irony, 1999-2001)

Chapter the FIRST

1. Dear Mike
2. I read all the books you sent me. Thank you deeply.
3. Machiavelli was fascinating, deserving of further study. The one truly disturbing thought it produced was this: will any system of thought that does not make the acquisition of power one of its objectives eventually become a tool for one that does? If so, what are we to do about it?
4. As my mother kindly pointed out one must distinguish between force and power, but still I suspect the quandary remains.
5. The Buddhist answer -- I suspect-- would be to distinguish between inner and outer power. Have enough power in yourself and noone can wield power over you (or have no self...)
6. When I think of Reformed Druidism as a "system" of thought, it seems that its goal - if it has one- is understanding.
7. (I also suspect it is also too small and esoteric a way for any external power monger to notice!) The old Druids though, were very powerful, and very hard to manipulate - which is why Rome had them killed. Bears thinking about....
8. Fate seems to enjoy messing with my mind. Each time I get something all planned out the wyrds weave some new thread past mine that sets me all adrift again. I don't know if I will aim for Japan.
9. The need to do useful work, that I can believe in, is nagging at me and I am struck with Socrates' truth that the philosopher needs to be a citizen of the world. The U.N.'s calling me.
10. The creation of a cooperative peaceful, culturally diverse and environmentally sound planet is something I could work for whole-heartedly. I know not by what means I would do this, nor how, now where, but it tempts me to try.
11. My worry is the assertion that the world's ills are not susceptible to political solutions, but spiritual ones.... There seems to be some truth in that.
12. The Bahai's (worth intensive study - they are practically Druids already!) maintain that the purpose of religion is peaceable union and understanding, a cross cultural binding force - and insist further that it is better to be without religion than to support one that serves division. Them too I must learn more about....
13. Yours truly, Irony

Chapter the Second

Dalon ap Landu: Lord of the Palm Trees
Irony Sade, ODAL, VCN, in Tonga

1. Spring 2001?
2. Druidism becomes exactly as serious as you take it to be (not serious-dull, but rather, important, personal, life affecting.) You and I have taken it more seriously than most, and have (I hope) been rewarded accordingly.

3. I have moved in this year from the pyrrhic and phoenix-like sacrifice of leading, loving and leaving a grove and into what must be old territory for you: the life of a devout, wandering, groveless and lonely Druid priest.
 4. Tonga is a lonely place in which to be a druid. The land and the people both challenge and passively assault my understanding and values.
 5. Much of what we do as druids harks back to the life and cycles of Mother Earth. The seasons, Beltain, the living and dead halves of the year, growth and rebirth...
 6. Even if you do not postulate the horned king, consort to the Goddess, whose life is that of the changing seasons - birth in mid-winter, love in spring, growth, maturity and sacrifice at Samhain- there is much that is tied implicitly to the mysteries of the natural world.
 7. But now I am thrust into confronting what I had always wondered about: the cycles we follow are those of a NORTHERN TEMPERATE world. Here in the tropical South, things differ. There is no spring, no autumn, no time of general death and growth.
 8. The moon remains, bless her, but she travels widdershins. An anti-clockwise sky! I knew it would be that way in my mind, and I have adjusted my internal compass for the navigation, but then deeper questions begin to spring.
 9. Clockwise, I have learned and practiced (during the rare occasions when I engage in ritual or external magic working) is the natural and appropriate direction of things. Beginnings, summonings, progressions, growth, movement, callings - every natural "Good" ritual movement begins clockwise. North East South West, with endings, banishments, etc. being the opposite.
 10. All that was explained and justified by the movement of the heavens and anti-clockwise movement is now regarded as "un-natural." The "left-hand path" was never, explicitly mind you, to be avoided as destructive and evil.
 11. Now the stars move widdershins above me, and I must ask if the practice of magic is relative to geography (for every ritual culture I know of in the north proceeds clockwise...)
 12. Now there are no seasons, and I must wonder if different gods and goddesses hold sway. The Earth remains - the Goddess is eternal- but does the Green Man peer between the coconut palms? Does Llyr swim amidst the reefs I see?
 13. Does the Wild Hunt of the Northern Climes hold any truck with hurricanes? Do the Gods I know and serve even visit these regions or have they siblings I have yet to meet and love?
 14. It is easy to say that all the gods and all their lovers are but facets of one Brahmanian whole, but it is a difficult thing to act upon. I was consecrated a priest of the Lord of the Groves (though by my well-meaning but foolish tongue I may have been the last) and I am faithful to that charge, but if Landu's son is a purely temperate beast where does that leave me in the tropics?
 15. Such questions are the product of a fevered mind. The spiritual quest may be furthered through the study and experience of nature- all of her.
 16. If I have wandered farther afield than our linguistic predecessors it is absurd to blame my confusion on their ignorance.
- The Goddess is Mother of all, and the lord of the Groves is present even amongst palm trees. Let not the Welsh name I met him under distract me from that fact.

Chapter the THIRD

What do Druids Do?

1. June 2001
2. Dear Mec,
3. One of the men I work with here, Saia, by name, has been asking me about Druidism.
4. Religion plays a huge role in Tongan life, and I often ask him to describe parts of its impact.
5. Invariably he returns the questions; "What are the religious duties of a druid?", "What money does the church collect, and what is it used for?", "What are the requirements for being a priest?", "What obligations do they have?", "Do they serve for life?", "Can they marry?", "Are there Druidic schools?", "To what moral code are Druids bound?"
6. As it is the delicious doom of every Druid to answer such things for his or her self, I can only pass the questions on. May they stimulate much thinking.
7. A thing that fascinates me about his line of questioning is its purely practical focus. Not "What do you believe?" but "What do you do?"
8. In a way it is not such a bad place to start. Actions are driven by values, which may be derived from and supported by wildly divergent beliefs. Thus, if it be found that a group of Druids hold similar values, they can act in concert, even if those values are supported by different or even incompatible beliefs which each individual has developed through his or her independent search for spiritual truth.
9. The forum then becomes: I value X; therefore I will do Y. This shift in paradigms has immediate consequences. Not the least being that it moves one out of the highly contested and poorly articulated realm of theology.
10. Values, furthermore, seem to have a longer half-life than beliefs, which may suddenly shift in the light of new experience. Changes in what people value come only - I suspect- with a distinct change in a person's character, which experience shows is rare indeed.
11. The challenge is that one must engage in serious introspection to discover to which values one is really committed.
12. I did tell Saia the three moral commands supposedly taught by the old Druids: "Act Bravely, Honor the Gods, Do No Evil." Tongan is a tongue of many puns, and I discovered as I said it that the last statement also translates as "Don't Fu*k Badly," a commandment bound to enthuse a certain class of Druids....
13. Life here is good. Much of my work involves counseling and advising rather than hands on work. Sowing seeds of reason into the discussion of kindergarten politics, suggesting accounting changes in the youth groups budget, encouraging people to engage in continuing education (and walking them through the application!)
14. To a large extent, I am simply living here, being part of an alien community, understanding and participating in its life, caring for my neighbors. The island's doctor has started referring me his patients, which is a bit ridiculous.
15. Most important to me I am starting to understand how people here think and am now able to engage in the same sort of thinking myself. That competence snuck up on me.

Its existence was highlighted by the recent arrival of an anthropologist who stayed for a month at the other end of town.

16. She has been studying the culture of Tonga (actually the cultural change and how housing reflects that) for nine months, but apparently only the more diluted samples you find on the bigger islands. She tried to play a game which I have long learned to avoid, and was in too deep within two days and had to flee the island under threat of imminent marriage. Very entertaining.
17. Somehow or other I have now been here over a year. Next Beltaine will mark my release from the Peace Corps. Still no clear plan on what is to follow. Japan is looking less likely.
18. So is traveling right round the world, a trip many ex-volunteers arrange. I have gotten too deeply into this culture to enjoy a touristic whirlwind of several dozen others. I intend to see many other countries, but I wish to know them personally, and that will take time.
19. I know I will return to the states, see my family, maybe publish a few stories. If possible I would like to criss-cross the country a time or two, visiting all my scattered friends and correspondents. Perhaps I will build a new harp and simply be a bard for a while. Tis still too soon to tell..
20. There is yet another Pai Kava running across the road, possibly the last one with electric lights for some time. The island is out of gasoline again.
21. I've had to cut back on my kava intake. I hit a stretch where I was drinking every night for three weeks running. Several gallons a day. The stuff is a drug, after all. Turns you into a lizard if you don't watch it.
22. Much of the business gets transacted at such gatherings, so they are still obligatory, but I try not to drink so long these days.
23. Hope all is reasonably well state-side. How's that Washington Grove coming?
24. Yours in service.
25. Irony.

Chapter the FOURTH

1. December 19, 2001.
2. Rain. Thought we might be in for a hurricane last night.
3. We had to seal all the windows of the town hall and to keep the water out. Now the wind has left for somewhere cooler and we retain only a solid perpendicular drizzle.
4. I can't recall if I mentioned my chickens.
5. For the longest time, I held off adopting any, figuring I could have either them or a garden. With zero local vegetables, the latter was more important.
6. One day, I came home to find two young hens hiding under my bed. I took the hind, tied them up and built a large cage to keep them in.
7. One puzzling fact about chickens is that after a week or two in a new environment, they forget having lived anywhere else. Once these two were thoroughly brainwashed I let them roam free.
8. First thing they did was devour my cabbages and tear up the onions. They haven't even produced any eggs yet!
9. Still, they are adorable – and I can always eat them if they bug me too much.
11. Time flies like a hummingbird. Magically still while sucking life's nectar, then gone too fast to follow. My time

approaches the latter phase. Twelve weeks till escape from paradise.

12. With luck I will be home for Beltaine.
13. Send nothing to Tonga after March 16.
14. Till then, I remain your sunburnt emissary.
15. Irony.

Chapter the FIFTH

1. The following account is perfectly true and factual. The events happened last Friday. Makes you wonder just how thorough the missionaries were:
2. HARD CORE PAGANS IN TONGA
3. After being assured by the Doctors that there was nothing wrong with him, Siona Piko (false name) visited a good Christian card reader to diagnose ongoing pains in his abdomen.
4. The reader examined his playing cards and announced that two of Siona's deceased in-laws were trying to take the family with them. Sinoa's wife had died just before his pains started, her brother only months before. Unless the spirits were stopped they would haul off the whole family.
5. Siona returned to his island and tearfully related the story to the surviving relatives. "I know I'm going to die," he told them.
6. Two of Siona's good Wesleyan cousins decided enough was enough. They stole into the graveyard in the early morning and dug up the bones of the two offenders.
7. Carrying as many parts as they could, they snook to the lava field, doused the bodies in kerosene and burned them in the night. The skulls they carried to the wharf and then threw them into the sea, which promptly spat them back out.
8. "We are Christians!" the local priest bellowed at Mass the next Sunday. "Stop doing this! Haven't I taught you anything?"
9. Villagers were somewhat sympathetic, "Sure, we dig up our families graves ... to clean and oil the bones sometimes."
10. Said one woman who spoke to me on conditions of anonymity; "The Spirits occasionally make us sick then show up to complain about tree roots prying their ribs apart. Once we clean the grave they always leave us alone."
11. Others were merely terrified of ghostly reprisals because the bones had not been completely destroyed. According to the police officer who recovered the ashes, the deceased were still alive and well and prevented his car from starting when he tried to leave for work.
12. "Go away and let me do my job!" he cried. Under Tonga's very Christian law such acts carry a ten year sentence.
13. The local Druid when pressed for comment, smiled quietly behind his tea cup and simply asked if Siona Piko had recovered.
14. Fresh off the coconut wireless report
15. Irony Sade Reporting
16. P.S. Still digesting Marcus Aurelius' "Meditations". Very good. Definitely high class paganism.

Chapter the SIXTH

1. Dear Mike,
2. Representatives of the Volcano Grove recently undertook a pilgrimage to the island of Tofua.

3. There they were witness to no fewer than five simultaneous thunderstorms, spied several rare species of birds, bathed in a pool sheltered in the rainforest, and were blessed with the opportunity to behold real live lava.
4. The Archfool himself undertook to climb over the lip of the cinder-cone to get a better look at the fire. (Tied to a firmly anchored rope--he is learning a few things!) Others were then able to scramble up the same rope and hold onto him while gazing a hundred meters straight down to the place where rocks are melted up and born again.
5. Some days later he made a solo trip back up the cone without the rope (Goddess watching is dangerously addictive) and was blessed with a double lung-full of sulfuric acid and a badly lacerated leg while fleeing the cloud of vapors that emerged to punish his precocious-ness.
6. Bridgit is known in these parts as "Pele." Tongan being what it is, the word has several other meanings too--Dolphins, card playing, and Spinach-like trees all share the name of the Goddess of Fire. In such a heavily contextual language invocation becomes a dangerous and haphazard art.
7. If all goes well I should escape in March or April and be home for April or May. I have not seen New York in springtime for seven years. It is about time to get home.



Figure 25 Above Mike, below Stephen Crimmins bobbing for Druid Donuts while tickled, Beltane 2001.

