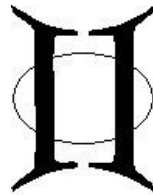


A  
Reformed  
Druid  
Anthology,  
Second Edition



40<sup>th</sup> Reunion 2003  
The Drynemetum Press



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Frangquist, Fisher & Nelson  
Authors of the Green Book.  
Picture, circa 1964  
Hill of Three Oaks, Carleton

A  
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# Detailed Library Bibliographical Information

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## Title:

A Reformed Druid Anthology, 2nd Edition  
Volume 2: The Green Books of Meditation

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Michael Scharding

## Past Editors:

David Frangquist  
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Isaac Bonewits

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1800 pages. Three Volumes. 8 1/2" x 11" dimensions. Hardback.

## Suggested Catalogue Description of the Collection:

"A Reformed Druidic collection that draws from various works of literature for the reader's meditation, research, celebration and reflection from Buddhism, Christian traditions, ecology ideals, the Feminist movement, very ancient Jewish practices, Earth-centered mysticism, New Age beliefs, Neopaganism, Hinduism, the Occult, the Celts, Tao, Wicca, and lots of Zen."

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(i.e. Don't Copy or Sell It.)

## Acknowledgments

A detailed list of the various authors can be found in Part Four: "Credits, Founders and Known Innovators" but I would like to thank a few very special people for their help in putting this collection together. Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson published "The Druid Chronicles (Evolved)" in 1976 under the Drynemetum Press label, and from whose collection much of ARDA's material can be traced. Richard Shelton and David & Deborah Frangquist were very helpful in giving me leads and constant advice. Stacey Weinberger has proven of inestimable assistance in acquiring and understanding material from the 1980s at the Live Oak Grove. Without Mark Heiman's professional layout experience, it would not look as fine and polished as it is. I would like to thank my parents, my friends, roommates, fellow Carleton Druid grove members, Ar nDraiocht Fein, The Henge of Keltria, all the other groves of the Reform, and the authors of the First Amendment. In order to be true to all my friends, I should boldly state the following about Druidism:

### 'Ten Important Notices'

1. Much of the material in this material has been lifted from copyright works, for a limited printing run of an on-line educational class, and not intended for commercial printing.. Please acknowledge the authors, use it only for non-malicious purposes, such as study, and not for personal gain. If you produce a book, article, or report that makes significant use of these materials; please send us a complementary copy in care of the Drynemetum press (see above).
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7. In general... most of us consider Reformed Druidism to be a perspective, not a religion. Do not be fooled by all the external trappings, whistles, and bells.
8. Membership in Druidism is considered very compatible with all religions by many members and the term "Druid" is usually considered to be gender neutral. Or, at least, we tend to think so.
9. Technically speaking, those who do not have the Apostolic Succession descending from Fisher are not permitted to use most of the liturgies.
- 10 Within reason, all documents have been presented here in their original historical forms (i.e. after spell-checking and versical numbering).

## 2003 Introduction

Amazingly, the Green Books collection has grown as large as the original collection of ARDA 1. Most of these books were rather solitary efforts and the addition of more editors would have sharpened the focus and removed sub-par materials. Instead, I have erred on the side of inclusivity, being the pack-rat that I am.

The first Green Book began as a collection for the lazy Arch-Druids of Carleton to come up with something to say in the early 1960s during the Meditation section of the weekly liturgies, much as modern clergy refer to books of ready-made sermons. Building on that tradition, I collected two more books for the first edition of ARDA. These went relatively well, but my research didn't stop; and book after book of recommended reading material, and stuff I just thought was neat, were produced over the years, especially as I began to mine the older magazines of the NRDNA movement, and consolidate interesting types of materials.

Each Green Book has its own theme. Green 2 was my European studies, and Green 3 was my Asian studies in 1993. After my trip to Japan, Green 4 was conceived as a trip around the world, with readings from all the continents and major religions. Levity has been a constant companion to the Reformed Druid, so Green 5 was conceived as material to cheer up a Druid in those times when they are depressed or unhappy. Green 6 is a collection of all the songs, poems & stories written by past Reformed members. Green 7 has seasonal essays to inspire Druids during their preparations for the eight major Druid festivals. Green 8 is materials from the Order of the Mithril Star, that didn't fit anywhere else. Green 9 is a collection of the works on food, drink and trees; so important to Druidic life. Finally, Green 10 is a collection of writings about the history and nature of the modern and ancient Druids (especially the RDNA), to assist in future research on our group.

Future volumes are in the process of planning even as I send off seven new volumes in this edition. There may well be a collection of religious and social freedom speeches, a volume on transcendentalist & nature poets of the 19<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup> century, and volumes 6-10 will undoubtedly be supplemented over the following years.

As always, none of this material is to be considered dogmatic or reflective of the views of any Reformed Druids. It is meant to widen your understanding of spiritual matters, not to narrow your possibilities. Please use them well and perhaps add a few volumes of your own.

Sincerely,  
Mike Scharding  
Circa Day 75 of Earrach, Y.R. XL  
April 15th, 2003 C.E.  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.

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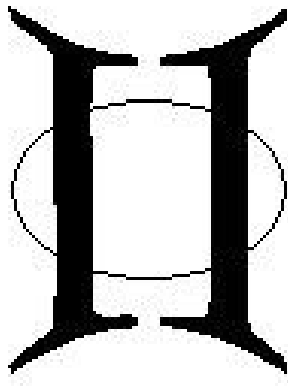
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# Concluding Blessing

May you grow in wisdom through contemplation of these pages and their interpretation in your daily life.



So Ends Volume Zero  
Of the Green Books

# The Green Book

## Volume One

### The Original 1966 Introduction

Those who join the Reformed Druids are, in one sense or another, religious rebels. They are usually fed up with the hypocrisies and inadequacies of the institutionalized churches. They seek a satyric outlet, and they find it in Druidism. But they are seldom anti-religious. On the contrary, they often feel that there is in fact some truth to be found in religion, and this belief is affirmed in the Basic Tenets. A common complaint among Druids is that the truth has been obscured because they have been forced, more or less against their will, into various particular religious molds. They seek to be freed in order to freely seek, and to make independent judgments on what passes for religious truth.

Druidism, as an institution, must remain independent. It can never hope to profess absolute truth; for when it does, it then will become no better than the fossilized institutions from which its members have fled. But even while it systematically shuns dogmatism, it can, and must still lead. It must provide the opportunity for discovery, which many of its members have never had. It must, in short, provide in its written meditations a taste of the writings of the world's great religions, in the hope that this taste will stimulate a wider search for knowledge and wisdom in the quest for religious truth.

As Arch-Druid, you are charged with preparing meditations, which will prove meaningful to the congregation. In order to do this, you must choose selections from the Buddhists, the Hindus, the Taoists, the Muslims, and many others, as well as from the Bible. You must provide a wide variety in order to give truth a chance. The best method is to study widely yourself. But this can be too time-consuming. I therefore strongly urge you to purchase, for your own edification, an excellent and useful collection: Viking Portable #5, Henry Ballou's World Bible. It is available in paper for less than \$2.00, or in hardcover for slightly more. The selections are short and illuminating, and the editor exhibits a bias, which can almost be called Druidic. It makes a good beginning.

For those Arch-Druids who are lazier still, or who suddenly find themselves in desperate need of a meditation at the last minute, I offer the following collection. It is hoped that the collection, although short, is representative and especially useful for Reformed Druids.

David A. Franquist  
Editor, 1966

The Drynemetum Press



## Preface to 1976 Edition

In the first few years after the foundation of Reformed Druidism at Carleton College, there became attached to the office of Arch-Druid three collections of written material, which became known collectively as the Three Books of the Arch-Druid. Handed down over the years from Arch-Druid to Arch-Druid, they have acquired for the Druids at Carleton some measure of venerability, such as the scant age of the Reform can confer.

The first of these, The Book of the Worship of the Earth-Mother, preserves much of the liturgy used in the beginning, though indeed as the Reform grew, so did the realization that liturgy cannot remain fixed and static while religious outlook changes. So today each presiding priest is encouraged to write liturgy that he can celebrate without antagonizing his own religious scruples; and while much is still drawn from the Book of Worship, its influence is less than it once was. The second book, the Archives, though of much historical interest, has hardly ever borne much influence on the religious activity at Carleton.

By contrast, the Book of Written Meditations has waxed large in the consciousness of the Carleton Grove, larger even, perhaps, than the Druid Chronicles. These meditations were gathered by David Frangquist as an aid to lazy Arch-Druids (or so he said), and the collection was bound in green covers which readily distinguish it from the black covers of the Book of Worship and the blue covers of the Archives; indeed at Carleton it is called simply "the green book" and that has become in effect its title. These meditations found their way with increasing frequency into services at Carleton, not from increasing laziness, but from increasing awareness of the treasures that David had gathered together between the green covers. Members of the grove would often borrow the book for their own meditation and reflection, and eventually the essence and core of Druidism at Carleton could be found in seminal form within this free-form, eclectic collection more than any place else, save only the great world at large, whence, after all, these meditations came.

And so we have thought it appropriate to print The Green Book to bring it to a larger audience, in the hope that others, too, may find it useful in the search for awareness. The pages of the original are unnumbered, for David encouraged his successors to add such meditations as they found appropriate. We encourage our readers to do likewise, and have accordingly left the pages unnumbered. There have been additions since David's time, but they have been few. For this edition we have included several selections that have long wanted adding; the Yeats' poems, for example, which have almost become part of the Carleton liturgy. We have resisted the temptations to make a few excisions. We should especially have liked to excise the "Sayings of the Ancient Druids" which are no more Druidic than is Stonehenge, and which certainly cannot be said to represent the beliefs of the Reformed Druids; yet David included it, and we shall not gainsay him.

Herewith, then is The Green Book, in substantially the same form as it was bequeathed to Carleton by David. May you find joy in the reading!

Richard M. Shelton  
Ellen Conway Shelton  
Editors, 1974

## Note by the Current Editor 1996

The Green Book (volume 1) never quite made it to being officially published. By 1976, all but a few of the exemptions from copyrights were acquired. However, the task became too difficult and other concerns occupied the attention of the Sheltons. As a result, the legality of publishing this collection is rather dubious and it probably will remain as an underground publication. For no particular reason, I have kept their selections in the order that they were presented to me (including a rebellious selection from the Old Testament that is mischievously hiding in the Buddhist section of The Green Book). I have neither deleted nor added any new selections to the first volume, but you may feel free to add new selections or take out selections (especially the ones from the "Ancient Druids"), if you wish.

As stated before, The Green Book, was near to the heart of Druidism until the early 80's when Carleton Druidism lapsed. When it revived in the mid-80s, Carleton students had taken a greater interest in Neo-Paganism, Wiccan and Native American beliefs; areas rarely explored before that time. As a result, The Green Book has not received much attention since due to its Monotheistic and Asian foci. However for me, the Green Book is a powerful reminder of the breadth of sources that Reformed Druidism can and should draw upon during the searches for religious truth.

I have been especially encouraged to follow David's request that the Arch-Druid should collect and distribute meditations conducive to Druidism (a vague and daunting task!). I have, as of 1994, published two other volumes of meditation; which are just as dubious legally as the original Green Book. However, my Green Books have failed to garner as much enthusiasm as the first Green Book. Perhaps it is a far more difficult task than I understood when I first began to publish them?

Feel free, yourself, at the potential risk of breaking the copyright laws, to make copies of The Green Books for your friends. Happy reading.

Michael Scharding  
Publisher, 1995

Another Fine Product of the Drynemeton Press

### **Publishing History**

1st Printing 1966 c.e.  
2nd Printing 1960s & Early 70s  
3rd Printing 1976 c.e.  
4th Printing 1970s and 1980s  
5th Printing 1993 c.e.  
6th Printing 1996 c.e. in ARDA  
7th Printing 2003 c.e. in ARDA 2

Note: No particular statement, dogmatic point or doctrine expressed in these collected works should be construed as being the beliefs of one particular Druid or of all Reformed Druids. They are exercises and words to be thought upon and not necessarily agreed with

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# Sayings of the "Ancient Druids"

## (On Religion)

One God supreme the universe does sway  
With rev'rence his omnipotence obey;  
And know, that all we possibly can name,  
From heav'n itself originally came;  
Let no mean thoughts of dissolution fright,  
Or damp you spirits with the dews of night.

The soul's immortal and can never die;  
For frail existence no vain efforts make,  
For fear to lose what he wants power to take.

Of awful vengeance ever shall be hurl'd  
By nature's God against a sinful world;  
In dreadful deluges we must expire

Or else consume in rapid flames of fire.  
In these tremendous elements alone,  
Mankind shall perish, and their sins atone.

Another world is ready to receive  
Immortal souls, that earthly bodies leave  
To dust the perishable parts return,  
But at the grave eternal spirits spurn.  
And if in virtue's path they trod below,  
In heav'nly mansions 'tis their fate to glow;  
But if by vice enslav'd, their doom's to roam  
Without a heav'nly, or an earthly home.

On your young offspring spend your utmost care,  
And of the early seeds of vice beware;  
This noble talk you can't commence too soon,  
Expand their virtues, and their follies prune.  
Their youthful minds, like melted wax impress,  
And heav'n's fair image in their souls express.

## (On Politics)

Children must from their parents be removed,  
Tho' fondly prized and tenderly belov'd;  
Till fourteen times the sun with radiant rays,  
Shall round the world in annual circuit blaze:  
Lest blind partially in youth should wrong  
Those rising minds that to the state belong.

'Tis just, upon emergencies of state,  
To yield an individual to fate;  
Better a part should perish than the whole,  
A body's forfeit cannot hurt the soul;  
The sacrifice, by feeling earthly pain,  
May greater bliss in future life obtain.

Blind disobedience to the state's decree,  
Shall always excommunicated be;  
And interdicted thus, the wretch shall roam,  
Secluded from society and home:  
Devoid of trust in the most trifling cause,  
And unprotected by the injured laws.

When danger calls, and delegates should meet,  
Let not the senate wait for tardy feet;  
For in the crisis of our country's fate,  
He merits death who gives advice too late.

## (On Various Things)

Those who lend money to the wretch decay'd,  
In the next life will be again repay'd.

If by one newly dead you want to send,  
A note to any long departed friend:  
Compose your letter in a solemn stile,  
And slowly cast it on the funeral pile;  
Then know the sentiments therein express'd,  
Will be deliver'd to the hand address'd.

Each member of a family we deem,  
In his own habitation, Lord supreme;  
O'er life and property his power extends,  
If the state ratifies what he intends.

Prisoners of war are doomed by fate to die,  
Then sacrifice them to some deity;  
Upon the altars let them soon expire,  
Or closed in wicker feed the sacred fire.

Be arts instill'd be useful science shewn,  
And wisdom taught in sacred groves alone;  
There, and there only, shall the mind improve  
In needful knowledge and in social love;  
But let no lesson be in writing giv'n,  
Trust all to memory, that great gift of heav'n.

When strong diseases, the weak frame enthral,  
The moon's the sovereign remedy of all.

Let mistletoe with reverent awe be sought,  
Since as a boon, from heav'n itself 'tis bought;  
The sacred oak ascend, and then with skill,  
Cut the with'd branches with a golden bill.

Selections from:

William Augustus Russel. *History of England*. London, J. Cooke, 1777. p. 4.

# Sayings of the Hindus

## (The Rig-Veda: To the Waters)

Forth from the middle of the flood the waters their chief the sea  
flow cleansing, never sleeping.

Indra, the bull, the thunderer, dug their channels: here let those  
waters, goddesses, protect me.

Waters which came from heaven, or those that wander dug from  
the earth, or flowing free by nature.

Bright, purifying, spreading to the ocean, here let those waters,  
goddesses, protect me.

Those amid whom goes Varuna, the sovereign, he who  
discriminates men's truth and falsehood

Distilling meath, the bright, the purifying, here let those waters,  
goddesses, protect me.

They from who Varuna tlein(a)-28.9nd Ssoa(a)-28.9nd  
rfsrtrgh20,42480)TJT\*0.0113 Tc029113 TwDmtheinwsh theuoersantere, here let those  
waters, goddesses, protect me.

e85.4l(e85.4(c)3471(t)266(i(o)28.2(n131.9(s321.6( f-29.1(r)5.8(o)28.2m)-0.3:)5229(( )TJT\*:-0.0951 Tc028254 TwR(o)-7.2bt)-921(e)-28.6(r)12

Selections from: Swami Prabhavananda & Frederick Manchester, trans. *The Upanishads : Breath of the Eternal*. New York, Mentor (MP386). 1957. p. 103.

### (The Rig-Veda: Creation)

Then was not non-existent nor existent: there was no realm of air, no sky beyond it.

What covered in, and where? And what gave shelter? Was water there, unfathomed depth of water?

Death was not then, nor was there aught immortal: no sign was there, the day's and night's divider.

That One Thing, breathless, breathed by its own nature: apart from it was nothing whatsoever.

Darkness there was: at first concealed in darkness this All was undiscriminated chaos.

All that existed then was void and formless: by the great power of warmth was born that unit.

Who verily knows and who can here declare it, whence it was born and whence comes this creation?

The gods are later than this world's production. Who knows then whence it first came into being?

He, the first origin of this creation, whether he formed it all or did not form it,

Whose eye controls this world in highest heaven, he verily knows it, or perhaps he knows not.

Selections from:

Robert O. Ballou. *World Bible*. New York, The Viking Press, 1944. p. 32.

## The Sayings of the Hindus

### (From the Bhagavad-Gita: Atman)

Sri Krishna:

You have the right to work, but for the work's sake only. You have no right to the fruits of work. Desire for the fruits of work must never be your motive in working. Never give way to laziness either.

Perform every action with your heart fixed on the Supreme Lord. Renounce attachment to the fruits. Be even-tempered in success and failure....

Work done with anxiety about results is far inferior to work done without such anxiety, in the calm of self-surrender. Seek refuge in the knowledge of Brahman. They who work selfishly for results are miserable.

In the calm of self-surrender you can free yourself from the bondage of virtue and vice during this very life. Devote yourself, therefore, to reaching union with Brahman. To unite the heart with Brahman and then to act: that is the secret of unattached work. In the calm of self-surrender, the seers renounce the fruits of their actions, and so reach enlightenment. Then they are free from the bondage of rebirth, and pass to that state which is beyond all evil.

When your intellect has cleared itself of its delusions, you will become indifferent to the results of all action, present and future. At present, your intellect is bewildered by conflicting interpretations of the scriptures. When it can rest, steady and undistracted, in contemplation of the Atman (the Godhead within every being), then you will reach Union with the Atman.

Arjuna:

Krishna, how can one identify a man who is firmly established and absorbed in Brahman? ....

Sri Krishna:

He who knows bliss in the Atman  
And wants nothing else.  
Cravings torment the heart:  
He renounces cravings.  
I call him illumined.

Not shaken by adversity,  
Not hankering after happiness:  
Free from fear, free from anger,  
Free from the things of desire.  
I call him a seer, and illumined.  
The bonds of his flesh are broken.  
He is lucky, and does not rejoice:  
He is unlucky, and does not weep.  
I call him illumined.

The tortoise can draw in his legs:  
The seer can draw in his sense.  
I call him illumined.

The abstinent run away from what they desire  
But carry their desires with them:  
When a man enters Reality,  
He leaves his desires behind him.

Even a mind that knows the path  
Can be dragged from the path:  
The senses are so unruly.



But he controls the senses  
And recollects the mind  
And fixes it on me.  
I call him illumined.

Thinking about sense-objects  
Will attach you to sense-objects;  
Grow attached, and you become addicted;  
Thwart your addiction, it turns to anger;  
Be angry, and you confuse your mind;  
Confuse your mind, you forget the lesson of experience;  
Forget experience, you lose discrimination;  
Lose discrimination, and you miss life's only purpose.

When he has no lust, no hatred,  
A man walks safely among the things of lust and hatred.  
To obey the Atman  
Is his peaceful joy:  
Sorrow melts  
Into that clear peace:  
His quiet mind  
Is soon established in peace.

The uncontrolled mind  
Does not guess that the Atman is present:  
How can it meditate?  
Without meditation, where is peace?  
Without peace, where is happiness?

The wind turns a ship  
From its course upon the waters:  
The wandering winds of the senses  
Cast man's mind adrift  
And turn his better judgment from its course.  
When a man can still the senses  
I call him illumined.  
The recollected mind is awake  
In the knowledge of the Atman  
Which is dark night to the ignorant:  
The ignorant are awake in their sense-life  
Which they think is daylight:  
To the seer it is darkness.

Water flows continually into the ocean  
But the ocean is never disturbed:  
Desire flows into the mind of the seer  
But he is never disturbed.  
The seer knows peace:  
The man who stirs up his own lusts  
Can never know peace.  
He knows peace who has forgotten desire  
He lives without craving:  
Free from ego, free from pride.

This is the state of enlightenment in Brahman:  
A man does not fall back from it  
Into delusion.  
Even at the moment of death  
He is alive in that enlightenment:  
Brahman and he are one.

Selection from:  
Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood, trans. *The Song of God, Bhagavad-Gita*. New York, Mentor (MP466), 1954. pp. 40-44.

# Sayings of the Hindus

(From the works of Sri Ramakrishna)

People partition off their lands by means of boundaries, but no one can partition off the all-embracing sky overhead. The indivisible sky surrounds all and includes all. So common man in ignorance says, "My religion is the only one, my religion is the best." But when his heart is illumined by true knowledge, he knows that above all these wars of sects and sectarians presides the one indivisible, eternal, all-knowing bliss.

As a mother, in nursing her sick children, gives rice and curry to one, and sago arrowroot to another, and bread and butter to a third, so the Lord has laid out different paths for different men suitable to their natures.

Dispute not. As you rest firmly on your own faith and opinion, allow others also the equal liberty to stand by their own faiths and opinions. By mere disputation you will never succeed in convincing another of his error. When the grace of God descends on him, each one will understand his own mistakes.

So long as the bee is outside the petals of the lily, and has not tasted the sweetness of its honey, it hovers round the flower emitting its buzzing sound; but when it is inside the flower, it noiselessly drink its nectar. So long as a man quarrels and disputes about doctrines and dogmas, he has not tasted the nectar of true faith; when he has tasted it, he becomes quiet and full of peace.

A man after fourteen year's penance in a solitary forest obtained at last the power of walking on water. Overjoyed at this, he went to his Guru and said, "Master, master, I have acquired the power of walking on water." The master rebukingly replied, "Fie, O child! Is this the result of thy fourteen years' labours? Verily thou has obtained only that which is worth a penny; for what thou hast accomplished after fourteen years' arduous labour ordinary men do by paying a penny to the boatman."

Selections from:

Robert O. Ballou. *World Bible*. New York, The Viking Press, 1944. p. 83, 88.

# Saying from the Buddhist Sutras

(The Four Noble Truths)

Thus have I heard:

At one time the Lord dwelt at Benares at Isipatana in the Deer Park. There the Lord addressed the five monks:

These two extremes, monks, are not to be practiced by one who has gone forth from the world. What are the two? That conjoined with the passions and luxury, low, vulgar, common, ignoble, and useless; and that conjoined with self-torture, painful, ignoble, and useless. Avoiding these two extremes the Tathagata has gained the enlightenment of the Middle Path, which produces insight and knowledge, and tends to calm, to the higher knowledge, enlightenment, Nirvana.

And what, monks, is the Middle Path, of which the Tathagata has gained enlightenment, which produces insight and knowledge, and tends to calm, to higher knowledge, enlightenment, Nirvana? This is the Eightfold Way: namely, right view, right intention, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, right concentration. This, monks, is the Middle Path, of which Tathagata has gained enlightenment, which produces insight and knowledge, and tends to calm, to higher knowledge, enlightenment, Nirvana.

Now this, monks, is the noble truth of pain: birth is painful, old age is painful, sickness is painful, death is painful, sorrow, lamentation, dejection, and despair are painful. Contact with unpleasant things is painful, not getting what one wishes is painful. In short the five groups of grasping are painful.

Now this, monks, is the noble truth of the cause of pain: the craving, which tends to rebirth, combined with pleasure and lust, finding pleasure here and there; namely, the craving for passion, the craving for existence, the craving for non-existence.

Now this, monks, is the noble truth of the cessation of pain: the cessation without a remainder of craving, the abandonment, forsaking, release, non-attachment.

Now this, monks, is the noble truth of the way that leads to the cessation of pain: this is the noble Eightfold Way; namely, right views, right intention, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, right concentration.

Selections from:

Edwin A. Burt. *The Teachings of the Compassionate Buddha*. New York, Mentor (MP380), 1955. p. 29.

# Sayings from the Buddhist Sutras

(Questions Not Tending to Edification)

Thus have I heard:

The venerable Malunkyaputta arose at eventide from his seclusion, and drew near to where The Blessed One was; and having drawn near and greeted The Blessed One, he sat down respectfully at one side. And seated respectfully at one side, the venerable Malunkyaputta spoke to The Blessed One as follows:

"Revered Sir, it happened to me, as I was just now in seclusion and plunged in meditation, that a consideration presented itself to my mind, as follows: 'These theories which the Blessed One has left unelucidated, has set aside and rejected, that the world is finite, that the world is infinite, that the saint exists after death, that the saint does not exist after death, that the saint both exists and does not exist after death, that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, these the Blessed One does not elucidate to me. And the fact that The Blessed One does not elucidate them to me does not please me nor suit me. I will draw near to The Blessed One and inquire of him concerning this matter. If The Blessed One will elucidate (them) to me, in that case will I lead the religious life under The Blessed One. If The Blessed One will not elucidate (them) to me, in that case will I abandon religious training and return to the lower life of a layman.'"

"If The Blessed One knows that the world is eternal, let The Blessed One elucidate to me that the world is not eternal; if The Blessed One knows that the world is not eternal, let The Blessed One elucidate to me that the world is not eternal. If The Blessed One does not know either that the world is eternal or that the world is not eternal, the only upright thing for one who does not know, or who has not that insight, is to say, 'I do not know; I have not that insight.'"

(And The Blessed One replied:)

"Malunkyaputta, anyone who should say, 'I will not lead the religious life under The Blessed One until The Blessed One shall elucidate (these things) to me' that person would die, Malunkyaputta, before the Tathagata had ever explained this to him.

"It is as if a man had been wounded by an arrow thickly smeared with poison, and his friends and companions were to cure for him a physician; and the sick man were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me belonged to the warrior caste, or to the Brahmin caste, or to the agricultural caste, or to the menial caste.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt the name of the man who wounded me, and to what clan he belongs.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me was tall, or short, or of the middle height.'

"That man would die, Malunkyaputta, without ever having learnt this.

"This religious life does not depend on the dogma that the world is eternal; nor does the religious life depend on the dogma that the world is not eternal. Whether the dogma obtain that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal, there still remain birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief,

and despair, for the extinction of which in the present life I am prescribing.

"Accordingly, bear always in mind what it is that I have elucidated, and what it is that I have not elucidated. And what have I not elucidated? I have not elucidated that the world is eternal; I have not elucidated that the world is not eternal.... And why have I not elucidated this? Because this profits not, nor has it to do with the fundamentals of religion, nor tends to aversion, absence of passion, cessation, quiescence, the supernatural faculties, supreme wisdom, and Nirvana; therefore I have not elucidated it."

Selections from:

Henry Clarke Warren. *Buddhism, in Translation*. New York, Atheneum (19), 1963. p. 117.

## Sayings from the Buddhist Sutras (The Rain Cloud)

It is as if a cloud rising above the horizon shrouds all space (in darkness) and covers the earth.

That great rain-cloud, big with water, is wreathed with flashes of lightning and rouses with its thundering call all creatures.

By warding off the sunbeams, it cools the region; and gradually lowering so as to come in reach of hands, it begins pouring down its water all around.

And so, flashing on every side, it pours out an abundant mass of water equally, and refreshes this earth.

And all herbs which have sprung up on the face of the earth, all grasses, shrubs, forest trees, other trees small and great;

The various field fruits, and whatever is green; all plants on hills, in caves and thickets;

All those grasses, shrubs, and trees are vivified by the cloud that both refreshes the thirsty earth and waters the herbs.

Grasses and shrubs absorb the water of one essence which issues from the cloud according to their faculty and reach.

And all trees, great, small, and mean, drink that water according to their growth and faculty, and grow lustily.

The great plants whose trunk, stalk, bark, twigs, pith, and leaves are moistened by the water from the cloud develop their blossoms and fruits.

They yield their products, each according to its own faculty, reach, and their particular nature of the germ; still the water emitted (from the cloud) is of but one essence.

In the same way the Buddha comes into the world like a rain-cloud, and, once born, he, the world's Lord, speaks and shows the real course of life.

And the great Seer, honoured in the world, including the gods, speaks thus: I am the Tathagata, the highest of men, the Gina; I have appeared in this world like a cloud.

I shall refresh all being whose bodies are withered, who are clogged to the triple world. I shall bring to felicity those that are pining away with toils, give them pleasures and (final) rest.

I am inexorable, bear no love nor hatred towards any one, and proclaim the law to all creatures without distinction, to the one as well as the other.

I recreate the whole world like a cloud shedding its water without distinction; I have the same feelings for respectable people as for the low; for moral persons as for the immoral;

For the depraved as for those who observe the rules of good conduct; for those who hold sectarian views and unsound tenets as for those whose views are sound and correct.

I also pour out rain: the rain of the law by which this whole world is refreshed; and each according to his faculty take to heart this well-spoken law that is one in its essence.

Even as all grasses and shrubs, as well as plants of middle size, trees and great trees at the time of rain look bright in all quarters;

So it is the very nature of the law to promote the everlasting weal of the world; by the law the whole world is recreated, and as the plants (when refreshed) expand their blossoms, the world does the same when refreshed.

So then is the preaching of the law like the water poured out by the cloud everywhere alike; by which plants and men thrive, endless (and eternal) blossoms (are produced).

Selections from:

H. Kern. *Saddharma-Pundarika or The Lotus of the True Law*. New York, Dover (T1065), 1963.\* p. 122.

\*H. Kern's translation is originally vol. XXI of *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Muller.

## (The Mahayana Ideal)

By constant use the idea of an "I" attaches itself to foreign drops of seed and blood, although the thing exists not. Then why should I not conceive my fellow's body as my own self? That my body is foreign to me is not hard to see. I will think of myself as a sinner, of others as oceans of virtue; I will cease to live as self, and will take as my self my fellow-creatures. We love our hands and other limbs, as members of the body; then why not love other living beings, as members of the universe? By constant use man comes to imagine that his body, which has no self-being, is a "self;" why then should he not conceive his "self" to lie in his fellows also? Thus in doing service to others pride, admiration, and desire of reward find no place, for thereby we satisfy the wants of our own self. Then, as thou wouldst guard thyself against suffering and sorrow, so exercise that spirit of helpfulness and tenderness towards the world....

Make thyself a spy for the service others, and whatsoever thou seest in thy body's work that is good for thy fellows, perform it so that it may be conveyed to them. Be thou jealous of thine own self when thou seest that it is at ease and thy fellow in distress, that it is in high estate and he is brought low, that it is at rest and he is at labour....

Selections from:

Edwin A. Burtt. *The Teachings of the Compassionate Buddha*. New York, Mentor (MP380), 1955. p.140.

# Sayings of the Zen Masters

## (Two Mice)

Buddha told this parable: A traveler, fleeing a tiger who was chasing him, ran till he came to the edge of a cliff. There he caught hold of a thick vine, and swung himself over the edge.

Above him the tiger snarled. Below him he heard another snarl, and behold, there was another tiger, peering up at him. The vine suspended him midway between the two tigers.

Two mice, a white mouse and a black mouse, began to gnaw at the vine. He could see they were quickly eating it through. Then in front of him on the cliffside he saw a luscious bunch of grapes. Holding onto the vine with one hand, he reached and picked a grape with the other hand.

How delicious!

## (Miracles)

While Bankei was preaching quietly to his followers, his talk was interrupted by a Shinshu priest who believed in miracles, and thought salvation came from repeating holy words.

Bankei was unable to go on with his talk, and asked the priest what he wanted to say.

"The founder of **my** religion," boasted the priest, "stood on one shore of a river with a writing brush in his hands. His disciple stood on the other shore holding a sheet of paper. And the founder wrote the holy name of Amida onto the paper across the river through the air. Can you do anything so miraculous?"

"No," said Bankei, "I can only do little miracles. Like: when I am hungry I eat, when I am thirsty I drink, when I am insulted, I forgive."

## (Gutei's Finger)

Gutei raised his finger whenever he was asked a question about Zen. A boy attendant began to imitate him in this way. When anyone asked the boy what his master had preached about, the boy would raise his finger.

Gutei heard about the boy's mischief. He seized him and cut off his finger. The boy cried and ran away. Gutei called and stopped him. When the boy turned his head to Gutei, Gutei raised up his own finger. In that instant the boy was enlightened.

When Gutei was about to pass from this world he gathered his monks around him. "I attained my finger Zen" he said, "from my teacher Tenryu, and in my whole life I could not exhaust it." Then he passed away.

Mummon's commentary: Enlightenment, which Gutei and the boy attained, has nothing to do with a finger. If anyone clings to a finger, Tenryu will be so disappointed that he will annihilate Gutei, the boy, and the clinger all together.

Gutei cheapens the teaching of Tenryu,  
Emancipating the boy with a knife.

Compared to the Chinese god who pushed aside a  
mountain with one hand

Old Gutei is a poor imitator.

Selections from:

*Zen Buddhism*. Mount Vernon, The Peter Pauper Press, 1959.  
pp.61, 55.

# Sayings of the Zen Masters

## (Trading Dialogue for Lodging)

Providing he make and wins an argument about Buddhism with those who live there, any wandering monk can remain in a Zen temple. If he is defeated, he has to move on.

In a temple in the northern part of Japan two brother monks were dwelling together. The elder one was learned, but the younger one was stupid and had but one eye.

A wandering monk came and asked for lodging, properly challenging them to a debate about the sublime teaching. The elder brother, tired that day from much studying, told the younger one to take his place. "Go and request the dialogue in silence," he cautioned.

So the young monk and the stranger went to the shrine and sat down.

Shortly afterwards the traveler rose and went in to the elder brother and said: "Your young brother is a wonderful fellow. He defeated me."

"Relate the dialogue to me," said the elder one.

"Well," explained the traveler, "first I held up one finger, representing Buddha, the enlightened one. So he held up two fingers, signifying Buddha and his teaching. I held up three fingers, representing Buddha, his teaching, and his followers, living the harmonious life. Then he shook his clenched fist in my face, indicating that all three come from one realization. Thus he won and so I have no right to remain here." With this, the traveler left.

"Where is that fellow?" asked the younger one, running in to his elder brother.

"I understand you won the debate."

"Won nothing. I'm going to beat him up."

"Tell me the subject of the debate," asked the elder one.

"Why, the minute he saw me he held up one finger, insulting me by insinuating that I have only one eye. Since he was a stranger I thought I would be polite to him, so I held up two fingers, congratulating him that he has two eyes. Then the impolite wretch held up three fingers, suggesting that between us we have only three eyes. So I got mad and started to punch him, but he ran out and that ended it!"

Selections from:

Paul Reps, ed. *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*. Garden City, Doubleday Anchor (A233), 1961. pp. 92, 28.

# Haiku from the Japanese

## Poets

(Basho)

The Oak Tree stands  
Noble on the hill even in  
Cherry Blossom time.

(Ransetsu)

Waking before dawn, See  
How the constellations are all  
Turned around!

(Masahide)

Since my house  
Burned down, I now own a better view  
of the rising moon.

(Soseki)

The leaves never know  
Which leaf will be the first to fall...  
Does the wind know?

(Soseki)

A rain cloud darkens  
Red maples clinging to crags  
By a waterfall.

(Basho)

Hello! Light the fire!  
I'll bring inside a lovely  
Bright ball of snow!

Selections from:  
Peter Beilenson & Harry Behn, trans. *Haiku Harvest*. Mount  
Vernon, Peter Pauper press, 1962.

# Sayings of the Taoist Sages

(Lao Tzu #11: Thirty Spokes)

Thirty spokes will converge  
In the hub of a wheel;  
But the use of the cart  
Will depend on the part  
Of the hub that is void.

With a wall all around  
A clay bowl is molded;  
But the use of the bowl  
Will depend on the part  
Of the bowl that is void.

Cut out the windows and doors  
In the house as you build;  
But the use of the house  
Will depend on the space  
In the walls that is void.

So advantage is had  
From whatever is there;  
But usefulness rises  
From whatever is not.

(Lao Tzu #32: Block of Wood)

The Way eternal has no name.  
A block of wood untooled, though small,  
May still excel the world.  
And if the king and nobles could  
Retain its potency for good,  
Then everything would freely give  
Allegiance to their rule.

The earth and sky would then conspire  
To bring the sweet dew down;  
And evenly it would be given  
To folk without constraining power.

Creatures came to be with order's birth,  
And once they had appeared,  
Came also knowledge of repose,  
And with that was security.

In this world,  
Compare those of the Way  
To torrents that flow  
Into river and sea.

Selections from:  
Raymond B. Blakney. *The Way of Life: Tao Te Ching*. New  
York, Mentor (MP416), 1955. p.63, 85

# Sayings of the Taoist Sages

## (Lao Tzu #78: Water)

Nothing is weaker than water,  
But when it attacks something hard  
Or resistant, then nothing withstands it,  
And nothing will alter its way.

Everyone knows this, that weakness prevails  
Over strength and that gentleness conquers  
The adamant hindrance of men, but that  
Nobody demonstrates how it is so.

Because of this the Wise Man says  
That only one who bear the nation's shame  
Is fit to be its hallowed lord;  
That the only one who take upon himself  
The evils of the world may be its king.

This is paradox.

Selections from:

Raymond B. Blakney. *The Way of Life: Tao Te Ching*. New York, Mentor (MP416), 1955. p.131.

# Sayings of the Taoist Sages

## (Chuang Tzu: Counting Words)

Take the case of some words, Chuang Tzu says, parodying the logicians, I do not know which of them are in any way connected with reality or which are not at all connected with reality. If some that are so connected and some that are not so connected are connected with one another, then as regards truth or falsehood the former cease to be in any way different from the latter. However, just as an experiment, I will now say them: If there was a beginning, there must have been a time before the beginning began, and if there was a time before the beginning began, there must have been a time before the time the beginning began. If there is a being, there must also be a not-being. If there was a time before there began to be any not-being, there must also have been a time before the time before there began to be any not-being. But here I am, talking about being and not-being and still do not know whether it is being that exists and not-being that does not exist, or being that does not exist and not-being that really exists! I have spoken, and do not know whether I have said something that means anything or said nothing that has any meaning at all.

"Nothing under Heaven is larger than a strand of gossamer, nothing smaller than Mt. T'ai. Noone lives longer than a child that dies in its swaddling-clothes, no one dies sooner than Methuselah." Heaven and earth were born when I was born; the ten thousand things and I among them are but one thing." All this the sophists have proved. But if there were indeed only one thing, there would be no language with which to say so: And in order that anyone should state this, there must be more language in which it can be stated. Thus their one thing together with their talk about the one thing makes two things. And their one thing together with their talk and my statement about it makes three things. And so it goes on, to a point where the cleverest mathematician could no longer keep count, much less an ordinary man. Starting with not-being and going on to being,

one soon gets to three. What then would happen if one started with being and went on to being?

Selections from:

Arthur Waley. *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China*. Garden City, Doubleday Anchor (A75), 1956. p. 8.

# Sayings of the Taoist Sages

## (Chuang Tzu: Traveling)

In the beginning Lieh Tzu was fond of traveling. The adept Hu-ch'iu Tzu said to him, "I hear that you are fond of traveling. What is it in traveling that pleases you?" "For me," said Lieh Tzu, "The pleasure of traveling consists in the appreciation of variety. When some people travel they merely contemplate what is before their eyes; when I travel, I contemplate the process of mutability." "I wonder," said Hu-ch'iu Tzu, "whether your travels are not very much the same as other people's, despite the fact that you think them so different. Whenever people look at anything, they are necessarily looking at processes of change, and one may well appreciate the mutability of outside things, while wholly unaware of one's own mutability. Those who take infinite trouble about external travels, have no idea how to set about the sight-seeing that can be done within. The traveler abroad is dependent upon outside things; he whose sight-seeing is inward, can in himself find all he needs. Such is the highest form of traveling; while it is a poor sort of journey that is dependent upon outside things."

After this Lieh Tzu never went anywhere at all, aware that till now he had not known what traveling means. "Now," said Hu-ch'iu Tzu, "you may well become a traveler indeed! The greatest traveler does not know where he is going; the greatest sight-seer does not know what he is looking at. His travels do not take him to one part of creation more than another. That is what I mean by true sight-seeing. And that is why I said, 'Now you may well become a traveler indeed!'"

Selections from:

Arthur Waley. *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China*. Garden City, Doubleday Anchor (A75), 1956. p. 37.

# Sayings of Confucius

## (Confucius the Man)

Confucius was gentle yet firm, dignified but not harsh, respectful yet well at ease. (VII:37)

When Confucius was pleased with the singing of someone he was with, he would always ask to have the song repeated and would join in himself. (VII:31)

The Duke of She asked Tzu Lu about Confucius, and Tzu Lu gave him no answer. Confucius said: "Why didn't you tell him that I am a person who forgets to eat when he is enthusiastic about something, forgets all his worries in his enjoyment of it, and is not aware that old age is coming on?" (VII:18)

Confucius said: "Having only coarse food to eat, plain water to drink, and a bent arm for a pillow, one can still find happiness therein. Riches and honor acquired by unrighteous means are to me as drifting clouds." (VII:15)

## (On learning and education)

Confucius said: "When walking in a party of three, I always have teachers. I can select the good qualities of the one for imitation, and the bad ones of the other and correct them in myself." (VII:21)

There were four things that Confucius was determined to eradicate: a biased mind, arbitrary judgments, obstinacy, and egotism. (IX:4)

Confucius said: "Those who know the truth are not up to those who love it; those who love the truth are not up to those who delight in it." (VI:18)

Confucius said: "Having heard the Way (Tao) in the morning, one may die content in the evening." (IV:8)

Confucius said: "In education there are no class distinctions." (XV:38)

Confucius said: "The young are to be respected. How do we know that the next generation will not measure up to the present one? But if a man has reached forty or fifty and nothing has been heard of him, then I grant that he is not worthy of respect." (IX:22)

Confucius said: "When it comes to acquiring perfect virtue, a man should not defer even to his own teacher." (XV:35)

Confucius said: "Learning without thinking is labor lost; thinking without learning is perilous." (II:15)

Confucius said: "Yu, shall I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing, say that you know it; when you do not know a thing, admit that you do not know it. That is knowledge." (II:17)

## (Teachings on reciprocity or humanity)

Confucius said: "Shen! My teaching contains one principle that runs through it all." "Yes," replied Tzeng Tzu. When Confucius had left the room the disciples asked: "What did he mean?" Tseng Tzu replied: "Our Master's teaching is simple this: loyalty and reciprocity." (IV:15)

Tzu Kung asked: "is there any one word that can serve as a principle for the conduct of life?" Confucius said: "Perhaps the word 'reciprocity': Do not do to others what you would not want others to do to you." (XV:23)

Confucius said: "It is man that can make the Way great, not the Way that can make man great." (XV:28)

Fan Ch'ih asked about humanity. Confucius said: "Love men." (XII:22)

Tzu Chang asked Confucius about humanity. Confucius said: "To be able to practice five virtues everywhere in the world constitutes humanity." Tzu Chang begged to know what these were. Confucius said: "Courtesy, magnanimity, good faith, diligence, and kindness. He who is courteous is not humiliated, he who is magnanimous wins the multitude, he who is of good faith is trusted by the people, he who is diligent attains his objective, and he who is kind can get service from the people." (XVII:6)

Confucius said: "Only the humane man can love men and can hate men." (IV:3)

## (Confucius on religion)

Lin Fang asked about the fundamental principle of rites. Confucius replied: "You are asking an important question! In rites at large, it is always better to be too simple rather than too lavish..." (III:4)

Tzu Lu asked about the worship of ghosts and spirits. Confucius said: "We don't know yet how to serve men, how can we know about serving the spirits?" "What about death," was the next question. Confucius said: "We don't know yet about life, how can we know about death?" (XI:11)

Fan Ch'ih asked about wisdom. Confucius said: "Devote yourself to the proper demands of the people, respect the ghosts and spirits but keep them at a distance this may be called wisdom." (VI:20)

Confucius said: "I wish I did not have to speak at all." Tzu Kung said: "But if you did not speak, Sir, what should we disciples pass on to others?" Confucius said: "Look at Heaven there. Does it speak? The four seasons run their course and all things are produced. Does Heaven speak?" (XVII:19)

## (On the gentlemen)

Ssu-na Niu asked about the gentleman. Confucius said: "The gentleman has neither anxiety nor fear." Ssu-na Niu rejoined: "Neither anxiety nor fear is that what is meant by being a gentleman?" Confucius said "when he looks into himself and finds no cause for self-reproach, what has he to be anxious about; what has he to fear?" (XII:4)

Tzu Kung asked about the gentleman. Confucius said: "The gentleman first practices what he preaches and then preaches what he practices." (II:13)

Confucius said: "The gentleman reaches upward; the inferior man reaches downward." (XIV:23)

Confucius said: "The gentleman understand what is right; the inferior man understands what is profitable." (IV:16)

Confucius said: "The gentleman makes demands on himself; the inferior man makes demands on others." (XV:20)

Confucius said: "The gentleman seeks to enable people to succeed in what is good but does not help them in what is evil. The inferior man does the contrary." (XII: 16)

Confucius said: "The gentleman is broad-minded and not partisan; the inferior man is partisan and not broad-minded." (II:14)

Selections from:

Wm. Theodore de Bary, ed. *Sources of the Chinese Tradition*, Vol. I. New York, Columbia University Press, 1960. pp. 20-33.

Numbers in parentheses are references to the Analects.

# From the Old Testament

## (Ecclesiastes 1)

The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; vanity of vanities, all is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labour wherein he laboureth under the sun? One generation goeth, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to its place where it ariseth. The wind goeth toward the south; it turneth about unto the north; it turneth about continually in its course, and the wind returneth again to its circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whither the rivers go, thither they go again. All things are full of weariness; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there a new thing whereof it may be said, See this is new? It hath been long ago, in the ages which were before us. There is no remembrance of the former generations; neither shall there be any remembrance of the latter generations that are to come, among those that shall come after.

I the Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem. And I applied my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all that is done under heaven: it is a sore travail that God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind. That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I have gotten me great wisdom above all that were before me in Jerusalem; yea, my heart hath had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also was a striving after wind. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

Selections from:

The American Standard Version of *The Holy Bible*.

# From the Old Testament

## (Psalm 104)

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou has founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth:

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork the fir-trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beast of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.



That thou givest them, they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

Selections from:

The Authorized Version (King James) of *The Holy Bible*.

## (Psalm 8)

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou has made him a little lower than the angels, and has crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the fields;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Selections from:

The Authorized Version (King James) of *The Holy Bible*.

# From the New Testament

## (From the Sermon on the Mount)

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on a stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through and steal: for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also. The lamp of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness! No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto the measure of his life? And why are ye anxious concerning the raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore

anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Selections from:

Matthew 5:1-16, 6:19-34. The Authorized Version (King James) of *The Holy Bible*.

### (I Corinthians 13)

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three: and the greatest of these is love.

Selections from:

The Authorized Version (King James) of *The Holy Bible*.

## From the Zoroastrian Scriptures

### (A Prayer for Guidance)

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
How should I pray, when I wish to pray to one like you?  
May one like you, O Mazda, who is friendly, teach one like me?  
And may you give us supporting aids through the friendly Justice,  
And tell us how you may come to us with Good Disposition?

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
Whether at the beginning of the best life  
The retributions will be of profit to their recipients?  
And whether he, who is bounteous to all through Justice, and who watches the end  
Through his Mentality, whether he is the life-healing friend of the people?

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
Who was the first father of Justice by giving birth to him?  
Who established the sunlit days and the star glistening sphere and the Milky Way?  
Who, apart from thee, established the law by which the moon waxes and wanes?  
These and other things would I like to know!

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
Who was from beneath sustaining the earth and the clouds  
So that they would not fall down? Who made the waters and the plants?  
Who yoked the two swift ones, thunder and lightning, to the wind and to the clouds?  
Who is the creator of Good Disposition?

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
Who produced well-made lights and darkness?  
Who produced sleep, well-induced through laborious waking?  
Who produced the dawns and the noon through the contrast with the night  
Whose daily changes act for the enlightened believers as monitors of their interests?

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
Is the message I am about to proclaim genuine?  
Does Love support Justice through deeds?  
Dost thou with Good Disposition destine the realm for these believers?  
For whom but these believers didst thou shape the fortune-bringing cattle?

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
Who shaped prized Love with Power?  
Who, by guidance, rendered sons reverent to their Fathers?  
It is I who strive to learn to recognize thee  
Through the bounteous Mentality, as giver of all good things!

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
I would like to know what sort of a purpose is thine, that I may be mindful of it;  
What are thy utterances, about which I asked through the aid of Good Disposition;  
The proper knowledge of life through Justice

How shall my soul, encouraged by bliss, arrive at that reward?

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
How may I accomplish the sanctification of those spirits  
To whom thou, the well-disposed Master of the coming  
Kingdom,  
Has pronounced promises about its genuine blessings,  
Promising that those spirits shall dwell in the same dwellings  
with Justice and Good Disposition?

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
How will Love actually, in deeds, extend over those persons  
To whom thy spirit was announced as a doctrine?  
On account of whom was I first elected, and whom I love;  
All others I look upon with hostility of mentality!

O Ahura Mazda, this I ask of thee: speak to me truly!  
How shall I carry out the object inspired by you,  
Namely, my attachment to you, in order that my speech may  
grow mighty, and  
That by that word of mine the adherent of Justice  
May in the future commune with Health, and Immortality?

Selections from:  
Robert O. Ballou. *World Bible*. New York, The Viking Press,  
1944. p.210

## Sayings of Muhammad

### (The Morning Star)

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful:  
By what heaven and the Morning Star  
Ah, what will tell thee what the Morning Star is!  
The piercing Star!  
No human soul but hath a guardian over it.  
So let man consider from what he is created.  
He is created from a gushing fluid  
That issued from between the loins and ribs.  
Lo! He verily is able to return him (unto life)  
On the day when hidden thoughts shall be searched out.  
Then will he have no might nor any helper.  
By the heaven which giveth the returning rain,  
And the earth which splitteth (with the growth of trees and  
plants)  
Lo! this (Qur'an) is a conclusive word,  
It is no pleasantry.  
Lo! they plot a plot (against thee, O Muhammad)  
And I plot a plot (against them).  
So give a respite to the disbelievers. Deal thou gently with them  
for a while.

### (The Overwhelming)

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.  
Hath there come unto thee tidings of the Overwhelming?  
On that day (many) faces will be down cast,  
Toiling, weary,  
Scorched by burning fire,  
Drinking from a boiling spring,  
No food for them save bitter thorn-fruit  
Which doth not nourish nor release from hunger.  
In that day other faces will be calm,  
Glad for their effort past,  
In a high garden  
Where they hear no idle speech,  
Wherein is a gushing spring,  
Wherein are couches raised  
And goblets at hand  
And cushions ranged  
And silken carpets spread.  
Will they not regard the camels, how they are created?  
And the heaven, how it is raised?  
And the hills, how they are set up?  
And the earth, how it is spread?  
Remind them, for thou art but a remembrancer,  
Thou art not at all a warder over them.  
But whoso is averse and disbelieveth,  
Allah will punish him with direst punishment.  
Lo! unto Us is their return  
And Our their reckoning.

Selections from:  
Mohammed Marmaduke Pickthall, trans. *The Meaning of the  
Glorious Koran*. New York, Mentor (MT223), 1953. p. 437, 438.

# Sayings of the Unitarian Universalists

## (Out of the Stars)

Out of the stars in their flight, out of the dust of eternity, here  
have we come,  
Stardust and sunlight, mingling through time and through space.

Out of the stars have we come, up from time  
Out of the stars have we come.

Time out of time before time in the vastness of space, earth spun  
to orbit the sun,  
Earth with the thunder of mountains newborn, the boiling of  
seas.

Earth warmed by sun, lit by sunlight: this is our home;  
Out of the stars have we come.

Mystery hidden in mystery, back through all time;  
Mystery rising from rocks in the storm and the sea.

Out of the stars, rising from the rocks and the sea,  
Kindled by sunlight on earth, arose life.

Ponder this thing in your heart; ponder with awe:  
Out of the sea to the land, out of the shallows came ferns.

Out of the sea to the land, up from darkness and light,  
Rising to walk and to fly, out of the sea trembled life.

Ponder this thing in your heart, life up from sea:  
Eyes to behold, throats to sing, mates to love.

Life from the sea, warmed by sun, washed by rain,  
Life from within, giving birth rose to love.

This is the wonder of time; this is the marvel of space;  
Out of the stars swung the earth; life upon earth rose to love.

This is the marvel of man, rising to see and to know;  
Out of your heart, cry wonder: sing that we live.

Selections from:

Robert T. Weston, "Out of the Stars." Unitarian- Universalist  
Hymnbook Commission, *Hymns for the celebration of life*.  
Boston, Beacon Press, 1964, no. 345.

# Sayings of Baha'u'llah

## (On the Soul)

Consider the sun when it is completely hidden behind the  
clouds. Though the earth is still illumined with its light, yet the  
measure of light which it receiveth is considerably reduced. Not  
until the clouds have dispersed, can the sun shine again in the  
plenitude of its glory. Neither the presence of the cloud nor its  
absence can, in any way, affect the inherent splendor of the sun.  
The soul of man is the sun by which his body is illumined, and  
from which it draweth its sustenance, and should be so regarded.

Consider, moreover, how the fruit, ere it is formed, lieth  
potentially within the tree. Were the tree to be cut into pieces, no  
sign nor any part of the fruit, however small, could be detected.  
When it appeareth, however, it manifesteth itself, as thou has  
observed, in its wondrous beauty and glorious perfection.  
Certain fruits, indeed, attain their fullest development only after  
being severed from the tree.

Selections From:

Shoghi Effendi, trans. *Gleanings From the Writings of  
Baha'u'llah*. Wilmette, Baha'i Pub. Trust, 1952. p. 155.

# Sayings of the Poets

## (A Faery Song)

*(Sung by the people of the Faery over Diarmuid and Grania, in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech.)*

We who are old, old and gay,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,  
Silence and love;  
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,  
And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,  
Rest far from men.  
Is anything better, anything better?  
Tell us it then:

We who are old, old and gay,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told:

Selection from:  
W.B. Yeats. "A Faery Song," from *The Rose*. In M.L. Rosenthal, *Selected Poems and Two Plays of William Butler Yeats*. New York: Collier Books, 1962. p.12.

## (Fergus and the Druid)

**Fergus.** This whole day have I followed in the rocks,  
And you have changed and flowed from shape to shape,  
First as a raven on whose ancient wings  
Scarcely a feather lingered, then you seemed  
A weasel moving on from stone to stone,  
And now at last you wear a human shape,  
A thing grey man half lost in gathering night.  
**Druid.** What would you, king of the proud Red Branch knights?  
**Fergus.** This would I say, most wise of living souls:  
Young subtle Conchubar sat close by me  
When I gave judgment, and his words were wise,  
And what to me was burden without end,  
To him seemed easy, so I laid the crown  
Upon his head to cast away my sorrow.  
**Druid.** What would you, king of the proud Red Branch kings?  
**Fergus.** A king and proud! and that is my despair.  
I feast amid my people on the hill,  
And pace the woods, and drive my chariot-wheels  
In the white border of the murmuring sea;  
And still I feel the crown upon my head.  
**Druid.** What would you, Fergus?  
**Fergus.** Be no more a king,  
But learn the dreaming wisdom that is yours.  
**Druid.** Look on my thin grey hair and hollow cheeks  
And on these my hands that may not lift the sword,  
This body trebling like a wind-blown reed.  
No woman's loved me, no man sought my help.  
**Fergus.** A king is but a foolish labourer  
Who wastes his blood to be another's dream.  
**Druid.** Take, if you must, this little bag of dreams;  
Unloose the cord, and they will wrap you round.  
**Fergus.** I see my life go drifting like a river  
From change to change; I have been many things

A green drop in the surge, a gleam of light  
Upon a sword, a fir-tree on a hill,  
An old slave grinding at a heavy quern,  
A king sitting upon a chair of gold  
And all these things were wonderful and great;  
But now I have known nothing, knowing all.  
Ah! Druid, Druid, how great webs of sorrow  
Lay hidden in the small slate-coloured thing!

Selection from:  
W.B. Yeats. "Fergus and the Druid," from *The Rose*. In M.L. Rosenthal, *Selected Poems and Two Plays of William Butler Yeats*. New York: Collier Books, 1962. p.7-8.

## (The Prophet)

And an old priest said, "Speak to us of Religion."  
And he said:  
Have I spoken this day of aught else?  
Is not religion all deeds and all reflection,  
And that which is neither deed nor reflection,  
And that which is neither deed nor reflection, but a  
wonder and a surprise ever springing in the soul, even while the  
hands hew the stone or tend the loom?  
Who can separate his faith from his actions, or his belief  
from his occupations?  
Who can spread his hours before him, saying, "This for  
God and this for myself; This for my soul, and this other for my  
body?"  
All your hours are wings that beat through space from self  
to self.  
He who wears his morality but as his best garment were  
better naked.  
The wind and the sun will tear no holes in his skin.  
And he who defines his conduct by ethics imprisons his  
song-bird in a cage.  
The freest song comes not through bars and wires.  
And he to whom worshipping is a window, to open but  
also to shut, has not yet visited the house of his soul whose  
windows are dawn to dawn.  
  
Your daily life is your temple and your religion.  
Whenever you enter into it take with you your all.  
The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight.  
For in reverie you cannot rise above your achievements  
nor fall lower than your failures.  
And take with you all men:  
For in adoration you cannot fly higher than their hopes nor  
humble yourself lower than their despair.

And if you would know God be not therefore a solver of  
riddles.  
Rather look about you and you shall see Him playing with  
your children.  
And look into space; you shall see him walking in the  
cloud, outstretching His arms in the lightning and descending in  
rain.  
You shall see him smiling in flowers, then rising and  
waving His hands in trees.  
Selections from: Kahlil Gibran. *The Prophet*. New York, Alfred  
A. Knopf, 1963. p.77.

# Sayings of (Good Grief!) the Psychologists

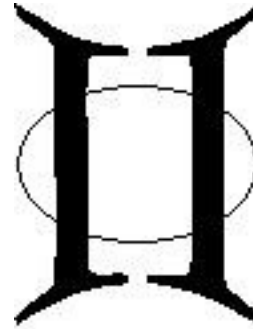
## Cathedrals & Robes

In the traditional psychologies, one group may find that a certain technique works well in a given situation. Its members may tend to apply it in situations where it is inappropriate, or with people for whom it is inappropriate. Because the technique works for them, they come to believe that it ought to work for everyone at all times. The technique becomes the end, and may become an obsession. Those who are involved in using such a technique, be it a particular meditation technique or a certain breathing exercise, can become fixated and restricted to what the technique has to offer. The adherents may set up schools to teach the "sacred" ritual, forgetting that any technique has its relevance only for a certain community at a certain time. Just as can happen with any scientific technique which is overextended or which persists for too long, the original application and intent of the esoteric technique may become lost, although the surface appearance of the enterprise is well-maintained. Religions construct cathedrals and design robes, just as scientist develop elaborate equipment and professional journals, but all too often the enterprise may become limited to a propagation of the means, with the original end, the desired objective, forgotten.

Selection from:

Robert E. Ornstein. *The Psychology of Consciousness*. New York, The Viking Press, 1972. pp. 97-98.

SO ENDS THE FIRST VOLUME  
OF THE GREEN BOOK



# Green Book of Meditations Volume Two: Celtic, Native American, African, Hindu & Greek Writings

I assembled this volume during one of my more nativist phases. There is a good reason that the Founders of the RDNA originally chose a Celtic flavor to their group, because Celtic literature is full of beautiful observations of Nature, as did the Native Americans, Africans, Hindus and Greeks. Each of the other groups have had to deal with the approach of Westernization and the destruction of traditional ways. However, I feel that these selections may provide useful solitary pondering and some may even make good readings at various Druidic services, campfires and tea parties. The translations of the works found in the Green Book Volume Two, with few exceptions, originally from old books and are probably safely past the copyright limit, so feel free to share.

It was originally titled "Celtic and English Writings" and released in 1993, during a flurry of activity when I released new printings of two volumes of Green Books, the Book of the African Jedi Knight, Book 2 of Poetry, The Dead Lake Scrolls, The Dead Bay Scrolls and a new edition of The Druid Chronicles. I was a bit overly busy.

The original edition of the Green Book of Meditations, volume two had quite a different content than this edition, edited for ARDA. The English Poetry section is the same, but the Irish and Welsh Poetry section was rearranged in order to reduce space. I removed the 7 translations by Matthews and Nichol's to avoid copyright problems here. Similarly I have removed the 10 Scottish Gaelic Poetry translations out of respect for those authors. I'll put them into a separate file on the web-site for people to observe. I've also removed a Rosicrucian piece and some Grateful Dead song lyrics. Less than a third of the original volume remains in this edition.

This editing was also done because I felt that I had done too heavy a focus on Celtic writings than is good for the destiny of the Reform. I feel that people should be wide ranging in their studies, so I have replaced those removed sections with writings from other native wisdom traditions. I feel the final product is more intriguing and balanced.

Please Learn and Enjoy,

Michael Scharding  
Grand Patriarch of the Ancient Order of Bambi

Big River Grove, Saint Cloud Minnesota  
Day 73 of Earrach, Year XXXIII of the Reform  
April 14th, 1996 c.e.

Drynemetum Press



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# English Poetry

## Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening

by **Robert Frost**

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep.  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

## JABBERWOCKY

by **Lewis Carroll**

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gymbale in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whirring through the tulgey wood,  
And bumped as it came!

One, two One, two And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"-And hast thou slain the jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day Calooh! Callay!-"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slimy toves  
Did gyre and gamble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

# Irish & Welsh Poetry

Most of the "Druidic" material used by modern Druid groups has survived in the form of obscure poetry. Many groups go to great lengths to "read into" many of these poems for Druidical material, "hidden" by the Bards during the persecutions. Since some of you will "progress" on to more "serious" Druid groups, it is good to be familiar with some of the more "stressed" reading material.

Only the English Translations have been provided. In the original, these poems had marvelous rhymes, meters and clever poetic devices that a literal translation cannot hope to convey. Use the symbology and nature imagery to open your mind. Please don't try to rush through these poems, many are of interminable length and will just bog you down. Skip the longer ones when you are just perusing, that way you'll enjoy them more when you have time.

## The Waterfall

By **Dafydd y Coed**

Rough, bold, cold Rhayadr, with tiny tresses,  
Piddling pennyworths,  
Blare, blow, blaze, soft arses' snare,  
Sewer to Hell's hollow coombe.

Harsh foul-smelling hollow, threatening harm,  
Dark candleless bedlam,  
Captive waterfall, uncurbed,  
Hard-pressing repress, sly slut.

Slyness bound in dark banks, foul dump of dregs,  
Where my slaughter was sought,  
Sad tale, may there come to town  
Fierce flame through vile Wye's Rhayadr.

Hateful is filthy Rhayadr,  
I hate its foul sow-like lake,  
Hateful, haughty, shit-hole's stink,  
Hounds' hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate,  
Hateful, stagless, my grievance,  
Thick-thwacking furrow for churls!

## Sadness in Spring

From The Earliest Welsh Poetry, pg. 99

Springtime, loveliest season,  
Noisy the birds, new the shoots,  
Ploughs in furrow, oxen yoked,  
Green the sea, fields are dappled.

When cuckoos sing on comely tree-tops,  
The greater is my sadness,  
Smoke bitter, loss of sleep plain,  
Because my kinsmen are gone.

In mount, in meadow, in ocean isles,  
in each way one may take,  
From Christ there is no seclusion.

## Rain Outside

From The Earliest Welsh Poetry, pg. 99

Rain outside, drenches bracken;  
Sea shingle white, fringe of foam;  
Fair candle, man's discretion.

Rain outside, need for refuge;  
Furze yellowed, hogweed withered;  
Lord God, why made you a coward?

Rain outside, drenches my hair;  
The feeble plaintive, slope steep;  
Ocean pallid, brine salty.

Rain outside, drenches the deep;  
Whistle of wind over reed-tips;  
Widowed each feat, talent wanting.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following poems use a Welsh (and Irish) tradition of writing in three line poems called Triads. The use of triplets makes it more powerful.

## Winter and Warfare

From The Earliest Welsh Poetry, pg. 96

Wind piercing, her bare, hard to find shelter;  
Ford turns foul, lake freezes.  
A man could stand on a stalk.

Wave on wave cloaks countryside;  
Shrill the shrieks from the peaks of the mountain;  
One can scarce stand outside.

Cold the lake-bed from winter's blast;  
Dried reeds, stalks broken;  
Angry wind, woods stripped naked.

Cold bed of fish beneath a screen of ice;  
Stag lean, stalks bearded;  
Short evening, trees bent over.

Snow is falling, white the soil.  
Soldiers go not campaigning.  
Cold lakes, their colour sunless.

Snow is falling, white hoar-frost.  
Shield idle on an old shoulder.  
Wind intense, shoots are frozen.

Snow is falling upon the ice.  
Wind is sweeping thick tree-tops.  
Shield bold on a brave shoulder.

Snow is falling, cloaks the valley.  
Soldiers hasten to battle.  
I go not, a wound stays me.

Snow is falling on the slope.  
Stallion confined; lean cattle.  
No summer day is today.

Snow is falling, white the mountain's edge.  
Ship's mast bare at sea.

A coward conceives many schemes.

Gold rims round horns, horns round bards.  
Roads frozen, air gleaming bright;  
Brief twilight, tree-tops bowed down.

Bees in honeycombs, faint cry of birds.  
Day bleak,  
White-mantled hill-ridge, red dawn.

Bees in refuge, cold lid on the ford,  
Frozen when ice forms.  
None may escape death's coming.

Bees in prison, green-hued ocean.  
Stalks dried out, hillside hard.  
Frigid, bitter, the world today.

Bees in shelter from winter's wetness.  
Pale honey, hogweed hollow.  
Foul hold on a man, cowardice.

Long night, bare heath, brown hillside,  
Grey shore, gulls in a clamour,  
Rough seas: it will rain today.

Dry wind, wet road, brawling water-ways,  
Cold corpses, lean stag,  
River in flood: it will clear.

Storm on the mountain, rivers embroiled,  
Floors of houses flooded:  
To one's sight, the world is a sea.

You're not a schoolman, you're not a greybeard,  
You'll not answer a crisis:  
Ah, Cyndilig, if you'd been a woman!

Stag crouches curled in the coombe's nook.  
Ice crumbles, countryside bare.  
The brave may survive many battles.

Bankside crumbles beneath the scrawny stag's hoof  
High-pitched the wind, screeching.  
One can scarcely stand outside.

Winter's first day, darkened surface of heather.  
Spuming the sea-wave.  
Brief day: let your counsel be done.

With shield for shelter and stallion's spirit  
And men, fearless, peerless,  
Fine the night for routing foes.

Swift the wind, stripped the woods.  
Hollow stalks, hardy stag.  
Stern Pelis, what land is this?

Though high as the tawny horse were the snow,  
The dark would not make me grieve.  
I would lead a band to Bryn Tyddwl.

With high seas beating the embankment and ford,  
Snows falls on the hillside,  
Pelis, how can you lead us?

Not a worry for me in Britain tonight

Raiding Nuchein's lord's lands  
On white steed, Owain leading.

Before you were bearing arms and buckler,  
Fierce bulwark in battle,  
Pelis, what region reared you?

The man God releases from too strait a prison,  
Red lance of a leader,  
owain of Rheged reared me.

Though a ruler's gone to Iwerydd's ford,  
From the band, do not flee!  
After mead, do not seek disgrace.

The morning of grey daybreak,  
When Mwing Mawr Drefydd was charged,  
Mechydd's steeds were not pampered.

Drink does not make me merry,  
What with the tales and my thoughts,  
Mechydd, branches your cover.

They encountered at Cafall  
A bloody carcass, despised.  
Rhun's clash with another hero.

Because the spearmen of Mwing slew Mechydd,  
Bold lad who knows it not,  
Lord of heaven, you've given me anguish.

Men in combat, ford frozen,  
Wave frigid, ocean's breast grey:  
These may summon to battle.

Mechydd ap Llywarch, dauntless nobleman,  
Comely, swan-coloured cloak,  
The first to bridle his steed.

## Mountain Snow

The Earliest Welsh Poetry, pg. 100

Mountain snow, each region white;  
Common the raven calling;  
No good comes of too much slumber.

Mountain snow, deep dingle white;  
Woods bend before wind's onslaught;  
Many couples are in love  
And never come together.

Mountain snow, wind scatters it;  
Moonlight far-spread, leaves pale;  
Rare the rogue who claims no rights.

Mountain snow, stag nimble;  
Common to Britain, proud princes;  
A stranger requires cunning.

Mountain snow, stag in rut;  
Ducks on the lake, ocean white;  
Slow the old, soon overtaken.

Mountain snow, stag bending;  
The heart laughs for one loved;  
Though a tale be told of me,

I know shame wherever it be.

Mountain snow, shingle white grit;  
Fish in ford, shelter in cave;  
Who acts harshly is hated.

Mountain snow, stag in flight;  
Common for a lord, gleaming blade,  
And mounting a saddle-bow,  
And dismounting, anger well-armed.

Mountain snow, stag hunched-up;  
Many have muttered, truly,  
This is not like a summer day.

Mountain snow, stag hunted;  
Whistle of wind over tower eaves;  
Burdensome, Man, is sin.

Mountain snow, stag bounding;  
Whistle of wind over high white wall;  
Common, a quiet beauty.

Mountain snow, stag on sea-strand;  
An old man knows his youth lost;  
A foul face keeps a man down.

Mountain snow, stag in grove;  
Raven dark-black, roebuck swift;  
One free and well, strange he should groan.

Mountain snow, stag in rushes;  
Marshes freezing, mead in cask;  
Common for the crippled to groan.

Mountain snow, tower's breast studded;  
The beast searches for shelter;  
Pity her who has a bad man.

Mountain snow, crag's breast studded;  
Reeds withered, herd shunning water;  
Pity him who has a bad wife.

Mountain snow, stag in gully;  
Bees are sleeping well-sheltered;  
A long night suits a robber.

Mountain snow 'liverwort in river;  
Wed unwilling to trouble,  
The sluggard seeks no swift revenge.

Mountain snow, fish in lake;  
Falcon proud, prince in splendour;  
One who has all does not groan.

Mountain snow, lords' front rank red;  
Lances angry, abundant;  
Ah god, for my brother's anguish!!

## Bright Trees

(Taliesin by Williams)

Bright are the ash-tops; tall and white will they be  
When they grow in the upper part of the dingle;  
The languid heart, longing is her complaint...

Bright are the willow-tops; playful the fish  
In the lake; the wind whistles over the tops of the branches;  
Nature is superior to learning.

Bright the tops of the furze; have confidence  
In the wise; and to the universe be repulsive;  
Except God, there is none that divines.

Bright are the tops of the clover; the timid have no heart;  
jealous ones weary themselves out;  
Usual is care upon the weak.

Bright the tops of the reed-grass; furious is the jealous,  
And he can hardly be satisfied;  
It is the act of the wise to love with sincerity.

Bright the tops of the oat; bitter the ash branches;  
Sweet the cow-parsnip, the wave keeps laughing;  
The cheek will not conceal the anguish of the heart.

Bright the tops of the dogrose; hardship has no formality;  
Let everyone preserve his purity of life.  
The greatest blemish is ill manners.

Bright the tops of the broom; let the lover make assignations;  
Very yellow are the clustered branches;  
Shallow ford; the contented enjoy sleep.

Bright the tops of the apple tree; circumspect is  
Every prudent one, a chider of another;  
And after loving, indiscretion leaving it.

Bright the hazel-tops by the hill of Digoll;  
Unafflicted will be every neglected one;  
It is an act of the mighty to keep a treaty.

Bright the tops of reeds; it is usual for the sluggish  
To be heavy, the youth to be learners;  
None but the foolish will break the faith.

Bright the tops of the lily; let every bold one be a servitor;  
The word of a family will prevail;  
Usual with the faithless, a broken word.

Bright the tops of the heath; usual is miscarriage  
To the timid; water will be intrusive along the shore;  
Usual with the faithful, an unbroken word.

Bright the tops of rushes; cows are profitable,  
Running are my tears this day;  
No comfort is there for the miserable.

Bright the tops of fern, yellow  
The charlock; how reproachless are the blind;  
How apt to run about are youngsters!

Bright the tops of the service-tree; accustomed to care  
Is the aged one, and bees to the wilds;  
Except God, there is no avenger

Bright the tops of the oak; incessant is the tempest-  
The bees are high; brittle the dry brushwood;  
Usual for the wanton is excessive laughter.

Bright the tops of the grove; constantly the trees  
And the oak leaves are failing;  
Happy is he who sees the one he loves.

Bright the tops of the oaks; coldly purls the stream;  
Let the cattle be fetched to the birch-enclosed area;  
Abruptly goes the arrow of the haughty to give pain.

Bright the tops of the hard holly; let gold be shared;  
When all fall asleep on the rampart,  
God will not sleep when he gives deliverance.

Bright the tops of the willows; inherently bold  
Will the war-horse be in the long day, when leaves abound;  
Those with mutual friends will not hate each other.

Bright the tops of the rushes; prickly will they be  
When spread under the pillow;  
The wanton mind will be ever haughty.

Bright the tops of the hawthorn; confident the steed;  
It is usual for a lover to pursue;  
May the diligent messenger do good.

Bright the tops of the cresses; warlike the steed;  
Trees are fair ornaments for the ground;  
Joyful the soul with what it loves.

Bright is the top of the bush; valuable the steed;  
It is good to have discretion with strength;  
Let the unskillful be made powerless.

Bright are the tops of the brakes; gay the plumage  
Of birds; the long day is the gift of the light;  
Mercifully has the beneficent God made them.

Bright the tops of the meadow-sweet; and music  
In the grove; bold the wind, the trees shake;  
Interceding with the obdurate will not avail.

Bright the tops of the elder-trees; bold is the solitary singer;  
Accustomed is the violent to oppress;  
Woe to him who takes a reward from the hand.

## The Spoils of Annwn

*Earliest Welsh Poetry*, pg. 213 The following poem, the Spoils of Annwyn, refers to the adventures of the Mabinogian hero, Pwyll, who visits the land of the Dead (Annwn)

Praise to the Lord, Supreme Ruler of the high region,  
Who hath extended his dominion to the shores of the world.  
Complete was the prison of Gwair in Caer Sidi;  
Through the permission of Pwyll and Pryderi,  
No one before him went to it.  
A heavy blue chain firmly held the youth;  
And for the spoils of Annwn gloomily he sings,  
And till doom shall continue his lay. Thrice the fullness of  
Prydwn we went into it.  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Sidi.

Am I not a candidate for fame to be heard in the song,  
In Caer Pedryvan four times revolving  
The first word from the cauldron, when was it spoken?  
By the breath of nine damsels gently warmed.  
Is it not the cauldron of the Chief of Annwn which is social?

With a ridge round its edge of pearls,  
It will not boil the food of a coward nor of one excommunicated.  
A sword bright flashing to him will be brought,  
And left in the hand of Llyminawg.  
And before the door of the porch of hell a lantern is burning.  
And when we went with Arthur in his splendid labours,  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vendiuid.

Am I not a candidate for fame, to be heard in song ?  
In Caer Pedryfan, the island of Pybyrdor,  
Twilight and darkness meet together.  
Bright wine was their drink in their assembly.  
Thrice the burden of Prydwen we went on the sea.  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Rigor.

I will not allow great merit to the directors of learning.  
Beyond Caer Wydr they have not beheld the prowess of Arthur.  
Three score hundred men were placed upon the wall;  
It was difficult to converse with the sentinel.  
Thrice the fullness of Prydwen we went with Arthur.  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Golur.

I will not allow merit to the multitude trailing on the circuit  
They know not on what day or who caused it,  
Nor what hour in the splendid day Cwy was born,  
Nor who prevented him from going to the vales of Deowy.  
They know not the brindled ox, with this thick headband,  
And seven score knobs in his collar.  
And when we went with Arthur of mournful memory,  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vandwy.

## Cad Goddeu

### "Battle of the Trees"

by Taliesin, found in John Matthews books *Taliesin*, pg. 297, which I highly recommend. Take this piece for instance. The next piece is extremely overused by Celtophiles because of its marvelous description of fighting trees and plants. Many think this refers to the Ogham alphabet, which represents trees by their first letter in the Irish language. Therefore, many believe this song contains hidden Druidic knowledge. I think so too, but it also is great for fighting imagery.

"Taliesin" was a Welsh bard (or even an Irish one writing Welsh) of the 5th-8th century who is accredited with writing many of the earliest surviving poems in the Welsh language. He shows up in the Mabinogian with the other gods of the Welsh and may act as the Welsh "Muse."

I have been in many shapes  
Before I assumed a constant form:  
I have been a narrow sword,  
A drop in the air,  
A shining bright star,  
A letter among words  
In the book of origins.  
I have been lantern light  
For a year and a day,  
I have been a bridge  
Spanning three score rivers.  
I have flown as an eagle,  
Been a coracle on the sea,  
I have been a drop in a shower,  
A sword in a hand,  
A shield in battle,  
A string in a harp.  
Nine years in enchantment,  
In water, in foam,  
I have absorbed fire,  
I have been a trout in a covert,

There is nothing of which  
I have not been part.

I fought, though small,  
At the battle of Goddeu Brig.  
With Prydain's ruler,  
With his rich-laden fleet.  
Unwise bards pretend  
A terrible beast  
With a hundred heads  
The battle was contested  
At the root of its tongue,  
At the back of its skull.  
The hundred-clawed black toad,  
The crested, speckled snake  
Are the soul's punishment,  
A torment to the flesh.

I was at Caer Nefenhir,  
Where grass and trees came swiftly  
Wayfarers perceived them,  
Warriors stood astonished,  
At the might of the Britons,  
Shown forth by Gwydion.  
Men called upon the Christ,  
On the Saints as well,  
To deliver them swiftly

From terrible rage.  
Answer they got  
In elemental language:  
Rush, ye chiefs of the Wood  
With the princes in your thousands,  
To hinder the hosts of the enemy.  
The trees were enchanted  
For work of destruction,  
The battle was joined  
with the music of harps.  
In the tumult many fell,  
But brought forth new heroes ..  
[four lines omitted].

The Alders, first in line,  
Thrust forward in time.  
The Willows and Mountain Ash  
Were late to the array.  
The Blackthorns, full of spines,  
And their mate, the Mediar  
Cut down all opposition.  
The Rose marched along  
Against a hero throng.  
The Raspberry was decreed  
To serve as useful food,  
For the sustenance of life  
Not to carry on the strife.  
The Wild Rose and the Woodbine  
With the Ivy intertwined  
How the Poplar trembled,  
And the Cherry dared.  
The Birch, all ambition,  
Was tardily arrayed;  
Not from any diffidence, but  
Because of its magnificence  
The Laburnum set its heart  
On beauty not bravery.  
The Yew was to the fore,  
At the seat of war.  
The Ash was most exalted  
Before the sovereign powers.  
The Elm, despite vast numbers,  
Swerved not half a foot,  
But fell upon the centre,  
On the wings, and on the rear.  
The Hazel was esteemed,  
By its number in the quiver.  
Hail, blessed Cornhill,  
Bull of battle, King of all.  
By the channels of the sea,  
The Beech did prosperously.  
The Holly livid grew,  
And manly acts it knew.  
The White Thorn checked all  
its venom scored the palm.  
The Vines, which roofed us,  
Were cut down in battle  
And their clusters plundered.  
The Broom, before the rage of war  
In the ditch lay broken.  
The Gorse was never prized;  
Thus it was vulgarized  
Before the swift oak-darts  
Heaven and earth did quake.  
The Chestnut suffered shame  
At the power of the Yew.  
Forest, that caused obstruction,

The multitude was enchanted,  
At the Battle of Goddeu Brig. [12 lines omitted]

Not of mother nor of father was my creation.  
I was made from the nine fold elements  
From fruit trees, from paradisiacal fruit,  
From primroses and hill-flowers,  
From the blossom of trees and bushes.  
From the roots of the earth was I made,  
From the broom and the nettle,  
From the water of the ninth wave.  
Math enchanted me before I was made immortal,  
Gwydion created me with his magic wand.  
From Emrys and Euryon, from Mabon and Modron,  
From five fifties of magicians like Math was I made  
Made by the master in his highest ecstasy  
By the wisest of druids was I made before the world began,  
And I know the star-knowledge from the beginning of Time.

Bards are accustomed to praises.  
I can frame what no tongue utters.  
I slept in purple,  
I was in the enclosure  
With Dylan Eil Mor,  
I was a cloak between lords,  
Two spears in the hand of the mighty,  
When the torrent fell  
From the height of heaven.  
I know four hundred songs  
Which bards both older and younger cannot sing  
Nine hundred more, unknown to any other.  
I will sing concerning the sword  
Which was red with blood.  
I will sing the boar-slaying,  
Its appearance, and its vanishing  
Of the knowledge it contained.  
I have knowledge of splendid starlight,  
The number of ruling stars  
Scattering rays of fire  
Above the world.

I have been a snake enchanted on a hill,  
I have been a viper in a lake;  
I have been a star, crooked at first,  
The heft of a knife, or a spear in battle.  
Clearly shall I prophesy

Of battle where smoke comes drifting.  
Five battalions of lads will dance on my knife.  
Six yellow horses - the best of the breed  
Better than any is my cream-coloured steed,  
Swift as a sea-mew along the shore.  
I myself am a power in battle,  
A cause of blood from a hundred chieftains.  
Crimson is my shield, gold my shield-rim.  
Only Geronwy, from the dales of Edrywy,  
Is better than I.

Long and white are my fingers.  
Since I was a shepherd,  
Since I was learned,  
I have traveled the world;  
I have made my circuit,  
I have dwelled in a hundred islands,  
In a hundred caers.  
O wise and proficient druids  
Do you prophesy of Arthur

Or is it I you celebrate?  
I know what is to be  
You what has been;  
I know the saga of the flood,  
Christ's crucifixion,  
The day of doom.  
Golden, Jeweled,  
I shall be richly bedecked  
Luxury shall attend me  
Because of Virgil's (or 'the Ffyrllt's') prophecy.

## Leadership

Be not too wise, not too foolish,  
be not too conceited, nor too diffident,  
be not too haughty, nor too humble,  
be not too talkative, nor too silent  
be not too hard, nor too feeble.  
for:  
If you be too wise, one will expect too much of you;  
if you be too foolish, you will be deceived;  
if you be too conceited, you will be thought vexatious;  
if you be too humble, you will be without honor;  
if you be too talkative, you will not be heeded;  
if you be too silent, you will not be regarded;  
if you be too hard, you will be broken;  
if you be too feeble, you will be crushed.

"It is through these habits," adds Cormac,  
"That the young become old and kingly warriors."

## Sunshine through the Window

Pleasant to me is the glittering of the sun today upon these  
margins, because it flickers so.  
*Irish; marginal note by an unknown Irish scribe; 9th century*

## Further Readings

An excellent book to continue your readings is *A Celtic Miscellany* collected by Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson which is available in the Penguin Classics section. It has a great many selections of ancient Irish and Welsh poems, stories and prayers.

# The Thirteen Fold Mystery Section

Editor's Note: Both OBOD and the RDNA use the following poem by Amergin, as he tries to dispel the Druidic wind that is keeping his Milesian fleet of boats off the shore of Ireland. Translators of Old Irish take great liberty with it, and so each rendering is different in the imagery of its inherent shamanistic qualities. Therefore I'll give many versions, so choose the version you wish. It is from the "Book of Invasions," one of the major Irish mythological cycles. In the RDNA, we call this passage, The Thirteen Fold Mystery.

## Amergin's Song

(Found in *Book of Druidry*, pg. 289)

I am a wind on the wave,  
I am a wave of the ocean,  
I am the roar of the sea,  
I am a powerful ox,  
I am a hawk on a cliff,  
I am a dewdrop in the sunshine,  
I am a boar for valor,  
I am a salmon in pools,  
I am a lake in a plain,  
I am the strength of art,  
I am a spear with spoils that wages battle,  
I am a man that shapes fire for a head.  
Who clears the stone-place of the mountain?  
What the place in which the setting of the gun lies?  
Who has sought peace without fear seven times?  
Who names the waterfalls?  
Who brings his cattle from the house of Tethra?  
What person, what god,  
Forms weapons in a fort?  
In a fort that nourishes satirists,  
Chants a petition, divides the Ogam letters,  
Separates a fleet, has sung praises?  
A wise satirist.

## Amergin's Song

(from "Taliesin" by Edward Williams)

At once, the wind dropped and the sea became flat calm. The Milesians sailed on and despite some losses, landed finally at Inber Colptha. There Amergin, the Druid, spoke this rhapsody:  
I am the wind upon the sea,  
I am a wave upon the ocean,  
I am the sound of the sea,  
I am a stag of seven points,  
I am a bull of seven fights,  
I am a bull a cliff,  
I am a hawk upon a cliff,  
I am a teardrop of the sun,  
I am the fairest of blossoms,  
I am a boar of boldness,  
I am a salmon in a pool,  
I am a lake on a plain,  
I am a word of skill,  
I am a battle-waging spear of spoil,  
I am a God who fashions fire in the mind.  
Who but I knows the secrets of the stone door?  
Who has seven times sought the Places of Peace?

Who, save I, knows the ages of the moon,  
 The place and time the sun sets?  
 Who calls the kine from Tethra's house,  
 And sees them dance in the bright heavens?  
 Who shapes weapons in a fort of glass,  
 In a fort that harbors satirists?  
 Who put the poet, the singer of praises,  
 Who but I divides the Ogam letters,  
 Separates combatants, approaches the Faery mound?  
 I, who am a wind upon the sea.

Based on the original Irish, and on the translations of Macalister,  
 Hull & Cross and Slover 170, 130.

## The Song of Amergin I

(As arranged by Robert Graves)

Year of 13 Months

Dec 24-Jan 21

Jan 22-Feb 18

Feb 19-Mar 18

Mar 19-Apr 15

Apr 16-May 13

May 14-June 10

June 11-July 8

July 9-Aug 5

Aug 6-Sept 2

Sept 3-Sept 30

Oct 1-Oct 28

Oct 29-Nov 25

Nov 26-Dec 22

Dec 23 ?

God is speaking

I am a stag of seven tines.

I am a wide flood on a plain

I am a wind on the deep waters

I am a shining tear of the sun.

I am a hawk on a cliff.

I am a fair amongst flowers

I am a god who sets the head afire with smoke

I am a battle waging spear

I am a salmon in a pool

I am a hill of poetry

I am a ruthless boar

I am a great noise from the sea.

I am a wave of the sea

Who but I knows the secret of the unhewn dolmen?

## Tree Alphabet

Beith the Birch

Luis the Rowan

Nuinn the Ash

Fearn the Alder

Saille the Willow

Huath the Hawthorn

Duir the Oak

Teinn the Holly

Coll the Hazel

Muinn the Vine

Gort the Ivy

Ngetal the Reed

Ruis the Elder tree

- Irish-Gaelic Poetic Wisdom (*Book of Druidry*, pg. 89)

## Spirit

I am the Wind that blows over the sea,

I am the Wave of the Ocean;

I am the Murmur of the billows;

I am the Ox of the Seven Combats;

I am the vulture upon the rock;

I am a Ray of the Sun;

I am the fairest of Plants;

I am a Wild Boar in valour;

I am a Salmon in the Water;

I am a Lake in the plain;

I am the Craft of the artificer;

I am a Word of Science;

I am the Spear-point that gives battle;'

I am the god that creates in the head of man the fire of thought.



# The Voyage of Bran, Son of Febal

(pg. 589 of *Taliesin* by Edward Williams, 1848)

*Editor's Note: The following extensive poem from the Irish(?) is about a young prince who journeys by boat into the land of faeries. Islands were considered somewhat magical by the Celtic peoples. References to the afterlife can be found in the descriptions of what faeries do to pass the time. It's really long, but good.*

'Twas fifty quatrains that the woman from unknown lands sang on the floor of the house to Bran son of Febal, when the royal house was full of kings, who knew not whence the woman had come, since the ramparts were closed.

This is the beginning of the story. One day, in the neighborhood, of his stronghold, Bran went about alone, when he heard music behind him. As often as he looked back, 'twas still behind him the music was. At last he fell asleep at the music, such was its sweetness. When he awoke from his asleep, he saw close by him a branch of silver with white blossoms, nor was it easy to distinguish its bloom from the branch. Then Bran took the branch in his hand to his royal house. When the hosts were in the royal house, they saw a woman in strange raiment therein. 'Twas then she sang the fifty quatrains to Bran, while the host heard her, and all beheld the woman. And she said:

A branch of the apple-tree from Emne  
I bring, like those one knows;  
Twigs of white silver are on it,  
Crystal brows with blossoms.

There is a distant isle,  
Around which sea-horses glisten:  
A fair course against the white-swelling surge,  
Four pillars uphold it.

A delight of the eyes, a glorious range,  
Is the plain on which the hosts hold games:  
Coracle contends against chariot  
In the southern Plain of White Silver.

Pillars of white bronze under it  
Glittering through beautiful ages.  
Lovely land throughout the world's age,  
On which the many blossoms drop.

An ancient tree there is with blossoms,  
On which birds call the canonical Hours.  
'Tis in harmony it is their wont  
To call together every Hour.

Splendors of every color glisten  
Throughout the gentle-voiced plains.  
Joy is known, ranked around music,  
In southern White-Silver Plain.

Unknown is wailing or treachery  
In the familiar cultivated land,  
There is nothing rough or harsh,  
But sweet music striking on the ear.

Without grief, without sorrow, without death,  
Without any sickness, without debility,

That is the sign of Emne  
Uncommon is an equal marvel.

A beauty of a wondrous land,  
Whose aspects are lovely,  
Whose view is a fair country,  
Incomparable is its haze.

Then if Silvery Land is seen,  
On which dragon stones and crystals drop,  
The sea washes the wave against the land,  
Hair of crystal drops from its mane.

Wealth, treasures of every hue,  
Are in Ciuin, a beauty of freshness,  
Listening to sweet music,  
Drinking the best of wine.

Golden chariots in Mag Rein,  
Rising with the tide to the sun,  
Chariots of silver in Mag Mon,  
And of bronze without blemish.

Yellow golden steeds are on the sward there  
Other steeds with crimson hue  
Others with wool upon their backs  
Of the hue of heaven all-blue.

At sunrise there will come  
A fair man illumining level lands;  
He rides upon the fair sea-washed plain,  
He stirs the ocean till it is blood.

A host will come across the clear sea,  
To the land they show their rowing;  
Then they row to the conspicuous stone,  
From which arise a hundred strains.

It sings a strain unto the host  
Through long ages, it is not sad,  
its music swells with chorus of hundreds  
They look for neither decay nor death.

Many-shaped Emne by the sea,  
Whether it be near, whether it be far,  
In which are many thousands of variegated women,  
Which the clear Sea encircles.

If he has heard the voice of the music,  
The chorus of the little birds from Imchiunn,  
A small band of women will come from a height  
To the plain of sport in which he is.

There will come happiness with health  
To the land against which laughter peals,  
Into Imchiuin at every season  
Will come everlasting joy.

It is a day of lasting weather  
That showers silver on the lands,  
A pure-white cliff on the range of the sea,  
Which from the sun receives its heat.

The host race along Mag Mon,  
A beautiful game, not feeble,  
In the variegated land over a mass of beauty.  
They look for neither decay nor death.

Listening to music at night,  
And going into Ildathach,  
A variegated land, splendor on a diadem of beauty,  
Whence the white cloud glistens.

There are thrice fifty distant isles  
In the ocean to the west of us;  
Larger than Erin twice  
Is each of them, or thrice.

A great birth will come after ages,  
That will not be in a lofty place,  
The son of a woman whose mate will not be known,  
He will seize the rule of the many thousands.

A rule without beginning, without end,  
He has created the world so that it is perfect,  
Whose are earth and sea,  
Woe to him that shall be under His unwill

'Tis He that made the heavens,  
Happy he that has a white heart,  
He will purify hosts under pure water,  
'Tis He that will heal your sickness.

Not to all of you is my speech given,  
Though its great marvel has been heard:  
Let you, Bran, only hear from among this crowd  
What of wisdom has been told to him.

Do not fall on a bed of sloth,  
Let not thy intoxication overcome thee;  
Begin a voyage across the clear sea,  
If perchance thou mayst reach the land of women.

Thereupon the woman went from them, while they knew  
not whither she went. And she took her branch with her. The  
branch sprang from Bran's hand into the hand of the woman, nor  
was there strength in Bran's hand to hold the branch.

Then on the morrow Bran went upon the sea. The number  
of his men was three companies of nine. One of his foster-  
brothers and shield mates was set over each of the three  
companies of nine. When he had been at sea two days and two  
nights, he saw a man in a chariot coming towards him over the  
sea. That man also sang thirty other quatrains to him, and made  
himself known to him, and said that he was; Manannan son of  
Lir, and said that it was upon him to go to Ireland after long ages,  
and that a son would be born to him, Mongan son of Fiachnath  
was the name which would be upon him. So Manannan sang  
these thirty quatrains to Bran:

Bran deems it a marvelous beauty  
In his coracle across the clear sea:  
While to me in my chariot from afar  
It is a flowery plain on which he rows about.

That which is a clear sea  
For the prowed skiff in which Bran is,  
That is a happy plain with profusion of flowers  
To me from the chariot of two wheels.

Bran sees  
The number of waves beating across the clear sea:  
I myself see in Mag Mon  
Rosy-colored flowers without fault.

Sea-horses glisten in summer  
As far as Bran has stretched his glance:  
Rivers pour forth a stream of honey  
In the land of Manannan son of Lir.

The sheen of the main, on which thou art,  
The white hue of the sea, on which thou rowest,  
Yellow and azure are spread out,  
It is land, and is not rough.

Speckled salmon leap from the womb  
Of the white sea, on which thou lookest:  
They are calves, they are colored lambs  
With friendliness, without mutual slaughter.

Though but one chariot-rider is seen  
In Mag Mell of many flowers,  
There are many steeds on its surface,  
Though them thou seest not.

The size of the plain, the number of the host,  
Colors glisten with pure glory,  
A fair stream of silver, cloths of gold,  
Afford a welcome with all abundance.

A beautiful game, most delightful,  
They play sitting at the luxurious wine,  
Men and gentle women under a bush,  
Without sin, without crime.

Along the top of a wood has swum  
Thy coracle across ridges,  
There is a wood of beautiful fruit  
Under the prow of thy little boat.

A wood with blossom and fruit,  
On which is the vine's veritable fragrance,  
A wood without decay, without defect,  
On which are leaves of golden hue.

We are from the beginning of creation  
Without old age, without consummation of earth,  
Hence we expect not that there should be frailty;  
Sin has not come to us.

An evil day when the Serpent went  
To the father to his city!  
She has perverted the times in this world,  
So that there came decay which was not original

By greed and lust he has slain us,  
Through which he has ruined his noble race:  
The withered body has gone to the fold of torment,  
And everlasting abode of torture.

It is a law of pride in this world  
To believe in the creatures, to forget God,  
Overthrow by diseases, and old age,  
Destruction of the soul through deception.

A noble salvation win come  
From the King who has created us,  
A white law will come over seas;  
Besides being God, He will be man.

This shape, he on whom thou lookest

Will come to thy parts;  
'Tis mine to journey to her house,  
To the woman in Moylinny.,

For it is Manannan son of Lir,  
From the chariot in the shape of a man;  
Of his progeny will be a very short while  
A fair man in a body of white clay.

Manannan the descendent of Lir will be  
A vigorous bed-fellow to Caintigern:  
He shall be called to his son in the beautiful world,  
Fiachna will acknowledge him as his son.

He will delight the company of every fairy-mound,  
He will be the darling of every goodly land,  
He will make known secrete-a course of wisdom  
In the world, without being feared.

He will be in the shape of every beast,  
Both on the azure sea and on land,  
He will be a dragon before hosts at the onset,  
He will be a wolf in every great forest.

He will be a stag with horns of silver  
In the land where chariots are driven,  
He will be a speckled salmon in a full pool,  
He will be a seal, he win be a fair-white swan.

He will be throughout long ages  
A hundred years in fair kingship,  
He will cut down battalions, a lasting grave  
He will redden fields, a wheel around the track.

It will be about kings with a champion  
That he will be known as a valiant hero,  
Into the strongholds of a land on a height  
I shall send an appointed end from Islay.

High shall I place him with princes,  
He will be overcome by a son of error;  
Manannan the son of Lir  
Will be his father, his tutor.

He will behis time will be short  
Fifty years in this world:  
A dragon-stone from the sea will kill him  
In the fight at Senlabor.

He will ask a drink from Loch Lo,  
While he looks at the stream of blood;  
The white host will take him under a wheel of clouds  
To the gathering where them is no sorrow.

Steadily then let Bran row,  
Not far to the Land of Women,  
Emne with many hues of hospitality  
Thou wilt reach before the setting of the sun.

Thereupon Bran went from Manannan mac Lir. And he saw an island. He rowed round about it, and a large host was gaping and laughing. They were all looking at Bran and his people, but would not stay to converse with them. They continued to give forth gusts of laughter at them. Bran sent one of his people on the island. He ranged himself with the others, and was gaping at them like the other men of the island. Bran

kept rowing round about the island. Whenever his man came past Bran, his comrades would address him. But he would not converse with them, but would mostly look at them and gape at them. The name of this island is the Island of Joy. Thereupon they left him there.

It was not long thereafter when they reached the Land of Women. They saw the leader of the women at the port. Said the chief of the women: "Come hither on land, O Bran son of Febal! Welcome is thy coming!" Bran did not venture to go on Shore. The woman threw a ball of thread to Bran straight over his face. Bran put his hand on the ball, which adhered to his palm. The thread of the ball was in the woman's hand, and she pulled the coracle towards the port. Thereupon they went into a large house, in which was a bed for every couple, even thrice nine beds. The food that was put on every dish vanished not from them. It seemed a year to them that they were thereit chanced to be many years. No savor was wanting to them. Home-sickness seized each one of them, even Nechtan son of Collbran. Bran's kindred kept praying him that he should go to Erin with them. The woman said to them their going would make them rue.

However, they went, and the woman said that none of them should touch the land, and that they should visit and take with them the man whom they had left in the Island of Joy.

Then they went until they arrived at a gathering at Srub Brain on the coast of Erin. The men asked of them who it was came over the Erin. Said Bran: "I am Bran the son of Febal." One of the men said: "We do not know such a one, though the 'Voyage of Bran' is in our ancient stories."

One of Bran's men sprang from them out of the coracle. As soon as he touched the earth of Ireland, forthwith he was a heap of ashes, as though he had been in the earth for many hundred years. 'Twas then that Bran sang this quatrain:

For Collbran's son great was the folly  
To lift his hand at age,  
Without any one casting a wave of pure water  
Over Nechtan, Collbran's son.

Thereupon, to the people of the gathering Bran told all his wanderings from the beginning until that time. And he wrote these quatrains in ogam, and then bade them farewell. And from that hour his wanderings are not known.

# Wisdom of the Modern Gaels

The Gaelic peoples of Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man have always been known for their wits and wisdom, although not always carried out in practice. The following proverbs are taken from two collections: *Irish Proverbs and Sayings: Gems of Irish Wisdom* by Padraic O'Farrell from Mercier Press in Dublin Ireland 1980 and *Scottish Proverbs* by Lang Syne Publishers Ltd. of Newtongrange, Midlothian 1980. While they are sort of short for a meditational reading, they are good for solitary reading.

## Advice

It's no use giving good advice unless you have the wisdom to go with it.

Neither give cherries to pigs nor advice to a fool.

Good advice often comes from a fool.

It is foolish to scorn advice but more foolish to take all advice.

Don't throw away the dirty water until you are sure you have clean water.

If you have to give advice to lovers find out what they want first and advise them to do that.

The ambitious man is seldom at peace.

A gentle answer quells the anger.

Don't go to the goat's shed if it's wool you're seeking.

There's no point in keeping a dog if you are going to do your own barking.

## Attitudes

The best way to get an Irishman to refuse to do something is by ordering it.

Bigots and begrudgers will never bid the past farewell.

The man with the broken ankle is most conscious of his legs.

Hating a man doesn't hurt him half as much as ignoring him.

All men praise their native country.

Initiative is praiseworthy when it succeeds, stupid when it fails.

A cynic is "... a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." -Wilde

Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior and are disgraced by the inferior. -Shaw

Morality is simply the attitude we adopt towards people whom we personally dislike. -Wilde

There is no satisfaction in hanging a man who does not object to it. -Shaw

Say what you will, an ill mind will turn it to ill.

## Behaviour

Keep a blind eye when you're in another man's corner.

The more you step on the dunghill, the more dirt you'll get in.

Don't bless with the tip of your tongue if there's bile at the butt.

Here's to absent friends and here's twice to absent enemies.

## Company

If you lie down with dogs you'll rise with fleas

The loneliest man is the man who is lonely in a crowd.

Talk to yourself rather than to bad companions.

If you want to be with the company you'll call it good company

Don't keep company with your betters. You won't like them and they won't like you.

There's no war as bitter as a war between friends.

The best way to make friends is to meet often. The best way to keep them is to meet seldom.

Choose your friend among the wise, and your wife among the virtuous.

Friendship multiplies our joys, and divides our grief.

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

## Contentment

Enough is as good as plenty.

Be happy with what you have and you'll have plenty to be happy about.

The far hills may be greener, but the hill you climb on the way to work is less steep.

The slow horse reaches the mill.

Night never yet failed to fall.

If you rush the cook the spuds will be hard.

The apple won't fall till it is ripe.

A pund o' care winna pay an ounce o' debt.

## Death

Death looks the old in the face and lurks behind the youths.

Dead men tell not tales, but there's many a thing learned in a wake house.

There are more lies told in a wake-room than in a court-room.

Death is deaf, and will hear nae denial.

## Education and Experience

A knowledgeable man frowns more often than a simpleton.

No use having the book without the learning.

You won't learn to swim on the kitchen floor.

A wise man doesn't know his master's mistakes.

Learning is a light burden.

Sense bought by experience is better than two senses learned by book.

Don't start to educate a nation's children until its adults are learned.

A scholar's ink lasts longer than a martyr's blood.

The school house bell sounds bitter in youth and sweet in age.

An experienced rider doesn't change his horse in midstream.

An old broom knows the dirty corners best.

The wearer knows best where the boot pinches.

An old dog sleeps near the fire but he'll not burn himself.

The lesson learned by a tragedy is a lesson never forgotten.

A family of Irish birth will argue and fight, but let a shout come from without and see them all unite.

## Fate

If you're born to be hanged, you'll never be drowned.

No matter how long the day, night must fall.

Who's drowned in the storm is to be mourned for, after the storm has calmed.

An oak is often split by a wedge from its branch.

Never miss the water till the well runs dry.

We learn in suffering what we teach in song.

Flee as fast as you will, your fortune will be at your tail.

## Fighting

He who faces disaster bravely can face his maker.

If you're the only one that knows you're afraid, you're brave.

One brave man forms a majority.

Courage against misfortune, and reason against passion.

Better to come in at the end of a feast than at the beginning of a fight.

The quarrelsome man is lucky. Everybody has to put up with him except himself.

If we fought temptation the way we fight each other we'd be a nation of saints again.

Better bear the palm than face the fist.

An Irishman is seldom at peace unless he is fighting.

The first blow is half the battle. -Goldsmith

This contest is one of endurance and it is not they that can inflict the most, but they who can suffer the most who will conquer. - Terence MacSwiney.

Anger begins wi' folly, and ends wi' repentance.

Anger's mair hurtfu' than the wrang that caused it

He that will be angry for ony thing, will be angry for naething.

When drums beat, law is silent.

Muscles won't bend a strong man's will.

The strong man may when he wishes; the weak man may when he can.

It's not the strongest who live longest.

The man with the strongest character is attacked most often.

## Foolishness

There's no fool like an old fool.

Correct your own mistakes from those made by fools.

A man may speak like a wise man, and act like a fool.

## God and Heaven

God gave us two ears and one mouth and we should use them in the same proportion.

God is good but don't dance in a canoe.

God's help is closer than the door.

Prayers from a black heart are like thunder from a black sky, neither are wanted by God nor man.

The road to Heaven is well signposted but badly lit at night.

Forsake not God till you find a better master.

A good life is the only religion

A good example is the best sermon.

A good conscience is the best divinity.

## Greed

Every man is born clean, clever and greedy. Most of them stay greedy.

The greedy man stores all but friendship.

Dispensing charity is the only advantage in amassing a fortune.

A mean act is long felt.

If you lend your coat don't cut off the buttons.

There's little difference between a closed hand and a fist.

It's easy to sleep on your neighbour's misfortune.

Charity begins at home, but shouldna end there.

## Hope

"I hope to" is a weak man's way of refusing.

He who has never hoped can never despair.

There's nothing that trouble hates facing as much as a smile.

## Humor

A sense of humor is not a burden to carry yet it makes heavy loads lighter.

One man with humour will keep ten men working.

Humour, to a man, is like a feather pillow. It is filled with what is easy to get but gives great comfort.

When a thing is funny, search it for a hidden truth. -Shaw

## Hypocrisy and Integrity

The bigger the patch, the bigger the hole.

The man that hugs the altar-rails does not always hug his own wife.

Before you shake the right hand of an enemy make sure he's not left handed.

It's harder to become honest than it is to become rich.

When an Irishman talks of "principle" he is a danger to everybody. -O'Connor

Those who make the laws are often their greatest breakers.

Greatness in a man knows modesty.

Bribe the rogue and you needn't fear the honest man.

Man can climb the highest summits, but he cannot dwell there long. -Shaw

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. -Shaw

## Love

If you live in my heart, you live rent-free.

A flicker that warms is better than a blaze that burns.

Love is like sun to a flourit invigorates the strong but wilts the weak.

## Nature

It costs nothing to see nature's great non-stop show.

It takes every blade of grass to make the meadow green.

## Politics

The politician is a man who can find a problem in every solution.

An ambassador is a politician who can do less harm away from home.

The successful political leader can divide the national cake so that everybody thinks he's getting a slice.

There's nothing like a few shots to change the fanatic into a non-partisan.

A patriotic politician will always lay down your life for his country.

A political party is the madness of the many for the gain of a few. -Swift

## Pride

You cannot soothe the proud.

Pride is the author of every sin.

Pride never stops growing until it's ready to challenge God.

The gentry's pride prevents their seeing the beauty of humility.

He that winna be counseled canna be helped.

## Tact and Talk

A diplomat must always think twice before he says nothing.

Never talk about a rope in the house of a hanged man.

A tactful word is better than a pound in the hand.

Never talk about the blow that's not yet struck.

Tact is clever humility.

If you say everything you want to say, you'll hear something you don't want to hear.

A kind word never got a man in trouble.

Whisper into your cup when ill is spoken.

You can easily win an argument if you start off by being right.

Leave the bad news where you found it.

Every man is wise till he speaks.

You need not praise the Irish language simply speak it. -Pearse

There are two types of theater critic. One thinks he's God Almighty, the other is sure of it.

A gossip speaks ill o' a', and a' o' her.

## Wisdom

A man begins cutting his wisdom teeth the first time he bites off more than he can chew.

Taking the second thoughts means taking the first steps to wisdom.

A questioning man is half way to begin wise.

The wisest words ever written were the ten commandments. The most foolish words were written by those who ignored them.

The wisest man sees the least, says the least, but prays the most.

A word to the wise is enough.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

Let sleeping dogs lie.

Truth has a gude face but raggit claes.

Truth will aye stand without a prop.

A wise man wavers, a fool is fixed.

He's wise that can mak a friend o' a fae.

The first step to virtue is to love it in another.

Commonsense has its feet planted in the past.

On an unknown path it is better to be slow.

A blind man should not be sent to buy paint.

It's no use carrying an umbrella if your shoes are leaking.

In spite of the fox's cunning, many a woman wears its skin.

The clever man discovers things about himself and says them about others.

The incompetent talk, the competent walk.

## Work

It's better to like what you do than to do what you like.

The willing horse is always loaded.

Well begun is half done.

Many hands make light work.

It's not a delay to stop and sharpen the scythe.

Work hard, work long and have nothing to worry about, but in doing so don't become the boss or you'll have everything to worry about.

Work is the refuge of people who have nothing better to do.

Perseverance performs greater works than strength.

## Wisdom of the Native Americans

From a collection of sayings entitled *Native American Wisdom* by Kent Nerburn & Louise Mengelkoch, published in the Classic Wisdom series by New World Library 1991.

### Born Natural

I was born in Nature's wide domain! The trees were all that sheltered my infant limbs, the blue heavens all that covered me. I am one of Nature's children. I have always admired her. She shall be my glory: her features, her robes, and the wreath about her brow, the seasons, her stately oaks, and the evergreen, her hair, ringlets over the earth, all contribute to my enduring love of her.

And whenever I see her, emotions of pleasure roll in my breast, and swell and burst like waves on the shores of the ocean, in prayer and praise to Him who has placed me in her hand. It is thought great to be born in palaces, surrounded by wealth, but to be born in Nature's wide domain is greater still!

I would much more glory in this birthplace, with the broad canopy of heaven above me, and the giant arms of the forest trees for my shelter, than to be born in palaces or marble, studded with pillars of gold! Nature will be Nature still, while palaces shall decay and fall in ruins.

Yes, Niagara will be Niagara a thousand years hence! The rainbow, a wreath over her brow, shall continue as long as the sun, and the flowing of the river while the work of art, however carefully protected and preserved, shall fade and crumble into dust!

-George Copway (Kahgegahbowh) Ojibwe

### Sacred Earth

The character of the Indian's emotion left little room in his heart for antagonism toward his fellow creatures... For the Lakota, mountains, lakes, rivers, springs, valleys, and woods were all finished beauty. Winds, rain, snow, sunshine, day, night, and change of seasons were endlessly fascinating. Birds, insects, and animals filled the world with knowledge that defied the comprehension of man.

The Lakota was a true naturalist, a lover of Nature. He loved the earth and all things of the earth, and the attachment grew with age. The old people came literally to love the soil and they sat or reclined on the ground with a feeling of being close to a mothering power.

It was good for the skin to touch the earth, and the old people liked to remove their moccasins and walk with bare feet on the sacred earth.

Their tipis were built upon the earth and their altars were made of earth. The birds that flew in the air came to rest upon the earth, and it was the final abiding place of all things that lived and grew. The soil was soothing, strengthening, cleansing, and healing.

That is why the old Indian still sits upon the earth instead of propping himself up and away from its life-giving forces. For him, to sit or lie upon the ground is to be able to think more deeply and to feel more keenly; he can see more clearly into the

mysteries of life and come closer in kinship to other lives about him.

-Chief Luther Standing Bear Teton Sioux

## Silent Vigils

In my opinion, it was chiefly owing to their deep contemplation in their silent retreats in the days of youth that the old Indian orators acquired the habit of carefully arranging their thoughts.

They listened to the warbling of birds and noted the grandeur and the beauties of the forest. The majestic clouds, which appear like mountains of granite floating in the air, the golden tints of a summer evening sky, and all the changes of nature, possessed a mysterious significance.

All this combined to furnish ample matter for reflection to the contemplating youth.

-Francis Assikinack (Blackbird) Ottawa

## Simple Truth

I believe much trouble and blood would be saved if we opened our hearts more. I will tell you in my way how the Indian sees things. The white man has more words to tell you how they look to him, but it does not require many words to speak the truth.

-Chief Joseph Nez Perce

## Courtesy

Children were taught that true politeness was to be defined in actions rather than in words. They were never allowed to pass between the fire and an older person or a visitor, to speak while others were speaking, or to make fun of a crippled or disfigured person. If a child thoughtlessly tried to do so, a parent, in a quiet voice, immediately set him right.

Expressions such as "excuse me," "pardon me," and "so sorry," now so often lightly and unnecessarily used, are not in the Lakota language. If one chance to injure or cause inconvenience to another, the word wanunhecun, or "mistake," was spoken. This was sufficient to indicate that no discourtesy was intended and that what had happened was accidental.

Our young people, raised under the old rules of courtesy, never indulged in the present habit of talking incessantly and all at the same time. To do so would have been not only impolite, but foolish; for poise, so much admired as a social grace, could not be accompanied by restlessness. Pauses were acknowledged gracefully and did not cause lack of ease or embarrassment.

In talking to children, the old Lakota would place a hand on the ground and explain: "We sit in the lap of our Mother. From her we, and all other living things, come. We shall soon pass, but the place where we now rest will last forever." So we, too, learned to sit or lie on the ground and become conscious of life about us in its multitude of forms.

Sometimes we boys would sit motionless and watch the swallows, the tiny ants, or perhaps some small animal at its work and ponder its industry and ingenuity; or we lay on our backs and looked long at the sky, and when the stars came out made shapes from the various groups.

Everything was possessed of personality, only differing from us in form. Knowledge was inherent in all things. The world was a library and its books were the stones, leaves, grass, brooks, and the birds and animals that shared, alike with us, the storms and blessings of earth. We learned to do what only the student of nature ever learns, and that was to feel beauty. We never railed at the storms, the furious winds, and the biting frosts and snows. To do so intensified human futility, so whatever came we adjusted ourselves, by more effort and energy if necessary, but without complaint.

Even the lightning did us no harm, whenever it came too close, mothers and grandmothers in every tipi put cedar leaves in the coals and their magic kept danger away. Bright days and dark days were both expressions of the Great Mystery, and the Indian reveled in being close to the Great Holiness.

Observation was certain to have its rewards. Interest, wonder, admiration grew, and the fact was appreciated that life was more than mere human manifestation; it was expressed in a multitude of forms.

This appreciation enriched Lakota existence. Life was vivid and pulsing; nothing was casual and commonplace. The Indian lived in every sense of the word, from his first to his last breath.

-Chief Luther Standing Bear Teton Sioux

## Conversation

Praise, flattery, exaggerated manners, and fine, high sounding words were no part of Lakota politeness. Excessive manners were put down as insincere, and the constant talker was considered rude and thoughtless. Conversation was never begun at once, or in a hurried manner.

No one was quick with a question, no matter how important, and no one was pressed for an answer. A pause giving time for thought was the truly courteous way of beginning and conducting a conversation.

-Chief Luther Standing Bear Teton Sioux

## Persistence

When you begin a great work you can't expect to finish it all at once; therefore do you and your brothers press on, and let nothing discourage you until you have entirely finished what you have begun.

Now, Brother, as for me, I assure you I will press on, and the contrary winds may blow strong in my face, yet I will go forward and never turn back, and continue to press forward until I have finished, and I would have you do the same.

Though you may hear the birds singing on this side and that side, you must not take notice of that, but hear me when I speak to you, and take it to heart, for you may always depend that what I say shall be true.

-Teedyuscung Delaware

## Crowned Leadership

We now crown you with the sacred emblem of the deer's antlers, the emblem of your Lordship. You shall now become a mentor of the people of the Five Nations. The thickness of your skin shall be seven spans- which is to say that you shall be filled



with peace and goodwill and your mind filled with a yearning for the welfare of the people of the confederacy.

With endless patience you shall carry out your duty, and your firmness shall be tempered with tenderness for your people. Neither anger nor fury shall lodge in your mind, and all your words and actions shall be marked with calm deliberation.

In all your deliberations in the Council, in your efforts at lawmaking, in all your official acts, self-interest shall be cast into oblivion. Cast not away the warnings of any others, if they should chide you for any error or wrong you may do, but return to the way of the Great Law, which is just and right.

Look and listen for the welfare of the whole people and have always in view not only the present but also the coming generations, even those whose faces are yet beneath the surface of the earth, the unborn of the future Nation.

-Constitution of the Five Nations

## Pine Tree Chiefs

Should any man of the Nation assist with special ability or show great interest in the affairs of the Nation, if he proves himself wise, honest, and worthy of confidence, the Confederate Lords may elect him to a seat with them and he may sit in the Confederate Council. He shall be proclaimed a Pine Tree sprung up for the Nation and be installed as such at the next assembly for the installation of Lords.

Should he ever do anything contrary to the rules of the Great Peace, he may not be deposed from office, no one shall cut him down- but thereafter everyone shall be deaf to his voice and his advice. Should he resign his seat and title, no one shall prevent him. A Pine Tree Chief has no authority to name a successor, nor is his title hereditary.

-Constitution to the Five Nations

## Not by Bread Alone

My friends, how desperately do we need to be loved and to love. When Christ said that man does not live by bread alone, he spoke of a hunger. This hunger was not the hunger of the body. It was not the hunger for bread. He spoke of a hunger that begins deep down in the very depths of our being. He spoke of a need as vital as breath. He spoke of our hunger for love.

Love is something you and I must have. We must have it because our spirit feeds upon it. We must have it because without it we become weak and faint. Without love our self-esteem weakens. Without it our courage fails. Without love we can no longer look out confidently at the world. We turn inward and begin to feed upon our own personalities, and little by little we destroy ourselves.

With it we are creative. With it we march tirelessly. With it, and with it alone, we are able to sacrifice for others.

-Chief Dan George

## Show Me

Brother! We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does

them good and makes them honest and less disposed to cheat us, we will then consider again becoming Christians.

-Red Jacket Seneca

## Free Wisdom

We have men among us, like the whites, who pretend to know the right path, but will not consent to show it without pay! I have no faith in their paths, but believe that every man must make his own path!

-Black Hawk Sauk

## Quarreling about God

We do not want churches because they will teach us to quarrel about God, as the Catholics and Protestants do. We do not want to learn that.

We may quarrel with men sometimes about things on this earth. But we never quarrel about God. We do not want to learn that.

-Chief Joseph Nez Perce

## God Made Me This Way

I am of the opinion that so far as we have reason, we have a right to use it in determining what is right or wrong, and we should pursue the path we believe to be right.

If the Great and Good Spirit wished us to believe and do as the whites, he could easily change our opinions, so that we would see, and think, and act as they do. We are nothing compared to His power, and we feel and know it.

-Black Hawk, Sauk

## Pausing

Whenever, in the course of the daily hunt, the hunter comes upon a scene that is strikingly beautiful, or sublime, a black thundercloud with the rainbow's glowing arch above the mountain, a white waterfall in the heart of a green gorge, a vast prairie tinged with the blood-red of the sunset, he pauses for an instant in the attitude of worship.

He sees no need for setting apart one day in seven as a holy day, because to him all days are God's days.

-Charles Alexander Eastman (Ohiyesa), Santee Sioux

## Please Listen

Grandfather, Great Spirit, once more behold me on earth and lean to hear my feeble voice. You lived first, and you are older than all needs, older than all prayers. All things belong to you, the two legged, the four legged, the wings of the air, and all green things that live.

You have set the powers of the four quarters of the earth to cross each other. You have made me cross the good road, and the road of difficulties, and where they cross, the place is holy. Day in, day out, forevermore, you are the life of things.

-Black Elk Oglala Sioux

## The Views of Two Men

Nothing the Great Mystery placed in the land of the Indian pleased the white man, and nothing escaped his transforming hand. Wherever forest has not been mowed down, wherever the animal is recessed in their quiet protection, wherever the earth is not bereft of four-footed life; that to him is an "unbroken wilderness."

But, because for the Lakota there was no wilderness, because nature was not dangerous but hospitable, not forbidding but friendly, Lakota philosophy was healthy, free from fear and dogmatism. And here I find the great distinction between the faith of the Indian and the white man. Indian faith sought the harmony of man with his surroundings; the other sought the dominance of surroundings.

In sharing, in loving, all and everything, one people naturally found a due portion of the thing they sought, while in fearing, the other found need of conquest.

For one man the world was full of beauty; for the other it was a place of sin and ugliness to be endured until he went to another world, there to become a creature of wings, half-man and half-bird.

Forever one man directed his Mystery to change the world He had made; forever this man pleaded with Him to chastise his wicked ones; and forever he implored his God to send His light to earth. Small wonder this man could not understand the other.

But the old Lakota was wise. He knew that man's heart, away from nature, becomes hard; he knew that lack of respect for growing, living things, soon led to lack of respect for humans, too. So he kept his children close to nature's softening influence.

-Chief Luther Standing Bear, Oglala Sioux

## Misfortune

Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best of men. Death will come, always out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past and what cannot be prevented should not be grieved for. . . Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our life. They grow everywhere.

-Big Elk Omaha Chief

## Pretty Pebbles

As a child, I understood how to give; I have forgotten that grace since I became civilized. I lived the natural life, whereas I now live the artificial. Any pretty pebble was valuable to me then, every growing tree an object of reverence.

Now I worship with the white man before a painted landscape whose value is estimated in dollars! Thus the Indian is reconstructed, as the natural rocks are ground to powder and made into artificial blocks that may be built into the walls of modern society.

-Charles Alexander Eastman (Ohiyesa), Santee Sioux

## The Power of Paper

Many of the white man's ways are past our understanding. . . They put a great store upon writing; there is always a paper.

The white people must think paper has some mysterious power to help them in the world. The Indian needs no writings; words that are true sink deep into his heart, where they remain. He never forgets them. On the other hand, if the white man loses his papers he is helpless.

I once heard one of their preachers say that no white man was admitted to heaven unless there were writings about him in a great book!

-Four Guns, Oglala Sioux

## Frantic Fools

The English, in general, are a noble, generous minded people, free to act and free to think. They very much pride themselves on their civil and religious privilege; on their learning, generosity, manufacturing, and commerce; and they think that no other nation is equal to them.

No nation, I think, can be more fond of novelties than the English; they gaze upon foreigners as if they had just dropped down from the moon...

They are truly industrious, and in general very honest and upright. But their close attention to business produces, I think, too much worldly mindedness, and hence they forget to think enough about their souls and their God.

Their motto seems to be "Money, money, get money, get rich, and be a gentleman." With this sentiment, they fly about in every direction, like a swarm of bees, in search of the treasure that lies so near their hearts.

-Peter Jones, or Kahkewaquonaby  
("Sacred Waving Feathers"), Ojibwe

## Cities

The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities, no place to hear the leaves of spring or the rustle of insects' wings. Perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand, but the clatter only seems to insult the ears.

The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of the pond, the smell of the wind itself cleansed by a midday rain, or scented with pine. The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath, the animals, the trees, the man.

Like a man who has been dying for many days, a man in your city is numb to the stench.

-Chief Seattle, Suquamish and Duwamish

## The White Man's Dreams

A few more hours, a few more winters, and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on this earth, or that roamed in small bands in the woods, will be left to mourn the graves of a people once as powerful and hopeful as yours.

The whites, too, shall pass sooner than other tribes. Continue to contaminate your own bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own waste.

When the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses all tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires, where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone.

And what is it to say farewell to the swift and the hunt, to the end of living and the beginning of survival? We might understand if we knew what it was that the white man dreams, what he describes to his children on the long winter nights, what visions he burns into their minds, so they will wish for tomorrow. But we are savages. The white man's dreams are hidden from us.

-Chief Seattle, Suqwanish and Duwamish

## The Vigil

by Lame Deer at Willow, at Rosebud, South Dakota, 1967, recorded by Erdoes.

Editor's Note: The following story is from *Myths and Legends of the American Indian* by Boez and Endroes (available on Open Reserve) describes what can go wrong on an all night vigil, one like the RDNA do in preparation for entering the 3rd Order.

The vision quest is a tradition among the Plains people. A man or woman seeking the way and the road of life, or trying to find the answer to a personal problem, may go on a vision quest for knowledge and enlightenment. This means staying on top of a hill or inside a vision pit, alone, without food or water, for as long as four days and nights. It is said, that if the quiet voices reveal or confer a vision that shapes a person's life, then the quest is worth all the suffering. The following tale, however, treats the vision quest with less than complete solemnity, with Sioux man Lame Deer's characteristic quirks.

A young man wanted to go on a lumbasa, or vision quest, thinking that would give him the stuff to be a great medicine man. Having a high opinion of himself, he felt sure that he had been created to become great among his people and that the only thing lacking was a vision.

The young man was daring and brave, eager to go up to the mountain top. He had been brought up by good, honest people who were raised in the ancient ways and who prayed for him. All through the night they were busy getting him ready, feeding him wasna, corn, and lots of good meat to make him strong. At every meal they set aside everything for the spirits so that they would help him to get a great vision.

His relatives thought he had the power even before he went up there. That was putting the cart before the horse, or rather the travois before the horse, as this is an Indian legend.

When at last he started on his quest, it was a beautiful morning in late spring. The grass was up, the leaves were out, nature was at its best.

Two medicine men accompanied him. They put up a sweatlodge to purify him in the hot, white breath of the sacred steam. They smoked him with the incense of sweet grass,

rubbing his body with salve of bear grease. Around his neck they hung it with an eagle's wing. They went to the hilltop with him to the vision pit and make an offering of tobacco bundles.

They told the young man to cry, to humble himself, to ask for holiness, to cry for power, for a sign from the Great Spirit, for a gift which would make him into a medicine man. After they had done all they could, they left him there.

He spent the first night in the hole the medicine men had dug for him, trembling and crying out loudly. Fear kept him awake, yet he was cocky, ready to wrestle with the spirits for the vision, the power that he wanted. But no dreams came to ease his mind. Toward morning light, the sun came up, he heard a voice in the swirling white mists of day.

Speaking from no particular direction, as if it came from different places it said: "See here, young man, there are other spots you could have picked; 'there are other hills around here. Why don't you go there and cry for a dream? You disturbed us all night, all us creatures, animals and birds; you even kept the trees awake. We couldn't sleep. Why should you cry here? You're a brash young man, not yet ready or worthy to receive a vision."

But the young man clenched his teeth, determined to stick it through. He resolved to force that vision to come. He spent another day in the pit, begging for enlightenment, which would not come, and then another night of fear and cold and hunger.

The young man cried out in terror. He was paralyzed with fear, unable to move. The boulder dwarfed everything in view; it towered over him, he stared open-mouthed, but as it came to crush him, it stopped. Then, as the young man stared, his hair standing up, his eyes starting out of his head, the boulder ROLLED UP THE MOUNTAIN, all the way to the top. He could hardly believe what he saw.

He was still cowering motionless when he heard the roar and ramble again and saw that immense boulder coming down at him once more. This time he managed to jump out of his vision pit at the last moment. The boulder crushed it, obliterated it, grinding the young man's peace pipe and gourd rattle into dust.

Again the boulder rolled up the mountain, and again it came down. "I'm leaving, I'm leaving!" hollered the young man. Regaining his power of motion, he scrambled down the hill as fast as he could. This time the boulder actually leapfrogged over him, bouncing down the slope, crushing and pulverizing everything in its way. He ran unseeingly, stumbling, falling, getting up again. He did not even notice the boulder rolling up once more and coming down for the fourth time. On this last and most fearful descent, it flew through the air in a giant leap, landing right in front of him and embedding itself so deeply in the earth that only its top was visible. The ground shook itself like a wet dog coming out of a stream and flung the young man this way and that.

Gaunt, bruised, and shaken, he stumbled back to his village. To the medicine men he said: "I have received no vision and gained no knowledge." He returned to the pit, and when dawn arrived once more, he heard the voice again: "Stop disturbing us; go away!" The same thing happened on the third morning. By this time he was faint with hunger, thirst, and anxiety. Even the air seemed to oppress him, to fight him. He was panting. His stomach felt shriveled up, shrunk tight against his backbone. But he was determined to endure one more night, the fourth and last. Surely the vision would come. But again he cried for it out of the dark and loneliness until he was hoarse, and still he had no dream. Just before daybreak he heard the same voice again, very angry: "why still here?" He knew then that he had suffered in vain.

He now knew he would have to go back to his people and confess that he had gained no knowledge and no power. The only thing he could tell them was that he got bawled out every morning. Sad and cross, he replied "I can't help myself this is MY last day, and I'm crying my eyes out. I know you told me to go home, but who are you to give me orders? I don't know you. I'm going to stay until my uncles come to fetch me, whether you like it or not!"

All at once there was a rumble from a larger mountain that shook the hill. It became a mighty roar, and the whole hill trembled. The wind started to blow. The young man looked up and saw a boulder poised on the mountain's summit. He saw lightning hit it, saw it sway. Slowly the boulder moved. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, it came tumbling down the mountain side, churning up the earth, snapping huge trees as if they were little twigs. And the boulder WAS COMING RIGHT DOWN ON HIM!

He barely made it back to the village and talked to his uncles. "I have made the spirits angry. It was all for nothing."

"Well you did find out one thing," said the older of the two, who was his uncle. "You went after your vision like a hunter after buffalo, or a warrior after scalps. You were fighting the spirits. You thought they owed you a vision. Suffering alone brings no vision nor does courage, nor does sheer will power. A vision, comes as a gift born of humility, of wisdom, and of patience. If from your vision quest you have learned nothing else, you have already learned much. Think about it."

# Wisdom of the Africans

Source: These proverbs are from the Akan people of Ghana and were collected from the book; *Speak to the Winds, Proverbs from Africa* by Kofi Asare Opoku, Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, New York 1975.

## Proverbs on Wisdom

A fool's walking stick helps the wise person to stand.

Wisdom is not like money, which should be kept in a safe.

If you are greedy in conversation, you lose the wisdom of your friends.

The wise person who does not learn ceases to be wise.

All knowledge is acquired by learning.

It is through other people's wisdom that we learn wisdom ourselves; a single person's understanding does not amount to anything.

One must come out of one's house to begin learning.

## Proverbs on Truth and Falsehood

If you travel with fraud, you may reach your destination but will be unable to return.

Whereas a liar takes a thousand years to go on a journey, the one who speaks the truth follows and overtakes the liar in a day.

## Proverbs on Human Conduct

If you see wrongdoing or evil and say nothing against it, you become its victim.

One who refuses to obey cannot command.

The saying is, "Visit a foreign country and respect its citizens," and not "Visit a foreign country and act better than its citizens."

If you build a poor wooden bridge across the river, it never seems to rot until you have to cross it yourself.

It is easier to put out the fire in the house of neighbors than to deal with the smoke in one's own house.

## Proverbs on Virtue

When virtue founds a town, the town grows and lasts long.

Goodness is hidden, but eventually appears.

The seed of goodness is as difficult to sow as it is hard to uproot the plant.

## Proverbs on Cooperation and Contentment

When the right hand washes the left and the left hand washes the right, then both hands will be clean.

Good fellowship is sharing good things with friends.

The string can be useful until a rope can be found.

## Proverbs on Opportunity

The one who asks the way does not get lost.

One does not throw the stick after the snake has gone.

## Proverbs on Human Beings

Lack of companionship is worse than poverty.

May death not kill the person who tortures us, may the gods protect the one who ill-treats us; however long it takes our destiny to give us victory.

## Proverbs on Nature

If you want to speak to God, speak to the winds.

If the mouse were the size of a cow, it would be the cat's slave nevertheless.

If plain water were satisfying enough, then fish would not take the hook.

However poor the crocodile becomes, it hunts in the river, not in the forest.

## Proverbs on Leadership

People count what they are refused, not what they are given.

The ears of the leader are like a strainer; there are more than a thousand openings to them.

Power must be handled in the manner of holding an egg in the hand: if you hold it too firmly it breaks; if you hold it too loosely it drops.

The hen knows when it is dawn but she leaves the crowing to the cock.

# More Wisdom of the African World

Editor's Note: These quotes were taken from *Wisdom of the African World* edited by Reginald McKnight and published by the Classic Wisdom series of the New World Library.

Even the most incorrigible maverick has to be born somewhere. He may leave the group that produced him, he may be forced to but nothing will efface his origins, the marks of which he carries with him everywhere. -James Baldwin

The various cultures of people of color often seem very attractive to white people. (Yes, we are wonderful, we can't deny it.) But white people should not make a playground out of other people's cultures. We are not quaint. We are not exotic. We are not cool. -Amoco Three Rivers

Europeans created and popularized the image of Africa as a jungle, a wild place where people were cannibals, naked and savage in a countryside overrun with dangerous animals. Such an image of the Africans was so hateful to Afro-Americans that they refused to identify with Africa. We did not realize that in hating Africa and the Africans we were hating ourselves. You cannot hate the roots of a tree and not hate the tree itself. -Malcolm X

Honor a child and it will honor you. -Ila

Grown people know that they do not always know the why of things, and even if they think they know, they do not know where and how they got the proof. Hence the irritation they show when the children keep on demanding to know if a thing is so and how the grown folks got the proof of it. It is so troublesome ... to the pigeonhole way of life. -Zora Neale Houston

A child that asks questions isn't stupid. -Ewe

Eve we old people must learn, and recognize that the things people know today were not born with us. No, knowledge is not a hereditary thing. -Sembene Ousmane

A cynical young person is almost the saddest sight to see, because it means that he or she has gone from knowing nothing to believing in nothing. -Maya Angelou

It takes a whole village to raise a single child. -Yoruba

If you see an old man running, either he is chasing something or something is chasing him. -Nupe

If with the right hand you flog the child, with your left hand draw her unto your breast. -Yoruba

You need not tell a child that there is a god. - Nzima

Not where I was born, but where it goes well with me is my home. - Kanuri

Love is the understanding that all people are bound together in guilt and only individuals are capable of achieving personal salvation. The duty of every sensitive individual is to see to it that conditions are created in which he and others like him can become the majority. Lewis Nixon.

No friendship, except after enmity. -Egypt

Whoever loves thee, even a dog, thou wilt also love. -Tsonga

It is preferable to change the world on the basis of love of mankind. But if that quality be too rare, then commonsense seems to be the next best thing. -Bessie Head

Make friends when you no need them. -Jamaica

He who pulls a branch brings the leaves with it. -Ila

There's a time when you have to explain to your children why they're born, and it's a marvelous thing if you know the reason by then. -Hazel Scott

A person can run for years but sooner or later he has to take a stand in the place which, for better or worse, he calls home, do what he can to change things there. -Paule Marshall

If you wish to be blamed, marry; if you wish to be praised, die. -Galla

Before you marry, keep both eyes open; after you marry, shut one. -Jamaica

Tell me whom you love, I'll tell you who you are. -Creole

God created us so that we should form the human family, existing together because we were made for one another. We are not made for an exclusive self-sufficiency but for interdependence, and we break the law of being at our peril. -Desmond Tutu

God made the sea, we make the ship; He made the wind, we make the sail; He made the calm, we make oars. -Swahili

Every society is really governed by hidden laws, by unspoken but profound assumptions on the part of the people, and ours is no exception. It is up to the American writer to find out what these laws and assumptions are. -James Baldwin

People wish to be poets more than they wish to write poetry and that's a mistake. One should wish to celebrate more than one wishes to be celebrated. -Lucille Clifton

The artistic innovator is perhaps our society's most valuable citizen. He or she does not so much change the world, as change how we view it. They are ambassadors of peace and advocates of understanding. They melt our differences into the common ground of the dance floor, the theater, the concert hall, and a million living rooms across the nation. That is why it is important that we so diligently search for them. -Ossie Davis.

I have a great belief in the fact that whenever there is chaos, it creates wonderful thinking. I consider chaos a gift. -Septima Poinsette Clark

There is no beauty but in relationships. Nothing cut off by itself is beautiful. Never can things in destructive relationships be beautiful. All beauty is in the creative purpose of our relationships; all ugliness is in the destructive aims of the destroyer's arrangements. -Ayi Kwei Armah

Back of the problem of race and color lies a greater problem which both obscures and implements it; and that is the fact that so many civilized persons are willing to live in comfort even if the price of this is poverty, ignorance and disease of the majority of their fellowmen; that to maintain this privilege men have waged war until today war tends to become universal and continuous, and the excuse for this war continues largely to be color and race. -W.E.B. DuBois

Fright is worse than a blow. -Morocco

Nonviolent passive resistance is effective as long as your opposition adheres to the same rules as you do. But if peaceful protest is met with violence, its efficacy is at an end. For me,

non-violence was not a moral principle but a strategy; there is no moral goodness in using an ineffective weapon. -Nelson Mandela

We will either find a way or make one. -Hannibal

The knife does not know its owner. -Ndaou

Racism is easy to see, hard to prove, impossible to deny. -Anonymous

The man who goes ahead stumbles so that the man who follows may have his wits about him. -Bondei

When two elephants struggle it is the grass that suffers. -Swahili

Mediocrity is safe. -Nikki Giovanni

An elephant does not die of one broken rib. -Tsonga

The lion which kills is not one that roars. -Xhosa

A man dies before we appreciate him. -Jabo

Always being in a hurry doesn't hinder death, neither does going slowly hinder living. -Swahili

Because it rained the day the egg was hatched the foolish chicken swore he was a fish. -Wole Soyinka.

The thing that makes you exceptional, if you are at all, is inevitably that which must also make you lonely. -Lorraine Hansberry

He who hopes fares better than he who wishes, and he who wishes fares better than he who despairs. -Morocco

What is a cynic but a romanticist turned sour? -Lewis Nkosi

When you have been bitten by a snake you flee from a worm. -Basa

Every man honest till the day they catch him. -Jamaica

A man is his words. -Kru

In the midst of your illness you will promise a goat, but when you recover, a chicken will seem sufficient. -Jukun

People do not wish to appear foolish; to avoid the appearance of foolishness, they were willing to remain actually fools. -Alice Walker

A fool is a treasure to the wise. -Botswana

When the fool does not succeed in bleaching ebony he then tries to blacken ivory. -Amharic

At the bottom of patience there is heaven. -Kamba

Never be afraid to sit awhile and think. -Lorraine Hansberry

The indolent person reckons religious fasting a labor. -Yoruba

I believe in the brotherhood of all men, but I don't believe in wasting brotherhood on any one who doesn't want to practice it with me. Brotherhood is a two-way street. I don't think brotherhood should be practiced with a man just because his skin is white. Brotherhood should hinge upon the deeds and attitudes of a man. -Malcolm X

There is no agony like learning an untold story inside you. -Zora Neale Hurston

Ancient things remain in the ears. -Oji

Never give up what you have seen for what you have heard. -Swahili

A good conversation is better than a good bed. -Galla

He who gives you the diameter of your knowledge, prescribes the circumference of your activities. -Minister Louis Farrakhan

That which is written is binding, but that which is spoken is forgotten. -Amharic

Suddenly, it has become popular to defend tribal people, their world view and their life ways. But while the West is engaged in a great debate about what it means to preserve culture, the indigenous world is aware that it has already lost the battle. It seems obvious to me that as soon as one culture begins to talk about "preservation" it means that it has already turned the other culture into an endangered species. -Malidoma Patrice Some

People are easier to kill if they come from nowhere. If they have no names, no fathers or mothers.... The dead piles of corpses are nobodies who began nowhere, go nowhere, except back where they belong. Nowhere. No count. Nothing. -John Edgar Wideman

You can live without anything you weren't born with, and you can make it through on even half of that. - Gloria Naylor

The monkey says there is nothing like poverty for taking the conceit out of a man. -Oji

Work is good provided you do not forget to live. -Bantu

The grumbler does not leave his job, but he discourages possible applicants. -Ganda

Wealth is like hair in the nose; if much is pulled out, it is painful, if little, it is painful. -Madagascar

Wealth, if you use it, comes to an end; learning, if you use it, increases. -Swahili

Everything will satisfy you except money; as much as you have, so much more you will want. -Morocco

The one-eyed man does not thank God till he see the blind man. -Toucouleur

As a leader... I have always endeavored to listen to what each and every person in a discussion had to say before venturing my own opinion. Oftentimes, my own opinion will simply represent a consensus of what I heard in the discussion. I always remember the axiom: a leader is like a shepherd. He stays behind the flock, letting the most nimble go out ahead, whereupon the others follow, not realizing that all along they are being directed from behind. -Nelson Mandela

Respect depends on reciprocity. -Nyang

Justice becomes injustice when it makes two wounds on a head which only deserves one. -Bakongo

A devotion to humanity is too easily equated with a devotion to a cause, and causes, as we know, are notoriously bloodthirsty. - James Baldwin

If they come for me in the morning, they will come for you at night. -Angela Davis

We decide our affairs, then rest them with God. -Jabo

I have walked the long road to freedom but I have discovered the secret that after climbing a great hill, one only finds that there are many more hills to climb. I have taken a moment here to rest, to steal a view of the glorious vista that surrounds me, to look back on the distance I have come. But I can rest only for a moment, for with freedom comes responsibilities, and I dare not linger, for my long walk is not ended. - Nelson Mandela

Slowness comes from God and quickness from devil. -Morocco

To commit ten sins against God is better than to commit one sin against a servant of God. -Morocco

God gives and does not remind us continually of it; the world gives and constantly reminds us. -Nupe

Prayer needn't be long when faith is strong. - Jamaica

It is not our custom to fight for our gods... Let us not presume to do so now. If a man kills the sacred python in the secrecy of his hut, the matter is between him and the god. We did not see it. If we put ourselves between the god and his victim we may receive blows intended for the offender. When a man blasphemes, what do we do? Do we go and stop his mouth? No, we put our fingers into our ears to stop us hearing. That is a wise action. -Chinua Achebe

Every knot has an unraveler in God. -Egypt

Don't blame God for having created the tiger, but give him thanks for not having given the tiger wings. -Amharic

If you are going to ask from God, take a big receptacle. -Hausa

# Wisdom of the Hindus & Greeks

## Origin of the Fables of Aesop

These famous stories were taken from Schoken Book's 1966 reprint of the 1894 version translated by Joseph Jacobs. Although I will not give a full history of the origins of these fables. Most people think that the animal story developed independently in Greece and India between 1000 b.c.e and 500 b.c.e. The Greek origin reputedly began with Aesop, an Ethiopian slave in Samos Greece. The India origin began with Kasyapa, not long before Sakayamuni (the Buddha). The Buddhists quickly adopted the animal tale and began to pass them onto the Greeks. I've chosen some example that I feel are particularly Druidical to me. Enjoy.

## The Frogs Desiring a King

The Frogs were living as happy as could be in a marshy swamp that just suited them; they went splashing about caring for nobody and nobody troubling with them. But some of them thought that this was not right, that they should have a king and a proper constitution, so they determined to send up a petition to Jove to give them what they wanted. "Mighty Jove," they cried, "send unto us a king that will rule over us and keep us in order." Jove laughed at their croaking, and threw down into the swamp a huge Log, which came down -kerplash!- into the swamp.

The Frogs were frightened out of their lives by the commotion made in their midst, and all rushed to the bank to look at the horrible monster; but after a time, seeing that it did not move, one or two of the boldest of them ventured out towards the Log, and even dared to touch it; still it did no move. Then the greatest hero of the Frogs jumped upon the Log and commenced dancing up and down upon it, thereupon all the Frogs came and did the same; and for some time the Frogs went about their business every day without taking the slightest notice of their new King Log lying in their midst. But this did not suit them, so they sent another petition to Jove, and said to him: "We want a real king; one that will really rule over us." Now this made Jove angry, so he sent among them a big Stork that soon set to work gobbling them all up. Then the Frogs repented when too late.

*Better no rule than cruel rule.*

## The Bat, the Birds and the Beasts

A great conflict was about to come off between the Birds and the Beasts. When the two armies were collected together the Bat hesitated which to join. The Birds that passed his perch said: "Come with us"; but he said: "I am a Beast." Later on, some Beasts who were passing underneath him looked up and said: "Come with us"; but he said: "I am a Bird." Luckily at the last moment, peace was made, and no battle took place, so the Bat came to the Birds and wished to join in the rejoicings, but they all turned against him and he had to fly away. He then went to the Beasts, but had soon to beat a retreat, or else they would have torn him to pieces. "Ah," said the Bat, "I see now that *he that is neither one thing nor the other has no friends.*"

## The Dog and the Wolf

A gaunt Wolf was almost dead with hunger when he happened to meet a House-dog who was passing by. "Ah, Cousin," said the Dog, "I knew how it would be; your irregular life will soon be the ruin of you. Why do you not work steadily as I do, and get your food regularly given to you?"

"I would have no objection," said the Wolf, "if I could only get a place."

"I will easily arrange that for you," said the Dog; "come with me to my master and you shall share my work."

So the Wolf and the Dog went towards the town together. On the way there the Wolf noticed that the hair on a certain part of the Dog's neck was very much worn away, so he asked him how that had come about.

"Oh, it is nothing," said the Dog. "That is only the place where the collar is put on at night to keep me chained up; it chafes a bit, but one soon gets used to it."

"Is that all?" said the Wolf. "Then good-bye to you, Master Dog. *Better starve free than be a fat slave.*"

## The Fox and the Grapes

One hot summer's day a Fox was strolling through an orchard till he came to a bunch of Grapes just ripening on a vine which had been trained over a lofty branch. "Just the thing to quench my thirst," quoth he. Drawing back a few paces, he took a run and a jump, and just missed the bunch. Turning round again with a One, Two, Three, he jumped up, but with no greater success. Again and again he tried after the tempting morsel, but at last had to give it up, and walked away with his nose in the air, saying: "I am sure that they are sour."

*It is easy to despise what you cannot get.*

## The Lion and the Statue

A Man and a Lion were discussing the relative strength of men and lions in general. The Man contended that he and his fellows were stronger than lions by reason of their greater intelligence. "Come now with me," he cried, "and I will soon prove that I am right." So he took him into the public gardens and showed him a statue of Hercules overcoming the Lion and tearing his mouth in two.

"That is all very well," said the Lion, "but proves nothing, for it was a man who made the statue."

*We can easily represent things as we wish them to be.*

## The Man and His Two Wives

In the old days, when men were allowed to have many wives, a middle-aged Man had one wife that was old and one that was young; each loved him very much, and desired to see him like herself. Now the Man's hair was turning grey, which the young Wife did not like, as it made him look too old for her husband. So every night she used to comb his hair and pick out the white ones. But the elder Wife saw her husband growing grey with great pleasure, for she did not like to be mistaken for his mother. So every morning she used to arrange his hair and pick out as many of the black ones as she could. The consequence was the Man soon found himself entirely bald.

*Yield to all and you will soon have nothing to yield.*



## The Two Crabs

One fine day two Crabs came out from their home to take a stroll on the sand. "Child," said the mother, "you are walking very ungratefully. You should accustom yourself to walking straight forward without twisting from side to side."

"Pray, mother," said the young one, "do but set the example yourself, and I will follow you."

*Example is the best precept.*

## Hercules and the Waggoner

A Waggoner was once driving a heavy load along a very muddy way. At last he came to a part of the road where the wheels sank halfway into the mire, and the more the horses pulled, the deeper sank the wheels. So the Waggoner threw down his whip, and knelt down and prayed to Hercules the Strong. "O Hercules, help me in this my hour of distress," quoth he. But Hercules appeared to him and said:

"Tut, man, don't sprawl there. Get up and put your shoulder to the wheel." *The Gods help them that help themselves.*

## The Man and the Wooden God

In the old days men used to worship stocks and stones and idols, and prayed to them to give them luck. It happened that a Man had often prayed to a wooden idol he had received from his father, but his luck never seemed to change. He prayed and he prayed, but still he remained as unlucky as ever. One day in the greatest rage he went to the Wooden God, and with one blow swept it down from its pedestal. The idol broke in two, and what did he see? An immense number of coins flying all over the place.

## The Miser

Once upon a time there was a Miser who used to hide his gold at the foot of a tree in his garden; but every week he used to go and dig it up and gloat over his gains. A robber, who had noticed this, went and dug up the gold and decamped with it. When the Miser next came to gloat over his treasures, he found nothing but the empty hole. He tore his hair, and raised such an outcry that all the neighbours came around him, and he told them how he used to come and visit his gold. "Did you ever take any of it out?" asked one of them.

"Nay," said he, "I only came to look at it."

"Then come again and look at the hole," said a neighbour; "it will do you just as much good."

*Wealth unused might as well not exist.*

## The Bundle of Sticks

An old man on the point of death summoned his sons around him to give them some parting advice. He ordered his servants to bring in a bundle of sticks, and said to his eldest son: "Break it." The son strained and strained, but with all his efforts was unable to break the Bundle. The other sons also tried, but none of them was successful. "Untie the bundle," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them: "Now, break," and each stick was easily broken. "You see my meaning," said the father.

*"Union gives strength."*

## The Buffoon and the Countryman

At a country fair there was a Buffoon who made all the people laugh by imitating the cries of various animals. He finished off by squeaking so like a pig that the spectators thought that he had a porker concealed about him. But a Countryman who stood by said: "Call that a pig's squeak! Nothing like it. You give me till tomorrow and I will show you what it's like." The audience laughed, but next day, sure enough, the Countryman appeared on the stage, and putting his head down squealed so hideously that the spectators hissed and threw stones at him to make him stop. "You fools!" he cried, "see what you have been hissing," and help up a little pig whose ears he had been pinching to make him utter the squeals.

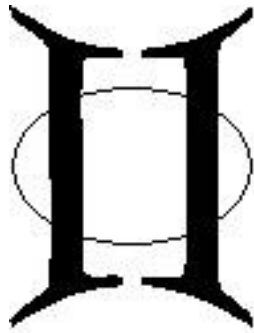
*Men often applaud an imitation, and hiss the real thing.*

## The Serpent and the File

A Serpent in the course of its wanderings came into an armourer's shop. As he glided over the floor he felt his skin pricked by a file lying there. In a rage he turned round upon it and fired to dart his fangs into it; but he could do no harm to heavy iron and had soon to give over his wrath.

*It is useless attacking the insensible.*

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# Green Book of Meditations Volume 3 Oriental and Monotheist Wisdom

I was not wholly satisfied with my second volume and I wished to further emulate Frangquist and Shelton in collecting a broad selection of instructional meditations from the world religions. Perhaps I should have practiced their silence? In any case, I spent a summer putting together this volume from my favorite books. I don't think I did as good a job as my predecessors, but I think that there are some fascinating pieces nestled inside this volume for you.

I don't have copyright permission on many of these articles. I am not making money off this deal, so I don't feel too bad about this. In fact, I consider it free advertising for the authors. It's probably best if people discovering this copy do not further distribute it. Use your judgment.

The original edition is much different from this one. The Zen Koans, Haiku & Christian Thoughts are the same, but I removed many selections from the Tao of Pooh and the Te of Piglet, because many represented the sole thoughts of Benjamin Hoff (a recent writer) and were not the retold timeless stories of old Taoists (which I kept in this volume). This amounted to about 5 pages being removed out of 40 from the Third Volume. I will put those removed selections into a file on the web-site for observing, but not for downloading. I have recently added all the selections in "Zen and the Gospel," "Scots Gaelic Poems," "Three Random Pieces," "Is God A Taoist?," "Wit and Wisdom of Islam" and "Various Other Quotes." The end result is a more diversity and intriguing stories and Druidical one-liners.

Please enjoy,

Michael Scharding  
Big River Grove, Saint Cloud Minnesota  
Day 88 of Geamreadh, Year XXXIII of the Reform  
January 28th, 1996 c.e.

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## Zen Harvest #710

The one  
Who's escaped the world  
To live in the mountains,  
If they are still weary,  
Where should they go?

## Zen Harvest #217

Today's praise,  
Tomorrow's abuse;  
It's the Human way.  
Weeping and Laughing...  
All utter lies.

# The Iron Flute

## A Zen Buddhist Collection of Koans

Editor's Note: A koan is a short parable or story in which a gleam of Buddhist wisdom is trapped. It is usually followed by short lectures that enlarge and explain further that wisdom. Several teachers comment on each of the following Koans. This book is available on open reserve.

## 34- Hsueh-feng Sees His Buddha-nature

A monk said to Hsueh-feng, "I understand that a person in the stage of Cravaka sees his Buddha-nature as he sees the moon at night, and a person in the stage of Bodhirattva sees her Buddha nature as he sees the sun at day. Tell me how you see your own Buddha-nature."

For answer Hsueh-feng gave the monk three blows with his stick. The monk went to another teacher, Yen-t'ou, and asked the same thing.

Yen-t'ou, slapped the monk three times.

**NYOGEN:** If a person studies Buddhism to escape the sufferings of the world, he finds that all suffering is caused by his own greed, anger, and ignorance. As he seeks to avoid these three poisons and to purify his heart, he may see his Buddha-nature as beautiful and as remote as a new moon, but most of the time he misses seeing even this. He is in the stage of Cravaka.

Another person studies Buddhism to save all sentient beings. He realizes the true nature of man, and sees Buddha-nature in every person without exception. Cloud, rain, and snow he sees with sadness, but he does not blame the sun, and at night he knows other parts of the earth have bright daylight. He knows that mankind destroys things foolishly, but can also create and build things wisely. He is a Bodhisattva.

The monk's first statements were all right, but if he really understood them, he would know better than to ask Hsueh-feng about his Buddha-nature. Hsueh-feng tried to bring the monk back from dreamland with his blows, but the monk took his dream to Yen-t'ou, where he received similar treatment. I can imagine his stupid, sleepy face!

## 10 Yueh-shan Holds It

The governor of a state asked Yueh-shan, "I understand that all beasts possess Sila (precepts), Dhjana (meditation) and Prajna (wisdom) Do you keep the precepts? Do you practice meditation? Have you attained wisdom?"

"This Poor monk has no such junk around here," Yueh-shan replied.

"You must have a very profound teaching" the governor said "but I do not understand it. "

"If you want to hold it," Yueh-shan continued, "you must climb the biggest mountain and sit on the summit or dive into the deepest sea and walk on the bottom. Since you cannot enter even your own bed without a burden on your mind, how can you grasp and hold my Zen?"

**NYOGEN:** When one keeps the precepts, he can meditate well; when his meditation becomes matured, he attains wisdom. Since these three, Sila, Dhyana, and Prajna, are interrelated and equally essential, no one of the three can be carried as an independent study. But the governor was trying to understand

the teaching as he might a civil-service examination. He himself had often selected men who might be deficient in one quality, provided that they were strong in another. What foolish questions to ask Yueh-shan! If a monk is deficient in the precepts, he cannot accomplish his meditation; if his meditation is not complete, he never attains true wisdom. He cannot specialize in any one of the three. Today there are Buddhist students who write books but never practice meditation or lead an ethical life and Zen masters" who lack many of the simpler virtues. Even though they shave their heads, wear yellow robes, and recite the sutras, they never know the true meaning of Dharma. What can you do with these imitators? The governor could not understand Yueh-shan's steep Zen, but when he admitted it, Yueh-shan saw there was hope and proceeded to give him some instruction.

**GENRO:** Yueh-shan uses the mountain and the sea as an illustration. If you cling to summit or bottom, you will create delusion. How can he hold "it" on the summit or the bottom? The highest summit must not have a top to sit on, and the greatest depth no place to set foot. Even this statement is not expressing the truth. What do you do then? (He turns to the monks.) Go out and work in the garden or chop wood.

**FOGAI:** Stop! Stop! Don't try to pull an unwilling cat over the carpet. She will scratch and make the matter worse.

**NYOGEN:** Now! How are you going to express it?

## 14- Pai-yun's Black and White

Pai-yun, a Zen master of the Sung Dynasty wrote a poem:

Where others dwell,  
I do not dwell.  
Where others go,  
I do not go.  
This does not mean to refuse  
Association with others;  
I only want to make  
Black and white distinct.

**NYOGEN:** Buddhists say that sameness without difference is sameness wrongly conceived and difference without sameness is difference wrongly conceived. My teacher, Shen Shaku, used to illustrate this beautifully, and Dr. D. T. Suzuki has put it into English: "Billows and waves and ripples all surging, swelling and ebbing, yet are they not so many different motions of the eternally self-same body of water?"

The moon is serenely shining in the sky, alone in all the heavens and the entire earth; but when she mirrors herself in the brilliant whiteness of evening dew, which appear like glittering pearls sown upon the earth, how wondrously numerous her images! Is not every one of them complete in its own fashion?"

Zen stays neither in assertion nor denial. It is like a steering wheel turning to the left or to the right to guide the vehicle onward. The master in this story was not insisting on his own course, but was warning students not to cling to one side or the other. He sought only to play the game of life fairly even though he knew the fact of non-individuality.

There are many lodges, clubs, and lecture halls, where all sorts of discourses are delivered, each speaker with an urgent message to give to his audience. You can attend these meetings and enjoy the different opinions and arguments, but I advise you to recall occasionally, "Where others dwell, I do not dwell. Where others go, I do not go." It may save you from nervous strain.

The koan also says, "This does not mean to refuse association with others." We can sympathize with different movements in the world without belonging to any of them. We can welcome visitors from any group and serve them tea, brimful of Zen. Each of you may come and go as you wish.

The koan ends, "I only wanted to make black and white clear." That is to say, we are without color.

## 40. The Dry Creek

A monk asked Hsueh-feng, "when the old creek of Zen dries out and there is not a drop of water left, what can I see there?" Hsueh-feng answered, "There is the bottomless water, which you cannot see." The monk asked again, "How can one drink that water?" Hsueh-feng replied, "He should not use his mouth to do it."

The monk later went to Chao-Chou and related the dialogue. Chao-Chou said, "If one cannot drink the water with his mouth, he also cannot take it through his nostrils." The monk then repeated the first question, "When the old creek of Zen dries out and there is not a drop of water, what can I see there?" Chao-Chou answered, "The water will taste as bitter as quinine." "What happens to one who drinks that water?" asked the monk. "He will lose his life" came the reply.

When Hsueh-feng heard of the dialogue, he paid homage to Chao-Chou saying, "Chao-Chou is a living Buddha. I should not answer any questions hereafter." From that time on he sent all newcomers to Chao-Chou.

**NYOGEN:** As long as there remains a faint trace of Zen, the creek has not been completely drained. Each person coming here brings his own particular tinge to add to the stream. When Chao-Chou referred to losing his life, he meant to lose one's self and enter Nirvana. A person who attempts to become a sage must pass through many difficulties, and even at the last he must quench his thirst with bitterness. If YOU do not mind these obstacles, I say, "Go to it."

## 98. Yueh-shan's Lake

Yueh-shan asked a newly-arrived monk, "Where have you come from?"

**FOGAI:** Are you enjoying the atmosphere?

The monk answered, "From the Southern Lake."

**FOGAI:** You give a glimpse of the lake view.

"Is the lake full or not?" inquired Yueh-shan.

**FOGAI:** Are you still interested in the lake?

"Not yet," the monk replied.

**FOGAI:** He glanced at the lake. "There has been so much rain, why isn't the lake filled?" Yueh-shan asked.

**FOGAI:** Yueh-shan invited the monk to see the lake, actually.

The monk remained silent

**FOGAI:** He must have Drowned.

**NYOGEN:** Zen monks like to dwell intimately with nature. Most Chinese monasteries were built in the mountains or by a lake. Zen records many dialogues between teacher and monks concerning natural beauty, but there must also be many monks who never asked questions, simply allowing themselves to merge with nature. They are the real supporters of Zen, better than the chatterboxes with all their noise in an empty box.

**GENRO:** If I were the monk, I would say to Yueh-shan, "I will wait until you have repaired the bottom."

**FOGAI:** It was fortunate the monk remained silent.

**NYOGEN:** Genro sometimes sounds like a shyster with unnecessary argument.

**GENRO:** The thread of Karma runs through all things;

{One can pick up anything as a koan.}

Recognition makes it a barricade.

[If you look behind there is no barricade.]

The poor monk asked about a lake

[Go on! jump in and swim!]

Made an imaginary road to heaven.

[Where are you standing?]

## 94. Living Alone

A monk came to Yun-chu and asked, "How can I live alone at the top of the mountain?"

**FOGAI:** You are lost in a cloud.

Yun-chu answered, "Why do you give up your Zen-do in the valley and climb the mountain?"

**FOGAI:** This is not the way to handle ghosts.

**NYOGEN:** American friends often ask me how to find the "quiet place to meditate." My usual answer is, "Can you not find a quiet spot in your home?" No matter how busy one's daily life is, he can find certain minutes in which to meditate and a certain place to sit quietly. Merely pining for a quiet place away from his own home is entirely wrong. This monk could not harmonize himself with other monks in the Zen-do and wished to live alone on a mountain peak. Even though Yun-chu cornered the monk with the question, no wonder Fogai thought Yun-chu too lukewarm in his method. If I were Yun-chu, I would demand that the monk tell me where he is at this moment. If he hesitated, I would push him out of the room immediately.

**GENRO:** If I were Yun-chu, I would say to the monk, "If you do not neglect your own Zen-do, I will allow you to stay on the mountain peak. But how can you stay on the mountain without neglecting your own Zen-do?"

**FOGAI:** Destroy that Zen-do and that mountain!

**NYOGEN:** Fogai is like an anarchist. I do not wish to associate with this radical monk. Genro's first remark is splendid. Why did he add the last? Look at my associates!

### 44. Nan-ch'uan Rejects Both A Monk and Layman

A monk came to Nan-Ch'uan, stood in front of him, and put both hands to his breast. Nan-Ch'uan said, "You are too much of a layman. The monk then placed his hands palm to palm. "You are too much of a monk," said Nan-Ch'uan. The monk could not say a word. When another teacher heard of this, he said to his monks, "If were the monk, I would free my hands and walk away backward."

**NYOGEN:** When the monk came for sanzen, he meant to express his freedom by not conforming to the rules of entering or leaving the Zen-do, but Nan-Ch'uan's first words jolted him so that he changed his attitude. Where was his freedom then? The world is filled with people who are "too much" of this or that, and there are those who think that by being iconoclastic they can express their freedom. They are all bound.

A free person does not display his freedom. He is free, and so passes almost unnoticed. Since he clings to nothing, rules and regulations never bother him. He may bow or walk backwards; it makes no difference.

**GENRO:** If I were Nan-Ch'uan, I would say to the monk, "You are too much of a dumb-bell," and to the master, who said he would free his hands and walk backward, "You are too much of a crazy man." True emancipation has nothing to hold to, no color to be seen, no sound to be heard.

A free man has nothing in his hands.

He never plans anything, but reacts according to others' actions.

Nan-Ch'uan was such a skillful teacher

He loosed the noose of the monk's own robe.

**NYOGEN:** Silas Hubbard once said, "As I grow older, I simplify both my science and my religion. Books mean less to me; prayers mean less; potions, pills and drugs mean less; but peace, friendship, love and a life of usefulness mean more . . . infinitely more."

Here we see a good American who learned Zen naturally in his old age. But why should one wait until he is old? Many people do not know how to free themselves from science and religion. The more they study science, the more they create destructive power. Their religions are mere outer garments too heavy where, they walk in the spring breeze.

Books are burdens to them and prayers but their beautiful excuses. They consume potions, pills, and drugs, but they do not decrease their sickness physically or mentally. If they really want peace, friendship, love, and a life of usefulness, they must empty their precious bags of dust and illusions to realize the spirit of freedom, the ideal of this country.

# Thoughts from Confucius

Editor's Notes: Confucius helped to stabilize the chaotic Chinese political scene by promoting a new "religion" based on honor and patriarchy. The term "benevolence" is the golden quality of the "gentleman" that is perhaps wisdom of attunement with the Way. The numbers refer to passages in The Analects, which are a collection of sayings of Confucius by his disciples and grand-disciples. I like the Penguin Classics edition of the Analects. I also recommend the writings of Mencius who further built on the Confucian tradition.

Tseng Tzu said, "Every day I examine myself on three counts. In what I have undertaken on another's behalf, have I failed to do my best? IN my dealings with my friends have I failed to be trustworthy in what I say? Have I passed on to others anything that I have not tired out myself?" (I:4)

When the Master went inside the Grand Temple, he asked questions about everything. Someone remarked, "Who said that the son of the man from Tsou understood the rites? When he went inside the Grand Temple, he asked questions about everything."

The Master, on hearing of this, said, "The asking of questions is in itself the correct rite." (III:15)

The Master said, "Virtue never stands alone. It is bound to have neighbours." (IV:25)

The Master said to Tzu-kung, "Who is the better man, you or Hui?"

"How dare I compare myself with Hui? When he is told one thing he understands ten. When I am told one thing I understand only two."

The Master said, "You are not as good as he is. Neither of us is as good as he is." (V:9)

The Master said, "You can tell those who are above average about the best, but not those who are below average." (VI:21)

The Master said, "I never enlighten anyone who has not been driven to distraction by trying to understand a difficulty or who has not got into a frenzy trying to put his ideas into words. When I have pointed out one corner of a square to anyone and he does not come back with the other three, I will not point it out to him a second time." (VII:8)

The Master said, "is benevolence really far away? No sooner do I desire it than it is here." (VII:30)

There were four things the Master refused to have anything to do with: he refused to entertain conjectures or insist on certainty; he refused to be inflexible or egotistical. (IX:4)

The Master said, "I have yet to meet the man who is as fond of virtue as he is of beauty in women." (IX:18)

The Master said, "As in the case of making a mound, if, before the very last basketful, I stop, then I shall have stopped. As in the case of leveling the ground, if, though tipping only one basketful, I am going forward, then I shall be making progress." (IX:19)

The Master said, "One cannot but give assent to exemplary words, but what is important is that one should rectify oneself. One cannot but be pleased with tactful words, but what is important is that one should reform oneself. I can do nothing

with the man who gives assent but does not rectify himself or the man who is pleased but does not reform himself." (IX:24)

The Master said, "Make it your guiding principle to do your best for others and to be trustworthy in what you say. Do not accept as friend anyone who is not as good as you. When you make a mistake do not be afraid of mending your ways." (IX:25)

The Master said, "The gentleman helps others to realize what is good in them; he does not help them to realize what is bad in them. The small man does the opposite." (XII:16)

Fan Chi'ih asked about wisdom. The Master said, "Know your fellow men." (XII:22)

Tzu-kung asked about how friends should be treated. The Master said, "Advise them to the best of your ability and guide them properly, but stop when there is no hope of success. Do not asked to be snubbed." (XII:23)

Tzeng Tzu said, "A gentleman makes friends through being cultivated, but looks to friends for support in benevolence." (XII:24)

The Master said, "The gentleman agrees with others without being an echo. The small man echoes without being in agreement." (XIII:23)

The Master said, "A man of virtue is sure to be the author of memorable sayings, but the author of memorable sayings is not necessarily virtuous. A benevolent man is sure to possess courage, but a courageous man does not necessarily possess benevolence." (XIV:4)

The Master said, "Men of antiquity studied to improve themselves; men today study to impress others." (XIV:24)

The Master said, "It is not the failure of others to appreciate your abilities that should trouble you, but rather your own lack of them." (XIV:30)

The Master said, "To fail to speak to a man who is capable of being benefited is to let a man go to waste. To speak to a man who is incapable of being benefited is to let one's words go to waste. A wise man let neither men nor words go to waste." (XV:8)

The Master said, "What the gentleman seeks, he seeks within himself; what the small man seeks, he seeks in others." (XV:21)

The Master said, "The gentleman is conscious of his own superiority without being contentious, and comes together with other gentlemen without forming cliques." (XV:22)

The gentleman is devoted to principle but not inflexible in small matters. In instruction there is no separation into categories. There is no point in people taking counsel together who follow different ways. It is enough that the language one uses gets the point across. (XV:37-41)

Confucius said, "Those who are born with knowledge are the highest. Next come those who attain knowledge through study. Next again come those who turn to study after having been vexed by difficulties. The common people, in so far as they make no effort to study even after having been vexed by difficulties, are the lowest." (XVI:9)

The Master said, "Yu, have you heard about the six qualities and the six attendant faults?" "No." "Be seated and I shall tell you. To love benevolence without loving learning is liable to lead to foolishness. To love cleverness without loving learning is liable to lead to deviation from the right path. To love trustworthiness in word without loving learning is liable to lead to harmful



behaviour. To love forthrightness without loving learning is liable to lead to intolerance. To love courage without loving learning is liable to lead to insubordination. To love unbending strength without loving learning is liable to lead to indiscipline." (XVII:8)

Tzu-hsia said, "A Man can, indeed, be said to be eager to learn who is conscious, in the course of a day, of what he lacks and who never forgets, in the course of a month, what he has mastered." (XIX:5)

Tzu-hsia said, " Learn widely and be steadfast in your purpose, inquire earnestly and reflect on what is at hand, and there is no need for you to look of benevolence elsewhere." (XIX:6)

## Haiku Collection

Editor's Note: The next section of this collection is taken from *A Zen Harvest* (LOC# BQ 9267 .Z48 1988) by Soiku Shigematsu.

Each time wishing  
Beforehand to talk it out  
I've never parted from You  
Without feeling many words  
Unspoken...1.

Autumn coming-  
It's almost unnoticed, but  
I feel its  
Invisible arrival  
In the rustling winds. 3.

Rain, hail,  
Snow, ice:  
All Different, but  
They finally meld into  
One valley stream. 19.

Over the pond  
Every night the moon  
Casts its light.  
But the water won't be soiled;  
The moon won't either. 44.

Nothing seems  
So transient as  
Human life:  
The dew on the petal  
Of the morning glory. 64

Should the moon  
Distinguish  
Rich and poor,  
It would never brighten  
A poor man's hut. 70.

White face, yellow face,  
Ugly or beautiful: it's  
Hard to change.  
But our mind can be changed,  
So set it right. 72.

By their colors  
Flowers attract us, but  
Soon they fade, fall, and  
Finally turn into dust. 74.

To be born  
And be unborn is one thing:  
Penetrate this fact.  
Death is  
Illusion. 91

Yes or no,  
Good or bad, all  
Arguments are gone:  
More beautiful tunes come  
From pine winds on the hills. 94.

Life is one rest

On the way back from Illusion  
To Nirvana;  
Let it rain if it rains!  
Let winds blow if they blow! 101.

I really love  
My barrel-making job;  
Connecting each board into  
One round barrel. 113.

Walk on deliberately  
And you'll surely see the world  
Beyond the thousand miles,  
Even if you walk  
As slow as a cow. 114.

How regrettable!  
Never  
To return:  
Days and months, flowing water,  
And Human lives! 120.

Mistaken if you  
Think you see the moon  
With your own eyes:  
You see it with  
The light it sheds. 130.

Wisdom, if you  
Devise it, is  
False;  
The true wisdom is  
What you never know. 131.

No hesitation anymore!  
Having given it all up,  
I'm quite ready  
To die..... 143.

No parents, no friends,  
No children, no wife,  
How lonely!  
I would rather  
Die! 149.

No parents,  
No wife,  
No children,  
No job, no money;  
But, no death, thank you. 150.

The wind is you breath;  
The open sky, your mind;  
The sun, your eye;  
Seas and mountains,  
Your whole body. 166.

What shall I leave as  
A keepsake after I die?  
In spring, flowers;  
Summer, cuckoos;  
Fall, red maple leaves;  
Winter, snow. 169.

Woman and man:  
They look different  
But inside

Their skeletons are  
Almost the same. 189.

Were our skins peeled off,  
Yours and mine,  
Which is you, Which is I? 190.

Cold moon:  
Sounds of the bridge  
As I walk alone. 191.

Duty and humanity  
Are often incompatible:  
The road forks  
But my body is one. 219.

In the dark  
I lost sight of  
my shadow;  
I've found it again  
By the fire I lit. 235.

Coming out of darkness  
I'm likely to enter  
The Darker path again.  
Shine far all over,  
Moon on the Mountain edge. 236.

As I stumble on the slope,  
My lantern has gone out;  
I'm treading all alone  
In complete darkness. 282.

When the lantern goes out,  
Where, I wonder, does  
Its light go?  
Darkness is my own  
Original house. 408

Love too  
Is  
Rooted in  
Piss  
And shit. 245

Make your mind  
Flexible as water:  
Now square,  
Now roundup to  
The shape of the bowl. 264.

Feeling helpless, I go out  
To meet the moon  
Only to find every mountain  
Veiled with cloud. 268

Never regard this world as  
The only one;  
The next world  
And the one after the next...  
All the worlds are here now. 275

Everyone admires  
Beautiful flowers in bloom,  
But the ones who know  
Visit them  
After they've fallen. 284

Even strong winds are  
Weakened by  
Obedient willow twigs;  
They'll never  
Be broken in the storm. 308

Reverence is  
The source of divine favors;  
Without it,  
Buddhas and wooden clogs are  
Only pieces of wood. 322

Good and bad, are the  
Reflections in the mirror:  
Watch them closely  
And you'll know they're  
Nothing but yourself. 334

Your parents,  
Grandparents....  
All constituted in Yourself.  
Love yourself,  
Revere yourself. 374

Moonlight  
The Four Gates and Four Schools  
Are nothing but one. 386

Whilst everyone  
Washes their dirty  
Hands and feet,  
Few remove  
Stains from their minds. 395

Even in the dew  
On the tiny blade  
Of some nameless grass,  
The moon  
Will show herself. 420

We wish  
Our lives were long  
While our hair's  
Growing long  
Is a nuisance. 423

A person who  
Does everything as it  
Naturally goes  
Gets along easily in  
This world and the next. 445

Everything is  
A lie in this world  
Because even  
Death isn't so. 451

The moon reflects  
Even on dirty water;  
This realized,  
Our mind clears up. 461

When the water  
In your mind  
Clears up  
Calm stars can be seen

Reflected on it. 462

Someone else's question,  
Somehow  
You can answer;  
But, your mind's question,  
How can you answer? 538

The jewel  
Is in your bosom;  
Why look for it  
Somewhere  
Else? 557

Push aside  
Those leaves heaped on  
The Old Path;  
You'll see the invisible footprints  
Of the Sun Goddess. 568

Pine trees in the wind  
Don't break;  
They always scatter  
The snow before it's  
Too heavy for their branches. 569

Pine winds,  
Moonlight on the field grasses  
Are all that I have:  
Besides,  
No visitors. 593

So the full moon is admired  
Like a well-rounded mind  
But once it was a  
Sharp-edged crescent. 603

Be round,  
Thoroughly round,  
Human mind!  
Square minds  
Often scratch. 604

You may try to be round,  
But keep one corner,  
O mind,  
Otherwise you'll  
Slip and roll away. 605

While faithfully throwing their  
Shadows to the water,  
Flirting with the wind:  
Willows by the river. 615

No sound is heard  
In the creeks where  
Waters run deep;  
Shallow streams  
Always splash. 618

The man  
Who's escaped the world  
To live in the mountains,  
If he's still weary,  
Where should he go? 710

# The Tao of Pooh

(A must buy by Benjamin Hoff)

## The Stone Cutter, pg. 118

There was once a stonecutter, who was dissatisfied with himself and his position in life.

"One day, he passed a wealthy merchant's house, and through the open gateway, saw many fine possessions and important visitors. "How powerful that merchant must be" thought the stonecutter. He became very envious, and wished that he could be like the merchant. Then he would no longer have to live the life of a mere stonecutter.

To his great surprise, he suddenly became the merchant, enjoying more luxuries and power than he had ever dreamed of, envied and detested by those less wealthy than himself. But soon a high official passed by, carried in a sedan chair, accompanied by attendants, and escorted by soldiers beating gongs. Everyone, no matter how wealthy, had to bow low before the procession. "How powerful that official is" he thought. "I wish that I could be a high official!"

Then he became the high official, carried everywhere in his embroidered sedan chair, feared and hated by the people all around, who had to bow down before him as he passed. It was a hot summer day, and the official felt very uncomfortable in the sticky sedan chair. He looked up at the sun. It shone proudly in the sky, unaffected by his presence. "How powerful the sun is" he thought. "I wish that I could be the sun!"

Then he became the sun, shining fiercely down on everyone, scorching the fields, cursed by the farmers and laborers. But a huge black cloud moved between him and the earth, so that his light could no longer shine on everything below. "How powerful that storm cloud is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be a cloud!"

Then he became the cloud, flooding the fields and villages, shouted at by everyone. But soon he found that he was being pushed away by some great force, and realized that it was the wind. "How powerful it is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be, the wind!"

Then he became the wind, blowing tiles off the roofs of houses, uprooting trees, hated and feared by all below him. But after a while, he ran up against something that would not move, no matter how forcefully he blew against its huge, towering stone. "How powerful that stone is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be a stone!" Then he became the stone, more powerful than anything else on earth. But as he stood there, he heard the sound of a hammer pounding a chisel into the solid rock, and felt himself being changed. "What could be more powerful than I, the stone?" he thought. He looked down and saw far below him the figure of a stonecutter.

## The Cork, The Tao of Pooh pg. 88

The Wu Wei principle underlying Tai Chi Ch'uan can be understood by striking at a piece of cork floating in water. The harder you hit it, the more it yields; the more it yields, the harder it bounces back. Without expending energy, the cork can easily wear you out. So, Wu Wei overcomes force by neutralizing its power, rather than by adding to the conflict. With other approaches, you may fight fire with fire, but with Wu Wei you fight fire with water.

# The Te of Piglet

(a must buy by Benjamin Hoff)

## Making the Best of It, pg. 234

It is fitting that for centuries Taoists have been associated with magic, as Taoism is, on one level or another, a form of magic, a very practical form, perhaps, but magic all the same. Here we will briefly describe two secrets of that magic, two principles of Taoist transformation that may prove useful in the coming years. The first is Turn the Negative into Positive. The second is Attract Positive with Positive. Unlike some other Taoist secrets, there is little danger of these principles falling into the Wrong Hands; because in the wrong hands, they won't work. We might add that they work best for Piglets.

Turn the Negative into Positive is a principle well known in the Taoist martial arts. Using it for self-defense, you turn your attacker's power to your benefit by deflecting it back at him. In effect, he swings his fist and hits himself in the face. And after a while, if he has any intelligence at all, he stops and leaves you alone. Transforming negative into positive, you work with whatever comes your way. If others throw bricks at you, build a house. If they throw tomatoes, start a vegetable stand.

You can often change a situation simply by changing your attitude toward it. For example, a Traffic Jam can be turned into an Opportunity to Think, or Converse, or Read or Write a Letter. When we give up our images of self-importance and our ideas of what should be, we can help things become what they need to be.

## The Naval Treaty, pg. 254

"There is nothing in which deduction is so necessary as in religion," said he, leaning with his back against the shutters. "It can be built up as an exact science by the reasoner. Our highest assurance of the goodness of Providence seems to me to rest in the flowers. All other things, our Powers; our desires, our food, are all really necessary for our existence in the first instance. But this rose is an extra. Its smell and its colour are an embellishment of life, not a condition of it. It is only goodness which gives extras, and so I say again that we have much to hope from the flowers."

## The Emperor's Horses, pg. 196

"A Great man retains a child's mind." And, as the following story by Chuang-tse shows, the great man respects the child's mind, as well:

Accompanied by six of his wisest men, the Yellow Emperor journeyed to Chu-T'zu Mountain, to speak to the mystic Ta Kuei. In the wilderness of Hsiang Ch'eng, the procession lost its way. After wandering for some time, the men came upon a boy tending horses.

"Do you know the way to Chu-T'zu Mountain?" they asked him.

"I do," the boy replied.

"In that case," they said, "would you know where we might find the hidden dwelling of the hermit Ta Kuei?"

"Yes," he answered, "I can tell you."

"What a fascinating child!" said the emperor to his companions. "He knows this much" He stepped from his chariot. "Let me test him," and called the boy to him.

"Tell me, said the Yellow Emperor. "If you were in charge of the empire, how would you go about ruling it?"

"I know only the tending of horses," the boy replied. "Is ruling the empire any different from that?"

Not satisfied, the emperor questioned him again. "I realize that governing is hardly your concern. Still, I would like to know if you have ever had any thoughts about it."

The boy did not answer. The emperor asked him once more. The boy replied by asking,

"Is governing the empire different from tending horses?"

"Explain the tending of horses," said the Yellow Emperor, "and I will tell you."

"When taking care of horses," said the boy, "we make sure that no harm comes to them. In doing so, we put aside anything within ourselves that would injure them. Can ruling a nation differ from that?"

The Yellow Emperor bowed his head twice to the ground. "Heavenly Master" he exclaimed.

## Incognito, pg. 186

The word for Taoist sensitivity is Cooperate. As Lao-tse wrote, "The skilled walker leaves no trace nor trackshe is sensitive to (and therefore respectful toward) his surroundings and works with the natural laws that govern them. Like a chameleon, he blends in with What's There. And he does this through the awareness that comes from reducing the Ego to nothing. As Chuang-tse put it:

"To him who dwells not in himself, the forms of things reveal themselves as they are. He moves like water, reflects like a mirror, responds like an echo. His lightness makes him seem to disappear. Still as a clear lake, he is harmonious in his relations with those around him, and remains so through profit and loss. He does not precede others, but follows them instead."

The Taoist alchemist and herbalist Ko Hung described one of the benefits of non-egotistical awareness: contentment.

"The contented man can be happy with what appears to be useless. He can find worthwhile occupation in forests and mountains. He stays in a small cottage and associates with the simple. He would not exchange his worn clothes for the imperial robes, nor the load on his back for a four-horse carriage. He leaves the jade in the mountain and the pearls in the sea. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, he can be happy-he knows when to stop. He does not pick the brief blossoming flower; he does not travel the dangerous road. To him, the ten thousand possessions are dust in the wind. He sings as he travels among the green mountains.

He finds sheltering branches more comforting than red-gated mansions, the plow in his hands more rewarding than the Prestige of titles and banners, fresh mountain water more satisfying than the feasts of the wealthy. He acts in true freedom. What can competition for honors mean to him? What attraction can anxiety and greed possibly hold? Through simplicity he has Tao, and from Tao, everything. Else comes; the light in the "darkness," the clear in the "cloudy," the speed in the "slowness," the full in the "empty."

The cook creating a meal with his own hands has as much honor in his eyes as a famous singer or high official. He has no profits to gain, no salary to lose; no applause, no criticism. When he looks up, it is not in envy. When he looks down, it is not with arrogance. Many look at him, but nobody sees him.

Calm and detached, he is free from all danger, a dragon hidden among men.

## I Have Three Treasures, pg. 220

I have three treasures, Which I guard and keep.  
The first is compassion.  
The second is economy.  
The third is humility.

From compassion comes courage.  
From economy, comes the means to be generous.  
From humility comes responsible leadership.

Today, men have discarded compassion in order to be bold.  
They have abandoned economy in order to be big spenders.  
They have rejected humility in order to be first.

This is the road to death.

## Fantasies, pg. 132

The fearful fantasies we have inherited have conditioned us to believe that we need to be protected from the natural world, Better Living Through Heavy Industry, and so on. In reality, as anyone ought to be able to see by now, the natural world needs to be protected from us. Its wisdom needs to be recognized, respected, and understood by us, and not merely viewed through the distorted lenses of our illusions about it. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle cautioned, through his character.

"One's ideas must be as broad as Nature if they are to interpret Nature," and "When one tries to rise above Nature one is liable to fall below it."

## Live, But Live Well, pg. 155

Taoism is not the reject-the-physical-world theory of living that some scholars (and a few Taoists) would have others believe. Even Lao-tse, the most reclusive of Taoist writers, wrote, "Honor all under Heaven as your body." To a Taoist, a reject-the-physical-world approach would be an extremist absurdity, impossible to live without dying. Instead, a Taoist might say: Carefully observe the natural laws in operation in the world around you, and live by them. From following them, you will learn the morality of modesty, moderation, compassion, and consideration (not just one society's rules and regulations), the wisdom of seeing things as they are (not of merely collecting "facts" about them) and the happiness of being in harmony, with the Way (which has nothing to do with self-righteous "spiritual" obsessions and fanaticism). And you will live lightly, spontaneously, and effortlessly.

## Illusions, pg. 109

We will begin our examination of illusions with a narrative concerning the Perception of illusions, which show that It All Depends on How One Looks at Things. The first is by the Tao writer Lieh-tse:

"A man noticed that his axe was missing. Then he saw the neighbor's son pass by. The boy looked like a thief, walked like a thief, behaved like a thief. Later that day, the man found his axe where he had left it the day before. The next time he saw the neighbor's son, the boy looked, walked, and behaved like an honest, ordinary boy."

## The Samurai's Late Supper, pg. 96

A certain samurai had a reputation for hot-tempered behavior. A Zen master known for his excellent cooking, decided that the warrior needed to be taught a lesson before he became any more dangerous. He invited the samurai to dinner.

The samurai arrived at the appointed time. Zen master told him to make himself comfortable while he finished preparing the food. A long time passed. The samurai waited impatiently. After a while, he called out: "Zen Master-have you forgotten me?"

The Zen master came out of the kitchen. "I am very sorry," he said. "Dinner is taking longer to prepare than I had thought." He went back to the kitchen.

A long time passed. The samurai sat, growing hungrier by the minute. At last he called out, a little softer this time: "Zen Master-please. When will my dinner be served?"

The Zen master came out of the kitchen. "I am truly sorry. There has been a further delay. It won't be much longer." He went back to the kitchen.

A long time passed. Finally, the samurai couldn't endure the waiting any longer. He rose to his feet, chagrined and ravenously hungry. Just then, the Zen master entered the room with a tray of food. First he served miso shiru (soybean soup).

The samurai gratefully drank the soybean soup up, enchanted by its flavor. "Oh, Zen Master," he exclaimed, "this is the finest miso shiru I have ever tasted! You truly deserve your reputation as an expert cook!"

"It's nothing," replied the Zen master, modestly. "Only miso shiru."

The samurai set down his empty bowl. "Truly magical soup! What secret spices did you use to bring out the flavor?"

"Nothing special," the Zen master replied.

"No, no I insist. The soup is extraordinarily delicious!"

"Well, there is one thing

"I knew it!" exclaimed the samurai, eagerly leaning forward. "There had to be something to make it taste so good! Tell me-what is it?"

The Zen master softly spoke: "It took time," he said.

## Gospel According to Zen

Editor's Note: This collection of sayings was taken from a book called *The Gospel According to Zen: Beyond the Death of God* edited by Robert Sohl in 1970. I highly recommend the book to you.

### Three Sayings of Jesus

Jesus said to his disciples: Make comparisons; tell me what I am like.

Simon Peter said to him: You are like a just angel.

Matthew said to him: You are like a wise philosopher.

Thomas said to him: Master, my mouth will in no way endure my saying what you are like.

Jesus said: I am not your master.

Jesus said: Let him who seeks not cease his seeking until he find;

and when he find, he will be troubled,

and if he is troubled, he will marvel,

and will be a king over All.

Jesus said:

I m the light which is over everything.

I am the All;

from me the All has gone forth,

and to me the All has returned.

Split wood: I am there.

Lift up the stone, and you will find me there.

### Gasán and the Bible

A university student while visiting Gasán asked him: "Have you ever read the Christian Bible?" "No, read it to me," said Gasán.

The student opened the Bible and read from St. Matthew: "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these... Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

Gasán said: "Whoever uttered those words I consider an enlightened man."

The student continued reading: "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you. For everyone that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

Gasán remarked: "That is excellent. Whoever said that is not far from Buddhahood."

### Stringless Harps

Men know how to read printed books, they do not know how to read the unprinted ones. They can play on a stringed harp, but not on a stringless one. Applying themselves to the superficial instead of the profound, how should they understand music or poetry?

### Eat when you are Hungry

The Zen sect says, "When you are hungry, eat; when you are weary, sleep." Poetry aims at the description in common language of beautiful scenery. The sublime is contained in the ordinary, the hardest in the easiest. What is self-conscious and ulterior is far from the truth; what is mindless is near.

## Sporting Fishes

If your heart is without stormy waves, everywhere are blue mountains and green trees. If our real nature is creative like nature itself, wherever we may be, we see that all things are free like sporting fishes and circling kites.

## The Empty Boat

Suppose a boat is crossing a river and another boat, an empty one, is about to collide with it. Even an irritable man would not lose his temper. But suppose there was someone in the second boat. Then the occupant of the first would shout to him to keep clear. And if he did not hear the first time, nor even when called to three times, bad language would inevitably follow. In the first case there was no anger, in the second there was because in the first case the boat was empty, in the second it was occupied. And so it is with man. If he could only pass empty through life, who would be able to injure him?

## Three in the Morning

What is meant by "Three in the Morning"? In Sung there was a keeper of monkeys. Bad times came and he was obliged to tell them that he must reduce their ration of nuts. "It will be three in the morning and four in the evening," he said. The monkeys were furious. "Very well then," he said, "you shall have four in the morning and three in the evening." The monkeys accepted with delight.

## Zen Archery

One day Heiko Sensei led his student, Ito, up to the top of a cliff. The waves crashed against the base of the cliff, several hundred feet below. Heiko took up a bow and set up a target 50 yards away.

"Let's have a contest," he told the student.

Ito fired an arrow and hit the red bull's-eye on the target.

"Not bad," the Master replied. Heiko Sensei took the bow and then fired an arrow into sky as high as it could go and it landed hundreds of yards away in the ocean. He exclaimed loudly, "Bull's-eye!"

## Meshing Nets

"As a net is made up of a series of ties, so everything in this world is connected by a series of ties. If anyone thinks that the mesh of a net is an independent, isolated thing, he is mistaken. It is called a net because it is made up of a series of interconnected meshes, and each mesh has its place and responsibility in relation to other meshes." -The Buddha

# The Butterflies of Chuang Tzu

Editor's Note: I used Burton Watson's translations found in *Chuang Tzu: The Basic Writings* published by Columbia University Press in 1964. Chuang Tzu was a Taoist contemporary of Confucianist Mencius and lived in the 4th Century before the Common Era. The central themes of his writings are freedom, the pointlessness of words and a Zen-like humor.

## The Dream

Once Chuang Chou dreamt that he was a butterfly, a butterfly flitting and fluttering around, happy with himself and doing as he pleased. He didn't know he was Chuang Chou. Suddenly he woke up and there he was, solid and unmistakable Chuang Chou. But he didn't know if he was Chuang Chou who had dreamt he was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming he was Chuang Chou.