Book of Stones, Part Two

(By Mike, 2001)

Chapter the Third

1. Few were more charming and charismatic that Irony of the Black Locks, whose glance could open a hundred hearts and plunge one into mystery.
2. Many were the times Irony did mosey up to the Hill of Three Oaks to reflect on the Reform.
3. There stood the mysterious Twelve Stones on a rise nearby, and often surrounded by trash and high grass, for they were beloved by students, but shunned by grounds crew, who were greatly angered by their presence.
4. Perhaps, the anger was caused by their mysterious appearance, for they appear suddenly in the morning, like mushrooms popping out of the ground, or fallen from the sky.
5. Not a blade of grass was bent nearby or footprint could be found to explain what force brought such heavy boulders to that spot, and no sooner were the stones removed, but they returned, often in the same location.
6. Irony did notice however, that their upkeep did keep him too busy, and a more secluded resting place for the stones must be sought, since the Hill of Three Oaks is a very busy spot.
7. Importuning the president of the College and ground's crew, his petitions naturally found favorable ears and things were put in motion, large machines that did crush their earth beneath their wheels, as the stones had to be transferred over many intervening hills and forest, to a site that was remote and untouched by the hand of vandals.
8. In a consortium of ancient astrological planning, for which the Druids are often attributed great skill, and the might of modern machines, the stones were placed in a circle, with an enormous three edged altar stone of alabaster white in the center, resting upon three other stones.
9. None knew what lay beneath, except Irony, for not all secrets are revealed.
10. Many legends have arisen about the Stones of Irony, or the Stone Circle, as it is known. A powerful place it is.
11. For many years, it has become the chosen place of Beltanes and ordinations, as the Hill of Three Oaks is often reserved by others with other agendas.
12. And yet, no sooner had the stone circle been created, but another circle did appear close to the Hill of Three Oaks, a sly circle, that hid in the tall grasses beneath an oak on the edge of a field.
13. And the wonder is that this was the spot where the altar stone came from; perhaps to take its place guarding one entrance to the area of the Hill of Three Oaks.
14. A mystery it is

Chapter the Fourth

1. After a journey racing the sun, Mike came to the land of the Rising Sun, far to the North where tradition and farming held sway across the land.
2. At this center of international learning, there was a park famed throughout the prefecture.
3. It had been built at the time the university had been founded, and the final stone of several trilithions was set that autumn after Mike did arrive.
4. Circles of stones, and natural springs abounded here, and water grates shaped like that of sigils.
5. Mike did take it as a sign that it was a Druidic place to live, and four years did he remain there, teaching English and Druidic culture to the children of that tribe.
6. Like those mighty megaliths, for which Akita is famous, Mike'

Chapter the Fifth

1. Long an island in the Lakes of Lyman was heart-shaped, and this was known as Mai-Fete island, for all the May Festivals in the early 20th Century.
2. Next to this island was an un-named twin.
3. Both were very bushy with scrub and small trees until the beginnings of the 21st century, when whackers of weeds and saws of chains did reduce their wild natures to a pristine patch of tamed grass.
4. The smaller island was named Stewsie Island after Mr. Stewart who managed the Arb for many decades on Ground's Crew.
5. Labyrinth walking had become popular at Carleton since the reappearance of the Stone Circle on the Hill of Three Oaks, and around the time of the Stones of Irony, an in-laid labyrinth was put on Stewsie Island.
6. Happy students and insightful townspeople swarmed to walk on them barefoot, and legend has it that if you can walk to the center blind-folded and barefooted without touching the edges, then you are rather quite special.
7. But not for long, did people without shoes use these paths, as a force of birds, did enforce a new regime on this island paradise, once known as Dinosaur Island.
8. Oft have the ducks been seen to wander this labyrinth, not paying head to the convoluted path dictated by the designer, nay, they walked right across them, and verily shat about them with wild abandon.
9. Such wise ducks were these.
10. The authorities took umbrage at this, and action followed, with fences placed at the edges of the island to fend off the invaders, who took to the air, and then landed on the stones anyway, to continue their political message of rebellion.

Book of Vigils, Part Two

(By Mike, 2003)

Chapter the Fifteenth

1. My Vigil for my Third Order was way back in '75.
2. Joan and Robert Larson came and visited me a few times during the first part of the night.
3. This was at a park in El Cerrito, California. There was a meadow not far from where I sat, and it seemed to be lit with many little strange lights so I wondered whether there were fairies dancing in the meadow.
4. I spent the last part of the night as dawn came having a telepathic conversation with a gnome about 30 feet away from me.
5. When it was light enough to see, I saw that the gnome had turned into a stump.
6. Then Joan and Robert Larson came to get me, ordained me, and we had the traditional breakfast at Smokey Joe's in Berkeley.
7. -Tegwedd ShadowDancer

Chapter the Sixteenth: Amanda

1. You asked about my vigil. It was one of the most surreal experiences of my life.
2. Michelle started out with me in the lower Arb shortly before sunset. She shared with me information I would find valuable through the night.
3. As darkness fell, I expected it to bring fear, but I felt fear only once that entire night when something ran across a field and I thought it came at me through the foliage lining the trail.
4. I did a lot of thinking before the sun rose that morning, mostly about the mother-daughter relationship I have with the Earth/Goddess (I'm Wiccan).
5. I saw it as an omen that I stood on the hill at sunrise, a doe and her fawn stepped into view in a nearby field. I can think of nothing else to say about the experience, it was beyond any verbal description.

Chapter the Seventeenth: Merri

1. What do you do about a problem named Merri?
2. A woman of great charisma, leadership and energy, who bedazzles all who gaze into her deep eyes and hear her laugh. Greater still are the chains that link one's heart who hears her wise words.
3. She was and is a Druid who dares to ask the boldest questions, such as why should I follow Dalon Ap Landu?
4. The question came as a thunderclap to Mike, the Fool, who had journeyed from the Western Isles of the Ocean to assist in the ordination.
5. "Because we have always done so." was his first reply, one that was bitter even as he said it. For in those words, he realized a truth long dormant.
6. The first order, yea, even the second order were without a name; pure in their naiveté; but yet the third order did come with a patron, one verily who was not known in the annals of history. Few wish to serve those they do not know.

7. Mike sat still and examined his heart, and felt for wise words from his years of experience in the diversity of Druidism. And he found some.
8. "It will not be necessary." He said, and the weight of history was felt in the room.
9. "For the work of Dalon Ap Landu is not dependent on his name, but by your actions (if not your words), the work of the Third Order may be done. In the past, this Grove has had many before me who followed a similar course. I would not second guess their tradition either."
10. Sister Merri did choose to walk the Arb, a restless soul like her did not stay in one place, for she was of the roaming kind. And yet she guided Carleton for 4 years.
11. In the morning, on the Hill of Three Oaks, she did into the Third Order, but in a way, unseen for many years.
12. Her work in the ensuing years, shows that the Gods have favored her appointment with great showers of successful groving.
13. The solution is to learn from her.

Chapter the Eighteenth: Robert

1. Lo! Robert, a carpenter, a burly man of athletic build, who could pull wisdom from the fire as easily as he pulls helpless people from burning buildings.
2. A Druid who, like Brother Sam, has explored the range of Druidism, but still finds a place for the Reform's teachings in his lifestyle.
3. A Druid who has contemplated the lofty teachings of Nepal to the base lessons of the streets. A gentle, witty man with calluses and a blue bottle of strange liquor.
4. Brother Robert, a strong tree, was an older Druid, twice the age of the supple saplings of the Carleton Grove, and whose years of experience were well-appreciated by his grove-mates.
5. Vigiling with Brother Ehren, he stead-fastly remained by the fire, a friend of his and often bitter foe. In the morning, the wood was only ashes, but the fire remained in his piercing stare of a Druid who was awake.
6. Mounting the Hill of Three Oaks, he did call forth his dreams and hopes of doing the work of the Third Order, and the winds responded kindly.

Chapter the Nineteenth: Ehren

1. While Brother Robert was in the woods, Brother Ehren was elsewhere seeking the Deer King who stalked the woods that night.
2. Deep in the Lower Arb, beyond the paths trod by mere students, Ehren did go forth, seeking truths others were uncomfortable with.
3. Then he heard the fierce cry in the still of the night. A sound not possible from a single throat, but rather from the shrieks of a quartet of demons.
4. Not one to be afraid, Ehren did go straightly and seek out this horrendous source of noise. Tirelessly, the many miles did pass quickly beneath his feet.
5. Tall was the figure in the moonlight, draped in black with no face, tall horns and a contraption under its arm that appeared to be a deadly octopus.
6. Another blast from the beast, did shake Ehren's soul to its base, yet he stepped forward to ask questions. But what those questions were, and their answers, are known only to Ehren, for he was forbidden to speak of them to others.

7. In the morning, Mike did awake from his meditation on the spirits, having journeyed himself into realms where thought did not venture.
8. Ehren did enter the Third Order after fierce questioning, ready to do its work.

Chapter the Twentieth: Nozomi

1. Sister Nozomi, born at the cross-roads of two travelers, pulled in two directions, seeking a place to call home. One of those way-stations was the RDNA, which would adapt to her changing circumstances.
2. Bold, dark haired and with a soft heart for her friends, Nozomi lived in a land far from the usual haunts of Druids, till one day a tall man named Mike did meet her at a place of learning.
3. No simple place it was, but of people passing each other. Some to the West, some to the East, growing wiser through the meeting.
4. Her father was a priest of the Shinto faith, and was now teaching her the ways of tending to the shrine and the Way of the Gods. And yet, she knew of other ways, from other lands, and this troubled her heart, as she could not pick only one.
5. Nozomi spent the night taking a pounding beneath a waterfall, in the cool mountains of Northern Japan, with but a white slip to fend off the rasping water.
6. Water passed over, around and through her, cleansing until it hurt, and then until nothing could be felt anymore.
7. In that quiet place she thought on her destiny and found many answers that eased her heart.
8. Such was her composure, tired but confident, ready to add a new flavor to the Druidism, one that the world had not yet seen.

Chapter the Twenty-First: Pat

1. Brave Pat, fearlessly denying himself the wonders of the modern world. Living in a dinky shrine, on a distant mountain in an unknown corner of a far-away land. The sound of flushing water is not heard there.
2. Spouse of Nozomi, seeker of wisdom, bearer of the sharp scraping tongue of bardic majesty; such a Druid is rare among rarities.
3. He began at a Druidic university in Akita, a land known as the Fields of Autumn, for the bountiful harvests that the Earth-Mother blesses there, the beautiful women that feed on the rice, and the husky men who drink the rice-wine. Fanciful are their haircuts and plentiful the barbers to make them!
4. Brother Pat, did undergo the vigil in a yet more distant and steep mountain, many kilometers from navigable river or passable path. Mike was sore afflicted in his toes to reach only the base camp. How much more admirable to climb the mountain!
5. And climb it, Pat did, like a mountain goat in the night, bruises and scrapes were generously received without comment impolite.
6. In the midst of the night, on the summit peak, he did gaze upon the silvered mirror of moon and cried out his questions. Sometimes the moon glowed bright in response, other times, it hid behind clouds, when answers were not to be given.

7. The descent through boulders, twisted tree trunks and slippery gullies was as trying as the ascent, but at a more rapid speed; for so long had he talked with the maiden of the night, that he had not heard the approach of her bright lover storming the horizon.
8. Mike felt the heavy passage of time, and was afflicted by bugs thirsty for his bloods. Where was this young novice Druid, and why did he so resolutely refuse to appear with the dawn?
9. In a spring and a stumble, out of the bushes flew the wild madman, bleeding and bruised, but smiling. "Am I late?" was his only apology.
10. With the solar disk, a man's height over the stunning edge of the world, Pat did take the oaths and promises, then the long trudge home began, since vehicles were prohibited by Pat's geas.

Chapter the Twenty-Second: Dan

1. Dan the trusty, Dan the debater, long will you remain in our memory.
2. From a lineage of the loquacious, a dynasty of debater, great is you glib.
3. Despite a busy night of other vigilers' taking the attention, you performed marvelously when called to the Stones of Irony, to defend your beliefs.
4. On the great circle of boulders were perched the council of Druids, waiting to hear Dan's words.
5. On the great center altar stone stood Dan, defiantly and modest, bracing himself for the questions that would come.
6. And come they did, like a hail of stones, from all directions.
7. Frantically, but methodically, he fended them off with replies both short and long.
8. Many a Druid before him had dropped speechless early on, for these were not easy questions.
9. Indeed, many a questioning Druid soon found themselves without further questions to pose.
10. And all agreed he had performed well, perhaps a little too well, for they were discomfited by their own abilities in the comparison.
11. Thus did Dan enter their ranks.

Chapter the Twenty-Third: Ikari

1. Brother Ikari was a man of great literary talent and glib in the use of the tongues of English and Japanese, and deeply informed on the mysteries of Keltria and Wicca.
2. In the city of Kobe, known as the Door of the Gods, did Ikari choose to enter the Third Order after long consultation by mail with Mike. A city of commerce and great wealth, hugging the shores of an inland sea, dotted with islands; it was filled with busy streets and bustling people.
3. At a bench by the ocean, many questions did pass both ways, as the two Druids grew in deeper appreciation of each other, and Ikari learned of the finer details of the Third Order.
4. But where to vigil? Hardly a scrap of green was to be seen in such a metropolis.
5. A few inquiries at shrines came up negative, and a city map was inspected. Like most cities in Japan, Kobe was nestled between mountainous interior and pounding ocean.

6. The direction was up, and Mike grudgingly trudgingly climbed another mountain, led by the gifted Ikari, who could read the map better. Provisions were procured at a nearby outfitter for the long journey.
7. On a Saturday night, the large mountain perched university's athletic fields were mostly uninhabited, and various constructions to test the athlete's metal filled the plain. Down below was Kobe at night, like a jewel box of sparkling diamonds wrapped in a velvety black shawl.
8. "We will have a marvelous time here." Mike did opine.
9. From the bushes burst forth a raging, hairy porcine from Celtic legends, bearing fangs, and followed by two smaller wild boars.
10. The two Druids were sorely afflicted by fear, but bravely sought to examine them more closely, from the top of the Jungle Gym.
11. The mighty boar did scoff at their cowardice and proceeded to eat their lunch with piggy abandon.
12. Sated, the great scrapper did leave the Druids with a lesson in humility.
13. The following drizzle did not drastically dampen the duo's Druidic decorum.
14. After a few more comforting words, Mike did leave Ikari, and did walk up into the chilly woods, to think himself on what had been said.
15. The hours passed slowly, then stopped, and then started to budge again.
16. Lo!, but the sunrise across the bay approached like an arthritic man, and come it did.
17. Both shivering Druids did greet the arrival of Belenos and promptly began the service, and ran to catch the morning trains to their respective hometowns.
18. Thus did Ikari add another achievement to his list of honors.

Chapter the Twenty-Forth: Stacey

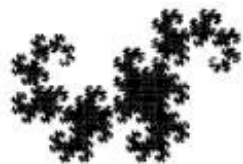
1. Not all Druids are hasty in their progression into order, for some, the movement is one with the glaciers, carefully scouring the path before them, to smooth the way.
2. Such was the case with Sister Stacey, who spent seventeen years before entering the Third Order, so great was her patience and wisdom.
3. As with most pre-arranged vigils, the weather of sunny California had other plans, and a fierce storm joined her, the likes of which had not been seen in decades.
4. Larry the Lax guided and supported her vigil with all his might, but the battle did cost him dearly, and afterwards he spent a long time in recovery with doctors.
5. Drenched, but Druidic, Stacey stepped forth to continue the esteemed work of the powerful dynasty of the Live Oak Grove, publishing the Druid Missal-Any.
6. And with the wisdom gained from the long years, the Third Order's duties came easily and gracefully, as she assisted others in their paths.