## What is Acceptable?

What is acceptable we call acceptable; what is unacceptable we call unacceptable. A road is made by people walking on it, and thusly things are so because they are called so. What makes them so? Making them so makes them so. What makes them not so? Making them not so makes them not so. Things all must have that which is so and things all must have that which is acceptable. There is nothing that is not so, nothing that is not acceptable.

## The Argument

Suppose you and I have had an argument. If you have beaten me instead of my beating you, then are you necessarily right and am I necessarily wrong? If I have beaten you instead of your beating me, then am I necessarily right and are you necessarily wrong? Is one of us right and the other wrong? Are both of us right or are both of us wrong? If you and I don't know the answer, then other people are bound to be even more in the dark. Whom shall we get to decide what is right? Shall we get someone who agrees with you to decide? But if he already agrees with you, how can he decide fairly? Shall we get someone who agrees with me? But if he already agrees with me, how can he decide? Shall we get someone who disagrees with both of us? But if he already disagrees with both of us, how can he decide? Shall we get someone who agrees with both of us? But if he already agrees with both of us, how can he decide? Obviously, then, neither you nor I nor anyone else can know the answer. Shall we wait for still another person?

But waiting for one shifting voice to pass judgment on another is the same as waiting for none of them. Harmonize them all with the Heavenly Equality, leave them to their endless changes, and so live out your years. What do I mean by harmonizing them with the Heavenly Equality? Right is not right; so is not so. If right were really right, it would differ so clearly from not right that there would be no need for argument. If so were really so, it would differ so clearly from not so that there would be no need for argument. Forget the years; forget distinctions. Leap into the boundless and make it your home!

## Happy Fish

Chuang Tzu and Hui Tzu were strolling along the dam of the Hao River when Chuang Tzu said, "See how the minnows come out and dart around where they please! That's what fish really enjoy!"

Hui Tzu said, "You're not a fish, so how do you know what fish enjoy?"

Chuang Tzu said, "You're not I, so how do you know I don't know what fish enjoy?"

Hui Tzu said, "I'm not you, so I certainly don't know what you know. On the other hand, you're certainly not a fish, so that still proves you don't know what fish enjoy!"

Chuang Tzu said, "Let's go back to your original question, please. You asked me how I know what fish enjoy, so you already knew I knew it when you asked the question. I know it by standing here beside the Hao River."

## Seven Openings

The emperor of the South Sea was called Shu (Brief), the emperor of the North Sea was called Hu (Sudden), and the emperor of the central region was called Hun-tun (Chaos). Shu and Hu from time to time came together for a meeting in the territory of Hun-tun, and Hun-tun treated them very generously. Shu and Hu discussed how they could repay his kindness. "All men," they said, "have seven openings in their head so they can see, hear, eat, and breathe. But Hun-tun alone doesn't have any. Let's try boring him some!"

Every day they bored another hole, and on the seventh day Hun-tun died.

## Look Under Your Feet

Master Tung-Kuo asked Chuang Tzu, "This thing called the Way-where does it exist?"

Chuang Tzu said, "There's no place it doesn't exist."

"Come," said Master Tung-kuo, "you must be more specific!"

"It is in the ant."

"As low a thing as that?"

"It is in the panic grass."

"But that is lower still!"

"It is in the tiles and shards."

"How can it be so low?"

"It is in the piss and shit."

## The Sacred Tortoise

Once, when Chuang Tzu was fishing in the P'u River, the kind of Ch'u sent two officials to go and announce to him: "I would like to trouble you with the administration of my realm."

Chuang Tzu held on to the fishing pole and, without turning his head, said, "I have heard that there is a sacred tortoise in Ch'u that has been dead for three thousand years. The king keeps it wrapped in cloth and boxed, and stores it in the ancestral temple. Now would you this tortoise rather be dead and have its bone left behind and honored? Or would it rather be alive and dragging its tail in the mud?"

It would rather be alive and dragging its tail in the mud," said the two officials.

Chuang Tzu said, "Go away! I'll drag my tail in the mud!"

## The Frog in the Well

Have you ever heard about the frog in the caved-in well? He said to the great turtle of the Eastern Sea, "What fun I have! I come out and hop around the railing of the well, or I go back in and take a rest in the wall where a tile has fallen out. When I dive into the water, I let it hold me up under the armpits and support my chin, and when I slip about in the mud, I bury my feet in it and let it come up over my ankles. I look around at the mosquito larvae and the crab and polliwogs and I see that none of them can match me. To have complete command of the water of one whole valley and to monopolize all the joys of a caved-in well, this is the best there is! Why don't you come some time and see for yourself?"

But before the great turtle of the Eastern Sea had even gotten his left foot in the well his right knee was already wedged fast. He backed out and withdrew a little, and then began to describe the sea. "A distance of a thousand li cannot indicate its greatness; a depth of a thousand fathoms cannot express how deep it is. In the time of Yu there were floods for nine years out of ten, and yet its waters never rose. In the time of T'ang there were droughts for seven years out of eight, and yet its shores never receded. Never to alter or shift, whether for an instant or an eternity; never to advance or recede, whether the quantity of water flowing in is great or small; this is the great delight of the Eastern Sea!"

When the frog in the caved-in well heard this, he was completely at a loss.

## The Caged Sea-bird

Once a sea bird alighted in the suburbs of the Lu capital. The marquis of Lu escorted it to the ancestral temple, where he entertained it, performing the Nine Shao music for it to listen to and presenting it with the meat of the T'ai-lao sacrifice to feast on. But the bird only looked dazed and forlorn, refusing to eat a single slice of meat or drink a cup of wine, and in three days it was dead. This is to try to nourish a bird with what would nourish you instead of what would nourish a bird. If you want to nourish a bird with what nourishes a bird, then you should let it roost in the deep forest, play among the banks and islands, float on the rivers and lakes, eat mudfish and minnows, follow the rest of the flock in flight and rest, and live any way it chooses. A bird hates to hear even the sound of human voices, much less all that hubbub and to-do. Try performing the Hsien-ch'ih and Nine Shao music in the wilds around Lake Tung-t'ing. When the birds hear it they will fly off, when the animals hear it they will run away, when the fish hear it they will dive to the bottom. Only the people who hear it will gather around to listen. Fish live in water and thrive, but if men tried to live in water they would die. Creatures differ because they have different likes and dislikes. Therefore the former sages never required the same ability from all creatures or made them all do the same thing. Names should stop when they have expressed reality, concepts of right should be founded on what is suitable. This is what it means to have command of reason and good fortune to support you.

## Swimming Boatmen

Yen Yuan said to Confucius, "I crossed the gulf at Goblet Deeps and the ferryman handled the boat with supernatural skill. I asked him, 'Can a person learn how to handle a boat?' and he replied, 'Certainly. A good swimmer has acquired his ability through repeated practice. And, if a man can swim under water, he may never have seen a boat before and still he'll know how to



handle it! I asked him what he meant by that, but he wouldn't tell me. May I venture to ask you what it means?"

Confucius said, "A good swimmer has acquired his ability through repeated practice, that means he's forgotten the water. If a man can swim under water, he may never have seen a boat before and still he'll know how to handle it. That's because he sees the water as so much dry land, and regards the capsizing of a boat as he would the overturning of a cart. The ten thousand things may all be capsizing and turning over at the same time right in front of him and it can't get at him and affect what's inside; so where could he go and not be at ease.

"When you're betting for tiles in an archery contest, you shoot with skill. When you're betting for fancy belt buckles, you worry about your aim. And when you're betting for real gold, you're a nervous wreck. Your skill is the same in all three cases, but because one prize means more to you than another, you let outside considerations weigh on your mind. He who looks too hard at the outside gets clumsy on the inside."

## Old Man Falls into Water

Confucius was seeing the sights at Lu-liang, where the water falls from a height of thirty fathoms and races and boils along for forty li, so swift that no fish or other water creature can swim in it. He saw a man fall into the water and, supposing that the man was in some kind of trouble and intended to end his life, he ordered his disciples to line up on the bank and pull the man out. But after the man had gone a couple of hundred paces, he came out of the water and began strolling along the base on the embankment, his hair streaming down, singing a song. Confucius ran after him and said, "At first I thought you were a ghost, but now I see you're a man. May I ask if you have some special way of staying afloat in the water?"

The old man replied, "I have no way. I began with what I was used to, grew up with my nature, and let things come to completion with fate. I go under with the swirls and come out with the eddies, following along the way the water goes and never thinking about myself. That's how I can stay afloat."

## Is God a Taoist?

by Raymond M. Smullyan in *The Tao is Silent* 1977 publ. by Harper Collins

**Mortal:** And therefore, O God, I pray thee, if thou hast one ounce of mercy for this thy suffering creature, absolve me of having to have free will!

**God:** You reject the greatest gift I have given thee?

**Mortal:** How can you call that which was forced on me a gift? I have free will, but not of my own choice. I have never freely chosen to have free will. I have to have free will, whether I like it or not!

**God:** Why would you wish not to have free will?

**Mortal:** Because free will means moral responsibility, and moral responsibility is more than I can bear!

**God:** Why do you find moral responsibility so unbearable?

**Mortal:** Why? I honestly can't analyze why; all I know is that I do.

**God:** All right, in that case suppose I absolve you from all moral responsibility but leave you still with free will. Will this be satisfactory?

**Mortal:** (after a pause) No, I am afraid not.

**God:** Ah, just as I thought! So moral responsibility is not the only aspect of free will to which you object. What else about free will is bothering you?

**Mortal:** With free will I am capable of sinning, and I don't want to sin!

**God:** If you don't want to sin, then why do you?

**Mortal:** Good God! I don't know why I sin, I just do! Evil temptations come along, and try as I can, I cannot resist them.

**God:** If it is really true that you cannot resist them, then you are not sinning of your own free will and hence (at least according to me) not sinning at all.

**Mortal:** No, no! I keep feeling that if only I tried harder I could avoid sinning. I understand that the will is infinite. If one wholeheartedly wills not to sin, then one won't.

**God:** Well now, you should know. Do you try as hard as you can to avoid sinning or don't you?

**Mortal:** I honestly don't know! At the time, I feel I am trying as hard as I can, but in retrospect, I am worried that maybe I didn't!

**God:** So in other words, you don't really know whether or not you have been sinning. So the possibility is open that you haven't been sinning at all!

**Mortal:** Of course this possibility is open, but maybe I have been sinning, and this thought is what so frightens me!

**God:** Why does the thought of your sinning frighten you?

**Mortal:** I don't know why! For one thing, you do have a reputation for meting out rather gruesome punishments in the afterlife!

**God:** Oh, that's what's bothering you! Why didn't you say so in the first place instead of all this peripheral talk about free will and responsibility? Why didn't you simply request me not to punish you for any of your sins?

**Mortal:** I think I am realistic enough to know that you would hardly grant such a request!

**God:** You don't say! You have a realistic knowledge of what requests I will grant, eh? Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do! I will grant you a very, very special dispensation to sin as much as you like, and I give you my divine word of honor that I will never punish you for it in the least. Agreed?

**Mortal:** (in great terror) No, no, don't do that!

**God:** Why not? Don't you trust my divine word?

**Mortal:** Of course I do! But don't you see, I don't want to sin! I have an utter abhorrence of sinning, quite apart from any punishments it may entail.

**God:** In that case, I'll go you one better. I'll remove your abhorrence of sinning. Here is a magic pill! Just swallow it, and you will lose all abhorrence of sinning. You will joyfully and merrily sin away, you will have no regrets, no abhorrence and I still promise you will never be punished by me, or yourself, or by any source whatever. You will be blissful for all eternity. So here is the pill!

**Mortal:** No, no!

**God:** Are you not being irrational? I am even removing your abhorrence of sin, which is your last obstacle.

**Mortal:** I still won't take it!

**God:** Why not?

**Mortal:** I believe that the pill will indeed remove my future abhorrence for sin, but my present abhorrence is enough to prevent me from being willing to take it.

**God:** I command you to take it!

**Mortal:** I refuse!

**God:** What, you refuse of your own free will?

**Mortal:** Yes!

**God:** So it seems that your free will comes in pretty handy, doesn't it?

**Mortal:** I don't understand!

**God:** Are you not glad now that you have free will to refuse such a ghastly offer? How would you like it if I forced you to take this pill, whether you wanted it or not?

**Mortal:** No, no! Please don't!

**God:** Of course I won't; I'm just trying to illustrate a point. All right, let me put it this way. Instead of forcing you to take the pill, suppose I grant your original prayer of removing your free will, but with the understanding that the moment you are no longer free, then you will take the pill.

**Mortal:** Once my will is gone, how could I possibly choose to take the pill?

**God:** I did not say you would choose it; I merely said you would take it. You would act, let us say, according to purely deterministic law which are such that you would as a matter of fact take it.

**Mortal:** I still refuse.

**God:** So you refuse my offer to remove your free will. This is rather different from your original prayer, isn't it?

**Mortal:** Now I see what you are up to. Your argument is ingenious, but I'm not sure it is really correct. There are some points we will have to go over again.

**God:** Certainly.

**Mortal:** There are two things you said which seem contradictory to me. First you said that one cannot sin unless one does so of one's own free will. But then you said you would give me a pill, which would deprive me of my own free will, and then I could sin as much as I like. But if I no longer had free will, then, according to your first statement, how could I be capable of sinning?

**God:** You are confusing two separate parts of our conversation. I never said the pill would deprive you of your free will, but only that it would remove your abhorrence of sinning.

**Mortal:** I'm afraid I'm a bit confused.

**God:** All right, then, let us make a fresh start. Suppose I agree to remove your free will, but with the understanding that you will then commit an enormous number of acts which you now regard as sinful. Technically speaking, you will not then be sinning since you will not be doing these acts of your own free will. And these acts will carry no moral responsibility, nor moral culpability, nor any punishment whatsoever. Nevertheless, these acts will all be of the type which you presently regard as sinful; they will all have this quality which you presently regard as

sinful; they will all have this quality which you presently feel as abhorrent, but your abhorrence will disappear; so you will not then feel abhorrence towards these acts.

**Mortal:** No, but I have present abhorrence toward the acts, and this present abhorrence is sufficient to prevent me from accepting your proposal.

**God:** Hm! So let me get this absolutely straight. I take it you no longer wish me to remove your free will.

**Mortal:** (reluctantly) No, I guess not.

**God:** All right, I agree not to. But I am still not exactly clear as to why you now no longer wish to be rid of your free will. Please tell me again.

**Mortal:** Because, as you have told me, without free will I would sin even more than I do now.

**God:** But I have already told you that without free will you cannot sin.

**Mortal:** But if I choose now to be rid of free will, then all my subsequent evil actions will be sins, not of the future, but of the present moment in which I choose not to have free will.

**God:** Sounds like you are pretty badly trapped, doesn't it?

**Mortal:** Of course I am trapped! You have placed me in a hideous double bind! Now whatever I do is wrong. If I retain free will, I will continue to sin, and if I abandon free will (with your help, of course), I will now be sinning in so doing.

**God:** But by the same token, you place me in a double bind. I am willing to leave you free will or remove it as you choose, but neither alternative satisfies you. I wish to help you, but it seems I cannot.

**Mortal:** True!

**God:** But since it is not my fault, why are still angry with me?

**Mortal:** For having placed me in such a horrible predicament in the first place!

**God:** But, according to you, there is nothing satisfactory I could have done.

**Mortal:** You mean there is nothing satisfactory you can now do, but that does not mean that there is nothing you could have done.

**God:** Why? What could I have done?

**Mortal:** Obviously you should never have given me free will in the first place. Now that you have given it to me, it is too late, anything I do will be bad. But you should never have given it to me in the first place!

**God:** Oh, that's it! Why would it have been better had I never given it to you?

**Mortal:** Because then I never would have been capable of sinning at all.

**God:** Well, I'm always glad to learn from my mistakes.

**Mortal:** What!

**God:** I know, that sound sort of self-blasphemous, doesn't it? It almost involves a logical paradox! On the one hand, as you have been taught, it is morally wrong for any sentient being to claim that I am capable of making mistakes. On the other hand, I have the right to do anything. But I am also a sentient being. So the question is, Do I or do I not have the right claim that I am capable of making mistakes?

**Mortal:** That is a bad joke! One of your premises is simply false. I have not been taught that it is wrong for any sentient being to doubt your omniscience, but only for a mortal to doubt it. But since you are not mortal, then you are obviously free from this injunction.

**God:** Good, so you realize this on a rational level. Nevertheless, you did appear shocked when I said, "I am always glad to learn from my mistakes."

**Mortal:** Of course I was shocked. I was shocked not by your self-blasphemy (as you jokingly call it), not by the fact that you had no right to say it, but just by the fact that you did say it, since I have been taught that as a matter of fact you don't make

mistakes. So I was amazed that you claimed that it is possible for you to make mistakes.

**God:** I have not claimed that it is possible. All I am saying is that if I make mistakes, I will be happy to learn from them. But this says nothing about whether the if has or ever can be realized.

**Mortal:** Let's please stop quibbling about this point. Do you or do you not admit it was a mistake to have given me free will?

**God:** Well, now this is precisely what I propose we should investigate. Let me review your present predicament. You don't want to have free will because with free will you can sin, and you don't want to sin. (Though I find this puzzling; in a way you must want to sin, or else you wouldn't. But let this pass for now.) On the other hand, if you agreed to give up free will, then you would now be responsible for the acts of the future. Ergo, I should never have given you free will in the first place.

**Mortal:** Exactly!

**God:** I understand exactly how you feel. Many mortals -even some theologians - have complained that I have been unfair in that it was I, not they, who decided that they should have free will, and then I hold them responsible for their actions. In other words, they feel that they are expected to live up to a contract with me, which they never agreed to in the first place.

**Mortal:** Exactly!

**God:** As I said, I understand this feeling perfectly. And I can appreciate the justice of the complaint. But the complaint only arises from an unrealistic understanding of the true issues involved. I am about to enlighten you as to what these are, and I think the results will surprise you! But instead of telling you outright, I shall continue to use the Socratic method.

To repeat, you regret that I ever gave you free will. I claim that when you see the true ramifications you will no longer have this regret. To prove my point, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I am about to create a new universe, a new space-time continuum. In this new universe will be born a mortal just like you, for all practical purposes, we might say that you will be reborn. Now, I can give this new mortal, this new you, free will or not. What would you like me to do?

**Mortal:** (in great relief): Oh, please! Spare him from having to have free will!

**God:** All right, I'll do as you say. But you do realize that this new you without free will, will commit all sorts of horrible acts.

**Mortal:** But they will not be sins since he will have no free will.

**God:** Whether you call them sins or not, the fact remains that they will be horrible acts in the sense that they will cause great pain to many sentient beings.

**Mortal:** (after a pause) Good God, you have trapped me again! Always the same game! If I now give you the go-ahead to create this new creature with no free will who will nevertheless commit atrocious acts, then true enough he will not be sinning, but I again will be the sinner to sanction this.

**God:** In that case, I'll go you one better! Here, I have already decided whether to create this new you with free will or not. Now, I am writing my decision on this piece of paper and I won't show it to you until later. But my decision is now made and is absolutely irrevocable. There is nothing you can possibly do to alter it; you have no responsibility in the matter. Now, what I wish to know is this: Which way do you hope I have decided? Remember now, the responsibility for the decision falls entirely on my shoulders, not yours. SO you can tell me perfectly honestly and without any fear, which way do you hope I have decided?

**Mortal:** (after a very long pause) I hope you have decided to give him free will.

**God:** Most interesting! I have removed your last obstacle! If I do not give him free will, then no sin is to be imputed to anybody. So why do you hope I will give him free will?

**Mortal:** Because sin or no sin, the important point is that if you do not give him free will, then (at least according to what you have said) he will go around hurting people, and I don't want to see people hurt.

**God:** (with an infinite sigh of relief) At last! At last you see the real point!

**Mortal:** What point is that?

**God:** That sinning is not the real issue! The important thing is that people as well as other sentient beings don't get hurt!

**Mortal:** You sound like a utilitarian!

**God:** I am a utilitarian!

**Mortal:** What!

**God:** Whats or no whats, I am a utilitarian. Not a Unitarian, mind you, but a utilitarian.

**Mortal:** I just can't believe it!

**God:** Yes, I know, your religious training has taught you otherwise. You have probably thought of me more like a Kantian than a utilitarian, but your training was simply wrong.

**Mortal:** You leave me speechless!

**God:** I leave you speechless, do I? Well that is perhaps not too bad a thing, you have a tendency to speak too much as it is. Seriously, though, why do you think I ever did give you free will in the first place?

**Mortal:** Why did you? I never have thought much about why you did; all I have been arguing for is that you shouldn't have! But why did you? I guess all I can think of is the standard religious explanation: Without free will, one is not capable of meriting either salvation or damnation. So without free will, we could not earn the right to eternal life.

**God:** Most interesting! I have eternal life; do you think I have ever done anything to merit it?

**Mortal:** Of course not! With you it is different. You are already so good and perfect (at least allegedly) that it is not necessary for you to merit eternal life.

**God:** Really now? That puts me in a rather enviable position, doesn't it?

**Mortal:** I don't think I understand you.

**God:** Here I am eternally blissful without ever having to suffer or make sacrifices or struggle against evil temptations or anything like that. Without any of that type of "merit," I enjoy blissful eternal existence. By contrast, you poor mortals have to sweat and suffer and have all sorts of horrible conflicts about morality, and all for what? You don't even know whether I really exist or not, or if there really is any afterlife, or if there is, where you come into the picture. No matter how much you try to placate me by being "good," you never have any real assurance that your "best" is good enough for me, and hence you have no real security in obtaining salvation. Just think of it! I already have the equivalent of "salvation" and have never had to go through this infinitely lugubrious process of earning it. Don't you ever envy me for this?

**Mortal:** But it is blasphemous to envy you!

**God:** Oh come off it! You're not now talking to your Sunday school teacher, you are talking to me. Blasphemous or not, the important question is not whether you have the right to be envious of me but whether you are. Are you?

**Mortal:** Of course I am!

**God:** Good! Under your present worldview, you sure should be most envious of me. But I think with a more realistic world-view, you no longer will be. So you really have swallowed the idea which has been taught you that your life on earth is like an examination period and that the purpose of providing you with free will is to test you, to see if you merit blissful eternal life. But what puzzles me is this: If you really believe I am as good and benevolent as I am cracked up to be, why should I require people to merit things like happiness and eternal life? Why

should I not grant such things to everyone regardless of whether or not he deserves them?...

**God:** [But} we have gotten sidetracked as it is, and I would like to return to the question of what you believed my purpose to be in giving you free will. Your first idea of my giving you free will in order to test whether you merit salvation or not may appeal to moralists, but the idea is quite hideous to me. You cannot think of any nicer reason, any more humane reason, why I gave you free will?

**Mortal:** Well now, I once asked this question to an Orthodox rabbi. He told me that with the way we are constituted, it is simply not possible for us to enjoy salvation unless we feel we have earned it. And to earn it, we of course need free will.

**God:** That explanation is indeed much nicer than your former but still is far from correct. According to Orthodox Judaism, I created angels, and they have no free will. They are in actual sight of me and are so completely attracted by goodness that they never have even the slightest temptation towards evil. They really have no choice in the matter. Yet they are eternally happy even though they have never earned it. So if your rabbi's explanation were correct, why wouldn't I have simply created only angels rather than mortals?

**Mortal:** Beats me! Why didn't you?

**God:** Because the explanation is simply not correct. In the first place, I have never created any ready-made angels. All sentient beings ultimately approach the state, which might be called "angelhood." But just as the race of human beings is in a certain stage of biologic evolution, so angels are simply the end result of a process of Cosmic Evolution. The only difference between the so-called saint and the so-called sinner is that the former is vastly older than the latter. Unfortunately it takes countless life cycles to learn what is perhaps the most important fact of the universe, evil is simply painful. All the arguments of the moralist, all of the alleged reasons why people shouldn't commit evil acts, simply pale into insignificance in light of the one basic truth that evil is suffering.

No, my dear friend, I am not a moralist. I am wholly a utilitarian. That I should have been conceived in the role of a moralist is one of the great tragedies of the human race. My role in the scheme of things (if one can use this misleading expression) is neither to punish nor reward, but to aid the process by which all sentient beings achieve ultimate perfection....

**Mortal:** Anyway, putting all these pieces together, it occurs to me that the only reason you gave free will is because of your belief that with free will, people will tend to hurt each other, and themselves, less than without free will.

**God:** Bravo! That is by far the best reason you have yet given! I can assure you that had I chosen to give free will that would have been my very reason for so choosing.

**Mortal:** What! You mean to say you did not choose to give us free will?

**God:** My dear fellow, I could no more choose to give you free will than I could choose to make an equilateral triangle equiangular in the first place, but having chosen to make one, I would then have no choice but to make it equiangular.

**Mortal:** I thought you could do anything!

**God:** Only things which are logically impossible. As St. Thomas said, "It is a sin to regard the fact that God cannot do the impossible, as a limitation on His powers." I agree, except that in place of using his word sin I would use the term error.

**Mortal:** Anyhow, I am still puzzled by your implication that you did not choose to give me free will.

**God:** Well, it's high time I inform you that the entire discussion, from the very beginning, has been based on one monstrous fallacy! We have been talking purely on a moral level, you originally complained that I gave you free will, and raised the

whole question as to whether I should have. It never once occurred to you that I had absolutely no choice in the matter.

**Mortal:** I am still in the dark!

**God:** Absolutely! Because you are only able to look at it through the eyes of a moralist. The more fundamental metaphysical aspects of the question you never even considered.

**Mortal:** I still do not see what you are driving at.

**God:** Before you requested me to remove your free will, shouldn't your first question have been whether as a matter of fact you do have free will?

**Mortal:** That I simply took for granted.

**God:** But why should you?

**Mortal:** I don't know. Do I have free will?

**God:** Yes.

**Mortal:** Then why did you say, I shouldn't have taken it for granted?

**God:** Because you shouldn't. Just because something happens to be true, it does not follow that it should be taken for granted.

**Mortal:** Anyway, it is reassuring to know that my natural intuition about having free will is correct. Sometimes I have been worried that determinists are correct.

**God:** They are correct.

**Mortal:** Wait a minute now, do I have free will or don't I?

**God:** I already told you you do. But that does not mean that determinism is incorrect.

**Mortal:** Well, are my acts determined by the laws of nature or aren't they?

**God:** The word determined here is subtly but powerfully misleading and has contributed so much to the confusions of the free will versus determinism controversies. Your acts are certainly in accordance with the laws of nature, but to say they are determined by the laws of nature creates a totally misleading psychological image which is that your will could somehow be in conflict with the laws of nature and that the latter is somehow more powerful than you, and could "determine" your acts whether you like it or not. But it is simply impossible for your will to ever conflict with natural law. You and natural law are really one and the same.

**Mortal:** What do you mean that I cannot conflict with nature? Suppose I were to become very stubborn, and I determined not to obey the laws of nature. What could stop me? If I became sufficiently stubborn, even you could not stop me!

**God:** You are absolutely right! I certainly could not stop you. Nothing could stop you. But there is no need to stop you, because you could not even start! As Goethe very beautifully expressed it, "In trying to oppose Nature, we are in the very process of doing so, acting according to the laws of nature!" Don't you see, that the so-called "laws of nature" are nothing more than a description of how in fact you and other beings do act. They are merely a description of how you act, not a prescription of how you should act, not a power or force which compels or determines your acts. To be valid a law of nature must take into account how in fact you do act, or, if you like, how you choose to act.

**Mortal:** So you really claim that I am incapable of determining to act against natural laws?

**God:** It is interesting that you have twice now used the phrase "determined to act" instead of "chosen to act." This identification is quite common. Often one uses the statement "I am determined to do this" synonymously with "I have chosen to do this." This very psychological identification should reveal that determinism and choice are much closer than they might appear. Of course, you might well say that the doctrine of free will says that it is you who are doing the determining, whereas the doctrine of determinism appears to say that your acts are determined by something apparently outside you. But the confusion is largely caused by your bifurcation of reality into the

"you" and the "not you." Really now, just where do you leave off and the rest of the universe begin? Or where does the rest of the universe leave off and you begin? Once you can see the so-called "you" and the so-called "nature" as a continuous whole, then you can never again be bothered by such questions as whether it is you who are controlling nature or nature who is controlling you. Thus the muddle of free will versus determinism will vanish. If I may use a crude analogy, imagine two bodies moving toward each other by virtue of gravitational attraction. Each body, if sentient, might wonder whether it is he or the other fellow who is exerting the "force." In a way it is both, in a way it is neither. It is best to say that it is both, in a way it is neither. It is best to say that the configuration of the two is crucial.

**Mortal:** You said a short while ago that our whole discussion was based on a monstrous fallacy. You still have not told me what this fallacy is.

**God:** Why the idea that I could possibly have created you without free will! You acted as if this were a genuine possibility, and wondered why I did not choose it! It never occurred to you that a sentient being without free will is no more conceivable than a physical object, which exerts no gravitational attraction. (There is, incidentally, more analogy than you realize between a physical object exerting gravitational attraction and a sentient being exerting free will!) Can you honestly even imagine a conscious being without free will? What on earth could it be like? I think that one thing in your life that has so misled you is your having been told that I gave man the gift of free will. As if I first created man, and then as an afterthought endowed him with the extra property of free will. Maybe you think I have some sort of "paint brush" with which I daub some creatures with free will, and not others. No, free will is not an "extra"; it is part and parcel of the very essence of consciousness. A conscious being without free will is simply a metaphysical absurdity..

**Scharding:** I guess the only remaining question is why God created anything in the first place? Probably because God loved the idea of sentience as much as God loves God's own sentience. But would God not have created sentient creatures once God thought of even their possible existence? God loves even the smallest most imperfect creatures.

# Some Christian Thoughts

## The Bird

John Shea Mystery: An unauthorized biography of God, pg. 26.

The following passage starts the Dutch Catechism:

"In A.D. 627 the monk Paulinus visited King Edwin in northern England to persuade him to accept Christianity. He hesitated and decided to summon his advisers. At the meeting one of them stood up and said: 'Your majesty, when you sit at table with your lords and vassals, in the winter when the fire burns warm and bright on the hearth and the storm is snowing outside, bringing the snow and the rain, it happens of a sudden that a little bird flies into the hall. It comes in at one door and flies out through the other. For the few moments that it is inside the hall, it does not feel the cold, but as soon as it leaves your sight, it returns to the dark of winter. It seems to me that the life of man is much the same. We do not know what went before and we do not know what follows. If the new doctrine can speak to us surely of these things, it is well for us to follow it.'

## Revelation

Monika Hellwig Understanding Catholicism, pg. 17

When we speak of revelation in a religious sense, we are still using the word. In more or less the same sense of a breakthrough experience in insight, knowing and understanding that takes us by surprise and introduces us to a new dimension of depth and intimacy with the ultimate, the One, the source and foundation and goal of our being. This kind of break through can happen in a number of different ways: in our experiences of nature, in the workings of our own conscience and consciousness, in personal relationships with other people, and in the his-story of the community.

The most basic and universally available kind of revelatory experience in the religious sense is the one associated with an experience of nature. Most of us have at one time or another been flooded by a sense of power, beauty, majesty or mystery at the sight of great mountains, vast sweeps of sky, the immense ocean with its rhythmic waves, the stillness of lakes, the blanketing quiet of forests. Most of us have at some time had a sense of an encompassing providence in spring sunshine, winter snow, autumn's brilliant colors, summer's extravagant abundance of life, the wonder of birth and the balm of sleep. These and so many other experiences, not all joyful ones, offer the opportunity for the revelation and discovery of the all-encompassing power and presences of the One who is greater than we are, prior to us, transcending our ability to grasp, our bountiful host in the world of nature, the silent but welcoming backdrop to all our experiences of life. The Hebrew Scriptures (known to most Christians as the Old Testament) are full of allusions to such experiences, suggesting them as starting points for our prayer that will lead us to deeper encounters with the transcendent, hidden but ever-present God. Such allusions form a constant theme, for instance, in the psalms, Jewish prayers which Christians continued to pray from the earliest Christian times, as indeed Jesus himself did.

## Women and Nature

Elizabeth Johnson *Women, Earth and Creator Spirit* pg. 22

Three basic relationships: human beings with nature, among themselves, and with God. In each instance the major classical pattern of relationship is shaped by hierarchical dualism, that is, modeled on the dominance of ruling male elites and the subjugation of what is identified as female, cosmic, or foreign, an underclass with only instrumental value. As the ecological crisis makes crystal clear, the polarization of each pair's terms is nothing short of disastrous in its interconnected effects. Our eyes have been blinded to the sacredness of the earth, which is linked to the exclusion of women from the sphere of the sacred, which is tied to focus on a monarchical, patriarchal idea of God and a consequent forgetting of the Creator Spirit, the life-giver who is intimately related to the Earth.

In the quest for an ecological ethic grounded in religious truth, these three relationships need to be rethought together. But we must be wary of roads that lead to dead-ends. I think it is a Strategic mistake to retain the dualistic way of thinking and hope to make an advance simply by assigning greater value to the repressed "feminine" side of the polarity. This is to keep women, earth, and Spirit in their pre-assigned box, which is a cramped, subordinate place. Even if what has previously been disparaged is now highly appreciated, this strategy does not allow for the fullest flourishing of what is confined to one pole by pre-assigned definition. In truth, women are not any closer to nature than men are. This is a cultural construct. In truth, women are every bit as rational as men, every bit as courageous, every bit as capable of initiative. At the same time, precisely because women have been so identified with nature, our voices at this moment in time can speak out for the value of despised matter, bodies, and nature even as we assert that women's rational and spiritual capacities are equal to those of men. What we search for is a way to undercut the dualism and to construct a new, wholistic design for all of reality built on appreciation of difference in a genuine community. We seek a unifying vision that does not stratify what is distinct into superior-inferior layers but reconciles them in relationships of mutuality. Let us then listen to women's wisdom, discern our kinship with the earth, and remember the Spirit, as we step toward an ecological ethic and spirituality.

## Iron in our Blood

*Women, Earth and Creator Spirit* pg. 34

A crucial insight emerges from this creation story of cosmic and biological evolution. The kinship model of humankind's relation to the world is not just a poetic, good-hearted way of seeing things but the basic truth. We are connected in a most profound way to the universe, having emerged from it. Events in the galaxies produced the iron that makes our blood red and the calcium that makes our bones and teeth white. These and other heavy elements were cooked in the interior of stars and then dispersed when they died to form a second-generation solar system with its planets, on one of which the evolution of life and consciousness followed. In the words of scientist Arthur Peacocks:

" Every atom of iron in our blood would not have been there had it not been produced in some galactic explosion

billions of years ago and eventually condensed to form the iron in the crust of the earth from which we have emerged."

Chemically, humanity is all of a piece with the cosmos. The same is true of our genes. Molecular biology shows that the same four bases make up the DNA of almost all living things. The genetic structure of cells in our bodies is remarkably similar to the cells in other creatures, bacteria, grasses, fish, horses, the great gray whales. We have all evolved from common ancestors and are kin in this shared, unbroken genetic history. To put it more poetically, we human beings as physical organisms carry within ourselves 'the signature of the supernovas and the geology and life history of the Earth.'

Living in the present moment, furthermore, involves us in a continuous exchange of material with the earth and other living creatures. Every time we breathe we take in millions of atoms breathed by the rest of humanity within the last two weeks. In our bodies seven percent of the protein molecules break down each day and have to be rebuilt out of matter from the earth (food) and energy from the sun. Seven percent per day is the statistical measure of our inter dependence. In view of the consistent recycling of the human body, the epidermis of our skin can be likened ecologically to a pond surface, not so much a shell or wall as a place of exchange. In a very real sense the world is our body.

## Original Lilith Myth

After the Holy One created the first human being, Adam, God said: "It is not good for Adam to be alone." God created a woman, also from the Earth, and called her Lilith.

They quarreled immediately. She said: "I will not lie below you." He said, "I will not lie below you, but above you. For you are fit to be below me and I above you."

She responded: "We are both equal because we both come from the earth."

Neither listened to the other. When Lilith realized what was happening, she pronounced the Ineffable Name of God and flew off into the air.

Adam rose in prayer before the Creator, saying, "The woman you gave me has fled from me." Immediately the Holy One sent three angels after her.

The holy one said to Adam: "If she wants to return, all the better. If not, she will have to accept that one hundred of her children will die every day."

The angels went after her, finally locating her in the sea, in the powerful waters in which the Egyptians were destined to perish. They told her what God had said, and she did not want to return. (ALPHABET OF BEN SIRA 23A-B)

And God created the human species in God's own image... male and female created God them. (Genesis 1:27)

# Scottish Gaelic Poetry

Editor's Note: This collection is from the book *Nuadh Bardachd/ Modern Scottish Gaelic Poetry* (you won't find it in the Library) with collections from many authors with English translations. I have met and talked with these authors while in Scotland.

## The Heron

by Sorley Maclean

A pale yellow moon on the skyline,  
the heart o the soil without a throb of laughter,  
If a chilliness contemptuous  
of golden windows in a snaky sea.

It is not the frail beauty of the moon  
nor the cold loveliness of the sea  
nor the empty tale of the shore's uproar  
that seeps through my spirit to-night.

Faintness in strife,  
the chin of Death in essence,  
cowardice in the heart,  
and belief in nothing

A heron can with drooping head  
and stood on top of sea-wrack,  
she folded her wings close in to her sides  
and took stock of all around her.

Alone beside the sea,  
like a mind alone in the universe,  
her reason like man's  
the sum of it how to get a meat

A restless mind seeking,  
a more restless flesh returned,  
unrest and sleep without a gleam;  
music, delirium, and an hour of rapture.

The hour of rapture is the clear hour  
that comes from the darkened blind brain,  
horizon-breaking to the sight,  
a smile affair weather in the illusion.

On the bare stones of the shore,  
observing the slipperiness of a calm sea,  
listening to the sea's swallowing  
and brine rubbing on the stones.

Alone in the vastness of the universe,  
though her inaccessible kin are many,  
and bursting on her from the gale  
the onset of the bright blue god.

I am with you but alone,  
looking at the coldness of the level kyle,  
listening to the surge on a stony shore  
breaking on the bare flagstones of the world.

What is my thought more than the heron's:  
the beauty of moon and restless sea,  
food and sleep and dream,  
brain, flesh, and temptation??

a dream of rapture with one thrust  
coming in its season without stint,  
without sorrow, without doubt, but one delight,  
the straight unbending law of herons.

My dream exercised with sorrow,  
broken, awry, with the glitter of temptation,  
wounded, with one sparkle, churlish;  
brain, heart, and love troubled.

## The Great Artist

Ian Smith

In the silence of the wood  
where the sun  
gilds the winter grass  
and everything is still  
in the clearing,  
I thought of the great artist  
so skilled a painter,  
so fluent a musician,  
the world's chief poet:  
I thought that He  
also deserved praise,  
that He wished to be extolled  
for His terrible visions  
I will certain, take His picture home  
and hang it  
beside the Picasso.  
The birds will sing their love  
in the happiness between us.

# Three Random Pieces

## Brotherhood

Collected by Donald Morrison, o.d.a.l.

*From Faith and Practice of London Yearly Meeting of The Society of Friends:*

The life of a religious society consists in something of principles it professes and the outer garments of organization it wears. These things have their own importance: they embody the society to the world, and protect it from the chance and change of circumstance; but the springs of life are deeper, and often escape recognition. They are to be found in the vital union of the society with God and with one another, a union which allows the free flowing through the society of spiritual life which is its strength. Such words as "discipleship," "fellowship," "brotherhood," describe these central springs of religious fellowship....

## A Starfish

Anonymous, collected by Scharding

One day a young man was walking along a deserted beach. He saw a frail old man bend over and pick up a starfish and put it back into the receding ocean. He watched for awhile, and to his amazement, the old man picked up one starfish after another and placed it back into the water. The young man walked up to the old man, who was holding a small starfish in his hand, and said,

"Old man, why are you putting starfishes into the ocean."

"They will die on the drying sand unless I put them into the water." he replied.

"But that's silly! There are thousands of beaches in the world and millions of starfish who will die each day. Why should you waste your time on such a meaningless act."

The old man paused, and in reply he tossed the starfish far out into the water. After a while he spoke, "It makes a difference to this one."

## The Island with Two Churches

collected by Sam Adams, o.d.a.l., gr., be.

A Welshman was shipwrecked upon a deserted island for twenty years before a rescue party finally discovered him. The Welshman was delighted at his rescue, but wished to show his rescuers all the work that he had done. He had missed civilization greatly, so he had cut down several trees in order to build a village. There was a bank, a theatre, a pub, a hotel, a jail and two churches. When the rescuers saw the two churches they asked him why he had built two churches.

He smugly replied, "You see the one on the left? That's the one I don't go to!"

# Wit and Wisdom of Islam

Sufism is a generic Western term for the various mystical orders of the Muslims. It would be too difficult to try to explain them or even to compare them to any other group. Sufis are Sufis. Shelton and I recommend further readings on Sufis by the author Idries Shah. One interesting characteristic about them is that they are known for a sense of humor, often with religious undertones. Two of their most reknowned fool-sages in their jokes are Mulla Nasruddin and Bohlul. Please enjoy these lessons, which are disguised as jokes, that have been collected from throughout the Muslim world. These selections represent only the tip of an iceberg, so if you like these stories then search out further collections.

## The Fool and the King

One day, Bohlul walked into court and sat himself down upon the royal throne of King Harun. The entire court was incensed by Bohlul's impudence, so they began to beat him with sticks and to pelt him with stones. Then they dragged him from the throne and threw him out of the palace.

Bohlul dusted himself off and went to talk with King Harun and said, "I only sat on the throne for one minute and the courtiers nearly beat me to death! God have pity on the man who must rule there for his entire life!"

## The Breaking

Nasrudin was transporting a great grinding stone to a new site and two other men were helping him to carry it. While transporting it across a treacherous gorge, it slipped and fell a great distance and broke into several pieces.

Nasrudin began to laugh without control and this greatly angered the other two men. "See here now, Nasrudin," they cried, "We have carried that stone a great distance and now it is useless to us. We have wasted a great deal of effort."

"Do not be angry with me," Nasrudin replied, "I was not laughing at our loss, but instead I was rejoicing for the grinding stone. For many years it has been in bondage, busily grinding and turning out flour, when all it had to do to escape was to break!"

## The Stink of Greed

At every weekly bazaar, the town's fool was seen pinching his nose next to the merchants' tables. After a while, a townsman asked him why he pinched his nose.

"Because, the bazaar stinks with greed," replied the Fool.

"Then don't sit in the bazaar." instructed the townsman.

"There's no such escape for me, because I'm greedy too." lamented the Fool, "I want to study their ignorant way of life in order to learn from it."

## The Claim

A man claiming to be God was taken before the Caliph.

The Caliph told the prisoner, "Last year, someone claiming to be the second coming of the Prophet was executed."

"Serves him right," replied the prisoner, "I hadn't sent him yet."



## Names

A certain conqueror said to Nasrudin:

"Mulla, all the great rulers of the past had honorific titles with the name of God in them: there was, for instance, God-Gifted, and God-Accepted, and so on. What would be the best name for me?"

"God Forbid," said Nasrudin.

## The Muezzin's Call

One day Mulla was acting as Muezzin and calling the city to morning prayers from the top of a tall minaret. After each vocalization, he would zoom down the stairs and race out into the nearby streets. After doing this several times, a passerby asked him why he did this. Mulla replied, "I am very proud of my calling, and I wish to hear how far my voice can be discerned."

## The Drum

A fox was prowling in a forest one day and saw a drum caught up high in a tree. The occasional breeze pushed a tree limb into the drum, making a wonderful sound.

The fox was impressed and thought, "With such a beautiful noise, there must be good innards inside of it to eat."

After the fox had done his work, and had managed to tear open the skin of the drum, he found it empty and only full of air.

## The Majesty of the Sea

Regally the waves were hurling themselves upon the rocks, each deep-blue curve crested by whitest foam. Seeing this sight for the first time, Nasrudin was momentarily overwhelmed.

Then he went near to the seashore, took a little water in his cupped hand and tasted it.

"Why," said the Mulla, "to think that something with such pretensions is not worth drinking."

## Ambition

Nasrudin was being interviewed for employment in a department store. The personnel manager asked him:

"We like ambitious men here. What sort of a job are you after?"

"All right," said Nasrudin, "I'll have your job."

"Are you mad?!"

"I may well be," said the Mulla, "but is that a necessary qualification?"

## The Acquaintance

One day, Mulla Nasruddin was traveling down a rural road when he saw a great host of picnickers having a great feast. Without a word, Mulla walked into the crowd, sat down, and began to eat with these strangers.

One of the picnickers paused in his eating, turned to Mulla, and asked him, "How many do you know here?"

Mulla replied, "I only know the bread, the cheese, the dates and the melons. That is enough."

## The Guest

Mulla Nasruddin went to stay at the house of a friend for a few weeks. However by the second day, his host and his hostess began to take a dislike for Nasruddin. They began to plot for an excuse to rid themselves of his company. They devised a scheme in which they would pretend to have a fight and ask Nasruddin to adjudicate a decision in favor of the husband or the wife. After that, the other party would take offense and kick him out of the house, and possibly have him beaten too.

"By Allah who will protect you on the journey that is but one day away," said the host, "Tell us who is in the right, myself or my wife."

"By Allah who will be my protector in this house during these three weeks," replied Mulla, "I don't know."

## The Man with a Really Ugly Face

There once was a man with such an ugly face, that few could stand to look at him. Despite this, the ugly man never acted as if he was embarrassed to be seen in public. When asked about his curious boldness, he replied, "I have never had to see my own face, because it is fixed to my head. Therefore, let the others worry about it."

## The Mirror

A Fool was walking down a road when he saw a valuable silver mirror lying in the road. He picked up the mirror and saw his reflection. Immediately he placed the mirror back on the road and apologized, "I'm sorry, I didn't know that the mirror belonged to you!"

Is it me?

Nasrudin went into a bank with a cheque to cash.

"Can you identify yourself?" asked the clerk.

Nasrudin took out a mirror and peered into it.

"Yes, that's me all right," he said.

## The Gypsy and His Son

One day, a gypsy was cursing and yelling at his indolent son. "You lazy idler! Do your work and do not be idle. You must improve your juggling and clowning in order to earn a living and to improve your life!"

Then the Gypsy raised a finger in warning, "If you don't do as I say, I'll throw you in school, to gather lots of useless stupid knowledge, become a learned man, and spend the rest of your life in want and misery!"

Where there's a will...

"Mulla, Mulla, my son has written from the Abode of Learning to say that he has completely finished his studies!"

"Console yourself, madam, with the thought that God will no doubt send him more."

## The Sermon of Nasrudin

One day the villagers thought they would play a joke on Nasrudin. As he was supposed to be a holy man of some indefinable sort, they went to him and asked him to preach a sermon in their mosque. He agreed.

When the day came, Nasrudin mounted the pulpit and spoke:

"O people! Do you know what I am going to tell you?"

"No, we do not know," they cried.

"Until you know, I cannot say. You are too ignorant to make a start on," said the Mulla, overcome with indignation that such ignorant people should waste his time. He descended from the pulpit and went home,

Slightly chagrined, a deputation went to his house again, and asked him to preach the following Friday, the day of prayer.

Nasrudin started his sermon with the same question as before.

This time the congregation answered, as one voice:

"Yes, we know."

"In that case," said the Mulla, "there is no need for me to detain you longer. You may go." And he returned home.

Having been prevailed upon to preach for the third Friday in succession, he started his address as before:

"Do you know or do you not?"

The congregation was ready; "Some of us do, and others do not."

"Excellent," said Nasrudin, "then let those who know communicate their knowledge to those who do not."

And he went home.

## Nasrudin and the Wise Men

The Philosophers, logicians and doctors of the law were drawn up at Court to examine Nasrudin. This was a serious case, because he had admitted going from village to village saying: "The so-called wise men are ignorant, irresolute and confused." He was charged with undermining the security of the State.

"You may speak first," said the King.

"Have paper and pens brought," said the Mulla.

Paper and pens were brought.

"Give some to each of the first seven savants."

They were distributed.

"Have them separately write an answer to this question: 'What is bread?'"

This was done.

The papers were handed to the King, who read them out:

The first said: "Bread is a food."

The second: "It is flour and water."

The third: "A gift of God."

The fourth: "Baked dough."

The fifth: "Changeable, according to how you mean 'bread.'"

The sixth: "A nutritious substance."

The Seventh: "Nobody really knows."

"When they decide what bread is," said Nasrudin, "it will be possible for them to decide other things. For example, whether I am right or wrong. Can you entrust matters of assessment and judgment to people like this? Is it or is it not strange that they cannot agree about something which they eat each day, yet they are unanimous that I am a heretic?"

## First Things First

To the Sufi, perhaps the greatest absurdity in life is the way in which people strive for things, such as knowledge, without the basic equipment for acquiring them. They have assumed that all they need is "two eyes, a nose and a mouth," as Nasrudin say.

In Sufism, a person cannot learn until he is in a state in which he can perceive what he is learning, and what it means.

Nasrudin went one day to a well, in order to teach this point to a disciple who wanted to know "the truth." With him he took the disciple and a broken pitcher.

The Mulla drew a bucket of water, and poured it into his pitcher. Then he drew another, and poured it in. As he was pouring in the third, the disciple could not contain himself any longer:

"Mulla, the water is running out. There is no bottom on that pitcher."

Nasrudin looked at him indignantly. "I am trying to fill the pitcher. In order to see when it is full, my eyes are fixed upon the neck, not the bottom. When I see the water rise to the neck, the pitcher will be full. What has the bottom got to do with it? When I am interested in the bottom of the pitcher, then only will I look at it."

This is why Sufis do not speak about profound things to people who are not prepared to cultivate the power of learning something which can only be taught by a teacher to someone who is sufficiently enlightened to say: "Teach me how to learn."

There is a Sufi saying: "Ignorance is pride, and pride is ignorance. The man who says, 'I don't have to be taught how to learn' is proud and ignorant." Nasrudin was illustrating, in this story, the identity of these two states, which ordinary human kind considers to be two different things.

## Whose Shot was That?

The Fair was in full swing, and Nasrudin's senior disciple asked whether he and his fellow-students might be allowed to visit it.

"Certainly," said Nasrudin; "for this is an ideal opportunity to continue practical teaching."

The Mulla headed straight for the shooting-gallery, one of the great attractions: for large prizes were offered for even one bull's-eye.

At the appearance of the Mulla and his flock the townfolk gathered around. When Nasrudin himself took up the bow and three arrows, tension mounted. Here, surely, it would be demonstrated that Nasrudin sometimes overreached himself.

"Study me attentively." The Mulla flexed the bow, tilted his cap to the back of his head like a soldier, took careful aim and fired. The arrow went very wide of the mark.

There was a roar of derision from the crowd, and Nasrudin's pupils stirred uneasily, muttering to one another. The Mulla turned and faced them all. "Silence! This was a demonstration of how the soldier shoots. He is often wide of the mark. That is why he loses wars. At the moment when I fired I was identified with a soldier. I said to myself, 'I am a soldier, firing at the enemy.'"

He picked up the second arrow, slipped it into the bow and tweaked the string. The arrow fell short, halfway towards the target. There was a dead silence.

"Now," said Nasrudin to the company, "you have seen the shot of a man who was too eager to shoot, yet who having failed

at his first shot, was too nervous to concentrate. The arrow fell short."

Even the stallholder was fascinated by these explanations. The Mulla turned nonchalantly towards the target, aimed and let his arrow fly. It hit the very center of the bull's eye. Very deliberately he surveyed the prizes, picked the one which he like best, and started to walk away. A clamor broke out.

"Silence!" said Nasrudin, "Let one of you ask me what you all seem to want to know."

For a moment nobody spoke. Then a yokel shuffled forward. "We want to know who fired the third shot."

"That? Oh, that was me."

## The Same Strength

Nasruddin attended a lecture by a man who was teaching a philosophy handed down to him by someone who lived twenty years before. The Mulla asked:

"Is this philosophy, in its present form, as applicable today, among a different community, as it was two decades ago?"

"Of course it is," said the lecturer. "That is just an example of the ridiculous questions which people ask. A teaching always remains the same: truth cannot alter!"

Some time later, Mulla Nasrudin approached the same man for a job as a gardener.

"You seem rather old," said the lecturer, "and I am not sure that you can manage the job."

"I may look different," said Nasrudin, "But I have the same strength I had twenty years ago."

He got the job on the strength of his assurance.

Soon afterwards, the philosopher asked Nasrudin to shift a paving-stone from one part of the garden to another. Tug as he might, the Mulla could not lift it.

"I thought you said that you were as strong as you were twenty years ago," said the sage.

"I am," answered Nasrudin, "exactly as strong. Twenty years ago I could not have lifted it, either!"

## The Value of the Past

Nasrudin was sent by the King to investigate the lore of various kinds of Eastern mystical teachers. They all recounted to him talks of the miracles and the sayings of the founders and great teachers, all long dead, of their schools.

When he returned home he submitted his report, which contained the single word "Carrots."

He was called upon to explain himself. Nasrudin told the King: "The best part is buried; few know, except the farmer, by the green that there is orange underground; if you don't work for it, it will deteriorate; and there are a great many donkeys associated with it."

## Second Thoughts

Hundreds of people were streaming away from the evening meeting of a certain Sufi, while Nasrudin was making his way towards that house. Suddenly Nasrudin sat down in the middle of the road. One of the people stopped and asked:

"What are you doing?"

Nasrudin said: "Well, I was going to the house of that Sufi. But since everyone else is going away from it, I'm having second thoughts."

## The Orchard

A man snuck into another man's orchard and filled his apron with lemons. On his way out of the orchard he was caught by the owner. The owner demanded, "Have you no shame before God?"

The man casually replied, "I don't see any reason to be ashamed. One of God's creatures wants to eat a couple of God's dates from one of God's trees on God's Earth."

The owner called to his gardener, "Bring me a rope, so that I may demonstrate my reply." A rope was brought and the thief was tied to a tree. The owner took a stick and began to fiercely beat the thief. The thief cried out, "For God's sake, stop it! You're killing me!"

The owner coolly told the thief, "Just a creature of God is hitting another creature of God with a stick from one of God's trees. Everything is His and I, His servant and slave, do what He ordains. Who's to blame?"

"Great quibbler," whimpered the thief, "From this day on, I give up my zealous Determinism. You made me see the truth of Free Will."

## The Grammarian

Nasruddin sometimes took people for trips in his boat. One day a fussy pedagogue hired him to ferry him across a very wide river. As soon as they were afloat the scholar asked whether it was going to be a rough ride.

"Don't ask me nothing about it," said Nasrudin.

"Have you never studied grammar?"

"No," replied the Mulla.

"Then half of your life has been wasted." clucked the Grammarian.

Storm clouds began to fill the sky and powerful winds dragged the boat into the rapids and dangerously deep eddies. The boat was smashed and began to quickly fill with water.

Nasrudin asked the Grammarian, "Have you ever learned to swim?"

"No, certainly not!" the Grammarian said with a pretentious sniff.

"In that case," replied the boatman, "all of your life is lost, for we are sinking."

## Not a Good pupil

One day Mulla Nasrudin found a tortoise. He tied it to his belt and continued his work in the fields. The tortoise started to struggle. The Mulla held it up and asked:

"What's the matter, don't you want to learn how to plough?"

## Hidden Depths

One day the Mulla was in the market and saw small birds for sale at five hundred reals each. "My turkey," he thought, "which is larger than any of these, is worth far more."

The next day he took his pet turkey to market. Nobody would offer him more than 50 reals for it. The Mulla began to shout:

"O people! This is a disgrace! Yesterday you were selling birds only half this size at ten times the price."

Someone interrupted him "Nasrudin, those were parrots, talking birds. They are worth more because they can talk."

"Fool!" said Nasrudin; "those birds you value only because they can talk. You reject this turkey, which has wonderful thoughts, and yet does not annoy people with chatter."

## The Secret

A would-be-disciple haunted Nasrudin, asking him question after question. The Mulla answered everything, and realized that the man was not completely satisfied: although he was in fact making progress.

Eventually the man said: "Master, I need more explicit guidance."

"What is the matter?"

"I have to keep on doing things,; and although I progress, I want to move faster. Please tell me a secret, as I have heard you do with others."

"I will tell you when you are ready for it."

The man later returned to the same theme.

"Very well. You know that your need is to emulate me?"

"Yes."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I would never impart it to anyone."

"Then observe that I can keep a secret as well as you can."

## The Wisdom of Silence

Some hunters were in the woods looking for game. They discovered a group of three orangutans and managed to catch one of them. The other two orangutans escaped and hid behind some nearby bushes and trees.

As the hunters were dressing the corpse of the first orangutan, a steam of blood issued forth. "How red the blood is!" cried a hunter.

The second orangutan called out, "It's red from eating so many raspberries."

Hearing the second orangutan, the hunters discovered its hiding place and began to beat it with sticks. As they were killing it, the second orangutan mourned out loud, "Now I know the wisdom of silence. If I had held my tongue, I wouldn't have gotten killed."

Hearing his companion's dying words, the third orangutan said, "Thank God I was wise enough to keep silent."

He was killed.

## Grateful to Allah

One day Mulla found that his donkey was missing and began to cry. Suddenly he stopped crying and began to laugh and sing. He ran about the village rejoicing in his good fortune. A villager asked him why he was so happy about losing a donkey. Mulla replied, "At least I wasn't riding the donkey when it disappeared. If I had been riding it, I would also have vanished!"

## Safety

There was a slave on a boat that was being tossed about by some very turbulent weather. The slave screamed and yelled in fear, until the other passengers could stand it no longer. They asked Bohlul to deal with the slave.

Bohlul told them, "Take the slave, attack a strong rope to him and throw him into the water until he begins to slip under the waves. At that point, pull him back into the boat so that he can realize the relative safety of the boat."

## Happiness Is Not Where You Seek It

Nasrudin saw a man sitting disconsolately at the way-side, and asked what ailed him.

"There is nothing of interest in life, brother," said the man; "I now have sufficient capital not to have to work, and I am on this trip only in order to seek something more interesting than the life I have at home. So far I haven't found it."

Without another word, Nasrudin seized the traveler's knapsack and made off down the road with it, running like a hare. Since he knew the area, Nasrudin was able to out-distance the tourist.

The road curved, and Nasrudin cut across several loops, with the result that he was soon back on the road ahead of the man whom he had robbed. He gently put the bag by the side of the road and waited in concealment for the other to catch up.

Presently the miserable traveler appeared, following the tortuous road, more unhappy than ever because of his loss. As soon as he saw his property lying there, he ran towards it, shouting with joy.

"That's one way of producing happiness," said Nasrudin.

## There is More Light Here

Someone saw Nasrudin searching for something on the sidewalk.

"What have you lost, Mulla?" he asked. "My key," said the Mulla. So they both went down on their knees and looked for it.

After a time the other man asked: "Where exactly did you drop it?"

"In my house."

"Then why are you looking here?"

"There is more light out here than inside my own house."

## The Blind Man and the Lamp

One night, a blind man was carrying a large vase over his shoulder with one arm and holding out a torch with the other hand. A passerby noticed this and cried out, "Ignorance! Day and night are but the same to you, so why do you carry a torch before you?" The blind old man replied, "The light is for blind people like you, to keep you from accidentally bumping into me and breaking my vase."

## Salt is not Wool

One day the Mulla was taking a donkey-load of salt to market, and drove the ass through a stream. The salt was dissolved. The Mulla was angry at the loss of the load. The ass was frisky with relief.

Next time he passed that way he had a load of wool. After the animal had passed through the stream, the wool was thoroughly soaked, and very heavy. The donkey staggered under the soggy load.

"Ha!" shouted the Mulla, "you thought you would get off lightly every time you went through the water, didn't you?"

## The Trip

Nasrudin's friend Wali slipped and fell from the immense height of the Post Office Tower in London. The eyewitnesses, who had seen him plummet past their open windows, were questioned by Nasruddin. They all agreed that Wali's last words at each floor on the way down were: "So far, so good."

## Something Fell

Nasrudin's wife ran to his room when she heard a tremendous thump.

"Nothing to worry about," said the Mulla, "it was only my cloak which fell to the ground."

"What, and made a noise like that?"

"Yes, I was inside it at the time."

## The Tax Man

A man had fallen into some quicksand when Nasrudin came along one afternoon. People were crowding around, all trying to get him out before he drowned.

They were shouting, "Give me your hand!" But the man would not reach up.

The Mulla elbowed his way through the crowd and leant over to the man. "Friend," he said, "what is your profession?"

"I am an income-tax inspector," gasped the man.

"In that case," said Nasrudin, "take my hand!" The man immediately grasped the Mulla's hand and was hauled to safety.

Nasrudin turned to the open-mouthed audience. "Never ask a taxman to give you anything, you fools," he said, and walked away.

## Appreciation

"Never give people anything they ask for until at least a day has passed!" said the Mulla.

"Why not, Nasrudin?"

"Experience shows that they only appreciate something when they have had the opportunity of doubting whether they will get it or not."

## The Forgotten Question

One day as Bohlul was hastily riding from one place to another, he was stopped by a peasant who wished to ask him to answer a question that had been long in bothering him. Bohlul didn't wish to be interrupted in his journey.

"But it is a matter of life and death," protested the peasant.

"All right then," Bohlul snapped, "But be quick about it then, for my horse is restless to continue on the journey."

The poor peasant, disquieted by the pressing need for speed, stuttered and sweated.

"Well, what is it?" Bohlul demanded.

The peasant forgot the question.

## Moment in Time

"What is Fate?" Nasrudin was asked by a scholar.

"An endless succession of intertwined events, each influencing the other."

"That is hardly a satisfactory answer. I believe in cause and effect."

"Very well," said the Mulla, "look at that." He pointed to a procession passing in the street.

"That man is being taken to be hanged. Is that because someone gave him a silver piece and enabled him to buy the knife with which he committed the murder; or because someone saw him do it; or because nobody stopped him?"

## All I Needed was Time

The Mulla bought a donkey. Someone told him that he would have to give it a certain amount of food every day. He considered this to be too much food. He would experiment, he decided, to get the donkey used to less food. Every day, therefore, he reduced its rations. Eventually, when the donkey was reduced to almost no food at all, it fell over and died.

"Pity," said the Mulla. "If I had had a little more time before it died I could have got it accustomed to living on nothing at all."

## The Short Cut

Walking home one wonderful morning, Nasrudin thought that it would be a good idea to take a short cut through the woods. "Why," he asked himself, "should I plod along a dusty road when I could be communing with Nature, listening to the birds and looking at the flowers? This is indeed a day of days; a day for fortunate pursuits!"

So saying, he launched himself into the greenery. He had not gone very far, however, when he fell into a pit, where he lay reflecting.

"It is not such a fortunate day, after all," he meditated; "in fact it is just as well that I took this short cut. IF things like this can happen in a beautiful setting like this, what might not have befallen me on that nasty highway?"

## To Deal with the Enemy

Mulla's mother once instructed her son, "If you ever see a ghost, or an apparition in the graveyard, don't be afraid. Be brave and attack it immediately! They will run away from you."

Mulla replied, "But what if their mothers gave them the same advice?"

# Various Other Quotes

Gleaned and compiled by Michael Scharding

How could I conclude the Green Books without a whole mess of miscellaneous quotes that I've picked up along the way? Perhaps they will inspire you to search more widely for what you already know, or vice versa? As always, all opinions expressed here belong to their authors or cultures and do not necessarily represent the views of other Reformed Druids.

The main resources for this last collection in The Green Books were the following:

- *Racial Proverbs* by Swlwyn Gurney Champion, 1938.
- *A Druid's Path: Readings Along the Way* by Sterling Lee Few, Jr. (aka Treebeard1@AOL.com) of ADF, Keltria, and OBOD. Unpublished as yet. 1995.
- *Crazy Wisdom* by Niskier, 1990.
- *Wisdom from the Ancients: Proverbs, Maxims and Quotations*, compiled by Menahem Mansoor of the University of Madison Wisconsin in 1994.
- The *Dune* series by Frank Herbert, 1966?.
- *Quotations for the New Age* by Rosenberg, 1978.
- *Peter's Quotations: Ideas for our Time* by Laurence J. Peter, 1977

## Art, Beauty, and Poetry

Art is frozen Zen. -R.H. Blyth

Beauty is loved without knowing anything, and ugliness is hated without being to blame. -Maltese

Consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative. -Oscar Wilde

Poets and pigs are appreciated only after their death. -Italian

## Community and Conversation

In necessary things, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; in all things, charity. -Richard Baxter

The basket that has two handles can be carried by two. -Egyptian

Eat according to your taste, and dress according to the taste of others. -Moorish

Two are an army against one. -Icelandic

The avalanche has already started. It is too late for the pebbles to vote. -Unknown

Man can do without his friends but not without his neighbors. -Egyptian

Better a neighbor over the wall than a brother over the sea. -Albanian

Choose the neighbor before the house and the companion before the road. -Moorish

Argument is the worst sort of conversation. -Jonathan Swift

Without conversation there is no agreement. -Montenegrin

"Yes and No" make a long quarrel. -Icelandic

Faults are thick where love is thin. -Welsh

The faultfinder will find faults even in paradise. -Henry Thoreau

Real progress is made not by the loud, ostentatious, push majorities, but always by small and obstinate minorities. -Henry Skolimowski

Nothing makes you more tolerant of a neighbor's noisy party than being there. -Franklin Jones

Whether women are better than men I cannot say, but I can say they are certainly no worse. -Golda Meir

Love does not consist in gazing at each other but in looking outward together in the same direction. -Antoine de Saint Exupery

An old southern Methodist Preacher was asked if there is a difference between union and unity. He replied, "You can tie two cats' tails together and throw them over a clothes line, in which case you have union, but not unity." -W.T. Purkeson

Always forgive your enemies, nothing annoys them so much. -Oscar Wilde

## Custom, Justice and Law

An agreement will break a custom. -Welsh

Men do more from custom than from reason. -Latin

Custom and law are neighbors. -Montenegrin

The slogans must be rejected and the complexities recognized. -Michael Harrington

A good catchword can obscure analysis for fifty years. -Wendall Willkie

History shows that men and nations behave reasonably only when they have exhausted all other alternatives. -Abba Eban

The chains of habit are too weak to be felt until they are too strong to be broken. -Samuel Johnson

Originality is the art of concealing your source. -Franklin Jones

There is nothing new under the sun. -Ecclesiastes 1:9

When people are free to do as they please, they usually imitate each other. -Eric Hoffer

We despair of changing the habits of men, still we would like to alter institutions, the habits of millions of men. -George Iles

Equality in injustice is justice. -Egyptian

The more a man knows, the more he forgives. -Italian

He who is accustomed to evil is offended by good. -Mexican

To an unjust government, a martyr is more dangerous than a rebel. -Italian

Everyone should be allowed to keep his natural clothes, his natural food, and his natural religion. -German

Justice flees the world because no one will give it shelter in his house. -Maltese

Moral decisions are always easy to recognize. They are where you abandon self-interest. -Rev. Mother Superior Darwi Odrade, *DUNE*

Every judgment teeters on the brink of error. To claim absolute knowledge is to become monstrous. Knowledge is an unending adventure at the edge of uncertainty. -Leto Atreides II, *DUNE*

Before I judge my neighbour, let me walk a mile in his moccasins. -Sioux

I am free of all prejudices. I hate every one equally.- W.C. Fields

Law separates, compromise conciliates. -German

Treat all men alike. Give them all the same laws. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. -Chief Joseph

Laws are spider webs through which the big flies pass and the little one get caught. -Russian

Fear not the law, but the judge. -Russian

Thieves increase with the making of new laws. -Romanian

Custom is stronger than law. -Russian

First, we kill all the lawyers...- Shakespeare?

Harken to the spirit of the law rather than the letter of the law. - Jesus

The test of courage comes when we are in the minority; the test of tolerance comes when we are in the majority. -Henry David Thoreau

Most people would rather defend to the death your right to say it than listen to it. -Robert Brault

One lawyer in a town will languish, two lawyers will prosper. - Sam Adams, RDNA

The successful revolutionary is a statesman , the unsuccessful one a criminal. -Erich Fromm

The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing. -Edmund Burke

When the system defines our choices, it channels rebellion into modes that it is prepared to control, into acts that harm the rebel, not the system. -Starhawk

Laws to suppress tend to strengthen what they would prohibit. This is the fine point on which all legal professions of history have based their job security. -Bene Gesserit Coda, *DUNE*

## Death and Fate

He who has been near to death knows the worth of life. - Turkemestan

The fall of a leaf is a whisper to the living. -Russian

He who is fated to hang will never drown. -Scottish

One Calamity is better than a thousand counsels. -Turkish

Your karma ran over my dogma. -Unknown

I'm not afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens. -Woody Allen

I cannot tell you your fate, a man should not know his fate until he is halfway through life. If he were to know sooner, it would all seem an illusion. - Plexus, *Gatorr*

## Earth and Ecology

The Earth is a blessing to those upon her. -Egyptian

Do not damage the earth, or the sea, or the trees. -Book of Revelations 7:3

Men go and come, but earth abides. -Ecclesiastes, 1, 4

We didn't inherit the land from our fathers. We are borrowing it from our children. -Amish belief

The universe is made up of stories, not atoms. -Muriel Ruckeyser.

You will find something more in woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you that which you can never learn from a master. -St. Bernard of Clairvaux

He who follows Nature's lantern never loses his way. -German

O Sacred Earth Mother, the trees and all nature are witnesses to your thoughts and deeds. -Winnebago Indian saying

The world is older and bigger than we are. This is a hard truth for some folks to swallow. -Ed Abbey

The essence of deep ecology is to ask deeper questions... We ask which society, which education, which form of religion is beneficial for all life on the planet as a whole. -Arne Naess

When one recognizes the unity of nature, he also perceives the singleness of mankind. -Gus Turbeville

The highest function of ecology is the understanding of consequences. -Planetologist Pardot Kynes, *DUNE*

To be solitary is alone worthy of God. -Kurdish

Eventually all things merge into one, and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world's great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of these rocks are the timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs. I am haunted by waters. -Norman MacLean.

I'm often asked the question: "Is it possible to do valid rituals alone?" First of all in nature ritual, one is never alone. All the other beings of nature are present: either sun or moon, trees, plants, or animals. To consider that you are alone when you are in nature is simply a remnant of Eurocentric thinking. -Dolores LaChapelle, *Sacred Land, Sacred Sex, Rapture of the Deep*

Nature confuses the skeptics and reason confutes the dogmatists. -Blaise Pascal

A man said to the universe, "Sir, I exist." "However," replied the universe, "the fact has not created in me a sense of obligation." - Stephen Crane

Indeed I now realize that a man requires intimate and solitary contact with the wild places if he is to survive. When he is deprived of this state he begins to withdraw into himself, a prey to inner demons and the psychic wallpaper that passes for his estrangement from any genuine inner life. -James Cowan, *Letters From a Wild State*

If my decomposing carcass helps nourish the roots of a juniper tree or the wings of a vulture, that is immortality enough for me. And as much as anyone deserves. -Ed Abbey.

Earth-wise, we are as altars on which the divine fires can burn. The stone of the Druids is still within our bodies, as it was within theirs; for holy sacrifice or sacrilegious exploitation. - Graham Howe, *The Mind of the Druid*

In metaphysics, the notion that the earth and all that's on it is a mental construct is the product of people who spend their lives inside rooms. It is an indoor philosophy. -Ed Abbey

We shall never achieve harmony with the land anymore than we shall achieve justice or liberty for people. In these higher aspirations the important thing is not to achieve, but to strive. - Aldo Leopold

## Education and Learning

Let not thy heart be great because of thy knowledge, but converse with the ignorant as with the learned. -Ancient Egyptian

I hear and I forget. I see and I remember. I do and I understand. -Chinese

Thou dost not practice what thou knowest; why, then, dost thou seek what thou knowest not? -Muslim

He who learns well defends himself well. -Argentine

First learn, then form opinions. -Talmud

Knowledge that can be stolen is not worth having. -Al-Ghazdi

The men who deserted thee will teach thee knowledge. -Talmud

By searching the old, learn the new. -Japanese

We learn from history that we learn nothing from history. -George Bernard Shaw

Awareness means suspending judgment for a moment..., then seeing, feeling, experiencing what this condition in front of you is all about. -Stephen Altschuler

If knowledge does not liberate the self from the self, then ignorance is better than such knowledge. -Sinai

With great doubts comes great understanding; with little doubts comes little understanding. -Chinese

God protect us from him who has read but one book. -German

The world is a fine book but of little use to him who knows not how to read. -Italian

Better unlearned than ill-learned. -Norwegian

Ask people's advice, but decide for yourself. -Ukrainian

A good listener makes a good teacher. -Polish

To inquire is neither a disaster nor a disgrace. -Bulgarian

If you would know the future, behold the past. -Portuguese

Cultivate your own garden. -Dutch

So great is the confusion of the world that comes from coveting knowledge! -Chuang Tzu

Teaching is a long way, example is a short one. -German

Knowledge too hastily acquired is not on guard. -Latin

Doors are not opened without keys. -Maltese

Discussion is an exchange of knowledge; argument an exchange of ignorance. -Robert Quillen

The man who strikes first admits that his ideas have given out. -Chinese

Nothing is so firmly believed as that which is least known. -Michel de Montaigne

Too much knowledge never makes for simple decisions. -Ghanima Atreides, *DUNE*

An intellectual is someone whose mind watches itself. -Albert Camus

A book is a mirror. When a monkey looks in, no apostle can look out. -George Lichtenberg

Many complain of their looks, but none complain of their brains. -Yiddish

There is nobody so irritating as somebody with less intelligence and more sense than we have. -Don Herold

One learns from books and reads only that certain things can be done. Actual learning requires that you do those things. -Farad'n Corrino (Harq al-Ada), *DUNE*

Most men, when they think they are thinking are merely rearranging their prejudices. -Knute Rockne

There's a difference between a philosophy and a bumper sticker. -Charles M. Schulz

I can evade questions without help; what I need is answers. -John F Kennedy

I often quote myself. It adds spice to my conversation. -George Bernard Shaw

The art of teaching is the art of assisting discovery. -Mark Van Doren

For every person wishing to teach there are thirty not wanting to be taught. -W.C. Sellar

You can teach a student a lesson for a day; but if you can teach him to learn by creating curiosity, he will continue the learning process as long as he live. -Clay Bedford

Learn to reason forward and backward on both sides of a question. -Thomas Blandi

Form your opinion of a man from his questions rather than from his answers. -French

At the moment you are most in awe of all there is about life that you don't understand, you are closer to understanding it all than at any other time. -Jane Wagner.

Agnosticism simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that for which he has no grounds for professing to believe. -Thomas Huxley

The road to ignorance is paved with good editions. -George Bernard Shaw

Criticism comes easier than craftsmanship. -Zeuxis (400 BCE)

No writer or teacher or artist can escape the responsibility of influencing others, whether he intends to or not, whether he is conscious of it or not. -Arthur Koestler

Students achieving oneness will often move ahead to twoness. -Woody Allen

History is mostly guessing; the rest is prejudice. -Will and Ariel Durant

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known. -Crates (4th cent BCE)

Education is a method by which one acquires a higher grade of prejudices. -Laurence Peter

Scratch an intellectual and you find a would-be aristocrat who loathes the sight, the sound and the smell of common folk. -Eric Hoffer, *First Things & Last things*.

An educated man is not necessarily a learned man or a university man, but a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, and sane in all the affairs of life. -Ramsay Macdonald, statesman



Many philosophers build castles in the mind, but live in doghouses. -Arne Naess

## Fear and Freedom

He who is afraid of a thing gives it power over him. -Moorish

Do not fear a bright gun but a sooty one. -Montenegrin

Fear has created more gods than piety. -German

A warrior without fear is to be feared. -Anonymous

The man is not escaped who still drags his chain after him. - French

Be a master of your will and a slave to your conscience. - Yiddish

You have nothing to lose but your chains. -Spartacus, Greek rebel

"Freedom" is just another word for "nothing left to lose." -Janis Joplin

A hero is a man who can change his fear into positive energy. - A.S. Neill

The only thing we have to fear is fear itself. -Franklin Roosevelt

You can jail a revolutionary, but you can't jail a revolution. - Fred Hampton

Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable. - John F. Kennedy

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it. - George Bernard Shaw

I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain. -The Bene Gesserit litany against fear, *DUNE*

## Fools and Humor

He is a fool who speaks and listens to himself. -Turkish

The wise aspire to know, the foolish to relate. -Muslim

Even a fool can govern if nothing happens. -German

A man can make mistakes, but only an idiot persists in his error. -Cicero

The first stage of folly is to think oneself wise. -Greek

The Errors of a Wise Man make your Rule Rather than the Perfections of a Fool. -William Blake

Beware the man who cannot laugh. -Anonymous

Seriousness is the only refuge of the shallow. -Oscar Wilde

The aim of a joke is not to degrade the human being but to remind him that he is already degraded. -George Orwell.

Humor is an affirmation of dignity, a declaration of man's superiority to all that befalls him. -Romain Gary

For the present, the comedy of existence has not yet "become conscious" of itself. For the present, we still live in the age of tragedy, the age of moralities and religions. -Frederich Nietzsche

A satirist is a man who discovers unpleasant things about himself and then says them about other people. Peter MacArthur

Defining and analyzing humor is a pastime of humorless people. -Robert Benchley

It is easier to be original and foolish than original and wise. - Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz

It is the test of a good religion whether you can joke about it. - G.K. Chesterton

The secret source of humor itself is not joy but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven. -Mark Twain

The one serious conviction that a man should have is that nothing is to be taken too seriously. -Nicholas Murray Butler

The total absence of humor from the Bible is one of the most singular things in all literature. -Alfred North Whitehead

## Leadership

Even a fool can govern if nothing happens. -German

If you want to know a man, give him authority. -Montenegrin

The tyrant is only a slave turned inside out. - Egyptian

Ambitions tend to remain undisturbed by realities. -The Preacher, *DUNE*

The five fingers are not equal. -Turkish

To alter and to make better are two different things; much has been altered but little has been made better in the world. - German

The ditch is the master of the field. -Finnish

Honors change manners. -Latin

Shadows follow those who walk in the sun. -German

Do not blame what you permit. -Latin

Even God has His Mother. -Montenegrin

Heroism consists in hanging on one minute longer. -Norwegian

No matter how exotic human civilization becomes, no matter the developments of life and society nor the complexity of the machine/human interface, there always come interludes of lonely power when the course of humankind, the very future of humankind, depends upon the relatively simple actions of single individuals. -from *The Tleixu Godbuk*, Frank Herbert, *DUNE* books

It's hard to look up to a leader who keeps his ear to the ground. - James Boren

Use the first moments in study. You may miss many an opportunity for quick victory this way, but the moments of study are insurance of success. Take your time and be sure. -Duncan Idaho, *DUNE*

## Practical Simplicity

Man does not eat what he desires, but what he finds. -Turkish

Whoever abandons a thing may live without it. -Egyptian

Too much wax burns down the church. -Portuguese

We can never see the sun rise by looking to the west. - Japanese

The best luxury is simplicity. -Kurdish

It is stupid to make a long introduction to a short story. -Book of Maccabees

To drink pure water go to the spring. -Italian

The more abundantly water gushes from its source, the less the source is esteemed. -Russian

The good ass is sold in his own country. -Maltese

Taste is in variety. -Chilean

The marvelous and the astonishing only surprise for a week. -Amharic

Do not become too hard, lest you get broken. -Ukrainian

Sharp acids corrode their own containers. -Albanian

To an inverted vessel, nothing adheres. -Sikh

If the evil will not leave you, then leave it. -Bosnian

He who embraces much collects little. -French

No hemlock is drunk out of earthenware mugs. -Latin

Pass at a distance from him who chops wood. -Maltese

To be a Druid was to be a Master of the art of living. -Graham Howe, *Mind of the Druid*

To remain whole, be twisted. To become straight, let yourself be bent, To become full, be hollow. -*Tao Te Ching*.

Einstein was a man who could ask immensely simple questions. -Jacob Bronowski

Do not catch everything that swims. -Russian

Concrete is heavy, iron is hard, but the grass will prevail. -Ed Abbey

When logic fails, another tool must be used. -Honored Matres Axiom, *DUNE*

When the bridge is gone the narrowest plank becomes precious. -Hungarian

What cannot be cured must be endured. -Scottish

The function of an ideal is not to be realized but, like that of the North Star, to serve as a guiding point. -Ed Abbey

The number of things we can really make our own is limited. We cannot drink the ocean be we ever so thirsty. A cup of water from the spring is all we need. - John Burroughs

The largest tree was once a seed ; and the most complex of all our machines was once only an idea. -Graham Howe, *The Mind of the Druid*

The willow submits to the wind and prospers until one day it is many willows, a wall against the wind. This is the willows' purpose. -Rev. Mother Gavis Mohaim, *DUNE*

Here is a man who uses a pearl like that of the marquis of Sui to shoot at a bird at a distance of 10,000 feet. All men will laugh at him. Why? Because the thing he uses is of great value and what he wishes to get is of little. And is not life of more value than the pearl of the marquis of Sui? -Chuang Tzu 28:3

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at its root. -Henry David Thoreau

The US consumes more energy for air conditioning than the total energy consumption of the 800 million people in China. - Robert O. Anderson

Under tension, a chain will break at its weakest link. That much is predictable. What is difficult is to identify the weakest link before it breaks. The generic we can know, but the specific eludes us. Some chains are designed to break at a certain tension and at a certain link. But a good chain is homogeneous, and no prediction is possible. And because we cannot know which link is weakest, we cannot know precisely how much tension will be needed to break the chain. -Gregory Bateson, *Mind and Nature*

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of another. -Charles Dickens

Like using a guillotine to cure dandruff. -Clare Boothe Luce

Those who write clearly have readers; those who write obscurely have commentators. -Albert Camus

Confine yourself to observing and you always miss the point of your own life. The object can be stated this way : Live the best life you can. Life is a game whose rules you learn if you leap into it and play it to the hilt. Otherwise, you are caught off balance, continually surprised by the shifting play. Non-players often whine and complain that luck always passes them by. They refuse to see they can create some of their own luck.' - Darwi Odrade, *DUNE*

1st Farmer: "If you had 100 horses, and I had none, would you give me one?"

2nd Farmer: "Yes."

1st: "If you had 100 cows, and I had none, would you give me one?"

2nd: "Yes."

1st: "If you had 2 pigs..."

2nd: "Now cut that out, you know I have two pigs!"

## Prayer

If the prayers of dogs were accepted, bones would rain from the sky. -Turkish

He lingered between two mosques and returned home without having prayed. -Turkish

Call upon the name of God, and ask for what is good for you. -Koran

One hour in doing justice is worth a hundred in prayer. -Koran

If that which is within is not bright, it is useless to pray for that which is without. -Shinto

Call on God for help, but row away from the rocks. -Indian

Prayer is not asking. It is a longing of the soul. -Mohandas Ghandi

Prayer does not change God, but changes him who prays. -Kierkegaard

Lord, give me chastity, but not yet. -Saint Augustine

## Priests

A rabbi whose congregation does not want to drive him out of town isn't a rabbi. -Talmud

Clever preacher, short sermon. - Japanese

Us nature mystics got to stick together. -Ed Abbey

There are many preachers who don't hear themselves. -German

When the fox starts preaching, look to your hens. -Basque

To go barefoot does not make the saint. -German

Many of the insights of the saint stem from his experience as a sinner. -Eric Hoffer

Malta would be a delightful place if every priest were a tree. -Maltese

No matter large the mosque is, the Imam preaches what he knows. -Turkish

Have no faith in a priest, even if his turban is covered in gems. -Kurdish

Clergyman: A man who undertakes the management of our spiritual affairs as a method of bettering his temporal ones. -Ambrose Bierce

The High Priests of telescopes and cyclotrons keep making pronouncements about happenings on scales too gigantic or dwarfish to be noted by our native sense. -W.H. Auden

It is good that a philosopher should remind himself, now and then, that he is a particle pontificating on infinity. -Will and Ariel Durant

Returning from visiting her friend's church, a woman said, "The minister kept talking about Epistles this morning. I didn't know what they were." Her friend replied, "Oh, my dear, your ignorance is refreshing. I thought everyone knew that the Epistles are the wives of the Apostles." -Anonymous

In the primitive Church there were chalices of wood and priests of gold; in the modern Church there are chalices of gold and priests of wood. -German

If you offer words of the spirit to a man who does not ask for them, you waste the words. But if a man asks for those words and you do not offer them, you waste the man." -*Planet Steward*, Stephen Levine

At a certain dinner, the chairperson, looking around the tables, could not find any clergyman present to ask Grace. So he turned to an actor for the prayer. The actor began "Since there are no clergymen present to say grace, let us thank God...."-Anonymous

## Religion

"God" a word for not thinking. -Ed Abbey

No one but God and I know what is in my heart. -Arabic

Whatever we cannot easily understand we call God; this saves much wear and tear on the brain tissues. -Ed Abbey

Many millions search for God, only to find Him in their hearts. -Sikh

Working is half of religion. -Turkish

A man without religion is like a horse without a bridle. -Latin

All "isms" should be "wasms." -Abbie Hoffman

Most sects are right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. -Goethe

Only the deaf and the blind are obliged to believe. -Romanian

No religion without courage. -Arabic

Science investigates; religion interprets. Science give man knowledge which is power; religion gives man wisdom which is control. -Martin Luther King, Jr.

Religion has two children, love and hatred. -Russian

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed. -Henry Beecher, 19th cent

Religion destroys evil, morality merely hides it. -Welsh

God has no religion. -Mahatma Gandhi

Small is his religion who seeks daily for it. -Welsh

All conditioned things are impermanent. Work out your own salvation with diligence. -The Buddha's final words.

The best sermon is to listen to oneself. -German

Just before leaving on an European Crusade, Billy Graham was asked if he expected to bring back any new creeds with him, and if so, would he be able to get them through customs. He replied, "Oh that would be easy enough, since few of the new creeds have any duties attached to them."

The fundamental rule of the spiritual quest to establish direct contact with the sacred rather than depend on intermediaries, authorities, dogmas, or institutions -*Hymns to an Unknown God* by Sam Keen

All religions will pass, but this will remain: simply sitting in a chair and looking into the distance. -V.V. Rozanov in *Solitaria 1912*

Rituals mend ever again worlds forever breaking apart under the blows of usage and the slashing distinctions of language. -Roy Rappaport

Man is a Religious Animal. Man is the only Religious Animal. He is the only animal that has the True Religion, several of them. He is the only animal that loves his neighbor as himself and cuts his throat if his theology isn't straight. -Mark Twain

Provide a religious organization with wealth and power and it begins to change into a secular agency. -Edmund A. Opitz

Fantastic doctrines (like Christianity or Islam or Marxism) require unanimity of belief. One dissenter casts doubt on the creed of millions. Thus the fear and the hate ; thus the torture chamber, the iron stake, the gallows, the labor camp, the psychiatric ward. -*Planet Steward*, Stephen Levine

Metaphysics is a cobweb the mind weaves around things. -*Planet Steward*, Stephen Levine

Questions are more likely to make good communications than dogmatic statements, which usually only create resistance, shutting the door which they were designed to force open. -Graham Howe, *The Mind of the Druid*

The fact that a believer is happier than a skeptic is no more to the point than the fact that a drunken man is happier than a sober one. -George Bernard Shaw

A great deal of intelligence can be invested in ignorance when the need for illusion is deep. -Saul Bellow

I consider myself a Hindu, Christian, Moslem, Jew, Buddhist and Confucian. -Mohandas Gandhi

To become a popular religion, it is only necessary for a superstition to enslave a philosophy. -Dean William R. Inge

Modern man has not ceased to be credulous, the need to believe haunts him. -William James

Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind. -Albert Einstein

"Mystery" is a better word for "God" because it suggests questions, not answers. "Why" is always a good question, the one question that distinguishes us from the other brutes. -Ed Abbey, *Confessions of a Barbarian*

When religion and politics travel in the same cart, the riders believe nothing can stand in their way. Their movements become headlong - faster and faster and faster. They put aside all thought of obstacles and forget that a precipice does not show itself to a man in a blind rush until it's too late. -Bene Gesserit Proverb, *DUNE*

The inspiration of the Bible depends upon the ignorance of the gentlemen who reads it. -Robert Ingersoll

The dogma of the infallibility of the Bible is no more self-evident than is that of the infallibility of the popes. -Thomas Henry Huxley

Don't change beliefs, change the believer. -Werner Erhart

All the religion we have is the ethics of one or another holy person. -Waldo Ralph Emerson

People in general are equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted and at seeing it practiced. -Samuel Butler

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own. -Edmund Burke

Treat the other man's faith gently; it is all he has to believe in. -Henry Haskins

A fanatic is one who sticks to his guns whether they're loaded or not. -Franklin Jones

The more fervent opponents of Christian doctrine have often enough shown a temper which, psychologically considered, is indistinguishable from religious zeal. -William James

There is something inherently ridiculous in ecumenical dialogue because in the first stage everyone says "if you would only listen to me and my confession, we would have the answer." A great many never get beyond this stage, never listen to the other peoples speeches because they are so busy writing their own and, of course, never see how funny it must appear to God or to the secularist in the world who does not see much to choose amongst any of us. -Eugene Carson Blake

All words are plastic. Word images begin to distort in the instant of utterance. Ideas embedded in a language require that particular language for expression. This is the meaning within the word exotic. See how it begins to distort? Translation squirms in the presence of the exotic. Dangers lurk in all systems. Systems incorporate the unexamined beliefs of their creators. Adopt a system, accept its beliefs, and you help strengthen the resistance to change. -The Stolen Journals, *DUNE*

## Silence

The silent man is often worth listening to. -Japanese

A listener needs more intelligence than a speaker. -Turkish

Give every man your ear but give few your voice. -William Shakespeare

Silence is the best answer to the stupid. -Arabic

Silence is not only golden, it's seldom misquoted. -American

Example is a mute admonition. -German

Those who know don't talk. Those who talk don't know. -Lao Tzu

Tact is the art of making a point without making an enemy. -Wilson Mizner

Zen is not letting yourself be horsewhipped into words about it, so as you read these words just unfocus your eyes and stare at the blurry page. -Jack Kerouac

Never answer a critic, unless he's right. -Bernard Baruch

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him. -John, Viscount Morley

As I grow older, I pay less attention to what men say. I just watch what they do. -Andrew Carnegie

He who silently reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots. -J. Lavater

My father gave me these hints on speech-making: "Be sincere, be brief, and be seated." -James Roosevelt

The quieter you become the more you can hear. -Baba Ram Dass

When Abbot Pambo was asked to say a few words to the very important Bishop of Alexandria, who was visiting some of the Desert Fathers, the elder Abbot replied: "If he is not edified by my silence, then there is no hope that he will be edified by my words." -Thomas Merton.

## Travel

Unless we change direction, we are likely to end up where we are headed. -Chinese

The dog that trots about finds a bone. -Romanian

Seek knowledge even in China. -Muslim

He who seeks, finds either his God or his misfortune. -Turkish

A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step. -Chinese

There is no bridge without a place on the other side of it. -Welsh

Better to turn back than to lose one's way. —Russian

All men are not like trees; some must travel and cannot keep still. —Romanian

The torch of doubt and chaos, this is what the sage steers by. —Chuang Tzu

Every road has two directions. —Ukrainian

The stone that remains in one spot becomes covered with moss. —Lithuanian

To know the road ahead, ask those coming back. —Chinese

Let everyone praise the ford as he finds it. —Welsh

When you have something to do and you find no companions, take your stick and go slowly. —Albanian

God blesses the seeking, not the finding. —German

When the path is before you, do not look for a road. —Greek

It is not worthwhile to go around the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. —Henry David Thoreau

Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations. —Vulcans of Star Trek

Walk down that lonesome road all by yourself. Don't turn your head back over your shoulder and only stop to rest yourself when the silver moon is shining high above the trees. —James Taylor

## Truth

He who speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup. —Turkish

The eyes believe themselves, the ears believe others. —Egyptian

The story is only half told when one side tells it. —Icelandic

Being a Sufi is to put away what is in your head—imagined truth, preconceptions, conditioning—and to face what may have happened to you. —Abu Said.

He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lampposts, for support rather than illumination. —Andrew Lang.

All great truths begin as blasphemies. —George Bernard Shaw

The sky is not less blue because the blind man does not see it. —Danish

All say the lamb is good, but each likes a different way of cooking it. —Chinese

Don't deny the truth even for the sake of your friend. —Hungarian

An old error has more friends than a new truth. —German

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men. —John Hare 19th cent.

He who dies for truth finds holy ground everywhere for his grave. —German

There is no disputing a proverb, a fool, and a truth. —Russian

Hope clouds observation. —Rev. Mother Gaus Helen Mohaim, DUNE

The unclouded eye is better, no matter what it sees. —Rev. Mother Odrade, DUNE

The truth is so simple that it is regarded as pretentious banality. —Dag Hammarskjold

The opposite of a correct statement is a false statement. But the opposite of a profound truth may well be another profound truth. —Niels Bohr

When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less. —Lewis Carroll

Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored. —Aldous Huxley

There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics. —Benjamin Disraeli

Then there is the man who drowned crossing a stream with an average depth of six inches. —W.I.E. Gates

Natives who beat drums to drive off evil spirits are objects of scorn to smart Americans who blow horns to break up traffic jams. —Mary Ellen Kelly

None attains to the Degree of Truth until a thousand honest people have testified that he is a heretic. —Junaid of Baghdad, Sufi

Truth suffers from too much analysis. —Ancient Fremen Saying, DUNE

## Wisdom

A narrow place is large to the narrow-minded. —Turkemenistan

The supposition of the wise man is better than the certainty of the ignorant. —Moorish

The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God. —Talmud

The believer is happy, the doubter wise. —Greek Proverb

A man should never be ashamed to admit he has been wrong, which is but to say, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday. —Jonathan Swift

Only the shallow know themselves. —Oscar Wilde

For of the wise man as of the fool there is no enduring remembrance, seeing that in the days to come all will have been long forgotten. How the wise man dies just like the fool! For all is vanity and a striving after the wind. —Ecclesiastes.

The father of wisdom is memory; his mother is reflection. —Welsh

Ask the opinion of an older one and a younger one than thyself, and return to thine own opinion. —Syrian

In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. —Ecclesiastes

Doubt is not a pleasant mental state, but certainty is a ridiculous one. —Voltaire

Be wiser than other people, if you can, but do not tell them so. —Lord Chesterfield

A man who stands behind a wall can see nothing else. —Japanese

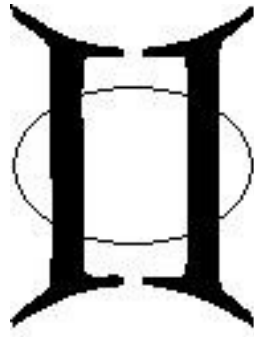
The wise make more use of their enemies than fools of their friends. —German

Each of us finds his unique vehicle for sharing with others his bit of wisdom. —Baba Ram Dass

A man begins cutting his wisdom teeth the first time he bites off more than he can chew. —Herb Caen

Remember your philosopher's doubts... Beware! The mind of the believer stagnates. It fails to grow outward into an unlimited, infinite universe. —Rev. Mother Taraza, DUNE

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# Green Book of Meditations Volume 4

## The ill A.D. and the Odd Essay

### Introduction

Of what purpose is another book of meditations? Indeed, the primary source of inspiration for Druids is thought to be Nature, so why do I collect secondary tales? The Order of Worship has long since past away at Carleton, so the use of meditations at those services has also departed from general custom for many of us (at Carleton.) Well, I guess a sub-goal of the Druids has always been to reflect on life and consider the myriad of systems that also look on life; be they religions, philosophies or intellectual studies. A natural result of the search is to share some of your findings, right? I think these readings will spark an interesting thought or that might encourage Druids to widen their search parameters. I think group discussion of these volumes (and other sources of their own finding) would be fruitful. I hope these selections and advice from diverse sources may whet the appetite for the Search for Awareness and Truth.

I'm sure that the first three Green Books are more than sufficient for many Druids, but I just can't stop collecting stories. My motivation is part pack-rat and partly to provide as much "Druidic material" (in my opinion) for training future Druids, who have little time for personal research. It is also a portable set of notes for my own study. I merely hope that none mistake this book as a substitute for going outside for a walk or planting a garden or raiding a library or talking to a stranger.

By the time of this re-publication, the Green Books will have become 1/5 of the total volume of the ARDA. I certainly can't put an entire library in here. So, I'll have to probably call this the last collection, at least by my hand, for awhile.

Be careful reading this, for you are entering the life and culture of the authors. You cannot borrow the wisdom of a people, without repaying them in some way, perhaps through your life-style. As always, I've swiped these selections without permission, so don't go doing it yourself, right? Two wrongs don't make a right. I've listed the books, where possible to enable you to order them. Please enjoy.

-Michael Scharding  
September 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002  
Washington D.C.

Drynemetum Press



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## Part One: American Sources

### Native American Thoughts

As you may know, many people turn to Native Americans for inspiration from an ecologically-based belief system. To borrow some wisdom, of course, requires some type of compensation, to live wisely. Repay your debts accordingly. This selection is taken from "Native American Reader: Stories, Speeches and Poems," edited and commentary by Jerry D. Blance, PhD, published by The Denali Press, PO BOX 021535 Juneau Alaska 99802-1535, USA. ISBN 0-938737-20-1. Please seek more from this book of modern Indian thoughts and don't forget that there are living Indians, with modern problems, who might welcome some help.

### Chief Seattle's Treaty

Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says, the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The white chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. The great, and I presume -- good, White Chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our land but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise, also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory. I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach my paleface brothers with hastening it, as we too may have been somewhat to blame.

Youth is impulsive. When our young men grow angry at some real or imaginary wrong, and disfigure their faces with black paint, it denotes that their hearts are black, and that they are often cruel and relentless, and our old men and old women are unable to restrain them. Thus it has ever been. Thus it was when the white man began to push our forefathers ever westward. But let us hope that the hostilities between us may never return. We would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Revenge by young men is considered gain, even at the cost of their own lives, but old men who stay at home in times of war, and mothers who have sons to lose, know better.

Our good father in Washington--for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries further north--our great and good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires he will protect us. His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his wonderful ships of war will fill our harbors, so that our ancient enemies far to the northward -- the Haidas and Tsimshians -- will cease to frighten our women, children, and old men. Then in reality he will be our father and we his children. But can that ever

be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine! He folds his strong protecting arms lovingly about the paleface and leads him by the hand as a father leads an infant son. But, He has forsaken His Red children, if they really are His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax stronger every day. Soon they will fill all the land. Our people are ebbing away like a rapidly receding tide that will never return. The white man's God cannot love our people or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God and renew our prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness? If we have a common Heavenly Father He must be partial, for He came to His paleface children. We never saw Him. He gave you laws but had no word for His red children whose teeming multitudes once filled this vast continent as stars fill the firmament. No; we are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tablets of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend or remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors -- the dreams of our old men, given them in solemn hours of the night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander away beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget this beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the happy hunting ground to visit, guide, console, and comfort them.

Day and night cannot dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the White Man, as the morning mist flees before the morning sun. However, your proposition seems fair and I think that my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace, for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the words of nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. The Indian's night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim fate seems to be on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare stolidly to meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

A few more moons, a few more winters, and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

We will ponder your proposition and when we decide we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition that we will not be denied the privilege without molestation of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends, and children. Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days

long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as the swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors, and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed braves, fond mothers, glad, happy hearted maidens, and even the little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone.

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds.

## A Tribal Attorney

A Tribal Attorney on an Indian reservation asked the Chief to show him around. Two horses were saddled and the Chief and the Attorney started out into the country. Soon they came to a cave where the Chief dismounted from his horse, went to the cave entrance and yelled, "Wooo, Wooo." The Chief stood for a moment cocking his head and listening for a reply. When no sound came out of the cave, the Chief mounted up and rode on with the Attorney. In a short time, the two came to a tunnel entrance and the Chief again got off his horse, went to the entrance of the tunnel and yelled, "Wooo, Wooo." When no response came from the tunnel, the Chief again mounted and rode on through the reservation with the Attorney. After approximately a half hour the pair came to still another cave and the Chief did the same thing as before. Still no answer came from the cave and the Chief mounted again and rode on.

As it was getting late, the Chief told the Attorney that if he would ride his horse straight over the hill, he would come out in the parking lot where his car had been left but that the Chief wanted to continue riding for awhile. The Attorney, curious to know why the Chief was yelling into the cave, questioned the Chief about his behavior. He was told by the Chief that there was an old legend about a beautiful girl who lived in one of the caves on the reservation and that the Chief hoped to be the first person to find her.

The Attorney left the Chief and rode back towards his car. On the way back to his car, he passed a tunnel. "Ah!" said the Attorney to himself, "I'll give this cave a try." The Attorney dismounted and went to the mouth of the tunnel and yelled, "Wooo, Wooo." The Attorney stood listening for a few moments and heard from the tunnel a faint sound of "Wooo, Wooo." "Wow, this is my lucky day!" said the Attorney, and he ran into the cave.

The next day the headlines of the tribal paper read, "Tribal Attorney Run Over By Train."

-Colville

## His Answer was "Maybe"

Once there was an elder who was very poor but was content and happy. All he had in the world were a small parcel of land, his humble lodge, an old horse and strong, young warrior grandson. One night, the horse ran away. When the elder's neighbors heard of this, they came as a group to give their condolences and said to him, "This is indeed a great misfortune." But the elder only replied, "Maybe," and smiled. The neighbors were surprised and thought him to be a bit strange as they departed for home.

The next night, the elder heard a great racket outside his lodge. His horse had returned, but not alone. It had returned with several other young wild horses and let them straight into the old man's corral. The next day, the neighbors returned. This time, they were very joyous and said to the old man, "Surely good fortune shines upon you and the Creator has truly blessed your family." The elder smiled as before and again replied, "Maybe." The reservation community thought him ungrateful and perhaps a bit disturbed and muttered among themselves.

Soon it became time to tame the wild horses and the elder's grandson tried to mount one to begin the process. He was immediately thrown and he broke his leg. The neighbors, upon hearing of this and being a genuinely concerned tribal group, once again returned to the grandfather's house to offer their condolences. Once again, in spite of the hardship this would undoubtedly bear upon the old man, he merely smiled and said, "Maybe."

This time the neighbors left in disgust, thinking the grandfather to be a fool, or perhaps insane. The next day, however, a group of experienced warriors poured through the village, forcing all the young men to join them. The tribal chief was going off to war and these young men were to be his pawns. When these warriors came to the grandfather's lodge, they found the grandson to be unable to walk and therefore of no use as a warrior. They left him behind.

Soon the neighbors came to the elder again, some weeping because their sons had been taken, perhaps never to return. They saw that the elder's grandson was still in his bed, his leg with a splint and bandaged. They said to the old man, "You are indeed a lucky man." The grandfather smiled gently and said only, "Maybe." The neighbors stood quietly for some time. Gradually, they, too, began to smile and nod their heads. And as they departed slowly, they, too, could be heard saying to one another, "Maybe."

-Raymond F. Reyes, Hopi

## The Sick Buzzard

A long, long time ago, Buzzard traveled all over the world. He was constantly eating. Sometimes he ate so much he got too fat to fly, so he would just sit around on the tree branches and sleep with his head hanging down. The other birds would never visit with Buzzard because they thought he was too mean and grouchy; and sometimes he stunk too much. That is also why they never invited him to sing and dance in their ceremonies either.

Buzzard used to brag a lot, too. He told the other birds, "I can eat anything in the world. You other birds can only eat certain things. Some of you can only eat seeds, berries, fish, or fresh-killed meat. Not me. I can eat anything at anytime, and I can eat more than any of you."

Bluejay got tired of hearing Buzzard brag so much. One day she told the other birds, "He thinks he's so great just because he is bigger than us, can fly higher, and eat more. But I think he is ugly and stinks. I am going to make a curse on him to teach him a lesson. I wish he would get fat, bald headed, old and wrinkly looking; and I hope he gets bad belly aches from eating too much. Besides, he never shares, either."

One day Buzzard was flying around eating everything in sight. He ate dead animals whenever he saw one. He ate poisonous snakes, scratchy bugs, smelly dead fish, and even a dead human if he found one. NO other bird would dare eat a human!

Buzzard ate so much that he didn't even bother to clean his head. He just kept flying around in circles looking, watching, and waiting for something else to eat, dead or alive. It was really hot that day and he got sick. He got so sick that all he could do was sit on the side of the riverbank, on an old log, and moan. He was stuffed, too fat to fly, to sick to holler for help, and too weak to clean himself. All the dead meat left on his head began to rot in the hot sun; he stunk so bad that nobody in Nature would help him. Within a few days his feathers fell out and the hot sun burned his scalp red all the way down to his neck.

Buzzard was so sick he started to die. All he could do was moan and cry, and still nobody came to help him. But on the fourth day he heard someone trying to talk. He looked all around and saw this little plant below him. The little green, happy plant was singing and swaying in the warm summer breeze. She said, "Hey, you sick bird. I can help you. I can heal anybody. Just reach down here and take a few bites of my leaves, chew them up real good, then swallow my power into your rotten belly."

It was all Buzzard could do to bend over, but that is what he did. And he said, "I don't have much to offer but a few of my feathers. Maybe they can keep you warm from the morning dew. Here, I'll trade you for your medicine." So he reached down and took the herb. After awhile he got well again. Before leaving he said, "Thank you, for helping me. I will never forget you because your medicine is strong and you smell so good." Then he took off flying. As he left he sang this song: "Round and round the Buzzard goes. Where he will land nobody knows!"

-Medicine Grizzlybear Lake, Seneca/Konawa/Cherokee

## Bilingual Education

I've always said that the language is the heart of the culture. If you don't know the language, you'll only see the surface of the culture. It is our responsibility, those of us that can still speak our languages. My biggest regret is that I didn't pass the language to my four children; they tell me today, "You cheated me." I think that is the reason why I am in this program... The language is the heart of the culture, and you cannot separate it.

- Elaine Ramos, Tlingit 11/13/1974

## Words and Writing

I have visited the great Father in Washington. I have attended dinners among white people. Their ways are not our ways. We eat in silence, quietly smoke a pipe and depart. Thus is our host honored.

This is not the way of the white man. After his food has been eaten, one is expected to say foolish things. Here the host feels honored. Many of the white man's ways are past understanding, but now that we have eaten at the white man's table, it is fitting that we honor our host according to the ways of his people.

Our host has filled many notebooks with the sayings of our fathers as they came down to us. This is the way of his people; they set great store upon writing; always there is a paper.

But we have learned that though there are many papers in Washington upon which are written promises to pay us for our land, no white man seems to remember them.

However, we know our host will not forget what he has written down, and we hope that the white people will read it.

But we are puzzled as to what useful service all this writing serves. Whenever white people come together, there is

writing. When we go to buy some sugar or tea, we see the white trader busy writing in a book. Even the white doctor, as he sits beside his patient, writes on a piece of paper.

The white people must think paper has some mysterious power to help them on in the world.

The Indian needs no writing. Words that are true sink deep into his heart where they remain. He never forgets them. On the other hand, if the white man loses his paper, he is helpless.

I once heard one of their preachers say that no white man was admitted to heaven, unless there were writings about him in a great book.

(After-dinner speaking was a strange phenomenon to Four Guns, Oglala Sioux, but he delivered this speech at a dinner given by anthropologist Clark Wissler in 1891)

## Talk To God

When we want wisdom we go up the hill and talk to God. Four days and four nights, without food and water. Yes, you can talk to God up on a hill by yourself. You can say anything you want. Nobody's there to listen to you. That's between you and God and nobody else. It's a great feeling to be talking to God. I know. I did it way up on the mountain. The wind was blowing. It was dark. It was cold. And I stood there and I talked to God.

-Mathew King, Lakota Chief

## Where is the Eagle's Seat?

To the people of Geneva, the people, the Ojibwans, the Six Nations, the Chiefs, the Clan Mothers, the warriors, the men, the women, the children, send our greetings, and our good wishes of health and friendship to all of you. Of the Red brothers of the Western Hemisphere, of the two great turtle islands a certain few of us have been given a short time and a great task to convince you that we too are human. And have rights. Our nations who have principles of justice and equality, who have respect for the natural world, on behalf of our mother the Earth and all the great elements we come here and we say they too have rights. The future generations, our children, our grandchildren, and their grandchildren are our concern. That they may have clean water to drink that they may observe our four-footed brothers before they are extinct, that they may enjoy the elements that we are so fortunate to have and that serves us as human beings. The President of the USA has brought forth into the forum, of the international world, the issue of human rights. It affords us the opportunity at this time to present our position on the issue of human rights. It is strange indeed that we have to travel this far to the east, to the European continent to turn and speak to the President of the US and ask him about our human rights. We are concerned. It is the future of not only our people, the Red people of the Western Hemisphere, but it is the future of yourselves that is at stake. We have been given principles by which to live, mutual respect, the understanding of creation.

Power is not manifesting in the human being. True power is in the Creator. If we continue to ignore the message by which we exist and we continue to destroy the source of our lives then our children will suffer. Whose responsibility then, who are we speaking to and who is listening? We would be remiss in our duty if we did not bring this in front of you. We apologize if it hurts. But the truth must be spoken. We were told in the beginning that we were not human. There are great arguments in the histories of many countries as to the humanness of the Red people of the Western Hemisphere. I must warn you that the Creator made us all equal with one another. And not only human beings, but all life is equal. The equality of our life is what you must understand and the principle by which you must continue on behalf of the future of this world. Economics and technology may assist you, but they will also destroy you if you do not use

the principles of equality. Profit and loss will mean nothing to your future generations.

We are here for a very short time and we have been given a very short time upon that clock of the wall to convince you, to make you listen, to understand, that we are concerned for you as well as for us. Our grandfather from the Hopi Nation this morning spoke a prayer on behalf of all the world, of your future and of ours. And it is with this spirit that we come here and we hope that the people and the nations from which we come and to which we will have to return and which we will have to face, whatever they may have in store for our speaking the truth on behalf of people, of the world, of the four-footed, of the winged, of the fish that swim. Someone must speak for them. I do not see a delegation for the four-footed. I see no seat for the eagles. We forget and we consider ourselves superior, but we are after all a mere part of the Creation. And we must continue to understand where we are. And we stand between the mountain and the ant, somewhere and only there, as part and parcel of the Creation. It is our responsibility, since we have been given the minds to take care of these things. The elements and the animals, and the birds, they live in a state of grace. They are absolute, they can do no wrong. It is only we, the two-leggeds, that can do this. And when we do this to our brothers, our own brothers, then we do the worst in the eyes of the Creator. There should be brotherhood, and the Haudenosaunee, Six Nations, the Iroquois, who were here fifty-three years ago to say the very same thing, the unity of spirit, of brotherhood. United Nations is nothing new to us. Our Confederacy is a thousand years old. The representation of the people is nothing new to us because that is whom we represent. And so for this short time I would ask that you open your ears, that you open your hearts, that you open your minds and that you consider very seriously the future of the generations, of our children to come.

- Oren Lyons, Iroquois

Given to the NGO of the UN, "Discrimination against the indigenous Populations of the Americas," Geneva Switzerland, Sept. 20-23, 1977.

## Earth Teach me to Remember

### (Ute, North America)

Earth teach me stillness  
as the grasses are stilled with light.  
Earth teach me suffering  
as old stones suffer with memory.  
Earth teach me humility  
as blossoms are humble with beginning.  
Earth teach me caring  
as the mother who secures her young.  
Earth teach me courage  
as the tree which stands all alone.  
Earth teach me limitation  
as the ant which crawls on the ground.  
Earth teach me freedom  
as the eagle which soars in the sky.  
Earth teach me resignation  
as the leaves which die in the fall.  
Earth teach me regeneration  
as the seed which rises in the spring.  
Earth teach me to forget myself  
as melted snow forgets its life.  
Earth teach me to remember kindness  
as dry fields weep with rain.

## Behold Our Mother Earth (Pawnee, North America)

Behold! Our Mother Earth is lying here.  
Behold! She gives of her fruitfulness.  
Truly, her power she gives us.  
Give thanks to Mother Earth who lies here.  
Behold on Mother Earth the growing fields!  
Behold the promise of her fruitfulness!  
Truly, her power she gives us.  
Give thanks to Mother Earth who lies here.  
Behold on Mother Earth the spreading trees!  
Behold the promise of her fruitfulness!  
Truly, her power she gives us.  
Give thanks to Mother Earth who lies here.  
Behold on Mother Earth the running streams!  
We see the promise of her fruitfulness.  
Truly, her power she gives us.  
Our thanks to Mother Earth who lies here.

## Prayer for the Great Family (Gary Snyder, Mohawk)

Gratitude to Mother Earth, sailing through night and day-  
and to her soil: rich, rare, and sweet  
in our minds so be it.  
Gratitude to Plants, the sun-facing light-changing leaf and fine  
root-hairs; standing still through wind and rain; their dance  
is in the flowing spiral grain  
in our minds so be it.  
Gratitude to Air, bearing the soaring Swift and the silent Owl at  
dawn. Breath of our song clear spirit breeze  
in our minds so be it.  
Gratitude to Wild Beings, our brothers, teaching secrets,  
freedoms, and ways; who share with us their milk; self-  
complete, brave, and aware  
in our minds so be it.  
Gratitude to Water: clouds, lakes, rivers, glaciers; holding or  
releasing, streaming through all our bodies salty seas  
in our minds so be it.  
Gratitude to Sun: blinding pulsing light through trunks of trees,  
through mists, warming caves where bears and snakes sleep  
-he who wakes us-  
in our minds so be it.  
Gratitude to Great Sky who holds billions of stars - and goes yet  
beyond that - beyond all powers, and thoughts and yet is  
within us - Grandfather space- The mind is his Wife.  
so be it.

## The Buffalo

Your spirit  
Still lives in my  
Heart,  
Keeping me alive  
As you always did.  
Gabrial Dumont was the last  
To call you from the plains.  
Now,  
I must call you from the East,  
I must call you from the South,  
I must call you from the West,  
I must call you from the North,  
I must call you from below,  
I must call you from above.

In this same way  
I must call  
All those who have  
Gone before.  
The dust in Montana  
Will always be red  
With your blood  
And ours,  
The mixture inseparable,  
Settling on everything,  
Our secret claim.  
The night sky is ours  
To gather strength  
You  
And me  
on sweet grass  
- Russel V. Boham, Little Shell Band, Chippewa

## My Journey Home (Caddo Burial Rites)

Moccasin my feet  
clothe me in ribbon and cloth  
my journey home has come  
Sing to me of peace  
and bid me farewell, talk to me  
as you usher me homeward  
Cover me with mother earth  
hand full by hand full  
your farewells are accepted  
As you wash your grief away  
the gentle rain removes my  
traces upon the earth  
Stand not to the East  
bar not my journey home  
my riverward path  
The river I must cross  
is dark and rough  
prepare my moccasin feet  
that I might cross swiftly  
Light the way for me  
with torch of fire  
for six days and nights  
light my journey home  
- Guyneth Bedoka Cardwell, Caddo

## Prayer to my Brother

Oh, My Brother,  
How Great you are in all your splendor.  
Eternally watchful of us,  
So that we may not fall so often.  
Soaring above us,  
Gliding in a circular motion,  
In that watchful way.  
I beg you,  
Have Pity upon me,  
For today, I am lost.  
Open my eyes,  
So that I may see,  
What it is I am to see.  
Open my ears,  
So that I may hear,  
What it is I am to hear.  
Enter into my head,  
Allow me to understand  
The Mystery before me.  
Come into my heart, so that I  
May know all,



But still love.  
 Wrap my Being... In the vast wings... So Strong  
 Suspend me there,  
 Forever to stand beside you.  
 That I may never make a mistake,  
 One threatening the lives of Indian People.  
 Of this, My Brother,  
 With your help,  
 I will be allowed to love...  
 Understand... help,  
 The Indian People,  
 The Ones who need me at this time.  
 - Sheilah Eagle Bear, Colville (lake tribe)

## I Would Cry

Grieving, I greet my kinsmen.  
 Descendants of once proud people,  
 I would cry for them:  
 For cradle-tending grandmothers,  
 Carrying comfort in gnarled hands;  
 For listless, caught-place children  
 Knowing-eyed, without birthdays old;  
 For jobless, blank, self-lost men,  
 Dreamless drifters, homeless at home;  
 For questioning, questing, angry youth  
 Biting bitter fruit of disinheritance;  
 For these, all these, would I cry,  
 Stream of unending sorrow,  
 Had I time.  
 - Pearl (Tommy) Goodson Goodbear, Choctaw

## The End

Bring desecration to my reservation  
 Destroy my native way  
 Appoint a thief to be my chief  
 Force me to obey  
 Drive me insane with prison and chain  
 Ruin my life and name  
 Take my bride from my side  
 bring her disgrace and shame  
 Teach me to lie be afraid to die  
 To follow a coward's lead  
 Encourage me to steal and double deal  
 To worship violence and greed  
 When you're done have had your fun  
 And I finally become like you  
 Remember the man with whom you stand  
 Can do the same thing too  
 There'll be a day we have our way  
 Your rule will reach an end  
 Then I'll be your worst enemy  
 Tho I used to be a friend.  
 - "Sonny" Louis J. M. Ives

## Go Forth

I go forth to move about the earth.  
 I go forth as the owl, wise and knowing.  
 I go forth as the eagle, powerful and bold.  
 I go forth as the dove, powerful and gentle.  
 I go forth to move about the earth in  
 Wisdom, courage, and peace.  
 - Alonzo Lopez, Papago

## This Is My Land

This is my land  
 From the time of the first moon  
 Till the time of the last sun  
 It was given to my people  
 Wha-neh Wah-neh, the great giver of life  
 Made me out of the earth of this land  
 He said, "you are the land, and the land is you."  
 I take good care of this land,  
 For I am part of it.  
 I take good care of the animals,  
 For they are my brothers and sisters.  
 I take good care of the animals,  
 For they are my brothers and sisters.  
 I take care of the streams and rivers,  
 For they clean my land,  
 I honor Ocean as my father,  
 For he gives me food and a means of travel.  
 Ocean knows everything, for he is everywhere.  
 Ocean is wise, for he is old.  
 Listen to Ocean, for he speaks wisdom  
 He sees much, and knows more.  
 He say, "take care of my sister, Earth,  
 She is young and has little wisdom, but much kindness."  
 "When she smiles, it is springtime."  
 "Scar not her beauty, for she is beautiful beyond all things."  
 "Her face looks eternally upward to the beauty of sky and stars."  
 "Where once she lived with her father, Sky."  
 I am forever grateful for this beautiful and bountiful earth.  
 God gave it to me  
 This is my land.  
 - Clarence Pickernell

## Lonely Warriors

Distant drums call from the mountain tops  
 Deep in the concrete canyons of Seattle  
 and Tacoma lonely ears are straining  
 to hear the songs of their childhood.  
 On the main streets and first streets  
 of Los Angeles and Spokane homeless  
 warriors walk the night to look and  
 listen for some trace of other tribesmen.  
 - Robert A. Swanson, Chippewa

## The Wanderer's Prayer

mother of the mountains  
 father of the skies  
 guide me in my travels  
 be with me when I die  
 brother of the forests  
 sisters of the streams  
 protect me in my travels  
 be with me in my dreams  
 - Robert A. Swanson, Chippewa

# Native American Proverbs

These selections are taken from "The Soul Would Have No Rainbow If the Eyes Had No Tears [and other Native American Proverbs]" by Guy A. Zona. As always, remember that part of the wisdom of the Native Americans is not what they say, but how they live. Those are things that can not be read, but must be experienced with them in a real relationship of some type.

## Community & Communication

All children of Earth will be welcome at our council fires. - Seneca

The more you give, the more good things come to you. -Hopi

Give your host a little something when you leave; little presents are little courtesies and never offend. -Seneca

Always assume your guest is tired, cold, and hungry, and act accordingly. -Navaho

Never help a person who doesn't help anybody else. -Hopi

The grandfathers and the grandmothers are in the children; teach them well. -Ojibway

The bird who has eaten cannot fly with the bird that is hungry. - Omaha

One finger cannot lift a pebble. -Hopi

What should it matter that one bowl is dark and the other pale, if each is of good design and serves its purpose well? -Hopi

A people without a history is like the wind over buffalo grass. - Sioux

A people without faith in themselves cannot survive. -Hopi

Be satisfied with needs instead of wants. -Tenton Sioux

You are never justified in arguing. -Hopi

An angry word is like striking with a knife. -Hopi

If I am in harmony with my family, that's success. -Ute

It is good to tell one's heart. -Chippewa

Remember that your children are not your own, but are lent to you by the Creator. -Mohawk

It takes a whole village to raise a child. -Omaha

You can't get rich if you look after your relatives properly. - Navajo

One foe is too many and a hundred friends too few. -Hopi

A man or woman with many children has many homes. -Lakota

Never see an old person going to carry water without getting a bucket and going in their stead. -Twanas

Do not wrong or hate your neighbor, for it is not he that you wrong but yourself. -Pima

I have been to the end of the earth. I have been to the end of the waters. I have been to the end of the sky. I have been to the end of the mountains. I have found none that are not my friends. - Navajo

# Death

There is no death, only a change of worlds. -Duwamish

A brave man dies but once -a coward many times. -Iowa

In death I am born. -Hopi

They are not dead who live in the hearts they leave behind. - Tuscarora

All who have died are equal. -Comanche

Sing your death song and die like a hero going home. -Shawnee.

Death always comes out of season. -Pawnee

Life is not separate from death, it only looks that way. - Blackfoot

The Dead add their strength and counsel to the living. -Hopi

## Ecology

With all things and in all things, we are relatives. -Sioux

Before eating, always take a little time to thank the food. - Arapaho

When we show our respect for other living things, they respond with respect for us. -Arapaho

Creation is ongoing. -Lakota

Be kind to everything that lives. -Omaha

We will be known forever by the tracks we leave. -Dakota

To touch the earth is to have harmony with nature. -Oglala Sioux

We are made from Mother Earth and we go back to Mother Earth. -Shenandoah

All plants are our brothers and sister. They talk to us and if we listen, we can hear them. -Arapaho

Listen to the voice of nature, for it holds treasures for you. - Huron

Mother Nature is always there to watch and care for her own. - Kiowa

When man moves away from nature his heart becomes hard. - Lakota

Everything has a beginning. -Kiowa

Every animal knows far more than you do. -Nez Perce

We stand somewhere between the mountain and the ant. - Onondaga

The frog does not drink up the pond in which he lives. -Sioux

Take only what you need and leave the land as you found it. - Arapaho

## God

The Great Spirit is not perfect: It has a good side and a bad side. Sometimes the bad side gives us more knowledge than the good side. -Lakota

The words of God are not like the oak leaf which dies and falls to the earth, but like the pine tree which stays green forever. - Mohawk

It makes no difference as to the name of the God, since love is the real God of all this world. -Apache

Everything the Power does, it does in a circle. -Lakota  
God gives us each a song. -Ute  
The rainbow is a sign from Him who is in all things. -Hopi  
Inner peace and love are the greatest of God's gifts. -Tenton  
Sioux

## Grief

Our pleasures are shallow, our sorrows are deep. -Cheyenne  
The Soul would have no rainbow if the eyes had no tears. -  
Minguass  
Don't let yesterday use up too much of today. -Cherokee  
What is past and cannot be prevented should not be grieved for. -  
Pawnee  
Don't be afraid to cry. It will free your mind of sorrowful  
thoughts. -Hopi  
The old days will never be again, even as a man will never again  
be a child. -Dakota

## Knowledge

Knowledge that is not used is abused. -Cree  
The smarter a man is the more he needs God to protect him from  
thinking he knows everything. -Pima  
Our first teacher is our own heart. -Cheyenne  
Teaching should come from within instead of without. -Hopi

## Justice and Law

He who is present at a wrongdoing and does not lift a hand to  
prevent it is as guilty as the wrongdoers. -Omaha  
It is less of a problem to be poor than to be dishonest. -  
Anishinabe  
The rain falls on the just and unjust. -Hopi  
Never sit while your seniors stand. -Cree  
Even animals have their taboos. -Northern Plains Indian  
Each person is his own judge. -Pima  
Man's law changes with his understanding of man. Only the laws  
of the spirit remain always the same. -Crow

## Leadership

I seek strength, not to be greater than my brother, but to fight my  
greatest enemy-myself. -Unknown  
Who serves his fellows is greatest of all. -Dakota.  
Don't walk behind me; I may not lead. Don't walk in front of me;  
I may not follow. Walk beside me that we may be as one. -Ute  
When the legends die, the dreams end; there is no more  
greatness. -Shawnee  
Talk to your children while they are eating; what you say will  
stay even after you are gone. -Nez Perce  
The greatest strength is gentleness. -Iroquois  
Show respect for all men, but grovel to none. -Shawnee  
A good soldier is a poor scout. -Cheyenne

Do not only point out the way, but lead the way. -Sioux  
In twenty-four hours, a louse can become a patriarch. -Seneca  
Everyone who is successful must have dreamed of something. -  
Maricopa  
The one who tells the stories rules the world. -Hopi  
Force, no matter how concealed, begets resistance. -Lakota  
When you see a rattlesnake poised to strike, strike first. -Navaho  
White men have too many chiefs. -Nez Perce  
It is easy to be brave from a safe distance. -Omaha  
Never part from the Chief's path, no matter how short or beautiful  
the byway may be. -Seneca  
A good chief gives, he does not take. -Mohawk  
Before you choose a counselor, watch him with his neighbor's  
children. -Sioux  
He who would do great things should not attempt them all alone.  
-Seneca  
Man has responsibility, not power. -Tuscarora  
You already possess everything necessary to become great. -  
Crow

## Religion

a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and  
the Evil one laughs. -Oklahoma.  
What the people believe is true. -Anishinabe  
Rituals must be performed with good and pure hearts. -Hopi  
To go on a vision quest is to go into the presence of the great  
mystery. -Lakota  
God teaches the birds to make nests, yet the nests of all birds are  
not alike. -Duwamish  
The only things that need the protection of men are the things of  
men, not the things of the spirit. -Crow  
All religions are but stepping stones back to God. -Pawnee  
Men in search of a myth will usually find one. -Pueblo  
Pray to understand what man has forgotten. -Lumbee  
Trouble no man about his religion-- respect him in his views and  
demand that he respect yours. -Shawnee  
A hungry stomach makes a short prayer. -Paiute  
When you lose the rhythm of the drumbeat of God, you are lost  
from the peace and rhythm of life. -Cheyenne

## Silence

When a favor is shown to a white man, he feels it in his head and  
the tongue speaks out; when a kindness is shown to an Indian, he  
feels it in his heart and the heart has no tongue. -Shoshone  
When an elder speaks, be silent and listen.  
Even your silence holds a sort of prayer. -Apache  
When there is true hospitality, not many words are needed. -  
Arapaho  
The more you ask how far you have to go, the longer your  
journey seems. -Seneca

Beware of the man who does not talk and the dog that does not bark. -Cheyenne

No answer is also an answer. -Hopi

Every bird loves to hear himself sing. -Arapaho

The man who freely gives his opinion should be ready to fight fiercely. -Iowa

Eating little and speaking little can hurt no man. -Hopi

When the wisdom keepers speak, all should listen. -Seneca

The moon is not shamed by the barking of dogs. -Southwest.

## Truth

Speak the truth in humility to all people. Only then can you be a true man. -Sioux

Truth doesn't happen, it just is. -Hopi

Lying is a great shame. -Sioux

Ask questions from your heart and you will be answered from the heart. -Omaha

Let your eyes be offended by the sight of lying and deceitful men. -Hopi

No one else can represent your conscience. -Anishinabe

To gossip is like playing checkers with an evil spirit; you win occasionally but are more often trapped at your own game. -Hopi

Let no one speak ill of the absent. -Hopi

If you dig a pit for me, you dig one for yourself. -Creole

## Wisdom

Those who have one foot in the canoe and one foot in the boat are going to fall into the river. Tuscarora

Not westward, but eastward seek the coming of the light. - Dakota

Wisdom comes only when you stop looking for it and start living the life the Creator intended for you. -Hopi.

Dreams are wiser than men. -Omaha

Life is as the flash of the firefly in the night, the breath of the buffalo in the wintertime. -Blackfoot.

If we wonder often, the gift of knowledge will come. -Arapaho

There are no secrets. There is no mystery. There is only common sense. -Onondaga

Hold fast to the words of your ancestors. -Hopi

Every fire is the same size when it starts. -Seneca

If a man is as wise as a serpent he can afford to be as harmless as a dove. -Cheyenne

Seek wisdom, not knowledge. Knowledge is of the past, wisdom is of the future. -Lumbee

## War and Peace

It is no longer good enough to cry peace, we must act peace, live peace, and live in peace. -Shenandoah

Make my enemy brave and strong, so that if defeated, I will not be ashamed. -Plains Indian

The weakness of the enemy makes our strength. -Cherokee

It is senseless to fight when you cannot hope to win. -Apachee

There can never be peace between nations until it is first known that true peace is within the souls of men. -Oglala Sioux

Even a small mouse has anger. -Unknown

After dark all cats are leopards. -Zuni

Only two relationships are possible- to be a friend or an enemy. - Cree

## Miscellaneous

The lazy man is apt to be envious. -Omaha

If you see no reason for giving thanks, the fault lies in yourself. - Minquass

# Spanish-American Thoughts

This section has so far proven to be a difficult area for me to locate materials, because I do not know Spanish, but I hope that this selection is a good start or a pleasant continuation for you. These first stories were presented by Teresa Pijoan Van Etten in "Spanish-American Folktales" 1990, Augush House, Inc. PO Box 3223, Little Rock, Ark., 72203, 503-372-5450. ISBN: 0-87483-155-5 (\$9.95.) I've also included some poetry taken from: "Paperdance: 55 Latino poets." edited by Victor Hernandez Cruz, Leroy V. Quintana and Virgil Suarez by Persea Books, Inc.. 60 Madison Ave., NYC 10010. ISBN 0-89255-201-8.

## Wise Stones

A father had three daughters who were very beautiful, very strong, and very clever. When the father fell ill, he got up from his bed and prayed before la Virgen de Guadalupe.

"What my daughters desire of life," he asked, "please give them. They are deserving of what they wish."

The father died.

The land was divided among the three daughters. The youngest thanked God for her gift. The middle one thanked God for her gift. The oldest said, "How awful! Now I must work my land alone, and I am not a slave!"

She was filled with anger.

One day, a stranger walked across their lands. She carried herself in the manner of a wise woman. She asked the youngest daughter why she was clearing the field.

"I am clearing my field so that I can grow chilies to share with my sisters and to sell to my neighbors."

The wise woman walked to the second daughter. "What are you clearing your fields for?"

The second daughter replied, "Alfalfa for my horses and my sister's horses - and also to sell in town, for I will grow the best alfalfa in all the valley."

The wise woman walked to the oldest daughter. "My daughter, why are you clearing your fields?"

This was not a good time to ask the oldest daughter, for she was angry. She had come across a whole part of the field that was packed with stones. She had hurt her back pulling them up, only to find more and more. "I am growing stones," she replied angrily. "They come up one after another." The oldest daughter bent again over her work.

The fall came, and the sister went out to harvest their crops.

The youngest sister had big, fat, ripe red chilies. They were better than any she had ever tasted.

The second sister harvested fields of green, thick-leaved alfalfa, lush and green.

The third sister sat in her field in tears of sadness. Her field was filled with stones. The more she tried to clear the stones, the more would appear. Her two sisters came up and comforted her. They could not understand her hardship

## Meadowlark

A young boy raced out of the house early in the morning. He ran down the path to the forest. There he sat, still and listening. Wings rustled nearby, and then the meadowlark sang.

Everyday the song would pierce the air, lifting the animals of the forest out of their hiding places. They would all listen. The

boy felt honored and special, for it was as if each morning the meadowlark waited for him to arrive before she sang.

The boy ran home. He raced into his mother's kitchen, grabbing at her skirt and calling out, "Mother, mother, you should have heard the meadowlark today. Oh, mother, it sang so beautifully and it waited, it waited for me. Oh, mother, come hear the song of the meadowlark."

The mother stood watching her son. She pulled her skirt out of his hands. "You who listen to birds, go, get out of here. Go down to the field and help your father with the work. Go!"

The boy then raced to his father. "Father, father, you should have been there! The meadowlark sang, again she sang, and the song this morning was more beautiful than the last. Oh, father, come with me to the forest, and let's listen to the meadowlark."

The father shook his head, but with a smile he said, "You come here and take this shovel. We have much work to do."

The two of them worked. The boy talked on and on about the meadowlark, and the father thought his own thoughts.

Men from other places were moving onto adjoining lands and taking over his water from the ditch. They were putting up fences and bringing in cattle that knocked down the fences and ate his crops.

The winter was poor. They hardly had any food. He watched their life grow poor.

One morning, the boy got up early and raced out to the forest. The meadowlark sang her bird could bring them some happiness. he came up with an idea.

He could trap the meadowlark and bring her home. He could feed her, and she would sing, bringing joy to the hearts of his hard-working parents.

The first day, the boy made a cage.

The second day, he took it to the forest and placed it in a tree.

The third day, he put food in the cage and waited.

The fourth day, he trapped the meadowlark.

He carried her home. He showed her to his mother who was busy. She put the cage up high, hanging from a wooden beam in the ceiling.

Every morning the boy ran to the forest and gathered berries and bugs to feed the meadowlark.

The meadowlark sang and sang.

The brutal cold winds that sting the soul blew from the north. The food was gone. Mother was up every day trying to fix something that would keep them alive. Father stoked the fire, hoping the wood would hold, and knowing it wouldn't. The boy went to the forest to gather what food he could find to feed the meadowlark.

The meadowlark sang, and whether they knew it or not, the song kept the family fed in spirit.

One morning as the boy raced for the door, his father scooped him up in his arms. "Where are you going in such a hurry every morning?"

The boy wriggled for his freedom. "I go to the forest to get food for the meadowlark."

The father dropped the boy on his feet. "What? You race through the cold snow, letting heat out of the house, to gather food for the bird?"

"The bird sings beautiful songs," said the boy.

The father reached up to the cage. He opened the cage and pulled out the meadowlark. He took the meadowlark in his

strong hands, and with one swift gesture, he broke her neck. The bird dropped from his hands to the clean dirt floor.

The boy stared at the dead bird in disbelief. Then, all at once, the father's eyes rolled back, his face went white, his hands started to shake, and the father fell to the floor, dead, next to the beautiful meadowlark.

Mother walked into the room. She gasped, and reached for her son. "What... what has happened?"

The boy turned to her. "Mother, my mother, we can live without food for a time, we can live without heat for a time, but we cannot live without the spirit of song."

## Universal Mother (Kagaba, South America)

The mother of our songs, the mother of all our seed, bore us in the beginning of things and so she is the mother of all types of men, the mother of all nations. She is the mother of the thunder, the mother of the streams, the mother of the trees and all things. She is the mother of the world and of the older brothers, the stone-people. She is the mother of the fruits of the earth and of all things. She is the mother of our youngest brothers, the French and the strangers. She is the mother of our dance paraphernalia, of all our temples and she is the only mother we possess. She is alone the mother of the fire and the Sun and the Milky Way... She is the mother of the rain and the only mother we possess. And she has left us a token in all temples... a token in the form of songs and dances.

She has no cult, and no prayers are really directed to her, but when the fields are sown and the priests chant their incantations the Kagaba say, "And then we think of the one and the only mother of the growing things, of the mother of all things." One prayer was recorded. "Our mother of the growing fields, our mother of the streams, will you have pity upon us? For to whom do we belong? Whose seeds are we? To our mother alone do we belong."

## One Being Alone: Berkeley, 1969

Between my eyes and the moon  
there were  
365 nights on insomnia,  
a small crack in my stomach,  
the pain of knowing he was not mine,  
the ray of light from a star,  
a band of wakeful raccoons

looting the garbage cans of their treasure,  
and my neighbor  
who ran  
crazed  
at midnight  
with nothing  
to shelter him  
from the full moon  
but a pair of torn socks  
and a straight jacket.

Lucha Corpi of Veracruz Mexico, tran. by Catherine Rodriguez-Nieto

## Delicious Death

Memory: You were fifteen in the mountains,  
your friends were going hunting,  
you wanted to go.

Cold, autumn day-sky of steel and rifles, the shade of bullets.  
We fought. I didn't want to let you go. And you stood up to me,  
"My friends are going, their parents let them hunt, like am I some  
kind of wimp or what, Mom..."  
We walked into Thrifty's to buy the bullets,  
you would use one of their rifles - I imagined  
you being shot or shooting another eager boy/man.  
"What you kill you eat, do you understand?"  
I stared each word into your eyes. As you  
walked away, I said to the Spirits, "Guard  
this human who goes in search of  
lives."

\* \* \* \* \*

You brought home four small quail.  
I took them saying "Dinner." I stuffed  
them with rice, apples, baked them in garlic,  
onions, wine. "Tonight, Mom?" "Yes, tonight."  
I plucked the softest tail feathers and as you  
showered, I placed them in your pillow case:  
"May the thunder and the prey be one.  
May the hunter eat and be eaten in time.  
May the boy always be alive in the man."

\* \* \* \* \*

We ate, mostly, in silence -  
I felt you thinking, I just  
killed this, what I'm chewing...  
On the highest peaks the first  
powder shines like the moon -  
winter comes so quickly.  
On your face soft, blonde hair (yes, this  
son is a gringo) shines like manhood -  
childhood leaves so quickly.  
The wonder of the hunt is on my tongue,  
I taste it - wild, tangy, reluctant -  
this flesh feeds me well.  
I light the candles and thank the quail  
in a clear voice - I thank them for their  
small bodies, their immense, winged souls.  
"God, Mom, you're making me feel like a killer."  
"Well, you are and so am I."  
Swallowing, swallowing this delicious death.  
-Alma Luz Villanueva

## Day of the Dead

In the keen obsidian night, lost  
On a lightless street in a nameless town  
We ask directions in splintered Spanish  
As a white dog howls and seems to vanish.

Cameras, tapes and pens in hand, blindly  
We've come to see to hear and know  
What's in our blood but not our head  
The dance of ghosts that's never dead.

Across a ditch and mounds of earth, seething  
Between the graves and flowering trees  
The crowd reflects its buried past  
In a riot of masks and stamping feet.

At the molten core of the shouting throng, twirling  
To the eternal tattoo of the fleeting song,

Witches, demons and holy ghouls  
Lean and lurch with laughing fools.

I ask the man beside me, reeling  
What the mirrored masks are hiding  
And feel the air outside my skin  
Tug at something deep within.

You want to understand? he say, smiling  
And offers me a drink as a grinning devil  
Snags my eye, daring me to follow

I lift the cup of dreams and swallow.

-Guy Garcia ( born in L.A.)

## Finding Home

I have traveled north again,  
to these gray skies  
and empty doorways.  
Fall, and I recognize  
the rusted leaves descending  
near the silence of your home.  
You, a part of this strange  
American landscape with its  
cold dry winds,  
the honks of geese and  
the hardwood floors. It's more  
familiar now than  
the fluorescent rainbow on the overpass,  
or the clatter of politicos in the corners,  
or the palm fronds falling by the highway.  
I must travel again, soon.

-Carolina Hospital (Cuban-American)

## Post-Colonial Contemplations

1  
The world grows smaller  
and our faces larger  
this strange proximity  
makes us uneasy neighbors.  
The centuries have held  
like walls around us  
the oceans -wet borderlands  
have floated dark diseases  
in the veins of confused decades.  
Iron fists have punched holes  
into the stunned face  
of each bruised epoch.  
Now we must face the other  
now we must face ourselves.  
The days like anger have disappeared  
into the vanity of each second,  
our time has been enslaved like this  
for 500 years of alternating servitudes.  
We have bowed before too many false gods  
and our prayers have made slaves of us.

2  
I have a thousand gods  
inside me dancing  
a goddess in every room,  
I am a born again pagan  
whirling the sins of the world

on my nose.  
Jester, fool, mad victim  
of inappropriate appropriations.  
My acrobatic karmas bounce  
like noisy children  
off the walls of my inner cities  
I run with echoes  
that call me many names  
I call my gods many names  
we remain anonymous - however-  
on a stage called the universe  
and not even 500 can steal that away.  
Not even 500 years can erode that spirit  
or extinguish the namelessness  
of each face that has faced the uncertainty of namelessness.  
-by Naomi Quinonez (born in L.A.)

## Aztec Thoughts

Although the reputation of the Aztecs is a little bit bloodthirsty, they did have a philosophy and poets. The image of flowers, death and song were among the most popular themes for them to contemplate, apparently songs constituted the medium of their education. I got these from a few books on Aztec philosophy a few years ago. These are all of pre-Spanish origin, recorded from tribal elders by a few monks.

### Heaven

Where is the land?  
The more I weep, the more I am afflicted,  
the more my heart may not desire it,  
have I not, when all is said, to go to the Land of the Mystery?

### The Land of the Dead

Here on earth our hearts say:  
Oh my friends, would that we were immortal,  
Oh friends, where is the land in which one does not die?  
Shall it be that I go?  
Does my mother live there? Does my father live there?

### Land of Mystery

In the Land of the Mystery... my heart shudders:  
If only I had not to die, had not to perish....  
I suffer and feel pain.

### Dreams and Flowers

We come only to sleep,  
We come only to dream:  
It is not true, not true we come to live on the earth:  
Spring grass are we become;  
It comes, gloriously trailing, it puts out buds, our heart,  
The flower of our bodies opens a few petals and withers!

### Seeking

What do you Seek?  
What does your mind seek?  
Where is your heart?  
If you give your heart to each and everything,  
you lead it nowhere: you destroy your heart.  
Can anything be found on earth?

### Flowers

Every man on earth  
carries with him some conviction;  
but it is for a brief period only  
that flowers of happiness pass before our eyes.

## The Wise Man

A stout torch that does not smoke.  
A perforated mirror.  
He studies the black and red manuscripts,  
He himself is writing and wisdom.  
He is the path, the true way for others.  
He directs people and things.  
He is a guide in human affairs.  
The wise man is careful like a physician.  
He preserves tradition.  
He follows the path of truth.  
Teacher of the truth, he never ceases to admonish.  
He makes wise the countenances of others,  
To them he gives a face;  
He leads them to develop it.  
He opens their ears and enlightens them.  
He shows them their path.  
One depends on him.  
He puts a mirror before others;  
He makes them prudent, cautious;

He causes a face to appear in them.  
He attends to things;  
He regulates their path,  
He arranges and commands.  
He applies his light to the world.  
He knows what is above us,  
And in the region of the dead.  
He is a serious man.  
Everyone is comforted by him, corrected, taught.  
Thanks to him people humanize their will.  
He comforts the heart,  
He comforts the people,  
He helps, gives remedies, heals everyone.

### Why Do We Live?

Is it true that on earth one lives?  
Not forever on earth, only a little while.  
Though jade it may be, it breaks;  
Though gold it may be, it is crushed;  
Though it be quetzal plumes, it shall not last.  
Not forever on earth, only a little while.



# American Wisdom: What Do We Mean When You Say God?

We've already heard from many countries and famous writers about what religion and God is, but now let's look at what the average American says about God. Perhaps as Druids, this is a question that we should be asking our neighbors and friends more often. These quotes are taken from a lovely little book called, "What Do We Mean When We Say God?" compiled by Deidre Sullivan, of Cader Books/ Doubleday, 1990. ISBN 0-385-41132-4. Ms. Sullivan surveyed a random portion of the population, by inviting requests in a survey, and by actually talking to people on her travels. Here are her results.

## Hey!

God created us in his image. Since the, human beings have been trying to create God in their image. The word 'god' comes from the Anglo-Saxon. It means 'one who is greeted.' God is the mystery of life we greet. Experiencing God is like saying 'Hey!' Sometimes we experience the mystery of God in a flower, in another person, in ourselves. The mystery expresses itself in everything. When we recognize it and try to put a word on it, it's 'Hey.' -Daniel Martin, 42, Catholic Priest, Rye, New York

## Back to the Basics

Physics doesn't leave any room for magic- there can't be an omnipotent being pulling our strings and determining our future. Any activity that is designed to appease (or beg favors) from this mythical being is probably not productive. Instead of using religion as an excuse for not going to a friend's wedding, declaring a war, or persecuting someone, let's concentrate on what God really is: doing something nice for another person with no hope of being repaid. Taking care of nature. Being nice for no good reason. Never rationalizing behavior that hurts another. Always giving more than you get. That's my God. -Seth Godin, 30, Video Producer, Mt. Vernon, New York.

## Our Own God

My opinion of God is that everyone sees God in their own way. I see God as being black because I'm black. In the same breath, a white person might see God as being white. I have no objection because we both have the same God, we just see him differently. -Vernon Hodge, 15, Bronx, New York

## Where is God? Go and Look!

I believe that you can call God by any name because we firmly believe that there is no name which is not God's name. All sounds have been created by God. So any sound which is created should name Him, should address Him, should be His name. The rustling of the leaves, the sound of the ocean and singing of the birds, all glorify God.

God has given us freedom to do our own thinking and to ask our own questions. He in effect says listen to all that I have said, but make your own decision. He encourages us to ask questions. That's why there are so many branches of Hinduism. We are allowed to choose our own path and there is so much we can choose from. I look at the whole world of scripture, not just

Hindu or Muslim or Christian ones. I believe God is in everything. There are many instances of where God has spoken. -Gopeenath Galagali, 29, Hindu Preacher, Nashville TN

## Problems with God

There's a polluted aspect to the word 'God.' In our culture, we're surrounded by either a self-centered secularism or just crazy religion. You've either got the secular humanists who think God talk is garbage and that it's silly to raise the issue. Or you get the crazy people who think they've got God in their hip pocket and that God is going to do people in. So there are a lot of reasons why the word 'God' has a brutalizing effect on people. And here I try and talk about God as that boundless mystery and words like 'lover' and 'friend' and 'mercy' come to mind. Most people don't want to believe in God at all. They don't want faith. They want certainty. -Alan Jones, 50, Dean, Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, CA

## Islam's Attractiveness

My goal in life is to worship Allah. That is my reason for being. Muslims believe that God is actively involved in the world; therefore, Muslims should be actively involved in the world as a reflection of that worship. Everything I do has to connote worship: my marriage, my conduct, my work - even talking on the phone is part of worship. Islam really expands the notion of worship. It's not just ritual or prayer - although rituals are important (praying five times a day, fasting, etc..) But every act you do should connote worship because you should always be in remembrance of Allah. I think this simplicity and holism is what attracts people to Islam. -Amer Haleem, 32, Editor of Islamic Horizons, Oak Lawn, IL

## A Glass of Water's Travels

My Church is the church of the eternally fascinated. Because the way it looks to me is that God is infinite. Religions don't hold up under the light of scrutiny so I try to be like the swan who separates milk from water. I just chuck the rest. It is all really one. You take a glass of water, that water has passed through Abraham Lincoln's body, Hitler's body, a gazelle in Africa's body. We're all one. Past, present, and future exist simultaneously; if I didn't blow my nose this morning, then Jesus couldn't have been crucified. It's all inextricably bound. -Anthony Adams, 37, Screenwriter, Sherman Oaks, CA

## Sleeping Watchman

I have an image of god as a guy in high top sneakers with his feet up on a desk with his head turned away from the monitor that's keeping track of our universe -it does seem that he has his attention elsewhere. -Fred Navarro, 24, Student, Washington D.C.

## Lesson from Bali

Because our prayers before dinner were silent, I thought, for the longest time, that silence was God and God was silence. When I sat there with my head bowed in silence, I felt like I was sitting in God.

As I grew up, I got a lot more talkative and longed for a spoken dialogue with God, but I had this deep feeling that there was no language powerful enough to penetrate God's great, silent, timeless indifference.

That's when I began to think of God in terms of lesser local gods or guardians. They are beings slightly more powerful

than us that try their imperfect best when asked in a heartfelt and sincere way, at divine intervention. Now when I pray, I pray to a small Balinese icon that was blessed and given to me in Bali by a Balinese shaman. I always speak out loud and begin by asking for the easement of world pain, then zero in on the more personal, particular needs. When I pray, I have a clear image of that jolly, laughing shaman who gave the icon. He had a wonderful gold-toothed laugh and the memory of his laughter is as healing for me as the touch of any lesser god could be.

It's like what Martin Dysart, the psychiatrist in *Equus*, meant when he said, 'Look. Life is only comprehensible through a thousand local Gods.' -Spalding Gray, 48, writer/performer, NYC

## Aka-Ba-Da-Dia

We believe in one Supreme Being, Aka-Ba-Da-Dia, the first maker, the creator of all thing. The Creator is kind of a mystical being who works through animals or plants, through nature, the wind, the air, fire, water, and the earth. When we seek a vision, we go on a vision quest. We'll fast for maybe three or four days and pray for guidance at night. This is how we get close to the Creator. By meditating we listen to what He has to give us. His interpreter comes in the form of an animal or in the form of wind or rain, thunder, or even a bird. This personal messenger talks to you and guides you. We never see the Creator Himself, but we learn His wishes. This is the way that the Medicine Man reaches spirituality, by communicating with the messenger. -Dan Old Elk, 50, Crow Sundance Chief, Harden, Montana

## Together in Church

I think God is spirit, and part of the message of Jesus that's really appealing to me is that spirit lives both outside of us and inside of us and unites us to other people. I think the reason I go to church Sunday after Sunday is that is compelling and moving to be with a group of people in that way. We have something in common - that we really want to learn how to love each other better. There is something useful about having a common framework of prayer. It seems to sometimes help smooth over life's bumps. -Ellen Schell, 37, Nurse, San Francisco, CA

## Women and God

As a woman, I'm aware of the specific and special ways women have an opportunity to know God. In a unique way, we as women come closer to the creative process in childbirth than any other species. As a woman, carrying another human life and nurturing that life for nine months in my body and literally putting my life on the line in the delivery process - as only women do - is an experience that is closer to God than any one I know. -May Cunningham-Agee, 38, Exec. Dir., The Nurturing Network, Boise, ID

## Difficulties with God

For me, growing up in a Hasidic family, the central question was the Holocaust. My family - my aunts, uncles, parents - were survivors. For me, talking about God was always a problem because I not only had to accept a God, but I had to accept a God that let my cousins get gassed to death. I found this extremely difficult. I'd go to synagogue and sit next to one person who didn't believe in God because he'd lost his family in the concentration camps. When I go older, he told me, 'Look, I come here because this is what I'm familiar with, but I cannot believe in a God that let my children be gassed.' And the other man tells me

that after losing his children he has to believe in God - otherwise life would be pointless. So any discussion of theology is a discussion about a God that was able to stand by while His people were tortured. I stopped having an easy time praying and believing in any kind of traditional God when I was eighteen. While there might not be a God now, perhaps there will be one in the future. -Joshua Halberstam, 43, Philosophy Prof. NYU, NYC.

## A Hard Job

I think God does love us and I think He or She has a great compassion, but I believe that God has some faults just like everybody else. If He were all-loving and all-forgiving, we wouldn't be living in the world we live in right now and there would be peace. There wouldn't be fighting. There wouldn't be hunger or anything like that. I think God is overwhelmed by what's going on. -Jacki Maher, 20, Student, Univ of Mont., Missoula

## Consider Allah

I have to ask then 'Who's Allah?' It's easier for me to understand more about Allah when I contemplate his 99 attributes. First, He is the 'Source of Mercy.' So I think of the most merciful, kind, and considerate people I can possibly think of. I know that their mercy is just a fraction of what Allah has. Allah is also the Compassionate One, the Holy One, The Ruler.... Again, what I can imagine is only a fraction of His Essence. -Jeanette Hablallah, 40, Teacher, Lombard, Ill

## The Hidden Sun

I believe in the sun even when it isn't shining. I believe in love even when I am alone. I believe in God even when He is silent. - Jewish refugee, WW2, Poland

## Convenient Invention

It seems to me that God is a convenient invention of the human mind. We are aware of our own ignorance and so we find refuge in a hypothetical being who knows everything. We are aware of our own weakness and so we find refuge in a hypothetical being who is all-powerful and who will take care of us out of a generalized benevolence. By imagining a God, then, human beings avoid having to do anything about their own ignorance and helplessness and this saves a lot of trouble. -Isaac Asimov, 70, Writer, NYC

## Grammatical God

In linguistic terms, I think of God as a verb, not a noun. I think of Jesus as a metaphor, a mythic image, as well as an historical person who had profound inner experiences. For me, worship of Jesus as God is a form of idolatry. It's getting stuck on the image, instead of what lie beyond. And though images stir the memory of God, God, to me, is a mystery that is unspeakable and beyond image. -Joe Wakefield, 45, Jungian Analyst, Austin, TX

## Questioning

When people say not to question God because it's wrong, they're wrong. It never hurts to question something we don't know. All you are doing is wanting to know God in your heart. -Eva Frances Santos, 15, NYC

## A Sine Wave

Once I dreamt what it must feel like to be God. At the time, I had been doing a lot of work with electronic music. That night I dreamt that I was a sine wave. I actually felt what it was like to be this rather abstract energy. It later occurred to me that I could have just as easily become a daisy or a door or a rock or a cat. I realized that being unencumbered by a human body, you have a whole different perception of things. This is where I muck it up a bit because now when I talk about it I'm interpreting the experience as 'Brian' would. When I was that sine wave, I was not tied to a 'body consciousness.' I was just a sine wave, pure and simple. That's what I think God is. Energy that is totally conscious of being everything - a sine wave, a speck of dust, a thought, you, me, whatever -but all at the same time. -Brian Mitchell, 32, Actor and musician, Sherman Oaks, Ca

## God the Creator

God, the creator of all. The One who listens and responds to our every request, but does not receive the same courtesy from us. He must be merciful because this world still survives... in spite of itself. -Margaret Bradley, 39, Contract Admin., Greenbelt, Maryland

A word talking about God is very much like a finger pointing at the moon. It's not he moon; it's just a finger. A 1000 names exist in Vishnu Hinduism, and 99 in Islam and all of them are the names of the unnamable. Each name represents a different facet of God and when you put them all together they still don't represent the totality.. It is not something that can be conceptualized. God is not a concept. It is beyond concept. Concepts just point in the direction. Like a diving board - you walk to the end of it then you dive in. In that sense you can't know God. You can be one with God or merge with God or know facets of God. It's the edge - where the form and the formless meet. -Ram Dass, 59, Spiritual Teacher, San Anselmo, CA

## True Friend

I'm not a person who reads the Bible day and night. I don't go to church every Sunday. To some people that means my faith is not strong, but it is. I love God. People think to have a strong faith you have to worship God. Sure, I worship God, but not in the way you think. He is a friend who I tell things to, like things I won't tell anyone else. I feel He is the best pal someone could have. When I move, He is always there to talk to. If all my other friends I like are mad at me, He won't be. He's a true friend who I love. -Shannon Person, 13, Woodstock, Ill

## Serving

You know, I hear so many people pray that we need to serve the poor and serve the hungry and serve the lonely and serve the depressed. But we can't do that until we love the poor, and love the depressed, and love the lonely. We need to love. Christ came to Earth and who did He work with? He worked with the poor and the lepers. I'm not Christ but I have Christ in my heart. People ask me how I can work with AIDS patients. Who did Christ work with? -Jim Sichko, 22, Student, Orange, TX

## Life is an Offering

Living is knowing God. I can only conclude that all life and death is miraculous. I am awed by it. I feel humbled by it. Everything I do in life is an offering. An essential awareness of

one's life process is the worship of God - because that means giving up concern about what other people have thought, are thinking, or will think. The elimination of fear is a process that takes place with the growth and awareness of the miraculous nature of life and death. And so, minding your own business as intensely as possible is an act of worship. -Olga Bloom, 70, Barge Music, Brooklyn, NY

## No Church Can

We are missing the boat if we think Jesus took away our sins or can single-handedly save us. The world seems to be full of people who are like ships without rudders. The orthodox churches (I was a member for over fifty years, with strict attendance at Mass) have missed what Jesus taught. We are responsible for our own salvation. No church can save or condemn us. -John A. Devine, 58, retired cartographer, St. Louis, MO

## YHWH

The traditional Hebrew word 'YHWH' has no vowels and is conventionally translated as 'Lord' in Jewish prayer books. IN Hebrew, people usually- in order to avoid pronouncing these letters - use the euphemism 'Adonai.' We felt very uncomfortable with that understanding of how to deal with those four letters. In translation, 'Adonai' is transcendent, 'up there', domination-oriented- rather than immanent, community -focused, and androgynous. One day I discovered a powerful and authentic way of dealing with the four letters and that was to pronounce it without any vowel sounds. The word came out like Yyyyhhhhwwwwhhh - just like a breathing sound - which I realized was of course authentically and correctly the 'real' name of God. Breathing is a powerful metaphor for God. God is truly the breath of life. -Arthur Waskow, 56, Shalom Center, Philadelphia, Penn

## Towards What?

I'm struggling with what God means to me and I've never felt so alone. Sometimes I wish that everything would just resolve itself or dissolve. My confidence in everything goes down. I feel a lot less supported. Some people ask me, 'Are you religious?' and I say, 'No, but I'm spiritual.' But then when I'm alone, I wonder, 'Spiritual towards what?' -Margaret Kim, 20 Clark Univ., Worcester, MA

## In Each Other

In the craft, one of the most important things we do is see God in each other. It's a very difficult task. But I think that is one of the most extraordinary things a human being can do, to see God and Goddess in other human beings and to form partnerships and relationships based on that vision. Deb. Lipp, 28, Wiccan Priestess, Dumont, NJ, RDNA member

## In the Flowers

When we see the perfection in a child or lover or friend and when we let all the barriers and all the walls down, we're there in God together. Go is the flowers, the trees, everything. It's all creation - as the Native Americans would say, 'the winged, the four-legged, all that flies, and all that swims.' God is completely forgiving and completely accepting, never ever judging. I sometimes have this feeling of God waiting in joyful anticipation of what we're going to do next on this journey back home into

that place of truth- which is God. -Karla LaVoie, 44, Educator, Asbury Park, NJ

## God is Living

A long time ago, when I was a nurse, I would see God in other people through their bravery, their suffering, and through their determination to live, -knowing that they had a fatal disease or knowing that their child had a fatal disease. Also, I often see God when families interact with each other - when they are forgiving and loving and good to each other. That's God. -Joan Stiff, 58, Mayor, Woodside, CA

## God is Potential

God is potential - if I want to draw on it. God works through an urge to grow, an urge toward perfection. I see what I call God working in people. When someone thinks something through and says, 'I've just got to do that better,' or 'This is what I need to look at,' that the growth principle in people, being the best you can be. That's God at work... The spirit of God embodied in a human being is full of compassion; its vulnerable to hurt, any way, any where. What does it mean to be close to God in the way that Jesus was close to God? What is the Christ spirit I personally experience? The spirit of God moves me, touches me. It's the spirit at the growing edge of my life. This has to do with being utterly true to yourself, with being human and not trying to 'be holy.' To use words as a litmus test was not what Jesus had in mind. To say that you have to believe in Christ in order to get to heaven is another crucifixion of what Christ was all about. - Marty Walton, 53, General Secretary, Friend General Conference, Philadelphia, Penn

## The Deer God

When I was younger, I had a strong aversion to the use of the word 'God.' In fact I avoided it and I avoided people who spoke about God. I attended a powerful workshop with a Huichol Indian shaman who was 104 years old. He introduced me to his culture's Deer God. I got really intrigued with this Deer God and it sort of got to me on a personal level. After the workshop, I bought a bag from the shaman which had been used to gather peyote and this bag had deer woven into it. At home alone, I began getting image of the deer, and at the same time, live deer started wandering into my back yard. I meditated every day and began talking to the Deer God. Very slowly, over time, I found myself talking to the Deer God, saying "Deer God' this and 'Deer God' that. One day I noticed that I was saying 'Dear God.' It was so powerful that I had to laugh. It was like I tricked myself into the use of that 'word.' It snuck it the back door. I've been in love with God ever since. -Martha Powers, Librarian, Sherwood, OR

## Face of God

It seems to me that our understanding of what or who God is proceeds or happens simultaneously as we understand who we are. I don't think we learn one without the other. So as our own selves begin to emerge and we begin to understand the self in all it's parameters - as deeply as that means - then the 'face of God' is likely to emerge. -Laurie Sackler, 39, Housewife, Brooklyn, NY

## Hindu Ritualism

Hinduism, the way I perceived it to be when I was a little girl growing up in India, involved a lot of ritualism. I had no patience with it, and it had no meaning for me since I did not understand the meaning of and the reasoning behind all the ritual.

In our house, half the day was spent on rituals - God this and God that. So I sort of got turned off. Years later, after I got married and had children, I realized that there is a God. The beauty and mystery of Nature opened my eyes to this. Then away from the din of my family and all the rituals, the gurus started to make some sense. They are superior human beings who have attained levels of perfection which I certainly haven't or will not attain for a while. They are God's messengers, here to teach us how to achieve oneness with God and overcome the cycle of rebirth. - Uma K. Desai, 49, Financial consultant, Lawrenceville, NJ

## Carpentry

God teaches me lessons during the workday. Being in construction, I've cleared lots, done electrical work, built roofs, painted. Clearing the lot can be boring and time-consuming. But all that foundation work was to be done, not only on the job but in our hearts. I've worked on projects where the foundation wasn't level. And once you get to the second story, you've got to go back and make all these adjustments. I really see that God wants me to take the time to build a strong foundation for Him in my heart. -Jim Ryan, 24, Carpenter, Panama City, FL

## A Map

I think that we've all been given a sort of map to a city. One person lives to the north. One person live to the east. Nobody lives in exactly the same place. Well, if everyone was given the exact same map to get to that same point everyone but one person would be extremely lost. As we get closer to a sort of universal harmony and as we get more in tune, I think the squabbling stops, because then everybody agrees, 'Oh yeah, I understand your map.' -Kort Falkenberg iii, 37, Film and Video Director, North Hollywood, CA

## A Hologram

It's like a hologram. God is the spirit behind every one of us - although we think of ourselves as separate beings. Like a hologram, His total image is in each of us. Each fractionated part still shows a picture of the whole. -John Gale, 44, Mechanical Engineer, Columbia, SC

## John Barleycorn

When I talk about God, I'm usually talking about John Barleycorn, the Green God, the spirit of all vegetation. He's the Jack in the Green. He comes up in the springtime and grows wise in the summer. He's reaped in the fall and we bake His body into bread and eat it and this is the origin of the Christian Eucharist as well as many Pagan festivals and even the song 'John Barleycorn.' When I speak of the Goddess, I don't mean it in the monotheistic sense. I realize that a lot of women's spirituality groups have basically just simply used the word 'Goddess' to replace 'God.' To me, that kind of Goddess is just God in drag. -Morning Glory Zell, 41, Histologist, Ukiah, CA

## One Size Fits All

The marvelous thing for me about God is that the God concept is something that works for people regardless of what stage of spiritual development or inner knowing they are at. The simplest person with very little capabilities or intelligence can have a concept of God and can the person who is as enlightened as we can imagine. The God concept is as multilevel as you can imagine. This is not true of other notions in our world.

God is a very personal thing- which does not mean He is a person. It means that each person has the opportunity to devise his own notion of what is God to him. That's sacred. None of us has the right to take that away from anyone else - which is to say that if we do, we are transgressing on something pretty heavy. -William Kautz, 65, Exec. Dir. Center for Applied Intuition, Fairfax, CA

## Where is the Water?

The Jewish notion of God is not really explicit, perhaps because we do not believe that God ever took human form or walked the earth. When I try to speak about God, I think it is often to share my perplexity. I often cite the parable from a children's textbook about a little fish. One day he is swimming close to the surface when he hears somebody talking about the water - only he doesn't know what is meant by water. He wonders: 'Where is the water?' So he swims around and asks all the different fish, 'Where is the water?' but they don't know. Finally he finds the wisest fish in the ocean, who says, 'The water is all around you. The water is inside you. The water travels through you.' But the little fish just laughs and swims off. To this day he is still asking, 'Where is the water?' -Robert Kirschner, 39, Rabbi, San Francisco, CA

## A Fish out of Water

Fish in the ocean don't doubt its existence; they live in it. God is like that, the ground of all beings, being itself. A fish out of water dies. A man apart from God ceases to be man. He may continue to breathe but he is dead. -William Graham Cole, 72, Educator, Chicago, Ill

## Unlisted Phone Number

Trying to find God is like looking for an unlisted phone number - only much worse. People who aren't insiders don't have his number. They feel he is inaccessible. At least with the telephone company, you can call and rant and rave and invent a family emergency and they might give you the number. But no one can tell you how to find God. There is definitely a greater force that can screw people over, a main guy who controls the time clock. Also, God is certainly a man. It's a man's world. He's set it up so maleness controls. Don't misunderstand me. There's an advantage to being female. Females can see through maleness. But nature is wild and dangerous. It's very male to be aggressive and make people feel threatened. Human interaction is what softens and smoothes and that comes from women. -Marian Salzman, 31, Media Executive, NYC

## The Creator

We greet the sun because the sun gives us warmth and life. Somebody along the way said, 'These guys are worshipping the sun.' But we're not worshipping the sun, we just honor the sun by greeting it in the morning and we pray to the Creator. The Creator created the sun, the moon, the stars, Mother Earth. We have just one Creator. Though the Creator has no gender, we often refer to him as Great Spirit God or Grandfather.

The Creator put things here for a purpose and that is why we respect the plants, the trees, and even the rock that's lying on the ground. Our forefathers don't teach us that the tree is there for the leaves to give off oxygen. It is up to us to see why the tree is there. In our teachings, they simply teach us to respect these things and to respect other people and other people's space. The Creator cannot judge you. The Creator is there to guide you. But we have the 'other place' and that's where your spirit goes when your body is returned to the earth. And you don't have to

be good to get there. It's just a place you are going to go. - Larson Medicine Horse, 50, Chief Deputy Sheriff and Crow Sundance Chief, Hardin, Montana

## God's Ways

I know little about His or Her form, but a great deal about God's ways. God reveals Himself or Herself through laws of physics, chemistry, and medicine. These are mysterious forces on which people can depend. As there are physical law, there are moral laws too. God is revealed in this sphere as well. When one finds peace by making a commitment to the eternal values of peace, justice, and love, one understands a second dimension of God. - Heshlip Lee, 68, American Baptist Minister, Cedartown, GA

## There is a God

When I think of God, I look at living things. My idea of God has grown as I have grown and each experience brings new insight. Seeing the immensity and awe-inspiring power of nature itself always forces me to reconsider the origins and meaning of 'existence.' Thunder and lightning, wind, earthquakes, and turbulent waters instantly evoke a sense of unfathomable power. But sometimes the simplest 'little' things contain equal amounts of God. Babies' fingernails, bugs, popsicle sticks, smiles, tears... it's all how you look at it. 'God' is a way of seeing. God is the way you live your life and the realization that you are living. - Keith Haring, 31, Artist, NYC

## Short Thoughts

The power to accept what God means for me is recognizing that God is the Lord of time when my idea of timing doesn't agree with his. -Lillian Dvorak, 55, Secretary, Berwyn, Ill

God is from whom we may not get what we want, but do find peace with what we get. -Marilyn D. White, 58, Jeweler, Chicago, Ill

God is a psychological phenomenon. It doesn't make any difference whether or not God exists because the effect of belief on people's minds is the same. -Kendra Wilson, 17, Student, Harvard, Cambridge, MA

God is caring like a mother and strong and strict like a father. So God is both mother and father. -Jason Hernandez, 17, Bronx, NY

God is all that is god. I don't find God in a church any more than in a restaurant or shopping center. God is a kind word, a helping hand, forgiveness. -Joanne Stevenson, 56, Salesperson, La Grange, Ill.

If I am the sail, God is the wind. If I am the cloud, God is the sky. If I am the roots, God is the tree. If I am the thought, God is the manifestation. If I am the sound, God is the word. -Bryce Bond, 61, TV Host, NYC

Nobody talks as constantly about God as those who insist that there is no God. -Heywood Broun

God is like the light I turn on in my room. He lets me see what's there. -8 year old girl, Princeton, NJ

God is sometimes forgotten in man's conquest for fortune and fame, ignored as another human or drug is relied on, often blamed for man's frailties, denied as man worships himself. In a moment of darkness, man cries out for help and comfort - 'Oh God!' and in that moment, man acknowledges that presence of one more powerful than he. -Geri Guiney, 47, Nurse, Chicago IL

## African American Proverbs

Most of these will be pretty familiar to many Americans, but as a collection they may remind you of what you already know, perhaps seen in a new light. Taken from an interesting folk archive on the meaning and situational usage of proverbs, "African-American Proverbs in Context" by Swami Anand Prahlad, ISBN 0-87805-890-7.

One monkey don't stop no circus.

In hard times, a monkey will eat red pepper, when he don't care for black.

Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die.

God takes care of drunk, fools and children.

A cow that's black and ugly, often has the sweetest milk.

I may be getting old, but I've got young-fashioned ways.

You mix ink with water and it's bound to turn black.

Where there's a will, there's a way.

Only a squeaking wheel gets the grease.

You never miss the water 'til your well runs dry.

Still waters run deep.

It'll all come out in the wash.

An empty wagon rattles.

Let every tub sit on its bottom. (don't help the lazy)

Don't trouble trouble 'til trouble troubles you.

If you fool with trash, it'll get in your eyes.

As the tree falls, there it must lay.

Talk is cheap.

Different strokes for different folks.

The straw that broke the camel's back.

Rolling stones gather no moss.

A stitch in time saves nine.

What you sow you must reap.

If the shoe fits, wear it.

Nothing comes to a sleeper, but a dream.

When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

Seeing is believing.

A watched pot never boils.

The pot calling the kettle black.

Don't buy a pig in a bag.

A thin pan heats faster than a thick one.

Don't cast pearls before swine.

Don't write a check with your mouth that your behind can't cash.

Money talks.

Look before you leap.

Study long, study wrong.

A leopard doesn't change his spots.

People in glass house shouldn't throw stones.

Don't change horses in midstream.

You can send a fool to college, but you can't make him think.

You catch more bees with honey than vinegar.

Two heads are better than one.

Don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing.

All that glitters is not gold.

The grass is always greener on the other side.

What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

Every shut eye ain't sleep, and every grinning mouth ain't happy.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

Let sleeping dogs lie.

If you lie down with dogs, you'll get up with fleas.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

You've got to crawl before you walk.

Every crow thinks her crow is the blackest.

Why buy a cow when you can get the milk for free?

Too many cooks spoil the pot.

The bigger they come, the harder they fall.

Don't count your chickens before they hatch.

Charity begins at home.

There's more than one way to skin a cat.

You can't have your pie and eat it too.

New brooms sweep clean, but old ones know where the dirt is.

Never burn your bridges behind you.

Don't cross the bridge before you get to it.

Can't get blood out of a turnip.

Don't judge a book by its cover.

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugly is to the bone.

Early bird catches the worm.

The blind leading the blind.

Blood is thicker than water.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

But even if a bird fly up in the sky, it must come down sometime.

Birds of a feather flock together.

You made your bed hard, now you have to sleep in it.

What goes around comes around.

Actions speak louder than words.

Bury the hatchet and unearth friendship.

# Tales from the South

## Uncle Remus Teaches a Child

One evening recently, the lady whom Uncle Remus calls "Miss Sally" missed her little seven-year-old. Making search for him through the house and through the yard, she heard the sound of voices in the old man's cabin, and, looking through the window, saw the child sitting by Uncle Remus. His head rested against the old man's arm, and he was gazing with an expression of the most intense interest into the rough, weather-beaten face, that beamed so kindly upon him. This is what "Miss Sally" heard:

"Bimeby, one day, atter Brer Fox bin doin' all dat he could fer ter ketch Brer Rabbit, en Brer Rabbit bein doin' all he could fer ter keep 'im fum it, Brer Fox say to hisse'f dat he'd put up a game on Brer Rabbit, en he ain't mo'n got de wuds out'n his mouf tewl Brer Rabbit came a lopin' up de big road, lookin' des ez plump, en ez fat, en ez sassy ez a Moggin hoss in a barley-patch.

"Hol' on dar, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"I ain't got time, Ber Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, sorter mendin' his licks.

"I wanter have some confab wid you, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"All right, Brer Fox, but you better holler fum whar you stan.' I'm monstus full er fleas dis mawnin'," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"I seed Brer B'ar yistiddy, 'sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en he sorter rake me over de coals kaze you en me ain't make frens en live naberly, en I tole 'im dat I'd see you.'

"Den Brer Rabbit scratch one year wid his off hinefoot sorter jub'usly, en den he ups en sez, sezee:

"All a settin', Brer Fox. Spose'n you drap roun' ter-morrer en take dinner wid me. We ain't got no great doin's at our house, but I speck de ole 'oman en de chilluns kin sorter scarmble roun' en git up sump'n fer ter stay yo' stummick.'

"I'm 'gree'ble, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den I'll 'pen' on you," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Nex' day, Mr. Rabbit an' Miss Rabbit got up soom, 'fo' day, en raided on a gyarden like Miss Sally's out dar, en got some cabbiges, en some roas'n years, en some sparrer-grass, en dey fix up a smashin' dinner. Bimeby one er de little Rabbits, playin' ou t in de back-yard, come runnin' in hollerin', 'Oh, ma! oh, ma! I seed Mr. Fox a comin'!"

En den Brer Rabbit he tuck de chilluns by der years en make um set down, en den him and Miss Rabbit sorter dally roun' waitin' for Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin' for Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin', but no Brer Fox ain't come. Atter 'while Brer Rabbit goes to de do', easy like, en peep out, en dar, stickin' fum behime de cornder, wuz de tip-eeen' er Brer Fox tail. Den Brer Rabbit shot de do' en sot down, en put his paws behime his years en begin fer ter sing:

"De place wharbouts you spill de grease,

Right dar you er boun' ter slide,

An' whar you fin' a bunch er ha'r,

You'll sholy fine de hide.'

"Nex' day, Brer Fox sont word by Mr. Mink, en skuze hisse'f kaze he wuz too sick fer ter come, en he ax Brer Rabbit fer ter come en take dinner wid him, en Brer Rabbit say he wuz 'gree'ble.

Bimeby, w'en de shadders wuz at der shortes', Brer Rabbit he sorter brush up en sa'nter down ter Brer Fox's house, en w'en he got dar, he haer somebody groanin', en he look in de do' an dar he see Brer Fox settin' up in a rockin'-cheer all wrop up wid flannil,

en he look mighty weak. Brer Rabbit look all roun', he did, but he ain't see no dinner. De dish-pan wuz settin' on de table, en close by wuz a kyarvin' knife.

"Look like you gwintee have chicken fer dinner, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Yes, Brer Rabbit, deyer nice, en fresh, en tender, 'sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit sorter pull hiss mustarsh, en say: 'You ain't got no calamus root, is you, Brer Fox? I done got so now dat I can't eat no chicken 'ceppin' she's seasoned up wid calamus root.'

En wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out er de do' and dodge 'mong the bushes, en sot dar watchin' for Brer Fox; en he ain't watch long, nudder, kaze Brer Fox flung off de flannil en crope out er de house en got whar he could cloze in on Brer Rabbit, en bimeby Brer Rabbit holler out: 'Oh, Brer Fox! I'll des put yo' calamus root out yer on dish yer stump. Better come git it while hit's fresh,' and wid dat Brer Rabbit gallop off home. En Brer Fox ain't never kotch 'im yit, en w'at's mo', honey, he ain't gwintee."

## The Wonderful Tar Baby Story

"Didn't the fox never catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you born--Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun w'at he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer to see what de news wuz gwine ter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road--lippity-clippity, clippity -lippity--dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Mawnin'!" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee - 'nice wedder dis mawnin', sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox he lay low.

"How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter segashuate?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin.'

"How you come on, den? Is you deaf?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"You er stuck up, dat's w'at you is,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I;m gwine ter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm a gwine ter do,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummick, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nothin.'

"I'm gwine ter larn you how ter talk ter 'spectubble folks ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwine ter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nothin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck 'er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Ef you don't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain'y sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

## Part Two: African and European Sources

### African Proverbs

"'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin.' She des hilt on, en de Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort', lookin' dez ez innercent ez winner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee, en den he rolled on de groun', en laft en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo.' 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man."He mout, an den agin he moutent. Some say Judge B'ar come 'long en loosed 'im - some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin.' You better run 'long."

No matter how dark, the hand always knows the way to the mouth. -Idoma, Nigeria

They gave the sacrifice to the East.  
the East said, "Give it to the West,"  
the West said, "Give it to God,"  
God said, "Give it to Earth, for it is my elder Brother."

Tradition endures. -Akan, Ghana

Without proverbs, the language would be but a skeleton without flesh, a body without a soul. -Zulu, South Africa

If you pray to God (Imana) for blessing while sitting on a hearth he anoints you with ashes. -Hutu, Rwanda and Burundi

Before you climb a tree you must start at the bottom. -Buji, Nigeria

Check the edge of the axe before splitting wood. -Njak, Nigeria

One must pour cold water on the ground before he can tread on soft soil. -Yoruba, Nigeria

A man holding a basket of eggs does not dance on stones. -Buji, Nigeria

When a blacksmith dies, his hand hangs in the world. -Idoma, Nigeria

Weeping is not the answer to poverty; a lazy man who is hungry has no one to blame but himself. -Yoruba, Nigeria

He who wishes to eat the honey which is under the rock should not be unduly worried about the edge of the shovel. -Yoruba, Nigeria

If a lie runs for twenty years, it takes truth one day to catch up with it. -Yoruba, Nigeria

Where there is peace, a billhook (sickle) can be used to shave your beard or cut your hair. -Rundi

The tears of the orphan run inside. -Nigeria

You cannot use a wild banana leaf to shield yourself from the rains and then tear it to pieces later when the rains come to an end. -Nandi, Kenya

No matter how long a log stays in the water, it doesn't become a crocodile. -Bambra, Mali

A cockroach knows how to sing and dance, but it is the hen who prevents it from performing its art during the day. -Edo, Nigeria

If an arrow has not entered deeply, then its removal is not hard. -Buli, Ghana

How easy it is to defeat people who do not kindle fire for themselves. -Tugen, Kenya



# African Stories

## The Skull

*A Tale from West Africa*

A hunter came upon a huge tree with a whitened skull at its base. The skull spoke and said, "Beyond a certain hill is a field of calabashes. Take them to your hungry village, but do not tell anyone how you obtained them."

"How did you come to be here?" asked the hunter.

"My mouth killed me," said the skull.

The hunter returned to the village with the calabashes and immediately told everyone, "A talking skull showed me a field of food!" The Chief called him a liar.

"Then come with me! I'll prove what I say is true. When they arrived at the tree, the hunter spoke to the skull but it remained silent. The hunter was put to death on the spot for lying.

In time, two whitened skulls sat beneath the tree. The first turned to the second and said, "See, in death we meet again, my kin. It's true a mouth can do you in!"

## Two Roads Overcame the Hyena

A very hungry hyena went out on the Tanzanian plains to hunt for food. He came to a branch in the bush road where the two paths veered off in different directions. He saw two goats caught in the thickets at the far end of the two different paths. With his mouth watering in anticipation, he decided that his left leg would follow the left path and his right leg the right path. As the two paths continued to veer in different directions he tried to follow them both at once. Finally he split in two. As the well-known African proverb says: Two roads overcame the hyena. (Story and proverb found in many African languages)

## The Giraffe and the Monkey

The giraffe is an animal with a very long neck and legs and with dark patches on his coat. His legs and neck are so long that when he stands by a tree he can stretch his neck and eat the leaves on top of the tree. One day, he was standing in a pond, a monkey a tree nearby asked him whether the pond was deep. The giraffe said that the water level was only up to his knees.

The monkey felt that since the water level was only up to the knees of the giraffe, then perhaps the pond was not deep. But soon he realized he had made a mistake because the pond was deep. He was drowning and started shouting for help. The giraffe quickly went to rescue him and took him out of the pond. Then the monkey became angry and blamed the giraffe for throwing dust into his eyes.

## The Two Cold Porcupines

One cold night two porcupines found themselves alone out on the plains. There was no shelter or place to keep warm. They only had their body heat. But they were scared that if they stood too close together during the night one could prick and even kill the other by mistake. After experimenting they found the right distance to stand next to each other. They were close enough together that their bodies gave heat to each other, but far enough apart that they would not prick each other during the night. (Folktale told by Bernard Joinet, M.Afr.)

## How the Monkeys Saved the Fish

The rainy season that year had been the strongest ever and the river had broken its banks. There were floods everywhere and the animals were all running up into the hills. The floods came so fast that many drowned except the lucky monkeys who used their proverbial agility to climb up into the treetops. They looked down on the surface of the water where the fish were swimming and gracefully jumping out of the water as if they were the only ones enjoying the devastating flood.

One of the monkeys saw the fish and shouted to his companion: "Look down, my friend, look at those poor creatures. They are going to drown. Do you see how they struggle in the water?" "Yes," said the other monkey. "What a pity! Probably they were late in escaping to the hills because they seem to have no legs. How can we save them?" "I think we must do something. Let's go close to the edge of the flood where the water is not deep enough to cover us, and we can help them to get out."

So the monkeys did just that. They started catching the fish, but not without difficulty. One by one, they brought them out of the water and put them carefully on the dry land. After a short time there was a pile of fish lying on the grass motionless. One of the monkeys said, "Do you see? They were tired, but now they are just sleeping and resting. Had it not been for us, my friend, all these poor people without legs would have drowned."

The other monkey said: "They were trying to escape from us because they could not understand our good intentions. But when they wake up they will be very grateful because we have brought them salvation." (Traditional Tanzanian Folktale)

## The Leopard and the Rabbit

Once upon a time the Leopard lived in a small house far way in the bush. After thinking for a long time he decided to look for a better place. After a short time he found a suitable place nearer the other animals. The Leopard began to cut sticks for building a house. After collecting a big bundle he carried it to the new building site. While the Leopard was doing all these things the Rabbit was nearby watching. He also cut a bundle of sticks and put them near the Leopard's bundle. But the Rabbit did not tell the Leopard.

The next day the Leopard brought another bundle. He was surprised to find a second bundle already there, but didn't know who had brought it. However he put down his own second bundle. Meanwhile the Rabbit was hiding and watching the Leopard's work. Then the Rabbit cut a second bundle and brought it to the site, making a total of four. The Leopard continued to bring bundles of sticks and the Rabbit did likewise.

When the Leopard saw that the sticks for building were enough, he began digging the foundation for his house. When he got tired he went away. The Rabbit also came and dug the foundation for the second wall and put in poles. He got tired and went to sleep.

Day after day the Leopard and the Rabbit were building the same house without meeting or talking together. Soon the house was finished, the first side having been built by the Leopard and the second side having been built by the Rabbit.

The Rabbit was the first to move into the side of the house he had built. Then the Leopard moved into his side. Then the problems began. The Rabbit lit a fire on his side of the house and the Leopard on his side. The Leopard was surprised to see a fire lit in his house without his knowledge. He shouted, "Who is that mad person lighting a fire in my house?" Then the Leopard and the Rabbit began to quarrel without solving the problem.

The Rabbit thought of a way to make the Leopard leave the house to him. He told his wife to pinch the children to make them cry loudly. When the children began to cry the rabbit asked his wife in an angry voice: "Why are the children crying?" Mrs. Rabbit answered, "They are crying for the Elephant's liver." The Rabbit answered boastfully in a loud voice so the Leopard and his wife could hear. "Tell them to stop crying. Finding an Elephant's liver is no problem for me. Tomorrow I will kill an Elephant and give its liver to my children." When the Leopard heard these words he became terrified. He thought that the Rabbit was a very dangerous person. If he could kill an Elephant for sure he could kill him also.

After a few days another quarrel erupted between the Leopard and the Rabbit. Then the Rabbit thought of another way to terrify the Leopard and drive him away. Again he told his wife to pinch the children to make them cry loudly. When the children began to cry, the rabbit asked his wife in an angry voice: "Why are the children crying?" Mrs. Rabbit answered, "They are crying for the Leopard's liver." Meanwhile the Leopard and his wife were listening very carefully to this conversation. The Rabbit answered boastfully in a loud voice so the Leopard and his wife could hear. "Tell them to stop crying. Finding a Leopard's liver is no problem for me. There is a Leopard right here in this house with us. I will kill him easily and give his liver to my children. I don't want my children to be deprived of anything."

The Leopard was terrified and told his wife: "Dear, we must move away from here immediately. Otherwise we will all be killed by the Rabbit." Early the next morning before the Rabbit family got up, the Leopards moved out. On the road they met the Baboon who asked, "Why are you sweating so much and in such a big hurry this early in the morning? Why are you carrying all your belongings? Where are you going?" The Leopard replied, "We are running away from the Rabbit who plans to kill us and feed us to his children. I have been thrown out by the Rabbit from the house I built with my own hands." The Baboon answered: "Oh, I know the Rabbit. That's one of his tricks. Let me take you back to your house. But we must tie our tails in order to go together."

So the Leopard and the Baboon tied their tails together and went to where the Rabbit was. When he saw them the Rabbit began to rebuke them. He told his wife to pinch the children to make them cry loudly. Then the Rabbit asked his wife in a voice that could be heard by everyone: "Dear, why are the children crying?" Mrs. Rabbit answered, "They are crying for the Leopard's liver." The Rabbit said in a loud voice, "I planned with the Baboon that he would bring the Leopard here and so he has. Keep calm, my children. You are going to get the Leopard's liver right now."

When the Leopard heard this he became very angry and began to insult the Baboon saying, "Is this your plan, Mr. Baboon? You deceived me. Do you want me to be killed by the Rabbit?" He became terrified and tried to run away. But since his tail was tied to the Baboon's he could not. They ran in opposite directions and their tails were badly bruised. In this way the Rabbit took over the whole house. (Traditional Sukuma, Tanzania Folktale told by Sukuma Research Committee)

## The Lion's Share

One day the lion, the wolf and the fox went out hunting together. They caught a wild ass, a gazelle and a hare. The lion spoke to the wolf, "Mr. Wolf, you may divide the venison for us today." The wolf said, "I would have thought it best, Sire, that you should have the ass and my friend the fox should take the hare; as for me, I shall be content to take only the gazelle." On hearing this the lion was furious. He raised his mighty paw and

struck the wolf on the head. The wolf's skull was cracked, so he died.

Whereupon the lion spoke to the fox, "Now you may try and divide our meal better." The fox spoke solemnly, "The ass will be your dinner, Sire, the gazelle will be your Majesty's supper and the hare will be your breakfast for tomorrow morning." Surprised, the lion asked him, "When did you learn so much wisdom?" Said the fox, "When I heard the wolf's skull cracking." (Nubian, Sudan Fable)

## The Community of Rats

Once upon a time there was a community of rats in a certain African village. In one particular house a big and mean cat terrorized the rats. They decided to work together and build a small but strong hole that they could easily enter, but the bigger cat couldn't. After finishing and testing the hole the rats were very pleased by their teamwork and cooperation together. But then at a community meeting one rat said: "The cat himself can't go into the hole but he can still catch us as we enter and leave the hole. Who is going to tie a bell around the cat's neck to warn us when he is approaching?" Everyone was silent. All were afraid. While they succeeded in building the hole together, no one was ready to sacrifice himself or herself to tie the bell. (Folktale told by different storytellers in Eastern Africa)

## The Man and the Elephant

God created man and an elephant. These he put in a beautiful garden, and he walked with them every day. There was pure drinking water in a flowing river. But the elephant started muddying the waters. He would listen to neither God nor man who told him not to. In the end, man killed the elephant. God, though, was upset at this act and drove man out of the garden. Hence the Borana now live in a ceaseless search for water in drought-stricken lands, semi-nomads in a semi-desert. (Borana-Oromo, Ethiopia/ Kenya Myth)

## The Chameleon and the Lizard

When God had finished creation he wanted to send people an important message. He called the chameleon to go and tell them that after death they will return to life. The lizard had eavesdropped. However, she had misunderstood what the chameleon was told. She ran quickly to tell people what she thought she had heard God say: "After death there is no return." The agile lizard had long reached the people when the chameleon was still on his way. People thought the lizard's message natural and a matter of fact. When at last the chameleon arrived and delivered God's message, people ridiculed him and said: "You stupid chameleon, we already know that we are all going to die and that death is the end of everything." (Yao, Malawi/Mozambique/Tanzania Myth)

## The Old Woman Who Hid Death

In the beginning times people lived happily without any fear of death. Now it happened one morning that God (Imana) was chasing death to exterminate it from the land of people. When God drew near to arrest (catch) death, death ran into a dog and possessed him. Then the dog quickly ran and entered into the small hut of an old woman who happened to be sitting near the fireplace warming herself.

Then death spoke through the dog saying, "Hide me. If God comes inquiring about me, tell him that death is not here." The

old woman, being surprised to see the dog and hear him speak, hid the dog under her bed. Then she went out and sat in front of her house.

Suddenly God appeared with great speed. Seeing the woman, he halted and asked: "Lady, have you seen death?" "No, Sir," replied the old woman. "I am rather blind and death is not here. Maybe he passed by running." But because he knows everything, God said: "You have hidden death. So from now on you will die, just like death." (Hangaza, Tanzania Myth)

## The Sacrifice of the White Hen

There was a young Nigerian boy named Olu who had a pet white chicken. They became great friends and inseparable companions. One day the hen disappeared and Olu cried and cried. Then after three weeks the white hen returned to the compound with seven beautiful white chicks. The Nigerian boy was overjoyed. The mother took very good care of her chicks.

One day late in the dry season the older boys set a ring of fire to the bush area outside the village. Everyone stood outside the ring as the fire burned toward the center. The purpose was to drive little animals such as rabbits and small antelopes out of the circle. Then the waiting cutlasses claimed their prey. When the slaughter and the fire were over, Olu and his friends walked through the smoldering embers. The boy noticed a heap of charred feathers and smelled burned flesh. It looked like the remains of a bird that had not escaped from the fire. Then Olu realized in horror. It was his beloved friend the white hen all black and burned to death. But then came the sounds of chicks. The mother hen had covered them with her body and they were still alive and well. The mother had given her life for her children. She died that they may live." (Yoruba, Nigeria Story told by Denis O'Sullivan, S.M.A.)