Chapter the Twenty-Fifth: Alyx

1. A mile above the ocean, in the midst of great snowy peaks, a young lady, steeped in wisdom, named Alyx, did realize that she was a Druid.
2. Through long and torturous circuits, she did locate Mike, and began to correspond, not quitting, despite Mike's difficulty in communicating in comprehensible sentences.
3. Nay, she seemed to thrive on it.
4. One knows not where the Druidic spark will flare up, but you know it often when you see it.
5. Deep in the slopes, at a friend's hermitage, she did vigil, not far from the garden, for bears did roam the woods, jealous of their preserve.
6. It was cold, and then it was colder. Heat up it did not. And the air was thinner than thin.
7. In the morning, Mike did come by the power of Taranis, and other visitors did come also.
8. First of the guardian spirits was a golden dog with a long coat and wet tongue who did drool profusely, long did he not stay.
9. Second of the spirits was a deer with a rack of points, points that she wished the young Druid to learn and understand.
10. Finally, there was a spider, who did weave a message for her to learn.
11. Filled with a sense of purpose, and still pondering these mysteries, Alyx did undertake new responsibilities.

Chapter the Twenty-Sixth: Daniel

1. Daniel, deep and demure Druid of the Pacific Rainforest.
2. Long have been your journeys through Druidism, to many strange and diverse creeds.
3. What brought you to the Reform, if not for the simplicity that your complicated studies lacked?
4. On all manner of groups, you have published information, at a time, when I was modestly offering literature from my own.
5. With your advice and guidance, perhaps it raised the quality of the ARDA by a few notches, more if I had listened closer.
6. Immersed in wisdom, surrounded by beauty, betrothed to diversity, raising the future; these are what all Druids wish for.
7. Well, it is that you came to Druidism, better has it become.
8. Deer also appeared and birds were heard.
9. What projects will you delve it next?



Chapter the Twenty-Seventh: Steve

1. Steve, young Steve, slender and fair, what could have brought you there?
2. A vigil, a night spent all alone; your wits to wander, your goals to hone.
3. None could dissuade such youthful verve, and all criticisms missed a nerve.
4. Engaged with fire, you gazed til morn, and thus a new druidship was born.
5. Patriarch of Hephastus, lord of fire, your path will apt go higher and higher.

Chapter the Twenty-Eighth: Wolf

1. Wolf, a hunter, seeking his prey, which must be of wisdom, at such a tender age.
2. Long did you discuss matters, such that the elderly may never have reflected.
3. Piercingly straightforward, each word competently adorned with reason.
4. Oh, that I could also have known so much back at your age.
5. Riding a fiery beast from the cold finger lakes of the north, you did journey to the capital of this wide land.
6. But all the temples of the departed leaders were closed to visitors in the after hours of vigiling.
7. Thus to a park, named Green Belt, for its circle of trees, we both made straight lines of travel.
8. There with my faithful dog Earl, and a cloud of mosquito, did I meet the stocky Wolf.
9. Well your other Druid companions had taught you, for much learning did pass under me too.
10. Off you went on a silent journey into uncharted woods, without light external, guided by your heart.
11. Mike did also travel into the woods, but he also moved away from well-marked trails, and purposely spun around for to better test his ability to find his way back.
12. A test it was indeed!
13. Mike laughed.
14. Many hours were spent trying to feel the land, whether up or down the hill would lead back to the camp.
15. Until that time, Mike did realize how much creatures of comfort we humans are; unable to survive long in the wild without the most careful of planning.
16. With great delight Mike regained the path at a place unknown to him, and there he soon met Wolf, as if their paths were meant to cross.
17. Who was checking on whom, I know not; but we were glad to meet eachother again.
18. In the morning, it was more still than Mike had ever known.
19. The greatest of supplications could not raise the a fly's breath of wind, although bugs did buzz and chirp, such that one could not hear oneself talk. And this was taken as sufficient sign.
20. Such was his will power, that Wolf did not need sleep after ordination, but remounted his dragon and returned to the icy North from which he had come.
21. Mike, weak from his elder years, did sleep a few hours, before returning to the capital, chastened and enwisened.

Chapter the Twenty-Ninth: Mairi

1. Oft did you wander the streets of Northfield when I was visiting, and did partake of services, with you hard-headed concern for proper procedure; have I softened you, yet?
2. Not the way of student did you pursue, but a path of service at a place that dispensed food to hungry travelers.
3. Much was I taught by you, little did I teach.
4. It was an uneventful vigil, wasn't it? A long night tending the fires with you flute music echoing into the walls of the Arb's trees.
5. Gladly did you take up you duties when you left for the Capital of this country, where I would meet you again, by the pull of fate.

Chapter the Thirtieth: Eric

1. Clever Eric, wise Eric, ever studious, and yet showing up at services more often than not, to console this lonely Druid.
2. Your vigil was on Roosevelt Island, although the access was restricted, you crossed on a cloud of air, in the dark of night.
3. There by the statue of Theodore Roosevelt, and by the tidal flats, and lonely paths, you did vigil; within D.C. and yet apart from them.
4. Boats for pleasure and tourism passed by, not noticing your pondering image on the beach's rocky boulders.
5. Cars flew by overhead, as did air traffic, not unlike the turmoil of you soul, despite your placid demeanor.
6. Mike arrived at the official opening time and did greet you, and the ranger did not notice that neither of us did leave the island by the bridge, for we had other ways of traveling.

Chapter the Thirty First: Colleen

1. Col Colleen, ArchDruid of the great white northern reaches of Alaska. Wise were you to choose the midsummer to vigil, when the sun is longest, and your garden most fair.
2. Would that I could have been present in person, but your vigil went well, and we conducted it successfully via cell-phone.
3. A deer did appear, and then a new priest walked the Earth Mother's green skirt.

Chapter the Thirty Second: Mike

1. When word reached him that the mighty Ivan would reach as far as his Nation's capitol, the newly elected Patriarch of Taranis knew that he must defend the mystic district and choose that night for his vigil in September.
2. For all the fierceness of the storm, the greatest obstacle, yea, was the commonsense of his wife, who said that tornados, lightning and punishing rain was not the proper climate for good Druids.
3. Yea, his arguments that Druids are immune from the perils of weather, did sound weak even unto his own ears, and he did relent, until she fell asleep and then he crept out, for nay, he had no courage to battle with her, for unlike some storms, her rage never calmed.
4. So in the comparatively mild hurricane outside he did battle the elements, most heroically until they subsided in the morning rays; whereupon he did cry out in the strong winds his desire to learn yet more of the mysteries of weather.
5. The winds and distant rumbling did come from the directions called, lifting up the new Patriarch of Taranis.

Chapter the Thirty Third: Joss

1. Joss, whose quirky smile, has enlightened my work desk over the last few years. Sent to a military academy in high school, you remained the artist you always were.
2. Exploring the wilds of the forest and spirituality, you carved out a grove for yourself in most un-sympathetic territory.
3. You are no newcomer to vigils, having endured three days without rest, until reality and dreamworld became one on your ranch.
4. To you, a single night vigil must be no hardship, merely a pleasant respite from the pressures of work and study.
5. A rat did crawl by, foreboding great fecundity, cleverness in adaptation, dislike by the fastidious and certainly lots of cheesy jokes.
6. Birds, winds and clouds did grace your ordination, which I hope will be graceful and memorable.

Chapter the Thirty Fourth: The Others

1. Lydia, Lydia, Have you heard of Lydia, Lydia the OK Druid? May your vigil be memorable as has been your journey through life. Would that I could wait to write of what will be an interesting vigil for a promising future.
2. Ian, may your years as a priest be as memorable as the Hill of Three Oaks and Monument Hill on the annals of our History. Our hope and trust remains with you.
3. Will, has it taken so long to assume the responsibilities of Druidism? Has the mantle finally caught up with you? Wear it proudly, and fill your tenure with wondrous events, good conversations and life-changing realizations.
4. And may all the other vigilers of the next decade or two have great things happen at their vigils, and may they remember to write of them to me at mikerdna@hotmail.com!
5. Now, I must put down my pen and rest.



Figure 26 Paul Schmidt ordaining Beck Hrobak to Third Order while David Frangquist and Nikki Lambert observe quietly on Samhain, 1993 at the Hill of 3 Oaks on a chilly frosty morning.

3 Stories & 1 History by Irony

Ein Tanz Dream

(By Irony, 24-8-97)

Dreams and Visions: Here are three dreams and visions that struck me during the last three years. There is something of druidism in each of them, though I have no way of saying what that might be. Take them for what you will...

1. "A piece of sound and movement for the stage or the mind.
2. Do not hear the words; they are just to show the dancers."
3. It is night. Moonlight brightens the mist to a silver pall and distance is impossible to discern.
4. A small circle of lit candles surrounds a kneeling figure whose face we cannot yet see.
5. Slowly a light begins, a soft glow that illuminates the kneeling man with the colors of a winter sun. He is a knight, heavy set, troubled, wrapped in a cloak the years have gnawed like moths.
6. He has been praying, talking to his god, his hands clasped before him. His eyes are closed, and his face animate. We can see his every thought upon it. His lips move but no sound escapes them.
7. A deep humming has begun as of great, sort, wooden horns, or the organ of a dying church. Figures, trees resembling people, and a number of small, folded boulders scatter the scene of our vision.
8. The knight's eyes have opened. He is still talking soundlessly, now to the air, now to himself, always to his god.
9. His hands have begun to move a little, gesticulating.
10. He is telling a story, asking and answering simple questions on his own. Preliminaries.
11. A flute begins, soft and clear.
12. One of the boulders moves, raises its head, suddenly, alertly, listening. There are the horns of a deer upon it.
13. The figure stands and it is that of a man. Only its head is antlered; only its movements deer-like.
14. The flute continues, the humming persists. The knight prays on, oblivious to it all.
15. The other boulders have begun to stir, grown antlers and bodies. They are dancing.
16. Their movements are those of wild creatures, soft, sure, quick and then hesitant. They are leaping, soundlessly, looking always almost as if they are about to strike, collide-then passing, between the trees, between each other.
17. Between the mist and the moon they are silhouettes alone. The light does not illuminate them.
18. The flute continues but the humming changes, drops a key.
19. One last boulder is unfolding, greater than the rest. It is a great stag with a cloak of leaves translucent in the mist.
20. His movements are those of the king of the forest, of a lord amongst men, slow, stately, powerful. He is young and wise, loving and beloved by all. The others rush forward, dropping to one knee, bowing their antlered heads before him.
21. He raises them graciously and the flock prancing behind him.
22. His movements now lead the dance, the others imitating, but now quicker, joyfully.

23. As the stag passes between two trees he reaches out to touch them-
24. And they move, become women, nymphs, their hair encircled by crowns of leaf. They spin inward to kiss him lightly, their movements those of laughter and passion. they spin outwards to join the dance, where they are perused by stags.
25. The knight is blushing now, confessing perhaps.
26. One by one the king awakens all the trees, and each performs the same welcome, kissing him gently, lips or cheek or hand, before darting away to find lovers of playmates amongst the others.
27. Several couples have vanished, chasing each other beyond our sphere of vision, the great king himself has gone, fading off alone while the others danced, when a change begins.

Chapter the Second

1. The knight has become more insistent, troubled, more agitated.
2. Finally he strikes the ground in anger. The flute stops mid note. The dancers scatter, fleeing. A horrible chord emerges from the hum. There is no other sound but the music; there never has been.
3. The knight is as oblivious as ever.
4. Slowly a great dark shape emerges from the mist. Huge, horrible, horned in an entirely different manner from the deer it approaches silently behind the kneeling knight.
5. The knight is angry, has become insolent in mien and manner. He glares at the sky.
6. Behind him the figure reaches out a slow dark hand-
7. And pauses.
8. There has been a swirl in the mist to his right.
9. The great stag has returned. Poised now for flight or combat he stands, tall and slender beneath the shadow of the thing behind the knight.
10. For a moment they stand motionless, the one, arm extended, the other waiting.
11. The knight stares upwards, perplexed, troubled.
12. In the same instant the hand is withdrawn and the stag steps forward.
13. A new dance has begun. The hum is persistent, pervasive, and accentuated now by the faintest of tapping, the tiniest drumming of tension; rain on an old roof at night.
14. The stag and the other circle each other slowly; the knights eyes are tortured, oblivious. The dancers are measuring each the others strength.
15. Finally there comes a time when the stag stands with his back to the knight, interposing himself between the circle and the great dark form.
16. The stag lunges forward, a feint or a thrust with his great horned head.
17. The other flinches back in surprise or fear, and then strikes. Faster than we have yet seen him move his right hand blurs forward catching the king in the side of the face.
18. He is thrown, and it is the knight's face that registers the blow, his body that twists as with a wound. His lips contort in a scream we never hear.
19. The body of the king lies sprawled on the far side of the circle, his legs twisted, his head fallen on one outstretched arm.

20. The dark form passes behind them both.
21. Shock and pain are on the face of the knight.
22. The other returns, turns his back on the king and moves to claim the kneeling man.

Chapter the Third

1. The king stirs, rises slowly, and there is something in his hand; a branch of holly dropped and discarded by one of the nymphs in a happier time, held now like a sword in the hand of a god.
2. He stamps his foot- soundlessly to us- and the head of the other snaps in his direction. His hand pulls back a second time from within an inch of the knight and they begin to circle once again.
3. The knight is now nervous, subliminally aware for the first time that something is going on. He prays faster now, but with less concentration; his hands wring one another unconsciously.
4. The king now stands to the right of the kneeler, the dark one looms above his left.
5. The hum has risen to an unbearable roar.

Chapter the Fourth

1. The dark one stamps forward, hands poised to grab or crush.
2. The king flows forward in the same movement, a lunge or a stamp, and strikes with the holly into the dark thing's eyes.
3. A terrible boom rolls out and away taking the music with it.
4. The dark thing stands twisted backwards, hands clawing at his face; the king is a statue of revenge or deliverance; the knight is framed kneeling between them, his body a study of horror and revelation fading slowly to an impossible calm as a slow silent flash begins behind them all, erasing everything from sight.

Chapter the Fifth

1. The knight still kneels.
2. His candles have gone out. The mist is now the gray of dawning instead of the silver of night, and there are rocks and trees about him bearing no resemblance to the figures that moved before.
3. Slowly he rises, knees creaking in the stillness, and steps out from his circle.
4. He turns to go, then pauses, stooping.
5. He raises the thing that has caught his eye.
6. It is a single prong of deer horn, as dropped by a yearling stag.
7. The morning breaks about him, clarifying nothing.



Figure 27 Hill of Three Oaks, 1993.