## The Monster Shing'weng'we

Once upon a time in East Africa the monster or ogre Shing'weng'we swallowed all the people in the world together with all the domestic animals except one pregnant woman who hid in a pile of chaff. Later this woman gave birth to a boy named Masala Kulangwa (whose name means "the smart or clever person who understands quickly".) When he grew up he asked: "Mother, why are there only the two of us? Where are the other people?" She answered: "My dear one, everyone else was swallowed by Shing'weng'we. We two are the only ones left."

From that day on the young man started looking for the monster. One day he killed a grasshopper and arrived home singing: "Mother, Mother, I have killed Shing'weng'we. Rejoice and shout for joy." But his Mother answered: "My dear one, this is only a grasshopper, not the monster. Let's roast him and eat him."

Another day he killed a bird and arrived home singing: "Mother, Mother, I have killed Shing'weng'we up in the hills. Rejoice and shout for joy." But his Mother answered: "My dear one, this is only a bird, not the monster. Let's roast it and eat it."

Another day he killed a small gazelle and arrived home singing: "Mother, Mother, I have killed Shing'weng'we up in the hills. Rejoice and shout for joy." But his Mother answered: "My dear one, this is only a small gazelle, not the monster. Let's roast it and eat it."

Another day he killed an antelope and arrived home singing: "Mother, Mother, I have killed Shing'weng'we up in the hills. Rejoice and shout for joy." But his Mother answered: "My dear one, this is only an antelope, not the monster. Let's roast it and eat it."

Finally the clever young man Masala Kulangwa found Shing'weng'we, overcame him and cut open the monster's back. Out came his father along with his relatives and all the other people. By bad luck when he split open the monster's back Masala Kulangwa cut off the ear of an old woman. This woman became very angry and insulted the young man. She tried to bewitch him. But Masala Kulangwa found medicine and healed the old woman. Then all the people declared the young man chief and raised him up in the Chief's Chair. Masala Kulangwa became the chief of the whole world and his mother became the Queen Mother. (Summary of the Sukuma, Tanzania Song Version of a Traditional Myth in many African Languages)

## The Story of Gumha and the Large Rooster

Gumha was a famous and powerful leader of the Bagalu Dance Society that used to compete with the Bagika, the other well-known dance group in Sukumaland. They contested with each other on a regular basis and depended on special magical medicine to ensure success in their dance competitions. Because of his powerful medicine, Gumha was responsible for the success of the Bagalu dancers. This made the Bagika dancers extremely jealous, and they did everything possible to bewitch Gumha.

As it happened Gumha had an extraordinary rooster who used to perch on the roof of his house. When the witches approached the home of Gumha in order to harm him, the rooster would start to crow. On hearing the rooster, the witches would become frightened and say: "What is this? The rooster is crowing. It must be getting light. Let us run for it or we will all be killed." Then the witches would run away without doing any harm to Gumha. The followers of Gumha would say in a boastful way: "Gumha has such powerful medicine that none can harm him not even the witches."

When Gumha finally died his disciples said: "Our master was not bewitched, but God himself has taken him. Truly there is nobody as powerful as God. There is no one like him. He is the one who gives us our life and he is the one who takes our life away."

From this story comes the proverb There is only one bull in the world (that is, God is all powerful.) (Traditional Sukuma, Tanzania Folktale told by the Sukuma Research Committee)

## King Leopard and the Spear Contest

A long time ago, deep in the forests of Liberia, King [Leopard](#) began to think about the future. He thought, "I'm getting old and one day when I get real old, I'm going to get sick and die." Now a wise king would not wait until he was old to pick a successor, someone who could take his place as king after he died. No, a wise king would pick his successor while still young and healthy. But how could King Leopard choose when he loved all the members of the animal kingdom the same? How could he choose one over the other?

King Leopard sat beneath a tree and started to think. After a while, he came up with a plan. He summoned his messengers and sent them out into the forests of Liberia. He told them to ask all of the animals of the animal kingdom to come to his palace. He was going to throw a big party and at this party, he was going to make an important announcement. So away the messengers ran, to all four corners of the forest.

On the night of the party, the forest came alive with excitement. It seemed like all the animals were at King Leopard's palace. They sang and they danced and had a great time. Then, after the moon had risen above the trees, King Leopard came and

stood in the middle of the clearing. The animals looked up and saw the king. They stopped their singing and dancing and showed their respect for the king by listening quietly as he began to speak.

"I've been thinking that it's time for me to pick a successor. But because I love all of you equally, I can't decide who among you is most worthy. I have decided to let a contest decide for me."

King Leopard walked a short way into the trees and came back carrying a spear. He said, "The first one among you who can take this spear and throw it into the sky and count all the way to ten before it touches the ground will be my successor."

As soon as King Leopard finished making this announcement, the animals began to talk excitedly among themselves. But suddenly they were disturbed by a loud noise from the rear. The animals looked around to see what was going on, and had to quickly move out of the way for Elephant was stomping through the crowd to the front. Elephant was going to participate in the contest. As he came forward, he said "Move out of my way. Move out of my way. I'm gonna be king. I'm gonna be king. I'm the biggest, I oughta be king."

"All right," said King Leopard "you can be the first. But before you throw the spear you must first do a dance of victory."

Elephant lumbered around the clearing, stomping his legs and trumpeting with his trunk. After a few minutes, Elephant took the spear and curled it up in his long trunk. Then he thrust his head way back and threw the spear into the sky.

"One! Two! Three!" Elephant cried.

The spear hit the ground on the count of four.

Elephant did not win the contest. He was so angry that he started stomping and blowing his trumpet. King Leopard told him "Elephant, you only get one chance and you've had your chance." And so Elephant had to leave.

After Elephant left, the animals started to talk excitedly amongst themselves again, but as before, they were disturbed by a loud noise coming from the rear.

Boar came charging through the crowd saying "Get outa my way. Get outa my way. I'm gonna be king. I'm gonna be king. I've got the biggest muscles, I oughta be king."

"All right, alright" said King Leopard. "You know the rules. Before you throw the spear, you must first do a dance of victory."

And so the boar did his dance of victory. He dropped to the ground and lifted his entire weight on one foot, then he jumped up and down and all around.

Finally, with his sharp claws, Boar began to dig a hole in the ground. He made the hole deeper and deeper until all you could see was the top of his head. Then he took the spear, clenched it in his teeth, threw his head back and cast the spear into the sky.

"One! Two! Three! Four! Five!" he shouted.

The spear hit the ground on the count of six.

Boar did not win the contest. He was so angry that he started blowing and fuming and tossing clods of dirt into the air. King Leopard told him "Boar, you only get one chance and you've had your chance." And so Boar had to leave.

After that, the animals started to express. They said things like, "Goodness! This contest is hard. Elephant couldn't do it, and he's real big. Boar couldn't do it either, and he's real strong. I don't think any body's gonna win this contest!"

Right about then, they heard another sound coming from the rear and when the animals looked around, they couldn't believe their eyes. They saw Monkey coming through the crowd. As Monkey came forward, he chanted "I can do it. I can do it. I know I can do it. I can do it, nothing to it. I can do it. I know I can do it."

"All right" said Leopard, "Go ahead with your dance of victory."

"Sure thing king," said Monkey, "I love to dance. Stand back and give me room."

And so Monkey did his dance of victory. He leapt up and down and all around. He grabbed up a branch from the ground and shook it and danced around and around.

"All right Monkey," said Leopard. "Here's your spear."

Monkey took the spear and he backed way up. Then he pulled his arm back, charged forward, leapt into the air and threw the spear into the sky.

"One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!" cried Monkey.

The spear hit the ground on the count of eight. Monkey did not win the contest. Monkey was upset. He was so angry that he started turning flips, complaining and making all sorts of excuses and begging for a second chance. But King Leopard told him "No Monkey, you only get one chance." And so Monkey had to leave.

After that happened, the animals really began to doubt that any animal could win the contest. They said things like "My goodness. This contest is so hard! I thought our king was wise and smart, but maybe he's finally decided to use his smarts against us! Maybe he knows that nobody can take that spear and throw it into the sky and count all the way to ten before it hits the ground! Why King Leopard might be making fools out of us all! I for one am not going to stand around here and be made a fool of." And so some of the animals turned and started to head for home, but as they were leaving, they heard yet another sound coming from the rear.

When they animals looked around this time, they saw an unbelievable sight. They saw a tiny, tiny antelope coming through the crowd. As the antelope came forward, he said, "Wait, wait. Let me try. Let me try. I can do it. I can do it. Let me try."

When the animals heard that, they all burst out laughing. Elephant rumbled up to Antelope and said "What do you mean, you can do it? Why if I can't do it, you certainly can't. Go home you little runt."

At this, the animals really started to laugh. King Leopard jumped up and shouted angrily, "Stop it! Stop it! I will not have you making fun of antelope like that! Who is to say that small animals can't do things that big animals can do? If antelope wants to have a chance, he's going to be given the same chance that all the other animals had. So stand back and let Antelope do his dance of victory."

On that long ago night, deep in the forests of Liberia little antelope did dance, but his dance was real different from the dances of the other animals. Antelope slowly moved around in a circle, extending his legs gracefully while lifting his head towards the sky almost as if he were thanking the heavens for being alive. Then Antelope turned towards the animals and it was as if he was saying that he loved all the animals and was happy and proud to be part of such a beautiful and diverse animal kingdom. Finally, Antelope turned and looked towards the king and it was as if he was saying that he loved the king, who was so wise and yet so kind. Antelope bowed down to his king, turned and took the spear in his mouth. He backed up, clenched the spear hard between his teeth and with every ounce of strength in his tiny body he started running. When he reached the center of the clearing, he leapt upwards and released the spear.

"Five plus five equals ten" he shouted.

All the animals were quiet. "What is this?" Asked Elephant. "Five plus five equals ten?" Monkey scratched his head in confusion.

King Leopard came forward and explained everything. He said "Yes Antelope! Yes, you're absolutely right. Five plus five does equal ten and so does three plus seven and lots of other

combinations! Five plus five is another way to get to ten! This contest was not a contest to find out who was the biggest or who was the strongest. It was a contest to see who is the smartest!"

And that's how Antelope, the smallest animal of the forest became king after Leopard stepped down. Not because he was the biggest or the strongest, but because he was the smartest.

## Aphoristic Advice

I don't know why I enjoy quotes so much. They are like condensed essays and are easily categorized for easy reference by a Druid looking for advice on a specific topic, fleshing out an essay or just passing a lazy afternoon in meditation. This collection should be a starting point for further study of these authors, not a stopping point. I'm sure that other good collections exist.

This is a collection of two books. Some 150 are from "A Dictionary of Religious & Spiritual Quotations," compiled by Geoffrey Parrinder, Simon & Schuster Publishers. 1989 ISBN 0-13-210121-1. Added to this good religious diverse source book, I choose another 100 pithy sayings about life and Druidism from the collection; "Webster's New World Best Book of Aphorisms" 1989 ISBN 0-13-947128-6. Others were donated by some friends.

## Atheism and Agnostics

God is dead; but considering the state the species Man is in, there will perhaps be caves, for ages yet, in which his shadow will be shown. -Friedrich Nietzsche

If primitive religion could be explained away as an intellectual aberration, as a mirage induced by emotional stress, or by its social function, it was implied that the higher religions could be discredited and disposed of in the same way. -E.E. Evans-Pritchard

The agnostics were criticized in the Buddhist sources as 'eel-wrigglers' because they wriggled out of every question that was put to them and refused to give any firm answer. -Trevor Ling

## Death and Aging

A man's dying is more the survivors' affair than his own. - Thomas Mann

Our repugnance to death increases in proportion to our consciousness of having lived in vain. -William Hazlitt

Days and months are travelers of eternity. So are the years that pass by... I myself have been tempted for a long time by the cloud-moving wind - filled with a strong desire to wander. - Basho

Tzu-Lu asked how one should serve ghosts and spirits. The Master said, How can there be any proper service of spirits until living men have been properly served? Tzu-lu then ventured upon a question about the dead [whether they are conscious]. The Master said, Until a man knows about the living, how can he know about the dead? -Confucius, Analects, 11,11

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness, for it is an injury to the living, and the dead know it not. -Xenophanes

It's not that I'm afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens. -Woody Allen

The world is moving so fast these days that the man who says it can't be done is generally interrupted by someone doing it. - Elbert Hubbard

The youth get together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance, a place or temple on the earth, and at length, the middle aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them. - Henry David Thoreau

For the unlearned, old age is winter; for the learned it is the season of the harvest. -Talmud

The idea wants changelessness and eternity. Whoever lives under the supremacy of the idea strives for permanence; hence, everything that pushes toward change must be against it. -Carl Jung

Folly is our constant companion throughout life, if someone appears wise, it is only because his follies are suited to his age and station. -Francois de La Rochefoucauld

You can not step twice into the same river, for other waters are continually flowing on. -Heraclitus

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "It might have been!" -John Greenleaf Whittier

Perhaps in time the so-called dark ages will be thought of as including our own. -George Christoph Lichtenburg

If you were to destroy the belief in immortality in mankind, not only love but every living force on which the continuation of all life in the world depended, would dry up at once. Moreover, there would be nothing immoral then, everything would be permitted. -Fyodor Dostoyevsky

There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval. -George Santayana

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. -Henry David Thoreau

You live and learn, or you don't live long. -Robert Heinlein

Youth is wasted on the young. -George Burns

When the waitress puts the dinner on the table, the old men look at the dinner. The young men look at the waitress. -Gelett Burgess

The king asked: 'When someone is reborn, is he the same as the one who has just died, or is he another?'

The Elder replied: 'He is neither the same nor another.'

'Give me an illustration.'

'What do you think, great king; when you were a tiny infant, newly born and quite soft, were you then the same as the one who is now grown up?'

'No, that infant was one, I now grown up am another.'

'If that is so then, great king, you have had no mother, no father, no teaching, and no schooling!... We must understand it as the collocation of a series of successive conditions. At rebirth one condition arises, while another stops.' -Milanda's Questions, 40

## Dogmatism

However strong and confident may be my conviction that my own approach to the mystery is a right one, I ought to be aware that my field of spiritual vision is so narrow that I cannot know that there is no virtue in other approaches. -Arnold Toynbee

## Education and Knowledge

Solomon made a book of proverbs, but a book of proverbs never made a Solomon. -Anon

From the moment I picked your book up, to the moment I laid it down, I was convulsed with laughter; some day I intend to read it. -Goucho Marx

The Skeptics that affirmed they knew nothing, even in that opinion confused themselves and thought they knew more than all the world beside. -Sir Thomas Browne

I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar and often convincing. -Oscar Wilde

It now costs more to amuse a child than it once did to educate his father. -Vaughan Monroe

The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow. -William Blake

Stand firm in your refusal to remain conscious during algebra. In real life, I assure you there is no such thing as algebra. -Fran Lebowitz

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when they will not so much as take warning. -Johnathan Swift

He does not believe that does not live according to his belief. -Thomas Fuller

The Earth is an oasis in the heart which will never be reached by the caravan of thinking. -Kahlil Gibran

Faith: is belief without evidence to what is told by he who speaks without knowledge of things without parallel. -Ambrose Bierce

Real books should be offspring not of daylight and casual talk but of darkness and silence. -Marcel Proust

A book is a mirror; if an ass peers into it you can't expect an apostle to peer out. -George Christoph Lichtenberg

It is better to speak wisdom foolishly like the saints than to speak folly wisely like the deans. -G.K. Chesterton

The more intelligent one is, the more men of originality one finds. Ordinary people find no difference between men. -Blaise Pascal

Neither Christ nor Buddha nor Socrates wrote a book, for to do that is to exchange life for a logical process. -William Butler Yeats

To expect a man to retain everything that he has ever read is like expecting him to carry about in his body everything he has ever eaten. -Arthur Schopenhauer

All that we are is the result of what we have thought. The mind is everything. What we think, we become. -Buddha

The chief knowledge that a man gets from reading books is the knowledge that very few of them are worth reading. -H.L. Mencken

When they come downstairs from their Ivory Tower, idealists are apt to walk straight into the gutter. -Logan Pearsall Smith

A man is not necessarily intelligent because he has plenty of ideas any more than he is a good general because he has plenty of soldiers. -Nicolas Chamfort.

Nothing is more dangerous than an idea when it's the only one we have. -Alain

A little learning is a dangerous thing. -Alexander Pope

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger? -Thomas Henry Huxley

I pay the schoolmaster but tis the schoolboys that educate my son. -Ralph Waldo Emerson

The learned fool writes his nonsense in better language than the unlearned, but it is still nonsense. -Benjamin Franklin

Originality does not consist in saying what no one ever said before, but in saying exactly what you think yourself. -J.F. Stephen

Know thyself? If I knew myself, I'd run away. -Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Just as philosophy is the study of other people's misconceptions, so history is the study of other people's mistakes. -Phillip Guedalla

Enlightenment is the movement of man out of his minority state, which was brought about by his own fault. The minority state means the incapacity to make use of one's understanding without the guidance of another... Have the encouragement to make use of your own understanding is thus the motto of Enlightenment. -Immanuel Kant

Sometimes men come by the name of genius in the same way that certain insects come by the name of centipede- not because they have a hundred feet, but because most people can't count above fourteen. -George Lichtenberg

A definition is the enclosing of a wilderness of ideas within a wall of words. -Samuel Butler

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. -The Book of Common Prayer

The more faithfully you listen to the voice within you, the better you will hear what is sounding outside. -Dag Hammarskjold

Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart... and ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house. -Deuteronomy 11,18

A good word is like a good tree whose root is firmly fixed, and whose top is in the sky; which produces its edible fruit every season. -Koran 14, 30

If I were to teach the Doctrine, and other did not understand it, it would be a weariness to me, a vexation... Then Brahma, knowing the deliberation of my mind... said, 'May the reverend Lord teach the Doctrine.' -Majjihima Nikaya, i, 240

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master - that's all." -Lewis Carroll

Everywhere is nowhere. When a person spends all his life in foreign travel, he ends by having many acquaintances, but no friends. -Seneca

## Freedom

Loyalty to a petrified opinion never yet broke a chain or freed a human soul. -Mark Twain

Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say, "Why not?" -John F. Kennedy

Freedom is not worth having if it does not connote freedom to err. -Mahatma Gandhi

## God

I can believe anything, but the justice of this world does not give me a very reassuring idea of the justice in the next. I am very much afraid that God will go on blundering; he will receive the wicked in paradise and hurl the good into hell. -Jules Renard

If Jesus Christ were to come today, people would not even crucify him. They would ask him to dinner and hear what he had to say and make fun of it. -Thomas Carlyle

A man can no more diminish God's glory by refusing to worship Him than a lunatic can put out the sun by scribbling the word "darkness" on the walls of his cell. -C.S. Lewis

It would be useful to devise a term which would denote religions that have a supreme God, but also worship other gods. -Geoffrey Parrinder

He who knows about depth, knows about God. -Paul Tillich

The energy of atheists, their tireless propaganda, their spirited discourses, testify to a belief in God which puts to shame mere lip worshipers. They are always thinking of God. -Fulton J. Sheen

Is man one of God's blunders? Or is God one of man's blunders? -Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

God dwells wherever man lets him in. -Mendel of Kotzk

Either God exists or he does not. But to which side shall we lean? Reason can decide nothing, there is an infinite chaos which separates us. A game is being played, at the extremity of this infinite distance, where heads or tails will fall. What will you bet? If you win, you win everything. If you lose, you lose nothing. Bet then that he exists, without hesitating. -Blaise Pascal

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. -Voltaire

Things are to be used and God is to be loved. We get into trouble when we begin to use God and love things. -Jay Kesler

All night long we have not stirred,

And yet God has not said a word! - Robert Browning

How odd  
Of God  
To choose  
The Jews. -W.N. Ewer

But no so odd  
As those who choose  
A Jewish God  
But spurn the Jews. -Cecil Browne

The gods of most nations claim to have created the world. The Olympians make no such claim. The most they ever did was to conquer it... And when they have conquered their kingdoms, what do they do? Do they attend to the government? Do they promote agriculture? Do they practice trades and industries? Not a bit of it. Why should they do any honest work? -Gilbert Murray

Man is quite insane. He would not know how to create a maggot, and he creates gods by the dozen. -Michel de Montaigne

Glendower: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur: Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them? -William Shakespeare Henry IV, part 1, 3 i, 53-55

We may not pay Satan reverence, for that would be indiscreet, but we can at least respect his talents. -Mark Twain

God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth. -John, 4, 24

God's contempt for human minds is evidenced by miracles. He judges them unworthy of being drawn to Him by other means than those of stupefaction and the crudest modes of sensibility. -Paul Valery

## Grief

If we only wanted to be happy, it would be easy; But we want to be happier than other people, and that is almost always difficult, since we think them happier than they are. -Baron de Montesquieu

One may not reach the dawn save by the path of night. -Kahlil Gibran

Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and is far the best ending for one. -Oscar Wilde

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much. -William Hazlitt

If life is a grind, use it to sharpen your wits. -Anon.

## Justice, Law & Government

Acquit me, or do not acquit me, but be sure that I shall not alter my way of life, no, not if I have to die for it many times. -Socrates

Between midnight and dawn when sleep will not come and all the old wounds begin to ache, I often have a nightmare vision of the future world in which there are billions of people, all numbered and registered, with not a gleam of genius anywhere, not an original mind, a rich personality, on the whole packed globe. The twin ideas of our time, organization and quantity, will have won forever. -J.B. Priestely

Justice is always violent to the party offending, for every man is innocent in his own eyes. -Daniel Defoe

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. -Luke 6, 37

Justice is like a train that's nearly always late. -Yevgeny Yevtushenko

The law is fair to all. In its fairness for equality, it forbids the rich as well as the poor to beg in the streets and to steal bread. -Anatole France

The whole aim of practical politics is to keep the populace alarmed (and hence clamorous to be led to safety) by an endless series of hobgoblins. -H.L. Mencken

Politics is too serious a matter to be left to the politicians. -Charles de Gaulle

Government can easily exist without laws, but laws cannot exist without government. -Bertrand Russell

If we were to wake up some morning and find that everyone was the same race, creed and color, we would find some other causes for prejudice by noon. -Senator George Aiken

Prejudice is a raft onto which the shipwrecked mind clammers and paddles to safety. -Ben Hecht

Most men, when they think they are thinking, are merely rearranging their prejudices. -Knut Roche

## Leadership

Committee: a group of the unfit appointed by the unwilling to do the unnecessary. -Stewart Harrot

The main thing is to make history, not to write it. -Otto von Bismarck

Do not seek to follow in the footsteps of the men of old, seek what they sought. -Matsuo Basho

They who are in highest places, and have the most power, have the least liberty, because they are most observed. -John Tillotson

The lust for power, for dominating others, inflames the heart more than any other passion. -Tacitus

Throughout history the world has been laid waste to ensure the triumph of conceptions that are now as dead as the men that died for them. -Henry De Montherlant

Words divide us; action unites us. -Tupamaros

Success- "the bitch-goddess," in William Jame's phrase- demands strange sacrifices from those who worship her. -Aldous Huxley

Our heartiest praise is usually reserved for our admirers. -Francois de La Rochefoucauld

## Man

I am man, I count nothing human foreign to me. -Terence

Know thyself. -Delphi Oracle

We have created man, and we know what his soul whispers within him, for we are nearer to him than his jugular vein. -Koran 50,15

It is said, there came a voice from heaven, saying, 'Man know thyself.' Thus that proverb is still true, 'Going out were never so good, but staying at home were much better.' -Theologia Germanica

## Morality

None of us can boast about the morality of our ancestors. The records do not show that Adam and Eve were married. -E.W. Howe

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than no to trust. -Samuel Johnson

On Karma alone be your interest, never on its fruits; let not the results of Karma be your motive, nor be your attachment to inaction. -Bhagavad Gita, 2, 47

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed. -Jonathan Swift

It is easier to forgive an enemy than to forgive a friend. -William Blake

A virtue to be serviceable must, like gold, be alloyed with some commoner but more durable metal. -Samuel Butler

There are seven marks of a wise man. The wise man does not speak before him who is greater than he in wisdom; and does not break in upon the speech of his fellow; he is not hasty to answer; he questions according to the subject matter; and answers to the point; he speaks upon the first thing first, and the first last; regarding that which he has not understood he say, I do not understand it, and he acknowledges the truth. -Mishnah

A man should be of good cheer about his soul... if he has earnestly pursued the pleasure of learning, and adorned his soul with the adornment of temperance, and justice, and courage, and freedom, and truth. -Plato

The highest good is like that of water. The goodness of water is that it benefits the ten thousand creatures; yet itself does not scramble, but is content with the places that all men disdain. It is this that makes water so near to the Way. -Tao Te Ching 8

The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult; and left untried. -G.K. Chesteron



Islam is built upon five things: on confessing that there is no god but God, performing prayers, giving the legal alms, going on pilgrimage to the House, and fasting during the month of Ramadan. -Al-Malati

Serve God, and do not associate anything with him; show parents kindness; also to relatives, and the poor, and the person under your protection be he relative or not, to the companion by your side, to the follower of the way, and to what your right hand possess. -Koran 4, 40

'Do the duty which lies nearest thee', which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer..-Thomas Carlyle

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good; try to use ordinary situations. -Jean Paul Richter

Men show their characters in nothing more than in what they think laughable. -Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Your destiny shall not be allotted to you, but you shall choose it for yourselves. Let him who draws the first lot be the first to choose a life, which shall be his irrevocably. Virtue owns no master: he who honors her shall have more of her, and he who slights her, less. -Plato

What is morality in any given time or place? It is what the majority then and there happen to like, and immorality is what they dislike. -Alfred North Whitehead

Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo. -H.G. Wells

Greater is he who performs the commandments from love than he who performs them from fear. -Mishnah, Sotah, 31

Nothing makes you more tolerant of a neighbor's noisy party than being there. -Franklin P. Jones

Christ could not imagine people believing in his teaching of humility, love and universal brotherhood, quietly and deliberately organizing the murder of their brother men. -Leo Tolstoy

If a man own land, the land owns him. Now let him leave home, if he dare. -R.W. Emerson

There are several good protections against temptation, but the surest is cowardice. -Mark Twain

I can resist everything except temptation. -Oscar Wilde

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. -Oscar Wilde

Lord, give me chastity, but not right now. -Ambrosius

I can sympathize with people's pains but not with their pleasures. There is something curiously boring about somebody else's happiness. -Aldous Huxley

## Nature

All animals except man know that the ultimate in life is to enjoy it. -Samuel Butler

To see a world in a grain of sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour... -William Blake

The Dew is on the lotus! -Rise Great Sun!  
And lift my leaf, and mix me with the wave.  
OM MANI PADME HUM, the Sunrise comes!  
The Dewdrop slips into the shining Sea. -Edwin Arnold

I died as mineral and became a plant,  
I died as plant and rose as animal,  
I died as animal and I was Man...  
Yet once more I shall die as Man, to soar  
With Angels blest; but even from angelhood  
I shall pass on: all except God doth perish. -Jalalu'l-Din Rumi

All of us are pilgrims on this earth, I have even heard people say that the earth itself is pilgrim in the heavens. -Maxim Gorky

For I will consider my Cat, Jeoffry. For he is the servant of the Living God, duly and daily serving Him. -Christopher Smart

We have enslaved the rest of the animal creation, and have treated our distant cousins in fur and feathers so badly that without doubt, if they were able to formulate a religion, they would depict the Devil in human form. -W.R. Inge

No great works and wonder God has ever wrought or shall ever do in or through this created world, not even God himself in his goodness, will make me blessed if they remain outside of me. -Theologia Germanica, 9

God does not play dice. -Albert Einstein

Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path maker is breaking stone... Meet him and stand by him in toil and sweat of thy brow. -Rabindranath Tagore

Man has been endowed with reason, with the power to create, so that he can add to what he's been given. But up to now he hasn't been a creator, only a destroyer. Forest keep disappearing, rivers dry up, wild life's become extinct, the climate's ruined and the land grows poorer and uglier every day. -Anton Chekhov (1900 C.E.)

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God. -Alexander Pope

Among other things, there is a drying up of great oceans, the falling away of mountain peaks, the deviation of the fixed polestar, the cutting of the cords of the winds, the submergence of the earth, the retreat of the celestials from their stations. In this sort of cycle of existence, what is the good of enjoyment of desires, when after a man has fed on them there is seen repeatedly his return here to earth? Please deliver me. In this cycle of existence I am like a frog in a waterless well. -Maitri Upanishad 1,4

By all these I prayed, by the rolling sun, bursting through untrodden space, a new ocean of ether every day unveiled. By the fresh and wandering air encompassing the world; by the sea sounding on the shore - the green sea, white-flecked at the margin, and the deep ocean; by the strong earth under me. -Richard Jeffries

You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars; and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. -Thomas Traherne

Even if they did happen to believe the divinity to be totally present in some stone or wood, it may be they were sometimes right. Do we not believe God is present in some bread and wine? Perhaps God was actually present in statues fashioned and consecrated according to certain rites. -Simone Weil.

Whatever is well-fitting in you, O Universe, is fitting to me. Nothing can be early or late to me, which is seasonable to you. Whatever your seasons bring shall be happy fruit and increase to

me. O Nature, all things come from you, all things exist in you.  
-Marcus Aurelius

Some kill animals for sacrificial purposes, some kill for the sake of their skin, some kill for the sake of their blood...He who injures these animals does not comprehend and renounced the sinful acts; he who does not injure these, comprehends and renounces the sinful acts. Knowing them, a wise man should not act sinfully toward animals, nor cause others to act so, nor allow others to act so. -Acharanga Sutra 1,1,6

Theology at 120F in the shade seems, after all, different from theology at 70F... The theologian at 70F in a good position presumes God to be happy and contented, well-fed and rested, without needs of any kind. The theologian at 120F tries to imagine a God who is hungry and thirsty, who suffers and is sad, who sheds perspiration and knows despair. -Klaus Lostermaier

Tao gave them birth; the power of Tao reared them, shaped them according to their kinds, perfected them, giving to each its strength.

Therefore of the ten thousand things there is not one that does not worship Tao and do homage to its power. -Tao Te Ching, 51

The One who, himself with colour, by the manifold application of his power  
Distributes many colours in his hidden purpose,  
And into whom, its end and its beginning, the whole world dissolves -  
He is God. -Shvetashvatara Upanishad, 4,1

Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless: peacocks and lilies for instance. -John Ruskin

What is beneath the earth is quite as natural as what is above ground, and he who cannot summon spirits in the daytime under the open sky will not evoke them at midnight in a vault. -Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I never thought much of the courage of a lion tamer. Inside the cage, he is at least safe from people. -George Bernard Shaw

These rivers, my dear, flow, the eastern toward the east, the western toward the west. They go just from the ocean to the ocean. They become the ocean itself. As there they know not 'I am this one,' 'I am that one' -even so, indeed, my dear, all creatures here, though they have come forth from Being, know not 'We have come forth from Being.' Whatever they are in this world, whether tiger, or lion, or wolf, or boar, or worm, or fly, or gnat, or mosquito, that they become.

That which is the finest essence - this whole world has that as its soul. That is Reality. That is Soul. That art thou. -Chandogya Upanishad 6, 10

God is present in Nature, but nature is not God; there is a nature in God, but it is not God himself. -Henri-Frederic Amiel

If we believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. -Joseph Addison

For everything is holy, life delights in life. -William Blake

## Poverty and Hard Times

You are indeed charitable when you give, and, while giving, turn your face away so that you may not see the shyness of the receiver. -Kahlil Gibran

Help people in distress as you would help a fish in a dried-up rut... Respect the aged and have pity on the poor. Collect food

and clothing and relieve those who are cold and hungry along the road. -Yin-chih Wen

He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? -1 John, 4, 20

Honor begets honor; trust begets trust; faith begets faith, and hope is the mainspring of life. -Henry L. Simson

I am an elementary teacher, and I instruct the children of the poor exactly the same as I teach the children of the rich. If any one is unable to pay me a fee I forgo it. -Mishnah, taanith, 24

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue. -Francis Bacon

So that's what Hell is. I'd never have believed it... Do you remember, brimstone, the stake, the gridiron?... What a joke! No need of a gridiron. Hell, it's other people. -Jean Paul Sartre.

How can great wisdom care so little about the torments of innocent creatures? This question, which began to agonize when I was six or seven years old, still haunts me today. I still cannot accept the ruthlessness of Nature, God, the Absolute... How can a merciful God allow all this to happen and keep silent? -Isaac B. Singer

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; She better understand her own ways than we. -Michel de Montaigne

The Word is living, being, spirit, all verdant greening, all creativity. The Word manifests itself in every creature. - Hildegard of Bingen

If a man be gracious, and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world... -Francis Bacon

We who lived in concentration camps can remember the men who walked through the huts comforting others, giving away their last piece of bread. They may have been few in number, but they offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of human freedoms- to choose one's attitude in any given circumstances, to choose one's own way. - Viktor Frankel

You know the alternative: either we are not free and God the all-powerful is responsible for evil. Or we are free and responsible but God is not all-powerful. All the scholastic subtleties have neither added anything to nor subtracted anything from the acuteness of this paradox. -Albert Camus

The rich who are unhappy are worse off than the poor who are unhappy; for the poor, at least, cling to the hopeful delusion that more money would solve their problems- but the rich know better. -Sydney J. Harris

By suffering comes wisdom. -Aeschylus

It is not true that suffering ennobles the character; happiness does that sometimes, but suffering, for the most part, makes men petty and vindictive. -W. Somerset Maugham

No man ever had enough money. -Gypsy proverb

There are two ways to handle a woman, and nobody knows either of them. -Kim Hubbard

That which is bitter to endure may be sweet to remember. - Thomas Fuller

Poverty is not a shame, but the being ashamed of it is. -Thomas Fuller

The seven deadly sins... Food, clothing, firing, rent, taxes, respectability and children. Nothing can lift those seven

millstones from man's neck but money; and the spirit cannot soar until the millstones are lifted. -George Bernard Shaw

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. -Matthew 19:24

He is a poor creature who does not believe himself to be better than the world. No matter how ill we may be, or how low we have fallen, we would not change identity with any other person. Hence our self-conceit sustains and always must sustain us till death takes us and our conceit together so that we need no more sustaining. -Samuel Butler

## Priests

He with his powerful knowledge beholds all creatures who are beset with many hundreds of troubles and afflicted by many sorrows, and thereby is a Savior in the world. -Lotus of the True Law, 24, 17

What is the use of preaching sermons, if one does not put into practice? It is like the framework for a building, which crumbles before our eyes. -Sakhi

O priests, that despise my name. AN y say, Wherein have we despised thy name? Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar; and ye say, Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say, The table of the Lord is contemptible. -Malachi 1, 6

The youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended. -Wordsworth

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches. -George Bernard Shaw

When traveling priests arrive, the old resident priests go out to welcome them and carry for them their clothes and alms-bowls, giving them water for washing and oil for anointing their feet, as well as the liquid food allowed out of hours. -Travel of Fa-hsien

I am the son of a midwife... My art of midwifery is in general like theirs, the only difference is that my patients are men, not women, and my concern is not with the body but with the soul that is in travail of birth. -Socrates

Tzu-kung asked about the true gentleman. The Master said, He does not preach what he practices till he has practiced what he preaches. -Confucius, Analects 2, 13

He is the one man who will always be the most surprised, the most affected, the most apprehensive and the most joyful in the face of events. He will not be like an ant which has foreseen everything in advance, but like a child in a forest, or on Christmas Eve: one who is always rightly astonished by events, by the encounters and experiences which overtake him. -Karl Barth

The philosophers, cloaked and bearded to command respect, insist that they alone have wisdom and all other mortals are but fleeting shadows. Theirs is certainly a pleasant form of madness, which sets them building countless universes. -Desiderius Erasmus

As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest. -Oliver Goldsmith

Many people genuinely do not wish to be saints, and it is probable that some who achieve or aspire to sainthood have never felt much temptation to be human beings. -George Orwell

## Religion and Philosophy

Scriptures are the sacred books of our holy religion, as distinguished from the false and profane writings on which all other faiths are based. -Ambrose Pierce

Adversity reminds men of religion. -Livy

Sermons remain one of the last forms of public discourse where it is culturally forbidden to talk back. -Harvey Cox

I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings. -Hosea 6,6

The inspiration of the Bible depends on the ignorance of the gentlemen who reads it. -Robert Ingersoll

The dogma of the infallibility of the Bible is no more self-evident than in the infallibility of the Pope. -Thomas Henry Huxley

There is nothing so strange and so unbelievable that it has not been said by one philosopher or another. -Rene Descartes

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. -Shakespeare, Hamlet 1,v,166-7

Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy. -William Waburton

Religion will not regain its old power until it can face change in the same spirit as does science. Its principles may be eternal, but the expression of those principles requires continual development. -A.N. Whitehead

They that approve a private opinion, call it opinion; but they that dislike it, heresy: and yet heresy signifies no more than private opinion. -Thomas Hobbes

It is not permissible to designate as 'unchurched' those who have become alienated from organized denomination and traditional creeds. In living among these group for half a generation I learned how much of the latent Church there is within them. -Paul Tillich

Do you believe in a future life? asked Pierre... If I see, and see clearly, the ladder rising from plant to man, why should I suppose that it breaks off with me, and does not lead further and further?

If you cry, "Forward," you must be sure to make clear the direction in which to go. Don't you see that if you fail to do that and simply call out the word to a monk and a revolutionary, they will go in precisely opposite directions. -Anton Chekhov

Men have torn up the roads which led to heaven, and which all the world followed; now we have to make our own ladders. -Joseph Joubert

Wandering in a forest late at night, I have only a faint light to guide me. A stranger appears and says to me, "My friend, you should blow out your candle in order to find your way more clearly." This stranger is a theologian. --Denis Diderot

Many a long dispute among divines may be thus abridged: it is so. It is not so. It is so. It is not so. -Benjamin Franklin

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears  
I hid from Him, under running laughter. -Francis Thompson

When a person has true spiritual experience, he may boldly drop external discipline, even those to which he is bound by vows. -Meister Eckhart

Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance. -Universal Declaration of Human Rights, General Assembly of the United Nations, Article 18, (1948)

Useful as a tank of water when all round the water lies,

there's no more in all the Vedas for a Brahmin who is wise. -Bhagavad Gita, 2, 46

Teaching a Christian how he ought to live does not call so much for words as for daily example. -Basil of Caesarea

Both read the Bible day and night,

But thou read'st black where I read white. -William Blake

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. -Mark 9, 24

My Lord, I do not believe. Help thou mine unbelief. -Samuel Butler

Three times thou shalt keep a feast unto me in the year. Thou shalt keep the feast of unleavened bread... and the feast of harvest, the first fruits of thy labours and the feast of in gathering. -Exodus 23, 14-16

What do I believe? I am accused of not making it explicit. How to be explicit about a grandeur too overwhelming to express, a daily wrestling match with an opponent whose limbs never become material, a struggle from which the sweat and blood are scattered on the pages of anything the serious writer writes? A belief contained less in what is said than in the silences. IN patterns on water. A gust of wind. A flower opening. -Patrick White

The worship of God is not a rule of safety- it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable. -A.N. Whitehead

To what excesses will men not go for the sake of a religion in which they believe so little and which they practice so imperfectly! -Jean de la Bruyere

All religions will pass, but this will remain: simply sitting in a chair and looking in the distance. -V.V. Razanov.

The trees reflected in the river-they are unconscious of a spiritual world so near them. So are we. -Nathaniel Hawthorne

A pious man is one who would be an atheist if the king were. -Jean de La Bruyere

A religion, even if it calls itself the religion of love, must be hard and unloving to those who do not belong to it. -Sigmund Freud

A man is accepted into a church for what he believes and he is turned out for what he knows. -Mark Twain

The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness. -Joseph Conrad

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys. -William Blake

When the missionaries arrived, the Africans had the land, and the missionaries had the Bible; they taught us to pray with our eyes closed. When we opened them, they had the land, and we had the Bible. -Jomo Kenyatta

Fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim. -George Santayana

A fanatic is one who sticks to his guns, whether they're loaded or not. -Franklin Jones

Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations. -Romans 14,1

Religion either makes men wise and virtuous, or it makes them set up false pretenses to both. -William Hazlitt,

Even the weakest disputant is made so conceited by what he calls religion, as to think himself wiser than the wisest who think differently from him. -Walter Savage Landor,

One man finds in religion his literature and his science, another finds in it his joy and his duty. -Joseph Joubert

Religion is the sob of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, and the soul of soulless conditions. It is the Opium of the people. -Karl Marx

If religion is essentially of the inner life, it follows that it can be truly grasped only from within. But beyond a doubt, this can be better done by one in whose inward consciousness an experience of religion plays a part. There is but too much danger that the other [non-believer] will talk of religion as a blind man might of colours, or one totally devoid of ear, of a beautiful musical composition. -Wilhelm Schmidt

Western scholarship spent almost a century in working out a number of hypothetical reconstructions of the 'origin and development' of primitive religions. Sooner or later all these labors became obsolete, and today they are relevant only for the history of the Western Mind. -Mircea Eliade

With all due diffidence, then, I would suggest that a tardy recognition of the inherent falsehood and abhorrence of magic set the more thoughtful part of mankind to cast about for a truer theory of nature and a more fruitful method of turning her resources to account... In this, or some such way as this, the deeper minds may be conceived to have made the great transition from magic to religion. -J.G. Frazer

The religions we call false were once true. -Ralph Waldo Emerson

The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls and tenement halls. -Paul Simon

It is remarkable fact that none of the anthropologists whose theories about primitive religion have been the most influential had ever been near a primitive people. It is as though a chemist had never thought it necessary to enter a laboratory. They had consequently to rely for their information on what European explorers, missionaries, administrators, and traders told them. -E.E. Evans-Pritchard

Victorian and Edwardian scholars were intensely interested in religions of rude people, largely, I suppose, because they faced a crisis in their own... Laymen may not be aware that most of what has been written in the past, and with some assurance, and is still trotted out in colleges and universities, about animism, totemism, magic, etc., has been shown to be erroneous or at least dubious. E.E. Evans-Pritchard

One's religion is whatever he is most interested in. -J.M.. Barrie

## Ritual and Prayer

If you keep your gaze fixed upon the Light you will be delivered from dualism and plurality of the finite body. -Jalalu'l-Din Rumi

Prayer does not change God, but it changes the one that offers it. -Soren Kierkegaard

Your cravings as a human animal do not become a prayer just because it is God you ask to attend them. -Dag Hammarskjold

Every ritual has the character of happening now, at this very moment. The time of the event that the ritual commemorates or re-enacts is made present, 're-presented' so to speak, however far back it may have been in ordinary reckoning. -Mircea Eliade

It was long ago observed that 'rites of passage' play a considerable part in the life of religious man. Certainly, the outstanding passage rite is represented by the puberty initiation, passage from one age group to another (from childhood or adolescence to youth.) But there is also a passage rite at birth, at marriage, at death, and it could be said that each of these cases always involves an initiation, for each of them represents a radical change in ontological and social status. -Mircea Eliade

We can build churches in native architecture, introduce African melodies into the liturgy, use styles of vestments borrowed from Mandarins or Bedouins, but real adaptation consists in the adaptation of our spirits to the spirits of these people. -Placide Tempels, Bantu Philosophy

If any devout soul offers me with devotion, a leaf or flower or fruit or water, I enjoy that offering of devotion. -Bhagavad Gita 9, 26

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet;  
praise him with the psaltery and harp.  
Praise him with the timbrel and dance;  
praise him with stringed instruments and organs.  
Praise him upon the loud cymbals:  
praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. -Psalm 150, 3-5

Jalalu'l-Din was asked, 'Is there any way to God nearer than the ritual prayer?' 'No', he replied; 'but prayer has a beginning and an end, like all forms and bodies and everything that partakes of speech and sound; but the soul is unconditioned and infinite... Absorption in the Divine Unity is the soul of prayer.' -Fihri ma fihri

You ought to say fewer fixed prayers so that you may do more reading. Reading is good prayer. Reading teaches us how to pray, and what to pray for, and then prayer achieves it. In the course of reading, when the heart is pleased, there arises a spirit of devotion which is worth many prayers. -The Ancient Riwle

Prayer is not an old woman's idle amusement. Properly understood and applied, it is the most potent instrument of action. -M.K. Gandhi

Cultivating solitude, eating lightly, restraining speech, body and mind, constantly devoted to the discipline of meditation. - Bhagavad Gita 18,52

I believe that the best manner of meditating is as follows: When, by an act of living faith, you are placed in the Presence of God, recollect some truth wherein there is substance and food. Pause sweetly and gently on it, not to employ the reason, but merely to calm and fix the mind. For you must observe, that your principal exercise should always be the Presence of God. -Madame Guyon

My austerities, fastings, and prayers are, I know, of no value if I rely upon them for reforming me. But they have an inestimable value if they represent, as I hope they do, the yearnings of a soul striving to lay his weary head in the lap of his maker. M.K. Gandhi

## Silence and Tact

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak out and remove all doubt. -Abraham Lincoln

There are things which it is not only impossible to discuss intelligently, but which it is not even intelligent to discuss. - Feodor Dostoevsky

A diplomat is a man who always remembers a woman's birthday but never remembers her age. -Robert Frost

There is a point when patience ceases to be a virtue. -Thomas Morton

A gossip is one who talks to you about others: a bore is one who talks to you about himself: a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself. -Lisa Kirk

Lord, grant me patience, and I want it right now. -Anon

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace like a clock in a thunderstorm. -Robert Louis Stevenson

"Speech is silver, Silence is golden"; or as I might rather express it, speech is of time, silence is of eternity. -Thomas Carlyle

Man cannot long survive without air, water, and sleep. Next in importance comes food. And close on its heels, solitude. - Thomas Szasz

Solitude: a good place to visit, but a poor place to stay. -Josh Billings

Solitude: a luxury of the rich. -Albert Camus

## Superstition

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition. -Francis Bacon

To become a religion, it is only necessary for a superstition to enslave a philosophy. -William Ralph Inge

## Syncretism

I am a sort of collector of religions: and the curious thing is that I find I can believe in them all. -George Bernard Shaw.

I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once. -John Henry Newman

There can be no dialogue between 'religions', between Christianity and Hinduism, between on 'belief' and another. Dialogue can only take place between people. -Samuel J. Smartha

Not only does commitment to Jesus not exclude openness to others, but the greater the commitment to him, the greater will be one's openness to others. -Paul Knitter

## Toleration

It were better to be of no Church, than to be bitter for any. - William Penn

If outsiders should speak against me, or against the Doctrine, or against the Order, you should not on that account bear malice, or suffer heart-burning, or feel ill-will. If you are angry or hurt on that account, that will stand in the way of your own self-conquest. -Digha Nikaya, 3

In necessary things, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; in all things, charity. -Richard Baxter

Everyone was free to practice what religion he like, and to try and convert other people to his faith, provided he did quietly, politely, by rational argument. -Thomas More, Utopia

At least two thirds of our miseries spring from human stupidity, human malice, and those great motivators and justifiers of malice and stupidity, idealism, dogmatism and proselytizing zeal on behalf of religious or political ideals. -Aldous Huxley

From ancient times down to the present day there is found in various peoples a certain recognition of that hidden power which is present in history and human affairs... The Catholic Church rejects nothing which is true and holy in these religions.... She therefore urges her sons, using prudence and charity, to join members of other religions in discussions and collaboration. - Second Vatican Council

Plurality which is not reduced to unity is confusion. Unity which does not depend on plurality is tyranny. -Blaise Pascal

Letting a hundred flowers blossom, and a hundred schools of thought contend, is the policy for promoting the progress of the arts and sciences. -Mao Zedong

The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not sufficient warrant. -John Stuart Mill

## Truth

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors. -Thomas Henry Huxley

The river of truth is always splitting up into arms which reunite. Islanded between them, the inhabitants argue for a life time as to which is the mainstream. -Cyril Connolly

Seeking to know is only too often learning to doubt. -Deshoulieres

A man had rather have a hundred lies told of him than one truth which he does not wish should be told. -Samuel Johnson

If a man will begin in certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties. -Francis Bacon

One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives. -Finley Peter Dunne

There are times when lying is the most sacred of duties. -Eugene Marian LaBiche

Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reasons why all the world should think as I think. -John Selden

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. -John 8:32

When I tell any Truth it is not for the sake of convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of defending those who do. -William Blake

The public buys its opinions as it buys its meat, or takes in its milk, on the principle that it is cheaper to do this than to keep a cow. So it is, but the milk is more likely to be watered. -Samuel Butler

The great masses of the people... will more easily fall victims to a big lie than to a small one. -Adolf Hitler

Man... will debauch himself with ideas, he will reduce himself to a shadow if for only one second of his life he can close his eyes to the hideousness of reality. -Henry Miller

The test which the mind applies to every question must be the test of reality; of validity measured through reason by reality. And yet the dogmatists call those weak who choose the harder, the more rigorous way. -Dorothy Thompson

## Wisdom

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday. -Alexander Pope

The unexamined life is not worth living. -Plato

Once upon a time, Buddha relates, a certain king of Benares, desiring to divert himself, gathered together a number of beggars blind from birth and offered a prize to the one who should give the best account of an elephant. The first beggar who examined the elephant chanced to lay hold of a leg, and reported that an elephant was a tree-trunk; the second, laying hold of the tail, declared an elephant was like a rope; another, who seized an ear, insisted that an elephant was like a palm-leaf; and so on. The beggars fell to quarreling with one another, and the king was greatly amused. Ordinary teachers who have grasped this or that aspect of truth quarrel with one another, while only a Buddha knows the whole. -Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. -Francis Bacon

Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? -Job 28,12

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground, but a kind word is never thrown away. -Sir Arthur Hope

The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise. -Ecclesiaticus 38:24

I have always observed that to succeed in the world one should seem a fool, but be wise. -Baron de Montesquieu

One may almost doubt if the wisest man has learned anything of absolute value by living. -Henry David Thoreau

### Work

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say that we are indispensable, and no man is useless while he has a friend. -Robert Louis Stevenson

The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves. -Anon.

I must be used, built into the solid fabric of life as far as there is any usable brick in me, and thrown aside when I am used up. It is only when I am being used that I can feel my own existence, enjoy my own life. -George Bernard Shaw

# Wisdom of Aesop's Fables

Once again, we look to the Greeks for some inspiration on the actions of people. I heartily recommend further studies of other collections of fables. They represent what I call common wisdom. Aesop was historically a slave on the island of Samos, who gained his freedom by his wit. Many Greeks later used Aesop as a pen-name for their own rhetorical exercises. The majority of the selections come from "Aesop's Fables" translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange into English in 1692, republished in 1992 by Everyman's Library Collection of Random House. ISBN 0-679-41790-7. I've since adapted them into modern English, as well as I could, and adding the original illustrations. Other stories were taken from "Fables of Aesop," Penguin Classics, translated by S.A. Handford, 1964. Some others were added by memory or invented by me.

## Aesop Saves his Master, Xanthus

There was a great convention of philosophers, and Xanthus (owner of Aesop) joined their company. Xanthus soon became drunk, and Aesop warned him that Bacchus first makes men cheerful, then makes them drunk and finally makes them crazy. Xanthus ignored Aesop's warning, as a lesson for children.

The cups continued to be passed around, and Xanthus was deep in his cup, and said whatever came to his mind. One of the philosophers noticed this and asked him several questions. Finally he says, 'Xanthus, I hear that it is possible for a man to drink the sea dry, but I can hardly believe it.' 'Why,' says Xanthus, 'I bet my house and land, that I can do it myself.' The agreed on the wager, and used their rings to seal the contract. The next morning Xanthus noticed his ring was missing and asked Aesop about it.

'Why truly,' says Aesop, 'I don't know anything about losing the ring, but I can tell you that you lost your house and land last night.' And so Aesop told him the story about the last night, and Xanthus began to chew upon his hat and couldn't think of what to do, without breaking his word of honor. He turned to Aesop and asked his advice. 'If you help me,' said Xanthus, 'I will release you from your servitude.'

'It's impossible to do the thing,' said Aesop, 'but I can think of a way to nullify the bargain. At the time of the bargain, go to the sea side with your servant and wearing your trinkets, and show the world a confident face as if you are about to do this great feat. You will have thousands of spectators there, so say to them these conditions of the contract: That you will drink up the sea by such a certain time, or forfeit you house and land, upon certain conditions. When they agree to this, call for a large cup, and let it be filled with sea-water, in the sight of everybody. Hold it up in your hand and say: "You have heard, good people, what I have promised to do, and under what penalty, if I should fail. I agree to this, but I have only agreed to drink up the sea, not the rivers that run into it. So therefore let all the inlets be stopped up, so that there be nothing but pure sea left for me to drink, that being done, I will perform my part of the agreement. But of drinking the rivers, there is nothing in the contract."'

The people were so impressed by the reason and justice of Xanthus' words that they hissed his opponent out of the field, who afterwards nullified the contract against Xanthus. The two buried any disagreements between them, and rejoined in the warmth of philosophical brotherhood. And Aesop was well rewarded, but not freed. The story would soon unfold, however, of how Aesop would later win his freedom.

## A Cat and a Cock

It was bad luck that brought a cock into the clutches of a cat. The cat wanted to gobble him up there and then, but wanted a plausible excuse. Tell me, she says, why you bawl and scream all night, waking up people? Oh that, says the cock, I only wake up people when it's time to rise and go to work. That might be, says the cat, but you are an incestuous rascal, for you lie with your mother and sisters. Ah, says the cock, but I only do that to provide eggs for my master and mistress! Well, enough of this argument, says the cat, it's my breakfast time and cats don't live on words. At this, the cat bit him, and so made an end to the cock and the story.

**Moral:** Innocence is no protection against arbitrary cruelty of a tyrant. But reason and justice are so sacred, that the greatest villainies are still countenanced under its auspices.

## A Countryman and A Snake

A countryman was trudging through a forest during a hard winter and spied a snake under a hedge, half-frozen to death. The kind man picked it up and stuffed it in his coat. Soon the snake revived from the warmth, and soon as it was able, he bit the very man who had saved his life. 'Ah, ungrateful wretch!' says the man, 'are you so venomous that you are satisfied with nothing less than the ruin of your preserver?'

**Moral:** Some people are like some snakes; they naturally do mischief. The greater the benefit they receive, the greater the malice they return.

## A Lion and an Ass

A cocky ass once began braying and hee-hawing at a lion. The lion began to grow angry and was about to pounce on the ass, when he had second thoughts.

'Well' says the lion, 'Jeer on, and be an ass. Note, that it is only because of the baseness of your character that I'll ignore you this time.'

**Moral:** It is beneath the dignity of a great mind to engage in contests with people who have no worth or wits; indeed to contend with such wretches is to promote scandal, not gain.

## A Fox and A Raven

A certain fox saw a raven high up in a tree with a piece of meat in its mouth, and the fox grew hungry at the sight of the food. The fox trots up to the base of the tree and shouts, 'O thou blessed bird! Delight of the Gods and men!' and so he continued on, complimenting him on his gracefulness, the beauty of his plumes, his gift of augury, etc. The fox then put forth, 'If only you had but a beautiful voice equal to these other wonderful qualities, the sun itself could not shine upon a greater creature.' This nauseous flattery caused the raven's mouth to gape wide and he began to prepare a special ballad, when the piece of meat fell to the ground and the fox grabbed it. 'Remember' said the fox, 'I only commented upon your beauty and said nothing about your brains.'

## Wolf and the Shepherd

A wolf thought that by disguising himself he could get plenty to eat. Putting on a sheepskin to trick the shepherd, he joined the flock at grass without being discovered. At nightfall the shepherd shut him with the sheep in the fold and made it fast all

round by blocking the entrance. Then, feeling hungry, he picked up his knife and slaughtered an animal for his supper. It happened to be the wolf.

**Moral:** Assuming a character that does not belong to one can involve one in serious trouble. Such playacting has cost many a life.

## The Rabbits and the Frogs

Once upon a time the hares held a meeting and bewailed the insecurity and fear in which they lived- the prey of men, dogs, eagles, and many other animals. It was better, they said, to die and have done with it than to live all their lives in terror and trembling. Thus resolved, they ran all together to a pool with the intention of jumping in and drowning themselves. Some frogs which were squatting round the pool, the moment they heard the patter of running feet, scuttled into the water. At this, one of the hares, who evidently had his wits about him more than the rest, said: 'Stop, all of you, don't do anything rash. For you see now that there are creatures even more tormented by fear than we are.'

**Moral:** It is comforting to the wretched to see others in worse case than they are themselves.

## The Lion and the Mouse

A mouse ran over the body of a sleeping lion. Waking up, the lion seized it and was minded to eat it. But when the mouse begged to be released, promising to repay him if he would spare it, he laughed and let it go. Not long afterwards its gratitude was the means of saving his life. Being captured by hunters, he was tied by a rope to a tree. The mouse heard his groans, and running to the spot freed him by gnawing through the rope. 'You laughed at me the other day,' it said, 'because you did not expect me to repay your kindness. Now you see that even mice are grateful.'

**Moral:** A change of fortune can make the strongest man need a weaker man's help.

## The Ox and the Frog

Once upon a time a frog saw an ox in a meadow and was envious of its huge bulk. So she swelled out her body till all the wrinkles disappeared and then asked her children if she was now fatter than the ox. 'No,' they said. With a still greater effort she stretched her skin tight, and asked which was the bigger now. 'The ox,' they answered. At last she got cross, and making frantic efforts to blow herself out still more, she burst herself and died.

**Moral:** For the weak to try to imitate the strong is courting destruction.

## The Mole and Her Child

A mole declared to his mother that he could see - a thing moles cannot do. To try him, his mother gave him a lump of frankincense and asked him what it was. 'A pebble,' he replied. 'My child,' she said 'you not only cannot see: you have lost your sense of smell as well.'

**Moral:** When people profess to do what is impossible, the simplest test will often show them up for the impostors they are.

## The Snake and Zeus

A snake was trodden on by so many people that it went and complained to Zeus. 'If you had bitten the first man who trod on you,' said Zeus, 'the next one would have thought twice about doing it.'

**Moral:** Those who stand up to a first assailant make others afraid of them.

## The One Eyed Deer

A deer which was blind in one eye went to graze on the seashore, turning its good eye landwards, on the watch for the approach of hunters, and the injured eye to the sea, from which it did not expect any danger. But some men who came coasting inshore saw it and shot it down. As it was dying it thought: 'Unlucky that I am! I was on my guard against the attack which I knew might come from the land, but the sea, from which I thought no danger threatened, has proved yet more deadly.'

**Moral:** Our expectations are often deceived. Things which we feared might do us hurt turn out to our advantage, and what we thought would save us proves our ruin.

## The Proud Deer

A thirsty stag came to a spring, and after drinking noticed his own reflection in the water. He felt proud of his great and curiously fashioned antlers, but was very dissatisfied with his slender weak-looking legs. While he was still lost in thought a lion appeared and ran to him. He fled and easily outdistanced it - for the deer's strength is in his legs, the lion's in his courageous heart. As long as the ground was open, the stag kept safely in front; but when they reached wooded country his antlers got entangled in the branches of a tree, so that he could not run farther and was caught by the lion. As he was about to be killed, 'Alas!' he thought, 'my legs, which I feared would fail me, were my preservation, and the antlers that filled me with such confidence are destroying me.'

**Moral:** It often happens, when we are in danger, that the friends whose loyalty we doubted prove our saviors, while those in whom we put implicit trust betray us.

## The Martin and the Mistletoe

When the mistletoe first came into existence, the martin realized the danger that threatened the birds, and assembling them all together she advised them to tear it off, if possible, from the oaks on which it grew; if they could not manage this, they had best throw themselves on man's mercy and beg him not to use mistletoe glue to trap them. Since the other birds ridiculed the martin as a vain babbler, she went as a suppliant to mankind. They welcomed her for her prudence and took her to live with them. So, while other birds are caught and eaten by men, the martin is regarded as having taken sanctuary with them and nests without fear even in the house of people.

**Moral:** Those who foresee a danger naturally have a chance of avoiding it.



## The Stork and the Fox

The story is that a stork which had arrived from foreign parts received an invitation to dinner from a fox, who served her with a clear soup on a smooth slab of marble, so that the hungry bird could not taste a drop of it. Returning the invitation, the stork produced a flagon filled with pap, into which she stuck her bill and had a good meal, while her guest was tormented with hunger. 'You set the example,' she said, 'and you must not complain at my following it.'

**Moral:** Do not do an ill turn to anyone. But if someone injures you, she deserves, according to this fable, to be paid back in her own coin.

## The Horse and the Ass

A horse and an ass were on a journey with their master. 'Take a share of my load,' said the ass to the horse, 'if you want to save my life.' But the horse would not, and the ass, worn out with fatigue, fell down and died. The master then put the whole load on the horse's back, and the ass's hide into the bargain. The horse began to groan and set up a piteous lament. 'Alas,' he cried, 'what misery have I let myself in for! I would not take a light load, and now look at me: I have to carry everything, hide and all!'

**Moral:** The strong should help the weak; so shall the lives of both be preserved.

## The Cat and Venus

A cat was enamoured of a handsome youth and begged Aphrodite to change her into a woman. The goddess, pitying her sad state, transformed her into a beautiful girl, and when the young man saw her he fell in love with her and took her home to be his wife. While they were resting in their bedroom, Aphrodite, who was curious, let a mouse loose in front of her. She at once forgot where she was, leapt up from the bed, and ran after the mouse to eat it. The indignant goddess then restored her to her original form.

**Moral:** In the same way a bad man retains his character even if his outward appearance is altered.

## The New and Old Goats

After driving his flock to pasture one day a goatherd noticed that it was joined by some wild goats. In the evening he drove them all to his cave. The next day he was prevented by foul weather from taking them to the usual pasture and had to attend to them indoors. He gave his own animals a ration that was just enough to save them from being famished, but he heaped the fodder generously before the newcomers in the hope of increasing his flock by domesticating them. When the weather cleared he took them all out to pasture, and as soon as they set foot on the mountains the wild goats took to their heels. The herdsman charged them with ingratitude for deserting him after the special attention he had shown them. They turned round and told him that this was precisely what had put them on their guard against him. 'We came to you only yesterday,' they said, 'and yet you treated us better than your old charges. Obviously, therefore, if others join your flock later on, you will make much of them at our expense.'

**Moral:** We should be chary of accepting the friendly offers of people who prefer us to their old friends when we are new acquaintances. We must remember that when we become old

friend they will find other new ones, and then it will be our turn to take a back seat.

## The Ass and the Statue

As ass was being driven into town with a statue of a god mounted on his back. When the passers-by did obeisance to the statue, the ass imagined that it was he to whom they showed this respect, and he was so elated that he started to bray and refused to budge a step farther. His driver, taking in the situation, laid on with his stick. 'Wretch!' he cried, 'that would be the last straw, for men to bow down to an ass.'

**Moral:** When people boast of honors that do not rightfully belong to them, they make themselves a laughing-stock to those who know them.

## The Dog and the River

A dog was crossing over a river with a piece of meat in her mouth. Seeing her own reflection in the water she thought it was another dog with a bigger piece of meat. So she dropped her own piece and made a spring to snatch the piece that the other dog had. The result was that she had neither. She could not get the other piece because it did not exist, and her own was swept down by the current.

**Moral:** This shows what happens to people who always want more than they have.

## The Dog and the Hare

A dog started a hare out of a bush, but, practiced game dog that he was, found himself left behind by the scampering of its hairy feet. A goat-herd laughed at him: "Fancy a little creature like that being faster than you!" 'Its one thing,' answered the dog, 'running because you want to catch something, and quite another thing running to save your own skin.'

## The Beetle and the Eagle

A hare pursued by an eagle was in sore need of succor. It happened that the only creature in sight was a beetle, to which he appealed for help. The beetle bade him take courage, and on seeing the eagle approach called upon her to spare the suppliant who had sought its protection. But the eagle, despising so tiny a creature, devoured the hare before its eyes. The beetle bore her a grudge for this, and was continually on the watch to see where she made her nest. Every time she laid eggs, it flew up to the nest, rolled the eggs out, and broke them. Driven from pillar to post, the eagle at last took refuge with Zeus and begged him to give her -his own sacred bird - a safe place to hatch her chick. Zeus allowed her to lay her eggs in his lap. But the beetle saw her; so it made a ball of dung, and flying high above Zeus dropped it into his lap. Without stopping to think, Zeus got up to shake it off, and tipped out the eggs. Ever since that time, they say eagles do not nest during the season that beetles are about.

**Moral:** Do not hold anyone in contempt. You must remember that even the feeblest man, if you trample him in the mud, can find a way some day to pay you out.

## The Reed and the Olive Tree

A reed and an olive tree were disputing about their strength and their powers of quiet endurance. When the reed was reproached by the olive with being weak and easily bent by every wind, it answered not a word. Soon afterwards a strong wind began to blow. The reed, by letting itself be tossed about and bent by the gusts, weathered the storm without difficulty; but the olive, which resisted it, was broken by its violence.

**Moral:** People should accept the situation in which they find themselves and yield to superior force. This is better than kicking against the pricks.

## The Fir and the Thorn Bush

A fir tree and a thorn bush were arguing with each other, and the fir was singing its own praises. 'I am beautiful and tall,' it said to the thorn, 'and useful for making temple roofs and ships. How can you compare yourself with me?' 'But remember the axes and saws which cut you,' was the reply, 'and then you will wish you were a thorn-bush.'

**Moral:** No one should be vainglorious in this life; for it is insignificant people who live most safely.

## Springtime and Wintertime

Winter scoffed tauntingly at Spring. 'When you appear,' he said, 'no one stays still a moment longer. Some are off to meadows or woods: they must needs be picking lilies and other flowers, twiddling rose round their fingers to examine them, or sticking them in their hair. Other go on board ship and cross the wide ocean, maybe, to visit men of other lands; and not a man troubles himself anymore about gales or downpours of rain. Now I am like a rule or dictator. I bid men look not up to the sky but down to the earth with fear and trembling, and sometime they have to resign themselves to staying indoors all day.' 'Yes,' replied Spring, 'and therefore men would gladly be rid of you. But with me it is different. They think my name very lovely - yes, by Zeus, the loveliest name of all names. When I am absent they cherish my memory, and when I reappear they are full of rejoicing.'

## The Merchant and the Statue

A merchant once made a wooden statue of Hermes and took it to market to sell. As no buyer came forward, he tried to attract one by shouting aloud that he was offering for sale a god who would confer blessings on a man and make him prosper. 'Oh, are you?' said a bystander. 'If he is all you say he is, why do you want to sell him? You would show more sense if you kept him and profited by his help.' 'But it's ready money I need,' the merchant replied, 'and it generally takes him a long time to put anything into one's pocket.'

**Moral:** The man in this story was one of those who will stoop to anything in their greed for gain and never give a thought to the gods.

## The Cowherd and Zeus

A Cowherd missed a calf from the herd that he was pasturing and could not find it anywhere. He vowed to sacrifice a kid to Zeus if he caught the thief. On going into a wood he saw a lion devouring the calf, and, lifting his hands to heaven in terror, cried

out: 'Lord Zeus, I promised before to offer up a kid on your altar if I discovered the thief; now, I will sacrifice a bull to get out of reach of his claws.'

**Moral:** People who are in trouble will often pray for things, when they get them, they want to be rid of.

## The Fool and Fortune

A man who was tired after a long journey threw himself down on the edge of a well and went to sleep. He was in imminent danger of tumbling in, when fortune appeared and woke him. 'If you had fallen in, my friend,' she said, 'instead of blaming your own imprudence you would have blamed me.'

**Moral:** Many people who meet with misfortune through their own fault put the blame on the gods.

## The Cobbler and the King

A cobbler, who was such a bad workman that he was almost starving, went to a place where he was not known and set up as a doctor. He sold some stuff which he pretended was an antidote against poison, and he was such a ready-tongued trickster that he made quite a reputation for himself. One day, when a favorite servant of the king's was lying seriously ill, the king sent for the quack and decided to test his skill. Calling for a cup, he poured out some water, told the quack to put in his antidote, and then pretended to add some poison to it. 'Now drink it,' he said, 'and I will pay you well.' The fear of death made the man confess the truth - that he knew nothing of medicine and owed his fame to the stupidity of the mob. The king assembled his people and told them the whole story. 'Do you think madness could go further?' he asked. 'You do not hesitate to entrust your lives to a man whom nobody trusted to make shoes for his feet.'

**Moral:** Am I not right in thinking that there are many whom the cap fits - people whose folly enables impudent impostors to make money.

## Hercules and the Apple

Traveling along a narrow path, Heracles saw something on the ground that looked like an apple, and put his foot on it to crush it. But it became twice as large as it had been; whereupon he stamped on it still harder and hit it with his club. It expanded to such a size that it blocked the path. Heracles threw away his club and stood still in amazement. Then Athena appeared before him. 'That will do, brother,' she said. 'This thing is the spirit of strife and discord. So long as no one provokes it, it stays as it was at first; but if you fight it, look how it swells.'

**Moral:** It is plain for all to see that fighting and quarreling are the cause of untold harm.

## Two Travelers and a Bear

Two friends were traveling together when a bear suddenly appeared. One of them climbed up a tree in time and remained there hidden. The other, seeing that he would be caught in another moment, lay down on the ground and pretended to be dead. When the bear put its muzzle to him and smelt him all over, he led his breath - for it is said that a bear will not touch a corpse. After it had gone away, the other man came down from his tree and asked his friend what the bear had whispered in his ear. 'It

told me,' he replied, 'not to travel in future with friends who do not stand by one in peril.'

**Moral:** Genuine friends are proved by adversity.

## A Sick Kite and her Daughter

'Please Mother', said a sick Kite, 'stop lamenting your sickness and instead pray for your recovery.' 'Alas my child', says the Mother, 'To which of the Gods shall I go to, for I have stolen from all the altars?!'

**Moral:** Nothing but the conscience of a virtuous life can make death easy for us. Death-bed repentance is not a solution.

## An Ass, an Ape and A Mole

An Ass and an Ape were comparing their problems. The Ass complained that he had no horns, and the ape wished he had a tail. 'Silence!', cried the mole, 'both of you! Be thankful for what you have, for the eyes of all moles are blind, and we suffer more than you.'

**Moral:** Providence has fitted us for our own best interest and every man's lot (well understood and managed) is undoubtedly the best.

## A Dog, A Sheep and A Wolf

A Dog sued a sheep for eating some of the wheat he had loaned it. The plaintiff denied the charge before three jurors, the Wolf, the Kite and the Vultures. He was found guilty and had to sell the wool off his back to pay back the dog.

**Moral:** It is not important whether the charge is true or false when the Bench, Jury and Witnesses are in conspiracy against the prisoner.

## An Ant and A Fly

One day an ant and a fly were arguing. 'Don't I partake of all the pleasures or privileges in the world?' boasted the fly, 'Can't I go to all the Temples or richest palaces? Am I not the taster to Gods and princes when they make sacrifice or hold a party? Do I not get the best food? And yet I do not pay for this! I trample upon crowns, and kiss any lady's lips that I please. And what do you have to compare with my life?' 'Why,' says the ant, 'You pride yourself on the access to the altars of the Gods, the Cabinets of the Princes, and all the public feasts: but you do this as an intruder, not as a guest. Far from liking you, people will kill you as fast as they are able. You are a plague to them everywhere that you go. Your breath has maggots in them and your kiss has the perfume of your last dunghill. For my part, I like upon what's my own, and work honestly in the summer to maintain my self in the winter; whereas the whole course of your scandalous life is only cheating half the year and starving the other half!'

**Moral:** Industry has its merits over luxury.

## The Ax and the Forest

A Carpenter with a sharp piece of metal, went to the forest to beg only enough wood to make a handle for it. A tree quickly granted the modest request, but soon the trees found that the whole was to be cut down with the help of this handle.

**Moral:** We are often undone by our own deeds, good or otherwise.

## The Sick Lion and the Fox

The lion, king of the beasts, got sick one day and was holed up in this cave suffering greatly. He came up with a trick to provide his dinner and called all the animals of the forest to loyally pay a visit to his deathbed. When they came to visit him, he would grab them and devour them. This went on for several weeks without anyone noticing it. Finally, the fox, an ancient friend of the lion went to console the patient. From the entrance of the cave, the fox wished the lion a thousand prayers for his rapid recovery, but refused to come inside and talk further. When asked why, he replied, "I find the traces of abundant feet leading into your majesty's palace, and not one comes out again."

**Moral:** Think carefully on the friendly requests of ill-natured and cunning people before believing them.

## A Boar and A Horse

A Boar happened to be wallowing in the water where a horse wished to drink, and they began to fight. The horse went to a man to ask him to help him against the boar. They made an alliance and the man armed himself, and mounted the horse, who carried him to the boar, and the horse soon saw his enemy killed. The horse thanked the cavalier, and was about to leave when the man said he might have further use of the horse and tied him to his stable. The horse realized that he had paid with his liberty for his taste of revenge.

## A Fowler and A Pigeon

A fowler was about to shoot at a pigeon, when he trod upon a snake that bit him on his leg. The pain caused him to miss the bird, which flew away.

**Moral:** Was it bad fortune? Not from the bird's perspective!

## A Camel

Upon the first sight of a camel, all the people ran away, so scared they were by its monstrous bulk. However on its second sighting, finding it did them no harm, they became braver and watched it carefully. But when they found how stupid it was, they tied it up, bridled it, loaded it with packs and burdens, set boys upon its back, and treated it with the last degree of contempt.

**Moral:** Novelty surprises us, and we have a horror for misshapen monsters, but it is only our ignorance that scares us, for upon experience all these wonders grow familiar and comfortable.

## A Dog in the Manger

An ill-tempered, envious cur climbed into a manger, and stood there growling and snarling to keep the horses away from their oats and hay. The dog ate nothing himself, but wouldn't go away, preferring to starve himself rather than let someone else enjoy it.

**Moral:** Envy derives no greater happiness than to see the misery of other people, and would rather starve itself than to allow others to escape starvation.

## An Old Tree Transplanted

A certain farmer had a favorite apple-tree in her orchard, which she valued above all the rest, and gave a present of its fruit to the landlord every year. The landlord liked the fruit very much and demanded that the tree be transplanted onto his own grounds. The tree withered soon afterwards and that was the end of the fruit and the tree, together. When the landlord heard the news, he reflected upon it; 'This comes of transplanting an old tree, to gratify an extravagant appetite. If I was satisfied with the fruit and left my tenant the tree, all would still be well.'

**Moral:** Nature has her methods and seasons for doing everything, and these should not be tampered with lightly.

## A Camel and Zeus

It really bothered the Camel that bulls, stags, lions, bears and the like, should be armed with horns, teeth and claws, but that a creature of his size should be left naked and defenseless. Upon this thought, he knelt and begged Zeus to give him a pair of horns, but the request was so ridiculous to Zeus, that instead of honoring him, he ordered the camel's ears to be cropt.

**Moral:** The bounties of heaven are distributed in such a manner, that every living creature has its share. To desire other things against that pattern, is to insult their own creator of nature.

## A Fox and A Goat

One day, a fox fell into a well and couldn't get out. Presently, a goat came by and asked how the water tasted it. The fox said it tasted very good and invited the goat to come down and taste it. The goat jumped in, tasted the water and noticed that he couldn't get out. 'Don't worry,' said the fox, 'leave it to me. Just raise yourself on your hind legs with your fore legs against the wall, and I can easily climb up your horns, get out of the well, and I'll pull you out.' The goat assumed this posture and the fox sprang out of the well. The goat complained when the fox didn't help him. Instead, the fox only laughed mockingly at the goat, 'If you had half as much brains as beard, you would have thought how to get up before you went down.'

**Moral:** A wise person will debate everything pro and con before he decides to do something. Don't leave anything to chance.

## An Imposter at the Oracle

There was a jolly prankster who took a trip to Delphos to see if he could fool Apollo. He carried a sparrow in his hand, under his coat, and told the God, 'I have something in my hand,' says he, 'Is it dead or living?' If the oracle should say it was dead, he could show it was alive; if the oracle said it was living, he would squeeze the bird and show it was dead. Apollo say the malice in his heart and gave this answer: 'It shall be whichever you please; for it is your choice to have it one way or the other.'

**Moral:** It is presumption that lead people by steps to atheism; for when Men have once cast off a reverence for religion, they are within a step of laughing at it.

## An Astrologer and a Ditch Digger

A certain star-gazer had the misfortune, during his celestial observations, to stumble into a ditch. A sober fellow passing by him, gave him a piece of advice, 'Friend, learn from your mistake

and, for the future, let the stars go on quietly in their courses, and pay more attention to the ditches.'

## Hermes and a Traveler

One woman who was about to start a long journey, decide to play a trick upon Hermes. She said a short prayer to him for a good trip, and promised that she would give the god half of all her fortune. Somebody had lost a bag of dates and almonds, and she was lucky to find it. She quickly ate all that was good of them and laid the stones and shells upon an altar and called for Hermes to notice that she had fulfilled her vow. She said, 'Here are the outsides of one and the insides of the other, and that's your half of the bargain.'

**Moral:** People talk as if they believed in God, but they live as if they thought there were none, but their very prayers are mockeries, which they never intended to make good.

## A Doctor and An Eye Patient

A crooked physician undertook the treatment of a woman with sore eyes, vowing a contract of "No cure, no money." His trick was to dab their eyes with ointments, and then carry off a spoon or bowl, or something valuable, at the end of each visit. The woman's eyes mended, and everyday she was able to see more and more clearly, but everyday there was less to be seen. The doctor came to her at last, and told her, 'Mistress, I have discharged my duty, and your eyes are perfectly well again, so please pay me according to our agreement.' 'Alas, Sir,' says the woman, 'I'm a great deal worse than I was the first time you helped me; for I could see plate, hangings, paintings, and other goods of value about my house, and now I can see nothing at all.'

**Moral:** There are few good deeds done for other people, except that the benefactor expects some reward for himself.

## A Lioness and A Fox

A fox once bragged to a lioness that she, a vixen, produced a great many children, whereas the lioness only produced one whelp at a time. 'Yes,' said the lioness, 'but that one is a lion.'

**Moral:** Many a fool believes quantity is always better than quality.

## Two Cocks Fighting

Two cocks fought a duel for the mastery of a dunghill. The loser slunk away into a corner and hid himself; the victor flew to the top of the house and crowed forth his victory and flapped his wings. An eagle swooped down during his exultation and carried him away. By this accident, the other cock rid himself of his rival, claimed the territory, and reclaimed the affections of his mistresses.

**Moral:** A wise and generous enemy will make a modest use of a victory; for Fortune is fickle.

## A Fox that Lost its Tail

A fox got caught in a trap and saved its neck by leaving his tail behind him. However, his resulting image was not pleasing to the sight, a fox without his big bushy tail, so that he became weary of his life. But to make himself feel better, he called a congress of foxes to discourse to them on the trouble, uselessness

and indecency of foxes wearing tails. But, no sooner than he had finished his say, but another cunning fox rises up and question whether the speaker was arguing against wearing the tails for the advantage of those who had tails, or to placate the deformity and disgrace of those that had none.

**Moral:** When a person has any notable defect or infirmity, whether by nature or accident, he often tries to pretend that the result is better than being whole.

## Death and the Old Man

An old man that had traveled a long way under a huge burden of sticks found himself so weary that he threw it down, and called to Death to deliver him from such a miserable life. Death quickly came at his call, and asked what he could do for him. 'Oh, good sir,' says the old man, 'please help me stand up and carry my burden again.'

**Moral:** Men call upon Death, as they do for the Devil, but when he comes they're afraid of him.

## An Old Man and A Lion

A rich man dreamed one night that he saw a lion kill his only son, who was a generous horseman and a great hunter. This obsession controlled the father's mind so greatly, that he build a house of pleasure for his son, to keep him out of danger; scrimping not a penny to make it a wonderful secluded place. The house, in a nutshell, was the young man's prison, and the father made himself the keeper. There were a great many painting throughout the house, but the one of a lion, stirred the anger of the young man. For the sake of a dream about this beast, he was forever a slave and prisoner. In his anger, the young man punched the painting; but his fist hit the point of a nail in the wall, his hand cancerated, he fell into a fever, and soon thereafter he died.

**Moral:** There is no way to avoid one's fate.

## A Flea and Hercules

There was a fellow who was bit by a flea. He called out to Hercules to help him in his distress. The flea got away and the man continued to gripe about it. 'Oh Hercules,' he says, 'if you would help me against a flea, you will never do many any good in a time of need, against a more powerful enemy!'

**Moral:** We neglect god in greater matters, and petition him for trifles; getting angry if cannot have all our cravings.

## Two Travelers and A Bag of Money

As two travelers were going down the highway, one of them bends down and picks up something. 'Look,' he says, 'I have found a bag of money.' 'No,' says the other, 'When two friends are together, you must not say "I" found it, but "we" found it.' Not long after that a posse pursuing a famous gang of bank-robbers, came down that highway and spied the two travelers. 'Lord! Brother!', says the man with the bag, 'We're in big trouble now!' 'Incorrect again,' says his friend, 'You must not say "We" are in trouble, but "I" am in trouble, because if I had no share in the finding, I'll sure not go halves in the hanging.'

**Moral:** If you enter into a partnership, you must take the good and the bad, one with the other.

## A Wolf and A Goat

A wolf spotted a stragging young kid, and pursued him. The kid found out that the wolf was too fast for him, so he turned and told the wolf, 'I know that you are going to eat me, but I would die happily if you would please play your bagpipe before you gobble me up.' The wolf played, and the kid danced, and the noise of the pipes brought a pack of dogs to him. 'Well,' said the wolf, 'just goes to show that you shouldn't meddle in other professions. I was trained as a butcher, not as a bagpiper.'

**Moral:** When a fool is infatuated, any idiot can play tricks on him.

## A Musician

A man with a terrible voice, but an excellent conservatory, often practiced in that room, because of the complimentary echo of that room. He became so conceited that he felt he must perform in a public theatre, but he did such a poor job that he was hissed off the stage and pelted.

**Moral:** A man might like his face in a mirror, but that won't make him a model.

## A Crow and Pigeons

A crow noticed of some pigeons in a dove house. The pigeons were well fed and protected, so he painted himself dove-colour, and moved in with the pigeons. As long as he kept silent, he passed for one of those bird, but one day he blurted out 'KAH!' and they discovered his intrusion. They beat him out of the house and the crow returned to his old companions, the crows, but they also would have nothing to do with him, so he lost both world by his disguise.

**Moral:** He who pretends to be two people, is liked by neither circle.

## A Wolf and A Sheep

A wolf was liking his wounds after a near-fatal defeat from a dog. He called out to a passing sheep, 'Hark, friend, please be so kind as to bring me a drink of water from that river, so that I can rise again to get something to eat.' 'Oh sure,' says the sheep, 'I have no doubt that if I bring your something to drink, I'll also bring you myself to eat.'

**Moral:** It is a kind and Christian thing to relieve the poor and distressed, but this duty does not extend to the aid of sturdy beggars, who would receive alms in one hand and club out a man's brains with the other hand.

## Travelers by the Seaside

A small group of people were walking along the sea-shore, when the saw something come toward them from a great distance on the sea. They sat down and waited for a long time. At first they took it to be a ship, and as it came nearer, perhaps it was a small boat; but at last it proved to be only a mat of weeds and bulrushes. One of them said, 'We have been waiting here for some great event, and now it turns out to be nothing.'

## An Ass and the Frogs

An ass sank down deep into a bog, because of the great burden of wood on its back, and many frogs came and gathered around it. The ass sighed and groaned as if its heart would break, but one of the frogs came up and said to it; 'Dear friend, why do you complain so much about the bog when you just fell into it. What would you do if you'd been here as long as we have been?'

**Moral:** People often get used to the defects and negative aspects of the world in which they live, but it is difficult for them to appreciate the newcomer's distaste for their surroundings.

## A Gnat Challenges a Lion

A lion was crashing and prancing through a forest, when up comes a gnat before his nose and challenges the lion to a duel. 'I am not afraid of your teeth and claws.' cried the gnat, 'Try and hurt me.' With that a trumpet sounded, and the two combatants charged each other, and the gnat slipped into the nostrils of the lion. There, he stung the lion repeatedly. The lion clawed at his own face and soon surrendered. The gnat flew away, bursting with pride. On his way home, he flew into a cobweb and fell prey to a spider. This disgrace crushed his pride; after having gotten the better of a lion, he had been worsted by an insect.

**Moral:** Fortune is capricious, and great victories can soon be followed by great defeats.

## The Traveler and Athena

A rich Athenian was on a voyage with other passengers, when a violent storm blew up and capsized the ship. All the rest tried to swim ashore, but the Athenian kept calling on Athena and promising her lavish offerings if he escaped. One of his shipwrecked companions, as he swam past, shouted to him: 'Don't leave it all to Athena; use your arms as well.'

**Moral:** God helps those who help themselves. Before invoking the aid of heaven we must think and act for ourselves.

## Fundamentalist Aesopians Interpret

### Fox-Grapes Parable Literally

#### from [The Onion](#)

MONTGOMERY, AL--A controversial new bill pending before the Alabama Legislature has deeply divided the state along theological lines, sending right-wing fundamentalist Aesopians into an uproar. HR 1604, if passed, would broaden nutritional guidelines used in the state's school-lunch program, permitting a wider variety of fruits and vegetables to be served, including grapes, the consumption of which is a sin according to Aesopian doctrine.

"The state of Alabama is trying to bully us into submission," said Herman Bray, Pastor of the First Universal Church Of Aesop in Huntsville. "They're trying to rob us of our most cherished beliefs and send our children the message that grapes are acceptable for eating."

Clutching a worn, leather-bound copy of Aesop's Parables, Bray explained his congregation's strict opposition to the law.

"The Holy Writ of Aesop makes it plain that the fox, in his anger at the unreachable grapes, cursed the offending fruit and

made all grapes sour forever," Bray said. "It is common sense--and a core belief of the Church Of Aesop--that this is a directive from Aesop Himself against grape consumption. Grapes are plainly exposed as a foul, sour-tasting fruit which dirties both body and soul, and this is a strict tenet of our dietary code." Alabama Aesopians are threatening to take their children out of school if the bill becomes law.

"Our beliefs and history have been laughed off by the secular media as fiction, as 'fables,'" Bray continued. "But the fox-and-the-grapes incident is not just some fantasy concocted by the Aesopian Right. Our research has determined that it most likely occurred between 605 and 602 B.C.E. in the province of Phrygia, was witnessed by a young Aesop and ultimately recorded in what became the Holy Book of Aesopians. Our church's archaeological and historical data all confirm the details recorded in the Aesop account."

The Aesopians' claims have provoked strong reaction among academics. "They think what? That this is a directive not to eat grapes?" asked Darrin Schmidt, professor of folklore and mythology at NYU. "The whole point of the story is that the grapes aren't sour at all. I think that's pretty unambiguous." Bray dismissed Schmidt's comments as "heretical anti-Aesopian hate speech."

Curtis Milner, president of the Birmingham-based Aesopian Coalition, said his organization is prepared to go all the way to the Supreme Court if Alabama passes what he calls "an openly hostile, blatantly anti-Aesopian piece of legislation."

"These lawmakers are attacking our most closely held beliefs," Milner said. "Not only is it disrespectful; it is a clear violation of the Constitution of this land."

According to Milner, the beliefs of the Aesopians are simple and direct. "We honor the courage and the noble sacrifice of Aesop, who gave His life to educate the world, not backing down even to the day of His execution by the wicked Athenian despot Peisistratus," Milner said. "That event, though tragic on the surface, was actually a day of exhilarating triumph over evil, for as a result of it, the histories painstakingly recorded by Aesop gained immortality."

"He died for us all," Milner added

# The Wit and Wisdom of Women

Many a quote has been borrowed from famous male writers, but how about some thoughts from female writers, often ignored and unfamous. Here is a collection taken from two delightful collections titled, "Write to the heart: Wit and Wisdom of Women Writers," edited by Amber Coverdale Sumrall, The Crossing Press. Freedom, California 95019. ISBN 0-89594-550-9 and "The Last Word: A Treasury of Women's Quotes" by Carolyn Warner, published by Prentice Hall, 1992, ISBN 0-13-524372-6.

## Change

Creativity is really the structuring of magic. -Anne Kent Rush

Poetry has its own laws speaking for the life of the planet. It is a language that wants to bring back together what the other words have torn apart. -Linda Hogan

Even St. Teresa said, "I can pray better when I'm comfortable," and she refused to wear her hair cloth shirt or starve herself. I don't think living in cellars and starving is better for an artist than it is for anybody else. -Katherine Anne Porter

I was not looking for my dreams to interpret my life, but rather for my life to interpret my dreams. -Susan Sontag

You do not create a style. you work and develop yourself; your style is an emanation from your own being. -Katherine Anne Porter

When one door of happiness closes, another opens; but often we look so long at the closed door that we do not see the one which has opened for us. -Helen Keller

I know I walk in and out of several worlds every day. -Joy Harjo

Survival is a form of resistance. -Meridel Le Sueur

We women have lived too much with closure: If he notices me, if I marry him, if I get into college, if I get this work accepted, if I get that job - there always seems to loom the possibility of something being over, settled, sweeping clear the way for contentment. This is the delusion of a passive life. -Carolyn G. Heilbrun

Pain is important: how we evade it, how we succumb to it, how we deal with it, how we transcend it. -Audre Lorde

The hardest thing we are asked to do in this world is to remain aware of suffering, suffering about which we can do nothing. -Mary Sarton

Originality does demand courage, the courage to become a person who is able to know his or her experience deeply, who is willing to feel and to question feeling, to dig for what the truth of a moment is, including the truth that may contradict external fact. -Jane Hirschfield

The road was new to me, as roads always are going back. -Sarah Orne Jewett

The most radical revolutionary will become a conservative the day after the revolution. -Hannah Arendt

## Death

I once wrote that the best way to write was to do so as if one were already dead: afraid of no one's reactions, answerable to no one for one's views. I still think that is the way to write. -Nadine Gordimer

People living deeply have no fear of death. -Anais Nin

## Education

Having been unpopular in high school is not just cause for book publication. -Fran Lebowitz

Pay attention to what they tell you to forget. -Muriel Ruckeyser

I think the one lesson I have learned is that there is no substitute for paying attention. -Diane Sawyer

Readers, after all, are making the world with you. You give them the materials, but it's the readers who build that world in their own minds. -Ursula K. LeGuin

The true order of learning should be: first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice. -Lydia H. Sigourney

Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education; they grow there, firm as weeds among stones. -Charlotte Bronte

A good teacher can save you ten years. You can't teach creativity, you can't infuse people with psychic energy, and you certainly can't give them a good ear, which is a gift of God, but you can teach people critical distance, how to look at their own work objectively as if it had been written by somebody else. -Carolyn Kizer

I didn't miss a beat turning down a scholarship at a Catholic college where I had been assured I would get more "individual attention." Who wanted individual attention? I wanted to be left alone to lose my soul. -Patricia Hampl

The final lesson a writer learns is that everything can nourish the writer. The dictionary, a new word, a voyage, an encounter, a talk on the street, a book, a phrase learned. -Anais Nin

Men writers aren't thought of as "men writers;" they are thought of as great writers. It would be fine if the men writers would be called "men writers." It just never comes up - "Updike or Bellow, he's a really great man writer." But we frequently hear, "Margaret Atwood is a really incredible woman writer." I say what a crock of shit. -Anne Lamont

When we take an author seriously, we prefer to believe that her vision derives from her individual and subjective and neurotic, tortured soul - we like artists to have tortured souls - not from the world she is looking at. -Margaret Atwood

When I couldn't find the poems to express the things I was feeling, I started writing poetry. -Audre Lorde

He knows so little and knows it so fluently. -Ellen Glasgow

Interpretation is the revenge of the intellectual upon art. -Susan Sontag

The most moving form of praise I receive from readers can be summed up in three words: I never knew. Meaning, I see these people (call them Indians, Filipinos, Koreans, Chinese) all around me all the time and I never knew they had an inner life. -Bharati Mukherjee

The misery of seeing the horrible chaos that actually precedes the creation of really first-rate work is so unnerving that most teachers of workshops would rather see the neat imitative poems. -Diane Wakoski

I think the battle that one always has is the battle between inspiration and form. -Deena Metzger

Nighttime is really the best time to work. All the ideas are there to be yours because everyone is asleep. -Catherine O'Hara

A gossip is someone who talks to you about others, a bore is one who talks to you about himself, and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself. -Lisa Kirk

## Fame and Fortune

It is amazing how much people can get done if they do not worry about who gets the credit. -Sandra Swinney

Fame means millions of people have a wrong idea of who you are. -Erica Jong

Every society honors its live conformists and its dead troublemakers. -Mignon McLaughlin

It's not so much how busy you are, but why you are busy. The bee is praised; the mosquito is swatted. -Marie O' Connor

Human successes, like human failures, are composed of one action at a time and achieved by one person at a time. -Patsy H. Sampson

Tough a tree grow ever so high, the falling leaves return to the ground. -Malay

## Leadership

None who have always been free can understand the terrible fascinating power of the hope of freedom to those who are not free. -Pearl S. Buck

The real menace in dealing with a five-year old is that in no time at all you begin to sound like a five-year old. -Jean Kerr

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it. -Jeanne de la Platiere

Moses dragged us for 40 years through the desert to bring us to the one place in the Middle East where there was no oil. -Golda Meir

There is no king who has not a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his. -Helen Keller

If I had to name one quality as the genius of patriarchy, it would be compartmentalization, the capacity for institutionalizing disconnection. Intellect severed from emotion. Thought separated from action. Science split from art. The earth itself divided; national borders. Human beings categorized: by sex, age, race, ethnicity, sexual preference, height, weight, class, religion, physical ability, ad nauseam. The person isolated from the political. Sex divorced from love. The material ruptured from the spiritual. Law detached from justice. Vision disassociated from reality. -Robin Morgan

The best thing you can have in life is to have someone tell you a story. -Leslie Marmon Silko

There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it. -Mary Lyon

If you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it. -Anon.

The first duty of a human being is to assume the right relationship to society, more briefly, to find your real job, and do it. -Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Figure out what your most magnificent qualities are and make them indispensable to the people you want to work with. Notice that I didn't say "work for." Linda Bloodworth-Thomason.

Don't identify too strongly with your work. Stay fluid behind those black and white words. They are not you. They were a great moment going through you. A moment you were awake enough to write down and capture. -Natalie Goldberg

Re-vision - the act of looking back, of seeing with fresh eyes, of entering an old text from a new critical direction - is for women more than a chapter in cultural history: it is an act of survival. Until we can understand the assumptions in which we are drenched we cannot know ourselves. And this drive to self-knowledge, for women, is more than a search for identity: it is part of our refusal of the self-destructiveness of male-dominated society. -Adrienne Rich

Failing to plan is a plan to fail. -Effie Jones

I fell strongly that I have a responsibility to all the sources that I am: to all past and future ancestors, to my home country, to all places that I touch down on, and that are myself, to all voices, all women, all of my tribe, all people, all earth, and beyond that to all beginnings and endings. -Joy Harjo

## Love and Justice

What a minority group want is not the right to have geniuses among them, but the right to have fools and scoundrels without being condemned as a group. -Agnes Elizabeth Benedict

The Eskimos had fifty-two names for snow because it was important to them: there ought to be as many for love. -Margaret Atwood

On the road between the homes of friends, grass does not grow. -Norwegian

Shared joy is double joy, and shared sorrow is half-sorrow. -Swedish

Nobody sees a flower really; it is so small. He haven't time, and to see takes time -like to have a friend takes time. -Georgia O'Keeffe

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for each other? -George Eliot

## Nature

Aerodynamically the bumblebee shouldn't be able to fly, but the bumblebee doesn't know it so it goes on flying anyway. -Mary Kay Ash

And then it just seems preposterous. There I am, choosing my words so carefully, trying to build this pure, unanalyzable, transparent, honest thing in this dim room with the shades drawn and out there is the world, indecent, cruel, apathetic, a world where the sea are being trashed, the desert bladed, the wolves shot, the eagles poisoned, where people show up at planning and zoning meetings waving signs that say "My family Can't Eat the Environment." That sentence is ill, it is a virus of a sentence, and as a writer, I should be able to defeat it and its defenders handily. With the perfect words I should be able to point out, reasonably, that in fact the individual's family is eating the environment, that they are consuming it with sprawl and greed and materialistic hungers and turning it into - shit. But perfect words fail me. I



don't want my words. I want to throttle this person, beat him over the head with his stupid sign. -Joy Williams

For me writing is an incredible privilege. When I sit down at the desk, there are other women who are hungry, homeless. I don't want to forget that, that the world of matter is still there to be reckoned with. I feel a responsibility to other humans, and to the animal and plant communities as well. -Linda Hogan

I'm not a naturalist in the activist sense of the word, though perhaps writing with a feeling of the sacred about a place is a kind of activism. Part of what you're doing as a writer is to make that silent language of mountains and trees and water part of your language. It's speaking all the time and I hear it speaking. -Tess Gallagher

Spirituality necessitates certain kinds of political action. If you believe that the earth, and all living things, and all the stones are sacred, your responsibility really is to protect those things. -Linda Hogan

## Philosophy and Religion

When we talk to God, we're praying. When God talks to us we're schizophrenic. -Lily Tomlin

A self-righteous preacher reprimanded a farmer because he cussed and drank. "I'm over 60 years old and I've never cussed or drunk." Farmer: "Yeah and you've never farmed either." -Anon.

For each of us as women, there is a dark place within where hidden and growing our true spirit rises. -Audre Lorde

It is good for a philosopher should remind himself, now and then, that he is a particle pontificating on infinity. -Ariel and Will Dumant

People see God every day, they just don't recognize Him. -Pearl Bailey

I would no more quarrel with a man because of his religion than I would because of his art. -Mary Baker Eddy

As a girl my temper often got out of bounds. But one day when I became angry at a friend over some trivial matter, my mother said to me, "Elizabeth, anyone who angers you conquers you." -Sister Elizabeth Kenny

Think wrongly, if you please, but in all cases think for yourself. -Doris Lessing.

The universe is made of stories, not of atoms. -Muriel Rukeyser

What would have been the effect upon religion if it had come to us through the minds of women? -Charlotte Perkins Gilman

The heresy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next. -Helen Keller

It is the creative potential itself in human beings that is the image of God. -Mary Daly

A preacher who was popular with his congregation explained his success as the result of a silent prayer which he offered each time he took the pulpit. It ran thus: "Lord, fill my mouth with worthwhile stuff, and nudge me when I've said enough." -Anon.

Too much rigidity on the part of the teachers should be followed by a brisk spirit of insubordination on the part of the taught. -Agnes Repplier

Put your ear down close to your soul and listen hard. -Anne Sexton

Religion and art spring from the same root and are close kin. -Willia Cather

## Time

This has been a most wonderful evening. Gertrude has said thing tonight it'll take her ten years to understand. -Alice B. Toklas

How slowly one comes to understand anything! -May Sarton

Don't be afraid your life will end; be afraid that it will never begin. -Grace Hansen

Words are more powerful than perhaps anyone suspects, and once deeply engraved in a child's mind, they are not easily eradicated. -May Sarton

What we remember is only a ripple in a pond. -Nikki Giovanni

Life can only be understood backwards but it must be lived forward. -Susan Kierkegaard

As you grow older, you'll find that you enjoy talking to strangers far more than to your friends. -Joy Williams

One generation plants the trees; another gets the shade. -Chinese

Neither for men nor for women do we anywhere find initiation ceremonies that confirm the status of being an elder. -Simone de Beauvoir

It doesn't matter who my father was; it matters who I remember he was. -Anne Sexton

It is never too late to be what you might have been. -Georgie Eliot

If you don't keep and mature your force and above all have the time and quiet to perfect your work, you will be writing things not much better than you did five years ago. -Tillie Olson

One hears one's childhood and it is ancient. -Kathleen Fraser

## Truth

Only friends will tell you the truths you need to hear to make your life bearable. -Francine Du Plessix Gray

I've done more harm by the falseness of trying to please than by the honesty of trying to hurt. -Jessamyn West

Simply to speak the truth heals. The blood of the wound heals the wound. -Susan Griffin

Eighty percent of the language lies to us... the language of diplomacy, politics, advertising... all the language or persuasion. -Deena Metzger

## War

It is not so much a question of whether the lion will one day lie down with the lamb, but whether human beings will ever be able to lie down with any other creature or being at all. -Alice Walker

You cannot shake hands with a closed fist. -Indira Gandhi

It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees. -Delores IBarruri

## Wit and Wisdom

I've always felt that a person's intelligence is directly reflected by the number of conflicting points of view he can entertain simultaneously on the same topic. -Lisa Ather

If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum. -Chinese

The bread of life is love, the salt of life is work, the sweetness of life is poesy, and the water of life is faith. -Anna Jameson

I believe talent is like electricity. We don't understand electricity. We use it. You can plug into it and light up a lamp, keep a heart pump going, light a cathedral, or you can electrocute a person with it. Electricity will do all that. It makes no judgment. I think talent is like that. I believe every person is born with talent. - Maya Angelou

All of writing is a huge lake. There are great rivers that feed the lake, like Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. And there are mere trickles, like Jean Rhys. All that matters is feeding the lake. I don't matter. The lake matters. -Jean Rhys

There ain't no answer. There ain't going to be any answer. There never has been an answer. That's the answer. -Gertrude Stein

Expecting Life to treat you well because you are a good person is like expecting an angry bull not to charge because you are a vegetarian. -Shari R. Barr

Change is an easy panacea. It takes character to stay in one place and be happy there. -Elizabeth Clarke Dunn

## Women

Any woman born with a great gift in the sixteenth century would certainly have gone crazed, shot herself or ended her days in some lonely cottage outside the village, half witch, half wizard, feared and mocked at. -Virginia Woolf

Women have been called queens for a long time, but the kingdom given them isn't worth ruling. -Louisa May Alcott

Men have always been afraid that women could get along without them. -Margarat Mead

Macho doesn't prove mucho. -Zsa Zsa Gabor

I've been called a Medusa, an Octopus, etc. The attack being: here is a woman who doesn't use words in a soft, compliant way; therefore, she is an evil witch. -Margaret Atwood

There is no female mind. The brain is not an organ of sex. Might as well speak of a female liver. -Charlotte Perkins Gilman

People call me feminist whenever I express sentiments that differentiate me from a doormat or a prostitute. -Dame Rebecca West

One is not born a woman, one becomes one. -Simone de Beauvoir

## Welsh Proverbs

Henaint ni ddaw ei hunan.  
Old age comes not on its own.

Nerth hen, ei gyngor parad.  
The strength of the old is their ready counsel.

Bum gall unwaith-hynny oedd, llefain pan ym ganed.  
I was wise once, when I was born I cried.

Nerth hen, ei gyngor parad.  
The strength of the old is their ready counsel.

Po hynaf for'r dyn, gadwaethaf fydd ei bwyll.  
The older the man, the weaker his mind.

Tyfid maban, ni thyf a gadachan.  
The child will grow, his diaper will not.

Unwaith yn ddyn, dwywiaith yn blentyn.  
One time a man, two times a child.

Hen y teimllir ergyndion a gaed yn ifanc.  
Old feel the blows suffered when young.

Am gwypm hen y chwardd ieuanc.  
The young laugh when the old fall.

Ni edrych angau pwy decaf ei dalcen.  
Death considers not the fairest forehead.

Haws twyllo maban na gwrachan.  
A boy is easier cheated than an old lady.

O bob trwm, trymaf henaint.  
Of all weights, old age is the heaviest.

Adversity brings knowledge, and knowledge wisdom.

Have a horse of your own and then you may borrow another's.

If every man would sweep his own door-step the city would soon be clean.

If you would get ahead, be a bridge.

Three things it is best to avoid: a strange dog, a flood, and a man who thinks he is wise.

Your hand is never the worse for doing its own work.

A bad farmer's hedge is full of gaps.

If every fool wore a crown, we should all be kings.

## Akkadian Proverbs

Let your mouth be restrained and your speech guarded;  
That is a man's pride - let what you say be very precious.

Let insolence and blasphemy be an abomination for you; a talebearer is looked down upon....

Do not return evil to your adversary; requite with kindness the one who does evil to you; maintain justice for your enemy; be friendly to your enemy....

Give food to eat, beer to drink;

Grant what is requested; provide for and treat with honor.

At this one's god takes pleasure.

It is pleasing to Shamash, who will repay him with favor.

Do good things; be kind all your days.

Does a marsh receive the price of its reeds, or fields the price of their vegetation?

The strong live by their own wages; the weak by the wages of their children.

Friendship is for the day of trouble, posterity for the future.

An ass in another city becomes its head.

Writing is the mother of eloquence and the father of artists.

Do not cut off the neck of that which has had its neck cut off.

Wealth is hard to come by, but poverty is always at hand.

The fox, having urinated into the sea, said that the whole of the sea is my urine

## Part Three:

### Monotheistic Faiths

#### The Way of the Sufis

Once again I present another collection of materials gathered by the great Idries Shah's above titled selection of advice and wisdom of the greatest Sufi saints. I only present a 15% selection, for I do not have time for all, and I do not understand many of them, and may never reach that point of enlightenment. (See the works of Nasruddin in the Green Books)

Idries Shah was born in 1924, and is famous for books on nearly all subjects. He is most prominent for writings on Sufi thought as it applies to cultures in the East and West. His books, "thinkers of the East" and "Learning how to Learn" are also published by Penguin's Arkana label. The bulk of the following selections are by Idries Shah, *The Way of the Sufi*, by Arkana, 1968 (1990) ISBN 0-14-019252. Others were taken from "Muslim Saints and Mystics: Episodes from the Tadhkirat al-Auliya ('Memorial of the Saints')" by Farid al-Din Attar. Translated by A.J. Arberry. Published by Arkana label of Penguin Books 1966/1990. ISBN 0-14-019264-6 A 13th century collection of Sufi stories primarily of 8th/9th century saints.

These authors' works have come closest to my model of good Druidic anthology of readings; short, pithy and full of amazing insights from many sources on many subjects. Because the Sufi dervish goals of mysticism are similar to that of Druidism, as I see it, I highly recommend all of his works to young aspiring Druids, as especially Arch Druids trying to figure out their focus for their Grove. You will find further study enlightening, but Shah has a warning for those interested only in the written records:

#### Shah on Sufism

Sufi's contend, far from this lore being available in books, a great part of it must be personally communicated by means of an interaction between the teacher and the learner. Too much attention to the written page, they insist, can even be harmful. Here is a further problem; for it appears to oppose the scholar no less than the member of the vast modern literate community who feels, if at times only subconsciously, that all knowledge must surely be available in books. -Shah pg. 29

The Sufi must act and speak in a manner which takes into consideration the understanding, limitations and dominant concealed prejudices of his audience." -Shah pg. 36

What is the good of a wonderful milk yield from a cow which kicks the pail over? -Risalat (Epistles to Disciples)

One of the most striking peculiarities of contemporary man is that while he now has abundant scientific evidence to the contrary, he finds it intensely difficult to understand that his beliefs are by no means always linked with either his intelligence, his culture or his values. He is therefore almost unreasonably prone to indoctrination. Shah pg. 55

"Mysticism" having been given a bad name like the dog in the proverb, if it cannot be hanged, can at least be ignored. This is a measure of scholastic psychology: accept the man's discoveries if you cannot deny them, but ignore his method if it does not follow your beliefs about methods. -Shah pg. 56

## Attraction of Celebrities

A man who is being delivered from the danger of a fierce lion does not object, whether this service is performed by an unknown or an illustrious individual. Why, therefore, do people seek knowledge from celebrities? -El Ghazali

## The Dance

A disciple had asked permission to take part in the "dance" of the Sufis. The Sheikh said: "Fast completely for three days. Then have luscious dishes cooked. If you then prefer the "dance," you may take part in it. -El Ghazali

## The Words of Omar Kayyam

### Seeds like These

In cell and cloister, in monastery and synagogue:  
Some fear hell and others dream of Paradise.  
But no man who really knows the secrets of his God  
Has planted seeds like this within his heart.

### Under the Earth

You are not gold, ignorantly heedless one:  
That, once put in the earth, anyone  
Will bring you out again.

### I am

Every clique has a theory about me -  
I am mine; what I am, I am.

## The Words of Attar Nishapur

### The Heart

Someone went up to a madman who was weeping in the bitterest possible way. He said, "Why do you cry?"

The madman answered, "I am crying to attract the pity of His heart."

The other told him: "Your words are nonsense, for He has no physical heart."

The Madman answered, "It is you who are wrong, for He is the owner of all the hearts which exist. Through the heart you can make your connection with God."

### The Madman and the Muezzin

A muezzin in Isafahan had climbed to the top of a minaret and was giving the call to prayer.

Meanwhile, a madman was passing by, and someone asked him, "What is he doing there, in that minaret?"

The madman said, "That man up there is in fact shaking a nutshell which has nothing within it."

When you speak the ninety-nine Names of God, you are, similarly, playing with a hollow nutshell. How can God be understood through names?

Since you cannot speak in words about the essence of God, best of all speak about nobody at all.

-Kitab Ilahi

## The Test

It is related of Shaqiq of Balkh that he once said to his disciples: "I put my confidence in God and went through the wilderness with only a small coin in my pocket. I went on the Pilgrimage and came back, and the coin is still with me."

One of the youth stood up and said to Shaqiq: "If you had a coin in your pocket, how could you say that you relied upon anything higher?"

Shaqiq answered: "There is nothing for me to say, for this young man is right. When you rely upon the invisible world there is no place for anything, however small, as a provision!"

-Kitab-Ilahi

## The Unaware Tree

A man cut down a tree one day.

A Sufi who was this taking place said, "Look at this branch which is full of sap, happy because it does not yet know that it has been cut off. Ignorant of the damage which it has suffered it may be- but it will know it due time. ,Meanwhile you cannot reason with it."

This severance, this ignorance, these are the state of man.

## Unaware

You know nothing of yourself here and in this state.

You are like the wax in the honeycomb: what does it know of fire or guttering?

When it gets to the stage of the waxen candle and when light is emitted, then it knows.

Similarly, you will know that when you were alive you were dead, and only thought yourself alive.

## The King Who Divined His Future

A king who was also an astrologer read in his stars that on a certain day and at a particular hour a calamity would overtake him. He therefore built a house of solid rock and posted numerous guardians outside.

One day, when he was within, he realized that he could still see daylight. He found an opening into which he shoved a rock, to prevent misfortune entering. In blocking his door he made himself a prisoner with his own hands.

And because of this the King died.

## The Words of Ibn El-Arabi

### Whence Came the Title?

Jafar the son of Yahya of Lisbon determined to find the Sufi 'Teacher of the Age', and he traveled to Mecca as a young man to seek him. There he met a mysterious stranger, a man in a green robe, who said to him before any word had been spoken:

'You seek the Greatest Sheikh, the Teacher of the Age. But you seek him in the East, when he is in the West. And there is another thing which is incorrect in your seeking.'

He sent Jafar back to Andalusia, to find the man he named - Mohiudin, son of El Arabi, of the tribe of Hatim-Tai. 'He is the Greatest Sheikh.'

Telling nobody why he sought him, Jafar found the Tai family in Murcia and inquired for their son. He found that he had actually been in Lisbon when Jafar had set off on his travels. Finally he traced him to Seville.

'There,' said a cleric, 'is Mohiudin.' He pointed to a mere schoolboy, carrying a book on the Traditions, who was at that moment hurrying from a lecture-hall.

Jafar was confused, but stopped the boy and said:

'Who is the Greatest Teacher?'

'I need time to answer that question,' said the boy.

'Art thou the only Mohiudin, so of El-Arabi, of the Tribe of Tai?' asked Jafar.

'I am he.'

'Then I have no need of thee.'

Thirty years later in Aleppo, he found himself entering the lecture-hall of the Greatest Sheikh, Mohiudin Ibn El-Arabi, of the tribe of Tai. Mohiudin saw him as he entered, and spoke:

'Now that I am ready to answer the question you put to me, there is no need to put it at all. Thirty years ago, Jafar, thou hadst no need of me. Hast thou still no need of me? The Green One spoke of something wrong in thy seeking. It was time and place.'

Jafar son of Yahya became one of the foremost disciples of El-Arabi.

## The Words of Saadi of Shiraz

### Notable Quotes

If a gem falls into the mud it is still valuable. If dust ascends to heaven, it remains valueless.

The alchemist dies in pain and frustration - while the fool finds treasure in a ruin.

Green wood can be bent; When it is dry, it is only straightened by fire.

That building without a firm base: do not build it high; or, if you do -be afraid.

A tree, freshly rooted, may be pulled up by one man on his own. Give it time, and it will not be moved, even with a crane.

Make no friendship with an elephant-keeper if you have no room to entertain an elephant.

The Arab horse speeds fast. The camel plods slowly, but it goes by day and night.

What can the tiger catch in the dark recesses of his own lair?

### The Pearl

A raindrop, dripping from a cloud,  
Was ashamed when it saw the sea.  
'Who am I where there is a sea?' it said.  
When it saw itself with the eye of humility,  
A shell nurtured it in its embrace.

## Scholars and Recluses

Give money to the scholars, so that they can study more.  
Give nothing to the recluses, that they may remain recluses.

## The Fox and The Camels

A fox was seen running away in terror. Someone asked what was troubling it. The fox answered: 'They are taking camels for forced labour. "Fool!" he was told, 'the fate of camels has nothing to do with you, who do not even look like one.' 'Silence!' said the fox, 'for if an intriguer were to state that I was a camel, who would work for my release?'

## Ambition

Ten dervishes can sleep beneath one blanket; but two kings cannot reign in one land. A devoted man will eat half his bread, and give the other half to dervishes. A ruler may have a realm, but yet plot to overcome the world.

## The Words of Hakim Jaami

### Notable Quotes

The essence of truth is superior to the terminology of 'How?' or 'Why?'

Justice and fairness, not religion or atheism, are needful for the protection of the State.

## The Beggar

A beggar went to a door, asking for something to be given to him. The owner answered, and said: 'I am sorry, but there is nobody in.'

'I don't want anybody,' said the beggar, 'I want food.'

## What Shall We Do?

The rose has gone from the garden; what shall we do with the thorns?

The Shah is not in the city; what shall we do with his court?

The fair are cages, beauty and goodness the bird;

When the bird has flown, what shall we do with the cage?

## The Words of Jalaludin Rumi

### The Way

The Way has been marked out.

If you depart from it, you will perish.

If you try to interfere with the signs on the road,

You will surely be an evil-doer.

## I am the Life of My Beloved

What can I do, Muslims? I do not know myself.  
I am no Christian, no Jew, no Magian, no Musulman.  
Not of the East, not of the West. Not of the land, not of the sea.  
Not of the Mine of Nature, not of the circling heavens,  
Not of earth, not of water, not of air, not of fire;  
Not of the throne, not of the ground, of existence, of being;  
Not of India, China, Bulgaria, Saqseen;  
Not of the kingdom of Iraqs, or of Khorasan;  
Not of this world or the next: of heaven or hell;  
Not of Adam, Eve, the gardens of Paradise or Eden;  
My place placeless, my trace traceless.  
Neither body nor soul: all is the life of my Beloved...

## No Other Place

Cross and Christians, end to end, I examined. He was not on the Cross. I went to the Hindu temple, to the ancient pagoda. In none of them was there any sign. To the uplands of Herat I went, and to Kandahar. I looked. He was not on the heights or in the lowlands. Resolutely, I went to the summit of the fabulous mountain of kaf. There only was the dwelling of the legendary Anqa bird. I went to Kaaba of Mecca. He was not there. I asked about him from Avicenna the philosopher. He was beyond the range of Avicenna... I looked into my heart. In that, his place, I saw him. He was in no other place.

## Two Reeds

Two reeds drink from one stream. One is hollow, the other sugarcane.

## Actions and Words

I am giving people what they want. I am reciting poetry because people desire it as an entertainment. In my own country, people do not like poetry. I have long searched for people who want action, but all they want is words. I am ready to show you action; but none will patronize this action. So I present you with - words.

## Efforts

Tie two birds together.  
They will not be able to fly, even though they now have four wings.

## This Task

You have a duty to perform. Do anything else, do any number of things, occupy your time fully, and yet, if you do not do this task, all your time will have been wasted.

## Teachings of the Chikistri Order

### The Gardens

Once upon a time, when the science and art of gardening was not yet well established among men, there was a master-gardener. In addition to knowing all the qualities of plants, their nutritious, medicinal and aesthetic values, he had been granted a knowledge of the Herb of Longevity, and he lived for many hundreds of years.

In successive generations, he visited gardens and cultivated places throughout the world. In one place he planted a wonderful garden, and instructed the people in its upkeep and even in the theory of gardening. But, becoming accustomed to seeing some of the plants come up and flower every year, they soon forgot that others had to have their seeds collected, that some were propagated from cuttings, that some needed extra watering, and so on. The result was that the garden eventually became wild, and people started to regard this as the best garden that there could be.

After giving these people many chances to learn, the gardener expelled them and recruited another whole band of workers. He warned them that if they did not keep the garden in order, and study his methods, they would suffer for it. They, in turn, forgot - and, since they were lazy, tended only those fruits and flowers which were easily reared and allowed the others to die. Some of the first trainees came back to them from time to time, saying: 'You should do this and that,' but they drove them away, shouting: 'You are the ones who are departing from truth in this matter.'

But the master-gardener persisted. He made other gardens, wherever he could, and yet none was ever perfect except the one which he himself tended with his chief assistants. As it became known that there were many gardens and even many methods of gardening, people from one garden would visit those of another, to approve, to criticize, or to argue. Books were written, assemblies of gardeners were held, gardeners arranged themselves in grades according to what they thought to be the right order of precedence.

As is the way of men the difficulty of the gardeners remains that they are too easily attracted by the superficial. They say: 'I like this flower,' and they want everyone else to like it as well. It may, in spite of its attraction or abundance, be a weed which is choking other plants which could provide medicines or food which the people and the garden need for their sustenance and permanency.

Among these gardeners are those who prefer plants of one single colour. These they may describe as 'good.' There are others who will only tend the plants, while refusing to care about the paths or the gates, or even the fences.

When, at length, the ancient gardener died, he left as his endowment the whole knowledge of gardening, distributing it among the people who would understand in accordance with their capacities. So the science as well as the art of gardening remained as a scattered heritage in many gardens and also in some records of them.

People who are brought up in one garden or another generally have been so powerfully instructed as to the merits or demerits of how the inhabitants see things that they are almost incapable - though they make the effort - of realizing that they have to return to the concept of 'garden.' At the best, they generally only accept, reject, suspend judgment or look what they imagine are the common factors.

From time to time true gardeners do arise. Such is the abundance of semi-gardens that when they hear of real ones people say: 'Oh, yes. You are talking about a garden such as we already have, or we imagine.' What they have and what they imagine are both defective.

The real experts, who cannot reason with the quasi-gardeners, associate for the most part among themselves, putting into this or that garden something from the total stock which will enable it to maintain its vitality to some extent.

They are often forced to masquerade, because the people who want to learn from them seldom know about the fact of gardening as an art or science underlying everything that they have heard

before. So they ask questions like: 'How can I get a more beautiful flower on these onions?'

The real gardeners may work with them because true gardeners can sometimes be brought into being, for the benefit of all mankind. They do not last long, but it is only through them that the knowledge can be truly learnt and people can come to see what a garden really is.

## Continuity

A group of Sufis, sent by their preceptor to a certain district, settled themselves in a house.

In order to avoid undesirable attention, only the man in charge - the Chief Deputy - taught in public. The rest of the community assumed the supposed functions of the servants of his household.

When this teacher died, the community rearranged their functions, revealing themselves as advanced mystics.

But the inhabitants of the country not only shunned them as imitators, but actually said: 'For shame! See how they have usurped and shared out the patrimony of the Great Teacher. Why, these miserable servants now even behave as if they were themselves Sufis!'

**Commentary:** Ordinary people, only through lack of experience in reflection, are without the means to judge such situations as these. They therefore tend to accept mere imitators who step into the shoes of a teacher and reject those who are indeed carrying on his work.

When a teacher leaves a community, by dying or otherwise, it may be intended for his activity to be continued - or it may not. Such is the greed of ordinary people that they always assume that this continuity is desirable. Such is their relative stupidity that they cannot see the continuity if it takes a form other than the crudest possible one.

## When Death is not Death

A certain man was believed to have died, and was being prepared for burial, when he revived. He sat up, but was so shocked at the scene surrounding him that he fainted. He was put in a coffin, and the funeral party set off for the cemetery.

Just as they arrived at the grave, he gained consciousness, lifted the coffin lid, and cried out for help.

'It is not possible that he has revived,' said the mourners, 'because he has been certified dead by competent experts.'

'But I am alive!' shouted the man.

He appealed to a well-known and impartial scientist and jurisprudence who was present.

'Just a moment,' said the expert.

He then turned to the mourners, counting them. 'Now, we have heard what the alleged deceased has had to say. You fifty witnesses tell me what you regard as the truth.'

'He is dead,' said the witnesses.

'Bury him!' said the expert.

And so he was buried.

## The Seven Brothers

Once upon a time there was a wise father who had seven sons. While they were growing up, he taught them as much as he could, but before he could complete their education he perceived something which made their safety more important. He realized that a catastrophe was going to overwhelm their country. The

young men were foolhardy and he could not confide completely in them. He knew that if he said: 'A catastrophe threatens,' they would say: 'We will stay here with you and face it.'

So he told each son that he must undertake a mission, and that he was to leave for that mission forthwith. He sent the first to the north, the second to the south, the third to the west and the fourth to the east. The three other sons he sent to unknown destinations.

As soon as they had gone, the father, using his special knowledge, made his way to a distant country to carry on some work which had been interrupted by the need to educate his sons.

When they had completed their missions, the first four sons returned to their country. The father had so timed the duration of their tasks that they would be safely and remotely engaged upon them until it was possible to return home.

In accordance with their instructions the sons went back to the place which they had known in their youth. But now they did not know one another. Each claimed that he was the son of his father, each one refused to believe the others. Time and climate, sorrow and indulgence, had done their work, and the appearance of the men was changed.

Because they were so bitterly opposed to one another and each determined to assess the other by his stature, his beard, the colour of his skin, and his manner of speech - all of which had changed - no brother would for months allow another to open the letter from their common father which contained the answer to their problem and the remainder of the education.

The father had foreseen this, such was his wisdom. He knew that until they were able to understand that they had changed very much they would not be able to learn any more. The situation at the present is that two of the sons have recognized one another, but only tentatively. They have opened the letter. They are trying to adjust themselves to the fact that what they took to be fundamentals are really - in the form in which they use them - worthless externals; what they have for many years prized at the very roots of their importance may in reality be vain and now useless dreams.

The other two brothers, watching them, are not satisfied that they are being improved by their experience, and do not want to emulate them. The three brothers who went in the other directions have not yet arrived at the rendezvous.

As to the four, it will be some time before they truly realize that the only means of their survival in their exiles - the superficials which they think important - are the very barriers to their understanding.

All are still far from knowledge.

## The Oath

A man who was troubled in mind once swore that if his problems were solved he would sell his house and give all the money gained from it to the poor.

The time came when he realized that he must redeem his oath. But he did not want to give away so much money. So he thought of a way out.

He put the house on sale at one silver piece. Included with the house, however, was a cat. The price asked for this animal was ten thousand pieces of silver.

Another man bought the house and cat. The first man gave the single piece of silver to the poor, and pocketed the ten thousand for himself.

Many people's minds work like this. They resolve to follow a teaching; but they interpret their relationship with it to their own advantage.

## The Sufi Missionary

The Sufi is in the position of a stranger in a country, of a guest in a house. Anyone in either capacity must think of the local mentality.

The real Sufi is a 'changed' man (abdal), change being an essential part of Sufism. The ordinary man is not changed; hence a need for dissimulation.

A man goes into a country where nakedness is honourable, and wearing clothes is considered dishonourable. In order to exist in that country, he must shed his clothes. If he says merely: 'Wearing clothes is best, nakedness is dishonourable,' he puts himself outside the range of the people of the country which he is visiting.

Therefore he will either quit the country or- if he has functions to perform there - he will accept or temporize. If the subject of the excellence or otherwise of wearing clothes comes up in discussion, he will probably have to dissimulate. There is a clash of habits here.

There is an even greater clash between habit thought and non-habit thought. The Sufi, because he has experienced, in common with others, so many things, knows a range of existence which he cannot justify by argument, even if only because all arguments have already been tried by someone at one time or another, and certain ones have prevailed and are considered 'good sense.'

His activity, like that of an artist, is reduced to that of illustration.

## The Teaching of the Quadri Order

### The Rogue, the Sheep and the Villagers

Once there was a rogue who was caught by the people of a village. They tied him to a tree to contemplate the suffering which they were going to inflict on him; and went away, having decided to throw him into the sea that evening, after they had finished their day's work.

But a shepherd, who was not very intelligent, came along and asked the clever rogue why he was tied up like that.

'Ah,' said the rogue, 'some men have put me here because I will not accept their money.'

'Why do they want to give it to you and why will you not take it?' asked the astonished shepherd.

'Because I am a contemplative, and they want to corrupt me,' said the rogue; 'they are godless men.'

The shepherd suggested that he should take the rogue's place, and advised the rogue to run away and put himself out of the reach of the godless ones.

So they changed places.

The citizens returned after nightfall, put a sack over the shepherd's head, tied him up, and threw him into the sea.

The next morning they were amazed to see the rogue coming into the village with a flock of sheep.

'Where have you been, and where did you get those animals?' they asked him.

'In the sea there are kindly spirits who reward all who jump in and "drown" in this manner,' said the rogue.

In almost less time than it takes to tell, the people rushed to the seashore and jumped in.

That was how the rogue took over the village.

## Teachings of the Naqshbandi Order

### The Host and the Guests

The teacher is like a host in his own house. His guests are those who are trying to study the Way. These are people who have never been in a house before, and they only have vague ideas as to what a house may be like. It exists, nonetheless.

When the guests enter the house and see the place set aside for sitting in, they ask: 'What is this?' they are told: 'This is a place where we sit.' So they sit down on chairs, only dimly conscious of the function of the chair.

The host entertains them, but they continue to ask questions, some irrelevant. Like a good host, he does not blame them for this. They want to know, for instance, where and when they are going to eat. They do not know that nobody is alone, and that at that very moment there are other people who are cooking the food, and that there is another room in which they will sit down and have a meal. Because they cannot see the meal or its preparations, they are confused, perhaps doubtful, sometimes ill at ease.

The good host, knowing the problems of the guests, has to put them at their ease, so that they will be able to enjoy the food when it comes. At the outset they are in no state to approach the food.

Some of the guests are quicker to understand and relate one thing about the house to another. These are the ones who can communicate to their slower friends. The host, meanwhile, gives each guest an answer in accordance with his capacity to perceive the unity and function of the house.

It is not enough for a house to exist - for it to be made ready to receive guests - for the host to be present. Someone must actively exercise the function of the host, in order that the strangers who are guests, and for whom the host has responsibility, may become accustomed to the house. At the beginning, many of them are not aware that they are guests, or rather exactly what guest hood means: what they can bring to it, what it can give them.

The experienced guest, who has learned about houses and hospitality, is at length at ease in his guest hood, and he is then in a position to understand more about houses and about the facets of living in them. While he is still trying to understand what a house is, or trying to remember the rules of etiquette, his attention is too much taken up by these factors to be able to observe, say, the beauty, value or function of the furniture.

### The Three Candidates

Three men made their way to the circle of a Sufi, seeking admission to his teachings.

One of them almost at once detached himself, angered by the erratic behavior of the master.

The second was told by another disciple (on the master's instructions) that the sage was a fraud. He withdrew very soon afterwards.

The Third was allowed to talk, but was offered no teaching for so long that he lost interest and left the circle.

When they had all gone away, the teacher instructed his circle thus:



The first man was an illustration of the principle: "Do not judge fundamental things by sight." The second was an illustration of the injunction: "Do not judge things of deep importance by hearing." The third was an example of the dictum: "Never judge by speech, or the lack of it."

Asked by a disciple why the applicants could not have been instructed in this matter, the sage retorted: 'I am here to give higher knowledge; not to teach what people pretend that they already know at their mothers' knees.'

## Three Visits to a Sage

Bahaudin Naqshband was visited by a group of seekers.

They found him in his courtyard, surrounded by disciples, in the midst of what seemed obviously to be revels.

Some of the newcomers said: 'How obnoxious - this is no way to behave, whatever the pretext.' They tried to remonstrate with the master.

Others said: 'This seems to us excellent - we like this kind of teaching, and wish to take part in it.'

Yet others said: 'We are partly perplexed and wish to know more about this puzzle.'

The remainder said to one another: 'There may be some wisdom in this, but whether we should ask about it or not we do not know.'

The teacher sent them all away.

And all these people spread, in conversation and in writing, their opinions of the occasion. Even those who did not allude to their experience directly were affected by it, and their speech and works reflected their beliefs about it.

Some time later certain members of this party again passed that way and they called upon the teacher.

Standing at his door, they noticed that within the courtyard he and his disciples now sat, decorously, deep in contemplation.

'This is better,' said some of the visitors, 'for he as evidently learned from our protests.'

'This is excellent,' said others, 'for last time he was undoubtedly only testing us.'

'This is too somber,' said others, 'for we could have found long faces anywhere.'

And there were other opinions, voiced and otherwise.

The sage, when the time of reflection was over, sent all these visitors away.

Much later, a small number returned and sought his interpretation of what they had experienced.

They presented themselves at the gateway, and looked into the courtyard. The teacher sat there, alone, neither reveling nor in meditation. His disciples were now nowhere to be seen.

'You may at last hear the whole story,' he said, 'for I have been able to dismiss my pupils, since the task is done.'

'When you first came, that class of mine had been too serious - I was in process of applying the corrective. The second time you came, they had been too gay - I was applying the corrective.'

'When a man is working, he does not always explain himself to casual visitors, however interested the visitors may think themselves to be. When an action is in progress, what counts is the correct operation of that action. Under these circumstances, external evaluation becomes a secondary concern.'

## One Way of Teaching

Bahaudin was sitting with some disciples when a number of followers came into the meeting-hall.

El-Shah asked them, one by one, to say why he was there.

The first said: 'You are the greatest man on earth.'

'I gave him a potion when he was ill, and so he thinks I am the greatest man on earth,' said El-Shah.

The second said: 'My spiritual life has opened up since I have been allowed to visit you.'

'He was uncertain and ill at ease, and none would listen to him. I sat with him, and the resultant serenity is called by him his spiritual life,' said El-Shah.

The third said: 'You understand me, and all I ask is that you allow me to hear your discourses, for the good of my soul.'

'He needs attention and wishes to have notice paid to him, even if it is in criticism,' said El-Shah. This he calls the "good of his soul."

The fourth said: 'I went from one to another, practicing what they taught. It was not until you gave me a wazifa (exercise) that I truly felt the illumination of contact with you.'

'The exercise which I gave to this man,' said El-Shah, 'was a concocted one, not related to his "spiritual" life at all. I had to demonstrate his illusion of spirituality before I could arrive at the part of this man which is really spiritual, not sentimental.'

## Cherished Notions

Sadik Hamzawi was asked:

'How do you come to succeed, by his own wish, the sage of Samarkand, when you were only a servant in his house?'

He said: 'He taught me what he wanted to teach me, and I learned it. He said once: "I cannot teach the others, the disciples, to the same degree, because they want to ask the questions, they demand the meetings, they impose the framework, they therefore only teach themselves what they already know."

'I said to him: "Teach me what you can and tell me how to learn." This is how I became his successor. People have cherished notions about how teaching and learning should take place. They cannot have the notions and also the learning.'

## Falsity

One day a man went to a Sufi master and described how a certain false teacher was prescribing exercises for his followers.

'The man is obviously a fraud. He asks his disciples to "think of nothing." It is easy enough to say that, because it impresses some people. But it is impossible to think of nothing.'

The master asked him: 'Why have you come to see me?'

'To point out the absurdity of this man, and also to discuss mysticism.'

'Not just to gain support for your decision that this man is an impostor?'

'No, I know that already.'

'Not to show those of us who are sitting here that you know more than the ordinary, gullible man?'

'No. In fact, I want you to give me guidance.'

'Very well. The best guidance I can give you is to advise you to - think of nothing.'

This man immediately withdrew from the company, convinced that the master was also a fraud.

But a stranger, who had missed the beginning of these events, and had entered the assembly at the exact moment when the sage was saying, 'The best guidance I can give you is to advise you to - think of nothing.', was profoundly impressed.

'To think of nothing: what a sublime conception!' he said to himself.

And he went away after that day's session, having heard nothing to contradict the idea of thinking of nothing.

The following day one of the students asked the master which of them had been correct.

'Neither,' he said. 'They still have to learn that their greed is a veil, a barrier. Their answer is not in one word, one visit, one easy solution. Only by continuous contact with a teaching does the pupil absorb, little by little, that which gradually accumulates into an understanding of truth. Thus does the seeker become a finder.'

'The Master Rumi said: "Two men come to you, one having dreamt of heaven, the other of hell. They ask which is reality. What is the answer?" The answer is to attend the discourses of a master until you are in harmony.'

## Sentences of the Khajagan

Heart to heart is an essential means of passing on the secrets of the Path. -Rudbari

Learning is in activity. Learning through words alone is minor activity. -Maghribi

At a certain time, more can be conveyed by distracting useless attention than by attracting it. -Khurqani

Experience of extremes is the only way towards the proper working of the mean in study. -Farmadhi

Service of humanity is not only helpful to correct living. By its means the inner knowledge can be preserved, concentrated and transmitted. -Hamadani

Local activity is the keynote of the Dervish Path. -Yasavi

Effort is not effort without right time, right place and right people. -Andaki

We work in all places and at all times. People believe that a man is important if he is famous. The converse may equally well be true. -Ghajdawani

The mark of the Man who has Attained is when he does not mistake figurative for specific, or literal for symbolic. -Ahmad Sadiq

Stupidity is to look for something in a place where untutored imagination expects to find it. It is, in fact, everywhere that you can extract it. -Rewgari

Information becomes fragmented, knowledge does not. What causes fragmentation in information is scholasticism. -Ramitani

Man think many things. He thinks he is One. He is usually several. Until he becomes One, he cannot have a fair idea of what he is at all. -Samasi

We send a thought to China and it becomes Chinese, they say, because they cannot see the man who sent it. We send a man to India, and they say that he is only a Turkestani. -Sokhari

When people say 'weep', they do not mean 'weep always.' When they say 'do not cry', they do not mean you to be a permanent buffoon. -Naqshband

A true document may contain seven layers of truth. A writing or speech which appears to have no significance may have as many layers of truth. -Attar.

It is not a matter of whether you can learn by silence, by speech, by effort, by submission. It is a matter of how this is done, not 'that it is done.' -Khamosh

If you still ask: 'Why did such-and-such a person teach in this or that manner, and how does it apply to me?' -you are incapable of understanding the answer deeply enough. -Kashgari

No matter where the truth is in your case, your teacher can help you find it. If she applies only one series of method to everyone, she is not a teacher, let alone yours. -Charkhi

For every trick or imagination there is a reality of which it is a counterfeit. -Samarqandi

We do not live in the East or West; we do not study in the North, nor do we teach in the South. We are not bound in this way, but we may be compelled to talk in this way. -Al-Lahi

The Way may be through a drop of water. It may, equally, be through a complex prescription. -Al-Bokhari

When you see a Sufi studying or teaching something which seems to belong to a field other than spirituality you should know that there is the spirituality of the age. -Zahid

When it is time for stillness, stillness; in the time of companionship, companionship; at the place of effort, effort. In the time and place of anything, anything. -Dervish

Do not talk of the Four Ways, or of the Seventy-two Paths, or of "Paths as numerous as the souls of Men." Talk instead of the Path and the attaining. All is subordinated to that. -Sirhindi

You cannot destroy us if you are against us. But you can make things difficult for us even if you think you are helping. -Badauni

We spend a space in a place. Do not put up a sign to mark the place. Take rather of the material which adheres to the place, while it is still there. -Dehlavi

You hear my words. Hear, too, that there are words other than mine. These are not meant for hearing with the physical ear. Because you see only me, you think there is no Sufism apart from me. You are here to learn, not to collect historical information. -Qandahari

You may follow one stream. Realize that it leads to the Ocean. Do not mistake the stream for the Ocean. -Jan-fishan

## Sayings of the Masters

### The Magian and the Muslim

A fire-worshipping Magian was asked why he did not become a Muslim. He answered: 'If you mean that I should be as good a man as Bayazid, I lack the courage. If, however, you mean that I should be as bad a man as you, I would detest it.' - Bayazid Bistami

### Names

You call me a Christian, to make me angry and to make yourself feel happy. Others call themselves Christians, to make themselves feel other emotions. Very well, if we are dealing in exciting words, I will call you a devil-worshipper. That should give you an agitation which will please you for some time. - Zabardast Khan

## Prayers

A devoutly religious man, who was a disciple of Bayazid, said to him one day: 'I am surprised that anyone who accepts God should not attend the mosque for worship.'

Bayazid answered: 'I, on the other hand, am surprised that anyone who knows God can worship him and not lose his sense, rendering his ritual prayer invalid.'

## What the Devil Said

Once upon a time there was a dervish. As he was sitting in contemplation, he noticed that there was a sort of devil near him.

The dervish said: 'Why are you sitting there, making no mischief?'

The demon raised his head wearily. 'Since the theoreticians and would-be teachers of the Path have appeared in such numbers, there is nothing left for me to do.'

## Thauri on Contemplation

The great Shibli went to visit the illustrious Thauri. The master was sitting so still that not a hair of him moved in any way.

Shibli asked: 'Where did you learn such stillness?'

Thauri replied: 'From a cat. He was watching a mousehole with even greater concentration than you have seen in me.'

## The Idol

Someone told Uwais El-Qarni that a certain dervish sat on a tomb, dressed in a shroud and weeping.

Qarni said: 'Tell him that the method has become an idol; he must transcend the practice, for it is an obstacle.'

## The Candle's Duty

The Candle is not there to illuminate itself. -Nawab Jan-Fishan Khan

## Three Stages of Worship

Mankind passes through three stages.

First he worships anything: man, woman, money, children, earth and stones. Then, when he has progressed a little further, he worships God. Finally he does not say: 'I worship God'; nor: 'I do not worship God.'

He has passed from the first two stages into the last. -Rumi

## Seeing

Halls and theological colleges and learned lectures, circles and cloisters - What use are they when there is no knowledge and there is no eye that sees? -Hafiz

## On Your Religion

Throughout the dervish literature you will find us saying repeatedly that we are not concerned with your religion or even with the lack of it. How can this be reconciled with the fact that believers consider themselves the elect?

Man's refinement is the goal, and the inner teaching of all the faiths aims at this. In order to accomplish it, there is always a

tradition handed down by a living chain of adepts, who select candidates to whom to impart this knowledge.

Among men of all kinds this teaching has been handed down. Because of our dedication to the essence, we have, in the Dervish Path, collected those people who are less concerned about externals, and thus kept pure, in secret, our capacity to continue the succession. In the dogmatic religions of the Jews, the Christians, the Zoroastrians, the Hindus and literalist Islam this precious thing has been lost.

We return this vital principle to all these religions and this is why you will see so many Jews, Christians and others among my followers. The Jews say that we are the real Jews, the Christians, Christians.

It is only when you know the Higher Factor that you will know the true situation of the present religions and of unbelief itself. And unbelief itself is a religion with its own form of belief. -Ahmad Yasavi

## Among the Masters

### To a Believer

You probably seem to yourself to be a believer, even if you a believer in disbelief.

But you cannot really believe in anything until you are aware of the process by which you arrived at your position.

Before you do this you must be ready to postulate that all your beliefs may be wrong, that what you think to be belief may only be a variety of prejudice caused by your surroundings - including the bequest of your ancestors for whom you may have a sentiment.

True belief belongs to the realm of real knowledge.

Until you have knowledge, belief is mere coalesced opinions, however it may seem to you.

Coalesced opinions serve for ordinary living. Real belief enables higher studies to be made. -Attributed to Ali

### Eat No Stones

A hunter, walking through some woods, came upon a notice. He read the words: "Stone Eating is Forbidden."

His curiosity was stimulated, and he followed a track which led past the sign until he came to a cave at the entrance to which a Sufi was sitting.

The Sufi said to him: 'The answer to your question is that you have never seen a notice prohibiting the eating of stones because there is no need for one. Not to eat stones may be called a common habit. Only when the human being is able similarly to avoid other habits, even more destructive than eating stones, will he be able to get beyond his present pitiful state.'

### Why the Dog Could Not Drink

Shibli was asked: 'Who guided you in the Path?'

He said: 'A dog. One day I saw him, almost dead with thirst, standing by the water's edge.'

'Every time he look at his reflection in the water he was frightened, and withdrew, because he thought it was another dog.'

'Finally, such was his necessity, he cast away fear and leapt into the water; at which the "other dog" vanished.'

The dog found that the obstacle, which was himself, the barrier between him and what he sought, melted away.

In this same way, my own obstacle vanished, when I knew that it was what I took to be my own self. And my Way was first shown to me by the behavior of - a dog.'

## Man Believes What He Thinks is True

Teaching, as was his custom, during the ordinary business of life, Sheikh Abul Tahir Harami rode his donkey one day into a market-place, a disciple following behind.

At the sight of him, a man called out: 'Look, here come the ancient unbeliever!'

Harami's pupil, his wrath aroused, shouted at the defamer. Before long there was a fierce altercation in progress.

The Sufi calmed his disciple, saying: 'If you will only cease this tumult, I will show you how you can escape this kind of trouble.'

They went together to the old man's house. The sheikh told his follower to bring him a box of letters. 'Look at these. They are all letters addressed to me. But they are couched in different terms. Here someone calls me "sheikh of Islam"; there, "Sublime Teacher." Another say I am the "Wise One of the Twin Sanctuaries." And there are others.

'Observe how each styles me in accordance with what he considers me to be. But I am none of these things. Each man calls another just what he thinks him to be. This is what the unfortunate one in the market-place has just done. And yet you take exception to it. Why do you do so -since it is the general rule of life?'

## Time for Learning

The Sage of Ascalon would only speak to his disciples rarely. When he did, they were overcome by his ideas.

'May we have lectures at times when we can conveniently attend?' they asked, 'because when you speak some of us have family duties and cannot always be there.'

'You will have to find someone else to do that,' he said, 'because whereas I only teach when I do not feel the urge to teach, there do exist some who can teach in accordance with who is present at a fixed time. It is they who feel the urge to teach and consequently only need to adapt what they say to the audiences.'

## Four Teaching Stories

### The Watermelon Hunter

Once upon a time there was a man who strayed, from his own country, into the world known as the Land of Fools.

He soon saw a number of people flying in terror from a field where they had been trying to reap wheat. 'There is a monster in that field,' they told him. He looked, and saw that it was a watermelon.

He offered to kill the 'monster' for them. When he had cut the melon from its stalk, he took a slice and began to eat it. The people became even more terrified of him than they had been of the melon. They drove him away with pitchforks, crying: 'He will kill us next, unless we get rid of him.'

It so happened that at another time another man also strayed into the Land of Fools, and the same thing started to happen to

him. But, instead of offering to help them with the 'monster', he agreed with them that it must be dangerous, and by tiptoeing away from it with them he gained their confidence. He spent a long time with them in their houses until he could teach them, little by little, the basic facts which would enable them not only to lose their fear of melons, but even to cultivate them themselves.

## Nasrudin's Ambassadorial Trip

By a series of misunderstanding and coincidences, Mulla Nasrudin found himself one day in the audience-hall of the Emperor of Persia.

The Shahinshah was surrounded by self-seeking nobles, governors of provinces, courtiers and sycophants of all kinds. Each was pressing his own claim to be appointed head of the embassy which was soon to set out for India.

The emperor's patience was at an end, and he raised his head from the importunate mass, mentally invoking the aid of Heaven in his problem as to who to choose. His eyes lighted upon Mulla Nasrudin.

'This man is to be the ambassador,' he announced; 'so now leave me in peace.'

Nasrudin was given rich clothes, and an enormous chest of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and priceless works of art was entrusted to him, the gift of the Shahinshah to the great Mogul.

The courtiers, however, were not finished. United for once by this affront to their claims, they decided to encompass the downfall of the mulla. First they broke into his quarters and stole the jewels, which they divided among themselves, replacing them with earth to make up the weight. Then they called upon Nasrudin, determined to ruin his embassy, to get him into trouble, and in the process to discredit their master as well.

'Congratulations, great Nasrudin,' they said. 'What the Fountain of Wisdom, Peacock of the World, has ordered must be the essence of all wisdom. We therefore hail you. But there are just a couple of points upon which we may be able to advise you, accustomed as we are to the behavior of diplomatic emissaries.'

'I should be obliged if you would tell me,' said Nasrudin.

'Very well,' said the chief of the intriguers. 'The first thing is that you must be humble. In order to prove how modest you are, therefore, you should not show any sign of self-importance. When you reach India you must enter as many mosques as you can, and make collections for yourself. The second thing is that you must observe court etiquette in the country to which you are accredited. This will mean that you will refer to the Great Mogul as 'the Full Moon.'

'But is that not the title of the Persian emperor?'

'Not in India.'

So Nasrudin set out. The Persian emperor told him as they took leave: 'Be careful, Nasrudin. Adhere to etiquette, for the Mogul is a mighty emperor and we must impress him while not affronting him in any way.'

'I am well prepared, Majesty,' said Nasrudin.

As soon as he entered the territory of India, Nasrudin went into a mosque and mounted the pulpit: 'O people!' he cried, 'see in me the representative of the Shadow of Allah upon Earth! The Axis of the Globe! Bring out your money, for I am making a collection.'

This he repeated in every mosque he could find, all the way from Baluchistan to Imperial Delhi.

He collected a great deal of money. 'Do with it,' the counselors had said, 'what you will. For it is the product of intuitive growth and bestowal, and as such its use will create its own demand.' All that they wanted to happen was for the mulla

to be exposed to ridicule for collecting money in this 'shameless' manner. 'The holy must live from their holiness,' roared Nasrudin at mosque after mosque. 'I give no account nor do I expect any. To you, money is something to be hoarded, after being sought. You can exchange it for material things. To me, it is part of a mechanism. I am the representative of a natural force of intuitive growth, bestowal and disbursement.'

Now, as we all know, good often proceeds from apparent evil, and the reverse. Those who thought that Nasrudin was lining his own pockets did not contribute. For some reason, their affairs did not prosper. Those who were considered credulous and gave their money became in a mysterious way enriched. But to return to our story.

Sitting on the Peacock Throne, the emperor at Delhi studied the reports which courtiers were daily bringing him, describing the progress of the Persian ambassador. At first he could make no sense out of them. Then he called his council together.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this Nasrudin must indeed be a saint or a divinely guided one. Who ever heard of anyone else violating the principle that one does not seek money without a plausible reason, lest a wrong interpretation be place upon one's motives?'

'May your shadow never grow less,' they replied, 'O infinite extension of all-Wisdom; we agree. If there are men like this in Persia, we must beware, for their moral ascendancy over our materialistic outlook is plain.'

Then a runner arrived from Persia, with a secret letter in which the Mogul's spies at the imperial court reported: 'Mulla Nasrudin is a man of no consequence in Persia. He was chosen absolutely at random to be ambassador. We cannot fathom the reason for the Shainshah's not being more selective.'

The Mogul called his council together. 'Incomparable Birds of Paradise!' he told them, 'a thought has manifested itself in me. The Persian emperor has chosen a man at random to represent his whole nation. This may mean that he is confident of the consistent quality of his people that, for him anyone at all is qualified to undertake the delicate task of ambassador to the sublime court of Delhi! This indicates the degree of perfection attained, the amazingly infallible intuitive powers cultivated among them. We must reconsider our desire to invade Persia; for such a people could easily engulf our arms. Their society is organized on a different basis from our own.'

'You are right - Superlative Warrior of the Frontiers!' cried the Indian nobles.

At length, Nasrudin arrived in Delhi. He was riding his old donkey, and was followed by his escort, weighed down by sacks of money which he had collected in the mosques. The treasure-chest was mounted on an elephant, such was its size and weight.

Nasrudin was met by the master of ceremonies at the gate of Delhi. The emperor was seated with his nobles in an immense courtyard, the reception Hall of the Ambassadors. This had been so arranged that the entrance was low. As a consequence, ambassadors were always obliged to dismount from their horses and enter the Supreme Presence on foot, giving the impression of supplicants. Only an equal could ride into the presence of an emperor.

No ambassador had ever arrived astride a donkey, however, and thus there was nothing to stop Nasrudin trotting straight through the door, and up to the Imperial Dais.

The Indian king and his courtiers exchanged meaningful glances at this act.

Nasrudin blithely dismounted, addressed the king as 'the Full Moon', and called for his treasure-chest to be brought. When it was opened, and the earth revealed, there was a moment of consternation.

'I had better say nothing,' thought Nasrudin, 'for there is nothing to say which could mitigate this.' So he remained silent.

The Mogul whispered to his vizier, 'What does this mean? Is this an insult to the Highest Eminence?'

Incapable of believing this, the vizier thought furiously. Then he provided the interpretation.

'It is a symbolic act, Presence,' he murmured. 'The ambassador means that he acknowledges you as the Master of the Earth. Did he not call you the Full Moon?'

The Mogul relaxed. 'we are content with the offering of the Persian Shahinshah; for we have no need of wealth; and we appreciate the metaphysical subtlety of the message.'

'I have often been told to say,' said Nasrudin, remembering the 'essential gift-offering phrase' given him by the intriguers in Persia, 'that this is all we have for your Majesty.'

'That means that Persia will not yield one further ounce of her soil to us,' whisperer the interpreter of omens to the king.

'Tell your master that we understand,' smiled the Mogul. 'But there is one other point: If I am the Full Moon - what is the Persian Emperor?'

'He is the New Moon,' said Nasrudin, automatically.

'The Full Moon is more mature and gives more light than the New Moon, which is its junior,' whispered the court astrologer to the Mogul.

'We are content,' said the delighted Indian. 'You may return to Persia and tell the New Moon that the Full Moon salutes him.'

The Persian spies at the court of Delhi immediately sent a complete account of this interchange to the Shahinshah. They added that it was known that the Mogul emperor had been impressed, and feared to plan war against the Persians because of the activities of Nasrudin.

When he returned home, the Shahinshah received the mulla in full audience. 'I am more than pleased, friend Nasrudin,' he said, 'at the result of your unorthodox methods. Our country is saved, and this means that there will be no attempt at accounting for the jewels or the collecting in mosques. You are henceforth to be known by the special title of Safir - Emissary.'

'But, your Majesty,' hissed his vizier, 'this man is guilty of high treason, if not more! we have perfect evidence that he applied one of your titles to the emperor of India, thus changing his allegiance and bringing one of your magnificent attributes into disrepute.'

'Yes,' thundered the Shahinshah, 'the sages have said wisely that "to every perfection there is an imperfection." Nasrudin! Why did you call me the New Moon?'

'I don't know about protocol,' said Nasrudin; 'but I do know that the Full Moon is about to wane, and the New Moon is still growing, with its greatest glories ahead of it.'

The emperor's mood changed. 'Seize Anwar, the Grand Vizier,' he roared. 'Mulla! I offer you the position of Grand Vizier!'

'What?' said Nasrudin. 'Could I accept after seeing with my own eyes what happened to my predecessor?'

And what happened to the jewels and treasures which the evil courtiers had usurped from the treasure-chest? That is another story. As the incomparable Nasrudin said: 'Only children and the stupid seek cause and effect in the same story.'

## The Fool, Salt and Flour

Once upon a time there was a fool who was sent to buy flour and salt. He took a dish to carry his purchases.

'Make sure,' said the man who sent him, 'not to mix the two things - I want them separate.'

When the shopkeeper had filled the dish with flour and was measuring out the salt, the fool said: 'Do not mix it with the flour; here, I will show you where to put it.'

And he inverted the dish, to provide, from its upturned bottom, a surface upon which the salt could be laid.

The flour, of course, fell on the floor.

But the salt was safe.

When the fool got back to the man who had sent him he said: 'Here is the salt.'

'Very well,' said the other man, 'but where is the flour?'

'It should be here,' said the fool, turning the dish over.

As soon as he did that, the salt fell to the ground, and the flour of course was seen to be gone.

So it is with human beings. Doing one thing which they think to be right, they may undo another which is equally right. When this happens with thoughts instead of actions, man himself is lost, no matter how, upon reflection, he regards his thinking to have been logical.

You have laughed at the joke of the fool. Now, will you do more, and think about your own thoughts as if they were the salt and the flour?

## The Indian Bird

A merchant had a bird in a cage. He was going to India, the land from which the bird came, and asked him whether he could bring anything back for him. The bird asked for his freedom, but was refused. So he asked the merchant to visit a jungle in India and announce his captivity to the free birds who were there.

The merchant did so, and no sooner had he spoken than a wild bird, just like his own, fell senseless out of a tree on to the ground. The merchant thought that this must be a relative of his own bird, and felt sad that he should have caused this death.

When he got home, the bird asked him whether he had brought news from India. 'No,' said the merchant, 'I fear that my news is bad. One of your relations collapsed and fell at my feet as soon as I mentioned your captivity.'

As soon as these words were spoken the merchant's bird collapsed and fell to the bottom of the cage.

'The news of his kinsman's death has killed him too,' thought the merchant. Sorrowfully he picked up the bird and put it on the window-sill. At once the bird revived and flew to a near-by tree. 'Now you know,' he said, 'that what you thought was disaster was in fact good news for me. And how the message, the suggestion how to behave in order to free myself, was transmitted to me through you, my captor.' And he flew away, free at last. -Rumi

## Solitary Contemplation

### To Be a Sufi

Being a Sufi is to put away what is in your head - imagined truth, preconceptions, conditioning - and to face what my happen to you. -Abu Said

## Teachers, Teachings, Taught

Teachers talk about teachings.

Real teachers study their pupils as well.

Most of all, teachers should be studied. -Musa Kazim

## Perception and Explanation

For him who has perception, a mere sign is enough.

For him who does not really heed, a thousand explanations are not enough. -Haji Bektash

## Sufi Literature

There are three ways of presenting anything.

The first is to present everything.

The second is to present what people want.

The third is to present what will serve them best.

If you present everything, the result may be surfeit.

If you present what people want, it may choke them.

If you present what will serve them best, the worst is that, misunderstanding, they may oppose you. But if you have served them thus, whatever the appearances, you have served them and you, too, must benefit, whatever the appearances. -Ajmal of Badakhshan

## Becoming One Who Can Become

You come closer to being a Sufi through realizing that habit and preconception are essentials only in some studies; not by forming habits and judging by means of unsuitable preconceptions.

You must become as aware of insignificance as you think you are of significance; not seek feelings of significance alone.

The humble are so because they must be so; and worst of all men or women are those who practice humility for the purpose of pride, not as a means of travel.

The method of Sufism is as it always has been, to adopt that which is of value, when and where it is of value, and with whom it is of value; not to imitate because of awe, or to copy because of imitativeness.

The success of man in raising himself higher comes through right effort and the right method, not merely by concentration upon the right aspiration or upon the words of others directed to yet others.

It is as it were a trap laid for the ignoble element in you when a man, a book, a ceremonial, an organization, a method, appears, directly or by recommendation, to have something which is applicable to all, or attracts you strongly though incorrectly. -Sayed Imam Ali Shah

## Where it Went

I saw a child carrying a light.

I asked him where he had brought it from.

He put it out, and said:

'Now you tell me where it is gone.' -Hasan of Basra

## Affinities

People who are alike feel an affinity. The attraction of opposites is a different case. But people who are alike are often mistaken by superficialists for people who are unlike. As an example, one is greedy for love, another is greedy to love. The uniformed or outward thinker will immediately imagine and proclaim that these are opposites. The converse, of course, is the truth. The common factor is greed. They are both greedy people.

The famous man and his follower are sometimes the same. One wants to give his attention, the other to attract attention. Both being chained by an obsession with attention, they fly together, 'pigeon with pigeon, hawk with hawk.' -Simabi

## Various Stories to Teach With

### Who's in Charge?

Habib had a house in Basra on the crossroads. He also had a fur coat which he wore summer and winter. Once, needing to perform the ritual washing, he arose and left his coat on the ground. Hasan of Basra, happening on the scene, perceived the coat flung in the road.

"This barbarian does not know its value," he commented. "This fur coat ought not to be left here. It may get lost."

So he stood there watching over it. Presently Habib returned.

"Imam of the Muslims," he cried after saluting Hasan, "why are you standing here?"

"Do you not know," Hasan replied, "that this coat ought not to be left here? It may get lost. Say, in whose charge did you leave it?"

"In His charge," Habib answered, "who appointed you to watch over it." (Habib Al-Ajami)

### No Boat?

Hasan once wished to go to a certain place. He came down to the bank of the Tigris, and was pondering something to himself when Habib arrived on the scene.

"Imam, why are you standing here?" he asked.

"I wish to go to a certain place. The boat is late," Hasan replied.

"Master, what has happened to you?" Habib demanded. "I learned all that I know from you. Expel from your heart all envy of other men. Close your heart against worldly things. Know that suffering is a precious prize, and see that all affairs are of God. Then set foot on the water and walk."

With that Habib stepped on to the water and departed. Hasan swooned. When he recovered, the people asked him, "Imam of the Muslims, what happened to you?"

"My pupil Habib just now reprimanded me," he replied. "Then he stepped on the water and departed, whilst I remained impotent. If tomorrow a voice cries, 'Pass over the fiery pathway' - if I remain impotent like this, what can I do?"

"Habib," Hasan asked later, "how did you discover this power?"

"Because I make my heart white, whereas you make paper black," Habib replied.

"My learning profited another, but it did not profit me," Hasan commented. -Hasan Al-Ajami

## How?

Once Rabe'a sent Hasan three things - a piece of wax, a needle, and a hair.

"Be like wax," she said. "Illumine the world, and yourself burn. Be like a needle, always be working naked. When you have done these two things, a thousand years will be for you as a hair."

"Do you desire for us to get married?" Hasan asked Rabe'a.

"The tie of marriage applies to those who have being," Rabe'a replied. "Here being has disappeared, for I have become naughted to self and exist only through Allah. I belong wholly to Him. I live in the shadow of His control. You must ask my hand of Him, not of me."

"How did you find this secret, Rabe'a?" Hasan asked.

"I lost all 'found' things in Him," Rabe'a answered.

"How do you know Him?" Hasan inquired.

"You know the 'how'; I know the 'howless,'" Rabe'a said.

## The World

A leading scholar of Basra visited Rabe'a on her sickbed. Sitting beside her pillow, he reviled the world.

"You love the world very dearly," Rabe'a commented. "If you did not love the world, you would not make mention of it so much. It is always the purchaser who disparages the wares. If you were done with the world, you would not mention it either for good or evil. As it is, you keep mentioning it because, as the proverb says, whoever loves a thing mentions it frequently."

## When to Teach?

Beshr possessed seven book cases of volumes on Traditions. He buried them all in the ground, and did not transmit them.

"The reason I do not transmit Traditions," he explained, "is that I perceive in myself a lust to do so. If I perceive in my heart a lust to keep silence, then I will transmit." -Beshr Ibn Al-Hareth

## The True Pilgrimage

"A man encountered me on the road," Abu Yazid recalled.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"On the Pilgrimage," I replied.

"How much have you got?"

"Two hundred dirhams."

"Come, give them to me," the man demanded. "I am a man with a family. Circle round me seven times. That is your pilgrimage."

"I did so, and returned home." -Abu Yazid Al-Bestami

## The Proper Task

"You walk on the water!" they said.

"So does a piece of wood," Abu Yazid replied.

"You fly in the air!"

"So does a bird."

"You travel to the Kaaba in a single night!"

"Any conjurer travels from India to Demavand in a single night."

"Then what is the proper task of true men?" they asked.  
"The true man attaches his heart to none but God," he replied.

## The Noble Thief

A thief had been hanged in Baghdad. Jonaid went and kissed his feet.

"Why did you do that?" he was asked.

"A thousand compassions be upon him!" he replied. "He proved himself a true man at his trade. He did his work so perfectly, that he gave his life for it." -Abo 'L'Qasem Al-Jonaid

## The Test of the Birds

The shaikh Jonaid had a disciple whom he loved above all the others. The other disciples were moved to jealousy, a fact which the shaikh realized by his mystic intuition.

"He is superior to you in manners and understanding," he told them. "That is what I had in view; let us make an experiment, so that you may also realize it."

Jonaid commanded twenty birds to be brought to him.

"Each of you take one," he told his disciples. "In a place where no one can see you kill it, then bring it back."

All the disciples went off and killed and brought back the birds - all, that is, except that favorite disciple. He brought his bird back alive.

"Because the master said it must be done in a place where no one can see," the disciple answered. "Wherever I went, God saw."

"You see the measure of his understanding?" Jonaid exclaimed. "Compare that with that of the others."

All the other disciples begged God's forgiveness.

## The Test of the Camel

Ibn Kahfif had two disciples, one called Ahmad the Older and the other Ahmad the Younger. The shaikh favoured Ahmad the Younger the more. His companions were jealous, arguing that Ahmad the older had performed many tasks and endured much discipline. The shaikh, learning of this, desired to demonstrate to them that Ahmad the Younger was the better of the two. Now a camel was sleeping at the door of the convent.

"Ahmad the Older!" Ibn Khafif cried out.

"Here am I," Ahmad the Older responded.

"Carry that camel up to the roof of the convent," Ibn Khafif ordered.

"Master," Ahmad the Older protested, "how is it possible to carry a camel on to the roof?"

"That is enough," Ibn Khafif said. "Ahmad the Younger!"

"Here am I," replied Ahmad the Younger.

"Carry that camel on to the roof of the convent!"

Ahmad the Younger at once girded his loins, rolled up his sleeves and ran out of the convent. Putting his two hands under the camel, he cried with all his might but could not lift the beast.

"Well done! Now we know," Ibn Khafif exclaimed. Then turning to his companions he added, "Ahmad the Younger did his duty. He obeyed my command and offered no objection. He had regard to my command, not to whether the task could be carried out or no. Ahmad the Older was only concerned to argue and dispute. From outward actions one can perceive the inner intention." -Ibn Khafif

## The Walnut's Lesson

One day as Al-Shebli was going along he encountered two boys quarreling over a walnut they had found. He took the walnut from them.

"Be patient, till I divide it between you!" he told them.

When he broke it open, the nut proved to be empty. A voice proclaimed, "Go on, divide it, if you are the Divider!"

"All that quarreling over an empty nut," Shebli commented shamefaced. "And all that pretension to be a divider over nothing!"

## Kindness to Animals

Fear God, in treating dumb animals and ride them when they are fit to be ridden and get off them when they are tired.

An adulteress passed by a dog at a well; and the dog was holding out his tongue from thirst, which was near killing him, and the woman drew off her boot, and tied it to the end of her garment, and drew water for the dog, and gave him a drink; and she was forgiven for that act.

"Are there rewards for doing good to quadrupeds, and giving them water to drink?" Muhammad said, "Verily there are heavenly rewards for any act of kindness to a living animal."

-By Mohammad, from The Hadith: "Sayings of the Prophet"

## Wean Yourself

Little by little, wean yourself. This is the gist of what I have to say. From an embryo, whose nourishment comes in the blood, move to an infant drinking milk, to a child on solid food, to a searcher after wisdom, to a hunter of more invisible game.

Think how it is to have a conversation with an embryo. You might say, "The world outside is vast and intricate. There are wheat fields and mountain passes, and orchards in bloom. At night there are millions of galaxies, and in sunlight the beauty of friends dancing at a wedding."

You ask the embryo why he, or she, stays cooped up in the dark with eyes closed. Listen to the answer.

There is no "other world." I only know what I've experienced. You must be hallucinating."

-Jelaluddin Rumi (1207-1273)

## Sleep No More

If you want great wealth,  
and that which lasts forever,  
Wake up!  
If you want to shine  
with the love of the Beloved,

Wake up!  
You've slept a hundred nights,  
And what has it brought you?  
For your Self, for your God,  
Wake up! Wake up!  
Sleep no more.

-Jelaluddin Rumi (1207-1273)



# GROUP RECITALS

## The Caravansary

Once Khidr went to the King's palace and made his way right up to the throne.

Such was the strangeness of his appearance that none dared to stop him.

The king, who was Ibrahim ben Adam, asked him what he was looking for.

The visitor said: 'I am looking for a sleeping-place in this caravansary.'

Ibrahim answered: 'This is no caravansary, this is my palace.'

The stranger said: 'Whose was it before you?'

'My father's', said Ibrahim.

'And before that?'

'My grandfather's.'

'And this place, where people come and go, staying and moving on, you call other than a caravansary?'

## Religion

All religion, as theologians - and their opponents - understand the word, is something other than what it is assumed to be.

Religion is a vehicle. Its expressions, rituals, moral and other teachings are designed to cause certain elevating effects, at a certain time, upon certain communities.

Because of the difficulty of maintaining the science of man, religion was instituted as a means of approaching truth. The means always became, for the shallow, the end, and the vehicle became the idol.

Only the man of wisdom, not the man of faith or intellect, can cause the vehicle to move again. -Alauddin Attar

## The Meaning of Culture

The Sufic understanding of culture is not that which is understood by the ordinary man, who limits the meaning.

Sheikh Abu Nasr Sarraj speaks of these three forms of culture:

Worldly culture, which is merely acquiring information, opinions and learning of a conventionalized kind;

Religious culture, which is repetitious, following rules and discipline, behaving in an ethically acceptable way;

Sufi culture, which is a self-development, realizing what is relevant, concentration and contemplation, cultivation of inner experience, following the path of Search and Nearness.

## The Aim

The hidden meaning in existence is like a tree subsisting. And the deeply hidden fruit of it is man, O Master. The aim of the bough - O One without a Teacher - is ripened fruit, not just another tree alone. -Ablahi Mutlaqtar

## Wild Utterances

We give out strange phrases to ordinary people because our experiences cannot be put in their ordinary phrases. I have

known that which cannot be described, through and through, and that which is in it overwhelms all ordinary definition. -Ibn Ata

## To Reach the Degree of Truth...

None attains to the Degree of Truth until a thousand honest people have testified that he is a heretic. -Junaid of Baghdad

## Death Visiting

Death does not visit more than once. Be prepared, therefore, for its coming. -Abu-Shafiq of Balkh

## Thou art There

The flitting of a light in desert dusk -thou art there.

The weary duty of the Magian's forced ritual -thou art there.

The movement in response to another movement -thou art there.

Not in the book of the scribe, but in the smile at it - thou art there.

The Grace of the graceful, no the mind of the graceful - thou art there.

The question and answer: between them, not in them - thou art there.

Between the lumbering paces of the elephant - thou art there.

In harmony, in love, in being itself, in truth, in absoluteness - thou art there.

The pearl rejected by the oyster-fancier - thou art there.

The inexplicability of non-rhythm, of seeming change - thou art there.

The interchange, pulsation, sweetness, silence, rest:

In congruity and in incongruity - thou art there.

In the glow, the spark, the leaping flame, the warmth and the burning; in the relaxation and the agitation: Thou art there!

-Haykali

## What to Do and What to Have Done

All wisdom can be stated in two lines:

What is done for you -allow it to be done.

What you must do yourself - make sure you do it. -Khawwas

## Men and Knowledge

There are many trees: not all of them bear fruit.

There are many fruits: not all of them may be eaten.

Many, too, are the kinds of knowledge: yet not all of them are of value to men.

-Jesus, son of Mary, according to the Book of Amu-Darya

## What is Identity?

When someone knocked on the door, Bayazid called out: 'What do you seek?'

The caller answered: 'Bayazid.'

Bayazid replied: 'I, too, have been seeking "Bayazid" for three decades, and I have not yet found him.'

## The Answer

We wrote a hundred letters, and you did not write an answer. This, too, is a reply. -Zauqi

## We are Alive

We are waves whose stillness is non-being.

We are alive because of this, that we have no rest. -Abu-Talib Kalim

## Some Final Essays

### Sufi Lectures

Sufi students may or may not be encouraged to familiarize themselves with the traditional Classics of Sufism. It is the Sufi Guide, however, who indicates to each circle or pupil the curriculum: the pieces from the Classics from letters and lectures, from traditional observances which apply to a particular phase of society, to a particular grouping, to a certain individual.

The usage of materials sharply divides Sufi ideology from any other on record. It is this attitude which has prevented Sufism from crystallizing into priestcraft and traditionalism. In the originally Sufic groupings where this fossilization has indeed taken place, their fixation upon a repetitious usage of Sufi materials provides a warning for the would-be Sufi that such an organization has 'joined the world.'

### What is Sufism?

The question is not "what is Sufism?", but "what can be said and taught about Sufism?"

The reason for putting it in this way is that it is more important to know the state of the questioner and tell him what will be useful to him than anything else. Hence the Prophet (Peace and Blessings upon him!) has said: 'Speak to each in accordance with his understanding.'

You can harm an inquirer by giving him even factual information about Sufism, if his capacity of understanding is faulty or wrongly trained.

This is an example. The question just recorded is asked. You reply: 'Sufism is self-improvement.' The questioner will assume that self-improvement means what he takes it to mean.

If you said, again truly: 'Sufism is untold wealth', the greedy or ignorant would covet it because of the meaning which they put upon wealth.

But do not be deceived into thinking that if you put it in a religious or philosophical form, the religious or philosophical man will not make a similar covetous mistake in taking, as he thinks, your meaning. -Idris ibn-Ashraf

### Knowledge

Knowledge is generally confused with information. Because people are looking for information or experience, not knowledge, they do not find knowledge.

You cannot avoid giving knowledge to one fitted for it. you cannot give knowledge to the unfit; that is impossible. You can, if you have it, and if he is capable, fit a man for receiving knowledge. -Sayed Najmuddin

## Seven Thoughts on Famous Teachers

People tend to want to study under famous teachers. Yet there are always people not considered distinguished by the public who could teach them as effectively. -Ghazali

A teacher with a small following, or no apparent following at all, may be the right man for you. In nature, small ants do not swarm to see elephants, in hope of gain. An illustrious master may be of use only to advanced scholars. -Badakhshani

If a teacher of great repute tells you to go study under someone who is apparently not outstanding, he knows what you need. Many students feel slighted by advice like this, which is in fact to their advantage. -Abdurahman of Bengal

I have learned what I have learned only after my teachers had freed me of the habit of attaching myself to what I regarded as teachers and teachings. Sometimes I had to do nothing at all for long periods. Sometimes I had to study things which I could not link in my mind, no matter how I tried, with higher aspirations. - Zikiria ibn El-Yusufi

Those who are attracted by externals, who look for the outwards signs of teachership, who rely on emotion in studies or reading any book they might choose- those are the pond-flies of the Tradition; they skip and skim upon the surface. Because they have words for 'profound' and 'significant', they think incorrectly, that they know these experiences. This is why we say that, for practical purposes, they know nothing. -Talib Shamsi Ardabili

Take care you do not mistake indigestion for something else. You may visit a great man or read his book and you may feel attraction or hostility. Often this is only indigestion in the student. -Mustafa Qalibi of Antioch

If I were embarking upon the Way anew, my plea would be: 'Teach me how to learn and what to study.' And, even before that: 'Let me really wish to learn how to learn, as a true aspiration, not simply in self-pretense.' -Khawaja Ali Ramitani

### Teaching of the Sufis

Many people practice virtues or associate with the wise and great people, believing that this is the pursuit of self-improvement. They are deluded. In the name of religion, some of the worst barbarities have been committed. Trying to do good, man has done some of his worst actions.

The flaw comes from the absurd assumption that the mere connection with something of value will convey a corresponding advantage to an unaltered individual.

Much more is necessary. Man must not only be in contact with good: he must be in contact with a form of it which is capable of transforming his function and making him good. A donkey stabled in a library does not become literate.

This argument is one of the differences between Sufi teaching and attempted practice of ethic or self-improvement in other endeavors.

The point is generally neglected by the reader or student. Talib-Kamal said: 'The Thread does not become ennobled because it goes through the jewels.' And: 'My virtues have not improved me, any more than a desolate place is made fertile by the presence of a treasure.'

A treasure is a treasure. But if it is to be put to work to recreate a ruin, the treasure must be used in a certain way.

Moralizing may be a part of the process. The means of transforming the man is still needed. It is this means which is the Sufi secret. Other schools, very often, are not at the point where they can see beyond the first stage; they are intoxicated with the discovery of ethic and virtue, which they therefore conclude constitute a panacea. -Abdal Ali Haidar

## How Strange a Thing is Man

Just try to conceive for a moment that you are a being unlike a human being. Unperceived by man, you enter one of his abodes. As an observer, what would you make of the cause or the objective of his actions? Assume that you have no experience of humanity.

The man whom you are observing lies down and falls asleep. You do not sleep, because you are not of his nature. How could you understand what he has done or why? You would be forced to say: 'He is dead'; or perhaps: 'he is mad'; or again: 'This must be a religious observance.' You would be forced, because of your lack of material to which to refer this man's actions, to attribute them to the nearest action known to you, in your own world.

Now, while we still watch this man, we find that he wakes up. What has happened? We may think: 'He has miraculously revived', or something of the sort. He goes to the fountain and washes himself. We say: 'How odd!'

Now the man is cooking something in a pot, and sweat stands on his brow. 'A religious observance... or perhaps he is the slave of this strange leaping, luminous thing called fire, and has to serve it in this way...'

In short, everything which he does seems insane, incomplete or motivated by causes which arise in our own imagination - if we are that visitor who uses his own scale, or none at all, to measure the human activity.

So it is with the dervish. He laughs, he cries. He is kind, he is cruel. He repents, talks of wine, shuns people and then goes to visit them. He serves mankind and says that he is serving God. You talk of God and he may protest and say that you are ignorant. What are you to make of such a man?

He is a man of another world. You attribute his action to the kind of actions you know about; his knowledge to the kind of thing which you call knowledge; his feelings you compare with what you take them to be. His origins, his Path, his destiny: you look at them all from only one point of view.

How strange a thing is man!

But there is a way to understand him. Leave off all preconceptions as to what our dervish may be. Follow his explanations or his symbols of the Sufi Path. Be humble, for you are a learner lower than all learners; for you have to know the things which will alone enable you to learn. No, I cannot teach you the Qalandar Path. I have but warned you. Go, seek a Sufi and plead first for forgiveness for your heedlessness, for you have been too long asleep. -Oration of Qalandar Puri

## The Study Group

It is interesting to note, from the point of view of contemporary psychology, how study groups always face a challenge. This challenge is as to whether the group will stabilize itself early on comforting props (like certain drills, exercises, readings, authority figures) or whether the group has in itself sufficient stability to reach for a reality beyond exterior, social factors.

It is the composition of the group which will decide this. If its members already have a sound social equilibrium, they will not need to convert their study atmosphere into the source of stability and reassurance. If the members have already acquired physical and intellectual satisfactions, they will not need to attempt to extract these from their Sufic group.

It is the seekers of social, intellectual and emotional stabilization who are the unsuccessful candidates for Sufi teaching in genuine schools. Imitation schools use Sufi externals - including such letters and lectures as these- and operate as disguised social-psychological groups. This is very valuable though Sufically sterile activity is not the quest for 'higher knowledge about man.'

## Advice to the Vigiler

O you wrapped up in your raiment!  
Keep vigil the night long, save a little-  
A half thereof, or abate a little thereof  
Or add thereto and chant the Qur'an in measure,  
For We shall charge you with a word of weight.  
Lo! The vigil of the night is when impression is more keen and  
speech more certain.  
Lo! You have by day a chain of business.  
So remember the name of your Lord and devote yourself with  
complete devotion.  
-Qur'an 73.1-8

## Jewish Thoughts and Words

I am by no means an expert on Judaism, I have not read the entire old testament, Talmud or midrash. A friend of mine once told me that the bible was a singular work of literature in that it hasn't a single joke in 2000 pages. This may be true, but the Jewish people of course have a sense of humor, sometimes even a Druidic sense. I have liberally taken many examples from "A Treasury of Jewish Humor," edited by Nathan Ausubel, M.Evans and Company 216 east 49th St., NYC 10017 (Doubleday) 1951 (reprinted) ISBN 0-87131-546-7. I have also borrowed from many other sources.

### Parables

Rabbi Elijah, the Gaon of Vilna, was deeply impressed by the ability of his friend, Rabbi Jacob Krantz, to have a parable ready for every problem he encountered. One day, Rabbi Elijah decided to ask how such a feat was possible.

Rabbi Jacob answered him by saying, "I will respond to your question about parables by using a parable. Once a nobleman decided that his son should be the very best musketeer. He therefore entered his son into a military academy to learn the martial skills. For five years the young man studied and learned and practiced until he was the most accomplished of musketeers.

"He graduated from the academy with a gold medal. While on his way home, he entered a village in order to rest. While standing on a street, he happened to notice a stable wall. There were the chalk marks of a target on the wall. Each target had a bullet hole at its exact center. Astonished at the skill of the marksman, the young man determined to meet the accomplished shooter. He asked throughout the village and finally discovered who had done the shooting - a small Jewish boy dressed as a beggar.

"The nobleman faced the child. 'Who taught you to shoot so well?' he asked.

"The boy answered, 'Let me explain. First I shoot the bullets at the wall. Only then do I take a piece of chalk and draw circles around the holes.'

"This is what I do," said the Preacher of Dubnow. "I don't search for the parable to fit the subject under discussion. Rather, I learn as many parables as I can. Eventually the right subject will come along for every parable."

-Jacob Krantz 1741-1804, Rabbi, Preacher of Dubnow

### Hide and Seek

Rebbe Baruch's grandson Yehiel was crying as he entered his grandfather's study. The concerned rebbe asked about the source of the tears.

"I have a friend who cheated me and left me alone to cry."

"Please explain," said the rebbe.

"The two of us were playing hide-and-seek, grandfather. It was my turn to hide, and I did it so well that my friend couldn't find me. Instead of continuing to look, he gave up. That's not fair, is it?"

The rebbe kissed the boy and began to cry. Yehiel asked why he was crying. The rebbe explained. "Like you, Yehiel, God, too, is unhappy. He is hiding and humanity does not look for him. Humanity has stopped its search. That also is not fair."

-Baruch of Medzeboth 1751-1811, Grandson of Baal Shem Tov

## Differences of Custom

Rabbi Adler was sitting next to Herbert Cardinal Vaughan at a luncheon one afternoon. The cardinal turned to the rabbi and said, "Now, Dr. Adler, when may I have the pleasure of helping you to some ham?"

"At your Eminence's wedding," replied the rabbi.

-Hermann Adler 1839-1911, Chief Rabbi of British Empire)

### Publishing Advice

An author came to see Rabbi Abele, wishing the rabbi to provide a favorable introduction to the author's commentary on the Book of Job. The rabbi agreed.

Later, the same author came back to the rabbi for still another introduction, this time for a commentary on Proverbs. The rabbi was not impressed by the work, but he did not wish to offend the author, so he simply said that he could not provide his approval by writing the introduction.

"But, Rabbi," said the author, "What made you prefer my commentary on Job to the one on Proverbs?"

The rabbi thought for a moment. "I will tell you if you insist. Job had a million problems, so one more book about him would be only a slight additional affliction. Solomon, on the other hand, led a happy life. I didn't see why you should make him suffer."

-Abele 1764-1836, Rabbi of Vilna & Talmudic scholar

### Papa's Gift

Asimov's father looked at one of his son's book and asked, "How did you learn all this, Isaac?"

"From you, Papa."

"From me? I don't know any of this."

"You didn't have to, Papa. You valued learning, and you taught me to value it. All the rest came without trouble."

-Isaac Asimov 1920-, American biochemist & author

### Contributions

Two men came to see Rabbi Landau to seek a charitable contribution. The rabbi asked them how much they needed. The men said, "We need 1000 gulden immediately to help the people." The rabbi left the room and returned with a leather case. He showed the men that the case was filled with gold coins. "Here," said the rabbi. "I've got 990 gold pieces. You must get the other 10 pieces you need from people in your city."

The men looked at Rabbi Landau in astonishment. "Rabbi," one began, evidently unsure of how to proceed. "It is a mitzvah to give, and you are performing a great mitzvah. But why do you start such a mitzvah and stop almost at the end?"

"You are both learned," answered the rabbi. "You should know why. It is wrong to give and by so doing deprive others of the joy of giving. I want to help, but I also want to allow other Jews a chance to be charitable."

-Ezekiel Landau 1713-1793, Author on Jewish Law, Rabbi of Prague

### Hasty Prayers

The rabbi was visiting a hotel. The Jewish merchants who were staying in the hotel had come to the town for a fair. One morning the rabbi heard them racing through their prayers before they rushed to the fair. That evening he invited the merchants to

his room. When he arrived, he spoke unintelligibly for several moments. The merchants were mystified. Finally, one said, "Rabbi, we appreciate being invited by you, but we can't understand your words."

The rabbi responded in words that were all too clear: "Now you can imagine how the Almighty feels when you mumble your prayers in the morning."

One shocked merchant spoke up. "Master, a little baby mumbles also. Nobody understands when he coos and cries, but his mother understands. We are the children of God, and the Lord understands us no matter how we speak."

"You are absolutely right," said the rabbi. "Please forgive me."

-Levi Yitzhak of Berdichev 1740-1810, Rabbi & Hassidic

## Where is God?

Even as a young boy, Rabbi Naphtali astonished adults with his quick, insightful replies. One day, a friend of Naphtali's father came for a visit and said to the child, "Naphtali, I'll give you a gold coin if you can tell me where God can be found."

The boy immediately replied, "I'll give you two gold coins if you can tell me where He cannot be found."

-Naphtali of Ropshitz 1760-1827, Rabbi and founder of Hassidic dynasties

## The Disbeliever

Rabbi Spektor was visited one day by a young, well-dressed man. The man had come to ask the sage to solve a vexing religious problem. The man did not believe in any religion, but he remained unsure about whether he should also discard his belief in God.

"I am glad you came," the rabbi said. "You say you don't believe. Tell me, have you mastered the Bible?"

"I can't claim that I have. I did read some parts as a child, but recently I have concentrated on my studies in the university."

"Perhaps the Talmud?" the rabbi inquired.

The young man looked surprised. "Rabbi, you don't expect me to waste time on anything like that."

"Okay, you know nothing about the Talmud. How about the great Jewish philosophers? What have you read of Maimonides, ibn Gabirol, or Moses Mendelssohn?"

"I haven't read a word any of them have written."

"Young man, you call yourself an unbeliever, yet you know nothing about Jewish literature. At least call yourself by your right name - you are an ordinary ignoramus."

-Isaac Elhannon Spektor, 1817-1896, Rabbi

## Tradition

Rabbi Steinsaltz was teaching a class. He was only 25 years old at the time, and he realized that some in the class were great thinkers, the best in the nation. Some were three times his age. As he thought about it, he became embarrassed at the thought that he should teach them. Suddenly he realized that there was only one way he could justify his teaching. He decided to tell himself that these great minds, his elders, were listening to Adin Steinsaltz not as an individual, but as a representative of a tradition. In that sense, he was 5,000 years old and teaching 75 year-old babies.

-Adin Steinsaltz 1937-, Rabbi and Talmudic scholar

## The Unpopular Rabbi

Winning a Jewish argument can sometimes be difficult.

There was once a rabbi from a small town in Russia. He was given a monthly salary and allowed to live in a residence owned by the community. After many years of service, the town's Jewish dignitaries decided that he should be removed from his job. They discharged him and asked him to leave the house. He refused to go, and the case came before the Russian court. A judge there sent it to Rabbi Widrevitz.

The rabbi listened carefully to both sides and decided that the ousted rabbi had done nothing offensive, but that for the sake of the community, he should be discharged. He told the Jewish leaders that he had decided in their favor.

"But, he's still living in the house owned by the community," one said. "How can we get him to leave?"

"Compulsion is not a good idea," the rabbi said.

"What shall we do then?"

"There is a peaceful way. All of you should move from the town and leave him alone. That is my advice."

-Haim Jacob Widrevitz 1795-1854, Rabbi & Scholar

## The Accused Maid

Rabbi Wolf was widely known as the fairest of judges. Justice was extremely important to him, and he could not be corrupted.

One day his own wife accused her maid of having stolen a very valuable object. The servant, who was an orphan, began to cry, and then she denied having stolen the object. The wife decided that a rabbinical court was needed to decide the case.

When the rabbi saw the wife preparing to go to the court, he put on his Sabbath robe, so that he might go as well. His wife was surprised. "It's not dignified that a man of your standing should go to the court with me. I am very capable of pleading my own case," she told him.

The rabbi said, "Oh, I am sure that you are. What I am concerned about is who will plead the case of your maid, who is a poor orphan. I am going to make sure that she is treated justly."

-Wolf of Zbaraz 1708-1788, Rabbi & Community Leader

## The Disbeliever & God

Abraham was sitting near his tent when an old man approached. The man was obviously exhausted. Abraham, who was known for his hospitality, rose to meet the stranger and to welcome him. The stranger was offered a place in the tent to rest. The old traveler declined the offer, however, preferring instead to rest under a nearby tree. Abraham continued to press the offer, wishing to give the man every comfort. Finally the traveler was persuaded to enter the tent.

Abraham gave the man some goat's milk, butter, and cakes. The hungry man gratefully ate all the food. After the meal, Abraham told the stranger that it was time to pray to the Lord.

"But I do not know your God," said the stranger. "I only pray to the idol that my hands have built."

Abraham began to tell the man about God. He tried to convince the man of God's goodness and urged the man to abandon faith in idols. But the man would not listen to Abraham; instead, he remained steadfast in his pagan beliefs. Abraham angrily demanded that the man leave the tent. The man departed without a word.

The incident haunted Abraham. As he thought about the stranger, he slowly came to realize that God had endured the

man's disbelief for many years, yet Abraham had not been able to stand it for a single night. Furthermore, Abraham realized, forgiveness could not come from God; it could come only from the wronged traveler.

Abraham ran from the tent. He searched all night, and he finally found the man and begged to be forgiven. After listening carefully to Abraham's words, he offered forgiveness. The traveler had provided Abraham with a crucial ethical lesson about imitating the forgiving aspect of God's nature.

-Abraham 19th Cent. B.C.E., First Patriarch of the Jewish People

## Postponement

Dr. Einstein was invited to give a speech at a dinner honoring the president of Swarthmore College. After a glowing introduction he stood and announced to the crowd, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry, but I have nothing to say." He then sat down. A second later he was back up again. "If I ever do have something to say, I'll come back."

Six months later, Einstein sent a wire to the president: "Now I have something to say." Another dinner was scheduled. Einstein came and made his speech.

## Abandonment

Max Brod, a close friend of author Franz Kafka, encountered many intellectuals who had assimilated. Brod, who had remained faithful to his religion, always treated those intellectuals with great humanity.

Once, just before the First World War, Brod was in Prague, where he spoke with a Jewish professor at the German university in that city. In reply to a question, the Jewish professor said, "I have abandoned Judaism."

Dr. Brod replied, "You may have abandoned Judaism, but Judaism has not abandoned you."

-Max Brod 1884-1968, Jewish author and composer

## Philanthropy

The Jews have always considered charity an important virtue, not only for the good it does, but also for what it reveals about a person.

Rabbi Harif and a companion once came to the home of a wealthy man to seek funds for the building of a new Talmud Torah. The wealthy man refused to give a donation to build the school. Rabbi Harif's companion was surprised by the refusal, and as the two men walked away from the house, he expressed his views to Rabbi Harif, adding, "He usually gives whenever he is asked."

Rabbi Harif said, "This time he may be right in his refusal."

"How is that possible?" asked the companion.

"You see, those who give to charity usually do so out of fear that the misfortune that they are helping to alleviate might one day afflict them. For instance, one person might help the crippled because he thinks one day he himself might be crippled; another might give to the blind out of fear of becoming blind; and so on. But why should this man have given to education? He is never likely to be afflicted by the thirst for learning."

-Izel Harif, died 1873, Rabbi of Slonim

## Fresh Bread

A group of rabbis were gathered at a celebration. They began to discuss their well-known rabbinical ancestors. Rabbi Yechiel had to say, "I'm the first eminent ancestor in my family." The collected rabbis were very surprised to hear this comment.

The conversation naturally turned to the Torah. Each rabbi began to explain a text by using the teachings and sayings of one of his rabbinical ancestors. Finally it was time for Rabbi Yechiel to speak. He got up and said, "My father was a simple baker. His teaching was that only fresh bread tastes good, and so I should avoid stale bread. This is also true of learning."

-Yechiel of Ostrowce 1851-1928, Rabbi & Scholar

## One's Worth

Sir Moses was once asked how much he was worth. He answered, "I am worth 40000 pounds."

The questioner was flabbergasted. "I thought you were worth millions."

Sir Moses smiled. "I do possess millions. But you asked me how much I am worth, and since 40000 pounds represent the sum I distributed during the last year to various charitable institutions, I regard this sum as the barometer of my true worth. For it is not how much a person possesses, but how much he is willing to share with the less fortunate that determines his actual worth."

-Sir Moses Montefiore 1784-1885, British Financier & Philanthropist

## Two Thoughts from David

King David's practical wisdom was legendary.

Once, one of king's infant children became critically ill. David prayed and fasted. He slept on the ground for the week of the illness. After that week, the baby died. The king's servants were afraid to tell him of the tragedy. Against such expectations, when David heard the sad news he changed clothes, went to pray, and then ate a meal.

The servants, quite surprised at his reaction, asked him why when the child had been ill he had fasted and cried, yet when the child died, he had gotten up and eaten.

The king replied, "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept for I thought, who knows whether the Lord will not be gracious to me that the child may live. But now that he is dead, why should I fast? Can I bring him back?"