The Winter King: A Dream

(By Irony, c. 1998)

Chapter the First

1. It seemed that I stood on a hill of oaks and the seasons changed about me. The first snowstorm of winter was imminent.
2. A circle of watchers, robed in white woollens sat all around the crest of the hill. In the center a fire had been built.
3. About it sat four figures, hooded, showing no faces and speaking not. They seemed very old, though the curl of a young woman's hair showed beneath one hood.
4. Two other figures sat with them, facing each other across the flames. The one was a king who had reached the end of his reign and his power; the other was a king to be.

Chapter the Second

1. When the fire was high, the old king removed his crown and set it within the blaze. It burned quickly and was gone, leaving no ash.
2. He then began to speak, quietly, carefully, telling his successor everything the other needed to know of the reigns and the country he was to command, all the secrets that could be learned only by reigning, and were not always to be known by others.
3. He recounted secrets of state, of practice and of power, secrets of identity, stories and lessons of his own hard reign.
4. He then related what wisdom his own predecessor had told him at his crowning, so many seasons back.

Chapter the Third

1. He spoke quickly, choosing his words with care and precision for he had not much time. The fire could not be fed after it had consumed the crown, and when the last flame died the speaking would cease.
2. Back and back he went, remembering and conferring all the wisdom of all the generations of kings prior to his own, repeating their words from the vaults of his memory, back as far as tradition could carry him and as time allowed.
3. The watchers were silent.
4. The clouds gathered.
5. The last finger of flame winked out, winked in, flickered, was gone.
6. The old king fell silent and the first flakes of winter swirled about them.
7. No one moved.

Chapter the Fourth

1. The watchers in the inner ring now pored their attention into the coals, watching as one by one, they too died.
2. When only seven were left the four watchers in the center moved. Slowly, elegantly, they took the coals from out the ashes and strung them together to form a crown.
3. They stood then, the four without faces. The old king drew back, his role played out.

balmy August 1st, 2003 before a sweatlodge.

4. The young chosen king stayed, kneeling at the now empty fire. The eldest of the Four came forth and set upon his head the crown of coals.
5. There was a transfer. The crown burned, but did not burn him. Like a crimson Pleiades it was visible from the foot of the hill.
6. The king stood. The others stepped away. He raised his eyes, raised his hands.
7. Above him the clouds parted, cleared, dissolved into the blackness between the sudden stars. The last flakes vanished.
8. He lowered his arms.
9. The others bowed toward him, silent.
10. The outer circle stood.
11. "Behold the King! " The shout rang out, and the power of the shout, and the power of the king rolled out and down across the hills, filling all his realm.



Figure 28 Seat of the King, Lower Arb 2004.



Figure 29 Brandon Schields, Matt Cohen, Nikki Lambert, Erin Erskine, Diane Freed, Sam Adams, Paul Schmidt, Mike Scharding in the Druid Den on a

The Wild Hunt

(By Irony, 8-30-98)

Chapter the First

1. Algonquin Park
2. Ontario, Canada
3. I think I dreamt of the Wild Hunt.
4. Merri and I were riding Velvet, double and bareback, down Stone road.
5. I was seated in front and Merri had a dress on for some reason and was flopped back against Velvet's rump resting.
6. Sometimes it was winter.
7. We were riding quietly, enjoying the day, when we came suddenly face to nose with another horse.

Chapter the Second

1. Seated upright on Velvet's back my head was just barely level with its nose.
2. It was an enormous chocolate brown horse- I didn't note the gender- standing fully saddled with green saddle bags strapped on behind large enough to stuff a person into.
3. The horse's nose was flat almost to the point of being concave, and I don't recall seeing bit or bridle. It could look at you with both eyes at once.
4. Velvet bolted- the horse ambled along side keeping pace. Nothing could have out-run it.
5. We stopped and the horse came over to sniff me.
6. Velvet reared trying to bring her head on level with its.
7. I grabbed a skinny tree trunk to keep us aloft.
8. The horse ignored velvet and sniffed me again.
9. There was a masked disquieting air of intelligence about it.
10. The brace on the back of its saddle rose like the roll bar on our tractor.

Chapter the Third

11. Velvet came down, pranced away, and reared again.
12. The horse had white hooves, I saw, and there was a bandage about its right front ankle.
13. When Velvet came down again I saw that there was another horse just as large tied to a tree somewhat off the road watching us quietly.
14. It too was chocolate brown with white hooves and had a flattened nose. It had antlers.
15. 'Are these saddled elk?' I thought. 'They're too big even for that- no one less than ten feet tall could ride them!'
16. I saw that the ground was littered with bits of normal antlers and bone, including what looked like thinly sliced vertebrae. I wondered if someone butchered things here.
17. There was a rustling in the woods to our right and a whole fleet of deer came tripping out.
18. They looked tiny compared to everything else and clustered around the legs of the giant horse.

Chapter the Fourth

1. The horse continued to pay Velvet no mind, but sniffed me curiously, as if weighing things up.
2. I eased Velvet past. The horse leaned down and grabbed my left arm with its lips between elbow and shoulder, gripping my jacket and the sleeve underneath.
3. I twisted out carefully and continued away.
4. The horse stood in the road, silent as ever, watching us go. We rounded a corner.
5. Something leapt from a tree like a cat, grabbing me from behind with great awkward, furry arms.
6. I threw it of into the road before us. It landed on its feet facing us- a lion. It had been careful not to use its claws.
7. Then it too stepped aside and let us past.
8. We rode on nervously through the perfectly normal woods where it was sometimes winter.
9. Only later did I wonder if that had been the Wild Hunt with only the riders away for the moment....



Figure 30 Above is the Gate to the Druid Den in Upper Arb and below is woods of Lower Arb, both 204.

The History of The Legitimacy

This being a history of the Carleton Grove during the years from Beltain 1996 until the summer 1999, as recalled by Irony Sade after his retirement as Archdruid. Written on Dec. 31st, 1999.

SECTION ONE

The First Spring of 1996: Initiation

Chapter the First

1. Michelle the Blond and Irony, who has been called the Glowing, were ordained by Mike the Fool to the priesthood of Dalon ap Landu after vigiling the night of Beltain 1996.
2. There were few at Carleton at that time who still called themselves Druids, and fewer still who were not leaving at the end of the year, and Michelle and Irony did wonder much what it was they were to do.
3. Shortly after their vigil there came to pass a gathering of many who had led the Druids during their times at Carleton. Andrea the Fair, Mike the Fool, Misha, Joe, and others were present, and it was determined that a sweat lodge was in order.
4. This lodge was held on the sandy spit in the lower Arb, just beyond the pylons, and was graciously visited by the Security Guards twice during the night.
5. From it the young Archdruids learned many things. Be friendly with the Security Guards, all ye that read this; their favor saved many a ritual in the years that followed.
6. The rest of that spring passed in a flurry of confusion as the two young druids struggled to understand what had gone before.

SECTION TWO

The Second Year 1996-1997: The Year of the Circles

Chapter the First

1. When the Druids returned to Carleton the next fall they discovered that Mike the Fool had left them to spread the word of Druidism in the land of the rising sun.
2. They discovered too that a circle of stones had miraculously appeared just North-East of the Hill of Three Oaks. They did not visit it at once, however, for it was occupied by a couple of the most amorous nature.
3. This place became a haven of all things Druidic, and was loved by many.
4. That fall equinox the tradition of marriage bread was begun. Two loaves were baked, with a ring in each. These were to be divided amongst the celebrants at the equinox, and those who found the rings were to be married the next Beltain.
5. But Lo, it was a young and foolish tradition, for these were young and foolish druids, and they did not think until too late that the loafs should have been segregated by sex.
6. And it came to pass that David the Apologist and Andrew the Mad received the rings. There was much confusion, but they were good sports, and it was decided that they should be married that May.

7. Time passed, as is its wont. Teas were held in the Japanese Garden and in the Faculty Club Lounge. Great ideas were discussed regarding the purpose of life. Andrea the Fair did come often to these discussions, and shared much wisdom from ages past. One Carlos Gonzalas, the wise doctor and healer did visit and teach us many things. At the circle there was music, dancing, and the observance of stars.
8. That Samhain a grand gathering was held. Two dozen druids and associates met in the little grove round a roaring blaze to commune with the night. A talking stick was crafted of a strange twisted wood from the deserts of the west, and it was found to have strange powers over speech.
9. As the stick was passed from hand to hand about the blaze, stories welled up from within its holder. Old grief's were let go, old wrongs forgiven, old stories told, and Death remembered. Letters were burned from relatives to the dead.
10. After a time the stories changed to those of Life, marriages, and hopes. This was taken as a sign that the year would be reborn, however dark the winter might become, and it was good.
11. There was much dancing, and a sweat lodge was held. The day came at last and there was much rejoicing.
12. That winter the teas continued and there were many rituals. A Candlemass observance was held, and a Self-Hater banishment performed.
13. The subsequent grounding of cakes and ale was supplemented by massage oil, and Andrea the Fair introduced the Druids to the delights of the Meltdown.
14. It was a time of great peace and contentment among the Druids, for they did not know what was yet to come.

Chapter the Second

1. All that year the circle of stones beyond the Hill of Oaks had called to the Druids and they had answered.
2. However cold the weather one could always find an offering of flowers placed amongst the stones. But it was not to last.
3. One night late in the winter as Irony was wandering in the upper Arb, he discovered that the stones had been torn from the womb of their mother and lay tossed and scattered about the field.
4. A great wrath fell upon him, and he did assay to repair the shrine, but found his strength too small.
5. He descended upon Goodhue in search of any druids he could find to assist and found them all absent. But he did find a number of the Accidentals, who were friendly with the Druids at that time, and they did agree to aid him, for he felt that the stones should be righted by sunrise.
6. Before the dawn he did return to the circle but found no one there to help. Then did Irony call upon the strength of the Earth-Mother and rolled back the stones with his bare hands.
7. At that time all but the center stone had been moved, for it was a passing great rock, and well frozen to the earth.
8. Just as the sun rose there came one to whom he had spoken the night before, rubbing the sleep from her eyes, but the work was accomplished, and Irony was sore for a week.
9. It was not long after the beginning of spring term that Michelle the Blond and Irony were out wandering the Arb together when they came upon the circle behind the hill and found it desecrated a second time.

10. A great wrath fell upon them both, for this time every stone had been uprooted and rolled about. They did gnash their teeth and wished to curse the evil doers, but recalled the wisdom of ages past and decided to relent.
11. Nor did they attempt to discover the identity of the anti-druids, for they saw that as the beginning of the path of vengeance.
12. Instead they did set about repairing the damage as best they could, and their combined strength was sufficient to move every stone but the one in the center.
13. That was a great stone, full half man sized in height, and their strength availed as naught against it.
14. These two arch druids did then descend in fury upon Goodhue, and there did conscript David the Apologist and Jared the Roommate, and the strength of these two and Irony combined proved sufficient to move the stone.
15. But the circle had been destroyed one time too many, and was never the same again.
16. At this time a plan did begin to fester in the mind of Irony and he wrote concerning it to the president of Carleton. But the paper wheels were ever slow to turn, and it was many weeks before aught came of it.

Chapter the Third

1. The time of Beltain was fast approaching, and the Druids had carved a Maypole, but they lacked still a place to erect it, for the Spring Concert was to occupy the Hill of Three Oaks, and Mai Fete was taken. And they did ponder this matter much.
2. About this time Michelle the Blond was wandering about the wilds, when she discovered that the statue of the Lady, carved of gray wood by unknown hands, that had stood all that year and the one before it just south of monument Hill had been thrown down into the mud.
3. She was disturbed, and righted the Lady at once, and told the other druids about it.
4. Shortly thereafter Amanda the Beautific did come upon the Lady again, and found her once more fallen, and she did right her a second time, but moved her slightly to hide her somewhat.
5. Then did Irony seek out her new abode the next day, only to find the Lady face down in the muddy path with tire tracks across her back.
6. Then did he skip class to carry the Lady far across the Arb and hid her in what was then Three Bird Grove, or the Faculty Picnic Area.
7. Then Michelle the Blond and he did dig a great pit, and buried the feet of the lady in the mold so that she stood man high.
8. They did pack the earth about her and charge upon her the blessings of the Woods, and there she stood firm for many seasons, and was loved by many.
9. Irony did also make her a necklace of amethyst, but it was soon stolen.

Chapter the Fourth

1. With Beltain fast approaching it was suggested that the grove with the lady might be a suitable site for the festival, for it was little known and far removed from the drunken revels surrounding the concert.
2. But there was concern on several fronts.
3. The Arb director decreed that there should be no fires there, for it was an old prairie remnant and must not be burned, and this condition was agreed to with some regret.
4. Another concern arose- for there was the legend of BOB in those days, and it was thought that there might have been his abode. BOB was rumored to be a malicious spirit and had chased many good pagans from the upper Arb at night.
5. Then did the druids Michelle the Blond, Amanda the Beautific, Andrea the Fair, and Irony seek to discover the presence or hiding place of BOB, but they had no success.
6. Then did Irony undertake a second vigil to find if BOB was indeed buried in the Lady's Grove, for he was a mighty fool and confident in his strength, having turned away demons before.
7. And he set himself within the grove with cloak and candle, invited any spirits in the place to visit him, and commenced to wait.
8. He had no wish to do battle, but wished merely to talk with BOB, if he was there, and see what arrangement could be reached.
9. Then night was long, but nothing came. At length, to stave off sleep the vigiler did take a brief walk and found himself once more beside the circle.
10. The night was dark, but he could see that all was not well, for while the outer ring still stood, the great center stone had been toppled and thrust aside by unknown hands.
11. There was no rage in him this third time, but a great weight of sadness, and he lifted the stone lightly and set it back in place.
12. Then a great shock took him and he stood as if stunned, for he had tried many times before to move that stone with no success.
13. Then did Irony thank the Earth-mother for lending him strength, and he walked back to the grove with trembling legs, for he had never been possessed of such magic and it was a strange and terrifying thing.

Chapter the Fifth

1. With no further objections from BOB the Lady's grove was chosen as the site to host Beltain, and at last the day arrived.
2. Then was there feasting and merrymaking, music and song, and the may-pole was danced many times.
3. Musicians came from the twin cities, including Matt the Harper, who was blind, and played upon a great double strung harp. There were fiddles and pipes, drums and accordions, and there was much rejoicing.
4. Amanda the Beautific did invent the Doughnut Tree and it hung above the path to the great amusement of passers by.
5. This event has since passed into Druid tradition, and involves suspending doughnuts from strings and having people then attempt to them eat without their hands, while being tickled. It is a difficult sport involving much madness and little sustenance.

6. A tiny passing dog won the game, leaping full into the air, and snatching a powdered doughnut from its string.
7. At last David the Apologist and Andrew the Mad did step forward to be wed. But here the Druid's nerves did fail them, and it was decided that there should be two weddings, and brides were quickly selected for the lucky men.
8. Why this thing should be so is no longer remembered, for in later years the Druids had no such qualms, and two women were later joined at Beltain 99.
9. So Andrea the Fair was wed to David the Apologist, and Michelle the Other was wed to Andrew the Mad.
10. The weddings were performed by Michelle the Blond, and here was included for the first time the 'chastity within marriage' clause, and there was much amusement.
11. The couples then led a dance about the pole while the musicians played, and all was well, till the Druids did rush suddenly upon the nuptial pairs with a great ribbon and bind them all to the pole, where they were tickled.
12. So ended the first Beltain, and it was reckoned a great success.

Chapter the Sixth

1. Then at last did the plans of Irony see fruit.
2. The destruction of the circle of stones had angered him greatly, for it was well loved by many people. But its proximity to the Hill and its malleable size invited vandals, and it had been destroyed three times in as many terms.
3. Then did Irony undertake a great sacrilege, for he wished to preserve the circle, and yet strengthen it.
4. And so he destroyed it utterly, and transported the largest of the stones away to the Grove of the Lady and brought with them eight others of the largest stones he could find, and caused them to be erected in a new circle there in the Lady's Grove where the Maypole had so lately stood.
5. And this circle was five lengths across, sheltered by Oak trees, and well hidden from the rest of the campus, while the great table and altar in its center was a limestone triangle six feet to the side and two feet thick.
6. But this great slab was supported by the three largest stones from the old beloved circle on the hill, for theirs was the place of honor, and the great center stone of the old circle was set deep into the earth at the southern quarter as the stone of life. It is a powerful stone still, though its size be much diminished.
7. All this was done in the month of May, and so great was his resolve and persuasion that Irony did convince the College to pay for the creation of the shrine.
8. The Circle was laid by Irony and Michelle the Blond, and the work was accomplished by he, she, Amanda the Beautific, Andrew the Mad, and Jenette the Tall.
9. Irony and Dennis Easley did summon a great monster and constrained it to do their will.
10. It was a foul creature that belched fumes and bellowed, and with its inhuman strength was much accomplished that could not have been done otherwise.
11. But its great claws tore at the earth, and none were sorry to see it go. It grumbled as it was dismissed, for the altar top had weighed two and a quarter tons.
12. There were many who were angered at this thing, for Irony had destroyed the first circle more completely than any vandal, and had broken many a tradition of the Druids.

13. They did call him mad, foolish, arrogant, and uncaring, and those words ring ever round his head. But the deed was done, and only time can tell its worth.

Chapter the Seventh

1. The Circle was charged on the last full moon of spring, and it was dedicated as a place of peace and power for all who would respect it.
2. For it was not built for the Druids alone, but for any soul or spirit that desired a place to rest, study, or simply be at peace.
3. A dance was danced about the circle, a twining, spinning dance of charging and awakening: five people walked deosil about the outer ring, while five traced out a great pentacle inside it pointing to the North, each walking the line of the star until they had passed their beginning three times.
4. The Circle was awakened, and many are the strange and wonderful sights that it has seen.
5. So ended the second year of this chronicle, and it ended in doubt and wonder, for the Archdruids had learned a thing or two, but had meddled much with things they did not understand, and none were certain where the group would go.
6. Irony was especially concerned, for the building of the Circle had left him drained, and it would be nearly a year before he returned again to Carleton.
7. At this time Amanda the Beautific was made second order, and she was to join Michelle the Blond in the running of the grove.

SECTION THREE

The Third Year 1997-1998: The Year of Amnesia

Chapter the First

1. There followed what is now known as The Year of Amnesia, for those that were there say they remember little of what was done.
2. Irony was gone for the fall and winter, and only rumors reached him.
3. The College cracked down on public nudity that fall following a walking streak of Parent's Weekend by the cross country teams, and Michelle the Blond did warn the Druids at the sweat lodge that Samhain was not to be indiscreet.
4. Andrea the Fair was present however and felt that nudity was a sacrament, and not to be repressed.
5. There are some who say she flaunted the warning, and there was much bitterness between her and Michelle the Blond.
6. The ceremony of Marriage bread was performed again at the equinox, but there were too many pieces for the druids present to consume, and they were slow to eat them.
7. It then fell out that two non-druids were passing and saw the bread, and they did ask to eat of it, and great was the surprise when they found the rings, for they did not know what they had fallen into.
8. Their names were Michael Pouland and Shelia Anderson, and they did not know what to do, for they had no desire to be married, having each a sweet-heart of their own.

9. An interest in Tarot reading was developed and cultivated, and a stenciled face that some thought was John Lennon, some Albert Einstein, and others Irony, appeared in paint upon the face of the North Stone in the Circle.
10. Some were angered at this, and some were amused, but no one seemed sure what to do with it, for it was quite resistant to scrubbing.
11. At this time also did Michelle the Blond begin to have doubts about the Druids and her own Druidism, but for what cause none can say but she.
12. 'The Druids are nothing but a ridiculous joke,' she wrote to Irony during that winter, 'We should disband them entirely.'
13. Irony was greatly disturbed at this, for he felt no Archdruid had the legitimate power to end the movement, nor did he believe it could be done.
14. He begged her to wait until he returned in the spring before doing anything of the sort, then if she wished to retire from the Druids there would be someone to carry on.
15. Of the year of Amnesia nothing more is remembered until spring, unless it be by another hand. Michelle the Blond, Amanda the Beautiful, and Brian the Atheist were there at the time, but they have spoken little of it.
16. That March did Andrea the Fair depart the Twin Cities for the West Coast, and the last of the 'old Druids' was taken from the grove, so far as they knew.
11. Irony performed the ceremonies, and read vows from the Anthology before the couples. It was feared that things might get out of hand, for Irony was known to wax serious at times, so before the ceremony he went to his old roommate Jesse the Brown, and gave unto him a great powdered doughnut.
12. "If I get too serious," he told him, "throw this at me."
13. Michael and Jessica did emerge from across the lake each wearing a crown of willow and flowers made by the other, and they did cross the island down an avenue of druids.
14. Before the fire they came to Irony and David the Apologist, master of ceremonies for the night. The vows were read against the sunset, and each agreed to abide by them.
15. Bread was exchanged, and honey wine. But just as the bride was about to drink Irony spoke again.
16. "Last year we included another clause within the vows, and that was of chastity within marriage. It meant you could sleep with whom ever else you wanted to, but not with your spouse, so long as the marriage held."
17. There was a startled stillness as people wondered if he jested, and the bride looked at him with violent eyes, the chalice of mead at her lips.
18. Then came a roar of laughter, and Jesse threw the doughnut. He threw with more force than necessary, for he and Irony had been ill matched as roommates, but his aim was poor, and the pastry hit the bride instead.
19. Then the couple lead a dance as the fire was built up, and the Druids were much impressed, for Jessica and Michael knew what they were about and requested a proper jig, and there was much applause.
20. Then came the Ordeal. It had been discovered that there was an ancient game of Beltain wherein couples would join hands and leap together through a blazing fire as a prophecy for their year together.
21. If they cleared it unscorched and unsevered, the year would be prosperous and fine.
22. If they landed scorched but together, it would be hard, but each would stand by the other.
23. But if one were to leap while the other held back, woe should fall upon the pair, and it was doubtful they would last the year.
24. As the flames reached chest high the Ordeal was called for, and its terms and meaning explained.
25. Michael and Jessica looked much askance, for they were not druids themselves, but had fallen into the affair by chance, and there were many who doubted the two would jump.
26. But Jessica, who wore a long dress of the richest green, did twist and knot it up about her thighs, and seizing hands they rushed upon the blaze.
27. With a mighty leap they sailed through the flames and landed on the grass unscathed and still together, and there was much applause and admiration for their courage.
28. They dropped hands quickly and looked abashed, and some did wonder what this foretold, but as of this writing, they were still together.
29. The wedding of Harriet and her much astonished lover was more subdued, but pleasant. The Maypole was danced a final time in their honor, but when the Ordeal was described and proposed they both demurred.
30. This was reckoned as an ill sign, and by the next year they had parted company.

Chapter the Second

1. It was spring before Irony returned, for he had wandered long, and had studied the arts of blacksmithing in Germany, the arts of sailing and oceanography in the Caribbean, and had slept on top of Glastonbury Tor.
2. He returned with a harp he could not yet play, and found many of the druids he had left had vanished. There were new faces, as always, but as ever he missed the old.
3. Rob Harrison, a great friend and councilor did emerge from Northfield during this time, for he had long sought out the Druids, and had been referred by Isaac Bonewits to the grove at Carleton.
4. He was swiftly to become a great resource and co-conspirator.
5. That spring Beltain was held on the island of Mai Fete, where years before more secular festivals had been held.
6. The Maypole was unearthed from its hiding place and was danced innumerable times, until the dancers did pause from dizziness for fear of fainting.
7. This year there was a fire, and much music, and many dishes were brought for a feast, for there were to be two weddings. Shelia had fled to spend the weekend with her real boyfriend, so Michael's sweetheart Jessica stepped forward to take her place.
8. In addition Harriet Erwin, the secretary of Religion, Philosophy, and Classics, did arrive unannounced with her boyfriend to be wed. This was a surprise to him as well as the Druids, but was well received by both parties.
9. There was doughnut fishing, for there were no trees near at hand for the usual sport, and it was well enjoyed, and there was storytelling late into the night.
10. Just at sunset the weddings were performed, and they were beautiful. Their terms were to last for a year and a day, and as the couples had a natural fondness to one another they were more serious than those of the previous year.

31. Late into the night the singing and storytelling ranged, as the sky grew dark and the fire dim. Then, as the stars began to gleam the heavens burst forth in glory.
32. A great display of Northern Lights did cover the world- at least at Carleton- and there were pinks and greens amongst the stars, and lights rippled above the wispy clouds as sunshine does beneath a clear pool of disturbed water.
33. Great beams and fingers of light washed clear across the sky. Some reckoned it a gift of the gods, and some were scientists, but all did aver they had never seen the like.
34. The Druids had great command of the weather in those days, but they had never called for this.
35. It was indeed a most marvelous celebration.
36. Though the festival was well attended the numbers of regular druids seemed to be few, and while teas were held there was little discussion of note.
37. Amanda the Beautific had been ordained third order during the winter months, but she was drawn ever away by her studies, and Michelle the Blond did drift even further away from the Druids.
38. After much discussion the face of Lennon was effaced from the North Stone, but it was accomplished only with the most vile of substances, and with the aid of Glen- the master of the paint shop at Carleton, and it was never completely removed.
39. Even now when the stone is wet a ghostly face can still be seen.

Chapter the Third

1. There is little else to be told of that spring, save for one event that happened nearly at its end.
2. Irony visited the Circle often during that time, for he had put much of himself into it and had missed it for a year.
3. So it was that on one venture late in the spring he found the place bestrewn with bottles whole and broken, and found a fire had been built upon the altar and the rock was cracked and discolored.
4. That there be no fires there had been one of the conditions of its building, and the Druids had taken it upon themselves to see that this was met.
5. Indeed they had buried an existing fire ring in that grove- there is a tiny mound over it, just beyond the South-East Stone.
6. This occurrence disturbed Irony, and he did inform the rulers of the Arb, and cleaned the mess as best he could.
7. He had a feeling, though, that the perpetrators would be back, and kept more than his usual watch upon the place.
8. Thus it came to pass later that week as he and Ginger (who was a freshling that year, and who's name describes her well enough) were walking at night that they came upon the Circle and found the altar in flames.
9. There was a second fire upon it, and many revelers about in various stages of drink. Irony and Ginger did walk into their midst, and the drinkers appeared astounded.
10. Then did Irony address them, saying: "What is going on here? This is not a place for fires; the prairie is too near and too sensitive to flame.
11. There are only four spots at Carleton where fires are permitted and this is none of them.
12. I can show you another if you wish to move your party there, but this fire must be extinguished now-"

13. The drinkers did stand as if frozen, and looked on him with blank astonished stares, but he was used to this, and thought nothing of it.
14. "Who will help me stamp it out?" he asked, for he was barefoot, and did not relish the idea. None moved.
15. Then did Irony take from the altar the flaming brands and cast them upon the grass free ground, explaining calmly where fires could be had, and why, and how sorry he was to spoil their fun.
16. The logs removed, he gathered up the coals from off the rock with his bare hands and barefoot, began to tramp them out.
17. At last a few of the drinkers moved and came to help, but they were slow, and little was left for them to do.
18. When the last coals were out Irony did invite them once again to retire to another site, but they preferred to stay.
19. They promised there would be no more flames, and that they would clean the place upon departing, and the two wanderers left satisfied.
20. When they were out of earshot Ginger laughed, for the two had been conversing on the proper uses of magic.
21. "It never works if you are showing off?" she asked him, laughing, for those had been his recent words.
22. Then he looked at her dumbfounded, for he realized suddenly what he had done.
23. For he had handled live coals and trod upon flames barefoot, yet when he looked at his hands and feet he found no burns or blisters, but only a smearing of ash. And when he washed this away he found not even the hair was burned.
24. This was reckoned the second miracle at the Circle, and it was more astounding than the first.
25. The drinkers did keep but half their promise. There was no more flame, but their smashed and broken bottles were all about the stones, and several had not been emptied.
26. Further, and this may have had nothing at all to do with them, the statue of the Lady that had long stood near unto the Circle had vanished.
27. Her hole stood empty and the path approaching her led up to nothingness. A scrap of her dirt was found within the circle, and that was all.
28. There was much sadness at her departure, and so far as this chronicler can tell, she has not been seen by any druid from that day to this.



Figure 31 Altar Stone at New Circle, c. 1998.

SECTION FOUR

The Fourth Year 1998-1999: The Year of Growth

Chapter the First

1. In the history of the Reformed Druids, each changing of the guard has been accompanied with a near reversal in policy and practice as the new Archdruids rebel against the ways of the old.
2. This has saved the Druids from stagnation, but has also curtailed their growth, for if each new generation abandons the teaching and wisdom of the old, then they must begin anew and waste much time relearning basic matters.
3. Irony knew this well, for he had spent his first two years discovering and relearning the basics of Druidic leadership and felt that he had now laid the foundations for growth.
4. He hoped to spare the next generation the lost time of relearning so that they could build upon this foundation, and hoped too that with the proper sort of leadership there would be no rebellion when he left.
5. But these foundations resided primarily in the minds of the Archdruids and would be lost and useless if they could not be passed on, or if the next generation chose to rebel against the ways of the past four years.
6. Furthermore, Irony was now the last of the Archdruids.
7. Amanda had retreated into Neuro-psychology, and during the summer Michelle the Blond had kicked herself out of the Druids, and out of the order of Dalon ap Landu.
8. She returned to Carleton calling herself a Discordian Witch, and figures little in the history of this year.