King David went to the court jeweler. He told the jeweler to make him a ring and to inscribe on it some statement that would temper excessive delight in an hour of triumph, but also lift him from despair in an hour of loss. The jeweler thought long and hard about what kind of statement should be inscribed. But he was perplexed; he could not find suitable words.

Solomon finally offered a suggestion: "Inscribe on the ring the words Gam Zeh Ya-avor - This, too, shall pass."

-David reigned 1010-970 B.C.E., Second king of Israel

## Gardening and Tax-Collectors

The Emperor Antoninus sent a messenger to Rabbi Judah Ha-Nasi. The messenger carried a vital question. "The Imperial Treasury is rapidly being depleted. Can you advise me on how I might increase it?"

Rabbi Judah did not respond. Instead, he took the messenger into his garden and began to work. He uprooted large turnips and

planted much smaller turnips in their place. Then he did the same with beets and radishes.

The messenger, seeing that the rabbi would not answer, requested that he write a letter, but the rabbi said that no letter was needed.

The messenger returned to the emperor.

"Did Rabbi Judah give you a letter for me?" the emperor asked.

"No."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"No, he didn't do that either."

"Did he do anything?"

"Yes, he led me into his garden, dug up large vegetables, and planted smaller ones in their place."

"Then I understand his advice," said the emperor.

The emperor then dismissed his governors and tax collectors. They were replaced with less well-known but more honest officials. Before very long, the Imperial Treasury was replenished.

-Judah Hanasl, 2nd cent-3rd cent C.E. Rabbi, Editor of Mishnah

## A Fair Exchange

King Artaban of Parthea one day sent a gift to Rabbi Judah. The gift was an exquisite and quite expensive pearl. The king's only request was that the rabbi send a gift in return that was of equal value. Rabbi Judah sent the king a mezuzah.

Artaban was displeased with the gift and came to confront the rabbi. "What is this? I sent you a priceless gift and you return this trifle?"

The rabbi said, "Both objects are valuable, but they are very different. You sent me something that I have to guard, while I sent you something that will guard you." -Judah Hanasl

## On One Foot

A stranger came to the house of Shammai. Shammai greeted the stranger and asked what he wanted. The stranger said that he wanted to learn the whole of the Torah while he stood on one foot. Shammai immediately saw that the stranger wished to make fun of him. He became angry and told the stranger to go away.

The stranger then went to the house of Hillel. Hillel greeted him and asked what he wanted. The stranger repeated his jeering request to be taught the whole of the Torah while standing on one foot. Hillel also saw that the stranger was mocking him, but Hillel did not become angry. Instead, Hillel said that he would teach the stranger as was wished.

Hillel began the lesson. "What is hateful to you do not do to your neighbor."

The stranger waited for more. Finally he asked, "Is that all the Torah?"

"Yes," said Hillel. "That is the foundation. All the rest is commentary. Go and study."

The stranger said, "Thank you Hillel. If that is the foundation, I will study all the Torah."

-Hillel first cent B.C.E. - first cent C.E., Famous scholar

## The Jewish Jeweler

King Don Pedro, ruler of Aragon, heard from his counselor, the troubadour Nicholas of Valencia, that the Jews were inferior

people. The king had heard of a wise Jew named Ephraim ben Sancho and asked that this man be brought before him. Ephraim came, and the king asked him directly which of their faiths was superior. Ephraim recognized the dangers inherent in either answer, and so he said, "Our faith is better suited for us Jews, for our God led us into freedom and out of our slavery in Egypt. Your faith is better for the Christians, for you have been able to rule over much of the world."

The king was not satisfied with the answer. "I don't want to know the benefits each of us gets from our religion. I want to know which religion is superior."

Ephraim said, "Let me consider this question for three days, for it is a difficult question requiring much thought. I will give you my answer at the end of the third day."

The king agreed.

Ephraim could not eat or sleep for the three days. He prayed constantly for guidance. Finally, it was time to go back to the palace. The king immediately noticed how sad Ephraim looked and asked the Jewish sage why.

"I look so sad because of what happened today. May I tell the story for your majesty to judge?"

"You may speak," said the king.

"A month ago my neighbour, who is a jeweler, went traveling to a distant land. He had two sons, who always fought. Before he left, he gave each of his sons an expensive gem. Today these brothers are still arguing, for they came to me to judge which of the gems is more valuable. I reminded them that their father was the jeweler and the best expert on the value of gems, and I suggested that they ask him because he could judge far better than I.

"When I told them this, they became angry at me, and they began to beat me. Don't I have a right to be sad?"

"You have been mistreated," said the king. "They deserve to be punished for how they have behaved."

"My king. May your ears hear the words your mouth has spoken. You asked me which of two gems is superior. How can I give you the right answer? There is only one expert on these types of gems, and that is the Lord. He must tell you which is better."

The king was greatly impressed with Ephraim's wisdom.

-Ephraim Ben Sancho 980-1060, community leader

## Beggars

Rabbi Zusya was staying at an inn. A wealthy guest mistook him for a beggar and treated him without respect. The guest later learned the rebbe's true identity and asked for Zusya's forgiveness.

"Why do you ask me to forgive you?" Rabbi Zusya said in response. "You haven't done anything to Zusya. You insulted not Zusya, but a poor beggar. I suggest you go out and ask beggars everywhere to forgive you."

-Zusya of Hanipoli died 1800, Hasidic rabbi

## Two Ideas from Singer

An interviewer asked Singer whether he had become a vegetarian for religious reasons or out of concern for his health. Singer told him "It is out of consideration for the chicken."

Singer was asked whether, in all his philosophical musing, he had reached any conclusion about whether humans have free will or whether their actions are determined. His answer was, "We have to believe in free will. We've got no choice."

-Isaac Bashevis Singer 1904- , American Yiddish Actor.

## A Poor Jew

A poor man came to Rabbi Joseph's house. The man said that he had come to ask a question regarding the sacred rituals of Passover. He told the rabbi that he could not afford to buy wine, so he wished to know if he could fulfill the obligation to drink four cups of wine during the seder by drinking four cups of milk. Rabbi Joseph said that no Jew could fulfill this important religious commandment with milk. The rabbi then gave the man twenty-five rubles with which to buy wine.

After the man had gone, the rabbi's wife went to her husband with a question. Why, when wine cost two or three rubles, had the rabbi given the man twenty-five?

Rabbi Joseph smiled and said, "When a poor Jew asks if he can use milk at his seder because he cannot afford wine, it is obvious that he cannot afford meat either."

## The Doctor Doesn't Worry

The doctor was checking up on the health of his patient.

"Fine, fine! Mr. Cohen! You're doing much better," he consoled him after completing his examination. "Your general condition is improved. There is only one thing that doesn't look so good - your floating kidney. But that doesn't worry me a bit!"

"And if you had a floating kidney, do you think I'd worry about it?" snapped back Mr. Cohen.

## Qualification of an Expert

"Do tell me, Rabbi," once asked the president of a congregation, "why is it that a godly man like you is always talking about business matters? Now take me, I'm a businessman, but once I leave my office I do nothing but talk about spiritual matters."

"This follows a very sound principle!" answered the Rabbi.

"What principle is that, Rabbi?"

"Oh, the principle that people usually like to discuss things they know nothing about."

## Nature and Poets

Like a great poet, Nature is capable of producing the most stunning effects with the smallest means. Nature possesses only the sun, trees, flowers, water, and love. But for him who feels no love in his heart, none of these things has any poetic value. To such an individual the sun has a diameter of a certain number of miles, the trees are good for making a fire, the flowers are divided into varieties, and water is wet. -Heinrich Heine

## To Tide Him Over

A disciple sought the advice of his rabbi.

"I'm poor, Rabbi. My wife is sick and my children are hungry."

"Go home. God will help you," advised the rabbi.

"Thank you, thank you, Rabbi!" gushed the poor man gratefully. "I'm sure God will help me! But until He does, won't you be good enough to lend me five rubles?"

## Deferred Judgment

Once a Jewish "merchant" who kept a stall in a village marketplace in Poland bought a sack of prunes from another "merchant." When he examined the prunes, however, he found them full of worms. Without loss of time he hailed the seller before the communal elder.

Now the elder was a very old man and he had a sweet tooth. So he took out his spectacles, put them on his nose, and began examining the prunes. First he tasted one prune judiciously, then another and another. Still not satisfied, he continued to taste them with a speculative air.

This went on for fifteen minutes. Then, completely sated, the elder pushed the prunes away from him with disgust.

"Why do you waste my time?" he cried. "What am I, a prune expert?"

## The Long and Short of It

A thief was loitering among the stalls in the marketplace. When the fish dealer wasn't looking, he picked up a big carp and hid it under his coat. As he was walking off, the fish vendor called after him: "Listen uncle, next time you steal a fish be sure that either your coat is longer or the fish is shorter!"

## He Did All He Could

Once there was a famous preacher who could move his audience to tears with his eloquence. On the occasion of the funeral of a prominent citizen, he delivered an eulogy. He elaborated on the life of the deceased with touching verve, referred to the purity of his character, to the nobility of his deeds, and to the tragedy of his sudden departure. Nonetheless, his hearers remained unmoved. Not even the mourners in the immediate family were seen to shed a tear.

"Rabbi," asked one of the preacher's admirers wonderingly, "how is it you haven't been able to wring a single tear out of the mourners?"

"My job is only to turn on the faucet," answered the preacher. "Is it my fault if nothing comes out."

## Increased Horse Power

A Jewish rustic, whose soul was heavy with sin, decided to visit a rabbi in a neighboring town to ask for his intercession with God. When he returned home from this visit the rabbi of his own town asked him reproachfully: "Isn't one rabbi enough for you? Must you have two?"

"You know how it is, Rabbi," answered the farmer. "Two horses can pull a wagon out of the mud better than one!"

## Some Jewish Proverbs

If you're lucky, everybody says you're smart.

If a rabbi isn't in constant danger of being driven out of town by their synagogue, he isn't doing his job.

One fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer.

Every dog feels important on his own dunghill.

Those who have nothing are always eager to share it with others.

Some people may be compared to new shoes: the cheaper they are the louder they squeak.



The best part about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said.

The wish to be wiser than everybody else is the biggest foolishness. -Sholom Aleichem

The space in a needle's eye is sufficient for two friends, but the whole world is scarcely big enough to hold two enemies. -Solomon ibn Gabriol

Money is round, so it rolls away.

Man's attitude towards great qualities in others is often the same as towards high mountains- he admires them but he prefers to walk around them. -Moritz Saphir

What is the test of good manners? Being able to bear patiently with bad ones. -Solomon Ibn Gabriol

## The Considerate Beggar

A merchant was carrying some goods to market in his wagon. On the way he met a beggar trudging along with a heavy pack on his shoulders. The merchant felt sorry for him and asked him to get into the wagon.

As they rode on in silence the merchant saw that the beggar was sitting with his pack still on his shoulders.,

"Why don't you put your pack down?" he asked in surprise.

"Bless you," said the man, "it's enough that you're carrying me! Do I have to burden you with my pack besides?"

## Advice

Most people, when in prosperity, are so over brimming with wisdom (however inexperienced they may be), that they take every offer of advice as a personal insult, whereas in adversity they know not where to turn, but beg and pray for counsel from every passer-by. -Baruch Spinoza

## Late

A Jew hurried to the railroad station to catch a train for Vilna but the train pulled out just as he arrived.

Seeing this, he wrung his hand and moaned, "Woe is me that such a misfortune should happen to me! It was so important for me to catch that train."

"How late were you, uncle?" a by-stander inquired sympathetically.

"Just about thirty seconds."

"Not more? Heh! By the way you carry on I thought it must have been at least one hour!"

## No Peace for a Rabbi

Squabbles with the congregation's leaders were driving the rabbi to distraction.

"If you're so unhappy why don't you find yourself another post?" suggested a colleague. "I hear there's a good pulpit vacant in Detroit."

The elderly rabbi shook his head wearily.

"Don't you know that there are seven purgatories in Gehenna? You must have wondered, why seven? Isn't one good purgatory enough to punish any hardened sinner? And the answer is 'no'! No matter how excruciating the torments are in any one purgatory the sinner is bound to get used to them. Once he's used to them he suffers less. But since God is just, what does he do? He has the devils carry the wretch to the next purgatory, where he has to start getting used to a new set of tortures."

"I'm in the same position. Whatever tortures I have to endure in this congregational purgatory I'm already accustomed to. Believe me, were I to take the Detroit pulpit I'd have to start a new purgatory all over again!"

## De Profundis

Most people have no idea what profound is. They go down to the very depths in order to look for it, while all along they could have found it on the surface. But in order to find it on the surface they would have to be quite deep themselves. -Peter Altenburg

## The Philosopher

There once lived a thoughtful man who sought solitude in order to probe into the problems of creation and being and to determine the purpose of all life. These thoughts preoccupied him all the time.

One day he was walking as usual by the bank of the river, absorbed in contemplation. Suddenly, he lifted his eyes and saw a man standing near by. The man had dug a small hole on the bank and was pouring water from a jug into it.

Surprised, the philosopher asked the stranger, "What are you doing?"

"I am going to empty the river and pour all the water from it into this hole," the man answered.

"This is utter madness!" answered the philosopher. "It's an impossible task!"

"Sillier and even more impossible are the questions you're trying to solve!" retorted the man.

Having spoken thus the stranger disappeared.

-Shem-tob Palquera 13th Cent. C.E.

## Popularity

Two Yiddish poets, bitter rivals, met in the Cafe Royale on Second Avenue after not meeting for years. Over a glass of tea with lemon the two began to boast about the progress they had made in their careers.

"You have no idea how many people read my poetry now!" bragged one. "My readers have doubled!"

"Mazl tov, mazl tov!" cried the other poet, enthusiastically pumping his hand. "I had no idea you got married!"

## God's Garden

Consider the work of God; who can make straight what he has made crooked? When the Holy One, praised be He, created Adam, he showed him all of the trees in the Garden of Eden, telling him "Behold, My works are beautiful and glorious; yet everything which I have created is for your sake. Take care that you do not corrupt or destroy My world."

## Why the Sixth Day?

Why was man created on the sixth day? So that, should he become overbearing, he can be told: "The gnat was created before you were."

## Growing Roots

When our learning exceeds our deeds we are like trees whose branches are many but whose roots are few: the wind comes and uproots them... But when our deeds exceed our learning we are like trees whose branches are few but whose roots are many, so that even if all the winds of the world were to come and blow against them, they would be unable to move them. -Talmud

## Wearisome Things

Generations come and generations go, while the earth endures forever.

The sun rises and the sun goes down; back again it returns to its place and rise there again.

The wind blows south, the wind blows north, round and round it goes and returns full circle.

All streams run into the sea, yet the sea never overflows; back to the place from which the streams ran they return to run again.

All things are wearisome; no man can speak of them all.

What has happened will happen again, and what has been done will be done again,

And there is nothing new under the sun.

Is there anything of which one can say, "Look, this is new"? No, it has already existed, long ago before our time.

The people of old are not remembered, and those who flow will not be remembered by those who follow them.... It is a sorry business that God has given men to busy themselves with. I have seen all the deeds that are done here under the sun; they are all emptiness and a chasing after wind. -Ecclesiastes

## Sacrifices

Rabbi Meir was once asked, "Why do the scriptures tell us in some passages that sacrifice is very pleasant unto the Lord, while in others it is said that God dislikes sacrifices?" He answered, "It depends whether a man's heart is sacrificed at that time he brings the sacrifice."

-Baraita Kallah 8

## Water and Stones

Rabbi Akiba, illiterate at forty, saw one day a stone's perforation where water fell from a spring, and having heard people say, "Waters wear stones," he thought, "If soft water can bore through a rock, surely iron-clad Torah should, by sheer persistence, penetrate a tender mind"; and he turned to study.

-Talmud, Abot de Rabbi Nathan 6

# Christian Thoughts

## I am There

Jesus said, "I am the light that is over all things. I am all: From me all has come forth, and to me all has reached. Split a piece of wood; I am there. Lift up the stone, and you will find me there." -Gospel of Thomas

## Inside You

Jesus said, "If you leaders say to you, 'Look, the kingdom is in heaven,' then the birds of heaven will precede you. If they say to you, 'It is in the sea,' then the fish will precede you. Rather, the kingdom is inside you and it is outside you." -Gospel of Thomas

## Washing the Feet

When Jesus had washed their feet, and taken his garments, and resumed his place, he said to them, "Do you know what I have done to you? You call me Teacher and Lord; and you are right, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, which you also should do as I have done to you. Truly, truly, I say to you, a servant is not greater than his master; nor is he who is sent greater than he who sent him. If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them." -John 13:12-17

## In All Things

I, the highest and fiery power, have kindled every living spark and I have breathed out nothing that can die... I flame above the beauty of the fields, I shine in the waters; in the sun, the moon and the stars, I burn... All living things take their radiance from me; and I am the life, which remains the same through eternity, having neither beginning nor end.

-St. Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179) Medieval German Abbess.

## God is Mother

This fair lovely "mother" is so sweet and so kind in itself that it cannot truly be said of anyone or to anyone except of him and to him who is the true Mother of life and of all things. To the property of motherhood belong nature, love, wisdom and knowledge, and this is God.

-Julian of Norwich (1342-1420) English anchoress

## A Prayer for the Frightened

Let nothing disturb you,  
Let nothing frighten you;  
All things are passing;  
God never changes;  
Patient endurance  
Obtains all things;  
Who God possess  
In nothing is wanting;  
God alone suffices.

-Teresa of Avila (1515-1582) Spanish Catholic Mystic, Carmelite

## The Dark Night

One dark night,  
Fired with love's urgent longings  
-Ah, the sheer grace!-  
I went out unseen,  
My house being now all stilled;  
...With no other light or guide  
Than the one that burned in my heart;  
This guided me  
More surely than the light of noon  
To where He waited for me  
-Him I knew so well-  
In a place where no one else appeared.  
O guiding night!  
O night more lovely than the dawn!  
O night that has united  
The Lover with His beloved,  
Transforming the beloved in her Lover.  
....I abandoned and forgot myself,  
Laying my face on my Beloved;  
All things ceased; I went out from myself,  
Leaving my cares  
Forgotten among the lilies.  
-St. John of the Cross (1542-1591) Spanish Catholic mystic.

## The Serenity Prayer

God grant me  
the serenity to accept the things I cannot change  
the courage to change the things I can and  
the wisdom to know the difference.  
-Reinhold Niebuhr 1892-1971, Protestant theologian

## Birmingham Jail Letter by Martin Luther King, Jr.

In 1963, some of his fellow clergymen had issued a statement that, while sympathizing with his civil rights goals, criticized his tactic of civil disobedience. In jail for that offense, King, with a smuggled pen and on scraps of paper, defended his actions in a letter that was to become the most famous document of the movement.

My fellow clergymen...

You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws... One may well ask, "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer is found in the fact that there are two laws: There are just laws and there are laws. I would agree with St. Augustine that "An unjust law is no law at all."

Now what is the difference between the two? How does one determine when a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man-made code which squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put in the term of St. Thomas Aquinas, an unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality... To use the words of Martin Bruber, the great Jewish philosopher, segregation substitutes an "I-it" relationship

for the "I-thou" relationship, and ends up relegating persons to the status of things... So I can urge me to disobey segregation ordinances because they are morally wrong...

You spoke of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my non-violent efforts as those of the extremist...

But as I continued to think about the matter I gradually gained a bit of satisfaction from being considered an extremist. Was not Jesus an extremist in love - "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." Was not Amos an extremist for justice - "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like a might stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the gospel of Jesus Christ - "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist - "Here I stand; I can do not other so help me God." Was not John Bunyan an extremist - "I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience." Was not Abraham Lincoln an extremist - "This nation cannot survive half slave and half free." Was not Thomas Jefferson an extremist - "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." So the question is not whether we will be extremist but what kind of extremist will we be.

...Let us hope that the dark clouds of racial prejudice be lifted from our fear-drenched communities and in some not too distant tomorrow the radiant stars of love and brotherhood will shine over our great nation with all of their scintillating beauty.

Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

## The Canticle of Brother Sun

All praise be yours, my Lord, through all that you have made,  
And first my lord Brother Sun,  
Who brings the day; and light you give to us through him.  
How beautiful he is, how radiant in all his splendor!  
Of you, Most high, he bears the likeness.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Moon and Stars;  
In the heavens you have made them, bright  
And precious and fair.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,  
And fair and stormy, all the weather's moods,  
By which you cherish all that you have made.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Water,  
So useful, lowly, precious and pure.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brother Fire,  
Through whom you brighten up the night.  
How beautiful he is, how gay! Full of power and strength.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Earth, our mother,  
Who feeds us in her sovereignty and produces  
Various fruits and colored flowers and herbs.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Death,  
From whose embrace no mortal can escape.  
Woe to those who die in mortal sin!  
Happy those She finds doing will!  
The second death can do no harm to them.  
Praise and bless my Lord, and give him thanks,  
And serve him with great humility.

-St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226) Franciscan saint.

## For the Nation

From Book Common Prayer p.838, from Norman Nelson

Almighty God, giver of all good things: We thank you for the natural majesty and beauty of this land. They restore us, though we often destroy them.

*Heal us.*

We thank you for the great resources of this nation. They make us rich, though we often exploit them.

*Forgive us.*

We thank you for the men and women who have made this country strong. They are models for us, though we often fall short of them.

*Inspire us.*

We thank you for the torch of liberty which has been lit in this land. It has drawn people from every nation, though we have often hidden from its light.

*Enlighten us.*

We thank you for the faith we have inherited in all its rich variety. It sustains our life, though we have been faithless again and again.

*Renew us.*

Help us, O Lord, to finish the good work here begun. Strengthen our efforts to blot out ignorance and prejudice, and to abolish poverty and crime. And hasten the day when all our people, with many voices in one united chorus, will glorify your holy Name.

*Amen.*

## Part Four: The Indian

### Sub-continent

### Hindu Thoughts

India is a myriad of differing practices, beliefs and systems of thoughts. I cannot hope to do justice to them all, but I've spent a few days looking for some Druidic examples to share with you. I hope that you make a most systematic and thorough examination than I did.

#### Isa Upanishad: All Beings in Your Self

Behold the universe in the glory of God: and all that lives and moves on earth. Leaving the transient, find joy in the Eternal; set not your heart on another's possessions...

The Spirit, without moving, is swifter than the mind; the senses cannot reach him: He is ever beyond them. Standing still, he overtakes those who run. To the ocean of his being, the spirit of life leads the streams of action.

...Who sees all beings in his own Self, and his own Self in all beings, loses all fear.

...When a sage sees the great Unity and his Self has become all beings, what delusion and what sorrow can ever be near him?

... May life go to immortal life, and the body go to ashes, OM. Oh my soul, remember past strivings, remember! O my soul, remember past strivings, remember!

#### Chandogya Upanishad: Thou Art That

There is a light that shines beyond all things on earth, beyond us all, beyond the heavens, beyond the highest, the very highest heavens. This is the Light that shines in our heart.

OM. There lived once a boy, Svetaketu Aruneya by name. One day his father spoke to him in this way: "Svetaketu, go and become a student of sacred wisdom. There is no one in our family who has not studied the holy Vedas and who might only be given the name of Brahman by courtesy."

The boy left at the age of twelve, and, having learnt the Vedas, he returned home at the age of twenty-four, very proud of his learning and having a great opinion of himself.

His father, observing this, said to him: "Svetaketu, my boy, you seem to have a great opinion of yourself, you think you are learned, and you are proud. Have you asked for that knowledge whereby what is not heard is heard, what is not thought is thought, and what is not known is known?"

"What is that knowledge, father?" asked Svetaketu.

"By knowing a lump of clay, my son, all that is clay can be known, since any differences are only words and the reality is clay; and by knowing a piece of gold all that is gold can be known, since any differences are only words and the reality is only gold..."

Svetaketu said: "Certainly my honored masters knew not this themselves. If they had known, why would they not have told me? Explain this to me, father."

"So be it, my child. Bring me a fruit from this banyan tree."

"Here it is, father."

"Break it."  
"It is broken, Sir."  
"What do you see in it?"  
"Very small seeds, Sir."  
"Break one of them, my son."  
"It is broken, Sir."  
"What do you see in it, my son?"  
"Nothing at all, Sir."

Then his father spoke to him: "My son, from the very essence in the seed which you cannot see comes in truth this vast banyan tree. "Believe me, my son, an invisible and subtle essence is the Spirit of the whole universe. That is reality. That is Atman. THOU ART THAT."

"Explain more to me, father," said Svetaketu.

"So be it, my son. Place this salt in water and come to me tomorrow morning."

Svetaketu did as he was commanded, and in the morning his father said to him: "Bring me the salt you put into the water last night."

Svetaketu looked into the water, but could not find it, for it had dissolved.

His father then said, "Taste the water from this side. How is it?"

"It is salt."  
"Taste it from the middle. How is it?"  
"It is salt."  
"Taste it from that side. How is it?"  
"It is salt."  
"Look for the salt and come again to me."

The son did so, saying: "I cannot see the salt. I only see the water."

His father then said: "in the same way, O my son, you cannot see the Spirit. But in truth he is here.

"An invisible but subtle essence is the Spirit of the whole universe. That is Reality. That is Truth. THOU ART THAT."

## Two Quotes

As men approach me, so I receive them. All paths, Arjuna, lead to me. -Bhagavad Gita 4.11

Like the bee, gathering honey from different flowers, the wise man accepts the essence of different scriptures and sees only the good in all religions. -Srimad Bhagavatam 11.3

## Jain Thoughts

Jainism, often listed in the top ten religions of the world (perhaps 10 million) is greatly unknown by most people. It is an indigenous strain of thought, over 4000 years old, somewhat similar to Hinduism in their attitude towards karma and the cycle of rebirth. Occasionally membership overlaps, however Jainism is singular in that it does not stem from the Vedic or Brahmanic tradition. It has its own series of sages, Tirthankaras, which ended about 2500 years ago and a contemporary of the Buddha. They lack a mythology or creation myth and have no priests, though they do have holy women and men who are ascetics. They are a bit anti-ritualistic and are famous in their strict vegetarianism and espousal of non-violence towards all animals; some to the extent of veiling their mouth to avoid breathing in microscopic creatures. Some are very anti-materialistic and roam about unclothed ("sky-clad" in their language) begging for a living. Among their most influential impact on India is inspiring Gandhi's non-violent resistance protest movement and anti-caste crusade. Materials on them are rather difficult to find in libraries, but I found some internet sites with their thoughts recorded in English, so take a look.

## What is Ritual and Religion?

Many people put great emphasis on rites and rituals. Because of this, some people think the religion is the thing of past. It is waste of time. Religion is rigid and orthodox. Religion represents narrow-mindedness. Science has progressed beyond religion. Some people are worshipping. Some are reciting mantra. Some are moving beads on a mala (rosary.) Some are singing religious songs. Some are visiting religious places like Palitana. Some are asking for rewards from god. Some want to improve their fate. Some are praying to go to heaven. Many activities like these are practiced on the name of religion. Is this really the religion? Answer is no if this is nothing more to it. Answer is yes if there is more to it.

## What is Religion?

First, we should try to understand the true meaning of the religion. It is definitely not the business where you wheel & deal with the god. It is not the thing to practice because of the social pressure or to show-off that you are religious. The Sanskrit word for the religion is dharma. The meaning of dharma is very own nature of the thing. For all living beings, our soul is the real thing. This makes "to see, to know and to realize" - the true nature of the soul as our religion. In other words, the laws of nature in truest and purest form are the religion.

Laws of nature lead us to the laws of self-initiatives and self-efforts. Without self-efforts and self-initiatives, one cannot see, know and realize his/her own true qualities. That's why Jainism relies a great deal on one's own efforts and initiatives, and laws of nature. Self-effort can change our fate. Remember our present fate is due to our past karma.

One time Bhagavan Mahavira was asked what is the religion from a realistic point of view. Bhagavan Mahavira said, "the realistic religion is consisted of four parts: 1) equality of all living ones, 2) every living soul has right to put self-effort to improve itself and do not take away this right, 3) do not rule other living ones, and 4) all views should be viewed with equanimity - without like or dislike. If we adopt only one of these, other three will automatically be adopted. Notice that Bhagavan Mahavira did not say that follow what I've said or follow the Jain religion.

## What is Truth and Knowledge?

Do not live to know, know to live. Knowledge is not the religion, practice is the religion. Good conduct is the religion. In our conduct we should look at happiness and unhappiness with equanimity. We should believe in possibilities. Even opposing views can be parts of one truth. Accept co-existence with others. Look at the good side of others. The religion is for self-improvement not for improving others. If each individual improves, the society, nation and world will automatically improve.

## How Should We Live?

We should now understand that if we want to have happiness and comforts, then we should be careful what we do and how we do it. The following is a list of some activities which can bring comfort to others and can ultimately provide the same for us. They are:

- 1) offering food to the needy (Only vegetarian food.)
- 2) offering clothes to the needy.
- 3) helping the sick.
- 4) helping others to acquire knowledge.
- 5) giving charity (Be sure that the money is used for a good cause.)
- 6) helping parents, brothers, sisters, grandparents, and others in need.
- 7) helping animals or organizations that help animals.
- 8) studying religion and following its precepts in our daily lives.
- 9) worshipping Tirthankaras like Lord Mahira.

## What are the Different Jain Fundamentals?

Jain philosophy can be described in various ways, but the most acceptable tradition is to describe it in terms of the Nav Tattvas or nine fundamentals. They are:

- 1) Jiva (soul)
- 2) Ajiva (non-living matter)
- 3) Punya (results of good deeds)
- 4) Pap (results of bad deeds)
- 5) Asrava (influx of karmas)
- 6) Samvar (stoppage of karmas)
- 7) Bandh (bondage of karmas)
- 8) Nirjara (eradication of karmas)
- 9) Moksha (liberation)

Now, let us use a simple analogy to illustrate these Tattvas. There lived a family in a farm house. They were enjoying the fresh cool breeze coming through the open doors and windows. The weather suddenly changed, and a terrible dust storm set in. Realizing it was a bad storm, they got up to close the doors and windows. By the time they could close all the doors and windows, lots of dust had entered the house. After closing the doors and the windows, they started clearing the dust that had come in to make the house clean.

We can interpret this simple illustration in terms of Nav-Tattvas as follows:

1) Jivas are represented by the people. 2) Ajiva is represented by the house. 3) Punya is represented by enjoyment resulting from the nice cool breeze. 4) Pap is represented by discomfort resulting from the sand storm, which brought dust into the house. 5) Asrava is represented by the influx of dust through the doors and windows of the house which is similar to the influx

of karman particles to the soul. 6) Bandh is represented by the accumulation of dust in the house, which is similar to bondage of karman particles to the soul. 7) Samvar is represented by the closing of the doors and windows to stop the dust from coming into the house, which is similar to the stoppage of influx of karman particles to the soul. 8) Nirjara is represented by the cleaning up of accumulated dust from the house, which is similar to shedding accumulated karmic particles from the soul. 9) Moksha is represented by the cleaned house, which is similar to the shedding off all karmic particles from the soul.

## The Problem?

Those who praise their own doctrines and disparage the doctrines of others do not solve any problem. -Sutrakritanga 1.1.50 (Jain)

## The Butcher and Papanubandhu Pap:

There lived a butcher in Magadh city. He enjoyed his job. One day, King Shrenik decided that there would be no more killing in the city. All killing in the city halted except for this butcher's killing. As to when he was asked why he did not observe King Shrenik's command, he said he loved killing and could not stop. King Shrenik decided to put him in an almost dry well so that there would be nothing to kill. To everyone's surprise, the killing did not stop there either. The butcher made animals with wet clay and then pretended to kill them. Since he was enjoying killing so much, he accumulated pap (bad karmas), which gave rise to a situation where he could do nothing other than, continue killing.

## The Immortal Song

1. May the sacred stream of amity flow forever in my heart. May the universe prosper -- such is my cherished desire.
2. May my heart sing with ecstasy at the sight of the virtuous, and may my life be an offering at their feet.
3. May my heart bleed at the sight of the wretched, the cruel, the irreligious, and my tears of compassion flow from my eyes.
4. May I always be there to show the path to the pathless wanderers of life. Yet if they should not hearken to me, may I bide in patience.
5. May the spirit of goodwill enter all our hearts. May we all sing in chorus the immortal song of human concord.

## Fight Against Desires

O man! Control thyself. Only then can you get salvation. If you are to fight, fight against your own desires. Nothing will be achieved by fighting against external enemies; if you miss this occasion, it will be lost forever. One's own unconquered soul is one's greatest enemy.

## Virtuous Prayer

May my thoughts and feeling be such that I may always act in a simple and straightforward manner. May I ever, so far as I can, do good in this life to others.

May I never hurt and harm any living being; may I never speak a lie. May I never be greedy of wealth or the wife [spouse] of another. May I ever drink the nectar of contentment!

May I always have a friendly feeling towards all living beings of the world and may the stream of compassion always flow from my heart towards distressed and afflicted living beings.

May I never entertain an idea of egotism; nor may I be angry with anybody! May I never become jealous on seeing the worldly prosperity of other people.

May I never become fretful towards bad, cruel and wicked persons. May I keep tolerance towards them. May I be so disposed!

May I ever have the good company of learned ascetics and may I ever keep them in mind. May my heart be always engrossed and inclined to adopt the rules of conduct which they observe.

May my heart be overflowing with love at the sight of the virtuous, and may I be happy to serve them so far as possible.

May I never be ungrateful (towards anybody); nor may I revolt (against anybody.) May I ever be appreciating the good qualities of other persons and may I never look at their faults.

May my mind neither be puffed up with joy, nor may it become nervous in pain and grief. May it never be frightened even if I am in a terrible forest or strange places of cremation or graveyards.

May my mind remain always steady and firm, unswerving and unshaken; may it become stronger every day. May I bear and endure with patience the deprivation of dear ones and occurrences of undesired evils.

May all living beings of the world be happy! May nobody ever feel distressed! May the people of the world renounce enmity, sin, pride and sing the songs of joy every day.

May Dharma (truth) be the topic of house-talk in every home! May evil be scarce! May (people) increase their knowledge and conduct and thereby enjoy the blessed fruit of human birth.

May disease and pestilence never spread, may the people live in peace, may the highest religion of Ahimsa (non-injury) pervade the whole world and may it bring about universal good!

May universal love pervade the world and may ignorance of attachment remain far away. May nobody speak unkind, bitter, and harsh words!

May all become "heroes of the age" heartily and remain engaged in elevating the Cause of Righteousness. May all gain the sight of Truth called "Vastuswarupa" (Reality of substance) and may they bear, with pleasure, trouble and misfortunes!

AMEN

## The Doctrine of Maybe

Since no speech is capable of simultaneously describing the manifold aspects of the reality without incurring contradiction, the Jains advance a theory of qualified speech as a corollary to the doctrine of non-absolutism. This is called Asyad-vada or 'the doctrine of maybe'. A statement like 'x is eternal' is not only dogmatic but also wrong, since it denies impermanence. The correct thing would then be to say 'maybe the x is eternal', which would indicate the existence of other properties not expressly stated by the speaker. Seven such predications are possible: maybe yes, maybe no, maybe yes and no, maybe indescribable, and three more combinations of these.

## Nonviolence Prayer

From clubs and knives, stakes and maces, breaking my limbs,  
An infinite number of times I have suffered without hope.  
By keen-edged razors, by knives and shears,  
Many time I have been drawn and quartered, torn apart and skinned.

Helpless in snares and traps, a deer,  
I have been caught and bound and fastened, and often I have been killed.

A helpless fish, I have been caught with hooks and nets;  
An infinite number of times I have been killed and scraped, split and gutted.

A bird, I have been caught by hawks or trapped in nets,  
Or held fast by birdlime, and I have been killed an infinite number of times.

A tree, with axes and adzes by carpenters  
An infinite number of times I have been felled, stripped of my bark, cut up, and sawn into planks.

As iron, with hammer and tongs by blacksmiths  
An infinite number of times I have been struck and beaten, split and filed....

Ever afraid, trembling, in pain and suffering,  
I have felt the utmost sorrow and agony....

In every kind of existence I have suffered  
Pains which have scarcely known reprieve for a moment.

-Prince Mrgaputra

## Creator? Creation?

If God created the world, where was he before creation? If you say he was transcendent then, and needed no support, where is he now?... If he is ever perfect and complete, how could the will to create have arisen in him? If, on the other hand, he is not perfect, he could no more create the universe than a potter could.... If out of love for living things and need of them he made the world, why did he not make creation wholly blissful, free from misfortune? ... Know that the world is uncreated, as time itself is, without beginning and end, and is based on the principles, life and rest. Uncreated and indestructible, it endures under the compulsion of its own nature.

# Buddhist Thoughts

## See For Yourselves

It is proper... to doubt, to be uncertain... Do not go upon what has been acquired by repeated hearing; nor upon tradition; nor upon rumour; nor upon what is in a scripture; ... nor upon the consideration, "The monk is our teacher." Rather when you yourselves know: "These things are bad; when undertaken and observed, these things lead to harm and ill," abandon them. Likewise when you yourselves know: "These things are good; when undertaken and observed, these things lead to benefit and happiness," enter on and abide them. -Bodhiharma

## Carrying a Girl

Two monks on pilgrimage came to the ford of a river. There they saw a girl dressed in all her finery and obviously not knowing what to do, for the river was high and she did not want her clothes spoilt. Without more ado, one of the monks took her on his back, carried her across, and put her down on dry ground. Then the monks continued on their way. But the other monk started complaining; "Surely it is not right to touch a woman; it is against the commandments to have close contact with women; how can you go against the rules for monks!" and so on in a steady stream. The monk who had carried the girl walked along silently, but finally he remarked: "I set her down by the river. But you are still carrying her."

## Sand Castles

Some children were playing beside a river. They made castles of sand, and each child defended his castle and said, "This one is mine." They kept their castles separate and would not allow any mistakes about which was whose. When the castles were all finished, one child kicked over someone's else's castle and completely destroyed it. The owner of the castle flew into a rage, pulled the other child's hair, struck him with his fist and bawled out, "He has spoilt my castle! Come along all of you and help me to punish him as he deserves." The others all came to his help. They beat the child with a stick and then stamped on him as he lay on the ground. Then they went on playing in their sand-castles, each saying, "This is mine; no one else may have it. Keep away! Don't touch my castle!" But evening came; it was getting dark and they all thought they ought to be going home. No one now cared what became of his castle. One child stamped on his, another pushed his over with both his hands. Then they turned away and went back each to his home.

## Flapping Things

Two monks were arguing about a flag. "The flag is flapping," said one. "No," said the other; "the wind is flapping." The argument went back and forth. The Master happened to be passing by. He told them: "Not the wind, not the flag; your minds are flapping."

## The Water Jar

Do not disregard evil, saying, "It will not come nigh unto me": by the falling of drops even a water jar is filled; likewise the fool, gathering little by little, fills himself with evil.

Do not disregard merit, saying "It will not come nigh unto me": by the falling of drops of water even a water jar is filled;

likewise the wise man, gathering little by little, fills himself with good. -Dhammapada 121-122

Verily, from meditation arises wisdom. Without meditation wisdom wanes. -Dhammapada 282

## What is Zen?

A special tradition outside the scriptures;  
No dependence upon words and letters;  
Direct pointing at the mind;  
Seeing into one's own nature,  
and the attainment of Buddhahood.  
-Bodhidharma

## On Trust in the Heart

The Perfect Way is difficult only for those who pick and choose;  
Do not like, do not dislike; all will then be clear.  
Make a hairbreadth difference, and Heaven and Earth are set apart;  
If you want the truth to stand clear before you, never be for or against.  
The struggle between "for" and "against" is the mind's worst disease....  
The more you talk about It, and the more you think about It, the further from It you go;  
Stop talking, stop thinking, and there is nothing you will not understand....  
There is no need to seek Truth; only stop having views...  
The ultimate Truth about both Extremes is that they are One Emptiness...  
...Whether we see it or fail to see it, it is manifest always and everywhere....  
Take your stand on this, and the rest will follow of its own accord;  
To trust in the Heart is the Not Two, the Not Two is to trust in the Heart.  
I have spoken in vain; for what can words tell  
Of things that have no yesterday, tomorrow or today?  
-3rd Chinese Patriarch, Seng-Ts'an died 606 c.e.

## Loving Kindness (Metta Sutta)

In safety and in bliss  
May all creatures be of a blissful heart.  
Whatever breathing beings there may be,  
No matter whether they are frail or firm,  
With none excepted, be they long or big  
or middle-sized, or be they short or small  
Or thick, as well as those seen or unseen,  
Or weather they are far or near,  
Existing or yet seeking to exist,  
May all creatures be of a blissful heart.  
Let no one work another one's undoing  
Or even slight him at all anywhere;  
And never let them wish each other ill  
Through provocation or resentful thought.  
And just as might a mother with her life  
Protect the son that was her only child,  
So let him then for every living thing  
Maintain unbounded consciousness in being,  
And let him too with love for all the world  
Maintain unbounded consciousness in being  
Above, below, and all round in between,  
Untroubled, with no enemy or foe.  
And while he stands or walks, or while he sits  
Or while he lies down, free from drowsiness,



Let him resolve upon this mindfulness;  
This is Divine Abiding here, they say.

## Truth

Kapathika: "How should a wise man maintain truth?"

The Buddha: "A man has a faith. If he says 'This is my faith,' so far he maintains truth. But by that he cannot proceed to the absolute conclusion: 'This alone is Truth, and everything else is false.'"

-Majjhima Nikaya ii.176 Canki Sutta

## Must I Now Preach?

(Majjhima-nikaya 26 by Gotama Buddha)

I have attained, thought I, to this Doctrine profound, recondite, hard to comprehend, serene, excellent, beyond dialectic, abstruse, and only to perceived by the learned. Must I now preach what I so hardly won? Men sunk in sin and lust would find it hard to plumb this Doctrine - up stream all the way, abstruse, profound, most subtle, hard to grasp. Dear lusts will blind them that they shall not see in densest mists of ignorance befogged.

As thus I pondered, my heart inclined to rest quiet and not to preach my Doctrine. But Brahma Sahampati's mind came to know what thoughts were passing within my mind, and he thought to himself: The world is undone, quite undone, inasmuch as the heart of the Truth-finder inclines to rest quiet and not to preach his Doctrine! Hereupon, as swiftly as a strong man might stretch out his arm or might draw back his outstretched arm, Brahma Sahampati vanished from the Brahma world and appeared before me. Towards me he came with his right shoulder bared, and with his clasped hands stretched out to me in reverence, saying: -May it please the Lord, may it please the Blessed One, to preach his doctrine! Beings there are whose vision is but little dimmed, who are perishing because they do not hear the Doctrine: - these will understand it!

# Sikh's Thoughts

Another of the unknown top-ten religions of the worlds comes from India, but it is one of the most recently founded ones, in the 13th century, I believe, under a series of 7 prophets or so, the last and greatest being Guru Nanak, who finalized their writings, the Adri Granth. (sp?) It was formed when Muslim and Hindu communities were intermixing after an invasion and a sort of mixture resulted with a monotheistic god in charge of humanity's endless cycles of births. This group was often besieged by Muslim and Hindu authorities and, as a result, became very tightly organized on a militaristic pattern. They are non-genderist and aggressively egalitarian. They are famous for their five "K's," a knife, long hair, an iron ring decoration, a comb and one other thing. Their single Golden Temple, built on the site where their writing was first proclaimed, is a famous structure as shown in the picture on this page. Currently their homeland is cruelly divided between Pakistan and India and in a constant state of unrest.

## Basic Sikh Philosophy and Beliefs

There is only One God. He is the same God for all people of all religions. The soul goes through cycles of births and deaths before it reaches the human form. The goal of our life is to lead an exemplary existence so that one may merge with God. Sikhs should remember God at all times and practice living a virtuous and truthful life while maintaining a balance between their spiritual obligations and temporal obligations.

The true path to achieving salvation and merging with God does not require renunciation of the world or celibacy, but living the life of a householder, earning a honest living and avoiding worldly temptations and sins. Sikhism condemns blind rituals such as fasting, visiting places of pilgrimage, superstitions, worship of the dead, idol worship etc.

Sikhism preaches that people of different races, religions, or sex are all equal in the eyes of God. It teaches the full equality of men and women. Women can participate in any religious function or perform any Sikh ceremony or lead the congregation in prayer.

The fight against social and political injustice has historically been an integral part of Sikhism. As a religious leader Guru Nanak did not turn a blind eye to political suppression or consider it outside the realm of religion, but undertook political protest through his writings, speaking out against the cruelty of rulers.

## Women in Sikhism: 3 Quotes

"We are born of woman, we are conceived in the womb of woman, we are engaged and married to woman. We make friendship with woman and the lineage continued because of woman. When one woman dies, we take another one, we are bound with the world through woman. Why should we talk ill of her, who gives birth to kings? The woman is born from woman; there is none without her. Only the One True Lord is without woman" (Guru Nanak Dev, Var Asa, pg. 473)

Marriage is an equal partnership of love and sharing between husband and wife. They are not said to be husband and wife, who merely sit together. Rather they alone are called husband and wife, who have one soul in two bodies." (Guru Amar Das, Pauri, pg. 788)

Women have an equal right to participate in the congregation. Come my sisters and dear comrades! Clasp me in thine embrace. Meeting together, let us tell the tales of our

Omnipotent Spouse (God.) In the True Lord are all merits, in us all demerits." (Guru Nanak Dev, Sri Rag, pg. 17)

## What is Truth and Knowledge?

Do not live to know, know to live. Knowledge is not the religion, practice is the religion. Good conduct is the religion. In our conduct we should look at happiness and unhappiness with equanimity. We should believe in possibilities. Even opposing views can be parts of one truth. Accept co-existence with others. Look at the good side of others. The religion is for self-improvement not for improving others. If each individual improves, the society, nation and world will automatically improve.

## Letter to the Ascetic

They who eat filth are no better than swine  
They who roll in dust no better than elephants or donkeys.  
They who live in the crematoriums no better than jackals: they who abide in the tombs no better than owls.  
Thou wanderest in the woods? So do the deer.  
Thou livest in silence? So do the trees.  
Thou art a celibate? So are the eunuchs.  
Thou wanderest barefooted? So do the monkeys.  
And, how wilt thou, O wretch, O slave of woman, lust and wrath, attain God without Wisdom? (1)  
Thou bidest in the forest? So do the demons.  
Thou livest on milk? So do the children in the world.  
Thou livest on air? So doth a serpent.  
Thou livest on grass, vegetables and desirest no wealth? So doth the cow, the ox.  
Thou fliest in the skies? So do the birds.  
Thou sittest long in meditation? So do the cranes, the cats, the wolves.  
Yea, they who knew, let not their attainment be advertised: O mind, let not such deceit enter thy heart even unconsciously. (2)  
Thou livest in the earth? So do the white ants.  
Thou fliest in the skies? So do the sparrows.  
Thou eatest only fruit? So do the monkeys.  
Thou wanderest unseen? So do the ghosts.  
Thou floatest on the water? So do the black flies.  
Thou eatest fire? So doth a chakori (type of bird.)  
Thou worshippesst the sun? No better then the lotus.  
Thou bowest to the moon? No better then the water lilies. (3)  
If thou callest Him Narayan, or a water god, why not also the tortoise, the fish and the shark?  
If Vishnu with a lotus in the navel, what about the lake which abounds in the lotus?  
If Gopinath and Gopal, being the cowherd, what about other tenders of the cows?  
The ignorant wretches mutter his customary names, but dwell not on the Mystery that is God Who saves and cherishes all. (4)

## All Religions are Alike to Me

No difference there is between a temple and a mosque, nor between the Hindu worship or the Muslim prayer: for men are the same all over, though they appear not the same.

Gods and demons, yakshas and gandharvas, Hindus and Muslims, they all seem different, but the difference is only of the dress, custom and country.

The same eyes have they, the same ears, the same body, the same habits, a get-together of earth, air, water and fire.

Allah is no different from Abhenkha, the Puranas no different from the Koran. All men are made alike. They appear no different to me. (16)

## Tibetan Thoughts

Many, including myself, praise the wisdom of the Tibetan people without knowing much about them. This people were once among the great feared raiders of central Asia, until the introduction of Buddhism in their country tamed their wildness and turned them to a contemplative people famed for their gentleness and collective wisdom. The secular and religious leader of this people, the Dalai Lama (now in his 14th incarnation) is currently seeking help for his land which is undergoing genocide and ethnic cleansing by the Chinese. A mixture of Buddhism and indigenous gods, a common practice throughout Asia, it has a deep reverence for the holy places of the country (much like the Navajo landscape), its beliefs and for its monks. It is notable that the Mongols share this Tibetan Buddhism and acknowledge the Dalai Lama as their spiritual leader. I would recommend also researching past incarnations of the Dalai Lama, such as the work of Sir Charles Bell on #13 Dalai Lama. One of famous aspects of a variant of Tibetan Buddhism is the Tantric approach of doing the opposite of what is acknowledged to be right, to learn a special type of wisdom.

## With Impurity the Wise Make Themselves Pure

They who do not see the truth  
Think of birth and death as distinct  
This discrimination is the demon  
Who produces the ocean of transmigration.  
Freed from it the great ones are released  
From the bonds of becoming...  
The mystics, pure of mind,  
Dally with lovely girls,  
Infatuated with the poisonous flames of passion,  
That they may be set free from desire...  
He is not Buddha, he is not set free,  
If he does not see the world  
As originally pure, unoriginated,  
Impersonal and immaculate...  
Water in the ear is removed by more water,  
A thorn in the skin by another thorn.  
So wise men rid themselves of passion  
By yet more passion.  
As a washerman uses dirt  
To wash clean a garment,  
So, with impurity,  
The wise man makes himself pure.

## Of What Use is Meditation?

...Will one gain release, abiding in meditation?  
...What's to be done by reliance on mantras?  
What is the use of austerities?  
What is the use of going on pilgrimage?...  
Abandon such false attachments and renounce such illusion!...  
Without meditating, without renouncing the world,  
One may stay at home in the company of one's wife.  
Can it be called perfect knowledge...  
If one is not released while enjoying the pleasures of sense?  
Mantras and tantras, meditation and concentration,  
They are all a cause of self-deception.  
...Eat, drink, indulge the senses,  
Fill the mandala (with offerings) again and again,

By things like these you'll gain the world beyond.  
 Tread upon the head of the foolish worldling and proceed!  
 As in Nirvana, so is Samsara.  
 Do not think there is any distinction.  
 Do not sit at home, do not go to the forest,  
 But recognize mind wherever you are.  
 When one abides in complete and perfect enlightenment,  
 Where is Samsara and where is Nirvana?  
 Do not err in this matter of self and other.  
 Everything is Buddha without exception...  
 The fair tree of thought that knows no duality,  
 Spreads through the triple world.  
 It bears the flower and fruit of compassion,  
 And its name is service of others.  
 ...He who clings to the void  
 And neglects Compassion,  
 Does not reach the highest stage.  
 But he who practices only Compassion,  
 Does not gain release from toils of existence.  
 He, however, who is strong in practice of both,  
 Remains neither in Samsara nor in Nirvana.

## Tolerance

If you are a tolerant person and another person is demanding something unreasonable, you may, without anger or ill-will, judge the situation and see if you need a counter measure. Then you take the countermeasure. In the case of Tibet, there is a lot of suffering under the name of liberation. But if I see the Chinese leaders as human beings - our neighbours, people with a long history and a high civilization- instead of having ill-will, I have respect. Doing this help reduce negative feelings and gives rise to patience and tolerance. This does not mean that I accept Chinese oppression. I do whatever I can to stand firm against oppression, but I do it without ill-will.... When your mind is dominated by anger, you become half-mad, and you won't be able to hit the target. -Dalai Lama #14

## Change

From a Buddhist point of view, no error is impossible to be changed. There is always a possibility for change. The recognition of our human intelligence can help us have more confidence in facing difficult situations. This is very important. When you feel discouraged, "I'm too old," "I'm not intelligent enough," "I've done too many evil things in the past," or "I'm simply not good enough," a common Buddhist practice is to study the lives of past generations of Buddhist adepts who acted even worse than you did or were even more foolish. Doing this, you will see that they were able to attain liberation, and you will realize, "If they could do it, I can do it too." you see your situation in a relative context, not just in the extreme, such as "I am simply too old." -Dalai Lama

## Teachers and Students

You are a teacher because you have students. In cultivating a relationship with a spiritual teacher it is important not to be too quick to consider that person to be your spiritual teacher, because it is a very powerful relationship. For however long it may take - two years, five years, ten years, or longer- you simply regard this other person as a spiritual friend, and, in the meantime, you observe closely that person's behavior, attitudes, and ways of teaching, until you are very confident of his or her integrity. Then there is no need of a license. But it is very important, from the beginning, to have a very firm, sound approach. -Dalai Lama

## The Tibetan Path

By Rob Harrison, ODAL

For some of us a Druidic path means a continual search for truth. That means we tend to investigate things philosophical and religious. There are a number of groups claiming the absolute truth, with centuries of violence accredited to their history in their effort to validate their "truth." These types of groups I rule out, as they tend to be androcratic and dualistic. As well there is a trend to lay claim to ancient religions, some of which is dressed up with modern fluff. However, the primeval practices aren't to be dismissed out of hand. There are valid expressions of some of these aboriginal forms that can speak to us today. One of those forms is Tibetan Buddhism, and I want to share with you some of their truth, particularly some of their cosmology, (preparation for death) and how their culture is fitting in to our current world.(Medical school positives, purpose of Kalachakra initiation)

Tibetan Buddhism is complicated. Perhaps they would argue that point relative to the practice of emptiness. What could be simpler? However, their texts make a different case altogether. So an explanation of their Buddhism is not easy. I won't go into their organizational details. I will tell you that Tibet was the first culture to weave together the three strands of Buddhism. Those three are the Greater Vehicle, the Lesser Vehicle, and Tantra. As I understand the differences, the Greater Vehicle is focused on meditational and yogic practices. The Lesser vehicle focuses on ethical issues, and Tantra has to do with the realization of enlightenment in this lifetime. Among these three strands, Tibet has four main orders, and each branch has it's particular tantras, yogas, and meditations.

What I have done though is study some of the Dalai Lama's writing, some of the essentials of Tibetan Buddhism, and some writings relative to the Kalachakra initiation. The Dalai Lama is the head of Tibet, and since going into exile, has written numerous books. It boggles my mind how he has the attitude he does towards those who invaded his land and have tortured his people for forty-some-odd years. The essentials of Buddhism have to do with taking refuge in the teaching of Buddhism, the community of Buddhists, and Buddha. Buddha is not God. The essence of Buddhism is, "...a human being's direct, exact, and comprehensive experience of the final nature and structure of reality." On top of taking refuge there are the various "practices," the "exoteric path for the evolutionary development of the human individual...." The Kalachakra initiation has a fascinating mythological root in the nation of Shambhala. Buddha taught it to the King and his ninety six minor rulers who conferred it over time to the entire population, the purpose being to unite the people against invasion and avert annihilation. This is a point we will revisit later.

There are some intriguing aspects to the cosmology of Tibetan Buddhism. In the Kalachakra Initiation, there is a description of space particles and the origins of the universe. There is also another description of the universe in Buddhism, and neither are considered the navigation of the ship, as it were. It would be like the difference of describing a mission to Mars to politicians and then to engineers. Same mission, but two totally different pictures. So almost three thousand years ago, Buddha described the empty space between atoms: space particles. There is a similarity between the space particles that exist and the stream of life. When the wind of karma of collected individuals eventually affects a space particle then the "empty eon" ends and a new universe begins. The space particle endures as a condensed trace of the disassociated elemental particle of the previous universe. Since Berzin's tome is not intended to be a scientific treatise, it leaves the question of what the numerous universes are

in our section of space(that which is viewable by mechanical means), and does the affected space particle resume the former shape it contains the traces of, or does it evolve? The Tibetans were printing centuries before the Europeans clunked out the Gutenberg Bible, so they were advanced in their time. How they came by this information is unknown as well.

Another provocative aspect of Tibetan Buddhism is their view of the future. Since they don't adhere to the idea of God, they don't necessarily have an "end time" scenario. The Kalachakra tradition does contain a prophecy of future galactic war, and a description of their astrological predictive methods. This prophecy has given rise to the speculation that the kingdom of Shambhala is celestial, and that extra-terrestrials visited this planet and shared the science of calendar making and other technology. This happens to be the belief of the Zulu's of Southern Africa and the Aymara tribe of Bolivia. When we consider things like the Stonehenge and New Grange in Ireland, with the amazing accuracy with which they were built, as well as the advanced knowledge needed to quarry, move, and erect such stones, it suddenly doesn't seem so far fetched.

In Tibetan Buddhism, the Medical College is officially the Medical and Astrology College. Astrology plays an important part not only in the predictions of the future, but in the Tibet approach to medical healing. If you were to obtain an astrological chart from that school, in it would be the date you will die. It is an aspect of Tibetan astrology and world view that is so very different from the West. "The Buddha said that of all the different times to plow, autumn is the best, and of all the different kinds of fuel for fire that cow dung is the best, and of all the different kinds of awareness, the awareness of impermanence and death is the best."

No one knows when they will die. Even to Tibetans, their own astrology isn't carved in stone. Since the time of death is unknown, their view is to be prepared for it. To be prepared for the worst is better than being caught off guard, in Tibetan estimation. There are a variety of practices that living people can to prepare themselves for death. The basic one is to develop the mind that all in this reality is impermanent. That can be accomplished in meditation. There are other practices related to death and dying, and can be found in The Tibetan Book of the Dead, and The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying. At the core of this conviction is the belief in reincarnation and karma, which contrasts sharply with the Christian conviction of judgment, heaven, and hell.

In the close of our millennium, there is a substantial growth in the learning of other cultures. Many peoples are discovering their own roots, especially here in America. Being a drummer, I've witnessed a swell in musical acculturation; the mixing of the Afro-Cuban techniques with standard beats of rock and roll. The Latin beats of the America's, and the merging of Celtic styles with modern styles of rhythm. The "world" music section at retail music centers has grown tremendously, as has the rise in ethnic restaurants. People want to know their own roots, and they want to experience the cultures of the rest of the world. For the most part, that is a good thing. However, the conflicts in Kosovo and Tibet show us that not all cultures want to co-exist. Particularly political cultures.

For many years, the situation in Tibet was essentially unknown. That the Chinese had and still imprison and torture monks and nuns was unknown to me until 1997, and it already had a 38 year history by then. There are positives that have emerged from t

he exile, however. For starters, it has brought to light the flagrant abuses of human rights by the Chinese government. This is equally amplified by the Chinese Communist efforts to outlaw a meditation group know as Falon Gong in 1999. Despite their political double speak, human rights abuses continue unabated. A

second advantage for the rest of the world is that for the first time, the Tibetans have begun sharing their medical knowledge with the rest of the world. Their expertise lies in the areas of diagnosis and pharmaceuticals as treatment. Theirs is the only known culture to be able to detoxify mercury. They have had success in working with AIDS patients, and they were invited to Russia to see if they could help with the numerous diseases that have resulted from the nuclear meltdown that occurred in Cheyrbobl in the early 1980's. Again they have had success where all others have failed. The first satellite pharmacy for Tibetan medicine will open in Spring Green, Wisconsin, at the Mahayan Dharma Center, on Clyde Road off County Road C, about an hour west of Madison on Highway 14. I share that because I know the route well. It's a beautiful area. Anyway....

Another strong influence on culture is the Buddhist approach to conflict. They believe in peace. They didn't have much of an army when the Chinese invaded. They don't have one now. The Dalai Lama has brought to the Presidency of the United States the challenge to be the first to lay down arms. In other words, what if they had a war, and nobody came? Who will be first? As I mentioned earlier, the Kalachakra initiation is given with the view towards peace through protection. Not the protection of the technology of destruction, but through the protection of living harmoniously. Interestingly enough, the ancient texts of the Kalachakra Initiation include instructions on building armaments. The Dalai Lama gives the following illustration: Two meditators are sitting beside a rushing torrent. Along comes a man, who wants to cross the torrent. The meditators try to dissuade him, but he becomes unreasonable. One meditator decides nothing can be done, and resumes his practice. The other one gets up and "punched the man unconscious so he would not kill himself in the river."

Who was the violent one? "Thus, if all other means fail to end a drastic situation, then out of the wish to end others' sufferings, and without hatred or anger, we need not hesitate to use forceful means. In doing so, however, we need to be willing to accept the painful consequences of our actions, even if it is hellish suffering."

According to the Kalachakra, then the energy that went into the technology of war needs to go into the technology of peace, the building of an environment that is conducive to the growth of the people. This current world can annihilate itself many times over, yet still will not feed, clothe, or educate everyone despite the abundant resources to do so. The Kalachakra initiation is conferred to bring to an end this unwillingness to build peace. An army of meditators, to use a little irony.

We Druids can learn a lot from our Tibetan kin. There is much that is similar in the magical systems of the Tibetans and Druids, albeit I believe that the Tibetans are more advanced in their abilities to do it. Perhaps in time, had the Chinese not invaded them, the Tibetans would have come down from the "roof of the world," and shared their cultural riches with the world. For whatever reason, it has happened. The challenge now is to make the most of it.

-12 Fomhar, XXXVII YR, 5M6E

Circa August 12, 1999

Rob Harrison

Third Order

QUOTES FROM:

Thurman, Robert - Essential Tibetan Buddhism, pg 9, pg. 44.

Berzin, Alexander - Taking the Kalachakra Initiation, pg 33.

Dalai Lama - The Way To Freedom, pg. 48

Berzin, Alexander - The Kalachakra Initiation, pg. 53.

# Part Five: The Far East

## Chinese Thoughts

The reason why many people are totally confused by Chinese proverbs is that many sites have lists of Chinese sayings, not all of which are proverbs. They are a mix bag of proverbs, idioms, colloquialisms etc... Since I am not a scholar of linguistic and Chinese literature, I don't know what exactly qualifies as a proverb. Some Chinese idioms sound and look like proverbs, but they are not proverbs by definition. There are English proverbs that translate into Chinese idioms but not Chinese proverbs, and vice-versa. E.g. the Chinese saying "*The view of a frog at the bottom of a well is limited.*" is a proverb that is usually used as an idiom: "*view of a frog at the bottom of a well.*" That has a similar, but not identical, counterpart in English: *tunnel vision*.

Add legs to the snake after you have finished drawing it is foolish.

Age and time do not wait for people.

An ant may well destroy a whole dam.

Bad things never walk alone.

A book holds a house of gold.

Butcher the donkey after it finished his job on the mill.

A crane standing amidst a flock of chickens.

A camel standing amidst a flock of sheep.

Crows everywhere are equally black.

The death of the heart is the saddest thing that can happen to you.

A dish of carrot hastily cooked may still has soil uncleaned off the vegetable.

Dismantle the bridge shortly after crossing it.

Distant water won't help to put out a fire close at hand.

Distant water won't quench your immediate thirst.

Do not want others to know what you have done? Better not have done it anyways.

Donkey's lips do not fit onto a horse's mouth.

A dog won't forsake his master because of his poverty; a son never deserts his mother for her homely appearance.

Dream different dreams while on the same bed.

Even a hare will bite when it is cornered.

Fail to steal the chicken while it ate up your bait grain.

A fall into a ditch makes you wiser.

Fighting a wolf with a flexible stalk.

A flea on the top of a bald head.

Flowing water never goes bad; our door hubs never gather termites.

A frog in a well shaft seeing the sky.

Flies never visit an egg that has no crack.

A good fortune may forbode a bad luck, which may in turn disguise a good fortune.

A great man can bend and stretch.

Have a mouth as sharp as a dagger but a heart as soft as tofu.

How can you expect to find ivory in a dog's mouth?

How can you put out a fire set on a cart-load of firewood with only a cup of water?

If you do not study hard when young you'll end up bewailing your failures as you grow up.

If a son is uneducated, his dad is to blame.

If you have never done anything evil, you should not be worrying about devils to knock at your door.

An inch of time is an inch of gold but you can't buy that inch of time with an inch of gold.

It is easy to dodge a spear that comes in front of you but hard to keep harms away from an arrow shot from behind.

A Jade stone is useless before it is processed; a man is good-for-nothing until he is educated.

Kill a chicken before a monkey.

Kill one to warn a hundred.

Like ants eating a bone.

Looking for the ass while on its very back.

Lift a stone only to drop on your own feet.

The longer the night lasts, the more our dreams will be.

Mend the pen only after the sheep are all gone.

No wind, no waves.

Of all the strategems, to know when to quit is the best.

Once bitten by a snake, he/she is scared all his/her life at the mere sight of a rope.

Once on a tiger's back, it is hard to alight.

Once you pour the water out of the bucket it's hard to get it back in it.

One cannot refuse to eat just because there is a chance of being choked.

One monk shoulders water by himself; two can still share the labor among them. When it comes to three, they have to go thirsty.

Only when all contribute their firewood can they build up a strong fire.

An overcrowded chicken farm produce fewer eggs.

Pick up a sesame seed but lose sight of a watermelon.

Play a harp before a cow.

Paper can't wrap up a fire.

Reshape one's foot to try to fit into a new shoe.

Shed no tears until seeing the coffin.

A smile will gain you ten more years of life.

A sly rabbit will have three openings to its den.

The soldier who retreats 50 paces jeers at the one who retreats 100 paces.

Some prefer carrot while others like cabbage.

Steal a bell with one's ears covered.

Three humble shoemakers brainstorming will make a great statesman.

There are always ears on the other side of the wall.

There is no silver here: three hundred taels.

Thousands of bones will become ashes before a general achieves his fame.

A tiger never returns to his prey he did not finish off.

Vicious as a tigress can be, she never eats her own cubs.

Waiting for a rabbit to hit upon a tree and be killed in order to catch it.

We are not so much concerned if you are slow as when you come to a halt.

A weasel comes to say "Happy New Year" to the chickens.

When you are poor, neighbors close by will not come; once you become rich, you'll find new relatives.

Without rice, even the cleverest housewife cannot cook.

You can't catch a cub without going into the tiger's den.

You think you lost your horse? Who knows, he may bring a whole herd back to you someday.

You won't help shoots grow by pulling them up higher.

You can't expect both ends of a sugar cane are as sweet.

Your fingers can't be of the same length.

## Chinese Stories

### Moderation in Harvest

If you do not allow nets with too fine a mesh to be used in large ponds, then there will be more fish and turtles than they can eat; if hatchets and axes are permitted in the forests on the hills only in the proper seasons, then there will be more timber than they can use. This is the first step along the kingly way. - Mencius I.A.3

### Discretion

Ch'un-yu K'un said, "Is it prescribed by the rites that, in giving and receiving, man and woman should not touch each other?"

"It is," said Mencius.

"When one's sister-in-law is drowning, does one stretch out a hand to help her?"

"Not to help a sister-in-law who is drowning is to be a brute. It is prescribed by the rites that, in giving and receiving, a man and a woman do not touch each other, but in stretching out a helping hand to the drowning sister-in-law one uses one's discretion." -Mencius IV.A.17

### The Bell Stand

Woodworker Ch'ing carved a piece of wood and made a bell stand, and when it was finished, everyone who saw it marveled, for it seemed to be the work of gods or spirits. When the Marquis of Lu saw it, he asked, "What art is it you have?" Ch'ing replied, "I am only a craftsman - how would I have any art? There is one thing, however. When I am going to make a bell stand, I never let it wear out my energy. I always fast in order to still my mind. When I have fasted for three days, I no longer have any thought of congratulations or rewards, of titles or stipends. When I have fasted for five days, I no longer have any thought of praise or blame, of skill or clumsiness. And when I have fasted seven days, I am so still that I forget I have four limbs and a form and body. By that time, the ruler and his court no longer exist for me. My skill is concentrated and all outside distractions fade away. After that, I go into the mountain forest and examine the Heavenly nature of the trees. If I find one of superlative form, and I can see a bell stand there, I put my hand to the job of carving; if not, I let it go. This way I am simply matching up 'Heaven' with 'Heaven.' That's probably the reason that people wonder if the results were not made by the spirits." - Chuang Tzu 19

# The Roots of Wisdom

This book is a 16th century, Ming collection, of Tzu-ch'eng Hung (apparently a retired high official), republished by Kodansha in 1985. The title, "Vegetable Root Discourses," is a reference to a quote of Chu Hsu Sung. "If one is able to chew the vegetable greens and roots well, he should be able to do all things."

## #1 Mountain and Forest

He who talks about the pleasures of mountain and forest  
May not yet have the true content of such places.  
He who detest conversations about fame and profit  
Has not yet forgotten such themes.

## #8 Form and Spirit

Men understand how to read books that have words,  
But do not understand how to read those that lack them.  
They know how to pluck the lute that has strings,  
But do not know how to pluck the one that has none.  
Caught by the form  
But untouched by the spirit:  
How will they get at the substance of either music or literature?

## #23 On Giving Advice

When attacking someone's faults  
Do not be too severe.  
You need to consider how well he will weather what he hears.  
When teaching someone by showing him what is good,  
Do not pass certain heights,  
But hit upon what he should be able to follow.

## #27 Balance in Vocation

When outfitted in the accouterments of a high official,  
One should not forsake the savor of the mountain recluse.  
When living among the forest and springs,  
One should preserve in his heart the administration of the state.

## #33 Sky Lessons

A single cloud leaves the peaks:  
Going or staying - it is in no place involved.  
A bright mirror moon hangs in the sky:  
Peace or noise - with neither is it concerned.

## #55 Where They Belong

When flowers are put in a tray,  
They in the end lack the force of life.  
When birds are put in a cage,  
They quickly decline in their natural inclinations.  
Better it is:  
To have flowers and birds in mountains  
Mix and Flock together, producing their patterns,  
Flying about at their own free will,  
Spontaneously carefree and in harmony with themselves.

## #56 On Education

Reading books but not seeing the wisdom and intelligence within:  
This is being a slave to paper and print.

Being of high rank and not loving the people:  
This is a thief wearing ceremonial robes.  
Lecturing on learned subjects but not giving proper respect to putting them into action:  
This is Zen of the mouth alone.  
Performing great achievements but giving no thought to the seeds of virtue for the future:  
This is but flowers blooming and withering before the eyes.

## #96 How to Advise

When a friend or relative has made a mistake,  
It is best not to become violently angry,  
Best not to neglect it completely.  
If this affair is difficult to discuss,  
Euphemistically take up another subject, then hid the one, but suggest the other.  
If today the person does not understand,  
Patiently wait another day and admonish him again.  
Be like the spring winds that thaw what is frozen;  
Be like soft ch'i that melts away the ice.  
Only with this will you be a model to your family.

## #102 Simply Natural

When literature is compose at its best,  
There is nothing particularly extraordinary about it:  
It is simple appropriate.  
When human character is developed at its best,  
There is nothing particularly wonderful about it:  
It is simply natural.

## #130 Be Yourself

Do not inhibit your own beliefs because of public doubt.  
Do not just entrust yourself to your own ideas, and discard the words of others.  
Do not add small benefits to yourself while wearing down your entire person.  
Do not appropriate public opinion to accommodate your own emotions.

## #169 Why Be Upset?

When I have rank, and people respect it, they are respecting my tall cap and great sash.  
When I am destitute, and people despise me, they are despising my cotton garb and straw sandals.  
If this is so, at bottom they do not respect me,  
So why should I be happy?  
At bottom they do not despise me,  
So why should I be upset?

## #193 Where to Look

On high mountain peaks there are no trees, but in river valleys and winding places  
Grasses and trees grow dense.  
Where water is rapid and swirls about, there are no fish, but in deep pools and quiet places  
Fishes and turtles gather together.  
Thus is the gentleman extremely cautious  
Of lofty actions  
Of quick emotions.

# Taoist Thoughts

from Lao Tzu's "Hua Hu Ching"

## #38 Truth

Why scurry about looking for the truth?  
Can you be still and see it in the mountain? the pine tree?  
yourself?  
Don't imagine that you'll discover it by accumulating more  
knowledge.  
Knowledge creates doubt, and doubt makes you ravenous for  
more knowledge.  
You can't get full eating this way.  
The wise person dines on something more subtle:  
He eats the understanding that the named was born from the  
unnamed, that all being flows from non-being, that the  
describable world emanates from an indescribable source.  
He finds this subtle truth inside his own self, and becomes  
completely content.  
So who can be still and watch the chess game of the world?  
The foolish are always making impulsive moves, but the wise  
know that victory and defeat are decided by something more  
subtle.  
They see that something perfect exists before any move is made.

## #43 Balance

In ancient times, people lived holistic lives. They didn't  
overemphasize the intellect, but integrated mind, body and spirit  
in all things.  
... If you want to stop being confused, then emulated these  
ancient folk: join your body, mind and spirit in all you do.  
Choose food, clothing and shelter that accords with nature.  
Rely on your own body for transportation.  
Allow your work and your recreation to be one and the same.  
Do exercise that develops your whole being and not just your  
body.  
...Serve others and cultivate yourself simultaneously.  
Understanding that true growth comes from meeting and solving  
the problems of life in a way that is harmonizing to yourself and  
to others.  
If you can follow these simple old ways, you will be continually  
renewed.

## #48 Knowledge (Tao Te Ching)

In pursuit of knowledge,  
every day something is added.  
In the practice of the Tao,  
every day something is dropped.  
Less and less do you need to force things,  
until finally you arrive at non-action.  
When nothing is done,  
nothing is left undone.  
True mastery can be gained  
by letting things go their own way.  
It can't be gained by interfering.

# Mongolian Proverbs

When things go well, the priests proclaim: 'It is because of the  
priests that things go well!!!' When things go badly, they advise:  
'It is due to karma.'

"Maggots breed where there are flies — just like that, lies breed  
where there are priests."

The mountain falcon flies high; The wiseman's son speaks in  
proverbs.

Without council there is no wisdom; without praise no heroes.

Wealth - until the first snowstorm; hero - until the first bullet.

A horse released can be caught, a word released never.

The path to Buddhahood has five stages;

Vows, meditation, knowledge, understanding of one's nature, and  
release.

When profit comes, it comes with a delay.

In the country of the blind, close your eyes.

In the land of the lame, walk pigeon-toed.

If you become a camel, they'll put a load on your back.

Ride on the back of a calf - you'll never reach the nomad camp.

Water flows from its source to the sea; evil acts return to the  
doer.

Vodka destroys everything but its container.

Man knows the wolf, but the wolf doesn't know the man.

At the moment of death, seek no aid except in religion.

Plant only one seed of virtue; much fruit will be harvested.

A thief hates the moonlight; an evil man hates a just one.

Stealing will not make you rich; lying will not make you a  
Buddha.



## Korean Proverbs

Reversing Black and white.  
The more you beat a drum, the more sound it makes.  
It is a rice cake in a picture.  
Rice eaten in haste chokes you.  
First give an illness, then a medicine.  
A thief of needles will become a thief of oxen, later.  
The Thief who learned his craft late in life, does not care about the break of day.  
The ground hardens after the rain.  
Even an old straw shoe has its own mate.  
To catch a tiger, you have to go into a tiger's den.  
The upper waters must be clear for the lower waters to be clear.  
If you dig a well, dig only one.  
A thousand yang belonging to another person is not worth one poon of one's own money.  
Tap even a stone bridge before crossing it.  
One mudfish clouds the whole pond.  
Do no mend the barn after the cow is lost.  
After three years the school dog can read.  
After chasing the chicken, the dog watches the roof.  
If you shake any person, some dust will fall off.  
The sunlight may even enter a rat hole.  
Even a monkey can fall from a tree.  
The empty cart makes more noise.  
Three bushels of beads can make no jewels unless strung together.  
The ax falls on a straight tree first.  
Dust gathers to make a mountain.  
Though there is love downwards, there may be no love upwards.  
Though the heavens fall, there will be a hole to escape through.  
A big debt can be repayed with small words  
Birds can hear the talk in the daytime, rats can hear the talk in the nighttime.  
An empty cart rattles loudly.  
Even if you know the way, ask one more time.  
One can build a mountain by collecting specks of dust.  
If you talk nicely to other people, they will talk nice to you.  
Rice & wheat bow their head as they ripen.

## Korean Stories

### The land where you live is your native country

[Sarakamyon kohyang]

"Universalism has always been a part of the oriental way of thinking. Man is not bound by geographical limitations for he is a son of Heaven and Earth. He is free to go anywhere he pleases. He moves to a strange world to begin a new settlement. As he settles down he merges with the natives of the area. He comes to like the land and becomes accustomed to a new way of life. It is not the land which makes man a native, but the man who must adapt himself to the natives. Man is free to be wherever he wants but he is not free to himself unless he adjusts to the land into which he has moved. Thus it is not by the right of birth but by the right of his ability to adjust that makes the strange land his native country. Those who are immigrants to foreign lands experience this truth. It becomes their native country as they begin to adjust themselves to the new way of life."

### The Teacher's Poison

Once upon a time, there was a small private tutorial school, called *so-dang*, where several children were learning Chinese classics from an old teacher. The teacher was such a strict disciplinarian that all his pupils were afraid of him whenever they misbehaved.

The teacher used to enjoy snacking, while he was watching children studying. He would take out a small basket from his closet in the study hall and snack on something with great relish, frequently issuing a warning to the children that it was only for adult consumption and would be fatally poisonous to children. The children were curious but never had a chance to find out what it was that the teacher was eating.

Then, one day, the teacher had some business and went to town, leaving behind a stern reminder that children should study hard during his brief absence. Out of irresistible curiosity, a few older pupils decided to investigate the teacher's closet to find out his secret snack food which was supposed to be poisonous to them. Inside the bamboo basket they found dried persimmons neatly stacked and layered with dried persimmon peels. They had thought that the teacher had been eating some sort of medicinal food intended for adults only.

Having uncovered the secret and found such a delicacy, the children forgot all about whom the food belonged to and were overcome by mouth-watering appetite. At first, only a few older and more daring younger ones gobbled up a few persimmons, but soon every one got into the act. And in no time the entire basket was emptied except for some peels.

When the feast was over, the children came to their senses and realized what they had done. They did what was unthinkable! They were worried: "What should we say to the teacher when he returns?" They racked their brains to come up with some excuses which the tutor might consider and accept. Then they might get less severe punishment. One of the boys, who had ordinarily been quiet, suggested an idea. The boy picked up the teacher's treasured inkstone from his desk and dropped it on the hard wooden floor, breaking it into halves and spattering black ink all over the teacher's cushioned seat. He then toppled the teacher's desk, and told everybody to lie down on all over the floor with blankets covered over their bodies.

Late in that afternoon the teacher returned from the trip. No sooner he opened the door to the study hall with a loud "Eh

hemm!" than he found the hall was in big mess--spattered ink, upsidedown desk, and all the children lying under the coverings, looking all dazed. Astounded at the scene, the teacher bellowed: "What is going on? What has happened?" The master-minded boy got up slowly, his face showing mock pain, and said: "Master, in the midst of rough play during a brief recess, we accidentally toppled your desk, breaking your cherished inkstone. We did not know what to do. Finally, everyone of us decided to die to pay for our unforgivable mischief. So, we took the basket out and ate all that was in it. Now, we are waiting for the poison to take effect. We are very, very sorry, Master." The teacher made a long and deep breath and went outside without saying a word. And outside, he said to himself with a smile: "Hmmm... they are growing!"

## The Tiger in the Trap

Once upon a time, there was a small hamlet in the deep mountains. The people of this hamlet were always afraid of tigers that roamed in the surrounding mountains. One day, their fear and anxiety brought all the villagers together to discuss their problem and find some ways of living peacefully without this constant fear. After much discussion, they came to an agreement: they decided to dig pits here and there to trap tigers. Every able-bodied villager came out to dig deep pits around the village and, particularly, along both sides of the mountain pass leading to the village.

One day, a traveller was passing through the area and heard strange groaning sounds nearby. He approached where the sounds came from and found a large tiger trapped in a pitfall and trying to jump out. Seeing the traveller, the tiger begged him for help: "Please, help me out of this trap, and I will never forget your kindness." Out of mercy, the traveller dragged a felled tree and lowered it into the pitfall. And the tiger climbed out.

As soon as the tiger was out of the trap, he said to the traveller: "I am grateful for your help, but because humans made the trap to catch me, for that I will have to kill you." The traveller was utterly speechless and became frightened, too. Trying to be calm and mustering his courage, however, he said: "Wait a minute, Mr. Tiger. It is patently unfair and outrageous to kill me. Fairness demands that we should have a few impartial parties to judge who is right." The tiger agreed and both of them went to an ox.

After listening to their story, the ox said: "Well, it is the fault of humans. We, oxen, too, have a grudge against humans. They drive us hard for their own benefit and then they butcher us mercilessly. This is all very unfair!"

Next, they went to a pine tree. The pine tree listened to their story and said: "Humans are wrong. They cut us down for lumber and for their firewood. What have we done to them to deserve that? They just have no heart!"

Listening to the second opinion, the tiger was elated and ready to attack the traveller, when a hare was hopping toward them. "Phew, just in time, Mr. Hare. Please, judge our case," and the traveller told the hare what had happened. The hare, then, said: "Fine, but before I make any judgment, I must see the original scene." So, the traveller, the tiger and the hare all went to the pitfall where the tiger had been trapped. The hare said to the tiger: "I must see exactly how you were before this traveller rescued you. Where exactly were you?" Eager to show where he was, the tiger jumped right into the pitfall. The hare asked: "Was this felled tree in the pitfall when you fell into it, Mr. Tiger?" "No, it was not." So, the hare and the traveller took the tree out of the pitfall. The hare, then, said to the traveller: "Mr. Traveller, now, be on your way." And the hare, too, hopped away.

## The Miraculous Awakening of Zen

You observe many thoughts arising in your mind, but you mustn't search for which of these thoughts is the real you. Searching is avoidance. To seek is to suffer. You need to understand this carefully.

By Venerable Hyunoong Sunim with translator Ja Gwang.

Excerpted from a Saturday morning Hartford Street Zen Center (San Francisco) Dharma talk

Hyunoong Sunim is a Korean Zen teacher, a Taoist master and a herbalist. He established the Sixth Patriarch Zen Center in Berkeley and is the resident teacher.

The word Zen means the mind of awakening or miraculous awareness. It has no form. It is also not silent. It doesn't stay fixed in any one place. It is something one has to experience. If you bring any understanding with you into this practice you will obstruct the path... Zen is the Buddha mind. And Buddha mind is in each individual person. It's here in this moment as we sit. It's absolutely not separate from us. That's all we need to trust.

The name is Zen, but according to the person practicing this, some think Zen is sitting quietly while others say Zen is having a clear mind. Some say Zen is forgetting all the complexities of life, while others say Zen is guarding nothingness... There are many kinds of Zen Buddhists in the world but if we forget the correct path, then even if we do Zen practice all we are doing is wasting time.

When you first begin Zen practice you observe many thoughts arising in your mind, but you mustn't search for which of these thoughts is the real you. Searching is avoidance. To seek is to suffer. You need to understand this carefully. This is our fundamental delusion. Someone doing Soto Zen just has silence--but that is not practice--when you reenter reality that silence will shatter. Our Zen nature doesn't abide in any one place, it functions from moment to moment, so we mustn't hold onto anything. When we stay in one place this creates a view and we make distinctions--Soto Zen/Rinzai Zen, awakening/delusion. If you say you have awakening you are actually very far from awakening.

There is a Zen koan that says, "Knowing obstructs Zen, not knowing obstructs Zen." Knowing is delusion because knowing can create tension and obstruct our practice. So we decide "Ok I don't know," but that is also relying on delusion. We need to recognize the mind that knows, and let go of that. And because "not knowing" also obstructs our Zen, we need to be aware of this too. Our Buddha nature has nothing to do with knowing or not knowing—it is spontaneous awareness and cannot be touched intellectually. Right here is where our thoughts are completely cut off.

Knowing, not knowing, nothing can cling to this awareness. The sentient being mind will attach itself anywhere--over here over there, Hell or Heaven, awakening/delusion. It creates duality everywhere.

We have this miraculous awareness that cannot be expressed in words; and we have to simply experience it. Then automatically the things that we cling to are released. At that point we are no longer attached-- not because we are trying to be unattached but because our nature no longer clings to anything. At this point religion disappears. There isn't anything we are carrying around with us. This is something that cannot be understood. It simply requires faith. It can only be experienced through awareness. Through this, wisdom and power grow. If you constantly practice, at one point that empty mind within you is suddenly revealed. Then there is only realization, and you can enter a correct path. Only with such realization can true practice begin.

If one practices Soto Zen correctly, one's practice becomes the same as koan practice, and the conflicts within you will disappear. If you meet Dogen you come to the world of Rinzai, and if you meet Rinzai you meet the world of Dogen. You will see the Zen of the ancient masters and American Zen too. We can all become one Dharma family and benefit each other. Through this, societies become purified. Otherwise we will cling to a small mind and this is suffering...

In our Rinzai Zen, even though we are sitting, we don't pay a lot of attention to our posture. We totally focus on mind and the koan, and in doing that both body and mind become quiet. You utilize the sitting posture because of its convenience. We can be active in reality and when we come to sit we let go of body and mind. We only focus on the koan. As our active energy settles down into our lower body we may sometimes feel a little itchy spot and spontaneously our hand goes to scratch it. But your practice continues.

Let's open our narrow minds. We mustn't compete with others. It would be nice if we could come together into one Dharma. It doesn't matter whether one is practicing Soto or Rinzai Zen, whether Christian or whatever. Someone following the path of awakening can understand it as soon as they see it. Let's reveal the ancient path of Zen ... and that would be one goal if Buddhism can be reborn in the United States, if someone awakens to correct traditional Zen here. I believe great Zen power can arise in America.

## Japanese Proverbs

Yeah! More quotes. Can't get enough of them. These were taken from Japanese Proverbs and Sayings by Daniel Crump Buchanan, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman & London, 1965/1988. 0-8061-1082-1. It is mostly a pre-WW2 collection, so some of them newer ones won't be here.

To him who in the love of Nature holds the key.

Communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language.

A country may go to ruin but its mountains and streams remain.

A jewel will not sparkle unless polished.

A snake though placed in a bamboo tube, cannot become perfectly straight.

Don't use a ladle for an ear-pick.

Don't give an order after listening to only one side.

The person who swims well often drowns.

A doctor may be careless about his own health.

A mummy hunter becomes a mummy.

Fall seven times, get up eight times.

Pull if it does not work when you push.

The protruding nail is hammered down.

One can study calligraphy at eighty.

The tadpole is the frog's child.

A padded jacket is a nice present, even in summer.

A pig used to dirt turns its nose up at rice.

Too much courtesy is a discourtesy.

The pebble in the brook secretly think itself a precious stone.

The smallest good deed is better than the greatest good intention.

Better no medicine than a bad doctor.

If money is not your servant, it will be your master.

Forgiving the unrepentant is like drawing pictures on water.

Time spent laughing is time spent with the gods.

Darkness reigns at the foot of the lighthouse.

It is the beggar's pride that he is not a thief.

To wait for luck is the same as waiting for death.

We learn little from victory, much from defeat.

The clog and the Buddha are both from the same piece of wood.

Unless you enter the tiger's den you cannot take the cubs.

When you're thirsty it's too late to think about digging a well.

A bad spouse is a hundred years of bad harvest.

When kept secret, people tend to imagine it is a very good thing.

You can't do anything with it if you don't have it.

When one dog barks for nothing, all other dogs bark in earnest.

## Japanese Lessons

Even a ten-thousand foot embankment may give way because of an ant hole.

Silent worms dig holes in the walls.

Even a Buddha's face does not wear a benign look after the third slap.

Every medicine when exceeded becomes poison.

Money grows on the tree of persistence.

One who smiles rather than rages is always the stronger.

A great retired person lives hid in the market.

Metal is tested by fire, men by wine.

If you despise yourself others will afterwards despise you.

Rather than 10000 lanterns from a rich man is one lantern from a poor man.

Where there is no antagonist, there is no quarrel.

The flow of water and the future of human beings is uncertain.

If you would bend the tree, do so when it is young.

Three persons together produce the wisdom of the Buddha.

If the fountain head is clear, the stream will be clear.

Don't draw legs on a snake.

A lean horse fears not the whip.

A skilled artisan is not fussy about the materials.

When you have your own children, you will understand your obligation to your parents.

A good Go player is also a good player of Shogi.

Even a journey of a thousand kilometers starts with one step.

Rather than shave your head, shave your heart.

About sea matters, ask a fisherman.

Next door to the temple live demons.

The Buddha altar of one's own house is the most esteemed.

If victorious, a government army; if defeated, traitors.

The lantern-bearer should go ahead.

Poets without traveling, know places of note.

It is better to be ignorant than to be mistaken.

Silence is part of consent.

Speech is silver, silence is gold.

The flower does not talk.

If you beat even new floor mats, dirt will come out.

Even a monkey will fall from a tree.

Of course, I am collecting these materials as I live in Japan, so it is natural that I include a special section on Japan, which was one of the profound influences on the Druids in the 60s and 70s. Materials are plentiful from this country which has a long tradition of permitting the blending of religions together. One particular problem in bringing selections from Japan is that Shinto, one of the top-ten religions of the world, has no official scripture, a patch and uncertain mythology and is very disorganized. There are a couple of oracles, and most of the 19th/20th century state Shinto is rather unpleasantly nationalistic. Enjoy and share.

### Basho's Poems

From **The Essential Basho**, Translated by Sam Hamill. Published by Shambala in Boston, 1999.

Summer grasses:  
all that remains of great soldiers'  
imperial dreams

Eaten alive by  
lice and fleas -- now the horse  
beside my pillow pees

Along the roadside, blossoming wild roses  
in my horse's mouth

Even that old horse  
is something to see this  
snow-covered morning

On the white poppy,  
a butterfly's torn wing  
is a keepsake

The bee emerging  
from deep within the peony  
departs reluctantly

Crossing long fields,  
frozen in its saddle,  
my shadow creeps by

A mountain pheasant cry  
fills me with fond longing for  
father and mother

Slender, so slender  
its stalk bends under dew --  
little yellow flower

New Year's first snow -- ah --  
just barely enough to tilt  
the daffodil

In this warm spring rain,  
tiny leaves are sprouting  
from the eggplant seed

For those who proclaim  
they've grown weary of children,  
there are no flowers

Nothing in the cry  
of cicadas suggests they  
are about to die

## Ikkyu's Poems

From **Wild Ways: Zen Poems of Ikkyu**, translated by John  
Stevens. Published by Shambala in Boston, 1995.

**A Man's Root, from *Wild Ways*, page 53**  
Eight inches strong, it is my favourite thing;  
If I'm alone at night, I embrace it fully –  
A beautiful woman hasn't touched it for ages.  
Within my *fundoshi* there is an entire universe!

### I Hate Incense

A master's handiwork cannot be measured  
But still priests wag their tongues explaining the "Way" and  
babbling about "Zen."  
This old monk has never cared for false piety  
And my nose wrinkles at the dark smell of incense before the  
Buddha.

### A Fisherman

Studying texts and stiff meditation can make you lose your  
Original Mind.  
A solitary tune by a fisherman, though, can be an invaluable  
treasure.  
Dusk rain on the river, the moon peeking in and out of the clouds;  
Elegant beyond words, he chants his songs night after night.

### My Hovel

The world before my eyes is wan and wasted, just like me.  
The earth is decrepit, the sky stormy, all the grass withered.  
No spring breeze even at this late date,  
Just winter clouds swallowing up my tiny reed hut.

### A Meal of Fresh Octopus

Lots of arms, just like Kannon the Goddess;  
Sacrificed for me, garnished with citron, I revere it so!  
The taste of the sea, just divine!  
Sorry, Buddha, this is another precept I just cannot keep.

### A Happy Thought

Exhausted with gay pleasures, I embrace my wife.  
The narrow path of asceticism is not for me:  
My mind runs in the opposite direction.  
It is easy to be glib about Zen -- I'll just keep my mouth shut  
And rely on love play all the day long.

### Bathing Time

It is nice to get a glimpse of a lady bathing –  
You scrubbed your flower face and cleansed your lovely body  
While this old monk sat in the hot water,  
Feeling more blessed than even the emperor of China!

# Thoughts of Ryokan

## Mini Poems

even before trees rocks I was nothing  
when I'm dead nowhere I'll be nothing

this ink painting of wind blowing through pines  
who hears it?

sin like a madman until you can't do anything else  
no room for any more

fuck flattery success money  
all I do is lie back and suck my thumb

one long pure beautiful road of pain  
and the beauty of death and no pain

mirror facing mirror  
nowhere else

passion's red thread is infinite  
like the earth always under me

my monk friend has a wierd endearing habit  
he weaves sandals and leaves them secretly by the roadside

no words sitting alone night in my hut eyes closed hands open  
wisps of an unknown face

we're lost where the mind can't find us  
utterly lost

## To My Teacher

An old grave hidden away at the foot of a deserted hill,  
Overrun with rank weeds growing unchecked year after year;  
There is no one left to tend the tomb,  
And only an occasional woodcutter passes by.  
Once I was his pupil, a youth with shaggy hair,  
Learning deeply from him by the Narrow River.  
One morning I set off on my solitary journey  
And the years passed between us in silence.  
Now I have returned to find him at rest here;  
How can I honor his departed spirit?  
I pour a dipper of pure water over his tombstone  
And offer a silent prayer.  
The sun suddenly disappears behind the hill  
And I'm enveloped by the roar of the wind in the pines.  
I try to pull myself away but cannot;  
A flood of tears soaks my sleeves.

In my youth I put aside my studies  
And I aspired to be a saint.  
Living austerely as a mendicant monk,  
I wandered here and there for many springs.  
Finally I returned home to settle under a craggy peak.  
I live peacefully in a grass hut,  
Listening to the birds for music.  
Clouds are my best neighbors.  
Below a pure spring where I refresh body and mind;  
Above, towering pines and oaks that provide shade and  
brushwood.  
Free, so free, day after day –  
I never want to leave!

Yes, I'm truly a dunce  
Living among trees and plants.  
Please don't question me about illusion and enlightenment –  
This old fellow just likes to smile to himself.  
I wade across streams with bony legs,  
And carry a bag about in fine spring weather.  
That's my life,  
And the world owes me nothing.

## Smaller Poems

When all thoughts  
Are exhausted  
I slip into the woods  
And gather  
A pile of shepherd's purse.

Like the little stream  
Making its way  
Through the mossy crevices  
I, too, quietly  
Turn clear and transparent.

At dusk  
I often climb  
To the peak of Kugami.  
Deer bellow,  
Their voices  
Soaked up by  
Piles of maple leaves  
Lying undisturbed at  
The foot of the mountain.

Blending with the wind,  
Snow falls;  
Blending with the snow,  
The wind blows.  
By the hearth  
I stretch out my legs,  
Idling my time away  
Confined in this hut.  
Counting the days,  
I find that February, too,  
Has come and gone  
Like a dream.

No luck today on my mendicant rounds;  
From village to village I dragged myself.  
At sunset I find myself with miles of mountains between me and  
my hut.  
The wind tears at my frail body,  
And my little bowl looks so forlorn –  
Yes this is my chosen path that guides me  
Through disappointment and pain, cold and hunger.

### **My Cracked Wooden Bowl**

This treasure was discovered in a bamboo thicket –  
I washed the bowl in a spring and then mended it.  
After morning meditation, I take my gruel in it;  
At night, it serves me soup or rice.  
Cracked, worn, weather-beaten, and misshapen

But still of noble stock!

Midsummer –  
I walk about with my staff.  
Old farmers spot me  
And call me over for a drink.  
We sit in the fields  
using leaves for plates.  
Pleasantly drunk and so happy  
I drift off peacefully  
Sprawled out on a paddy bank.

How can I possibly sleep  
This moonlit evening?  
Come, my friends,  
Let's sing and dance  
All night long.

Stretched out,  
Tipsy,  
Under the vast sky:  
Splendid dreams  
Beneath the cherry blossoms.

Wild roses,  
Plucked from fields  
Full of croaking frogs:  
Float them in your wine  
And enjoy every minute!

When spring arrives  
From every tree tip  
Flowers will bloom,  
But those children  
Who fell with last autumn's leaves  
Will never return.

I watch people in the world  
Throw away their lives lusting after things,  
Never able to satisfy their desires,  
Falling into deeper despair  
And torturing themselves.  
Even if they get what they want  
How long will they be able to enjoy it?  
For one heavenly pleasure  
They suffer ten torments of hell,  
Binding themselves more firmly to the grindstone.  
Such people are like monkeys  
Frantically grasping for the moon in the water  
And then falling into a whirlpool.  
How endlessly those caught up in the floating world suffer.  
Despite myself, I fret over them all night  
And cannot staunch my flow of tears.

The wind has settled, the blossoms have fallen;  
Birds sing, the mountains grow dark –  
This is the wondrous power of Buddhism.

In a dilapidated three-room hut  
I've grown old and tired;  
This winter cold is the  
Worst I've ever suffered through.  
I sip thin gruel, waiting for the  
Freezing night to pass.  
Can I last until spring finally arrives?  
Unable to beg for rice,  
How will I survive the chill?  
Even meditation helps no longer;  
Nothing left to do but compose poems  
In memory of deceased friends.

My legacy –  
What will it be?  
Flowers in spring,  
The cuckoo in summer,  
And the crimson maples  
Of autumn...

## Rinzai's Quote

Rinzai was fond of asking: "What, at this moment, is lacking?"

## The Book of Haiku

(Previously in the RDNA's "Dead Lake Scrolls")

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

## The Path and Pith

Suppose a man goes to the forest to get some of the pith that grows in the center of a tree and returns with a burden of branches and leaves, thinking that he has secured what he went after; would he not be foolish?

A person seeks a path that will lead him away from misery; and yet, he follows that path a little way, notices some little advance, and immediately becomes proud and conceited. He is like the man who sought pith and comes back satisfied with a burden of branches and leaves.

Another man goes into the forest seeking pith and comes back with a load of branches. He is like the person on the path who becomes satisfied with the progress he has made by a little effort, and relaxes his effort and becomes proud and conceited.

Another man comes back carrying a load of bark instead of the pith he was looking for. He is like the person who finds that his mind is becoming calmer and his thought clearer, and then relaxes his effort and becomes proud and conceited.

Then another man bring back a load of woody fiber of the tree instead of the pith. Like him is one who has gained a measure of intuitive insight, and then relaxes his effort. All of

these seekers, who become easily satisfied after insufficient effort and become proud and overbearing, relax their efforts and easily fall into idleness. All these people will inevitably face suffering again.

-Majjhima Nikaya i.192-195. (Buddhism)

## Parable of the Raft

"O monks, a man is on a journey. He comes to a vast stretch of water. On this side the shore is dangerous, but on the other it is safe and without danger. No boat goes to the other shore which is safe and without danger, nor is there any bridge for crossing over. Then that man gathers grass, wood, branches, and leaves and makes a raft, and with the help of that raft crosses over safely to the other side, exerting himself with his hands and feet. Having safely crossed over and gotten to the other side, he thinks, 'This raft was of great help to me. With its aid I have crossed safely over to this side, exerting myself with my hands and feet. It would be good if I carry this raft on my head or on my back whenever I go.'

"What do you think, O monks, if he acted in this way would that man be acting properly with regard to the raft?"

"No, sir."

"In which way, then, would he be acting properly with regard to the raft? Having crossed and gone over to the other side, suppose that man should think, 'It would be good if I beached this raft on the shore, or moored it and left it afloat, and then went on my way wherever it may be.' Acting in this way would that man act properly with regard to the raft.

"In the same manner, O monks, I have taught a doctrine similar to a raft- it is for crossing over, and not for carrying. You who understand that the teaching is similar to a raft, should give up attachment to even the good Dharma; how much more then should you give up evil things."

-Majjhima Nikaya i.134-135

## About Death

It comes from the origin,  
It returns to the original land  
In the Plain of High Heaven-  
That spirit is one and the same,  
Not two.  
The Way of death  
Is found in one's own mind  
And no other;  
Inquire of it in your own heart,  
In your own mind.  
Leave to the kami  
The path ahead;  
The road of the returning soul  
Is not dark  
To the land of the Yomi,  
To the world beyond.  
In all things  
Maintaining godly uprightness:  
Such a one at last will see  
All dark clouds cleared away.  
All humanity born into  
The land of sun-origin, this  
Land of Japan,  
Come from the kami,  
And to the kami will return.  
-Naokata Nakanishi, Shinto Priest, 19th Cent.



## Sun and Moon

My Lord, boundless as  
The sun and moon  
Lighting heaven and earth;  
How then can I have concerns  
About what is to be?  
-Man'yoshu poem 20, 8th Cent (pre-Buddhist)

## Two Shinto Quotes

If the poorest of mankind come here once for worship, I will surely grant their heart's desire. -Oracle of Itsukushima, Shinto, 13th Cent.

All human bodies are things lent by God. With what thought are you using them? -Tenrikyo, Ofudesaki 3.41, New Religion 19th Cent.

## Mountain Tasting:

### Weeds and Rain

This collection is from an itinerant beggar-monk, Santohka, who roamed 24,000 miles around Japan from WW1 to 1940, dying around 1950. He came from a broken family, had a rotten childhood and was saved from suicide by some monks. He itinerant begging was his vocation, occasionally farming, and writing poems in exchange for drinking money. This was the ideal life for him. These are taken from "Mountain Tasting" by Taneda Santoka, trans. by Mr. Stevens.1991, Weatherhill Inc., NY.

### Food from Heaven

Today my path was wonderful. I wanted to shout out to the waves, the birds the pure water- I'm grateful for everything. The sun shone brightly and the number of pilgrims increases daily. The memorials, the bridges, the shrines, and the cliffs were so beautiful. My rice was like the food of heaven.

18

Going deeper,  
and still deeper-  
The green mountains.

53

Waking from a nap,  
Either way I look: mountains.

56

Well, which way should I go?  
The wind blows.

83

Aimlessly, buoyantly,  
Drifting here and there,  
Tasting the pure water.

86

So this is what  
He calls his tea grove-  
A single bush!  
(said by Seisensui on visiting Santoka's hut)

195

The sky at sunset-  
A cup of sake  
Would taste so good!

214

Fallen leaves in the forest.  
I see a Buddha.

295

Thirsty for a drink of water-  
The sound of a waterfall.

319

In the space between the buildings-  
Look at the mountain's greenness!

351

Slapping at the flies,  
Slapping at the mosquitoes,  
Slapping at myself.

364

When will I die?  
I plant seedlings.

# Zen Stories

What would a section on Japan be without more Zen stories? These selections were taken from Donal Ritchie's "Zen Inklings: some stories, fables, parables and sermons." 1982/1991. Weatherhill Publishers, NY. ISBN 0-8348-0170-1. I hope you enjoy them.

## The Holy Demon

There was once a demon who desired to become a priest. His reason was that being evil- the nature of demons- was too difficult. Being good might be easier. Thus it was that he desired to take his vows.

This is one version of the story. Another is that he saw the badness of his ways and was contrite. Yet another was that he had been living on a diet of bad people and wanted to taste some good, hence his desire to enter a temple. For all these differences, the stories do agree that one day he presented himself at the temple gate.

The abbot, worldly man that he was, heard the request without surprise and said that he would bring up the matter at the next council. Until that time, then, the demon might again retire to his lair. Also, he might want to do something about his talons. They would certainly render handling the prayer beads difficult and, in any event, would probably catch in the long sleeves of the priestly garb.

The demon saw the reasons for this, went home, took a knife, and pared his talons. This hurt, and his paws were still aching when a week later, neatly bandaged, he presented himself.

The board was sitting on the matter, the abbot informed him, noting with a small smile the absence of claws. Would he please be so good as to return in a week? And, in the meantime, he might want to do something about his horns. They would interfere with ecclesiastical headdresses, were he ever to rise above a mere monk, and, in any event, did not go well with priestly garb.

The demon agreed with this, went home, and began paring his horns - a long, difficult, and painful process. He finally had to burn the stubs, an experience not at all comfortable. Then he presented himself at the temple, two depressions where the horns had been.

The abbot complimented him on their absence; then he smile regretfully and said that all of the members of the board were not as yet entirely of one accord. Could he not come back the following week? And, in the meantime, he might think of what to do about his fangs. These would interfere with his eating the simple monkish fare and, in addition, somewhat detracted from an otherwise attractive smile.

The demon understood the wisdom of this, returned home, and with many a howl of pain and some tears put his teeth to the grindstone and ground them down to the gums. Smiling in agony, he then, a week later, again presented himself at the temple, showing two great gaps where his fangs had been.

The abbot, affable, received him at once, noting with pleasure the holes in the demon's smile. He then imparted the best of news. The board had finally agreed. It had decided that it would be a signal honor to have a demon monk. Also, a consideration not imparted to the penitent, the propaganda value of a demon brought to Buddha would be great.

The demon attempted to look pleased but seemed somehow less zealous than before. Upon inquiry, the abbot learned that this was because the demon was feeling poorly. Though he had originally come in earnestness and good health, the excision of

talons, horns and fangs had, it appeared, not only tired him but actually made him ill. His paws were bleeding, his forehead infected, his gums were suppurating, and he had a fever.

The abbot showed his sympathy but remarked that, after all, the good life is the strenuous one. Only those with strength, both outer and inner, should consider embarking upon it. The demon was left to extract from this what he could.

In the meantime, continued the abbot, it would be best for him to regain his health before joining their community. The demon understood all this, went back, and became very ill indeed.

The fever raged, paws throbbled, head knocked, and his mouth was nothing but aches. Since he could no longer claw, butt and consume sinners he also grew thinner and thinner. If being good is this difficult, he thought, I had better not attempt a virtuous life.

Finally, feeling near death, the demon went again to the temple. There he told the abbot, though he no longer had the strength to become a priest, he would like to die in the embrace of the true religion.

The abbot agreed at once. The abbot at once invited the sick demon into the temple, gave him a room to himself, and assigned two acolytes to nurse him.

Every day the sick demon sank further. He took to the prayer beads but they hurt his paws, tried to eat his rice gruel but it hurt his jaws, even tried on the hat of the dead but it hurt his head. Being good is frightfully difficult, he decided, much more difficult than being merely evil.

But he did not die, and little by little the pain left him. This event was viewed with some displeasure by the abbot. There would, apparently, be no big sensation. He would have to content himself with a good thing - a repentant demon. Well, he was big enough, at least, to do most of the heavy work around the temple.

At this point in the story the various versions again diverge. In one, the demon, maimed though he is, finds happiness in being good- preparing the bath, cleaning the attic, lugging the rice bales. In another, a final, fatal relapse and expires amid clouds of incense and much evidence of Buddha's benevolence.

In yet another version, however, the demon fully recovered. Every day he felt better and better, and this troubled him because the innocent creature did not know what was occurring. Being good cannot be this simple, he thought. Then he discovered the reason. His talons, horns, and fangs were growing. He was again becoming an evil demon. Only he did not phrase it in this way. He was filled with delight because he was again becoming himself.

So, when no one was around, he practiced his grimaces and felt with joy the evil wrinkles again forming around his mouth. He gnashed his fresh fangs with pleasure and playfully dug holes in the matting of his room with his new horns. When the acolytes were around, however, he was careful to look innocent and keep his eyes round. He also rarely smiled, lest they see the sharp new fangs.

I have tried to be good and I have failed, he told himself. But he felt no regret. To return to his own self caused too much happiness for that.

He also reverted to his old habits. One day, feeling particularly joyful, he sprang from his pallet and gobbled up both of the acolytes. They tasted very good after so many weeks of nothing but gruel. He snapped their bones and got at the marrow with the innocent and earnest zeal that was naturally his.

Then he crouched in wait in the corridor and ate up all the other priests and finally, as he was coming around a corner, the

abbot himself. Then the demon stretched himself, roared, and galloped off into the forest.

It was, as the late abbot had prophesied, a sensation indeed. Whole generations were frightened into proper behavior with the tale, and no one ventured near the place. Both cobwebs and legends formed around the deserted temple.

All agreed that a terrible thing had occurred. All except one. He was a holy man, an old monk who lived in a hut in the mountain. He said it was the most natural thing in the world. It is all very well for a demon to become holy, he said, but he must become holy as a demon, not as some mutilated creature no longer itself. And, in any event, who has to say that this demon was not, as he had always been, in some way, his own way, holy?

As for the temple - well, one must pay for one's mistakes. And, all in all, the good life is the strenuous one. As for the demon, he had attempted to become what he wasn't, and this, said the holy man, had almost killed him. Impelled by a longing for ease, always a bad counselor, he had wandered far from his natural path. Fortunately for him he had returned to it.

Perhaps, after his adventure, he had returned with a new purpose, with a fresh insight. He now knew how difficult good is and could compare his old lazy badness with his new and understood evil. One must die in order to be reborn, and whether the result is good or bad is beside anyone's point.

Then he delivered the moral that always comes after the text. There is, whether we like it or not, room for all of us in this world, priests and demons alike. To awake to one's own true nature is the aim of all.

This version of the tale is not popular and is not often heard.

## The Earnest Acolyte

There was once an acolyte from Kochi. He impressed his family, his friends and acquaintances, and the other acolytes with his dedication and his zeal. He did not, however, impress his roshi.

All day and sometimes all night he sat seriously at zazen. Given a koan, he concentrated with the greatest gravity. Any task set him he performed with heavy consideration.

If anyone, said the other acolytes, deserved a swift satori, it was this earnest acolyte. The roshi did not agree with this opinion. He called in the young man.

"Why are you working so earnestly?"

"To attain satori. That is why I am here."

"I see."

Then the roshi went about his business and the acolyte about his. Things continued. The roshi attended to his duties and lived his life. The earnest acolyte sat straight, folded his hands just so, never once nodded off, closed his eyes firmly, and breathed regularly.

The peeping acolytes expected him to go into a paroxysm of satori at any moment. This, however, did not occur. Even though he concentrated so earnestly on not concentrating that sweat beaded his temples, nothing occurred.

Finally he went to see the roshi.

"Even though I meditate so long, so diligently, so thoroughly, nothing occurs."

"I see."

"What should I do?"

"You should go home. You are wasting your time."

The acolyte was shocked. He attempted to argue with the roshi, who, however, sat silently and would not answer until the troubled young man rose to leave the room.

"Sit down and I will tell you something. You have not understood my words and I must explain. I said that you were wasting your time and that is what I meant. To explain, however:

"Zen does not culminate in satori. It is not a goal that one works toward. Zen is sufficient without that. This is because it is a means without an end. In this way it can be said to be like life. Life, this life, our life, anyone's life, has no goal. Rather, one lives.

"In the same way, one should meditate. This meditation is its own goal. It is not a process leading to something else. It is living.

"The reason you are wasting your time is because you are unaware of this. You think only of the future and so neglect the present. Worse, you use this present only for the pursuit of something you have merely read and heard of. You think of this satori as some kind of reward. And you really believe that you would be, in your sense, different if it were to occur.

"Therefore you are wasting your time here. You should go back home and live.

"That is what I mean, and this is what I have said. If you were not quite so blind you would already have seen it. And even now as I talk you are expecting, even now, some kind of understanding to rise from these worthless words. You have understood nothing and had best leave."

The crushed acolyte withdrew. He did not, however, go home. He sat quietly with the others. Sometimes at night he sat in the garden. He continued.

Whether he attained satori or not is not known. In any event, it has nothing to do with this story.

## A Singular Animal

A woodcutter was hard at work in the remote mountains when a strange animal appeared. He had never seen an animal anything like it before.

"Ah," said the animal, "you have never seen anything like me before."

The woodcutter was very surprised to hear the animal speak.

"And you are astonished that I can speak..."

The woodcutter was also surprised that the best knew his thoughts.

"And that I know what you are thinking," continued the animal.

Looking at the animal, the woodcutter wanted to catch it and take it back home.

"So you want to catch me alive, do you?"

If not that, maybe he could give it one blow with his ax and then carry it home.

"And now you want to kill me," said the animal.

The woodcutter realized that he could do nothing at all, since the beast always knew what he was thinking of doing. So, he went back to work, determining to ignore the animal.

"And now," it said, "you abandon me."

Work as he might, the woodcutter soon found himself thinking of the animal standing there. The beast would then make an appropriate comment. He wished it would go away and was then told that he was wishing it would go away.

The animal apparently did not wish to go away. It stood there, near him, and read all of his thoughts. Nor did it seem well intentioned.

Finally, not knowing what else to do, the woodcutter resignedly took up his ax again, determined to pay no more

attention to this singular animal, and began single-mindedly cutting the trees.

While he was so doing, with no thought in his head except the ax and the tree, the head of the ax flew off the handle and struck the animal dead.

## Five Shinto Selections

These three stories were collected by a Shinto priest who lives in town here and he donated them to this edition of ARDA. Simplicity and purity is the heart of Shinto, all the rest is local custom. How Druidic!

### The Way of Shinto

When on the way to these shrines one does not feel like an ordinary person any longer but as though reborn in another world. How solemn is the unearthly shadow of the huge groves of ancient pines and chamaecyparis, and there is a delicate pathos in the few rare flowers that have withstood the winter frosts so gaily. The crossbeams of the Torii or Shinto gateway is without any curve, symbolizing by its straightness the sincerity of the direct beam of the Divine promise. And particularly is it the deeply-rooted custom of this Shrine that we should bring no Buddhist rosary or offering, or any special petition in our hearts and this is called "Inner Purity." Washing in sea water and keeping the body free from all defilement is called "Outer Purity." And when both these Purities are attained there is then no barrier between our mind and that of the Deity. And if we feel to become thus one with the Divine, what more do we need and what is there to pray for? When I heard that this was the true way of worshipping at the Shrine, I could not refrain from shedding tears of gratitude.

### Hello? Can Anyone Hear Me?

There was an old shrine at the foot of the hill near a town.

One summer day, a storm hit the town. Many trees fell down in the wind. It rained so hard that the shrine was washed away.

The next day, people found a big hole. "The old shrine used to stand there," someone said. A boy shouted into the hole, "Hello? Can anyone hear me?" There wasn't even an echo. The boy threw his red marble into the hole. People waited quietly, but no sound came back. "Boy! This hole must be really deep. It's the perfect place to throw things away," he thought.

The next day, the boy threw his test papers into the hole. Other people saw him and threw in things that they didn't want.

A few days later, a garbage truck dumped all its garbage into the hole. Soon all the garbage trucks in the town were dumping garbage into the hole. It was easier than burning it in the town plant.

A few years passed, but the hole never filled up. People became less and less worried about the garbage because there was a perfect place for it. Factories dumped industrial waste into the hole. Scientists even dumped nuclear waste there.

The town became clean and beautiful. More and more people came to live there.

One day a man was working on the roof of a new building. A voice above him shouted, "Hello? Can anybody hear me?" He looked up, but all he could see was the clear blue sky. He continued working.

Suddenly, a red marble hit the roof beside him. But he was too busy to notice it.

## The Creation of the World

### (From the Nihongi)

Of old, Heaven and Earth were not yet separated, and the In and Yo, not yet divided. They formed a chaotic mass like an egg, which was of obscurely defined limits, and contained germs. The purer and cleaner part was thinly diffused and formed Heaven, while the heavier and grosser element settled down and became Earth. The finer elements easily became a united body, but the consolidation of the heavy and gross element was accomplished with difficulty. Heaven was therefore formed first, and Earth established subsequently. Thereafter divine beings were produced between them.

We have next what is called the seven generations of Gods, ending with the creator deities, Izanagi (the male who invites) and his sister Izanami (the female who invites.)

Hereupon all the Heavenly Deities commanded the two Deities, the Male-Who-Invites and the Female-Who-Invites, consolidate and give birth to this drifting land. Granting to them an heavenly jeweled spear and stirred, they thus charged them. So the two Deities, standing upon the Floating Bridge of Heaven, pushed down the jeweled spear and stirred with it, whereupon, when they had stirred the brine till it went curdle-curdle, and drew the spear up, the brine that dripped down from the end of the spear was piled up and became an island. This is the Island of Onogoro.

The two Deities having descended on Onogoro-jima erected there an eight-fathom house with an august central pillar. Then Izanagi addressed Izanami, saying: "How is thy body formed?" Izanami replied, "My body is completely formed except one part which is incomplete." Then Izanagi said, "My body is completely formed and there is one part which is superfluous. Suppose that we complement that which is incomplete in thee with that which is superfluous in me, and thereby procreate lands." Izanami replied, 'It is well.' Then Izanagi said, "Let me and thee go round this heavenly august pillar, and having met at the other side, let us become united in wedlock." This being agreed to, he said, "Do thou go round from the left, and I will go round from the right." When they had gone round, Izanami spoke and exclaimed, 'How delightful! I have met a lovely youth.' Izanagi the said, 'How delightful! I have met a lovely maiden.' Afterwards he said, 'It was unlucky for the woman to speak first.' The child, which was the first offspring of their union, was the leech-child, which at the age of three was still unable to stand upright, and was therefore placed in a reed boat and sent adrift.

The two deities next give birth to the islands of Japan and a number of deities. The last deity to be produced is the God of Fire. But in giving birth to him Izanami is mortally burned. After death, she descends beneath the earth. Izanagi goes in search of her; but Izanagi finally meets his wife and offers to bring her back with him. Izanami begs him to wait at the door of the subterranean palace, and not to show a light. But the husband loses patience; he light a tooth of his comb and enters the palace where, by the flame of his torch, he perceives Izanami in process of decomposition; seized with panic, he flees. His dead wife pursues him, but Izanagi, managing to escape by the same way that he had gone down under the earth, casts a great rock over the entrance. Husband and wife talk together for the last time, separated from each other by this rock. Izanagi pronounce the sacramental formula for separation between them, and then goes up to heaven; while Izanami goes down forever into subterranean regions. She become the Goddess of the dead, as is generally the case of chthonian and agricultural goddesses, who are divinities of fecundity and, at the same time, of death, of birth, and of entry into the maternal bosom.

## A Blade of Grass

Even in a single leaf of a tree, or a tender blade of grass, the awe-inspiring Deity manifests itself. -Urabe-no-Kanekuni (Shinto)

### What is Shinto?

Shinto was the earliest Japanese religion, its obscure beginnings dating back at least to the middle of the first millennium B.C. Until approximately the sixth century A.D., when the Japanese began a period of rapid adoption of continental civilization, it existed as an amorphous mix of nature worship, fertility cults, divination techniques, hero worship, and shamanism. Unlike Buddhism, Christianity, or Islam, it had no founder and it did not develop sacred scriptures, an explicit religious philosophy, or a specific moral code. Indeed, so unself-conscious were the early Japanese about their religious life that they had no single term by which they could refer to it. The word *Shinto*, or "the Way of the *kami* (gods or spirits)," came into use only after the sixth century, when the Japanese sought to distinguish their own tradition from the foreign religions of Buddhism and Confucianism that they were then encountering. Thus, in its origins, Shinto was the religion of a pristine people who, above all, were sensitive to the spiritual forces that pervaded the world of nature in which they lived. As one ancient chronicle reports: in their world myriad spirits shone like fireflies and every tree and bush could speak.

Remarkably, neither Shinto's relatively primitive original character nor the introduction of more sophisticated religions, such as Buddhism and Confucianism, caused the religion to wane in importance. In part its continued existence can be explained by pointing to changes that took place within Shinto, for after the sixth century, it was gradually transformed into a religion of shrines, both grand and small, with set festivals and rituals that were overseen by a distinct priestly class. However, such developments have had little effect on basic Shinto attitudes and values. More crucial to Shinto's survival, therefore, have been its deep roots in the daily and national life of the Japanese people and a strong conservative strain in Japanese culture.

The Shinto world view is fundamentally bright and optimistic, as befits a religion in which the main deity is a sun goddess. While it is not unaware of the darker aspects of human existence, Shinto's chief *raison d'etre* is the celebration and enrichment of life.

Much can be learned about Shinto's world view from Japanese mythology. Two eighth-century works, the *Kojiki* (Record of Ancient Matters) and the *Nihon shoki* (Chronicles of Japan), include the story of the creation of the Japanese islands by the divine couple, Izanagi and his mate, Izanami; the subsequent birth of numerous gods and goddesses -- the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, chief among them; and the descent of representatives of the Sun Goddess' line to rule the islands. Two aspects of the mythology are particularly noteworthy. The first is its this-worldly orientation. Other worlds are mentioned in the mythology -- the High Plain of Heaven, for example, and the Dark Land, an unclean land of the dead -- yet we receive only the haziest impressions of them. Blessed with a mild climate, fertile seas, and impressive mountain landscapes, the early Japanese seem to have felt little compulsion to look far beyond their present existence.

A second important feature of the mythology is the close link among the gods, the world they created, and human beings. The tensions present in Western religion between the Creator and the created, and the human and natural realms, are conspicuously absent. In the Shinto view, the natural state of the

cosmos is one of harmony in which divine, natural, and human elements are all intimately related. Moreover, human nature is seen as inherently good, and evil is thought to stem from the individual's contact with external forces or agents that pollute our pure nature and cause us to act in ways disruptive of the primordial harmony.

Shinto deities are referred to as *kami*. The term is frequently translated "god" or "gods," but it expresses a concept of divinity significantly different from that found in Western religion. In particular, Shinto deities do not share the characteristics of utter transcendence and omnipotence often associated with the concept of god in the West. In the broadest sense, a *kami* may be anything that is extraordinary and that inspires awe or reverence. Consequently, a wide variety of *kami* exist in Shinto: there are *kami* related to natural objects and creatures -- the spirits of mountains, seas, rivers, rocks, trees, animals, and the like; there are guardian *kami* of particular locales and clans; also considered *kami* are exceptional human beings, including all but the last in Japan's long line of emperors. Finally, the abstract, creative forces are recognized as *kami*. Evil spirits are also known in Shinto, but few seem irredeemably so. While a god may first call attention to its presence through a display of rowdy or even destructive behavior, generally speaking, the *kami* are benign. Their role is to sustain and protect.

Worship in Shinto is undertaken to express gratitude to the gods and to secure their continued favor. Worship may take the form of one of the many large communal festivals that occur at fixed times during the year, celebrating such events as spring planting, the fall harvest, or some special occasion in the history of a shrine. However, it may also be carried out privately in a much-abbreviated fashion in the home or at the neighborhood shrine. Although a festival may continue for several days, shifting at times in mood from the solemn to the lighthearted or even raucous, individual worship may require only a few moments to complete. In spite of such contrasts, both types of Shinto worship have three essential elements in common. Both begin with the all-important act of purification, which ordinarily involves the use of water; in both an offering is presented to the *kami*, today usually money but often food; and in both a prayer or petition is made. We may further note that in general Shinto worship is performed at a shrine. These structures, which are made only of natural materials and located on sites selected for their abodes for the *kami* rather than as shelters for the worshippers.

Since Shinto is without scriptures, dogmas, and creeds, worship has always had a central place in the religion. Rather than through sermons or study, it has been through its festivals and rituals, as well as the physical features of the shrine itself, that Shinto has transmitted its characteristic attitudes and values. Most prominent among these are a sense of gratitude and respect for life, a deep appreciation of the beauty and power of nature, a love of purity and -- by extension -- cleanliness, and a preference for the simple and unadorned in the area of aesthetics.

## A Shinto Priest's Life

These essays on Shinto were taken from a book, "Kami no Michi: the way of the kami. The life and thought of a Shinto priest." written by Yukikata Yamamoto in 1987 and published by Tsubaki America Publ., 1545 West Alpine, Stockton, CA, 95204. These essays may contribute to the self-understanding of Druidism which shares some similarities. The prominent author, Rev. Yamamoto, is the priest of one of the greatest shrines in Japan, located in Mie prefecture and has worked with many interfaith councils over the last 50 years to explain what Shinto is to the world.

### #1 What is Shinto?

The word Shinto is a combination of two terms --*shin*, meaning god, and *to*, or *do*, meaning way. *Shin* is the Chinese character for god and *kami* is the Japanese pronunciation of that character. *Shin*, or *kami*, means any divine being or anything in the world or beyond that can inspire in human beings a sense of divinity and mystery. "*Do*" can be the ordinary word for a road or it can have the same metaphorical meaning as in English, way of life or way of God.

Shinto is nothing new, and yet, because of its belief in the endless power of renewal, it is ever new. It is old but ever new. It is primordial. Before man set pen to paper, or rationalized doctrines or formulated scientific principles, people of old had intuitive insights that were probably as basically true as the proven truths of modern science. They caught the spirit of the cosmos.

Japan's early military successes against China and Russia at the turn of the century gave massive confidence as well as prestige to the military. Looking for ways to strengthen its hold on society, the government decided to use Shinto. Shinto became formally separated from Buddhism and its abuse was made that much easier.

During the era of State Shinto, many ceremonies and rituals were suppressed by government order because they represented natural religion rather than the government manufactured ideology. Shinto had been distorted to further the ends of national unity at the expense of either genuine spirituality or truth.

The end of the Pacific War meant the liberation of many groups to restore shrines that had been closed down by government order and they also revived many practice that had been suppressed, especially in the mountain shrines where many Buddhist practices had been mixed with Shinto rituals.

Today, we have to be taught these religious things. Perhaps Shinto can remind us that we were born as children of the Kami, fully equipped to fulfill our role and achieve satisfaction as we are. Perhaps it can further remind us that if we probe deeply enough into our spiritual roots there lies within our grasp enough wisdom, truth and goodwill to solve even the most serious problems besetting our modern world.

Let us join hands and hearts in the way of the kami, the way the divine in the universe has given us to discover, and realize the highest and best of which humankind is capable- a world of peace, truth, justice, and freedom.

We are children of the sun dependent equally upon the sun's light and heat for our survival. Consequently all human beings are children of the kami and therefore brothers and sisters in their common humanity. Shinto tries to teach people how to live naturally and one way to express this is by stressing the equality of all human beings under the sun.

## #2 Kannagara: The Rhythm of the Gods

Kannagara would probably be called in the West "natural religion," meaning "natural" is contrast to "revealed," not a religion of nature. The life of man is located in Daishizen, Great Nature, the vast cosmic setting into which we are born, where we live and within our lives mind any meaning. Natural Religion is the spontaneous awareness that the Divine can be found in any culture. People learn to see in the flow of life and in the processes of nature, promptings from the creative origins of the world. In response to these, the basic ideas of religion come into being at the birth of a new culture.

Japanese mythology speaks of how the ancient Japanese felt about their world, its origins and the origins of the world around them. These historical events mark the beginning of basic religious systems and human cultures. Shinto reflects an awareness of the Divine that calls for man to live "according to the kami" so that he or she can find happiness and fulfillment in experiencing the basic joys of life.

Kannagara is not itself a religion, nor is it the basis of a religion although it is at the heart of Shinto. It is best understood as a non-exclusive principle of universalism that can exist in all religions and should exist as a self-corrective idea that calls every historical religion back to its fundamental roots and to the basic insight of all Natural Religion that the finest results for life are achieved when man lives "according to the kami."

This is why a Shinto believer will not reject something just because it is not Shinto. A Shinto believer can be at home with any kami that shows the power to elevate his or her soul. This approach to religion can be called the kannagara understanding of the place of religion in human life, human society and in human culture in general.

In a sense, kannagara refers to the underlying basis of spirituality common to all religions. Religions should therefore try to realize the spirit of kannagara in order to remain true to themselves. Kannagara need not be understood necessarily as unique to the Japanese but is a concept with universal significance and applicability. Kannagara has to do with spirit, and with bringing the spirit of man and his activities into line with the spirit of Great Nature.

The Spirit of Great Nature may be a flower, may be the beauty of the mountains, the pure snow, the soft rains or the gentle breeze. Kannagara means being in communion with these forms of beauty and so with the highest level of experiences of life. When people respond to the silent and provocative beauty of the natural order, they are aware of kannagara. When they respond in life in a similar way, by following ways "according to the kami," they are expressing kannagara in their lives. They are living according to the natural flow of the universe and will benefit and develop by so doing.

To be fully alive is to have an aesthetic perception of life because a major part of the world's goodness lies in its often unspeakable beauty. Unlike Western Puritanism, which has reservations about beauty as basis of understanding life, Shinto has never denied it. These ideas cannot be taught directly. They can only be captured by someone whose experience of them is sufficiently moving for him or her to realize their fullest meaning.

This is why Shinto is associated with sacred spaces, places of either striking natural beauty, or places that had an atmosphere that could strike awe in the heart of the observer. Shinto has no need of formalized systems of ethics which instruct people how to behave. People who are trying to express kannagara will be living "according to the kami" and therefore will not require detailed regulations. If man were in need of detailed rules, claimed Motoori Norinaga, he would be little better than an animal that needs to be trained and retrained in order to behave properly. Humankind is surely beyond this type of morality. Beauty, Truth and Goodness are essentially related

and when beauty is perceived, truth and goodness follow close behind.

Though participating in the spirit of kannagara, human beings, earth and heaven can achieve harmonious union. When their relationship is perfectly harmonious, the ideal universe comes into being. But of course, this does not always happen, and the reason is that man often makes mistakes that lead to becoming impure. When people become impure in this sense, they stray from themselves and they have to find themselves again. If people can return to being themselves, then the kami rejoice and human progress and prosperity become possible.

The manner by which that purity is restored is purification, or *oharai* in Japanese. The acts of purification are performed by priest who act as intermediaries when they are purified, speaking to the kami on behalf of the people they will in turn ceremonially purify. There are many forms of *oharai*, but in the traditions of Tsubaki Grand Shrine, *misogi harai* or purification under a free-standing waterfall is the most profound, most efficacious, most visibly symbolic of how mankind can restore the spirit of kannagara in the soul, can renew the spirit and can revitalize the creative force and energies of life.

## #3 Shinto and Western Religions:

### Weaving the Warp and Woof

One way to get inside the basic spirit of Shinto is to put it beside other world religions for comparison. This helps to pinpoint the distinctive qualities of Shinto. The core concept is vertical *musubi*, (connection), the vertical *musubi* of kannagara. This is the attempt to bring the kami, the divine into direct relation with humans. In Shinto rituals, the kami alights on the *sakaki*, the evergreen tree and so the blessings and benefits are possible. The spirit, *mitama*, of any kami can be invited to alight on a sacred purified place so that people may commune with the kami.

Shinto grew and developed from these basic insights, none of which can be attributed to any particular historical founder. Shinto grew as a folk way of people seeking to meet their kami and consequently, the tradition expanded without particular historical personalities behind it.

This contrasts in a marked way with Christianity, which came into being because of the person of Jesus of Nazareth, whose historical life, teaching, death and resurrection became the basis of faith.

Buddhism looks to its founder, Gotama, whose historical experiences led him to sit under the Bodhi tree and meditate until he had unlocked the secrets of existence. Thus he formulated the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path, known also as the Middle Way, and his teaching, the result of his Enlightenment, led to the historical person becoming known as the Buddha, the Enlightened One. The same may be said of Islam whose founder understood himself to be a prophet of God. The tradition of Judaism looks back to a catalogue of founding figures, to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses and on through the ages of Hebrew history which is rich in dynamic and powerful personalities.

The characteristic feature of these traditions is what I would call their horizontal *musubi*, that is to say that the founder was a historical person who transmitted the religion or who embodied it in a way that it was transmitted horizontally from that point of history to other people.

Shinto at different times in its history found able exponents and scholars among its priests and devotees, but fundamentally none of these could be called "founders." They were engaged in the creative transmission of the traditions, in interpreting the Japanese classics or in researching the history of a particular Kami. They were not, in the Indo-European sense,

"founders" or "spiritual leaders," although Japan has had these, in Buddhism in particular.

Vertical *musubi* and horizontal *musubi* can be looked on in terms of the 'warp' and the 'woof', as in a piece of tapestry. The horizontal and the vertical are basically alike in that they are constituents of a pattern. Their difference lies not in substance or form, but in role. The warp (Vertical) is constant and continuing so the thread must be long, steady, regular and firm. The woof (horizontal) makes the actual design reflecting the time, era and circumstances and consequently is capable of making a variety of designs according to how it is used. Because the warp functions as the base, the woof can act with freedom, and in turn, because of the designs made by the woof a patterned fabric can be made. The warp and the woof complement each other. The question is not which is more important or which is "correct," more useful or even ultimately valid.

A Shinto believer who denounces other religions is not a real Shinto believer. A real Shinto believer can be at home in a Shinto Shrine at New Year, a Buddhist Temple at the Obon festival for the souls of the ancestors or a Christian church on Christmas Eve. All of these make individual sense. They are authentic. They complement each other. This principle applies not simple to religion but to all the cultures of mankind. Non-rational creatures (plants and animals) do not possess the means necessary, the language, to create the vertical *musubi* without which a culture cannot come into being. Thus development is not possible even after tens of thousands of years. Once created, traditions can be transmitted through the horizontal *musubi*.

It is through this process that the various cultures of the world have come into being, that humankind has developed as a species and prospered by extending intellectually, socially and geographically. The core of the vertical *musubi* (warp) is *kokoro*, the heart, while the horizontal *musubi* (woof) is necessarily accompanied by the material objects and artifacts of civilization. Physical objects (including people) are the core of the horizontal *musubi*.

At New Year, more than 80 million Japanese visit shrines like the Grand Shrines of Ise, Izumo Taisha, Tsubaki Grand Shrine, Meiji Jingu or Shrines of Inari, Hachiman or other kami, yet how many Japanese can actually name the *Gosaijin* or enshrined kami at each? From the viewpoint of Shinto, it is immaterial whether these people can answer the question or not, or whether they can answer other questions about who built the shrine, or how it is administered, etc...

We see Christians going to Lourdes for cures, or pilgrims going to the Holy Land, or Mecca or even in Japan followers of Kukai or Nichiren climbing mountains or traveling great distances. These are specific, with devotions being focused not necessarily on one person but on the transmission of a tradition to a "saint" or sacred messenger like a prophet or apostle. They are cultural expressions or manifestations of horizontal *musubi*.

## #4 Shinto's Interaction with Other Religions

Shinto has few doctrines and virtually no canon of sacred writings. Muslims have the Koran, Buddhists have the sutras, Christians have their Bible and followers of Judaism have their writings which they share with the Christians. It is not that Shinto has nothing at all. There are some writings - the ancient mythology, some *norito* or ritual addresses to the kami - but these are short and fragmentary compared with the writings in other religions where records and teachings are very important,

servicing as the authority on how the tradition should be interpreted and transmitted.

Shinto is often classified as polytheistic. The polytheism in Shinto is quite different from the polytheism found in primitive cultures usually contrasted with monotheism, however. There is ultimately only one kami and all kami share the same quality but in the one kami can divide into several parts and these can function in different places at the one time - in *Takaamahara* (the cosmos), *Takamanohara* (the solar system) and *Onokoro-jima* (the earth.)

Each part has its own function that it exercises almost like part of the human body, functioning separately but retaining integrity of existence because there is total organic unity. According to the idea that the one is many but the many are one, reverence for one kami means reverence for all kami. Irrespective of individual shrines or groups of shrines, reverence of the kami means all kami. This is the one very significant part of Shinto which make impossible conflicts between denominations (the officially acknowledged 13 sects) or between particular shrines. Since Shinto is not an anthropomorphic religion with humankind at the center, it can more easily follow the way of *kannagara*. Religions derived from human initiative or inspiration require some form of interpretation. This is how their transmission and continuity is assured.

The more profound and subtle a doctrine is in a philosophical sense, the higher the standing of that religion will be. Human beings have their limitations, however, and they make imperfect judgments. Disagreements and conflicts are inevitable. This is particularly true in religions where doctrines are formalized and stated. The more subtle a doctrine is, the greater is the likelihood of disagreement among the individuals or groups involved in interpreting the doctrines.

The best example of this in the West is the battle in early Christianity over the definition of the substance of the person of Christ, whether it was like or the same as the substance of God. The difference in Greek was the letter *iota*. Here was a case of subtlety where there was literally not much more than an "iota of difference." When such divisions occur on interpretation of a doctrine, rival groups appear and new movements form. These probably will be subject to further dispute and subdivision. As this process goes on, endless numbers of new groups begin to appear.

This is the situation of religion today. There are, in Japan, for example, around 45 denominations of Nichiren Buddhism. There are hundreds of Christian denominations in the United States. When religions have "objects" at their center in the sense I defined earlier, these tendencies are unavoidable. There is a saying "*Shuron wa dochira makete mo Skaka no haji*" which means: "It doesn't matter which sect teaching loses to which, it is all to the shame of the Buddha."

Shinto is a pure and simple way of thinking about the way of the divine in the universe. It constantly emphasizes happiness within life and within the world. It is concerned about human life within Nature and under heaven, the relationship between human and kami. The attitude and approach in Shinto to the world and to human life is positive, optimistic and open minded.

In this sense Shinto is simple. Other religions may be more formalistic in matters of doctrine and more extravagant in terms of philosophy and ideas, but these also may have deep concern over sins, over human weaknesses and anxieties and cannot encourage an optimistic and positive approach to life.

Christianity in the West might disapprove suicide, but, according to a Japanese American scholar of suicide in Japan, Mamoru Iga, Christianity promotes a suicidal tendency in the Japanese mind because, he writes, "self-awareness and the sense of guilt are emphasized in Christianity. Self-awareness produces internal conflict in that country where 'selflessness' (or merging



into society) is the basic value." Iga notes that this tendency to melancholy is notable among intellectuals in Japan who become Christian. He documents his argument with examples taken from writers in Japan who committed suicide. The point is simple that the more seriously certain aspects of inwardness are emphasized, the greater the risk of these kinds of ambiguity taking place.

In Shinto, the *goshintai* or object of reverence may be a single *gohei*, the piece of white cut and folded sacred paper which can be said to reflect the simplicity of belief of original Shinto. Other may have one or another of the *Sanshu-no-Jingi*, the three sacred treasures of the Imperial Regalia, the Mirror, the Sword and the Jewel. Still others may have a natural object such as a rock, tree, pool or island as a *goshintai*.

Some people interpret the three sacred treasure narrowly from an old fashioned Confucian standpoint as the symbol of *chi-yu-jin* wisdom, valor and humanity. But taken in the wider sense, the three could be taken to represent the *sammisangen*, the principle of the three elements that constitute existence. Gas, liquid and solid are three elemental basics, and their role can be expanded to explain and interpret such elements as true reason and principle or mission, existence and destiny, or life, soul and spirit.

The objects revered or worshipped in other religions, in some forms of Christianity or in Buddhism, are much grander and gorgeously artistic than anything in Shinto. The same may be said of buildings and architecture. In contrast to the simple and usually unadorned wood used in traditional shrine building, the buildings of other religions such as the Vatican in Rome often seem to be competing with each other in size and extravagance.

There is a song that goes "*iwa to kagura no jindai yori miki agarume kami wa nai.*" *Kagura* is a combination of two Chinese characters, one begin *kami* and the other being *tanoshi* happiness. *Jindai* or sometimes *Shindai* is another combination using *kami* and a character meaning "ancient" or "classical." *Miki* is another combination of *kami* and *sake*, and means the sacred rice wine placed before the kami in rituals. No kami from the classical age of the kami ever refuses the sacred dances or the sacred wine.

Translated freely, this means that in Shinto, the kami and the people join together and enjoy the activities of the matsuri, the festival which includes eating and drinking as necessary components of the ritual along with music and dance known as *kagura* which are enthusiastically performed in the great act of celebrating life.

Perhaps the best symbol of all these points in the torii, gate like entranceway to shrine precincts. The gates have no doors and are open summer and winter, day and night. The open-minded and open-hearted aspects of Shinto become quite visible in this way.

## #5 Shinto and Buddhism in Japan

Buddhism was the first foreign religion to come to Japan, and because of this has a peculiar relationship with Shinto, a relationship unique in Buddhism anywhere and perhaps unique among religions. The relationship is long and complicated but somehow over the centuries both managed to work out a relationship that involved arguments as well as compromise. Sometimes the advantage went to Buddhism, and sometimes the advantage went to Shinto.

In the case of the doctrine of *Honji-Suijaku-Setsu*, the idea of one religion being the manifestation of another, Buddhism too the advantage by having Shinto kami understood as manifestations of the Buddha. In *Ryobu-Shinto*, Shinto syncretized with Buddhism, the advantages were more evenly balanced. State Shinto was in complete control, favored over

Buddhism, immediately before and during the Pacific War by government decree.

No matter the era, no single Buddhist leader or founder of Buddhist sect ever overlooked the existence of Shinto. Nichiren, the famous Buddhist figure of the Kamakura age was given a name that uses two characters. One character, *nichi*, means the sun, and the principal divinity of Japan is Amaterasu Omikami, deity of the Sun. The other is *ren*, Lotus, the principal flower symbol of Buddhism.

One statue of Nichiren carries a sutra in one hand and a shaku (the wooden flat stick carried by Shinto priests) in the other. When Saicho was building the Enryaku-ji, the head temple of the Tendai sect on Mt. Hiei in Kyoto, he first built a protective shrine. Kukai, the other great leader of the Heian age, acted in a similar way when he erected the Kongobu-ji, the head temple of the esoteric sect called Shingon, on Mt. Koya. To ignore or belittle Shinto would be to ignore *kannagara* and that is something that even the most convinced or dogmatic would not do. They knew in their blood that such an attitude was not permissible.

Prince Shotoku Taishi, the regent to the Imperial House credited with introducing Buddhism formally to Japan, was never seen in Buddhist dress. He always wore the court dress appropriate to a Shinto priest, and was so depicted on the old 10,000 yen Bank of Japan bank note. He gave the nation a guide for national life called in Japanese the Seventeen Clause Constitution, which, while it speaks of Buddhism and Confucianism, deep down is based on *kannagara*.

Japanese religion at its roots is founded on the open spirit of *kannagara* which is best seen in the simplicity of Shinto that can freely meet and mix with any tradition that seeks for the highest in humankind to be infused with the finest that the divine can inspire in it. This is the secret of the way of the kami and its long history both within the religious life of Japan and among the great religions of the world.

## #6 What is the Model Life of a Priest?

At the age of 13, my father came from the neighboring village of Kameyama to the shrine and in time married my mother who, as a daughter of the Yamamoto family, stood directly in the long line of descent. He was born in 1886, about 20 years after Japan had begun her tumultuous surge of modernization following the Meiji Restoration, when the feudal government of the Shoguns of the House of Tokugawa collapsed in the face of internal dissension and external threats from Western nations. Despite the traumas of his time, he never lost his belief in the brotherhood of humanity, in the dignity of human life, in the value of freedom and in the divine providence we experience when we follow the way of the kami.

He was always speaking of peace, insisting that war is wrong. He refused to take the physical examination required for conscription and was fined for his action, a fine that was paid by his adopted father, Tsubaki head priest Yukitoshi Yamamoto; he was the first conscientious objector in the area.

My father never performed the rituals in a perfunctory manner. He wanted to understand what he was doing, to be able to explain the basics of Tsubaki shinko (faith) to people. He devoted his life to gaining a better understanding of the tradition of Shinto, and of Tsubaki Shrine, become a scholar who authored numerous books and delivered lectures on Shinto. My father studied very hard until late at night, literally burning the midnight oil in our mountain shrine to which electricity came rather late. He probed the mysteries of the universe as they are set forth in Shinto ritual. He sought to unlock the powers of the cosmos by

studying the practice of Shinto rituals with a pure heart, a clear mind and a receptive spirit so that their efficacy in his life, and in the lives of those on whose behalf he was performing them, would be released to the fullest.

My father strove to embody his understanding of these eternal verities in his life and in his work. The degree to which this was achieved is attested in a strange way. More than one visitor to the shrine has looked at a photograph of my father in his later years and remarked with surprise that he looked very like the physical image we use in the Shrine of the kami. He had devoted his entire life to trying to know better the origin, nature and powers of the Great Kami and in time, he grew to have a likeness to this kami he had come to know so well. Perhaps this reflects how intense his belief in the intrinsic value of what he was doing as high priest.

From my father, I learned more than from my university days concerning the ideals of the priesthood. In him I had a model of what a priest should be. His influence still permeates the shrine and our daily ritual reflects the imprint of the routine and discipline by which he ordered his life.

Although my father made demands on himself, he never imposed himself of his opinions on his children. He did transmit to us *Shi-shi-mai-shinji*, the power of the lion dance and many other of the intangible cultural properties of our heritage. These we found in the various children's rituals observed on our behalf. We learned to practice misogi at eight or nine years of age. As small children facing that cold waterfall, we were influenced by his practice. People sometimes say that a child grows up seeing his father's back. That was very true in our case. All of us children helped my father clean up the ground of the shrine set among many trees, sugi (cryptomeria) and hinoki (cypress.) In the fall we had to sweep away huge leaves and in the winter we had to clear snow from the path. I remember the taste of breakfast after this work; it was so great.

In one of my father's books, he writes, "Human beings who are weak will become the victims of those who are strong." He never showed any fear of people in authority at any time in his life and he refused ever to become the victim of any tyrant's strength. His strong beliefs caused him trouble more than once before and during the war years. He had a disdain for the military mentality that had seized hold of the Japanese government and never hesitated to say so when the occasion arose. He was constantly harassed by the special police who went looking for dissidents, spying on teachers in classrooms and generally intimidating any citizens who showed any resistance to the policies of the government. Yet somehow he survived in a time which he considered to be one of confusion.

He believed that ideally human beings and kami should work for co-prosperity. Nations should be equal. His philosophy focused on a strange mixture of human being, kami and animal found in everything and how these should be kept in balance. His hopes of peace and understanding led me to my interest in world peace and to my involvement in the International Association of Religious Freedom. Had he lived long enough, he would have shared my activities, because my ideals are his ideals, my hopes are his hopes and the dreams I have come to cherish would have been his dreams.

## Part Six: Down Under

### Australian Thoughts

I was thinking of collecting a bunch of dream-time stories for the Greenbook, but after reading these selections, perhaps you'll agree with me that that is not such a good idea. As you know, the Aborigine religions are the oldest verifiable religions in the world, about 40,000 years old, and like the Native Americans, are in danger of being wiped out by social disruption, poverty, alcoholism, prejudice, missionary conversion and rising teenage violence. All they want is their land back and not to be disturbed, that's not too much?

These are some conversations that Harvey Arden (of National Geographic), age 70, had with aborigines in the Kimberley (NW Australian coast) and published in "Dreamkeepers: A Spirit-Journey into Aboriginal Australia" by HarperCollins Publishers, 1994. ISBN: 0-06-016916-8. Mr. Arden also published a book called "Wisdomkeepers" about his experiences with Native Americans, which was a best seller. After this, are a collection of Aborigine poems from "Inside Black Australia: an Anthology of Aboriginal Poetry" collected by Kevin Gilbert 1988. Penguin Books 487 Maroondah Highway, PO Box 257, Rindwood, 3134, Australia. ISBN 0-14-011126-3

### Dreamtime Stories and Dignity

"Can't you understand? It's not mine to give you, that story. I don't own it. It's the property of my people.... It's like a watch, a gold watch. Like I'm wearing the gold watch my father gave me and you ask me the time. So I tell you the time. But I don't give you the watch, too, do I? White fella now, he asks for the time and then he wants to take the watch, too! That's the Gadia way, the whitefella way. So don't you come here askin' me for any of your Dreamtime stories. Get your own Dreamtime. Don't take ours. Let's talk about Aboriginal dignity, not Dreamtime stories. That's what you should be writing about in your bloody book.

"Aboriginal dignity is coming back," he said, "but it's coming back in a violent way."

"How is it violent?" I asked.

"It's violent because it has to overcome violence."

"You mean... revolution?" I asked. "Armed revolt?"

He shook his head, scorn tightening his lips.

"We Aborigines make up barely one percent of the people in Australia, mate. You think we're going to pick up guns and start a revolution to overthrow the government? No, it's not violence against white people I'm talking about. It's the violence inside us, the violence Gadia planted inside us and left growin' there..."

"When I was a boy back in the fifties, the coppers around Wyndham here used to shoot blackfellas for ten bob a head. So that's where we got the violence. Things like that, a million things like that. And now it's all coming out, it's spilling out of us, but it's a violence directed against ourselves, not against whites. That's the sad thing. Mostly it's violence against ourselves.

"Our young people get pissed on the grog and get in fights and kill each other. They go to jail and hang 'mselves in their cells. No one knows why, 'cause that's not the Aboriginal way, to kill yourself. We never committed suicide in the old days. We never believed in that. "Deaths in custody" the government calls it. They even made a bloody commission to study it!"

"So where does the dignity come in?" I asked. The notions of Aboriginal dignity, on the one hand, and Aboriginal violence against themselves, on the other, didn't quite seem to jibe in my mind as they did in his.

His broad nostrils flared. His eyes burned into me. I was infuriating him. He bit off his words as he spoke.

"The dignity come from overcoming the violence, mate. Don't you see? It comes from not letting the violence destroy us from the inside. We're not all that way, you know. We don't all get pissed on the grog and fight and kill each other. Me, I could be that way, too, but I'm not. I chose not to. I had some school, I got a job, I pay taxes... I don't want their bloody pension check every other Tuesday, their 'sit-down money' like they call it, so we can go out and sit on the ground under a boab tree and drink ourselves into oblivion. That's not for me. Dignity is overcoming that, overcoming the violence inside us, the violence that you, the Gadia, put there.

"So now the Gadia are feeling guilty," he went on. "They decided to give us back some land, some of our own lost land that they stole years ago and pushed us off of... Well, now that I'll bloody well take! My mob, my family here in Wyndham, we got a little block of land they're givin' us back. See that range of hills out there, across the Gulf and on the other side? We own a piece of that, our mob does. So we're gettin' ready to go back to the country, back out bush, gonna build our selves a place to live out there. An 'outstation' they call it. We know they're just doing it to get rid of us, get us out of the way, but we don't care. We like being' out of the way, off by ourselves, away from all the humbug here in town. We're not going to cry about what happened in the past. We're looking toward the future, not the bloody past. That's what I mean by dignity."--

"So that's why I say you better stop lookin' for the blackfella's secret and stick with your own whitefella's God. That's why I say you'll never discover the black-fella's secret. And even if you did, you'd only be sorry. It's not your secret, and it could hurt you, could even kill you. Same with the Dreamtime stories. They're not your stories. They're not for children like your fairy tales. Don't write your book about those like all those anthros and journo's do, comin' here and stealin' our stories.

"Write about the real blackfella, the blackfella today... Write about how he's gettin' back his dignity." - Anonymous

## The Church and Me

"My wife belong to another sort of church, what they call a People's Church, a nondenominational-type thing. We were there a number of years. I even became church secretary.. But after a while I could feel that something wasn't quite right. Something stronger was calling out to me. When church was finished on Sunday, the kids and I would rush home, take off those good clothes, toss on a n old pair of shorts, and head out bush to hunt goanna (reptile) or whatever. Next Sunday the kids'd say, "Do we have to go to Sunday school?" And we'd say, "Oh, yes, you have to do it." But then we started asking ourselves, "Why the heck do we have to do this? Because we're really getting nothing out of it!"

"I started asking people within the church, ' Shouldn't we be doing something more than this? Couldn't we do something to help Aboriginal people?' They said, "aren't' you happy here? Haven't you got everything you want?' I said, "Ye, I've got a car, a home, a good job. But it's not what I want!"

There's something else. I want to help my people be somebody in this world. But how can I do that when I'm part of something that's killing us as Aboriginal people?"

"I really started getting mad about it. I was jumping up and down about those things. So they told me straightway, "Well, you

don't belong in this church!" And they kicked me out. Well, let me tell you, I never felt so good in all my life as I did that day when my wife and I just walked out of there. Ahhh, it was a fantastic feeling! And my wife - the one who got me into that church in the first place - she was the most relieved person of all! She stood beside me and she said, 'Gee, that's the best thing we've ever done in our life!"

"So we knew we had to go out and do something else, something real, not phony. Something truly spiritual. And that was Aboriginal land rights. Now, if there are people who want to classify land rights as 'political', that's up to them. But to me, land rights is religious, it's spiritual, not political. To us the land is a spiritual thing, not political, not economic. Without it we have no religion, no spiritual life as a people.

"Political is a European-type term. Just like sovereignty is a European term. We never had a sovereign, we Aboriginal people. Sovereignty is a divine right. But we Aboriginals can only have that divine right over our own land, our own piece of country. SO sovereignty isn't really an issue. The real issue is rights to land. Not 'claims' to the land, like the government likes to phrase it. We aren't claiming the land. It's ours by right, by history, by blood, so we don't have to claim it. What we want is the right to go back to and have control over our own ancestral land, the only land where we can live in proper relationship to the earth, and to the Universe." -Reg Birch, Wyndam City

## The Now

"I was reading your book, (Wisdomkeepers)" he said. "There's a line by an old Indian chief I especially like in there, about how white man's religion celebrates something that happened 2,000 years ago and to him nothing's happened since then, but how Indian's religion celebrates what's happening now.

"That's how it is with us Aboriginal people, too. And it's not just religion I'm talking about, you know. When I'm in white man's world, there in my office in Kununurra or wherever, I'm always thinking about what I said to such and such a government minister last month and who I have to meet next week, or what I or you or somebody else did or didn't do yesterday and what I've got to do tomorrow or next month. I don't have any time to think about *now*, no time to be present to the actual moment, you know? White man forgets the *now*, don't you think? We Aboriginals - and Indians, of course - we live in that *now*. To us, the most sacred time of all is *now*.

Thinking about tomorrow or next year is a bother, a waste of time, really. But because of my position as commissioner, I've got to deal in white man's tomorrows and yesterdays while still not forgetting the Aboriginal's *now*. I've got to keep my foot in both worlds you see.

"Even sitting here talking with you fellows," he went on, "that's happening *now*, so I'm totally absorbed in it. Right here, this conversation, it's the most important conversation in the world because it's happening *here and now*.

-Reg Birch, Wyndam City

## A Simple Request

"Just stop by and say hello to us, that's all we ask."-Daisy Utemorrah

## The Developers

Like a spear thrust deep within my heart  
the drill turns deep within the earth.  
Like the Yulo makes the soul depart  
the Company kills with greedy mirth.  
Like with a shield to parry blows  
I now use words and demonstrate  
against all wrong that I know,  
I will not assimilate.  
I am this Land and it is mine,  
I cannot change and to it be true.  
I cannot let the Company mine,  
I cannot give this Land to you.  
- W. Les Russell

## Red

Red is the colour  
of my Blood;  
of the earth,  
of which I am a part;  
of the sun as it rises, or sets,  
of which I am a part;  
of the blood  
of the animal,  
of which I am a part;  
of the flowers, like the waratah,  
of the twining pea,  
of which I am a part;  
of the blood of the tree  
of which I am a part.  
For all things are a part of me,  
and I am a part of them.  
- W. Les Russell

## The Unhappy Race

White fellow, you are the unhappy race.  
You alone have left nature and made civilized laws.  
You have enslaved yourselves as you enslave the horse and other  
wild things.  
Why, white man?  
Your police lock up your tribe in houses with bars,  
We see poor women scrubbing floors of richer women.  
Why, white man, why?  
You laught at 'poor blackfellow', you say we must be like you.  
You say we must leave the old freedom and leisure,  
We must be civilized and work for you.  
Why, white fellow?  
Leave us alone, we don't want your collars and ties,  
We don't need your routines and compulsions.  
We want the old freedom and joy that all things have but you,  
Poor white man of the unhappy race.  
- Oodgeroo Noonuccal (Kath Walker)

## The Past

Let no one say the past is dead.  
The past is all about us and within.  
Haunted by tribal memories, I know  
This little now, this accidental present  
Is not the all of me, whose long making  
Is so much of the past.  
Tonight here in suburbia as I sit  
In easy chair before electric heater,  
Warmed by the red glow, I fall into dream:

I am away  
At the camp fire in the bush, among  
My own people, sitting on the ground,  
No walls about me,  
The stars over me,  
The tall surrounding trees that stir in the wind  
Making their own music,  
Soft cries of the night coming to us, there  
Where we are one with all old Nature's lives  
Known and unknown,  
In scenes where we belong but have now forsaken.  
Deep chair and electric radiator  
Are but since yesterday,  
But a thousand thousand campfires in the forest  
Are in my blood.  
Let none tell me the past is wholly gone.  
Now is so small a part of time, so small a part  
Of all the race years that have moulded me.  
- Oodgeroo Noonuccal (Kath Walker)

## Mary's Plea

Where am I  
You, my people  
Where am I standing.  
Take me back  
                    and hold my hand  
I want to be with you.  
I want to smell  
                    the smoke  
                    ,of burnt grass.  
Where are you  
                    my people  
I am lost;  
I've lost everything; my culture  
                    that should be my own.  
Where am I  
The clouds  
                    o'er shadow me,  
                    but my memories are there.  
But I am lost,  
                    my people,  
Take me back  
And teach the things  
I want to learn.  
Is it really you my people,  
The voices,  
The soft voices that I hear.  
- Daisy Utemorrah

## Soul Music

Dancing to vibrations of unheard melodies  
Swaying to the sound of silence in his ears  
The deaf man danced alone.  
People hearing, laughed  
'Poor bastard', they cried. 'He doesn't even know,  
The music stopped, long, long ago!'  
The deaf man kept on dancing  
Laughing to himself  
'If only they would listen, if only they could know,  
How it feels to hear the music  
*Real Music*  
The music of your soul!'  
- Stephen Clayton

## Tree

I am the tree  
the lean hard hungry land  
the crow and eagle  
sun and moon and sea  
I am the sacred clay  
which forms the base  
the grasses vines and man  
I am all things created  
I am you and  
you are nothing  
but through me the tree  
you are  
and nothing comes to me  
except through that one living gateway  
to be free  
and you are nothing yet  
for all creation  
earth and God and man  
is nothing  
until they fuse  
and become a total sum of something  
together fuse to consciousness of all  
and every sacred part aware  
alive in true affinity.  
- Kevin Gilbert

## Conclusion

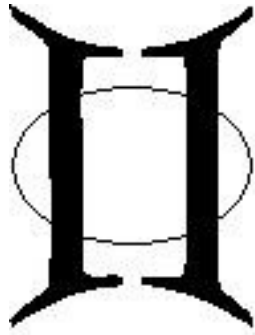
There is, of course, no conclusion, only continuation. Please read onward, review what you were taught long ago, and teach other what you will learn tomorrow. I hope you enjoyed these selections.

## A Letter to My Mother

I not see you long time now, I not see you long time now  
White fulla bin take me from you, I don't know why  
Give me to missionary to be God's child.  
Give me new language, give me new name  
All time I cry, they say - 'that shame'  
I go to city down south, real cold  
I forget all them stories, my Mother you told  
Gone is my spirit, my dreaming, my name  
Gone to these people, our country to claim  
They gave me white mother, she give me new name  
All time I cry, she say - 'that shame'  
I not see you long time now, I not see you long time now.

I grow as Woman now, not Piccaninny no more  
I need you to teach me your wisdom, your lore  
I am your Spirit, I'll stay alive  
But in white fulla way, you won't survive  
I'll fight for Your land, for your Sacred sites  
To sing and to dance with the Brolga in flight  
To continue to live in your own tradition  
A culture for me was replaced by a mission  
I not see you long time now, I not see you long time now.  
One day your dancing, your dreaming, your song  
Will take me your Spirit back where I belong  
My Mother, the earth, the land - I demand  
Protection from aliens who rule, who command  
For they do not know where our dreaming began  
Our destiny lies in the law s of White man  
Two Women we stand, our story untold  
But now as our spiritual bondage unfold  
We will silence this Burden, this longing, this pain  
When I hear you my Mother give me my Name  
I not see you long time now, I not see you long time now.  
-Eva Johnson

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# Green Book Of Meditations Volume Five

## Chicken-Flavored Soup for the Druid's Soul

### Introduction

This collection is a bit of a hodgepodge of stories that I have come across since completing Green Book Volume 4 in 1998, but lacks the decisive pattern in its presentation. I hope that you will enjoy the selections and find them of use. There is a greater selection of humor in this volume than is usual, and I hope that you will not take deep offense if one of them pokes fun at you.

As always, I hope that what seems like a simple ha-ha joke will also appear as an "a-ha" joke. To me, some times, even the most simple questions has seemed like an impenetrable whistle. Why did I collect these stories? It is one thing to have knowledge and another thing to possess wisdom. I can collect all the mysteries in the world, but unless I can penetrate even one, it seems a sorry waste of time, doesn't it? But how can I collect mysteries, unless I can spot them in the first place? Perhaps I am not too far without hope. I hope that you will enjoy them too.

Being in D.C. is an unusual experience of big-city life away from the suburbs and rural towns of the last 15 years. I am more limited in my excursions into heavy nature and I have withdrawn a bit into Graduate school studies and full-time work. To balance this, I've done more research and sought stories to inspire me.

The selections represent a window into my own personal search. My ongoing fascination with monastic life and Zen is again well represented here. The wry Sufi humor resurfaces yet again. A large collection of religious humor, hopefully will be appreciated. Hazlenuts is a collection of stories circulated by other Druids in the Reform over the last 20 years. The Book of Self-Motivation is for those Druids having difficulties in life. The Book of Booze and Book of Al-Anon deal with Alcohol. The Book of Ultimate Answers is transferred from Part Nine in the original collection and will hopefully be more in style next to the aforementioned books. The Nightingale Story is a wonderful story that I couldn't pass up sharing with you. The Jedi Collection is also a transplant from Part Nine in ARDA and will be completed in 2003 after the release of the final movie. Finally, I had reservations on releasing the Book of Religious Freedom, as it is a political tract that may not sit well with some members; but might prove a useful tool for Druids involved in political movements to preserve religious freedom in these trying times. But living in D.C., I couldn't help but become involved in the Church & State issues.

-Enjoy,  
Mike Scharding  
Washington, DC  
July 16, 2002

Drynemetum Press



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## Monkey Business

Found at <http://www.rider.edu/users/suler/zenstory/zenstory.html>

### Bodhidharma

After nine years in China, Bodhidharma wished to go home in India and gathered his disciples around him to test their apperception.

Dofuku said: "In my opinion, truth is beyond affirmation or negation, for this is the way it moves."

Bodhidharma replied: "You have my skin."

The nun Soji said: "In my view, it is like Ananda's sight of the Buddha-land – seen once and for ever."

Bodhidharma answered: "You have my flesh."

Doiku said: "The four elements of light, airness, fluidity, and solidity are empty [i.e., inclusive] and the five skandhas are no-things. In my opinion, no-thing [i.e. spirit] is reality."

Bodhidharma commented: "You have my bones."

Finally, Eka bowed before the master and remained silent.

Bodhidharma said: "You have my marrow."

### Time To Learn

A young but earnest Zen student approached his teacher, and asked the Zen Master:

"If I work very hard and diligent how long will it take for me to find Zen?"

The Master thought about this, and then replied, "Ten years."

The student then said, "But what if I work very, very hard and really apply myself to learn fast -- How long then?"

Replied the Master, "Well, twenty years."

"But, if I really, really work at it. How long then?" asked the student.

"Thirty years," replied the Master.

"But, I do not understand," said the disappointed student. "At each time that I say I will work harder, you say it will take me longer. Why do you say that?"

Replied the Master, "When you have one eye on the goal, you only have one eye on the path."

### Bell Teacher

A new student approached the Zen master and asked how he should prepare himself for his training. "Think of me a bell," the master explained. "Give me a soft tap, and you will get a tiny ping. Strike hard, and you'll receive a loud, resounding peal."

### Two Rabbits

A martial arts student approached his teacher with a question. "I'd like to improve my knowledge of the martial arts. In addition to learning from you, I'd like to study with another teacher in order to learn another style. What do you think of this idea?"

"The hunter who chases two rabbits," answered the master, "catches neither one."

## Egotism

The Prime Minister of the Tang Dynasty was a national hero for his success as both a statesman and military leader. But despite his fame, power, and wealth, he considered himself a humble and devout Buddhist. Often he visited his favorite Zen master to study under him, and they seemed to get along very well. The fact that he was prime minister apparently had no effect on their relationship, which seemed to be simply one of a revered master and respectful student.

One day, during his usual visit, the Prime Minister asked the master, "Your Reverence, what is egotism according to Buddhism?" The master's face turned red, and in a very condescending and insulting tone of voice, he shot back, "What kind of stupid question is that!?"

This unexpected response so shocked the Prime Minister that he became sullen and angry. The Zen master then smiled and said, "THIS, Your Excellency, is egotism."

## Duke and the Wheelwright:

Duke Huan was reading a book in the hall. Wheelwright Pian, who had been chiseling a wheel in the courtyard below, set down his tools and climbed the stairs to ask Duke Huan:

"May I ask what words are in the book Your Grace is reading?"

"The classic of a famous sage," the Duke responded.

"Is he still alive?"

"Oh no, he is long dead"

"Then you've been reading the dregs left over by a dead man, isn't it?"

Duke Huan said, "How dare a wheelwright to have opinions about the book I read! If you can explain yourself, I'll let it pass. Otherwise, it's death!"

Wheelwright Pian said, "In my case I see things in terms of my own work. I chisel at a wheel. If I go too slowly, the chisel slides and does not stay put. If I hurry, it jams and doesn't move properly. When it is just right, I can feel it in my hand and respond to it from my heart. I can explain this to my son, but I cannot pass on the skills to him. That is why at seventy years old, I am still making wheels. The sage who couldn't pass down his wisdom is already dead; and that's why I say the book you're reading is merely the dregs of a dead man."

-Zhuangzi, Chap. 5-13

## Shield and Spear

An armorer of Chu boldly claims to make the best spears and shields.

"My shields are so strong; they cannot be penetrated by any weapon," he said. He then added, "My spears are so sharp; they can pierce any shield."

A man asks, "If your spear is thrown at your shield, what then?"

The armorer had no reply.

By logic, both an impenetrable shield and an all-piercing spear cannot exist at the same time.

-*State of Chu (841-233 b.c.), Chou Dynasty*

## The Flute Player

Whenever King Xuan of Qi had musicians playing the yu, a wind instrument with reed, he will have three hundred of them

playing together. Knowing this, a student from Nanguo applied for a job. The king accepted and paid him the same salary as the others.

After the death of King Xuan, King Min became the ruler of Qi. He liked to have the musicians playing solo. The student from Nanguo fled.

-*Han Fei Zi*

What is the moral of this story? One way to weed out the incompetent is to measure each individually.

## Blind Man's Lantern

In early times in Japan, bamboo-and-paper lanterns were used with candles inside. A blind man, visiting a friend one night, was offered a lantern to carry home with him.

"I do not need a lantern," he said. "Darkness or light is all the same to me."

"I know you do not need a lantern to find your way," his friend replied, "but if you don't have one, someone else may run into you. So you must take it."

The blind man started off with the lantern and before he had walked very far someone ran squarely into him.

"Look out where you are going!" he exclaimed to the stranger. "Can't you see this lantern?"

"Your candle has burned out, brother," replied the stranger.

## The Umbrella

After ten years of apprenticeship, Tenno achieved the rank of Zen teacher. One rainy day, he went to visit the famous master Nan-in. When he walked in, the master greeted him with a question, "Did you leave your wooden clogs and umbrella on the porch?"

"Yes," Tenno replied.

"Tell me," the master continued, "did you place your umbrella to the left of your shoes, or to the right?"

Tenno did not know the answer, and realized that he had not yet attained full awareness. So he became Nan-in's apprentice and studied under him for ten more years.

## And Then What is There?

The emperor, who was a devout Buddhist, invited a great Zen master to the Palace in order to ask him questions about Buddhism. "What is the highest truth of the holy Buddhist doctrine?" the emperor inquired.

"Vast emptiness... and not a trace of holiness," the master replied.

"If there is no holiness," the emperor said, "then who or what are you?"

"I do not know," the master replied.

## Is That So?

A beautiful girl in the village was pregnant. Her angry parents demanded to know who was the father. At first resistant to confess, the anxious and embarrassed girl finally pointed to Hakuin, the Zen master whom everyone previously revered for living such a pure life. When the outraged parents confronted Hakuin with their daughter's accusation, he simply replied "Is that so?"

When the child was born, the parents brought it to the Hakuin, who now was viewed as a pariah by the whole village.

They demanded that he take care of the child since it was his responsibility. "Is that so?" Hakuin said calmly as he accepted the child.

For many months he took very good care of the child until the daughter could no longer withstand the lie she had told. She confessed that the real father was a young man in the village whom she had tried to protect. The parents immediately went to Hakuin to see if he would return the baby. With profuse apologies they explained what had happened.

"Is that so?" Hakuin said as he handed them the child.

## Two Words

There once was a monastery that was very strict. Following a vow of silence, no one was allowed to speak at all. But there was one exception to this rule. Every ten years, the monks were permitted to speak just two words. After spending his first ten years at the monastery, one monk went to the head monk. "It has been ten years," said the head monk. "What are the two words you would like to speak?"

"Bed... hard..." said the monk.

"I see," replied the head monk.

Ten years later, the monk returned to the head monk's office. "It has been ten more years," said the head monk. "What are the two words you would like to speak?"

"Food... stinks..." said the monk.

"I see," replied the head monk.

Yet another ten years passed and the monk once again met with the head monk who asked, "What are your two words now, after these ten years?"

"I... quit!" said the monk.

"Well, I can see why," replied the head monk. "All you ever do is complain."

## The Art of Burglary

The son of a master thief asked his father to teach him the secrets of the trade. The old thief agreed and that night took his son to burglarize a large house. While the family was asleep, he silently led his young apprentice into a room that contained a clothes closet. The father told his son to go into the closet to pick out some clothes. When he did, his father quickly shut the door and locked him in. Then he went back outside, knocked loudly on the front door, thereby waking the family, and quickly slipped away before anyone saw him. Hours later, his son returned home, bedraggled and exhausted.

"Father," he cried angrily, "Why did you lock me in that closet? If I hadn't been made desperate by my fear of getting caught, I never would have escaped. It took all my ingenuity to get out!"

The old thief smiled. "Son, you have had your first lesson in the art of burglary."

## The Burglar and the Moon

A Zen Master lived the simplest kind of life in a little hut at the foot of a mountain. One evening, while he was away, a thief sneaked into the hut only to find there was nothing in it to steal. The Zen Master returned and found him.

"You have come a long way to visit me," he told the prowler, "and you should not return empty handed. Please take my clothes as a gift." The thief was bewildered, but he took the clothes and ran away. The Master sat naked, watching the moon.

"Poor fellow," he mused, "I wish I could give him this beautiful moon."

## Important Teaching

A renowned Zen master said that his greatest teaching was this: Buddha is your own mind. So impressed by how profound this idea was, one monk decided to leave the monastery and retreat to the wilderness to meditate on this insight. There he spent 20 years as a hermit probing the great teaching.

One day he met another monk who was traveling through the forest. Quickly the hermit monk learned that the traveler also had studied under the same Zen master. "Please, tell me what you know of the master's greatest teaching."

The traveler's eyes lit up, "Ah, the master has been very clear about this. He says that his greatest teaching is this: Buddha is NOT your own mind."

## The Garden Keeper

A priest was in charge of the garden within a famous Zen temple. He had been given the job because he loved the flowers, shrubs, and trees. Next to the temple there was another, smaller temple where there lived a very old Zen master. One day, when the priest was expecting some special guests, he took extra care in tending to the garden. He pulled the weeds, trimmed the shrubs, combed the moss, and spent a long time meticulously raking up and carefully arranging all the dry autumn leaves. As he worked, the old master watched him with interest from across the wall that separated the temples.

When he had finished, the priest stood back to admire his work. "Isn't it beautiful," he called out to the old master. "Yes," replied the old man, "but there is something missing. Help me over this wall and I'll put it right for you."

After hesitating, the priest lifted the old fellow over and set him down. Slowly, the master walked to the tree near the center of the garden, grabbed it by the trunk, and shook it. Leaves showered down all over the garden.

"There," said the old man, "you can put me back now."

## Prosperity

A rich man asked a Zen master to write something down that could encourage the prosperity of his family for years to come. It would be something that the family could cherish for generations. On a large piece of paper, the master wrote, "Father dies, son dies, grandson dies."

The rich man became angry when he saw the master's work. "I asked you to write something down that could bring happiness and prosperity to my family. Why do you give me something depressing like this?"

"If your son should die before you," the master answered, "this would bring unbearable grief to your family. If your grandson should die before your son, this also would bring great sorrow. If your family, generation after generation, disappears in the order I have described, it will be the natural course of life. This is true happiness and prosperity."

## The Inn

A famous spiritual teacher came to the front door of the King's palace. None of the guards tried to stop him as he entered and made his way to where the King himself was sitting on his throne.

"What do you want?" asked the King, immediately recognizing the visitor.

"I would like a place to sleep in this inn," replied the teacher.

"But this is not an inn," said the King, "It is my palace."

"May I ask who owned this palace before you?"

"My father. He is dead."

"And who owned it before him?"

"My grandfather. He too is dead."

"And this place where people live for a short time and then move on - did I hear you say that it is NOT an inn?"

## Without Fear

During the civil wars in feudal Japan, an invading army would quickly sweep into a town and take control. In one particular village, everyone fled just before the army arrived - everyone except the Zen master. Curious about this old fellow, the general went to the temple to see for himself what kind of man this master was. When he wasn't treated with the deference and submissiveness to which he was accustomed, the general burst into anger. "You fool," he shouted as he reached for his sword, "don't you realize you are standing before a man who could run you through without blinking an eye!"

But despite the threat, the master seemed unmoved. "And do you realize," the master replied calmly, "that you are standing before a man who can be run through without blinking an eye?"

## Obedience

The master Bankei's talks were attended not only by Zen students but also by persons of all ranks and sects. He never quoted sutras nor indulged in scholastic dissertations. Instead, his words were spoken directly from his heart to the hearts of his listeners.

His large audience angered a priest of the Nichiren sect because the adherents had left to hear about Zen. The self-centered Nichiren priest came to the temple, determined to have a debate with Bankei.

"Hey, Zen teacher!" he called out. "Wait a minute. Whoever respects you will obey what you say, but a man like myself does not respect you. Can you make me obey you?"

"Come up beside me and I will show you," said Bankei.

Proudly the priest pushed his way through the crowd to the teacher.

Bankei smiled. "Come over to my left side."

The priest obeyed.

"No," said Bankei, "we may talk better if you are on the right side. Step over here."

The priest proudly stepped over to the right.

"You see," observed Bankei, "you are obeying me and I think you are a very gentle person. Now sit down and listen."

## No Water, No Moon

When the nun Chiyono studied Zen under Bukko of Engaku she was unable to attain the fruits of meditation for a long time.

At last one moonlit night she was carrying water in an old pail bound with bamboo. The bamboo broke and the bottom fell out of the pail, and at that moment Chiyono was set free!

In commemoration, she wrote a poem:

*In this way and that I tried to save the old pail  
Since the bamboo strip was weakening and about to break  
Until at last the bottom fell out.  
No more water in the pail!  
No more moon in the water!*

## Calling Card

Keichu, the great Zen teacher of the Meiji era, was the head of Tofuku, a cathedral in Kyoto. One day the governor of Kyoto called upon him for the first time.

His attendant presented the card of the governor, which read: Kitagaki, Governor of Kyoto.

"I have no business with such a fellow," said Keichu to his attendant. "Tell him to get out of here." The attendant carried the card back with apologies.

"That was my error," said the governor, and with a pencil he scratched out the words Governor of Kyoto. "Ask your teacher again."

"Oh, is that Kitagaki?" exclaimed the teacher when he saw the card. "I want to see that fellow."

## Mokusen's Hand

Mokusen Hiki was living in a temple in the province of Tamba. One of his adherents complained of the stinginess of his wife.

Mokusen visited the adherent's wife and showed her his clenched fist before her face.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the surprised woman.

"Suppose my fist were always like that. What would you call it?" he asked.

"Deformed," replied the woman.

The he opened his hand flat in her face and asked: "Suppose it were always like that. What then?"

"Another kind of deformity," said the wife.

"If you understand that much" finished Mokusen, "you are a good wife." Then he left. After his visit, this wife helped her husband to distribute as well as to save.

## Publishing the Sutras

Tetsugen, a devotee of Zen in Japan, decided to publish the sutras, which at that time were available only in Chinese. The books were to be printed with wood blocks in an edition of seven thousand copies, a tremendous undertaking.

Tetsugen began by traveling and collecting donations for this purpose. A few sympathizers would give him a hundred pieces of gold, but most of the time he received only small coins. He thanked each donor with equal gratitude. After ten years Tetsugen had enough money to begin his task.

It happened that at that time the Uji River overflowed. Famine followed. Tetsugen took the funds he had collected for the books and spent them to save others from starvation. Then he began again his work of collecting.

Several years afterwards an epidemic spread over the country. Tetsugen again gave away what he had collected, to help his people.

For a third time he started his work, and after twenty years his wish was fulfilled. The printing blocks, which produced the

first edition of sutras, can be seen today in the Obaku monastery in Kyoto.

The Japanese tell their children that Tetsugen made three sets of sutras, and that the first two invisible sets surpass even the last.

## Heaven and Hell

A soldier named Nobushige came to Hakuin, and asked: "Is there really a paradise and a hell?"

"Who are you?" inquired Hakuin.

"I am a samurai," the warrior replied.

"You, a soldier!" exclaimed Hakuin. "What kind of ruler would have you as his guard? Your face looks like that of a beggar."

Nobushige became so angry that he began to draw his sword, but Hakuin continued: "So you have a sword! Your weapon is probably much too dull to cut off my head."

As Nobushige drew his sword Hakuin remarked: "Here open the gates of hell!"

At these words the samurai, perceiving the master's discipline, sheathed his sword and bowed.

"Here open the gates of paradise," said Hakuin

## Gudo & the Emperor

The emperor Goyozei was studying Zen under Gudo. He inquired: "In Zen this very mind is Buddha. Is this correct?"

Gudo answered: "If I say yes, you will think that you understand without understanding. If I say no, I would be contradicting a fact which you may understand quite well."

On another day the emperor asked Gudo: "Where does the enlightened man go when he dies?"

Gudo answered: "I know not."

"Why don't you know?" asked the emperor.

"Because I have not died yet," replied Gudo.

The emperor hesitated to inquire further about these things his mind could not grasp. So Gudo beat the floor with his hand as if to awaken him, and the emperor was enlightened!

The emperor respected Zen and old Gudo more than ever after his enlightenment, and he even permitted Gudo to wear his hat in the palace in winter. When Gudo was over eighty he used to fall asleep in the midst of his lecture, and the emperor would quietly retire to another room so his beloved teacher might enjoy the rest his aging body required.

## Transmission of the Book

In modern times a great deal of nonsense is talked about masters and disciples, and about the inheritance of a master's teaching by favorite pupils, entitling them to pass the truth on to their adherents. Of course Zen should be imparted in this way, from heart to heart, and in the past it was really accomplished. Silence and humility reigned rather than profession and assertion. The one who received such a teaching kept the matter hidden even after twenty years. Not until another discovered through his own need, that a real master was at hand was it learned that the teaching had been imparted, and even then the occasion arose quite naturally and the teaching made its way in its own right. Under no circumstance did the teacher even claim, "I am the successor of So-and-so." Such a claim would prove quite the contrary.

The Zen master Mu-nan had only one successor. His name was Shoji. After Shoji had completed his study of Zen, Mu-nan called him into his room. "I am getting old," he said, "and as far as I know, Shoji, you are the only one who will carry on this teaching. Here is a book. It has been passed down from master to master for seven generations. I have also added many points according to my understanding. The book is very valuable, and I am giving it to you to represent your successorship."

"If the book is such an important thing, you had better keep it," Shoji replied. "I received your Zen without writing and am satisfied with it as it is."

"I know that," said Mu-nan. "Even so, this work has been carried from master to master for seven generations, so you may keep it as a symbol of having received the teaching. Here."

They happened to be talking before a brazier. The instant Shoji felt the book in his hands he thrust it into the flaming coals. He had no lust for possessions.

Mu-nan, who never had been angry before, yelled: "What are you doing!"

Shoji shouted back: "What are you saying!"

## One Note Zen

After Kakua visited the emperor he disappeared and no one knew what became of him. He was the first Japanese to study Zen in China, but since he showed nothing of it, save one note, he is not remembered for having brought Zen into his country.

Kakua visited China and accepted the true teaching. He did not travel while he was there. Meditating constantly, he lived on a remote part of a mountain. Whenever people found him and asked him to preach he would say a few words and then move to another part of the mountain where he could be found less easily.

The emperor heard about Kakua when he returned to Japan and asked him to preach Zen for his edification and that of his subjects. Kakua stood before the emperor in silence. He produced a flute from the folds of his robe, and blew one short note. Bowing politely, he disappeared.

## Most Valuable Thing

A student asked Sozan, a Chinese Zen master, "What is the most valuable thing in the world?"

The master replied: "The head of a dead cat."

"Why is the head of a dead cat the most valuable thing in the world?" inquired the student.

Sozan replied: "Because no one can name its price."

## Reformation

Ryokan devoted his life to the study of Zen. One day he heard that his nephew, despite the admonitions of relatives, was spending his money on a courtesan. Inasmuch as the nephew had taken Ryokan's place in managing the family estate and the property was in danger of being dissipated, the relatives asked Ryokan to do something about it.

Ryokan had to travel a long way to visit his nephew, whom he had not seen for many years. The nephew seemed pleased to meet his uncle again and invited him to remain overnight.

All night Ryokan sat in meditation. As he was departing in the morning he said to the young man: "I must be getting old, my hand shakes so. Will you help me tie the string of my straw sandal?"

The nephew helped him willingly. "Thank you," finished Ryokan, "you see, a man becomes older and feebler day by day."

Take good care of yourself." Then Ryokan left, never mentioning a word about the courtesan or the complaints of the relatives. But, from that morning on, the dissipations of the nephew ended.

## Temper

A Zen student came to Bankei and complained: "Master, I have an ungovernable temper. How can I cure it?"

"You have something very strange," replied Bankei. "Let me see what you have."

"Just now I cannot show it to you," replied the other.

"When can you show it to me?" asked Bankei.

"It arises unexpectedly," replied the student.

"Then," concluded Bankei, "it must not be your own true nature. If it were, you could show it to me at any time. When you were born you did not have it, and your parents did not give it to you. Think that over."

## Time to Die

Ikkyu, the Zen master, was very clever even as a boy. His teacher had a precious teacup, a rare antique. Ikkyu happened to break this cup and was greatly perplexed. Hearing the footsteps of his teacher, he held the pieces of the cup behind him. When the master appeared, Ikkyu asked: "Why do people have to die?"

"This is natural," explained the older man. "Everything has to die and has just so long to live."

Ikkyu, producing the shattered cup, added: "It was time for your cup to die."

## Silent Temple

Shoichi was a one-eyed teacher of Zen, sparkling with enlightenment. He taught his disciples in Tofuku temple.

Day and night the whole temple stood in silence. There was no sound at all.

The teacher abolished even the reciting of sutras. His pupils had nothing to do but meditate.

When the master passed away, an old neighbor heard the ringing of bells and the recitation of sutras. Then she knew Shoichi had gone.

## Two Principles to Live By

A traveler through the mountains came upon an elderly gentleman who was busy planting a tiny almond tree. Knowing that almond trees take many years to mature, he commented to the man "It seems odd that a man of your advanced age would plant such a slow-growing tree!"

The man replied, "I like to live my life based on two principles. One is that I will live forever. The other is that this is my last day."

(paraphrased from either Lao Tsu or Chuang-T'su)

## Then Zen

One of Ho Chi Zen's students asked him, "What was the occasion of your enlightenment?"

Ho replied: "I forget."

## Emptiness

In Chuang Tzu, he is visited by another character, Great Knowledge, whose inquiries he answers by laughing and slapping his knee and shouting, "I don't know! I don't know!"

## End of Questions

Upon meeting a Zen master at a social event, a psychiatrist decided to ask him a question that had been on his mind.

"Exactly how do you help people?" he inquired.

"I get them to where they can't ask any more questions," the Master answered.

## One Flicks Dirt with His Toe

[The Buddha is speaking]: "When the mind is pure, the Buddha land will be pure."

At that time, Shariputra, moved by the Buddha's supernatural powers, thought to himself: "If the mind of the bodhisattva is pure, then his Buddha land will be pure. Now when our World-Honored-One first determined to become a bodhisattva, surely his intentions were pure. Why then is this Buddha land so filled with impurities?"

The Buddha, knowing his thoughts, said to him, "What do you think? Are the sun and the moon impure? Is that why the blind man fails to see them?"

Shariputra replied, "No, World Honored One. That is the fault of the blind man. The sun and moon are not to blame."

Buddha: "Shariputra, it is the failings of living beings that prevent them from seeing the marvelous purity of the land of the Buddha, the Thus Come One. The Thus Come One is not to blame. Shariputra, this land of mine is pure, but you fail to see it."

Shariputra said, "When I look at this land, I see it full of knolls and hollows, thorny underbrush, sand and gravel, dirt, rocks, many mountains, filth and defilement."

The Buddha then pressed his toe against the earth, and immediately the thousand-million fold world was adorned with hundreds and thousands of rare jewels. All the members of the great assembly sighed in wonder at what they had never seen before, and all saw that they were seated on jeweled lotuses."

The Buddha said to Shariputra, "Now do you see the marvelous purity of this Buddha land?"

Shariputra replied, "Indeed, I do. Now all the marvelous purity of the Buddha land is before me."

The Buddha said to Shariputra, "If a person's mind is pure, then he will see the wonderful blessings that adorn this land."

*[The above is from "The Vimalakirti Sutra" translated by Burton Watson, pp. 29-31. I have edited some sentences for brevity.] By the way, Watson's translation of the Vimalakirti is a triumph! The introduction alone is worth the price of the book.*

## Nichiren Daishonin wrote:

"Fire can be produced by a stone taken from the bottom of a river, and a candle can light up a place that has been dark for billions of years. If even the most ordinary things of this world are such wonders, then how much more wondrous is the power of the Mystic Law?"

(From "The One Essential Phrase")



And:

"Please understand that I am merely joining my one drop to the rivers and the oceans or adding my candle to the sun and the moon, hoping in this way to increase even slightly the volume of the water or the brilliance of the light."

(From "Recitation of the Hoben and Juryo Chapters")

## The Parable of the Zither

"Sona, you cannot produce a good sound on the zither if you tighten the strings too much, can you?"

"That is correct, man of great virtue."

"And at the other extreme, you cannot produce a good sound either if you loosen the strings too much, can you?"

"What you said is precisely right, man of great virtue."

"Then what would you do?"

"Man of great virtue, it is vital to tune the strings properly and neither tighten nor loosen them too much."

"Sona, you should realize that the practice of the Way, which I preach, is exactly the same. If you are too assiduous in your practice, you will strain your mind and become too tense. However if you relax your mind too much, then you will be overwhelmed by laziness. You must strike a balance in your practice of the Way as well."

(From Treasures of the Heart by Daisaku Ikeda)

## Su Shi and the Buddhist Monk

The famous Chinese poet Su Shi\* (1037-1101 A.D.) was visiting his friend, who was a Buddhist monk. Su Shi asks the monk what Su Shi is like in the monk's eyes.

The monk replies, "In my eyes, you are a Buddha."

Su Shi is very happy with this response.

The monk then asks Su Shi the same question, and Su Shi answers, "In my eyes, you are dung!"

The monk smiles, and Su Shi is delighted, because he thinks he is so much better than the monk.

Then some days later, Su Shi tells the story to a friend, and the friend tells him the truth, "The monk sees you as a Buddha, because he sees everything as Buddha, because he has a Buddha's heart and eyes. You see the monk as dung, because you see everything as dung, because you have a dung's heart and eyes!"

[This story is from Nomis Fung]

## Happy Chinaman

Anyone walking about Chinatowns in America will observe statues of a stout fellow carrying a linen sack. Chinese merchants call him Happy Chinaman or Laughing Buddha.

This Hotei lived in the T'ang dynasty. He had no desire to call himself a Zen master or to gather many disciples around him. Instead, he walked the streets with a big sack into which he would put gifts of candy, fruit, or doughnuts. These he would give to children who gathered around him in play. He established a kindergarten of the streets.

Whenever he met a Zen devotee he would extend his hand and say: "Give me one penny." And if anyone asked him to return to a temple to teach others, again he would reply: "Give me one penny."

Once as he was about his play-work, another Zen master happened along and inquired: "What is the significance of Zen?"

Hotei immediately plopped his sack down in silent answer.

"Then," asked the other, "what is the actualization of Zen?"

At once the Happy Chinaman swung the sack over his shoulder and continued on his way.

## Wo and Jah

A troubled man named Wo could not figure out how to live. So he began meditating to find some answers. After many months he felt no progress, so he asked the temple priest for help.

The priest said, "Go see old Jah."

So he hiked to old Jah's village and came upon the happy-looking old man coming from the forest under a heavy load of firewood.

"Excuse me, honored Jah," he said. "But can you teach me the secret of life?"

Jah raised his eyebrows and gazed at Wo. Then with some effort he twisted out from beneath his great bundle of firewood and let it crash to the ground.

"There, that is enlightenment," he said, straightening up with relief and smiling.

The troubled man looked on in shock at the prickly firewood scattered over the ground. "Is that all there is to it?" he said.

"Oh, no," said Jah. Then he bent down, collected all the scattered sticks, hoisted them carefully up on his back and made ready to walk on. "This is enlightenment, too. Come. Let's go together for tea."

So Wo walked along with Jah. "What is old Jah showing me?" he asked.

Jah replied, "First, yes, you are suffering a heavy burden. Many do. But, as the Buddha taught and many have realized, much of your burden and much of your joylessness is your craving for what you can't have and your clinging to what you can't keep.

"See the nature of your burden and of the chafing you experience as you try to cling to it useless, unnecessary, damaging; and you can let it go. In doing so, you find relief, and you are freer to see the blessings of life and to choose wisely to receive them."

"Thank you, old Jah," said Wo. "And why did you call picking up the burden of firewood again enlightenment as well?"

"One understanding is that some burden in life is unavoidable — and even beneficial, like firewood. With occasional rest, it can be managed, and with freedom from undue anxiety about it, it will not cause chafe.

"Once the undue burden is dropped, we straighten up and see and feel the wonder and power of being. Seeing others suffering without that freedom and blissful experience, we willingly and knowingly pick up their burdens out of compassion joining and aiding others in their various struggles for liberation, enlightenment and fulfillment."

"Thank you, Old Jah," said the exhilarated Wo. "You have enlightened me."

"Ah-so," said Jah. "Your understanding is enlightened. Now to make it part of your living and your spirit, you must go follow the eight practices and meditate. Then you will learn to detach yourself from your useless burden of cravings and to attach yourself to the profound source of being, out of which life, creativity, joy and compassion form and flow."

And so Wo went and did. And understanding the truths gave him comfort. And practicing the good behaviors kept him from harming himself or others anymore. And concentrating on the deep blissful potential of life gave him a continuing sense of

companionship and joyful awe and of well-being in his spirit, no matter what else of pain he had to deal with.

## Buy Your Own Fish

A government minister very much enjoyed eating fish. Every morning, many people lined up at his front doors, eagerly presenting gifts of expensive and exotic fish to him.

Observing this, with great uneasiness, he calmly thanked them for their kindness but flatly refused to receive any one of those fish. This lack of social courtesy deeply surprised and annoyed his young brother, who lived with him. One night, after dinner he curiously asked his elder brother for the reason.

"Its very simple," the minister revealed. "To avoid potential trouble, a wise man should never let his inclinations or hobbies be known by the public. I fail miserably on that point because my taste for fish is common knowledge. Knowing my likes, those gift-givers will try to satisfy them. If I accept their gifts, I owe them favors. When making a decision, I would inevitably or subconsciously have their concerns on my mind. I might bend a law to return a favor. If this continues, I risk getting caught and losing my position and reputation. Who then will bother to give gifts to a disgraced and powerless prisoner? Therefore, I must vigorously decline their generosity. Without owing them any gratuity, I am my own master. Making appropriate and unbiased decision, I can keep my post much longer and continue to buy my own fish."

His brother promptly apologized for his short sightedness.

## Mother's Advice

Jiun, a Shingon master, was a well-known Sanskrit scholar of the Tokugawa era. When he was young, he used to deliver lectures to his brother students.

His mother heard about this and wrote him a letter:

"Son, I do not think you became a devotee of the Buddha because you desired to turn into a walking dictionary for others. There is no end to information and commentation, glory and honor. I wish you would stop this lecture business. Shut yourself up in a little temple in a remote part of the mountain. Devote your time to meditation and in this way attain true realization."

## Heart Burns Like Fire

Soyen Shaku, the first Zen teacher to come to America, said: "My heart burns like fire but my eyes are as cold as dead ashes." He made the following rules, which he practiced every day of his life.

In the morning before dressing, light incense and meditate.

Retire at a regular hour.

Partake of food at regular intervals. Eat with moderation and never to the point of satisfaction.

Receive a guest with the same attitude you have when alone. When alone, maintain the same attitude you have in receiving guests.

Watch what you say, and whatever you say, practice it.

When an opportunity comes do not let it pass by, yet always think twice before acting.

Do not regret the past. Look to the future.

Have the fearless attitude of a hero and the loving heart of a child.

Upon retiring, sleep as if you have entered your last sleep.

Upon awakening, leave your bed behind you instantly as if you had cast away a pair of old shoes.

## Dead Man's Answer

When Mamiya, who later became a well-known preacher, went to a teacher for personal guidance, he was asked to explain the sound of one hand.

Mamiya concentrated upon what the sound of one hand might be. "You are not working hard enough," his teacher told him. "You are too attached to food, wealth, thing, and that sound. It would be better if you died. That would solve the problem."

The next time Mamiya appeared before his teacher he was again asked what he had to show regarding the sound of one hand. Mamiya at once fell over as if he were dead.

"You are dead all right," observed the teacher, "But how about that sound?"

"I haven't solved that yet," replied Mamiya looking up.

"Dead men do not speak," said the teacher, "Get out!"

## Grass and Trees

During the Kamakura period, Shinkan studied Tendai six years and then studied Zen seven years; then he went to China and contemplated Zen for thirteen years more.

When he returned to Japan many desired to interview him and asked obscure questions. But when Shinkan received visitors, which was infrequently, he seldom answered their questions.

One day, a fifty-year old student of enlightenment said to Shinkan: "I have studied the Tendai school of thought since I was a little boy, but one thing in it I cannot understand. Tendai claims that even the grass and trees will become enlightened. To me this seems very strange."

"Of what use is it to discuss how grass and trees become enlightened," asked Shinkan? "The question is how you yourself can become so. Did you ever consider that?"

"I never thought of it in that way," marveled the old man.

"Then go home and think it over," finished Shinkan.

## Black-Nosed Buddha

A nun who was searching for enlightenment made a statue of Buddha and covered it with gold leaf. Wherever she went she carried this golden Buddha with her.

Years passed and, still carrying her Buddha, the nun came to live in a small temple in a country where there were many Buddhas, each one with its own particular shrine.

The nun wished to burn incense before her golden Buddha. Not liking the idea of the perfume straying to the others, she designed a funnel through which the smoke would ascend only to her statue. This blackened the nose of the golden Buddha, making it especially ugly.

## Ryonen's Clear Realization

The Buddhist nun, known as Ryonen, was born in 1797. She was the granddaughter of the famous Japanese warrior Shingen. Her poetical genius and alluring beauty were such that at seventeen she was serving the empress as one of the ladies of the court. Even at such a youthful age fame awaited her.

The beloved empress died suddenly and Ryonen's hopeful dreams vanished. She became acutely aware of the

impermanency of life in this world. It was then that she desired to study Zen.

Her relatives disagreed, however, and practically forced her into marriage. With a promise that she might become a nun after she had borne three children, Ryonen assented. Before she was twenty-five she had accomplished this condition. Then her husband and relatives could no longer dissuade her from her desire. She shaved her head, took the name of Ryonen, which means to realize clearly, and started on her pilgrimage.

She came to the city of Edo and asked Tetsugyu to accept her as a disciple. At one glance the master rejected her because she was too beautiful. Ryonen then went to another master, Hakuo. Hakuo refused her for the same reason, saying that her beauty would only make trouble. Ryonen obtained a hot iron and placed it against her face. In a few moments her beauty had vanished forever. Hakuo then accepted her as a disciple.

Commemorating this occasion, Ryonen wrote a poem on the back of a little mirror:

*In the service of my Empress  
I burned incense to perfume my exquisite clothes,  
Now as a homeless mendicant  
I burn my face to enter a Zen temple.*

When Ryonen was about to pass from this world, she wrote another poem:

*Sixty-six times have these eyes beheld the changing scene  
of autumn.  
I have said enough about moonlight.  
Ask no more.  
Only listen to the voice of pines and cedars when no wind  
stirs.*

## Sour Miso

The cook monk Dairyo, at Bankei's monastery, decided that he would take good care of his old teacher's health and give him only fresh miso, a paste of soy beans mixed with wheat and yeast that often ferments. Bankei, noticing that he was being served better miso than his pupils asked: "Who is the cook today?"

Dairyo was sent before him. Bankei learned that according to his age and position he should eat only fresh miso. So he said to the cook: "Then you think I shouldn't eat at all." With this he entered his room and locked the door.

Dairyo, sitting outside the door, asked his teacher's pardon. Bankei would not answer. For seven days Dairyo sat outside and Bankei within.

Finally in desperation an adherent called loudly to Bankei: "You may be all right, old teacher, but this young disciple here has to eat. He cannot go without food forever!"

At that Bankei opened the door. He was smiling. He told Dairyo: "I insist on eating the same food as the least of my followers. When you become the teacher I do not want you to forget this."

## No Work, No Food

Hyakujo, the Chinese Zen master, used to labor with his pupils even at the age of eighty, trimming the gardens, cleaning the grounds, and pruning the trees.

The pupils felt sorry to see the old teacher working so hard, but they knew he would not listen to their advice to stop, so they hid away his tools.

That day the master did not eat. The next day he did not eat, nor the next. "He may be angry because we have hidden his tools," the pupils surmised. "We had better put them back."

The day they did, the teacher worked and ate the same as before. In the evening, he instructed them: "No work, no food."

## The True Path

Just before Ninakwa passed away the Zen master Ikkyu visited him. "Shall I lead you on?" Ikkyu asked.

Ninakawa replied: "I came here alone and I go alone. What help could you be to me?"

Ikkyu answered: "If you think you really come and go, that is your delusion. Let me show you the path on which there is no coming and no going."

With his words, Ikkyu had revealed the path so clearly that Ninakawa smiled and passed away.

## Killing

Gasan instructed his adherents one day: "Those who speak against killing and who desire to spare the lives of all conscious beings are right. It is good to protect even animals and insects. But what about those persons who kill time, what about those who are destroying wealth, and those who destroy political economy? We should not overlook them. Furthermore, what of the one who preaches without enlightenment? He is killing Buddhism."

## The Blockhead Lord

Two Zen teachers, Daigu and Gudo, were invited to visit a lord. Upon arriving, Gudo said to the lord: "You are wise by nature and have an innate ability to learn Zen."

"Nonsense," said Daigu. "Why do you flatter this blockhead? He may be a lord, but he doesn't know anything of Zen."

So, instead of building a temple for Gudo, the lord built it for Daigu and studied Zen with him.

## Zengetsu's Rules

Zengetsu, a Chinese master of the T'ang dynasty, wrote the following advice for his pupils:

Living in the world yet not forming attachments to the dust of the world is the way of a true Zen student.

When witnessing the good action of another, encourage yourself to follow his example. Hearing of the mistaken action of another, advise yourself not to emulate it.

Even though alone in a dark room, be as if you were facing a noble guest. Express your feelings, but become no more expressive than your true nature.

Poverty is your treasure. Never exchange it for an easy life.

A person may appear a fool and yet not be one. He may only be guarding his wisdom carefully.

Virtues are the fruit of self-discipline and do not drop from heaven of themselves as does rain or snow.

Modesty is the foundation of all virtues. Let your neighbors discover you before you make yourself known to them.

A noble heart never forces itself forward. Its words are as rare gems, seldom displayed and of great value.

To a sincere student, every day is a fortunate day. Time passes, but he never lags behind. Neither glory nor shame can move him.

Censure yourself, never another. Do not discuss right and wrong.

Some things, though right, were considered wrong for generations. Since the value of righteousness may be recognized after centuries, there is no need to crave an immediate appreciation.

Live with cause and leave results to the great law of the universe. Pass each day in peaceful contemplation.

## A Drop of Water

A Zen master named Gisan asked a young student to bring him a pail of water to cool his bath.

The student brought the water and, after cooling the bath, threw on to the ground the little that was left over.

“You dunce” the master scolded him. “Why didn’t you give the rest of the water to the plants? What right have you to waste even a drop of water in this temple?”

The young student attained Zen in that instant. He changed his name to Tekisui, which means a drop of water.

## Three Kinds of Disciples

A Zen master named Gettan lived in the latter part of the Tokugawa era. He used to say: “There are three kinds of disciples: those who impart Zen to others, those who maintain the temples and shrines, and then there are the rice bags and the clothes-hangers.”

Gassan expressed the same idea. When he was studying under Tekisui, his teacher was very severe. Sometimes he even beat him. Other pupils would not stand this kind of teaching and quit. Gasan remained, saying: “A poor disciple utilizes a teacher’s influence. A fair disciple admires a teacher’s kindness. A good disciple grows strong under a teacher’s discipline.”

## Buddha’s Zen

Buddha said: “I consider the positions of kings and rulers as that of dust motes. I observe treasure of god and gems as so many bricks and pebbles. I look upon the finest silken robes as tattered rags. I see myriad worlds of the universe as small seeds of fruit, and the greatest lake in India as a drop of oil on my foot. I perceive the teachings of the world to be the illusion of magicians. I discern the highest conception of emancipation as golden brocade in a dream, and view the holy path of the illuminated ones as flowers appearing in one’s eyes. I see mediation as a pillar of a mountain, Nirvana as a nightmare of daytime. I look upon the judgment of right and wrong as the serpentine dance of a dragon, and the rise and fall of beliefs as but traces left by the four seasons.”

## Zen Dialogue

Zen teachers train their young pupils to express themselves. Two Zen temples each had a child protégé. One child, going to obtain vegetables each morning, would meet the other on the way.

“Where are you going?” asked the one.

“I am going wherever my feet go,” the other responded.

This reply puzzled the first child who went to his teacher for help. “Tomorrow morning, “ the teacher told him,

“when you met that little fellow, ask him the same question. He will give you the same answer, and then you ask him: “Suppose you have no feet, then where are you going?” That will fix him.

The children met again the following morning.

“Where are you going?” asked the first child.

“I am going wherever the wind blows,” answered the other.

This again nonplussed the youngster, who took his defeat to the teacher.

“Ask him where he is going if there is no wind,” suggested the teacher.

The next day the children met a third time.

“Where are you going?” asked the first child.

“I am going to market to buy vegetables,” the other replied.

## Not the Wind, Not the Flag

Two monks were arguing about a flag. One said: “The flag is moving”

The other said: “The wind is moving.”

The sixth patriarch happened to be passing by. He told them: “Not the wind, not the flag; mind is moving.”

## Everyday Life is the Path

Joshu asked Nansen: “What is the path?”

Nansen said: “Everyday life is the path.”

Joshu asked: “Can it be studied?”

Nansen said: “If you try to study, you will be far away from it.”

Joshu asked: “If I do not study, how can I know it is the paths?”

Nansen said: “The path does not belong to the perception world, neither does it belong to the nonperception world. Cognition is a delusion and noncognition is senseless. If you want to reach the true path beyond doubt, place yourself in the same freedom as sky. You name it neither good nor not-good.”

At these words Joshu was enlightened.

## Joshu Washes the Bowl

A monk told Joshu: “I have just entered the monastery. Please teach me.”

Joshu asked: “Have you eaten your rice porridge?”

The monk replied: “I have eaten.”

Joshu said: “Then you had better wash your bowl.”

At that moment the monk was enlightened.

## Seizei Alone and Poor

A monk named Seizei asked of Sozan: “Seizei is alone and poor. Will you give him support?”

Sozan asked: “Seizei?”

Seizei responded: “Yes, sir.”

Sozan said: “You have Zen, the best wine in China, and already have finished three cups, and still you are saying they did not even wet your lips.”

## Arresting the Stone Buddha

A merchant bearing fifty rolls of cotton goods on his shoulders stopped to rest from the heat of the day beneath a shelter where a large stone Buddha was standing. There he fell asleep, and when he awoke his goods had disappeared. He immediately reported the matter to the police.

A judge named O-oka opened court to investigate. "That stone Buddha must have stolen the goods," concluded the judge. "He is supposed to care for the welfare of the people, but he has failed to perform his holy duty. Arrest him."

The police arrested the stone Buddha and carried it into the court. A noisy crowd followed the statue, curious to learn what kind of a sentence the judge was about to impose.

When O-oka appeared on the bench he rebuked the boisterous audience. "What right have you people to appear before the court laughing and joking in this manner? You are in contempt of court and subject to a fine and imprisonment."

The people hastened to apologize. "I shall have to impose a fine on you," said the judge, "But I will remit it provided each one of you brings one roll of cotton goods to the court within three days. Anyone failing to do this will be arrested."

One of the rolls of cloth which people brought was quickly recognized by the merchant as his own, and thus the thief was easily discovered. The merchant recovered his goods, and the cotton rolls were returned to the people.

## The Hungry Student

There was once a student who was so poor all he ever had to eat was rice. Plain white rice. Morning, noon and night.

The student lived on the second floor of a building; on the first floor there was a fine restaurant. One hot day, after he had cooked up his rice, the student opened the window to get some air. AHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhh! All the smells from the restaurant below came wafting his way. He sat by the open window and began to eat. AHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhh! The smells seemed to flavor his rice! What a delicious discovery! Now, each time he cooked a meal, he would open the window and invite the smells to come in.

One day, the student was walking through the crowded streets with a friend. The friend was worried that the student had so little and cried, "You are so poor! You don't even have money for food. All you ever eat is rice. I tell you, why not quit your studies and go into business with me? I'll give you meat three times a day."

The student smiled and shook his head. "Oh, I would never quit my studies," he said, "Besides, it's not so bad..." and he proceeded to tell his friend all about the restaurant and the open window and the smells. Too bad for him! The owner of the restaurant was walking right behind them and he heard everything. He began to poke the student with his finger.

"Excuse me, excuse me...I am the owner of that restaurant."

The student turned around, "Is that so?" he brightened, "What a pleasure to meet you! And what a fine restaurant you must have! I myself have never been able to dine there, but the smells! Oh, the savory smells!"

"That's right," sneered the restaurant owner, "And you've been smelling my smells for some long time now. What would you say, about six or seven months?"

"Yes," the student nodded, "That sounds about right."

The owner's eyes tightened up. "Well," he whined, "You owe me some money!"

"What?" cried the student, "Surely there must be some mistake."

"Oh, no. No mistake. No mistake at all." The restaurant owner was busy now with paper and pencil, writing up a bill. "Smells from my restaurant, six or seven months... Money, money, money! You owe me money! "

"Sir, I owe you nothing. No!"

"Oh, yes!"

"No!"

"Oh, yes!"

"No!"

By now the two were shouting in the busy street and a crowd had gathered round. At last, someone called out: "You two will never settle this yourselves. Why not go and see Ooka? Ooka the Wise."

Ooka was a famous judge. This seemed like a very good idea, so the two of them hurried across town until they came to a huge building. Inside there was a long hall. And, at the end of the long hall, on a high chair behind a large desk was Ooka. Ooka the Wise.

The restaurant owner rushed up to Ooka and began his shrill complaint, "Ooka! Ooka! This man owes me money..." He told Ooka all about the rice and the window and the smells from his restaurant. Ooka listened intently. Then slowly, he turned to the student and asked, "Is this so? Have you been smelling this man's smells?"

"Uh, why yes. Yes, I have, sir," the student admitted.

"I see," said Ooka, "And do you have any money?" Now it just so happened that the student had every coin he owned in his pocket that day.

"Yes, yes I do." Ooka extended his hand. "Give me the coins," he ordered.

The student reached deep into his pockets and pulled out his coins. He handed them to Ooka. Ooka began to count the coins. Clink, clink, clink.

The restaurant owner's eyes lit up when he saw all that money. Clink, clink, clink. The student looked like he would cry. It was all the money he had. Clink. Ooka finished counting. He gathered up all the coins and then he handed them--back to the student.

"Wait!" cried the restaurant owner, "What about my payment?"

"My dear sir," said Ooka, "Did you not hear the clinking of the coins?"

"Yes..."

"Well," smiled Ooka, "The clinking of the coins is the price of smells."

## Three Zen Jokes

Q--What do you get when you cross a Zen Buddhist with a Druid?

A--Someone who worships the tree that is not there.

Q--What do you get when you cross a Zen Buddhist with a Druid mathematician?

A--Someone who worships the square roots of the tree that is not there.

Q--What do you get when you cross a Zen Buddhist with a Druid veterinarian?

A--Someone who worships the bark of the tree that is not there.

## How To Rule a Country

The Country of Yang had been devastated by a palace insurrection and an invasion, and the older ruler had suffered an untimely and humiliating death. After visiting the sacked city and wounded soldiers, the new king Yang-Jau was disturbed and wondered how a similar situation could be prevented.

"Your Majesty, if you want to be an Emperor" said an advisor, named Go Wai; "you should treat your subordinates as teachers. To be a King, you should treat them as friends. To be a Lord, you should treat them as guests. If you wish to ruin your country, you should treat them as servants or even slaves. The choice is yours alone."

Impressed and a little surprised, the king politely returned, "Your statement is very interesting. Since I desire to be an Emperor, whom should I begin to respect?"

"Your Majesty might start with me," the advisor boldly suggested, "a little known person. As a result, other capable individuals, with greater reputations, will be envious and come to try their political fortunes here. These intellectuals, whose counsel you seek and esteem, having heard of your generosity and expecting to be treated likewise, will confidently approach your Majesty and freely present their ideas and suggestions. Your Majesty may then choose the best administrators from among them. Thus our country's prosperity and Your Majesty's potency will be secured."

The king was well pleased and acted swiftly. The news rapidly spread among neighboring countries. Hearing this, people were amazed. Many well-educated gentlemen resigned their current positions and relocated themselves to this country. In less than three years, after meticulous selections and severe competitions, a handful of distinguished and competent foreigners were properly appointed, with similar generous treatment from the king. They helped him to efficiently manage his country and steadily expand its borders.

## The Two Different Monks

During the time of Guatama Siddharta there were no telephones or Internet or even a written language. Because communication is so vital for transmitting the teachings of the Buddha, a class of disciples called traveling monks arose to facilitate communication between the Buddha and his supporters.

Those who were chosen had to be in good physical condition, be completely honest, and have excellent memories. One such monk was Sadhonna.

Sadhonna was returning to the Deer Park where the Buddha was staying when he encountered a monk practicing the Sadmadhi of self denial.

The self-denying monk resembled cobwebs stretched over a skeleton. He was sitting on an anthill in the Lotus Position. He did not even twitch as ants pulled at his flesh.

Sadhonna called to him, "Fellow monk, I am on my way to see the Buddha. Is there any message you would like to convey?"

The self-denying monk grimaced and said, "Ask the Buddha, how many more lifetimes I will endure before attaining Buddhahood."

Sadhonna assured the self-denying monk that he would ask, and then continued on his journey.

Just before nightfall, he heard someone singing a little off key. He could see someone, dressed in monk's clothing, clumsily dancing in a little clearing in the woods.

He called out to him saying, "Fellow monk, I am on my way to see the Buddha. Is there any message you would like to convey?"

The dancing monk thought for a moment and said, "Yes, ask him when will I reach my enlightenment."

Sadhonna assured the dancing monk he would ask, and then he walked on to see the Buddha.

A few months later Sadhonna returned and encountered the self-denying monk. His flesh was so thin that his bones were visible. "The Buddha answered your question," Sadhonna said

"How long until I reach my enlightenment?" whispered the self-denying monk.

"Four more lifetimes," answered Sadhonna.

The self-denying monk grimaced.

Sadhonna traveled a bit further and encountered the dancing monk. "The Buddha has answered your question," he said.

"How many more lifetimes?" asked the dancing monk.

Sadhonna pointed to a large tree with thousands of leaves shimmering in the sunlight and said "As many as the leaves on that tree."

The dancing monk laughed and attained enlightenment instantly.

## 24 Hours To Die

Raj asked Buddha, "Reverend Sir, how come my mind wanders around to forbidden places and yours does not?" "Sir, how come I do back-biting and you don't?" "Sir, how come I don't have compassion for others, while you have?" All the questions that Raj asked were of similar nature.

Buddha replied, "Raj, your questions are good, but it seems to me that in 24 hours from now you will die."

Raj got up and started getting ready to go.

Buddha asked, "Raj, what happened? You came with such vitality now you are totally dismayed."

Raj said, "Sir, my mother told me that your words are true and are to be held in high esteem. So please let me go so that I may meet my family members, friends and others before I die."

Buddha said, "But there are still 24 hours. Sit, we will talk more."

Raj said, "Reverend Sir, please let me go. I must meet my people before I die."

So Raj left and went home. Met his mother and started crying. The word spread. His friends came; other family members came; neighbors came. Everyone was crying with Raj. Time flew.

Raj was busy either crying or counting the hours. When only 3 hours were left, he pulled up a cot and lied down. Although the Death has not yet arrived, poor Raj was kind of dead.

When only an hour was left, Buddha walked in.

Buddha said to Raj, "Raj, why are you lying down on the cot with your closed eyes. Death is still an hour away. And an hour is 60 minutes long. That's a lot of time. Get up, let us talk."

Raj: "Sir, what is it now that you want to talk? Just let me die peacefully."

Buddha: "Raj, there is still time and our talk will get over before the 'ordained' time."

Raj: "Okay, Sir... say what you have to say."

Buddha: "In the past 24 hours, did you curse anyone?"

Raj: "How could I curse anyone, I was all the time thinking about death."

Buddha: "In the past 24 hours, did you think or wish ill for anyone?"

Raj: "How could I do that, I was all the time thinking about death."

Buddha: "In the past 24 hours, did you steal?"

Raj: "Sir, how can you even ask that, I was all the time thinking about death?"

Finally the Buddha said, "Raj, I don't know who has to die and who has to live. But understanding the ultimate truth — i.e. death — can be very enlightening. All the questions you posed to me have been answered by yourself because of the awareness of death that you experienced during the past 24 hours. The difference between me and you is that you were aware of death for the past 24 hours, I have been aware for the past 24 years."

## Beginning

(Deng Ming-Dao)

This is the moment of embarking.

All auspicious signs are in place.

In the beginning, all things are hopeful. We prepare ourselves to start anew. Though we may be intent on the magnificent journey ahead, all things are contained in the first moment: our optimism, our faith, our resolution, and our innocence.

In order to start, we must make a decision. The decision is a commitment to daily self-cultivation. We must make a strong connection to our inner selves. Outside matters are superfluous. Alone and naked, we negotiate all of life's travails. Therefore, we alone must make something of ourselves, transforming ourselves into the instruments for experiencing the deepest spiritual essence of life.

Once we make our decision, all things will come to us. Auspicious signs are not a superstition, but a confirmation. They are a response. It is said that if one chooses to pray to a rock with enough devotion, even that rock will come alive. In the same way, once we choose to commit ourselves to spiritual practice, even the mountains and valleys will reverberate to the sound of our purpose.

## Positioning

(Deng Ming-Dao)

Heron stands in the blue estuary,  
Solitary, white, unmoving for hours.

A fish! Quick avian darting;  
The prey is captured.

People always ask how to follow Tao. It is as easy and natural as the heron standing in the water. The bird moves when it must; it does not move when stillness is appropriate.

The secret of its serenity is a type of vigilance, a contemplative state. The heron is not in mere dumbness or sleep. It knows a lucid stillness. It stands unmoving in the flow of the water. It gazes unperturbed and is aware. When Tao brings it something that it needs, it seizes the opportunity without hesitation or deliberation. Then it goes back to its quiescence without disturbing itself or its surroundings. Unless it found the right position in the water's flow and remained patient, it would not have succeeded.

Actions in life can be reduced to two factors; positioning and timing. If we are not in the right place at the right time, we cannot possibly take advantage of what life has to offer us.

Almost anything is appropriate if an action is in accord with the time and place. But we must be vigilant and prepared. Even if the time and the place are right, we can still miss our chance if we do not notice the moment, if we act inadequately, or if we hamper ourselves with doubts and second thoughts.

When life presents an opportunity, we must be ready to seize it without hesitation or inhibition. Position is useless without awareness. If we have both, we make no mistakes.

# The Next Book of Nasruddin

The name that every Afghan remembers hearing about in childhood. Here are few of the thousands of humorous and thoughtful stories about Him. His origin is being claimed by three countries. Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey. "The Nasruddin stories, known throughout the Middle East, constitute one of the strangest achievements in the history of metaphysics. Superficially, most of the Nasruddin stories may be used as jokes. They are told and retold endlessly in the teahouses and caravanserais, in the homes and on the radio waves, of Asia. But it is inherent in the Nasruddin story that it may be understood at any of many depths. There is the joke, the moral - and the little extra which brings the consciousness of the potential mystic a little further on the way to realization."

## The Cow and the Judge

Qazi (Judge) Nasruddin was working in his room one day when a neighbor ran in and said, "If one man's cow kills another's, is the owner of the first cow responsible?"

"It depends," answered Nasruddin.

"Well," said the man, "your cow has killed mine."

"Oh," answered Nasruddin. "Everyone knows that a cow cannot think like a human, so a cow is not responsible, and that means that its owner is not responsible either."

"I'm sorry, Judge," said the man. "I made a mistake. I meant that my cow killed yours."

Judge Nasruddin thought for a few seconds and then said, "When I think about it more carefully, this case is not as easy as I thought at first." And then he turned to his clerk and said, "Please bring me that big black book from the shelf behind you..."

## The Burglary

Mullah Nasruddin and his wife came home one day to find the house burgled. Everything portable had been taken away.

"It's all your fault," said his wife, "for you should have made sure that the house was locked before we left."

The Neighbors took up the chant:

"You did not lock the windows," said one.

"Why did you not expect this?" said another.

"The locks were faulty and you did not replace them," said a third.

"Just a moment," said Nasruddin, "surely I am not the only one to blame?"

"And who should we blame?" they shouted.

"What about the thieves?" said Nasruddin. "Are they totally innocent?"

## The Fortuitous Burglar

That was the time Mullah Nasruddin's family was very poor. One day Nasruddin's wife woke him in the middle of the night and whispered,

"Nasruddin, There is a thief in the kitchen!"

"Shhh... Stupid woman!" replied Nasruddin. "Let him be. Perhaps he'll find something valuable, then we seize it!"

# The Donkey and the Official

Mulla Nasrudin had an insatiable craving for knowledge, but did not seem to know what knowledge was. As a result he asked a local wise man the stupidest questions, always based upon random assumptions

One day the Mulla noticed that his donkey was missing. He ran to the wise man's house. 'Well, Mulla, what is it this time?'

'My donkey is gone! Where can I find it?'

The wise man was quite fed up with the Mulla. 'Nasrudin,' he said, 'the donkey has run off, turned into a man and been appointed the magistrate in the next town.'

Thanking the wise man for his information, the Mulla trudged to the court. There sat the magistrate, and Nasrudin shook his fist at him:

'Come home at once, you foolish animal!'

The magistrate was furious. 'Who are you and how dare you talk to me like that? I'll have you sent to the prison!'

'I'm the well-known Mulla Nasrudin, and I have it on the best authority that you are my donkey.'

'That's ridiculous. Nobody in his right senses would credit such a thing!'

Nasrudin drew himself up to his full height. 'Say what you like he said, I prefer to believe the statement of a wise man rather than that of a donkey.'

## Free Bread

The Mullah's wife sent him to buy some bread. When the Mullah arrived at the bread shop he saw a long line waiting to buy bread. He thought he would do something to get in front of the line. He shouted, "People, don't you know the Sultan's daughter is getting married tonight and he is giving away free bread?"

The multitude ran toward the palace as the Sultan was generous to a fault and loved his daughter more than anyone. The Mullah was now in front of the line and was about to buy his bread when he thought to himself, "Mullah, you are truly a fool. All the citizen's are getting free bread tonight and I am about to pay for it. So he ran to the palace and when he got there was thoroughly beaten by the disappointed people.

## The Soup

A farmer came to town as a guest of the Mullah. The farmer brought a goose as a gift for the Mullah. That night Mullah Nasrudin's wife cooked the goose and served it in a feast with many other delicacies to the Mullah and others with the farmer sitting in the place of honor among the guests.

The farmer returned home the next day and a week later a stranger knocked on the Mullah's door saying, "I am the friend of the guy who brought you the goose." The Mullah welcomed him and asked his wife to cook a big meal and invited the stranger to dinner. Hardly a week had gone by when another stranger came claiming to be the friend of the friend of the guy who had brought the goose. Once again the stranger was fed a big meal and so was the next stranger who was the friend of the friend of the friend of the guy who had brought the goose.

By this time the Mullah and his wife had become pretty fed up of feeding all the countryside. Nasrudin's wife told him that they had only one chicken left. Mullah said not to worry since he had a plan.

When the next friend of the friend of the friend of the friend of the guy who had brought the goose arrived the Mullah told his wife to boil some water and serve it in a soup bowl. The guest



tasted the water and asked what kind of a soup was this. The Mullah replied, "Sir you have before you the soup of the soup of the soup of the soup of the goose that the friend of your friend of your friend of your friend brought."

No more strangers visited Mullah after that.

## Working Spirit

The mullah got a job at the Bazaar as a porter. Today he had to load bags of wheat onto a cart. The foreman noticed that he was carrying one bag where the other workers carried two. The Foreman asked the Mullah, "How come you only carry one bag at a time and all the others carry two?" The Mullah replied, "I'm not that lazy to make one trip when I can make two."

## Treasure Hunt

This merchant in Baghdad had some bad luck. A thief robbed his house of all his gold. The authorities caught the thief but he would not reveal where he had hidden the merchant gold. One night in a dream he was told by a Genie to go to Cairo to seek his fortune. So with great difficulty he made his way to Cairo. When he got there as it happened there was a robbery and the people caught him and beat him up and then took him to the Captain of the guard. He told his story of how he had left his home in Baghdad and arrived in Cairo in search of his fortune.

The Captain told him, "You fool, three times I dreamt a Genie who said that if I went to Baghdad I would find a great oak tree next to a well on top of a hill overlooking the great mosque. He said if I searched the well, I would find a great treasure. But, I'm wise. I stayed home. You don't find me going on a wild goose chase. The merchant recognized the well as that in his own home and returned home. He searched his well and found his stolen wealth.

## Casket

The master was attending the wake of a friend. But keeping in accordance with the deceased wishes, the family had requested that the casket remain closed.

The deceased was very well liked, and many people lined up to walk past the casket. Some knelt in prayer beside it while others placed their hands on the closed lid and said their final good-byes.

Meanwhile, the master sat quietly in the back of the room. Before long, the funeral director approached and stated with some embarrassment, "Excuse me, I know you were a great friend of the deceased, and there is something I must tell you. My embalmer was sick today, so I had no choice but to leave the body in the basement refrigerator. So now, all these good people are paying homage to an empty box!"

The master smiled and said "Tell me sir, how would it be different if his body were in the casket?"

## Blurred Vision

A businessman was highly critical of his competitors' storefront windows. "Why, they are the dirtiest windows in town," he claimed.

Fellow business people grew tired of the man's continual criticism and nitpicking comments about the windows. One day over coffee, the businessman carried the subject just too far. Before leaving, a fellow storeowner suggested the man get his own windows washed.

He followed the advice, and the next day at coffee, he exclaimed, "I can't believe it. As soon as I washed my windows, my competitor must have cleaned his too. You should see them shine."

## Bridge Talk

Bohlul was sitting on a bridge, watching the river flow by. The king saw him, and immediately had him arrested. "A bridge is for passing, not for staying!" said the king. Bohlul then replied to the king, "You should take a look at yourself. Look at how you are clinging to this life."

## Nasrudin the Advisor

Some say that Nasrudin lived in the time of the great conqueror Tamerlane, and was one of his advisers.

One day, so goes the tale, Timur the Lame called the Mulla and said, "Nasrudin, the Empire is full of slanderers. How can we stop their evil work?"

'You can never stop crime unless you punish all the criminals,' said Nasrudin.

'You mean the slanderers?'

'And their accomplices - those who listen to them,' the Mulla reminded him.

## Nasrudin and the Frog

Nasrudin went to a bar regularly. Whenever he sat down to drink, he used to take out a frog from his pocket and put it on the table. It was his pet. He would start drinking and after a while, he would stop. He would then put back the frog in the pocket and leave. Everyone was astonished about this.

One day he went to drink again. The bartender came to him and murmured, "Drinks for you on the house today, sir."

"Thank you" Nasrudin said, "What is the occasion?"

"Please tell me why do you always bring this frog with you. I am very curious."

Nasrudin paused for a while. Then he answered, "Look, it is very simple. When I begin to see two frogs on the table, I remember it is time for me to leave. Otherwise, I might fall on my way home and have injury. So after some drinks, I put the frog back and leave."

After Nasrudin went back to drinking. The bartender whispered to the waitress, "Go find a second frog for me."

## Watering the Plants

Nasrudin used to water his plants daily. He would bring the container near the plants and pour from it. But no water would come out. But he kept pouring one by one lost in his own world. His close neighbor who was watching this for quite some days came to him and asked, "Excuse me, Nasrudin, may I ask you something?"

Nasrudin smiled, "Sure"

Neighbor, "You are pouring water to these plants everyday but I don't see water coming out from the container. What is the matter?"

Nasrudin again smiled, "No need of water. What do you think these plants are? They are all plastic."

The neighbor (even more confused): "For god's sake, tell me then why is there any need of pretending to put water in these plastic plants?"

Nasrudin laughed: "So that the neighbors would not think these are plastic plants. It is just between you and me. If I don't pretend to water them regularly, they might find out these are not real, after all."

## Giving Directions

Once Nasrudin was standing by the road near his house. A car came and stopped in front of him. A gentleman from the car rolled down the window and asked, "Sir, can you tell me which is the way to Delhi?"

Nasrudin watched him for a while and said, "Go left, then go right. After 9 km, turn right. Again take left. Now turn right. Continue for another 9 km and you will come to a crossroad. Now go straight and you will reach there."

"Thank you" said the man and the car left. After a while he came back to Nasrudin. Annoyingly he said, "What is all this? I followed all your directions properly and here I am at the same place where I began from."

Nasrudin coolly replied, "Fine, I was just checking whether you can follow the directions or not. Now I will give you proper directions to Delhi."

## The Man against Sufis and Dhu Nun

A certain young man was always speaking against Sufis. One day, Dhu Nun took the ring from his finger and gave it to the man.

"Take this to the market and sell it for a dollar," he said.

The young man took it to the market and tried to sell it, but no one would give him more than 10 cents for it. The young man returned to Dhu Nun with the news.

"Now, take the ring to the jewelers and see what they price it at," said Dhu Nun.

The jewelers priced the ring at 1000 dollars.

"You know as much about Sufis," Dhu Nun told the young man when he returned, "as those people in the marketplace know about this ring."

The young man repented, and disbelieved in the Sufis no more.

[Adapted from Farid-ud-Din Attar's "Tadhkirat al-Awliyya" / "Memorial of the Saints."]

## Rabi`a's gifts to Hasan of Basra

Once Rabi`a al-Adawiyya sent Hasan of Basra three things - a piece of wax, a needle, and a hair.

"Be like wax," she said. "Illumine the world, and yourself burn. Be like a needle, always be working naked. When you have done these two things, a thousand years will be for you as a hair."

"Do you desire for us to get married?" Hasan asked Rabi`a.

"The tie of marriage applies to those who have being," Rabi`a replied. "Here being has disappeared, for I have become naughted to self and exist only through Him. I belong wholly to Him. I live in the shadow of His control. You must ask my hand of Him, not of me."

"How did you find this secret, Rabi`a?" Hasan asked.

"I lost all 'found' things in Him," Rabi`a answered.

"How do you know Him?" Hasan inquired.

"You know the 'how'; I know the 'how-less'," Rabi`a said.

## Deductive Reasoning

"How old are you, Mulla?" Someone asked,

"Three years older than my brother." Replied Nasruddin

"How do you know that?" asked the stranger.

"Reasoning. Last year, I heard my brother tell someone that I was two years older than him. A year has passed. That means that I am older by one year. I shall soon be old enough to be his grandfather."

## Tit for Tat

Nasruddin went into a shop to buy a pair of trousers. Then he changed his mind and chose a cloak instead, at the same price. Picking up the cloak, he left the shop.

"You have not paid," shouted the merchant.

"I left you the trousers, which were of the same value as the cloak."

"But you did not pay for the trousers, either."

"Of course not," said Mullah, "Why should I pay for something that I did not want to buy?"

## More Useful

One day, Mullah Nasruddin entered his favorite teahouse and said; "the moon is more useful than the sun."

An old man asked "Why Mulla?"

Nasruddin replied, "We need the light more during the night than during the day."

## Promises Kept

A friend asked the Mullah, "How old are you?"

"Forty" replied the Mullah.

The friend said, "But you said the same thing two years ago!"

"Yes," replied the mullah, "I always stand by what I have said."

## When You Face Things Alone

A neighbor noticed that Nasruddin was weeping over his lost donkey and said, "you may have lost your donkey, Nasruddin, but you don't have to grieve over it more than you did about the loss of your first wife."

Nasruddin replied, "Ah, but if you remember, when I lost my wife, all you villagers said 'We'll find you someone else.' So far, nobody has offered to replace my donkey."

## Obligation

Nasruddin nearly fell into a pool one day. A man whom he knew slightly was nearby, and saved him. Every time he met Nasruddin after that he would remind him of the service which he had performed. When this had happened several times Nasruddin took him to the water, jumped in, stood with his head just above water and shouted: "Now I am as wet as I would have been if you had not saved me! Leave me alone."

## Assumptions

A certain man asked the famous Mulla Nasrudin, "What is the meaning of fate, Mulla?"

Mulla replied, "Assumptions."

"In what way?" the man asked again.

Mulla looked at him and said, "You assume things are going to go well, and they don't - that you call bad luck. You assume things are going to go badly and they don't - that you call good luck. You assume that certain things are going to happen or not happen - and you so lack intuition that you don't know what is going to happen. You assume that the future is unknown. When you are caught out - you call that Fate."

## Why We Are Here

Walking one evening along a deserted road, Nasruddin saw a troop of horsemen rapidly approaching. His imagination started to work; he saw himself captured or robbed or killed and frightened by this thought he bolted, climbed a wall into a graveyard, and lay down in an open grave to hide.

Puzzled at his bizarre behavior, the horsemen - honest travelers - followed him. They found him stretched out, tense, and shaking.

"What are you doing in that grave? We saw you run away. Can we help you? Why are you here in this place?"

"Just because you can ask a question does not mean that there is a straightforward answer to it," said Nasruddin, who now realized what had happened. "It all depends upon your viewpoint. If you must know, however, I am here because of you - and you are here because of me!"

## The Unshaven Man

A man was walking along the street when he passed another man with a lot of stubble on his face standing outside a shop. The first man asked:

"How often do you shave?"

"Twenty or thirty times a day," answered the man with the stubble.

"What! You must be a freak!" exclaimed the first man.

"No, I'm only a barber," replied the man with the stubble.

## Nasruddin and his Donkey

One day, one of Mullah Nasruddin's friend came over and wanted to borrow his donkey for a day or two. Mullah, knowing his friend, was not kindly inclined to the request, and came up with the excuse that someone had already borrowed his donkey. Just as Mullah uttered these words, his donkey started braying in his backyard. Hearing the sound, his friend gave him an accusing look, to which Mullah replied: "I refuse to have any further dealings with you since you take a donkey's word over mine."

## Nasruddin and the Violin

Once, Mullah Nasruddin bought a violin. And he began to play. NEE.....

Same note, same string, over and over.

NEEE.....

After a few hours his wife was at her wits' end. "Nasruddin!" she screamed.

NEEE..

Nasruddin put down the bow. "Yes dear?"

"Why do you play the same note? It's driving me crazy! All the real violin players move their fingers up and down, play on different strings! Why don't you play like they do?"

"Well dear, I know why they go up and down and try all different strings."

Why is that?"

"They're looking for \*this\* note." And he picked up his bow and resumed his playing.

NEEE.....

## The False Prophet

A certain man claimed to be a prophet and was brought before the Sultan, who said to him, "I bear witness that you are a stupid prophet!"

The man replied, "That is why I have only been sent to people like you."

## The Poor Story Teller

Someone said to Ashab, "If you were to relate traditions and stop telling jokes, you would be doing a noble thing."

"By God!" answered Ashab, "I have heard traditions and related them."

"Then tell us," said the man.

"I heard from Nafai," said Ashab, "on the authority of such-and-such, that the Prophet, may God bless him, said, 'There are two qualities, such that whoever has them is among God's elect.'"

"That is a fine tradition," said the man. "What are these two qualities?"

"Nafai forgot one and I have forgotten the other," replied Ashab.

## Nasruddin and the Bedouins

"When I was in the desert," said Nasruddin one day, "I caused an entire tribe of horrible and bloodthirsty Bedouins to run."

"However did you do it?"

"Easy. I just ran, and they ran after me."

## Nasruddin at the Fashion Show

Once, when Mullah Nasruddin was visiting a Western town, he was invited to attend a fashion show. He went, and afterwards he was asked how he liked it.

"It's a complete swindle!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"Whatever do you mean?" he was asked.

"They show you the women - and then try to sell you the clothes!"

## Nasruddin and the Tourist

Mullah Nasruddin went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and on the way he passed through Medina. As he was walking by the main mosque there, a rather confused looking tourist approached him. "Excuse me sir," said the tourist, "but you look like a native of these parts; can you tell me something about this mosque? It looks very old and important, but I've lost my guidebook."

Nasruddin, being too proud to admit that he, too, had no idea what it was, immediately began an enthusiastic explanation. "This is indeed a very old and special mosque," he declared, "It was built by Alexander the Great to commemorate his conquest of Arabia."

The tourist was suitably impressed, but presently a look of doubt crossed his face. "But how can that be?" he asked, "I'm sure that Alexander was a Greek or something, not a Muslim... Wasn't he?"

"I can see that you know something of these matters," replied Nasruddin with chagrin, "In fact, Alexander was so impressed at his good fortune in war that he converted to Islam in order to show his gratitude to God."

"Oh, wow," said the tourist, and then paused. "Hey, but surely there was no such thing as Islam in Alexander's time?"

"An excellent point! It is truly gratifying to meet a visitor who understands our history so well," answered Nasruddin. "As a matter of fact, he was so overwhelmed by the generosity God had shown him that as soon as the fighting was over he began a new religion, and became the founder of Islam."

The tourist looked at the mosque with new respect, but before Nasruddin could quietly slip into the passing crowd, another problem occurred to him. "But wasn't the founder of Islam named Mohammed? I mean, that's what I read in a book; at least I'm sure it wasn't Alexander."

"I can see that you are a scholar of some learning," said Nasruddin, "I was just getting to that. Alexander felt that he could properly dedicate himself to his new life as a prophet only by adopting a new identity. So, he gave up his old name and for the rest of his life called himself Mohammed."

"Really?" wondered the tourist, "That's amazing! But...but I thought that Alexander the Great lived a long time before Mohammed? Is that right?"

"Certainly not!" answered the Mullah, "You're thinking of a different Alexander the Great. I'm talking about the one named Mohammed."

## Afterthoughts

Mulla was told that he would lose his phone if he didn't retract what he had said to the general manager of the phone company in the course of conversation over the wire. "Very well, Mulla Nasrudin will apologize," he said.

He called main 7777.

"Is that you Mr. Doolittle?"

"It is."

"This is Mulla Nasrudin."

"Well?"

"This morning in the heat of discussion I told you to go to hell!"

"Yes?"

"WELL," said Nasrudin, "DON'T GO!"

## To the Editor

The editor of town weekly received this letter from Mulla Nasrudin: "Dear Sir: Last week I lost my watch which I valued highly. The next day I ran an ad in your newspaper. Yesterday, I went home and found my watch in the pocket of my brown suit. YOUR PAPER IS WONDERFUL."

## Father and Son

Mulla Nasrudin, a distraught father, visiting his son in a prison waiting room, turned on him and said: "I am fed up with your record: attempted robbery, attempted burglary, attempted murder, attempted assassination. What a failure you have turned out to be; you can't succeed in anything you try out."

## The Second Time Around

Mulla Nasrudin and one of his friends rented a boat and went fishing. In a remote part of the lake they found a spot where the fish were really biting.

"We'd better mark this spot so we can come back tomorrow," said the Mulla.

"O.k., I'll do it," replied his friend.

When they got back to the dock, the Mulla asked, "Did you mark that spot?"

"Sure said the second, "I put a chalk mark on the side of the boat."

"YOU NITWIT," said Nasrudin. "HOW DO YOU KNOW WE WILL GET THE SAME BOAT TOMORROW?"

## The Gates

NASRUDDIN - Keeper of Faith In Turkey, where some people allege Nasruddin is buried, there are HUGE locked gates at his gravesite. Yet his headstone reads - "Sometimes you do not need a key to get through gates. All you need to do is walk around them as there are no walls."

## The Will of Allah

"May the Will of Allah be done," a pious man was saying about something or the other.

"It always is, in any case," said Mullah Nasruddin. "

"How can you prove that, Mullah?" asked the man.

"Quite simply. If it wasn't always being done, then surely at some time or another my will would be done, wouldn't it?"

## Nasruddin Meets Death

Nasruddin was strolling to market one day when he saw a strange, dark shape appear, blocking his path. "I am Death," it said, "I have come for you."

"Death?" said Nasruddin. "But I'm not even particularly old! And I have so much to do. Are you sure you aren't mistaking me for someone else?"

"I only kill people who are not yet ready to die," said Death.

"I think you're wrong," replied the Hoja. "Let's make a bet."

"A bet? Perhaps. But what shall the stakes be?"

"My life against a hundred pieces of silver."

"Done," said Death, a bag of silver instantly appearing in his hand. "What a stupid bet you made. After all, what's to stop me from just killing you now, and thus winning automatically?"

"Because I knew you were going to kill me," said Nasruddin, "that's why I made the bet."

"Hmmm..." mused Death. "I see. But... but, didn't you also know, then, that I would not be able to kill you, because of the terms of our agreement?"

"Not at all," said Nasruddin, and continued down the road, clutching the bag of money.

## Home Repairs

One day Nasruddin repaired tiles on the roof of his house. While Nasruddin was working on the roof, a stranger knocked the door. "What do you want?" Nasruddin shouted out.

"Come down," replied stranger, "So I can tell it."

Nasruddin unwilling and slowly climbed down the ladder. "Well!" replied Nasruddin, "what was the important thing?"

"Could you give little money to this poor old man?" begged the stranger.

Tired Nasruddin started to climb up the ladder and said, "Follow me up to the roof."

When both Nasruddin and beggar were upside, on the roof, Nasruddin said, "The answer is no!"

## 100 Silver Coins

Nasruddin opened a booth at the fair with a sign above it: "Two Questions On Any Subject Answered For Only 100 Silver Coins."

A man who had two very urgent questions handed over his money, saying: "A hundred silver coins is rather expensive for two questions, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Nasruddin, "and the next question, please?"

## The Two Beggars

As Nasruddin emerged from the mosque after prayers, a beggar sitting on the street solicited alms. The following conversation followed:

"Are you extravagant?" asked Nasruddin.

"Yes Nasruddin," replied the beggar.

"Do you like sitting around drinking coffee and smoking?" asked Nasruddin.

"Yes," replied the beggar.

"I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday?" asked Nasruddin.

"Yes," replied the beggar.

"...And maybe amuse yourself, even, by drinking with friends?" asked Nasruddin.

"Yes, I like all those things," replied the beggar.

"Tut, Tut," said Nasruddin, and gave him a gold piece. A few yards farther on. Another beggar who had overheard the conversation begged for alms also.

"Are you extravagant?" asked Nasruddin.

"No, Nasruddin" replied second beggar.

"Do you like sitting around drinking coffee and smoking?" asked Nasruddin.

"No," replied second beggar.

"I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday?" asked Nasruddin.

"No," replied second beggar.

"...And maybe amuse yourself, even, by drinking with friends?" asked Nasruddin.

"No, I want to only live meagerly and to pray," replied second beggar.

Whereupon the Nasruddin gave him a small copper coin.

"But why, wailed second beggar, do you give me, an economical and pious man, a penny, when you give that extravagant fellow a sovereign?"

"Ah my friend," replied Nasruddin, "his needs are greater than yours."

## Walnuts and Pumpkins

One hot day, Nasruddin was taking it easy in the shade of a walnut tree. After a time, he started eyeing speculatively, the huge pumpkins growing on vines and the small walnuts growing on a majestic tree. "Sometimes I just can't understand the ways of God!" he mused. "Just fancy letting tiny walnuts grow on so majestic a tree and huge pumpkins on the delicate vines!" Just then a walnut snapped off and fell smack on Mullah Nasruddin's baldhead.

He got up at once and lifting up his hands and face to heavens in supplication, said: "Oh, my God! Forgive my questioning your ways! You are all wise. Where would I have been now, if pumpkins grew on trees!"

## The Turban

One day an illiterate man came to Mullah Nasruddin with a letter he had received. "Mullah Nasruddin, please read this letter to me."

Mullah Nasruddin looked at the letter, but could not make out a single word. So he told the man. "I am sorry, but I cannot read this."

The man cried: "For shame, Mullah Nasruddin! You must be ashamed before the turban you wear (i.e. the sign of education)"

Mullah Nasruddin removed the turban from his own head and placed it on the head of the illiterate man, said: "There, now you wear the turban. If it gives some knowledge, read the letter yourself."

## The Crow and the Meat

One day Mullah Nasruddin went to the market and bought a fine piece of meat. On the way home he met a friend who gave him a special recipe for the meat. Mullah Nasruddin was very happy. But then, before he got home, a large crow stole the meat from Mullah Nasruddin's hands and flew off with it.

"You thief!" Mullah Nasruddin angrily called after departing crow. "You have stolen my meat! But you won't enjoy it; I've got the recipe!"

## Servitude

Mullah Nasruddin was unemployed and poor but somehow he got little money to eat beans and pilaf at a cheap restaurant. He ate and examined walking people outside with the corner of the eye. He noticed a long, handsome swashbuckler (bully man) behind the crowd. The Man was well dressed from head to foot, with velvet turban, silver embroidered vest, silk shirt, satin baggy-trousers and golden scimitar (short curved sword.)

Mullah Nasruddin pointed the man and asked restaurant keeper, "Who is that man over there!"

The waiter replied, "He is Fehmi Pasha's servant."

Mullah Nasruddin sighed from far away, looked at the sky and said: "Oh, my Good Lord! Look at that Fehmi Pasha's servant and look at your own servant, here."

## The Other Place

One day a visitor came to Mullah Nasruddin with a question. "Mullah Nasruddin, the place that we humans come from and the place that we go to, what is it like?"

"Oh," said Mullah Nasruddin, "it is a very frightening place."

"Why do you say that?" the visitor asked.

"Well, when we come from there as babies, we are crying, and when somebody has to go there, everybody cries."

## Paying the Piper

One day Mullah Nasruddin wished to learn playing zurna (a kind of shrill pipe) and visited a zurna player. "How much does it cost to learn playing zurna?" asked Mullah Nasruddin.

"Three hundred akche (coin) for the first lesson and one hundred akche for the next lessons," asked zurna player.

"It sounds good," replied Mullah Nasruddin. "We may start with second lesson. I was a shepherd when I was a young boy, so I already had some whistle experiences. It must be good enough for first lesson, isn't it?"

## Trousers and Robe

One day Mullah Nasruddin went to market to buy new clothes. First he tested a pair of trousers. He didn't like the trousers and he gave back them to the shopkeeper. Then he tried a robe, which had same price as the trousers. Mullah Nasruddin was pleased with the robe and he left the shop. Before he climbed on the donkey to ride home he stopped by the shopkeeper and the shop-assistant.

"You didn't pay for the robe," said the shopkeeper.

"But I gave you the trousers instead of the robe, isn't it?" replied Mullah Nasruddin.

"Yes, but you didn't pay for the trousers, either!" said the shopkeeper.

"But I didn't buy the trousers," replied Mullah Nasruddin. "I am not so stupid to pay for something which I never bought."

## Two Cooked Fish

Once a renowned philosopher and moralist was traveling through Nasruddin's village when he asked him where there was a good place to eat. He suggested a place and the scholar, hungry for conversation, invited Mullah Nasruddin to join him. Much obliged, Mullah Nasruddin accompanied the scholar to a nearby restaurant, where they asked the waiter about the special of the day. "Fish! Fresh Fish!" replied the waiter.

"Bring us two," they answered. A few minutes later, the waiter brought out a large platter with two cooked fish on it, one of which was quite a bit smaller than the other. Without hesitating, Mullah Nasruddin took the larger of the fish and put in on his plate.

The scholar, giving Mullah Nasruddin a look of intense disbelief, proceed to tell him that what he did was not only blatantly selfish, but that it violated the principles of almost every known moral, religious, and ethical system.

Mullah Nasruddin calmly listened to the philosopher's extempore lecture patiently, and when he had finally exhausted his resources, Mulla Nasruddin said, "Well, Sir, what would you have done?"

"I, being a conscientious human, would have taken the smaller fish for myself."

"And here you are," Mullah Nasruddin said, and placed the smaller fish on the gentleman's plate.

## End of the World

A group of philosophers traveled far and wide to find, and contemplated for many years, the end of the world but could not state a time for its coming. Finally they turned to Mullah Nasruddin and asked him: "Do you know when the end of the world will be?"

"Of course, said Mullah Nasruddin, when I die, that will be the end of the world."

"When you die? Are you sure?"

"It will be for me at least," said Mullah Nasruddin

## Keeping Warm

On a frigid and snowy winter day Mullah Nasruddin was having a chat with some of his friends in the local coffee house. Mullah Nasruddin said that cold weather did not bother him, and in fact, he could stay, if necessary, all night without any heat. "We'll take you up on that, Mullah Nasruddin," they said. "If you stand all night in the village square without warming yourself by any external means, each of us will treat you to a sumptuous meal. But if you fail to do so, you will treat us all to dinner."

"All right it's a bet," Mullah Nasruddin said. That very night, Mullah Nasruddin stood in the village square till morning despite the bitter cold. In the morning, he ran triumphantly to his friends and told them that they should be ready to fulfill their promise.

"But as a matter of fact you lost the bet, Mullah Nasruddin," said one of them. "At about midnight, just before I went to sleep, I saw a candle burning a window about three hundred yards away from where you were standing. That certainly means that you warmed yourself by it."

"That's ridiculous," Mullah Nasruddin argued. "How can a candle behind a window warm a person three hundred yards away?" All his protestations were to no avail, and it was decided that Mullah Nasruddin had lost the bet. Mullah Nasruddin accepted the verdict and invited all of them to a dinner that night at his home. They all arrived on time, laughing and joking, anticipating the delicious meal Mullah Nasruddin was going to serve them. But dinner was not ready. Mullah Nasruddin told them that it would be ready in a short time, and left the room to prepare the meal. A long time passed, and still no dinner was served. Finally, getting impatient and very hungry, they went into the kitchen to see if there was any food cooking at all. What they saw, they could not believe. Mullah Nasruddin was standing by a huge cauldron, suspended from the ceiling. There was a lighted candle under the cauldron. "Be patient my friends," Mullah Nasruddin told them. "Dinner will be ready soon. You see it is cooking."

"Are you out of your mind, Mullah Nasruddin?" they shouted. How could you with such a tiny flame boil such a large pot?"

"Your ignorance of such matters amuses me," Mullah Nasruddin said. "If the flame of a candle behind a window three hundred yards away can warm a person, surely the same flame will boil this pot which is only three inches away."

## Saifu

An angry man came in to a cafe and yelled: "IS SAIFU HERE?" No body answered so he yelled again: "IS SAIFU HERE OR NOT?"

Finally a guy got up, "YAH, I AM SAIFU" he said.

The angry man came closer and punched the guy, knocked him down on the floor and then left the cafe. The guy got up, cleaned his nose from blood and while every one was expecting a reaction from him, returned to his table without saying anything.

Some one came and asked the guy: "How can you just sit here and do nothing? That man knocked you down and you are not even cursing him."

"You wouldn't say that if you knew what I have done to him," said the man with a smirk. "What? How?" asked the other man with curious excitement.

"I am not SAIFU," said the guy proudly.

## Lesson of the Sandals

One day Nasruddin was taking a walk in his village, when several of his neighbors approached him. "Nasruddin Hoja!" they said to him, "you are so wise and holy! Please take us as your pupils to teach us how we should live our lives, and what we should do!"

Nasruddin paused, and then said "Alright; I will teach you the first lesson right now. The most important thing is to take very good care of your feet and sandals; you must keep them clean and neat at all times."

The neighbors listened attentively until they glanced down at his feet, which were in fact quite dirty and shod in old sandals that seemed about to fall apart. "But Nasruddin Hoja," said one of them, "your feet are terribly dirty, and your sandals are a mess! How do you expect us to follow your teachings if you don't carry them out yourself?"

"Well," replied Nasruddin, "I don't go around asking people how I should live my life either, do I?"

## Two Pots

Later that evening, Nasruddin was cooking up some things. He went to his neighbor and asked for a pot and promised to return it the next day. A knock, knock came on the neighbor's door the next day. Nasruddin had come to return the pot. The neighbor looks at his pot and inside was one smaller. The neighbors said, "There is a small pot inside the one I loaned you."

Nasruddin told him, "The pot gave birth."

The neighbor was quite pleased to hear this and accepted the two pots. The very next morning, Nasruddin knocks on the neighbor's door to borrow a larger pot than the previous one. The neighbor happily abides his the request. A week goes past, without Nasruddin knocking to return the pot. The neighbor and Nasruddin bump into each other at the bazaar a few days latter. Nasruddin's neighbor asked, "Where is my pot?"

"It's dead," says Nasruddin. "But how can that be?" queries the neighbor.

Nasruddin points out, "If a pot can give birth, then a pot can also die."

## The Perfect Wife

One afternoon, Nasruddin and his friend were sitting in a cafe, drinking tea, and talking about life and love. "How come you never got married, Nasruddin?" asked his friend at one point.

"Well," said Nasruddin, "to tell you the truth, I spent my youth looking for the perfect woman. In Cairo, I met a beautiful and intelligent woman, with eyes like dark olives, but she was unkind. Then in Baghdad, I met a woman who was a wonderful and generous soul, but we had no interests in common. One woman after another would seem just right, but there would always be something missing. Then one day, I met her. She was beautiful, intelligent, generous and kind. We had everything in common. In fact she was perfect."

"Well," said Nasruddin's friend, "what happened? Why didn't you marry her?"

Nasruddin sipped his tea reflectively. "Well," he replied, "it's a sad thing. Seems she was looking for the perfect man."

## The Cloak and the Feast

Mullah Nasruddin in Banguet Nasruddin heard that there was a banquet being held in the nearby town, and that everyone was invited. He made his way there as quickly as he could. When the Master of Ceremonies saw him in his ragged cloak, he seated him in the most inconspicuous place, far from the great table where the most important people were waiting on hand and foot. Nasruddin saw that it would be an hour at last before the waiters reached where he was sitting.

So he got up and went home. He dressed himself in a magnificent sable cloak and turban and returned to feast. As soon as the heralds of the Emir, his host, saw this splendid sight they started to beat the drum of welcome and sound the trumpets in a manner befitting a visitor of high rank. The Chamberlain came out of the palace himself, and conducted the magnificent Nasruddin to a place almost next to the Emir. A dish of wonderful food was immediately placed before him. Without a pause, Nasruddin began to rub handfuls of it into his turban and cloak.

"Your Eminence," said the prince, "I am curious as to your eating habits, which are new to me."

"Nothing special," said Nasruddin; "the cloak get me in here and got me the food. Surely it deserves its portion."

## Mullah Nasruddin and His Beautiful Daughter

Mullah Nasruddin had a beautiful daughter, the desire of all the evil eyes of the men lived in his village. Everyone sought the hand of the fair maiden, but Mullah Nasruddin protected her from the outside world, saving her for the wealthy young khan who lived just outside the village.

At last the young Khan came to ask for the hand of the beautiful maiden. Mullah Nasruddin drove a hard bargain and was to receive the highest bride-price ever bargained for in the entire region. With the usual Muslim regard for ceremony, Mullah Nasruddin insisted on a long waiting-period before the wedding vows could be taken.

It seems that the young and beautiful daughter of Mullah Nasruddin had a mind and a body of her own. She fell in love with a young stalwart ne'er-do-well in the village, who constantly showered her with attention as she went to the nearby well to gather water in the morning and at dusk. Her trips to get water began to take longer periods of time. Most people in the village know what was happening, but no one dared tell Mullah Nasruddin.

The time for the wedding approached and the young, wealthy Khan came to collect his bride. Mullah Nasruddin brought her to greet her betrothed. Lo and behold! She was well

pregnant by this time. The young, rich Khan was horrified, and turned on the Mullah Nasruddin, demanding to know why such a thing had occurred. And when Mullah Nasruddin merely replied that such things are normal when people get married; the young, rich Khan stormed out of Mullah Nasruddin's compound, and said that he withdrew his offer of marriage to the young beautiful daughter of Mullah Nasruddin and therefore would expect a return on the down payment on the bride price.

Mullah Nasruddin, genuinely shocked, called after the young, rich Khan and the young Khan returned. "Let us be sensible about this," pleaded Mullah Nasruddin. "Actually, I should double the bride price now that my daughter is truly pregnant and can give you a son."

The young Khan, even more horrified, stuttered and asked, "In the name of Allah, why?" Mullah Nasruddin calmly replied, "Why just last week I delivered a cow to a man to whom I had sold the cow several months before. In the interim period, the cow became pregnant, and when I delivered the cow, I demanded and received twice the original amount. Now what is so different between a cow and a daughter?"

## The King and His Dreams

Once there was a king who had a dream that all his teeth had fallen out. He woke up upset and asked that the best interpreters be brought to the palace.

The first interpreter said, "My king, I am sorry to inform you that all your family members will die in your lifetime." The king got very upset and ordered that the interpreter be imprisoned.

Then the second, the third and the fourth interpreters said the same thing. The king was very angry and very upset. He imprisoned all of them and insisted on a search for better interpreters.

Finally, a wise interpreter came by. He said, "My king, you will live a long life. In your lifetime, you will share your family's joys and sorrows. You will be present to assist those who need you even after many family members have gone." The king became very happy and gave the interpreter a lot of presents.

## Cursing Rulers

Once there was a man who seized power by force. He insisted that every follower of the previous ruler curse that ruler in public or else he or she would be killed. One of the followers of the previous ruler thought of a way to satisfy the present ruler without cursing the previous one.

He stood up in public and said, "This ruler is asking me to curse the previous ruler, I curse HIM (this ruler) and ask you to do the same." The people did not get it and cursed the previous ruler. At the same time, the man was released.

## The Chess Game and the Shoes

Once there was a king who beat each person he played chess with. One day, a farmer came by and asked to play chess with the king. The king agreed. As they were beginning, the farmer took off his shoes and put them on the chair and sat on them. As the game proceeded, the king kept wondering about the shoes. The farmer won the game at the end. The king then asked the farmer about the shoes. The farmer replied that he took his shoes off so the king would not fully concentrate on the game.

## A Wise Mullah

There was a wise Mullah in the lands of Allah who taught in the streets and the market place. He was much respected by the people for his wisdom in the writings and his knowledge of Mohammed. But he was best known for his wit, which some said was sharper than the headsman's axe and twice as final.

One day the Mullah and his wife were in the village buying goods for the feast to be held that week. He saw a man he had counseled to the faith and who had yet to renounce his infidel Christian ways. He walked up to the man and greeted him with a holy blessing.

"I thank you" the infidel replied. "And how do you fare, good Mullah?"

The Mullah answered him. "I am blessed by Allah with a good wife and many fine children. You can see how Allah blesses the true believers in this land. You are still a bachelor, and an infidel. I am sure that if you took up the true faith Allah would grant you a wife."

The young man answered, "I am not convinced that getting a wife is enough to make me convert."

The Mullah had perceived that this young man was quite taken with the fairer sex, and so he explained to him; "Mohammed, in his wisdom, decreed that it was Allah's will that a man be allowed to have as many wives as he wishes. I know that your infidel faith does not allow more than one wife."

This impressed the young man. "This is true. I might be persuaded by such an argument." At this time the Mullah's wife began to shout after him, calling in a most ungracious way to cease his gossiping and carry her purchases.

This caused the infidel to ask; "If you are allowed many wives, why is it that you, a Mullah have only one wife?"

"The answer is simple," the Mullah replied. "The prophet said it was allowed, he never said it was a good idea!"

## A Mother's Three Gifts

Three sons left home, went out on their own and prospered. Getting back together, they discussed the gifts they were able to give their elderly mother.

The first said, "I built a big house for our mother."

The second said, "I sent her a camel with a driver."

The third smiled and said, "I've got you both beat. You remember how Mom enjoyed reading the Divan-e Hafez? And you know she can't see very well. So I sent her a remarkable parrot that recites the entire Divan. It took elders of the town 19 years to teach him. He's one of a kind. Mama just has to name the Ghazal number, and the parrot recites it."

Soon thereafter, mom sent out her letters of thanks: "Ali," she wrote one son, "The house you built is so huge. I live in only one room, but I have to clean the whole house. Reza," she wrote to another, "I am too old to travel. I stay most of the time at home, so I rarely use the camel. And the driver is so rude! My Dearest Nasruddin," she wrote to her third son, "You have the good sense to know what your mother likes. The chicken was delicious."



## Two Great Gifts

Once upon a time, Nasruddin went to the marketplace and put up a sign that read: "Whoever has stolen my donkey, please return it to me and I will give it to them."

"Nasruddin!" exclaimed the townspeople, "Why would you put up such a sign?"

"There are two great gifts in life," replied Nasruddin. "One is to find something that you've lost and the other is to give something that you love away."

## A Suggestion Against Headache

A man asked Nasruddin: "I have terrible headaches, what do you think I should do?"

Nasruddin replied: "A few days ago I had a terrible toothache. Nothing helped, so I had it pulled out. Now I am fine."

## Teaching a Donkey to Read.

During a conversation with Tamerlane, Nasruddin started bragging about his donkey. "It is so smart that I can teach it even how to read," he said.

"Then go ahead and teach it how to read. You have three months," Tamerlane ordered. Nasruddin went home and began to train his donkey. He put its feed between the pages of a big book and taught it to turn the pages with its tongue to find its feed. Three days before the three-month period was over, Nasruddin stopped feeding his donkey.

When he took the donkey to Tamerlane, he asked for a big book and put it in front of his donkey. The hungry animal turned the pages of the book one by one with its tongue, but when it found no feed, it began to Bray.

Tamerlane watched the donkey closely, and exclaimed, "That sure is a strange way of reading!"

Nasruddin remarked, "But this is how a donkey reads!"

## The King and the Woodcutter

Written by - Khairan and Andrew Patterson

There once was a king of Persia long ago who wanted to know what his people were saying and doing. He trusted no one in his palace. He was sure that they would only tell him what they thought he would like to hear or something by which they might benefit. So to know what was going on, the king had to see with his own eyes.

So the king would go to a secret room, put on dirty old clothes and a turban to cover his head to disguise himself. In that way, he could walk around the city himself and listen as well as see what people were saying and doing and no one would know he was king.

One evening. The king in his disguise passed by a house where the door was slightly open. From inside the house he could hear laughter and the sounds of happy people. He stopped and peered through the open door to see what was going on. From inside the house, the owner of the house, saw the king looking into his house and called out to him in the usual Persian greeting of inviting someone into their home, "Come in my friend. My home is your home!"

The King pushed the door open and was greeted by the owner, a pleasant, friendly man. The king looked around the man's house and could see everyone was hurrying here and there doing their chores. They all had smiles on their faces and were very cheerful.

The king was puzzled and asked, "When I passed by your house and I heard sounds of happiness coming from inside your house. I wanted to see why your home is so different than the other houses I passed."

"Oh, I am a woodcutter," replied the owner of the house. "Every day, I take my donkey and go into the mountains where I cut firewood. I load firewood on my donkey and come back to the city. Everyone needs firewood to cook their food and heat water in their homes for baths. Everyday, a lot of people buy my firewood and I make a lot of money."

The king could see that the man was not wealthy or powerful like he was, but he was happy and content with the money he made from selling firewood. Excusing himself, the king hurried back to his palace. The next day, the king issued an order. "No cutting firewood, no hauling firewood, and no selling firewood."

That evening, he put on his disguise and hurried to the home of the woodcutter. Everything was the same like the day before. There was much laughter, joy and happiness instead of sadness and silence. The woodcutter again saw the king standing outside his door, looking into his house and called out, "Come in! Come in, my friend! My home is your home."

The king pushed the door open further and entered the woodcutter's house.

"What happened today?" "Oh yes," replied the woodcutter. "So today, I took my donkey to the mountains where there are streams with delicious water that comes from melting snow. I filled large jars with this water and brought it down into the city where I sold it to many people. The people loved the taste of the fresh mountain water and bought the water. I made a lot of money."

The king now planned to make his next move and could hardly wait to get back to the palace. The next day, the king had an order posted all around the city, which read: "By order of the King, there shall be no cutting firewood, no hauling firewood, no selling firewood. And there shall be no hauling mountain water or selling mountain water."

Putting on his disguise, just as he did the two previous evenings, the king hurried to the woodcutter's home. Everything was the same as the day before. Again, from inside the woodcutter's home he could hear sounds of joy and happiness. The king was puzzled; there should be sadness, maybe screaming and anger, but not joy. When the woodcutter saw the king standing outside, he called out to him.

"Come in, my friend. Come in. My home is your home."

"What happened today?" asked the king. "Didn't the king order that no one is to cut, haul, or sell firewood and no one is to haul or sell water?"

"Yes," replied the woodcutter, "but a man needs to rest sometime. My family is happy to have me home for the day. And I am happy I could be here all day to help my wife and our children do things around the house. Won't you stay and have some tea with us?"

"No, no," said the king, and excused himself and hurried back to the palace.

The next morning, the king sent a messenger to the home of the woodcutter. By order of the king, the woodcutter was to come to the palace to be the official sword bearer. But the king was very tricky and offered to pay the woodcutter so little money that any man would grumble and be unhappy. The woodcutter did not recognize the king and put on the sword. All day he did as the king directed him to do.

That evening, the king was eager to see if the woodcutter would now be unhappy with his life. Again he put his disguise and hurried to the woodcutter's home. Again the door was slightly open and from inside he could hear sounds of happiness and joy.

The woodcutter from inside his home saw the king and called out to him. "Salaam (peace to you) my friend. Come in. My home is your home."

The king was now really puzzled. How could there still be happiness and joy in the woodcutter's home when there should be anger or sadness? As if he did not know, the king asked, "What happened today?"

"A very strange thing happened," replied the woodcutter. "The king sent for me to come to the palace and to be his sword bearer. All day I have to carry this heavy sword, yet the king pays me so little money.

"However, this sword the king gave me is heavy from much gold and silver and it has many beautiful gems all over it. So I took the sword to the market where I sold it. People in the market gave me so much money for the sword that I can now buy three houses and retire for the rest of my life.

"I have to have a sword to carry, so I went to a carpenter who made a wooden sword for me. This I put in place of this heavy gold sword. This wooden sword is so much lighter and easier for me to carry that I can walk around the palace all day without feeling tired!"

Always mindful to make guests comfortable, Persians always offer guests something to eat or drink. So the woodcutter asked the king, "Won't you stay and have some tea and food with us? After selling that sword, I can now afford to have the best tea in the world for my family and guests."

So now the king was really upset because the woodcutter had been more clever than he. He declined the woodcutter's offer and hurried back to his palace.

The next morning, the king was sitting on his throne. He called for his sword-bearer. Entering the throne room, the woodcutter didn't recognize the king as the man who had visited his home for three evenings. He walked up and stood beside a man in chains before the king.

"The man beside you," said the king, "is a terrible criminal. I order you to take your sword and cut off this man's head this very moment. If you fail to cut this man's head off, I will have your head cut off."

The poor woodcutter, now ordered to kill the man beside him, grabbed the handle of his wooden sword. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he called out, "Oh Allah, I shall cut off this man's head as the king has ordered me to do. But if this man is innocent, may my sword turn to wood..."

## Of The Jungle

By Anjum Makki

And every kind of thing is produced on the earth in due balance and measure. The mineral kingdom supports the vegetable and they in their turn support the animal, and there is a link of mutual dependence between them. Excess is eliminated. The waste of one is made the food of another, and vice versa. And this is a chain of gradation and inter-dependence. (15.19) The Holy Qur'an

It was not too long ago in the passage of time, in a city not far from here, there lived a local politician and this city was surrounded by thousands of acres of agricultural land. A huge dense forest thickly populated by tall trees covered a vast portion of this land running into a few hundred square kilometers. One day the politician decided to make a detailed survey of his constituency and during such surveys he had to make lengthy detours around this huge forest. This inconvenienced him a great deal and he decided that he should somehow put an end to this problem. That day, he decided to venture deep into the forest to find a way to solve this problem.

He had never gone inside the forest before, though it stood on the land of his constituency. Filled with resolve, he walked with determined steps into the forest. What he saw inside totally shocked him. The forest on his land grew wild. According to his thinking a forest meant that it should have plenty of huge trees and, therefore, anything that was not a tree was useless. He cleverly reasoned that the grass and the bushes that grew wild in his forest absorbed precious water from the ground that was meant for the trees. Then there was the problem of all those fallen leaves, the dry twigs and the rotting branches that fell from the trees, had scattered all over the forest and merely cluttered the ground. All the problems that plagued his constituency would vanish if the forest were cleared of its wild undergrowth and roads were built inside the forest for people to move about freely. He made this into a poll-issue and very soon the people of the city gave him the authority to carry out his plans by voting him to power.

After taking stock of the problem, he went to a nearby village and hired hundreds of laborers to clean up this forest. He promised to pay them well for all their services rendered by them in this regard and he instructed his laborers to get started on the job from the next day itself. All pleas for caution from other well-meaning people who wanted to preserve the wild nature of the forest went unheeded by the politician. The laborers came next day armed with pickaxes, shovels, sickles and brooms. First they swept the area clean and wherever they could they gathered all the dry twigs, the leaves and the rotting branches and started burning them. Having finished the task after a few weeks they attacked the bushes and the low obstructing branches of the trees with their axes and made them into huge heaps and started burning them down too.

After a few weeks time, his forest started wearing a clean and an airy look. The politician took a great interest in planting the new trees to replace those trees he had got felled for obstructing the way. The new trees were planted in neat rows and were lined up to look like chairs alongside a wall and there was not a single speck of dirt to cover up the groups. The laborers had done a thorough job to the last detail. The politician was very pleased with the orderly sight that greeted him from every corner of the forest.

Three years passed by and the people of the city began to notice strange changes in his clean forest. The crowns of the tallest trees had their crowns thinned out and they were sparsely populated with leaves. On a closer look they found that the leaves of even the largest of trees had started to lose their color and sheen. They almost wore a transparent look; the forest had become peppered with dead trees, standing tall but totally lifeless and dried-up. Then there were those huge trees, victims of many storms that had fallen across the path totally blocking the path of the traveler who passed that way. Winter was a long way off and

yet the ground lay covered with yellow leaves. Only a short time had passed since the politician had cleaned up the forest and it was untidy once again, worse than before a poor shadow of its former self.

The politician who had also heard about the sad state of the forest was puzzled. He could simply not understand why the trees had dried up and it was certainly not from lack of care from his side. Three years had passed since he had cleared the forest of its thick undergrowth. Along with the forest, he also took great care to attend to the problems of the people of his constituency. He had inlaid the forests with roads and electricity and telecommunication cables, which brought them close to the other people of the outside world. Finally at his wits end he called for help from the experts who lived in his constituency and they were asked to form a committee to study the problems in the forest and suggest remedial measure within three months time.

The experts studied the problem and at the end of three months they submitted a report to the politician. According to the report, what had happened was that the laborers in their enthusiasm to clean up the forest had swept out just everything-all that should have been swept out and all that should have been left untouched. The dry branches of the dead trees were certainly of no use, except perhaps as firewood but the bushes had also been chopped out needlessly. The politician had briefed the laborers earlier that the only things of importance in a forest were the trees and the bushes were of no value at all! However the people of the city found out from their own sad experience that the trees could not live without the bushes for they began to dry soon after the bushes had disappeared. They cursed themselves for entrusting the care of their forest into the hands of a shortsighted politician.

The report also gave the reasons as to why the bushes were so important to a forest. The forest is not just a forest and it can be compared to a densely populated city. The houses in the forest were the nests and the burrows and its inhabitants the birds and the animals. While it is true that some birds build their nests high up in the tall trees, there are many others that build their nests in the thick undergrowth tucked away safe in the thick foliage away from prying human eyes. They would dart quickly into their nests as soon as they sensed danger from other birds or animals and the moment they sensed a stranger nearby.

When the laborers had chopped down the thick undergrowth on the advice of the politician, the birds that nested there took flight immediately and flew far away and settled themselves in other forests and that was the beginning of all the problems that were going to plague the forests in the months to come. The reasons were not far to seek. It is a well-known fact that the birds rarely sit on a branch idling or whiling away their time. They fly all around the forest hopping from branch to branch from dawn to dusk tidying up the forest in their own methodical way. As soon as they spot a beetle or a caterpillar on the trees they quickly snatch it up by their beaks and they eat to their fill. After that they start hunting for more and take it in their beaks to their baby nestlings. The baby-birds on their part eat an awful lot of bugs brought to them by their parents and grow very fast. The forest birds used to eat away thousands of bugs everyday and when the birds flew away to other forests, the beetles and the caterpillars' had the time of their lives. They made merry, multiplied and multiplied in alarming proportions.

The trees in the forest started drying up because they were now swarming with insects. Some insects feasted on their leaves and others on the roots. The tree appeared to them like a well laid-

out banquet table but with a difference. Here, the insects would make a feast of the table too! After the birds had left they had multiplied rapidly and attacked each tree in regiments. The caterpillars were the first to advance and they chewed up the leaves and the roots. The trees used to absorb light and air through its leaves and water from its roots for photosynthesis. In its absence the trees became weak with thirst and hunger. These weaknesses laid them open to attack from many more enemies. The next in line to attack were the beetles, the type that fed on the bark of the trees. These beetles started chewing through the bark and they started boring long winding tunnels under the barks, chewing up on the wood as they worked and carting away the sawdust on their backs.

If only the tree had been stronger and healthier, it would have done away with the beetles in no time, feeding on its bark by its own defense mechanism, by drowning them in the heavy sticky sap that flowed underneath the bark. But the tree was no longer its former self; as it had been before the caterpillars had overran it. It had dried up because of lack of food and water and there was not much sap left in it. There was no one to defend the tree either as the birds had already taken flight to safer areas.

The beetles feeding on the bark stayed on the job boring away at the tree from all sides and it was not long before the tunnels merged forming a bored out band under the bark. The beetles had cut between the roads inside the trees that linked the leaf with its roots and the live healing sap could no longer flow beneath the bark. The trees lost their last leaves. They still stood straight up in the forest, but hollowed and eaten down from inside, and they were dead.

Even now the enemies of the trees would not let it rest in peace. New beetles different from the bark-eating beetles arrived on the scene and they had feelers that were longer than their bodies and they made straight to the center of the tree trunk to eat it away continuously and turned the once mighty trees into mere hollow shells ruining it completely. Like this, all the trees of this forest were ruined completely.

All this happened because the people acting on the advice of a politician had chopped down the bushes and shrubs in the forest. The politician in his narrow vision had imagined a forest that was only filled with trees. He was mistaken, the experts told him so, for no forest is complete without the shrubs, the bushes, animals, birds, beetles and the caterpillars alongside the trees.

All the plants and animals in the forest lived with each other according to a master -plan, the law of nature, and they had co-existed for centuries living off each other in perfect harmony. This co-existence for centuries was destroyed in a very short duration all because of the shortsighted vision of a politician, who had imagined in his mind a forest that was only made up of trees and he had not bothered to ask the learned and the wise about the rules of this master-plan before he had ordered the forest to be cleaned up.

The people now wise from the findings of the experts woke up suddenly to the facts that now faced them. Their city would be deprived of clean healthy air from the forest, medicinal herbs, firewood, fruits and flowers that grew wild in it. They rushed to the forest armed with paste hoping that the caterpillars would stick to it and they also sprayed the leaves with a poisonous spray. It was no use. There were too many insects and nothing could stop them anymore.

# Religious Jokes

Those that are wise will learn from this story and not repeat the same mistakes again. The next time we decide to change nature we should know that everything created by nature is interlinked with everything else and we should not forget this relationship. Even the woodpecker and the ants are important members of a forest for they too eat up harmful insects and help to keep the forest in order.

If you wish to help protect a forest in your area, you should remember that it should extend to all its inhabitants and don't let anyone break off the branches of a tree, or root out bushes, destroy the nests of birds or burn away ant-hills for we have a responsibility of saving the forests for the generations that are going to come after us.

We provide sustenance of every kind, physical, mental, spiritual, etc., for you (i.e. for mankind.) But we do more. We provide for every one of Our creatures. And there are those of which mankind is not even cognizant. We provide for them also. There are those who may at first sight appear hostile to man, or whom man may consider hostile, such as wild and noxious animals. They are Our creatures, and We provide for them also, as they are Our creatures. But there is due order and balance in the economy of Our universal Plan.' (15.20) Surah Al-Hijr of the Holy Qur'an

## House of Ill Repute

You've probably heard the story of the two Irishmen who were working on the road in front of a notorious house of ill repute. As they laboured, they were shocked to see the pastor of the Methodist Church walk down the street and, after a few furtive glances over his shoulder, duck into that house. *Would ya look at that, Darby!* said Pat. *What a shameful disgrace, that Protestant so-called man of God sinning in the likes of that place!* They both shook their heads in disgust and continued their work.

A little later, the Rabbi from the synagogue across town parked his car three blocks away but ended up entering that same door. *Did ya see that, Darby?* said Pat. *Is nothing sacred to those Jewish people? What is the world coming to? A man of the cloth indulging in sins of the flesh! Tis a shame, I tell ya!*

It wasn't long before a third man, this one a Roman Catholic priest, followed the path of his colleagues, right through the door of that place. *Oh no, Darby, look!* said Pat, removing his cap. *One of the poor girls must have died!*

## Catholic Conversion

A Jewish man moves into a Catholic neighborhood. Every Friday the Catholics go crazy because, while they're morosely eating fish, the Jew is outside barbecuing steaks. So the Catholics work on the Jew to convert him.

Finally, by threats and pleading, the Catholics succeed. They take the Jew to a priest who sprinkles holy water on the Jew and intones:

....."Born a Jew  
.....Raised a Jew  
.....Now a Catholic."

The Catholics are ecstatic. No more delicious, but maddening smells every Friday evening. But the next Friday evening, the scent of barbecue wafts through the neighborhood. The Catholics all rush to the Jew's house to remind him of his new diet. They see him standing over the cooking steak. He is sprinkling water on the meat and saying:

....."Born a cow  
.....Raised a cow  
.....Now a fish."

## Religious Accident

A rabbi and a priest get into a car accident and it's a bad one. Both cars are totally demolished but amazingly neither of the clerics is hurt. After they crawl out of their cars, the rabbi sees the priest's collar and says, "So you're a priest. I'm a rabbi. Just look at our cars. There's nothing left, but we are unharmed. This must be a sign from God. God must have meant that we should meet and be friends and live together in peace the rest of our days."

The priest replies, "I agree with you completely. This must be a sign from G-d."

The rabbi continues, "And look at this. Here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of Kedem wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune." Then he hands the bottle to the priest. The priest agrees, takes a few big swigs, and hands the

bottle back to the rabbi. The rabbi takes the bottle, immediately puts the cap on, and hands it back to the priest.

The priest asks, "Aren't you having any?"

The rabbi replies, "No...I think I'll wait for the police."

## Newly Discovered First Page of the Bible

They recently discovered a smaller scroll hidden in the cylinder of the first scroll of the ancient Biblical scriptures, believed to be the actual "first page" of the Bible. When deciphered, it read:

"Copyright (c) 300 B.C. God. All Rights Reserved First Scrawling: First-Sunrise-After-Stonehenge-Keystone-Is-Shadowed, 300 B.C.

All beings, places and events depicted in this work are fictional, and any resemblance to actual beings, places and events past, present or future is purely coincidental.

WARNING: Some of the actions performed in this work are dangerous and should only be attempted by professionals familiar with the action in question.

NOTE: Those tiny points of light in the sky when it gets dark are called 'stars.' Some of them do blow up on occasion. In no way should this be construed as a sign that there is, beneath such an explosion, any form of savior. Should such a misconstrual happen, the author will not be held responsible for the avalanche of arrogance, zeal, bigotry, humanocentricity and other vile acts which will surely follow the residents of the planet into time eternal until someone sees fit to erase the denizens of the world and let the author start over.

ISBN 0-000000-0000-1

Suggested retail: 1 sheep."

## Like Moses, Shakespeare and G\*d.

So the Synagogue got really fed up with its Rabbi. The Executive Committee met and he -too-reluctantly, concluded that they'd have to let him go. Trouble was - who'd want to take him - especially if it got out that he'd been fired? So the Executive Committee decided to give him a glowing letter of recommendation. It compared the Rabbi to Shakespeare, Moses and even G-d Himself.

The recommendation was so warm that within six weeks the Rabbi succeeded in securing himself a pulpit in a major upwardly-mobile Synagogue 500 miles away, at twice his original salary and with three junior Rabbis working under him. Needless to say, in a couple of months the Rabbi's new employers began to observe some of his imperfections. The President of the Rabbi's new pulpit angrily called the President of the old Synagogue charging "We employed this man mostly on the basis of your recommendation. How could you possibly compare him to Shakespeare, Moses and even G-d Himself, when he can't string together a correct sentence in English, when his knowledge of Hebrew is worse than mine and that on top of everything else, he's a liar, a cheat and an all-round low-life?"

"Simple," answered his colleague. "Like Shakespeare he has no Hebrew or Jewish knowledge. Like Moses, he can't speak

English, and like G-d Himself - Er is nisht kan mentch' (He's not a human being!.)"

## The Atheist and the Monster

An atheist was spending a quiet day fishing when suddenly his boat was attacked by the Loch Ness monster. In one easy flip, the beast tossed him and his boat high into the air. Then it opened its mouth to swallow both. As the man sailed head over heels, he cried out, "Oh, my G-d! Help me!"

At once, the ferocious attack scene froze in place, and as the atheist hung in mid-air, a booming voice came down from the clouds, "I thought you didn't believe in Me!"

"Come on G-d, give me a break!," the man pleaded. "Two minutes ago I didn't believe in the Loch Ness monster either!"

## Two Beggars

Two beggars were sitting next to each other. One holds a sign saying "Please help the war veteran," and the other holds a sign saying "Please help a poor Jew."

People pass by and even those who didn't intend to give money to any of them, give to the first to upset the Jew.

One good man passes by, gives money equally to both, and then says to the Jew: "Why don't you change your sign? Don't you understand that nobody will give you any money?" and walks away.

As he goes, the Jews turn to the other one and says: "Imagine that, Haime, he would teach US business..."

## Crew

Yeshiva University decided to field a crew team. Unfortunately, they lost race after race. They practiced for hours every day, but never managed to come in any better than dead last.

The Rosh Yeshiva finally decided to send Yankel to spy on the Harvard team. So Yankel shlepped off to Cambridge and hid in the bulrushes off the Charles River, from where he carefully watched the Harvard team as they practiced.

Yankel finally returned to Yeshiva. "I have figured out their secret," he announced. "They have eight guys rowing and only one guy shouting."

## Hostages

Just before Rosh Hashanah, a team of terrorists invades the shul and takes the rabbi, the cantor and the shul president hostage. Hours later, the governor stands tough, he won't give them a million dollars, nor a getaway car nor a Jumbo Jet.

The terrorists gather the three hostages in a corner and inform them that things look bad and they're going to have to shoot them. Nevertheless, to show that they're not really a bad bunch, they'll grant each hostage one wish.

"Please," says the rabbi, "for the last two months I've been working on my Rosh Hashanah Sermon. What a waste to die now without having carried it before an audience. I'll go happily if you let me recite my sermon. It's an hour - ninety minutes long, tops."

They promise to grant him the wish.

"Please," says the cantor, "after 50 years I've finally gotten the 'Hinnen!' prayer just right. What a waste to die and not sing it to an audience. It's only about 45 minutes long - then I'll go happily."

The terrorists promise to grant the cantor his wish too and they turn to the shul president.

"Please," says the president with tears in his eyes, "Shoot me first!"

### Three Reform Rabbis

Three Reform Rabbis were in a terrible auto wreck. None survived. One minute they were driving along the highway, talking and laughing and joking, and the next, BOOM! they were before the Creator of all. Shaking his head, The Omnipotent One looks at the three.

"Reform I can understand. But where will it end? You! Goldblum! The ashtrays in your temple so My people could smoke while the Torah was being read?" Goldblum shuddered. God went on. "I can live with that. Men are weak, but the Word is strong!"

Goldblum sighed with relief.

"Bauman! Really, I can accept My people need to eat, but really: serving Ham & Cheese Sandwiches to the devout at the temple during Yom Kippur?"

Bauman hung his head in shame.

"Even that I can allow to pass, even with the eating of that which is not Kosher. I'm not pleased at all with the playing fast and loose with my people, but I can accept these indiscretions."

Bauman also heaved a sigh of relief.

Finally, He turns to the third rabbi and says, "You, Rabinowitz, have gone too far! Am I asking too much? No, you flaunt the world at Me, even on the holiest days of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur by putting out a sign saying... 'Closed for the Holidays!'"

### Lotto

An observant Jew called Jacob finds himself in dire trouble. His business has gone bust and he's in serious financial trouble. He's so desperate that he decides to ask God for help. He goes into the synagogue and begins to pray. "God, please help me, I've lost my business and if I don't get some money, I'm going to lose my house as well, please let me win the lotto."

Lotto night comes and somebody else wins it.

Jacob goes back to the synagogue. "God, please let me win the lotto, I've lost my business, my house and I'm going to lose my car as well."

Lotto night comes and Jacob still has no luck!!

Back to the synagogue. "My God, why have you forsaken me?? I've lost my business, my house, my car and my wife and my children are starving. I don't often ask you for help and I have always been a good servant to you. Why won't you just let me win the lotto this one time so I can get my life back in order???"

Suddenly there is a blinding flash of light as the heavens open and Jacob is confronted by the voice of GOD himself: "JACOB, MEET ME HALF WAY ON THIS ONE....BUY A DAMNED TICKET."

### Outer Space Priests

NASA sent many many shuttles into orbit circling the earth. They attempted to include passengers of all races, color and creed.. Eventually they invited, a priest, a Druid (as a catch-all) and a rabbi to orbit the earth in the shuttle...

Upon their return, crowds of people formed to hear their religious leaders impressions. First the Catholic priest emerged,

beaming and happy, in his white robe. He made a statement regarding how wonderful it was to visit G-d's creation from space. He said, "It was totally amazing, I saw the sun rise and set, I saw the beautiful oceans. I never knew Asia and Africa were so large! Perhaps, we should send more missionaries?"

Then the Reformed Druid emerged in his white suit also beaming at the peaceful power of creation as view from outer space. He said, "I saw the magnificent earth, our home, I saw the majestic sun. I'm truly in awe. I'm glad to be back with feet firmly planted again on my Goddess. I had to wing a prayer during an eclipse of the Sun and moon by the earth, but it worked okay. The crew enjoyed the whiskey. Oh, and no angels were seen."

Then the Orthodox rabbi came out. He was completely disheveled, his beard was tangled and in every direction, his kippa was frayed, his tallit was wrinkled, like you can't imagine. The crowds asked him, "Rabbi, did you enjoy the flight?... creation?... outer space?"

The rabbi threw his hands in the air and said, "What ENJOY??? What was there to enjoy??? Oyoyoy! Three days of continual sunrise and setting! On with the tefillin, off with the tefillin, Mincha, Maariv, Mincha, Maariv!...Gevalt!!!!!"

### Where is God?

In a certain suburban neighborhood, there were two brothers, 8 and 10 years old, who were exceedingly mischievous. Whatever went wrong in the neighborhood, it turned out they had a hand in it. Their parents were at their wit's end trying to control them. Hearing about a priest nearby who worked with delinquent boys, the mother suggested to the father that they ask the priest to talk with the boys. The father replied, "Sure, do that before I kill them!"

The mother went to the priest and made her request. He agreed, but said he wanted to see the younger boy first and alone. So the mother sent him to the priest.

The priest sat the boy down across a huge, impressive desk he sat behind. For about five minutes they just sat and stared at each other. Finally, the priest pointed his forefinger at the boy and asked, "Where is God?"

The boy looked under the desk, in the corners of the room, all around, but said nothing. Again, louder, the priest pointed at the boy and asked, "Where is God?"

Again the boy looked all around but said nothing. A third time, in a louder, firmer voice, the priest leaned far across the desk and put his forefinger almost to the boy's nose, and asked, "Where is God?"

The boy panicked and ran all the way home. Finding his older brother, he dragged him upstairs to their room and into the closet where they usually plotted their mischief. He finally said, "We are in big trouble."

The older boy asked, "What do you mean, big trouble?"

His brother replied, "God is missing and they think we did it!"

### The Collar

A little boy, not accustomed to seeing a priest in his "work uniform," went up to the priest and asked, "Why do you dress so funny?"

The priest replied, "This is the uniform that I wear when I work."

The child, still staring at him, asked, "Do you have a boo boo?"

The priest was somewhat puzzled, but quickly figured out that the child was looking at his white and black Roman collar. The priest pulled out the white plastic insert and showed it to the child, telling him that it was also part of his uniform.

On the backside of the collar there was some writing: "Wash with warm soapy water." The priest showed this to the little boy and then asked him, "Do you know what these words say?"

The little boy, obviously much too young to read, stated, "I sure do."

The priest, a little taken aback, then replied, "OK then, tell me what they say."

The little boy then replied, "Kills fleas and ticks for up to six months!"

## The Power of Scripture

This lady surprised a burglar in her kitchen. He was all loaded down with the things he was going to steal. She had no weapon and was all alone. The only thing that she could think to do was quote Scripture. So she holds up a hand and says: "ACTS 2:38!!!"

The burglar quakes in fear and then freezes to the point that she is able to get to the phone and call 911 for the cops. When the cops arrive, the burglar is still frozen in place. They are very much surprised that a woman alone with no weapon could do this. One of them asked the lady: "How did you do this?"

The woman replied, "I quoted Scripture."

The cop turned to the burglar: "What was it about the scripture that had such an effect on you?"

The burglar replied: "Scripture! What scripture? I thought she said she had an ax and two 38's."

## Lawns and God

GOD: St. Francis, you know all about gardens and nature. What in the world is going on down there in the USA? What happened to the dandelions, violets, thistle and stuff I started eons ago? I had a perfect, no-maintenance garden plan. Those plants grow in any type of soil, withstand drought and multiply with abandon. The nectar from the long lasting blossoms attracts butterflies, honeybees and flocks of songbirds. I expected to see a vast garden of colors by now. But all I see are these green rectangles.

ST. FRANCIS: It's the tribes that settled there, Lord. The Suburbanites. They started calling your flowers weeds and went to great lengths to kill them and replace them with grass.

GOD: Grass? But it's so boring. It's not colorful. It doesn't attract butterflies, birds and bees, only grubs and sod worms. It's temperamental with temperatures. Do these Suburbanites really want all that grass growing there?

ST. FRANCIS: Apparently so, Lord. They go to great pains to grow it and keep it green. They begin each spring by fertilizing grass and poisoning any other plant that crops up in the lawn.

GOD: The spring rains and warm weather probably make grass grow really fast. That must make the Suburbanites happy.

ST. FRANCIS: Apparently not, Lord. As soon as it grows a little, they cut it, sometimes twice a week.

GOD: They cut it? Do they then bale it like hay?

ST. FRANCIS: Not exactly Lord. Most of them rake it up and put it in bags.

GOD: They bag it? Why? Is it a cash crop? Do they sell it?

ST. FRANCIS: No, sir -- just the opposite. They pay to throw it away.

GOD: Now, let me get this straight. They fertilize grass so it will grow. And when it does grow, they cut it off and pay to throw it away?

ST. FRANCIS: Yes, sir.

GOD: These Suburbanites must be relieved in the summer when we cut back on the rain and turn up the heat. That surely slows the growth and saves them a lot of work.

ST. FRANCIS: You aren't going to believe this, Lord. When the grass stops growing so fast, they drag out hoses and pay more money to water it so they can continue to mow it and pay to get rid of it.

GOD: What nonsense. At least they kept some of the trees. That was a sheer stroke of genius, if I do say so myself. The trees grow leaves in the spring to provide beauty and shade in the summer. In the autumn they fall to the ground and form a natural blanket to keep moisture in the soil and protect the trees and bushes. Plus, as they rot, the leaves form compost to enhance the soil. It's a natural circle of life.

ST. FRANCIS: You'd better sit down, Lord. The Suburbanites have drawn a new circle. As soon as the leaves fall, they rake them into great piles and pay to have them hauled away.

GOD: No. What do they do to protect the shrub and tree roots in the winter and to keep the soil moist and loose?

ST. FRANCIS: After throwing away the leaves, they go out and buy something which they call mulch. They haul it home and spread it around in place of the leaves.

GOD: And where do they get this mulch?

ST. FRANCIS: They cut down trees and grind them up to make the mulch.

GOD: Enough! I don't want to think about this anymore. St. Catherine, you're in charge of the arts. What movie have you scheduled for us tonight?

ST. CATHERINE: Dumb and Dumber, Lord. It's a real stupid movie about...

GOD: Never mind, I think I just heard the whole story from St. Francis

## Sisterhood

A man was brought to Mercy Hospital, and went in for coronary surgery. The operation went well, and as the groggy man regained consciousness, he was reassured by a Sister of Mercy waiting by his bed.

"Mr. Smith, you're going to be just fine," the nun said while patting his hand.

"We do have to know, however, how you intend to pay for your stay here. Are you covered by insurance?"

"No, I'm not," the man whispered hoarsely.

"Can you pay in cash?"

"I'm afraid I can't, Sister."

"Do you have any close relatives, then?"

"Just my sister in New Mexico," replied, "but she's a spinster nun."

"Nuns are not spinsters, Mr. Smith," the nun replied. "They are married to God."

"That's right..." the man said with a smile, "So bill my Brother-in-law."

## Going to Heaven

Father O'Malley walks into a pub in Donegal, and says to the first man he meets, "Do you want to go to Heaven?"

The man said, "I do Father."

The priest said, "Then stand over there against the wall."

Then the priest asked the second man, "Do you want to go to Heaven?"

"Sure, Father, and who wouldn't?" was the man's reply.

"Then stand over there against the wall," said the priest.

Then Father O'Malley walked up to Murphy and said, "Do you want to go to Heaven?"

Murphy shook his head and said, "No, I don't Father."

The priest said, "C'mon lad... I don't believe this. You mean to tell me that when you die you don't want to go to Heaven?"

Murphy said, "Oh, when I die, yes. Sure, I thought you were getting a group together to go right now."

## Fatherhood

An old man was once on the subway, and he sat down next to a younger man. He noticed that the young man had a strange kind of shirt collar.

Having never seen a priest before, he asked, "Excuse me sir, but why do you have your shirt collar on backwards?"

The priest became a bit flustered but politely answered, "I wear this collar because I am a Father."

The older gent thought a second and responded, "Sir, I am also a father but I wear my collar front-ways. Why do you wear your collar so differently?"

The priest thought for a minute and said, "Sir, I am the Father for many."

The older fellow quickly answered, "I too am the father of many. I have five sons, six daughters and too many grandchildren to count... But I wear my collar like everyone else does. Why do you wear it your way?"

The priest who was beginning to get exasperated thought and then blurted out, "Sir, I am the Father for hundreds and hundreds of people."

Now the kindly old gentleman was stunned and sat silently for a long time.

As he got up to leave the subway train, he leaned over to the priest and said, "Well, sonny, perhaps, it's your pants you should wear backwards."

## The Skinny Dip

A minister, a priest and a rabbi went for a hike one day. It was very hot. They were sweating and exhausted when they came upon a small lake. Since it was fairly secluded, they took off all their clothes and jumped in the water. Feeling refreshed, the trio decided to pick a few berries while enjoying their "freedom."

As they were crossing an open area, who should come along but a group of ladies from town. Unable to get to their clothes in time, the minister and the priest covered their privates and the rabbi covered his face while they ran for cover.

After the ladies had left and the men got their clothes back on, the minister and the priest asked the rabbi why he covered his face rather than his privates. The rabbi replied, "I don't know about you, but in MY congregation, it's my face they would recognize."

## Is Hell Endothermic or Exothermic?

Dr. Schlambaugh, a senior lecturer at the Chemical Engineering Department, University of Oklahoma, is known for posing questions on final exams like: "Why do airplanes fly?"

In May a few years ago, the "Momentum, Heat and Mass Transfer" exam paper contained the question: "Is Hell exothermic or endothermic? Support your answer with proof."

Most students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyle's Law or similar. One student, however, wrote the following:

First, we must postulate that if souls exist, they must have some mass. If they do, then a mole of souls also must have a mass. So, at what rate are souls moving into hell and at what rate are souls leaving? I think we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it does not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving.

As for souls entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Some religions say that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there are more than one of these religions, and people do not belong to more than one religion, we can project that all people and all souls go to Hell. With the birth and death rates what they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially. Now, we look at the rate of change in the volume of Hell. Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the ratio of the mass of the souls and volume needs to stay constant.

[Answer 1] So, if Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.

[Answer 2] Of course, if Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase in souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

So which is it? If we accept the postulate (given to me by Teresa Banyan during freshman year) that "it'll be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you," and taking into account that I still have not succeeded in having sexual relations with her, then [Answer 2] cannot be correct;..... thus, Hell is exothermic.

The student got the only A.

## Sunday School

A mom and dad were worried about their son not wanting to learn math at the school he was in, so they decided to send him to a Catholic school. After the first day of school, their son comes racing into the house, goes straight into his bedroom and slams the door shut. Mom and dad are a little worried about this and go to his bedroom to see if he is okay. Then they find him sitting at his desk doing his homework. The boy keeps doing that for the rest of the year. At the end of the year the son brings home his report card and gives it to his mom and dad. Looking at it they see under math an A+. Mom and dad are very happy and ask the son what changed your mind about learning math? The son looked at mom and dad and said, "Well, on the first day when I walked into the classroom, I saw a guy nailed to the plus sign at the back of the room behind the teacher's desk and I knew they meant business."



## Why Sex Is Better Than Church

You get better quality partners by being good at sex than by being good at religion.

Having sex doesn't make you feel guilty.

You don't have to get out of bed to have sex.

Sex is fun.

If someone is yelling at you during sex, you're probably doing it right.

The company is better.

You don't have unwanted observers judging your sincerity.

It is so interesting that you don't fall asleep until afterwards, or not at all.

Sex doesn't have so many rules.

Countries don't make war on each other for their sexual practices.

You don't have to take someone else's word on how to have sex.

The environment is more comfortable.

The memories have a higher rerun value.

You never have doubts that you're actually having sex.

Even when it's bad, it's good.

You'll never waste an afternoon arguing with someone over whether their sex life is better than yours.

You won't be ostracized for not having sex.

You don't have to worry about whether you've chosen the right kind of sex.

They don't pass around collection plates in bed.

You won't be eternally tortured in flames for not having sex, not having enough sex, or being bad at sex.

Singing is optional during sex.

You don't have to dress up for sex.

You can hope for a second coming without 2,000 years of effort.

In the throes of sexual passion, one can cry out, "Oh God! God!," but in a church service one can not cry out, "Oh Sex! Oh Sex!"

## Water Games

Jesus and Moses were sitting on a bench in heaven, remembering the good old days. They talked about what they used to be able to do and wondered if they still had their old tricks in them.

So, they decided to go see if they still had extra-worldly powers like they had so many years before. The pair went to the Red Sea and Moses raised his hands and parted the sea just like he had when he was much much younger.

Jesus, clearly amazed, asked Moses, "There's so much that I did, but what could I do now to see if I still have the power?"

"Walk on water like the good old days," replied Moses.

So Jesus kicked off his sandals and stepped into the water. He took three steps on the surface and then sank under the murky waters of the Red Sea. Dumbfounded, he looked at Moses and wondered what was the matter.

"Must be those holes in your feet," Moses responded.

## Divine Judgment

A drunk man who smelled like beer sat down on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a half empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading.

After a few minutes the man turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

"My Son, it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol and a contempt for your fellow man."

"Well, I'll be damned," the drunk muttered, returning to his paper.

The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged the man and apologized.

"I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

"I don't have it, Father. I was just reading here that the Pope does."

## A Six Year-Old Girl

One day a 6 year-old girl was sitting in a classroom. The teacher was going to explain evolution to the children. The teacher asked a little boy: Tommy do you see the tree outside?

TOMMY: Yes.

TEACHER: Tommy, do you see the grass outside?

TOMMY: Yes.

TEACHER: Go outside and look up and see if you can see the sky.

TOMMY: Okay. (He returned a few minutes later) Yes, I saw the sky.

TEACHER: Did you see God?

TOMMY: No.

TEACHER: That's my point. We can't see God because he isn't there. He doesn't exist.

A little girl spoke up and wanted to ask the boy some questions. The teacher agreed and the little girl asked the boy:

LITTLE GIRL: Do you see the tree outside?

TOMMY: Yes.

LITTLE GIRL: Tommy do you see the grass outside?

TOMMY: Yessssss (getting tired of the questions by this time.)

LITTLE GIRL: Did you see the sky?

TOMMY: Yessssss

LITTLE GIRL: Tommy, do you see the teacher?

TOMMY: Yes.

LITTLE GIRL: Do you see her brain?

TOMMY: No.

LITTLE GIRL: Then according to what we were taught today in school, she must not have one!

## Real Motives

Preacher: Do you say your prayers at night, little boy?

Jimmy: Yes, sir.

Preacher: And do you always say them in the morning, too?

Jimmy: No, sir. I ain't scared in the daytime.

## The Ants Go Marchin'

by Mark Twain

Last summer in Germany in the company of a crowd of German research scholars, I was fired by their example to do a little research of my own. I first had made about a dozen little toy churches and labeled them "Presbyterian," "Catholic," "Methodist" and so on. Then I rang a church bell and turned loose a crowd of ants I had caught. I found that the ants paid no attention whatever to my churches. This was Experiment No. 1.

Experiment No. 2 consisted of placing a little honey, say in the Episcopal Church, and ringing the bell. Before its notes had ceased every last one of the ants had entered the portals of the Episcopal Church. Experiment 3 was the transferring of the honey to the Methodist Church and ringing for service. The former devout Episcopalians now went over in a body to the Methodist Church. In short, in whatever church I placed the honey, there I would find the ants before I had done ringing the church bell. From these experiments there could be but one deduction, viz: that ants have intelligence.

## Plagiarism

by Mark Twain

After listening to a sermon by Bishop Doane, Twain remarked "I enjoyed your sermon this morning very much. I have a book at home with every word of it." To this implied charge of plagiarism, the bishop protested. Finally he showed the clergyman an unabridged dictionary and said he "stood ready to prove it."

## The Solution

by Mark Twain

During a trip in London, Mark Twain was a guest at a banquet of English scholars. The conversation drifted into a discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The party became divided in its opinion, and finally one desperate person turned to Mark Twain, who had not entered the discussion, and begged him to commit himself. Mark Twain replied,

"I'll wait until I get to Heaven and ask Shakespeare who did write his plays."

"I don't think, Mr. Clemens, that you will find Shakespeare in Heaven," replied the loyal Baconite.

"Then," replied Mark Twain, "You ask him."

## Horses and Rabbis

A Jewish rustic, whose soul was heavy with sin, decided to visit a rabbi in a neighboring town to ask for his intercession with God. When he returned home from this visit the rabbi of his own town asked him reproachfully: "Isn't one rabbi enough for you? Must you have two?"

"You know how it is, Rabbi," answered the farmer. "Two horses can pull a wagon out of the mud better than one!"

## The Doctrine of the Feline Sedentation

How would the Church of England deal with "the cat sat on the mat" if it appeared in the Bible?

The liberal theologians would point out that such a passage did not of course mean that the cat literally sat on the mat. Also, cat and mat had different meanings in those days from today, and

anyway, the text should be interpreted according to the customs and practices of the period.

This would lead to an immediate backlash from the Evangelicals. They would make it an essential condition of faith that a real physical, living cat, being a domestic pet of the Felix Domesticus species, and having a whiskered head and furry body, four legs and a tail, did physically place its whole body on a floor covering, designed for that purpose, which is on the floor but not of the floor. The expression "on the floor but not of the floor" would be explained in a leaflet.

Meanwhile, the Catholics would have developed the Festival of the Sedentation of the Blessed Cat. This would teach that the cat was white and majestically reclined on a mat of gold thread before its assumption to the Great Cat Basket of Heaven. This would be commemorated by the singing of the Magnificat, lighting three candles, and ringing a bell five times. This would cause a schism with the Orthodox Church which would believe that tradition would require Holy Cats Day [as it would be colloquially known] to be marked by lighting six candles and ringing the bell four times. This would be partly resolved by the Cuckoo Land Declaration recognizing the traditional validity of each.

Eventually, the House of Bishops would issue a statement on the Doctrine of the Feline Sedentation. It would explain that traditionally the text describes a domestic feline quadruped superjacent to an unattached covering on a fundamental surface. For determining its salvific and eschatological significations, it would follow the heuristic analytical principles adopted in dealing with the Canine Fenestration Question [How much is that doggie in the window?] and the Affirmative Musaceous Paradox [Yes, we have no bananas]. And so on, for another 210 pages.

The General Synod would then commend this report as helpful resource material for clergy to explain to the man in the pew the difficult doctrine of the cat sat on the mat.

## Priest and Rabbi Meet on a Plane

The Dalai Lama once commented that we should look for what spiritual paths have in common rather than the differences. Case in point:

A Priest and a Rabbi are riding in a plane. After a while, the Priest turns to the Rabbi and asks, "Is it still a requirement of your faith that you not eat pork?"

The Rabbi responds, "Yes that is still one of our beliefs."

The Priest then asks, "Have you ever eaten pork?"

To which the Rabbi replies, "Yes on one occasion I did succumb to temptation and tasted pork."

The Priest nodded in understanding and went on with his reading.

A while later, the Rabbi spoke up and asked the Priest, "Father, is it still a requirement of your church that you remain celibate?"

The Priest replied, "Yes, that is still very much a part of our faith."

The Rabbi then asked him, "Father, have you ever fallen to the temptations of the flesh?"

The Priest replied, "Yes Rabbi, on one occasion I was weak and broke with my faith."

The Rabbi nodded understandingly for a moment and then said, "A lot better than pork isn't it?"

## Jewish and Chinese Calendar

A Hebrew teacher stood in front of his classroom and said, "The Jewish people have observed their 5,759th year as a people. Consider that the Chinese, for example, have only observed their 4,692nd year as a people. What does that mean to you?"

After a moment of silence, one student raised his hand.

"Yes, David," the teacher said. "What does that mean?"

"It means that the Jews had to do without Chinese food for 1,063 years."

## Church on Fire

During a recent ecumenical gathering, a secretary rushed into the meeting shouting, "The building is on fire!"

The Methodists immediately gathered in the corner and prayed.

The Baptists cried, "Where is the water?"

The Quakers quietly praised God for the blessings that fire brings.

The Lutherans posted a notice on the door, declaring the fire was evil.

The Roman Catholics passed the plate to cover the damage.

The Jews posted symbols on the doors, hoping the fire would pass.

The Congregationalists shouted, "Every man for himself!"

The Fundamentalists proclaimed, "It's the vengeance of God!"

The Episcopalians formed a procession and marched out.

The Christian Scientists concluded there was no fire.

The Presbyterians appointed a chairperson who was to appoint a committee to look into the matter and submit a written report.

The secretary grabbed the fire extinguisher and put the fire out.

## Bread for Jewish New Year

As prelude to the Jewish New Year—especially its Tashlich ceremony, which rids one of an entire prior year of sins—just taking a few crumbs from whatever old bread is in the house lacks subtlety and religious sensitivity. Consider these alternatives...

For ordinary sins, use White Bread

For erotic sins, French Bread

For particularly dark sins, Pumpernickel

For complex sins, Multigrain

For twisted sins, Pretzel

For tasteless sins, Rice Cakes

For sins of indecision, Waffles

For sins committed in haste, Matzo

For sins committed in less than 18 minutes, Shmura Matzo

For sins of Chutzpah, Fresh Bread

For substance abuse, Poppy Seed

For inhaling, Stoned Wheat

For committing arson, Toast

For committing auto theft, Caraway

For being ill/tempered, Sourdough

For silliness, Nut Bread

For not giving full value, Short Bread

For war/mongering, Kaiser Rolls

For immodest dressing, Tarts

For causing injury or damage to others, Torts

For promiscuity, Hot Buns

For davening off tune, Flat Bread

For being holier than thou, Bagels

For unfairly upbraiding another, Challah

For trashing the environment, Dumplings

For sins of laziness, Any Very Long loaf

For sins of pride, Puff Pastry

For sins of the righteous, Angel Food Cake

For selling your soul, Devil's Food Cake

For lust in your heart, Wonder Bread

## Irish Postage Stamps

A Woman went to the Post Office to buy stamps for her Christmas cards.

"What denomination?" Asked the clerk.

"Oh, good heavens! Have we come to this?" said the woman. "Well give me 50 Protestant and 50 Catholic ones."

## 10 Commandments

A student was asked to list the 10 Commandments in any order.

His answer? "3, 6, 1, 8, 4, 5, 9, 2, 10, 7."

## Dead Sea Gull

I was at the beach with my children when my four-year-old son ran up to me, grabbed my hand, and led me to the shore, where a sea gull lay dead in the sand.

"Mommy, what happened to him?" the little boy asked. "He died and went to Heaven," I replied.

My son thought a moment and then said, "And God threw him back down?"

## Cartoonist

Bill Keane, creator of the Family Circus cartoon strip tells of a time when he was penciling one of his cartoons and his son Jeffy said, "Daddy, how do you know what to draw?"

I said, "God tells me."

Jeffy said, "Then why do you keep erasing parts of it?"

## Traditional Values

HUNTSVILLE, Ala. (AP) -- NASA engineers and mathematicians in this high-tech city are stunned and infuriated after the Alabama state legislature narrowly passed a law yesterday redefining pi, a mathematical constant used in the aerospace industry. The bill to change the value of pi to exactly three was introduced without fanfare by Leonard Lee Lawson (R, Crossville), and rapidly gained support after a letter-writing campaign by members of the Solomon Society, a traditional values group. Governor Fob James says he will sign it into law on Wednesday.

The law took the state's engineering community by surprise. "It would have been nice if they had consulted with someone who actually uses pi," said Marshall Bergman, a manager at the Ballistic Missile Defense Organization. According to Bergman, pi

is a Greek letter that signifies the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. It is often used by engineers to calculate missile trajectories.

Prof. Kim Johanson, a mathematician from University of Alabama, said that pi is a universal constant, and cannot arbitrarily be changed by lawmakers. Johanson explained that pi is an irrational number, which means that it has an infinite number of digits after the decimal point and can never be known exactly. Nevertheless, she said, pi is precisely defined by mathematics to be "3.14159, plus as many more digits as you have time to calculate."

"I think that it is the mathematicians that are being irrational, and it is time for them to admit it," said Lawson. "The Bible very clearly says in I Kings 7:23 that the alter font of Solomon's Temple was ten cubits across and thirty cubits in diameter, and that it was round in compass."

Lawson called into question the usefulness of any number that cannot be calculated exactly, and suggested that never knowing the exact answer could harm students' self-esteem. "We need to return to some absolutes in our society," he said, "the Bible does not say that the font was thirty-something cubits. Plain reading says thirty cubits. Period."

Science supports Lawson, explains Russell Humbleys, a propulsion technician at the Marshall Spaceflight Center who testified in support of the bill before the legislature in Montgomery on Monday. "Pi is merely an artifact of Euclidean geometry."

Humbleys is working on a theory, which he says will prove that pi is determined by the geometry of three-dimensional space, which is assumed by physicists to be "isotropic," or the same in all directions. "There are other geometries, and pi is different in every one of them," says Humbleys. Scientists have arbitrarily assumed that space is Euclidean, he says. He points out that a circle drawn on a spherical surface has a different value for the ratio of circumference to diameter. "Anyone with a compass, flexible ruler, and globe can see for themselves," suggests Humbleys, "it's not exactly rocket science."

Roger Learned, a Solomon Society member who was in Montgomery to support the bill, agrees. He said that pi is nothing more than an assumption by the mathematicians and engineers who were there to argue against the bill. "These nabobs waltzed into the capital with an arrogance that was breathtaking," Learned said. "Their prefatorial deficit resulted in a polemical stance at absolute contraposition to the legislature's puissance."

Some education experts believe that the legislation will affect the way math is taught to Alabama's children. One member of the state school board, Lily Ponja, is anxious to get the new value of pi into the state's math textbooks, but thinks that the old value should be retained as an alternative. She said, "As far as I am concerned, the value of pi is only a theory, and we should be open to all interpretations." She looks forward to students having the freedom to decide for themselves what value pi should have.

Robert S. Dietz, a professor at Arizona State University who has followed the controversy, wrote that this is not the first time a state legislature has attempted to redefine the value of pi. A legislator in the state of Indiana unsuccessfully attempted to have that state set the value of pi to three. According to Dietz, the lawmaker was exasperated by the calculations of a mathematician who carried pi to four hundred decimal places and still could not achieve a rational number.

Many experts are warning that this is just the beginning of a national battle over pi between traditional values supporters and the technical elite. Solomon Society member Lawson agrees. "We just want to return pi to its traditional value," he said, "which, according to the Bible, is three."

## Jesus Hears about Christology

Jesus said, "Whom do men say that I am?"

And his disciples answered and said, "Some say you are John the Baptist returned from the dead; others say Elias, or other of the old prophets."

And Jesus answered and said, "But whom do you say that I am?"

Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Logos, existing in the Father as His rationality and then, by an act of His will, being generated, in consideration of the various functions by which God is related to his creation, but only on the fact that Scripture speaks of a Father, and a Son, and a Holy Spirit, each member of the Trinity being co-equal with every other member, and each acting inseparably with and interpenetrating every other member, with only an economic subordination within God, but causing no division which would make the substance no longer simple."

And Jesus, answering, said, "What?"

## The Irishman at the Pub

An Irishman walks into a bar in Dublin, orders three pints of Guinness and sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn. When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more.

The bartender says, "You know, a pint goes flat after I draw it; it would taste better if you bought one at a time." The Irishman replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers. One is in America, the other in Australia, and I'm here in Dublin. When we all left home, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the days when we drank together." The bartender admits that this is a nice custom, and leaves it at that. The Irishman becomes a regular in the bar, and always drinks the same way: He orders three pints and drinks them in turn.

One day, he comes in and orders two pints. All the other regulars notice and fall silent. When he comes back to the bar for the second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I wanted to offer my condolences on your great loss."

The Irishman looks confused for a moment, then a light dawns in his eye and he laughs. "Oh, no," he says, "everyone's fine. I've just quit drinking."

## Synagogue Dog

While leading the Friday evening services, the Rabbi noticed a member of the congregation, Bernie, walk in with a St. Bernard dog. The Rabbi, horrified, asked the Cantor to continue the service and went to talk to Bernie.

Rabbi: "What are doing here with a dog?"

Bernie: "The dog came here to pray."

"Oh, come on," says the Rabbi.

"YES!" says Bernie.

Rabbi: "I don't believe you. You are just fooling around; that's not a proper thing to do in temple."

Bernie: "Its true!"

"Ok," says the Rabbi (thinking he would call Bernie's bluff), "then show me what the dog can do."

"OK" says Bernie nodding to the dog...The dog proceeds to open up the barrel under his neck and removes a yarmulke, a tallis, and prayer book and actually starts saying prayers... in Hebrew! The Rabbi is so shocked he listens for a full 15 minutes.

When the Rabbi regains his composure, he is so impressed with the quality of the praying he says to Bernie. "Do you think your dog would consider going to Rabbinical school?????"

Bernie, throwing up his hands in disgust says, "YOU talk to him!!! He wants to be a doctor!"

## God Scandal

Turmoil rocked Heaven this morning as allegations arose that God had had an affair with a former worshipper. The scandal was begun when a 21 year old woman, known only as Mary, claimed that she had given birth to God's "only son" last week in a barn in the hamlet of Bethlehem.

Sources close to Mary claim that she "had loved God for a long time," that she was constantly talking about her relationship with God, and that she was "thrilled to have had his child." In a press conference this morning, God issued a vehement denial, saying that "No sexual relationship existed," and that "the facts of this story will come out in time, verily."

Independent counsel Kenneth Beelzebub immediately filed a brief with the Justice department to expand his investigation to cover questions of whether any commandments may have been broken, and whether God had illegally funneled laundered money to his illegitimate child through three foreign operatives known only as the "Wise Men." Beelzebub has issued subpoenas to several angels who are rumored to have acted as go-betweens in the affair.

Critics have pointed out that these allegations have little to do with the charges that Beelzebub was originally appointed to investigate, that God had created large-scale flooding in order to cover up evidence of a failed land deal.

In recent months, Beelzebub's investigation has already been expanded to cover questions surrounding the large number of locusts that plagued God's political opponents in the last election, as well as to claims that the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah was to divert attention away from a scandal involving whether the giveaway of a parcel of public land in Promised County to a Jewish special interest group was quid pro quo for political contributions.

If these allegations prove to be true, then this could be a huge blow to God's career, much of which has been spent crusading for stricter moral standards and harsher punishments for wrongdoers. Indeed, God recently outlined a "tough-on-crime" plan consisting of a series of 10 "Commandments," which has been introduced in Congress in a bill by Rep. Moses. Critics of the bill have pointed out that it lacks any provisions for the rehabilitation of criminals, and lawyers for the ACLU are planning to fight the "Name in Vain" Commandment as being an unconstitutional restriction on free speech.

## Promotions

A Catholic priest and a Rabbi are talking about job prospects:

"Well," says the priest, "there's a good chance that I'll be the next Bishop - maybe within the next couple of years."

"Bishop!" marvels the Rabbi, "very nice. And after that?"

"Oh, I don't know, I suppose it's possible I could become Archbishop... given luck, and God's blessing."

"Very nice, very nice; and after Archbishop?"

"Ha! Well, you know, it's Cardinal after that, but it's really very unlikely. But in theory, I could become a Cardinal."

"Lovely!" enthuses the Rabbi, "the scarlet would suit your complexion. So what's after Cardinal?"

The priest smiles: "After Cardinal? Well, it's Pope - but I'm hardly likely to become... hmmm, oh I suppose it's just possible. If a Pole why not an Englishman again? Yes, I could just become Pope."

The Rabbi is delighted, "Splendid! And after Pope?"

The priest looks at him in surprise: "After Pope? There's nothing after Pope! I mean, there's just God above the Pope - I can't become God."

"So why not? One of our boys made it."

## Good Question

Moses made a third pilgrimage to Mount Sinai. After much climbing he arrived at the burning bush and removed his sandals. Kneeling down, he said a prayer of entreaty:

"Oh mighty God, your people have sent me back to ask you a question about the Ten Commandments."

"What question do they have?" roared the deity above.

"They want to know, are they listed by priority?"

## Theology vs. Astronomy

A theologian and an astronomer were talking together one day. The astronomer said that after reading widely in the field of religion, he had concluded that all religion could be summed up in a single phrase.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," he said, with a bit of smugness, knowing that his field is so much more complex.

After a brief pause, the theologian replied that after reading widely in the area of astronomy he had concluded that all of it could be summed up in a single phrase also.

"Oh, and what is that?" the astronomer inquired.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are!"

## He Could Have Been a Doctor or a Lawyer

A Jewish father was troubled by the way his son turned out, and went to see his Rabbi about it.

"I brought him up in the faith, gave him a very expensive bar mitzvah, cost me a fortune to educate him. Then he tells me last week he has decided to be a Christian! Rabbi, where did I go wrong?"

"Funny you should come to me," said the Rabbi. "Like you I, too, brought my boy up in the faith, put him through University, cost me a fortune, then one day he, too, tells me he has decided to become a Christian."

"What did you do?" asked the father.

"I turned to God for the answer," replied the Rabbi.

"And what did he say?" pressed the father.

"God said, 'Funny you should come to me...'"

## Sports Car

After years of hard work, a man who has finally made his way in business decides to treat himself and buys an extravagance: A new Lamborghini. However, after buying it, he feels a bit guilty. So, he goes to the Rabbi of the Orthodox synagogue in his town and asks for a mezuzah (a parchment scroll placed over the doorway to bless a Jewish home) for the Lamborghini.

"You want a mezuzah for what?" the Rabbi asks.  
 "It's a Lamborghini," the man replies.  
 "What's a Lamborghini?" asks the Rabbi.  
 "A car, an Italian sports car."  
 "What? That is blasphemy!" the Rabbi shouts. "You want a mezuzah for a sports car? Go to the Conservatives!"

Well, the man is reluctant, so he waits a few days but finally goes to the Conservative Rabbi and asks for a mezuzah.

"You want a mezuzah for what?" the Rabbi asks.  
 "It's a Lamborghini," the man replies.  
 "What's a Lamborghini?" asks the Rabbi.  
 "A car, an Italian sports car."  
 "What? That is blasphemy!" the Rabbi shouts. "You want a mezuzah for a sports car? Go to the Reformed!"

Again, the man feels guilty, but finally he breaks down and goes to the Reformed Rabbi.

"Rabbi," he asks, "I'd like a mezuzah for my Lamborghini."  
 "You have a Lamborghini?" asks the Rabbi.  
 "You know what it is?"  
 "Of course! It's a fantastic Italian sports car! Can I see it?"  
 They go out and the Rabbi carefully looks over the entire car, finally settling into the driver's seat.  
 "Well, this is fantastic," the Rabbi tells the man. "I have only one question."  
 "What's that?"  
 "What's a mezuzah?"

- Jewish businessman, 49, manufactures Sabbath candles, Chanukah candles, havdalah candles, Yahrzeit candles. Seeks non-smoker. POB 787.
- Israeli professor, 41, with 18 years of teaching in my behind. Looking for American-born woman who speaks English very good. POB 555.
- 80-year-old bubby, no assets, seeks handsome, virile Jewish male, under 35. Object matrimony. I can dream, can't I? POB 545.
- I am a sensitive Jewish prince whom you can open your heart to. Share your innermost thoughts and deepest secrets. Confide in me. I'll understand your insecurities. No fatties, please. POB 86.
- Jewish male, 34, very successful, smart, independent, self-made. Looking for girl whose father will hire me. POB 53.
- Desperately seeking shmoozing! Retired senior citizen desires female companion 70+ for kvetching, kvelling, and krechtzing. Under 30 is also OK. POB 64

## Actual Personals From Israeli Newspapers

- Attractive Jewish woman, 35, college graduate, seeks successful Jewish Prince Charming to get me out of my parents' house. POB 46
- Shul Gabbai, 36. I take out the Torah Saturday morning. Would like to take you out Saturday night. Please write. POB 81
- Couch potato latke, in search of the right applesauce. Let's try it for eight days. Who knows? POB 43.
- Divorced Jewish man, seeks partner to attend shul with, light Shabbat candles, celebrate holidays, build Succah together, attend brisses, barmitzvahs. Religion not important. POB 658
- Orthodox woman with gelt, seeks man who got gelt, or can get gelt. Get it? I'll show you mine, if you show me yours. POB 72
- Sincere rabbinical student, 27. Enjoys Yom Kippur, Tisha B'av, Taanis Esther, Tzom Gedaliah, Asarah B'Teves, Shiva Asar B'Tammuz. Seeks companion for living life in the "fast" lane. POB 90.
- Yeshiva bochur, Torah scholar, long beard, payos. Seeks same in woman. POB 43.
- Worried about in-law meddling? I'm an orphan! Write. POB 74.
- Nice Jewish guy, 38. No skeletons. No baggage. No personality. POB 76
- Female graduate student, studying kaballah, Zohar, exorcism of dybbuks, seeks mensch. No weirdos, please. POB 56.
- Staunch Jewish feminist, wears tzitzis, seeking male who will accept my independence, although you probably will not. Oh, just forget it. POB 435.

# Wisdom of the Internet

I got the following stories from this web-site on April 11, 2002.  
<http://www.storybin.com/sponsor.html>

## The Talking Clock

While proudly showing off his new apartment to friends, a college student led the way into the den.

"What is the big brass gong and hammer for?" one of his friends asked.

"That is the talking clock," the student replied.

"How's it work?" the friend asked.

"Watch," the kid says, then proceeds to give the gong an ear shattering pound with the hammer.

Suddenly someone screams from the other side of the wall, "*Knock it off, you ass! It's two am!*"

## The Car Dealership:

In the late 70s, when American cars were not in such a great demand, this guy owned a Chrysler dealership in a small town in the Midwest. This guy was not doing so well. He saw his competitors, selling Hondas, Toyotas and other Japanese cars, with customers lining up to buy their small gas efficient vehicles, while he whiled away his time pining for even one person to enter his dealership to examine his gas-guzzlers. Anyway, one day he went fishing and caught this little goldfish who, to his surprise, said, "Please sir, I am a special fish with magical powers. Let me go and I'll give you one wish." The guy thought to himself, "What have I to lose?" and let the fish go free. The fish thanked him and told him to write his wish on a piece of paper and put it under his pillow and sleep on it. In the morning his wish would be fulfilled. So that night the guy wrote, "I wish to own an foreign car dealership in a large cosmopolitan city." He put the paper under his pillow and the last thing he thought of before going to sleep is, "Here goes nothing." Next morning he woke up in Tokyo owning a Chrysler dealership.

## A Happy Cat

There is a story told about a cat who discovered that happiness was in his tail. He kept trying over and over to get it, but all he could do was run around in circles. Exhausted and frustrated, with this endless pursuit, he eventually stopped. And then, he discovered that if he'd just go on about his life then it would follow him wherever he went.

## The Sacred Rac

(Anthology Abstracts, June 21, 1989, Vol. IX No.12)

An Indian anthropologist, Chandra Thapar, made a study of foreign culture, which had customs similar to those of his native land. One culture in particular fascinated him because it reveres one animal as sacred, much as the people in India revere the cow.

The tribe Dr. Thapar studied is called the Asu and is found on the American continent north of the Tarahumara of Mexico. Though it seems to be a highly developed society of its type, it has an overwhelming preoccupation with the care and feeding of the rac -- an animal much like a bull in size, strength and temperament. In the Asu tribe, it is almost a social obligation to own at least one if not more racs. Anyone not possessing at least one is held in low esteem by the community because he is too poor to maintain one of these beasts properly. Some members

of the tribe, to display their wealth and social prestige, even own herds of racs.

Unfortunately the rac breed is not very healthy and usually does not live more than five to seven years, for it has a tendency to throw its shoes often. There are rac specialists in each community, perhaps more than one if the community is particularly wealthy. These specialists however, due to the long period of ritual training they must undergo and to the difficulty of obtaining the right selection of charms to treat the rac, demand costly offerings whenever a tribesman must treat his ailing rac.

At the age of sixteen in many Asu communities, many youths undergo a puberty rite in which the rac figures prominently. The youth must petition a high priest in a grand temple. He is then initiated into the ceremonies that surround the care of the rac and is permitted to keep a rac.

Although the rac may be used as a beast of burden, it has many habits, which would be considered by other cultures as harmful to the life of the society. In the first place the rac breed is increasing at a very rapid rate and the Asu tribesmen have given no thought to limiting the rac population. As a consequence the Asu must build more and more paths for the rac to travel on since its delicate health and its love of racing other racs at high speeds necessitates that special areas be set aside for its use. The cost of smoothing the earth is too costly for any one individual to undertake; so it has become a community project and each tribesman must pay an annual tax to build new paths and maintain the old. There are so many paths needed that some people move their homes because the rac paths must be as straight as possible to keep the animal from injuring itself. Dr. Thapar also noted that unlike the cow, which many people in his country hold sacred, the excrement of the rac cannot be used as either fuel or fertilizer. On the contrary, its excrement is exceptionally foul and totally useless.

Worst of all, the rac is prone to stampedes in which it runs down anything in its path, much like stampeding cattle. Estimates are that the rac kills thousands of the Asu in a year.

Despite the high cost of its upkeep, the damage it does to the land, and its habit of destructive stampedes, the Asu still regard it as being essential to the survival of their culture.

Need help figuring out who this strange tribe is?

## Sleeping Through the Storm

A young man applied for a job as a farmhand. When the farmer asked for his qualifications, he said, "I can sleep when the wind blows."

This puzzled the farmer. But he liked the young man, and hired him.

A few days later, the farmer and his wife were awakened in the night by a violent storm. They quickly began to check things out to see if all was secure. They found that the shutters of the farmhouse had been securely fastened. A good supply of logs had been set next to the fireplace.

The young man slept soundly.

The farmer and his wife then inspected their property. They found that the farm tools had been placed in the storage shed, safe from the elements.

The tractor had been moved into the garage. The barn was properly locked. Even the animals were calm. All was well.

The farmer then understood the meaning of the young man's words, "I can sleep when the wind blows."

## Sandcastles

Hot sun. Salty air. Rhythmic waves. A little boy is on the beach. On his knees he scoops and packs the sand with plastic shovels into a bright red bucket. Then he upends the bucket on the surface and lifts it. And, to the delight of the little architect, a castle tower is created.

All afternoon he will work. Spooning out the moat. Packing the walls. Bottle tops will be sentries. Popsicle sticks will be bridges. A sandcastle will be built.

Big city. Busy streets. Rumbling traffic.

A man is in his office. At his desk he shuffles papers into stacks and delegates assignments. He cradles the phone on his shoulder and punches the keyboard with his fingers. Numbers are juggled and contracts are signed and much to the delight of the man, a profit is made.

All his life he will work. Formulating the plans. Forecasting the future. Annuities will be sentries. Capital gains will be bridges. An empire will be built.

Two builders of two castles. They have much in common. They shape granules into grandeurs. They see nothing and make something. They are diligent and determined. And for both the tide will rise and the end will come.

Yet that is where the similarities cease. For the boy sees the end while the man ignores it. Watch the boy as the dusk approaches.

As the waves near, the wise child jumps to his feet and begins to clap. There is no sorrow. No fear. No regret. He knew this would happen. He is not surprised. And when the great breaker crashes into his castle and his masterpiece is sucked into the sea, he smiles. He smiles, picks up his tools, takes his father's hand, and goes home.

The grownup, however, is not so wise. As the wave of years collapses on his castle he is terrified. He hovers over the sandy monument to protect it. He blocks the waves from the walls he has made. Salt-water soaked and shivering he snarls at the incoming tide.

"It's my castle," he defies.

The ocean need not respond. Both know to whom the sand belongs...

And I don't know much about sandcastles. But children do. Watch them and learn. Go ahead and build, but build with a child's heart. When the sunsets and the tides take - applaud. Salute the process of life and go home.

## The Lumber Jack

A young man approached the foreman of a logging crew and asked for a job.

"That depends," replied the foreman. "Let's see you fell this tree."

The young man stepped forward, and skillfully felled a great tree. Impressed, the foreman exclaimed, "You can start Monday."

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday rolled by -- and Thursday afternoon the foreman approached the young man and said, "You can pick up your paycheck on the way out today."

Startled, the young man replied, "I thought you paid on Friday."

"Normally we do," said the foreman. "But we're letting you go today because you've fallen behind. Our daily felling charts show that you've dropped from first place on Monday to last place today."

"But I'm a hard worker," the young man objected. "I arrive first, leave last, and even have worked through my coffee breaks!"

The foreman, sensing the young man's integrity, thought for a minute and then asked, "Have you been sharpening your ax?"

The young man replied, "No sir, I've been working too hard to take time for that!"

Our lives are like that. We sometimes get so busy that we don't take time to "sharpen the ax." In today's world, it seems that everyone is busier than ever, but less happy than ever. Why is that? Could it be that we have forgotten how to stay sharp?

## The Fence

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence.

The first day the boy had driven six nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper.

The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone.

The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry, the wound is still there. A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one."

## The Four Philanthropists

There is a story about a village, which was overtaken by enemy forces. All of the warriors who inhabited the village were gathered together and imprisoned by the conquerors.

Amidst the villagers were four philanthropists who became aware of the prison conditions that their compatriots were enduring. The first philanthropist went to the prison and said to the captors, "I understand that my brothers are without clean water. I want to take all my riches, and use them to purify the water, so that my brothers will have clean water, that they will not get sick." The captors agreed and granted the man this right. He walked away, feeling that he had fulfilled his destiny in doing this act of charity for his brothers.

The second philanthropist went to the prison, and approached the captors, saying "I understand my brothers are sleeping on rocks. I want to take all my riches, and provide bedding for the men, so they may rest comfortably in prison." The captors agreed, and the man left, feeling that he had fulfilled his purpose in aiding his brothers' plight.

The third philanthropist went to the prison, and spoke to the captors, saying "I have heard that my brothers have no food. They have only bread and water. I have a large farm, and want to harvest all my crops to see that the men have good food to eat while they are in prison." The captors agreed, and the philanthropist left, knowing he had done much good in helping his brothers in prison.



The fourth philanthropist ~ a wise man of higher awareness ~ found the keys to the prison. One night, he slipped into the prison and freed all his brothers from their captivity.

## The Fisherman

One day a fisherman was lying on a beautiful beach, with his fishing pole propped up in the sand and his solitary line cast out into the sparkling blue surf. He was enjoying the warmth of the afternoon sun and the hope of catching a fish.

About that time, a businessman came walking down the beach trying to relieve some of the stress of his workday. He noticed the fisherman sitting on the beach and decided to find out why this fisherman was fishing instead of working hard to make a living for himself and his family.

"You're not going to catch many fish that way," said the businessman, "You should be working harder rather than lying on the beach!"

The fisherman looked up, smiled and replied, "And what will my reward be?"

"Well, you can get bigger nets and catch more fish!" was the businessman's answer.

"And then what will my reward be?" asked the fisherman, still smiling.

The businessman replied, "You will make money and you'll be able to buy a boat, which will then result in larger catches of fish!"

"And then what will my reward be?" asked the fisherman again.

The businessman was beginning to get a little irritated with the fisherman's questions. "You can buy a bigger boat, and hire some people to work for you!" he said.

"And then what will my reward be?"

The businessman was getting angry. "Don't you understand? You can build up a fleet of fishing boats, sail all over the world, and let your employees catch fish for you!"

Once again the fisherman asked, "And then what will my reward be?"

The businessman was red with rage and shouted at the fisherman, "Don't you understand that you can become so rich that you will never have to work for your living again! You can spend all the rest of your days sitting on this beach, looking at the sunset. You won't have a care in the world!"

The fisherman, still smiling, looked up and said, "And what do you think I'm doing right now?"

## The Pit

A man fell into a pit and couldn't get himself out.

A subjective person came along and said, "I feel for you down there."

An objective person came along and said, "It's logical that someone would fall down there."

A Christian Scientist came along and said, "You only think you're in the pit."

Confucius said, "If you would have listened to me you wouldn't be in that pit."

Buddha said, "Your pit is only a state of mind."

A realist said, "That's a pit."

A scientist calculated the pressure necessary, pounds and square inches, to get him out of the pit.

A geologist told him to appreciate and study the rock strata.

An evolutionist said, "You are a rejected mutant destined to be removed from the evolutionary cycle, in other words he is going to die in the pit so he can't produce any more pit falling offspring."

The game warden said, "Did you have a permit to dig that pit?"

A professor lectured him on elementary principles of the pit.

A self-pitying person said, "You haven't seen anything until you've seen my pit."

An optimist said, "Things could get worse."

A pessimist said, "Things are going to get worse."

A friend saw the man in the pit, took him by the hand and lifted him out.

## A Tale of Tradition

A hard working Chinese rice farmer was supporting his children, wife, and his aging father. He worked long and hard each day, and still, he was barely making enough to feed his children and wife.

One day, he stopped working for the entire day. Instead he built a small cart out of wood he had. The next day he went to his aging father, and insisted that the old man was no longer able to help the family. He was only eating and taking up precious resources. So, he loaded him into the newly built cart, and headed up a nearby mountain.

When he got to the top, he stopped, and aimed the cart facing down the mountain, but before he could roll the cart towards a cliff, his father stopped him saying, "wait, son, I can understand what you are doing, and even why you are doing it, but please save the cart, your son will need it."

## A Tale For All Seasons

by Kurt Kauter

"Tell me the weight of a snowflake," a coal-mouse asked a wild dove.

"Nothing more than nothing," was the answer.

"In that case, I must tell you a marvelous story," the coal-mouse said.

"I sat on the branch of a fir, close to its trunk, when it began to snow-not heavily, not in a raging blizzard-no, just like a dream, without a sound and without any violence. Since I did not have anything better to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs and needles of my branch. Their number was exactly 3,741,952. When the 3,741,953rd dropped onto the branch, nothing more than nothing, as you, say-the branch broke off."

Having said that, the coal-mouse flew away.

The dove, since Noah's time an authority on the matter, thought about the story for a while, and finally said to herself, "Perhaps there is only one person's voice lacking for peace to come to the world."

## The Window

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window.

The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back. The men talked for hours on end. They spoke of their wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, where they had been on vacation. And every afternoon

when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window.

The man in the other bed began to live for those one-hour periods where his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and color of the world outside. The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst flowers of every color of the rainbow. Grand old trees graced the landscape, and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen in the distance.

As the man by the window described all this in exquisite detail, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque scene. One warm afternoon the man by the window described a parade passing by. Although the other man couldn't hear the band - he could see it in his mind's eye as the gentleman by the window portrayed it with descriptive words. Then unexpectedly, a sinister thought entered his mind. Why should the other man alone experience all the pleasures of seeing everything while he himself never got to see anything? It didn't seem fair.

At first thought the man felt ashamed. But as the days passed and he missed seeing more sights, his envy eroded into resentment and soon turned him sour. He began to brood and he found himself unable to sleep. He should be by that window - that thought, and only that thought now controlled his life.

Late one night as he lay staring at the ceiling, the man by the window began to cough. He was choking on the fluid in his lungs. The other man watched in the dimly lit room as the struggling man by the window groped for the button to call for help.

Listening from across the room he never moved, never pushed his own button, which would have brought the nurse running in. In less than five minutes the coughing and choking stopped, along with that the sound of breathing. Now there was only silence - deathly silence.

The following morning the day nurse arrived to bring water for their baths. When she found the lifeless body of the man by the window, she was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take it away. As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was comfortable, she left him alone. Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the world outside. Finally, he would have the joy of seeing it all himself. He strained to slowly turn to look out the window beside the bed.

It faced a blank wall!

The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his deceased roommate who had described such wonderful things outside this window. The nurse responded that the man was blind and could not even see the wall. She said, "Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you."

## Wanting God

A hermit was meditating by a river when a young man interrupted him.

"Master, I wish to become your disciple," said the man.

"Why?" replied the hermit.

The young man thought for a moment. "Because I want to find God."

The master jumped up, grabbed him by the scruff of his neck, dragged him into the river, and plunged his head under water. After holding him there for a minute, with him kicking and struggling to free himself, the master finally pulled him up out of

the river. The young man coughed up water and gasped to get his breath.

When he eventually quieted down, the master spoke. "Tell me, what did you want most of all when you were under water."

"Air!" answered the man.

"Very well," said the master. "Go home and come back to me when you want God as much as you just wanted air."

## Plant Your Garden Today

Plant your garden today

First, plant 3 rows of peas;

Patience

Promptness

Prayer

Next, plant 3 rows of squash;

Squash gossip

Squash indifference

Squash criticism

Then, plant 4 rows of lettuce;

Let us obey the good laws

Let us be Loyal

Let us be true to our Obligations

Let us be unselfish

Finish, with 4 rows of turnip;

Turn up when Needed

Turn up with a Smile

Turn up with a Vision

Turn up with Determination

## A Persian Proverb

He who knows not,

And knows not that he knows not,

Is a fool - shun him.

He who knows not,

And knows that he knows not,

Is a child - teach him.

He who knows,

And knows not that he knows,

Is asleep - wake him.

He who knows,

And knows that he knows,

Is wise - follow him.

## The Desiderata

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery.

But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars and you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

## On Responsibility

Responsibility is the ability to fulfill one's needs and to do so in such a way that one does not deprive others of the opportunity of fulfilling their needs. A responsible person does that which gives him a feeling that he is worthwhile to himself and others. Acquiring responsibility is a very complicated, life-long, process. This ability must be learned.

If a person is not involved with others who care enough about him to give love and discipline, then he will not learn responsibility. Children "test" with irresponsible behavior. Through discipline tempered with love, the child learns someone cares. Before an irresponsible student can accept discipline, he must feel certain the teacher/counselor cares enough to show him the responsible way to behave.

The teacher/counselor often must suffer the pain of the student's intense anger by firmly holding the student to the responsible course of action. If firmness is not constant, the student will repeat his patterns of irresponsibility. A person gains self-respect through discipline, closeness to others through love. Discipline must contain the element of love, which says, "I care enough about you to confront you to behave in a more responsible manner."

## Reflections Of The Sky Nation

The Thunder-beings were busy giving birth to new clouds, sending them to dance in the blue playground of sky. Grandfather Sun provided the glittering sunbeams, which acted like jump ropes for today's newborn white, puffy Cloud People.

One of the most curious little clouds wandered off on the winds. She decided she was going to have a talk with Sacred Mountain. "Grandmother Mountain, I've come to ask you if your forests need rain today," she said. "I want to be of service, and so I thought I had better find out what is needed most."

Sacred Mountain told the little cloud that there was plenty of moisture today, but the little one could help in another way. Sacred Mountain taught the little cloud how to understand the thoughts and questions that the human beings were having. It was fun for the little cloud to capture the waves of human thoughts rising from the Earth and to answer the humans' unspoken questions by becoming shapes that formed a series of ideas. The needed answers were found through the linking ideas.

The little cloud approached Sacred Mountain at the end of the day with another question that caused Cloud to have a heavy heart, "Grandmother Mountain, I've worked all day to reflect

helpful answers to the Human Tribe, but now I have one very important question. How can we get them to look up and pay attention?

## Walking on water

Three monks decided to practice meditation together. They sat by the side of a lake and closed their eyes in concentration. Then suddenly, the first one stood up and said, "I forgot my mat." He stepped miraculously onto the water in front of him and walked across the lake to their hut on the other side.

When he returned, the second monk stood up and said, "I forgot to put my the other underwear to dry." He too walked calmly across the water and returned the same way. The third monk watched the first two carefully in what he decided must be the test of his own abilities. "Is your learning so superior to mine? I too can match any feat you two can perform," he declared loudly and rushed to the water's edge to walk across it. He promptly fell into the deep water.

Undeterred, the third monk climbed out of the water and tried again, only to sink into the water. Yet again he climbed out and yet again he tried, each time sinking into the water. This went on for some time as the other two monks watched.

After a while, the second monk turned to the first and said, "Do you think we should tell him where the stones are?"

The first monk said, "What stones?"

## Wise Blind Elephants

Six wise, blind elephants were discussing what humans were like. Failing to agree, they decided to determine what humans were like by direct experience.

The first wise, blind elephant felt the human, and declared, "Humans are flat."

The other wise, blind elephants, after similarly feeling the human, agreed.

## The Other Side

One day a young Buddhist on his journey home, came to the banks of a wide river. Staring hopelessly at the great obstacle in front of him, he pondered for hours on just how to cross such a wide barrier. Just as he was about to give up his pursuit to continue his journey he saw a great teacher on the other side of the river. The young Buddhist yells over to the teacher "Oh wise one, can you tell me how to get to the other side of this river?"

The teacher ponders for a moment looks up and down the river and yells back "My son, you are on the other side."

## Reality?

Location is an art gallery.

Artist: That, sir, is a cow grazing.

Visitor: Where is the grass?

Artist: The cow has eaten it.

Visitor: But where is the cow?

Artist: You don't suppose she'd be fool enough to stay there after she'd eaten all the grass, do you?

# Falling Hazelnuts of Wisdom

These were collected by RDNA Druids and published on my web page between April 2000 and July 2002.

## Cats in the Corner

from Alyx in CO

There was a master in a monastery that had about thirty disciples. They used to

conduct meditation, prayer, and other spiritual exercises. The master loved cats, and therefore had a cat in his monastery. During meditation, the cat would run around disturbing the meditation. The disciples complained to the master, so the master tied the cat in the corner of the meditation hall during meditation time, in order that it would not cause a disturbance.

Thus, things went on. During meditation, the cat would be tied in the corner, while at other times it was free to roam. Several years later the master died, but the cat remained, and the disciples continued to tie the cat in the corner during meditation.

Eventually, the disciples changed; the new disciples did not know why there was a cat inside the hall during meditation, but they nevertheless continued to tie it in the corner at the appropriate time. And when in time the cat died, they went and bought a new one, and tied that one in the corner during meditation time, too.

As time went by the group grew and founded new monasteries. The new master, though he did not know the origin of the cat in the corner, said that it helped the meditation and therefore declared, "Let us have a cat tied in the corner during meditation time in all our monasteries." So in all of their monasteries, there was a cat tied in the corner during meditation time.

Soon many learned treatises were being written about the spiritual importance of tying a cat in the corner during meditation. Some disciples even wrote that it was impossible to meditate properly without the cat.

And this is how Theology and the Philosophy of Religion are created.

## Zen Duck

by Gayla Paul in Corn Grove, Iowa.

Duck walks into a bar and says to the bartender, "Got any bread?" Bartender says, "No, no bread here." Next day, the duck walks in again and says, "Got any bread?" Bartender says, "No, sorry buddy, still no bread." The very next day the duck walks into the bar yet again and says to the bartender, "Got any bread?"

Bartender is getting annoyed at this point and says, "No! We do not have any bread here! No bread!" N-O! NO bread!" But again, the very next day the duck is back, and again the duck says, "Got any bread?"

The bartender just about throws a fit and says to the duck, "I have never had any bread, I will never have any bread and I don't have any bread now, AND if you EVER come in here asking for bread again I will nail your feet to the bar!"

Next day, duck walks into the bar and says, "Got any nails?" Bartender says, "No." Duck says, "Got any bread?"

## Sigil Thinking

Forrest Stephen Gott on May 2002

In closing, I will offer a personal interpretation on the Sigil (or should I say misinterpretation?) Life is a road of many paths, and the two lines for me are a path, surrounded by a circle of love. It has no physical representation, and it extends beyond the circle for no particular reason other than showing that parts of that path may not always be safe, but can lead to a new circle of love/friendship.

## Microcosm

by Robert M. Pirsig,

"Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance"

The application of this knife, the division of the world into parts and the building of this structure is something everybody does. All the time we are aware of millions of things around us - these changing shapes, these burning hills, the sound of the engine, the feel of the throttle, each rock and weed and fence post and piece of debris beside the road - aware of these things but not really conscious of them unless there is something unusual or unless they reflect something we are predisposed to see. We couldn't possibly be conscious of these things and remember all of them because our mind would be so full of useless details we would be unable to think.. From all this awareness we must select, and what we select and call consciousness is never the same as the awareness because the process of selection mutates it. We take a handful of sand from the endless landscape of awareness around us and call that handful of sand the world.

## Religious Society

Faith & Practice: London Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. Submitted by Don Morrison

The life of a religious society consists in something more than the body of principles it professes and the outer garments of organization, which it wears. These things have their own importance: they embody the society to the world, and protect it from the chance and change of circumstance; but the spring of life lies deeper, and often escapes recognition. They are to be found in the vital union of the members of the society with God and with one another, a union that allows the free flowing through the society of the spiritual life, which is its strength. Such words as "discipleship," "fellowship," "brotherhood," describe these central springs of religious life...

## Sufic/Druidic Connections

Submitted by Richard Shelton

from Idries Shah's "The Sufis"

The poets were the chief disseminators of Sufi thought, earned the same reverence as did the ollamhs, or master poets, of earl medieval Ireland, and used a similar secret language of metaphorical reference and verbal cipher. Nizami the Persian Sufi writes: "Under the poet's tongue lies the key of the treasury." This language was a protection of thought only proper to those that understand it, and against accusations of heresy or civil disobedience. Ibn el Arabi, summoned before an Islamic inquisition at Aleppo to defend himself against charges of nonconformity, pleaded that his poems were metaphorical, the basic message being God's perfection of man through divine love. He had, for precedent, the incorporation in the Jewish Scriptures

of the erotic Song of Solomon, which was officially interpreted by the Pharisee sages as a metaphor of God's love for Israel; and by the Catholic authorities as a metaphor of God's love for his Church.

In its most advanced form, the secret language uses Semitic consonantal roots to conceal and reveal meanings; and western scholars seem unaware that even the popular "Thousand and One Nights" is Sufic in content, and that its Arabic title *Alf layla wa layla* is a code phrase indicating its main content and intention: "Mother of Records." Yet what seems at first sign Oriental occultism is an ancient and familiar Western habit of thought. Most English and French school children begin history lessons with a picture of their Druidic ancestors lopping mistletoe from a sacred oak. Although the Druids are credited by Caesar with ancestral mysteries and a secret language, the lopping seems so simple a ceremony, mistletoe being still used in Christmas decorations, that few readers pause to consider what I mean. The current view that the Druids were virtually emasculating the oak makes no sense.

"Now, all other sacred trees, plants and herbs have peculiar properties. The alder's timber is waterproof and its leaves yield a royal red dye; birch is the host of the hallucigenetic fly-cap mushroom; oak and ash attract lightening for a holy fire; the mandrake root is anti-spasmodic. The foxglove yields digitalis, which accelerates the beat of the heart; poppies are opiates; ivy has toxic leaves and its flowers provide bees with the last honey of the year. But the berries of the mistletoe; widely known in folklore as an "all heal," have no medicinal properties, though greedily eaten by wood pigeons and other non-migratory birds in winter. The leaves are equally valueless; and the timber can be put to few uses. Why then was the mistletoe singled out as the most sacred and curative of plants. The only answer can be that the Druids used it as an emblem of their own peculiar way of thought. Here is a tree that is no tree, but fastens itself alike on oak, apple, poplar, beech, thorn, even pine, grows green, nourishing itself on the topmost branches when the rest of the forest seems asleep, and the fruit of which is credited with curing all spiritual disorders. Lopped sprigs of it are tied to the lintel of a door and can invite sudden and surprising kisses. The symbolism is exact, if we can equate Druidic with Sufic thought, which is not planted like a tree, as religions are planted, but self-engrafted on a tree already in existence, it keeps green though the tree itself is asleep, in the sense that religions go dead by formalism; and the main motive power of its growth is love, not ordinary animal passion or domestic affection but a sudden surprising recognition of love so rare and high that the heart seems to sprout wings. Strangely enough, the Burning Bush from which God appeared to Moses in the desert is now thought by Biblical scholars to have been an acacia glorified by the red leaves of a locanthus, the Eastern equivalent of mistletoe."

[Shelton: Thought you might be interested in this. Graves, as always, must be taken with a grain of salt, since his intuitionistic leaps far exceed anything warranted by documentation. But this time he may be close to the mark, or at any rate, it would be nice to think so. And it does ring true. This book by the way is a good introduction to the ideas behind Graves' White Goddess – which is absolutely the most frustrating book I've ever tried to read.]

## Reflections on a Ritual

Berkeley poet Julia Vinograd sent us this contribution.

A carelessly flung branch flaunts an armpit of moss, roots plunge the willing earth, blind, sucking, stabbing like the touch of a bride's first cry upon her wedding night, a finger flute that raises fertile corpses into heavy scented white improbable petals, a mockery of pink and sweaty flesh, a marriage of the living and the dead around the still troubled ancient pool of the heart full of smooth water-rounded stones remade like any memory with constant use...

And treacherous ripples of desire to break that mirror before a straying falcon shatters its impatience with his own.

Drink of thirst that stains all mouths with silence. No god, no mortal or any other merchant comes here, where circling trees rear at the sky like stallions in a storm and leave perfume-laden wounds upon the sun.

At night eyes climb implicit tangled jungles of which the moon is the not yet planted seed. Beguiled by purity and sacrilege, lightly dancing, only fingers touching...

No one looks at a single leaf or asks what color sap pulses in private midnight veins.

Worship went mad here once, then fell asleep and vines embraced its dreams.

While delicate ferns sprout from its snoring nostrils, only wild things enter: small, bright-eyed skittering coins of fur rest, are gamboled, lost, replaced, forgotten.

Old ghosts and fledgling sparrows test each others' wings and a great stone breast waits to suckle whatever thrives on all the clean ruthlessness it aches with... who will relieve it after so long a time?

The call is of green thorns still more tender than tight buds. Come sharpen, come open, come storm silence with itself and grow at last till no reflection taints the pool impaled upon your eyes and well content.

## Smokey The Bear Sutra

This story appears to be anonymous, and "may be reproduced free forever."

Once in the Jurassic, about 150 million years ago, the Great Sun Buddha in this corner of the Infinite Void gave a great Discourse to all the assembled elements and energies: to the standing beings, the walking beings, the flying beings, and the sitting beings - even grasses, to the number of thirteen billion, each one born from a seed, were assembled there: a Discourse concerning Enlightenment on the planet Earth.

"In some future time, there will be a continent called America. It will have great centers of power called such as Pyramid Lake, Walden Pond, Mt. Rainier, Big Sur, Everglades, and so forth; and powerful nerves and channels such as Columbia River, Mississippi River, and Grand Canyon. The human race in that era will get into troubles all over its head, and practically wreck everything in spite of its own strong intelligent Buddha-nature."

"The twisting strata of the great mountains and the pulsings of great volcanoes are my love burning deep in the earth. My obstinate compassion is schist and basalt and granite, to be mountains, to bring down the rain. In that future American Era I shall enter a new form: to cure the world of loveless knowledge that seeks with blind hunger; and mindless rage eating food that will not fill it."

And he showed himself in his true form of

*Smokey The Bear.*

A handsome smokey-colored brown bear standing on his hind legs, showing that he is aroused and watchful.

Bearing in his right paw the Shovel that digs to the truth beneath appearances; cuts the roots of useless attachments, and flings damp sand on the fires of greed and war;

His left paw in the Mudra of Comradely Display - indicating that all creatures have the full right to live to their limits and that deer, rabbits, chipmunks, snakes, dandelions, and lizards all grow in the realm of the Dharma;

Wearing the blue work overalls symbolic of slaves and laborers, the countless men oppressed by a civilization that claims to save but only destroys;

Wearing the broad-brimmed hat of the West, symbolic of the forces that guard the Wilderness, which is the Natural State of the Dharma and the True Path of man on earth; all true paths lead through mountains;

With a halo of smoke and flame behind, the forest fires of the kali-yuga, fires caused by the stupidity of those who think things can be gained and lost whereas in truth all is contained vast and free in the Blue Sky and Green Earth of One Mind;

Round-bellied to show his kind nature and that the great earth has food enough for everyone who loves her and trusts her;

Trampling underfoot wasteful freeways and needless suburbs; smashing the worms of capitalism and totalitarianism;

Indicating the Task: his followers, becoming free of cars, houses, canned food, universities, and shoes, master the Three Mysteries of their own Body, Speech, and Mind; and fearlessly chop down the rotten trees and prune out the sick limbs of this country America and then burn the leftover trash.

Wrathful but Calm, Austere but Con-tic, Smokey the Bear will illuminate those who would help him; but for those who would hinder or slander him,

*He Will Put Them Out.*

Thus his great Mantra:

*Namah samanta vairananz chanda mahoroshana Sphataya hum traka ham main*

*I dedicate myself to the universal diamond. Be this raging fury destroyed*

And he will protect those who love woods and rivers, Gods and animals, hobos and madmen, prisoners and sick people, and musicians;

And if anyone is threatened by advertising, air pollution, or the police, they should chant *SMOKEY THE BEAR'S WAR SPELL:*

*Drown Their Butts*

*Crush Their Butts*

*Drown Their Butts*

*Crush Their Butts*

And *Smokey The Bear* will surely appear to put the enemy out with his vajra-shovel. Now those who recite this Sutra and then try to put it in practice will accumulate merit as countless as the sands of Arizona and Nevada,

Will help save the planet Earth from total oil slick,  
Will enter the age of harmony of man and nature,  
Will win the tender love and caresses of men, women, and beasts,  
Will always have ripe blackberries to eat and a sunny spot under a pine tree to sit at,  
*And in the end will win highest perfect enlightenment.*

thus we have heard.

## The Druids and the Stars

An old Druid and his student are camping on a mountain, set up their tent, and are asleep. Some hours later, The Druid wakes this faithful friend. "Look up at the sky and tell me what you see."

The student replies, "I see millions of stars."

"What does that tell you?" asks the Druid.

The student ponders for a minute. "Astronomically speaking, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that Saturn is in Leo. Time wise, it appears to be approximately a quarter past three. Theologically, it's evident the Gods are all powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What does it tell you, teacher?"

The Druid is silent for a moment, then speaks. "You idiot, it means someone has stolen our tent!"

## The Accident

Bob and his father are driving in a car. They have a terrible accident, and Bob's father dies. Bob is seriously hurt and taken to the hospital in an ambulance. He has to have surgery. The doctor comes to look at Bob and exclaims, "I can't operate on him! He's my son!" Who is the doctor?

## The Donkey

An old man, a boy and a donkey were going to town. The boy rode on the donkey and the old man walked. As they went along they passed some people who remarked it was a shame the old man was walking and the boy was riding. The man and boy thought maybe the critics were right, so they changed positions.

Later they passed some people that remarked, "What a shame, he makes that little boy walk." They decided they both would walk!

Soon they passed some more people who thought they were stupid to walk when they had a decent donkey to ride.

So, they both rode the donkey! Now they passed some people that shamed them by saying how awful to put such a load on a poor donkey.

The boy and man said they were probably right so they decided to carry the donkey. As they crossed a bridge, they lost their grip on the animal and he fell into the river and drowned.

The moral of the story: "If you try to please everyone, you will eventually lose your ass."

## Chickens & the Coop

by Mike of Monument Grove RDNA

After watching "Chicken Run," I received this story from my Japanese teacher. It is by Abe Kobou, and I've translated it into English for you.

A long time ago, chickens were still living freely in the wild. However their life was not an easy one, for they were chased about by weasels and cats; so much that their day was divided between searching far for food, and flying out of the reach of predators.

One day as they were pecking, a human came up to them carrying a bunch of timber and tools. He offered, "I will build you a wire-covered house in which you will be safe from predators." The chickens looked distrustingly at him. "Look here, I do not have claws like a cat, nor do I have fangs like a weasel. There is no reason to fear someone as harmless as me, is there?" The chickens began to discuss this, but the human quickly proceeded to construct the house without waiting for their decision.

The chickens inspected the entrance, which had a large lock that could only be opened by a human hand. When they pointed it out, he said, "If you could open it, so much more could a weasel or a cat. Do not worry, if it is food you are seeking, I promise to bring some and fill your food box everyday." This impressed most of the chickens very much.

One chicken, distrusted the honeyed words of the human. "Perhaps," he said, "you wish to still our eggs, and sell us to the butcher?" The man smiled and replied, "I have only a wish to protect you. Why, indeed, perhaps you yourself are receiving bribes from the weasels and cats to dupe your fellow chickens from this safe alternative?"

This immediately divided the chickens. As the wise chicken could neither prove nor disprove his innocence, he was soon doubted and ostracized from the group. A great debate broke out, but eventually the sensible faction decided, "Let's try it for now, and if we don't like it, I'm sure that we can renegotiate an equitable change of the contract." That decided the issue and their victory was sealed. The human, genteelly opened the door wide and the chickens stately marched into the coop. The rest, as we all know, is history. (See "Chicken Run" the movie, 2000)

## Where Did All the Celts Go?

By Ian Friesland

I couldn't be farther away from Ireland (or my native Belgium) but my thoughts fly to that distant land, and I'd like to write a little about it. The RDNA is not exclusively Celtic (we're not, but we all have our favorite traditions), but most other Druid groups are definitely in the Celtophiles section. The problem as I see it, is that people study ancient Celts, but ignore the modern Celts.

We appear to be in a love-hate relationship with traditions. We love ancient Celtic Traditions but not modern Celtic traditions with hundreds of years of shaping by Celts (yes, under Christian & alcoholic influence.) Certainly, age sometimes empowers the survival and attractiveness of some beliefs beyond their practical usage (i.e. "fossilization.") For me, the age of the tradition is just one pointer on its feasibility; but it's applicability, wisdom, timing and associations must also be taken into account. As an example, we don't do ritualistic murder anymore. As Mortus said in his/her essay on Death and Sacrifice in Samhain's issue, the RDNA dropped human sacrifice when our mores and perceptions on the issue had changed, even though livestock (deadstock?) is cheaper now than ever before in history.

Irish and country folk of Europe still carry out several life-affirming (& life-denying) activities that may or may not have continuity from pagan times, often under the guise of various saints, despite the otherworldly orientation of monotheism in general. You know this, already. It's hard to tell whether or not these traditions were carry-overs from a bygone organized religion or rather, perhaps, simply natural developments from working daily with (or against) Nature's mysteries on the farm and forest. But the Celts are still here, but they're mostly speaking English nowadays, so no complaining about the difficulty of translating "Old Irish," just go next door and talk to McPherson and start or revive traditions.

How many American Neo-Pagans can explain the Dail of Ireland, name 7 living Irish poets or dramatists? Talk about the devolution process' effect on Celtic nationalism? Explain the economic situation of the Welsh economies? What about Brittany's (ahem, not Ms. Spears) engulfment by France or Galicia by Spain which we don't hear about because most of us don't read French or Spanish after High school? Mad cow or foot & mouth disease (I've got that I suppose)'s role in the devastation of the crafting culture? I'm not calling upon you to march the streets of Dublin with placards, but if you feel such a connection to these ancient Druids; how about helping their grandchildren continue the living culture?

## Picking a Path

By Mike

We don't know as much as our ancestors collectively. We may add a new piece of knowledge & technology, but in matters of the soul, we are often merely treading old paths in a well-trodden forest. Although you may try to blaze a new trail, you are likely to cross several old trails in the process. One day, you might stop blazing and pick one of those trails out of convenience when you see a destination that can be reached the more easily by that path. Perhaps one day, you'll open a space for an arboreal farm.

Ideas are like seeds, they come from a tree or flower and grow up by themselves. Some are self-pollinating others reproduce by cross-pollinating. Like the bible adage, the growth of seeds depends on the ground in which they begin. If transplanted to new territory, they may grow or wither. Trees and plants reproduce by excessive distribution of seeds, such that a few will make it to maturity; while the bulk of them succumb to the stresses of the world. Most teachers know this about students and the need for balanced growth.

A small imbalance in the body can soon kill, if untreated. Hopefully, most students will notice deficiencies in their training. As Confucius said, "When I show three sides of a square, they should come up with the fourth. But dear Ching! When I show him one side, he shows me the other three!" It is far easier to destroy individuals than groups, but a slow group collapse can be most devastating. A poison can kill more than a medicine of the same amount can cure, but an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. As Darth-Vader learned, if you wish fame & power, a dubious achievement, the quickest way is through infamy and harmful actions. Most do-gooders and saints go unrecognized, because they need not recognition. In these matters, a little well-timed guidance goes a long way.

## The Two Pots

From Stacey

A water bearer in India had two large pots, each hung on the ends of a pole, which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, and while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water.

At the end of the long walk from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full. For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water to his house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect for the task for which it was created, but the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself and I want to apologize to you. I have been able to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said.

The water bearer said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path." Do you notice that there are flowers only on your side of the path but not on the other pot's side? That is because I have always known about your flaw. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you have watered them. For two years, I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table. Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house."

Moral: Each of us has our own unique flaws. We are all cracked pots but, it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding.

Take each person for what they are, and look for the good in them. There is a lot of good out there. Blessed are the flexible, for they are never bent out of shape.

Remember to appreciate all the different people in your life! Or, as I like to think of it, if it hadn't been for the crackpots in my life it would have been pretty boring and life certainly wouldn't have been beautifully interesting...

## Chop Wood, Carry Water

From Stacey

A young student asked of the Master "what did you do before you became Master?"

The Master replied "I fetched wood and carried water."

The Student asked "What do you do now that you are Master?"

The Master replied "I fetch wood and carry water."

-Lao Tzu

Now, just about everyone who has hung about spiritual circles for any time has heard this. It may not be from Lao Tzu, legendary composer of the Tao Te Ching, maybe 2500 years ago, contemporary, more or less, with Gautama the Buddha, as it is often said to come from Ch'an or Zen sources. But what does that matter?

We may take the ordinary events of life as unimportant when we engage on what we perceive as the 'great mystical journey.'

Still, what does this cost us? Is it worth the price?

We have this trip to take; but can we say which parts of life are more or less important?

After the powerful 'peak experience,' it always seems to go back to this: "Chop wood; carry water." Maybe we have to learn that no thing in life is more than another, and each is part of the warp and woof, the interwoven strands, the weaving, of its tapestry.

Is enlightenment then just that, the putting down of the heavy load we have carried and been burdened by, our suffering?

Are we then like Sisyphus, who was condemned by Zeus to push the heavy boulder up the hill, nearly to the peak, only to, forever, have it slip from his grasp to the bottom again, only to have to start again over and over from the beginning?

"Before Satori, 'Chop wood; carry water;' after Satori, 'chop wood, carry water.'"

## The Ten Laws of Murphy

If anything can go wrong, it will.

Nothing is ever as simple as it seems.

Everything takes longer than you expect.

Left to themselves all things go from bad to worse.

Nature always sides with the hidden flaw.

Mother Nature is a bitch.

It is impossible to make anything foolproof because fools are so ingenious.

If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something.

If you can keep your head when, all around you, others are losing theirs, you just don't understand the situation.

For every human problem, there is a neat, simple solution - and it is always wrong.

## Gold and Silver Harps

A Druid priest passes away and goes to Tir nan Og.

Upon her arrival, she is awarded a silver harp for her good deeds on earth. As she looks around, she notices a scruffy looking fellow with a beautiful golden harp.

"Why does he get such a beautiful harp when a good Druid priest, like myself, gets only this silver harp?" she asked.

"Well," said Mannanan, "over here in Tir nan Og we reward results. Every Solstice when you preached, people slept. Those who did pray were only going through the motions. That man got people to pray every day, and when they prayed, they meant it with all their heart!"

"Which church is he from?" asked the priest.

"He's not from a church," said Mannanan, "He was a New York City taxi driver!"

## The Mona Lisa

Richard Kehl, "Silver Departures"

A Twentieth Century-Fox executive in Paris arranged for an exhibit of the fake paintings used in the movie "How To Steal A Million." He phones Howard Newman of the New York office, who said the fakes could not be shipped because they were on tour.

"What should I do?" asked the Paris man frantically.

"Get some originals," said Newman. "Nobody'll know the difference."



## The Oak and the Maple

By Darren

And one winter day Maple asked Oak, "Why must I bear this snow?"

And Oak replied, "Because you have spread your branches."

And Maple asked, "Then why did I spread my branches?"

And Oak replied, "To catch the wind and sun, those things that give you life. And here, sometimes, the wind brings snow."

And Maple asked, "Then why have I come here?"

And Oak replied, "The winds blew, and you rode them. You liked them then, and laughed at the joy of spinning."

And Maple asked, "Then why did I grow here?"

And Oak replied, "Because the soil is good, between the stones."

And Maple asked, "Then why did the stones not stop me?"

And Oak replied, "Because you knew what you must do."

And Maple asked, "What is it, then, that I must do?"

And Oak replied, "Spread your branches. And bear some snow."

## Understanding is Nothing.

By Henry Miller in Plexus

"You understand," said Chaydem, "but the reality of it escapes you. Understanding is nothing. The eyes must be kept open, constantly. To open your eyes you must relax, not strain. Don't be afraid of falling backwards into a bottomless pit. There is nothing to fall into. You're in it and of it, and one day, if you persist, you will be it. I don't say you will have it, please notice, because there's nothing to possess. Neither are you to be possessed, remember that! You are to liberate your self. There are no exercises, physical, spiritual, to practice. All such things are like incense- they awaken a feeling of holiness. We must be holy without holiness. We must be whole... complete. That's being holy. Any other kind of holiness is false, a snare, and a delusion."

## Approaching Death

by Irony, Volcano Grove, -Rainier Maria Rilke's work.

I reproach all modern religions for having handed to their believers consolations and glossings over of death, instead of administering to them the means of reconciling themselves to it and coming to an understanding with it. With it, with its full, unmasked cruelty: this cruelty is so tremendous that it is just with it that the circle closes: it leads right back again into the extreme of a mildness that is great, pure, and perfectly clear (all consolation is turbid) as we have never surmised mildness to be, not even on the sweetest spring day. But toward the experiencing of this most profound mildness which, were only a few of us to feel with conviction, could perhaps little by little penetrate and make transparent all the relations of life: toward the experiencing of this richest and soundest mildness, mankind has never even taken the first steps- unless in its oldest, most innocent times, whose secret has been all but lost to us. The content of "initiations" was, I am sure, nothing but the imparting of a "key" that permitted the reading saw the word "death" without negation; like the moon, life surely has a side permanently turned away from us which is not its counterpart but its complement towards perfection, towards consummation.

## Way of Salami

Submitted by Mike, quoting Mark Walsh

Nothing in the deli is more important than anything else. There is no hierarchy. Salami may be \$5.99 a pound and baloney \$1.99. But you eat salami the same way you eat baloney, and you digest salami the same way you do baloney, and you excrete salami the same way you do baloney. Once you realize this, price becomes meaningless

## Way of Service

Submitted by Mike, quoting Mark Walsh

If you are constipated, study your face in the mirror. Be familiar with it. Know it intimately. Learn to recognize that look in others. When someone comes to the deli with the look of constipation on their face, give them no options. If they ask for baloney, do not respond with "We have five different kinds of baloney, what kind of baloney would you like?" take the nearest baloney and start slicing. Giving options, in this case, gets you caught from behind.

## Way of Cheese

Submitted by Mike, quoting Mark Walsh

The way of cheese is in the re-creation. A stick of American cheese slices perfectly into 147 slices. I know. I have counted. When you can slice a stick of American cheese and re-stack it so it is impossible to tell the stick has been sliced, you will be enlightened.

Provolone cheese operates against all the laws of the deli. It comes packaged in three-foot long sticks; it melts and turns soft quickly; it does not slice properly. If a deli clerk gets five perfect slices in a pound, he is luck. If a deli clerk never finds satori, it is because of provolone cheese.

Life is suffering. Provolone cheese is amoral and persistent. Accept it into your life. Let it happen.

## Loneliness

J. Krishnamurti Think on These Things.

Submitted by Irony.

You try being alone, without any form of distraction, and you will see how quickly you want to get away from yourself and forget what you are. That is why this enormous structure of professional amusement, of automated distraction, is so prominent a part of what we call civilization. If you observe, you will see that people the world over are becoming more and more distracted, increasingly sophisticated and worldly. The multiplication of pleasures, the innumerable books that are being published, the newspaper pages filled with sporting events- surely, all these indicate that we constantly want to be amused.

Because we are inwardly empty, dull, mediocre, we use our relationships and our social reforms as a means of escaping from ourselves. I wonder if you have noticed how lonely most people are? And to escape from loneliness we run to temples, churches, or mosques, we watch television, listen to the radio, read, and so on...

If you inquire a little into boredom you will find that the cause of it is loneliness. It is in order to escape from loneliness that we want to be together, we want to be entertained, to have distractions of every kind: gurus, religious ceremonies, prayers, or the latest novel. Being inwardly lonely we become mere

spectators in life; and we can be the players only when we understand loneliness and go beyond it. Because beyond it lies the real treasure.

## To My Teacher

From Stacey of the Baccharis Grove

Here is the translation of Ryokan's poem that reminds us very much of Emmon Bodfish, the founder of the Live Oak grove of Orinda Ca. who passed away this year in a violent death. All who knew him, remember him as a wise person with much to share with his grove. Stacey pictures Emmon's grave much like this this poem as he is buried among the redwoods. Ryokan's translated poem is taken from "Dewdrops on a Lotus Leaf" translated by John Stevens

An old grave hidden away at the foot of a deserted hill,  
Overrun with rank weeds growing unchecked year after year;  
There is no one left to tend the tomb,  
And only an occasional woodcutter passes by.  
Once I was his pupil, a youth with shaggy hair,  
Learning deeply from him by the Narrow River.  
One morning I set off on my solitary journey  
And the years passed between us in silence.  
Now I have returned to find him at rest here;  
How can I honor his departed spirit?  
I pour a dipper of pure water over his tombstone  
And offer a silent prayer.  
The sun suddenly disappears behind the hill  
And I'm enveloped by the roar of the wind in the pines.  
I try to pull myself away but cannot;  
A flood of tears soaks my sleeves.

## Some Quotes on Life

From the Volcano Grove

He who mounts a wild elephant goes where the wild elephant goes. -Randolph Bourne

The world's spiritual geniuses seem to discover universally that the mind's muddy river, this ceaseless flow of trivia and trash, cannot be dammed, and that trying to dam it is a waste of effort that might lead to madness. -Anne Dillard

Prayer is not the moment when God and humans are in relationship, for that is always. Prayer is taking initiative to intentionally respond to God's presence. \_L.R. Keck

I felt it better to speak to God than about Him. -St. Theresa of Lisieux

After ecstasy, the laundry. -Zen saying

To confront a person with his own shadow is to show him his own light.

Wisdom is not like money, which should be kept in a safe.

If you are greedy in conversation, you lose the wisdom of your friends.

If you see wrongdoing or evil and say nothing against it, you become its victim.

One who refuses to obey cannot command.

If you build a poor wooden bridge across the river, it never seems to rot until you have to cross it yourself.

Good fellowship is sharing good things with friends.

The one who asks the way does not get lost.

The string can be useful until a rope can be found.

However poor the crocodile becomes, it hunts in the river, not in the forest.

People count what they are refused, not what they are given.

Power must be handled in the manner of holding an egg in the hand; if you hold it too firmly it breaks; if you hold it too loosely it drops.

No friendship except after enmity.

Make friends when you don't need them.

He who pulls a branch, brings the leaves with it.

Before you marry keep both eyes open, afterwards keep one shut.

God made the sea, we make the ship; He made the wind, we make the sail; He made the calm, we make oars.

Fright is worse than a blow.

The knife does not know its owner.

When two elephants struggle, it's the grass that suffers.

The lion which kills is not the lion which roars.

Every man is honest until the day they catch him.

At the bottom of patience is heaven.

The grumbler does not leave his job, but he discourages possible applicants.

Virtue never stands alone. It is bound to have neighbors.

The river rarely rises above its source.

Is benevolence really that far away? No sooner do I desire it than it is here.

I have yet to meet a man who is as fond of virtue as he is of beauty in women.

To be wise, know your fellow men.

The gentleman agrees with others without being an echo. The small man echoes without being in agreement.

Men of antiquity studied to improve themselves; men today study to impress others.

What the gentleman seeks, he seeks within himself; what the small man seeks, he seeks in others.

Learn widely and be steadfast in your purpose, inquire earnestly and reflect on what is at hand, and there is no need for you to look for benevolence elsewhere.

## Soldier and the Professor

A soldier and a professor were on a plane. Tiring of conversation, the professor suggested a game of riddles to pass the time.

"If there is a riddle you can't guess, you give me a dollar and vice-versa."

"Okay," agreed the soldier, "But you are better educated. I'll only give you fifty cents."

"All right," said the professor, "you go first."

"Well, what bird has four legs swimming and two legs flying?"

The professor thought hard. He did not want to miss the very first question. The soldier's face lit up with a wide grin. Finally the professor said, "I don't know; here's a dollar. What's the answer?"

The soldier hesitated for a moment, then said slowly, "I don't know either; here's your fifty cents!"

That ended the game.

## No Vacation

The late columnist Arthur Brisbane declined to accept William Randolph Hearst's offer of a six-month paid vacation in appreciation of his good work.

"There are two reasons why I will not accept your generous offer, Mr. Hearst," said Brisbane. "The first is that if I quit writing my column for half a year, it might affect the circulation of your newspapers. The second reason is that it might not!"

## Where There's a Will...

A lawyer was cross-examining a witness. "You have just testified that you heard the shot at exactly 11:32 P.M. How did you know what time it was? Did you look at your watch?"

"No," the witness said, "I looked at the sundial in the garden."

"That's stupid," accused the lawyer. "How could you tell time by a sundial at 11:32 at night?"

"Well, I had a flashlight," the witness admitted.

## Other is Better

"The Grass is always greener on the other side." If you were a judge how would you deal with this human belief?

A very famous and affluent official died and left equal portions of his wealth to his two daughters and sons-in-law. However, there were no precise prices on the land and homes that he passed on to them, each had a unique market value. Dissatisfied with the arrangement, each daughter believed the other party got the lion's share.

After the grandiose burial ceremony, the daughters filed civil lawsuits against each other, claiming that their own shares were less than the other's. In court, the judge asked them, one after the other, whether they thought they were treated unfairly. They each gave a firm "Yes."

The clerk recorded every word and let sign all the statements. The judge then asked them to provide an inventory and turn in a list of the inherited properties. They gladly complied with this request.

After they finished, he announced his decree; "These two daughters must exchange their inheritances with one another." The daughters were shocked. Each had hoped to gain more than the other. However, they could do nothing but accept this ruling.

## Happy Alliance

P.T. Barnum, the great showman, used to exhibit a happy family. This family consisted of a lion, a tiger, a wolf, a bear, and a lamb, all in one cage.

"Remarkable," a visitor said one day to Mr. Barnum. "Remarkable, impressive. How long have these animals dwelt together in this way?"

"Eight months," Barnum replied. "But the lamb has to be replaced occasionally."

## Real Reason

After winning a few battles and overthrowing the previous dynasty, King Jeb overheard that there was a wise man who dwelled in the capital, and decided to pay the man a visit.

The wise man was surprised to meet the king, but courteously conducted the king into his shabby lodge. After brief

amenities, the noble visitor politely asked the wiseman about his opinion for the collapse of the previous dynasty. Pondering for a moment, the man said he could not answer that question right away, and suggested the king come back tomorrow. The king agreed.

The next morning, the king arrived punctually. Knocking on the door, he received no answer. After patiently waiting for a few moments, the king began to be disturbed. Then some neighbors told him that this old man had fled the house last night in a hurry. The emperor felt cheated and betrayed.

"Your Majesty," his prime minister remarked, "I believe I know the reason. He is indeed a fine, old-fashioned gentleman, who didn't want to openly criticize the last emperor, who technically was his master. By intentionally breaking his promise with us, he cleverly conveys some of the most important causes of the previous dynasty's downfall. I think his deliberate absence indicates that trust and credibility are essential for the prosperity of an empire. Abusing both, the previous emperor lost his huge dynasty as well as his precious life. Your Majesty must always keep that in mind."

The emperor agreed with this perceptive analysis and with satisfaction left. His own dynasty was to last 200 years

## The Cage

"Look at that one-the one staring at us through the bars. Doesn't he look intelligent?"

"Yes, there is something uncanny about it."

"Walks on his hind legs, too, and swings his arms."

"There! He's got a peanut. Let's see what he does with it."

"Well, what do you think about that! He knows enough to take the shell off before he eats it just like we do."

"There's a female alongside of him. Listen to her chatter at him. He doesn't seem to be paying much attention to her, though."

"She must be his mate."

"They look kind of sad, don't they?"

"Yes. I guess they wish they were in here with us monkeys."

## Return to Me

by Pablo Neruda, Chilean, 1904-1973

Return to me, oh sun,  
to my wild destiny,  
rain of the ancient wood,  
bring me back to the aroma and the swords  
that falls from the sky,  
the solitary peace of pasture and rock,  
the damp at the river-margins,  
the smell of the larch tree,  
the wind alive like a heart  
beating in the crowded restlessness  
of the towering araucaria.  
Earth, give me back your pure gifts,  
the towers of silence which rose  
from the solemnity of their roots.  
I want to go back to being what I have not been,  
and learn to go back from such deeps  
that amongst all natural things  
I could live or not live; it does not matter  
to be one stone more, the dark stone,  
the pure stone which the river bears away

## How to Love Nature

by John Burroughs, American 1837-1921

Nature-love as Emerson knew it, and as Wordsworth knew it, and as any of the choicer spirits of our time have known it, had distinctly a religious value. It does not come to a man or a woman who is wholly absorbed in selfish or worldly or material ends. Except ye become in a measure as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Nature- as Audubon entered it, as Thoreau entered it, as Bryant and Amiel entered it, and as all those enter it who make it a resource in their lives and an instrument of their culture.

The forms and creeds of religion change, but the sentiment of religion- the wonder and reverence and love we feel in the presence of the inscrutable universe- persist... If we do not go to church as much as did our fathers, we go to the woods much more, and are much more inclined to make a temple of them than they were.

## Wayfarer

by Antonio Machado, Spanish

Wayfarer, the only way.

is your footsteps, there is no other.

Wayfarer, there is no way,

you make the way as you go.

As you go, you make the way

and stopping to look behind,

you see the path that your feet

will travel again.

Wayfarer, there is no way-

only foam trails in the sea.

## Orbits

by Rainer Maria Rilke, German 1875-1926

I live my life in growing orbits

Which move out over the things of the world.

Perhaps I can never achieve the last,

but that will be my attempt.

I am circling around God, the ancient tower,

And I have been circling for a thousand years,

and I still don't know if I am a falcon, or a storm,

or a great song

## Vigiling

by Jalal ad-Din ar-Rumi 1207-1273

Some nights, stay up till dawn.

As the moon sometimes does for the sun.

Be a full bucket pulled up the dark way

of a well, then lifted out into light.

Something opens our wings.

Something makes boredom and hurt disappear.

Someone fills the cup in front of us.

We taste only sacredness.

## Rules of Hollywood Paganism

By Michelle Curtis, March 1996

1. Pick one faith and stick with it. Dilettantism is the mark of the amateur.

2. Avoid needless embarrassment. Practice the correct pronunciation of your gods name in the privacy of your room before chanting it in public. Flash cards are often helpful.

3. Never invoke anything bigger than your head.

4. Avoid all cabbalistic jewelry over 10 pounds in weight. You're just asking for trouble.

5. Citronella candles may not be used in rituals. I cannot stress this enough. Pastel-colored candles in the shape of cute animals are like beacons to the Dark Lords.

6. Always keep your kit with you: candles, chalk, incense, silver knife, thugee knife, service revolver, garlic, cabfare, condoms, change.

7. Never be a cultist that goes to rough up the investigators. Ransacking hotel rooms is probably safe but going round to beat up the good guys a definite no-no.

8. When Black Mass goes awry, stay away from the cult leader. enraged daemons always go for the pompous.

9. Don't gloat.

10. If you do gloat, never reveal your plans.

11. If you gloat and reveal your plans, never leave the investigators to die slowly. They don't.

12. If you do gloat, reveal your plans and leave the investigators to die slowly don't have the audacity to look surprised when they show up to foil you.

13. Investigators always arrive at the last moment to foil you. Start a half hour early. They hate that.

14. Select ceremonial robes that are easy to run in while still affording ample concealment.

15. When a religious artifact begins emitting light, close your eyes.

16. When mutilating cattle, avoid the ones with the testicles.

17. During ritual sacrifice, taking bits home "for later" is now considered bad form.

18. Blood tests are now required of all sacrificial victims before the ritual. The effects of HIV+ offerings on the average maleic deity have never been witnessed by anyone living or even intact.