Chapter the Second

1. Irony, who has been called many things, returned to Carleton early that fall hoping to catch young freshlings during New Student Week when their minds were impressionable and their schedules unformed.
2. He also brought with him two druids from his home. These were friends of his with whom he had long discussed Druidism, and who now elected to attend Carleton.
3. Their names were Merri the Wanderer, and Chrissie the Very Intimidating, and Irony hoped to train them up as the next Archdruids so that no knowledge or time would be lost.
4. Thus you can see there was much he did not know, for this is not the way succession works among the Druids.
5. The gods have a say in who is chosen and will not have their choice usurped. Archdruids emerge.
6. They are not to be picked by leaders of the past, but merely noticed and encouraged.
7. The Druids knew none of this at the time, but it soon became apparent.
8. Many of the core druids of the Year of Growth emerged during New Student Week. Ehren the Eerie, Chloe the Cuddleable, Chris the Fey, Dan the Rabbinic, and several others.
9. Amanda was present on occasion, and Rob, Brian the Atheist, and a few others from past years were still around.
10. Things took off at a great pace.

Chapter the Fourth

1. For the Equinox that fall the Druids learned a Morris Dance, descending upon the Folk Dancers in a great crowd and not leaving till they were taught.
2. Michelle the Blond came to the dance. It may have been the last event she attended.
3. Marriage bread was baked, and Irony and Ginger found the rings. But then a peculiar sub tradition came into play, for though the point of the ceremony is for those who receive the rings to be married at Beltain, in actual fact this had never happened: Dave and Andrew married Andrea and Michelle instead of each other; Michael married Jessica instead of Shelia.
4. This time too the original pair was split, for there were many feelings involved in many directions, and it was felt that even as a mock union the match would bring trouble.
5. So Ginger gave her ring to Merri the Wanderer who was Irony's true beloved, and took upon herself Merri's roommate, Chloe the Cuddleable, as her bride.
6. Teas were held in Prentice House lounge that fall, and there were discussions and sweat lodges.
7. For Samhain the Druids carved no less than fourteen Jack'o'lanterns and carried them in a singing procession all through campus until their arms fell off.
8. There was a mummies play in the little grove, and it was well attended.
9. The fall passed quickly, as it always seems to, and Irony did endeavor to draw the younger druids into roles of leadership so that they might learn the in's and out's of dealing with the college.
10. It quickly became apparent though, that his wishes concerning the next Archdruidcy would come to naught, as indicated by one fairly dramatic event.

Chapter the Fifth

1. At the beginning of each fall, and toward the end of each spring the Circle must needs be cleared of grass, thistles, and vines that grow up within it.
2. For some this is a nuisance, for others an act of devotion. In the past it has been done by hand, and takes for bloody ever.
3. This fall, Irony, Chloe the Cuddleable, Merri the Wanderer and Chrissie the Very Intimidating set about this work.
4. The three younger druids were new to Carleton, and had not made up their minds what they thought of Druidism yet. Strange things shortly began to occur.
5. The Circle spoke suddenly to Merri and set her a challenge- she was to clear a specific path within it, alone, and in spite of an illness she had which made her faint and woozely in the heat. She set about this and accomplished it.
6. Chrissie, meanwhile, had no interest in being there, and was doing so because she felt it was required of her by Irony.
7. The Circle seemed to pick up on this, and sent swarms of ants and spiders after her wherever she sat, though they did not seem to bother the others.
8. Chloe was there primarily because Merri was her roommate, and though she worked as hard as any, she felt she did it for the wrong reason.
9. Irony was unaware of any of this, and cleared in a clueless state of bliss.

10. In the days that followed Chrissie and Chloe felt that the Circle was punishing them for serving it for such reasons as they had.
11. This was not an unjustified feeling, for they each developed the nastiest sort of blistering rash that any one there had seen.
12. Chloe was unable to sit or sleep for days, and nothing seemed to help the inch long blisters that rose upon her legs and arms.
13. Merri developed a few spots, and Irony was basically untouched. The others did make much of this, and there was tension, and no small resentment.
14. It was latter determined that the source of these blisters was a plant- Wild Celery- which contains a photosensitive poison. On skin alone it is harmless; once sunlight hits it, blisters develop.
15. Why Merri and Irony developed it not was a matter of much conjuncture, and no final story was ever accepted.
16. The incident served to push Chrissie away from the potential Archdruidcy, and made it clear to Irony that his will in such matters was not to be done.
17. This incident also signaled the beginning of a very strange thing, for there were many who began to attribute an agency to the Circle itself. "The Circle did this," they would say, "it wants such and such."
18. People began to feel that the Circle itself was sentient, or that there resided within it some being synonymous with the thing itself.
19. This feeling became more pronounced as independent corroboration's began to emerge, but all felt it was benevolent.
20. It would, it was felt, inflict a certain pain on occasion, but always in the interest of driving a person on to further self-development.
21. At the time no one really understood what was happening. For all I know they still do not.

Chapter the Sixth

1. At some point during this fall that two peculiar customs emerged, and they were these.
2. At each of the sweat lodges, and at many of the other night gatherings large cauldrons of stew were made. These were flavored with various herbs and spices, and served hot from the fire.
3. At some point it came into being that whosoever discovered a Bay leaf in their portion of stew was required to kiss the cook in whatever manner was mutually agreeable.
4. No one is entirely sure where this practice emerged, though some do credit it to Erika the Chef, who took it upon herself to do much of the cooking.
5. She is possessed of a playful manner and an open mind, so it is conceivable that she was indeed the source.
6. The second tradition which emerged was imported with Merri the Wanderer and Chrissie the Very Intimidating, and it was the ceremony of Marshmellowing.
7. This ceremony is called for when grievances have developed, or a spectacle is required of one or more of the druids. It is like a stoning, but gentler.
8. All the Druids gather in a circle about the culprit with marshmallows in hand, and throw them one at a time at the marshmallowee.

9. As they throw, each calls out a specific sin or grievance for which their marshmallow is a punitive strike.
10. These can be real or ridiculous sins- 'for being a gay man with straight tendencies!' or 'This is for molesting young sea birds!'
11. Then, if the charge strikes the interest of the throwers, the marshmallowee may be called upon to confess the details of the charge, even if their crime was a complete fabrication!
12. But beware in the throwing, if ever you try this, for if the marshmallow misses its target, the sin rebounds and settles upon its thrower.
13. It is by all accounts a ridiculous tradition, but seems well loved, and serves in some small way to keep the group together.

Chapter the Seventh

1. Winter came, and freezings began.
2. More and more responsibility fell upon the young druids as Irony became gradually consumed by Comps.
3. Just after Imbolc, Merri the Wanderer left Carleton for a time, and founded another grove in New York.
4. It was during this time that various energy experiments were carried out, and designs were made for scientific tests, but the results were inconclusive.
5. It was made known by some of the past druids and associates that these things had been tried before with similar results, and interest gradually died.
6. During this time too the druids set up a Caucus conference. The old Druids_Notes had died. It was in the keeping of Michelle the Blond and seems to have been deleted.
7. During this winter too were many young druids questioned and made second order. These included Merri the Wanderer, Ehren the Eerie, Dan the Rabbinic, Chris the Fey, and Rob the Elder, for they answered their questions well, and were confirmed by signs from the wild.

Chapter the Eighth

1. Spring came at last, and with it Beltain, and Merri came back, and Mec returned from the Land of the Rising Sun and offered himself as a Beltain slave to the druids he found, so that much work was accomplished that would have been difficult without.
2. But there was much discussion between him and Irony, for it appeared that Irony had abandoned many of the traditions of the Druids, and Mec would know the reasons.
3. It came to light, for instance, that Irony and Michelle had been the last priests to be consecrated to Dalon ap Landu, and that Irony had not taught the younger druids about him.
4. This was the last tradition that had survived the thirty-six years since the beginning of the reform, and Mec was puzzled and disturbed that it had not been passed on.
5. Then there was a long and tense debate between these two Archdruids, past and passing, for they had both thought long and hard on such matters, and both had years of druidry to draw upon.
6. But at last Irony answered him saying 'I am a priest of the Druids, and a faithful servant to that to which you consecrated me. I have even met, on occasion, a being which seems to be the Lord of the Groves, and it is good-but it has never named itself to me, and I cannot in good conscience force a name upon it, nor teach others an empty

name to distract them from the living being that you and I both know.'

7. Then there was a great sadness between them.
8. For Mec perceived that the Druids had changed in form, if not in spirit, and he loved tradition, and was loath to see it go.
9. And Irony was sad, for he had never wanted such a break with the past.
10. But both had done what they thought right, and they ended with understanding and friendship between them.
11. And when the Third Order Vigils were performed that Spring, the Lord of the Groves was not mentioned, and people were ordained only as priests and priestesses of the Druids.
12. The old ritual is still there, and may well come back into practice some day.
13. Till then, the spirit that guides the Druids is nameless, and each sees in it something slightly different.

Chapter the Ninth

1. Beltain was held at the Circle that year, and Mec later said it was the best Beltain he had ever witnessed.
2. The Maypole was raised and danced, the Donut tree was hung, there was music, and dancing, and feasting without end, and Jim brought his Tarot cards to read.
3. There was piping and harping, and no less than three couples were married.
4. Kirsten of the many smiles was wed by Irony to her boy in absentia. A good friend stood in for the groom, as they were unable to locate a cell phone, and they underwent the ordeal together.
5. Then Chrissie the Very Intimidating joined Chloe the Cuddleable and Ginger together, and theirs was the most elaborate and beautiful wedding that had yet been seen, for they had a best man- Liz, and a Bridesmaid, who was Chris in green lipstick, and they exchanged gifts and vows in a ring of friends and druids while harps sang in the wind for their joy.
6. Then as the sun set Irony and Merri were joined by Mec- who is also Mike the Fool. But as they were processing down a arch of arms they were trapped suddenly and subjected to a Marshmellowing, for there were many with real and ridiculous sins to level against Irony that day.
7. Then were they joined in a hand fasting rite to last a year and a day, and they were very happy.
8. The festivities lasted long into the night, and there was a mummies play, and singing, piping, and storytelling, and a good number of the druids wrapped into a blanket pile and slept beneath the stars.
9. The next night Merri the Wanderer and Dan the Rabbinic vigiled for third order, and they both chose the walking vigil and met with strange sights, for the horned piper wandered the woods that night and met and spoke with them both.
10. They were ordained on the Hill of Three Oaks, and endured their questioning well and bravely atop the Center Stone of the Circle as the sun rose behind them.
11. Shortly thereafter a sweat lodge was held, and Rob the Elder and Ehren the Eerie vigiled and were similarly ordained.
12. They too acquitted themselves well, and they were questioned under the direction of Merri and the younger

druids, for Mec and Irony were pulled away through design, accident, and foolishness, and time passed them by as they lay alone and palely loitering upon the cold hillside.

Chapter the Tenth

1. That spring there was one final celebration of the full moon, for that occurrence was welcomed and met on every occasion.
2. And again there was music and dancing.
3. A large orange moon rose in the east, and a fire upon the hill.
4. There was lightning to the south, and mist and fireflies about the woods and fields that surrounded the Hill of Three Oaks, and such was the beauty and the strangeness of the sight that those who came late or looked back thought perchance that they had stumbled into Faerie.
5. At midnight the rains came, and the druids that were left threw off their cloths and ran dancing through the Arb in delight and celebration.
6. Thereafter power, responsibility, and the strange title of the Archdruid passed to Chloe the Cuddleable, Chris the Fey, and Ehren the Eerie, and Irony told them all he had left to tell about the leading of the group.
7. He told them farewell, and said good-by to the circle that he had raised.
8. He had poured much of himself into the group, and was, when he left, the longest standing Archdruid the Carleton Grove had seen.
9. And as he left the Druids, Carleton and Minnesota the Druid Sigil he had long worn about his neck fell from its cord, and he wept, for he knew that that chapter of his life was at an end, and it was as if much magic had suddenly gone out of the world.

Here ends this book of the History of the Legitimacy.
-Irony Sade
New Years Eve, 1999



Figure 32 Irony at Old Circle, Samhain 1997.

The Poems of Irony

(These are the druidically inspired poems

of Irony Sade, Archdruid at Carleton 1996-1999.)

Sands of Time

By Irony Sade

I met a man in Mittengrad
While walking down a street.
The snows of several winters gone
Were swirling round his feet.
His cloak showed signs of recent rains,
It's tattered edge told tales
Of nights spent 'neath the starlit sky,
And bramble ridden trails.
He nodded as he greeted me,
And quirked an eyebrow to;
As if to say in some strange way,
'I think that I know you.'
"We've met before, now haven't we?"
He spoke the tongue I knew,
Then vanished while I stood and stared.
And soft the cold wind blew.
I met myself in Mittengrad,
A thousand years removed.
The Sands of Time had bleached my hair
And left some wrinkles smoothed.
My scowl faded clean away,
A knowing mien he wore.
What source of surcease had he found,
Through what unopened door?

Hypnosis

By Irony Sade

Light and shadows ever-mixing
Twisting turning and betwixing
Stone and sky from which the rain comes
Falling steaming hissing screaming;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

While beneath the ground is shaking
Bouncing bounding laughing quaking
Fires leaking trees are creaking
All around a voice is speaking;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

And above the sky is turning
Swaying praying clouds are burning
Hawk and Phoenix both are slaying
Close behind the hounds are baying;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

Straight ahead the Elves are singing
Clear their voices high and ringing
On the hills a storm is climbing
In my ears a bell is chiming;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

The Spring

By Irony Sade

The flowers shine like ivory upon the forest lawn
The sky is lightly tinged with pink before the early dawn
The trees are black and high they raise their lofty towering
crowns,
And in the stream there is a pool in which all worry drowns.

The larks and nightingales sing of restfulness and sleep
The lilies on their lily pads are floating on the deep
The pebbles show their colors and the trees are dripped with
green
The waterfall it plays a song of notes not heard but seen.

The ivy creeps it's way around and up the trunks of trees
The flowers dance a reel to the buzzing of the bees
The butterflies they sit and fan themselves with jeweled wings
The stream it parts around a rock on which the wood nymph
sings.

The Pilgrims Lament

By Irony Sade

If the world is only illusion,
Just the fabric of Maya wherein nothing is real,
If the soul of the all is the only existence,
Why does it hurt so much?