19. Contrary to historic belief, drugs and invocations do not mix. When the shit comes down it is vitally necessary to be able to discern between the gibbering monstrosity to throw holy water at, and the gibbering monstrosity that will go away after a few hours, some B-complex and a hot bath.

20. Never play strip tarot.

21. Piety and belief are powerful things and few forces in nature can stand against one who is true to his faith and his soul. However, it is also true that gods are on the side of the heaviest artillery so be prepared to change sides at the drop of a hat.

22. For those situations where a fresh living sacrifice is just not feasible or possible, the lower ranks of daemons can be fooled by microwaving a previously frozen chunk of ex-victim and cleverly jiggling it. A mock victim sculpted of spam is right out.

# Order of Chocolate Contemplatives

## INTRODUCTION:

Once again the high holy days of the Order of Chocolate Contemplatives (O.C.C.) are at hand.

The O.C.C. was founded in 1893 when my great-grandmother opened an old trunk in her aunt's attic and discovered secret documents and recipes recorded by the mysterious Fraulein Verboten. These documents describe an ancient order whose purpose is to find enlightenment through chocolate, a task that its current members pursue with diligence, with guidance from their Secret Chefs on the astral pan. Initiates explore all the psychological, sensual, mystical and psychoactive properties of this profound substance.

If you wish to join the O.C.C., dip yourself, or a part of yourself in liquid chocolate and dedicate yourself to the pursuit of chocolate-ness. You may also post to alt.magick regarding the history of chocolate, its psycho-active properties, its relationship to Candlemas or Yule, favorite recipes, which signs should be the WATER and FIRE sign(s) for chocolate and why, or your own experiences exploring chocolate's exquisite pleasures. These articles will be collected in the Chocolate Chronicles. This is also a time for renewal when old members of the O.C.C. are encouraged to proclaim their love of chocolate in the same way described above.

The high holy days of the O.C.C. start on February 1st and go on for 14 days, culminating on the 14th of February, a day long associated with love and chocolate. The groundhog is the animal guardian of the O.C.C. and chocolate groundhogs are always in good taste. St. Valentine is the patron saint and also one of the Secret Chefs. On the final holy day, St. Valentine's Day, chocolate is celebrated in a special way the entire day long -- in thoughts, word, deed and ingestion. Many (choc rats) opt for a sensual finale, while some (choc doves) for a more meditative and sublime chocolate experience. The choc rats also prefer popular chocolate treats whereas the choc doves go for imported, pricey brands. Despite these superficial differences all are pursuing the celebration of chocolate, and I hope that the factional sniping will not occur this year. Whatever your style of celebration it will work provided that you celebrate chocolate with chocolate.

Many new initiates ask about sex-chocolate. Information on this is not publicly available for your own safety. Also, members of high rank are bound by oaths and cannot discuss it. General information is in the book Secrets of the German Sex-Chocolate Magickians, so the curious can read this. Please do not inquire further.

## SPECIFICS:

First, if you start late, go ahead and do several days at a time mentally in order to catch up, but only eat the prescribed 1 piece of chocolate per day, until the 14th, otherwise you could blow-out your chakras and digestive system. Lectures aside, this is not a time for gluttony. Chocolate can really knock your socks off and should be treated with care. Feel free to circulate this, in its entirety, wherever you wish.

\*\*\*\*\*

#1:

DIRECTION: North

ANIMAL: Groundhog

ELEMENT: Earth

SIGN: Taurus

POWER: Law

ARCHANGEL: Uriel/Ariel

CHOCOLATE TYPE: Nuts and caramel and/or other ingredients mixed in.

Mine for the surprises. Brownies with chocolate bits and nuts are good for new initiates. Nothing too risky. Chocolate is strong enough, as is.

MEDITATION: Life is good. Life is a beautiful, sensual experience. The two main secrets to life are put before you:

- 1.) Life is what happens when you think of something else.
- 2.) Sometimes the only (or easiest) thing to change about a situation is your perception of it. Thinking about this will give you insights to make your life more enjoyable. Experiment with different energy patterns in your daily life. If you're an assertive go-go-go sort of person lay back and go with the flow and watch how people respond. If you're usually laid-back then rev up a little and see what happens. Learn to use both ying and yang to your best advantage. Reinforce your revelations with savory chocolate to make them stick. The purpose here is to use your energy most effectively to make your life as happy, and pleasurable as possible. deity, virtue

- 1 Bmilges limits his words
- 2 Barnafa is content with his lot in life
- 3 Benpagi knows his place
- 4 Belmara uncomplaining acceptance of suffering
- 5 Balceor trust in the sages
- 6 Blisdon good naturedness
- 7 Bynepor patience

#2:

DIRECTION: West

ANIMAL: Fish

ELEMENT: Water

SIGN: still being decided...

POWER: emotion

ARCHANGEL: Gabriel

CHOCOLATE TYPE: Chocolate dissolved in a liquid. Chocolate mousse is especially good. Mugs of hot chocolate are good too (but no instant please.) For more advanced members, try chocolate liqueur or chocolate in coffee. MEDITATION: Consider how to flow through life with as much pleasure and as little pain as possible. For each action there is an equal and opposite reaction, so take care to do yourself a favor and \*not\* invoke your nemesis. Consider how to make your life simpler on all planes. Then take the next step and learn to have not just neutral experiences, but positive ones! Every act, idea, interaction, feeling, sensation, can bring you positive energy. Learn to find chocolate everywhere and learn to give it freely. Take the highest and lowest -- turn everything into expressions of love and appreciation and give back the same in return.

deity, virtue

- 1 Bonefon moderation in frivolity
- 2 Bermale moderation in conversation
- 3 Bragiop moderation in sleep

- 4 Blintom moderation in pleasure
- 5 Bazpama moderation in worldly affairs
- 6 Bvtmomo moderation in business affairs
- 7 Babalel knowledge of scriptures

#3:

DIRECTION: South

ANIMAL: Snakes

ELEMENT: Fire

SIGN: to be decided...

POWER: will

ARCHANGEL: Michael

CHOCOLATE TYPE: Milk chocolate. Nothing in it.

MEDITATION: Here we first encounter the scandalous past of our holy substance -- its affiliation with the cruel and hot southern gods. All you've heard about their cruelty and their relationship with chocolate is true. But fear not! They were practicing the dark side of chocolate. They were mixing chocolate with fire and emotion. Emotion needs to be cooled, in water. It's far more effective to mix chocolate with fire and WILL. Therefore, the key word for this week is WILL. Use the strength you've discovered in chocolate and filter your thoughts and words with purpose. Imbue every act with meaning. Throw things out -- useless ideas and possessions. This is a good time to end any relationships that suck out your vitality. You are not the same as you once were, you are now changed -- stronger and better. Treat people with respect and restraint.

deity, virtue

- 1 Bnagole deliberation
- 2 Brisfli discussion with students
- 3 Branglo debate with colleagues
- 4 Bernole attendance on scholars
- 5 Basmelo purity
- 6 Befafes joy
- 7 Bobogel humility

#4

DIRECTION: East

ANIMAL: Birds

ELEMENT: Air

SIGN: Aquarius

POWER: Inspiration and creativity

ARCHANGEL: Raphael

CHOCOLATE TYPE: Pure dark chocolate.

MEDITATION: This is your final point of ascent. Focus on the highest intellectual enjoyment you have of chocolate and the chocolate teachings. By now you should be seeing chocolate everywhere and in everything. Look and you shall see. Feel the joy of chocolate in everyone and you (m)eat. You are now approaching the brink of ecstasy. If you have started any projects, now is a fortuitous time to complete them. If you are procrastinating about something, start it now -- you'll feel much better. This is a time to resolve old difficulties, conflicts, feelings and ideas. If you have trouble doing this, visualize all your problems in a pot with chocolate, melting away, then go to bed early and sleep purposefully on the troubles. In the morning you'll see the answer. This is also the time to consider the \*opposite\* of all you've contemplated in the prior weeks. Think of when and how to use the opposites. Finally, go through the prior 4 weeks of work, contemplating what you learned and

invoking the deities of the days and the archangels of the weeks to give you strength and guidance. Sleep on what you've learned.

diety, virtue

- 1 Basledf reverence
- 2 Bmamgal awe
- 3 Blumapo intuitive insight
- 4 Besgeme understanding
- 5 Bapnido orderly speech
- 6 Bornogo attentive listening
- 7 Baligon study

The final day: the 14th of February

On the final day, revel in all you've learned. Celebrate in your own style. You are on the brink of enlightenment and ecstasy now. Ask the deities and Secret Chefs to give you purity and strength. Do whatever is necessary to push yourself over the edge. Today and today only you can eat as much chocolate, wherever and however you like. :)

## Merry Whatever

From Glenn McDavid

Please accept with no obligation, implied or implicit our best wishes for an environmentally conscious, socially responsible, low stress, non-addictive, gender-neutral, celebration of the winter solstice holiday, practiced within the most enjoyable traditions of the religious persuasion of your choice, or secular practices of your choice, with respect for the religious/secular persuasions and/or traditions of others, or their choice not to practice religious or secular traditions at all...No reindeer or barn animals were injured during the making of these greetings.

As well, please enjoy a fiscally successful, personally fulfilling, and medically uncomplicated recognition of the onset of the generally accepted calendar year 1999, but not without due respect for the calendars of choice of other cultures whose contributions to society have helped make America great, (not to imply that America is necessarily greater than any other country or is the only "America" in the western hemisphere), and without regard to the race, creed, color, age, physical ability, religious faith, choice of computer platform, or sexual preference of the wishee. These sentiments will not affect any equipment as yet unscanned for Y2K problems.

(By accepting this greeting, you are accepting these terms. This greeting is subject to clarification or withdrawal. It is freely transferable with no alteration to the original greeting. It implies no promise by the wisher to actually implement any of the wishes for her/himself or others, and is void where prohibited by law, and is revocable at the sole discretion of the wisher. This wish is warranted to perform as expected within the usual application of good tidings for a period of one year, or until the issuance of a subsequent holiday greeting, whichever comes first, and warranty is limited to replacement of this wish or issuance of a new wish at the sole discretion of the wisher.)

## "IF THE APOSTLE PAUL HAD SENT HIS EPISTLES BY E-MAIL..."

From: Glenn McDavid gmcdavid@winternet.com

Found on an ancient clay floppy disk:

Subject: The Third E-mail to the Corinthians

Date: 24/03/65 21:07:33 ROMAN standard time

From: Apostle Paul (paulorsaul@theapostles.org)

To: congregation@corinth.org

File: Epistle3.txt (104201 bytes)

[Only the first part of this message is displayed. The entire message has been turned into a text attachment, encoded in 128-bit MIME and can only be read if you have an obscure program that you won't have heard of.]

Paul, an apostle of Christ and a slave of the Lord, to the brothers in Corinth who are using e-mail accounts other than AOL. I will send a separate message to those using AOL accounts, knowing how primitive their e-mail service is at the present time.

This is the third e-mail I am sending to you. Did you receive my other two? I have had no reply from you yet, and a "fatal delivery" error message for the second e-mail, in which I wrote about love, faith and hope. I will send it again, just in case.

I sent my second message to the congregations throughout the whole of Asia Minor, but my service provider considered this to be spamming and closed down one of my accounts. To those who are using Web based e-mail accounts, I will send Timothy to you with my message on foot. It will get there quicker.

Philemon and Titus send you their love. I found their e-mails amidst a flood of junk mail and get-rich-quick messages, in which there is no real profit.

Look - I hope you don't mind, but I think I'll stick with the parchments next time.

Anyway, I wanted to write to you on the important subject of..

{End of Message}

## SOME IDEAS ON WHAT ENLIGHTENMENT/SALVATION IS:

I have recently had an awakening where I realized that enlightenment consisted of an openness, and awareness to what is. I am seeking to broaden my openness, becoming more fresh, and more of a beginner. I have also made vows to help liberate all beings, and would like to gain knowledge to do so. I am eventually hoping to reach the point of the absolute boundary between chaos and order, the center of the wheel as it were, and to be able to dance at that point. I am also seeking a community of like-minded folk, as well as a system that will help fill in the infinite gaps in my knowledge. Here is a little something I wrote regarding what I have learned recently.

to be like a CHILD who views every thing with freshness  
to be an EXPLORER curious about what they will encounter

to be an OBSERVER interested in what they can discover  
to be AWARE of the stream of life as it flows  
to be able to SEE what is happening around you  
to be able to be fully PRESENT in the current moment  
to be AWAKE enough to experience the beauty of life  
to be a QUESTIONER of strongly held assumptions  
to be a BEGINNER still able to learn new ideas  
to be a STUDENT who realizes they do not know  
to be NON-JUDGMENTAL open to each situation as it

arises

to be ADAPTABLE to varying circumstances  
to be UNCONDITIONED not set in any certain way  
to be BEYOND conceptual extremes  
to be FREE from machine-like living

by Ruth Ann oskolkoff/95

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON HARMONIOUS LIVING:

All life is interconnected so live with simplicity  
All life is sacred so live with compassion  
All life is changing so live with awareness  
All life is a teacher so live with humility

by Ruth Ann oskolkoff/95

## Football as a Fertility Rite

Author unknown;

Obviously, Football is a syndrome of religious rites symbolizing the struggle to preserve the Egg of Life through the rigors of impending winter. The rites begin at the Autumn Equinox and culminate on the first day of the New Year, with great festivals identified with bowls of plenty. The festivals are associated with flowers such as roses; fruits such as oranges; farm crops such as cotton; and even sun worship and appeasement of great reptiles such as alligators.

In these rites, the Egg of Life is symbolized by what is called "The Oval," an inflated bladder covered with hog skin. The convention of "The Oval" is repeated in the architectural oval-shaped design of the vast outdoor churches in which the services are held every Sabbath in every town and city. Also every Sunday in the greater centers of population where an advanced priesthood performs. These enormous churches dominate every college campus; no other edifice compares in size with them, and they bear witness to the high spiritual development of the culture that produced them.

Literally millions of worshipers attend the Sabbath services in these open-air churches. Subconsciously, these hordes are seeking an outlet from sexual frustration in anticipation of violent masochism and sadism about to be enacted by a highly trained

priesthood of young men. Football obviously arises out of the Oedipus complex. Love of mother dominates the entire ritual. (Notre Dame and Football are synonymous.)

The rites are performed on a green rectangular area orientated to the four directions. The green area, symbolizing Summer, is striped with ominous white lines representing the knifing snows of Winter. The white stripes are repeated in the ceremonial costumes of the four whistling monitors who control the services through a time period divided into four quarters, symbolizing the four Seasons. The ceremony begins with colorful processions of musicians and semi-nude virgins who move in and out of ritualized patterns. This excites the thousands of worshipers to rise from their seats, shout frenzied poetry in unison and chant ecstatic anthems through which runs the Oedipus theme of willingness to die for the love of mother. The actual rites, performed by 22 young priests of perfect physique, might appear to the uninitiated as a chaotic conflict concerned only with hurting the Oval by kicking it, then endeavoring to rescue and protect the Egg.

However, the procedure is highly stylized. On each side there are eleven young men wearing colorful and protective costumes. The group in so-called "possession" of the Oval arrange themselves in an egg-shaped "huddle," as it is called, for a moment of prayerful meditation and whispering of secret numbers to each other. Then they rearrange themselves with relation to the position of the Egg. In a typical "formation" there are seven priests "on the line," seven being a mystical number associated not, as Jung purists might contend, with the "seven last words" but actually, with sublimation of the "seven deadly sins" into "the seven cardinal principles of education."

The central priest crouches over the Egg, protecting it with his hands, while over his back quarters hovers the "Quarterback." The transposition of "back quarters" to "quarterback" is easily explained by the Adler School. To the layman the curious posture assumed by the "Quarterback," as he hovers over the central priest, immediately suggests the Cretan origins of Mycenaean animal art, but this popular view is untenable. Actually, of course, the "quarter-back" symbolizes the libido, combining two instincts, namely, a) Eros, which strives for even closer union, and b) the instinct for destruction of anything which lies in the path of Eros. Moreover, the "pleasure-pain" excitement of the hysterical worshipers focuses entirely on the actions of the libido-quarterback. Behind him are three priests representing the male triad.

At a given signal, the Egg is passed by sleight-of-hand to one of the members of the triad who endeavors to move it by bodily force across the white lines of Winter. This procedure up and down the enclosure, continues through the four quarters of the ritual. At the end of the second quarter, implying the Summer Solstice, the processions of musicians and semi-nude virgins are resumed. After forming themselves into pictograms representing alphabetical and animal fetishes, the virgins perform a most curious rite requiring far more dexterity than the earlier phallic Maypole rituals from which it seems to be derived. Each of the virgins carries a wand of shining metal which she spins on her fingertips, tosses playfully into the air, and with which she interweaves her body in most intricate gyrations.

The virgins perform another important function throughout the entire service. This concerns the mystical rite of "conversion" following success of one of the young priests in carrying the Oval across the last white line of Winter. As the moment of "conversion" approaches, the virgins kneel at the edge of the rectangle, bury their faces in the earth, and then raise their arms to heaven in supplication, praying that "the uprights will be split." "Conversion" is indeed a dedicated ceremony.

## +++ The Church of Apathy +++

Join our Church of Apathy... when you get good and ready, or around-to-it. This is the official church for those that don't wish to identify with a specific religion. For those that feel that atheism and agnosticism are just too much damn work. Others, who believe that their religion solves all their problems, need not apply. We are a relatively New Religion with new attitudes.

We are Apathists. We seek no converts. We distribute no pamphlets. We ring no doorbells.

The Church of Apathy was thought about by its Founders for several years, before they decided to organize on December 26th, 1968, they decided not to become tax exempt, nor claim any guidance from any divine source. In 1979 they decided to look around for a suitable church site, but that effort proved to be too much trouble, and besides they really didn't care where they met anyway. The founders thought they should have a clergy person, but so far all that applied were rejected. They asked stupid questions about our not having a prayer book with writing in it. Some complained that we didn't have a Symbol or a Logo identifying our religion. Some wanted us to light candles, bless wine, chant, and sway. kneel, pray, or in general "carry on" like mainstream religions.... all of these candidates for the clergy person were rejected.

We soon will be celebrating the 30th year of our founding. We Apathists encourage those that share our deeply rooted apathy to think about joining our church as non-active members. We seek no donations nor offerings.... you keep your money, and we'll keep ours. As we have no mother church, postal address, telephone number, or website, we are sometimes difficult to locate. However if you have faith, and are not in any big rush to join our Church of Apathy, you are the type of person that could benefit by being an Apathist.

We are happy to say that in almost 30 years, not one of our members has been called "a dirty Apathist" to their face, they have demanded, and received "apple fritters" as their religious rights, in prisons and university cafeterias, and our Religion is not part of any college course on "Comparative Religions," and as far as we know, none of our faithful have been healed, saved, or converted. Some have rented from Avis but we consider that as free will.

Someday we would like to sponsor our own TV ministry, but we haven't figured out as yet what to preach about. We strongly believe that one should not take YES for an answer.....but if they do, they do.

We do have a motto: Don't Bother Us..and We Won't Bother You.

--writ by Rubin....reluctantly

## Why did Isaac's Chicken Cross the Road?

P.E.I. Bonewits (ADF): Real crossing-the-road, we have seen, is a very interwoven and complicated subject. Our conclusion could be that real crossing-the-road is the build up of chicken emotion in conjunction with chicken concepts to vary the modulation of chicken energy so as to effect the modulation of the road's energy. That's all! Perhaps it is unfortunate, though, to use the word "chicken" in relation to it, since the "C" word is being used now in a way it was never used before in the English language and is an utterly meaningless term without a qualifying adjective. And this, of course, is the fault of the medieval Christian Church, through the Gothic Chickens it invented and used as the basis of persecuting men, women and chickens. The word "chicken" itself comes from an Indo-European root, "cheeka/e" meaning "one who lays eggs," and it has no relation to



the later Anglo-Saxon word for "wise spirit of flight," as so often stated by certain contemporary "Chics." An'Chk'Rrhod ("Our Own Chickens on Our Own Roads"), an authentic Neo-Chicken Rooster tradition, offers the best of paleo-, meso- and neo-Chickenism...

## A Pagan Pledge of Allegiance

Author: WolfSquint

I Pledge Allegiance,  
to the Earth,  
And all the Creatures which inhabit it,  
And to the Oceans,  
Which give us Life  
One Planet, under sky, inter-dependent  
With Energy, and sustenance for all.

## The Whole World Stinks

Wise men and philosophers throughout the ages have disagreed on many things, but many are in unanimous agreement on one point: "We become what we think about." Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "A man is what he thinks about all day long." The Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius put it this way: "A man's life is what his thoughts make of it." In the Bible we find: "As a man thinks in his heart, so is he."

One Sunday afternoon, a cranky grandfather was visiting his family. As he lay down to take a nap, his grandson decided to have a little fun by putting Limburger cheese on Grandfather's mustache. Soon, grandpa awoke with a snort and charged out of the bedroom saying, "This room stinks." Through the house he went, finding every room smelling the same. Desperately he made his way outside only to find that "the whole world stinks!"

So it is when we fill our minds with negativism. Everything we experience and everybody we encounter will carry the scent we hold in our mind.

## The Baker and the Farmer

A baker in a little country town bought the butter he used from a nearby farmer. One day he suspected that the bricks of butter were not full pounds, and for several days he weighed them.

He was right. They were short weight, and he had the farmer arrested.

At the trial the judge said to the farmer, "I presume you have scales?"

"No, your honor."

"Then how do you manage to weigh the butter you sell?" inquired the judge.

The farmer replied, "That's easily explained, your honor. I have balances and for a weight I use a one-pound loaf I buy from the baker."

## The Mountain & The Baby

There were two warring tribes in the Andes, one that lived in the lowlands and the other high in the mountains. The mountain people invaded the lowlanders one day, and as part of their plundering of the people, they kidnapped a baby of one of the lowlander families and took the infant with them back up into the mountains.

The lowlanders didn't know how to climb the mountain. They didn't know any of the trails that the mountain people used,

and they didn't know where to find the mountain people or how to track them in the steep terrain.

Even so, they sent out their best party of fighting men to climb the mountain and bring the baby home. The men tried first one method of climbing and then another. They tried one trail and then another. After several days of effort, however, they had climbed only several hundred feet.

Feeling hopeless and helpless, the lowlander men decided that the cause was lost, and they prepared to return to their village below. As they were packing their gear for the descent, they saw the baby's mother walking toward them. They realized that she was coming down the mountain that they hadn't figured out how to climb. And then they saw that she had the baby strapped to her back. How could that be?

One man greeted her and said, "We couldn't climb this mountain. How did you do this when we, the strongest and most able men in the village, couldn't do it?"

She shrugged her shoulders and said, "It wasn't your baby."

## Wild Fandango

Ted and John wanted to get away from the countryside and see the world. One day Ted said to his brother "You know, we could do really well setting up our bungee-jumping service in Mexico."

John thought this was a great idea, so the two pooled their money and bought all the equipment they needed.

They traveled to Mexico and began to set up a tower near the center of the town for good publicity. As they began building the tower, a crowd assembled nearby. Slowly more and more people gathered to watch them work.

They were excited at having such a big audience that Ted decided to jump and show his prospective clients all about bungee jumping.

He bounced at the end of the cord. When he came back up, John noticed that he had a few cuts and scratches. As he flew by, John asked if the cord was too long. Unfortunately, he wasn't able to catch him. So Ted fell again, bounced and came back up.

This time Ted was seriously bruised and bleeding. Again, John just missed catching him and asked if the cord was too long.

Ted fell a third time. This time, when he bounced back, he was a complete mess with a couple of broken bones and was almost unconscious.

Luckily, John finally caught his brother and said "What happened? Was the cord too long?"

Ted said, "No, the cord was fine, but what in the world is a piñata?"

## Poverty

One day a father and his rich family took his son to a trip to the country with the firm purpose to show him how poor people can be. They spent a day and a night in the farm of a very poor family. When they got back from their trip the father asked his son, "My dear Son, how was the trip?"

"Very good Dad!"

"Did you see how poor people can be?" the father asked.

"Yeah!"

"And what did you learn?"

The son answered, "I saw that we have a dog at home, and they have four. We have a pool that reaches to the middle of the garden, they have a creek that has no end. We have imported

lamps in the garden, they have the stars. Our patio reaches to the front yard, they have a whole horizon."

When the little boy was finishing, his father was speechless.

His son added, "Thanks Dad for showing me how poor we are!"

## A Woman's Place

Governor White and his wife were driving through the open Texas countryside one day, out for a relaxing drive and talk.

The couple happened to be around the area where Mrs. White grew up, and as they pulled into a gas station to fuel up and check out the car, Mark noticed a little nervousness with his wife. He didn't say anything, but when the gas station attendant came out to their car, Mark began to notice what was really going on. Both his wife and the attendant looked surprised to see each other, and they acted with that awkwardness that two people have when they've been close in the past, but weren't anymore.

Governor White pretended not to notice this. They finished at the gas station and continued back down the highway. The car fell silent and neither said a word. For a long time they remained silent, and all the while Mrs. White kept looking out the window, staring off into the distance. Mark was considerate and patient with this silence, and he continued to drive in the silence. But after the silence had gone on for almost an hour, he interrupted, trying to break the silence.

"Honey, I couldn't help but notice how you and that gas station attendant looked at each other. You were involved with each other at one point, weren't you," he asked?

"Well, yea," She responded, quietly.

"Well, I guess I know how you feel. You were probably thinking about that and needed some space, right," he continued?

"Yea," she said again.

"I guess you were probably thinking about how different your two lives had become. I guess you were thinking that if you had married him, then you'd be the wife of a gas station attendant now, instead of my wife. Right," he said?

"Well, No. Actually I was thinking that he'd be the governor now."

## The Sack

A Sufi Story from the Middle East

Mullah came upon a frowning man walking along the road to town. "What's wrong?" he asked.

The man held up a tattered bag and moaned, "All that I own in this wide world barely fills this miserable, wretched sack."

"Too bad," said Mullah, and with that, he snatched the bag from the man's hands and ran down the road with it.

Having lost everything, the man burst into tears and, more miserable than before, continued walking. Meanwhile, Mullah quickly ran around the bend and placed the man's sack in the middle of the road where he would have to come upon it.

When the man saw his bag sitting in the road before him, he laughed with joy, and shouted, "My sack! I thought I'd lost you!"

Watching through the bushes, Mullah chuckled. "Well, that's one way to make someone happy!"

## You Don't Know

An Eastern European Tale

A pious old man would each day cross the village green and go into the temple to pray. A soldier watched him do this day after day. One morning, in an ill temper, the soldier stopped the old man and said, "Where do you think you're going?"

"I don't know," replied the old man.

"What do you mean, you don't know?!" said the soldier. "Everyday I see you walk out of your house at this time, cross the village green and go into the temple to pray! Answer me! Where are you going?"

Again the old man replied, "I don't know."

With that, the soldier grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, took him to the jail and pushed him into a cell. Just as the soldier was turning the key, the old man looked at the jail and said, "See! You don't know!"

## New Shoes

A Taoist Tale from China by Han Fei

A man needed a new pair of shoes. Before he went to the marketplace, he drew a detailed picture of his feet on a piece of paper, carefully measured them, and wrote down all their dimensions. Then, he set off on foot for the shoe store. Arriving later that day at the bazaar, he unhappily discovered that he had forgotten to bring the paper with his measurements on it! He turned around and walked back home to get it. It was sunset by the time he returned to the market, and all the shops were closed. He explained his situation to one of the shopkeepers who had already packed away all his wares.

"Foolish man!" said the merchant. "You could have trusted your feet and tried the shoes on in the store! Why did you go home to get your diagrams?"

The man blushed, "I guess I trusted my measurements more..."

## Visits of Kings

A Tale from the Middle East

The Imperial Majesty visited a small teahouse one morning. He called for an omelet. With great ceremony he was flattered and served the omelet on the crude tableware of the teahouse. The owner apologized over and over for the common cloth on the table and the simple furniture. "Not at all up to the standards of a king!" he said.

"It's fine," the king reassured him. "How much do I owe for the omelet?"

"For you, Sire, the omelet will be 1,000 pieces of gold."

"Whoa!" The king raised an eyebrow. "Eggs must be expensive around here. Is that because they are scarce?"

"It's not the eggs which are scarce around here, Your Majesty," said the shopkeeper, "It is the visits of kings!"

## A Big Quiet House

A Yiddish Folktale from Eastern Europe

There was once a man who wished his small, noisy house was larger and quieter. He went to the wise old woman of the town and explained his need. She said, "I can solve your problem. Just do as I say." The man agreed.

"If you have a chicken, some sheep, a horse, and a cow," she said, "bring them into the house with you."

"That's a silly thing to do," thought the old man. But he did it anyway. Now his house was already small, and with all those animals in it, there was no room at all. He returned to the old woman and cried, "I need more room! The animals are so noisy I can't think!"

"Take all those animals out of your dwelling," she replied.

When he had put all the animals comfortably back in the barn, the man went into his house. To his amazement, it suddenly looked remarkably bigger! Without the animals inside, his house was now quiet too!

## Three Fish

*A Tale from India*

Three fish lived in a pond. One was named Plan Ahead, another was Think Fast, and the third was named Wait and See. One day they heard a fisherman say that he was going to cast his net in their pond the next day.

Plan Ahead said, "I'm swimming down the river tonight!"

Think Fast said, "I'm sure I'll come up with a plan.

Wait and See lazily said, "I just can't think about it now!"

When the fisherman cast his nets, Plan Ahead was long gone. But Think Fast and Wait and See were caught!

Think Fast quickly rolled his belly up and pretended to be dead. "Oh, this fish is no good!" said the fisherman, and threw him safely back into the water. But, Wait and See ended up in the fish market.

That is why they say, "In times of danger, when the net is cast, plan ahead or plan to think fast!"

## Who Is King Of The Forest?

*A Tale from India*

When Tiger jumped on Fox, Fox cried out, "How dare you attack the King of the Jungle!"

Tiger looked at him in amazement, "Nonsense! You are not King!"

"Certainly I am," replied Fox, "All the animals run from me in terror! If you want proof, come with me." Fox went into the forest with Tiger at his heels. When they came to a herd of deer, the deer saw Tiger behind Fox and ran in all directions.

They came to a group of monkeys. The monkeys saw Tiger behind Fox and they fled. Fox turned to Tiger and said, "Do you need more proof than that? See how the animals flee at the very sight me?!"

"I'm surprised, but I've seen it with my own eyes. Forgive me for attacking you, Great King." Tiger bowed low and with great ceremony he let Fox go.

## The Book of Self-Motivation

### Ten Rules for the Good Life

-Thomas Jefferson

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will never be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. Never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. Don't let the evils, which have never happened, cost you pain.
9. Always take things by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count to ten before you speak; if very angry, count to one hundred.

### Life Is...

"Life is a game of cards. The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt. You must play your cards well" -- Eugene Hare

"Life is a play. It's not its length, but its performance that counts." -- Seneca

"Life is a B-picture script." -- Kirk Douglas

"Life is something like a trumpet. If you don't put anything in, you won't get anything out." -- W.C. Handy.

"A life is a simple letter in the alphabet. It can be meaningless. Or it can be part of a great meaning." -- Jewish Seminary

"Life is a daring adventure, or nothing." -- Helen Keller

"Life is an onion. You peel it off one layer at a time, and sometimes you weep." -- Carl Sandburg

"Life is what's happening while you're thinking about something else." -- AA saying

### Each Day I Learn More

Each day I learn more than I teach;  
I learn that half knowledge of another's life  
Leads to false judgment;  
I learn that there is surprising kinship in human nature;  
I learn that it's a wise father who knows his own son;  
I learn that what we expect we get;  
I learn there's more good than evil in this world;  
That age is a question of spirit;  
That youth is the best of life  
No matter how numerous the years;  
I learn how much there is to learn.

### 15 Ways to Enhance Your Day

Get up early.  
Look around outside before going to work  
Relax and enjoy your meals.  
Spend time with friends.  
Pace yourself.  
Find a quiet place to go to.

Praise yourself and others.  
Develop positive relationships.  
See your mistakes as stepping-stones.  
Keep track of your own moods so you can watch out for them.

Say No without feeling guilty.  
Learn effective time management.  
Pay attention to health, diet and sleep.  
Exercise regularly.  
Keep from comparing yourself to others.

## Things We Can Learn From a Dog

Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joy ride.  
Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.  
When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.  
When it's in your best interest, practice obedience.  
Let others know when they've invaded your territory.  
Take naps and stretch before rising.  
Run, romp and play daily.  
Eat with gusto and enthusiasm.  
Be loyal.  
Never pretend to be something you're not.  
If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.  
When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by and nuzzle them gently.  
Thrive on attention and let people touch you.  
Avoid biting when a simple growl will do.  
On hot days, drink lots of water and lie under a shady tree.  
When you're happy, dance around and wag your entire body.  
No matter how often you're scolded, don't buy into the guilt thing and pout.. run right back and make friends.  
Delight in the simple joys of a long walk.

## Things to Remember

I find what I look for in people. If I look for God, I find God. If I look for bad qualities, I find them. I, in a sense, select what I expect, and I receive it.

A life without challenges would be like going to school without lessons to learn. Challenges come not to depress or get me down, but to master and to grow and to unfold thereby.

In the Father's wise and loving plan for me, no burden can fall upon me, no emergency can arise, no grief can overtake me, before I am given the grace and strength to meet them.

A rich, full life is not determined by outer circumstances and relationships. These can be contributory to it, but cannot be the source. I am happy or unhappy because of what I think and feel.

I can never lose anything that belongs to me, nor can I possess what is not really mine.

To never run from a problem: either it will chase me or I will run into another just like it, although it may have a different face or name.

To have no concern for tomorrow. Today is the yesterday over which I had concern.

To never bang on a closed door: Wait for it to open and then go through it.

A person who has come into my life has come either to teach me something, or to learn something from me.

## I've Learned...

I've learned that you cannot make someone love you. All you can do is be someone who can be loved. The rest is up to them.

I've learned that no matter how much I care, some people just don't care back.

I've learned that it's not what you have in your life, but who you have in your life that counts.

I've learned that you can get by on charm for about 15 minutes. After that, you'd better know something.

I've learned that you shouldn't compare yourself to the best others can do, but to the best you can do.

I've learned that it's not what happens to people that's important. It's what they do about it.

I've learned that no matter how thin you slice it, there are always two sides.

I've learned that it's taking me a long time to become the person I want to be.

I've learned that it's a lot easier to react than it is to think.

I've learned that you should always leave loved ones with loving words. It may be the last time you see them.

I've learned that you can keep going long after you think you can't.

I've learned that we are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel.

I've learned that either you control your attitude or it controls you.

I've learned that regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the passion fades and there had better be something else to take its place.

I've learned that heroes are the people who do what has to be done when it needs to be done, regardless of the consequences.

I've learned that learning to forgive takes practice.

I've learned that there are people who love you dearly, but just don't know how to show it.

I've learned that money is a lousy way of keeping score.

I've learned that my best friend and I can do anything or nothing and have the best time.

I've learned that sometimes the people you expect to kick you when you're down may be the ones to help you get back up.

I've learned that I'm getting more and more like my grandma, and I'm kinda happy about it.

I've learned that sometimes when I'm angry I have the right to be angry, but that doesn't give me the right to be cruel.

I've learned that true friendship continues to grow, even over the longest distance. Same goes for true love.

I've learned that just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have.

I've learned that maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you've had and what you've learned from them and less to do with how many birthdays you've celebrated.

I've learned that you should never tell a child her dreams are unlikely or outlandish. Few things are more humiliating, and what a tragedy it would be if she believed it.

I've learned that your family won't always be there for you. It may seem funny, but people you aren't related to can take care

of you and love you and teach you to trust people again. Families aren't biological.

I've learned that no matter how good a friend someone is, they're going to hurt you every once in a while and you must forgive them for that.

I've learned that it isn't always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you have to learn to forgive yourself.

I've learned that no matter how bad your heart is broken the world doesn't stop for your grief.

I've learned that our background and circumstances may have influenced who we are, but we are responsible for who we become.

I've learned that sometimes when my friends fight, I'm forced to choose sides even when I don't want to.

I've learned that just because two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other. And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do.

I've learned that sometimes you have to put the individual ahead of their actions.

I've learned that we don't have to change friends if we understand that friends change.

I've learned that if you don't want to forget something, stick it in your underwear drawer.

I've learned that you shouldn't be so eager to find out a secret. It could change your life forever.

I've learned that the clothes I like best are the ones with the most holes in them.

I've learned that two people can look at the exact same thing and see something totally different.

I've learned that no matter how you try to protect your children, they will eventually get hurt and you will hurt in the process.

I've learned that there are many ways of falling and staying in love.

I've learned that no matter the consequences, those who are honest with themselves, get further in life.

I've learned that many things can be powered by the mind, the trick is self-control.

I've learned that no matter how many friends you have, if you are their pillar, you will feel lonely and lost at the times you need them most.

I've learned that your life can be changed in a matter of hours by people who don't even know you.

I've learned that even when you think you have no more to give, when a friend cries out to you, you will find the strength to help.

I've learned that writing, as well as talking, can ease emotional pains.

I've learned that the paradigm we live in is not all that is offered to us.

I've learned that credentials on the wall do not make you a decent human being.

I've learned that the people you care most about in life are taken from you too soon.

I've learned that although the word "love" can have many different meanings, it loses value when overly used.

I've learned that it's hard to determine where to draw the line between being nice and not hurting people's feelings and standing up for what you believe.

I've learned that no matter how fast or how far you go, you can't outrun God.

I've learned that no matter how far away I've been, He'll always welcome me back.

I've learned that love is not for me to keep, but to pass on to the next person I see.

I've learned that even if you do the right thing for the wrong reason, it's still the wrong thing to do.

## On Relationships

Woody Allen said it best when asked about "relationships," and he told a story to illustrate. He said I think this story speaks about relationships:

A man came in to see a psychiatrist. When the psychiatrist asked him what the problem was, the man said, "Well, it's my brother. I think he's crazy."

"Why do you think that," asked the Doctor.

"Well," said the man, "he thinks he's a chicken."

"Hmmm.." the doctor replied, "That does sound sort of strange. Why don't you bring him in for therapy?"

"I can't," said the man.

"Well, why not," asked the doctor.

"Because, I need the eggs." the man said.

I guess we are intertwined a little more than we like to think. And, we always see the other's strangeness even though we have just as much of our own strangeness, and often we have "complimentary" strangeness.

## Hang In There

Nicolo Paganini was a well-known and gifted nineteenth century violinist. He was also well known as a great showman with a quick sense of humor. His most memorable concert was in Italy with a full orchestra. He was performing before a packed house and his technique was incredible, his tone was fantastic, and his audience dearly loved him. Toward the end of his concert, Paganini was astounding his audience with an unbelievable composition when suddenly one string on his violin snapped and hung limply from his instrument. Paganini frowned briefly, shook his head, and continued to play, improvising beautifully.

Then to everyone's surprise, a second string broke. And shortly thereafter, a third. Almost like a slapstick comedy, Paganini stood there with three strings dangling from his Stradivarius. But instead of leaving the stage, Paganini stood his ground and calmly completed the difficult number on the one remaining string.

## The School of Life

(Bonnie Tivenen, New Beginnings in Reading)

Respect all people - old, young, rich, and not so rich.

Try not to worry.

Don't tell everyone your business.

Be happy with the things you have.

Exercise every day.

Don't go looking for trouble.

Look for the good in everything and everyone.

Get enough sleep.

Try to forgive and forget.

Always do what you think is right.

Don't worry about what people think of you.

Spend time with your family.

Make time to see friends.

Don't spend money that you don't have.

Try to be happy and kind.  
Don't be afraid to say what you think.  
Try to be the best that you can be.

## Just For Today

Just for today I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle all my problems at once. I can do something for twelve hours that would appall me if I felt that I had to keep it up for a lifetime.

Just for today I will be happy. This assumes to be true what Abraham Lincoln said, that "Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be."

Just for today I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires, I will take my "luck" as it comes, and fit myself to it.

Just for today I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

Just for today I will exercise my soul in three ways: I will do somebody a good turn, and not get found out; if anybody knows of it, it will not count. I will do a least two things I don't want to do--just for exercise. I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt; they may be hurt, but today I will not show it.

Just for today I will be agreeable. I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, keep my voice low, be courteous, criticize not one bit. I won't find fault with anything, nor try to improve or regulate anybody but myself.

Just for today I will have a program. I may not follow it exactly, but I will have it. I will save myself from two pests: hurry and indecision.

Just for today I will have a quiet half hour all by myself, and relax. During this half hour, sometime, I will try to get a better perspective of my life.

Just for today I will be unafraid. Especially I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful, and to believe that as I give to the world, so the world will give to me.

## Thoughts To Live By

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

A good example is the best sermon.

Every good thought is a prayer.

What we pray for may not be for our ultimate good. "No" can be an answer to a prayer as well as "Yes."

If you worry, why pray? If you pray, why worry?

No one is easier to deceive than oneself.

The greatest fault of all is to be conscious of none.

Any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

No matter how hopeless the present problem may seem, remember: This, too, shall pass.

Living in harmony with ourselves is essential to living in harmony with others,

Fear is the enemy of good works; it is a deadly sickness of the soul.

More things are accomplished by prayer than the world realizes.

Knowledge advances one step at a time; let us be patient.

One with God is always in the majority.

How poor are they that have not patience; what wound did ever heal but by degrees?

No one's knowledge can go beyond experience.

The misfortunes which are hardest to bear are those which never come.

Growth is the only evidence of life.

A person who makes no mistakes usually does not make anything.

Love is understanding, acceptance, and tenderness. If it tries to strangle and possess, it is not love.

The more often we think and act honestly, the stronger the habit becomes.

The journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step.

The task ahead of us is never as great as the Power within us.

They hurt the absent who quarrel with the drunken.

Al-Anon is a kissing cousin to invention because they were both born of necessity.

If you find life is empty, try putting something into it.

Beware of the rubber conscience and the concrete heart.

The trouble with many of us is that in trying times we stop trying.

## A Life In Your Hands

(Dorothy Law Holte)

If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn;

If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight;

If a child lives with ridicule, he learns to be shy;

If a child lives with shame, he learns to feel guilty;

If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient;

If a child lives with encouragement, he learns confidence;

If a child lives with praise, he learns to appreciate;

If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice;

If a child lives with security, he learns to have faith;

If a child lives with approval, he learns to like himself;

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship, he learns to find love in the world.

## Xvxry Pxrson is Important

One manager let employees know how valuable they are with the following memo:

"You Arx A Kxy Pxrson"

Xvxn though my typxwritxr is an old modxl, it works vxry wxll -- xxcpt for onx kxy. You would think that with all thx othxr kxys functioning propxrlly, onx kxy not working would hardly bx noticxd; but just onx kxy out of whack sxxms to ruin thx wholx xffort.

You may say to yoursxlf -- Wxll, I'm only onx pxrson. No onx will noticx if I don't do my bxst. But it doxs makx a diffxrxncx, bxcausx an xffctivx organization nxxds activx participation by vxry onx to thx bxst of his or hxr ability.

So, thx nxxt timx you think you arx not important, rxnxxmbxr my old typxwritxr. You arx a kxy pxrson.

## Be Good to You

Be Yourself – Truthfully  
Accept Yourself – Gracefully  
Value Yourself – Joyfully  
Forgive Yourself – Completely  
Treat Yourself – Generously  
Balance Yourself – Harmoniously  
Bless Yourself – Abundantly  
Trust Yourself – Confidently  
Love Yourself – Wholeheartedly  
Empower Yourself – Prayerfully  
Give Yourself – Enthusiastically  
Express Yourself – Radiantly

## The Lion and The cougar

A pointed fable is told about a young lion and a cougar. Both thirsty, the animals arrived at their usual water hole at the same time. They immediately began to argue about who should satisfy their thirst first. The argument became heated, and each decided he would rather die than give up the privilege of being first to quench his thirst. As they stubbornly confronted each other, their emotions turned to rage. Their cruel attacks on each other were suddenly interrupted. They both looked up. Circling overhead was a flock of vultures waiting for the loser to fall. Quietly, the two beasts turned and walked away. The thought of being devoured was all they needed to end their quarrel.

## Watch Your Thoughts.

Watch Your Thoughts.  
They Become Words.

Watch your Words.  
They Become Actions.

Watch Your Actions.  
They Become Habits.

Watch Your Habits.  
They Become Character.

Watch Your Character.  
For It Becomes Your Destiny.

## Letting Go

There's nothing to fear --- you're as good as the best,  
As strong as the mightiest, too.  
You can win in every battle or test;  
For there's no one just like you.

There's only one you in the world today;  
So nobody else, you see,  
Can do your work in as fine a way:  
You're the only you there'll be!

So face the world, and all life is yours  
To conquer and love and live:  
And you'll find the happiness that endures  
In just the measure you give;

There's nothing too good for you to possess,  
Nor heights where you cannot go:  
Your power is more than belief or guess ---  
It is something you have to know.

There is nothing to fear --- you can and you will.  
For you are the invincible you.  
Set your foot on the highest hill ---  
There's nothing you cannot do.

## How To Survive the Business of Living

(Karen Kaiser Clark, The Center For Executive Planning)

Real is the person who does not define happiness as an absence of problems. Surviving this business of living is a difficult ordeal at times. How can we retain a healthy sense of humor and experience a sense of balance in our lives? How can we realistically and yet with a sense of wonder live fully and not just survive? How can we maybe even celebrate this business of living? To answer some of these questions we will focus on seven points.

### Life Isn't Fair

No matter how good we get at this business of living, none of us gets out of it alive. Frustrating, isn't it! Life doesn't always deal us a good hand and doing our best doesn't always pay off with a positive.

### Suffering

Growth is seldom easy and pain is an integral part of our human condition. Everybody hurts. It's just that some of us are better actors in hiding the pain we feel. Seldom if ever... are all of our ducks in a row.

### Loneliness and Alikelessness

Dr. Albert Schweitzer said, "We are all so much together, but we are all dying of loneliness." We have all known moments of apartness and empty loneliness. Embracing that reality is essential if we are to cope effectively.

### Personal Responsibility

We each have a choice to be either a death- peddler or a life-giver. We are responsible for the choices we make. We can become most of what we wish to be if we are willing to change and pay the price.

### Self Worth

A poster reads, "God don't make junk." People are special and each is, "Beautiful in his/her own way." We are more than our accomplishments!

### People Need People

Life is not meant to be lived in isolation. All of life occurs within relationships. We need to know we are needed and so do those we need.

### Mystery

Life is not just one big problem to be solved. Rather, it is a mystery to be experienced, all the more meaningful and beautiful when it is shared and celebrated with other persons who are committed to "growing deep, not just tall!"

## How To Love Yourself

(Louise L. Hay)

Stop All Criticism - Criticism never changes a thing. Refuse to criticize yourself. Accept yourself exactly as you are. Everybody changes. When you criticize yourself, your changes are negative. When you approve of yourself, your changes are positive.

Don't Scare Yourself - Stop terrorizing yourself with your thoughts. It's a dreadful way to live. Find a mental image that gives you pleasure (mine is yellow roses), and immediately switch your scary thought to a pleasure thought.

Be Gentle And Kind And Patient - Be gentle with yourself. Be kind to yourself. Be patient with yourself as you learn the new ways of thinking. Treat yourself as you would someone you really loved.

Be Kind To Your Mind - Self-hatred is only hating your own thoughts. Don't hate yourself for having the thoughts. Gently change your thoughts.

Praise Yourself - Criticism breaks down the inner spirit. Praise builds it up. Praise yourself as much as you can. Tell yourself how well you are doing with every little thing.

Support Yourself - Find ways to support yourself. Reach out to friends and allow them to help you. It is being strong to ask for help when you need it.

Be Loving To Your Negatives - Acknowledge that you created them to fulfill a need. Now, you are finding new, positive ways to fulfill those needs. So, lovingly release the old negative patterns.

Take Care Of Your Body - Learn about nutrition. What kind of fuel does your body need to have optimum energy and vitality? Learn about exercise. What kind of exercise can you enjoy? Cherish and revere the temple you live in.

Mirror Work - Look into your eyes often. Express this growing sense of love you have for yourself. Forgive yourself looking into the mirror. Talk to your parents looking into the mirror. Forgive them too. At least once a day say: "I love you, I really love you."

Love Yourself... Do It Now - Don't wait until you get well, or lose the weight, or get the new job, or the new relationship. Begin now -- and do the best you can.

## My Declaration of Self Esteem

(From Self Esteem by Virginia Satir)

I am Me. In all the world, there is no one else exactly like me.

Everything that comes out of me is authentically mine, because I alone chose it --

I own everything about me: my body, my feelings, my mouth, my voice, all my actions, whether they be to others or myself.

I own my fantasies, my dreams, my hopes, and my fears. I own my triumphs and successes, all my failures and mistakes.

Because I own all of me, I can become intimately acquainted with me.

By so doing, I can love me and be friendly with all my parts. I know there are aspects about myself that puzzle me, and other aspects that I do not know --

But as long as I am friendly and loving to myself, I can courageously and hopefully look for solutions to the puzzles and ways to find out more about me.

However I look and sound, whatever I say and do, and whatever I think and feel at a given moment in time is authentically me.

If later some parts of how I looked, sounded, thought, and felt turn out to be unfitting, I can discard that which is unfitting, keep the rest, and invent something new for that which I discarded. I can see, hear, feel, think, say, and do.

I have the tools to survive, to be close to others, to be productive, and to make sense and order out of the world of people and things outside of me.

I own me, and therefore, I can engineer me. I am me, and I am Okay.

## Our Deepest Fear

"Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small doesn't serve the world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. You are born to make manifest the glory of God that is within you. It's not just in some of us, it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we're liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others." -Nelson Mandela

## How To Be Unhappy

Make little things bother you. Don't just let them, MAKE them.

Lose your perspective on things and keep it lost: don't put first things first.

Get yourself a good worry, one about which you cannot do anything.

Be a perfectionist, which means not that you work hard to do your best, but that you condemn yourself and others for not achieving perfection.

Be right. Be always right. Be the only one who is always right, and be rigid in your rightness.

Don't trust or believe people, or accept them at anything but their worst and weakest. Be suspicious. Insist that others always have hidden motives.

Always compare yourself unfavorably to others. This guarantees instant misery.

Take personally everything that happens to you.

Don't give yourself whole-heartedly to anyone or anything.

## Laws of Success

(Jack Yianitsas)

Do you want something? -- Will you pay the price?

The great sin -- Gossip.

The great cripple -- Fear.

The greatest mistake -- Giving up.

The most satisfying experience -- Doing your duty first.

The best action -- Keep the mind clear and judgment good.

The greatest blessing -- Good health.

The biggest fool - The man who lies to himself.

The great gamble -- Substituting hope for facts.

The most certain thing in life -- Change.



The greatest joy -- Being needed.  
 The cleverest man -- The one who does what he thinks is right.  
 The most potent force -- Positive thinking.  
 The greatest opportunity -- The next one.  
 The greatest thought -- God.  
 The greatest victory -- Victory over self.  
 The best play -- Successful work.  
 The greatest handicap -- Egotism.  
 The most expensive indulgence -- Hate.  
 The most dangerous man -- The liar  
 The most ridiculous trait -- False pride.  
 The greatest loss -- Loss of self-confidence.  
 The greatest need -- Common sense.

## Claim Your Freedom

Freedom is not a destination. It's a journey.

You need to be free to choose the right road for yourself. The right road is the one that leads to your best. All that matters is that you end up a free person - free to decide where you want to go and how you intend to get there.

The method is simple: act freely and freedom will be yours. Because being free is being real, if you want to be free, you need to make friends with the truth.

No matter how clearly you can point to forces blocking you, the most important obstacles to your freedom are within.

You are the one who permits obstacles to block your path. While being stuck is frustrating, it also keeps you from risking, safe from failure and from discovering your weaknesses and shortcomings. Your prison is always your choice. To break free, you have to give up whatever security being bound offers.

You should be able to face the present without the emotions of the past intruding. In the end you're only as free as you are in your heart. Your freedom lies just behind your forgiving. When you free yourself, you also free the world.

I am free.  
 I declare it.

## Attitude

(Charles Swindell)

The longer I live  
 The more I realize the impact of attitude on life.  
 Attitude, to me, is more important than the past,  
 Than education,  
 Than money,  
 Than circumstances,  
 Than failures,  
 Than success,  
 Than what other people think or say or do.  
 It is more important than appearance,  
 Giftedness or skill.  
 It will make or break an organization,  
 A school, a home.  
 The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day.  
 Regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day.  
 We cannot change our past.  
 We cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way.

We cannot change the inevitable.  
 The only thing we can do  
 Is play the string we have.  
 And that is our attitude.  
 I am convinced that life is 10 percent what happens to me  
 And 90 percent how I react to it.  
 And so it is with you.

## God's Days

(Robert J. Burdette)

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry -- two carefree days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension. One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with its cares and fret and pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond my recall. It was mine; it is God's.

The other day that I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond my mastery as its dead sister, Yesterday. Tomorrow is God's day; it will be mine.

There is left, then, for myself but one day in the week - Today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day; any man can resist the temptation of today. It is only when we willfully add the burden of these two awful eternities - Yesterday and Tomorrow - such burdens as only the Mighty God can sustain - that we break down.

It isn't the experience of Today that drives men mad. It is the remorse of what happened Yesterday and fear of what Tomorrow might bring. These are God's Days... Leave them to Him.

## On Letting Go

To "let go" does not mean to stop caring, it means I can't do it for someone else.

To "let go" is not to cut myself off, it's the realization I can't control another.

To "let go" is not to enable, but to allow learning from natural consequences.

To "let go" is to admit powerlessness, which means the outcome is not in my hands.

To "let go" is not to care for, but to care about.

To "let go" is not to fix, but to be supportive.

To "let go" is not to judge, but to allow another to be a human being.

To "let go" is not to be in the middle arranging all the outcomes, but to allow others to effect their destinies.

To "let go" is not to be protective, it's to permit another to face reality.

To "let go" is not to deny, but to accept.

To "let go" is not to nag, scold, or argue, but instead to search out my own shortcomings and correct them.

To "let go" is not to adjust everything to my desires, but to take each day as it comes, and cherish myself in it.

To "let go" is not to criticize and regulate anybody, but to try to become what I dream I can be.

To "let go" is not to regret the past, but to grow and live for the future.

To "let go" is to fear less, and love more.

## Fair Fighting

Generally we think of fights as unpleasant confrontations between two or more people where tempers flare, voices are raised, and angry insults are exchanged. Fights need not be this way. They are normal and necessary in most relationships, but dirty, unfair fights only result in bitterness, distrust, and feelings of revenge.

Clean, fair fights, on the other hand, are confrontations where disagreements and grievances are dealt with according to a specific set of rules. At the end of a fair fight most people feel refreshed and relieved because a sensitive issue has been settled in a constructive way.

The following rules must be observed when conducting a clean, fair fight:

No hitting below the belt -- purposely calling attention to known weaknesses or sensitive areas.

No false agreements -- pretending to go along or to agree when you don't.

No character analysis or psychoanalyzing -- telling a person what they are thinking, feeling, or why they acted as they did.

No stereotyping -- labeling or name-calling.

No gunny sacking -- saving up minor grievances and dumping them all at once rather than dealing with them one at a time as they occur.

No playing archaeologist -- digging up past happenings.

Don't generalize -- using statements such as "You always..." or "You never..." to describe a person's behavior.

Stick to the issue -- dealing with only one issue at a time.

Don't drop "the bomb" -- over-reacting to a situation and making idle threats; giving an ultimatum.

Avoid "round robin" fights -- continuing with repetitive, stale arguments where no progress is being made toward conflict resolution.

The purpose of arguments and conflict is to resolve difficulties or solve problems, not to assign blame or to find fault. Do not keep score. Do not lecture. Differentiate between behavior and being. Treat everyone with regard and respect. Do not judge the perceptions and feelings of others. Accept differences. And don't forget the best part of all fights -- making up afterwards. Making up is an essential part to complete resolution.

## A Start

(Leo Buscaglia)

Each day, I promise myself not to try to solve all my life problems at once -- nor shall I expect you to do so;

Starting each day, I shall try to learn something new about me and about you and about the world I live in, so that I may continue to experience all things as if they had been newly born;

Starting each day, I shall remember to communicate my joy as well as my despair, so that we can know each other better;

Starting each day, I shall remind myself to really listen to you and to try to hear your point of view and to discover the least-threatening way of giving you mine, remembering that we are both growing and changing in a hundred different ways;

Starting each day, I shall remind myself that I am a human being and not demand perfection of you until I am perfect, so you're safe;

Starting each day, I shall try to be more aware of the beautiful things in our world -- I'll look at the flowers, I'll look at the birds, I'll look at the children, I'll feel the cool breezes, I'll eat good food -- and I'll share these things with you;

Starting each day, I shall remind myself to reach out and touch you, gently, with my words, my eyes and with my fingers, because I don't want to miss feeling you;

Starting each day, I shall dedicate myself again to the process of being a lover -- and then see what happens;

You know, I'm really convinced that if you were to define love, the only word big enough to engulf it all would be "Life" -- LOVE IS LIFE -- in all its aspects... And if you miss love, you miss life!

Please don't!

## A Practical Guide to Life

(Charles Fitzsimmons)

There is reason and purpose and harmony in the Universe. We are a part of all that, and a great amount of our work in this life is to learn that lesson.

We define life in terms of our body. You may like or hate your body, but it is the mechanism that defines what we call life. Most of us start out believing that we are our body, and it takes considerable effort on our part to overcome the complications of that misunderstanding.

We are here to learn lessons. That is what life is about. Each day we will have the opportunity to learn lessons. You may like the lessons or you may think them stupid or irrelevant.

There are no mistakes, only lessons. Growth is a process of trial and error experimentation. The experiences that we label failures are as valuable a part of the process as the experiments that ultimately work.

A lesson is repeated until it is learned. A lesson will be presented to you in various forms until you have learned it. When you have completely learned a lesson, you will then go on to the next one.

Learning lessons does not end. This is what life is about; as long as there is life, there are lessons.

What you make of this life is up to you. You already have everything you will ever need to learn your lessons. There is nothing you have to do first.

Every thing you experience in life is neutral. The only value of anything outside yourself is measured by the way you experience it.

When you have learned that lesson, it will be a powerful tool you can use to set up more lessons.

The Universe will bring you everything you need to learn your lessons. The value of your experiences is determined by you. The Universe will never bring you more than you can handle.

What you do with those resources is up to you. Whether your choice is to learn or to fail, the Universe will support your choice, and bring whatever you need to manifest it.

Whatever you choose, EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY!!!  
From time to time, you will forget this.

## Life's Little Instructions

Every so often you push your luck.

Never underestimate the power of a kind word or deed.

Never give up on anybody -- miracles happen every day.

Become the most positive and enthusiastic person you know.

Learn to listen.

Think big thoughts, but relish small pleasures.

Don't expect others to listen to your advice or ignore your example.

Opportunity sometimes knocks very softly.  
Leave everything a little better than you found it.  
Don't forget: a person's emotional need is to feel appreciated.  
Never waste an opportunity to tell someone you love them.  
Treat everyone you meet like you want to be treated.  
Make new friends but cherish the old ones.  
Don't use time or words carelessly, neither can be retrieved.  
Judge your success by the degree that you're enjoying peace, health, and love.  
Smile a lot: it costs nothing and is beyond price.

## The Principles of Attitudinal Healing

The essence of our being is Love.  
Health is inner peace.  
Healing is letting go of fear.  
Giving and receiving are the same.  
We can let go of the past and of the future.  
Now is the only time there is and each instance is for giving.  
We can learn to love ourselves and others by forgiving rather than judging.  
We can become love finders rather than faultfinders.  
We can choose and direct ourselves to the happy inside regardless of what is happening outside.  
We are students and teachers to each other.  
We can focus on the whole of life rather than the fragments.  
Since love is eternal, death need not be viewed as fearful.  
We can always perceive others as either extending love or giving a call for help.

## Who's Counting?

Napoleon was involved in conversation with a colonel of a Hungarian battalion who had been taken prisoner in Italy. The colonel mentioned he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa.

"You must have a few years under your belt!" exclaimed Napoleon.

"I'm sure I've lived sixty or seventy years," replied the colonel.

"You mean to say," Napoleon continued, "you have not kept track of the years you have lived?"

The colonel promptly replied, "Sir, I always count my money, my shirts, and my horses - but as for my years, I know nobody who wants to steal them, and I shall surely never lose them."

## Takes Time

Take time to laugh  
It is the music of the soul.

Take time to think  
It is the source of power.

Take time to play  
It is the source of perpetual youth.

Take time to read  
It is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to pray  
It is the greatest power on earth.

Take time to love and be loved  
It is a God-given privilege.

Take time to be friendly  
It is the road to happiness

Take time to give  
It is too short a day to be selfish

Take time to work  
It is the price of success.

## Promise Yourself

(C.D. Larson, *Your Forces and How to Use Them*)

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind;  
To talk health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet;

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them;

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true;

To think only the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best;

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own;

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future;

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile;

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others;

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear; and too happy to permit the presence of trouble;

To think well of yourself and to proclaim this fact to the world, not in loud words, but in great deeds;

To live in the faith that the whole world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

## Just For Today

Decide to be happy today, to live with what is yours - your family, your business, your job, and your luck. If you can't have what you like, maybe you can like what you have.

Just for today, be kind, cheerful, agreeable, responsive, caring, and understanding. Be your best, dress your best, talk softly, and look for the bright side of things. Praise people for what they do and do not criticize them for what they cannot do. If someone does something stupid, forgive and forget. After all, it's just for one day.

Who knows, it might turn out to be a nice day.

## The World Is A Puzzle

There was a man who had a little boy that he loved very much. Everyday after work the man would come home and play with the little boy. He would always spend all of his extra time playing with the little boy.

One night, while the man was at work, he realized that he had extra work to do for the evening, and that he wouldn't be able to play with his little boy. But, he wanted to be able to give the boy something to keep him busy. So, looking around his office, he saw a magazine with a large map of the world on the cover. He got an idea. He removed the map, and then patiently tore it up into small pieces. Then he put all the pieces in his coat pocket.

When he got home, the little boy came running to him and was ready to play. The man explained that he had extra work to do and couldn't play just now, but he led the little boy into the dining room, and taking out all the pieces of the map, he spread them on the table. He explained that it was a map of the world, and that by the time he could put it back together, his extra work would be finished, and they could both play. Surely this would keep the child busy for hours, he thought.

About half an hour later the boy came to the man and said, "Okay, it's finished. Can we play now.?"

The man was surprised, saying, "That's impossible. Let's go see." And sure enough, there was the picture of the world, all put together, every piece in its place.

The man said, "That's amazing! How did you do that?" The boy said, "It was simple. On the back of the page was a picture of a man. When I put the man together the whole world fell into place."

## A Special Teacher

Years ago a Johns Hopkins professor gave a group of graduate students this assignment: Go to the slums. Take 200 boys, between the ages of 12 and 16, and investigate their background and environment. Then predict their chances for the future.

The students, after consulting social statistics, talking to the boys, and compiling much data, concluded that 90 percent of the boys would spend some time in jail.

Twenty-five years later another group of graduate students was given the job of testing the prediction. They went back to the same area. Some of the boys - by then men - were still there, a few had died, some had moved away, but they got in touch with 180 of the original 200. They found that only four of the group had ever been sent to jail.

Why was it that these men, who had lived in a breeding place of crime, had such a surprisingly good record? The researchers were continually told: "Well, there was a teacher..."

They pressed further, and found that in 75 percent of the cases it was the same woman. The researchers went to this teacher, now living in a home for retired teachers. How had she exerted this remarkable influence over that group of children? Could she give them any reason why these boys should have remembered her?

"No," she said, "no I really couldn't." And then, thinking back over the years, she said musingly, more to herself than to her questioners: "I loved those boys...."

## Listening

When a man whose marriage was in trouble sought his advice, the Master said, "You must learn to listen to your wife."

The man took this advice to heart and returned after a month to say he had learned to listen to every word his wife was saying.

Said the Master with a smile, "Now go home and listen to every word she isn't saying."

## A Lesson from a Mad Hatter

One of the first steps to accomplishing great things in your life is to cease dwelling on the negative things in your past. Carefully assess your present strengths, successes, and achievements. Dwell on those positive events in your life, and quit limiting your potential by constantly thinking about what you have done poorly. Alice and the Mad Hatter in Wonderland had a conversation that illustrates this concept:

**Alice:** Where I come from, people study what they are not good at in order to be able to do what they are good at.

**Mad Hatter:** We only go around in circles in Wonderland, but we always end up where we started. Would you mind explaining yourself?

**Alice:** Well, grown-ups tell us to find out what we did wrong, and never do it again

**Mad Hatter:** That's odd! It seems to me that in order to find out about something, you have to study it. And when you study it, you should become better at it. Why should you want to become better at something and then never do it again? But please continue.

**Alice:** Nobody ever tells us to study the right things we do. We're only supposed to learn from the wrong things. But we are permitted to study the right things other people do. And sometimes we're even told to copy them.

**Mad Hatter:** That's cheating!

**Alice:** You're quite right, Mr. Hatter. I do live in a topsyturvy world. It seems like I have to do something wrong first, in order to learn from what not to do. And then, by not doing what I'm not supposed to do, perhaps I'll be right. But I'd rather be right the first time, wouldn't you?

## Weakness or Strength?

Sometimes your biggest weakness can become your biggest strength. Take, for example, the story of one 10-year-old boy who decided to study judo despite the fact that he had lost his left arm in a devastating car accident.

The boy began lessons with an old Japanese judo master. The boy was doing well, so he couldn't understand why, after three months of training the master had taught him only one move.

"Sensei," the boy finally said, "Shouldn't I be learning more moves?"

"This is the only move you know, but this is the only move you'll ever need to know," the sensei replied.

Not quite understanding, but believing in his teacher, the boy kept training.

Several months later, the sensei took the boy to his first tournament. Surprising himself, the boy easily won his first two matches. The third match proved to be more difficult, but after some time, his opponent became impatient and charged; the boy deftly used his one move to win the match. Still amazed by his success, the boy was now in the finals.

This time, his opponent was bigger, stronger, and more experienced. For a while, the boy appeared to be overmatched. Concerned that the boy might get hurt, the referee called a time-out. He was about to stop the match when the sensei intervened.

"No," the sensei insisted, "Let him continue."

Soon after the match resumed, his opponent made a critical mistake: he dropped his guard. Instantly, the boy used his move to pin him. The boy had won the match and the tournament. He was the champion.

On the way home, the boy and sensei reviewed every move in each and every match. Then the boy summoned the courage to ask what was really on his mind.

"Sensei, how did I win the tournament with only one move?"

"You won for two reasons," the sensei answered. "First, you've almost mastered one of the most difficult throws in all of judo. And second, the only known defense for that move is for your opponent to grip your left arm."

The boy's biggest weakness had become his biggest strength.

## What is Maturity?

Maturity is the growing awareness that you are neither wonderful nor worthless.

It has been said to be the making of place between what is, and what might be.

It isn't a destination. It is a road.

It is the moment you wake up after some grief or staggering blow and think, 'I'm going to live after all.'

It is the moment when you find out something you have long believed in isn't so, and parting with the old conviction, find that you're still you;

The moment you discover somebody can do your job as well as you can, and you go on doing it anyway;

The moment you do the thing you have always been afraid of; the moment you realize you are forever alone--but so is everybody else, and so in some ways you are more together than ever, and a hundred other moments when you find out who you are.

It is letting life happen in its own good order, and making the most of what there is.

## Choices

There comes a time in your life, when you must decide,  
No help from anyone, on which you've always relied.  
Between right and wrong, between black and white,  
Between good and bad, to walk away or fight.  
To be honest and true. to be open with your heart, or to hide your feelings, play it safe from the start.  
To sit back and watch, to listen and learn,  
Or jump into the fire, taking a chance on a burn.  
To stay. to move. to not care, or always prove.  
To be strong, to be weak, to be aggressive, to be meek.  
To laugh out loud with all your might, or smile a little just to be polite.  
To stay together. to live apart. to think with your mind, or trust with your heart.  
To live in the past. to always look back, to look ahead to the future, with ambition you won't lack.  
Begun at the front. or start at the end, believe in your own self, or follow the trend.  
To dream. to hope, to quit, to cope. To be a lover, to be a friend to be real, or just pretend.

Choices we make can make or break, to have to decide at all could be our worst fall.

Choices are sometimes deceiving, you can be lured by the sweetest bait.

So make your decision wisely, because to change your mind could be too late.

Life is about choices, for however we decide,

We'll have to live with our decision until the day we have died.

## Let Go

The following is a very meaningful story, which is called "Let Go," and written by Dr. Billy Graham.

A little child was playing one day with a very valuable vase. He put his hand into it and could not withdraw it. His father too, tried his best, but all in vain. They were thinking of breaking the vase when the father said, "Now, my son, make one more try. Open your hand and hold your fingers out straight as you see me doing, and then pull."

To their astonishment the little fellow said, "O no, father. I couldn't put my fingers out like that, because if I did I would drop my penny."

Smile, if you will--but thousands of us are like that little boy, so busy holding on to the world's worthless penny that we cannot accept liberation. I beg you to drop the trifle in your heart. Surrender! Let go, and let God have His way in your life.

## How High Can You Jump?

Flea trainers have observed a predictable and strange habit of fleas while training them. Fleas are trained by putting them in a cardboard box with a top on it. The fleas will jump up and hit the top of the cardboard box over and over and over again. As you watch them jump and hit the lid, something very interesting becomes obvious. The fleas continue to jump, but they are no longer jumping high enough to hit the top. Apparently, Excedrin headache 1738 forces them to limit the height of their jump.

When you take off the lid, the fleas continue to jump, but they will not jump out of the box. They won't jump out because they can't jump out. Why? The reason is simple. They have conditioned themselves to jump just so high. Once they have conditioned themselves to jump just so high, that's all they can do!

Many times, people do the same thing. They restrict themselves and never reach their potential. Just like the fleas, they fail to jump higher, thinking they are doing all they can do.

## Keeper of the Spring

The late Peter Marshall was an eloquent speaker and for several years served as the chaplain of the US Senate. He used to love to tell the story of the "Keeper of the Spring," a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slope of the Alps.

The old gentleman had been hired many years earlier by a young town councilman to clear away the debris from the pools of water up in the mountain crevices that fed the lovely spring flowing through their town. With faithful, silent regularity, he patrolled the hills, removed the leaves and branches, and wiped away the silt that would otherwise have choked and contaminated the fresh flow of water. The village soon became a popular attraction for vacationers. Graceful swans floated along the crystal clear spring, the mill wheels of various businesses located near the water turned day and night, farmlands were naturally irrigated, and the view from restaurants was picturesque beyond description.

Years passed. One evening the town council met for its semiannual meeting. As they reviewed the budget, one man's eye caught the salary figure being paid the obscure keeper of the spring. Said the keeper of the purse, "Who is the old man? Why do we keep him on year after year? No one ever sees him. For all we know, the strange ranger of the hills is doing us no good. He isn't necessary any longer." By a unanimous vote, they dispensed with the old man's services.

For several weeks, nothing changed.

By early autumn, the trees began to shed their leaves. Small branches snapped off and fell into the pools, hindering the rushing flow of sparkling water. One afternoon someone noticed a slight yellowish-brown tint in the spring. A few days later, the water was much darker. Within another week, a slimy film covered sections of the water along the banks, and a foul odor was soon detected. The mill wheels moved more slowly, some finally ground to a halt. Swans left, as did the tourists. Clammy fingers of disease and sickness reached deeply into the village.

Quickly, the embarrassed council called a special meeting. Realizing their gross error in judgment, they rehired the old keeper of the spring, and within a few weeks, the veritable river of life began to clear up. The wheels started to turn, and new life returned to the hamlet in the Alps.

Never become discouraged with the seeming smallness of your task, job, or life. Cling fast to the words of Edward Everett Hale: "I am only one, but still I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something; and because I cannot do everything, I will not refuse to do something I can do." The key to accomplishment is believing that what you can do will make a difference.

## If I Had My Life to Live Over

If I had my life to live over, I'd dare to make more mistakes next time. I'd relax, I'd limber up. I would be sillier than I've been this trip. I would take fewer things seriously, take more chances, and take more trips. I'd climb more mountains, and swim more rivers. I would eat more ice cream and less beans. I would perhaps have more actual troubles, but I'd have fewer imaginary ones. You see, I'm one of those people who lived seriously, sanely, hour after hour, day after day. Oh, I've had my moments, and if I had it to do over again, I'd have more of them. I've been one of those persons who never goes anywhere without a thermometer, a hot-water bottle, a raincoat, and a parachute. If I had to do it again, I would travel lighter than this trip. If I had my life to live over, I would start going barefoot earlier in the spring, and stay that way later in the fall. I would go to more dances, I would ride more merry-go-rounds. I would pick more daisies.

## Wranglers and Stranglers

Years ago there was a group of brilliant young men at the University of Wisconsin, who seemed to have amazing creative literary talent. They were would-be poets, novelists, and essayists. They were extraordinary in their ability to put the English language to its best use. These promising young men met regularly to read and critique each other's work. And critique it they did!

These men were merciless with one another. They dissected the most minute literary expression into a hundred pieces. They were heartless, tough, even mean in their criticism. The sessions became such arenas of literary criticism that the members of this exclusive club called themselves the "Stranglers."

Not to be outdone, the women of literary talent in the university were determined to start a club of their own, one comparable to the Stranglers. They called themselves the

"Wranglers." They, too, read their works to one another. But there was one great difference. The criticism was much softer, more positive, more encouraging. Sometimes, there was almost no criticism at all. Every effort, even the most feeble one, was encouraged.

Twenty years later an alumnus of the university was doing an exhaustive study of his classmates' careers when he noticed a vast difference in the literary accomplishments of the Stranglers as opposed to the Wranglers. Of all the bright young men in the Stranglers, not one had made a significant literary accomplishment of any kind. From the Wranglers had come six or more successful writers, some of national renown such as Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who wrote *The Yearling*.

Talent between the two? Probably the same. Level of education? Not much difference. But the Stranglers strangled, while the Wranglers were determined to give each other a lift. The Stranglers promoted an atmosphere of contention and self-doubt. The Wranglers highlighted the best, not the worst.

## Quick Decisions

A game warden noticed how a particular fellow named Sam consistently caught more fish than anyone else, whereas the other guys would only catch three or four a day. Sam would come in off the lake with a boat full. Stringer after stringer was always packed with freshly caught trout. The warden, curious, asked Sam his secret. The successful fisherman invited the game warden to accompany him and observe. So the next morning the two met at the dock and took off in Sam's boat. When they got to the middle of the lake, Sam stopped the boat, and the warden sat back to see how it was done.

Sam's approach was simple. He took out a stick of dynamite, lit it, and threw it in the air. The explosion rocked the lake with such a force that dead fish immediately began to surface. Sam took out a net and started scooping them up.

Well you can imagine the reaction of the game warden. When he recovered from the shock of it all, he began yelling at Sam. "You can't do this! I'll put you in jail, buddy! You will be paying every fine there is in the book!" Sam, meanwhile, set his net down and took out another stick of dynamite. He lit it and tossed it in the lap of the game warden with these words, "Are you going to sit there all day complaining, or are you going to fish?"

The poor warden was left with a fast decision to make. He was yanked, in one second, from an observer to a participant. A dynamite of a choice had to be made and be made quickly!

Life is like that. Few days go by without our coming face to face with an uninvited, unanticipated, yet unavoidable decision. Like a crashing snow bank, these decisions tumble upon us without warning. Quick. Immediate. Sudden. No council, no study, no advice. Pow!

## Winners versus Losers

The Winner is always a part of the answer;  
The Loser is always a part of the problem.

The Winner always has a program;  
The Loser always has an excuse.

The Winner says, "Let me do it for you;"  
The Loser says, "That's not my job."

The Winner sees an answer for every problem;  
The Loser sees a problem in every answer.

The Winner says, "It may be difficult but it's possible;"  
The Loser says, "It may be possible but it's too difficult."

## Things to Remember

I find what I look for in people. If I look for God, I find God. If I look for bad qualities, I find them. I, in a sense, select what I expect, and I receive it.

A life without challenges would be like going to school without lessons to learn. Challenges come not to depress or get me down, but to master and to grow and to unfold thereby.

In the Father's wise and loving plan for me, no burden can fall upon me, no emergency can arise, no grief can overtake me, before I am given the grace and strength to meet them.

A rich, full life is not determined by outer circumstances and relationships. These can be contributory to it, but cannot be the source. I am happy or unhappy because of what I think and feel.

I can never lose anything that belongs to me, nor can I possess what is not really mine.

To never run from a problem: either it will chase me or I will run into another just like it, although it may have a different face or name.

To have no concern for tomorrow. Today is the yesterday over which I had concern.

To never bang on a closed door: wait for it to open and then go through it.

A person who has come into my life has come either to teach me something, or to learn something from me.

## On Youth

Youth is not entirely a time of life -- it is a state of mind. It is not wholly a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, or supple knees. It is a temper of will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions.

Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fears; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of every heart, there is a recording chamber; so long as it receives messages of beauty and hope, cheer and courage, you are young.

When the wires are all down and your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then and only then have you grown old.

## Grind Or Shine

Adversity is the grindstone of life. Intended to polish you up, adversity also has the ability to grind you down. The impact and ultimate result depend on what you do with the difficulties that come your way. Consider the phenomenal achievements of people experiencing adversity.

Beethoven composed his greatest works after becoming deaf. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the History of the World during a thirteen-year imprisonment. If Columbus had turned back, no one could have blamed him, considering the constant adversity he endured. Of course, no one would have remembered him either.

Abraham Lincoln achieved greatness by his display of wisdom and character during the devastation of the Civil War. Luther translated the Bible while enduring confinement in the Castle of Wartburg. Under a sentence of death and during twenty years in exile, Dante wrote the Divine Comedy. John Bunyan wrote Pilgrim's Progress in a Bedford jail.

Finally, consider a more recent example. Mary Groda-Lewis endured sixteen years of illiteracy because of unrecognized dyslexia, was committed to a reformatory on two different occasions, and almost died of a stroke while bearing a child. Committed to going to college, she worked at a variety of odd jobs to save money, graduated with her high school equivalency at eighteen, was named Oregon's outstanding Upward Bound student, and finally entered college. Determined to become a doctor, she faced fifteen medical school rejections until Albany Medical College finally accepted her. In 1984, Dr. Mary Groda-Lewis, at thirty-five, graduated with honors to fulfill her dream.

Adversity - the grindstone of life. Will it grind you down or polish you up?

## If You Think

If you think you are beaten, you are.  
If you think you dare not, you don't!  
If you want to win, but think you can't,  
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost;  
For out in the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's will;  
It's all in the state of the mind.

Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger and faster man,  
But sooner or later the man who wins  
Is the man who thinks he can.

## Total Self Confidence

I am resourceful and I have the ability to do whatever it takes to succeed, and to support all those whom I love.

I enjoy life's challenges, and I learn from everything that happens in my life.

I live each day with passion and power.

I feel strong and powerful, happy, and excited.

I have tremendous confidence in my talents and my abilities.

I meet every situation knowing I am its master.

I have deep respect for myself and for everyone I meet each day.

I am committed to perform at the best of my ability in all that

I do.

I forgive myself and others easily.

I am aware of the priceless value of my life and the life of everyone I meet.

My confidence is unshakable because I live with integrity.

I am always at peace because I trust and follow my internal guidance.

## Notes on the Tao Te Ching

Words are words, they are not life. Words are used to draw lines and describe concepts. Life is not a concept, nor is it divided or explained by words. Words cause nonsense. Life is lived, not described.

Words separate things: There is life/death, difficult/easy, long/short, high/low... and all points in between. Music comes from varying tones. No sane person can determine the law of life, the way of life in between these points. No one knows the way, or what will or should happen next. How can a leader be important and show the way when they are limited. Never be important.

Good government comes from many people who live by their hearts and not some important person's rule and direction based on their limited knowledge.

The Universe can take care of itself. It does not need important people.

People go crazy arguing about the Universe, though it has taken care of itself very long.

Life is free -- the more you breathe, the more breath is left to breathe.

The Universe is deathless.

A human is like this also. They take care of themselves. There is an inherent undertone and current of health and integrity, which takes care of a person. A person seeks a natural level with their Universe.

Tao is quiet and unnoticed by the outside world.

We live in the space (emptiness) of a house. Tao is empty of outside appearances.

External orientation causes problems. Internal orientation is quiet and sensible.

Life flows deeper than the rising and setting of the sun. A deeper existence is in each person as well. This is timeless.

This cannot be understood, but it flows. "When the river is murky, be patient and let the rivers flow and take its course, it will clear the mud."

Accept life (birth, flowering, death) quietly and openly. Accept the flowing of the River.

A good leader leads others to leading themselves.

People lose Tao, distortion in the outward comes -- law, ritual, words, hypocrisy. This is not the inward quiet flow of life, but confusion and chaos.

Again, words or analysis of life, distracts from life; status carries problems; law causes thieves -- these ways fail to bring happiness. Tao is in the heart, not in greed, status, or knowledge.

People's knowledge is a distraction, their leaders are a fake. How can someone know the way for other people? The material world is so important to people, they make their mark, while I am quietly nursing at the breast of life.

You try to know or measure what cannot be understood or measured. Accept life that way, it precedes anyway.

Yield to life forces. What can happen that cannot be mended?

Be natural following life, don't insist or force. Nature does not insist. Follow life naturally and you will be alive.

These notes paraphrase in common language a modern translation of the Tao Te Ching.

## A Creed to Live By

By Nancy Sims

Don't undermine your worth by comparing yourself with others. It is because we are different that each of us is special.

Don't set your goals by what other people deem important. Only you know what is best for you.

Don't take for granted the things closest to your heart. Cling to them as you would your life, for without them life is meaningless.

Don't let your life slip through your fingers by living in the past or for the future. By living your life one day at a time, you live all the days of your life.

Don't give up when you still have something to give. Nothing is really over until the moment you stop trying.

Don't be afraid to admit that you are less than perfect. It is this fragile thread that binds us to each other.

Don't be afraid to encounter risks. It is by taking chances that we learn how to be brave.

Don't shut love out of your life by saying it's impossible to find. The quickest way to receive love is to give love. The fastest way to lose love is to hold it too tightly; and the best way to keep love is to give it wings.

Don't dismiss your dreams. To be without dreams is to be without hope; to be without hope is to be without purpose.

Don't run through life so fast that you forget not only where you've been, but also where you're going. Life is not a race, but a journey to be savored each step of the way.

## Peak Performer

(Adapted from the Self Esteem Workbook)

One of the wonderful by-products of high self-esteem is that you become a "Peak Performer." Every day you become more aware of your abilities and recognize that opportunities to stretch your capabilities are limitless. You desire change, growth, and challenge, and a healthy self-esteem provides the energy.

Peak performers have more than goals, they have a vision of what their life will mean to themselves and others. Peak performers do not live in the future. Peak performers make sure each step taken in the present keeps them on the road toward their life goal.

Peak Performers Can Say:

I am motivated and have a mission with realistic and measurable goals.

I accept complete responsibility for everything I think, say, feel, and do.

I look for the window of opportunity in every situation and know that I will learn from every experience if I choose.

I always help others to do their best, and I encourage everyone to contribute something.

I correct my course when I reach an obstacle. This way, when things go wrong, I am still headed in the right direction.

I expect and appreciate change. It does not overwhelm me because I am prepared.

I stand up for my own opinions and values and respect others.

I am able to manage myself. I do not require instruction every step of the way.

I am not afraid of making mistakes or of taking reasonable risks.



I am my own coach. I engage in positive self-talk and rehearsal.

I am a life-long student. I am always ready to learn, and I know growth takes sustained effort.

I know myself well and still expect to find hidden talents, resources, strengths, weaknesses, energy, and interests.

I respect reality both pleasant and painful.

I engage in self-confrontation and do not blame others.

I readily forgive others and myself and correct mistakes when possible.

I am patient, kind, gentle, and compassionate with myself.

I have no need to prove I am better or worse than anybody else.

## The Paradoxical Commandments

by Dr. Kent M. Keith

People are illogical, unreasonable, and self-centered. Love them anyway.

If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish ulterior motives. Do good anyway.

If you are successful, you win false friends and true enemies. Succeed anyway.

The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow. Do good anyway.

Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable. Be honest and frank anyway.

The biggest men and women with the biggest ideas can be shot down by the smallest men and women with the smallest minds. Think big anyway.

People favor underdogs but follow only top dogs. Fight for a few underdogs anyway.

What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight. Build anyway.

People really need help but may attack you if you do help them. Help people anyway.

Give the world the best you have and you'll get kicked in the teeth.

Give the world the best you have anyway.

## Awakening

A time comes in your life when you finally get it...when, in the midst of all your fears and insanity, you stop dead in your tracks and somewhere the voice inside your head cries out...ENOUGH! Enough fighting and crying and blaming and struggling to hold on.

Then, like a child quieting down after a tantrum, you blink back your tears and begin to look at the world through new eyes.

This is your awakening.

You realize it's time to stop hoping and waiting for something to change, or for happiness, safety and security to magically appear over the next horizon.

You realize that in the real world there aren't always fairy tale endings, and that any guarantee of "happily ever after" must begin with you... and in the process a sense of serenity is born of acceptance.

You awaken to the fact that you are not perfect and that not everyone will always love, appreciate or approve of who or what

you are... and that's OK. They are entitled to their own views and opinions.

You learn the importance of loving and championing yourself... and in the process a sense of new found confidence is born of self-approval.

You stop complaining and blaming other people for the things they did to you - or didn't do for you - and you learn that the only thing you can really count on is the unexpected.

You learn that people don't always say what they mean or mean what they say and that not everyone will always be there for you and that everything isn't always about you.

So, you learn to stand on your own and to take care of yourself... and in the process a sense of safety and security is born of self-reliance.

You stop judging and pointing fingers and you begin to accept people as they are and to overlook their shortcomings and human frailties... and in the process a sense of peace and contentment is born of forgiveness.

You learn to open up to new worlds and different points of view. You begin reassessing and redefining who you are and what you really stand for.

You learn the difference between wanting and needing and you begin to discard the doctrines and values you've outgrown, or should never have bought into to begin with.

You learn that there is power and glory in creating and contributing and you stop maneuvering through life merely as a "consumer" looking for your next fix.

You learn that principles such as honesty and integrity are not the outdated ideals of a bygone era, but the mortar that holds together the foundation upon which you must build a life.

You learn that you don't know everything, it's not your job to save the world and that you can't teach a pig to sing.

You learn that the only cross to bear is the one you choose to carry and that martyrs get burned at the stake.

Then you learn about love. You learn to look at relationships as they really are and not as you would have them be. You learn that alone does not mean lonely.

You stop trying to control people, situations and outcomes. You learn to distinguish between guilt and responsibility and the importance of setting boundaries and learning to say NO.

You also stop working so hard at putting your feelings aside, smoothing things over and ignoring your needs.

You learn that your body really is your temple. You begin to care for it and treat it with respect. You begin to eat a balanced diet, drink more water, and take more time to exercise.

You learn that being tired fuels doubt, fear, and uncertainty and so you take more time to rest. And, just as food fuels the body, laughter fuels our soul. So you take more time to laugh and to play.

You learn that, for the most part, you get in life what you believe you deserve, and that much of life truly is a self-fulfilling prophecy.

You learn that anything worth achieving is worth working for and that wishing for something to happen is different than working toward making it happen.

More importantly, you learn that in order to achieve success you need direction, discipline and perseverance. You also learn that no one can do it all alone, and that it's OK to risk asking for help.

You learn the only thing you must truly fear is fear itself.

You learn to step right into and through your fears because you know that whatever happens you can handle it and to give in to fear is to give away the right to live life on your own terms.

You learn to fight for your life and not to squander it living under a cloud of impending doom.

You learn that life isn't always fair, you don't always get what you think you deserve and that sometimes bad things happen to unsuspecting, good people... and you learn not to always take it personally.

You learn that nobody's punishing you and everything isn't always somebody's fault. It's just life happening. You learn to admit when you are wrong and to build bridges instead of walls.

You learn that negative feelings such as anger, envy and resentment must be understood and redirected or they will suffocate the life out of you and poison the universe that surrounds you.

You learn to be thankful and to take comfort in many of the simple things we take for granted, things that millions of people upon the earth can only dream about: a full refrigerator, clean running water, a soft warm bed, a long hot shower.

Then, you begin to take responsibility for yourself by yourself and you make yourself a promise to never betray yourself and to never, ever settle for less than your heart's desire.

You make it a point to keep smiling, to keep trusting, and to stay open to every wonderful possibility.

You hang a wind chime outside your window so you can listen to the wind.

Finally, with courage in your heart, you take a stand, you take a deep breath, and you begin to design the life you want to live as best you can.

---Maryam Webster, M.Ed.Solutions,

Tools & Support for People  
Taking Charge of Their Lives  
Tel: 408.866.SOUL [7685]

# The Book of Booze

## The Artesian Mysteries

-The Carletonian Funny Page, 1994

The great prophet Bubba stepped before the assembled masses and spoke to them, saying:

"Oh ye who go amongst one another mooching beer, know ye that thy beer-karma suffers

And all y that, upon seeing thy brothers and sisters thirsting, withholds from them thy precious beer, know ye that thy beer - karma is that of a trout!

For when thou hast beer, it is good that thou sharest it with those who have not beer,

And when thou drink the beer of another, thou art truly indebted to that person, in a debt of beer.

Borrow beer freely, my brothers and sisters, when you have not beer yet you thirst.

Yet honor thy beer debt to thy neighbor, lest your beer karma be imperiled.

And when someone asks of thy beer, give it freely so that you might be given beer when you are in need, for such is the nature of beer karma.

Know thee, also, that when thou partakes in the beer of another, or whenever thou shares beer with someone,

Then you both become brothers and sisters in beer.

Go forth then, be fruitful and brew; share your beer in bountiful times.

Do not hesitate to borrow beer in times of need, so long as thou returns beer in kin in times of plenty."

These words the great Bubba has spoken.

## The Gospel of Bracicea

Collected by Pat Haneke

A philosophy professor (a Druid perhaps?) stood before his class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly he picked up a large empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with rocks, rocks about 2" in diameter. He then asked the students if the jar was full? They agreed that it was.

So the professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles, of course, rolled into the open areas between the rocks. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The students laughed. The professor picked up a box of sand and poured it. Said the professor, "I want you to recognize that this is your life. The rocks are the important things - your family, your partner, your health, your children - things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full.

"The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house, your car. The sand is everything else. The small stuff."

"If you put the sand into the jar first, there is no room for the pebbles or the rocks. The same goes for your life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness.

"Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out dancing. There will always be time to go to work, clean the house, give a dinner party and fix the disposal.

"Take care of the rocks first - the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand."

But then...

A student then took the jar, which the other students and the professor agreed was full, and proceeded to pour in a glass of beer. Of course the beer filled the remaining spaces within the jar making the jar truly full.

The moral of this tale is:

That no matter how full your life is, there is always room for BEER.

## A Prayer to Bracicea

Our lager,  
Which art in barrels,  
Hallowed be thy drink.  
Thy will be drunk, (I will be drunk),  
At home as it is in the pub.  
Give us this day our foamy head,  
And forgive us our spillages,  
As we forgive those who spill against us.  
And lead us not to incarceration,  
But deliver us from hangovers.  
For thine is the beer, The bitter, The lager.  
Barmen.

## The Whiskey Lesson

Isaac Bonewits, 1999

When some Druids see half a glass of whiskey, they think, "It is half-full." Others glumly conclude, "It's half-empty." But Reformed Druids grab the glass, shoot it down, slam the cup and say, "Huh, hey,... what?"

## Top 10 Reasons Why Beer is Better Than Jesus

No one will kill you for not drinking Beer.

Beer doesn't tell you how to have sex.

Beer has never caused a major war.

They don't force Beer on minors who can't think for themselves.

When you have a Beer, you don't knock on people's doors trying to give it away.

Nobody's ever been burned at the stake, hanged, or tortured over his brand of Beer.

You don't have to wait 2000+ years for a second Beer.

There are laws saying Beer labels can't lie to you.

You can prove you have a Beer.

If you've devoted your life to Beer, there are groups to help you stop.

## The Tavern

C.A. Doxiadis

I received my greatest lesson in aesthetics from an old man in an Athenian taverna. Night after night he sat alone at the same table, drinking his wine with precisely the same odd movements. I finally asked him why he did this, and he said, "Young man, I first look at my glass to please my eyes, then I take it in my hand to please my hand, then I bring it to my nose to please my nostrils, and I am just about to bring it to my lips when I hear a small voice in my ears, "How about me?" So I tap my glass on the table before I drink from it. I thus please all five senses.

## We Have Drunk Whang

by Michael Scharding, based on the Rig-Veda, "We Have Drunk Soma." Whang is one part Whiskey/one part Water/ lots of Tang.

Of the sweet food I have partaken wisely,  
That stirs the good thought, best banisher of trouble,  
On which to feast, all gods as well as mortals,  
Naming the sweet food "Tang," come together...  
We have drunk Whang, have become immortal,  
Gone to the light have we, the gods discovered.  
What can hostility do against us?  
What, O Immortal, mortal man's fell purpose?  
Joy to our heart be thou, when drunk, O Be'al,  
Like Mother to a son, most kind, O Whang;  
Thoughtful like friend to friend, O thou of wide fame,  
Prolong our years that we may live, O Whang.  
These glorious freedom-giving drop by me imbibed  
Have knit my joints together as straps a chariot;  
From broken legs may Whang drops protect me,  
May they from every illness keep me far removed...  
Be gracious unto us for good, King Whang;  
We are thy devotees; of that be certain.  
When might and wrath display themselves, O Be'al,  
Do not abandon us, as wished by foemen.  
Protector of our body art thou, Whang,  
In every limb has settled man-beholding:  
If we infringe thine ordinances be gracious  
As our good friend, O god, for higher welfare...  
Ailments have fled away, diseases vanished,  
The powers of darkness have become affrighted.  
With might hath Whang mounted up within us;  
The dawn we've reached, where men renew existence.  
Oh, Whang! Your praises will I ever sing forth!

## The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year,  
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
And I swear that I'll play the wild rover no more.

chorus: And its no, nay, never,  
No, nay, never, no more,  
Will I play the wild rover,  
No, never, no more.

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent,  
And I told the landlady my money was spent,  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,  
Such custom as yours I can get any day."

I pulled from my pocket three sovereigns bright,  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,  
"You shall have whiskies and wines of the best,  
And the words that I spoke, they were only in jest."

I'll go to my father, confess what I've done,  
And ask if he'll pardon, his prodigal son,  
And if he forgives me as oft times before,  
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

## The Hard Drinker

*Sung to the tune of Wild Rover*

I've been a hard drinker for many a year,  
And I always fall over on ten pints of beer,  
So now when I drink, I sit on the floor,  
And I never will risk falling over no more.

chorus: And it's no, nay, never,  
No, nay, never, no more,  
Will I drink and fall over,  
No never, no more.

I went to a bar that I used to frequent,  
Despite having sworn that I'd give up for Lent,  
I asked for two pints, but the barman said "Nay!  
You'll only fall over like you did yesterday."

I'll pulled from my pocket two shiny gold pounds,  
And I managed to do it without falling down,  
The barman said "Sir, please choose from this list,  
And I'm sorry if just now I thought you were Brahms."

I think that I'll stick now to stiff drinks and shorts,  
Like whiskey and ponche and pernod and ports,  
Cut down on the volume of all that I drink,  
Then at least when I throw up I won't block the sink.

I'll go back to my girlfriend, confess what I've done,  
And if she should hit me I won't turn and run,  
I'll promise to give up... but if I should fail...  
I'll see you next Thursday for ten pints of ale.

## Whiskey, You're the Devil

Now brave boys, we're on the march  
off to Portugal and Spain  
Drums are beating, banners flying  
the Devil at home will come tonight  
so it's go, fare thee well  
with a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da  
a too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da  
me rikes fall too ra laddie-o  
there's whisky in the jar

Oh, whisky you're the devil  
you're leading me astray  
over hills and mountains  
and to Amerikay  
you're sweetness from the Bleachner  
and spunkier than tea  
oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

The French are fighting boldly  
men are dying hot and coldly  
give every man his flask of powder

his firelock on his shoulder  
so its go, fare thee well  
with a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da  
a too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da  
me rikes fall too ra laddie-o  
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over hills and mountains  
and to Amerikay  
you're sweetness from the Bleachner  
and spunkier than tea  
oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

Says the old wan do not wrong me  
don't take me daughter from me  
for if you do I will torment you  
when I'm dead my ghost will haunt you  
so its go, fare thee well  
with a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da  
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oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

## The Rambler

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,  
I'm a long way from home,  
And if you don't like me,  
well leave me alone.

Chorus: I'll eat when I'm hungry,  
I'll drink when I'm dry,  
And if the moonshine don't kill me,  
I'll live 'til I die.

I've been a moonshiner for many a year.  
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.  
I'll go to me hollow and set up me still  
And I'll sell you ten gallons for a two dollar bill.

I'll go to some hollow in this country  
Ten gallons of moonshine, I'll go on a spree.  
No women to follow, the world is all mine  
I love none so well as I love the moonshine.

Oh moonshine, oh moonshine, oh how I love thee  
Ten gallons of whiskey, I'll go on a spree.  
I love all moonshiners and I love all moonshine  
They're breath is as sweet as the dew on the vine.

## John Barleycorn

There were three men come out of the west  
Their fortunes for to try  
And they have made a solemn vow  
John Barleycorn must die (2x)

[Chorus]:  
Fa la la la, it's a lovely day  
Fa la la la lay o  
Fa la la la, it's a lovely day  
Sing fa la la la lay

They plowed him in three furrows deep  
Laid clods all on his head  
And they have made a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead

[Chorus]

Well then there came a shower of rain  
Which from the clouds did fall  
John Barleycorn sprang up again  
And so amazed them all

Well then came men with great sharp scythes  
To cut him off at the knee  
They bashed his head against a stone  
And they used him barbarously

Well then came men with great long flails  
To cut him skin from bone  
The miller has used him worse than that  
He ground him between two stones

They wheeled him here, they wheeled him there  
Wheeled him into the barn  
And they have used him worse than that  
They bunged him in a vat

They worked their will upon John Barleycorn  
But he lives to tell the tale  
We pour him into an old brown jug  
And we call him home-brewed ale

## Ballad of St. Bunstable

In an temple on the coast of the Vesper's frigid shores,  
An acolyte, named Bunstable, was told to do his chores.  
He did not have an inkling of just what fate had in mind,  
Patron saint of fermentation, alcohol, beer, mead, and wine.

Bunstable, he was a simple soul, he wasn't very bright.  
But he did his duty faithfully, morning, noon, and night.  
His chores, they weren't too complex, for that would tax his head.  
One in particular was simple. This is what his abbot said:

CHORUS:  
Guard the wine, guard the wine.  
No matter what may happen, you make sure that wine stays hid.  
Guard the wine, guard the wine.  
Now we all guard our wine like Saint Bunstable did.

One fateful day came Pirate raiders, like a dark wave on the coast.  
The abbey was unable to repel the brigand raider's host.  
Bunstable was in the cellar, heard them slaughter young and old.  
And though trembling with fear, he knew to do as he'd been told.

The cellar door it had been locked, but the Pirates would break through  
So grimly looking round, he knew exactly what to do.  
He broke open each and every cask, he did not think of flight.  
And when the deed was done, he'd drunk every drop in sight.

CHORUS:  
Guard the wine, guard the wine.  
No matter what may happen, you make sure that wine stays hid.  
Guard the wine, guard the wine.  
Now we all guard our wine like Saint Bunstable did.

When the Pirates came downstairs, they were somewhat less than pleased  
That Bunstable had drunk the wine, there was none to be seized.  
They threatened Bunstable with flame, but when fire met his breath,  
There was a great explosion, and they all burned to death.

When the raiders reached their heaven, they were certainly surprised,  
And for his act of bravery Bunstable was canonized.  
It truly is a miracle, to drink up as he did,  
And it is to his credit that he kept the wine well hid.

CHORUS:  
Guard the wine, guard the wine.  
No matter what may happen, you make sure that wine stays hid.  
Guard the wine, guard the wine.  
Now we all guard our wine like Saint Bunstable did.

## Parish of Dunkeld

Lyrics: Traditional  
Music: Bonnie Dundee

chorus:  
Oh, what a parish, a terrible parish;  
Oh, what a parish is that at Dunkeld.  
They hangit their minister, drooned the precentot,  
Dang doon the steeple and fuddled the bell.

The steeple was doon but the kirk was still stannin',  
They biggit a lum\* whar the bell used to hang.  
A still-pot they got and they brewed hielan' whisky;  
On Sunday they drank it and ranted and sang.

O, had you but seen how graceful they lookit,  
To see the crammed pews so socially joined.  
MacDonell the piper stood up in the pulpit,  
He made the pipes skirl out the music divine.

Wi' whiskey and beer they would curse and they'd swear;  
They'd argue and fecht [wi' ye done] will tell.  
But Geordie and Charlie they [bothered fer] early  
Wi' whiskey they're worse than the devil himsel'.

When the hairt-cheerin' spirit had mounted their garrets,  
Tae a ball on the green they a' did adjourn.  
The maids wi' coats kilted they skippit and lilted,  
When tired they shook hands and then hame did return.

Wad the kirks a' of Scotland held like social meetings  
Nae warning ye'd need from a far-tinklin' bell,  
For true love and friends would draw you thegather  
Far better than roarin' the horrors o' hell.

# The Book of Al-Anon

## Bake the Cake

One night a sponsor got a call from one of his sponsees. The sponsee complained the same old complaints of being restless, irritable and discontent. The sponsor asked him if he was reading his Big Book and the sponsee said that he was reading it daily and that it wasn't helping!

The sponsor then instructed his new friend to find a cookbook. He came back to the phone with the cookbook and was instructed to read the recipe for chocolate cake. So he read to him all the ingredients, how hot the oven was to be and when he was through his sponsor told him to read it again. By now the sponsee is a little upset and asks what this has to do with staying sober. With a laugh, his sponsor told him to humor him!

So he read it again, all the ingredients, oven temperature, and after he read it to him the second time, the sponsor asked him for a piece of cake. The sponsee told him he could not give him any cake and the sponsor asked him why? "Because I haven't gone through the action of making the cake."

With a laugh, the sponsor told his sponsee that that was why he wasn't getting any results from the Big Book! Reading the book alone will not keep you sober, but, the action of following the directions in it will!

## Three Frogs Riddle

**Question:** There were once three frogs on a log and one of them made a decision to jump in. How many were left?

**Answer:** There are still three frogs on a log, he only made a decision, he took no action!

## Ups and Downs of Life

A little boy is telling his Grandma how "everything" is going wrong. School, family problems, severe health problems, etc.. Meanwhile, Grandma is baking a cake. She asks her grandson if he would like a snack, which of course he does.

"Here, have some cooking oil."

"Yuck" says the boy.

"How about a couple raw eggs?"

"Gross, Grandma!"

"Would you like some flour then? Or maybe baking soda?"

"Grandma, those are all yucky!"

To which Grandma replies: "Yes, all those things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious cake! God works the same way. Many times we wonder why he would let us go through such bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!"

## It's All Relative

A woman is riding a bus in the Midwest, when a man gets on the bus and sits down next to her. He's wearing a black hat, long black coat, black slacks and shoes, and he has a long curly dark beard.

The woman looks at him disgustedly. "Jews like you," she hisses at him.

He looks up at her, puzzled, and says, "I beg your pardon, madam?"

She says, "Look at you. All in black, a beard, never take off your hat! It's Jews like you that give the rest of us a bad name."

He says calmly, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I am not Jewish. I'm Amish." The woman looks back and smiles, "How nice. You've kept your customs."

## Anyone Up There?

A man was walking in the mountains just enjoying the scenery when he stepped too close to the edge of the mountain and started to fall. In desperation he reached out and grabbed a limb of a gnarly old tree hanging onto the side of the cliff. Full of fear he assessed his situation. He was about 100 feet down a sheer cliff and about 900 feet from the floor of the canyon below. If he should slip again he'd plummet to his death.

Full of fear, he cries out, "Help me!" But there was no answer. Again and again he cried out but to no avail.

Finally he yelled, "Is anybody up there?"

A deep voice replied, "Yes, I'm up here."

"Who is it?"

"It's the L-rd"

"Can you help me?"

"Yes, I can help."

"Help me!"

"Let go."

Looking around the man became full of panic. "What?!?!"

"Let go. I will catch you."

"Uh... Is there anybody else up there?"

## Some Questions

1 - Have you ever decided to stop drinking for a week or so, but only lasted for a couple of days?

2 - Do you wish people would mind their own business about your drinking-- stop telling you what to do?

3 - Have you ever switched from one kind of drink to another in the hope that this would keep you from getting drunk?

4 - Have you had to have an eye-opener upon awakening during the past year?

5 - Do you envy people who can drink without getting into trouble?

6 - Have you had problems connected with drinking during the past year?

7 - Has your drinking caused trouble at home?

8 - Do you ever try to get "extra" drinks at a party because you do not get enough?

9 - Do you tell yourself you can stop drinking any time you want to, even though you keep getting drunk when you don't mean to?

10 - Have you missed days of work or school because of drinking?

11 - Do you have "blackouts"?

12 - Have you ever felt that your life would be better if you did not drink?

# The Book of Ultimate Answers

Written by  
Rev. Michael Scharding, D.D.  
in June 1994 c.e.

No part of this book may be printed, reproduced or stored by any means presently known, or to be created in the future, without express written permission of the author; except short quotations for scholarly studies or for book reviews. The following people that I'll list are granted exceptions and are allowed to print 10 issues a year. An exception to this restriction is extended to all past, present & future Reformed Druids of North America for raising grove-funds. Another exception is made to anybody who is fluent in Ge'ez *and* Scots-Gaelic. Another exception is made for anybody with two noses and a third ear. I also, graciously, will make an exception for the government officials of Malawi; who have been inspiringly helpful in writing this book. Finally, I would make an exception for Fillard.

Another Fine Product of the Drynemeton Press

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## Disclaimer

The author accepts no responsibility for the actions or decisions that are made by the reader as a result of reading this book. If you are actually using this book, then something is loose in your head. Similarly the reader bears no responsibility for the actions of the author for having written this book. If you're using this book, you should always seek loads of advice from people more knowledgeable than I (and this book) about the issues for which this book is being consulted (i.e. try your friends, relatives, priests, employers, children, plants, pets, crystals, etc.)

If this product doesn't work (and I don't mean if it works well) then please feel free to shred it or give it to your friend (or enemy) as a present.

When I call this a Reformed Druid publication, I mean it is a publication by a Reformed Druid. I hope that most other Reformed Druids disagree with my views.

## Dedication

I would like to dedicate this book to Rev. Jewelnel Davis, who has inspired the Carleton Campus with her wisdom during her years here. I hope that this book will likewise provided needed answers to those faced with the inscrutability of the universe, or at least get them to give up using similar books and go back to talking with real people (which is a much wiser thing to do.)

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## Other Thanks

There are a number of people I would like to thank for making this enormously difficult work possible. First I would like to thank my ancestors and all the past populace of the world which have made my culture(s), philosophy(s), religion(s), environment, language(s) and genetic code what they are today (you know who you are!)

I'd also like to thank the Carleton Academic Computing and Networking Center for the use of their computers while formatting this book for publication while I attended school there. Carleton's faculty, staff and students also deserve my thanks for instilling the knowledge, moral teachings and education that made this book possible.

Not to forget you, are all the many plant, animal & microbial creatures I've ingested to sustain my biological processes. I'm also very thankful that I can breathe the oxygenated air and that the sun comes up in the morning. For all these myriads of interlacing cycles and miraculous events (including hormones) I would like to thank the Creator(s.) You're doing a fine job, keep up the good work!

I would also like to thank the Sheltons, the Frangquists, Isaac Bonewits, Glenn McDavid, Sam Adams, Norman Nelson and the many Druids who have enlightened me on "the mysteries" of Druidism (whatever they are....)

To conclude, I'd like to thank whoever (or whatever) else I'm forgotten to include.

## Preface: Why this book was written.

I was once sitting under a large oak tree on a sunny day when I came to the realization that there are a lot of unanswered questions in the world. Think about it, do you know the names of all the people in Ghana; or why do English speakers often put the adjectives before the nouns? We live in world awash with doubt and distressed with uncertainty. Will we ever know the right answers to every question? Probably not. However, we live in a society that demands answers. To not provide answers is to show incompetence or lack of education. Would you want to look incompetent or uneducated? I wouldn't, but it would seem fated that we will have to continue to live with that persistent embarrassment.

I decided that someone had to take care of all these loose ends, even at the risk of giving the wrong answers. I mean, isn't it better to have an answer, even if it is not THE answer, especially one that works; rather than to stand there and sheepishly say that you don't have an answer? Once I accepted this monumental task I was faced with a more daunting undertaking than passing my Senior Comprehensive exercise at Carleton while retaining a social life; providing viable answers to all the possible questions that can be posed in the English language. It was a toughie, but I managed to complete it in a few hours. Drawing upon my extraordinary ability to pull answers out of a baseball cap, I wrote this book. I have intended it to be a quick handbook to use whenever you are confronted with a perplexing problem or question.

While divinatory purposes are probably not a very effective use of the book, your use of the book is not my concern. Like the disclaimer says, you can do what you want with the book, that's your decision. This book has worked many times for myself and I hope it proves so for you. Enjoy!

Rev. Michael Scharding  
June 20th, 1994 c.e.

### Third Edition Update:

Due to the overwhelming desire for more answers, I've massively expanded the chapters of answers to provide more customized answers.

### Recommendations

1. If you are not competent in the English language, have a friend help you use this book.
2. Similarly if you are blind, have them read this book to you or type it in Braille so that you can scan it.
3. If no one answer works, try combinations and permutations.

### Reminders

1. If you are not using the book properly, then you perhaps don't deserve an answer.
2. Be persistent, it will work if you don't give up.
3. There's an answer in this book that works for your question!

### Introduction:

#### How to use this book

There are three chapters to the Book of Ultimate Answers, one each for affirmative, negative and mixed answers. I have found that the Book of Ultimate Answers works best for me when used as outlined in the following flow-chart:

- I. Get comfortable.
- II. Pray and/or meditate for the recommended time (see below) on how to best formulate the question in the English languages.
- III. Open to the first chapter.
  - A. If an appropriate answer is there, you're done.
  - B. No luck? Try chapter two.
    - i. If you find an appropriate answer, cool.
    - ii. If that doesn't work, try chapter three.
      - a. If it worked, you're done.
      - b. If it you couldn't find a usable answer then return to chapter one.

## How Long to Prepare Beforehand

Now depending on how difficult or important the question is, you'll have to formulate the question and ready your mind to spot a useable answer in your search. Imagine you're going to be asking this to Mahatma Ghandi at a press conference. You want to be very clear. This is because your mind is often running many sub-processes at the same time and it might be actually more concerned with finding an answer to another problem. The result? You get the right answer to a sub-conscious question instead of the one you asked. Remember, the answer may not be the one you want to find, so don't force it.

To help remedy this frequent problem, I'm providing the handy-dandy scale that I recommend to meditate and/or pray before using this book. It's roughly:

### Difficulty to Time List

Inconsequential: 5 seconds  
Simple: 1 minute  
Pesky: 1 hour  
Important: 1 day  
Life-Changing: 1 month to a Year  
Earth-Shattering: 2 years  
Universe-Shattering: 15 years  
Future Career/Marriage: 20 years and a day

### Clarifying Examples

#### for the Scale Categories:

Inconsequential: What color is a tomato?  
Simple: What should I watch on TV tonight?  
Pesky: Should I change brands of shampoo?  
Important: Do I wish to learn Gaelic?  
Life-Changing: Do I get a nose-job?  
Earth-Shattering: Shall I reveal my divinity to CNN?  
Universe-Shattering: Shall I bestow warp-engine capability to mere mortal Earthlings?  
Future Career/Marriage: Do I want to marry Alex?

### Other important notes:

Feel encouraged to modify the words in any answer (i.e. the tense, conjugation, plurality, gender, inflection, punctuation, cultural understanding, order, grammatical purpose, spelling or definition) in order to make it a more suitable answer. Remember, you only need an answer that works, not the best answer!



## Chapter One: Affirmative Answers

Could be a positive answer to your question:

'Fraid so.  
Yes.  
Of course!  
Probably.  
Because.  
Easily.  
With difficulty.  
Perhaps so.  
Go with it.  
Definitely.  
I said so.  
Once and a while.  
Why not?  
Partially so.  
Some of the world's greatest people have thought so.  
Occasionally.  
It bodes well.  
In a twisted way, yeah.  
I wish so to.  
I have it on good authority.  
So a rumor has it. Next question please.  
Uh, huh.  
In a mytho-poetic sense.  
In some situations.  
That would be nice.  
Few have ever doubted it.  
When you are ready.  
Only if you do it the right way.  
Some would think so.  
Yeah!  
If you can accept the risks.  
At the appropriate time.  
If things favor it.  
Do what's best.  
Trust in yourself.  
It has always been so.  
If you trust them.  
Couldn't agree with you more.  
I'd say go with it, but ask someone for a second opinion.  
True.  
If you're lucky.  
If Ghandhi would do it, so should you.  
You'll win.  
When one truly loves someone.  
You are ready and skillful enough to do it.  
No problem.  
Cautiously.  
Oh, I've got the answer, but you must try that again in a "yes-no" format.

**Didn't find a suitable answer? Try chapters two and three.**

## Chapter Two: Negative Answers

Oh, it might be a negative on this one. An answer could be one of the following:

No.  
Never.  
Because.  
Couldn't be.  
Unlikely.  
Don't.  
You'll lose.  
Mustn't  
When the "hot-motifed-culture's interpretation of Hell" freezes over!  
Can't.  
Give up.  
Not often.  
Won't.  
Not worth the bother.  
Not with your resources.  
Try not to.  
Shouldn't.  
Impossible.  
Not in my book!  
Might not.  
Don't you dare!  
If your friend jumped off a cliff, would you also jump off a cliff?  
Think about it, it wouldn't work.  
Cautiously.  
Most likely not.  
In your dreams!  
If you do, you'll be sorry.  
Not now.  
Later.  
Too late.  
Not here.  
Not there.  
That isn't legal, is it?  
Forget it.  
It's unprecedented.  
Someone else can do it.  
That's morally reprehensible!  
Not soon.  
Not ever.  
When clams sing Beethoven from mountain-tops!  
Best to wait.  
Try a different alternative or approach.  
You know that I've got the answer, but you must phrase it in a "yes-no" format.

**Didn't find a suitable answer? Try chapters one and three.**

## Chapter Three: Mixed Answers

You asking a complicated question or one requiring an overly specific answer. I think the answer would be one of the following:

Maybe.  
Answer unclear, ask later.  
Do more meditating or praying.  
You're not ready to use this book. I'd recommend that you talk with your friend, relative, superior/inferiors.  
Tricky.  
That's a matter of faith, isn't.  
You're not intelligent enough to understand the fine mechanics of the solution.  
I bet the word(s) you're looking for are in a dictionary.  
Wait.  
It's hard to express the answer with written words, try waving this book around.  
There is no clear answer.  
There are no clear answers.  
I would offend somebody if I answered that one.  
What would you say?  
42.  
That's a toughie, send oodles of money to the Mayo Clinic and perhaps they'll tell you.  
Look it up.  
Could be.  
That's a fact, this book deals with slippery issues!  
If you only knew...  
You cannot make the decision by yourself.  
We tried that one before, inconclusive.  
No one knows.  
Nothing knows.  
Whenever.  
Whatever.  
Whoever.  
Whyever.  
However.  
Because.  
Whenceever.  
Rephrase the question.  
It's unlike anything we've ever seen before, Cap'n.  
Why bother?  
In time, you will come to know.  
That is a question not tending towards edification.  
Wait a minute, at what time?  
Wait a minute, who?  
Wait a minute, which?  
Wait a minute, why?  
Wait a minute, how exactly?  
Only if she/he/it/them/I/you/we/you-all does it first.  
Are you sure you got the facts straight?  
That really depends.  
Ask an expert.  
Pay stricter attention.  
I'll get back to you on that one.  
Ha! Ha! That's a good one.  
Well, now!...  
If I could walk that way, I wouldn't....  
Best to do more research first.  
I've already answered that one.  
That question has been outdated, try a newer one.  
That's a secret.  
The answers definitely a real number.  
Could be an imaginary number.  
Too many possible answers.  
If you were paying attention...  
You're not asking the right question.

There are better books on the subject, check the library.  
If there aren't better books... write them.  
Could you make that a bit more clear.  
Only if they/it don't find out.  
A thousand years from now, who'll care?  
It wouldn't make sense, even if I explained it to you.  
Consider it from their point of view.  
The first.  
The latter.  
Both.  
Neither.  
One of the middle ones.  
One (or more) but not the other(s)  
D.  
All of the above.  
None of the above.  
One of the above.  
You're not using English, this only works for English.  
Is something green stuck between your teeth?  
Is that a rhetorical question?  
If I told you that, I would have to shoot you.  
Not even Nixon knew that.  
Slower. Slower.  
I don't know.  
I don't care.  
Sleep on it.  
Isn't there something else you should be doing right now?  
Time to make the donuts.  
It's interesting you should ask that, I was thinking the same thing.  
It doesn't matter.  
It would be alot easier if you could ask that again, but as a "yes-no" question.  
**Didn't find a suitable answer? Try chapters one and two.**

## Conclusion:

### Why this book was really written.

Actually, I did write this book for most of the pre-said reasons, in a way. As a Reformed Druid, and a North American one at that, I have a right to say what I believe and other Reformed Druids won't claim that I'm a heretical Druid. The RDNA lacks recognizably official dogma and its customs or traditions are very mutable. The RDNA's official doctrine is summed up in the two Basic Tenets:

1. The object of the search for religious truth, which is a never-ending and spiritual search, can be found through Nature, which is the Earth-Mother; but this is one way, yea!, one way among many.

2. And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance, of Nature, which is the Earth-mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it people do live, yea, even as they do struggle through life are they come face to face with it.

This is the only statement that all Reformed Druids agree with (and possibly most Druids...) Anything more or less than this is your own variant, and we all bring our own stuff willingly or unwillingly. None of us are "pure" Reformed Druids, we are all possessors of differing beliefs, but share a stated agreement with those two identically worded beliefs; irregardless of our own interpretation. Can one have unity through difference? Richard Shelton said "Reformed Druidism is compatible with all religions, even if they deny it." The way I've looked at it, most religions that I'm familiar with use images from Nature at least once to demonstrate or symbolize a theological point; saya bird building a nest in the spring time. If this is so, then people of all religions should be able to gather and hear the same story of a bird building

a nest, and come away with a personal gain of spiritual understanding. This is what the RDNA is about.

One of the unstated purposes of the RDNA is to deepen our critical awareness of the foundations underlying our personal, individual beliefs and/or to understand the roots of our religion(s) or philosophy. In a way, I've pursued this goal by writing & publishing my thoughts as a focusing tool for this exploration, because knowing someone will read your musings makes you work harder. But truth seems to be a thing that changes with new facts reveal an unseen twist in your understandings. God is guiding me on a strange path of mysticism to find Her spiritual truths. Nothing that I've published is necessarily what I currently believe, at the time that you are reading this. Ha!

Another side-effect of Reformed Druidism is a desire to pull people's legs. David Frangquist once stated "The role of the Third Order is keep people guessing...Druidism has its tongue planted firmly in its cheek." I wished to poke fun at a book called "Dianet\*cs" and other self-help books that purported to have answers for your personal problems. I think these books cater to those folk who are unwilling to talk with real live people and those who consider any book to be true as gospel if it is published by someone with loads of letters behind their name (esp. Ph.D..)

In the Reformed Druid fashion, I have endeavored to bring you to a deeper realization of the inconsistencies inherent in being an expert on other people's problems, especially about people you don't even know. The Book of Ultimate Answers actually works, but it may be the wrong way to come to answers. Sometimes the most flawless systems can also be the most devious if they are inappropriate. Just because it works doesn't mean it should be used.

Sarah: "I've got a splitting pain in my head."

Jean: "Have you considered amputation?"

Imagine how many leaders and experts daily make decisions based on blind reliance upon long-accepted collections of official answers (i.e. files, dossiers, scriptures.) It's not that written sources do not contain truths, they do!, but one cannot always use the same answer to the same question. Abiding by precedents can be a problematic habit, as the expression goes: "give a child a hammer and soon everything looks like a nail."

One of my other gripes with the self-help genre is that they often have only a very short section of practical answers and advice. What seems to take a great deal of those books (and, incidentally, this one) is a lot of bibble-babble (or Bible-Babel as a friend of mine calls it.) The author usually has their own personal philosophy which they would be delighted if everyone else shared. The people easiest to "convert" are those with weak self-images whose insecurity draws them to powerful, charismatic "know-it-alls." If you are still reading this and are one of those people, you won't find the answer through Reformed Druidism either ("Druidism is a faith, if not in answering, then in questioning.") You'll find your answer, if it's to be found, by your own efforts (possibly divinely aided.)

The last rumor I'd like to share is that people do not always lie, sometimes they are just misinformed and don't realize it or (more likely) won't admit it. I am, myself, greatly "uneducated" in accredited forms of theological training. I am merely winging it, which so many "experts" are also secretly doing. I hope this book has jolted you into a deeper speculation of the purpose, motives and capabilities of the "self-help book" genre.

# The Books of the African Jedi-Knight

## Introduction

To the Reader,

Welcome to the Books of the African Jedi-Knight. I do not mean, by any means to belittle African-Americans or Africans by the publishing of this book. It's merely an exercise in comparative religious readings on my part, for Jediism is very much a philosophy, if not a religion.

Many of the materials herein are copyrighted, not that that slowed me down in choosing to include them. I hope that anyone obtaining a copy of this publication will show at least some respect to those copyright owners by not charging a profit when distributing these works to another person.

By no means are any of the documents here in contained to be considered "secret" or "oathbound" by our members. Nor does this book express the opinion of anyone but its author. Feel free to show them to anyone you will.

The RDNA, especially Carleton, has never officially called itself a Neo-pagan religion. However, many of its members may feel themselves to be a neo-pagan. Some prefer to look upon it as merely a philosophical union that deals with religion. Both of these are good. However, we can learn from all the spiritual masters of most (if not all) religions that have appeared on this world. Take the opportunity to peruse and cogitate on what you find inside.

Only one of the greatest complements you can give to the RDNA is to publish a little work of your own to help others looking for the ways. Also try to practice what you preach. Imitation is the highest flattery.

Peace! Peace! Peace!

Michael Scharding,

Archdruid 93-94, O.D.A.L., Bel., Gran.,

Dean of Druidic Textology (DDT)

39th Day of Geamradh,

Year XXXI of the Reform

(12/8/93 and updated in 1996)

## The Books of the African Jedi-Knight

### Printing History

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2nd Printing 1996 (in ARDA)

3<sup>rd</sup> Printing 2003 (in ARDA2)

# A Book on the Bantu

This little publication is an attempt to dissuade the belief that the Star Wars trilogy was overly "Christian" in its symbology of the Force. This work came about through my readings of "Bantu Philosophy" (LOC # GN.T4513 C3) by Rev. Placide Tempels, a Jesuit Priest of the early 20th century (*translated from the French.*) The Bantus called the spiritual and divine entity(s) "The Force." Correlations began to develop with further readings, but by no means is Lucasian Theology identical to Bantu Theology.

For those unfamiliar with Africa, the Bantus are the people of Zaire (*AKA the Congo*) and Angola. Most are pagan in the sense that they do not call Christ their personal savior. They may have been drastic changes in their beliefs since the early 1950s when this was published.

We start with some readings from the book. I apologize for the sexist use of "he" referred to in the book, as it was written in the 50s. Michael

## What is Force? pg. 52

I believe that we should most faithfully render the Bantu thought in European language by saying that Bantu speak, act, live as if, for them, beings were forces. Force is not for them an adventitious, accidental reality. Force is even more than a necessary attribute of beings: Force is the nature of being, force is being, being is force

When we think in terms of the concept "being," they use the concept "force." Where we see concrete beings, they see concrete forces. When we say that "beings" are differentiated by their essence or nature, Bantu say that "forces" differ in their essence or nature. They hold that there is the divine force, celestial or terrestrial forces, human forces, animal forces, vegetable and even material or mineral forces.

The reader will be able to form his own opinion at the end of this study as to the validity, the exact worth of this hypothesis: in contradistinction to our definition of being as "that which is," or "the thing insofar as it is," the Bantu definition reads, "that which is force," or "the thing insofar as it is force," or "an existent force." We must insist once again that "force" is not for Bantu a necessary, irreducible attribute of being: no, the notion "force" takes for them the place of the notion "being" in our philosophy. Just as we have, so have they a transcendental, elemental, simple concept with them "force," with us "being."

It is because all being is force and exists only in that it is force, that the category "force" includes of necessity all "beings." God, men living and departed, animals, plants, and minerals. Since being is force, all these beings appear to the Bantu as forces. This universal concept is hardly used by the Bantu, but they are susceptible to philosophical abstractions though they express them in concrete terms only. They give a name to each thing, but the inner life of these things presents itself to their minds as such specific forces and not at all as static reality.'

## Energy and Life Force pg. 47

The spirits of the first ancestors, highly exalted in the superhuman world, possess extraordinary force inasmuch as they are the founders of the human race and propagators of the divine inheritance of vital human strength. The other dead are esteemed only to the extent to which they increase and perpetuate their vital force in their progeny.

In the minds of Bantu, all beings in the universe possess vital force of their own: human, animal, vegetable, or inanimate. Each being has been endowed by God with a certain force,

capable of strengthening the vital energy of the strongest being of all creation: man.

Supreme happiness, the only kind of blessing, is, to the Bantu, to possess the greatest vital force: the worst misfortune and, in very truth, the only misfortune is, he thinks, the diminution of this power.

Every illness, wound or disappointment, all suffering, depression, or fatigue, every injustice and every failure; all these are held to be, and are spoken of by the Bantu as, a diminution of vital force.

Illness and death do not have their source in our own vital power, but result from some external agent who weakens us through his greater force. It is only by fortifying our vital energy, through the use of magical recipes, that we acquire resistance to malevolent external forces.

We need not be surprised that the Bantu allude to this vital force in their greetings one to another, using such forms of address as: "*You are strong.*" or "*You have life in you,*" "*you have life strongly in you*" {or "*The Force is with you*" Editor} and that they express sympathy in such phrases as "*Your vital force is lowered,*" "*your vital energy has been sapped.*" A similar idea is found in the form of sympathy, "*wafwa ko !*" which we translate "*you are dying,*" and by reason of our mistranslation, we are quite unable to understand the Bantu and find them given to ridiculous exaggeration when they continually say that they are "dead" of hunger or of fatigue, or that the least obstacle or illness is "killing" them.

In their own minds, they are simply indicating a diminution of vital force, in which sense their expression is reasonable and sensible enough. In their languages, too, are words like "*kufwa*" and "*fukwididila,*" indicating the progressing stages of loss of force, of vitality, and the superlative of which signifies total paralysis of the power to live. It is quite erroneous for us to translate these words by "to die" and "to die entirely."

## General Laws of Vital Causality, pg. 67

After what we have said upon the question of "force-beings" grouped in respect of their natures, of intensity of life class by class, and of the precedence according to primogeniture, it will be now clear that, among clan peoples, the universe of forces that are organically constructed in what we can call an ontological hierarchy. The interaction of forces and the exercise of vital influence occurs, in fact, according to determined laws. The Bantu universe is not a chaotic tangle of unordered forces blindly struggling with one another. Nor must we believe that this theory of forces is the incoherent product of a savage imagination, or that the action of the same force can be now propitious and now pernicious, without a determining power to justify the fact. Doubtless there are force influences acting in this unforeseeable manner, but this assertion does not allow the conclusion that action occurs in a manner scientifically unpredictable, in a totally irrational mode. When a motorcar breaks down, one can say that this event was not determined in advance by what constitutes the essential nature of a motor-car, but we do not on that account believe ourselves obliged to deny the correctness and validity of the laws of mechanics. On the contrary, the breakdown itself can be explained only by adequate application of these very laws. The same is true of the laws of the interaction of forces. There are possible and necessary actions, other influences, which are metaphysically impossible by reason of the nature of the forces in question. The possible causal factors in life can be formulated in certain metaphysical, universal, immutable and stable laws. These laws can, I think, be set out as follows:

**RULE I.** Man (living or deceased) can directly reinforce or diminish the being of another man.

**RULE II.** The vital human force can directly influence inferior force-beings (animal, vegetable, or mineral) in their being itself.

**RULE III.** A rational being (spirit, manes, or being) can act indirectly upon another rational being by communicating his vital influence to an inferior force (animal, vegetable, or mineral) through the intermediary of which it influences the rational being. This influence will also have the character of a necessarily effective action, save only when the object is inherently the stronger force, or is reinforced by the influence of some third party, or preserves himself by recourse to inferior forces exceeding those which his enemy is employing.

**Note:** Certain authors claim that inanimate beings, stones, rocks, or plants and trees are called by the Bantu "bwanga" as exercising their vital influence on all that comes near them. If this were authenticated, it would open the question: "do lower forces act by themselves upon higher forces?" Some authors say that they do. For my part, I have never met any African who would accept this hypothesis. A priori, such an occurrence would seem to me to contradict the general principles of the theory of forces. In Bantu metaphysics the lower force is excluded from exercising by its own initiative any vital action upon a higher force. Besides, in giving their examples, these authors ought to recognize that often a living influence has been at work, for example, that of the manes. Likewise, certain natural phenomena, rocks, waterfalls, big trees, can be considered -and are considered by the Bantu- as manifestations of divine power; they can also be the sign, the manifestation, the habitat of a spirit. It seems to me that such should be the explanation of the apparent influences of lower forces on the higher force of man. Those lower beings do not exercise their influence of themselves, but through the vital energy of a higher force acting as cause. Such an explanation accords in all cases with Bantu metaphysics. Such manifestations belong to the third law enunciated above.

### Loneliness, pg. 103

Just as Bantu ontology is opposed to the European concept of individuated things, existing in themselves, isolated from others, so Bantu psychology cannot conceive of man as an individual, as a force existing by itself and apart from its ontological relationships with other living beings and from its connection with animals or inanimate forces around it.

The Bantu cannot be a lone being. It is not a good enough synonym for that to say that he is a social being. No; he feels and knows himself to be a vital force, at this very time to be in intimate-and personal relationship with other forces, acting above him and below him in the hierarchy of forces. He knows himself to be a vital force, even now influencing some forces, and being influenced, by others.

### Ancestors, pg. 64

The Created Universe is centered on man. The present human generation living on earth is the center of all humanity, including the world of the dead.

The Jews had no precise views of the beyond, nothing more than that of compensation in the future life for earthly merit. The idea of bliss became known to them a short time only before the coming of Christ. "Sheol" was a desolate region; and sojourning there seemed a gloomy business, offering little enough to attract those who had the good fortune to be still living on earth.

In the minds of the Bantu, the dead also live; but theirs is a diminished life, with reduced vital energy. This seems to be the conception of the Bantu when they speak of the dead in general, superficially and in regard to the external things of life. When

they consider the inner reality of being, they admit that deceased ancestors have not lost their superior reinforcing influence; and that the dead in general have acquired a greater knowledge of life and of vital or natural force. Such deeper knowledge as they have in fact been able to learn concerning vital and natural forces they use only to strengthen the life of man on Earth. The same is true of their superior force by reason of primogeniture, which can be employed only to reinforce their living posterity. The dead forbear who can no longer maintain active relationships with those on earth is "completely dead," as Africans say. They mean that this individual vital force, already diminished by decease, has reached a zero diminution of energy, which becomes completely static through lack of faculty to employ its vital influence on behalf of the living. This is held to be the worst of disasters for the dead themselves. The spirits of the dead ("manes") seek to enter into contact with the living and to continue living function upon earth.

### The unconscious, evil vital influence, pg. 131

Those who have lived among Bantu have given striking illustrations of cases in which one finds himself accused of "excising a pernicious influence and is condemned by reason of the illness or death of another, without his being convicted of fault, or even of any wicked intention. Often the elements of proof are entirely lacking and the miscarriage of justice is palpable to an European witness. And yet it is said that the accused, after making a feeble defense, submits, to the declarations and decisions of diviners or ordeals, or to the sentence of elders and wise men; and he accepts the penalties which are inflicted. Such facts are incomprehensible to the minds of European jurists. I believe that I have found an adequate explanation in Bantu philosophy.

The vital forces are under the governance of God, without human intervention. The hierarchy of forces is an ontological order, founded in the nature of being, not depending only on external agreements and on external meddling. All forces are in relationships of intimate interdependence; vital influence is possible from being to being without recourse to external intermediaries. The vital forces, moreover, are not quantitative, mathematical values, nor are they static qualitative values definable by philosophy. They are active forces not distinct from the being itself, which function not only in themselves and on themselves; but forces whose actions can pulsate through the whole universe of forces, to whatever extent they are in vital relationships with them.

Such vital influence is possible from man to man: it is indeed necessarily effective as between the progenitor, a superior vital force and his progeny-an inferior force. This interaction does not occur only when the recipient object is endowed, in respect of the endowing subject, with a superior force, which he may achieve off himself, or by some vital external influence, or (especially) by the action of God.

### What evil demands restitution? pg. 144

Since, in the minds of Bantu, the worst eviland, indeed, the only real injustice is the harm done to the vital force, it should be at least, surprising that they should measure exactly the amount of restitution by the *lex talionis*, an eye for an eye. The exact restitution of an object stolen, or the drawing of a tariff of damages, can in no wise be founded upon their conception of life as centered in man. How can they hope to measure good and evil done to man by, criteria which are external to him? From their point of view this overlooks the essential point; the re-

establishment of the ontological order and of the vital forces that have been disturbed. Even when the restitution takes the form of a transfer of natural goods it is considered as part of the re-establishment of life; or, rather, as being a re-establishment of life.

Besides and beyond economic damages, the "*bisan-so*" the sorrow or the wrong done to the Man, constitutes the right to reparation. The man, wounded during his Peaceful enjoyment of life, in the fullness of his vital force, the wholeness of his life, has a right to restoration of being. Material indemnities have no other significance than that of achieving the restoration of the man.

## Conclusion, pg. 78

If one desired to ridicule this philosophy or to give a childish caricature of it, objecting that its concepts do not rest upon the discipline of rigorous scientific experience, it would be as well to take care not to commit oneself to arguments more ridiculous than the pretended stupidity of these primitive peoples themselves.

Is our philosophy based upon scientific experiment? Does depend upon chemical analysis on mechanics or on anatomy? Natural sciences can no more refute a system of philosophy than they can create one. Our elders used to possess a systematized philosophy which the most advanced modern sciences have not broken down. Moreover, our ancestors came by their knowledge of being at a time when their experimental scientific knowledge was very poor and defective, if not totally erroneous. The tool of empirical science is sense experience of visible realities, while philosophy goes off into intellectual contemplation of general realities concerning the invisible nature of beings. But no instrument exists for measuring the soul, though this fact does not exclude the possibility that experiences may occur in order to furnish intelligence with reasonable proof of the existence of the spiritual principle in life. It is the intellect that creates science. Indeed the experiments of the natural sciences, as also the generalizations of the philosopher ought to-be made methodically and with discernment and analyzed in accordance with sound logical reasoning. This presupposes that one does not question the objective worth of intellectual knowledge. Happily, primitive peoples are no more tortured with doubt than our *subevolues* or human reasoning.

# The Book of the Jedi

Words by George Lucas and Co.

Typed up by Chris A. Johnson

Edited by Michael Scharding

Obviously, distribution of this is against the copyright law, so be careful not to charge money for it. Every time I now watch the Star Wars series I note deeper and deeper religious symbology impregnating it. As you've read in the Bantu Philosophy introduction, now apply what you have learned towards this text. LOOK for possible parallels and connections. On later read-throughs, try searching for Taoist, Buddhist and Confucian parallels, they're really in there. By understanding common themes amongst religious systems, one gains a greater appreciation of their vital differences. I suspect that by understanding the unique points on one's faith, one is strengthened in resolve to hold to that faith; and one also acknowledges areas that are further elaborated in other religions.

I consider this book to be a religious text in and of itself. Enjoy!

## STAR WARS

(On Tatoine, at Luke's Home)

**Aunt Roe:** Luke is not much of a farmer, he's got too much of his father in him.

**Uncle Owen:** I know.

(In Ben's home)

**Ben:** Owen disagreed with your father's ethics and would not have gotten involved. He was the best star fighter in the galaxy and a cunning warrior... and my friend. I have something for you. Your father wanted you to have it when you were old enough. Your uncle wouldn't allow it. He feared you would go off with Obi Wan on a suicidal adventure. It is a light saber. It is the weapon of a Jedi, not clumsy like a blaster or a laser, an elegant weapon from a more civilized era. For over a 1000 generations they were guardians of the civilization before the Dark Times when the empire hunted down the Jedi...Now the Jedi are all but extinct. Vader was seduced by the Dark Side of the Force. He betrayed and murdered your father.

**Luke:** The Force?

**Ben:** Now, the Force is what gives the Jedi his power. It's an energy field created by all living things; it surrounds us, it penetrates us, it binds the galaxy together.

**Ben:** Learn about the Force, Luke.

**Luke:** I want to learn the ways of the force and be like my father.

**Ben:** You must do what you feel is right.

(In the Death Star's Meeting Room)

**Admiral Motti:** This station is now the ultimate power in the universe. I suggest we use it.

**Vader:** Don't be too proud of this technological terror you've constructed. The ability to destroy a planet is insignificant next to the power of the Force.

**Admiral Motti:** Don't try to frighten us with your sorcerer's ways, Lord Vader. Your sad devotion to that ancient

religion has not helped you conjure up the stolen data tapes, nor given you clairvoyance enough to find the Rebels' hidden fort(Vader chokes him through the Force)

**Vader:** I find your lack of faith disturbing.

(on the streets of Mas Eislely)

**Stormtrooper:** How long have you had these droids?

**Luke:** About three or four seasons.

**Ben:** They're up for sale if you want them.

**Stormtrooper:** Let me see your identification.

**Ben:** You don't need to see his identification.

**Stormtrooper:** We don't need to see his identification.

**Ben:** These aren't the droids you're looking for.

**Stormtrooper:** These aren't the droids we're looking for.

**Ben:** He can go about his business.

**Stormtrooper:** You can go about your business.

**Ben:** Move along.

**Ben:** Move along. Move along.

(They continue to the tavern. A Jawa appears and covets Luke's speeder.)

**C3PO:** I can't abide those Jawasdisgusting creatures.

**Luke:** (To Jawa) Go on, go on. (To Ben) I can't understand how we got by those troops. I thought we were dead.

**Ben:** The Force. It has a strong influence on the weak-minded.

(En route to Alderaan. Luke fighting a target remote.)

**Ben:** Remember, a Jedi can feel the force flowing through him.

**Luke:** You mean it controls your actions?

**Ben:** Partially. But it also obeys your commands.

(The remote hits Luke with a stinger blast in the seat of the pants.)

**Han:** Hokey religions and ancient weapons are no match for a good blaster at your side, kid.

**Luke:** (Deactivates lightsaber) You don't believe in the Force, do you?

**Han:** Kid, I've flown from one side of this galaxy to the other and I've seen a lot of strange stuff,-but I've never seen anything to make me believe there's one all-powerful Force controlling everything. There's no mystical energy field that controls my destiny. It's all a lot of simple tricks and nonsense.

**Ben:** (takes flight helmet from wall) I suggest you try it again, Luke. This time, let go your conscious self and act on instinct. (Places helmet on Luke's head.)

**Luke:** But, with the blast shield down I can't even see! How am I supposed to fight?

**Ben:** Your eyes can deceive you. Don't trust them. (Luke reactivates his lightsaber. Remote fires, hits his leg.) Stretch out with your feelings. (Luke blocks three blasts from the remote.) You see? You can do it. (Luke deactivates lightsaber, removes helmet.)

**Han:** I'd call it luck.

**Ben:** In my experience, there's no such thing as luck.

**Han:** Look, good against remotes is one thing... Good against a living that's something else. (Console beeps) Looks like we're coming up on Alderaan. (Han and Chewbacca exit.)

**Luke:** You know, I did feel something. I could almost see the remote.

**Ben:** That's good. You've taken your first step into a larger world.

(After the planet blows up, Ben faints)

**Luke:** Are you all right?

**Ben:** I felt a great disturbance in the Force, as if millions of voices cried out in Terror.

(In the hanger.)

**Imperial Commander:** There's no one on board, sir. According to the log, the crew abandoned ship just after takeoff. It must be a decoy, sir. Several of the escape pods have been jettisoned.

**Vader:** Did you find any droids?

**Imperial Commander:** No sir. If there were any on board, they must also have jettisoned.

**Vader:** Send a scanning crew on board. I want every part of this ship checked.

**Imperial Commander:** Yes sir.

**Vader:** I sense something, a presence I've not felt since....

(In the control room.)

**Luke:** I wanna go with you.

**Ben:** Be patient, Luke, stay and watch over the droids.

**Luke:** But he can

**Ben:** They must be delivered safely or other star systems will suffer the same fate as Alderaan. Your destiny lies along a different path from mine. (opens door) The Force will be with you. Always.

(In the meeting room)

**Vader:** He is here.

**Tarkin:** obi-Wan Kenobi? What makes you think so?

**Vader:** A tremor in the Force. The last time I felt it was in the presence of my old master.

**Tarkin:** Surely he must be dead by now.

**Vader:** Don't underestimate the Force.

**Tarkin:** The Jedi are extinct; their fire has gone out of the universe. (Comlink buzzes.) You, my friend, are all that's left of their religion. (Answering comlink) Yes?

**Commander:** We have an emergency alert in detention block AA-23.

**Tarkin:** The Princess? Put all sections on alert.

**Vader:** Obi-Wan is here. The Force is with him.

**Tarkin:** If you're right, he must not be allowed to escape.

**Vader:** Escape is not his plan. I must face him alone.

(Ben uses Force to distract soldiers.)

(The duel)

**Vader:** I've been waiting for you, Obi-Wan. We meet again at last. The circle is now complete. When I left you, I was but the learner. Now I am the master.

**Ben:** Only a master of evil, Darth. (They fight)

**Vader:** Your powers are weak, old man.

**Ben:** You can't win, Darth. If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine. (They fight)

**Vader:** You should not have come back. (The fight continues. Vader strikes down Ben. Ben's cloak falls to the ground, empty.)

**Luke:** No! (Stormtroopers turn from covering Vader and attack Luke & co.) Han, Leia, and Artoo urge Luketo get in the ship. Vader prods Ben's cloak with his foot.)

**Han:** Blast the door, kid! (and Vader and stormtrooper reinforcements are cut off from the hanger bay.)

**Ben:** Run Luke, run!

(At the Rebel briefing)

**Dodanna:** Then man your ships. And may the Force be with you.

(In the Rebel hanger)

**Luke:** ...Take care of yourself, Han. I guess that's what you're best at, isn't it?

**Han:** Hey, Luke. May the Force be with you.

(As Luke takes off)

**Ben:** Luke, the Force will be with you.

(During the battle)

**Ben:** Luke, trust your feelings. (Luke does a nice strafing run.)

(In the trench Luke activates his targeting computer.)

**Ben:** Use the Force, LUKE. (Luke looks away from the computer) Let go, LUKE.

**Vader:** The Force is strong in this one.

**Ben:** Luke, trust me. (Luke deactivates the targeting computer)

(Later, Luke destroys the Death Star without aid of the computer. But you knew that.)

(After the battle)

**Ben:** Remember, the Force will be with you. Always.

## THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

(In the Wampa ice cave, Luke uses the Force to pull his lightsaber from the snow into his hand and slice off the Wampa's hand.)

(In snowstorm.)

**Ben:** LUKE. Luke!

**Luke:** Ben?

**Ben:** You will go to the Dagobah system.

**Luke:** Dagoba?

**Ben:** There you will learn from Yoda, the Jedi Master who instructed me.

(When the Imperial Starfleet comes out of lightspeed too close to Hoth and the Rebels activate their energy shield, Vader chokes Admiral Ozzel through the Force from a completely different room and thereby promotes Captain Piett to Admiral.)

(on the Super Star Destroyer)

**Star Destroyer Captain #2:** ...And that, Lord Vader, was the last time they appeared on any of our scopes. Considering the amount of damage we've sustained, they must have been destroyed.

**Vader:** No, Captain, they're alive., I want every ship available to sweep the

asteroid field until they are found.

**Piett:** Lord Vader!

**Vader:** Yes, Admiral, what is it?

**Piett:** The Emperor commands you to make contact with him.

**Vader:** Move the ship away from the asteroid field so that we can send a clear transmission. (In Vader's chamber) What is thy bidding, my Master?

**Emperor:** There is a great disturbance in the Force.

**Vader:** I have felt it.

**Emperor:** We have a new enemy: Luke Skywalker.

**Vader:** Yes, my Master.

**Emperor:** He could destroy us.

**Vader:** He's just a boy. Obi-Wan can no longer help him.

**Emperor:** The Force is strong in him. The son of Skywalker must not become a Jedi.

**Vader:** If he could be turned, he would be a powerful ally.

**Emperor:** Yes ... yes. He would be! Can it be done?

**Vader:** He will join us or die, Master.

(On Dagobah)

**Yoda:** Why are you here?

**Luke:** I'm looking for a someone.

**Yoda:** Help you I can!

**Luke:** I don't think so, I'm looking for a great warrior.

**Yoda:** Great Warrior?

**Luke:** I'm looking for a Jedi Master.

**Yoda:** Jedi Master, you are looking for. Come, I'll show you.

(In Yoda's home)

**Yoda:** Why do you want Yoda?

**Luke:** I want to be a Jedi, like my father.

**Yoda:** Your father, a powerful Jedi, powerful Jedi he was.

**Luke:** You knew my father?

**Yoda:** I cannot teach him. The boy has no patience.

**Ben's Voice:** He will learn patience.



**Yoda:** Much anger in him. Like his father.

**Ben's Voice:** Was I any different when you taught me?

**Luke:** Yoda... I ... I am ready! Ben! Ben, I can be a Jedi! Ben, tell him I'm re (bumps his head on the ceiling)

**Yoda:** Ready are you? What know you of ready? For eight hundred years have I trained Jedi! My own council will I keep on who is to be trained! A Jedi must have the deepest commitment, the most serious mind. This one, along time have I watched. All his life has he looked away: to the future, to the horizon. Never his mind on where he was, mm? What he was doing. Mm. Adventure. Heh! Excitement. Heh! (pokes Luke) A Jedi craves not these things. You are reckless!

**Ben:** So was I, if you remember.

**Yoda:** He is too old. Yes. Too old to begin the training.

**Luke:** But I've learned so much.

**Yoda:** Will he finish what he begins?

**Luke:** I won't fail you. I'm not afraid.

**Yoda:** You will be. You will be.

(Luke's training I. Luke runs through the swamps with Yoda on his back.)

**Yoda:** Run! Yes! Yes! A Jedi's strength flows from the Force! But beware of the Dark Side. Anger, fear, aggression: the Dark Side are they! Easily they flow, quick to join you in a fight. If once you start down the dark path, forever will it dominate your destiny, consume you it will! As it did Obi-Wan's apprentice.

**Luke:** (Stops, panting.) Vader. Is the Dark Side stronger?

**Yoda:** No! No. No. Quicker, easier, more seductive.

**Luke:** Then how am I to know the good side from the bad?

**Yoda:** You will know! When you are calm. At peace! Passive. A Jedi uses the Force for knowledge and defense. Never for attack.

**Luke:** But tell me why I can't

**Yoda:** No, no, there is no why! Nothing more will I teach you today. Clear your mind of questions. Mmmm. Mmm.

**Luke:** (Sets Yoda down, puts on jacket.) There's something not right here. I feel cold... death.

**Yoda:** That place (indicates cave) is strong with the Dark side of the Force. A domain of evil it is. In you must go.

**Luke:** What's in there?

**Yoda:** only what you, take with you. (Luke takes his weapons.) Your weapons you will not need them. (Luke ignores him. He enters the cave and fights a slow-motion battle with Darth Vader, who he beheads. Vader's mask explodes, revealing the face beneath: Luke's own.)

(Luke's training II. He is standing on one hand with Yoda perched on his foot.)

**Yoda:** Good, yes. Feel the Force flow! Yes! Now: the stone. (Luke lifts a stone through the Force.) Feel it. (Artoo notices the sinking X-Wing. His whistling breaks Luke's concentration.) Concentraaaaaate! (Luke and Yoda fall.)

**Luke:** (Looking at X-Wing) Oh no. We'll never get it out now!

**Yoda:** So certain are you? Always with you it cannot be done. Hear you nothing that I say?

**Luke:** Master, moving stones around is one thing. This is totally different!

**Yoda:** No! No different! only different in your mind. You must unlearn what you have learned.

**Luke:** All right, I'll give it a try.

**Yoda:** No! Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try. (Luke raises the X-Wing a bit, then drops it. It sinks completely.)

**Luke:** I can't. It's too big.

**Yoda:** Size matters not. Look at me. Judge me by my size, do you? (Luke shakes his head) Hum. And well you should not. For my ally is the Force, and a powerful ally it is. Life creates it, makes it grow. Its energy surrounds us, and binds us. Luminous beings are we, not this crude matter. (Pinches Luke's shoulder) You must feel the Force around you: here, between you, me, between the rock, everywhere! Yes! Even between land and ship.

**Luke:** You work the impossible. (Luke sulks. Yoda raises the ship and deposits it on the shore. Luke is incredulous.)

**Luke:** I don't! I don't believe it!

**Yoda:** That is why you fail.

(Vader chokes captain Needa through the Force for loosing the Falcon.)

(Luke's training III. Luke standing on his hands with two boxes levitated.)

**Yoda:** Concentrate! Feel the Force flow! Yes! (Luke levitates Artoo.) Good, calm. Through the Force, things you will see. Other places, the future, the past, old friends long gone.

**Luke:** Han? Leia! (He drops the boxes and Artoo and falls.)

**Yoda:** Hmm. Control, control, you must learn control!

**Luke:** I... I saw a city in the clouds!

**Yoda:** Mmm. Friends you have there.

**Luke:** They were in pain.

**Yoda:** It is the future you see.

**Luke:** The future? Will they die?

**Yoda:** Difficult to see. Always in motion is the future.

**Luke:** I've got to go to them.

**Yoda:** Decide you must how to serve them best. If you leave now, help them you could, but... you would destroy all for which they have fought and suffered.

(On Cloud City, in the dining room, Vader blocks Han's laser bolts with his hand and pulls Han's gun across the table through the Force.)

(Luke's departure from Dagobah)

**Yoda:** Luke, you must complete the training!

**Luke:** I can't get this vision out of my head. They're my friends, I've got to help them!

**Yoda:** You must not go!

**Luke:** But Han and Leia will die if I don't!

**Ben:** You don't know that. (Apparition of Ben appears) Even Yoda cannot see their fate.

**Luke:** But I can help them! I feel the Force.

**Ben:** But you cannot control it. This is a dangerous time for you, when you will be tempted by the Dark Side of the Force.

**Yoda:** Yes, yes, to Obi-Wan you listen! The cave, remember your failure at the cave!

**Luke:** But I've learned so much since then! Master Yoda, I promise to return and finish what I've begun! You have my word!

**Ben:** It is you and your abilities the Emperor wants. That is why your friends are made to suffer.

**Luke:** That's why I have to go..

**Ben:** Luke, I don't want to lose you to the Emperor the way I lost Vader.

**Luke:** You won't.

**Yoda:** Stopped he must be. On this all depends. Only a fully trained Jedi Knight, with the Force as his ally, will conquer Vader and his Emperor. If you end your training now, if you choose the quick and easy paths Vader did, you will become an agent of evil.

**Ben:** Patience!

**Luke:** And sacrifice Han and Leia?

**Yoda:** If you honor what they fight for... yes.

**Ben:** If you choose to face Vader, you will do it alone. I cannot interfere.

**Luke:** I understand. Artoo? Fire up the converters. (Luke enters the X-Wing.)

**Ben:** Luke! Don't give into hate. That leads to the Dark Side!

**Yoda:** Strong is Vader! Mind what you have learned, save you it can!

**Luke:** I will! And I'll return. I promise. (Luke takes off)

**Yoda:** Told you I did. Reckless is he. Now, matters are worse.

**Ben:** That boy is our last

**Yoda:** No. There is another.

(After Han is frozen in carbonite)

**Imperial Commander:** Skywalker has just landed, my Lord.

**Vader:** See to it that he finds his way in here. (Lando attempts to take Leia by the arm, but Chewie snarls at him.) Calrissian, take the Princess and the Wookiee to my ship.

**Lando:** You said they'd be left in the city under my supervision!

**Vader:** I am altering the deal. Pray I don't alter it any further. (Vader chokes Lando for a brief instant. Lando's hand goes to his throat. This one is taken from the novelization, but in the film Lando's hand does go to his throat. Sort of.)

(The duel I. Luke holsters his blaster. The lights come up, Vader's breathing is heard.),

**Vader:** The Force is with you, young Skywalker, but you are not a Jedi yet. (Luke ascends the steps and they duel.)

(The duel II)

**Vader:** You have learned much, young one.

**Luke:** You'll find out I'm full of surprises. (They exchange blows. Vader knocks Luke's saber from his hand and it falls to the floor below. Vader swings at Luke, Luke rolls down the stairs. Vader leaps, and lands between Luke and his lightsaber.)

**Vader:** Your future lies with me, Skywalker. Obi-Wan knew this to be true.

**Luke:** No. (He is backing towards the pit. Vader lunges Luke falls in.)

**Vader:** All too easy. (He turns on the carbonite switch with the Force. Luke leaps from the chamber and climbs the pipes above. Vader doesn't notice.) Perhaps you are not as strong as the Emperor thought. (A clang comes from above. Vader sees Luke) Impressive. (He slices a hose. Steam spews out.) Most impressive. (Luke drops and aims the broken pipe at Vader.) Oomph! (Luke picks up his lightsaber with the Force and blocks Vader's next swing with it.) Obi-Wan has taught you well. You have controlled your fear. (They exchange blows.) Now, release your anger. Only your hatred can destroy me.

(They fight. Luke drives Vader off the side of the chamber. Luke deactivates his lightsaber and follows. He enters a connecting tunnel, then the Control Room. Vader appears. Rather than fight, he sends large machinery hurtling at Luke. When Luke blocks the machinery, Vader attacks. Then Vader simply hurtles the machinery at Luke, who can't block it all. One piece breaks the large window, causing a pressure difference which pulls Luke out. He catches a catwalk and pulls himself up.)

**Vader:** Trust your feelings, I'm your Father!

**Luke:** (Luke wines) No, that can't be! That's Impossible!

(Beneath the city, Luke calls first for Ben and then for Leia, who hears his call. As they attempt to escape)

**Vader's Voice:** Luke

**Luke:** Father.

**Vader's Voice:** Son, come with me.

**Luke:** Ben, why didn't you tell me? (Luke gets up and goes to the cockpit.)

**Lando:** Chewie! (Chewie bashes his tool against the ship.)

**Luke:** It's Vader.

**Vader's Voice:** Luke, it is your destiny.

**Luke:** Ben, why didn't you tell me?

(Aboard the medical frigate)

**Luke:** Chewie, I'll be waiting for your signal. Take care, you two. And may the Force be with you.

## THE RETURN OF THE JEDI

(Luke in Jabba's palace. He chokes the guards a la Vader to get past them. He plays with Bib Fortuna's mind like Ben did to the stormtroopers. He also attempts to use his

mind powers on Jabba, but they are ineffective. In the book, he leaps to the grate above the rancor and swings around up there out of reach, but the scene was cut from the movie.)

(Luke makes extensive use of the Force in fighting Jabba's guards. Leia also uses it to choke Jabba.)

(The Emperor's arrival)

**Emperor:** Rise, my friend.

**Vader:** The Death Star will be completed on schedule, my Master.

**Emperor:** You have done well, Lord Vader. And now, I sense you wish to continue your search for young Skywalker.

**Vader:** Yes, my Master.

**Emperor:** Patience, My friend. In time, he will seek you out, and when he does, you will bring him before me. Only together can we turn him to the Dark Side of the Force.

**Vader:** Yes, My Master.

**Emperor:** Everything is proceeding as I have foreseen.

(Yoda's farewell)

**Yoda:** That face you make. Look I so old to young eyes?

**Luke:** No. of course not.

**Yoda:** I do. Yes I do. Sicker I've become. Yes. Old and weak. When nine hundred years old you reach, look as good you will not. Hmm? (Chuckles, then coughs.) Soon will I rest. Yes. Forever sleep. Earned it I have.

**Luke:** Master Yoda, you can't die!

**Yoda:** Strong am I with the Force, but not that strong. Twilight is upon me, and soon night must fall. That is the way of things. The way of the Force.

**Luke:** But I need your help. I've come back to complete the training.

**Yoda:** No more training do you require. Already know you thatwhich you need.

**Luke:** Then I am a Jedi.

**Yoda:** Oh! Not yet. One thing remains. Vader. You must confront Vader. Then, only then, a Jedi will you be. And confront him you will.

**Luke:** Master Yoda, is Darth Vader my father?

**Yoda:** A rest I need. Yes. Rest.

**Luke:** Yoda, I must know.

**Yoda:** Your father he is. Told you, did he?

**Luke:** Yes.

**Yoda:** Unexpected is this, and unfortunate.

**Luke:** Unfortunate that I know the truth?

**Yoda:** No! Unfortunate that you rushed to face him! That incomplete was your training! That not ready for the burden were you.

**Luke:** I'm sorry.

**Yoda:** Remember, a Jedi's strength flows from the Force. But beware: anger, fear, aggression: the Dark Side are they. If once you start down the Dark path, forever will it

dominate your destiny! Luke.. do not... do not underestimate the powers of the Emperor, or suffer your father's fate you will. Luke... when gone am I, the last of the Jedi will you be. Luke! The Force runs strong in your family. Pass on what you have... learned... Luke... there, is... anoth..er... Sk... Sky... walk... er... (Yoda dies.)

(Luke uses the Force to remember who the heck his sister was.)

(When the strike team is attempting to get past the security shield of the Death Star, Luke and Vader sense each others presence.)

(Luke uses the Force to levitate Threepio and thereby convince the Ewoks to join them.)

**Luke:** The Force is strong in my family. My father has it... I have it... and... my sister has it.

(Luke and Vader meet)

**Vader:** The Emperor has been expecting you.

**Luke:** I know, father.

**Vader:** So, you have accepted the truth.

**Luke:** I have accepted the truth that you were once Anakin Skywalker, my father.

**Vader:** That name no longer has any meaning for me.

**Luke:** It is the name of your true self, you've only forgotten. There is good in you. The Emperor hasn't driven it from you fully. That was why you couldn't bring yourself to kill me before. That's why you won't bring me to your Emperor now.

**Vader:** I see you have constructed a new lightsaber. Impressive. Your skills are complete. Indeed you are powerful, as the Emperor has foreseen.

**Luke:** Come with me.

**Vader:** Obi-Wan once thought as you do. You don't know the power of the Dark Side. I must obey my Master.

**Luke:** I will not turn, and you'll be forced to kill me.

**Vader:** If that is your destiny.

**Luke:** Search your feelings, father. You can't do this. I feel the conflict within you, let go of your hate!

**Vader:** It is too late for me, son. The Emperor will show you the true nature of the Force. He is your master now.

**Luke:** Then my father is truly dead.

(Emperor's throne room I)

**Emperor:** Welcome, young Skywalker. I have been expecting you. You no longer need those. (He motions to Luke's binders. They fall to the ground.) Guards, leave us. I am looking forward to completing your training. In time, you will call me Master.

**Luke:** You're gravely mistaken. You won't convert me as you did my father.

**Emperor:** oh no, my young apprentice. You will find that it is you who are mistaken. About a great many things.

**Vader:** His lightsaber. (Hands it, butt first, to the Emperor.)

**Emperor:** Ah yes. A Jedi's weapon. Much like your father's. By now you must know that your father can never be turned from the Dark side. so will it be with you.

**Luke:** You're wrong. Soon I'll be dead, and you with me.

**Emperor:** Perhaps you refer to the imminent attack of your Rebel fleet. Ah yes, I assure you, we are quite safe from your friends here.

**Luke:** Your overconfidence is your weakness.

**Emperor:** Your faith in your friends is yours.

**Vader:** It is pointless to resist, my son.

**Emperor:** Everything that has transpired has done so according to my design. Your friends, out there on the sanctuary moon, are walking into a trap, as is your Rebel fleet. It was I who allowed the Alliance to know the location of the shield generator. It is quite safe from your pitiful little band. An entire legion of my best troops awaits them. Oh, I'm afraid the deflector shield will be quite operational when your friends arrive.

(Space battle. The Rebel fleet roars from hyperspace. All wings report in.)

**Wedge:** Lock s-foils in attack position.

**Admiral Ackbar:** May the Force be with us.

(Emperor's throne room II)

**Emperor:** Come, boy, see for yourself. From here you will witness the final destruction of the Alliance, and the end of your insignificant Rebellion. (Touches lightsaber) You want this, don't you. The hate is swelling in you now. Take your Jedi weapon. Use it. Strike me down with it. Give in to your anger. With each passing moment you make yourself more my servant.

**Luke:** No.

**Emperor:** It is unavoidable. It is your destiny. You, like your father, are now... mine.

(Emperor's throne room III)

**Emperor:** Your fleet is lost, and your friends on the Endor moon will not survive. The Alliance will die, as will your friends. Good... I can feel your anger. I am defenseless. Take your Jedi weapon. Use it. Strike me down with all of your hatred, and your journey towards the Dark side will be complete! (Luke takes his sword through the Force, ignites it, and swings. Vader blocks the blow. Emperor laughs.)

(Emperor's throne room IV)

(Luke and Vader duel. Luke kicks Vader down the stairs (reminiscent of the falling down stairs bit in the previous film].)

**Emperor:** (laughs.) Use your aggressive feelings, boy! Let the hate flow through you. (Luke deactivates his lightsaber.)

**Vader:** obi-Wan... has taught you well.

**Luke:** I will not fight you, father. (Vader climbs the steps. Luke backs away.)

**Vader:** You are unwise to lower your defenses! (Luke reactivates his lightsaber to defend himself. They exchange blows. Luke jumps into a control booth and deactivates his lightsaber. He then flips up onto a catwalk.)

**Luke:** Your thoughts betray you, father. I feel the good in you, the conflict.

**Vader:** There is no conflict.

**Luke:** You couldn't bring yourself to kill me before and I don't believe you'll destroy me now.

**Vader:** You underestimate the power of the Dark Side. If you will not fight, then you will meet your destiny. (Throws his sword, which causes catwalk to fall. Luke slides down below the throne room. Vader follows.)

**Emperor:** (laughing.) Good. Good!

(Emperor's throne room V)

(Vader searching for Luke beneath the throne room)

**Vader:** You cannot hide forever, Luke

**Luke:** I will not fight you.

**Vader:** Give yourself to the Dark Side. It is the only way you can save your friends. Yes! Your thoughts betray you. Your feelings for them are strong, especially for... sister! So, you have a twin sister! Your feelings have now betrayed her, too! Obi-Wan was wise to hide her from me. Now, his failure is complete. If you will not turn to the Dark Side, then perhaps she will.

**Luke:** NEVER! (Attacks Vader, beats him back. Knocks him to his knees, slices his right hand off.)

**Emperor:** Good! Your hate has made you powerful. Now, fulfill your destiny, and take your father's place at my side.

**Luke:** (looks at his mechanical hand, then to Vader's severed mechanical one.) Never. (Deactivates lightsaber and throws it away.) I'll never turn to the Dark Side. You've failed, your Highness. I'm a Jedi, like my father before me.

**Emperor:** So be it, Jedi.

(Emperor's throne room VI)

**Emperor:** If you will not be turned, you will be destroyed. (Hits Luke with lightning. Vader stands by his Master.) Young fool. Only now, at the end, do you understand. (Hits Luke with lightning.) Your feeble skills are no match for the power of the Dark Side. (Hits Luke with lightning.) You have paid the price for your lack of vision. (Hits Luke with lightning.)

**Luke:** (Screams, including:) Father, help me!

**Emperor:** Now, young Skywalker, you will die. (Hits Luke with lightning.)

**Luke:** (Screams, including:) Father!

(Vader grabs Emperor and throws him into a pit. Luke pulls Vader away from the pit.)

(Vader, unmasked)

**Anakin Skywalker:** Now go, my son. Leave me.

**Luke:** No. I'll not leave you here, I've got to save you.

**Anakin Skywalker:** You already have, Luke

(On the Ewok Planet)

**Ben:** The Force will always be with you, young Skywalker.

# The Nightingale

as written by Hans Christian Andersen

In China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all whom he has about him are Chinamen too. It happened a good many years ago, but that's just why it's worthwhile to hear the story, before it is forgotten. The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world; it was made entirely of porcelain, very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how one touched it. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the costliest of them silver bells were tied, which sounded, so that nobody should pass by without noticing the flowers.

Yes, everything in the Emperor's garden was admirably arranged. And it extended so far, that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep; great ships could sail to and fro beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor Fisherman, who had many other things to do, stopped still and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets, and heard the Nightingale.

"How beautiful that is!" he said; but he was obliged to attend to his property, and thus forgot the bird. But when in the next night the bird sang again, and the Fisherman heard it, he exclaimed again, "How beautiful that is!"

From all the countries of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor and admired it, and the palace, and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

And the travelers told of it when they came home; and the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale; that was placed highest of all; and those who were poets wrote most magnificent poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

The books went through all the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read: every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to peruse the masterly descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all!"—it stood written there.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I've never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And hereupon he called his Cavalier. This Cavalier was so grand that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "P!"—and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale!" said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the Cavalier. "He has never been introduced at court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I possess, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the Cavalier, "I will seek for him. I will find him."

But where was he to be found? The Cavalier ran up and down all the staircases, through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard talk of the Nightingale. And the Cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and said that it must be a fable invented by the writers of books.

"Your Imperial Majesty cannot believe how much is written that is fiction, besides something that they call the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be a falsehood. I will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favor; and if it does not come, all the court shall be trampled upon after the court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe" said the Cavalier; and again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

Then there was a great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew excepting the people at court. At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said,—

"The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the strand, and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then the water comes into my eyes, and it just as if my mother kissed me!"

"Little Kitchen Girl," said the Cavalier, "I will get you a place in the kitchen, with permission to see the Emperor dine, if you will lead us to the Nightingale, for it is announced for this evening."

So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing; half the court went forth. When they were in the midst of their journey a cow began to low.

"O!" cried the court page, "now we have it! That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are cows lowing!" said the little Kitchen Girl. "We are a long way from the place yet!"

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Glorious!" said the Chinese Court Preacher. "Now I hear it—it sounds just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs!" said the little Kitchen-maid. "But now I think we shall soon hear it."

And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little Girl. "Listen, listen! and yonder it sits."

And she pointed to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" cried the Cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale" called the Kitchen-maid, quite loudly "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the Cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it's working! It's wonderful that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at court."

“Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?” asked the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present.

“My excellent little Nightingale,” said the Cavalier, “I have great pleasure in inviting you to a court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing.”

“My song sounds best in the greenwood!” replied the Nightingale; still it came willingly when it heard what the Emperor wished.

The palace was festively adorned. The walls and the flooring, which were of porcelain, gleamed in the rays of thousands of golden lamps. The most glorious flowers, which could ring clearly, had been placed in the passages. There was a running to and fro, and a thorough draught, and all the bells rang so loudly that one could not hear one’s self speak.

In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole court was there, and the little Cook-maid had got leave to stand behind the door, as she had now received the title of a real court cook. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird, to which the Emperor nodded.

And the Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor’s eyes, and the tears ran down over his cheeks; and then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly, that went straight to the heart. The Emperor was so much pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round its neck. But the Nightingale declined this with thanks, saying it had already received a sufficient reward.

“I have seen tears in the Emperor’s eyes—that is the real treasure to me. An emperor’s tears have a peculiar power. I am rewarded enough!” And then it sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

“That’s the most amiable coquetry I ever saw!” said the ladies who stood round about, and then they took water in their mouths to gurgle when any one spoke to them. They thought they should be nightingales too. And the lackeys and chambermaids reported that they were satisfied too; and that was saying a good deal, for they are the most difficult to please. In short, the Nightingale achieved a real success.

It was now to remain at court, to have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were appointed when the Nightingale went out, each of whom had a silken string fastened to the bird’s leg, which they held very tight. There was really no pleasure in an excursion of that kind.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and when two people met, one said nothing but “Nigh-tin,” and the other said “gale;” and then they sighed, and understood one another. Eleven peddler’s children were named after the bird, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel, on which was written “The Nightingale.”

“There we have a new book about this celebrated bird,” said the Emperor.

But it was not a book, but a little work of art, contained in a box, an artificial nightingale, which was to sing like a natural one and was brilliantly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. So soon as the artificial bird was wound up, he could sing one of the pieces that he really sang, and then his tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold. Round his neck hung a little ribbon, and on that was written, “The Emperor of China’s Nightingale is poor compared to that of the Emperor of Japan.”

“That is capital!” said they all, and he who had brought the artificial bird immediately received the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

“Now they must sing together; what a duet that will be!”

And so they had to sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

“That’s not his fault,” said the Play-master; “he’s quite perfect, and very much in my style.”

Now the artificial bird was to sing alone. He had just as much success as the real one, and then it was much handsomer to look at—it shone like bracelets and breastpins.

Three-and-thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away out of the open window, back to the greenwood.

“But what is become of that?” said the Emperor.

And all the courtiers abused the Nightingale, and declared that it was a very ungrateful creature.

“We have the best bird, after all,” said they.

And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece. For all that they did not know it quite by heart, for it was so very difficult. And the Play-master praised the bird particularly; yes, he declared that it was better than a nightingale, not only with regard to its plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well.

“For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your Imperial Majesty, with a real nightingale one can never calculate what is coming, but in this artificial bird everything is settled. One can explain it; one can open it, and make people understand where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows up another.”

“Those are quite our own ideas,” they all said.

And the speaker received permission to show the bird to the people on the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing too, the Emperor commanded; and they did hear it, and were as much pleased as if they had all got tipsy upon tea, for that’s quite the Chinese fashion; and they all said, “O!” and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor Fisherman, who had heard the real Nightingale, said,—

“It sounds pretty enough, and the melodies resemble each other, but there’s something wanting, though I know not what!”

The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor’s bed; all the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it; in title it had advanced to be the High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank, to number one on the left hand; for the Emperor considered that side the most important in which the heart is placed, and even in an emperor the heart is on the left side; and the Play-master wrote a work of five-and-twenty volumes about the artificial bird; it was very learned and very long, full of most difficult Chinese words; but yet all the people declared that they had read it, and understood it, for fear of being considered stupid, and having their bodies trampled on.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird’s song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best—they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang, “Tsi-tsi-tsi-glug-glug!” and the Emperor himself sang it too. Yes, that was certainly famous.

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside

the bird said, "Whizz!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his body physician to be called; but what could he do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking and investigation, the bird was put into something like order; but the Watchmaker said that the bird must be carefully treated, for the barrels were worn, and it would be impossible to put new ones in such a manner that the music would go. There was great lamentation; only once in a year was it permitted to let the bird sing, and that was almost too much. But then the Play-master made a little speech, full of heavy words, and said this was just as good as before—and so of course it was as good as before.

Now five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really fond of their Emperor, and now he was ill, and could not, it was said, live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street and asked the Cavalier how their old Emperor did.

"P!" said he, and shook his head.

Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great gorgeous bed; the whole court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies'-maids had a great coffee party. All about, in all the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and therefore it was quiet there, quiet quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet: stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; high up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; it was just as if something lay upon his chest: he opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword and in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from among the folds of the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth; a few very ugly, the rest quiet lovely and mild. These were all the Emperor's bad and good deeds, which stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" and then they told him so much that the perspiration ran from his forehead.

"I did not know that!" said the Emperor. "Music! music! the great Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!" And they continued speaking, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said.

"Music! music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck—sing now, sing!"

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that; but Death continued to stare at the Emperor with his great hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

Then there sounded from the window, suddenly, the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightingale, which sat outside on a spray. It has heard of the Emperor's sad plight, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. And as it sang the specters grew paler and paler; the blood ran quickly and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs; and even Death listened, and said,—

"Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. And the Nightingale sang on and on; and it sang of the quiet churchyard, where the white roses grow, where the elder-blossom smells sweet, and where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of survivors. The Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out at the window in the form of a cold, white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my country and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my couch, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale. "I have drawn tears from your eyes, when I sang the first time— I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something."

And it sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet slumber. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows, when he awoke refreshed and restored; not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought he was dead; only the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please; and I'll break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in; but let me come when I feel the wish; then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the window, and sing you something, so that you may be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. I will sing of good and of evil that remain hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far away from you and from your court. I love your heart more than your crown, and yet the crown has an air of sanctity about it. I will come and sing to you—but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the Emperor; and he stood there in his imperial robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed the sword which was heavy with gold to his heart.

"One thing I beg of you: tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then it will go all the better."

And the Nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look to their dead Emperor, and— yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said "Good morning!"

Hans Christian Andersen. (1805–1875)

# The Book of Interfaith

## Peace Prayers

### Hindu Prayer for Peace

Oh God, lead us from the unreal to the Real.  
Oh God, lead us from darkness to light.  
Oh God, lead us from death to immortality.  
Shanti, Shanti, Shanti unto all.  
Oh Lord God almighty, may there be peace in celestial regions.  
May there be peace on Earth.  
May the waters be appeasing.  
May herbs be wholesome, and may trees and plants bring peace to all.  
May all beneficent beings bring peace to us.  
May thy Vedic Law propagate peace all through the world.  
May all things be a source of peace to us.  
And may thy peace itself, bestow peace on all and may that peace come to me also.

### Baha'i Prayer for Peace

Be generous in prosperity, and thankful in adversity.  
Be fair in thy judgment, and guarded in thy speech.  
Be a lamp unto those who walk in darkness, and a home to the stranger.  
Be eyes to the blind, and a guiding light unto the feet of the erring.  
Be a breath of life to the body of humankind, a dew to the soil of the human heart, and a fruit upon the tree of humility.

### Buddhist Prayer for Peace

May all beings everywhere plagued with sufferings of body and mind quickly be freed from their illnesses.  
May those frightened cease to be afraid, and may those bound be free.  
May the powerless find power, and may people think of befriending one another.  
May those who find themselves in trackless, fearful wilderness – the children, the aged, the unprotected – be guarded by beneficent celestials, and may they swiftly attain Buddhahood.

### Jewish Prayer for Peace

Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, that we may walk the paths of the Most High.  
And we shall beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning hooks.  
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation – neither shall they learn war any more.  
And none shall be afraid, for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts has spoken.

### Jainist Prayer for Peace

Peace and Universal Love is the essence of the Gospel preached by all Enlightened Ones.  
The Lord has preached that equanimity is the Dharma  
Forgive do I creatures all, and let all creatures forgive me.  
Unto all have I amity, and unto none enmity.  
Know that violence is the root cause of all miseries in the world.  
Violence, in fact, is the knot of bondage.  
"Do not injure any living being."  
This is the eternal, perennial, and unalterable way of spiritual life.  
A weapon, howsoever powerful it may be, can always be superseded by a superior one; but no weapon can, however, be superior to nonviolence and love.

### Muslim Prayer for Peace

In the name of Allah, the beneficent, the merciful.  
Praise be to the Lord of the Universe who has created us and made us into tribes and nations  
That we may know each other, not that we may despise each other.  
If the enemy inclines towards peace, do thou also incline towards peace, and trust God, for the Lord is the one that heareth and knoweth all things.  
And the servants of God,  
Most gracious are those who walk on the Earth in humility, and when we address them, we say "PEACE."

### Native African Prayer for Peace

Almighty God,  
the Great Thumb we cannot evade to tie any knot;  
the Roaring Thunder that splits mighty trees:  
the all-seeing Lord up on high who sees even the footprints of an antelope on a rock mass here on Earth.  
You are the one who does not hesitate to respond to our call.  
You are the cornerstone of peace.

### Native American Prayer for Peace

Oh Great Spirit of our Ancestors, I raise my pipe to you.  
To your messengers the four winds, and to Mother Earth who provides for your children.  
Give us the wisdom to teach our children to love, to respect, and to be kind to each other so that they may grow with peace of mind  
Let us learn to share all good things that you provide for us on this Earth.



## Shinto Prayer for Peace

Although the people living across the ocean  
surrounding us, I believe,  
are all our brothers and sisters,  
why are there constant troubles in this world?  
Why do winds and waves rise in the ocean surrounding us?  
I only earnestly wish that the wind will  
soon puff away all the clouds which are  
hanging over the tops of mountains.

## Zoroastrian Prayer for Peace

We pray to God to eradicate all the  
misery in the world:  
that understanding triumph  
over ignorance,  
that generosity triumph over indifference,  
that trust triumph over contempt, and  
that truth triumph over falsehood.

## Sikh Prayer for Peace

God adjudges us according  
to our deeds,  
not the coat that we wear:  
that Truth is above everything,  
but higher still is truthful living.  
Know that we attaineth God when we loveth,  
and only that victory  
endures in consequences of which no  
one is defeated.

## Christian Prayer for Peace

Blessed are the PEACEMAKERS,  
for they shall be known as  
the Children of God.  
But I say to you that hear, love your enemies.  
Do good to those who hate you,  
bless those who curse you  
pray for those who abuse you  
To those that strike you on the cheek,  
offer the other one also,  
and from those who take away your cloak,  
do not withhold your coat as well.

Give to everyone who begs from you,  
and of those who take away your goods,  
do not ask for them again.  
And as you wish that others would do to you,  
do so to them.

## Three Songs to Choose From:

### Prayer of St. Francis

Make me a channel of your peace  
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love  
Where there is injury your pardon, Lord  
And where there's doubt, true faith in you  
D---/-A-/----/- DA D-

Make me a channel of your peace  
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope  
Where there is darkness, only light  
And where there's sadness ever joy

(Bridge) O master grant that I may never seek  
So much to be consoled as to console  
To be understood as to understand  
To be loved as to love with all my soul  
G-D-/A-D-/G-D-/E-A-

Make me a channel of your peace  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned  
In giving to all men that we receive  
And in dying that we're born to eternal life  
-rewritten by Sebastian Temple

## Let There Be Peace On Earth -

Sy Miller & Bill Jackson, Modified by Mike

Let there be peace on earth  
And let it begin with me.  
Let there be peace on earth  
The peace that was meant to be.

With the Earth as our Mother,  
Siblings all are we.  
Let me walk with my Sibling  
In perfect harmony.

Let peace begin with me,  
Let this be the moment now.  
With ev'ry step I take  
Let this be my solemn vow;

To take each moment and live  
Each moment in peace eternally.  
Let there be peace on earth  
And let it begin with me.

## I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing

I'd like to build the world a home  
And furnish it with love  
Grow apple trees and honey bees  
and snow-white turtle doves

I'd like to teach the world to sing  
In perfect harmony  
I'd like to hold it in my arms and keep it company

I'd like to see the world for once  
All standing hand in hand  
And hear them echo through the hills  
"Ah, peace throughout the land"

Id like to build the world a home  
And furnish it with love  
Grow apple trees and honey bees  
and snow-white turtledoves

# Book of Freedom and Liberty

## The Challenge of Religious Freedom

William Powell Tuck, First Baptist Church,  
Lumberton, North Carolina Leviticus 26:12-13, John  
8:31-36

I have seen the famous picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence on numerous occasions, but it was only recently that I noticed that the sun was in the picture. One can see the sun shining through the window. It is uncertain whether the sun was rising or whether the sun was setting on that occasion, and I often wonder which it was. As I reflected on that picture, I began to wonder, even more today, is the sun of liberty setting or is it still rising? Is it coming to an end or just beginning? We hear sounds within our country today, which indicate that many people do not understand freedom very well. In fact, there are many who want to deny freedom to others while ensuring their own freedom. Many do not understand very clearly why our country was founded originally nor what its basic purpose was. We continue to suffer as a nation because of a that lack of awareness. "The American flag is not," as Henlee Barnett once said, "a blindfold but a bright symbol which inspires true patriots to challenge evil at every level of government." The American flag is a symbol of our country, but it is not a blindfold to keep us from seeing what we as a church should say and do to confront evil in our society. I am a loyal American, but I am Christian first. I do not think I could ever make the statement, "My country right or wrong." The pulpit and we as Christian citizens should always challenge our country to lift its ethical sights higher, to be what God would have this nation be.

In 1976 we celebrated the bicentennial of our country. This was a very momentous occasion, and I dare say, without fear of contradiction, that few here will live to see the next one hundred year celebration. There may be one or two in the nursery who might make it because of heredity or the advancement of medicine, but I think most of us will have to acknowledge that we shall not likely see the next celebration.

In 1976 there was a man who led a parade in Bartow, Florida, who was 134 years of age. Charlie Smith, who was originally from Liberia, was recognized in 1976 by the Social Security Administration as the oldest living American citizen. In 1854, at the age of twelve, he stood on a slave auction block in New Orleans and was sold to a rancher in Texas. When he was nineteen years old, the Civil War broke out. Later, he heard Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. He lived through numerous wars. He saw our country go through good and bad times, and he himself endured personal enslavement and suffering. From Africa to America, from slavery to freedom, from war to peace, here was a man who lived through many generations and who understood something about freedom better, I dare say, than any of us will ever truly understand it.

On this Sunday before the fourth of July, I want us to reflect on freedom -- especially religious freedom. I am aware that there are some voices that say that the church should not get involved at all in this kind of celebration. But the church has always been involved, and the church should continue to have something to say in the affairs of government. We cannot equate church and

country. Civil religion is always dangerous. We have too much of that heresy being proclaimed from television and other platforms today. But there is a healthy, legitimate role which religion can play in the celebration of any event in our country.

The first observation I would make is this: freedom really had its birth in the Hebraic-Christian religion. Contrary to what some historians say who try to trace our understanding of democracy back to the free city state of Greece, I believe that freedom goes back far beyond that. It goes back to Moses who stood before the Pharaoh of Egypt and demanded in the name of God, "Let my people go." It goes back to the time when the God of Israel said to his people, "I will establish my Tabernacle among you and will not spurn you. I will walk to and from among you; I will become your God and you shall become my people. I am the Lord your God who brought you out of Egypt and let you be their slaves no longer; I broke the bars of your yoke and enabled you to walk upright" (Lev. 26: 12-13 NEB.) Even before Moses, there was Abraham who went out looking for a city without foundations, because it was built on the power and presence of God himself.

Some of our forefathers and mothers would not let the slaves they owned read the Bible. Do you know why? They knew very well that reading the Bible often provoked a desire for freedom in its readers. Black slaves were not allowed to read the Bible because slave owners feared they would see revealed in the Old Testament and the New Testament the God who was constantly setting his people free. The Bible resounds with cries for freedom from the God who would move against the oppressors of people, the God who would stand up for the slaves, the God who would stand up for the poor, the despised, the rejected, the imprisoned, the hurting, and the down and out. Someone has said that if he were a dictator and had control of a country, the one book he would not let the people read would be the Bible. Why? The Bible constantly tells us of the God who is the liberating God -- the God who is always seeking to free people.

Wherever there is a government that controls its people and there is no real freedom, there is a radical difference in how the people live, think, and act. Whenever there is a totalitarian church, which tells its people what they must think and must believe, there is no freedom.

In our country we have a free church in a free state. This was a radical dream of our founders. We must not lose that dream. We cannot let those who want to wed church and state be victorious. The state should not support the church nor should the church support the state. One should not dictate to the other. As a Christian we should try to influence the state. We should bear witness to the state, but we should not dictate to the state what it should do nor should it dictate to us. Freedom is born in an awareness of a liberating God. That is one of the reasons some people want to stop the study or practice of liberation theology in certain countries. Liberation theology links God with freeing people.

Secondly, freedom is never finished. It is always in process of becoming. It is always in danger of being lost. It is always something that we must work at again and again. You and I are very fortunate to live in a country that is free. There are many countries, which are not, and we must not take our own freedom for granted.

We have numerous symbols for freedom in our country. The Liberty Bell is one of those symbols. That bell was a real bell, which was rung early in the life of our country. Now it is just symbolic. The Statue of Liberty is another such symbol. Several years ago it was repaired. Perhaps the decay, which had occurred, is symbolic of something, which is happening within our own country. As with the Statue of Liberty, our own liberty is being eroded away and is in danger of loss. Freedom is always in danger

of being lost when the awareness of its significance slowly fades from our memories or when we are unaware of its value. Freedom is always more than a symbol. We need to remember the reality behind the symbol. Freedom needs to be a reality. Freedom is more than something we think about. It needs to permeate our whole being until we are aware that we must constantly fight to sustain its reality.

Do you remember the story of David? Jesus made a reference once to one of David's experiences. Jesus turned to the Scribes and Pharisees and asked, "Do you remember what David did?" (Matthew 12:3ff.) When he was fleeing from his enemies and was hungry, he went in the Temple and ate the shewbread from the Table of the Lord. This was the bread, which was reserved for the high priests. They would have considered that act a desecration. Then he turned to the priests and asked if they had any weapons of war that he might use to fight his enemies. After thinking for a moment, they responded, "The Sword of Goliath whom you slew in the valley of Elah, behold that is here, wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod. There is one other save that here." (I Samuel 21:1-10.) The sword of Goliath, of course. It had become only a symbol. It was on display. "There is none like that! Give it to me!" He lifted the sword to take it into battle.

The Liberty Bell, the Statue of Liberty, the Declaration of Independence, and our American flag are all symbols but they are much more. They are more than something to be put on display. The reality behind these symbols needs to remain clearly in our mind lest our freedom be snatched away when we least expect it. These symbols are reminders for us to remain on guard because the battle for freedom is one that is always being waged. We must remain on alert or lose it.

Baptists have had a significant role in the pilgrimage of our country and its quest for freedom. The hymn, "My Country 'tis of Thee," was written in 1832 by a Baptist minister named Samuel Francis Smith. The pledge of allegiance to the flag was written in 1892 by Francis Bellamy, a Baptist minister. Baptists have not been afraid to be involved in our country's quest for freedom. In the early stages in the history of our country, a group of Baptist ministers, John Waller and Lewis Craig and three other dissenters were arrested and put in jail when they tried to preach in Spottsylvania County, Virginia. They were a part of those who said they wanted no part of an established church. Most of us do not know what the established church is since it doesn't exist in this country. The established church is one that is supported by taxes. Just as we pay taxes to maintain our government, we would be likewise taxed to sustain the church. In most countries where the people are taxed to support the church, the institutional church is dying. The established church is not the people's church, it is the government's church. We do not want that in this country.

One of the crowning achievements which Thomas Jefferson gave our country was the Act for Establishing Religious Freedom. This particular bill Jefferson considered one of the most significant accomplishments of his life. In fact, it is one of the three, which is listed on his grave. When this bill was finally passed in 1786, it stated, "Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly, that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry or whatever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body or his goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall be in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities." This is a part of the very fabric of our country, and, of all people, Southern Baptists should be at the forefront defending the religious rights of all persons.

In place of separation of church and state, many are substituting a civil religion which has now wed the two. Civil religion has tried to claim that this country is a "Christian" nation

which can use the government to support whatever kind of religion a select group wants. This, of course, virtually denies religious freedom to non-Christians. I am a Christian and Baptist and I am proud of both, but I will give a Hindu, a Buddhist, a Moslem, or an atheist his or her right to believe or not believe. That is what religious freedom is -- freedom for all, not freedom just for Christians or Jews, but for all persons.

In 1788 John Leland met with James Madison in Orange County, Virginia, under an oak tree near the first church I ever pastored. James Madison persuaded Leland to vote for him with the understanding that upon his election he would see that a Bill of Rights for religious freedom was enacted. Leland got the support of other Baptists so that Madison was elected, and the Bill of Rights with the article for religious freedom was made the law of our land. This is part of our country's history, and, if we do not know it, we need to understand our past and learn from it.

Freedom is always unfinished, but it is in greater danger of being lost today than ever before. Some television preachers and other ministers are trying to persuade us that separation of church and state is a myth. Baptists, of all people, need to fight to be certain that religious freedom will continue to be a reality. The signers of the Declaration of Independence put more than words on a piece of paper when they signed their names to that document. The names of John Hancock and John Adams, who did not sign until August 2, were not revealed for six months in hopes that they could get back safely from New Hampshire to their homes in Georgia. The four signers of the Declaration of Independence from the state of New York were very wealthy men who owned fleets of ocean sailing ships. They lost everything they had so our country might be free. How can anyone dare suggest that we deny this kind of freedom today? We as Baptists need to stand tall in this struggle and remember that freedom is always an unfinished battle.

Remember, thirdly, that with freedom there always goes responsibility. I think it was Bishop Fulton Sheen who once said that we have a Statue of Liberty off our East Coast and we need a Statue of Responsibility off our West Coast. He is correct. There is no true freedom without responsibility. With our freedom, responsibility is essential to maintain that freedom. With freedom, there needs to be the responsibility to understand what freedom is. Freedom requires the responsibility of its believers to perpetuate it.

Freedom is not easy. It is much easier to be enslaved. Do you remember when Jesus told the Pharisees that he had come to set them free? "What do you mean set us free?" They wondered. "We have always been free. We are Abraham's children." In a sense that was true. To be Abraham's sons they realized that God was the liberating God who had freed them from Egypt. In a spiritual sense, they were always free. But... they had been in bondage to Babylon, Persia, and other countries. At the moment when Jesus was speaking to them, they were in bondage to Rome and had been in bondage to Greece. Jesus said, "I will make you free indeed," because the freedom he was giving them was internal. It was a relationship.

His freedom was relational. This is the freedom we have with the Father, and that kind of freedom no one can ever take away from us. We have the freedom of a son or a daughter of God. We are God's children and this relationship is so vital and real that nobody can snatch it away from us even if we are their slaves. In bondage we can still have the kind of freedom, which Christ gives. As God's children we are challenged to remember that with our religious freedom goes the responsibility to pass it on to others. We who are free are obliged to teach, preach, and sustain this freedom. If we are not vigilant, we may lose the liberty we cherish so much.

Several years ago an Italian film entitled *General Della Rovere* depicted the work of a resistance movement. The Nazi leaders arrested numerous persons -- some of whom were only innocent victims. Unable to identify the resistance leaders, the officer in charge ordered the execution of all those who had been captured. As the time of the execution drew near, one of those captured cried, "I'm innocent. I did not do anything." "You did not do anything? A resistance leader asked. 'No, I did not do anything.'" "I do not understand," the resistance leader continued. "Our whole way of life was being destroyed. Minds were being warped; institutions were being subverted; and you did not do anything?" "No," he said. "I did not do anything." "Then you deserve to be punished," he responded.

Too many of us want to be like the man Flip Wilson told about who said that he was a Jehovah's Bystander. He wanted to be a witness, but he did not want to get involved. Too many of us are members of the Jehovah's Bystanders and the Baptist Association of Spectators. We stay in the bleachers. We do not want to get involved. Too many of us stand aloof -- stand apart when God has called for involvement. We are challenged to stand up for freedom, to stand up for those who are oppressed, and to stand up for those who do not agree with us. Jehovah's Witnesses have their freedom today because at some point in the past there were Baptists in our country who were willing to say that although this group differs from us, we will give them the freedom to believe as they will and permit them to worship as they desire.

Freedom is always dangerous. Freedom allows for various viewpoints and different perspectives. It does not call for uniformity but respects diversity. We may not always like or agree with some of the views or ideas that differ from our own. But when real freedom exists, we allow other people to differ with us.

Freedom is always dangerous. When we have freedom that means we can have a Ku Klux Klan within our country. They have the freedom to hate Catholics and Jews. In order to have freedom, individuals have the liberty to hate. But at the same time, others can be loving and strive for ways to care for the needs of those who are oppressed in this country and around the world. Freedom gives room for a Moral Majority, a John Birch Society, or the Salvation Army. It allows for a group to protest the draft. Freedom permitted individuals to protest the Vietnam War or roll bandages to assist those in combat.

There is no true freedom without the opportunity to make choices. Freedom requires us to take a stand or a position on an issue. We have to give others the freedom and right to do the same. Did you know that the results of a recent survey indicate that fifty percent of the citizens in this country do not believe that people who have different religious beliefs from their own should be given freedom to practice their beliefs? That is frightening! It means that we have not taught the principle of freedom very well to our children.

The Vietnam War was one of the most divisive wars in our country's recent history. Good people were on both sides of that conflict. Gene Owens, a former pastor of Myers Park Baptist Church in Charlotte, North Carolina, opposed the involvement of our country in the Vietnam War. He felt the war effort was unjust. So he decided to join others across the states that were protesting the war by ringing their church bells. The afternoon after he rang the church bell, a deacon came storming into his study saying, "You had no right to ring our church bell. That is 'our' church bell -- not 'your' bell." The next Sunday morning Gene Owens stood up in his pulpit and told the congregation about ringing the church bell and the deacon who had protested his act. "That deacon was right," he declared. "That was not my bell, I did not have any right to ring it. It is the church's bell." Then he reached under the pulpit and pulled out a bell. "But this is my bell," he

exclaimed, "and I am going to ring it now." He then rang it as loudly as he could. The congregation gave him a standing ovation. He said that week dozens of people gave him bells. The bell became a symbol of his right to take a position and state his own opinion.

Thomas Jefferson once said that the Baptist church is the purest form of democracy. Each person in a Baptist church is a priest before God. The minister cannot tell you exactly what you have to believe. You are a priest before God as I am. Freedom of the pulpit carries with it the responsibility of the pew. In each arena there is a demand for both freedom and responsibility.

Religious freedom has always had high priests in its hair. Established religion has stayed on the back of religious liberty. It has always had to wage battle against the tyranny of those in power, whether they were Kings, Queens, lords or presidents. Religious freedom has constantly fought for its survival against established religion, established government, widespread prejudice, and mass ignorance. If freedom is ever lost, we will be losing one of our most precious possessions. It is always worth the battle to maintain it.

In Hartnett County, North Carolina, there is a small church called Barbecue Presbyterian Church. A pistol and a round ball are kept in a small glass case in the church. An interesting story goes with the pistol and ball. Right before the Declaration of Independence was signed, a young Presbyterian minister came from Scotland to serve as pastor of the Barbecue Presbyterian Church. One Sunday he prayed for England, but he also prayed for those in our country who were involved in the revolution and asked God to bless them as well as England. After the service was over, he was met by three loyalists from England. One of them put a pistol against his head and said, "You see this pistol? If you dare stand in that pulpit and say one more word in support of the revolution, I will put this round ball in your head." He immediately went to the Presbytery and resigned. "I am not a complete fool," he said.

Later in the afternoon, he was walking down the main street of the town and one of his former church members came out of a store cursing. She had not been pleased with her bill. He overheard her and reprimanded her for this offense. She turned to him and said, "Well, preacher, why in the world would you not expect that the devil could do something to a poor little old woman like me if he could make you resign your pulpit in the face of opposition?" He was so shaken by her remarks that the next Sunday he went back to his pulpit and preached a fiery sermon in support of the revolution. After church the three loyalists were waiting for him and sure enough they put a ball in his head and killed him. But to this day in Barbecue Presbyterian Church, there is a ball and a pistol lying in a glass case to remind persons about freedom. They stand as a symbolic reminder, no, as a realistic and concrete image of one man who dared to stand up and lift his voice for freedom.

I hope that we will not lose our freedom as citizens of this country. Let us hold on to our religious freedom. It is a precious heritage. I pray to God that we will always remember its cost, always remember its author, and always remember our own responsibility in maintaining its light. The battle for freedom is always an unending, unfinished battle. Do your part to keep freedom alive.

## Prayer: It Ain't That Complicated

Anne G. Cohen, A sermon preached January 22, 1995.

Proverbs 8:1-11, Matthew 6:7-15

Over the holidays, my father and stepmother were in Brazil visiting relatives. In their absence I spent several hours a day in the garage behind their house serving as mail order/shipping clerk for their Christian book company, Hope Publishing Inc. One rare sunny afternoon as I finished up an order for 25 copies of *The Way of A Pilgrim*, I noticed that I had left the door open and a swallow had accidentally flown inside. It was fluttering in panic against the upper windows, high above my head. With my heart pounding, I climbed up onto a desk, reached up and on the second try, managed to hold the bird lightly cupped between both hands - as I tried not to injure its wings or feet.

I climbed down without the use of my hands, holding what felt like air between my fingers. I could sense a tiny, fast little heartbeat and the slightest brush of feathery softness against my palms. That was all. I stepped outside, knelt on the grass and opened my hands. With a flash of color and a flutter of air, the tiny bird was gone. I felt as if I had prayed.

Last Sunday, after I left the church and headed back up to Pilgrim Pines, I came up on an accident on the 10 freeway in Fontana. It was a fatal accident, three bodies on the center median covered with tarps - one the size of an older child or young teen. As traffic slowed and stopped and crawled around the blocked lanes, there was a hush on the road around the scene. There was a presence of recently departed souls, of lives just lost. People paused to stare, but also - it seemed - to show care and caution and respect. That hush, for me, was a prayer.

Last Monday after another storm had rolled through, a double rainbow appeared over this valley. The colors were translucent and neon at the same time. It reminded me of the way Amy Barkley glowed and shimmered from within a watery world of tears and suffering. I dropped some mail off at Roger's house and made him come out to look at the colors reaching to heaven. He began to cry. The colors and his tears were a prayer to me.

On Friday, December 30th at 3:30p.m., Carl and I stood in Wilcox's Nursery in the plaza across from the courthouse in Avalon on Catalina Island. A fountain bubbled behind us, potted plants and trees surrounded us, a tourist family walked by smiling and their little girl waved at us. Carl and I put rings on each other's fingers and said the ancient words, "With this ring, I thee wed." I felt as if we had prayed.

I used to think prayer was a pretty involved process - a particular creation of mood and atmosphere - a formulation of thoughts translated into elaborate sentences which included archaic terms like "Thee" and "Thou" and "Wast" and "Shalt" are more exult." I thought I was messing things up when phrases like, "all that stuff" and "well, you know what I mean..." crept into my prayers.

But now I am beginning to understand that it "ain't that complicated." I'm beginning to believe that prayer is as many things as there are people in the world and moments in their lives. Prayer is many things to each person. And, for me, the most profound form of prayer is essentially noticing the presence of God in a particular moment.

Prayer is noticing God in whatever way is natural to a person.

Prayer is noticing God in the flutter of air which is the miracle of a tiny bird set free.

Prayer is noticing God in the aftermath of a recent fatality and the hush that falls upon the living.

Prayer is noticing God in the way that light is refracted between clouds and drops of water on a sad and glorious afternoon.

Prayer is noticing God at the same moment two people recognize that their lives are intertwined in a familiar, yet deeply miraculous way.

It is not all that complicated, after all.

Two thousand years ago, someone named Jesus told us something similar. The scholars' translation from the Jesus seminar goes like this:

When you pray, go into a room by yourself and shut the door behind you. When you pray to your Father, the hidden one. And your Father, with his eye for the hidden, will applaud you. And when you pray, you should not babble on as the pagans do. They imagine that the length of their prayers will command attention. So don't imitate them.

A lot of words, any words, are not really the main point. Because, God already "knows what you need before you ask."

The early church took Jesus' suggestion and added something of their own that made the prayer more meaningful to them. When we Protestants came along a few years back, we decided to get back to basics - to drop all the sacraments except the two Jesus participated in - Baptism and Communion - and to include in our worship the prayer Jesus suggested - plus that addition from the early church.

These things were not legislated. In fact, these things went contrary to the established church. These were choices made by our ancestors in faith who wanted to make prayer and worship more meaningful to them. They wanted direct conversation with God. They wanted something less complicated and elaborate, and in their own language.

If you wonder why in other churches you will hear different versions of the Lord's Prayer - some people saying "trespasses" or "sins," some people using inclusive versions calling God "Parent" or "Creator," it is because we continue in the wonderful Protestant way to remake prayer and worship so that it is meaningful to us. We Congregationalists resent being told how to pray, how to worship. That's why our fore-families came to this country.

This is one of the reasons that I am made very nervous by our newly elected Congress when they press for legislation instituting prayer in the public schools. People, kids included, notice God in their own way, in their own time - all the time. People, including kids, are always in conversation with God -

as they notice the warmth of the sun as they ride their bikes to school in the morning...

as they are overwhelmed with relief and gratitude to learn that the math test was postponed to Tuesday...

as they run over to tell their friends something great that happened over the weekend...

as they deliberate the concerns of fellow students in the student senate...

as they daydream recklessly in the middle of history class...

as the mysterious boy who has the locker next to yours quietly shows you one of his amazing pencil drawings...

as the girl with the red hair slips you a note asking you what you thought about the Faulkner story for English class...

These are the prayers of our children and young people. To legislate a formal moment in the midst of the school environment is to separate God out from their natural and constant prayer life. It tells our kids that their own way of being in conversation with God isn't really right or good enough. It imposes an adult structure - an adult expectation - onto the natural prayers of our kids.

One seemingly benign suggestion is to legislate a moment of silence. But knowing people and, especially passionate people, silence can be manipulated as powerfully as words. The way a silence is introduced has a large influence on how that silence is experienced.

The silence I leave between sermon and pastoral prayer is as unregulated as I can make it - "Let us be together - in silence and in prayer." Not all of us use that silence for what we have been taught is formal prayer. Some of us think ahead on what we have to do today. Some of us sort out our feelings and responses to the sermon. Some of us try to remember what the sermon was about. Some of us recklessly daydream. Some of us say the Lord's Prayer like a mantra. Some of us sleep. Some of us just get our jumbled thoughts to settle down as the silence ends. I know, I've done all of those things. And sometimes I just count to make sure the silence is long enough for some and not so long that it drives others crazy. But all of these are prayers - petitions and hopes, doubts and praise.

If I were to tell you what to do with your silence a number of you would resent the heck out of it. There is too much room for that in the public schools.

Prayer is a voluntary act, as the church is a voluntary organization. School is not a voluntary organization. Kids have to attend. If school begins to regulate their conversations with God - along with the information they get about world history and mathematics - something very fragile and natural and holy will be lost.

The best way to diminish a child's desire for a relationship with God is to force one upon them. In the environment of the school, it will feel like an assignment rather than a natural awareness of the soul. It is this kind of spiritual control that drives kids to claim atheism before they have even come to a conscious awareness of God. It complicates the conversation.

Those who wrote the Constitution were trying to ensure that no government here would establish religion for the people, as it had done so controllingly in England and other European countries. The idea was a separation of the necessary enforcements of government for our common life together - and the voluntary nature of the spiritual practice of religion.

In 1963 when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that government-mandated prayer, Bible-reading and other religious exercises are inappropriate in public schools, Justice Tom Clark very carefully stated it this way - so that the court could not be accused of being anti-religious:

"The place of religion in our society is an exalted one, achieved through a long tradition of reliance on the home, the church and the inviolable citadel of the individual heart and mind. We have come to recognize through bitter experience that it is not within the power of government to invade that citadel, whether its purpose or effect be to aid or oppose, to advance or retard. In the relationship between man and religion, the state is firmly committed to a position of neutrality."

This country does not need a narrowing down of the concept of what prayer or religion or faith is. We need a broadening of mind and heart, an openness to the millions of ways that God simply and profoundly works in the world - the billions of ways people experience God, notice God, are in conversation with God - even when they are unconscious of the fact.

They say when a person is desperate to find a mate, it never happens. It is when one stops looking and focuses on making their own life and spirit and heart healthy and happy that the right relationship comes along.

They say if you want a baby too much, it never happens. It is when you give up and start adoption proceedings and relax that you get pregnant.

So too, the presence of God is never more powerful than when we are surprised by it...in the airy heartbeat of a bird or the sudden hush on the freeway. That is not to devalue the voluntary practice of worship or regular meditation and other forms of prayer. These practices - if voluntary in nature - help us in our awareness skills, keep us limber in the exercise of noticing God, remind us - when we have grown to be dull and forgetful responsible adults - that all of life is a conversation with God.

# Religious and Biblical Arguments for Church-state Separation

The Rev. John D. Williams  
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As a Presbyterian clergyman and a student of American history, it is my intention to discuss the American model of church-state separation from the perspective of a Christian minister. It is important to address these issues in this way because most opponents of church-state separation argue from a self-consciously Christian perspective. The overall response to these opponents should include addressing them on their own grounds. Opposing the separation of church and state is not only politically irresponsible, it's theologically irresponsible as well. My discussion will include references to the Hebrew and Christian scriptures. Such references are intended to demonstrate that being Christian does not mean being anti-separationist. They are intended to show that the separation of church and state is in no way an "un-Biblical" notion. Like all discussion of scripture, this one involves choosing particular ways of interpreting Biblical passages. The citations offered here are not meant to be proof texts, but examples of relevant scriptural themes, which bear directly on church-state issues.

Given all that, I want to suggest four reasons why separation of church and state is good for the Church and other religious institutions.

## 1) EXCLUSIVE RELIANCE ON VOLUNTARY SUPPORT MAKES FOR HEALTHY CHURCHES.

While traveling with a group of seminary students in England in January of 1987, I had lunch one day at Cambridge University with some fellow seminarians and an Anglican parish priest. One of the American seminary students in our group told the priest how much she envied him. After all, his church was supported by tax money. He had a beautiful and historic church building and none of the worries associated with raising enough money to keep the doors open and the lights on.

The priest was a little taken aback by her statement. He told her that he would trade places with her in a heartbeat. It was true, he said, that the established Church of England had plenty of money, and England had nice official rhetoric about being a "Christian" nation. But the Church also had empty pews and little or no stewardship commitment among its parishioners. Their attitude tended to be "I paid my taxes, why should I do more?"

The priest told us that he would much prefer serving a church under the American model, where the success of church programs and the vitality of congregations depended entirely upon the voluntary commitment of church members.

There is much in the Bible, which supports the idea that communities of faith should never ask for or accept anything other than voluntary support. In particular, the Third Commandment--"You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain (Exodus 20:7, RSV)"--seems to require that Jewish and Christian congregations accept only sincere and voluntary support.

This is a commandment against giving lip service to the support of religion without making the sincere and total commitment, which God requires. Coerced support of religion--through taxation, for example--by its very nature requires people to violate this commandment. It is difficult to see how anyone who took this commandment seriously could ever sanction any government mandated religious activity.

## 2) RESPECT FOR, AND PROTECTION OF, MINORITIES IS A CENTRAL THEME OF THE BIBLE.

God's instruction to the people of Israel in the book of Deuteronomy includes the following words:

[The Lord] executes justice for the fatherless and the widow, and loves the sojourner, giving him food and clothing. Love the sojourner therefore; for you were sojourners in the land of Egypt.-Deuteronomy 10:18-19

This is a call to the chosen people of God to be especially cognizant of the rights and interests of minorities; to serve God by looking out for the people in their midst for whom no one else was looking out. It is a call based on the memory of Israel's status as a minority in Egypt. Further, it is a call, which has special relevance for Christians in light of the widespread persecution of the early church.

In terms of church-state issues, "loving the sojourner" involves going out of our way to guarantee that the adherents of minority religions and those who profess no religion at all have the same standing in society as the majority. In order to fulfill this religious obligation, members of the Judeo-Christian majority in America must steadfastly refuse to use the government to coerce the minority into supporting any religious agenda or institution.

## 3) THE CHURCH'S ABILITY TO EXERCISE ITS PROPHETIC OFFICE REQUIRES INDEPENDENCE FROM THE STATE.

By "prophetic office," I mean to refer to the Church's duty to evaluate and pass judgment on state actions in light of a transcendent standard--a standard beyond worldly political interests. This sort of "prophetic witness" has been an important part of the life of our nation and its religious communities throughout our history. Examples include the denunciation of slavery, opposition to racial segregation, and protests against the prosecution of the Vietnam War. To cite a contemporary example close to the hearts of many of the Religious Right, expressions by religious communities of opposition to legalized abortion are a form of prophetic witnessing as well. In each case, religious communities are, and have been, free to criticize and oppose official government policies and actions without fear of reprisal.

A church dependent upon, or excessively entangled with, the state might be less likely to speak out against state policies or be especially vulnerable to retaliation by the government.

On the other hand, church-state separation guarantees the Church's continued freedom to address and comment upon the actions and policies of the state without fear of reprisal.

As an example of the dangers of church-state entanglement and the threats such entanglement poses to religious freedom, I invite you to consider the recent controversies regarding the National Endowment for the Arts. As a result of the de facto establishment of art through the use of tax money to support the N.E.A., we have witnessed extensive, but not particularly enlightening, debate among members of Congress about what constitutes "appropriate" art. Does any sincere believer want to see similar debates about what constitutes "appropriate" religious behavior? Are any of us eager to have Jesse Helms and Newt Gingrich, Ted Kennedy and Barney Frank pass judgment on the actions of our churches?

## 4) ALLIANCE WITH THE STATE ALWAYS POLLUTES THE CHURCH.

## The Words That Branded Him – A Muslim Perspective

Washington Post, Sunday, December 8, 2002; Page B03

In his book, *Why the Religious Right is Wrong About Separation of Church and State*, Rob Boston calls this argument "an amusing form of cynicism." It's nice that Rob is so easily amused--but this form of cynicism is quite well-founded.

I believe strongly that the health of the Church is best guarded by strict separation from Government--an institution famous for its inability to find hammers that cost less than \$500.

History is unanimous in its testimony that alliance with the state, either official or implied, always leads to trouble for the Church. Sometimes the Church abuses the state's power by employing it to persecute minorities, as in the execution of "heretics" in sixteenth century Geneva or seventeenth century Massachusetts (not to mention first century Palestine.) Other times the state exploits alliance with the Church by claiming divine sanction for temporal, political actions; as in the action of a Union general during the Civil War who forbade a Presbyterian minister to continue to pastor his church in St. Louis because he refused to pray publicly for the success of the Union armies, or the proclamation of the established Reich Church in Germany in 1932 that "God's law for us is that we look to the preservation of race, folk, and nation."

This is the danger inherent in any form of State supported prayer in public schools. Advocates of such prayers claim that they could be general prayers, which would not offend persons of various religious backgrounds. But such "general" prayers are patently un-Biblical. They are abuses, for the sake of political ends, of the important religious activity of devout prayer. In the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew quotes Jesus as saying, "In praying, do not heap up empty phrases, as the Gentiles do. . . (Matthew 6:7.)" It is difficult to see how a coerced, ostensibly "non-sectarian" prayer could be anything other than a heap of empty phrases.

In conclusion, I recognize that many opponents of church-state separation act out of a genuine concern for the nation and a sincere belief in the efficacy of Christian faith. The temptation is great to try to save an obviously troubled society by uniting church and state for the good of all citizens. But those of us who are most committed to the Church ought to be most reluctant to sanction any such union. When faced with the temptation to try to use the state's coercive powers for our religious ends, we need always to remind ourselves that the State operates in the arena of worldly concerns, an arena of short term self-interest and capricious changes of heart. To any sincere believer who is tempted to pursue the weakening of church-state separation, to anyone who thinks that significant good can come from official state support of religion, I remind you of one other passage from the Sermon on the Mount:

*Do not give dogs what is holy; and do not cast your pearls before swine, lest they trample them underfoot and turn to attack you.*

--Matthew 7:6

In recent months, writers and scholars in Iran, Bangladesh, Jordan, Pakistan, Nigeria and elsewhere have been jailed -- or worse, condemned to death -- for airing dissenting views.

The words of three such dissenters, Hashem Aghajari, Taslima Nasrin and Toujan Faisal, are excerpted below.

In Iran, weeks of student protests have followed the Nov. 9 death sentence handed down to Aghajari, a professor of history in Tehran, for apostasy. The charge stems from a lengthy, philosophical speech he delivered last June in which he questioned why only clergy had the right to interpret Islam. For good measure, Aghajari's sentence also includes 74 lashes of the whip, eight years in prison and a 10-year prohibition from teaching. His lawyer appealed the verdict last Monday.

*From a June 19 speech by Hashem Aghajari delivered in Hamedan, Iran, on the 25th anniversary of the death of controversial Islamic scholar Ali Shariati. Translated from the Farsi.*

Historic Islam is a culmination of what the spiritual thinkers [clergy] have experienced and considered through the ages and centuries past. Over time, the accumulated traditions become holy and are adorned in religious garb. At times the historical elements of these traditions and understandings become so credible that revisions become truly extraordinary events. Consider changes over the last century: Replacing traditional public baths with showers and modern water works was initially considered against the sharia [Islamic law]. Only bathing in traditional public pools was considered sufficient for meeting the Islamic cleansing requirements. Similarly, around the time of our constitutional revolution [in the early 20th century] one of the spiritual gentlemen issued an article condemning chemistry, physics and modern sciences, stating that, "Chemistry declares there is no god." Today, however, these same gentlemen do not oppose sciences, as they ride in late-model automobiles and have developed a taste for such things.

The understandings and interpretations of spiritual thinkers are irrelevant to Islam. These are *their* understandings. As they had the right to read and understand the Koran, so do we. We have the right to read the Koran and develop our own understanding. This understanding cannot be decreed to us. We separate historical Islam from essential Islam through analysis. We refer to the original text and [strive to] define the original content in today's terminology....

It is obvious that one who desires to be a Muslim in the 20th and 21st centuries is a different person from those living in Mecca and Medina of 1,400 years ago, [which had] populations similar to small villages in modern Iran. It is obvious that we have different ways and methods of understanding in all areas including economics and politics. To understand Islam today, and in every generation, one must consider himself the direct recipient of the Holy book, a recipient of God's [message] and the prophets.... We have the right to receive and interpret this message on our own and based on our own circumstances. Accepting ancient and accumulated traditions just because they are historical is regressive. It is mimicry.

For years the youth were discouraged from reading the Koran. They were told that understanding the Koran requires 101 levels of thinking not available to commoners. [Islamic scholar



Ali] Shariati, however, told his students to read the Koran themselves and to develop scientific methods for the study and scholarly interpretations. These methods can lead to deeper and better understanding of many topics. The clergy carrying tons of ancient baggage cannot compete in this arena. Therefore, students engaging in discovery and developing their own understanding are committing major crimes, as their activities may be bad for the gentlemen's business.... The whole Spiritual class would be out of work. In Islam there is no such class. The clergy and many of the titles and the hierarchy are new -- In many cases no more than 50 to 60 years since their invention... The spiritual clergy relates to historical Islam. In essential Islam, there is no such entity.

Dr. Shariati told us that in Islam, there exists a teaching relationship. An Islamic scholar does not need followers and does not consider his knowledge a means of leadership. Neither does the student worship the teacher. The relationship is an educational one. Today's student can be tomorrow's teacher. This relationship includes criticism...It is not mimicry. People are not circus monkeys to mimic without understanding. A student must comprehend and practice and strive to increase his understanding until he is independent of his teacher.

Today religion controls the government and the spiritual clergy occupies the seat of power.... The Islam we encounter is not the traditional Islam, but a fundamentalist one. In contrast, Islamic Protestantism [reformist Islam] is intellectual, practical and humane and as such is a progressive religion....

The religion we need today is one that respects human beings and values human [rights]. Compared with traditional religions, the fundamentalists are prone to harsh violations of human rights. Relying on their fundamentals, it is easy for them to declare, "Anyone who is not with us is our enemy." ....

Islamic Protestantism is an ongoing project, as we have a constant need to adapt. If our understanding and religious thinking become inflexible and spurious, we are subject to decline. As our needs and circumstances change, we must constantly critique and adjust the framework of our religious thinking.

## Quotes on Religious Liberty

### "Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom in Virginia," Thomas Jefferson, 1779

Well aware that the opinions and belief of men depend not on their own will, but follow involuntarily the evidence proposed to their minds; that Almighty God hath created the mind free, and manifested his supreme will that free it shall remain by making it altogether insusceptible to restraint; that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments, or burthens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the holy author of our religion, who being lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either, as was in his Almighty power to do, but to extend it by its influence on reason alone; that the impious presumption of legislators and rulers, civil as well as ecclesiastical, who, being themselves but fallible and uninspired men, have assumed dominion over the faith of others, setting up their own opinions and modes of thinking as the only true and infallible, and as such endeavoring to impose them on others, hath established and maintained false religions over the greatest part of the world and through all time: That to compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves and abhors, is sinful and tyrannical;... that our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, any more than our opinions in physics or geometry;... that the opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its jurisdiction; that to suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on supposition of their ill tendency is a dangerous fallacy [sic], which at once destroys all religious liberty... ; and finally, that truth is great and will prevail if left to herself; that she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons, free argument and debate; errors ceasing to be dangerous when it is permitted freely to contradict them. We the General Assembly of Virginia do enact that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burdened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities...

(Those parts shown above in italics were, according to Edwin S. Gaustad, written by Jefferson but not included in the statute as passed by the General Assembly of Virginia. The bill became law on January 16, 1786. From Edwin S. Gaustad, ed., *A Documentary History of Religion in America*, Vol. I (To the Civil War), Grand Rapids: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 1982, pp. 259-261.

Jefferson was prouder of having written this bill than of being the third President or of such history-making accomplishments as the Louisiana Purchase. He wrote, as his own full epitaph, "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, And Father of the University of Virginia.")

## Words of Thomas Jefferson:

It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself.

(Thomas Jefferson, Notes on Virginia, 1782; from George Seldes, ed., *The Great Quotations*, Secaucus, New Jersey: Citadel Press, 1983, p. 363)

Is uniformity attainable? Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools and the other half hypocrites. To support roguery and error all over the earth.

(Thomas Jefferson, Notes on Virginia, 1782; from George Seldes, ed., *The Great Quotations*, Secaucus, New Jersey: Citadel Press, 1983, p. 363.)

No man complains of his neighbor for ill management of his affairs, for an error in sowing his land, or marrying his daughter, for consuming his substance in taverns... in all these he has liberty; but if he does not frequent the church, or then conform in ceremonies, there is an immediate uproar.

(Thomas Jefferson, Notes on Virginia, 1782; from George Seldes, ed., *The Great Quotations*, Secaucus, New Jersey: Citadel Press, 1983, p. 364.)

... shake off all the fears of servile prejudices under which weak minds are servilely crouched. Fix reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal for every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a god because, if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of reason than that of blindfolded fear. You will naturally examine first the religion of your own country. Read the bible then, as you would read Livy or Tacitus. The testimony of the writer weighs in their favor in one scale, and their not being against the laws of nature does not weigh against them. But those facts in the bible that contradict the laws of nature, must be examined with more care, and under a variety of faces. Here you must recur to the pretensions of the writer to inspiration from god. Examine upon what evidence his pretensions are founded, and whether that evidence is so strong as that it's [sic] falshood [sic] would be more improbable than a change of the laws of nature in the case he relates.... Do not be frightened from this enquiry by any fear of it's [sic] consequences. If it ends in a belief that there is no god, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in it's [sic] exercise, and the love of others which it will procure you. If you find reason to believe there is a god, a consciousness that you are acting under his eye, and that he approves you, will be a vast additional incitement. If that there be a future state, the hope of a happy existence in that increases the appetite to deserve it; if that Jesus was also a god, you will be comforted by a belief of his aid and love. In fine, I repeat that you must lay aside all prejudice on both sides, and neither believe nor reject any thing because any other person, or description of persons have rejected or believed it. Your own reason is the only oracle given you by heaven, and you are answerable not for the rightness but uprightness of the decision...

. (Thomas Jefferson, letter to his young nephew Peter Carr, August 10, 1787. From Adrienne Koch, ed., *The American Enlightenment: The Shaping of the American Experiment and a Free Society*, New York: George Braziller, 1965, pp. 320-321.)

... And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and

suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.... error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.... I deem the essential principles of our government ...[:] Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; ... freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected.

(Thomas Jefferson, "First Inaugural Address," March 4, 1801. From Mortimer Adler, ed., *The Annals of America: 1797-1820, Domestic Expansion and Foreign Entanglements*, Vol. 4; Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 1968, pp. 144-145.

It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own.

(Thomas Jefferson, letter to Benjamin Rush, April 21, 1803. From Daniel B. Baker, ed., *Political Quotations*, Detroit: Gale Research, Inc., 1990, p. 189.)

Certainly, no power to prescribe any religious exercise, or to assume authority in religious discipline, has been delegated to the General Government. It must then rest with the States, as far as it can be in any human authority. But it is only proposed that I should recommend, not prescribe a day of fasting and prayer. That is, that I should indirectly assume to the United States an authority over religious exercises, which the Constitution has directly precluded them from. It must be meant, too, that this recommendation is to carry some authority, and to be sanctioned by some penalty on those who disregard it; not indeed of fine and imprisonment, but of some degree of proscription, perhaps in public opinion. And does the change in the nature of the penalty make the recommendation less a law of conduct for those to whom it is directed? I do not believe it is in the best interests of religion to invite the civil magistrate to direct its exercises, its discipline, or its doctrines; nor of the religious societies, that the General Government should be invested with the power of effecting any uniformity of time or matter among them. Fasting and prayer are religious exercises; the enjoining them an act of discipline. Every religious society has a right to determine for itself the times of these exercises, and the objects proper for them, according to their own particular tenets; and this right can never be safer than in their own hands, where the Constitution has deposited it.

(Thomas Jefferson, just before the end of his second term, in a letter to Samuel Miller--a Presbyterian minister--on January 23, 1808; from Willson Whitman, arranger, *Jefferson's Letters*, Eau Claire, Wisconsin: E. M. Hale and Company, ND, pp. 241-242.

The clergy, by getting themselves established by law and ingrafted into the machine of government, have been a very formidable engine against the civil and religious rights of man.

(Thomas Jefferson, as quoted by Saul K. Padover in *Thomas Jefferson on Democracy*, New York, 1946, p. 165, according to Albert Menendez and Edd Doerr, compilers, *The Great Quotations on Religious Liberty*, Long Beach, CA: Centerline Press, 1991, p. 48.)

In every country and every age, the priest has been hostile to liberty. He is always in alliance with the despot, abetting his abuses in return for protection to his own. It is easier to acquire wealth and power by this combination than by deserving them, and to effect this, they have perverted the purest religion ever preached to man into mystery and jargon, unintelligible to all mankind, and therefore the safer for their purposes.

(Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to Horatio Spofford, 1814; from George Seldes, ed., *The Great Quotations*, Secaucus, New Jersey: Citadel Press, 1983, p. 371)

I have ever judged of the religion of others by their lives.... It is in our lives, and not from our words, that our religion must be read. By the same test the world must judge me. But this does not satisfy the priesthood. They must have a positive, a declared assent to all their interested absurdities. My opinion is that there would never have been an infidel, if there had never been a priest. The artificial structures they have built on the purest of all moral systems, for the purpose of deriving from it pence and power, revolt those who think for themselves, and who read in that system only what is really there.

(Thomas Jefferson, letter to Mrs. M. Harrison Smith: Mrs. M. Harrison, August 6, 1816. From Gorton Carruth and Eugene Ehrlich, eds., *The Harper Book of American Quotations*, New York: Harper & Row, 1988, p. 492.)

... our fellow citizens, after half a century of experience and prosperity, continue to approve the choice we made. May it be to the world, what I believe it will be, (to some parts sooner, to others later, but finally to all,) the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government. That form which we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God. These are grounds of hope for others. For ourselves, let the annual return of this day [Fourth of July] forever refresh our recollections of these rights, and an undiminished devotion to them....

(Thomas Jefferson, letter to Roger C. Weightman, June 24, 1826 [Jefferson's last letter, dated ten days before he died]; from Adrienne Koch, ed., *The American Enlightenment: The Shaping of the American Experiment and a Free Society*, New York: George Braziller, 1965, p. 372.)

It was what he did not like in religion that gave impetus to Jefferson's activity in that troublesome and often bloody arena. He did not like dogmatism, obscurantism, blind obedience, or any interference with the free exercise of the mind. Moreover, he did not like the tendency of religion to confuse truth with power, special insight with special privilege, and the duty to maintain with the right to persecute the dissenter. Ecclesiastical despotism was as reprehensible as despotism of the political sort, even when it justified itself, as it often did, in the name of doing good. This had been sufficiently evident in his native Virginia to give Jefferson every stimulus he needed to see that independence must be carried over into the realm of religion.

(E. S. Gaustad, "Religion," in Merrill D. Peterson, ed., *Thomas Jefferson: A Reference Biography*, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1986, p. 279.)

## Words of James Madison

Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity in exclusion of all other religions may establish, with the same ease, any particular sect of Christians in exclusion of all other sects? That the same authority which can force a citizen to contribute three pence only of his property for the support of any one establishment may force him to conform to any other establishment in all cases whatsoever?

(James Madison, "A Memorial and Remonstrance," addressed to the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia, 1785; from George Seldes, ed., *The Great Quotations*, Secaucus, New Jersey: The Citadel Press, pp. 459-460. According to Edwin S. Gaustad, *Faith of Our Fathers: Religion and the New Nation*, San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1987, pp. 39 ff., Madison's "Remonstrance" was instrumental in blocking the multiple establishment of all denominations of Christianity in Virginia.)

At age eighty-one [therefore, in 1832?], both looking back at the American experience and looking forward with vision sharpened by practical experience, Madison summed up his views of church and state relations in a letter to a "Reverend Adams": "I must admit moreover that it may not be easy, in every possible case, to trace the line of separation between the rights of religion and the Civil authority with such distinctness as to avoid collisions and doubts on unessential points. The tendency of a usurpation on one side or the other, or to a corrupting coalition or alliance between them, will be best guarded by an entire abstinence of the Government from interference in any way whatever, beyond the necessity of preserving public order, and protecting each sect against trespass on its legal rights by others."

(Robert L. Maddox, *Separation of Church and State: Guarantor of Religious Freedom*, New York: Crossroad, 1987, p. 39.)

## Words of George Washington

As President, Washington regularly attended Christian services, and he was friendly in his attitude toward Christian values. However, he repeatedly declined the church's sacraments. Never did he take communion, and when his wife, Martha, did, he waited for her outside the sanctuary.... Even on his deathbed, Washington asked for no ritual, uttered no prayer to Christ, and expressed no wish to be attended by His representative. George Washington's practice of Christianity was limited and superficial because he was not himself a Christian. In the enlightened tradition of his day, he was a devout Deist--just as many of the clergymen who knew him suspected.

(Barry Schwartz, *George Washington: The Making of an American Symbol*, New York: The Free Press, 1987, pp. 174-175.)

## The Words of John Adams

We think ourselves possessed, or, at least, we boast that we are so, of liberty of conscience on all subjects, and of the right of free inquiry and private judgment in all cases, and yet how far are we from these exalted privileges in fact! There exists, I believe, throughout the whole Christian world, a law which makes it

blasphemy to deny or doubt the divine inspiration of all the books of the Old and New Testaments, from Genesis to Revelations.

In most countries of Europe it is punished by fire at the stake, or the rack, or the wheel. In England itself it is punished by boring through the tongue with a red-hot poker. In America it is not better; even in our own Massachusetts, which I believe, upon the whole, is as temperate and moderate in religious zeal as most of the States, a law was made in the latter end of the last century, repealing the cruel punishments of the former laws, but substituting fine and imprisonment upon all those blasphemers upon any book of the Old Testament or New.

Now, what free inquiry, when a writer must surely encounter the risk of fine or imprisonment for adducing any argument for investigating into the divine authority of those books? Who would run the risk of translating Dupuis? But I cannot enlarge upon this subject, though I have it much at heart. I think such laws a great embarrassment, great obstructions to the improvement of the human mind. Books that cannot bear examination, certainly ought not to be established as divine inspiration by penal laws. It is true, few persons appear desirous to put such laws in execution, and it is also true that some few persons are hardy enough to venture to depart from them. But as long as they continue in force as laws, the human mind must make an awkward and clumsy progress in its investigations. I wish they were repealed. The substance and essence of Christianity, as I understand it, is eternal and unchangeable, and will bear examination forever, but it has been mixed with extraneous ingredients, which I think will not bear examination, and they ought to be separated. Adieu.

(John Adams, letter to Thomas Jefferson, January 23, 1825. Adams was 90, Jefferson 81 at the time; both died on July 4th of the following year, on the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. From Adrienne Koch, ed., *The American Enlightenment: The Shaping of the American Experiment and a Free Society*, New York: George Braziller, 1965, p. 234.)

## Words of Other Revolutionaries

I am fully of your Opinion respecting religious Tests; but, tho' the People of Massachusetts have not in their new Constitution kept quite clear of them, yet, if we consider what that People were 100 Years ago, we must allow they have gone great Lengths in Liberality of Sentiment on religious Subjects; and we may hope for greater Degrees of Perfection, when their Constitution, some years hence, shall be revised. If Christian Preachers had continued to teach as Christ and his Apostles did, without Salaries, and as the Quakers now do, I imagine Tests would never have existed; for I think they were invented, not so much to secure Religion itself, as the Emoluments of it. When a Religion is good, I conceive it will support itself; and when it does not support itself, and God does not take care to support it so that its Professors are obliged to call for help of the Civil Power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one.

(Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790, American statesman, diplomat, scientist, and printer, from a letter to Richard Price, October 9, 1780; from Adrienne Koch, ed., *The American Enlightenment: The Shaping of the American Experiment and a Free Society*, New York: George Braziller, 1965, p. 93.)

Persecution is not an original feature in any religion; but it is always the strongly-marked feature of all law-religions, or religions established by law. Take away the law-establishment, and every religion re-assumes its original benignity.

(Thomas Paine, *The Rights of Man*, 1791-1792. From Gorton Carruth and Eugene Ehrlich, eds., *The Harper Book of*

*American Quotations*, New York: Harper & Row, 1988, pp. 499-500.)

Toleration is not the opposite of intolerance but the counterfeit of it. Both are despotisms: the one assumes to itself the right of withholding liberty of conscience, the other of granting it.

(Thomas Paine, *The Rights of Man*, p. 58. As quoted by John M. Swomley, *Religious Liberty and the Secular State: The Constitutional Context*, Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books, 1987, p. 7. Swomley added, "Toleration is a concession; religious liberty is a right.")

Religious matters are to be separated from the jurisdiction of the state not because they are beneath the interests of the state, but, quite to the contrary, because they are too high and holy and thus are beyond the competence of the state.

(Isaac Backus, *An Appeal to the Public for Religious Liberty*, 1773, as quoted by Albert Menendez and Edd Doerr, compilers, *The Great Quotations on Religious Liberty*, Long Beach, CA: Centerline Press, 1991, p. 7.)

"Does not the core of all this difficulty lie in this," Isaac Backus--a Separatist minister turned Baptist--asked rhetorically in replying to a detractor in 1768, "that the common people [justly] claim as good a right to judge and act for themselves in matters of religion as civil rulers or the learned clergy?"

(James A. Henretta, *The Evolution of American Society, 1700-1815: An Interdisciplinary Analysis*, Lexington, MA: D. C. Heath and Company, 1973, p. 136.)

For the civil authority to pretend to establish particular modes of faith and forms of worship, and to punish all that deviate from the standards, which our superiors have set up, is attended with the most pernicious consequences to society. It cramps all free and rational inquiry, fills the world with hypocrites and superstitious bigots--nay, with infidels and skeptics; it exposes men of religion and conscience to the rage and malice of fiery, blind zealots, and dissolves every tender tie of human nature. And I cannot but look upon it as a peculiar blessing of Heaven that we live in a land where everyone can freely deliver his sentiments upon religious subjects, and have the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without any molestation or disturbance--a privilege which I hope we shall ever keep up and strenuously maintain.

(Samuel West, Dartmouth, MA, Election Sermon, 1776, as quoted by Albert Menendez and Edd Doerr, compilers, *The Great Quotations on Religious Liberty*, Long Beach, CA: Centerline Press, 1991, p. 103.)

Is conformity of sentiments in matters of religion essential to the happiness of civil government? Not at all. Government has no more to do with the religious opinions of men than it has with the principles of the mathematics. Let every man speak freely without fear--maintain the principles that he believes--worship according to his own faith, either one God, three Gods, no God, or twenty Gods; and let government protect him in so doing, i.e., see that he meets with no personal abuse or loss of property for his religious opinions. Instead of discouraging him with proscriptions, fines, confiscation or death, let him be encouraged, as a free man, to bring forth his arguments and maintain his points with all boldness; then if his doctrine is false it will be confuted, and if it is true (though ever so novel) let others credit it. When every man has this liberty what can he wish for more? A liberal man asks for nothing more of government.

(John Leland, "The Rights of Conscience Inalienable, and Therefore Religious Opinions not Cognizable by Law" [a pamphlet], New London, Connecticut, 1791. Reprinted in Mortimer Adler, ed., 1784-1796, *Organizing the New Nation: The Annals of America*, Vol. 3, Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 1968, pp. 447-448. Leland was a Baptist minister who refused to support the Constitution until Madison persuaded him that the Constitution would not undermine religious liberty.)

If we glance back at our early history, the reasons for placing religious freedom in the First Amendment may become clearer. The quest for that freedom was one of the motives for emigration to America, but not just for those who wanted to be free to practice their own faith. A surprising majority of colonial Americans were not part of any religious community. Even in New England, research shows, not more than one person in seven was a church member. It was one in fifteen in the middle colonies and fewer still in the South, according to the historian Richard Hofstadter.

(Milton Meltzer, *The Bill of Rights: How We Got It and What It Means*, New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1990, p. 71.)

Is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve their own freedom of opinion have always proved themselves intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?

(Robert E. Lee, 1807-1870, Confederate general, letter to his wife, December 27, 1856. From Gorton Carruth and Eugene Ehrlich, eds., *The Harper Book of American Quotations*, New York: Harper & Row, 1988, p. 498.)

In response to criticisms of Providence's policy of religious tolerance, [Roger] Williams issued in 1644 (forty-five years before Locke's Letter Concerning Toleration) his classic defense of religious liberty, *The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience Discussed*. "God," Williams forthrightly maintained, "requireth not a uniformity of Religion." The civil power, he argued, is incapable of touching the inner life of the spirit, which is the paramount concern of religion. "The civil sword," he wrote, "may make a nation of hypocrites and anti-Christians, but not one true Christian." If the church accepts establishment by the state, it puts itself in the position of "appealing to darkness to judge light, to unrighteousness to judge righteousness, the spiritually blind to judge and end the controversy concerning heavenly colors." The argument that a non-Christian state cannot effectively carry out its secular functions is simply false. Statecraft, like seacraft, is a practical skill, unrelated to religious faith. "A pagan or anti-Christian pilot may be as skillful to carry the ship to its desired port as any Christian mariner or pilot in the world, and may perform that work with as much safety and speed."

(A. James Reichley, *Religion in American Public Life*, Washington: Brookings Institution, 1985, p. 66.)

I must profess while heaven and earth last, that no one tenet that either London, England, or the world doth harbor is so heretical, blasphemous, seditious, and dangerous to the corporal, to the spiritual, to the present, to the eternal good of all men as the bloody tenent ... of persecution for cause of conscience.

(Roger Williams, 1603?-1683, founder of Rhode Island, as quoted by Edwin S. Gaustad, *Faith of Our Fathers: Religion and the New Nation*, San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1987, p. 23.)

It is the will and command of God that ... a permission of the paganish, Jewish, Turkish [Muslim], or anti-Christian consciences

The government has leverage on religious groups because of the tax-exemption privilege. Church leaders, eager for the church to be free to be the church, should ask for the removal of this privilege. If there were no tax privilege for religious groups, hucksters and people who are using religion as a cover for political movements would be discouraged.

(William Stringfellow, lawyer and lay theologian, as quoted in the *Dallas Times Herald*, December 9, 1978, p. A-27, according to Alan F. Pater and Jason R. Pater, compilers and editors, *What They Said in 1978: The Yearbook of Spoken Opinion*, Beverly Hills, CA: Monitor Book Co., 1979, p. 447.)

Voluntary, individual, silent prayer has never been banned or discouraged in the public schools. The Supreme Court has banned state-sponsored religious services. Those who advocate prayer services in the public schools do not want voluntary prayer. They want the government to be officially involved in promoting and sponsoring prayer services so as to put pressure on children to engage in public prayer. They apparently do not care whether parents want their children to engage in public prayer or be indoctrinated with sectarian religious ideas. The object is to provide a captive classroom audience that will be exposed to the prayers of those with a religious message, which they deliver in the form of a prayer.

(John M. Swomley, *Religious Liberty and the Secular State: The Constitutional Context*, Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books, 1987, p. 128.)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. (Jesus, as reported in Matthew 6:5-6.)

It is a fundamental human right, a privilege of nature, that every man should worship according to his own convictions.

(Tertullian, 160?-230?, Carthaginian church father, *Ad Scapulam*, 202 C.E., according to Albert Menendez and Edd Doerr, compilers, *The Great Quotations on Religious Liberty*, Long Beach, CA: Centerline Press, 1991, p. 94.)

... It is accordingly on this battlefield [religious belief], almost solely, that the rights of the individual against society have been asserted on broad grounds of principle, and the claim of society to exercise authority over dissentients openly controverted. The great writers to whom the world owes what religious liberty it possesses, have mostly asserted freedom of conscience as an indefeasible right, and denied absolutely that a human being is accountable to others for his religious belief. Yet so natural to mankind is intolerance in whatever they really care about, that religious freedom has hardly anywhere been practically realized, except where religious indifference, which dislikes to have its peace disturbed by theological quarrels, has added its weight to the scale. In the minds of almost all religious persons, even in the most tolerant countries, the duty of toleration is admitted with tacit reserves. One person will bear with dissent in matters of church government, but not of dogma; another can tolerate everybody, short of a Papist or an Unitarian; another, every one who believes in revealed religion; a few extend their charity a little further, but stop at the belief in a God and in a future state. Wherever the sentiment of the majority is still genuine and intense, it is found to have abated little of its claim to be obeyed.

(John Stuart Mill, 1806-1873, and Harriet Taylor Mill, ?-1858, "Chapter I: Introductory," *On Liberty*, 1859; reprinted in Curran V. Shields, ed., *On Liberty*, Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1956, p. 11.)

# The Supreme Court Materials

## Words of the Supreme Court

Christianity is not established by law, and the genius of our institutions requires that the Church and the State should be kept separate....The state confesses its incompetency to judge spiritual matters between men or between man and his maker ... spiritual matters are exclusively in the hands of teachers of religion.

(U. S. Supreme Court, *Melvin v. Easley*, 1860, as quoted by Samuel Rabinove, "Church and State Must Remain Separate," in Julie S. Bach, ed., *Civil Liberties: Opposing Viewpoints*, St. Paul: Greenhaven Press, 1988, p. 53.)

The law knows no heresy, and is committed to the support of no dogma, the establishment of no sect.

(U. S. Supreme Court, *Watson v. Jones*, 1872, as quoted by John M. Swomley, *Religious Liberty and the Secular State: The Constitutional Context*, Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books, 1987, p. 7.)

[Chief Justice Morrison Waite, in *Reynolds vs. U.S.*, a Supreme Court decision in 1878] cited Madison's Memorial and Remonstrance of 1785, in which, said Waite, "he demonstrated 'that religion, or the duty we owe the Creator,' was not within the cognizance of civil government." This was followed, said Waite, by passage of the Virginia statute "for establishing religious freedom," written by Jefferson, which proclaimed complete liberty of opinion and allowed no interference by government until ill tendencies "break out into overt acts against peace and good order." Finally, the Chief Justice cited Jefferson's letter of 1802 to the Danbury Baptist association, describing the First Amendment as "building a wall of separation between church and state." Coming as this does, said Waite, "from an acknowledged leader of the advocates of the measure, it may be accepted almost as an authoritative declaration of the scope and effect of the amendment thus secured."

(Irving Brant, *The Bill of Rights: Its Origin and Meaning*, Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1965, p. 407.)

Congress was deprived [by the First Amendment] of all legislative power over mere opinion, but was left free to reach actions which were in violation of social duties or subversive of good order.

(Chief Justice Morrison Waite, *Reynolds vs. U.S.*, 1878, as quoted by Robert S. Alley, ed., *The Supreme Court on Church and State*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1988, p. 353.)

... the First Amendment of the Constitution ... was intended to allow everyone under the jurisdiction of the United States to entertain such notions respecting his relations to his maker, and the duties they impose, as may be approved by his conscience, and to exhibit his sentiments in such form of worship as he may think proper, not injurious to the rights of others, and to prohibit legislation for the support of any religious tenets, or the modes of worship of any sect.

(U. S. Supreme Court, 1890, *Darwin v. Beason*, as quoted by Samuel Rabinove, "Religious Liberty and Church-State Separation: Why Should We Care?," speech on April 10, 1986, *Vital Speeches of the Day*, June 15, 1986, p. 528.

If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion, or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein. If there are any circumstances which permit an exception, they do not now occur to us.

(Justice Robert H. Jackson, U. S. Supreme Court, *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette*, 1943. From Robert L. Maddox, *Separation of Church and State: Guarantor of Religious Freedom*, New York: Crossroad Publishing, 1987, p. 115.)

Supreme Court Justice Rutledge stated in 1947 that the First Amendment was not designed merely to prohibit governmental imposition of a religion; it was designed to create "a complete and permanent separation of the spheres of religious activity and civil authority...."

(Martha M. McCarthy, *A Delicate Balance: Church, State, and the Schools*, Bloomington, Indiana: Phi Delta Kappan Educational Foundation, 1983, p. 11.)

The "establishment of religion" clause of the First Amendment means at least this: Neither a state nor the Federal Government can set up a church. Neither can pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another. Neither can force nor influence a person to go to or remain away from church against his will or force him to profess a belief or disbelief in any religion. No person can be punished for entertaining or professing religious beliefs or disbeliefs, for church attendance or non-attendance. No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice religion. Neither a state nor the Federal Government, can openly or secretly, participate in the affairs of any religious organization or groups and vice versa. In the words of Jefferson, the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect "a wall of separation between church and State."

(Justice Hugo Black, U. S. Supreme Court, *Everson v. Board of Education*, 1947. Quoted by John M. Swomley, Jr., *Religion, The State, & The Schools*, New York: Pegasus, 1968, pp. 21-22.)

The First Amendment has erected a wall between church and state. That wall must be kept high and impregnable. We could not approve the slightest breach.

(Justice Hugo Black, U. S. Supreme Court, *Everson v. Board of Education*, 1947. From Samuel Rabinove, "Church and State Must Remain Separate," in Julie S. Bach, ed., *Civil Liberties: Opposing Viewpoints*, St. Paul: Greenhaven Press, 1988, p. 53.)

In efforts to force loyalty to whatever religious group happened to be on top and in league with the government of a particular time and place, men and women had been fined, cast in jail, cruelly tortured, and killed. Among the offenses for which these punishments had been inflicted were such things as speaking disrespectfully of the views of ministers of government-established churches, nonattendance at those churches,

expressions of nonbelief in their doctrines, and failure to pay taxes and tithes to support them.

(Justice Hugo Black, U. S. Supreme Court, *Everson v. Board of Education*, 1947, as quoted by Robert S. Alley, *The Supreme Court on Church and State*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1988, pp. 41-42, according to Victoria Sherrow, *Separation of Church and State*, New York: Franklin Watts, 1992, pp. 15-16.)

As the momentum for popular education increased and in turn evoked strong claims for state support of religious education, contests not unlike that which in Virginia had produced Madison's Remonstrance appeared in various forms in other states. New York and Massachusetts provide famous chapters in the history that established dissociation of religious teaching from state-maintained schools. In New York, the rise of the common schools led, despite fierce sectarian opposition, to the barring of tax funds to church schools, and later to any school in which sectarian doctrine was taught. In Massachusetts, largely through the efforts of Horace Mann, all sectarian teachings were barred from the common school to save it from being rent by denominational conflict. The upshot of these controversies, often long and fierce, is fairly summarized by saying that long before the Fourteenth Amendment subjected the states to new limitations, the prohibition of furtherance by the state of religious instruction became the guiding principle, in law and in feeling, of the American people....

(Justice Felix Frankfurter, U. S. Supreme Court, in *McCullum v. Board of Education*, the 1948 decision that forbid public schools in Illinois from commingling sectarian and secular instruction; as quoted by Paul Blanshard, ed., *Classics of Free Thought*, Buffalo, New York: Prometheus Books, 1977, pp. 61-62.)

The nonsectarian or secular public school was the means of reconciling freedom in general with religious freedom. The sharp confinement of the public schools to secular education was a recognition of the need of a democratic society to educate its children, insofar as the state undertook to do so, in an atmosphere free from pressures in a realm in which pressures are most resisted and where bitterly engendered. Designed to serve as perhaps the most powerful agency for promoting cohesion among a heterogeneous democratic people, the public school must keep scrupulously free from entanglement in the strife of sects. The preservation of the community from division conflicts, of government from irreconcilable pressures by religious groups, of religion from censorship and coercion however subtly exercised, requires strict confinement of the state to instruction other than religious, leaving to the individual's church and home, indoctrination in the faith of his choice.... The extent to which this principle was deemed a presupposition of our Constitutional system is strikingly illustrated by the fact that every state admitted into the Union since 1876 was compelled by Congress to write into its constitution a requirement that it maintain a school system "free from sectarian control." ...

(Justice Felix Frankfurter, U. S. Supreme Court, in *McCullum v. Board of Education*, the 1948 decision that forbid public schools in Illinois from commingling sectarian and secular instruction; as quoted by Paul Blanshard, ed., *Classics of Free Thought*, Buffalo, New York: Prometheus Books, 1977, pp. 62-63.)

We find that the basic Constitutional principle of absolute separation was violated when the State of Illinois, speaking through its Supreme Court, sustained the school authorities of Champaign in sponsoring and effectively furthering religious

beliefs by its educational arrangement. Separation means separation, not something less. Jefferson's metaphor in describing the relation between church and state speaks of a "wall of separation," not of a fine line easily overstepped. The public school is at once the symbol of our democracy and the most pervasive means for promoting our common destiny. In no activity of the state is it more vital to keep out divisive forces than in its schools, to avoid confusing, not to say fusing, what the Constitution sought to keep strictly apart. "The great American principle of eternal separation"--Elihu Root's phrase bears repetition--is one of the vital reliances of our Constitutional system for assuring unities among our people stronger than our diversities. It is the Court's duty to enforce this principle in its full integrity. We renew our conviction that "we have staked the very existence of our country on the faith that complete separation between the state and religion is best for the state and best for religion."

(Justice Felix Frankfurter, U. S. Supreme Court, in *McCullum v. Board of Education*, the 1948 decision that forbid public schools in Illinois from commingling sectarian and secular instruction; as quoted by Paul Blanshard, ed., *Classics of Free Thought*, Buffalo, New York: Prometheus Books, 1977, p. 64.)

The day that this country ceases to be free for irreligion, it will cease to be free for religion--except for the sect that can win political power.

(Justice Robert H. Jackson, dissenting opinion, U. S. Supreme Court, *Zorach v. Clauson*, April 7, 1952. From Daniel B. Baker, ed., *Political Quotations*, Detroit: Gale Research, Inc., 1990, p. 190.)

We repeat and again reaffirm that neither a state nor the federal government can constitutionally force a person "to profess a belief or disbelief in any religion." Neither can constitutionally pass laws nor impose requirements which aid all religions as against non-believers, and neither can aid those religions based on a belief in the existence of a God as against those religions founded on different beliefs.

(Justice Hugo Black, U. S. Supreme Court, in *Torcaso v. Watkins*, the 1961 decision that *Torcaso* could not be required by Maryland to declare a belief in God before being sworn in as a notary public; as quoted by Paul Blanshard, ed., *Classics of Free Thought*, Buffalo, New York: Prometheus Books, 1977, p. 10.)

The [U. S. Supreme] Court also has noted that the "first and most immediate purpose" of the establishment clause rests "on the belief that a union of government and religion tends to destroy government and degrade religion."

(Martha M. McCarthy, *A Delicate Balance: Church, State, and the Schools*, Bloomington, Indiana: Phi Delta Kappan Educational Foundation, 1983, p. 170. According to McCarthy, the quote is from *Engel v. Vitale*, 370 U.S. 421, 431 [1962].)

It is a matter of history that this very practice of establishing governmentally composed prayers for religious services was one of the reasons which caused many of our early colonists to leave England and seek religious freedom in America. ... By the time of the adoption of the Constitution, our history shows that there was widespread awareness among many Americans of the dangers of a union of Church and State. These people knew, some of them from bitter personal experience, that one of the greatest dangers to the freedom of the individual to worship in his own way lay in the Government's placing its official stamp of approval upon one particular kind of prayer or one particular form of religious service.... The First Amendment was added to the Constitution to

stand as a guarantee that neither the power nor the prestige of the Federal Government would be used to control, support or influence the kinds of prayer the American people can say--that the people's religions must not be subjected to the pressures of government for change each time a new political administration is elected to office.

(Justice Hugo Black, U. S. Supreme Court, in *Engel v. Vitale*, 1962 decision on school prayer, as quoted by Alan Barth, "The Roots of Limited Government," *The Rights of Free Men: An Essential Guide to Civil Liberties*, ed. James Clayton, New York: Alfred A Knopf, 1984, p. 123.)

These men [the authors on the Constitution and First Amendment] knew that the First Amendment, which tried to put an end to government control of religion and prayer, was not written to destroy either. They knew rather that it was written to quiet well-justified fears which nearly all of them felt arising out of an awareness that governments of the past had shackled men's tongues to make them speak and to pray only to the God that government wanted them to pray to. It is neither sacrilegious nor antireligious to say that each separate government in this country should stay out of the business of writing or sanctioning official prayers and leave that purely religious function to the people themselves and to those the people choose to look to for religious guidance.

(Justice Hugo Black, in *Engel v. Vitale*, U. S. Supreme Court 1962 decision on school prayer, as quoted by Alan Barth, "In Behalf of Religion," *The Rights of Free Men: An Essential Guide to Civil Liberties*, ed. James Clayton, New York: Alfred A Knopf, 1984, p. 128.)

First, this Court has decisively settled that the First Amendment's mandate that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof" has been made wholly applicable to the States by the Fourteenth Amendment.... Second, this Court has rejected unequivocally the contention that the Establishment Clause forbids only governmental preference of one religion over another.

(Justice Tom C. Clark, majority opinion, U. S. Supreme Court, *School District of Abington Township v. Schempp*, 374 U.S. 203 (1963), as quoted in Robert S. Alley, ed., *The Supreme Court on Church and State*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1988, pp. 210-211.)

Finally, we cannot accept that the concept of neutrality, which does not permit a State to require a religious exercise even with the consent of the majority of those affected, collides with the majority's right to free exercise of religion. While the Free Exercise Clause clearly prohibits the use of state action to deny the rights of free exercise to anyone, it has never meant that a majority could use the machinery of the State to practice its beliefs. Such a contention was effectively answered by Mr. Justice Jackson for the Court in *West Virginia Board of Education v. Barnette*: "The very purpose of a Bill of Rights was to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials and to establish them as legal principles to be applied by the courts. One's right to ... freedom of worship ... and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections."

(Justice Tom C. Clark, majority opinion, U. S. Supreme Court, *School District of Abington Township v. Schempp*, 374 U.S. 203 (1963), as quoted in Robert S. Alley, ed., *The Supreme Court on Church and State*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1988, pp. 210-211.)



The place of religion in our society is an exalted one, achieved through a long tradition of reliance on the home, the church and the inviolable citadel of the individual heart and mind. We have come to recognize through bitter experience that it is not within the power of government to invade that citadel, whether its purpose or effect be to aid or to oppose, to advance or retard. In the relationship between man and religion, the state is firmly committed to a position of neutrality.

(Justice Tom C. Clark, majority opinion, U. S. Supreme Court, June 17, 1963, as quoted by Alan Barth, April 21, 1968, "Permission to Pray," *The Rights of Free Men: An Essential Guide to Civil Liberties*, ed. James Clayton, New York: Alfred A Knopf, 1984, pp. 130-131.)

... the problem to be considered and solved when the First Amendment was proposed was not one of hazy or comparative insignificance, but was one of blunt and stark reality, which had perplexed and plagued the nations of Western civilization for some 14 centuries, and during that long period, the union of Church and State in the government of man had produced neither peace on earth, nor good will to man.

(Justice Prescott of the Maryland high court, *Horace Mann League of the United States v. Board of Public Works*, 220 A.2d 51, 60 (Md. 1966), as quoted by Martha M. McCarthy, *A Delicate Balance: Church, State, and the Schools*, Bloomington, Indiana: Phi Delta Kappan Educational Foundation, 1983, p. 1.)

Government in our democracy, state and national, must be neutral in matters of religious theory, doctrine and practice. It may not be hostile to any religion or to the advocacy of nonreligion; and it may not aid, foster, or promote one religion or religious theory against another or even against the militant opposite. The First Amendment mandates governmental neutrality between religion and religion, and between religion and nonreligion.

(U. S. Supreme Court, *Epperson v. Arkansas*, 393 U.S. 97, 103 [1968], as quoted by Martha M. McCarthy, *A Delicate Balance: Church, State, and the Schools*, Bloomington, Indiana: Phi Delta Kappan Educational Foundation, 1983, p. 173.)

A certain momentum develops in constitutional theory and it can be a "downhill thrust" easily set in motion but difficult to retard or stop.... The dangers are increased by the difficulty of perceiving in advance exactly where the "verge" of the precipice lies. As well as constituting an independent evil against which the Religion Clauses were intended to protect, involvement or entanglement between government and religion serves as a warning signal.

(Chief Justice Warren Burger, U. S. Supreme Court, *Lemon v. Kurtzman*, 403 U.S. 602, 624-25 [1971], as quoted by Martha M. McCarthy, *A Delicate Balance: Church, State, and the Schools*, Bloomington, Indiana: Phi Delta Kappan Educational Foundation, 1983, p. 175.)

The government must pursue a course of complete neutrality toward religion.

(John Paul Stevens, majority opinion, U. S. Supreme Court, *Wallace v. Jaffree*, June 4, 1985. From Daniel B. Baker, ed., *Political Quotations*, Detroit: Gale Research, Inc., 1990, p. 191.)

Protecting religious freedoms may be more important in the late twentieth century than it was when the Bill of Rights was ratified. We live in a pluralistic society, with people of widely divergent religious backgrounds or with none at all. Government

cannot endorse beliefs of one group without sending a clear message to non-adherents that they are outsiders.

(Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, in a speech to a Philadelphia conference on religion in public life, May 1991, according to Tom Flynn, "The Supreme Court Battle: Preserving Civil Liberties in the Era of a Hostile Judiciary," *Free Inquiry*, Fall 1991, Vol. 11, No. 4, p. 4.)

Religious beliefs and religious expression are too precious to be either proscribed or prescribed by the state.

(Justice Anthony M. Kennedy, according to Mark S. Hoffman, editor, "Notable Quotes in 1992," *The World Almanac and Book of Facts 1993*, New York: Pharos Books, 1992, p. 32.)

# An Overall View Of Religious Liberty As Defined By U.S. Supreme Court Cases

Last modified July 22, 2002

Establishment Clause: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion ..."

The Establishment Clause has generally come to mean that government cannot authorize a church, cannot pass laws that aid or favor one religion over another, cannot pass laws that favor religious belief over non belief, cannot force a person to profess a belief. In short, government must be neutral toward religion and cannot be entangled with any religion.

## Religion in public schools

*Minersville v. Gobitis*, 310 U.S. 586 (1940) - Supreme Court rules that a public school may require students to salute the flag and pledge allegiance even if it violates their religious scruples.

*West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette*, 319 U.S. 624 (1943) - Court overturns *Gobitis* but is broader in its scope. No one can be forced to salute the flag or say the pledge of allegiance if it violates the individual conscience.

*McCollum v. Board of Education*, 333 U.S. 203 (1948) - Court finds religious instruction in public schools a violation of the establishment clause and therefore unconstitutional.

*Zorach v. Clausen*, 343 U.S. 306 (1952) - Court finds that release time from public school classes for religious instruction does not violate the establishment clause.

*Engel v. Vitale*, 370 U.S. 421 (1962) - Court finds school prayer unconstitutional.

*Abington School District v. Schempp*, 374 U.S. 203 (1963) - Court finds Bible reading over school intercom unconstitutional **and** *Murray v. Curlett*, 374 U.S. 203 (1963) - Court finds forcing a child to participate in Bible reading and prayer unconstitutional.

*Epperson v. Arkansas*, 393 U.S. 97 (1968) - Court says the state cannot ban the teaching of evolution.

*Stone v. Graham*, 449 U.S. 39 (1980) - Court finds posting of the Ten Commandments in schools unconstitutional.

*Wallace v. Jaffree*, 472 U.S. 38 (1985) - Court finds state law enforcing a moment of silence in schools had a religious purpose and is therefore unconstitutional.

*Edwards v. Aguillard*, 482 U.S. 578 (1987) - Court finds state law requiring equal treatment for creationism has a religious purpose and is therefore unconstitutional.

*Board of Education v. Mergens*, 496 U.S. 226 (1990) - The court rules that the Equal Access Act does not violate the First Amendment. Public schools that receive federal funds and maintain a "limited open forum" on school grounds after school hours cannot deny "equal access" to student groups based upon "religious, political, philosophical, or other content."

*Lee v. Weisman*, 112 SCt. 2649 (1992) - Court finds prayer at public school graduation ceremonies violates the establishment clause and is therefore unconstitutional.

*Lamb's Chapel et al. v. Center Moriches Union Free School District*, 508 U.S. 384 (1993) - Court says that school districts cannot deny churches access to school premises after-hours, if the district allowed the use of its building to other groups.

*Kiryas Joel Village School District v. Grumet*, (1994) - Court states that the New York State Legislature cannot create a separate school district for a religious community.

*Santa Fe Independent School District v. Doe*, (2000) - Court rules that student-led prayers at public school football games violate the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment.

*Good News Club v. Milford Central School*, (2001) - Court rules that Milford Central School cannot keep Good News Club from using its facilities because the school had created a limited public forum and prohibiting the religious club was viewpoint discrimination.

## Religion in state colleges or universities

*Widmar v. Vincent*, 454 U.S. 263 (1981) - Court rules that a state university cannot refuse to grant a student religious group "equal access" to facilities that are open to other student groups.

*Rosenberger v. Rector and Visitors of the University of Virginia*, 515 U.S. 817 (1995) - Court finds student activity funds can be used to fund a Christian perspective student magazine called "Wide Awake."

## Support for religious schools

*Pierce v. Society of Sisters*, 268 U.S. 510 (1925) - Court invalidates an Oregon law that required all children between the ages of eight and 16 to attend public schools. A Roman Catholic orphanage and military academy brought suit. The court said the Oregon law interfered with parents right to oversee and guide their children's education.

*Everson v. Board of Education*, 330 U.S. 1 (1947) - Court says that state reimbursement for bus fares to attend religious schools is constitutional.

*Board of Education v. Allen*, 392 U.S. 236 (1968) - Court says that the state's lending of textbooks to private and religious schools is constitutional.

*Lemon v. Kurtzman*, 403 U.S. 602 (1971) - Court finds state supplements to the salary of Catholic school teachers to be unconstitutional.

*Tilton v. Richardson*, 403 U.S. 671 (1971) - Court finds that federal funding to private, religious, and public colleges in order to build classrooms is constitutional.

*Committee v. Nyquist*, 413 U.S. 756 (1973) and in *Sloan v. Lemon*, 413 U.S. 825 (1973) - Court rules that states cannot reimburse parents for sending their children to religious schools.

*Meek v. Pittenger*, 421 U.S. 349 (1975) - Court rules that states can lend textbooks to religious schools but no other materials.

*Roemer v. Board of Public Works*, 426 U.S. 736 (1976) - Court rules that states can provide grants to private and religious colleges.

*Committee for Public Education v. Regan*, 444 U.S. 646 (1980) - Court rules that states can reimburse religious schools for the cost of giving standardized tests.

*Mueller v. Allen*, 463 U.S. 388 (1983) - Court rules that taxpayers can deduct tuition, textbooks, and transportation expenses from state income taxes that were incurred by attending private and religious schools.

*Aguilar v. Felton*, 473 U.S. 402 (1985) - Court rules that sending public school teachers to religious schools to provide remedial education and counseling is unconstitutional.

*Zobrest et al. v. Catalina Foothills School District*, 509 U.S. 1 (1993) - Court rules that the school district does not violate the

Establishment Clause by furnishing a sign-interpreter to a deaf child in a sectarian school.

*Kiryas Joel Village School District v. Grumet*, 512 U.S. 687 (1994) - Court rules that a school district carved out for religious reasons and financed by public funds violates the Establishment Clause.

*Agostini v. Felton*, 117 S.Ct. 1997, 138 L.Ed.2d 391 (1997) - Court overturns *Aguilar* and says that public school teachers providing supplemental, remedial instruction to disadvantaged students in religious schools does not violate the Establishment Clause.

*Mitchell v. Helms*, (2000) - High court rules that Chapter 2 of the Education and Consolidation and Improvement Act of 1981 does not violate the Establishment Clause when it provides educational equipment to religious schools with taxpayer money.

*Zelman v. Simmons-Harris*, (2002) - A 5-to-4 court, in an opinion written by Chief Justice William Rehnquist, upheld Ohio's voucher program that gives tax dollars to parents in Cleveland to send their children to religious or non-religious schools. It is the first time the court has upheld a voucher system.

## Religious Tests to Hold Public Office

*Torcaso v. Watkins*, 367 U.S. 488 (1961) - Court holds that the state of Maryland can not require applicants for public office to swear that they believed in the existence of God. The court unanimously rules that a religious test violates the Establishment Clause.

## Prayer in Legislatures

*Marsh v. Chambers*, 463 U.S. 783 (1983) - Court rules that prayers said in state legislatures do not violate the Establishment Clause.

## Nativity Displays

*Lynch v. Donnelly*, 465 U.S. 668 (1984) - Court rules that a government owned nativity scene displayed on private land did not endorse a religion and therefore did not violate the Establishment Clause.

*Allegheny County v. ACLU*, 492 U.S. 573 (1989) - Court finds that a nativity scene displayed inside a government building violates the Establishment Clause.

## Religion in the workplace

*Sherbert v. Verner*, 374 U.S. 398 (1963) - Court rules that the violation of the Free Exercise Clause of the First Amendment demands a strict scrutiny. Adell Sherbert, a Seventh-day Adventist, was fired from her job because she refused to work on her Sabbath, Saturday. She was denied unemployment benefits from the state. The high court said that the State of South Carolina could only burden Sherbert's free exercise of her religion if it had a compelling interest in doing so. South Carolina could not meet the test. Sherbert received her unemployment benefits.

*Employment Division v. Smith*, 494 U.S. 872 (1990) overruled *Sherbert v. Verner*'s compelling interest test.

## Free Exercise Clause:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof ..."

The Free Exercise Clause has generally come to mean that one may believe anything, but that religious actions and rituals can be limited by laws that are passed for compelling government reasons. A law passed that is aimed at a particular religion or religions in general have been considered unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court. Laws must be neutral in regard to religions.

## When Religious Acts Break the Law

*Reynolds v. United States*, 98 U.S. 145 (1878) - Court finds that the federal law prohibiting polygamy, which was challenged by a Mormon defendant, to be constitutional. Polygamy was outlawed.

*United States v. Ballard*, 322 U.S. 78 (1944) - Court rules that religious teachings could not be prosecuted for fraud. The beliefs of one person may seem preposterous to another, but religious liberty demands the "widest toleration of conflicting views."

*Wisconsin v. Yoder*, 406 U.S. 205 (1972) - Court decides that the Amish do not have to follow state law which required that children attend school until the age of 16. The Amish stop their children's formal education at 8th grade.

*Employment Division v. Smith*, 494 U.S. 872 (1990) - Court rules that the Free Exercise Clause cannot exempt one from drug laws. The two defendants were members of the Native American Church and had ingested peyote, a hallucinogenic drug. The high court states a new rule: no religious actions may violate general laws, but laws aimed specifically at religions or a particular religious practice will be held unconstitutional.

*Church of Lukumi Babalu Aye v. Hialeah*, 508 U.S. 520 (1993) - Court finds ordinances passed by the city of Hialeah, Florida, to stop members of the Santeria religion from sacrificing animals in their religious ceremonies were aimed directly at the church and are therefore unconstitutional. While sacrificing animals was outlawed, slaughtering them was not - so meat packing plants could continue to operate, or hunters continue to dress their kill.

**Congress passes the Religious Freedom Restoration Act in October 1993.** It restores the traditional reading of the Free Exercise Clause: the government must show a compelling interest to justify any substantial restriction on religion.

The **Religious Freedom Restoration Act of 1993** states in part:

## Free Exercise of Religion is Protected

(a) IN GENERAL - Government shall not substantially burden a person's exercise of religion even if the burden results from a rule of general applicability, except as provided in subsection

(b) EXCEPTION - Government may substantially burden a person's exercise of religion only if it demonstrates that application of the burden to the person -

(1) is in furtherance of a compelling governmental interest; and

(2) is the least restrictive means of furthering that compelling interest.

(c) JUDICIAL RELIEF - A person whose religious exercise has been burdened in violation of this section may assert that violation as a claim or defense in a judicial proceeding and obtain appropriate relief against a government. Standing to assert a claim or defense under this section shall be governed by the general rules of standing under article III of the Constitution.

A challenge to the constitutionality of the Religious Freedom Restoration Act was heard by the U.S. Supreme Court on Feb. 19, 1997.

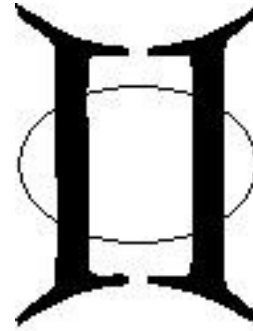
The case pits the City of Boerne, Texas' historic district law against St. Peter's Catholic Church which wants to rebuild and expand a part of its church so that it can accommodate its large membership (*City of Boerne, Texas v. P.F. Flores, Archbishop of San Antonio*)

Boerne city fathers refused to permit the building. Church leaders brought suit under RFRA, saying the law infringes on religious exercise.

The federal trial judge ruled RFRA unconstitutional. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed. Both sides asked the U.S. Supreme Court to review the decision.

The U.S. Supreme Court ruled RFRA unconstitutional as applied to the states on June 25, 1997. The case is *City of Boerne, Texas v. P.F. Flores, Archbishop of San Antonio*.

So Ends Volume Five  
of the Green Books.



# Green Book Of Meditations Volume 6

## The Books of Songs and Poetry of the RDNA

### 2003 Introduction

Well, after noticing how many songs and poems were accumulating in various files for this edition, I thought it best to try and combine all of them into one easy to refer collection. Vol Zero is from Pt. 7 of ARDA 1, which is a collection from the Druid Chronicles (Evolved) and Vol. 1 & 2 were from Pt. 9 of ARDA, and were from the last years of my Archdruidcy at Carleton. Vol. 3 is a compilation of songs that were popular in the Carleton Grove's folksinging society "Pickin N Grinnin" in the mid 1990s. Vol 4 has songs from the Live Oak Grove's publication "Druid Missalany" in the 80s. Vol. 5 are some songs from the late 90s. Vol. 6 & 7 are from the internet Bardic contests run by [RDNAtalk@yahogroups.com](mailto:RDNAtalk@yahogroups.com) that I moderated. Vol. 8 is a shorty story by Irony, written in the Kingdom of Tonga during a Peace Corps deployment.

Enjoy them.

Mike Scharding  
Feb 24<sup>th</sup>, 2003  
Embassy of Japan

Drynemetum Press



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# The Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Zero 1976 The Book of Bards Formerly Miscellany in DC(E), Part 7 in ARDA

## 2003 Introduction

I moved this book from Part 7, in order to better consolidate all the scattered poetry in the new edition of ARDA.

-Mike Scharding  
Feb 1, 2003  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.

## 1996 Introduction

Of all the selections in the Miscellany, this is the one that has been added to the most by the Druid Chronieler magazine. Many of these selections were designed to be inserted into liturgies, and most were unknown to (or unused by) most Carleton Druids until 1986. Some of the songs, to the say the least, are anti-Christian in the sense that they call for revenge for the "Burning Times" of the Inquisition and Witch Hunts. I once found these songs disturbing, but I've grown to find an admirable fire of resistance in these songs. Others will say they fortify the singers in face of persecution.

Michael Scharding  
St. Cloud, MN  
April 6, 1996

## Publishing History

1976 1st Printing, Druid Chronicles (Evolved)  
1996 2nd Printing, ARDA  
2003 3rd Printing, ARDA 2

## Processional Hymn

*(Customs 2:1-3)*  
*Words by Kathie Courtice*  
*Music by Peter Basquin*

O Earth-Mother  
We praise thee that seed springeth,  
that flower openeth,  
that grass waveth.  
We praise thee for winds that whisper  
through the graceful elm,  
through the shapely maple,  
through the lively pine,  
through the shining birch,  
through the mighty oak.  
We praise thee for all things,  
O Earth-Mother, who givest life.

The words of the Chant were written by Kathie Courtice, now married to Peter Basquin, who wrote the music (to be found in *The Book of Bards*.) It was regularly sung as a part of the Services of Worship, usually as the Processional Chant. A note on the Hymn to the Earthmother at the start of the collection. Here is a letter that may be of interest to Druid musicians:

"At the time, I wanted to express through the notation as well as through the rhythm and melody the kinship that would bear to the musical systems of earlier peoples. True, a single line notation was not even invented until the last thousand year or so, but it seemed somehow more fitting than the modern staff and clef.

"At all events, I enclose here the melody as it would read in modern notation, albeit chant-notation. The rhythmic values are to be read as in modern notation generally, but with a somewhat flexible flow, as in most chant. The bar-lines represent pauses ends of phrases, breath marks of shorter or longer length according to the time and the inspiration of the group singing.

"The melody is a four-note chant, akin to the Medieval hypomixolydian mode (8th mode.) The note is written on the line "g" in the modern notation) is the recitation tone of the chant (the "tonic.") The step below it should certainly not be raised to the leading tone, on the contrary, it would be better sung slightly flatter than the modern notation suggest, so the two lower notes stand nearly in ratio of 6 to 7 in the overtone series. You may be interested to know that the author of the poem is now my wife. The Earth Mother has blessed us with a very happy and compassionate marriage. She would prefer to be credited with her then (maiden) name, Kathie Courtice, and I, simply as Peter Basquin."

O- Earth-Moth-er! We praise Thee that seed springeth, that flower  
openeth, that grass waveth. We praise Thee for winds that whisper thro  
the graceful elm, thru the shapely maple, thru the live-ly pine,  
thru the shin-ing birch, thru the mighty oak. We praise Thee for  
all things, O- Earth-Mother, Who givest Life.

## Now Do We With Songs and Rejoicing

*(A Processional Hymn)*  
*Words by David T. Geller (NRDNA)*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of:*  
*"Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence"*

Now do we with songs and rejoicing,  
Come before the Mother to stand.  
She has given forth of Her bounty  
And with blessings in Her hand,  
In the fields She walks  
And in the woods She walks;  
Our full homage to command.

At Her voice the wild wind is silent  
And the fox lies down with the hare.  
Every living creature before Her  
Sings Her praises to declare:  
Thanks to Thee for all,  
O thanks to Thee for All,  
Thanks to Thee, O Lady most fair!

## The Lady's Bransle

*(Pronounced "brall")*  
*Words by Hope*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of: "Nonesuch" (short version) and*  
*reprinted by permission from "Songs for the Old Religion"*  
*(Copyright 1973)*

O She will bring the buds in the Spring  
And laugh among the flowers.  
In Summer heat are Her kisses sweet;  
She sings in leafy bowers.  
She cuts the cane and gathers the grain,  
When fruits of Fall surround Her.  
Her bones grow old in Wintery cold;  
She wraps Her cloak around Her.  
But She will bring the buds in...  
(repeat freely)

## The Host is Riding

*(Poem by Yeats)*

The host is riding from Knocknarea  
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;  
Caolte tossing his burning hair,  
And Niamh calling, "Away, come away:  
Empty your heart of its mortal dream  
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,  
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,  
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a gleam,  
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart,  
And if any gaze on our rushing band,  
We come between him and the deed of his hand,  
We come between him and the hope of his heart."  
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day;  
And where is there hope or deed as fair?  
Caolte tossing his burning hair,  
And Niamh calling, "Away, come away."

## Oimeic Hymn

*(for use during Communion)*  
*Words by Robert Larson (NRDNA)*

The days are short,  
the heavens dark  
the Mother sleeps.  
The trees are bare  
the north wind stalks  
the Mother sleeps.  
The nights are long  
and full of fright,  
the Mother sleeps.  
But the ewe gives birth,  
the ewe gives milk  
the Mother stirs.  
The Mother smiles  
with dreams of life  
She will return.  
And on that day  
will we rejoice  
when She returns.  
Long the day,  
bright the sky,  
when She returns.  
Green the trees,  
soft the breeze,  
when She returns.  
Short the night,  
our fires alight,  
when She returns!

(extra verses may be added by each Grove)

## The Rune of Hospitality

(A Medieval Charm)

I saw a stranger yestere'e'n.  
I put food in the eating-place,  
Drink in the drinking-place,  
Music in the listening-place.  
And in the blessed names  
Of the Holy Ones,  
He blest myself and my house,  
My cattle and my dear ones.  
And the lark sang in her song:  
Often, often, often,  
Go the Gods in the guise of strangers.  
Often, often, often,  
Go the Gods in the guise of strangers.

## Will Ye No Come Back Again?

*Words by Isaac Bonewits*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of:*  
*"Bonny Charlie's Now Awa"*

1  
In exile live our Olden Gods,  
Banished o'er the foaming main,  
To lands no mortal ever trods.  
Will They e'er come back again?

Chorus  
Will Ye no come back again?

Will Ye no come back again?  
Better love Ye canna be.  
Will Ye no come back again?

2  
Hills They walked were all Their own,  
Blest the land, from sea to sea;  
Till the clergy, with pious moan,  
Banished all the noble Shee!

3  
Sweet the chanting of the Druids,  
Lilting wildly up the glen,  
Pouring out the sacred fluids,  
As they sing Your songs again!

4  
Many a gallant Pagan fought,  
Many a gallant Witch did burn;  
Priest and Priestess, both have sought,  
To sing the prayers Ye canna spurn!

5  
Now with eagle and with dove,  
Sing we here our heartfelt plea:  
Come with thunder or with love,  
But come! Good Gods, we so need Thee!!

## May Their Devil Take the Preachers

*Words by Chwerthin*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of:*  
*"God Bless England" (the Irish version)*

1  
We'll sing you a tale of wrath and woe-  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day,  
For the men who laid our freedom low-  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day.  
May fear and famine be their share,  
Who've kept our land in want and care.  
May their Devil take the preachers  
Is our prayer!

Chorus:  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day.  
Hip hooray! So we say!  
Come and listen while we pray!  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day.

2  
Now when we were Pagan, fierce and free-  
Wack-for-...  
The Preachers went on a bloody spree-  
Wack-for-...  
Harshly raised us in their slime,  
And kept our hands from Heathen Crime;  
And sent us early to their Heaven  
Time after time!  
Wack-for-...

3  
Now our parents oft were naughty folk-  
Wack-for-...  
For swords and spears can sometimes poke-  
Wack-for-...  
At New Grange and at Tara Hill,  
We made the preachers cry their fill.

But, O the Saints! they "love" us still!  
Wack-for-...

4

Now Pagans all, forget the past-  
Wack-for-...  
And think of the day that's coming fast-  
Wack-for-...  
When we shall be Paganized,  
With guns and armor motorized!  
Oh WONT the preachers be surprised!!  
Wack-for-...

## Hymn to Hurry the Return of Spring

*(A poem by Mary Siegle)*

Greet the Goddess with bells and drum,  
Greet the God with laughter.  
This is the night the dawn begins  
The day to follow after.

Gather the old, the dead from the trees,  
Carry it in your arms.  
Bring it into the deep, deep woods,  
Away from the towns and the farms.

Build you a living fire tonight-  
Pile the branches high.  
And know that in the fire's glow,  
There's warmth to light the sky.

There's an old man cries the town tonight;  
Down wide streets and narrow;  
"Bring out, bring out, what you don't need,  
and toss it in my barrow."

"Throw out your chairs, your attic stairs,  
Throw out the butter churn.  
Whatever's there; what you can spare,  
As long as it will burn."

"Bring out your sister's gramophone,  
We'll throw it on the fire;  
And from your grandma's double bed  
Build Winter's funeral pyre."

Slip away to the woods tonight;  
Be children of the Moon.  
And rejoice that Spring has come at last;  
That Spring has come so soon.

You who complain of Winter's cold  
And shiver in the snow,  
Push back the shroud from the Mother's breast-  
See promised green below.

All skeptics that the Spring returns,  
All doubters that the fire still burns,  
Stand in the circle for tonight,  
And feel the heat and see the light,

The greet the God with reverence-  
Pour libations on the earth.  
This is the night the Mother proves  
Life's natural end is birth.

## Midsummer: The Turning of the Year

*(A Poem by Mary Siegle)*

My Father's strong today.  
The Earth awaits his dawn.  
Our Mother slowly turns in her dreaming sleep  
And, waking, finds him there to share her bed.

My Mother slowly turns,  
And, in turning toward her lover,  
Gives a day of playfulness and ease.

And all the stirrings in the womb shall cease-  
The ripening of the grain and labor in the fields shall pause.

The singing of the birds:  
The peep; the scratching from the egg-  
The grasses steady pushing from the earth-  
All will stop for one full day.  
The fullest of our year  
And meant for naught but love.

But if the God comes shining,  
And the sun beats down  
And Earth opens wide to receive her Lord,  
If this day lasts so long,  
Why can't it go on?

Why does the Mother turn now  
Not toward, but from;  
And turn more quickly every day from this?

Sisters, look how your own lover comes  
To lie down with you and love  
And love again.  
He asks a pulsebeat's pause,  
A moment yet of time  
for strength  
To begin again  
And spend the day.

## Thanksgiving Grace

*(A Poem by Mary Siegle)*

Oh Goddess, giver of the grain-  
Your rich rewarding of the rain-  
Our Father the Sun looked down and blest  
The fruits of your sweet Mother breast.  
The harvest done and to this end.  
We sit to meal with a cherished friend.  
And thanks be to the plants and the beast-  
For the offering of this bountiful feast.  
Our Father Who art in Heaven,  
We give to you one day in seven;  
And then to acknowledge Your Loving care,  
We give to you one day a year.  
Amen.

# The Falling Asleep of the Mother of God

*(A Poem by Mary Siegle for August 15th)*

*For the children, so that they will know what feast it is today,  
and how the ancient festival time came to be given to the virgin.*

She fell asleep today.  
The Mother of God-  
She who wept so-  
Madre Dolorosa!  
She fell asleep today.  
And the angels came.  
They bore her up on a breath of wind.  
A sky-blue cloak  
Of air against air against air-  
To heaven the fairies bore her up.  
She who wept so-  
On this day she was taken up.

Mother don't weep today.  
See, we'll take this festival for you.  
See, this feast is yours.  
Our Lady of the Harvest,  
The first fruits are yours.

## The 13 Days of Samhain

*Words by the Berkeley Grove  
Sung to the traditional tune*

On the first day of Samhain,  
the cailleach sent to me:  
a lios in County Tipperary.

On the second day of Samhain,  
the cailleach sent to me:  
two water-horses  
and a lios in County Tipperary.

Three Mor-Rioghna  
Four Pooks  
Five Silver branches  
Six pipers piping  
Seven harpers harping  
Eight hunters riding  
Nine Sidhe a-sighing  
Ten Druids scrying  
Eleven washer-women  
Twelve mortals dying  
Thirteen beansidhes crying.

## The Woad Song

*Authorship unknown  
(But obviously English!)  
Sung to the traditional tune  
of "Men of Harlech"*

What's the use of wearing braces,  
Hat and spats and shoes with laces,  
Coats and vests you find in places  
Down on Brompton Road?  
What the use of shirts of cotton,  
Studs that always get forgotten?  
These affairs are simply rotten-  
Better far is woad.

Woad's the stuff to show men-  
Woad to scare your foeman!  
Boil it to a brilliant blue  
And rub it on your chest and your abdomen!  
Men of Britain never hit on  
Anything as good as woad to fit on  
Neck or knee or where you sit on  
Tailors, you be blowed!

Romans came across the Channel,  
All dressed up in tin and flannel.  
Half a pint of woad per man'll  
Clothe us more than these.  
Saxons, you may save your stitches,  
Building beds for bugs in britches;  
We have woad to clothe us, which is  
Not a nest for fleas!

Romans, keep your armors;  
Saxons, your pajamas.  
Hairy coats were made for goats,  
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas!  
March on Snowdon with your woad on-  
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on-  
Never need a button sewed on...  
All you need is woad!!

## The Gods of the West

*Words by Chwerthin  
Sung to the traditional tune of  
"The Men of the West"*

1  
When you honor in song and in story  
The Gods of our old Pagan kin,  
Whose blessings did cover with glory  
Full many a mountain and glen;  
Forget not the Gods of our ancestors,  
Who'll rally our bravest and best,  
When Ireland is Christian and bleeding,  
And looks for its hope to the West.

Chorus:  
So here's to the Gods of our ancestors,  
Who'll rally our bravest and best,  
When Ireland is Christian and bleeding-  
Hurrah! for the Gods of the West.

2  
Oh the Shee hills with glory will shine then,  
On the eve of our bright Freedom Day;  
When the Gods we've been wearily waiting,  
Sail back from the Land of the Fey!  
And over Ireland rise the Druids,  
Awakening in every breast,  
A fire that can never be quenched, friends,  
Among the true Gaels of the West.

3  
Dublin will be ours 'ere the midnight,  
And high over ever town,  
Our Heathen prayers then will be floating  
Before the next sun has gone down.  
We'll gather, to speed the good work, our friends,  
The Heathen from near and afar,  
And history will watch us expel ALL

The preachers with feathers and tar!

4

So pledge us the Old Gods of Ireland,  
The Dagda and Lugh and Danu;  
Whose Return, with the trumpet of battle,  
Will bring hope to Their children anew!  
As the Old Gods have brought to Their feasting halls,  
From many a mountain and hill,  
The Pagans who fell, so They're here, friends,  
To lead us to victory still!

5

Though all the bright beauty we cherished,  
Went down 'neath the churches and woe,  
The Spirits of Old still are with us,  
Who NEVER have bent to the foe!  
And the Old Gods are ready whenever  
The loud rolling tuck of the drum  
Rings out to awaken the Heathen,  
And tell us our morning has come!

## The Mystery

*(A different version of Customs 10:1-3)*

I am a wind on the sea,  
I am a wave of the ocean,  
I am the roar of the sea,  
I am a hawk on a cliff,  
I am a dewdrop in the sunshine,  
I am a boar for valour,  
I am a salmon in pools,  
I am a lake in a plain,  
I am the strength of art,  
I am a spear with spoils that wages battle,  
I am a man that shapes fire for a head.

Who clears the stone-place of the mountain?  
What the place in which the setting sun lies?  
Who has sought peace without fear seven times?  
Who names the waterfalls?  
Who brings his cattle from the house of Tethra?  
What person, what God,  
Forms weapons into a fort?  
In a fort that nourishes satirists,  
Chants a petition, divides the Ogham letters,  
Separates a fleet, has sung praises?  
A wise satirist.

## Pagans Are We

*Words by Chwerthin  
Sung to the traditional tune of:  
"Soldiers are We"*

Pagans are we,  
Whose lives are pledged  
To this our land.  
Some have come  
From the Land Beyond the Wave.  
Sworn to the Shee,  
No more our ancient Heathen land  
Shall shelter the preacher or the slave.  
Tonight we guard the fairy-hill,  
In the Old Gods' cause,  
Come woe or weal.  
Mid Pukka's howl

And banshee's wail,  
We'll chant a Pagan song!

## Be Pagan Once Again!

*Words by Isaac Bonewits  
Sung to the traditional tune of:  
"A Nation Once Again"*

1

When Childhood's fire was in my blood,  
I dreamed of ancient freemen,  
Against the Church who boldly stood  
As Pagans and as free kin.  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
The Druids in the glen;  
And Ireland, long the churches' toy,  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
And Ireland, long the churches' toy,  
Be Pagan once again!

2

The Old Gods only sleep, you know,  
Although betrayed and slandered.  
They guarded us from every woe,  
And blest each crop and fine herd.  
Then Patrick, he drove the snakes away,  
And brought the churches in-  
'Twas a bloody poor bargain, I would say.  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
'Twas a bloody poor bargain, I would say-  
Be Pagan once again!

3

And ever since that wretched day,  
When first Ireland went Christian,  
We've suffered woe in every way,  
With Freedom made the Great Sin.  
They set us at each other's throats,  
To murder kith and kin.  
Too long we've been their starving goats-  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
Too long we've been their starving goats-  
Be Pagan once again!

4

Both Catholic and Protestant  
Led us round by our noses;  
Distracting from the deadly scent  
Of England's blooming roses!  
Hang EVERY preacher from a tree-  
Burn out their golden dens.  
It's the only way we'll ever be free-  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
It's the ONLY way we'll EVER be free!  
Be Pagan once again!!!  
Erinn go Bree!

## A Celebration of Summer

*(A Medieval Welsh Poem, suitable for Samhain)*  
taken, with one modification ("Peter" to "Pwyll")  
from Medieval Welsh Lyrics.

Summer, parent of impulse,  
Begetter of close-knit bough,  
Warden, lord of wooded slopes,  
Tower to all, hills' tiller,  
You're the cauldron, wondrous tale,  
Of Annwn, life's renewal,  
It's you, you are, source of singing,  
The home of each springing shoot,  
Balm of growth, burgeoning throng,  
And chrism of crossing branches.

Your hand, by the Lord we love,  
Know how to make trees flourish.  
Essence of Earth's four corners,  
By your grace wondrously grow  
Birds and the fair land's harvest  
And the swarms that soar aloft,  
Moorland meadows' bright-tipped hay,  
Strong flocks and wild bees swarming.  
You foster, highways' prophet,  
Earth's burden, green-laden garths.  
You make my bower blossom,  
Building a fine web of leaves.  
And wretched is it always  
Near August, by night or day,  
Knowing by the slow dwindling,  
Golden store, that you must go.

Tell me, summer, this does harm,  
I have the art to ask you,  
What region, what countryside,  
What land you seek, by Pwyll.  
"Hush, bard of praise, your smooth song,  
Hush, strong boast so enchanting.  
My fate it is, might feat,  
As a prince," sang the sunshine,  
"To come three months to nourish  
Foodstuff for the multitude;  
And when roof and growing leaves  
Whither, and woven branches,  
To Shun the winds of winter  
Deep down to Annwyn I go."

The blessings of the world's bards  
And their good words go with you.  
Farewell, king of good weather,  
Farewell, our ruler and lord,  
Farewell, the fledgling cuckoos,  
Farewell, balmy banks in June,  
Farewell, sun high above us  
And the broad sky, round white ball.  
You'll not be, king of legions,  
So high, crest of drifting clouds,  
Till come, fair hills unhidden,  
Summer once more and sweet slopes.

## The Lord of the Dance

*Modification by Isaac Bonewits of original words by Aidan Kelley  
to common tune of "Tis a Gift to be Simple," more or less.....*

1  
When She danced on the waters  
and the wind was Her horn,  
The Lady laughed and everything was born.  
And when She lit the Sun  
And the light gave Him birth,  
The Lord of the Dance then  
Appeared on the Earth!

Chorus  
"Dance, dance, wherever you may be,  
for I am the Lord of the Dance," said He.  
"I live in you, if you live in Me,  
and I lead you all in the dance so free!"

2  
I dance in the circle  
when the flames leap up high.  
I dance in fire and  
I never, never die.  
I dance in the waves  
on the bright summer sea,  
For I am the Lord  
of the waves' Mystery!

3  
I sleep in the kernel  
and I dance in the rain.  
I dance in the wind and  
through the waving grain.  
And when you cut me down  
I care nothing for the pain-  
In the spring I'm the Lord  
of the Dance once again!

4  
I dance at your meetings  
when you dance out the spell.  
I dance and sing that  
everyone be well.  
And when the dancing's over  
do not think I am gone;  
To live is to dance-  
so I dance on and on!

## I Fell In Love With the Lady

*words by Chwerthin  
Sung to "The Lady Came from Baltimore"  
by Tim Hardin*

1  
Her people came from off the moor,  
Live outside the law.  
Didn't care about rich or poor,  
Just the souls they saw.

Chorus:  
I was sent to kill Her people,  
For the Inquisition.  
But I fell in love with the Lady,  
I came away with none.  
I fell in love with the Lady,

And came away with none.

2

I crept into the woods one night,  
To spy upon their dance.  
I saw a happy, holy sight;  
And fell into a trance.

3

The Lady that I saw that night,  
She wore a robe of blue,  
And on Her head, a crown of stars-  
She stood upon the Moon!

4

I joined into the dancing then,  
And when the Grand Rite came,  
The Lady reached out with Her hand-  
She Called me by my name!

5

The Jesuits are after me;  
They know I've changed my side.  
But they can search from sea to sea-  
I know where I can hide!

Final Chorus:

I was sent to kill Her people,  
For the Inquisition.  
But I'm going back to the Lady,  
They'll come away with none.  
I'm going back to the Lady-  
They'll come away with none!

## She Was Here

*Words by Isaac Bonewits*

1

She was here before their Christ,  
And before their Satan too.  
And She'll be here when both their Gods  
Are dead and dust, 'tis true, 'tis true;  
Are dead and dust, 'tis true.

2

The Goddess... the Goddess...  
Spirit of life and of love!  
The Goddess... the Goddess...  
Ruler below and Ruler above!

3

Oh the Goddess Whom we worship,  
Is our Holy Mother Earth.  
We worship Her with love and joy,  
With gladness and with mirth!

4

Call Her Isis, call Her Nuit,  
Call Her Venus or Diane,  
Matier Sotier, Mother Savior,  
Goddess of all sea and land!

Repeat 1

5

Queen of Heaven, Queen of Hell,  
Mother of all Gods, and kin!  
We worship Her in beds and bowers,  
Though some might call it "sin."

Repeat 2

6

Man and woman, bodies merging,  
Thrusting, loving, prayers saying;  
Hark my friends, when Pagans love-  
We tell you we are praying!

Repeat 1, 2, 3

## The Rising of the Druid Moon

*Words by Robert Pennell & Isaac Bonewits*

*Sung to the traditional tune of:*

*"The Rising of the Moon"*

1

"O now tell me, Taliesin,  
Tell me why you hurry so?"  
"Hush, good Druid, hush and listen!"  
and his eyes were all aglow.  
"I bear news from the Archdruid,  
get you ready quick and soon-  
The Heathen must be together,  
by the rising of the moon!"  
By the rising of the moon,  
by the rising of the moon.  
The Heathen must be together,  
by the rising of the moon!

2

"Oh then tell me, Taliesin,  
where the gathering is to be?"  
"At the oak grove by the river,  
quite well known to you and me.  
One more word, for signal token,  
whistle out the Dagda's tune,  
With your sickle on your shoulder,  
by the rising of the moon!"  
By the rising of the moon,  
by the rising of the moon.  
With your sickle on your shoulder  
by the rising of the moon!

3

Out of many a magic circle,  
cones were rising through the night.  
Many an oaken grove was throbbing  
with that blessed Druid light.  
And the Heathen sang across the land,  
to the Banshee's fatal tune.  
And a thousand spells were chanted,  
by the rising of the moon!  
By the rising of the moon,  
by the rising of the moon.  
And a thousand spells were chanted,  
by the rising of the moon!



Throughout that pulsing Pagan night,  
 the Little people swarmed.  
 High above the chanting Druids soon,  
 a wrathful Goddess formed.  
 Death to every foe and traitor!  
 Pagans carve the fatal rune!  
 Cast all our spells together now-  
 'tis the rising of the moon!  
 'Tis the rising of the moon,  
 'tis the rising of the moon.  
 Cast all our spells together now-  
 'tis the rising of the moon!

The Goddess headed for the East,  
 across the sea's bright foam.  
 What glorious havoc She did wreck  
 in London and in Rome!  
 And the Archdruid he spoke to us,  
 upon the following noon:  
 "I think we got our point across,  
 at the rising of the moon!  
 At the rising of the moon,  
 at the rising of the moon.  
 I think we got our point across,  
 at the rising of the moon!

### Scharding's Note:

I suspect that the author of many songs in this collection,  
 Chwerthin, was a member of Hasidic Druids of North America,  
 or perhaps of the NRDNA.

# A Book of Songs and Poetry

## Volume One 1993

### Mike's Poetry

### 1993 Introduction

Compiled by Michael Scharding and Sine Ceolbhinn

This book is a collection of songs, chants and poems that I have heard used or composed that may be deemed suitable to Druidic usage (or maybe not...) It is in no way an exclusive or exhaustive collection. Feel free to add or delete to its contents with songs or poetry of your favorite writers or historical sources. Even better, include some of your own compositions.

As with the Dead Lake Scrolls, this volume was originally printed with amusing fonts, pictures and musical notation. This book was an attempt to capture all the poems and chants in use during my college days and to preserve some of my Bardic explorations. I don't think many other people read it.

The song notation (only in printed copies) that I've included is the best that my meager skills could provide. There are tonal inflections that sometimes cannot be conveyed in script. Use the music as a guide, not as a taskmaster. Many are in strange modal forms of the key of C, my favorite singing key (but perhaps not yours)

Mike Scharding  
 Day 81 of Samradh  
 Year XXXI of the Reform  
 (July 21st, 1993 c.e.)

These documents are mostly of the Public Domain  
 Please share it with others.

### Printing History

1st Printing 1993  
 2nd Printing 1996 (in ARDA, Pt 9)  
 3<sup>rd</sup> Printing 2003 (in ARDA 2, Pt 6 Green Book Vol. 6)

## Samhain Procession Hymn

By Michael Nov. 1, 1992

Thanks to the Earth for giving us birth.  
Thanks to the Sky, both wet and dry.  
Thanks to all creatures in between,  
Those that have bodies, and those unseen.

We of the oak groves here first arose,  
Praisin' you in song, thirty years long.  
Now comes the winter's cold, harsh test,  
When Sun and Earth are at their rest.

## The Triples Song

By Michael

I see the Moon and the Moon sees me  
Phases of the Goddess, numbered three:  
Maiden, Mother, Cro-ne  
Maiden, Mother, Crone.

I see the Sun and the Sun sees me  
Phases of the Sun God, numbered three:  
The dawn, no-on and du-sk  
The dawn, no-on and dusk.

## Moon Chant

By Michael  
(a round to the tune of "Rose, Rose")

Moon, Moon, Moon, Moon  
Will you shed your light on us?  
I will shed my light on you  
As - I - rise.

## The Caring Song

(Source Unknown)

The Earth is our Mother  
We must take care of her  
The Earth is our Mother  
We must take care of her.

Other verses:  
The Sky is our Father...  
The Animals are our pals...  
The Plants are our friends...  
All people are our race...

## We All Come From the Goddess

From Circle  
We all come from the Goddess,  
And to her we shall return  
Like a drop of ra-ain  
Flowing to the ocean.

We all come from the God,  
And to him we shall return  
Like a tongue of fla-ame  
Rising to the heavens.

## This is My Song

By Michael 6/22/93

The blue sky above me  
The green earth below  
The love of the spirits  
Where ever I go.

Chorus:  
So this is my song  
And this is my call  
To love the Earth-Mother  
And to love Be'al

We play in his forest,  
We dance in her fields,  
Eating their bounty  
They joyfully yield.

To be a Druid  
Is to be Aware  
That all paths are one,  
Wherever we fare.

## Fur and Feathers

Fur and Feather and Scales and Skin  
Different without but the same within  
Many the bodies but one in soul  
Through all creatures are the gods made whole.

## Hymn to the Russian Earth

If the people lived their lives  
As if it were a song for singing out of light  
Provides the music for the stars  
To be dancing circles in the night.

## Circle Chant

Circle  
We are a circle,  
We are one, we are one.

## Song of the Earth-Mother

O Earth-Mother!  
We praise thee that seed springeth,  
That flower openeth,  
That grass waveth.  
We praise thee for winds that whisper  
Thru the graceful elm,  
Thru the shapely maple,  
Thru the lively pine,  
Thru the shining birch,  
Thru the mighty oak.  
We praise thee for all things,  
O Earth Mother, Who givest life.

## Eagle Chant

Fly like the Eagle  
Fly so high  
Circle round the universe  
On wings of light

## Dawning Chant

He is the sun god!  
He is the one god!  
Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra!

## Morning Prayer

By Michael

I thank you for the morning with the sun shining bright.  
I thank you for last evening with the stars in the night.  
I thank you for tomorrow, may their days be without end.  
I thank you most of all for being my dear, close friend.

I thank you for my ancestors, the people of my past.  
I thank you for my kith and kin, may their love for me last.  
I thank for my children, may their numbers be without end.  
I thank you most of all for being my dear, close friend.

## Circles Song

Gwen Zak Moore (& Anne Cass)

In days gone by, when the earth was much younger  
Men wondered at spring, born of winter's cold knife  
Wondering at the games of the moon and the sunlight  
They saw there the Lady and the Lord of all life.

Chorus

And around, & around, & around turns the good earth.  
All things must change as the Seasons go by.  
We are the children of the Lord and the Lady,  
Whose mysteries we know, but will never know why.

In all lands the people were tied with the good earth  
Sowing and reaping as the seasons declared,  
Waiting to reap of the rich, golden harvest,  
Knowing her laugh in the joys that they shared.

Through Flanders and Wales and the green lands of Ireland  
In Kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain  
Circles grew up all along the wild coastlines,  
To work for the weather with the sun and the rain.

Circles for healing and working the weather.  
Circles for thanking the moon and the sun.  
Circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady.  
Circles for dancing the dance never done.

And we who reach for the stars in the heavens,  
Turning our eyes from the meadows and groves  
Still live in the love of the Lord and the Lady:  
The greater the circle the more the love grows.

Verse DDGA/DDGD/DAGD/DAGD  
Chorus DAGD/DAGD/DAGD/DAGD

## Oimelc Song For Brigit

Sam and I wrote a song this Sunday for the Oimelc ritual. We had to work with some major imagery. We had to incorporate a song with new-born lambs, rising sap in trees and Brigit. Brigit is the Celtic goddess of fire, blacksmithing and poetry. She was christianized as St. Brigit. We're sure we had her rolling on the ground in mirth at our pathetic attempt at a song. Music: The Ash Grove

Lyrics: Feb. 1st, 1992 Michael Scharding and Samuel Adams

The Hammers are pounding, The new sound is sounding,  
The forge is resounding with promise of spring.  
The Good Earth is forming, the new leaves are forming,  
The birds are performing, the songs that they bring.

The New lambs are grazing, your song we are raising,  
Again we are praising you, now as before.  
Now Brigit enlighten me, strengthen and righten me,  
Sharpen and brighten me, now evermore.

## Oimelc Silly Song of Brigit

Now there are some poor verses worth reminding ourselves with.  
Writing is a learning process, and many ideas pop up. The only way to get rid of them is to work out the silly verses:

The Hammers are beating, the sheep they are bleating,  
It's soon we'll be eating, I brought my own fork.  
The Good Earth is warming, the sheep they are swarming,  
We bards are performing, but not very well.

The new leaves are budding, the pagans are rutting,  
We'll all go streak Nutting, and wave Hi to Skeech.  
Sam forded the river, its cold made him shiver,  
We don't like the winter, please take it away.

Oh gods we admire, we can't start this fire,  
It's raising our ire, Damn!, why won't it start?  
Now Brigit enlighten me, please do not frighten me,  
Or throw lightning at me or blast me to bits.

## The Thirteen Fold Mystery

Source: Ancient

I am the wind that blows upon the sea.  
I am the wave upon the ocean.  
I am the murmur of the willows.  
I am the ox of the seven combats.  
I am the vulture on the rocks.  
I am a beam of the sun.  
I am the fairest of plants.  
I am a boar in wild valor.  
I am a salmon in the water.  
I am a lake in the plain.  
I am a word of knowledge.  
I am the point of the lance of battle.  
I am the God who created in the head, the fire

Who is it who casts light upon the meeting on the mountain?  
Who announces the ages of the moon?  
Who teaches where couches the sun?  
-If not I?

## Chant to the Earthmother

By Norman Nelson '65 RDNA

O Earth-mother, we praise thee.

In all that we do we praise thee: In our getting up and in our lying down, in our sleeping and in our waking; in our eating and in our drinking: in our working and in our times of leisure; for we are alive only through thee and in our every act too we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In all that we see do we praise thee: in the sky and the sea, the hills and the plains; in the clouds and the stars, the moon and the sun; in the birds and the flowers, the butterflies and the myriad-colored fishes.

We praise thee with our admiration of the sunset and of the mountains, of the trees and of the streams. For thou hast made all things, and for all we see do we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In all that we hear and smell and feel and taste do we praise thee: in the song of birds and the roar of the sea; in the perfumes of flowers and freshness of a summer rain; in the softness of a kitten and the coolness of a lake; in the sweetness of honey and the savor of fruits; for all that we hear and smell and feel and taste is of thee, and for all sensible do we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

For all that we love do we praise thee: for the love of our parents, and for the love of others; for the act and emotion of love is an act and emotion of praise, and in loving do we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In our meditations and services do we praise and think upon thy works and power.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In all the whole world do we praise thee, from the east to the west do we praise thee and from the nadir to the zenith do we praise thee.

We praise thee in the day, and in the night, in all seasons of the year, and in the myriad of years.

We praise thee knowing and unknowing, believing and of little faith, for thou hast made all and art all, and we can praise and admire nothing without praising and admiring thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

## The Old Bard

April 9th, 1992 by Michael Scharding

How good it would be to be an old bard,  
Back in the times when living was hard.  
I'd sit near the top of the table that's long  
And fill hungry minds with the meats of my song.

I'd pass their hours thru the longest winter.  
I'd take them away when the wind was bitter  
To the land of fruit and youth and pleasure  
Where none can die, and all have treasure.

I'd sing of tragedy, the deaths of lovers,  
Who cried in this world, and laughed in the Other.  
I'd praise the chieftain, whose valor and might  
Would bring us to vict'ry in all of our fights.

I'd tell of the Sidhe (SHEE,) whose palaces shine  
Within the hills since the start of time.  
I'd tell of the strength and the powers of oak,  
And the things that lurk under night's blue cloak.

I'd sing of our gods: Dagda and his harp,  
Ogmos of the tongue, Angus of the heart,  
Lugh of the crafts, Cuchulain the strong,  
Nuada silver hand, Bricriu who did wrong.

I'd play for the Clann the three Bardic airs:  
The songs that free those weighed down with cares,  
The songs of tears that brings them to weep,  
The lullaby that calms and soothes them to sleep.

I'd be the link that binds and gathers  
The youngest bairns to the oldest fathers.  
But I well know that this life cannot be  
While I'm still here on this side of the sea.

## The Desert

By Michael 10/5/91

Is it better to travel in the night or day?  
At night, the way is cool...but confusing.  
At day, the sun guides...but grinds you.  
Is it better to be lost than to suffer?

## Night's Things

By Michael Scharding 5/1/90 (My first Adult poem)

a supple tree by the lake shore  
swaying and calming  
servant to the whims of the wind

a moist-eyed deer on the forest's edge  
sensing and searching  
for the new place to call home

a green grassy field and Night 's cloak  
rolling and tossing  
like bed sheets of a sleeper

a bare-foot man sits on a knoll  
thinking and listening  
to the moon's whispering shadows

the speckled stone in the stream bed  
hard'ning and eroding,  
shaped by the sure passage of time.

## Night's Things Revisited

By Michael Scharding 5/1/92

a supple tree by the lake shore,  
swaying and calming  
to the whims of the Night's breeze.

a moist-eyed deer on the wood's edge,  
sensing and searching  
for the new place to call home.

a green grassy field in Night's dark,  
rolling and tossing  
like bed sheets on a sleeper

a young bard sits on a tall knoll,  
thinking and list'ning  
to the moon's whispering shadows

a stone in the unlit stream's depth,  
wearing and smoothing  
under the whetstone of time.

## The Four

By Michael Scharding May 27th, 1992

I listen to the music of my harp  
As fingers twist to a will of their own.  
I feel the pulsing of my living heart  
Measure the poems by its thunderous drone.

In the warm groves, I talk with the Good Folk,  
My toes rooted firmly in Mother Earth.  
How subtle the changes Time will invoke,  
Earth is ever-ready for a new birth.

I splash the water, rile it with my toes,  
But it always falls into shape again.  
Angry, rough seas pounding upon the coasts  
Their strident message is that of Earth's pain.

The desert air flickers with flames of heat  
And I look out upon the scorched lands.  
Could I survive long if I were set free?  
Or would I die and burn upon the sands?

## The Dead Ghost

By Michael Scharding April 9, 1992

A musical ghost haunts that hill,  
Most can't hear it, and I doubt Jean will.  
The phantom mourns love lost long ago  
And sadly sings about the lying foe  
Who stabbed him over a woman's false claim.  
That woman and I now share our last name.

## Two Welsh Triads

By Michael Scharding 3/7/92

*Three Things No One Knows:*

Where your soul was before you were born.  
What you should do during the short break.  
Where the greatest journey stops next time.

*Three Things I Won't Tell:*

What things lurk under my kilt and sporrán.  
Whose wife I call my lover in the night.  
How much I had to bribe the judge when I did tell the second in  
order to keep the first.

## A Winter's Poem for Heather

By Michael

In this season where all seems dead,  
And life's sleeping in snow's white bed,  
Know that nature's strong energy  
Will soon, in spring, bloom forth for thee.

## The Sweat Lodge

By Michael April 26th, 1992

We stood, clad, around the fire  
When will it start?  
Heartbeat so hard I can see it.  
Madonna songs waft in from a nearby bonfire party  
That is not us.

I look around at the faces  
People I know.  
Labmates, Roommates  
Friends I've eat Pizza with.  
Men and Women,  
Not Children.

Why are they here?  
Will we work together?

Gosh, what if I get a hard-on...  
And they see it?  
I won't, I hope.  
I'm mature. Control.  
Control.  
Stop beating so fast!  
Dry those hands.  
Still wet.  
The priestess disrobes and joins us.  
I try and not stare.  
They're bodies. Swallow.

The fire is judged hot.  
Glowing rocks hunted,  
Fished from the coals,  
Prodded with sticks,  
Herded into skillets,  
Transferred to the Lodge.  
Sparks and Activity  
Another portaged.  
How many more? A few.  
Time, you're slow.  
From fire to Lodge.

I built that lodge with them.

Things are progressing.  
It's all right.  
You're not a novice.  
cool down, Mike.  
Checklists.  
what if...  
They're done!  
It's starting!  
Straighten up!  
Clear away thoughts.  
They look nervous.  
I'm nervous.

She says were ready.

Right!

Clothes off! Clothes off!  
Damn laces!! Argh!  
Alright, that's done.  
Return to the circle.

Everybody is naked.  
Every body is naked.

Arms  
Legs  
Chests  
Bellies... Genitals..  
Wow.  
We really are...  
Different?

No.  
Mostly alike...  
Pay attention!  
Hum, Mike! Chant!  
Hummmm mmmmm  
Aahahaha! Hooooooo!  
His hand, her hand.  
We are a circle.

The waves settle.  
The mind softens.  
Armor straps loosen.  
Steel plates fall softly.  
Family.  
They see me.  
Aohhhhhm.  
The sky churns slowly.  
My breathing..  
    slows..  
    down.  
A vision!

## A Vision

Eagles and cranes  
Soar. SOARING.  
Owl is there.  
Feathers out stiff and feeling the  
Currents of air.  
A push here, an ebb there.  
I turn my head and look down.  
Wind rushes over my eyeballs.  
Sharp vision scans the running countryside.  
Galloping of veins in my head.  
Cross-current ruffles my feathers.  
I compensate.  
Pull the wings closer.  
Drop.  
    Drop.  
    Drop.  
    Extend.  
Push from gravity's embrace.  
Tree tops.  
Many types.  
Thin twigs.  
Strong arms.  
Flowing grass.  
Moonlit prairie.  
Flap.  
    Flap.

Flap.  
Pull the wings back.  
Stretch the legs out.  
Reach.  
Close the talons.  
Ground so close.  
Its legs churn.  
Eyes trying to reach safety from me.  
Its body slowing down its eyes.  
Close the talons.  
Sink them.  
Weight is added.  
Scoop up the rabbit.  
Its legs now useless.  
Torso twitches and thrashes.  
Cannot escape.  
Take it home.  
Flap.  
    Flap.  
    Flap.  
Kill it.  
Food.  
Time to leave.  
"Bye Owl."  
"Bye Owl-man."

## Return to the Lodge

Feathers to fingers.  
Branches to dirt  
Leaves to a plastic tarp.  
I am back.  
Voice strong.  
Heyah! Yah Hah! Ho! Hey!  
Lead them in mind.  
Mind's strong legs dance about the lodge.  
Body imitates by twitch.  
They also traveled.  
  
Steam is lessening.  
Keening and cries soften.  
Pull strength in.  
Channel to friends,  
  
People in torture far away,  
  
People without hope.  
  
We fold our weary wings.  
Ready? Yeah.  
"Grab a support Pole."  
One. Two. Three!  
Lift!  
  
The black sky rises and falls away.  
The sky churns above us.  
Heat goes, cold comes.  
Steam spreads.  
Cold rubs on us.  
Mist rises from bodies.  
We laugh!  
Dance!  
Shout!  
Hop about like frogs!  
Hug!  
It worked! Oh Gods! It worked!

## The Camel

By Michael April 6th, 1992

The Camel sails upon the desert  
It knows the way will be long & dry.  
The Camel sails upon the desert  
And only its rider can know why.

The Falcon soars with its outstretched wings  
It feels the ebbs and puffs of the air.  
The Falcon soars with its out-stretched wings  
On it's destination does it care?

The Salmon leaps o'er the churning falls  
Leaving the water it briefly flies.  
The Salmon leaps o'er the churning falls  
And reaching its birthplace, the fish dies.

## The Prairie Fire

By Michael April 6th, 1992

A boring biolab fieldtrip...  
How much longer?  
Smoke! Look, Smoke!  
What type of fire is that?  
Run to the cause.  
Branches dodge me.  
Emerge from the quiet woods.  
Roaring frames before me  
Rippling downwind.  
One spark started it.  
The spreading ring.  
Inside, all is burnt.  
The area of Change is thin.  
Outside, all fear it.  
The Change is painful.  
That-which-changes  
Can see but the pain.  
Should I jump through,  
Or let it catch me?

## The Search

By Michael Nov. 22, 1992

Do I aimlessly wander the silent hills?  
Are my sylvan prayers better spent in church?  
Can an Outsider cure the world's dark ills?  
Will I ever find That for which I search?

## Sonnet 1: The Would-be Bard

By Michael

My Muse, she gathers songs of man and elf,  
The moving ballad with feuds and flowers.  
Yet this is all to waste, just like my self,  
if we can't write a song by our powers.  
Knowledge, she knows what I attempt to say.  
Skill, he molds out my dreams (time pays his hire.)  
Wisdom, she pushes us onward when we tire.  
With the, the mind of the wise bard can sing.  
Och!, how I seek to obtain their prowess.  
Fain that I were the master of one thing  
Than the journeyman with twelve not of his!

There's more value in my crafted object  
Than the finest scale could ever detect.

## The White Jewel

By Michael Nov. 22, 1992

Some mock my lovely jewel,  
"She is merely a moon."  
She can move seas... Can you?  
Her light is scorned by lamps,  
"I can turn them on or off!"  
She leads women... Can you?  
She always will return.  
"She is in fixed orbit."  
She's eternal... Are you?

## Sine Ceolbhinn

By Michael April 8th, 1992

'Se Sine Ceolbhinn a tha an anam oirre!  
Seinn i an amhrainn sean agus an amhrainn og!

Tha thu mor clarsach beag agus mo caraaid fhior!  
Tha mo gaol bog ort, an drasda gu siorraidh!

## To Jean Sweetmusic

Jean Sweetmusic is the name that is upon she!  
She sings the ancient songs and those that crawl on knees!

You are my little harp and my most loyal friend!  
My soft love is on you now till the final end!

## A Poem to my Harp

When we go to Eire what will it be like?  
Will I explore on foot or ride on a bike?

Will I unpack you on a wind torn strand  
To play for dancing spirits of that land?

Will the Quiet Ones come from hidden doors  
To sit around us at Her heath'ry moors?

Will my chilled hands pluck random melodies  
While the streams sing of lands with golden trees?

Will Night's chorus join us in a sad tune  
With your strings backlit by a silv'ry moon?

Perhaps the Bardic Muse will whisper things  
That reveal stories of lovers and of kings.

Let's go, good companion, maybe this year,  
And see what wonders may to us appear.

# A Book of Songs and Poetry

## Volume Two 1994

### Friends of the Earth-Mother

#### 1993 Introduction

To the Readers,

Welcome to this collection of songs and poetry dealing with nature. All of the items were obtained from students, faculty, friends and staff of Carleton College. Our campus is beautiful and well representative of the marvelous beauties still extant in Nature.

Whether Christian, Jew, Muslim, Hindu, Neo-Pagan etc. the earth is our responsibility to take care of. Only when we truly feel the importance of the earth to our spiritual lives, will we override our short-sighted material greed to exploit it. Hopefully, in a small way this publication will help.

This was not officially a RDNA publication, but was published under a front name of the Friends of the Earth Mother at Carleton College (FOEMACC.) The only official Druids in the whole work were me, Dick Smiley and Matt Cohen. The rest of the people were friends of mine who had an interest in Nature poetry.

Please do not reproduce this book for monetary gain but only to give a copy to a friend. None of the authors have expressly given their assent for their work to be abused or reused.

Michael Scharding, Editor  
December 8th, 1993  
Goodhue Hall by Lyman Lakes

#### Printing History

1st Printing 1993  
2nd Printing 1996 (in ARDA, Pt 9)  
3<sup>rd</sup> Printing 2003 (in ARDA 2, Pt 6 Green Book Vol. 6)

## Dark Clouds

By Scott Stearns

Dark clouds roll over the land  
The quickly moving storm  
Devouring the light in its path

Lightning and thunder  
Signs of the gods displeasure  
Warning of the rains to come

The very air crackles  
with horrible anticipation  
of horrible things to come

Then comes the rain  
cascading, a sheet of water  
a torrent of angel's tears

All in its path are drenched  
The storm's sheer ferocity  
unmatched in Measured time

hopelessness fills my heart  
as I sit idle  
and watch the falling water

when of a sudden  
as quick as Hermes himself  
the black clouds roll past

Rays of light, less than nothing  
smash the clouds  
as if they were hammers

I wish I were an artist  
able to paint the sky  
for I would paint it as it is

Hope fills my heart  
light fills my eyes  
and a rainbow glows in the distance

Sir Isaac Newton:  
"So then the first religion was the most rational of all others, till the nations corrupted it. For there is no way (implied: without revelation) to come to your knowledge of a Deity but by the Frame of Nature." -**Yahuda Manuscript** 41, Fo. 7

## The Comet

By Matt Cohen

Chrome and copper  
the comet collided with the sky  
sliding sideways across the slight canyon of my sight.  
A screaming song. A  
sizzling,  
sputtering,  
sibilant  
serpent.

**Horace (65 - 8 b.c.e.):**  
"Drive Nature off with a pitchfork, never the less, she will return with a rush."



## The Cruellest Joke

By Scott Stearns

The cruelest joke  
played by the gods  
upon man

is not a winter's day  
the sun shining like never before;  
yet the world is frozen  
and dead

Nor is it autumn  
when the leaves turn brilliant  
yet they soon die  
in splendid agony

Nor is it spring  
when the earth is being renewed  
yet storms do rip  
all the land asunder

Nor is it summer  
when the sun is nearest the earth,  
yet the heat does scorch,  
and all the land turns brown

No, the cruelest joke  
that not even the Trickster  
in all his malevolent mischief  
could surpass  
is life.

## The Friend of the RDNA

Words: Sam Adams, ArchDruid of St. Olaf.  
Tune: Ystwffwl (Welsh, in "English, Irish, Welsh & Scottish  
fiddle tunes" by Robin Williamson.)  
Here is a song I sang at a Mistletoe Rite of the Henge of Keltria in  
Minneapolis. It was more or less commissioned by Mec.

The Druids and Mages of earliest times  
Kept the Wisdom of Ages in memorized rhymes  
But they lost all their files when the System went down  
If they'd kept the hard copies, they'd still be around.

In the year '63 there were Druids again  
And they wasted no time putting paper to pen.  
They saw the Reform, and they thought it was good  
And they all started writing as fast as they could.

Epistles and Libers and Writs and Decrees  
By thirty years on they'd come up to our knees  
In the Carleton Archives there's shelf after shelf  
With half of them needed for Isaac himself.

But many were tattered and battered and lost  
To find and replace them would be of great cost  
But then came the grace of a well-lettered friend  
To make sure we'd not lose our Druids again.

Here's to David, and David, and Norman, and Tom  
And Richard, and Robert, and Isaac and Don  
And our love and our blessing and a hip-hip-hooray  
To Tony, the Friend of the RDNA.

(The men in the last Stanza were prominent early members of the RDNA (David Fisher, David Frangquist, Norman Nelson, Thomas McCausland, Richard Shelton, Robert Larson, Don Morrison and Tony Taylor of the Henge of Keltria. The regrettable lack of women is due to the regrettable sexism of the early RDNA; there were great women leaders throughout, but they did more ritual leading than Scripture writing. Which might just explain a few things about the Christian Bible.)

## The Search

By Mec 11/22/92

Do I aimlessly wander the silent hills?  
Are my sylvan prayers better spent in church?  
Can an outsider cure the world's dark ills?  
Will I ever find That for which I search?

## When I Grow Up

By Fer Horn

When I grow up,  
I want wings like a seagull,  
That ripple as I fly,  
Starting at the body  
And spreading to the tips.  
To soar low above the waves,  
To swoop up and then plunge  
Into the water  
And then bob up like a cork.  
To fly far and fast,  
Never touching the shore.

## A Hand Print

By Fer Horn

A hand print is an interesting thing  
To leave on the wall of a cave.  
What else so eloquently says,  
"I was here. I Am."  
To put your hand there  
And leave the mark of your passing.  
A hand, reaching out from the past  
To the people of the future,  
Who will come and think  
On those who Were before  
And touch their hand to yours.  
"Yes, we Are."

## Dancing Winds

By Fer Horn 10-1-91 Tuesday Queenscliff, Victoria

Storm driven winds howl through my mind.  
So like a stormy night at home.  
It sounds the same in different trees,  
Whistles in the alley, screams along the sea.  
It even has the same feel;  
Of power beyond control,  
Bringing creatures not seen  
Out to dance with the blowing trees.

## Silverton

By Fer Horn 10-29-91 Tuesday Silverton, NSW

Silverton is a ghost town located outside of Broken Hill, New South Wales. It used to be a mining town until the 1920s when the mines ran out and all the people moved away. There used to be a train that ran from Broken Hill to Silverton. The townspeople of Broken Hill would ride out to Silverton every Sunday in their Sunday-best for picnics. The only occupied buildings there are a tourist bar, a museum and a seasonal movie production facility.

A voice calling as the sun rose  
Pulls me out of sleep  
To stand dimly in the light of the sun  
Touching an empty town.  
Something wants my attention  
Wants me to do something.  
I wander the streets to listen  
As the sky turns to rose,  
Searching for that which calls me in dreams.  
The lived-in homes are silent now  
As is the levee that runs straight to the sky.  
Echoes of the train to Broken Hill  
Clatter briefly as I cross  
But fade away as I stop to listen.  
Finally, a small white building,  
Windows peaked in perpetual worry,  
Catches my gaze.  
The battered sign reads  
"Methodist Church 1880."  
Ornate black and red grillwork  
Bars the door a padlock seals.  
This place is unhappy.  
Churches should not be barred  
No matter how old  
Or that all their people are gone.  
Let the animals come to worship here  
If no one else remains.  
But the door remains locked and barred

So the tourists look but don't touch.  
I can do nothing to help this one  
But sit a while and keep it company.

## The Rock

By Fer Horn on 10-3-91 Thursday Port Campbell, Victoria

"It is very hard to speak to a rock; they have such an odd sense of time and priorities."

-Vanyel Ashkevron, Magic's Promise by Mercedes Lackey

Twelve Apostles standing in the waves.  
I count 8, maybe 10.  
I wonder if they are all named.  
Did someone say, "This is Peter,  
'The rock on which I shall build my church',  
And this is John, the Beloved,  
And Judas, 'He who would betray',  
Or maybe Paul, called on the road to Damascus."  
But Damascus is a long way from here,  
And John is an odd name for a rock.  
It seems silly to name a rock  
For a disciple of a man who lived  
Long ago and far away.  
Perhaps I should ask the rocks  
What they call themselves;

Surely they have wondrous names.  
I expect they will be a long time in answering.

## Silence

By Fer Horn on 10-22-91 Tuesday Silverton, New South Wales

I never realize how unusual  
Silence is until I hear it.  
Everywhere you go now,  
There are birds, or planes  
Or the hum of a distant highway  
Or the murmur of the people you are with.  
Today, for just a moment, I heard the silence of the Outback,  
Where, as hard as you listen,  
The only thing to hear  
Is the wind flowing through the bush.  
And I felt like I was standing  
On the edge of eternity.  
Looking out over the plain  
Imagining what it looked like  
To the first person to stand here.  
Probably very much the same.  
And it will probably be the same  
For a long time to come.  
This is a place that is hard to live in.  
What truly belongs is not much;  
Just the wind and the bush  
And the eternal silence.  
May there always be places like this.

## The End of Mother Nature

By Randel Lee Peck

Deep dark sky, which makes me write  
clouds filled with her cottony breath  
turning black and green with an evil beyond our control  
MOTHER IS PISSED!

For all we do is waste our water  
Pour pollutants into the sky  
And into our rivers and lakes; ruining the Earth;  
Destroying her soul!

She has one way of getting back.  
I understand you can't take it anymore  
You just can't take the pressure of man too much, too much.  
You break open your womb at your faults  
The earth is shaking.

I know you're crying, I almost drowned in your tears.  
And with one blow you can obliterate everything in your path.  
Lightning can stop anybody dead in their tracks.

Drying up our water, crops, and life itself,  
You almost baked everything away  
with your radiant first born son,  
or you can freeze us all, bone chilling frozen  
hard as a rock.

We've got to change and change now!  
Before it's too late!  
We have to protect this world, love it, and beautify it!  
I hope, have we still time?

We have to stop our government  
From having one chance to destroy it all.

The world's end and neutralization,  
For I fear it will happen.

But hopefully there will be somebody left on this earth  
And I will be one of them to survive.  
And to live on and teach our children  
The way things should be,  
Not, the way they are.  
Or were?.....

## HUE

By Randall Lee Peck

A ZOO WITH IN ZOO WITH IN A ZOO  
WITHIN THE 4 WALLS OF HUE.

AND A COLLEGE RUN BY ADMINISTRATIVE FOOLS

WITH A LYMAN LAKES NO CLEANER THAN A  
CESSPOOL

THICK, GREEN, ROTTING, ROTTING SLIME IS ALWAYS  
ON MY MIND!!!

## Mother Superior

By Randal Lee Peck

Here I sit on the poetry rock  
and mother starts to talk  
I'm Mother Superior  
and I might cry!  
There's too much pollution  
and I might die!  
I'm the biggest, deepest, coldest  
and I'm scared  
I wish for the last few years  
somebody cared

## Untitled

By Louise Wickenhauser in Earth Prayers From Around the  
World, ed. Liz Roberts and Elias Aniden 1991 Harper  
SanFrancisco. Used with permission

Sensuous during life  
do not deny me in death!  
Wash me with scent of apple blossom.  
Anoint me with essence of lilac.  
Fill my veins with honeysuckle nectar.  
Sprinkle me with perfume of purple violets.  
Envelop me in shroud saturated with fragrance of freshly  
mown meadow hay.  
Rest me in moss velvet earth.  
Cover me with soil exuding flavor of maple and oak leaves.  
Command a white birch to stand guard!

## From Ben Nevis

By Lawrence "Smiley" Revard

I came from the sea to the sky  
and burnt the blunt bridge of my nose  
to an itching red crisp,  
trekking to the jugged head  
of Ben Nevis. Later, I hiked

the valleys alone to the mountainside  
above Gray Mare falls and onwards;  
I saw only one shrew and a few fleeing  
field mice, and felt thousands of midges.

Along the way, I thought  
Scotland was half-dead with English blood.  
No bears, few eagles, few deer, no wolves,  
and a tide of tourists.  
In the unmountainous and untouristed scraggle  
of Oklahoma, I remembered crouching  
for a single half-hour and seeing six  
turkey-vultures and two marsh hawks  
ride updrafts past a sandstone crag.  
And I remembered hearing the deer  
rustle in the persimmon grove below.

Once, in the tower of London (where  
several well-attended but alternatively  
maniacal and derisive ravens nip popcorn  
from Italian or American or French  
fingers,) I heard an American ask  
a portly Beefeater guard how  
he liked being on a bottle of gin.  
Well, he said, when off-duty.

Atop Ben Nevis there was  
a monument to the young dead  
of World War I. There was also  
a peculiar and anonymous snow bird  
peeping low among the stones and  
the company of clouds was miles and miles.

From there I could see  
the dead land was far below  
in history, like the ruins at Ludlow  
where (so I'm told) a lord named Lawrence  
held his castle carefully at the brambled edge  
of Wales, where one Bertilak and one  
Morgan le Fey had their hide-out.  
But this was mostly imagination:  
there was little to hear since the last thunder of British cannon  
volleys mowed down the Scots.  
There was little to see since the trees  
had fed the ships that fended off  
imperial onslaughts of Spain,  
France, and, at last, Germany.  
And I knew that even half my ancestry  
had flew their native tongue  
and the empty, gray-green hills.

It is said that when the ravens  
in the Tower of London are dead,  
imperial England will no longer stand.

Those six days on the highland trails, I  
saw not even a rabbit carcass,  
and never did a carrion-black shadow  
cross my path.

## The Hill of Three Oaks: Midwinter 1964

A Haiku by Dick Smiley '66

When the wind blows cold  
on the Hill of Three Oaks  
the hearth fire is warm.

## Salutations!

Feb. 1, 1977 By Dale Fierbe

Salutations on this day of Oimecl!  
The Magnolias stand serenely in this winter wind.  
The pines shrug their branches  
Snow drops to the ground  
Unable to smother the spirit  
Of Evergreen.  
The Cedar whispers it's valiance  
The quiet sentinel while other  
Creatures and Flora  
Wait for the name of Spring to  
Brush past them, awakening them  
From their sleep.  
- Peace, Peace, Peace.

## Wood Carving

By Chris Markwyn

The wood couldn't begin to catch  
All of the light and life in its  
Sad poor-grained structure. The  
Polished flesh of some long-dead  
Oak, smoothly grainless, was  
Carved to artificial perfection by  
Some zealous artisan.

Not alone I stood in the shop,  
Clutching my saw and knife in  
An all too sweaty hand. I look  
At what lies before me, and tremble  
At its pathetic presumption of merit.  
Shaking, I turn to the light  
That pours in

Through the window, broken by  
The frame and the panes. I turn back  
To my creation to view it once more.  
Outside the sunlight, it lies dead and  
Cold, a lifeless bit of wood shaped  
Randomly into the face of a thing  
I do not know.

## Someone Said My Name

By Chris Markwyn

a name, subtly carved  
into the bark of some ancient oak,  
now warped and bent  
by the ravaging years

a name, engraved on a door  
deep in the dimly lit dungeon  
of my heart; a chamber sealed  
by the weight of years

a name, whispered in the dark,  
written on a crumpled page,  
spoken softly in the quiet  
hours of life's night

a name unheard for years

# A Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Three 1999

## Words from the Bards

### 2003 Introduction

Modern folk-singers, like the bards of the past have their wisdom to share. At Carleton since the early 70s, Druidism and Folksinging were overlapping interests for many people. I offer you some songs, copyrighted of course, for your benefit or hindrance. They were mostly taken from "Rise Up Singing: The Group Singing Songbook" ISBN 0-9626704-7-2 (1992) spiral binding, ISBN 0-9626704-9-9 paperback binding. It's a personal selection, but also one that other Carleton Druids have enjoyed over the years. This was assembled in 1999, but first published in ARDA 2 in 2003, when he added a few songs by various authors at the end.

-Mike Scharding

### Sir Gilbert de Veere

Sir Gilbert de Veere was a virtuous knight.  
He fought for the just and he fought for the right,  
But he cherished one dream with all of his might;  
He wanted a Dragon to fight.

He prayed all the night and he prayed all the day,  
That God would provide him a dragon to slay.  
God heard his prayers and considered a way  
To furnish Sir Gilbert his prey.

God considered it and soon made command,  
But having no genuine Dragons at hand,  
God whisked Sir Gilbert to an earlier land.  
With destrier and armor and Brand.

Then in the Cretaceous, Sir Gilbert de Veere  
Discovered a 40 foot carnosaur near.  
He dug in his spur and leveled his spear,  
And charged without flicker of fear.

The lance struck a rib and the shaft split in twain,  
Sir Gilbert slapped a hand to his hilt, but in vain.  
The dinosaur swallowed that valorous thane,  
And thus Sir Gilbert was slain.

But the armored apparel he wore for that ride,  
However was rough on that reptile's inside.  
The dinosaur presently laid down and died,  
And honor was thus satisfied.

But, Sir Gilbert was no longer around to care,  
So hesitate to disturb God with your prayer.  
For He might answer it and then how you fare  
Is yours and no other's affair.

## Sounds of Silence

Hello darkness my old friend  
I've come to talk to you again  
Because a vision softly creeping  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains- within the sounds of silence  
(Am-), G---/Am---/FC--/ /F----C-/Am-C G --Am---

In restless dreams I walk alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone  
'Neath the halo of a street lamp  
I turned my collar to the cold & damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night - & touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw  
10,000 people maybe more  
People talking without speaking  
People hearing without listening  
People writing songs that voices never shared  
No one dared disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I "You do not know  
Silence like a cancer grows  
Hear my words that I might teach you  
Take my arms that I might reach you."  
But my words like silent raindrops fell  
And echoed in the well of silence

And the people bowed & prayed  
To the neon god they'd made  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
In the words that it was forming  
And the sign said "The words of the prophets are written on  
subway walls  
And tenement halls - & whisper in the sounds of silence.

-Paul Simon

## The Earth Is My Mother

The earth is my mother \* she's good to me \* (\*=echo)  
She gives me everything that I ever need  
Food on the table\* the clothes I wear \*  
The sun & the water & the cool, fresh air \*  
C9C) Dm (Dm) / FC GC (FC GC)://

Chorus:  
The earth is my mother and my best friend, too  
The great provider for and you (repeat)  
CEm FC/ FC GC ://

Her ways are gentle, her life is strong  
Living in tune like a beautiful song  
There's only one thing she asks of me  
I treat her as kindly as she treats me

-Carol Johnson

## Honor the Earth

Look at her face, walk in her fields  
Savor her mountains, her forest, her valleys  
Tasting her winds, washed by her tides  
Growing like flow'rs in her soil, in her water

Hear when she weeps! Hear with the heart  
Tuned by our senses aware of time passing  
Surely our flesh bleeds as she bleeds  
Surely our bones are her dust, are her mountains

Honor the earth & each other  
Honor the earth & each other  
Am--Dm/Dm6--E://Am Dm6 Am Dm / E7---/Am--Dm/Dm6--  
E/Am Dm Am Dm6/ AM Dm Am-

Locked in our cells of concrete and steel  
Choked by the papers, the clutter, the chatter  
Blinded by mind, harnessed by fears  
Deaf to the cries and the calls of the mother

Hear her at last! Know what we are  
Flesh that will die, but the death is no master  
Cherish the earth, silence that sings  
Touch the earth we give birth to the mother

Honor the earth & each other  
Honor the earth & each other

-Molly Scott

## Now is the Cool of the day

1. The lord he said unto me  
Do you like my **garden so fair?**  
You may live in this garden if you **keep the grasses green.**  
And I'll return in the cool of the day  
Am E A-/Em-A-/--EmA/E7-A-

Chorus:  
Now is the cool of the day (2x)  
O this earth is a garden, the garden of my Lord  
And he walks in his garden in the cool of the day  
Am E Am-/G-Am/--G Am/ ---- C- Am-

[Substitute these phrases into number 1]  
2. garden so pure? keep the waters clean  
3. pastures so green / feed all of my sheep  
4. garden so free / keep the people free

-Jean Ritchie

## Solar Carol

See the sun how bright it shines on the nations of the earth  
All who share this thing called life celebrate each day's rebirth  
D-AD (2x) //:DG-A D G A- DA DG DA://

Chorus:  
So-o-olar power, inexpensive energy (2x)  
Brother river, so you hear how the valley calls you down  
Send your rushing waters near, let the joyful hills resound

Sister wind we've heard on high sweetly singing o'er the plain  
And the windmills in reply echoing their glad refrain

How we love complexity when the answer's rather plain  
Join the sun in jubilee; sing with us this joyous strain

-W: Adam Austill, Court Dorsey, Charlie Kind, Marcia Taylor  
-M: "Angels we have heard on high"

## Prayer of St. Francis

Make me a channel of your peace  
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love  
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord  
And where there's doubt, true faith in you  
D---/A-/-/----/- DA D-

Make me a channel of your peace  
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope  
Where there is darkness, only light  
And where there's sadness, ever joy

(Bridge) O master grant that I may never seek  
So much to be consoled as to console  
To be understood, as to understand  
To be loved, as to love with all my soul  
G-D-/A-D-/G-D-/E-A-

Make me a channel of your peace  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned  
In giving to all men that we receive  
And in dying that we're born to eternal life

-rewritten by Sebastian Temple

## Old Time Religion

Chorus:  
Give me that old time religion (3x)  
And that's good enough for me  
E-/B7 E-/A/EB7 E

We will pray to Aphrodite  
Even tho' she's rather flighty  
And they say she wears no nightie...  
& **that's good enough for me** (end of each verse)

We will pray with those Egyptians  
Build pyramids to but our crypts in  
Cover subways with inscriptions

O-old Odin we will follow  
And in fighting we will wallow  
Til we wind up in Valhalla...

Let me follow dear old Buddha  
For there is nobody cuter  
He comes in plaster, wood, or pewter....

We will pray with Zarathustra  
Pray just like we useta  
I'm a Zarathustra booster...

We will pray with those old Druids  
They drink fermented fluids  
Waltzing naked thru the woo-ids....

Hare Krishna gets a laugh on  
When he sees me dressed in saffron  
With my hair that's only half on...

We will pray to Loki  
He's the Norse god of Chaos  
Which is why this verse don't scan or rhyme...

I'll arise at early morning  
When the sun gives me the warning

That the solar age is dawning...

We will worship those old gods,  
Even though they call us clods  
Cause it gives us better odds...

## Teach Your Children

You who are on the road  
Must have a code that you can live by  
And so, become yourself  
Because the past is just a good-bye  
C F / C G ://

Teach your children well  
Their father's hell did slowly go by  
And, feed them on your dreams  
The one they pick's the one you'll know by  
And don't you ever ask them why - if they tell you,  
You'll just cry so, just look at them and sigh  
And know they love you  
C F / C G :// C F / C AM FG / C-

And you, of tender years  
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by  
And so, please help them with your youth  
They seek the truth before they can die

Teach your parents well  
Their children's hell did slowly go by  
And, feed them on your dreams  
The one they pick's the one you'll know by  
And don't you ever ask them why - if they tell you,  
You'll just cry so, just look at them and sigh  
And know they love you

-Graham Nash

## Catch the Wind

In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty I long to be  
In the warm hold of your loving mind  
To feel you all around me and to take your hand along the sand  
Ah but I might as well try and catch the wind.  
C F C F/C FG C G/ C F C F/ C FG CF C

When sundown pales the sky, I want to bide awhile behind your smile  
And every where I'd look your eyes I'd find  
For me to love your now would be the sweetest thing, 'twould make me sing  
Ah but I might as well try and catch the wind.

When rain has hung the leaves with tears I want you near to quell my fears  
To help me leave all my blues behind  
Standing near your soul is where I want to be, I long to be  
Ah but I might as well try and catch the wind.

-Donovan Leitch

## God Bless the Moon

I see the moon and the moon sees me  
God bless the moon and God bless me  
There's grace in the cabin and grace in the hall  
And the grace of God is over us all

ED E ED E/E-A-/B7- ED E

I see the moon and the moon sees me  
The moon sees the somebody I want to see  
God bless the moon and God bless me  
And God bless the somebody I want to see

-Jean Ritchie

## Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for the springing fresh from the word  
C-Dm G F C/- Em Am D G-/ C F - C Am D/ G C F G C (FC)

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven  
Like the first dew fall on the first grass  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
God's re-creation of the new day.

-Eleanor Farjeon

## The Sound of Music

The hills are alive with the sound of music  
With songs they have sung for a thousand years  
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music  
My heart wants to sing every song it hears  
C-Em-/ Dm-FG/C-Em-/CF G C-

My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise  
From the lakes to the trees  
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies  
From a church on a breeze  
FG C/ FG C/ FG C/ D G

To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls  
Over stones on its way  
To sing thru the night  
Like a lark who is learning to pray.  
FG C/ FG C/ FG C/ D G

I go to the hills when my heart is lonely  
I know I will hear what I've heard before  
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music  
And I'll sing once more

-W: Oscar Hammerstein II

-M: Richard Rogers

## Nowhere Man

He's a real Nowhere Man sitting in his Nowhere Land  
making all his nowhere plans for nobody  
*Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to*  
*Isn't he a bit like you and me?*  
Ã C G F C/F Fm C -://

(Bridge)

Nowhere Man, please listen, you don't know what you're missing

Nowhere man, the world is at your command  
Em F Em F/ Em F - G

He's as blind as he can be, just sees what he wants to see  
Nowhere Man can you see me at all?

Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to  
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

(Bridge 2)

Nowhere Man, don't worry, take your time, don't hurry  
Leave it all till somebody else lends you a hand

-John Lennon and Paul McCartney

## Here Comes the Sun

Chorus:

Here comes the sun (2x) and I say/ It's all right  
G-Cmaj7 A7/ G CG D7

Little darlin' it's been a long cold lonely winter  
Little darlin' it feels like years since you've been hear  
G-C D7/ G-C D7

Little Darlin' the smiles returning to their faces  
Little Darlin' it feels like years since it's been here

Little Darlin' I feel the ice is slowly melting  
Little Darlin' it feels like years since it's been clear

-George Harrison

## May There Always be Sunshine

May there always be sunshine  
May there always be blue sky  
May there always be mama  
May there always be me

-W: Lev Oshanin/Thomas Botting

-M: Arkadi Ostrovsky

## Hymn for the Russian Earth

If the people lived their lives  
As if it were a song for singing out of light  
Provides the music for the stars  
To be dancing circles in the night

-Yuri Zaritsky and Eugene Friesen

## I Circle Around

I circle around (around, around) (2x)  
The bound'ries of the earth (the boundaries of the sky)  
Wearing my long-wing feathers as I fly (wearing...)

-Arapaho

## We Are the Flow

We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the weavers, we are the web  
Em - / EmC EM

-Shekinah Mountain Water

## Turning Toward the Morning

When the deer is bedded down and the bear is gone to ground  
And the Northern goose has wandered off to warmer bay and sound

It's so easy in the cold to feel the darkness of the year  
And the heart is growing lonely for the morning  
C-F-/ C-FG-/C-F-/CGFC

Chorus:

O my Joanie don't you know that the stars are swinging slow  
And the seas are rolling easy as they did so long ago?  
If I had a thing to give you, I would tell you one more time  
That the world is always turning toward the morning  
G-C-/C-FG-/C-F-/CGFC

Now October's growing thin and November's coming home  
You'll be thinking of the season and the sad things that you've seen

And you hear that old wind walking, hear him singing high and thin:

You could swear he's out there singing of your sorrows

When the darkness falls around you and the North Wind comes to blow

And you hear him call your name out as he walks the brittle snow  
That old wind don't mean you trouble, he don't care or even know  
He's just walking down the darkness toward the morning

It's a pity we don't know what the little flowers know  
They can't face the cold November, they can't take the wind and snow

They put their glories all behind them, bow their heads and let it go

But you know they'll be there shining in the morning

(Last Chorus)

Now my Joanie don't you know that the days are rolling slow  
And the winter's walking easy as he did so long ago?  
And if the wind should come and ask you "Why's my Joanie weeping so?"  
Won't you tell him that you're weeping for the morning?

-Gordon Bok

## Weave Me the Sunshine

Chorus:

Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine  
Out of the falling rain  
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow  
And fill my cup again  
FGCAm/FGCAm/FGCAm/D-G-

Well, I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble  
Shine on me again  
The proud and the might, all have stumbled  
Shine on me again  
Am-Em-/FGCAm/Am-D-/G-G7-

They say that the tree of loving  
Shine on me again.  
Grows on the banks of the river of suffering  
Shine on me again.

If only I can heal your sorrow...  
I'll help you to find a new tomorrow...

Only you can climb the mountain...  
If you want to drink at the golden fountain....

-Peter Yarrow

## River

I was born in the path of the winter wind  
And raised where the mountains are old  
The springtime waters came dancing down  
And I remember the tales they told  
The whistling ways of my younger days  
Too quickly have faded on by  
But all of their memories linger on  
Like the light in a fading sky  
D-GD/--A-/D-GD/-AD- ://

Chorus:

River, take me along  
In your sunshine, sing me your song  
Ever moving and winding and free  
You rolling old river, you changing old river  
Let's you and me river run down to the sea!  
D Dmaj7 G A/ D Dmaj7 G A/ G-AD/ GDGD/GA-GD

I've been to the city and back again  
I've been moved by some things that I've learned  
Me a lot of good people and I called them friends  
Felt the change when the seasons turned  
I heard all the songs that the children sing  
And listened to love's melodies  
I've felt my own music within me rise  
Like the wind in the autumn trees

Someday when the flowers are blooming still  
Someday when the grass is still green  
My rolling waters will round me bend  
And flow into the open sea  
So here's to the rainbow that followed me here  
And here's to the friends that I know  
And here's to the song that's within me now  
I will sing it wherever I go

-Bill Staines

## Today

Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries and drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows will all pass away  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today  
C Am F G/C Am F G/C C7 F Fm/C Am Dm G - C (Am F G)

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover  
You'll know who I am by the song that I sing  
I'll feast at your table and sleep in your clover  
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring?

I can't be contented with yesterday's glories  
I can't live on promises winter to spring  
For now is my moment, today is my story  
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing

-Randy Sparks



## Turn, Turn, Turn

Chorus:

To everything -turn, turn, turn  
There is a season -turn, turn, turn  
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven  
A time to be born, a time to die  
A time to plant, a time to reap  
A time to kill, a time to heal  
A time to laugh, a time to weep  
G-C-/G-C-/G-C-/FGC-

A time to build up, a time to break down  
A time to dance, a time to mourn  
A time to cast away stones  
A time to gather stones together (Very druidic, eh?)

A time of war, a time of peace  
A time of love, a time of hate  
A time you may embrace  
A time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose  
A time to rend, a time to sew  
A time to love, a time to hate  
A time of peace: I swear it's not too late!

-W: Book of Ecclesiastes (adap. by Pete Seeger)

## The Brandy Tree

I go down to the Brandy Tree  
And take my nose and tail with me  
All for the world and the wind to see  
And never come back no more  
(capo up) Am Em/EmAm Em/ Dm Em/ FG Am

Down by the meadow marsh, deep and wide  
Tumble and Tangle by my side  
All for the westing wind to run  
And slide in the summer rain

*Sun come follow my happy way  
Wind come walk beside me  
Moon on the mountain, go with me  
A wondrous way I know  
C G/ C G/ Am Em/ FG Am*

I go down to the windy sea  
And the little gray seal will play with me  
Slide on the rock and dive in the bay  
And sleep on the ledge at night

*But the seal don't try to tell me how  
To fish in the windy blue  
Seal's been fishing for a thousand years  
And he knows that I have too*

When the frog goes down to the mud to sleep  
And the lamprey hides in the boulders deep  
I take my nose and tail and go  
A hundred thousand hills

*Sun come follow my happy way  
Wind come walk beside me  
Moon on the mountain, go with me  
A wondrous way I know*

Someday down by the Brandy Tree  
I'll hear the Shepherd call for me  
Call me to leave my happy ways  
And the shining world I know

*Sun on the hill, come go with me  
My days have all been free  
The pipes come dancing down the wind  
And that's the way I go  
That's the way for me*

-Gordon Bok

## What a Wonderful World

by Louis Armstrong

I see trees of green,  
Red roses too.  
I seem them bloom  
For me and you

I think to myself,  
What a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue,  
And clouds of white,  
The bright blessed day,  
The dark sacred night.

And I think to myself,  
What a wonderful world.

Bridge:  
The colors of the rainbow  
So pretty in the sky  
Are also on the faces  
Of people going by.

I see friends shaking hands  
Saying "How do you do?"  
They're really saying  
"I love you."

I hear babies crying,  
I watch them grow.  
They'll learn much more  
Then I'll ever know.

And I think to myself,  
What a wonderful world.

## Lord of the Dance

I danced in the morning when the world was begun  
And I danced in the moon & the stars & the sun  
And I came down from heaven & I danced on the earth  
At Bethlehem I had my birth  
D---/A---/D---/A-GD

Chorus:  
Dance, dance wherever you may be  
I am the Lord of the Dance said he  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he  
D---/A---/D---/A-GD

I danced for the scribe & the Pharisee  
But they would not dance & they would not follow me  
I danced for the fishermen, for James & John  
They came with me & the dance went on

I danced on the Sabbath & I cured the lame  
The holy people said it was a shame  
They whipped & they stripped & they hung me high  
And they left me there on a cross to die

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back  
They buried my body & they thought I was gone  
But I am the dance & I still go on

They cut me down but I leaped up high  
For I am the dance that can never, never die  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me  
For I am the Lord of the dance, said he!

-W: Sydney Carter

-M: shaker hymn ("Simple Gifts")

## Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free  
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right  
'Twill be in the valley of love & delight

When true simplicity is gained  
To bow & to bend we won't be ashamed  
To turn, turn will be our delight  
Til by turning, turning we come 'round right  
D-/A-/D-/A GD// DA D-/A/D-/A GD

-Traditional Shaker

## Lord of the Dance

(short version)

From a shaker tune, also known as "Simple Gifts"

Then she danced on the waters and the wind was her form  
The lady laughed and everything was born  
She lit the sun and the light gave him birth  
The lord of the dance then appeared on the earth

[chorus]

Dance, then, wherever you may be  
For I am the lord of the dance, said he  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he

I danced in the morning when the world was begun  
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun  
I was called from the darkness by the song of the earth  
I joined in the singing and she gave me birth

[chorus]

I dance at the sabbat when you chant the spell  
I dance and sing that every one be well  
When the dance is over do not think I am gone  
I live in the music so I still dance on

[chorus]

They cut me down but I leap up high  
I am the light that will never, never die  
I will live in you if you live in me  
I am the lord of the dance, said he

[chorus]

## Circles

Gwen Zak Moore, probably in mid 1970's.

Tune: Windmills, by Alan Bell

In days gone by, when the world was much younger,  
men wondered at Spring, born of winter's cold night;  
wondering at the games of the moon and the sunlight.  
They saw there the Lady and Lord of all life.

**Chorus:**

*And around and around and around turns the good earth.*

*All things must change as the seasons go by.*

*We are the children of the Lord and the Lady*

*Whose mysteries we know, but we never know why.*

In all lands the people were tied to the good earth  
Plowing and sowing as the seasons declared.  
Waiting to reap of the rich golden harvest, \\\nKnowing Her laugh in the joys that they shared.

**Chorus...**

Through Flanders and Wales and the green land of Ireland,  
in Kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain,  
Circles grew up all along the wild coastline  
and worked for the land with the sun and the rain.

**Chorus...**

Circles for healing and working the weather,  
circles for knowing the moon and the sun,  
circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady,  
circles for dancing the dance never done.

**Chorus...**

And we who reach for the stars in the heavens,  
turning our eyes from the meadows and groves  
still live in the love of the Lord and the Lady.  
The greater the circle, the more the love grows.

**Chorus...**

## The Rainbow Connection

Why are there so many songs about rainbows  
And what's on the other side?  
Rainbows are visions, but only illusions,  
And Rainbows have nothing to hid.

So we've been told and some choose to believe it  
I know they're wrong, wait and see.  
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,  
The lovers, the dreamers and me.

Who said that every wish would be heard and answered  
When wished on the morning star?  
Somebody thought of that, and someone believed it,  
And look what it's done so far.

What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing  
And what do we think we might see?  
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,  
The lovers, the dreamers, and me.

Bridge:

All of us under its spell,  
We know that it's probably magic...

Have you been half asleep? And have you heard voices?  
I've heard them calling my name.  
...Is this the sweet sound that calls the young sailors?  
The voice might be one and the same.

I've heard it too many times to ignore it  
It's something that I'm s'posed to be...  
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,  
The lovers, the dreamers, and me.

Laaa, da daa dee da daa daa,  
La laa la la laa dee daa doo....

## You Bash the Balrog

By Lee Gold to the tune: Waltzing Matilda)  
From The Westerfirk Collection, Volume II, first printed in  
Alarums & Excursions

Once a jolly cleric, and a magic-using Elf  
And a mighty Dwarf with a sword plus three  
Left their native village, out to get their share of pelf  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.

[Chorus]:  
You bash the Balrog, you bash the Balrog,  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[repeat last two lines of previous verse]

First they met a Goblin, with a fire-breathing Hound.  
They bashed, and they smashed, and they scragged him with glee.  
Afterwards they searched him, and a magic potion found.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

The low-wisdom Swordsman picked it up and drank it down.  
Changed to a wolf immediately.  
No one could dispel it, so they headed back to town.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

Then a loud voice bellowed, "Who has slain the Goblin King?"  
Round turned our heroes; what did they see?  
Swooping down upon them was a Balrog on the wing.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

"Help!" screamed the Cleric. "Ditto!" yelled the Elven Mage.  
The wolf whimpered low, and he tried to flee.  
The Balrog fell upon them, and his flames began to rage.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

They ran through the forest, seeking for a place to hide.  
Pursued by the Balrog so fierce to see.  
"Wait," cried the Elf-mage. "I have got a plan," he lied.  
"You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree."  
[Chorus]

Once a mighty Balrog slew a cleric and an elf  
And a smallish wolf who had teeth plus three.  
Skinned them and tanned their hides and kept them on a closet  
shelf.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.

(alternative end verse for people who like, nay insist, on happy  
endings)

Once a mighty Balrog slew a jolly cleric and  
Skinned a smallish wolf who had teeth plus three.  
But the Elf got away, and he's living with a Dryad band.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.

## The Rattling Bog

Traditional

[Chorus]:  
Ho Ro, the rattlin' bog  
The bog down in the valley-o  
Ho Ro, the rattlin' bog  
The bog down in the valley-o

And in this bog, there was a tree  
A rare tree, a rattlin' tree  
A tree, in the bog, (add lines here)  
And the bog down in the valley-o  
[Chorus]

A limb on a tree...  
A branch on a limb...  
A twig on a branch...  
A nest on a twig...  
An egg in the nest...  
A bird on an egg...  
A wing on a bird...  
A feather on a wing...  
A flea on a feather...  
A mite on a flea...  
A smile on a mite...

## Burden of the Crown

The battlefield is silent, the shadows growing wan  
Though I may view the sunset, I'll not live to see the dawn  
The leaves have ceased to rustle, the birds no longer sing.  
All nature seems to wonder at the passing of our king.

And now you stand before me, your father's flesh and blood  
Begotten of my sinew and the woman that I love  
So difficult the birthing, the mother died that day  
And now you stand before me to bear my crown away.

The hour is fast approaching, when you come into your own  
When you take the Ring and Scepter and you sit upon the Throne  
Before that final hour, when we each must meet our fate  
Pray gaze upon the Royal Crown and marvel at its weight.

This cap of burnished metal is the symbol of our land  
Supporting all we cherish, the dreams for which we stand  
The weight, you'll find, is nothing, when you hold it in your palm  
The burden of the crown begins the day you put it on.

See how the jewel sparkles when you gaze at it again  
Each facet is a subject whose rights you must defend

Every point of light a burden you must shoulder with your own  
And mighty is the burden of the man upon the throne.

My waiting now is over, my limbs are growing cold  
I can feel the angels waiting to receive my passing soul  
Keep well for me my kingdom when my memory is dead  
And forgive me for the burden I place upon your head.

## What is Courage Now?

Lyrics: Leslie Fish

What is courage now?  
Is it just to go until we're done?  
Men may call us heroes when  
They can say we've won  
But if we should fail, how then?  
What is courage now?

Mountains to our side,  
Standing like a wall against the sky,  
Show no path to let us through  
But still we search and try  
Silver snow and stone cold blue.  
Mountains to our side.

River from the pines;  
We can hear your echo far away.  
To your banks our step must lead  
Help us on our way  
We who know you learned your speed.  
River from the pines.

Star above the world.  
Seeing down the ways that we must go  
Throw down light to guide a friend  
Or how else can we know  
If there's help where pathways end?  
Star above the world.

What is courage now?  
In the hope we know that holds us fast,  
Bear us to that final door  
And win us free at last  
Or we touch this world no more  
What is courage now?

## Rocky Mountain High

-John Denver & Mike Taylor

He was born in the summer of his 27th year  
Comin' home to a place he'd never been before  
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again  
You might say he found a key to every door

When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away  
On a road and hangin' by a song  
But the sting's already broken and he doesn't really care  
It keeps changin' fast and it don't last for long  
C-FG/C-F-/CAmFG/C-F-

But in the Colorado Rocky Mountain High  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky  
The shadows in the starlight are softer than a lullaby  
Rocky Mountain High -In Colorado (2x)  
FGC-/FGC-/FGCF-/C-F-/C-F-

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below  
He saw everything as far as you can see  
And they say that he got crazy once and tried to touch the sun  
And he lost a friend but kept his memory

Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forest and the streams  
Seeking grace in every step he takes  
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand  
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake

Chorus (You can talk to God and listen to his casual reply)

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fear  
Of the simple things he cannot comprehend  
When they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple  
more  
More people, more scars upon the land.

Chorus (I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly)

## Boy of the Country

Words and music by Michael Murphy  
Sung by John Denver

Because he called the forest brother  
Because he called the earth his mother  
They drove him out into the rain  
Some people even said the boy from the country was insane

Because he spoke with fish in the creek  
He tried to tell us that the animals could speak  
Who knows, perhaps they do  
How do you know they don't  
Just because they've never spoken to you

Boy from the country, he left his home when he was young  
Boy from the country, he loves the sun  
He tried to tell us that we should love the land  
We turned our heads and laughed  
And we did not understand

Sometimes I think that the boy from the country  
Is the only one who sees  
Because the boy from the country  
Doesn't want to see the forest for the trees  
Boy from the country, he left his home when he was young

Boy from the country, he loves the sun

## Spirit

By John Denver

His spirit joined and so was formed  
Ten thousand years ago  
Between the Swan and Hercules  
Where even dark clouds glow.

To live with grace, to ride the swell,  
To yet be strong of will,  
To love the wind, to learn its song  
And empty space to fill.

Apollo taught me to rhyme,  
Orpheus taught me to play,  
Andromeda casts down her sign,  
And Vega lights my way.

Smoke rings in a galaxy,  
An endless flight through time  
Lyra gave her harp to him  
And left him free to climb.

A winter's journey from the moon  
To reach the summer sun,  
To rise again, to sing for you  
A song that's yet unsung.

Apollo taught me to rhyme,  
Orpheus taught me to play,  
Andromeda casts down her sign,  
And Vega lights my way.

## Wind Song

By John Denver & Joe Henry

The wind is the whisper of our mother the earth  
The wind is the hand of our father the sky  
The wind watches over our struggles and pleasures  
The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly

The wind is the bearer of bad and good tidings  
The weaver of darkness, the bringer of dawn  
The wind gives the rain, then builds us a rainbow  
The wind is the singer when sang the first song

The wind is a twister of anger and warning  
The wind brings the fragrance of freshly mown hay  
The wind is a racer, a wild stallion running  
The sweet taste of love on a slow summer's day

The wind knows the songs of the cities and canyons  
The thunder of mountains, the roar of the sea  
The wind is the taker and giver of mornings  
The wind is the symbol of all that is free

So welcome the wind and the wisdom she offers  
Follow her summons when she calls again  
In your heart and your spirit let the breezes surround you  
Lift up your voice then and sing with the wind

## Blowing in the Wind

By Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,  
Pretending he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

## Don't Think Twice, It's All Right

By Bob Dylan

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe  
It don't matter, anyhow  
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe  
If you don't know by now  
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn  
Look out your window and I'll be gone  
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on  
Don't think twice, it's all right

It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe  
That light I never knowed  
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe  
I'm on the dark side of the road  
Still I wish there was somethin' you would do or say  
To try and make me change my mind and stay  
We never did too much talkin' anyway  
So don't think twice, it's all right

It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal  
Like you never did before  
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal  
I can't hear you any more  
I'm a-thinkin' and a-wond'rin' all the way down the road  
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told  
I give her my heart but she wanted my soul  
But don't think twice, it's all right

I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe  
Where I'm bound, I can't tell  
But goodbye's too good a word, gal  
So I'll just say fare thee well  
I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind  
You could have done better but I don't mind  
You just kinda wasted my precious time  
But don't think twice, it's all right

## Mr. Tambourine Man

By Bob Dylan

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,  
Vanished from my hand,  
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,  
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,  
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels  
To be wanderin'.  
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,  
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across  
the sun,  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run  
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'.  
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,  
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're  
Seein' that he's chasing.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind,  
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,  
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.  
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,  
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

## Too Much of Nothing

By Bob Dylan

Now, too much of nothing  
Can make a man feel ill at ease.  
One man's temper might rise  
While another man's temper might freeze.  
In the day of confession  
We cannot mock a soul.  
Oh, when there's too much of nothing,  
No one has control.

Say hello to Valerie  
Say hello to Vivian  
Send them all my salary  
On the waters of oblivion

Too much of nothing  
Can make a man abuse a king.  
He can walk the streets and boast like most

But he wouldn't know a thing.  
Now, it's all been done before,  
It's all been written in the book,  
But when there's too much of nothing,  
Nobody should look.

Say hello to Valerie  
Say hello to Vivian  
Send them all my salary  
On the waters of oblivion

Too much of nothing  
Can turn a man into a liar,  
It can cause one man to sleep on nails  
And another man to eat fire.  
Ev'rybody's doin' somethin',  
I heard it in a dream,  
But when there's too much of nothing,  
It just makes a fella mean.

Say hello to Valerie  
Say hello to Vivian  
Send them all my salary  
On the waters of oblivion

## Watching the River Flow

By Bob Dylan

What's the matter with me,  
I don't have much to say,  
Daylight sneakin' through the window  
And I'm still in this all-night café.  
Walkin' to and fro beneath the moon  
Out to where the trucks are rollin' slow,  
To sit down on this bank of sand  
And watch the river flow.

Wish I was back in the city  
Instead of this old bank of sand,  
With the sun beating down over the chimney tops  
And the one I love so close at hand.  
If I had wings and I could fly,  
I know where I would go.  
But right now I'll just sit here so contentedly  
And watch the river flow.

People disagreeing on all just about everything, yeah,  
Makes you stop and all wonder why.  
Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street  
Who just couldn't help but cry.  
Oh, this ol' river keeps on rollin', though,  
No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does  
blow,  
And as long as it does I'll just sit here  
And watch the river flow.

People disagreeing everywhere you look,  
Makes you wanna stop and read a book.  
Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street  
That was really shook.  
But this ol' river keeps on rollin', though,  
No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does  
blow,  
And as long as it does I'll just sit here  
And watch the river flow.

Watch the river flow,  
Watchin' the river flow,  
Watchin' the river flow,  
But I'll sit down on this bank of sand  
And watch the river flow.

## With God On Our Side

By Bob Dylan

Oh my name it is nothin'  
My age it means less  
The country I come from  
Is called the Midwest  
I's taught and brought up there  
The laws to abide  
And that land that I live in  
Has God on its side.

Oh the history books tell it  
They tell it so well  
The cavalries charged  
The Indians fell  
The cavalries charged  
The Indians died  
Oh the country was young  
With God on its side.

Oh the Spanish-American  
War had its day  
And the Civil War too  
Was soon laid away  
And the names of the heroes  
I's made to memorize  
With guns in their hands  
And God on their side.

Oh the First World War, boys  
It closed out its fate  
The reason for fighting  
I never got straight  
But I learned to accept it  
Accept it with pride  
For you don't count the dead  
When God's on your side.

When the Second World War  
Came to an end  
We forgave the Germans  
And we were friends  
Though they murdered six million  
In the ovens they fried  
The Germans now too  
Have God on their side.

I've learned to hate Russians  
All through my whole life  
If another war starts  
It's them we must fight  
To hate them and fear them  
To run and to hide  
And accept it all bravely  
With God on my side.

But now we got weapons  
Of the chemical dust  
If fire them we're forced to  
Then fire them we must

One push of the button  
And a shot the world wide  
And you never ask questions  
When God's on your side.

In a many dark hour  
I've been thinkin' about this  
That Jesus Christ  
Was betrayed by a kiss  
But I can't think for you  
You'll have to decide  
Whether Judas Iscariot  
Had God on his side.

So now as I'm leavin'  
I'm weary as Hell  
The confusion I'm feelin'  
Ain't no tongue can tell  
The words fill my head  
And fall to the floor  
If God's on our side  
He'll stop the next war.

## A Hard Rain's Going to Fall

By Bob Dylan

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?  
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains.  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways.  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests.  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans.  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard.  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

Oh what did you see, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?  
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it.  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it.  
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water.  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,  
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?  
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',  
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,  
Heard one hundred drummers whose hand were a-blazin'  
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',  
Heard on person starve, I heard many people laughin',  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,  
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?  
Who did you meet, my darling young one?  
I met a young child beside a dead pony  
I met a white man who walked a black dog  
I met a young woman whose body was burning  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,

I met one man who was wounded in love,  
I met another man who was wounded with hatred,  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?  
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin',  
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,  
Where the people are many and their hands all empty,  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,  
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,  
Where hunger is ugly, where none is the number,  
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,  
And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it,  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until start sinkin',  
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

## Bob Dylan's Dream

This song always reminds me of the joys of Druidism when I was a college student. I hope you find the song and learn to sing it.

While riding on a train goin' west,  
I fell asleep for to take my rest.  
I dreamed a dream that made me sad,  
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room  
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,  
Where we together weathered many a storm,  
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn.

By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung,  
Our words were told, our songs were sung,  
Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied  
Talkin' and a-jokin' about the world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,  
We never thought we could ever get old.  
We thought we could sit forever in fun  
But our chances really was a million to one.

As easy as it was to tell black from white,  
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right.  
And our choices were few and the thought never hit  
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split.

How many a year has passed and gone,  
And many a gamble has been lost and won.  
And many a road taken by many a friend,  
And each one I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,  
That we could sit simple in that room again,  
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat  
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

## Box of Rain

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Phil Lesh

Look out of any window  
any morning, any evening, any day  
Maybe the sun is shining  
birds are winging or  
rain is falling from a heavy sky –  
What do you want me to do,  
to do for you to see you through?  
this is all a dream we dreamed  
one afternoon long ago

Walk out of any doorway  
feel your way, feel your way  
like the day before  
Maybe you'll find direction  
around some corner  
where it's been waiting to meet you –  
What do you want me to do,  
to watch for you while you're sleeping?  
Well please don't be surprised  
when you find me dreaming too

Look into any eyes  
you find by you, you can see  
clear through to another day  
I know it's been seen before  
through other eyes on other days  
while going home –  
What do you want me to do,  
to do for you to see you through?  
It's all a dream we dreamed  
one afternoon long ago

Walk into splintered sunlight  
Inch your way through dead dreams  
to another land  
Maybe you're tired and broken  
Your tongue is twisted  
with words half spoken  
and thoughts unclear  
What do you want me to do  
to do for you to see you through  
A box of rain will ease the pain  
and love will see you through

Just a box of rain –  
wind and water –  
Believe it if you need it,  
if you don't just pass it on  
Sun and shower –  
Wind and rain –  
in and out the window  
like a moth before a flame

It's just a box of rain  
I don't know who put it there  
Believe it if you need it  
or leave it if you dare  
But it's just a box of rain  
or a ribbon for your hair  
Such a long long time to be gone  
and a short time to be there



## Rosemary

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Boots were of leather  
A breath of [cologne](#)  
Her mirror was a window  
She sat quite alone

All around her  
the garden grew  
scarlet and purple  
and crimson and blue

She came and she went  
and at last went away  
The [garden was sealed](#)  
when the flowers decayed

On the wall of the garden  
a legend did say:  
No one may come here  
since no one may stay

## Death is a Door

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Death is only an old door  
Set in a garden wall;  
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk  
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,  
Beyond the light lies still;  
Very willing and weary feet  
Go over that still

There is nothing to trouble any heart;  
Nothing to hurt at all.  
Death is only a quiet door  
In an old wall.

## St. Stephen

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Saint Stephen with a rose  
In and out of the garden he goes  
Country garland in the wind and the rain  
Wherever he goes the people all complain

Stephen prosper in his time  
Well he may and he may decline  
Did it matter? does it now?  
Stephen would answer if he only knew how

Wishing well with a golden bell  
Bucket hanging clear to hell  
Hell halfway twixt now and then  
Stephen fill it up and lower down  
And lower down again

Lady finger dipped in moonlight  
Writing 'what for?' across the morning sky  
Sunlight splatters dawn with answers  
Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye

Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow,  
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned  
Several seasons with their treasons  
Wrap the babe in scarlet covers call it your own

Did he doubt or did he try?  
Answers aplenty in the bye and bye  
Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills  
One man gathers what another man spills  
Saint Stephen will remain

All he's lost he shall regain  
Seashore washed by the suds and the foam  
Been here so long he's got to calling it home  
Fortune comes a crawlin, Calliope woman  
Spinning that curious sense of your own  
Can you answer? Yes I can,  
but what would be the answer to the answer man?

High green chilly winds and windy vines in loops around the  
twining shafts of lavender, they're crawling to the sun  
Underfoot the ground is patched with climbing arms of ivy  
wrapped around the manzanita, stark and shiny in the  
breeze

Wonder who will water all the children of the garden when they  
sigh about the barren lack of rain and droop so hungry  
'neath the sky...

William Tell has stretched his bow till it won't stretch no  
furthermore and/or it may require a change that hasn't come  
before

## Uncle John's Band

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Well, the first days are the hardest days,  
don't you worry anymore  
When life looks like Easy Street  
there is danger at your door  
Think this through with me  
Let me know your mind  
Wo-oah, what I want to know  
is are you kind?

It's a Buck Dancer's Choice, my friend,  
better take my advice  
You know all the rules by now  
and the fire from the ice  
Will you come with me?  
Won't you come with me?  
Wo-oah, what I want to know,  
will you come with me?

Goddamn, well I declare  
Have you seen the like?  
Their walls are built of cannonballs,  
their motto is Don't Tread on Me  
Come hear Uncle John's Band  
by the riverside  
Got some things to talk about  
here beside the rising tide

It's the same story the crow told me  
It's the only one he know –  
like the morning sun you come  
and like the wind you go  
Ain't no time to hate,

barely time to wait  
Wo-oah, what I want to know,  
where does the time go?

I live in a silver mine  
and I call it Beggar's Tomb  
I got me a violin  
and I beg you call the tune  
Anybody's choice  
I can hear your voice  
Wo-oah what  
I want to know,  
how does the song go?

Come hear Uncle John's Band  
by the riverside  
Come with me or go alone  
He's come to take his children home  
Come hear Uncle John's Band  
playing to the tide  
Come on along or go alone  
he's come to take his children home

## Mountains of the Moon

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Cold Mountain water  
the jade merchant's daughter  
Mountains of the Moon,  
Bow and bend to me  
Hi ho the Carrion Crow  
Folderolderiddle  
Hi Ho the Carrion Crow  
Bow and bend to me

Hey Tom Banjo  
Hey a laurel  
More than laurel  
You may sow  
More than laurel  
You may sow

Hey the laurel  
Hey the city  
In the rain  
Hey, hey,  
Hey the white wheat  
Waving in the wind

20 degrees of solitude  
20 degrees in all  
All the dancing kings & wives  
assembled in the hall  
Lost is a long & lonely time  
Fairy Sybil flying  
All along the all along  
the Mountains of the Moon

Here is feast of solitude  
A fiddler grim and tall  
Plays to dancing kings and wives  
Assembled in the hall  
Of lost, long, lonely times  
Fairy Sibil flying  
All along the all along  
the Mountains of the Moon

Hey Tom Banjo  
It's time to matter  
The Earth will see you  
on through this time  
The Earth will see you on  
through this time

Down by the water  
The Marsh King's Daughter  
Did you know?  
Clothed in tatters  
Always will be  
Tom, where did you go?

Mountains of the Moon, Electra  
Mountains of the Moon  
All along the  
All along the  
Mountains of the Moon

Hi Ho the Carrion Crow  
Folderolderiddle  
Hi Ho the Carrion Crow  
Bow and bend to me  
Bend to me

## Giant

By Stan Rogers

Cold wind on the harbor and rain on the road  
Wet promise of winter brings recourse to coal  
There's fire in the blood and a fog on Bras d'Or  
The giant will rise with the moon.

'Twas the same ancient fever in the Isles of the Blessed  
That our fathers brought with them when they went west  
It's the blood of the Druids that never will rest  
The giant will rise with the moon.

So crash the glass down! Move with the tide!  
Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside.  
Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise  
With the moon.

In inclement weather the people are fey  
Three thousand year stories as the night slips away  
Remembering Fingal feels not far away  
The giant will rise with the moon.

The wind's from the north, there be new moon tonight  
And we have no circles to dance in it's sight  
So light a torch, bring the bottle, and build the fire bright  
The giant will rise with the moon.

So crash the glass down! Move with the tide!  
Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside.  
Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise  
With the moon.

## Watch the Field Behind the Plow

By Stan Rogers

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight, dark rows  
Feel the trickle in your clothes, blow the dust cake from your nose  
Hear the tractor's steady roar, Oh you can't stop now  
There's a quarter section more or less to go

And it figures that the rain keeps its own sweet time  
You can watch it come for miles, but you guess you've got a  
while  
So ease the throttle out a hair, every rod's a gain  
And there's victory in every quarter mile

Poor old Kuzyk down the road  
The heartache, hail and hoppers brought him down  
He gave it up and went to town

And Emmett Pierce the other day  
Took a heart attack and died at forty two  
You could see it coming on 'cause he worked as hard as you

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet clear through  
The air is cooler now, pull you hat brim further down  
And watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows  
Put another season's promise in the ground

And if the harvest's any good  
The money just might cover all the loans  
You've mortgaged all you own

Buy the kids a winter coat  
Take the wife back east for Christmas if you can  
All summer she hangs on when you're so tied to the land

For the good times come and go, but at least there's rain  
So this won't be barren ground when September rolls around  
So watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows  
Put another season's promise in the ground

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows  
Put another season's promise in the ground

## Delivery Delayed

By Stan Rogers

How early is "Beginning"? From when is there a soul?  
Do we discover living, or, somehow, are we told?  
In sudden pain, in empty cold, in blinding light of day  
We're given breath, and it takes our breath away.

How cruel to be unformed fancy, the way in which we come –  
Overwhelmed by feeling and sudden loss of love  
And what price dark confining pain, (the hardest to forgive)  
When all at once, we're called upon to live.

By a giant hand we're taken from the shelter of the womb  
That dreaded first horizon, the endless empty room  
Where communion is lost forever, when a heart first beats alone  
Still, it remembers, no matter how its grown.

We grow, but grow apart –  
We live, but more alone –  
The more to see, the more to see,  
To cry aloud that we are free  
To hide our ancient fear of being alone.

And how we live in darkness, embracing spiteful cold  
Refusing any answers, for no man can be told  
That delivery is delayed until at last we're made aware  
And first reach for love, to find 'twas always there.

## Mary Ellen Carter

By Stan Rogers

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain.  
The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he felt no pain.  
Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt her mortal blow,  
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.  
There were five of us aboard her when she finally was awash.  
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost.  
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to  
proclaim  
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend.  
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.  
But insurance paid the loss to them, they let her rest below.  
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.  
But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock,  
For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock.  
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost  
To the knowledge of men.  
Those who loved her best and were with her till the end  
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend.  
Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends.  
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow  
Or I'd never have the strength to go below.  
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and  
porthole down.  
Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around.  
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain.  
And watch the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale.  
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale  
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave  
They won't be laughing in another day...  
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow  
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go  
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain  
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Rise again, rise again - though your heart it be broken  
And life about to end  
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend.  
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

## Witch of the Westmoreland

By Stand Rogers

Pale was the wounded knight, that bore the rowan shield  
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries that feasted on the field  
Saying "Beck water cold and clear will never clean your wound  
There's none but the witch of the Westmoreland can make thee  
hale and sound"

So turn, turn your stallion's head 'til his red mane flies in the wind  
And the rider of the moon goes by and the bright star falls behind  
And clear was the pale moon when his shadow passed him by  
Below the hills were the brightest stars when he heard the owlet  
cry

Saying "Why do you ride this way, and wherefore came you  
here?"  
"I seek the Witch of the Westmorland that dwells by the winding  
mere"

And it's weary by the Ullswater and the misty brake fern way  
Til through the cleft in the Kirkstane Pass the winding water lay

He said "Lie down, my brindled hound and rest ye, my good grey  
hawk  
And thee, my steed may graze thy fill for I must dismount and  
walk,  
But come when you hear my horn and answer swift the call  
For I fear ere the sun will rise this morn ye will serve me best of  
all"

And it's down to the water's brim he's born the rowan shield  
And the goldenrod he has cast in to see what the lake might yield  
And wet she rose from the lake, and fast and fleet went she  
One half the form of a maiden fair with a jet black mare's body

And loud, long and shrill he blew til his steed was by his side  
High overhead the grey hawk flew and swiftly did he ride  
Saying "Course well, my brindled hound, and fetch me the jet  
black mare  
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk, and bring me the maiden  
fair"

She said "Pray, sheathe thy silvery sword. Lay down thy rowan  
shield  
For I see by the briny blood that flows you've been wounded in  
the field"  
And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue, bound round with a  
silver chain  
And she's kissed his pale lips once and twice and three times  
round again

And she's bound his wounds with the goldenrod, full fast in her  
arms he lay  
And he has risen hale and sound with the sun high in the day  
She said "Ride with your brindled hound at heel, and your good  
grey hawk in hand  
There's none can harm the knight who's lain with the Witch of the  
Westmorland."

## A Book of Songs and Poetry

### Volume Four 2000

### Older Selections

#### An Invocation Poem:

Druid Chronicler, Dec 1978  
By Julia Vinograd

Use praise of the Goddess for the God  
Use praise of the God for the Goddess  
Only the Goddess can invoke the God  
Only the God can invoke the Goddess  
If they both come at once the worshippers get drenched  
There is only one God  
and He is whoever the Goddess is in love with at the moment  
There is only one Goddess  
and She is whoever the God is in love with at the moment  
Eternity has a lot of moments.

#### O Danny Boy

By David Geller, mid 70s.

O Danny Boy if words could e'er recall you  
To walk again 'neath Pagan Irish skies  
Then would I sing, 'til voice be taken from me  
And light and life be faded from my eyes.

Too long, too long, your blood's been wasted flowing  
To water seeds of wars that have no name  
Where brothers die for quarrels past recalling  
Nor caring aught for Ireland's agony and shame.

So turn again, the silver Stag is running  
With blooded eye in groves beneath the moon  
The songs of old still whisper through the oak trees  
Where ancient breezes pipe our long-forgotten tune

O Danny Boy, if words could e'er recall you  
to walk again 'neath Pagan Irish skies  
Then would I sing, 'til voice be taken from me  
And light, and life itself be faded form my eyes.

#### The Lair of Great Cthulhu

(Tune: Chattanooga Choo-Choo)  
By Larry Press, mid 70s

Pardon me' boy- Is this the lair of Great Cthulhu?  
In the city of slime,  
Where it is night all the time.  
Bob Hope never went  
Along the road to Great Cthulhu,  
And Tripple-A has no maps  
And all the Cho-Chos lay traps.  
You'll see an ancient sunken city where the angles are wrong.  
You'll see the fourth dimension if you're there very long  
Come to the conventicle.  
Bring along your pentacle;  
Otherwise you'll be dragged off by a tentacle.

A mountain's in the middle, with a house on the peak:  
 'A gnashin' and a thrashin' and a clackin' of beak.  
 Your soul you will be lackin'  
 When you see that mighty kraken.  
 Oo-oo! Great Cthulhu's starting to speak.  
 So come on aboard,  
 Along the road to Great Cthulhu.  
 Wen-di'-gos and Dhols  
 Will make Big Macs of our souls.  
 Under the sea, ~  
 Down in the ancient city of Rilyeh,  
 In the lair of Great Cthulhu,  
 They'll suck your soul away!  
 (Great Cthulhu, Great Cthulu, Suck your soul! Great Cthulhu,  
 Great Cthulhu)  
 In the lair of Great Cthulhu, They'll suck your soul away.

(Here, there is an obligatory saxophone solo, a la Tex Beneke)

## Huntress by Paladin

A huntress is She.  
 In virginal white She fares the pale of night  
 With carnivore intent: All innocent  
 Of praise or blame or any virtue bearing mortal name or  
 measurable dimension....  
 A moonlit mist-wrapp't rose is She, or so appears to be, Who  
 Flowering, reveals some wild and iridescent thing  
 that waits in coiled repose and quite conceals:  
 Intention.  
 —She'd seem to yield—a White Queen's gambit leading surely to  
 checkmate.  
 —And lo! springs forth some fool or hero glad to seize upon such  
 bait  
 He's lost! His heart  
 'twill cost him, for:  
 She feasts upon such things  
 And mayhap, "Pass the Salt" She sweetly sings to one of Her  
 exalted company the whiles She dabs Her dainty lips with  
 samite spun of spider-silk  
 She's of that ilk at very least that things the world a toy or shake  
 they sky  
 But it's Her special Joy, to  
 Take whatever beast may catch Her Eye:  
 Her taut bow bent like crescent moon,  
 Swift arrows, then the boon, She grants, with glee A huntress is  
 She.