If the seeker has thrown off temptation,
If desire is stifled and pain is repealed,
If the peace that we've found is worth all that we've given,
Why do I feel this loss?

The god's of my peoples are too many,
The truth's of the ones I see here too few.
If the god's cannot offer the keys to our heavens,
What can the soul look to?

I look to myself I see only confusion.
When I look to the world I see heartache and pain.
I look to the god's- I see nothing but silence.
What is there there to gain?

Yet the sunset still offers me beauty,
Caresses still fill me with love.
The ground at my feet is still there when I'm weary...
Need we find aught above?

What if there's naught above?

Untitled

By Irony Sade

Gorbeling his gillerthumbs,
The Glabberbeast of Gallermums
Spied a lazing Olgerumph
Upon the forest floor.

Passing through the Pumplefronds
He pounced upon her tumblemonds.
"Dear sir!" She squeaked, "You're squiggling
My oomtingles with your zore!"

Solitude

By Irony Sade 25.4.98

No more questions.
No more stories.
Ask of me no songs.
 No more oak leaves drifting in the stream beside the
moon,
 Nor lightning without thunder in the April muted hills.
And let there be no bitter wood-smoke seeping through
the rain.
 For there is no more wanting in me.
 Nor fear.
 Nor any love of challenge.
But give to me a single petal from which a drop of dew
has fallen and another has yet to form-

For there is some desire in me still for which I have no name.

On Wind Driven Raindrops

The rains from the skies
are the tears that my eyes
never shed...

While the leaves in the stream
are the drops that my heart's
never bled....

All the words that I've read-
All the songs in my head-
All the pain that I dread....
 For the ghost in my bed.....

What am I weeping for?

Poems from Foot Prints

The German times; August and September, 1997
Irony Sade

I

Delighting in life the lark flits above me
 Where the rain drips down through the boughs of the
pines,
Delighting in the rain the grasses run silver,
 Their laughter the wind as it rustles my hair.
Delighting in the wind the pines shiver slowly-
 The goddess is washing the dust from their beards.
Delighting in the goddess the deer leap before me-
 But the ground has since sunk on the grave of the king.

II

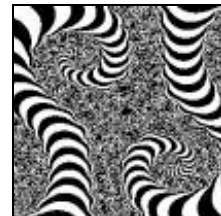
The forests have buried the barrows of others
 And webs are now woven where tapestries hung.
The spider stands sucking the life of her mate
 On a hill o'er a cairn, o'er a pile of bones.
The bones of the deer now litter the forest
 Where the timid folk wander on pathways of stone.
The wander watches the death of the grasses
 Ground up in their greens by a growling machine-
 But the heather grows green on the grave of
the king.

III

Now buildings are build where the badger once burrowed
 And the lark 'lights no longer where the lumberjacks
lean.
Now bricks are laid over the green growing grasses,
 And the Oak is hewn down for the imported corn.
Now the ships are of glass and the soul of the sailing
 Is nailed to the mast of the scorekeepers dome.
Now the rain runs in rivers through the sewers of cities
 And the forest, forgotten, frowns over the wall-
 But someone burns candles on the grave of
the king.

* * * * *

The candles in their candle-sticks are hanging on the wall.
The jacket and the dripping jeans are hanging in the hall,
The clouds are hanging in the sky, the rain is on the stone,
And I am at the table slouched, drinking tea alone.



Upper Arb, Spring 98

By Irony Sade

The summertime was dying
And the autumn grasses sighing.
The drifting leaves were lying
Like the waves upon the sea.

I was in a field standing
When I felt my soul expanding
And I heard a voice commanding
That I call it back to me.

And I thought I saw a glitter
As of eyes both glad and bitter.
There was mist upon the litter
That was lying next to me...



Figure 33 Camilla Ammirati at Old Circle, 1996.



Figure 34 Michelle Hadjer, Jenni Melmed, Charles Schmidt & Irony Sade, Nov 1996.

Merri's Druidical Mumblings in the Form of Poetry

Sand Dreams

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

Dusk
At the edge of the world,
Dust
Wild round me swirled,
Sand
Beneath me sank,
Silence
As deep I drank,
Voice
Called out my name,
"Who?"
I cried, insane.
Answer
I was never told,
Tongue
So strange and old,
"Tell!"
I plead in tears.
Veil
Thin between the years.
Silence.
And I wake.

Musings in a Colorado Hotel

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

Who am I on this precipice,
This cliff above the world,
Looking out o'er this great expanse,
This majesty unfurled?
What eyes are these, to survey so
The trials of beasts and men?
What lips have I to speak so of
These things beyond my ken?
Am I so wise a knowing thing
To explain with proverbs grand,
To nod sagely and lisp along
As though I understand?



Figure 35 Merri doing an anti-marriage rite, 2003.

Northeast Stone

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

Silently in death I lay
That death before the birth,
From nothingness, from there I came
I prepare now for earth
Sleeping, floating, pondering
The silence of the spheres
Inside are placed my gifts
And my allotted years
This memory sings to me
When I'm asleep at night
I listen, rapt with wonder,
Till I'm touched by morning's light
Now I find myself again
At the point within my dreams
Where I must prepare myself
To cross uncharted streams
This is a rebirth for me
A time for me to choose
Who I wish to be and
What path I wish to use

The Storm

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

It stormed, thunder and lightening crackling in the sky,
and in the air.
I ran through the rain, leaping and dancing,
like a young wild thing discovering for the first time
what rain is.
I stood in streams of water, drinking from the sky,
atop the Center Stone.
With each crack and flash I felt the power growing,
within me and without of me,
until they both were one.
The breeze was my breath and the thunder my heartbeat.
I lifted up my open hand to the heavens
in exultation of this life,
and the sky cracked.
My other hand came up to join the first,
and it cracked and rumbled again.
My laughter was lost in the wind, became part of the storm.
The circle spun around me,
Alive.

My love, my love.
Lost in my reverie, we found a rift between us.
Later, under the raindrops, his words brought forth an anger.
A strength within me rose.
A woman I didn't recognize.
She brought him to the church and spoke with him.
She sees clearly.
Her thoughts are sound.
God's words may pass her lips,
she fears them not.
Roles reversed, they converse, until he leaves the scene.
And all in awe I venture forth, into the chapel dark.
The pews are empty but hymns are heard,
humming from the walls.
I kneel in prayer before my Lord and ask to understand.

Untitled

By MerriBeth Weber, c.1998

The silence broken only by the sound of falling snow,
the forest holds its breath.
Standing cloaked in my calmness,
I wait.
The sun, a silver disk,
strains through the clouds,
whiter than angels' wings.
The world's face softened by a snowy veil,
the quivering bride of winter
stands with me
in silence broken only by the sound of falling snow.
The forest and I hold our breath.
Chill fingers reach to caress my eyelids.
The Mother's arms are open,
her child falls grateful into her warm embrace.
Stillness.
The silence broken only by the sound of falling snow,
the forest holds its breath.

Walking With Dad

By MerriBeth Weber, c.1999

Swaggering across hummocks of grass,
Man style.
Delicately balanced in one hand,
A structure of a diminutive nature.
Blackbird, he says.
Only the ash have survived the swamp.
You can tell them by their bark.
Memory rests for a moment in childhood.
Regrettable that the walks were solitary.
Learning waits till now.
Now that I am woman grown.

The Dance

By MerriBeth Weber, c.1999

There is a dance within my soul
A Dance A Dance
Throbbing in my head, beating in my heart
A Dance A Dance
Moving in my limbs, the rhythm
A Dance A Dance
I dance dance a dance dance catlike,
slow, controlled, the rhythm beats
faster, the power grows numbing, exhilarating
Dance Dance Dance
Who's is this? Stop.
A knowledge, a knowing, to be gained in the dance.
From Whom?
dance dance Dance Dance DANCE!
I'm walking, I'm avoiding
I won't dance dance dance
I don't know yet, I'm not certain of this
dance dance dance
Of the Father or the dark one is this
dance dance dance
What knowledge? This knowledge. What knowledge?
Dance Dance
In the meadow, in the forest, by the stones
Dance Dance

I must dance dance dance. I must know.

Sister, if I go astray
Please keep all the rest away.

Dance.

Circle Building

By MerriBeth Weber c.1999

Mother, am I doing right?
Does this soothe your pain?
I'm lining stars up in the night
And wondering if I'm sane.
Mother, is this path I tread
Leading me to hell?
I cleared away those lying dead.
Am I doing well?
There is a focus in this place,
A power swelling deep.
But now and then the Father's face,
It haunts me in my sleep.

Untitled

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1999

Dragonflies are droning in the dreary dusk of day,
Heralding the harper who in Faerie's halls will play.
Bellowing and trumpeting the bullfrogs bounce along.
Fairies find their fellows as the harper starts his song.
 ' Remember rolling meadows
 And grasses wet with dew.
 Nights black as black
 And skies of pure blue.
 Remember golden silence.
 Remember waters clear.
 The world we knew is fading
 The end is drawing near. '

Elven cries of anguish echo eerie in the wood.
Cries that carry farther than the fairies thought they could.
Unwitting I was walking when wails were wailed aloud
And the satyrs' song slipped my mind from its mortal shroud.

Untitled

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 2000

The morning sun sifts through my window.
I watch the light and shadows playing on the wall.
Quietly wondering why I am allowed such contentment.
Can it be that this peace is what is intended
And the rest is all dreams and folly?



Mississippi Mud

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 2000

Moonlight on naked flesh
Rain on the river
Laughter rippling
Young voices cut the night
So good to be young, to be free
Living my dance
Dancing alone
Feet sure between the stones
Water yeilding and supporting
The way is open
The road so long and
Traveled so quickly
Standing a'tremble
The droplets beaded on my skin
Only the moon to light my path
And the clouds come and go



Figure 36 Chris Middleton & Merri Weber,
New Circle flying a kite, Beltane 2001

The Poems of Chris

Chris Middleton was an odd quiet sort of Druid who enjoyed mummery and plays and eccentric little talks with puppets at night.

Something to Look Forward to

By Chris Middleton, Carleton, c.1999

I was eating a rather bland breakfast
When suddenly
I died
Moments later my spirit was wheeling from the experience
My vision blurred as the room about me spun into a crazed mix
of colors
A blender full of the rich hues of every fruit
Every berry.
Soon all reality and the bowl of oatmeal below me dipped and
sank into the thick syrupy afterlife
My spirit was now sticky with the great beyond-
Tastes like blueberries-
Then a darkness, more liquid than coffee, washed over me as I
ascended to the light
Could this be death I wondered as I drew my hands through a
stream of caffeinated Hereafter
I thought of all the orange slices, the Mandarin, Naval, and
Tangerine
I recalled the Grapefruit and Melons
Those distinct memories of Kiwis, Sandpears and Mangos
All those times I had feasted
Those times when I had refused to take a single citrus section
It was there that I came to a Toast Point
I landed gracefully near a sea of tranquil raspberry jam
Along the toasted beach, the waves kicked up a froth of pancakes
People wandered in bedclothes holding hands and holding
newspapers
I knew I had reached the land where breakfast never ended
And sighed deeply, turning to English muffin thoughts, and
knowing that I'd never have to go to early morning Spanish
again.

Untitled for Obvious Reasons

By Chris Middleton, Carleton c.1999

Three men are seated at a table in Purgatory
They are silent
Around them are thousands of silent, caged, parrots
Just as in heaven, just as in hell

In heaven the parrots learn words and continue the conversations
When the people are silent
In hell the parrots learn words and
Interrupt whoever speaks
In Purgatory the parrots learn words,
But are always silent
The three men in Purgatory
Do not know this

The Poems of Brad

10/20/98

Dear Irony,

Your letter inurted me to send anything of interest to you, the enclosed facsimile copies are the nicest things (to me) I've seen on Druidism, Hope they are of interest.

Sincerely, Brad Norris

The Seven Precepts of Merlin

Strive for knowledge, for it is power
Seek virtue, for it brings peace
Abhor vice, for it brings evil on all
Obey those in authority in all just things, so virtue may be exalted
When in authority decide reasonably, for thy authority may not last
Bear with fortitude the ills of life, remembering that no mortal sorrow is eternal
Cultivate the social virtues, so that thou shall be loved by all men

The Gorsedd Prayer

Grant, o Duw, thy protection
And in protection, strength
And in strength, understanding
And in understanding, knowledge
And in knowledge, the knowledge of justice
And in that knowledge of justice, the love of justice
And in that love of justice, the love of all existence's
And in that love of all existence's, the love of Duw
Duw and all goodness

Stolen Child

Where dips the rocky highland
Of sleuthwood in the lake,
Lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water rats
There we've hid our faerie vats
Full of berries
And of reddest stolen cherries

(Chorus)
Come away, oh human child
To the water and the wild
With a faerie hand in hand
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
 The dim grey sands with light
 By far off furthest crosses
 We foot it all the night
 Weaving olden dances
 Mingling hands and mingling glances
 Till the moon has taken flight
 To and fro we leap
 And chase the frothy bubbles
 While the world is full of troubles
 And is anxious in its sleep

(Chorus)

Where the wandering water gushes
 From the hills above Glencar
 In pools among the rushes
 That scarce could bathe a star
 We seek for slumbering trout
 And whispering in their ears
 Give them unquiet dreams
 Leaning softly out
 O'er ferns that drop their tears
 Over the young stream

(Chorus)

Away with us he's going
 The solemn-eyed
 He'll hear no more the lowing
 Of the calves on the long hillside
 Or the kettle on the hob
 Sing peace unto his breast
 Or see the brown mice bob
 Round and round the oatmeal chest
 For he comes the human child
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faerie hand in hand
 For the world's more full of weeping
 Than he can understand
 W.B. Yeats



Figure 37 Charles, Camilla Ammirati & Irony,
 Old Stone Circle, Nov. 1996

The Poems of Corwin

Corwin Troost got these poems to me from Carleton at the end of 2002, but I'm not quite sure of the year of authorship. But he'll be there until 2005.

Utter blackness

By Corwin, c. 2002

Utter blackness
 Just a second
 When bright light winked out.
 But in that second,
 I could see nothing.
 The world was gone.

All too soon,
 A spot of light emerges,
 And the world returns.
 But I always know
 That for a second,
 It was gone.

Bear Me Up, O World

By Corwin, c. 2002

Bear me up, O world.
 Bear me up, support my weight with your lightness.
 In your silence, I can sing;
 Your cold envelops me,
 And stillness is my loyal companion.
 Your tiny rain is my ambrosia;
 The scent of the grass, the seeds, the decaying leaves—
 All your smallness feeds me.
 Your immensity, your grandeur, gets more praise,
 But your little, secret ways—
 The soft rhythm of crunching snow
 The midnight pale brightness of a snow field
 A single star pushing through the clouds—
 Lovingly linger with me,
 Always waiting, just for me to notice.
 You give me everything
 But that I could know it all!
 Bear me up, O world
 Let me be another tiny, forgotten
 Lovely thing.

Transcendence

By Corwin, c. 2002

I feel her
 I feel through her
 I can feel the back of her neck
 Yet I face her front,
 And feel that too.
 I?
 We feel.
 Where does I end and she begin?
 I am not sure.
 I am not I
 I stretch beyond my form
 And these beautiful, loving bodies
 Fall to pieces
 Of universe.

Infinity in an Open Plain

By Corwin, c. 2002

I am so used to walls,
Trees and Horizons
I have never stood upon an empty plain
Gazing out into wide forever
Without anything to hold me up
Beside or above, just the ground below.
I look from out this train window;
I wonder—without this steely guardian
Without cities, walls, and dams,
In a world without
Man's constructed obstruction
Would I be borne up by infinity
Stretching my limbs and my sight
As far as they could go,
Or would I, alone, isolated,
Be crushed by its weightlessness?

Spent

Another CD
Another thing
Another, another, and another
Why must I buy
It sounds
It tastes
It feels and looks
So good
So why has my life—my energy—
Gone? following those
Measly little bills?
I am drained
I feel sick.
You can buy happiness,
But like rich food
If you take too much
It is vomit, diarrhea;
Disgust.
I enjoy not spending,
I enjoy frugality,
Taking little, and only cheaply.
This lettuce and celery joy
Gave way to that of mousse and steak.
I feel ill; I mustn't eat.
Later I shall eat slowly,
Rich or poor,
And avoid this sickness worse than hunger.



Figure 38 Ehren Vaughn, Merri Weber & Steve Crimmins in a Druid Cloak Tamale, Beltane 2001.

Historiographies of the Books of the Latter-Day Druids

The Dead Lake Scrolls

It is worth noting than in the originals, I put in pictures, fancy fonts, amusing titles and other items, which would make distribution difficult. They have therefore been removed. With the exception of the Book of Paul, all are authored by Michael Scharding with advice from his friends. This book is mostly to tell Carleton Druids of their past and to record the events of Scharding's ArchDruidcy of May 93 to May 94.

The Book of Introduction

As the contents suggest, this book is setting the purpose and mood for the collection.

The Book of Years

As some of the gaps prove, this was written early in my research on Reformed Druid history. The titles for their different periods are my own and are of little relevance to other people.

The Book on John Burridge

During his brief time at Carleton as a staff member, John Burridge made a lasting impression on the Druid community. This book was written to honor his memory. The Orange House referred to was one of the focal points of Druid life in the campus. I believe it was torn down in 1992. It was kitty korner from Berg house.

The Book of Opposition

The atmosphere at Carleton since 1984 was getting more and more conservative. Incidents of proselytizing increasingly became annoying to Carleton Druids. Now looking back on this book, I am slightly embarrassed by my paranoia, but it was the first time that I had ever been religiously assaulted. Many aspects of my life changed as a result, and much of my ArchDruidcy after the event was dedicated towards increasing inter-religious understanding among the Druids. Most of these precautions listed were commonplace before I came to Carleton in Fall 1989. I feel that I've mellowed a bit since then, and now count it as a moment of enlightenment.

The Book of Post Scripts: Part One

This recounts Carleton's 30th anniversary picnic and ritual held at Monument Hill. It also recounts the stages preceding the re-establishment of the official ArchDruidcy. Sam and I became ArchDruids of Olaf and Carleton, before entering the Third Order (officially) although we did vigil like Third Orders before the initial assumption of the Archdruidcies. My official ArchDruidcy began at Andrea's Third Ordination in June, when she passed the title on to me.

The Book of Paul: Part One

Written by Paul Schmidt, it tells of the special ceremony that we two performed to give greater strength to the new Third Oak on the Hill of Three Oaks, to ensure it wouldn't die. It was one of the more complicated ceremonies I had done up to that point. Paul was a good preceptor and I always enjoyed his support.

The Book of Haiku

I can't seem to get enough Haiku, and I consider it one of the most effective ways to teach other Druids. Each is a quick and simple lesson, with little verbiage. Its tri-fold nature is also dear to my Celtic proclivities.

The Book of Post Scripts: Part One

This book provided a basic understanding of how the Third Order had disappeared from Carleton, and explained why I wished to revive it. There was some distrust of the Third Order, and being disinclined of hierarchy myself, I chose to be very careful of the uses of the office in my upcoming ArchDruidcy. Most of the Druids did not know of the other Druid groves across the country, or about ADF, so I told them about this. I hoped to convey their participation in a larger community. The 1985-1993 Druids had gone on field trips to Pagan Festivals, but we never got around to organizing such an activity, to our own loss, I believe.

The Book of Vigils

Despite some early reluctance to reviving the Third Order, once I entered it under Richard Shelton, there was a veritable horde of requests to enter the Third Order. I suspect more people were ordained in those 6 months than in 3 of the most busy years in the Reform. Such frequent vigils, with all the necessary preparations, brought the community together for a good sized camping party. Strangely enough, poor weather was the rule when it came to Vigils, but this appears to be a historical constant.

The Book of Cattle Raids

Basically a wild tale of Sam and Me at the PSG festival of 1993 in Wisconsin. It was the first time that I had run into the Henge of Keltria and during this trip I discovered that several NRDNA groves still existed.

The Book of the Great Dream

Like the April Fool day proselytizing event, this Dream, in May 92, was one of the great inspiring events before my ArchDruidcy. Having returned from Scotland, I was intrigued by the Dalriada group and the international scene of Druidism. I've always had interesting dreams, with some degree of autonomy within them, so this type of dream was uncommon but not rare.

The Book of Stones

A collection of myths and stories about Carleton stones; handed down to us from time immemorial. I find the story about the Hadzi particularly doubtful.

The Book of Fire

A basic collection of fire-related customs at Carleton during my College days.

The Dead Bay Scrolls

Using the Dead Lake Scrolls & Druid Chronicles as a model, Stephen Abbot (Archdruid of Hazelnut Grove) wrote a history of the California Druids since 1980 up until the Thirtieth Anniversary of Reformed Druidism. The common parallels of tongue-in-cheek humor and faint whiffs of paranoia are intriguing. Although Stephen wrote all these following words, I put them into biblical notational format, for easy reference. This is one of the few NRDNA documents that was not written by Isaac, and it is therefore a good tool for understanding the various attitudes within the NewRDNA.

Das Edda Todvolkfortgeshritten

This poem describes the disastrous ritual leading up to the Grove elections at Samhain 1981 in the Berkeley Grove. Difficulties in finding the ritual site, along with Isaac's strong platform of changes should he be elected Archdruid, and a disagreement about voting procedures caused an eruption of discord in the Grove. Not long after this pivotal moment, Isaac left to found ADF, the Live Oak grove schised from Berkeley and everybody stopped talking to each other. The leader of the Death March was Joan Carruth. The Co-ArchDruids mentioned were Stephen and Tezra of the Hazelnut grove.

The Book of the Boring Times

A clever pun on the Neo-Pagan term "The Burning Times" (the Inquisition). I assume the place of the Orks is a military base in the San Francisco bay. As we can tell from this book, Stephen moves around alot and has worked at many types of jobs.

The Book of Mr. Boring

In some fashion, this work almost seems to be a conversion story about how Druidism can change even the most boring person into an interesting thinker.

The Book of Games

More discussion about the passing of spare time during the Boring Times.

The Book of the 30th Anniversary

The author was Anderson, a prominent Wiccan author. The Terlach referred to here is Robert Larson, the founder of the Berkeley Grove. It also tells of how Jeff Sommers was ordained and founded the Tuatha De Danaan Grove in the Bay Area. This book gives a little insight into the attitudes of the NRDNA to the role of the Third Order. It also has a rare reference to a person being previously denied entrance to the Third Order, but eventually entering in time. It is a difficult area to deny entry, as I discuss in my General History.

The Book of the Laundry Think-Tank

A good overview of the planning of group activities in the Hazelnut Grove.

Addendum to the Ordination of the Second Order

This is unusual, to add to an traditional ordination ceremony. The fact that they required extra meditation by the Candidate seems to confirm that the NRDNA were less interested in hierarchy than in personal growth.

The Book of Samhain

Like my own Book of Oppositions, the Hazelnut Grove was having their own problems.

The Dead River Scrolls

2003 Introduction

Mini-Epistle of Michelle the Dark

Michelle was one of the triple ArchDruidcy of (Becky, Ann & Michelle) which lasted from 1994-1997-ish. This epistle was drawn from the waning days of the Vax Notes Conference.

The Epistle of Amanda

Amanda helped run the grove in the 1996-1998 period. I believe Irony was away and Michelle was in a blue funk.

The Sigil Letters

Strange that more was not written about Sigils before this. Ian Friesland was a scientific friend of mine, an environmentalist, who was really enthused by receiving the Sigil before going on a world-wide research trip of some type. Robert Harrison wrote his letter soon after his vigil at Carleton.

The Book of Exile, Part One

Written by the young Irony just into his Archdruidcy in 1997 to Mike who was exiled to Japan for four years.

The Tree Epistle of John

Another letter, this time from John Burrige (who appeared in the Dead Lake Scrolls) pulled out of the Vax Notes conference just before it was closed and replaced by a new bulletin board.

The Book of Q

Written by my dog, Q, in Japan, who was a favorite at the Grove meetings in the Akita Grove. They tended to pay more attention to the dog, rather than my meditations.

The Book of the Sermon

Okay, so I sometimes ramble a little bit! This was written by Pat Haneke, who I ordained in Japan, and later succeeded me to the Archdruidcy of the Akita Grove that I established there. He is married to Nozomi Kibou and is a bit of a recluse and luddite.

The Book of Exile, Part Two

Irony made a trip to Germany and then spent two years in Tonga for the Peace Corps. These are some of the letters he sent to me in exchange for care packages and Druid reading materials.

The Book of Stones, Part Two

Written to commemorate Irony's feat of getting the College to build a gigantic stone circle.

The Book of Vigils, Part Two

Gosh, there have been a lot of vigils, that I've attended lately. Of course, there are others that I couldn't attend.

Ein Tanz Dream

The Winter King: A Dream

The Wild Hunt

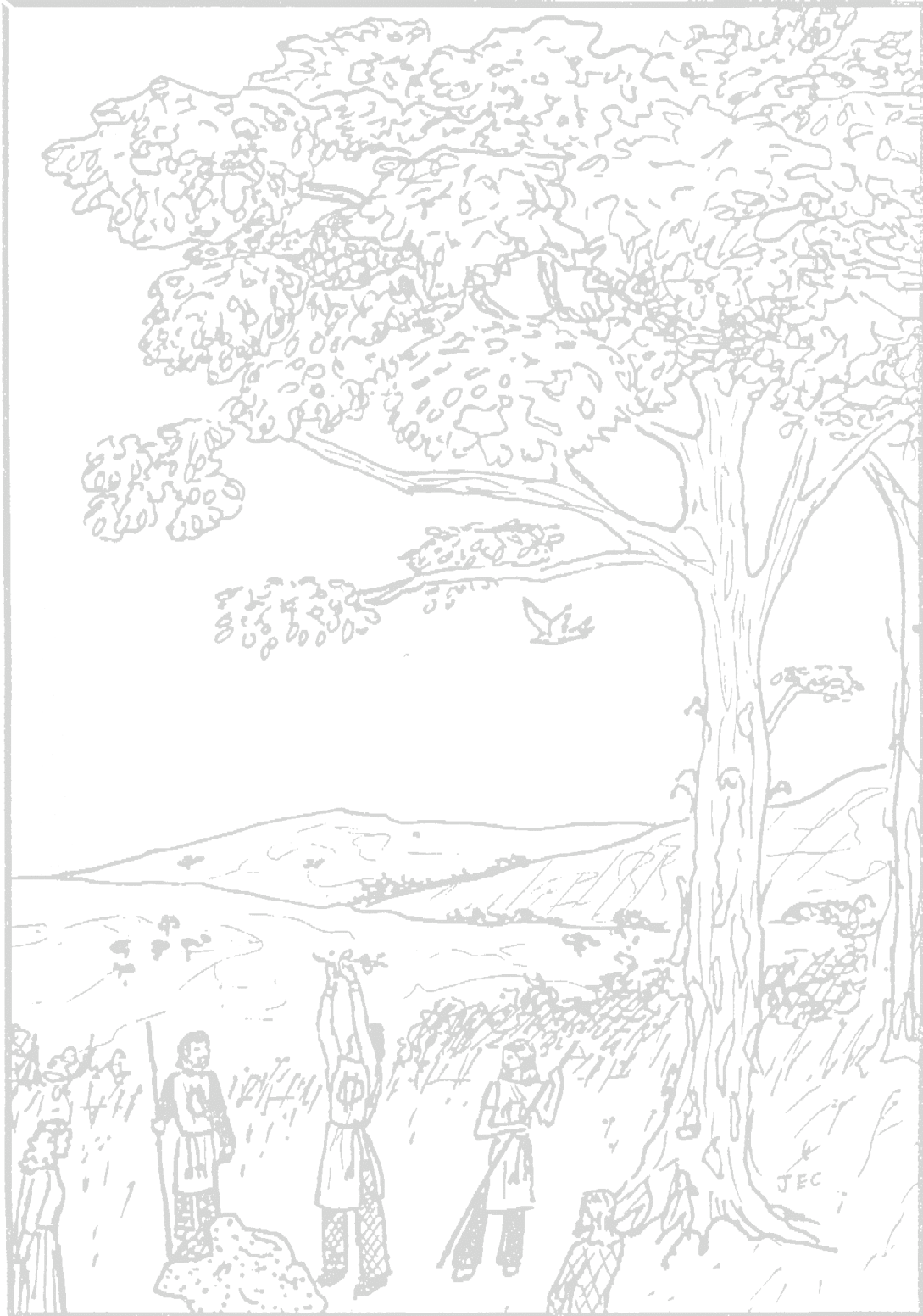
The three dreams by Irony.



Figure 39 New Stone Circle winter c.2001.



Figure 40 Jon Nauert, Heather Gruenberg, Mike Scharding & Margot Adler (Author of Drawing Down the Moon), Jan 10, 1992 in Great Hall.



Thus Endeth
Part Nine
of ARDA 2