## Winter

By Deborah Frankel Bender

Then you come before the old woman. Who is the true head of  
 your coven. Blindfold, hands bound, naked, (It is lawful for  
 me to tell you this, since You know it already) And she says  
 to you "Please me."  
 Women have a better chance of getting through it.  
 We've had more practice  
 Coping with unreasonable demands,  
 Our resources always inadequate.  
 Men get bad habits  
 Dealing from strength:  
 They tend to stick at the first step  
 ("Define the problem")  
 Few come out of that room with their own bodies on them.  
 You come before the old woman Who is the true head of your  
 coven. Blindfold, hands bound, naked. She is waiting for  
 you. Small talk, charm, and habits will not help you with

her. She has seen it all. She knows more than you do. She is  
 easily bored.  
 You must come before the old woman  
 Stripped naked,  
 And she says to you,  
 "You're back. What did you bring me?"  
 What will you offer her? Clean hands? A pure heart? Hers are not.  
 She is not. She is an old woman. She has seen everything  
 done everything, endured everything. She is responsible for  
 everything.  
 Then your least fear is knowledge Of the whip by her hand.  
 Witch, what was your training? Embrace everything. Use  
 everything. Cherish everything. Fear nothing.  
 So you come before the old woman and dance before her Made to  
 improvise. Hobbled by the rope. Tough to keep your  
 balance. Naturally she laughs. At you wobbling and  
 whistling. She laughs, reminded of the juggler she loved  
 once. She sends you out again.

## Goddess Gift —Joyce L. Baker

The bodies entwined appear as one,  
 For this, indeed they are,  
 The song of love escapes their lips,  
 Is carried near and far  
 On the wings of ecstasy,  
 They rise and they do soar,  
 This feeling it wit never end  
 For love will e'er endure.  
 Two bodies—God and Goddess are United perfectly.  
 Their joy exposed, so openly,  
 For all the world to see.  
 Their feelings are eternal  
 The same they'll always be,  
 From dawn of time to man's demise  
 United—Perfectly.  
 The fire of Life flows through their veins  
 Their voices rise and fall,  
 Their ecstasy—adrift of Love  
 From she who created all.

## Winter's Ending

—Jeffrey Andrew Young

Come the goat-man, man of Springtime,  
 Savior of the Winter's ending.  
 Come from mountains, come and enter  
 This, the sad, stiff human figure,  
 For his mind is numbed with Winter,  
 Lain neglected since rememb'ring,  
 And his hands are stiffened branches,  
 Frozen bones that have no feeling.  
 Strike the fire deep within him,  
 Fire to melt this icy thinking.  
 Passion sings within him somewhere,  
 Laughter lies awake, awaiting  
 Some necessity inside him:  
 To awaken him from slumber.  
 Now the dead man's mind grows restless,  
 Fingers yearn for warmer flesh,  
 Rememb'ring souls that once had touched him,  
 Breathing bodies he was near to.  
 Goat-man draw him ever onward  
 Through the slush of dying Winter  
 Where his memories await him  
 In Spring's gentle restlessness.

## Lament of the Witch

–Morning Glory– Ohoyo Cjsh Chishba

I may not go to the festival...  
All this month I have sewn costumes.  
Gathered nuts and baked cakes.  
I have strung beads and berries for  
the children to wear.  
All this my people have taken from me  
And they have said: "It is good."  
I have borne children, I have woven mats  
'I have carved masks, I have washed clothing ,  
All this my tribe has taken from me and they have said: "It is  
good."  
But when the sea change comes, my body  
begins to flow. My woman spirit to  
gather power and force.  
Large drops of blood  
drip  
slowly and then gush forth.  
My magick is strongest, my feelings  
are deepest; my knowledge is surest..  
Now, more than ever I am  
A woman of power.  
All this my tribe has refused - and they have said: "It is bad."  
And when I touched my genitals to  
give myself pleasure,  
When I made images to call the spirits...  
When I refused the husband chosen for me...  
And every, every moon when my body know its bloody power...  
All this my tribe has refused me -  
My shadow pollutes, the rainbow serpent is angered, my lover  
shuns me,  
I am cursed, diseased, reviled. Men retch at my scent; avoidably  
footprints.  
Banished from my home, forbidden the festivities...  
I remember the medicine  
The man's words to me at my puberty ritual: "You must be as  
Mother Earth...  
Humble and fruitful.  
You must not touch any holy thing or a man's possessions.  
You are dangerous to yourself and to the tribe;. to bleed is to be  
sick...  
you must be set apart for your moon and give thanks to God that  
He has spared you life when you cease to bleed."  
Hog.  
So spoke the wise man.  
Old fool! I AM like Mother Earth, she who bleeds and does not  
die.  
Only for men in blood linked with sickness and death. I am a  
woman...  
my blood  
The sacred tools...our foremothers made them.  
Once the houses were ours...we built them.  
Once the rituals were ours...we wrote them.  
Once the moon hut was for our own seclusion...we sought it for  
privacy.  
Now, the tools are forbidden  
the houses belong to our fathers  
the rituals are led by men  
the moon hut is our prison  
and our bodies are the source of our shame.  
What has happened? Why did things change? How has this come  
to be?  
–Long ago–  
The old men say: Women were punished for their pollution...for  
their bleeding. They angered the Gods."

–Long ago– The old women say: "Men became jealous of our  
power, and they stole everything."  
We shared our bread, our fires, our homes, our tools, our magick,  
our knowledge, our bodies... We shared. -  
They had only one thing we did not give them; one skill we did  
not teach them. They had the use of weapons... and they did no  
share that. They turned it against us.  
The old women say: "Let us kneel down in the mud, crawling  
along!  
We leave it for them, for our Brothers,  
We leave the world for them  
for they want it that way."  
I will not sing this song, looking out through the window of the  
moon hut and hearing the songs and laughter of my people.  
I will not sing this song.  
I mark my cheeks with my  
Dark Blood.  
I will sing a song to the Goddess... who is stronger than the  
weapons of Men.  
I will sing a song to my sisters who are wiser than the lies of Men.  
I will sing a song to my daughter who will bear the future of Men.  
My song is a song about power, about loving, about sharing,  
about changing  
I will sing about the future I will weave a web of fate  
I will sow a seed of doubt I will tell a tale of tomorrow.  
  
I mark my forehead with my  
Dark Blood...  
...and I wait.

## Oimeic Hymn

*1979 Anodea and Selene lead Robert Larsen's -Oimeic Hymn" (to  
band 1, side 1 of "Durch die WustelDesert," by HANS JOACHIM  
ROEDELIIUS.) Hymn is done in plainchant style (leaders chant  
each line, all repeat):*

The days are short the heavens dark, the Mother sleeps.  
The trees are bare the north wind stalks, the Mother sleeps.  
The nights are long and full of fright, the Mother sleeps.  
But the ewe gives birth the ewe gives milk, the Mother stirs.  
The Mother smiles with dreams of life, She will return.  
And on that day will we rejoice, when She returns.  
Long the day bright the sky, when She returns.  
Green the trees soft the breeze, when She returns.  
Short the night our fires alight ,when She returns!

## Oimeic Blessing

*1979 -Selene Bonewits*

O Mother

Blend your milk with ours.

Give us nourishment  
To strengthen our spirits  
As well as our bones.  
As we drink  
From your breast  
Pour your light in

Through our hearts,  
To dance in our cells,  
To glow with our eyes.  
Through us  
Your light spirals & spreads  
Out our fingers

To all we touch  
And on...  
To heal the Earth  
And to heal the people of the Earth  
So that we may live & die

In harmony with your rhythm.

## Oimeic Poem

1979 by Ailean MacGregor

Music filling the magical air whirling motion of dancing spirals of  
energy flowing from within the centre point of flame  
Bleary eyed children of Brigid inebriated on the fruits of  
Dionysus celebrate Her mysteries around the cauldron fire  
The Mother's milk is raised in salute to Her myriad aspects as  
sister and brother revel in the warmth of Her smile  
Five times the magick point did merge into the star which  
illuminated the night while mushroom eating lovers huddled  
together and dreamt of the coming of the Spring

## Let It All Happen

By Anodea Judith

Let the water fall, Let the water fall  
Let the water fall on the earth  
Let the trees grow tall, Let the water fall  
Let the greenery grow on the earth.

Let the greenery grow, let the greenery grow  
Let the greenery grow on the Earth  
Let the trees grow tall, let the water fall  
Let the greenery grow on the Earth

Let the air blow clean...  
Let the water run clear...  
Let the seals swim free...

## Goddesses, Goddesses Song

By Anodea Judith

CHORUS: Goddesses, Goddesses, Got to have Goddesses.  
Got to have Goddesses roaming above.  
Goddesses, Goddesses, got to have Goddesses  
Got to have Goddesses ruling with love.

In the ancient days of old,  
Goddesses ruled the heavens I'm told  
That was known as the time of mirth  
When there were many who worshipped the earth.

When you're in need and you call on the Goddess  
Her strength will illumine your wisdom within  
The Goddess, she answers with laughter and dances  
As we on the Earth become Pagan again.

When you're in crisis, then just call on Isis  
Her silvery horns will take troubles away.  
We dance in the moonlight, the sunlight and starlight  
And know that the world will better someday.

All of the Earth is just one big home  
Where all the Gods and the Goddesses roam  
Look to the forest you'll see what I mean  
Love of the Goddess will keep the Earth clean.

## Love is Lord of All

Where gentle tides, go rolling by  
Along the salt sea strand  
The colors blend and roll as one  
Together in the sand  
And often do the winds entwined  
To send their distant call  
The quiet joys of brotherhood  
And love is lord of all

Where oat and wheat together rise  
Along the common ground  
The mare and stallion, light and dark  
Have thunder in their sound  
The rainbow sign, the blended flood  
Still hold my heart in thrall  
The quiet joys of brotherhood  
And love is lord of all

But men have come to plow the hide  
The oat lies on the ground  
I hear their fires in the field  
The drive the stallion down  
The roses bleed, both like and dark  
The winds do seldom call  
The running sands recall the time  
When love was lord of all.

## Let the Spirit Come To You

By Anodea Judith

Let the spirit come to you  
Through you renew you  
Let the love shine on to you  
Pursue you undo you  
Let the light shine above you  
Be of you that loves you  
Let the peace settle in you  
Within you, begin you.

## We Are One Family

We are the children of the Earth  
She is our Mother!  
Offspring of the Sun god's bright mirth  
He is our Father!  
We have our siblings in the air, on the land, in the sea...

Chorus: We are one family.  
We are one family  
Kin to the whale and the dove.  
We are one family.  
We are one family.  
Joined by the strength of our love, of our love,  
Joined by the strength of our love.

The dolphin so free and alive  
She is our sister!  
The wolf who must kill to survive  
He is our brother!  
We are the cousins of the eagle who soars in ecstasy...

Sequoia and bristlecone pine  
They are ancestors!  
The cactus and mushroom divine  
We are related!  
The D.N.A. that runs through us all is the key...

Throughout all of time and of space  
Life has been granted!  
Every intelligent race  
We have been planted!  
And those who have sown the seed now await patiently...

## Lughnasadh Dance

Lyrics by: Gwydion Pendderwen  
Recorded on: "Songs for the Old Religion," Gwydion  
Pendderwen, 1975; "Once Around the Wheel," Ian Corrigan,  
1987 ([Association for Consciousness Exploration](#), 1643 Lee Rd  
#9, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118)  
Subject: Sabbats - Lughnasadh  
Lugh the light of summer bright clothed all in green  
Tailtu his mother true, rise up and be seen

Chorus:  
At your festival sound the horn, calling the people again,  
Child of Barleycorn, newly summerborn, ripening like the grain.

Lugh grew tall from spring to fall, and sought to find a wife  
But Balor came and made his claim and vowed to take his life

The two did fight from morn 'till night and Lugh did strike him  
one;  
And Balor's eye flew in the sky and there became the sun

Lugh was wed and made his bed with Erinn in the north,  
And there they lay through many a day and soon a child came  
forth

The child grew tall from spring to fall, Setanta was his name,  
And then at length, by honor's strength, CuChulainn he became!

## Selections from the Missal-Any

### Erec, Erec Erec

Erec, Erec, Erec,  
Mother of Earth  
Hail to thee, Earth,  
Mother of men!

Be fruitful in  
God's embrace  
Filled with food  
For the use of men.

### Vehicle Chant

This was written down in the Lech book circa 950 A.D. in  
England. It is the ancient Indo-European Earth Mother and Sky  
Father, despite five hundred years of Christian influence. March  
1982 Druid Missal-Any

Vehicles have figured in Paleo-pagan literature, and I was  
surprised to come across the trade name in the middle of some old  
Norse material. (Spring Equinox, 1983, Tom Cross)

Wotan went down  
To the Underworld  
There to revive the Volvo...

Han San went to  
Cold Mountain,  
Received the Magic  
Melon in a dream, and  
Took the sacred Citroens  
From the throne  
Of the Divine King

Buddha in his Lotus sat  
The Mayan War god  
Had his Jaguar  
Hera rode a Silver Cloud  
(R.R. of course)  
Aphrodite prized her Opel  
But remember  
Robin held the Ford.

### Mount Cua

Sliabh g'Cua.  
Haunt of Wolves  
Rugged and Dark  
The wind wails  
About its glens  
Wolves how 'round  
Its chams.  
The great brown stag  
Bells there in autumn  
The crane screams  
Over its craigs

(Ninth Century Bardic)



## Hymn to the Three Brighids

Verse for Oimelc by Thomas M. Cross  
Alternative Syllabic Verse in English

Brighid brought us the burning coals  
Bright mistress of hearth warmthness  
Blessed midwives and milk-cows  
Barrenness banished from us.

Blessed Brighid, Queen of Nature  
Daughter of the Dagda comes.  
On Oimelc we salute thee  
Feeding kindling in fire.

Three Brighids as the winter breathes  
Three nights and three heroes born.  
On the three hills high fires burn.  
Shall we bring our new offering?

(Brighid is pronounced Breed or Breej for proper rhythm)  
Oimelc 1985

## Druid's Chant

Great voice that calls us in the wind of dawn,  
Strange voice that stills us in the heat of noon,  
    Heard in the sunset,  
    Heard in the moonrise  
And in the stirring of the wakeful night,  
    Speak now in blessing,  
    Chide us no longer,  
Great voice of love, we will not grieve thee more.

-Donated by Willow Oak, who is a Millay fan found this in a book , Collected Poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay where it is designated as a previously unpublished poem. It was written for a Tree Ceremony at Vassar College in 1915. So the "greatest American lyric poet" remembered the "Oak-Men," as one derivation of "Druid" holds it to mean. Printed in Spring Equinox 1985

## Beannachadh Brathain

Blessing for Bannock Bread

Oidhch Inid  
Be feoil againn  
'S bu choir 'uinn sin  
Bu choir 'uinn shin

Leth-cheann circe,  
'S da ghreim eorna,  
'S bu leoir 'uinn sin  
Bu leoir 'uinn sin.

Bi bin againn,  
Bi beoir againn,  
Bi fion againn,  
Bi roic againn.

Meilc is marrum,  
Mil is bainne,  
Sile fallain,  
Meall dheth sin,  
Meall dheth sin.

Bi cruic againn,  
Be clar againn,  
Bi dus againn,  
Bi das againn;  
Bi saltair ghrinn,  
Nan teuda binn,  
'S bi fairchil, righ'nn  
Nan dan againn,  
Nan dan againn.

## Quern Blessing

On Ash Eve  
We shall have flesh,  
We should have that  
We should have that.

The cheek of hen,  
Two bits of barley,  
That were enough  
That were enough.

We shall have mead,  
We shall have spruce,  
We shall have wine,  
We shall have feast.

We shall have sweetness  
Honey and milk,  
Wholesome ambrosia,  
Abundance of that,  
Abundance of that.

We shall have harp,  
We shall have harp,  
We shall have lute,  
We shall have horn.  
We shall have psaltery  
Of the melodious strings  
And the regal lyre,  
Of the songs we shall have  
Of the songs we shall have.

Fall Equinox, 1985

## Oghma Incantation

Here is an incantation to an Oghma like figure of "Sun-like Countenance" from the Scottish oral folk tradition. The Preceptor has used it and gives testimony of its utility.

"The litigant went at morning dawn to a place where three streams met. And as the rising sun gilded the mountain crests, the man placed his two palms edgeways together and filled them with water from the junction of the streams. Dipping his face into this improvised basin, he fervently repeated the prayer:"

Ionnlaidh mise m'aodann  
'S na naodh gatba greine  
Mar a dh'ionnlaid Moire a Mac  
Am bainne brac na breine.

Gaol a bhi 'na m'aodann  
Caomh a bhi 'na m'ghnuis,  
Caora meala 'na mo theanga,  
M'annail mar an tuis.

Is dubh am bail ud thall,  
Is dubh daoine th'ann;  
Is mis an eala bhan,  
Banruinn os an ceann.

Falbhaidh mi an ainme Dhe,  
An riochd feidh, an riochd each,  
An riochd nathrach, an riochd righ:  
Is treasa lion fin na le gach neach.

I will wash my face  
In the nine rays of the sun,  
As Mary washed her Son\*  
In the rich fermented milk.

Love be in my countenance,  
Benevolence in my mind,  
Dew of honey in my tongue,  
My breath as the incense.

Black is yonder town,  
Black are those therein,  
I am the white swan,  
Queen above them.

I will travel in the name of God,  
In likeness of deer, in likeness of horse,  
In likeness of serpent, in likeness of king:  
Stronger will it be with me than with all persons.

\*A later introjection which does not rhyme. Yule 1985

## Deidre Remembers a Scottish Glen

Glen of fruit and fish and pools,  
Its peaked hills of loveliest wheat,  
It is distressful for me to think of it—

Glen of bees, of long-horned wild oxen.  
Precious is its cover to every fox;  
Glen of wild garlic and watercress,  
Of woods, of shamrock and flowers, leafy and twisting-crested.

Sweet are the cries of the brown-backed dappled deer  
Under the oakwood above the bare hill-tops,  
Gentle hinds that are timid,  
Lying hidden in the great-treed glen.

Glen of the rowans with scarlet berries,  
With fruit fit for every flock of birds;  
A slumberous paradise for the badgers  
In their quiet burrows with their young.

Glen of the blue-eyed vigorous hawks,  
Glen abounding in every harvest,  
Glen of the ridged and pointed peaks,  
Glen of blackberries and sloes and apples.

Glen of the sleek brown round-faced otters  
That are pleasant and active in fishing;  
Many are the white-winged stately swans,  
And salmon breeding a long the rocky brink.

Glen of the tangled branching yews,  
Dewy glen with level lawn of kine;  
Chalk-white starry sunny glen,  
Glen of graceful pearl-like high-bred women.  
-A Druid Missal-any Oimeic 1986

## May-Time

May-time, fair season, perfect is thy aspect then; blackbirds sing a full song, if there be a scanty beam of day.  
The hardy, bushy cuckoo calls, welcome noble summer! It calms the bitterness of bad weather, the branching wood is a prickly hedge.  
Summer brings low the little stream, the swift herd makes for the water, the long hair of the heather spreads out, the weak white cotton-grass flourishes.  
...The smooth sea flows, season when the ocean falls asleep; flowers cover the world.  
Bees, whose strength is small, carry with their feet a load reaped from the flowers; the mountain allures the cattle, the ant makes a rich meal.  
The harp of the wood plays melody, its music brings perfect peace; colour has settled on every hill, haze on the lake of full water.  
The corncrake clacks, a strenuous bard; the high pure waterfall sings a greeting to the warm pool; rustling of rushes has come.  
Light swallows dart on high, brisk music encircles the hill, tender rich fruits bud...  
...The hardy cuckoo sings, the speckled fish leaps, mighty is the swift warrior.  
The vigour of men flourishes, the glory of great hills is unspoiled; every wood is fair from crest to ground, fair each great goodly field.  
Delightful is the season's splendour, winter's rough wind has gone; bright is every fertile wood, a joyful peace is summer.  
A flock of birds settles...; the green field re-echoes, where there is a brisk bright stream.  
A mad ardour upon you to race horses, where the serried host is ranged around; very splendid is the bounty of the cattle-pond, the iris is gold because of it.  
A timid persistent frail creature sings at the top of his voice, the lark chants a clear tale - excellent May-time of calm aspect!

Irish, author unknown, ninth-tenth century  
Beltaine 1986

## Suibhne Wild Man In The Forest

Little antlered one, little belling one, melodious little bleater,  
sweet I think the lowing you make in the glen.  
Home sickness for my little dwelling has come upon my mind,  
the calves in the plain, the deer on the moor.  
Oak, bushy, leafy, you are high above trees; hazel, little branchy one,  
wisdom of hazel nuts.  
Alder, you are not spiteful, lovely is your colour, you are not prickly where you are in the gap.  
Blackthorn, little thorny one, black little sloe bush; water-cress,  
little green-topped one, on the brink of the blackbird's well.  
Saxifrage of the pathway, you are the sweetest of herbs; cress,  
very green one; plant where the strawberry grows.  
Apple tree, little apple tree, violently everyone shakes you; rowan,  
little berried one, lovely is your bloom.  
Bramble, little humped vine, you do not grant fair terms; you do not cease tearing me till you are sated with blood.  
Yew, little yew, you are conspicuous in graveyards; ivy, little ivy,  
you are familiar in the dark wood.  
Holly, little protector, door against the wind; ash-tree, baneful,  
weapon in the hand of the warrior.  
Birch, smooth, blessed, proud, melodious, lovely is each entangled branch at the top of your crest.  
Aspen, as it trembles from time to time I hear its leaves rustle and think it is the foray...

It is on my lonely journey I were to search the mountains of the dark earth, I would rather have the room for a single hut in great Glenn mBolcain.  
 Good is its clear blue water, good its clean stern wind, good its cress-green watercress, better its deep brooklime.  
 Good its pure ivy, good its bright merry willow, good its yew yew, better its melodious birch...  
 -Irish; author unknown; 12th Century.  
 Beltaine 1986

## Stock Market Crash

In the old Legends  
 Fairie gold turned back to withered leaves  
 The next day. It shoe and lured  
 Only in Elfland.  
 And by enchantment.  
 Money is like that.  
 On the stock market the climbing numbers  
 Increase and multiply and now  
 Nothing but paper,  
 Fit only to write a poem on the back.  
 Elfland. Wall Street.  
 Wherever we believe and then  
 No longer believe.  
 All over the country the experts are saying  
 It's a matter of faith:  
 Clap your hand  
 And Tinker bell will get well  
 And the economy will get well,  
 And well, we'll see.  
 Money has always been strange.  
 It's only real when you don't have it.  
 Even the sparechanger with a handful of coins  
 Is never sure.  
 They might refuse to serve him.  
 They have before.  
 The Dow Jones  
 Is just another Jones to feed.  
 Everyone needs money to eat  
 But on one can eat paper.  
 Where did all this paper come from?  
 Withered leaves,  
 Fit only for burning

By Julia Vinograd

From her latest book, Graffiti, Zigeist Press. Write 2500 Druant, Suite 409, Berkeley 94704

Published in Samhain 1988

## Mad Sweeney News

**Welsh; John Ceiriog Hughes; 1833-87.**  
 -Published A Druid Missal-Any #4, Spring Equinox 2001

Mountain stream, clear and limpid, wandering down towards the valley, whispering songs among the rushes—oh, that I were as the stream!

Mountain heather all in flower—longing fills me, at the sight, to stay upon the hills in the wind and the heather.

Small birds of the high mountain that soar up in the healthy wind, flitting from one peak to the other—oh, that I were as the bird!

Son of the mountain am I, far from home, making my song; but my heart is in the mountain, with the heather and the small birds.

## Chapter of Not Having to Move Furniture in the Other World

Whoso knows this spell will have all his weekends free in Amenta.

May I not be forced to move furniture in the other world. That which is large, awkward, and extremely heavy, with sharp corners – may I not be forced to lift it.

The sofa – “I break your back” is its name; it does not fit through any door. I shall not carry the sofa; I shall not lift one end of the sofa.

The chest of drawers – “I fall on your foot” is its name. I shall not move the chest of drawers; I shall not carry even one drawer.

The pile of book boxes – it towers unto the ceiling; “pyramid of Khufu” is its name. I shall not carry one box; I shall not carry one book.

The waterbed – of myriad pieces is it made; no man knows their number. I shall not carry one piece; I shall not attempt to fit two pieces together.

I shall not move furniture in the other world, and all my weekends will be my own, for millions of years.

-Obscure Chapter of the Egyptian Book of the Dead.  
 - Samhain 1986 Druid Missal-Any

## Hatching Blessing

Bu tu fein an deagh nabaidh agus an caraide caomh. Ma's a h'e agus gun ruig thu null fearann do dhuthchais agus duthaich do bhreith, agus gum feumair thu tilleadh a nall dh'an fhoonn-sa rithist, that mise cur mar bhoid agus mar bhriathar ort, agus mar naoi riarache nam bana-sith, thu dhol gu ruig Cladh Michell ann an Ormacleit, an Uibhist, agus thu thoir as a sin thugam-sa deannan beag urach a churar air clar mo chridhe-sa la mo bhais.

I will rise early on the morning of Monday,  
 I will sing my rune and rhyme,  
 I will go sunwise with my cog  
 To the nest of my hen with sure intent.

I will palce my lef hand to my breast,  
 My right hand to my heart,  
 I will seek the loving wisdom of Him  
 Abundant in grace, in broods, and in flocks.

I will close my two eyes quickly,  
 As in blind-man's bluff moving slowly;  
 I will stretch my lef hand over thither  
 To the nest of my hen on yonder side.

This is a hatching spell peculiar to this egg-time of year, from the Scottish Highlands, circa 1800. In the Gaidhlig introduction by the collector, Alexander Carmicheal, there is a quote from the 102 year old lady from whom he collected this and other runes. In it she tells of the customs, purely pagan, of placing a bit of the native soil on the breast of a corpse before

burial. This is a custom I have heard from many sources in the Neo-pagan community, and from my Celtic relatives as a child. However, this is the first “academic” reference or precedent I have been able to uncover. It may have been a part of the Ancient Druid funeral rites, or from an even older Pagan stratum. I have heard it called the “releasing soil” now-a-days. It could well be incorporated into N.R.D.N.A. traditions. We would appreciate any feedback anyone out there has on this.

From the Carmina Gadelica  
-Oimeic 1987 Druid Blessing

## To The Sun

Greeting to you, sun of the seasons, as you travel the skies on high, with your strong steps on the wing of the heights; you are the happy mother of stars.

You sink down in the perilous ocean with harm and without hurt, you rise up on the quiet wave like a young queen in flower.

-Scottish Gaelic; traditional prayer.

## Cairoll Callaig

Nis tha mis air tighinn dh'ur duthaich  
A dh'urachadh dhuibh na Callaig;  
Cha leig mi leas a dhol ga innse,  
Ban I ann ri linn ar seanar.

Dirim ris an ardorus,  
Teurnam ris an starsach,  
Mo dhuan a ghabail doigheil,  
Modhail, moineil, maineil.

Caisean Callaig 'na mo phoca,  
Is mor an ceo thig as an ealachd.

Gheibh fear an taighe 'na dhorne e,  
Cuiridh e shorn anns an teallach;  
Theid e deiseil air na paisdean,  
Seachd ar air bean an taighe.

Bean an taigh is i is fhiach e,  
Lamh a riarach oirnn na Callaig,  
Sochair bheag a bhlat an t-samhraidh,  
Tha mi'n geall air leis an arain.  
-Gaidhlig Original  
From the Carmina Gadelica

## Hogmanay Carol

I am now come to your country,  
To renew to you the Hogmanay,  
I need not tell you of it,  
It was in the time of our forefathers.

I ascend by the door lintel,  
I descend by the doorstep,  
I will sing my song becomingly,  
Mannerly, slowly, mindfully.

The Hogmanay skin is in my pocket,  
Great will be the smoke from it presently.

The house-man will get it in his hand,  
He will place its nose in the fire;  
He will go sunwards round the babes,

And for seven verities round the housewife.

The housewife it is she who deserves it,  
The had to dispense to us the Hogmanay,  
A small fist of the bloom of summer,  
Much I wish it with the bread.

-English Translation  
From the Carmina Gadelica

## Calluinn a Bhuilg #63

Calluinn Ho! This rune is till repeated in the Isles. Rarely, however, do two persons recite it alike. This renders it difficult to decide the right form of the words. The walls of the old houses in the West are very thick –from five to eight feet. There are no gables, the walls being of uniform height throughout. The roof of the house being raised from the inner edge of the wall, a broad terrace is left on the outside. Two or three stones project from the wall at the door, forming steps. ON these the inmates ascend for purposes of thatching and securing the roof in time of storm.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg  
Buail am boicionn,  
Buail am boicionn.  
Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg  
Buail an craicionn,  
Buail an craicionn.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Sios e! suas e!  
Buail am boicionn.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Sios e! Suas e!  
Buail an craicionn.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg.

-Yule 1988 Druid Missal-any  
From the Carmina Gadelica

## Hogmanay of the Sack

The “gillean Callaig” carolers or Hogmanay lads perambulate to the townland at night. One man is enveloped in the hard hide of a bull with the horns and hoofs still attached. When the men come to a house they ascend the wall and run around sunwise, the man in the hid shaking the horns and hoofs, and the other men striking the hard hide with sticks. The appearance of the man in the hide is gruesome, while the din made is terrific. Having descended and recited their runes at the door, the Hogmanay men are admitted and treated to the best in the house. Their performance seems to be symbolic, but of what it is not easy to say, unless of laying an evil spirit. That the rite is heathen and ancient is evident.

Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
Strike the hide,  
Strike the hide.

Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
Beat the skin,  
Beat the skin.

Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,

Down with it! Up with it!  
 Strike the hide.  
 Hogmanay of the sack,  
 Hogmanay of the sack,  
 Down with it! Up with it!  
 Beat the skin.  
 Hogmanay of the sack,  
 Hogmanay of the sack,  
 -Yule 1988 Druid Missal-any  
 From the Carmina Gadelica

## Eolas an Deididh

The teeth of ancient human skeletons found in stone coffins and other enclosures and without enclosures are usually good and complete. This is in marked contrast to the teeth of modern human remains, which are generally much impaired if not wholly absent. But there must have been toothache and even artificial teeth in ancient times, as indicated by the mummies in Egypt and the toothache charms and toothache wells in the Highlands. One toothache well is in the island of North Uist. It is situated 195 feet above the sea, at the foot of a hill 757 feet high, and nearly three miles in the moorland from the nearest townland. The place is called "Cuidh-airidh," shieling fold, while the well is variously known as "tobar Chuidh-airidh," well of the shieling fold," "Tobar and deididh," well of the toothache, "tobar na cnoidh," well of the worm, and "tobar cnuimh fhiacail," well of the tooth worm, from a belief that toothache is caused by a worm in the tooth.

The General name of the well is "tobar Chuidh-airidh," well of the shieling fold, to distinguish it from other healing wells throughout the Isles. The pilgrim suffering from toothache must not speak, nor eat, nor drink, after beginning the pilgrimage till after three draughts of the well of Cuidh-airidh are drunk in the name of God, and in name of Christ, and in name of Spirit. Some persons profess to derive no relief, some profess to derive partial relief, and some profess to derive complete relief from toothache after drinking the water of the well of Cuidh-airidh.

Ob a chuir Bride bhoidheach  
 Romh ordag Mathar De,  
 Air mhir, air lion, air chorcaich,  
 Air chnoidh, air ghoinmh, air dheud.

Achnoidh a rinn domh deistinn,  
 Air deudach mo chin,  
 Ifrinn teann da m'dheud,  
 Deud ifrinn da mo theinn.

Deud ifrinn da mo theann;  
 Am fad's is maireann mi-fein  
 Gu mair mo dheud am cheann.

Doighean eile:  
 Air mhir, air chir, air chnodaich.  
 Air mhuir, air chuan, air chorsa.  
 Air li, air lionn, air liogradh.

## TRANSLATION

The incantation put by lovely Bride  
 Before the thumb of the Mother of God,  
 On lint, on wort, on hemp,  
 For worm, for venom, for teeth.

The worm that tortured me,  
 In the teeth of my head,  
 Hell hard by my teeth,  
 The teeth of hell distressing me.

The teeth of hell close to me;  
 As long as my teeth last in my head.

Variants:  
 On lint, on comb, on agony.  
 On sea, on ocean, on coast.  
 On water, on lakes, on marshes.

-Spring Equinox 1989 Druid Missal-Any  
 From the Carmina Gadelica.

## Swift Chariots

Swift Chariots  
 And horse that carried off the prize  
 Once I had plenty of them:  
 A blessing on the king who granted them.

My body seeks to make its way  
 To the house of judgement;  
 When the Son of God thinks it time,  
 Let him come to claim his loan.

My arms when they are seen  
 Are bony and thin  
 Dear was the craft they practiced,  
 They would be around glorious kings...

I envy nothing that is old  
 Except the Plain of Femhen;  
 Though I have donned the thatch of age,  
 Femhen's crown is still yellow.

The Stone of the Kings in Femhen,  
 Ronan's Fort in Bregthon,  
 It is long since storms first reached them,  
 But their cheeks are not old and withered...

I have had my day with kings,  
 Drinking mead and wine;  
 Today I drink whey and water  
 Among shriveled old hags...

The flood-wave,  
 And the swift ebb;  
 What the flood brings you  
 The ebb carries from your hand.

Happy is the island of the great sea,  
 For the flood comes to it after the ebb;  
 As for me, I don not expect  
 Flood after ebb to come to me.

Beltane 1989 Druid Missal-Any

## Beltaine Fire Invocation

Bhríde  
Firedancer  
In the many hued arms of flame  
Daggers of light contained in the chalice of the sky,  
Overflowing with stars  
Bright with the song of a thousand souls.  
Dance with us, our lives would in a glistening threads  
Above the spokes of the universe,  
Braided into the umbilical cord of the navel of the Earth.  
Teach us to kindle our inner fire,  
And dance our lives in the weavings of flame,  
The fire that enkindles the heart into spiraling song.

Bhríde  
Firesinger,  
Voice leaping with the strength of many deer  
Into the gates of starlight  
Where the ancient flames soar.  
Sing with us, our lives as the weavings of song  
On the loom of the many stringed sky  
Reflected in the inner sky of the spirit.  
Teach us to light our inward flame,  
And sing our lives into rising smoke  
The fire that burns behind the eyes of all souls  
And laughs in the cosmic dance of the universes' music.

May 1989 by Blue Moon Eagle.

## Emmon the Filidh

With Apologies to Elizabeth Barrett's Husband

Go crazy along with me!  
The best is yet to see.  
The outer reaches of the mind,  
For which the mundane brain was made  
To work and keep us fed.  
Who saith: "A whole I planned."  
A Sea of Holes, to other realms  
Sanity is but a closet.  
Trust in your Gods: see all,  
Nor be afraid.

-Samhain 1989 Druid Missal-any

## Give Me a Hidden Rill

Give me a hidden rill  
A house free of noise and distraction  
Birds help me to sing  
Overhead white clouds for neighbors  
Nobody asking the fate of this or that noble family  
Just this Hazel tree, now-a-days  
Starting up from beside its spring  
For how many years?"

-Circa 10<sup>th</sup> Century  
Samhain 1989

## To Display Our Own Magic

Druidical druthers, they cave be so clean  
Your wizard works hard to not ever be seen  
Moving the novels to remove their dust  
And wiping the shelves more free of their lust  
We cudgel our brain  
Till his answers lie bare  
In the drolleries chapter  
That describes why we care.

Fletch Dewly  
Yule 1989 Druid Missal-any

## Dearest Vivian

Lady of the Lake she walks before me  
Controlling each image I happen to see  
Vibrant her wish that the magic may spring  
Our minds further out and deep within  
Her veil and her dress both flow to command  
That the book that she holds  
All must understand  
Pages with spells and others with prayers  
Or so they're defined  
By our mind's many layers.

Fletch Dewly  
Yule 1989 Druid Missal-any

## The Boot Legged Concert

Some time in the first or second or such centuries C.E., Rorey Mor, a filidh, had become a woods-hermit in the tradition of Mad Sweeney or Finn the Elder, and he no longer played the harp or sang in the great courts. He had been reputed to be the best harper in the provinces of Connaught and Munster, and the local chieftain of the area to which he had retired determined to get him to play for his court. No entreaties or bribes availed, so the chief and some of his Druids hatched a plan. They sent an invitation to Rorey saying that Conal, the then most acclaimed harper in Erin, was coming to play for the chieftain, and asking Rorey, since he no longer played, to join them in listening to the great bard. The chieftain's Druids knew that Rorey did not attend feasts any more, but they also surmised that he would be curious about what his old rival was composing and would not refuse to come and listen. They were right.

Rorey was shown into the hall where a fine fire was lazing and on the table was a harp of willow wood of the finest crafting, which Rorey assumed to be Conal's. Beside it stood a silver flagon of wine and the benches all around were covered with white fleeces. Rorey was left alone. He waited and waited, but no harper or festive crowd arrived. Meanwhile, the chieftain and his court had hidden themselves behind a wicker partition that curtained off the far end of the hall.

"I'll just see what sort of harp strings the great bard has gotten himself now." Thought Rorey, and picked up the harp and brushed his fingers over the strings. What he heard was wonderful. He dipped a finger into the wine and tasted a drop. It was marvelous. (Wine in those days was an import from Roman traders, exotic and used only rarely.) He sipped the wine and his old songs came flooding back to him. He began to play and was soon lost in the calling of his art. The chieftain and his court had never heard such wonderful sounds. All listened on and on, entranced, until, at an interval in his playing, Rorey tipped the flagon to his lips and—nothing--! No more wine came out.

“Aye me! What a mischief I have done! I have drunk up all of the bard’s wine!”

They heard him put down the harp. They heard the window shutter open. Before the chief or any of his men could leap up and push aside the partition, Rorey had bounded out of the window and across the court yard and off toward his favored woods.

“Take my two best horses and fetch him back at once!” the chieftain shouted. But it was too late. The retainer searched and searched but he couldn’t find the hermit and had to return alone, we with the morning dew.

-Oimeic 1990 Druid Missal-any Author unknown.

## Samhain Vigil Song

Dawning into darkness  
Oldest of nights

Chorus:

‘S Tu mo leannan  
Leannan og  
‘S Tu mo leannan  
Leannan og

I came to love you

I came to grieve  
Chorus

Strong chains  
Won’t bind this love  
Chorus

For I am a climber  
And I am a thief  
Chorus

Strong chains  
Won’t bind me  
Chorus

What bird sings in darkness?  
Longest of nights  
Chorus

Stone walls  
Can’t hold this love  
Chorus

Dancing through darkness  
Waiting the light  
Chorus

Sunset over Marsco  
Cuchullain in sheets  
Chorus

These shades of McLean’s words  
‘Round us like spirits, released

Chorus  
Strong Chains  
Can’t bind this love  
Chorus

This ode for the Samhain night vigil was written by Rorey MacDonald of South Uist, Scotland. He performs with the popular Scots’ folk-rock group, RunRig, whose tapes are available through Ridge Records, Ganton House, 14-22 Ganton St., London W1V 1LB. None of the tapes, however, include this song which may be a bit too controversial for High Presbyterian Scotland. This is from a “broadside” and the editor has heard a private recording made at a concert.

‘S tu It is you (familiar)

mo my  
leannan Love, beloved  
og young

McLean Scotland’s greatest modern poet, Rorey McLean

(It’s taken four plus years to get permission to print this. Transatlantic communication at the speed of the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa Maria.)

## The New Moon

In Cornwall the people nod to the new moon and turn silver in their pockets. In Edinburgh cultured men and women turn the rings on their fingers and make their wishes. A young English lady told the writer that she had always been in the habit of bowing to the new moon, till she had been bribed out of it by her father, a clergyman, putting money in her pocket lest her lunar worship should compromise him with his bishop. She naively confessed, however, that among the free mountains of Loch Etive she reverted to the good customs of her fathers, from which she derived great satisfaction!

Ma’s math a fhuair thu sinn an nochd,  
Seach fearr gum fag thus sinn gun lochd,  
A Ghealach gheal nan trath,  
A Ghealach gheal nan trath.

If well thou hast found us to-night,  
Seven times better mayest thou leave us without harm,  
Thou bright white Moon of the seasons,  
Bright white Moon of the seasons.

-Carmina Gadelica.

Oimeic 1991 Druid Missal-Any

## A Ghealach Ur

This little prayer is said by old men and women in the islands of Barra. When they first see the new moon they make their obeisance to it as to a great chief. The women curtsy gracefully and the men bow low, raising their bonnets reverently. The bow of the men is peculiar, partaking somewhat of the curtsy of the women, the left knee being bent and the right drawn forward towards the middle of the left leg in a curious but not inelegant manner. The fragment of moon-worship is now a matter of custom rather than of belief, although it exists over the whole British Isles.

May thy laving luster leave us  
Seven times still more blest.

O moon so fair  
May it be so,  
As seasons come,  
And seasons go.

-Carmina Gadelica.

Oimeic 1991 Druid Missal-Any

# Emmon's Selections

## The Mountain

By Emmon Bodfish, 1990s

From the thick grass  
On the Mountain  
I see this will be a  
Rich year.  
The last two  
Were poor years.  
And no amount of worry  
Or effort of the will  
Will make any difference.

I choose to pick and eat  
This wild lettuce  
And not that one.  
How random it is: (Death)  
Without any connection  
To the moral character  
Of either herb.

NO BLAME, then  
when Nature gathers me.

It is always cold  
On the Mountain,  
Not just this year.  
Jagged scarps, forever fogged in.  
Ferns in the dark gorges  
Steep ravines  
Unimaginably rugged...

I am afraid,  
If I settle long  
On Messer Mountain,  
I would not go back.  
[will]

## OCTOBER

-By Emmon Bodfish, 1980s

A thousand hills covered  
With bleached grasses,  
Ten thousand tangled paths,  
But no sign of who made them.  
Every day, just this,  
And sometimes the sound of wind blowing  
Against the pane

## To My Teacher

Ryokan from "Dewdrops on a Lotus Leaf" translated by John Stevens

An old grave hidden away at the foot of a deserted hill,  
Overrun with rank weeds growing unchecked year after year;  
There is no one left to tend the tomb,  
And only an occasional woodcutter passes by.  
Once I was his pupil, a youth with shaggy hair,  
Learning deeply from him by the Narrow River.  
One morning I set off on my solitary journey  
And the years passed between us in silence.  
Now I have returned to find him at rest here;  
How can I honor his departed spirit?  
I pour a dipper of pure water over his tombstone  
And offer a silent prayer.  
The sun suddenly disappears behind the hill  
And I'm enveloped by the roar of the wind in the pines.  
I try to pull myself away but cannot;  
A flood of tears soaks my sleeves.

## The Fairy Luring Song

"It is more than once a maiden of the Hebrides has been lured away from the mortal world by a fairy lover. And it is said that at the meeting of day and night, yon some wee lover-being can be seen on a Fairy-knoll, singing his luring song, to a tune that would put even the strongest of us under his spell" – Kenneth McKeller

The song was first written down in the last century, but the air and Gaelic fragments are much older.

Why should I sit and sigh  
Plough and Bracken  
Why should I sit and sigh  
On the hillside dreary.

When I see the plover rising  
Or the curlew wheeling,  
Then I draw my mortal lover  
Back to me a'stealing.

Chorus  
Why should I sit and sigh  
Plough and Bracken  
Plough and Bracken  
Why should I sit and sigh  
All alone and weary.

When the day wears away  
Sad I look for her down the valley.  
Ilka sound, way up and down,  
Sets my heart a'thrilling.

Chorus  
Oh, but there is something wanting.  
Oh, but I am weary.  
Come my blighe and bonny lass  
Come o're the knoll to cheer me.

Why should I sit and sigh  
Plough and Bracken  
Plough and Bracken  
Why should I sit and sigh  
Hark to me, my dearie.



## A Phiuthrag's a Phiuthair (Little Sister)

In the Gaelic speaking districts of Scotland one can still find hundreds of fairy tales and not a little actual belief in the fairies, mermaids, seal women, and other supernatural beings of the Celtic imagination. The song on this record is a cry of a girl who has been spirited away by the fairies and who calls on her sister for help.

A phiuthrag's a phiuthair,  
Hu ru  
A ghaoic, a phiuthair,  
Hu ru  
Nach truagh leat fhein  
Ho hala leo  
An nochd mo chumha?  
Hu ru

Nach truagh leat fhein  
An nochd mo chumha  
'S mi 'm bothan beag  
Iseal cumhann?

'S mi 'm bothan beag  
Iseal cumhann,  
Gun lub siamain,  
Gun sop tughaidh.

Translation:

Little sister, sister  
My Dear sister  
Do you not pity  
Tonight my lament

Do you not pity  
Tonight my lament  
And I in a little hut  
Low and narrow?

And I in a little hut  
Low and narrow,  
Without loop of straw rope  
Without wisp of thatch!

## Clach Mhin Mheallain

(Rune against Hail)

The Gaelic runes, which preserve both pagan and Christian elements, healed and protected, cursed and blessed the people. Many survived in use until about a century ago.

Clach mhin mheallain  
'San tobar ud thall,  
Clach mhin mheallain  
San tobar ud thall,  
Am buachaille bochd  
Ri sgath nan cnoc  
'S a bhata fo uchd  
'S a dhealg 'na bhroit  
'S e 'g iarraidh air Dia  
Turadh is grain a chur ann.

Translation:

Smooth hailstones  
In yonder well;  
The poor heard

In the Ice of the hills,  
With his stick under his chest,  
And his pin in his bosom,  
Praying the gods  
To send dry weather and sun.

## Furich and Diugh (Weaving Song)

In this song, perhaps one discovers the ironic attitude of the weaver towards his painstaking work or, hears the echoes of some lost incantation.

Wait today until tomorrow  
Until I spin you a skirt  
The loom is in Patrick's wood;  
The flax has been sown and has not grown.

The milkmaid is unborn to mother;  
The Queen has the bobbin;  
And the wool is on the sheep in the wilderness;  
And the King of France has the shuttlepin.

Fuirich an diugh gus am maireach  
Gradh air eiteagan arainn hu ru  
Gus an sniomh mi leine 'n t-snath dhuit.

Refrain

Bun a choib air a choib  
Bun a ruid air an ruid  
Ian beag air a noid  
Seinnidh e lamh riut  
Seinn dubh seinn dubh  
Ohoro lunn dubh

Tha bheairt-fhighe 'n coille Phadraig;  
Grad air eiteagan arainn hu ru  
Chuireadh an lion 's cha do dh'fhas e.

Refrain.

## Oidhche 'n Fhoghar

Eho hao ri, o  
Eho hao ri, o  
Nochd a' chiad oidhche 'n Fhoghar.

Eho hao ri ri o hog o  
Eho hao ri ri a hi a bho a dhiu ru.  
Raoir a chuala mi 'n othail.

Eho hao ri o  
Eadar Ceann a Bhaigh 's an Fahdhail.

Eho hao ri ri o hog o  
Eho hao ri ri a hi a bho a dhiu ru  
Cha ghuth gallain 's cha ghuth gadhair  
Guth na mna 's 'm barr a meadhail.

O 'si fhein a rinn an taghadh;  
Ghabh I'n diughaidh's dh'fhag I roghainn;  
Ghabh I'n t-oigeir seolta seaghach.

Fai il eileadh hao o eileadh  
Coisich agus faigh dhomh ceile  
Fail il eileadh ho ro I

## Lughnasadh Night

(translated by Emmon Bodfish)

Eho! Ho! A king oh!  
Eho! Ho! A king oh!  
Last night was the first night of Fomhar.

Eho! Ho! To a king of a youth, oh!  
Eho! Ho! To a king. Oh Heifer of them of the Rue Flower  
Last night I heard the tumultuous delight.

Eh! Ho! A king oh!  
Between the head of the Bay and the ford.

Eho! Ho! To a king of a youth, oh!  
Eho! Ho! To a king. O Heifer of them of the Rue flower.  
Not the sound of baying, and not the voice of hunting dogs,  
the voice of woman at the height of her joy.

Eho! Ho! To a king oh!  
Oh! Indeed, she made the choice; she took the unfortunate  
one and left the choice one.  
She took the wise, ingenious boy.

Ring, of Plenty, Folding  
Ho! Folding, plaiting...  
Come and get me a husband.  
Wreath, Plenty, Folding, Braiding.  
Ho! Of the Braiding.

Notes: The line of the Heifer is archaic spelling and uncertain meaning. The unfortunate one could refer to the god, Lugh's, death at Lughnasa or may have even older allusions to the Corn King tradition, and the sacrifice of the incarnate god.

## An Coineachan

Ho-bhan, ho-bhan, Goiridh og O,  
Goiridh og O, Goiridh og O;  
Ho-bhan, ho-bhan, Goiridh og O,  
I've lost my darling baby O!

I left my darling lying here,  
A-lying here, a lying here;  
I left my darling lying here,  
To go and gather blueberries.

I've found the wee brown otter's track,  
The otter's track, the otter's track;  
I've found the wee brown otter's track,  
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

I found the track of the swan on the lake,  
The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake;  
I found the track of the swan on the lake,  
But not the track of baby O!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,  
The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn;  
I found the track of the yellow fawn,  
But could not trace my baby O!

I've found the trail of the mountain mist,  
The mountain mist, the mountain mist;  
I've found the trail of the mountain mist,  
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

## Mo Bhata, Boat Song

Ho, my bonnie boatie,  
Thou bonnie boatie mine!  
So trim and tight a boatie  
Was never launched on brine.  
Ho, my bonnie boatie,  
My praise is justly thine  
Above all bonnie boaties  
Were builded on Loch Fyne!

Ho mo bhata laghach,  
'S tu mo bhata grin;  
Ho mo bhata laghach,  
'S tu mo bhata grin.  
Ho mo bhata laghach,  
'S tu mo bhata grin:  
Mo bhata boidheach laghach,  
Thogadh taobh Loch Fin.

To build thee up so firmly,  
I knew the stuff was good;  
Thy keel of stoutest elm-tree,  
Well fixed in oaken wood;  
Thy timbers ripely seasoned  
Of cleanest Norway pine  
Well cased in ruddy copper,  
To plough the deep were thine!

Ho mo bhata etc.

How lovely was my boatie  
At rest upon the shore,  
Before my bonnie boatie  
Had known wild ocean's roar.  
Thy deck so smooth and stainless,  
With such fine bend thy rim,  
Thy seams that know no gaping,  
Thy masts so tall and trim.

Ho mo bhata, etc.

## Talking With Trees

She looks in the house and she nobody sees.  
We go up to his room and his rug's full of leaves,  
And all his new trousers have pitch on the knees.

Chorus:  
Out in the woods is he, talking with trees!  
Talking and walking and stalking with trees  
Up in the high hills catching the breeze,  
Out in the woods is he, talking with trees!

It's late in the night he should be cuttin' "zzz's"  
He's out of the window by shadowy leas  
Down in the Wild wood where nobody sees,

Chorus.

All alone by the circle of stones by the sea,  
At night by the light of the moon on the leaves,  
You can see him go dancing on magical knees,

Chorus

Aunt Hann, she come s down with her baskets of cheese,  
Of cookies and cakes to tempt and to tease,  
To try and to teach him some sense if you please, [But]

Chorus

## The Mountain Streams

With my robe and staff through the purple heather  
One evening it was I took my way.  
I met a lass, she was tall and slender.  
Her eyes entreated me a while to stay.

“Oh Roving Droï, Do you know I love you?  
Tell me your name and your dwelling also.  
Excuse my name, but you’ll find me dwelling  
by the Mountain streams where the Moorcocks grow.

If my parents cause me to wed a farmer,  
I’ll be tied for life to one plot of land.  
You’re a roving Droï, Let me go with you,  
And I’ll give you my hand.

Ah, but if your parents knew that  
You love a rover,  
I fear that would be my overthrow.  
So I’ll bide alone, love,  
For another season,  
By mountain streams where the Moorcocks grow.

And in the turning of another season,  
We’ll meet again in yon woodland vale.  
And I’ll sit you down, love,  
All on my knee, then,  
And listen to your lovesick tale.

And it’s False Solomon’s Seal  
We’ll go a gathering  
In the woods and the valleys below.  
Where the linnets sing their songs so sweetly  
By the mountain streams where the Moorcocks grow.”

With my robe and staff through the purple heather  
One evening it was I took my way.  
I met a lass, she was tall and slender.  
Her eyes entreated me a while to stay.

# Poems of the Season

From our Server, Susan Press of Live Oak Grove  
Received 2002 From Stacey, but the date of authorship is  
uncertain.

## Solstice

Winter has come, The song has been sung, The days have  
been white and cold.

The dark has been deep, The earth was asleep, Dreaming a  
dream of old.

Now hear Her blood drum, For the time has come, For the  
days to grow long and warm.

For the dark becomes light, And the earth will take flight,  
Greeting the Sun’s return.

## Nights of Winter

In deep of winter,  
In the middle of the night,  
Jack Frost paints your windows  
With nary a light.  
Look thru his icy artwork, Know each to be unique, You’ll see a  
starlit world revealed,  
A world that some would seek.  
A world that is within, without, A fragile world of wonder and  
glitter  
A world that from his paintbrush flows, In the deep, dark nights  
of winter.

## Walk Amongst the Trees

-Published Druid Missal-any 2, Winter Solstice 2000

Murmuring softly, Father Winter walks amongst the trees,  
gently easing them into sweet white slumber. He stops to rest with  
those who keep vigil during the long winter, the Holly, the  
Mistletoe, & the Evergreen.

They are old, old friends & pass the long white winter  
sharing tales & talking of things they have seen & heard  
throughout their long lives.

Go walk amongst the trees. Be quiet and still, listen for their  
voices & then for their wisdom.

Share with them your dreams, your wonders & your woes,  
for they will become the substance of tales told in the  
future.....the knowledge & wisdom of the trees.

# Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Five 2002 Recent Songs

## 2003 Introduction

Well word spread about my ambitious attempt to collect more materials for ARDA 2 and Stacey's Druid Missal-Any magazine, so those little Druids in Carleton and Berkeley recently were quite busy and have been writing lots of songs and poetry. So busy in fact, that I began the Bardic contests in the Fall of 2001. Here is a selection of those works.

-Mike Scharding

## Irony's Druidic Verses:

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,  
Its 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 leaping 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 gods of my peoples are too many,  
The truths of the ones I see here too few.

If the gods 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 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 gillertthumbs,  
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...

# 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?

## 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 yielding 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

# 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

# The Poems of Corwin

## 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.

## 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

By Corwin, c. 2002

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.

## 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.

## Odd Selection of Current Works

These are just a few more published poems submitted to the most recent Druid Missal-Any magazines before the Bardic Contest was begun.

### One

From [Shane.Saylor@verizon.net](mailto:Shane.Saylor@verizon.net), Sept. 2001

As the soot and dirt and ash rained down,  
We became one color.  
As we carried each other down the stairs of the burning building,  
We became one class.  
As we lit candles of waiting and hope,  
We became one generation.  
As the firefighters and police officers fought their way into the inferno,  
We became one gender.  
As we fell to our knees in prayer for strength,  
We became one faith.  
As we whispered or shouted words of encouragement,  
We spoke one language.  
As we gave our blood in lines a mile long,  
We became one body.  
As we mourned together the great loss,  
We became one family.  
As we cried tears of grief and loss,  
We became one soul.  
As we retell with pride of the sacrifice of heroes,  
We become one people.

We are  
One color  
One class  
One generation  
One gender  
One faith  
One language  
One body  
One family  
One soul  
One people  
- author unknown

## The Wood Song

Taught to Mike by Sam Adams

You don't have to live in a forest to have a Yule log, just a saw, a car, and a nearby park with some dead or fallen wood. But what kind of wood do you want. Here's a song that's been around awhile and should help you:

Source: <http://www.earthspirit.com/twnls.html>

Recorded on: "This Winter's Night," Mothertongue, 1998 ([earthspirit@earthspirit.com](mailto:earthspirit@earthspirit.com), EarthSpirit Community, P.O. Box 723-N, Williamsburg, MA 01096)

Oaken logs will warm you well, That are old and dry;  
Logs of pine will sweetly smell, But the sparks will fly.  
Birch logs will bum too fast; Chestnut, scarce at all.  
Hawthorn logs are good to last, Burn them in the fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax, You may burn them green;  
Elm logs, like to smouldering flax, No flame to be seen.  
Beech logs for the winter-time, Yew logs as well.  
Green elder logs it is a crime, For any man to sell.

Pear logs and apple logs, They will scent your room.  
Cherry logs across the dogs Smell like flowers of broom.  
Ashen logs, smooth and grey, Burn them green or old;  
Buy up all that come your way, Worth their weight in gold.

## Dalon's Daily Ditty

By Michael Scharding

I've been intrigued by Gospel music lately, despite never hearing any. This is his new take on liturgical gospel. As you know, I'm obsessive about Carleton, and I know every bend of the trail and every forested corner of it's 800 acres. Like the Navajo and Tibetans, it is a deeply sacred landscape, filled with memories, legends, gods and lessons. I hope you enjoy it, works best with a side-shuffle and rocking back and forth, I believe. Choral work could improve it. A map of Carleton is available at <http://www.acad.carleton.edu/campus/arb/> Feel free to adjust the lyrics or make your own.

I am nothing special just a simple Druid,  
Seeking my awareness though the Earth Mother,  
And life's lessons.

But, I'm filled with doubts, and deep confusion  
What can I do to release these chains?  
Make a journey!

CHORUS:

*Take me on up., Lord (i.e. Dalon,) take me on down.  
Take me on over to the ho-oly gro-oves  
Of Carleton!*

The road is hard, black, long and winding  
With Bright-eyed Dragons spitting fire and smoke.  
Lord guide me.

I'm goin' down to the Cannon River,  
Gonna wash away all my ignorance  
And dogma's blight.

Through lonesome prairie and swamps of passion  
In the uncertain floodplain I learn a lesson  
The Lower Arb

Matriculate past the dean of admission,  
To enter the ranks of those holy students  
And faculty.

It's the Land of Youth on an ancient mission  
Lifting the torch of inquiry both wide and far  
Through long study.

The price of learning is a high tuition  
One that must be paid back for many years;  
To my pupils.

Drink at the twin lakes of knowledge and wisdom  
Filled by the creek of experience  
That's Lyman Lakes.

Proceed on to the tower of inspiration  
Whose fair white walls call out to me  
That's Goodhue Hall.

On seldom trod paths of contemplation  
with barbed sarcasm and rocks of Irony  
The Upper Arb

I'll climb up that steep, green, holy mountain  
Where so many before have found Awareness  
Hill of Three Oaks

There I'll pray & vigil in jubilation  
Between my green mother Earth and starry Pa  
And go on home.

The world will've changed with those revelations  
The simple will be hard and the hard simple.  
Can I teach this?

But questions will arise despite my education  
So, what can I do to solve them all?  
Make a new trip!

## The Existential Moment (1997)

by K.D. Bennett or Spring Child of Berkeley

'Tis a cold, dark night as all seem to be  
Melancholic, morbid, romantic characteristically  
One such as I who penned these words, being all entwined in me  
Can gaze out into this night and, nomadic, free  
Give thanks unto myself for quietude; night's hush  
Feels me flush 'gainst dream, feeling, thought; plush  
Is the plenty of leafy tree's rustling rush  
And the mystical chirping of dark friend cricket in that brush.

It's a little dark and depressing, but I hope all my brothers and sisters will understand that that is the way I have felt so much of my life. Darkness is only one side of the darkness/light equation of course, and not really to be dwelled upon excessively. Under the waning gibbous moon, as we head off into winter now, I hope that you are all in good spirits, and wish you well in all that you do.

Blessed be, All eternal love in spirit,

Kevin David Bennett

## Blessing

By Mike

Thanks to the Earth  
For Giving us Birth  
Thanks to the Sky  
Both wet and dry.  
Thanks to all creatures in between  
Those that are solid & those unseen.

## 13 Fold Incantation

By Mike Scharding, 2001

I am a Washington in revolution.  
I am a Franklin in wit.  
I am a Jefferson in wisdom.  
I am a Monroe towards neighbors.  
I am a Lincoln in debate.  
I am a Bull Moose in the wilderness.  
I am a Taft at dinner.  
I am a Wilson in study.  
I am a Roosevelt in hard times.  
I am an Eisenhower in battle.  
I am a Kennedy in charisma.  
I am a Carter on the farm.  
I am a Clinton in virility.  
I am a Bush in having smart friends.  
I am a Gore to the environment.  
Who is it who leads the people?  
Who comforts us in our crises?  
Who takes the credit for success and failure?  
If not I?

## Yankee Doodle Druid

By Mike Scharding, 2001

I'm a Yankee doodle Druid.  
Here in Washington D.C.  
A real strange Druid with a loud bagpipe  
Playing tricks and full of whiskey.  
I love my dear sweet earth-mother,  
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.

Yankee doodle went to Wiltshire  
Just to view that Stonehenge!  
I am a Yankee Doodle boy.

I laugh at all those silly Druids,  
Tied up in red-tape, they don't need.  
Give me a one page constitution, PLEASE!  
So I don't go blind, trying to read.  
I love our simple, clever humor,  
I'll follow it till the day I die.

Yankee doodle went to Wiltshire  
Just to view that Stonehenge!  
I am a Yankee Doodle guy.

-Mike Scharding, 2001

## The Chronicle and the Ballad of the Death of Dalon ap Landu

In 1999, the Hazelnut Grove, in a period of isolation and frustration with no reading material on Dalon Ap Landu (a God only known to the RDNA, apparently we discovered him in 1963) decided to replace him with the much better documented "Hu Gadarn," who has a history running back to 1703 when Iolo Morganwg discovered him.

The reason for the ballad about the battle is that the AD wanted to just ditch Dalon Ap Landu because he couldn't find any literature on him, and he was afraid that we would be laughed out of the room by those for whom we did demo rituals. He did, however, find literature on Hu Gadarn. Well, as always in the Reform, there were those of us who rebelled and felt that Dalon Ap Landu should not be just unceremoniously dumped like a bad date. And it hit me one Friday night during our Druid Think Tank meeting. If DAL must die, let him die as any Celt would want to, in battle. So, I wrote the chronicle and the ballad.

We figure that he was a thought form created by the founding fathers of the Reform, because still being Christians, they felt uneasy about calling up any real Pagan deities. It is my personal belief that by now as a result of having been called upon for 30 plus years, he is at least an egggore by now, and one day could attain true godhood. And in ritual, whenever Hu Gadarn's name is mentioned, we whisper Dalon Ap Landu's name that it may remain a mystery to the multitude.

## The Ballad of the Death of Dalon ap Landu

Long were his locks of shining copper hue  
Stormy also his eyes of Mananan's own blue  
Tall was he and mighty were his thews  
Shoulders broad as the spreading driu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

His spear was of the deadly yew  
His targe of oak that near it grew  
He armored himself as all warriors do  
But that could not stop the death of Dalon ap Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Long had the scholars toiled to find his name so true  
But where he'd come from no tome knew  
So finally with teeth gnashing and weeping anew  
They signed a death warrant for young Dalon ap Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

His only crime was that he was new  
For six and thirty years he throve and grew  
But of the books and tomes none knew  
Of the paltry existence of Dalon ap Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Scholars did find as Lord of the Groves, one Hu  
Gadarn his surname and stories about him grew  
Druids called on him to give a blessing to  
Their offerings of leaves and potent brew  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Only six and thirty years had he, as a god, that's pretty new  
There were those who thought to kill a god one wouldn't do  
E'en a youthful god had merit they'd softly coo  
As the Druid said the Lord of the Grove, whose name was Hu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

They came together, a clash of arms, Dalon and Hu  
In the trees thunder, in ground a tremor grew  
Dalon brandished his spear made of deadly yew,  
And landed first blow on Hu's mighty thew  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Then came the spear of the Lord of Groves, named Hu,  
Long, straight, and also made of deadly yew  
The thrust was great and pierced Dalon right through  
He struggled manfully in his dying, the son of old Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

And still we sing of the death so long and cruel  
He died and went to the land of great Pwyll  
A death occurring in a great duel  
I hope you think my song adequately cool  
O youths and maids sing a song for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Tegwedd Shadow Dancer  
Co-Co-Archdruid of the Hazelnut Mother Grove  
New Reformed Druids of North America  
August 21, 1999

## The Death of Dalon ap Landu (prose chronicle version)

And in those days a great cry went up from those of the cross traditional circles that a ritual shall be held to show the multitude what the Druids of the Reform did in their worship. In the writing of the ritual for the common worship, the scholars and Druids had pored through tome after tome in the Arch Druid's (Stefan) great Celtic library, but could find no reference for the name Dalon ap Landu, or even of his progenitor Landu, and much did the ArchDruid fear the ridicule of the scholars of the cross traditional circles. But a name did come up. One Hu Gadern was the Lord of the Groves for the ancient Cymry, and so his name replace that of Dalon ap Landu.

But there were those in the Grove who mourned the passing of Dalon ap Landu. To them, even a young god was a fit deity who should not be cast aside as a worn shoe. Long did they whisper whenever the name of Hu Gadern was mentioned the doughty name of Dalon ap Landu. To some it did seem as an in-joke, and to others a mystery.

But there was one who gathered her courage to speak onto the ArchDruid, "If he is to be dead, let him die a fit death for a Celtic deity. Let him die in battle."

And behold, the ArchDruid objected not.

Long had Hu Gadern slumbered under the barrows of the honored Celtic dead. But as gods will often do, Hu Gadern stirred when he heard his name being called. Lo, did they call upon his name to bless the sacrifice of life and the libation. And when he stirred, he knew that there was another god he must face in combat for the privilege of being called upon to bestow the blessings. And

behold did he know this, because when his name was called, the other's name, Dalon ap Landu, was whispered softly.

And when that name was called, be it ever so softly, Dalon ap Landu did hearken onto his name, even as so youthful a god was he, did hearken onto his name. He knew he must face his nemesis in open combat, in a duel to the death. He armed himself with a spear made of the deadly yew, and armored himself with a targe of solid oak and armor of oaken bark; for after all was he not Lord of the Groves? His shining copper locks were held back by a strip of under-bark, and his blue eyes flashed in the sun.

When the two came together, thunder roared among the boughs of the trees and the ground under them shook. Dalon ap Landu struck first a blow upon Hu Gadern's mighty thew. But that did not even slow Hu Gadern down, and he, with his spear also of deadly yew, ran Dalon ap Landu's noble chest through. All the youths who were looking on wept bitter tears for the death of the young and doughty Dalon ap Landu. Manfully did he struggle with Death. But the Caileach did scoop up her charge and sped away with Dalon ap Landu.

But even now in the rites when the name of Hu Gadern is called upon, the name of Dalon ap Landu is ever whispered by some, and so shall it continue to be a mystery onto the multitude.

Tegwedd Shadow Dancer  
Co Co ArchDruid and Chronicler for the Hazelnut Mother Grove  
August 21st, 1999

\*\*\*\*\*

Mike wrote in May 2001

Not too worry, I have it on good counsel, that Dalon ap Landu, faked the encounter with Hu (being old drinking buddies) to "save face," and that Dalon ap Landu is down in the Florida Everglades or Keys, knocking back screwdrivers (aka "Whang.") Apparently he is on the Divine Witness Relocation Program, for "Gods on the Run," which has been very successful in renaming European Gods into Christian Saints. He is not upset at all, "We vegetation gods are used to dying off every year! No problems here, dude, cheers!" he reports. In fact, he considers it a rather nice vacation after 36 years of hard work, and is lifting weights on the beach and doing some spear-training with the US Javelin team for a rematch at the "West-Coast Lord of the Groves" title. He can be contacted as needed by the usual means (i.e. invocation,) but do respect that he is now operating on East Coast time. About that lack of documentation, Dalon bashfully admits, "The worst thing about this whole situation, is I never learned to read and write! Hopefully with Laura Bush's help, even a silly God like me will be able to write my memoirs!" If you have further questions, contact your nearest tree or consult a whisky bottle.

(Now the story is further expanded by Tegwedd in June 2001,)

I also think that Stephen will get a kick out of what you said about Dalon Ap Landu. The reason for the ballad about the battle is that he wanted to just ditch Dalon Ap Landu because he couldn't find any literature on him, and he was afraid that we would be laughed out of the room by those for whom we did demo rituals. He did, however, find literature on Hu Gadern. Well, as always in the Reform, there were those of us who rebelled and felt that Dalon Ap Landu should not be just unceremoniously dumped like a bad date. And it hit me one

Friday night during our Druid Think Tank meeting. If DAL must die, let him die as any Celt would want to, in battle. So, I wrote the chronicle and the ballad.

Please tell him (Dalon Ap Landu) that never did I intend him any ill will. He could live forever, as far as I'm concerned. We figure that he was a thoughtform created by the founding fathers of the Reform, because still being Christians, they felt uneasy about calling up any real Pagan deities. It is my personal belief that by now as a result of having been called upon for 30+ years, he is at least an egregore by now, and one day could attain true godhood. And in ritual, whenever Hu Gadern's name is mentioned, we whisper Dalon Ap Landu's name, that it may remain a mystery to the multitude.

## Rhiannon's Songs

Here are some songs and prayers we use at Druid Heart Spirit, I wrote some of them and some are triad invocations in a version we use. I wish I could send the melodies music notation but with this old computer it's not possible, sorry.

### Deep Peace (An Old Druid Prayer)

Deep peace of the running wave to you  
Deep peace of the silent stars  
Deep peace of the flowing air to you  
Deep Peace of the quiet earth.  
May peace, may peace, may peace fill your soul  
Let peace, let peace, let peace make you whole.

### Land, Sea & Sky

By Rhiannon Hawk

Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, ae eye oh

There is a place in our world  
We are everywhere, in our space  
There is a time, in our place  
Where there is no-time and really no-space

Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, ae eye oh

There is a leaf that is not a tree  
But it grows in trees and is a healing  
Of our vision, a quickening  
Hangs from a tree, Otherworldly

Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, ae eye oh

Hail to the force of the Awen  
We are reborn with the land.  
Praise to the beauty of nature  
In this light we are pure.

### Tall Trees

Tall trees, warm fires, strong winds, deep waters  
I feel you in my body, I feel you in my soul  
Between the worlds,  
We're in a circle,  
Everlasting, universal  
We are filled with spirit power  
Into the fires, complete the cycle

## People of the Oak

We are the people of the Oak  
Gathered at the sacred well  
Joined here the old ones to invoke  
So to weave our magic spell

We are the people of the wood  
Standing in a faerie ring  
Here, where the shining ones stand  
Praises to the gods we bring

## Flame Within

Burn bright, flame within  
Kindled of eternal fire  
Of the people I do be  
And the people part of me  
All one in many parts  
A single fire of flaming hearts

(repeat entire song a few times)

## Walk With Wisdom

Walk with wisdom, from this hollowed place  
Walk not in sorrow, our roots shall ever embrace  
May strength be your brother, and honor be your friend  
And luck be your lover, until we meet again

(repeat entire song a few times)

## Invocation to Manawyddan

Manawyddan we call to thee  
To cross over to our homeland  
And set your sails free  
To part the veil that is between  
The Otherworlds and ours  
So that we may  
Commune with the Shining Ones,  
Many blessings there shall be.

Manawyddan, opener of every gate  
You are brother to Bran and Branwen  
Father of Pryderi and lover to Rhiannon  
Bring them across the seas  
So we may join with the Shining Ones and offer our love to thee.

## Triad Invocations

Ancestors  
Spirits of the past, spirits of ancestors  
We call to you now.  
Spirits of the waters of the strongest oceans  
The waters that is the soothing rains  
I bid you enter into this water that we your kindred  
May be blessed by our communion with you

(3 times)

Nature Spirits  
Spirits of the land, spirits of the forest  
We call to you now.  
Sacred and ancient trees  
Earth, water, wing and fire  
We call you into this sacred soil.  
We bid you enter into this soil that we you kindred  
May be blessed by our communion with you

(3 times)

Shining Ones  
Spirits of the Otherworld, Spirits of the Shining Ones,  
We call to you now.  
Bringers of peace, Beings of love,  
We call you into this sacred smoke.  
We bid you enter into this smoke that we your kindred  
May be blessed by our communion with you.

(3 times)

## Honoring Mother Earth

Oh Earth Mother! We praise thee!  
That seed springeth,  
That flower openeth,  
That grass waveth,  
We praise thee!  
For winds that whisper,  
Through the shining birch,  
Through the lively pine,  
Through the mighty oak,  
We praise thee! For all things,  
Oh Earth Mother, who givest life.

# Mike's Selections

I had meant to include these originally in Green Book Volume 2, and have regretted not including these delightful bi-lingual poems from Scotland's Gaidhealtachd in "Nuadh Bardachd" (New Bardry.)

## THE DUTY OF THE HEIGHTS

(George Campell Hay/Deorsa Mac-Ian Deorsa pg 136)

The dark mountain under the downpour,  
exposed as an anvil to the tempest,  
the wind ever blows about its summit,  
the mist ever drifts about its sides;  
difficult under the feet  
are its dripping paths through the rocks;  
tranquil about its base  
are houses, corn-plots, and garden.

Often a few have assented to trials  
so that others should taste  
the happiness that was won  
in the face of Powers and tempest  
the scream of the wind on the crest;  
not a breath is heard on the straths:  
it's the buffeting of the Heights  
that gives tranquility to the little glen.

Youth of my country,  
is it to be the tranquility of the Plains, then,  
the Peace and slumber of the low valleys,  
sheltered from the rough blast?  
Let your step be on the summit,  
and your breast exposed to the shy.  
For you the tearing wind of the pinnacles,  
lest destruction come on us as a landslide.

## THE WELL

( by Derrick Thomson pg 142)

In the middle of the village is a little well,  
with the grass hiding it,  
the green luscious grass closely thatching it.  
I heard of it from an old woman,  
but she said, 'The path is covered with bracken,  
where often I walked with my cogie,  
and the cogie itself is warped.'  
When I looked in her lined face  
I saw the bracken growing round the well of her eyes,  
and hiding it from seeking and from desires,  
and closing it, closing it.

'Nobody goes to that well nowadays,,  
said the old woman, 'as we went once,  
when we were young,  
though the water is lovely and white.  
And when I looked in her Yes through the bracken  
I saw the sparkle of that spring  
that makes whole every hurt,  
till the hurt of the heart.

'And will You go for me,'  
said the old woman, 'with a thimble even,  
and bring to me a drop of that clear water  
that will bring colour to my cheeks?'

I found the well at last  
and though her need was not the greatest,  
it was to her I brought the treasure.

It may be that the well  
is only something I saw in a dream  
for when I went to seek it to-day  
I found nothing but bracken and rushes,  
and the old woman's eyes are closed,  
and a film has come over their merriment.

## I Got The Feel of You With My Feet

( by Derrick Thomson/ Ruaridh MacThomais pg 160)

I got the feel of you with my feet  
in early summer;  
my mind here in the city  
strives to know, but the shoes come between us.  
The child's way is difficult to forget:  
he rubs himself against his mother  
till he finds peace.  
I felt the rough side of you and the smooth  
and was none the worse of it,  
the two sides of the grass and two grips on the barley,  
Peat-fibre and moss,  
and since the world we knew  
follows us as far as we go  
I need not wash away that mud  
from between the boy's toes.  
And now, in middle age,  
I am going in to warm myself,  
with my bare feet on a peat beside the hearth.

## My Village Tonight

(Ian Chrichton Smith from "Bailtean")

You are my village tonight,  
remarkable your lights,  
warm glow in the moor's bleakness.  
High above Shore Street  
your other streets rise -  
streets like a soft carpet -  
and my hands will feel your paths  
and my heart your heart.  
Woodland and tree between the ways,  
they will rise on the summits  
and the knolls will be soft with moss  
and the moss with dew.  
You are the resplendent village,  
little village by the wave,  
secret village of my love,  
tidal village and earth village,  
village of the soft breasts,  
village that will ease from self  
and keep us folded as one.  
When you lift your summer skirt  
I will dance on your meadow,  
and we will ascend the steps  
up from the edge of the sea  
until we are above the world,  
and I see you lying below me  
like a diamond in the kyle.



## Love's Colors

(pg 24 of Nuadh Bardach)

Drowsy village surrounded  
by brown moor  
to the horizon, to the Harris mountains.  
There was a creel on the hillocks,  
a creel no longer living.  
But does it matter  
who inherits this symbol,  
if there is love in the heart?  
And does it matter  
for the English and those from Europe?  
The heart must grow  
with each day's decease, the sun rising and setting  
on the purple fens.  
Would it matter if there were no Gaels -  
would the heather wither?

In another island - in Mull -  
the moor blossoms yet,  
with a few natives watching  
it growing with the strangers.  
A tear or two will not deter their joy -  
perhaps like the joy of the first Gael  
on seeing Ben Tala and Ben More  
with their virgin winter coat.

This land also saw,  
bare though it is,  
death and life,  
until it is today  
silent,  
smooth to the horizon  
like a brown inscrutable poem.

2

I hope you did not believe the lie,  
the lie foisted on us by education,  
that love is uncomplicated  
and that it does not matter who gives it.  
For love is multi-coloured  
and the heart above the moor,  
high and multiform above it.

There are many loves in the heart  
and many languages.  
What colour is your love? -  
the love outlasting the moor,  
love woven with the language  
forever, if one wishes.  
If the moor does not hear our joy  
there will be a music lost to earth  
and one of the colours of love.

### Dathach a'Ghraidh ("Love's Colours")

(Scots Gaelic pg 25 of Nuadh Bardach)

1

Tha am baile cadalach, donn  
am monadh timcheall air  
a' sineadh gu faire,  
gu beanntan Na Hearadh-  
Bhitheadh cliath air na tuim,  
cliabh nach eil beo an-diugh.  
Ach a bheil e gu diofar

c6 gheibh sealbh air an t-samhla seo,  
ma tha gradh anns a' chridhe?  
'S a bheil e gu diofar  
airson Shasannach is Eurpach?  
Cha sheachain an cridhe fas  
le siubhal gach latha,  
a' ghrian ag eirigh 's a' laighe  
air na faithean purpar.  
De ged nach biodh Gaidheal idir ann -  
an tigeadh seargadh air an fhraoch?

Ann an eilean eile - ann am Muile -  
tha am monadh dosrach fhathast  
agus corra Ghaidheal ga fhaicinn  
a' fas ris na strainnsearan.  
Cha bhris deur no dha an aoibhneas-san -  
Is docha mar aoibhneas a' chiad Ghaidheil  
a' faicinn Beinn Tala is Beinn Mor  
le cota oigheil a' gheamhraidh.

Chunnaic am fearann seo cuideachd,  
lom 's gu bheil e  
iomadach beatha is bas,  
gus a bheil e 'n-diugh  
samhach,  
comhnard gu faire  
mar dhan donn do-thuigsinn.

Tha mi an dochas nach do chreid thu a' bhreug,  
a' bhreug a sparras foghlam oirn,  
gu bheil an gradh aon-fhilit  
Is nach eil e gu disfar co bheir e.  
Oir tha an gradh ioma-dhathte  
agus an cridhe os cionn a' mhonaidh,  
Ard, iomadach os a chionn.

Tha iomadh gradh anns a' chridhe  
agus iomadh canan.  
De an dath a th'air do ghradh? -  
an gradh as buaine na am monadh,  
air a thasgadh anns a' chanan  
'Is mi thogras sinn gu brath.  
Mur cluinn am monadh ar caithream  
birth ceol air chall air thalamh  
agus aon de dhathan a' ghraidh.

### A January Day (a poem in an old manner)

pg 44 of Nuadh Bardachd

On a January day  
the untamed wind  
will be smoothing things  
amidst the trees.

On a strange day  
waves will rise  
like chequered embers  
out from the headland.

The impetuous clouds will blow,  
white and grey splendour,  
like feathers plucked  
from a plump cockerel-

The promontory will be misty,  
and the subtle sun  
will shine through clouds  
on the deceptive slopes.

I like a January day  
somewhat windy  
with the horizon invisible  
with a lime-coloured haze.

Purple by the sea's edge,  
blue further out,  
blue-grays so colourful  
and white coals in the Kyle.

A promise of spring in the air;  
although it is still cold,  
people and earth  
are aware of a green spirit.

## THE HARD BEND

pg 29 of Nuadh Bardach

Silent Moon  
We  
in the wood.  
Above it the sun,  
above it the moon.  
Moon world,  
sun world,  
the one burning,  
the one wan.  
The moon is pale  
in the same sky  
in which the leaves are failing.  
If I should catch the pale moon  
the sun would fall  
if I should catch the leaf.

Mud smell  
in the brown path,  
the leaf failing  
according to nature's laws,  
and dying.  
It will fall forever,  
dispersing, uniting.

The pale leaf  
in the mud,  
the white swan on tile wave  
and the sun without light.

What town is this  
that is so silent?  
For God's sake  
say something  
about unity, about scattering.

The leaf broke in a thousand pieces.  
The moon was silent.

# Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Six 2002

## Songs from Archie D. & the Servers

### The 2001-2 Bardic Contest

In the Time of Sleep between Samhain 2001 and Beltane 2002, the RDNA had a bi-weekly Bardic filk contest wherein the members took popular tunes and wrote new lyrics. We had over 40 entries during these 25 weeks, and I hope that they provide use in liturgies, festivals and late night bonfire sing-a-longs. Please check with the original authors, regarding use of copy-right materials.

### The Rules of the Contest

You, and your friends & enemies, are hereby invited to participate in the First Annual Winter Bardic Song-Writing Contest of the RDNA 2001/2002:

1. Prize: Bard of the Year XXXIX designation.
2. The Reason: A desire to further one's technical skills and attune one's muse
3. O.K., The Real Reason: Winter is boring. Rituals don't work well enough to bother with. Raw Ego and Pride
4. Participants: Anyone gifted by the gods can join in. We hope to have 10 or more bards involved by completion of the project. Please register with the Judge [nozomikibou@hotmail.com] at any time.
5. The Theme: Druidism, of course, (RDNA, Celtic, British, Hassidic, Humanistic DNA, etc..) must be either sad, poignant, sarcastic, patriotic (you can choose the country) or funny (or at least you think so.) Can't think of something? Try a theme, like; seasonal, related to search for awareness or wisdom, mocking other organizations, grove problems, vigiling, perverseness, love of spirits (alcoholic and otherwise,) struggle for simplicity, strange accidents, mythic-oriented, grove-politics, unusual members, life-cycles, urban paganism, gardening, etc.
6. The Basic Rules:

1. You have to write the words (or at least most of them)
2. Collaboration is tolerated, but upon winning, those team members must devise a contest or duel to devise a final single winner.
3. Preferably in English (Ancient English, Saxonese, Jutish, Scots, Brogue, or Middle English are acceptable, too)
4. Has to be good enough to admit that you wrote it.
5. You must use the music or tune from an existing established song (i.e. "Filk it," but if you're the only one who knows some arcane tune of 1734, no one else will appreciate it, and you will lose, so try to keep it popular.

Indicate the song & original authors with the lyrics-submission.

6. Preferably, make the lyrics available to the Public Domain, or at least give us permission to publish them in our newsletter or ARDA 2. After all, you were not going to make any real money anyway, right?, and neither will we.
7. Under 30 verses, please.
8. Multiple entries (of different songs, that is) are encouraged, and raise your chances of winning.
9. No using tricky curses to hinder other participants.
10. There is no rule 10.

7. Battleground: Possibly in A Druid Missal-any's issues, but if too many entries come in (which is a good thing,) a special Bardic edition may be made.

8. The Contest's Judge: The judge will be Nozomi Kibou, AD of Akita, [nozomikibou@hotmail.com]

She has volunteered to be the perfect impartial observer as

1. she has no Bardic ability,
2. fights with Pat frequently,
3. doesn't understand English well.

She will use divination to select the winner, such as counting junk-mail on successive days to judge each participant's favor with the gods.

She also notes that bribes are accepted and appreciated. :)  
You may write to Nozomi and give you opinions about various entries.

## Contestants

Pat Haneke 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13  
 Mari Ceolmhor 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12  
 Sine Ceolbhinn 1  
 Mike Scharding 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13  
 Rhiannan Hawk 3, 10  
 Ian Friesland 3  
 K.D. Bennet 3  
 Shane Saylor 4  
 Gayla Paul 5  
 Martin Victor 5  
 Phillip Chapman Bell 5  
 Arm Wrath 6  
 Tegwedd 9  
 Nozomi Kibou 12  
 Donald Edwards 13

## The Winner

The Winner was Tegwedd's "Celtic Goddess Chant" from the Bardic Salvo #9: March 1st, 2002 because it was easy enough for Nozomi to understand, and rather useful at services for her, and she liked it.

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## Love Ogham on the Stones

By Patrick Haneke Akita Grove, RDNA 2001  
For the Public Domain.

Based upon "Love Letters In The Sand"  
Words by Nick and Charles Kenny and Music by J. Fred Coots  
Written in the 30's, but made famous by Patty Boone in the 50s.  
<http://www.smickandsmodoo.com/aaa/1957/loveletters.htm> for  
MIDI music

On a day like today,  
We passed the time away  
Carving love oghams on the stones

It's been some years since you died,  
Yet my thoughts gently glide  
To those love oghams on the stones.

CHORUS  
We made a vow that we'd meet in the next world  
Those dear thoughts now caught in lines straight and curled.

Now my lonely heart aches  
With every dawn that breaks  
Over love oghams on the stones

(whistling) Now my lonely heart aches  
With every dawn that breaks  
Over love oghams on the stones

## The Druid's Lament

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove of the RDNA 2001  
For the Public Domain and use at Funerals & Memorials  
Based on the "Streets of Laredo" in 1876 by Francis Henry Maynard  
Online Midi music files available at  
<http://www.wildwestweb.net/camp.html>

As I walked out in the woods with my laddy-o,  
As I walked with my laddy-o one day,  
I spied an old Druid in a robe of white linen,  
Wrapped up in white linen and her hair was all gray.

"O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly;  
Skirl the bagpipes as you carry me along.  
Take me to the green valley and pile the rocks o're me,  
For I'm an old Druid and this is my last song."

"I see by your outlook that you are a Druid."  
These words she did say as I boldly stepped nigh.  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I'll soon be at rest and I know I must die."

"My friends and relations, they'll live on without me.  
They've learned from my deeds, both the good and the wrong.  
Please, mourn but a short time, and continue your journeys.  
The living must accept death, both the weak and the strong."

"I've spent all my life in the study of Nature  
And drank deep of life; including the dregs.  
I hope that you'll explore the same paths as I did,  
For they've taught me well, and I have few regrets."

"Go gather around you a grove of young Druids,  
And tell them the lessons of this world, which are great.  
Sisters and brothers, learn of our Earth-Mother,  
Please, share Her wild wisdom before it's too late."

"Get six brawny young lads to construct my grave mound;  
Get six witty young lasses to sing me a song.  
For when I come back, it'll be my turn to bury them.  
I'll visit the next world, but I won't stay there long."

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of warm whiskey,  
Those bright waters-of-life," the old druid said.  
Before I had returned, the spirits had left her.  
And gone to the far west - the Druid was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly;  
And solemnly piped as we bore her along.  
For all loved our comrade, so brave, wise, and gentle.  
We all loved that Druid and still sing her songs.

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## Bardic Salvo #2: Nov. 14<sup>th</sup>, 2001

### Only Yew!

Filked by Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove  
Year 2001. For the Public Domain.  
Original "Only You" By the Platters  
See <http://www.niehs.nih.gov/kids/lyrics/onlyyou.htm> for music  
file. Excellent Yew article  
<http://www.indigogroup.co.uk/edge/oldyews.htm>

Spoken Intro by William Watson:

Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire,  
Girt with thy guard of dotard kings  
What ages hast thou seen retire  
Into the dusk of alien things?

"Start doo-wopping"

Only yew is found near every church.  
Only yew will neither lean nor lurch.  
It grows a hard, tight grain,  
Makes bow staves both straight and true.  
It fills my heart with awe for only yew

Only yew can live o'er four thousand years  
Only yew can outlast our worst fears.  
Only yew and yew alone  
Laughs at the passage of time.  
Whose name is famed and so easy to rhyme

Only yew can guard the graves at night.  
Only yew's leaves can kill with just one bite.  
I understand the magic that you do  
Making dreams come true.  
Yes! The one and only yew.

## Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks

By Mairi Ceolmhor, D.C. Grove, Nov. 2001  
For the Public Domain (whether they want it or not!)  
Dedicated to Sister Sine, for dragging me out there onto the Hill  
in 1992.

Recorded by: Ottis Redding, 1960s  
<http://www.duchessathome.com/music/dockofthebay.html>

Sitting in the evening sun  
I'll be sitting when the morning comes  
Watching the fires burn down,  
Then I pile on the dry logs again,

yeah I'm...  
{Refrain}  
Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Watching the stars spin around  
I'm just sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Vigiling time

I left my home in New York  
Headed for Minnesota  
'Cause I need beliefs to live by  
And looks like the Earth's gonna be my Ma.

So I'm just...  
{Refrain}  
Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Watching the stars spin around  
I'm just sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Vigiling time

Look like my life's gonna change  
And yet seems to remain the same  
I won't believe what people tell me to do  
So I guess I'll play my own game.

Yes, I'm sittin' here burning some wood  
And this loneliness will do me some good  
It's two thousand miles I roamed  
Just to make this hill my home

Now, I'm just...  
{Refrain}  
Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Watching the stars spin around  
I'm just sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Vigiling time

{Whistle}

## BACK IN THE OLD GROVE AGAIN

By Mairi Ceolmhor, D.C. Grove, 2001  
For Public Domain  
Dedicated to Mike for taking me with him on his last trip.  
Apologies to Gene Autry; "Back in the Saddle Again"

I'm back in the old grove again  
Out where a friend is a friend  
Where we camp out every night  
Where the only law is "right"  
I'm back in the old grove again

Walking those woods once more  
Lovin' the view out of doors.  
Where the long-cloaked students play  
While the lovely prairie sways.  
I'm back in the old grove again

Whoopy-ti-yi-yo  
Swaying to and fro'  
I'm back in the old grove again

Whoopy-ti-yi-ya  
This is just my way  
I'm back in the old grove again

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### Bardic Salvo #3: Dec 1<sup>st</sup>, 2001

#### While My Bagpipe Loudly Wails

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove, Nov 30, 2001  
In honor of George Harrison's Passing  
Modeled, obviously on, "While My Guitar Sadly Weeps"  
Listen to it at <http://www.radiobroadcast.net/midi/beatles/>  
<http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Frontrow/9990/>

I think of your songs and the truths that they're hailing,  
While my bagpipe loudly wails.  
I look at the clouds and I see that they're sailing,  
While my bagpipe loudly wails.

From the moment you stepped on stage  
Your message hasn't aged.  
How can your songs' impact be gauged.  
Your words can't be caged.

I look at Mother Earth and I notice it's turning  
While my bagpipe loudly wails  
With every season, old ways' wisdom we'll be learning  
Still my bagpipe loudly wails...

We should've known a god had aired,  
His soul bared too,  
A new world view that was shared,  
How you cared, Lugh.

I think of your songs and the truths that they're telling,  
While my bagpipe loudly wails.  
I look at the clouds.....  
Still my bagpipe loudly wails.

Oh, oh, oh  
oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
oh oh, oh oh, oh oh  
Yeah Lugh yeah Lugh  
yeah Lugh yeah Lugh

### Old Druid's Hill

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove  
For the Public Domain, Nov 2001  
Original Artist Fats Domino's "Blueberry Hill"  
For the music, see <http://www.christeen.net/midi.html>  
And choose Blueberry Hill (#6)

I cast my spell on Old Druid's Hill  
On Old Druid's Hill when I called Lugh  
The moon stood still on Old Druid's Hill  
And lingered until my dreams came true.

The wind in the willow played  
A haunting melody  
And all of those vows I made  
Were made seriously.

Tho' I've moved on, a part of me's still  
In those winds so shrill, on Old Druid's Hill.

### Dreams

By: Rhiannon Hawk of "Druid Heart Spirit Grove"  
Year 2001 For the Public Domain  
Original title was "Dreams" by: Fleetwood Mac  
<http://pws.prserv.net/ggaynor/zmidi2x.htm> to hear the tune.

we are the Shining Ones  
we are the children of Danu  
remembering who we are  
celebration is past due

being of the Otherworld  
our feet softly on the ground  
we are the one  
we are each a shining star

we are twin soulmates  
see the lightning in our eyes  
it can pierce right through  
illusions in disguise  
behind your eyes  
there is no disguise

(chorus)  
we are the winds on the oceans wave  
we are the sparkly in the crystal cave  
we are the wings of a hawk in flight  
we transform beings that have gained the sight

we gaze upon the Seers pond  
what in the water did we see?

now it's all green  
as if I'm flying through the trees  
now I'm back and the vision remains in me

I get up off the ground  
and we circle round and round  
we each can see that our  
feet are up off the ground  
they make no sound  
up off the ground

(chorus)  
we are the winds on the oceans wave  
we are the sparkly in the crystal cave  
we are the wings of a hawk in flight  
we transform beings that have gained the sight

## Haiku Corner

By Ian Friesland, Ice Floe Grove  
Ok, all you Asian aficionados out there-  
here's the first ever known Antarctic Haiku (5-7-5 poem)

South-pole's Mid-Summer  
No trees, no birds, no rivers.  
And it is still cold.

Leaves swept in river's flow,  
Many colored, tossed and tumbling.  
This is retirement?

## The Existential Moment (1997)

By K.D. Bennett or Spring Child of Berkeley

'Tis a cold, dark night as all seem to be  
Melancholic, morbid, romantic characteristically  
One such as I who penned these words, being all entwined in me  
Can gaze out into this night and, nomadic, free  
Give thanks unto myself for quietude; night's hush  
Feels me flush 'gainst dream, feeling, thought; plush  
Is the plenty of leafy tree's rustling rush  
And the mystical chirping of dark friend cricket in that brush.

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## Bardic Salvo #4: Dec 15<sup>th</sup>, 2001

### Yuletide Caroling

By Sine Ceolbhinn, D.C. Grove

Strangely enough, Christmas is one of the few times of the year that we feel like singing with our neighbours outside of a karaoke bar. Easter songs? A few. Groundhog Day songs? Not likely. We all want to sing, but trip over the uncomfortable lyrics, right? I decided to but together a little list of songs that a pagan could use in company with their monotheistic friends.

I few hours of scanning the internet has given me a collection of popular songs that didn't dwell on babies in food troughs, righteous crowns, deceased people with bird wings, and ecstatic shepherds hearing voices in the dark (won't even go there.) I prefer my own improbable stories (grin.) Just change "Christmas" to "Yuletide" and most are okay. Santa Claus is rather unavoidable, but he's nearly pagan, and so I let him slide. Many of the songs on the list below have on-line free music-files & lyrics at:

<http://www.chebucto.ns.ca/~ai251/xcarol.html>

Auld Lang Syne  
The Christmas Song (Chestnuts roasting)

Deck the Halls  
Do They Know its Christmastime at All?  
Frosty the Snowman  
Grandma Got Hit by a Reindeer  
The Grinch's Theme Song  
Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas  
Here Comes Santa Claus  
Holly Jolly Christmas  
Home For The Holidays  
I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus  
I'll Be Home For Christmas  
It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas  
It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year  
Jingle Bells  
Jingle Bell Rock  
Jolly Old Saint Nicholas  
Let It Snow  
O Christmas Tree  
Rocking Around the Christmas Tree  
Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer  
Silver and Gold  
Silver Bells  
Sleigh Ride  
That Christmas Feeling  
Up on the Rooftop  
We Wish You a Merry Christmas  
White Christmas  
Winter Wonderland

## Pondering Celtic Clans

old castles where once the breath of life was strong  
reminds my of my slaughtered ancestors  
living in peace, joy, and strength  
gathering their children for the telling of tales  
now nothing but graveyards remain  
castles turned to funeral pyres  
and no one left to weep for them  
who were there first, and reeled  
at the beautiful bounty they experienced in nature  
a small candle, a sputtering torch  
a pile of dead wood gathered for the fire  
a fresh mug of herbal tea and a wan smile  
waking bleary eyed in the fog  
tending horses for their journeys  
who were not merely servants, but friends  
now thinking that all things must come to their ends  
and knowing ends for what they truly are  
new beginnings  
my that sounds pleasant  
but it doesn't do a thing for them  
my ancient ancestors of yore  
---kdbennett

## Untitled

I loved them dearly, I loved them strong  
How we all used to get along  
In the sun and coming together  
In the rain light as Eagle's feather  
There, where the stone meets the sky  
A fire kept sealed in my mind's eye  
Which has seen stranger things  
Waits to behold what the future brings  
Patiently  
For the most part.  
---kdbennett

## I Told The Arch Druid

(A.K.A. "I told the Witch Doctor" or A.K.A.  
"Ooo-ee Ooo-ah ah, ting tang, walla walla, bing bang)  
By Mike Scharding, DC Grove, 2001  
Copyright not claimed. For the Public Domain.  
<http://www.geocities.com/ohtoad/WitchDoctor.html>

I told my Arch Druid  
This grove just can't be right.  
I told my Arch Druid  
I sun-worship at night!  
And then the Arch druid  
She told me where to go:

**Chorus**  
She said that;  
N.R.D.N.A, H.K., O.B.O.D., E.D.,  
B.C.U. & B., T.D., B.D.O., O.B.D.,  
E.D.O., U.A.O.D., I.O.D., B.C.D.,  
D.C.S.G, A.D.F., May B O.K. 4 U.

I told my Arch Druid  
Your site's not cool at all.  
I told my Arch Druid  
Your rocks are just too small  
And then the Arch Druid  
She told me where to go:

### **Chorus**

I told my Arch Druid  
I want a group more wise  
I told my Arch Druid  
Those robes don't match my eyes.  
And then the Arch Druid  
She told me where to go:

### **Chorus**

SPOKEN POETIC INTERLUDE #1  
You've been trying  
to 'void me  
Just like I was a big jerk,  
And I'll admit  
I wasn't very smart.  
So I went out  
And found myself  
A **real** group whose magic **works**;  
Cuz you eagerly  
Showed me where to start.

I told my Arch Druid  
Let's draw a pentagram,  
I told my Arch Druid  
And call Gods from Viet-nam.  
And then the Arch Druid  
She told me where to go:

(Actually, she was at a loss for words.)  
(But after a pause, this is what I heard)

### **Final Chorus**

### Other Possible verses:

SPOKEN POETIC INTERLUDE #2  
(You've been worshipping  
the Earth in  
forests, wide plains and desert,  
but I prefer  
sky-clad on a full-moon;  
But only indoors,  
With big crystals,  
Cuz I'm allergic to chills & dirt;  
So let's postpone  
Beltane until late June.)

I told my Arch Druid  
I sacrifice pickles.  
I told my Arch Druid  
A boomerang's my sickle.  
And then the Archdruid  
She told me where to go:

### **Chorus**

(And then she really told me where to go....)

(By the way, if you're curious:  
New Reformed Druids of North America, Henge of Keltria, Order  
Bards Ovates & Druids, Ecole Druidique, British Circle of the  
Universal Bond, (James Bond?.) Temple of Danaan, British Druid  
Order, Order of British Druids, Enchanted Druid Order, United  
Ancient Order of Druids, Insular Order of Druids, Bandarach  
College of Druids, Divine Circle of the Sacred Grove, Ar  
nDraiocht Fein)

(Couldn't fit these in:  
Druidic Craft of the Wise, Celtic Traditionalist Order of Druids,  
Dalriada, An Druidh Uileach Braithreachas, Order of the White  
Oak, Reformed Druidic Wicca, Missionary Order of The Celtic  
Cross, Order of the Mithril Star, IMBAS)

## If I Had a Rich Grove

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
Dedicated to Isaac Bonewits & all of us out there with no liquid  
reserves.  
September 2001 For the Public Domain.  
[http://www.broadwaymidi.com/shows/fiddler\\_on\\_the\\_roof.html](http://www.broadwaymidi.com/shows/fiddler_on_the_roof.html)

[http://www.hamienet.com/Broadway\\_Musical/F/Fiddler\\_on\\_the\\_Roof/more2.alex](http://www.hamienet.com/Broadway_Musical/F/Fiddler_on_the_Roof/more2.alex) (choose the longer one 4:55 version)

Spoken introduction:  
"Dear Gods, you made many, many poor priests.  
I realize, of course, that it's no shame to be poor.  
But it's no great honor either!  
So, what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?"

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum  
If I had a wealthy grove.

I wouldn't have to work hard  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
If I had a biddy bidy rich  
Deedle daidle deedle daidle grove.

I'd build a big tall henge  
With stones by the dozen  
Placed in a million-acre wood,  
A fine green hill with a burial mound below.  
There could be one long labyrinth just going up  
And one even longer coming down  
And one more leading  
Nowhere just for show!

I'd fill my grove with trees,  
Protect endangered wildlife,  
For the world to come and see,  
Filled with beauty and a campground.  
A peaceful place, no strife,  
Pollution or roads;  
Our woods like an island in the sea,  
If I had a wealthy grove.

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum  
If I had a wealthy grove.

I wouldn't have to work hard  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
If I had a biddy biddy rich  
Deedle daidle deedle daidle grove.

I see my school, my college,  
Looking like a rich church's school,  
With a proper faculty  
Researching Dru'dry to our heart's delight.  
I see us drawing students  
All shuffling in baggy robes  
Oy! What a happy place we'd be,  
Singing at the bonfires day and night!

If I were paid I'd have the time I lack  
To sit in the hill-top tow'r and pray  
And maybe have a seat by the eastern wall  
And I'd discuss the holy books  
With the learned folk  
Seven hours every day.  
That could be the sweetest thing of all.

The most important folk in town  
Will come down to our woods.  
They will ask me to advise them  
Like old King Connor the wise;  
"If you please Arch Druid,  
Pardon me Arch Druid"  
Posing problems that would cross  
An Ollamh's eyes.

Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi.

And it won't make one bit of difference  
If I answer right or wrong.  
When you're rich,  
They think you really know.

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum  
If I had a wealthy grove.

I wouldn't have to work hard  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum

If I had a biddy biddy rich  
Deedle daidle deedle daidle grove.

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
Gods help me reach these noble dreams,  
Yes, no matter how hard it seems.  
I'd even steal a dragon's treasure trove,  
How I want a wealthy grove!

## Grief Stricken America

By Shane A. Saylor 11.30.2001

Old Glory flaps in the wind, soaked with [the] tears of the slain.  
The tears keep coming down in buckets, with end in sight.  
And yet, our own tears are mixed with theirs here on the  
ground. The ground is soaked with both blood and tears. And as  
I gaze at the hills above I wonder when the land will slide down  
And bury us in our grief. Our grief can smother us if we let it.  
But how do we fight something that comes in waves? That can  
come at unexpected times? How do fight something that is  
akin to quicksand? It threatens to pull us down, to weaken  
our resolve. Our morale has suffered a large wound. The time it  
will take to heal is immeasurable. America is wounded. And it is  
lashing out at our oppressors like a wounded animal. Yet I fear  
that this wounded animal will, with time, turn on its allies before  
it falls dead, its heart filled with vengeance and its soul filled with  
grief.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #5: Jan 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

### I'm a Believer

Copyrighted Parody by Gayla Paul of Corn Grove, Iowa, 2000  
Original by Neil Diamond, copyright song "I'm a Believer" 1966  
Made famous by "The Monkees" & "Shrek"  
Colgems-EMI Music, Inc. (ASCAP) and Stonebridge Music  
[www.midihaven.addr.com/midi/monkees1.html](http://www.midihaven.addr.com/midi/monkees1.html) for music

I thought Druids only lived in fairy tales  
Magic everywhere but not for me  
Life was out to get me  
That's the way it seems  
Then it came together like a dream

I found sacred space  
Now I'm a believer  
Not a trace  
Of doubt in my mind  
I'm a Druid  
And I'm a believer  
I couldn't leave Her if I tried

Earth-Mother blesses me with many things  
Laughing Be'al makes my heart feel light  
Now I walk in wonder  
In awe of everything  
Better even than my wildest dreams



I found sacred space  
Now I'm a believer  
Not a trace  
Of doubt in my mind  
I'm a Druid  
And I'm a believer  
I couldn't leave Her if I tried.

## Silbury Hill

Filked by Dagda O'Flatterme Dagda  
Copyright 2001 by Martin Bernard Victor.

The Fortunecity.com site I found the lyrics at did not list a copyright date.

<http://tinpan.fortunecity.com/riff/11/frame/b5.html>

But there is something I neglected to list. Satchmo only recorded the song. It was made most popular, by the cover made by Fats Domino. It was penned by Al Lewis, Vincent Rose, and Larry Stock. It is possible that the song has passed into the public domain by now. The writers may be dead, and I doubt that their estate bothered to renew the copyright. For the music, choose Blueberry Hill (#6) at

<http://www.christeen.net/midi.html>

[ See Mike's version of Blueberry Hill in Bardic Salvo #3]

I found my thrill...on Silbury Hill  
On Silbury Hill...When I found you  
The moon stood still...on Silbury Hill  
And remained until...our magick came true.

The winds in the oaks sang...Arwen's harmony  
And our hearts did pang...for our will to be

And in my heart...it gives me a chill  
When I think of it still...of Silbury Hill  
I found my thrill...on Silbury Hill  
You were dressed in blue...when I found you  
We were awed...before the Gods  
And gave them our will...on Silbury Hill

The wind in the oaks did play... our heart's melody  
And the troth we pledged...is fore'er to be

And in my heart...it gives me a chill  
For you are my thrill...on Silbury Hill.

## Och, Baby, Baby, Yee're'n Cannie Bard

Pat Haneke, Akita Grove (with his worst Scots accent, apologies to all) Allegedly based on "It's a Wild World" by Cat Stephens.  
For the Public Domain, made in January 2001

Dedicated to Sine Ceolbhinn, may you one day learn to scat your lyrics better. :) (Do not show this to a real Scotsman! He'd just tear apart my grammar and leave me bleeding for the insult after a good drumming on the noggin. )

[catstevens.com/discography/songs/00102.html](http://catstevens.com/discography/songs/00102.html) for MIDI tune

Noo tha' I've gied ev'ry sang tae you  
Ye say ye wanna sing sometin' new  
An' it's breekin' me hert's you'se roamin'  
Aye Lass, I'm gloamin'  
Bit, gin ye wilna stey, tak guid care  
Howp ye hae muckle braw claes tae weir  
Bit than a muckle braw (t)hings birl ill oot thar

*Och, baby, baby, yee're'n cannie bard  
Tis sair tae mak do jist aboun ain sang  
Och, baby, baby, yee're'n cannie bard  
I will ayeweys mind ye lik tae traivel, lass*

Ye ken I've larned muckle o aw thar warld dow dae  
An' tis breekin' me hart in twa  
'kis I nivver wunta see ye dowie, lass  
Dinna be camsteerie, lass.  
Bit gin ye will nae stay, tak guid care  
Howp ye meit in wi cantie freen oot thar  
Bit jist mine ye thar's muckle orra gowk fur shair.

Chorus

Lassie, I luve ye  
Bit, gin ye wilna stey, tak guid care  
Howp ye hae muckle braw claes tae weir  
Bit than a muckle braw (t)hings birl ill oot thar

Chorus

## Incipit gestis Rudolphi rangifer tarandus

An Old English Poem by [Philip Chapman-Bell](#) written in 1996  
Copyright © 1996 Philip Chapman-Bell; All Rights Reserved.  
Used with permission. Suggested by Lee Fugat.  
For usage, please contact: [chapbell@crocker.com](mailto:chapbell@crocker.com)

Hwæt, Hrodulf readnosa hrandeor –  
Næfde þæt nieten unsciende næsðyrilas!  
Glitenode and gladode godlice nosgrisele.  
Ða hofberendas mid huscwordum hine gehefigodon;  
Nolden þa geneatas Hrodulf næftig  
To gomene hraniscum geador ætsomme.  
þa in Cristesmæsseæfne stormigum clommum,  
Halga Claus þæt gemunde to him mædelode:  
"Neahfreond nihteage nosubeorhtende!  
Min hroden hrædwæn gelæd ðu, Hrodulf!"  
Ða gelufodon hira laddeor þa lyftflogan –  
Wæs glædnes and gliwdream; hornede sum gegieddode  
"Hwæt, Hrodulf readnosa hrandeor,  
Brad springð þin blæd: breme eart þu!"  
*Explicit*

## Hrodulf the Red-Nosed Reindeer

(Modern English translation)

Here begins the deeds of Rudolph, Tundra-Wanderer  
Lo, Hrodulf the red-nosed reindeer –  
That beast didn't have unshiny nostrils!  
The goodly nose-cartilage glittered and glowed.  
The hoof-bearers taunted him with proud words;  
The comrades wouldn't allow wretched Hrodulf  
To join the reindeer games.  
Then, on Christmas Eve bound in storms  
Santa Claus remembered that, spoke formally to him:  
"Dear night-sighted friend, nose-bright one!  
You, Hrodulf, shall lead my adorned rapid-wagon!"  
Then the sky-flyers praised their lead-deer –  
There was gladness and music; one of the horned ones sang  
"Lo, Hrodulf the red-nosed reindeer,  
Your fame spreads broadly, you are renowned!"

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #6: Jan 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002

### AMERICA

Filk is written by Mike, DC grove.  
With inspiration from Pat Haneke, Akita Grove  
January 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original is "America," written (& copyrighted) by Neil Diamond  
1980 Stonebridge Music (ASCAP)  
<http://www.neildiamondhomepage.com/> for more on this bard.  
<http://members.tripodnet.nl/roontje10/alpha2.htm> choose  
Diamond's America (4:01) although it's hard to pick up the tune  
unless you are familiar with the original song.

Some people have called the Middle East; the Holy Land.  
Perhaps it once was especially so, but many people who have  
resided there haven't acted that way, nor have most others who've  
been through there in the last 3 millennium. For this new  
millennium, I don't think that we need look any further than the  
dirt under our feet and the eyes of our neighbors to find the true  
Sacred. While we look to the British Isles and Europe for  
inspiration from the past, we take sustenance from the variegated  
soil of America for the future. I believe, the "America" song will  
be prominent at the Olympics.

Free...  
Only want to be free  
We huddle close  
Hang on to a dream

In the towns and in the wood  
In mountain and plains of America  
Making religion that's good  
It's possible in America

The Gods don't seem so far away  
We're out searching night and day  
Oh yes, we've been warned.  
Borne the brunt of their scorn.

Home, is a green and a fertile land  
Plant our groves, trees rise tall and grand.  
Beltane's fire burning warm  
Samhain's fire burning warm

Everywhere throughout the Earth  
We're reaching for Awareness.  
Old and New mix in rebirth;  
A strong faith, but with kindness.

Got a dream to take us there  
The holy lands of America  
Got a dream we've come to share  
The holy lands of America

Reformed Druids of America  
Reformed Druids of America  
Reformed Druids of America  
Reformed Druids of America  
*The morn, the noon, the eve, the night, the dawn!*

Our Mothers lie below!  
*Let's Pray*  
Our Fathers high above!

*Let's Pray*  
Our friends around!  
*Let's Pray*  
Our hopes abound!  
*Let's Pray*

### The Land of the Rising Sun

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove  
Transcribed by Nozomi  
January 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original "The House of the Rising Sun" by the Animals  
Sung by Dylan and Baez often.  
<http://celine-sa.hypermart.net/bd-midi.htm> for MIDI music

For those who don't know it, Japan is known as the  
birthplace of the Sun and its mythology credits the Sun  
(Amaterasu) as giving birth to the Imperial Line and also all the  
people of Japan. They are the most advanced non-monotheistic  
country in the world, proving you don't have one god to be clever  
or rich. I wrote this to counter Mike's patriotism, and reassert the  
value of other countries. Perhaps we should say "We Cherish the  
Earth" more than "God Bless America," since "it's better to give  
than to receive"

The Chords from the Original:  
(Intro) Am . C/g . |D/f# . F . |Am . E . \*|Am . . .  
Am C/g D/f# F  
There is a house down in New Orleans  
Am C/g E  
they call the rising sun  
Am C/g D/f# F  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl  
Am E Am  
and me, oh God, I'm one.

There is an island way out East  
They call the "Rising Sun"  
And it's seen the start of every long day.  
And Gods adore this one.

Tall forests carpet the mountainsides.  
Islands fringe the long coasts  
A land filled with lush greenery,  
Legends, faeries & ghosts.

It's a proud polytheistic land  
And so it's reaped great wealth.  
And because they eat their vegetables  
They enjoy the best of health.

They practice hundreds of ancient arts  
And each is a life-style.  
They learn skills both fine & practical  
Growin' wiser all the while.

A warm sun above and lava below  
A cool sea stretched around  
The people celebrate each passing season  
In city, village & town.

They say there's a god in every rock;  
Seven in a grain of rice.  
And there's many methods to reach out to them  
Mixing some faiths can be nice.

There's many a land that is still free:  
China, India, Vietnam  
But if you'd like to see a pagan paradise  
Go join the J.E.T. Program.

There is an island way out East  
They call the "Rising Sun"  
And it's seen the start of every long day.  
And Gods adore this one.

## Bard Arm

March 25, 2000. Copyright 2000  
I am Arm Wrath, bard of my people's tree. A member of Ancient Circle's Grove located in upstate New York. My Archdruid, Inion An Daghdha has asked me to submit a poem to your contest. My God, Ogma has given onto me many a word, it is some of these that I wish to share with you now.

If I - was to stand and sing,  
Of all that I saw and heard,  
People listen from the crowd,  
Come forth - for I will bring.

Words and songs of old,  
Stories yet begun,  
Take a seat - for I will tell,  
Heroes actions all retold.

Long ago - we wandered here,  
Strung out - all the way,  
Getting lost - some of us,  
Separated thru the years.

Life seemed better - way back then,  
Once - I remember - long ago,  
Merry - we were - in our place,  
Till the others came - like a wind.

Alive we must - keep our way,  
Turmoil swept our land,  
Running - fighting - hiding there,  
Gathering - moving - I dare say.

Hold on - we tried to keep it tight,  
Time of passage - has it's way,  
One by one we stood and fought,  
People - ways - lost in sight.

At times - I thought I saw,  
Of whom - I knew before,  
Wishing - sometimes in the way,  
Backwards - before the times of raw.

Many of us - young and old,  
Warriors strong - thru and thru,  
Taught in ways - I can recall,  
Protect thy people - die or do.

Here I am - before you now,  
Thinking - of what has come and gone,  
Descendants you - of what is left,  
Brought forth together - I see not how.

One says this - another that,  
Why not old - why not new,  
Together - you should come,  
Form your tribe to be exact.

I am Bard of my people's tree,  
Nothing is easy in all of life,  
Memories past the ancestors speak,  
For thou - I bring - our history free.

## Solitary Druid

By Mairi Ceolbhor, D.C. Grove  
January 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "Sentimental Journey" by Bud Green, Les Brown & Ben Homer in 1944. Copyright 1944 by Morley Music co., Inc. 31 West 34<sup>th</sup> St., NY., NY 10019. Renewed 1971.  
<http://members.tripod.com/~RoseMcK/sentimental-journey.mid>

The vocal was sensitively done by Doris Day, despite unfounded fears of the extreme vocal ranges required. Some in the band first thought that the song was not going to connect with the kids, but at it's debut in the Hotel Pennsylvania's Cafe Rouge the kids went crazy!

Gonna be a Solitary Druid  
Gonna choose my very own path  
Gonna be a Solitary Druid  
And renew ways from the past.

Got my harp, got my bottled whiskey  
Spend some time in the deep forest  
Like a child on a magical journey  
I long to learn more before I rest.

Bridge:  
**Wisdom... that's the thing I look for, wisdom.  
And with knowledge will come freedom  
Learnin' every day a new lesson from  
Trees, birds, moon and sun.**

Never thought my life could be so fluid  
Will I e'er rejoin a grove?  
Gotta be a solitary Druid  
Solitary Druid for now.  
Solitary Druid.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bardic Salvo #7: Feb 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

## Only a Faery Song

By Mairi Ceolmhor with Sine Ceolbhinn, DC Grove  
November 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original "Only a Northern Song" by George Harrison  
[http://www.mainengineering.hispeed.com/ys\\_sounds.html](http://www.mainengineering.hispeed.com/ys_sounds.html)

If you're looking for the truth  
You may think there is no perfect faith  
Then you're right.  
The Gods made it like that.

When you're vigiling late at night  
You may see a group of white dancing lights  
And they are.  
They just tease us like that.

It doesn't really matter how fast you go,  
What things you know or where you grow up at  
As it's only a faery dance.

It doesn't really matter what clothes you wear  
Or if you're bare or if your hair is blond;  
When it's only a faery dance.

If you think the harmony  
Is a little odd and out of key,  
You're correct,  
They're not using our rules.

You look again, there's no body there...

## Fairyland city

Spoofer By Patrick Haneke, Transcribed by Nozomi, Akita Grove

December 2001, for the Public Domain

Original "Paradise City" by Axel Rose of "Guns & Roses"  
on the 1986 Album; "Appetite for Destruction"

6 minute long MIDI music file at with long intro & interverse riffs at

<http://www.spaceports.com/~midi/MidiMania/metalmidis.html>

This was written after reading some of the stories of O'Carolan and other great blind harpers (many from Small Pox,) but others from "mysterious" causes. It's a hell of a lot of fun to sing.

### Head thrashing, gyrating circles and long intro music, then:

Seeking Faeries  
Livin' under the mound.  
They're a small race  
That're rarely found.  
I'm your average bard  
Who by my oaths will be bound  
I'll pay you back another time  
Whatever the cost, it'll be fine.

Ragz to riches or so they say  
Ya gotta-keep playin'  
For the fortune and fame  
It's all a god's gift  
But what a great game!  
Ya must strum the harp with music divine,  
Mused songs must be bound in rhymes!

### Chorus Repeats Twice:

Take me down  
To the Fairyland city  
Where the trees are green  
And the elves are pretty.  
Take me home!

Sitting in the throne  
Of the host's gilt chamber.  
How I'm here I can't quite remember.  
The Fairy General says  
It's hazardous to view.  
I'd have another audience;  
Then, I couldn't see.  
Tell me if you're gonna believe.

### Chorus Twice:

Take me down  
To the Fairyland city  
Where the trees are green

And the elves are pretty.  
Take me home!

Mystic Bridge Chorus:  
So far away  
So far away  
So far away  
So far aw---ay!

All my senses were torn apart  
No, I'm a famed minstrel  
With a guided heart  
One day-  
They'll come around and  
Take me back to that Court  
Could I be losin' my mind-  
"Am I blind?!"  
Well, which world are we looking at!?

Chorus repeats on and on, with interspersed groans and cries!

Note: The live version often uses  
"(Oh, won't you please) Take me home" in the chorus

## The Work of the Wee-Folk

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove

January 2002, for the Public Domain

Original was "The Work of the Weavers" a classic Scottish song.

For chords and lyrics see

<http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~celts/songbook.shtml#>

<http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~celts/songbook.shtml>

You've surely met the fairies, but just didn't see.  
They're in ev'ry rocky brook and are found within the trees.  
There's little that would come to good, I'm sure you'll agree  
If it wasn't for the work of the wee folk

### The Chorus

If it wasn't for the wee folk what would ye do  
You wouldnae hae the food that is in your stew  
You wouldn't hae the leather for your coat or shoe.  
If it wasn't for the work of the wee folk

There's soldiers and there's sailors and glaziers and all  
There's doctors and there's ministers and them that live by law  
And our friends in South America though them we never saw  
But we ken all need the work of the wee folk

Chorus

They whisper advice'n songs in our ears at night.  
They tend to our livestock when they wander out of sight  
And raise crops so they grow up straight, strong and right.  
So we'll drink to the health of the wee folk.

Chorus

If wee folk's around we never can tell  
So it's best we heed their aid and reward them well  
They love a tune, crumbs, a dram or a shiny bell  
Now let's drink to the wealth of the wee folk!

Chorus

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #8: Feb 15. 2002

### Killing us Softly with His Rules.

By Patrick Haneke, Jan 2001, Akita Grove, for the Public Domain  
Original "Killing me softly with his song" by Roberta Flack or  
Charles Fox, 1970s, and dedicated to you know who.

MIDI file at <http://www.clinton.net/~sammy/rflack.htm>

Dedicated to all the Isaacs and Mikes out there who are too busy-  
bodied and make organization and systems way too easy to  
achieve. Back to the Mystery!:-)

We heard he ran a good grove.  
We heard he had a style.  
And so we asked for his help,  
To lead us for a while.  
And there he was, this young man,  
A leader in our eyes.

Chorus:

*Being too strong in his methods  
Muffling our group with his thoughts  
Killing us softly with his rules,  
Killing us softly, with his rules,  
Drowning our old ways with his words  
Killing us softly, with his rules....*

At first everything went smoothly  
Our finances made a rebound.  
But our dynamism came to a halt  
Unable to break new ground.  
I prayed that he'd slow down  
But he just kept right on.

Chorus

He ruled as if a business,  
He prayed through a script  
Bound this flower up with red tape.  
Those files were a crypt  
Too careful, afraid of mistakes.  
Blindly spinning a shroud.

Chorus

### The Ways, We are Reforming.

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove of RDNA  
(Based on Dylan's "The Times, They are a-Changin'")  
January 2002, for the Public Domain  
<http://celine-sa.hypermart.net/bd-midi.htm> choose #2 version  
4/4 Moderately

Dm/A	G/A	Gm/A	A									
	: Dm7	G	C	F	Dm7	G	Am	Am	Dm7	G	C	E
Am	F	G	C	Am	D/F#	G	F	C	F	Bb	Bb	
2. | A | A :|| 3. | A G/A | A ||

Come gather 'round Druids  
Wherever's your grove;  
And admit that old beliefs  
Must continue to grow.  
And accept our paths will split  
Into dozens of kinds.  
If wisdom to you

Is worth learnin',  
Then you better start searchin'  
And get off your behinds.  
**For your ways, we are reformin'.**

Come preachers and ministers  
Who hold tight to your flock.  
Who discourage free inquiry,  
Hide in churches made of rock.  
Y'all drop the long tirades  
Step out and see the sky;  
For the students of Nature  
Don't need conformin'.  
Let'm think for themself,  
And always ask "why?"  
**For your ways, we are reformin'.**

Come Senators, Congressmen  
Please protect that wise wall  
Between the church and state  
That protects the faith of all.  
I elected you to govern,  
you do not need to preach.  
I don't want to see greedy  
Churches' lobbyists swarmin'.  
Tell them to go home,  
And just let the schools teach.  
**For their ways, we are reformin'.**

Come Sisters and Brothers  
Throughout this great land  
And don't criticize  
What you don't understand.  
For if it doesn't work,  
Then it's time to adapt.  
Don't be too afraid to get lost  
Or think it's alarmin'.  
For it's one way of many  
And the divine isn't all mapped  
**For the ways, we are re-formin'.**

We don't have all answers  
We don't claim to be best.  
But our system is flexible,  
And simpler than the rest.  
Stretch your leaves to the sun,  
Don't let dogma take root.  
Yes, our wry, witty ways  
And customs are charmin'.  
But for numbers and fame  
We don't give a hoot.  
**For our ways, we are re-formin'.**

EXTRA VERSE  
(at no charge, please insert before last verse)

Rights are no use on paper  
If you're not free in your head  
If it's your way "or else"  
Well, then I'd rather be dead.  
Go on freely with your faith  
And let me go with mine  
I don't need your saving  
It works just fine.  
Tell me, can mortals judge  
The will of the Divine?  
**For the ways, we are re-formin'.**

## Romantic Songs for your Deity

By Mairi Ceolmhor

I've thought how easily so many romantic songs are and how religious many of them become after you replace the thought of your Lover with the God of your choice. This is all very Sufic, or in a way, Khalil Gilbran-esque. Classic examples are "You light up my life," "I will always love you." and so on. Of course, if the lyrics are too physical (i.e. "Baby's got back,") it requires a greater metaphysical leap to appreciate the symbolism. Go through your favorite love songs, and see if they could be used liturgically.

-Happy Valentine's Day  
Mairi

\*\*\*\*\*

### Bardic Salvo #9: March 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

#### Celtic Goddess Chant

From Tegwedd

Here is my entry for the next Bardic. It is based upon a very popular Pagan chant. My friend Tyroch Windtraveler didn't care for it because it didn't have any Celtic Goddesses in it, so I came up with one which is *all* Celtic Goddesses. When you post it, say that it's based on *Isis, Astarte...* author unknown.

Brigid, Cerrydwen, Morrigan, Arianrhod  
Macha Bludewedd, Rhiannon

#### R.D.N.A.

Filked by Mike Scharding, DC Grove  
February 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "YMCA" by Village People, 1970s  
[www.niehs.nih.gov/kids/lyrics/ymca.htm](http://www.niehs.nih.gov/kids/lyrics/ymca.htm) for words & music!  
The RDNA began about April 17, 1963. We begin "Year or Worship" XL (i.e. 40) and will celebrate our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary on May 2003, next year of course. This song is dedicated to all those who've given us the chance to make it possible.

Young One, just take a look around  
I said, Young One, you know you come from the ground  
I said, Young One, see that life-giving brown  
There's no need to be unhappy.

Young One, there's places you should know  
I said, Young One, when you're tired of sin & woe  
You can pray there, and I'm sure you will find  
Many ways to have a good life.

Chorus Part 1:

**It's good to pray with the R.D.N.A.**  
**It's fun to play with the R.D.N.A.**  
**You have everything in the world to learn from**  
**You can have religious freedom.**

Chorus Part 2

**It's good to pray with the R.D.N.A.**  
**It's fun to play with the R.D.N.A.**  
**You can make yourself whole**  
**You can have a good drink**  
**You can try whatever you think**

Young one, are you listening to me?  
I said, young One, what do you want to be?  
I said, Young One, you can make real your dreams,  
But you've got to know this one thing...

No faith, knows it all by itself  
I said, Young One, put your dogma on the shelf  
And just go there, to the R.D.N.A.  
I'm sure it will turn out okay.

Chorus Pt. 1 & 2

Young One, I was once in your shoes  
I said, I was down and out with the blues  
I felt, no church would accept my views  
I felt there was nothing to choose.

That's when something came over me  
And said "Young One, take a walk in the woods,  
There's a grove there, called the R.D.N.A.,  
They can start you back on your way."

Chorus Pt. 1

**R.D.N.A.**  
**It's good to pray with the R.D.N.A.**  
**It's fun to play with the R.D.N.A.**  
**Young One, Young One, you don't need complex rules**  
**Young One, Young One, those are just for the fools.**

**R.D.N.A.**  
**Just try out the R.D.N.A.**  
**Young One, Young One, Take ideas from the past.**  
**Young One, Young One, mix new thoughts to make it last.**

**R.D.N.A. R.D.N.A. R.D.N.A. R.D.N.A.**

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### Bardic Salvo #10: March 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002

#### Here We Are

By Rhiannon Hawk, Druid Heart Spirit Grove  
March 2002. Copyright reserved.  
I really haven't figured out if there is another tunes melody this would fit into, but here it is.

from the blackness like night  
through the coldness of winter  
you push with might  
into glowing embers  
your dreaming ancestors  
willing a future of light  
are here now  
stirring a cauldron so bright

So, here we are again  
going our separate ways  
on paths that come back again  
learning to find our ways

Green, the freshness of Earth  
your bare feet in the springtime  
you've walked this path beginning, no end  
the fire's burning a beat so quickening  
no more advise  
the fire's where it all starts

So, here we are again  
trying to become One  
when we have won  
we learn we are all one

In nature now  
lies an energy so hot  
from the Earth it bursts forth  
energy balls to the top  
releasing from the Earth's core  
healing rays that wont stop  
then rushes up as before,  
the red dragon flies up

Above in the trees voices are singing  
of the freedom you'll find  
when you find yourself there  
so clear as the stars  
your vision unfolds  
your true self inside the heart holds

## I Am a Man of Constant Borrow

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove  
Feb 2002, for the Public Domain  
Soggy Bottom Boys---I Am A Man Of Constant Sorrow Feat.  
Dan Tyminski taken from the "O Brother Where Art Thou"  
musical 2001, which is an Appalachian version of The Illiad and  
the Odyssey. Soundtrack is marvelous. This song won a grammy  
for blue-grass, I believe. Long beard optional. Sorry for sexist  
"man," but, feel free to add "grrl" or whatever one-syllable word  
defines you.  
History at <http://www.bobdylanroots.com/sorrow.html>  
Music & Vocals at  
[http://artists.mp3s.com/artist\\_song/1275/1275296.html](http://artists.mp3s.com/artist_song/1275/1275296.html)  
Dylan snippet: <http://www.bobdylan.com/songs/sorrow.html>  
Tables: <http://www.ezfolk.com/bgbanjo/introtab/man-bg/man-bg.html>

(INTRO CHORUS In constant borrow through his days )

I am a man of constant borrow  
I've found wisdom in most faiths  
I bid farewell to Minnesota  
The place where I was taught and raised  
(CHORUS: The place where he was taught and raised)

For twelve long years I've been at study  
Much over-lap here on earth I found.  
Though, in this world I'm bound to ramble  
I have the gods to guide me now.  
(CHORUS: He has the gods to guide him now.)

It's fare thee well my old beliefs  
You won't see me again in your church

But, I'm bound to glean from religions  
Until I die, I must still search.  
(CHORUS: Until he dies, he must still search)

I've been to deep ocean, hill and valley  
Not knowing just where my path lay  
But I'll keep my ear to the Earth-Mother  
Cause sky, fish n' trees have a lot to say.  
(CHORUS: Cause sky, fish n' trees have a lot to say.)

Maybe your priests think I can't get stranger  
My faith is well think to the core  
But it is quite simple in its tenets  
Some times less really is a lot more.  
(CHORUS: Sometimes less really is a lot more.)

## Spring Time is on the Rise

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove  
February 2002, for the Public Domain  
**Original "Time Is On My Side"** by Norman Meade  
[www.geocities.com/Athens/Forum/4713/midis/timeisonmyside.midi](http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Forum/4713/midis/timeisonmyside.midi)  
Or <http://home.swipnet.se/~w-35264/lyrics/time.html> for words &  
MIDI

This would be an excellent invocation for a Druid Ritual, note  
that "Spring" in the chorus doesn't scat well, so you have to fit it  
into the following drawn out "time" on the upbeat.

Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Now the Gods knows that we hate to be cold.  
So spring'll come skipping back, it'll come running back  
It'll come blazing back to us.

Yeah, Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
You're searching for good times, but just wait and see  
It'll come blazing back...

Go ahead, baby, go ahead. Go ahead and set up the plough  
And baby, plant anything your heart desires  
Remember, it'll always be back again  
And I know like the Gods told you so many times before  
Spring's gonna come back  
Yeah, it's gonna come back, baby  
Shinin', yeah, shinin' right in the grove, yeah!

Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Cause it's got the real warmth, the kind that we need  
It'll come blazing back...

Spring, time, time time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
I said, Spring time, time, time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
I said, Spring time, time, time is on the rise

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #11: April 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

### “Don’t Scry Out Loud”

Mairi Ceolmhor, D.C. Grove  
March 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original was “Don’t Cry Out Loud” –Sung by Melissa Manchester  
Words by Carol Bayer Sager and Music by Peter Allen  
Music at :  
[www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/8678/dontcryoutloud.mid](http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/8678/dontcryoutloud.mid)

Baby cried the day the new priests came to town  
‘Cause she didn’t want the courts to start accusing her  
So she put her ash on her head and wore a burlap gown  
Then she joined that convent in the briars  
I know a lot about ‘er ‘cause, you see  
Baby is an awful lot like me.

Chorus Twice:  
Don’t scry out loud  
Just keep it inside, learn how to hide you talent  
Fly high and proud  
And if you should tell, remember the divine has changed names.

Baby saw when they pulled that big tree down  
They burnt-up all her dreams during that winter  
The different kind of god now wore a frown  
There was nothin’ left but sawdust and some splinters.  
But baby can’t be broken ‘cause you see  
She had the precious acorns –from that tree- which told ‘er

Chorus Thrice

### Why Do Fools Join My Grove?

(Why Do Fools Fall in Love?, Beach Boys Version)  
by Mike Scharding, D.C. Grove  
2001 for the Public Domain

Doom Bopa Doom Bopa Doom Bopa Doo Dut  
Ooh wah ooh wah ooh wah

Why do fools join my grove?  
Why do most refuse t’pay?  
Vig’lers fall ‘sleep at the break of day?  
Why do fools join my grove?

Why is Beltane snowed on from above,  
So cold I must wear gloves?  
Where’s our Gods’ joyful love?

Why can’t my bard write even simple rhymes?  
Why do our rituals take so much time?  
Tell me why, why.  
Why did I start this grove?

Why do fools fall in wells?  
Why can’t we work a spell?  
Moon doesn’t come up at night?  
Why can’t things work out right?

Why is Beltane snowed on from above,  
So cold I must wear gloves?

Where’s our Gods’ joyful love?

Tell me why, why  
Why can’t we be tax free?

Tell me my, why  
Why do I still bother?

\*\*\* \*\*

## Bardic Salvo #12: April 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002

### Are You Sleeping?

By Nozomi Kibou, Akita Grove  
Jan, 2002, for the Public Domain.

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping,  
Brother (or Sister) \_\_\_\_\_?  
Boozing Dru’ds are snoozing.  
Boozing Dru’ds are snoozing.  
One more cup?  
Yea, One more cup!

### Are You Sleeping Tonight?

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove,  
Nov. 2001, for the Public Domain  
In memory of Nozomi’s First Vigiling Attempt.  
Original Lyrics By Roy Turk/Lou Handman sung by Elvis  
“Are You Lonesome Tonight?”  
Music at <http://www.christeen.net/midi.html>

Are you sleepy tonight?  
Do your eyes feel tight?  
Are you sorry you drifted asleep?  
Does your memory stray to a bright Beltane day,  
When you laid with him(her) in the forest deep?  
Do the rocks in the grove site seem pointy and hard?  
Do you gaze at the campfire and wish to be a bard?  
Are your eyes filled with sand?  
Do faeries walk the land?  
Tell me dear, are you sleepy tonight?

SPOKEN IN A SULTRY VOICE:  
I wonder if you’re sleepy tonight.  
You know staying up gets harder with age.  
And each of us plays a role.  
Fate has me waiting in the woods while you’re in the grove  
Part One you lit the fire  
It burnt bright at first light  
I shared some thoughts, so sincere, and never missed a cue  
Then came Part Two  
Your armor chinked, you went to think  
And sigh..., I should’ve known  
Honey, you lied when you said you’d rested today  
But I had no cause to doubt you  
Now the fire’s gone out and I’m standing there  
In the rosy rays of dawn’s light.  
So, if you just can’t stay awake,  
Then we can try another night.

SINGING  
Is your head filled with rest?  
Would next ev’ning be best?  
Tell me, dear, are you sleepy tonight?



## I Can't Help Falling Asleep at Night

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove  
Nov. 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original song "I Can't Help Falling in Love"  
Which was written by Perettil with Weis & Elvis Presley  
For the tune: <http://www.christeen.net/midi2.html>

Wise men say don't drink much wine  
But I couldn't help falling asleep at night  
And don't lean up against that pine  
'Cause I can't help falling asleep at night

Like the river flows  
Flowing to the sea  
Darling so time goes  
Some tries weren't meant to be

Take my hand, I can't stand-up right  
'Cause I can't help falling asleep at night.  
No, I can't help falling asleep at night.

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

## Bardic Salvo #13: May 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

### May (in Minnesota)

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove. October 2001  
Based on the classic song "Stay, Just a Little Bit Longer"  
No copyright is claimed, for the Public Domain.

Seductively spoken intro:

*"Oh baby, let's go and play in the field,  
and see what treasures they may yield,  
I know there's frost on the grass at dawn,  
But, I pray that the Gods'll hear this song."*

(start "Doo-wopping!")

May, ahhhh!, be a little bit warmer!  
Please, please, please, please, please,  
Tell me that you will warm-up.

Now the rain I don't mind,  
And the wind I don't mind,  
If we have a nice warm day, ya,  
Just one more time.

Oh, won't Beltane be, just a little bit warmer,  
This cold saps all our youthful ardors.

Won't you place your sweet lips to mine,  
Won't you say you love me 'spite frost & rime.

Oh, ya, just a little bit warmer,  
Please, please, please, please, please,  
Tell me that you will warm-up.

Come on, come on, come on, May,  
Come on, come on, come on, May, in Mi-nne-so-ta.  
Come on, come on, come on, May, May, May, May  
Come on, come on, come on, May.

## Mother Earth

By Donald Edwards, 2001, for the public Domain.  
Currently composing music, but feel free to make your own  
tune or give me a call and I'll sing it for you.

The morning dew lays upon the grass,  
As golden rays shed first light,  
The songbirds sing in the beginning,  
And help chase away the night.

A gentle breeze softly blowing,  
Each little blade and stem,  
And whispering among the trees,  
And sway each Bardic Hem.

Her breath as sweet as heather,  
Her touch as soft as fine sand,  
Her essence breathing new strength,  
To all across the land.

Praise the loving Druids,  
Who tend her with such care,  
For they do know the love she gives,  
And her gifts she does willing share.

HEAR THESE WORDS OF THE DRUIDS,  
FOR ALL YE LEND AN EAR,  
OUR GREATEST LOVE IS OUR MOTHER EARTH,  
WITHOUT HER, WOULD YOU BE HERE?

The shouting is intended to fill the world with awareness of  
all Mother Earth does for them.

# A Book of Songs

## and Poetry

### Volume Seven 2003

## The 2002-3 Bardic Contest

### 2003 Introduction

In the Time of Sleep between Samhain 2002 and Beltane 2003, the RDNA had a bi-weekly Bardic filk contest wherein the members took popular tunes and wrote new lyrics. We had over 40 entries during these 25 weeks, and I hope that they provide use in liturgies, festivals and late night bonfire sing-a-longs. Please check with the original authors, regarding use of copy-right materials.

### Rules of the Contest

I cordially invite the reader to pass the winter doldrums away by writing poetry, stories, songs and chants. You need not submit (we are not "Islam,") but I strongly urge you to pay off the karma of avoiding those forest walks, because you're afraid of freezing your tootsies off in the cold.

Last year we had 15 competitors, and despite Mairi's departure, I hope that everyone will get over their shyness and share their thoughts. Due to a resounding lack of competitors for judgeship, I will oversee the contest. I will be impartial as necessary. Send them to me, Eric Powers, at [ericpowers229@hotmail.com](mailto:ericpowers229@hotmail.com)

### Standards

1. Poems, songs, chants, short stories are accepted. About 2 or 3 will be published at [www.geocities.com/mikerdna/bard2.html](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/bard2.html) every 2 weeks starting November 1st until May 1st (inclusive.)
2. We are not responsible for lost compositions or your local weather.
3. We do not recompense the author, and the top three selections (chosen at then end by me and a dart board) will only receive slim praise and a metaphoric warm pat-on-the-back.
4. The words must be your own, but paraphrasing and spoofing is fine.
5. You may borrow pre-existing tunes (i.e. "filk" them) or send original music files with a simple tune (no vocals, perhaps, to save space) plunking out the melody.
6. All submissions are assumed to be without copyright and internet published as Book of Songs and Poetry without profit to anyone, unless the poster indicates otherwise.
7. Overtly racist, sexist, genderist, and other nasty stuff will be nixed, but if you're clever enough to do so subvertly, congratulations.
8. No bribes under \$1000 will be accepted. We must have our principles.
9. Non-seasonal topics are accepted (you can write summer poems for December) and this is no preferred bias for humor or depressive tones.
10. There is no #10.

### Participants

Anonymous #1  
Pat Haneke #1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12  
John #1, 2, 7, 13  
BrightMirage #1, 2, 3, 8  
Nebraskan Druid #2  
Keith Deem #2  
Cheeky RDNA Druids #2  
Mike Scharding #3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13  
Danae Jett #4  
Nozomi Kibou #4  
Eric Powers #4, 5, 10  
Rachel #5  
Missouri Druid #6  
Shane #7  
Sweetfaery #8  
Caroline Boston #9  
Various Authors #10  
Chris Middleton #11  
Mairi Ceolmhor #11  
Victoria Dunseith #13  
Oriana Lewallen #13  
Jeanette Randal #13  
Vanessa Sanders #13

### The Winner

The winner was Bright Mirage's "I Am" in Bardic Salvo #3 on Nov. 28<sup>th</sup>, 2002. Eric thought that although Mike and Pat should get award for sheer output, his favorite submission was Mirage's. Her work was a powerful example of the questing spirit common in the Reform and should strike a chord on the heart strings of all the Druids. He also thought she would make a capital poet, despite using only lower case.

### Bardic Salvo #1: Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

#### Unpronounceable Deity Chant

From Anonymous, July 2002  
Sung to "Isis Astarte"  
Public Domain

"I thought it would be nice to add my own version to the award winning spoof from last year. Here you go."

Camaxtli, Canzotz, Tlaloc, Tlazolteol,  
Hunapu, Itzamna, Xochipilli

#### I Will Survive

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, June 2002  
"I Will Survive" by Gloria Gaylor in the 70s  
For the Public Domain

[www.superseventies.com/midjukebox/iwillsurvive.mid](http://www.superseventies.com/midjukebox/iwillsurvive.mid) Music  
"Okay, it's a bit over the top, and I'm really not this bitter, but some people are, and this song is for them. Keep up the good fight."

At first I was afraid I was petrified  
Kept thinkin' I could never live  
Without your God by my side  
But then I spent so many nights

Thinkin' how YOU did me wrong  
And I grew strong  
And I learnt how to get along  
I know your belief system is corrupt  
I just walked in to find you here  
With that flock of sheep to back you up  
I should have made you read other books  
I should have made you love diversity  
If I'd've known for just one second  
You'd be back to bother me.

Go on now, go walk out the door  
Just turn around now  
(Cause) you're not in charge anymore  
Weren't you the one who tried to  
Hurt me with the "good" book  
Did I crumble  
Did you think I'd kneel down and cry?

Oh no, not I. I will survive  
Oh as long as I know how to think  
I know I'll stay alive;  
I've gone and joined a Druid group  
To my sick soul they're chicken soup, and  
I'll survive,  
I will survive. Hey hey.

[Interlude]

It took all the strength I had not to scratch n' chafe  
Kept trying hard to mend the pieces  
Of my broken faith  
And I spent oh so many nights  
Just feeling sorry for myself  
I used to cry  
But now I hold my head up high  
And you see me with new gods  
I'm not that chained up little person  
Like all you silly clods  
And so you feel like droppin' in  
And just expect me to recant,  
Now I'm savin' all my prayin'  
For some gods who aren't tyrants.

Go on now, go walk out the door  
Just turn around now  
(Cause) you're not in charge anymore  
Weren't you the one who tried to  
Hurt me with the "good" book  
Did I crumble  
Did you think I'd kneel down and cry?

Oh no, not I. I will survive  
Oh as long as I know how to think  
I know I'll stay alive;  
I've gone and joined a Druid group  
To my sick soul they're chicken soup, and  
I'll survive,  
I will survive. Hey hey.

[Repeat various verses and choruses and fade away....]

## Mabon

By John Odencrantz, Aug. 2002  
Original poem/song. Copy Right Reserved

"A Nov. 1 contest date could be a little late for the topic, but here goes, anyway. Lots of obscure allusions to Welsh stories and, yes, I'm a Dylan Thomas fan. I may send more stuff later."

A dog, a deer, a bird were half the reasons  
for sun and seasons, balancing their light,  
sent raving roving fools beatific visions  
of trees blown half ablaze from crown to root.

The light and shadow thrashing in the leaves,  
the pruning knife that splits and joins the wood,  
the corn and hazelnuts affirm "My love's  
a raven in the snow, three drops of blood."

Eagle and owl, unlucky love-birds! Black-  
in-white-in-black or white-in-black-in-white  
of bird-in-eye-in-bird, this deadly pact  
is scribbled in a folded beam of light.

A sooty hen among her milky barley  
reverts to woman's shape to give it birth.  
Where midnight sea waves rock the Bardic boy  
her moon's egg hatches out a universe.

## Wild One

By BrightMirage, Bamboo Grove, Summer/Fall 99  
Original Poem, so if anyone should choose to use any of it, please  
have them contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu)

...  
i am the wild one  
she of the midnight black hair  
streaked with shimmering gold,  
flowing in the breeze  
...  
the one with the wild glance  
untamed, feral  
whose silver laughter  
glistens in the  
morning mist and evening fog  
...  
the night breeze whips around my face  
invigorating, tantalizing, enticing.  
wings of phantom fire  
spread as i take flight  
...  
a spring into the air, and i am  
in my element  
soaring above the grey,  
silent, bleak world  
...  
light as Hawk's feather  
strong as Spider's silken strand,  
i take this time to nourish my Soul  
...  
the Earth below me  
Rain clouds above  
Fiery wings upon my back  
Air upholding me  
...  
True freedom is found,  
Peace comes in a fleeting moment  
to rest in my Soul

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #2: Nov. 13<sup>th</sup>, 2002

### Samhain

By John Odencrantz, July 2002  
Original Poem.

Samhain This mask foretells a vulture silence  
and skeleton. Do apples grow  
in gardens on the mermaids' islands?  
We feed our devils money now.  
Our gape engulfs the creatured ocean,  
a bag of SUVs our goad.  
Facing-Three-Ways, with her question,  
is seated by a forking road.  
Thunder crackles in a reed.  
For morning's children, bird and leaf,  
a lantern head will nurture seed  
or clock wheels grind our fears to grief.  
In time the Washer at the ford  
reclaims her shamed or honored sword.

### Knockin on Samhain's Door

By Anonymous RDNA Druid from Nebraska  
Nov 2002, For the Public Domain  
Original Lyrics from Bob Dylan's "Knockin on Heaven's Door"  
1967  
<http://bobdylan.50g.com/BD-BDYLAN-Knockin%20On%20Heaven's%20Door-1.mid> for music.

Server, take these ribbons from me  
I can't use them anymore  
It's getting too dark to see  
Feel I'm knocking on Samhain's door

Chorus:  
Knock, knock, knockin' on Samhain's door (x4)

Server, put the whiskey away.  
We won't use them anymore  
Winter's here with sober days  
I feel I'm knockin' on Samhain's door.

Chorus:  
Knock, knock, knockin' on Samhain's door (x4)

[Repeat final quartet as needed.]

### The Fallen Celt

By Keith Deem ([keithdeem@theriver.com](mailto:keithdeem@theriver.com))  
Original Poem  
October 2002 Copyright reserved  
"I am not a Reformed Druid of North America, but consider myself practiced in the Bardic arts, and loyal to the concepts of Druidry. My name is Keith Deem. My poem is a desperate and sad warning to use our resources wisely, and listen to those who try to preserve them. Here is my poem. Sincerely: Keith"

The warrior poet arose before the dawn of time,  
Ascending against evil within the soul of man,  
Searching for balance and steadfast truth,  
Love and memories from the heart,  
Struggling to overcome the self,  
That greed that destroys all,  
The diverse existence,  
Lamenting despair,  
Always hoping,  
Until,  
All has perished,  
Dreams of evermore,  
All has faded to extinction,  
When not even the fittest survive,  
There can be no survival of the fittest,  
The desire of the few consuming all there is,  
All that will ever be, wasted, fading, falling, marching  
Over the earth's trampled tears and poet's broken heart,  
Into the endless void of ebb and flow, the deep sleep of time

### I Am the Very Model of a Modern A.D.F. Druid

By Some Cheeky Reformed Druids ,  
Original "I am the very model of a modern major-general"  
For the Public Domain, Oct 2002  
<http://math.boisestate.edu/gas/pirates/p13.mid> for music.  
"Apologies tendered in advance to A.D.F., but the muse has spoken."

#### SENIOR DRUID

We are the very model of the ADF syndicate  
Completed all the paperwork in 501-c triplicate  
My documents have stated that I really can go hug a tree  
As long as all the hugging will reflect the proper P-I-E  
Although the Druids didn't live in parts of southern Pakistan  
The ADF has told me go ahead and be one if I can  
If Dumezil has said its so then ADF law it shall be  
Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we need

#### ALL

Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we need  
Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we need  
Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we really  
really need

#### SENIOR DRUID

We are a church because the state says so categorical  
With a dozen staff involved in matters financ-i-al  
Our seminary program was first and really quite radical

Even though the grading staff has gone on a sabbatical  
ALL Our seminary program was first and really quite radical  
Even though the grading staff has gone on a sabbatical

#### SENIOR DRUID

I know our mythic history from Celtic to Indo-Iranian  
I can cite the gods from Nordic lands to Peloponesian  
I spend my nights in libraries with ancient texts thick in dust  
I have not time for trees since for Druids study is a must

We're the fastest growing religion with lots of new improvements  
Unfortunately our numbers are dropping due to poor recruitment  
We've given up that Wiccan bunk and moved up since R.D.N.A.  
We've dropped such colorful excesses and instead chose a dismal  
grey

ALL  
They've stopped such colorful excesses and instead chose a  
dismal grey  
They've stopped such colorful excesses and instead chose a  
dismal grey  
They've stopped such colorful excesses and instead chose a  
dismal grey

SENIOR DRUID  
Then I can write a washing bill in old Irish on birch ogham sticks  
And tell you how a high culture was preserved by some illiterate  
hicks  
When we say "Why not excellence?," our ego, please do not  
suspect  
For to play along with the Big Boys you must first earn their  
respect.

ALL  
When we say "Why not excellence?," our ego, please do not  
suspect  
For to play along with the Big Boys you must first earn their  
respect.

SENIOR DRUID  
In fact, when I know what is meant by "Robbie Burns" and "La  
Tene urns'  
When I can tell at sight a Valkirie from the thunder god Perkon.  
Producing such accomplished priests is our proud specialty  
Why, in fact, in twenty years we've produced about two or three.

When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern  
theology  
When I know more of dogma than a novice in organic chemistry  
In short, when I've finally mastered the world's longest liturgy  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.

ALL  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.

SENIOR DRUID  
For our religious knowledge, though we're pluck and adventury,  
Tries to merge modern life with one back Thirty century  
No four quarters, our's is divided into the earth, sky and fluids  
We are the very model of the modern A.D.F. Druids

ALL  
No four quarters, our's is divided into the earth, sky and fluids  
We are the very model of the modern A.D.F. Druids

## A Million to One

By Bright Mirage  
Original Poem  
Summer 98, Copyright  
"Here are a few of my poems...each starts at the -title- (just stating  
the obvious.) thanks! all should be credited to BrightMirage as the  
author. if anyone should choose to use any of it, please have them  
contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu) Thanks!"

...  
hope beyond hope  
can there be some  
miracle  
to beat the odds  
a million to one...  
heavy words  
...

what about the one?  
whispery-winged hope  
fluttering beyond the  
bondage of probability  
and sour reality

...  
fly free  
come to me tonight  
give me hope that  
it is possible to  
scorn the gray  
bleakness of the world  
and soar in the  
azure and brilliant silver  
sky

...  
i want to fly above  
the grey rain clouds  
dance above the mundane...  
exist in a world of  
emotion passion soul and spirit  
free and unchained

\*\*\*\*\*

Bardic Salvo #3: Nov. 28<sup>th</sup>, 2002

## They Call Me Fluid Druid

By Pat Haneke  
Oct 2002 For the Public Domain  
Original Song "Mellow Yellow" by Donovan 1966  
Music at

[www.geocities.com/CapeCanaveral/Cockpit/1344/midi/Mellow.m  
id](http://www.geocities.com/CapeCanaveral/Cockpit/1344/midi/Mellow.m<br/>id)

I'm just mad about rock rings  
Green trees give me a thrill  
I think deep on most things  
Sip long nights on a hill

{Refrain}  
They call me fluid druid  
(Quite rightly)  
They call me fluid druid  
(Quite rightly)  
They call me fluid druid

I'm just mad about triples,  
Wales, Gaul, Ireland  
I'm just mad about sickles  
World in a grain of sand

{Refrain}

Past ideas behind follow  
Forward new unknown road  
Heard ways broad and narrow  
Tending seeds that I sowed

{Refrain}

(So fluid, he's so druid)

Eclectical religion  
Is gonna show us some new ways  
Eclectical religion  
Is bound to be growing these days.

{Refrain}

Rock rings, yeah,... ..  
Green trees give me a thrill  
I think deep on most things  
Sip long nights on a hill

{Refrain}

(Oh so fluid, oh so druid)

{2nd verse, Refrain, 3rd Verse. Refrain, 4th Verse, Refrain, etc. to fade}

## Reformed Druids

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove  
Nov 2002, Public Domain  
Based on "New York, New York" by Frank Sinatra  
Right-click below to open a new window to listen to the sing-a-long music at <http://users.cis.net/sammy/newyork.htm> Yet another pro-RDNA anthem. (^o^)/

[Short musical prelude]

Winds blowing off leaves, I'm seeking a new way  
I want to be a part of those Reformed Druids  
These vagabond shoes, are longing to stray  
Right through the many mysteries, Reformed Druids

I want to grow out in a new faith, that doesn't cringe  
And find I'm not that bad off - here on the fringe.

Those little mind blues, are melting away  
I'm gonna make a brand new start of it - with the Druids  
If I can find truth there, I'll find it everywhere  
I'll walk with you - Reformed Druids.

(Musical interlude)

Re---formed Dru---ids  
I want to grow out in a new faith, that doesn't cringe  
To find one way, yea, one way among many  
Jump through the fires and with hardly a singe

Those little mind blues, are melting away  
I'm gonna make a brand new start of it - with the Druids  
If I can find truth there, I'll find it everywhere  
I'll walk with you - Reformed Druids.

-I am-

By BrightMirage  
Original Poem  
Spring 1999  
Here are a few of my poems...each starts at the -title- (just stating the obvious.) thanks! all should be credited to BrightMirage as the author. if anyone should choose to use any of it, please have them contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu) Thanks!

a whirlwind spirit  
dancing thru the flames  
leaping into the clouds  
touching the crystal rain  
reaching for the sun

...  
striving to belong  
as the eagle on the wind  
as the porpoise in the sea  
as the tiger in the forest

...  
seeking a higher light  
a ray of hope  
a purpose and meaning  
in the madness of life

...  
seeking a peace  
that will soothe the pain  
that lurks in my soul  
behind the bright smile  
and pretty eyes

...  
seeking to fill  
the void in my soul  
that aches for love  
with a love that will  
reach beyond  
the limits of Time  
...  
seeking true wisdom  
tried and true  
something to guide me

in the confusion of  
the multitude of answers for sale  
in this world

...  
seeking to believe  
in something higher than myself  
to trust and believe  
with all of my heart ...

## Healing

By BrightMirage  
Original Poem  
Spring, 1999  
Here are a few of my poems...each starts at the -title- (just stating the obvious.) thanks! all should be credited to BrightMirage as the author. if anyone should choose to use any of it, please have them contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu) Thanks!

heart of darkest midnight  
arms reaching out for comfort

...  
grey mist swirls upwards  
cloaking, concealing,  
comforting

...  
hide me away in your heart  
Mother Gaia  
let me rest awhile  
from the weary world  
...  
free me of the pain that  
throbs thru my mind and being

...  
bless me with  
the joy that resides in the spring  
the freedom of the eagle in the air  
the patience of the tiger on the prowl  
the playfulness of newborn cubs  
the wisdom of the owl  
the delight of the dolphins riding the waves

...  
nourish me and care for me  
in my time of weakness and pain

...  
heal me with  
the gentle murmur of the breeze  
the renewal of the rain  
the everlasting power of the waves  
the silent power of the rocks  
the freshness of growing things  
the gentle warmth of the sun  
the cool caress of the moon

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #4: Dec. 11th, 2002

### The Netherworld

by Danae Jett a.k.a. "Jade Wolf"  
Oct 2002 For the Public Domain  
Original Song "Mellow Yellow" by Donovan 1966  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music  
<http://www.smickandsmodoo.com/aaa/lyrics/margaritaville.htm>  
Here's something I composed about 2 years ago. It pretty much  
summed up my confusion as a newbie back then.

Sittin' on my front porch, playing with my Quija board,  
Trying to find someone to make sense of it all.  
I called up Gerald Gardner to be my magickal partner.  
He just said, "Hey, woman, leave me alone!"

Wasting away again in the Netherworld.  
Searchin' for my lost Tarot cards.  
Some people claim that there's a Christian to blame,  
But I know it's nobody's fault.

Tried to read Crowley, but he's kind of scary.  
That damned LaVey gave me the wrong kind of advice.  
But, Laurie tried to help me, and Scott never left me,  
But what they said, I don't understand at all.

Wasting away again in the Netherworld.  
Searchin' for my lost Tarot cards.  
Some people say that there's a Jew to blame,  
But I know, hell, it could be my fault.

Don't know the reason I stay here all season.  
I have nothing to show but this magickal name.  
But it's kinda pretty, and a wee bit silly.  
What It means I haven't a clue.

Wasting away again in the Netherworld.  
Searchin' for my lost Tarot Cards.  
Some people claim that there's a Hindu to blame,  
But I know it's my own damn fault.

## Winter Window

By Nozomi Kibou, Akita Grove  
December, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original Poem.

All is good here  
The snow is deep,  
Lots of warm beer  
Earth is asleep.

## Minnesota

By Mike Scharding & Eric Powers, Digitalis Grove  
Nov, 2002, for the Public Domain,  
Original: Shenandoah is a traditional song.  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music  
at <http://tinchicken.com/songs/country/shenan.htm>  
What a beautiful MIDI, it's almost hymn like. You can change  
Minnesota to California or whatever mystical destination you'd  
like.

Oh Minnesota, I long to see you.  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Minnesota, I long to see you.  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac [or any large  
river or mountain range]

O Minnesota, I love your autumn  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Your falling leaves, say snow will soon come  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

O Minnesota has frightening winters  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Her fierce cold wind, make snowmen shiver  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

Seven Years, I went to Carleton  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Seven more, a lonely quest  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

Oh Minnesota, I must now depart  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
But you remain in mind & heart  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

Oh Minnesota, now over mountains  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Minnesota, you're wisdom's fountain  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

## Missionary's Song ("It's Not Unusual")

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove RDNA,  
August, 2002 for the Public Domain  
Lyrics: "It's not Unusual" by Tom Jones  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music  
[http://www.heavenlywebs.net/midis/oldies/itsnotunusual\\_tjones.mid](http://www.heavenlywebs.net/midis/oldies/itsnotunusual_tjones.mid)

NOTE: Please do not throw underwear at the author.

It's not unusual to worship a jealous desert god  
It's not unusual to have theology that is too hard

But when I see you worshipping nature like some clod  
It's not unusual to hear me cry, "Oh I hope you fry!"

It's not unusual to deny all the gods, but one,  
So, I hate to see you dance and prance praising the sun  
If your god fails, she's fake, but with mine, it's a mystery  
It's not unusual it'll happen soon some day, no matter what you say.

So, We pull it off nearly all the time  
Folk just never do what I want them to  
Why can't this crazy crowd be mine?

It's not unusual to undercut other faiths  
It's not unusual to say that they're unsafe  
But if I ever find that you've weakened at anytime  
It's not unusual to find I'm trying to convert you.  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh

## My Wishy-Washy Faith

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove  
December, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original by Billy Ray Cyrus (c.1995) "Don't Tell My Heart (My Achy-Breaky Heart)" "Goodness, but this is a catchy beat. I had a great deal of trouble considering what I'd do if someone dis'ed my faith (if that's what it is,) and the most violent comeback I could think of, was a careful examination of their own idiosyncrasies from an outside perspective (i.e. mine.) Hope you enjoy it. By the way, wasn't Dis (Pater) one of the Gods that Caeser said the Celts worshipped? If so, dis-ing is in our nature too!"  
[http://captain-dave.com/music\\_factory/achybrky.mid](http://captain-dave.com/music_factory/achybrky.mid)

You can say our group is just eclectic soup  
That we have no plan for when life ends.  
You can say our church will leave us in a lurch  
And we won't go to heaven with your friends.

Yes, we love our trees, so don't cut them down please  
They clean your air and shade your city streets  
You can keep your high walls, we'll answer nature's call  
And yes our fashion's just two tied bed sheets.

But don't dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
I know you think we're just some fools;  
And if you dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
You might hear yours judged by our own rules.

You can say you're pure, boast dogma's fine allure  
And morals chiseled in ancient days,  
We have our own codes, that we've picked up on the road  
We all can disagree and that's okay.

You can stay that stones, plants, animals alone  
Will never fill our soul's deepest needs  
But we can think ourself, or read books from the shelf  
We have a garden where you see only weeds.

But don't dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
I know you think we're just some fools;  
And if you dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
You might hear yours judged by our own rules.

[Repeat final chorus 6 or so times]

## ACHY BREAKY HEART LINE DANCE

CHOREOGRAPHER: Irene Groundwater  
COUNT: 32 TYPE: 4 Wall Line Dance LEVEL: Beginner  
MUSIC: Achy Breaky Heart by Billy Ray Cyrus

GRAPEVINE TO THE RIGHT WITH A TOUCH  
1-2 Right foot steps Right, Left crosses behind Right  
3-4 Right foot steps Right, Left touches beside Right

LEFT FORWARD, RIGHT SLIDES TO LEFT, REPEAT 3  
TIMES 5-6 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left  
changing weight onto Right  
7-8 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left foot changing weight  
onto Right  
9-10 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left foot changing weight  
onto Right  
11-12 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left foot changing weight  
onto Right

GRAPEVINE TO THE LEFT WITH A TOUCH  
13-14 Left foot steps left, Right crosses behind Left  
15-16 Left foot steps left, Right touches beside Left

3 STEPS BACK WITH A TOUCH  
17-18 Right steps back, Left steps back  
19-20 Right steps back, Left touches beside Right

LEFT FORWARD, RIGHT SLIDES TO LEFT, LEFT  
FORWARD, TOUCH RIGHT BESIDE LEFT  
21-22 Left steps forward, Right slides to left foot changing weight  
onto Right  
23-24 Left steps forward, Right touches beside Left

(1/4 TURN RIGHT) RIGHT FOOT FORWARD TO RIGHT,  
TOUCH LEFT TO RIGHT  
25-26 Right foot faces to the right (1/4 turn right,) Left touches  
beside Right

(1/2 TURN LEFT) LEFT FOOT FORWARD TO LEFT, TOUCH  
RIGHT TO LEFT  
27-28 Left foot faces to the left (1/2 turn left,) Right touches  
beside Left

GRAPEVINE TO THE RIGHT, FINISH WITH WEIGHT ON  
LEFT FOOT  
29-30 Right foot steps Right, Left crosses behind Right  
31-32 Right foot steps Right, Left closes to Right

REPEAT DANCE PATTERN AGAIN AND ENJOY

\*Choreographed for South Granville Seniors Center Line Dance  
Class for "Galaxy of Stars" Event  
Note: This step description may be freely copied and distributed,  
but may not be altered or re-written without the  
permission of the choreographer. All rights reserved.  
From: [aiground@attcanada.ca](mailto:aiground@attcanada.ca) (Irene Groundwater)



\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #5: Dec. 26th, 2002

### Earth Goddess

By Eric Powers, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
Nov. 2002 for the Public Domain  
Original "Teen Angel" by Mark Dinning  
Music at <http://www.garyrog.50megs.com/midi/teenangel.mid>

INTRO:  
Earth Goddess, Earth Goddess, Earth Goddess, ooooooh....

That Samhain night, the door was closed  
The hand reached from the crack  
We rushed to you, but we were late,  
Carried away, but looking back

CHORUS:  
Earth Goddess, can you hear me?  
Earth Goddess, are you near me?  
Are you somewhere down below?  
In Spring, will you let the new plants grow?

What was it you were looking for,  
When he took you that night?  
They say they found a pomegranate  
Clutched in your fingers tight.

Chorus  
Just six long months that you'll be gone  
They'd taken you away.  
I hope to drink your waters again  
On that joyous warm May Day.

Chorus  
Earth Goddess, Earth Goddess  
Answer me, please...

### Under the Dolmen

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
December, 2002 for the Public Domain  
Originally "Under the Boardwalk" by the Drifters  
Music [www.discoverynet.com/~ajsnead/allsongs\\_1/bdwalk.html](http://www.discoverynet.com/~ajsnead/allsongs_1/bdwalk.html)

[Sidhe is pronounced "Shee"]

Oh when the sun beats down and burn the flowers on the heath  
And your head get so hot you wish you were ten feet beneath  
Under the dolmen, down with the Sidhe, yeah.  
On a tartan with my lassie is where I'd be.

From the road you hear the haunting sound of wee bag pipe  
Mm-mmm, you can taste the apples which are always ripe  
Under the dolmen, down with the Sidhe  
On a tartan with my lassie is where I'd be.

Chorus:  
(Under the dolmen) out of the sun  
(Under the dolmen) we'll be havin' some fun  
(Under the dolmen) people working above  
(Under the dolmen) we'll be making love  
Under the dolmen (dolmen!)

[break]  
Oooh, under the dolmen, down with the Sidhe, yeah  
On a tartan with my lassie is where I'd be.

Chorus

### Solstice Song

By Rachel  
July 17, 2002/07/29  
(Adapted from the popular Christian song "Shine Jesus Shine")  
Music [home.att.net/~icu8/midis/christian/shinejesusshine.htm](http://home.att.net/~icu8/midis/christian/shinejesusshine.htm)

This came to me at about 1am last night as I was trying to sleep...ah well. A belated Solstice song, but it might work for other holidays as well. Guitar chords might be on TabCrawler someplace, but the search function is down and I don't know who wrote the song, which is the only way to find songs at the moment. It works as an a capella tune in the meantime.

Shine, Be'al, shine,  
Fill this land with your Solstice blessings  
Blaze, balefire, blaze,  
Purify us tonight  
Flow, chalice, flow  
Let the Waters-of-Life be blessed  
Send forth the Sun, Bel  
And celebrate the light!

### I've Got Friends in Stone Circles

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove in D.C.  
December 2002, Public Domain  
Original song by Garth Brooks, "I've got Friends in Low Places"  
Music at [http://captain-dave.com/music\\_factory/friends.mid](http://captain-dave.com/music_factory/friends.mid)

[Short intro music]

I upset those elites  
I showed up in sheets  
And ruined their interfaith prayer  
The rest had one god  
I looked like a clod  
I was barefoot with flowers in my hair  
I saw the surprise  
And concern in their eyes  
When I did a wild ritual dance  
They might not call  
Me to their winter ball  
But I don't mind if there's no chance.

'Cause I've got friends in stone circles  
Where the whiskey flows, and the sickles  
cut my blues away  
And I'll be okay  
I'm not big on dogma's shackles  
Think I'll stick close to those natural cycles  
Oh, I've got friends in stone circles

Well, I guess I did wrong  
I just don't belong  
Perhaps, it was my sacrifice?  
I guess its no good  
I should stay in the woods  
And just three escorts should suffice (oof!)  
Hey I didn't mean  
To cause a big scene  
Just gimme an hour out there and then

Well, I'll be as high  
As that place in the sky  
That you're so desperate to go in

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #6: Jan. 15th, 2003

'Cause I've got friends in stone circles  
Where the whiskey flows and the sickles  
Cut my blues away  
And I'll be okay  
I'm not big on dogma's shackles  
Think I'll stick close to those natural cycles  
Oh, I've got friends in stone circles

[Repeat chorus twice or until the end]

Optional 2nd Verse:

Well, I guess I did wrong I just don't belong  
Perhaps, it was my sacrifice?  
I guess its no good  
I should stay in the woods  
And just three escorts should suffice (oof!)  
Hey I didn't mean  
To cause a big scene  
I thought you'd like diversity  
Be dull, if you please  
I'll head back to the trees  
And resume my own ministry

### “Friends in Stone Circles” LINE DANCE

CHOREOGRAPHER: Unknown  
DESCRIPTION: 4 Wall Line Dance  
LEVEL: Beginner  
COUNTS: 24

By the way, CCW="Counter Clock wise"

COUNTS / STEP DESCRIPTIONS

ROCK STEPS:

1-4 Weight on left foot, begin with right foot rock forward then return weight to left foot.

Step right foot back to rock backward, then return weight to left foot.

1-1/4 PIVOT TURNS - 3 LEFT PIVOT TURNS AND STOMP/CLAP:

5-12 Step forward on right foot then change weight to left foot and make a 1/2 turn CCW.

Step forward on right foot then change weight to left foot and make a 1/2 turn CCW.

Step forward on right foot then change weight to left foot and make a 1/4 turn CCW.

Stomp with Right Foot, then clap and hold for last count while shift weight to left to get ready for the Raggae steps.

RAGGAE RIGHT - STEP RIGHT, WIGGLE, BRING LEFT NEXT TO RIGHT:

13-16 Step Right Foot to side for two beats, wiggle,  
Bring Left Foot beside right on third beat, wiggle/hold on 4.

RAGGAE LEFT TWICE - STEP LEFT, WIGGLE, BRING RIGHT NEXT TO LEFT:

17-20 Step Left Foot to side for two beats, wiggle.  
Bring Right Foot beside Left, wiggle/hold on 4.

21-24 Step Left Foot to side for two beats, wiggle.  
Bring Right Foot beside Left, wiggle/hold on 4.

BEGIN AGAIN!

### I'm Going to Start A Grove

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove, RDNA  
Dec. 2002 for the Public Domain  
Original "I'm in the mood for love" by Dorothy Fields  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music at <http://www.piano-bar.com/pages/moodlove.htm>

I'm going to start a grove  
Simply, because they're near me.  
Funny, when Druids're near me  
I'm going to start a grove.

When birds fly in the skies,  
Bright as the stars we're under  
Oh, is it any wonder  
I'm going to start a grove?

Why stop to think of whether  
This little dream might fade?  
We've followed paths together  
Now we are one, we're not afraid.

If there's a cloud above,  
If it should rain, we'll let it.  
That too's wisdom, we'll get it.  
I'm going to start a grove.

### One is the Loneliest Deity

By Anonymous RDNA Druid in Missouri  
Jan. 2003 for the Public Domain  
Original "One is the Loneliest Number" by Three Dog Night  
Music at <http://www.geocities.com/lavaskye/one.mid>

(Music start)

One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever have  
Two [or three] can be as bad as one  
It's the loneliest pantheon since the number one

(Music)

"Mono" is the saddest experience, I've ever known  
"Uno," is the dullest experience, to play alone  
'Cause one is the loneliest system that just will not grow.  
When you've the loneliest deity, it won't let you go.

It's just no good anymore since They went away  
Now I spend my days, just seeking ways, trying to pray  
One is the loneliest deity  
One is the loneliest deity  
One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever know  
One is the loneliest, one is the loneliest  
One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever know

It's just no good anymore since They went away

Number  
One is the loneliest  
Number  
One is the loneliest  
Number  
One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever know  
(Repeat in various forms)

## Like a Vigil

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
September, 2002 for the Public Domain  
Based on "Like a Virgin" by Madonna  
[www.beautifulmadonna.com/midi/likeavirgin.mid](http://www.beautifulmadonna.com/midi/likeavirgin.mid) is hipper.

I went into the wilderness  
Somehow I made it through  
Didn't know how lost I was  
Until I found you

I was beat, incomplete  
I then cried, I was dyed black and blue,  
But I found my god  
Yea, I found my god  
Dalon ap Landu

Like a young god (Hey!)  
Invoked for the very first time  
Like a young god.  
When your winds talk  
Back to me

Gonna give you all my prayers, Dal  
My fears are fading fast  
Been saving them all for you  
'Cause only truth can last

You're so fine and you're mine  
I'll grow strong, yeah, I'll be divine  
Oh your way unleashed  
Yea, your ways unleashed  
Me from fears and lies.

Like a young god (Hey!)  
Invoked for the very first time  
Like a young god.  
When your winds talk  
Back to me

Oooh, oooh, ooohh

As a sign, I'll build a shrine  
I love your whiskey, (and not His wine.)  
'Cause it makes me feel  
Yeah, it makes me feel  
Like a fire that shines.

Like a young god  
Invoked for the very first time  
Like a young god.  
When your winds talk  
Back to me

Like a young god, ooh, ooh  
Like a vigiler  
So much truth inside  
When I hear you, and you wind blows, and you join me

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Ooh, Dalon  
Can't you please join with me in the dance of time?

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #7: Feb. 2nd, 2003

### Brigit Goldenhair

By John Odencrantz  
Jan 17, 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original was "Sister Golden Hair Surprise" by America  
Music at <http://www.siennabasenjis.com/sisterg.mid>

If you try to worship Sunday you will get too damned depressed.  
They may turn their light on one day, but for now just let them rest.  
Plant a tree at nature's altar, cycle plastic, write a rhyme.  
Just to stew in darkness sure would be a crime.

Others never think about her, Brigit Goldenhair. You try,  
But you just can't live without her, though it's hard to say just why.  
Every day you're more despondent, hope is too too hard to find.  
That's when Brigit blows her flame into your mind.

When the year's in winter's middle, when the snow is in the air,  
When the icicles are brittle then you know that Brigit's there.  
Try to fake it, I don't mind sayin' it just won't make it.

Others never think about her, Brigit Goldenhair. You try,  
But you just can't live without her, though it's hard to say just why.  
Every day you're more despondent, hope is too too hard to find.  
That's when Brigit blows her flame into your mind.

When the year's in winter's middle, when the snow is in the air,  
When the icicles are brittle then you know that Brigit's there.  
Try to fake it, I don't mind sayin' it just won't make it.

### Nobody Does it Simpler

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove  
January 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original "Nobody Does it Better" by Carley Simon  
("The Spy Who Loved Me")  
Music at <http://www.geocities.com/lavaskye/noboddoesbet.mid>

Nobody does it simpler  
Among many, you're just one way  
Nobody does it with such good humor  
Druids, . . . you're okay.  
I wasn't lookin'  
But somehow you found me  
I tried to hide from your fire's light  
But like ravens above me  
The Gods who love me  
Are teaching all their secrets through the night

And nobody does it simpler  
Though sometimes I wish someone could  
Nothing fills me quite the way you do  
From my bare-feet up to my hood.  
The ways that you told me  
Whenever you told me  
There's some kind of magic inside you  
That keeps me from runnin'

So just keep them comin'  
How can I learn to do those things you do?

No one does it simpler  
Among many, you're just one way  
Nobody does it with such good humor  
Druids  
Druids  
Dalon, you're o-kay  
Druids you're o-kay  
Druids you're o-kay

## Crazy For You

By Pat Haneke at Akita Grove  
December 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "Crazy for You" by Madonna from "Vision Quest"  
Music at <http://www.sequinsbyeileen.com/midi/crazyforyou.mid>

(music prelude)

Swaying trees as the warm wind blows  
Druids watching the mixed whiskey's flow  
Four directions, now linked, become one  
We can see you through the smoky air  
What kind of lesson will you now share?  
You're so close, but still a world away  
What I'm dying to say, is that

CHORUS:

I'm crazy for you  
Teach me once, and I'll seek what's true  
I never wanted any faith like this  
It's all old yet new,  
I'm crazy for you,  
I'm crazy for you

Trying hard to direct my soul  
Insight's arrival is beyond control  
In the woods we meet, no words at all.  
Slowly, now as I leave my youth,  
Every breath, I'm deeper into truth  
Soon we both are dancing free in time  
If you read my mind, you'll know

CHORUS:

I'm crazy for you  
Teach me once, and I'll seek what's true  
I never want any faith like this  
It's all old yet new,  
I'm crazy for you,  
I'm crazy for you

*LAST PART (fade out):*

*It's old and yet new,  
I'm crazy for you  
And I must seem a fool  
I'm crazy, crazy for you*

## The Bloodletting of War

By Shane A. Saylor January 21, 2003

The shell hits the ground exploding with a thunderous clap.  
Spraying sand and earth everywhere, it hides the gross reality  
of war for only a small time. The hallowed eyes of the dead  
stare unendingly at the soldiers as the march by, always staring,  
never blinking. The eyes of the dead have the unique power of  
stirring the soul of even the most cold hearted soldier.

The soldiers trek from one battle to another, trying not to let  
their emotional and physical fatigue show through their  
hardened exterior. But they cannot fight it much longer. The  
constant swing of adrenaline rushes is taking its toll on them.  
And they wonder how much longer until allies are enemies and  
somebody dies of a avoidable mistake.

The generals keep sending them out, hoping the next battle  
will bring an end to this gruesome conflict. Too many have  
died in this holy war against terrorism. Grudge matches have  
no place on the battlefield. And this is exactly what the Iraq  
confrontation is. A grudge match to end all grudge matches.  
And there are no victors in a grudge fight.

The hatred in the air is as thick as bile, and just as foul tasting.  
The hatred blinds all to the reality that war makes no heroes,  
no great people. It only creates loss of life, loss of hope for  
peace. In the beginning and the middle of any war, there is  
no hope, only despair. It hangs over all like a blanket of eternal  
sadness, offering no escape.

And what of the children, the official of the war-torn country  
wonder. What about the children slain in this unholy  
conflagration??? What about the children who have lost their  
kin to this war? Who will feed them, care for them? Who is  
willing to reach out and offer hope to those without hope?  
Who will answer, answer the cries of the children in the night?

What embargos and tariffs do the beaten face? Who decides  
whether or not our victims deserve our help after we have  
devastated their homeland? After we have nearly destroyed  
all remnants of their culture? And do we idly sit by and wonder  
when they will visit on us the harsh lessons we have taught them?  
Or do we take action to help them?

But ponder this as you view the children dying in the streets  
of their hometowns, a town they thought safe. What price are  
we going to pay in the future for our actions? With each child,  
we take away their future. Who are we to decide their fate?

-----  
What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath  
of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is the little shadow, which runs  
across  
the grass and loses itself in the sunset. - Crowfoot, Native  
American  
warrior and orator (1821-1890)

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #8: Feb. 15th, 2003

### Ode to the RDNA Anthology

By sweetfaery\_hm@msn.com January 2003  
Sung to the tune of "This is the song that never ends"

This is the book that never ends  
It just goes on and on my friends,  
Some Druids started writing it  
Not knowing what it was.  
And they'll continue writing it forever just because  
This is the book that never ends...

### Strong, Yet Lost

A poem by Maryann (aka BrightMirage)  
(7.27.02 nearing midnight)

...  
I have courage in my heart  
yet I am lost  
A bright soul, seeking chances  
to open doorways towards fresh new possibilities  
...  
I want to cradle tiny sea turtle hatchlings  
in my hands, filled with love  
and watch them make a run for the ocean  
...  
I have so much life in me...  
I want to make changes to stop  
the ravagings of our human race  
upon the sacred Earth and her creatures  
...  
I want to see the world, breathing in  
the exhilarating air of adventure in Australia,  
plunging into the waters of the Pacific,  
swimming with wild dolphins on their own terms  
...  
I want to walk in a hushed, sacred forest  
where my brothers, sisters, and cousins of the wild  
still roam free and unhindered by Man  
Where the cycle of life moves and flows perfectly  
...  
All I lack is the key...  
The key that will open up the doorways  
to these sacred, exhilarating, awe inspiring moments  
...  
For my sanity, for my soul, for my spirit to fly,  
I must believe that someone such as I,  
bursting with vitality and life  
will not be denied the chance  
to shine, to make a difference  
for the wild ones...for myself  
...

## Secular Teaching

Parody by Mike Scharding  
Original Lyrics by Marvin Gaye "Sexual Healing."  
Music  
[http://www.geocities.com/midiruxpin/sexual\\_healing.mid](http://www.geocities.com/midiruxpin/sexual_healing.mid)  
More politically laden lyrics from Mike in D.C.

at

Baby, School's hot just like an oven,  
Don't like my coven  
And baby, I can't stand it much longer  
Bigotry's stronger and stronger

And when I hear that preaching I want secular teaching  
Secular teaching  
Teach nothing divine  
Just educate our minds.  
Secular teaching baby, is good for me  
Secular teaching is something that's good for me.

Whenever school vouchers are rising  
And my public taxes' supporting religious scripts  
There is something I can do  
I can get on the telephone and call my school board  
Honey, you know I'll be there to support them  
'Cause they have to deal with all that venom  
If you don't know how to stop school preaching  
I can tell you darling that it's secular teaching

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up  
Let's make cause today  
Get up, get up, get up, get up  
Don't let 'em have their way

Baby, I got news this morning  
A sea is storming all around us.  
Our wise policy's capsizing  
Under a wave of proselytizing.

And when I hear that preaching  
I want secular teaching  
Secular teaching, is good for me  
Teach nothing divine, learn that at church  
Just educate our minds, and its good for us  
Secular teaching baby is good for me  
Secular teaching is something that's good for me

And it's good for me  
And it's good for me.  
My baby  
Ohhh

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## Bardic Salvo #9: Mar. 1st, 2003

### MY LADY

A poem by Caroline Boston January 2003

O Radiant Queen! My Lady in blue,  
Flowing white veil around your head.  
What was your name? Not one person knew.  
Whyfore a Moon on which you tread?

Seven stars encircling in Night Sky,  
The Pentacle held within your hands.  
Thoughts that often made me cry,  
Of forgotten Time, and forgotten Lands.

O how I searched for you, My Queen,  
I knew that I'd known you at the Start.  
I knew in my Past, your sweet face I'd seen,  
I knew that I knew you, deep down in my Heart.

You have graced my life these past two years.  
You knew I would find your Name.  
You watched me face my deepest Fears,  
And you loved me just the same.

And didst thou guide me, Beauteous One,  
When Ancestral Clan I sought?  
I found a cousin, I had not known,  
So the Journey was not for nought!

I am content with who I am in this Life -  
Descendant of Samuel 1783,  
Of a Shoe Making clan of Workshop Town -  
'Tis good enough for me!

But take my hand, and again let us tread,  
On Lands where I have been.  
Let me remember all that was said,  
Arianrhod, my Heavenly Queen!

### Chalk Upon Her Hands

By Caroline Boston January 2002

A child so fair, with palest of skin  
Travails upon the Land  
Child of flowing, moonlit hair,  
With chalk upon her hands.

Billowing shift of pure white cloth,  
Flutters in the breeze.  
Her name is softly whispered  
By the Spirits of the trees.

Travails the child, beside her Clan,  
No wavering from the Course,  
White with chalk from the Land,  
She forms the Great White Horse.

Stands she now on Berkshire Downs,  
Knowing that this sight,  
Will please her God and Goddess,  
And aid them in their flight.

### Sister Druid

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
January 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original Song was "Sister Christian," 1980s by Ranger Night  
MIDI music can be heard at  
<http://members.tripod.com/~ellisbell/Sisterch.mid>

[Introductory piano music]

Sister Druid, oh the time has come  
And you know you're the only one to say, OK  
Where you going, what you searching for?  
You know those guys don't want to play by the rules.  
It's true.

You're wavering  
How much till you fight?  
Defending all your rights,  
Let's make a stand tonight.

Friend, you know you're growing up so wise  
And yet we're worrying that you won't realize, your fate is here.  
Sister Druid, there's such crap in life  
Don't you give up on it till the strife, is through.  
It's true, it's true yeah.

You're standing firm  
Now you've seen the light  
You've got goals in your sights  
And planning through the night

[Refrain thrice]

Sister Druid, oh the time has come  
And you know that you're the only one to say, enough.  
But you're protesting  
Yeah, standing firm.

### Vigiler's Song

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
Sep 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "Memories" by Webber from the musical "Cats"  
Music at  
<http://www.angelfire.com/me4/midis/Midifiles/Memories.mid>

Midnight – not a sound from the forest  
And the moon's lost in the clouds.  
I am sitting alone.  
By the campfire, the withered leaves collect at my feet,  
And the wind begins to moan.

Vigiling – all alone in the moonlight.  
I have read of the old days,  
It was more simple then.  
I remember the first time I knew what Reform was.  
Let those memories live again.

Every religion seems to give only dire warnings  
Threats are muttered and the campfire sputters  
But soon it will be morning

Daylight, I must wait for the sunrise.  
I must think of a new life,  
And I mustn't give in.  
When the dawn comes, I will work for Dalon ap Landu  
And a new job will begun.

Burnt out ends of smokey logs  
The strange cold smell of morning.  
The campfire dies, another night is over,  
Another day is dawning.

Touch Her, it's so easy to ignore her.  
All alone with the Earth-Mother  
All my days in the sun.  
If you touch Her, you'll understand what Druidism is.  
Look, a new day has begun.

## Liturgy

By Mike, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
January 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original "Memories" by Webber from the musical "Cats"  
Music at [www.angelfire.com/me4/midis/Midifiles/Memories.mid](http://www.angelfire.com/me4/midis/Midifiles/Memories.mid)

Mid-day, not a gust from the four winds  
Has the rite lost its potency?  
I try to improvise  
On the altar, the scribbled pages burn in a flash,  
And the winds begin to moan.

Liturgies, fixed praises in the sunlight  
We can relive the old days  
It was radical then  
I remember the way we ran free in the woods  
Let those actions live again.

Every season seems to bring clichéd repetition  
Something muttered and the green leaves flutters,  
And soon it is tradition.

Dogma, unexamined old beliefs  
Can choke out a group's life force,  
So we mustn't give in.  
When the rite ends, this rite must be a memory too.  
And a new view will begin

Burnt out thoughts and  
The stale cold smell of structure  
The muse's lamp dies, another creed is started

Reach out, it's so easy to mouth words,  
All the priests know that this is true  
During days in your grove  
If you feel them, you'll understand what devotion is,  
And for new days, choose new words.

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## Bardic Salvo #10: Mar. 15th, 2003

### R-E-F-O-R-M-E-D

By Eric Powers, Digitalis Community  
For the Public Domain, August 2002  
Based on Aretha Franklin's "R-E-S-P-E-C-T"  
[http://rock.mididb.com/20021108/Franklin\\_Aretha/Respect.mid](http://rock.mididb.com/20021108/Franklin_Aretha/Respect.mid)

(ooh) What you want  
(ooh) Baby, I got  
(ooh) What you need  
(ooh) Don't you know I got it?  
(ooh) All I'm askin'  
(ooh) Is for a little respect when you live here (just a little bit)  
Hey baby (just a little bit) when you live here  
(just a little bit) mister (just a little bit)

I ain't gonna do you wrong if you're good  
Ain't gonna do you wrong (ooh) 'cause I don't wanna (ooh)  
All I'm askin' (ooh)  
Is for a little respect when you live here (just a little bit)  
Baby (just a little bit) when you live here (just a little bit)  
Yeah (just a little bit)

I'm about to share with you all my seas and lands  
And all I'm askin' in return, understand,  
Is to follow my tenets  
When you live here (just a, just a, just a, just a)  
Yeah baby (just a, just a, just a, just a)  
When you live here (just a little bit)  
Yeah (just a little bit)

Ooo, your fortunes (ooh)  
may be heaven blest (ooh)  
And guess what? (ooh)  
So is my harvest (ooh)

Ooo, your achievements (ooh)  
They're amazing (ooh)  
And guess what? (ooh)  
My temperature's raising (ooh)  
All I want you to do (ooh) for me  
Is change your ways when you live here (re, re, re ,re)  
Yeah baby (re, re, re ,re)  
Give it to me (reform, just a little bit)  
When you live here, now (just a little bit)

R-E-F-O-R-M-E-D  
Change your ways to live with me  
R-E-F-O-R-M-E-D  
Fix' em, A.S.A.P.

Oh (sock it to me, sock it to me,  
sock it to me, sock it to me)  
A little reform (sock it to me, sock it to me,  
sock it to me, sock it to me)  
Whoa, babe (just a little bit)  
A little respect (just a little bit)  
I get tired (just a little bit)  
Keep on tryin' (just a little bit)  
You're way overpollutin' (just a little bit)  
And I ain't lyin' (just a little bit)  
(re, re, re, re) 'formed  
When you live here (re, re, re ,re)  
Or you might wake up (reform, just a little bit)

And find out I'm mad (just a little bit)  
I got to have (just a little bit)  
A little reform (just a little bit)

## BIBLE BELT BLUES

By Various Authors at RDNAtalk  
Oct, 2002.  
Pick any bluesy rhythm.

### By Tegwedd

#### 1st Verse

I live in a Bible belt town  
Here even JW's & Unis get put brutally down  
I just wanna talk about Druidy stuff  
Hope you guys think I'm Pagan enough

#### First Chorus

Oh, it's the Bible Belt blues  
It's the Bible Belt blues  
Makes me feel so alone,  
Can't even talk Druid on the telephone

#### 2nd Verse

Those folks just go Bible thumpin' along  
If you listen you can hear their Jesus song  
I just wanna hear the wind through the trees  
Somebody help me, talk Druidry please!

#### First Chorus

Oh, it's the Bible Belt blues  
It's the Bible Belt blues  
Makes me feel so alone,  
Can't even talk Druid on the telephone

### By johnness44@hotmail.com

#### 3rd Verse

From tent meeting to watering hole  
They're all worried about my soul  
You know it's for the best they say  
Think I'll move to Califon-I-A

#### 2nd Chorus

Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

### By she\_of\_the\_storm@yahoo.com

#### 4th Verse

Wanted to walk me down the aisle  
Wanted to show that I'm God's child  
Didn't think about what's on my mind  
Didn't see that I'm the Nature kind

#### 2nd Chorus

Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

#### 5th Verse

I just wanna hear the wind through the trees  
I just wanna feel an evening breeze  
Isn't there someone who can help me out?  
Any Druid stuff that we can talk about?

2nd Chorus  
Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

### By Gandalf

#### 6th Verse

I was raised by Southern Baptists  
They wanted me to be a preacher  
I couldn't accept their faith tests  
The Goddess, I had to meet her

#### 2nd Chorus

Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

### By Tegwedd

#### 7th Verse

Outlander remembers says I understand  
I bet he had his trouble with the good ole preacher man  
Preacher man says do as the Bible done told  
I just want to enjoy nature as I grow old

#### 3rd Chorus

Yeah, I'm stuck in the Bible Belt way down south  
Where all the women got to shut their mouths  
But on this list I got my say,  
It's good to live the Druid way

#### 8th Verse

I was raised by the Baptists  
Got myself wrapped in  
a born again cocoon  
What the hell happened?

#### 9th Verse

All I wanted was to  
Play in the forest  
Romp through the meadows  
Listen to the breeze  
Talkin' to the trees

#### 3rd Chorus

Yeah, I'm stuck in the Bible Belt way down south  
Where all the women got to shut their mouths  
But on this list I got my say,  
It's good to live the Druid way

### By brightmirage ;)

#### 10th Verse

Autumn leaves are falling down,  
Wondrous rustles as my feet touch the ground.  
Nature kisses my very soul,  
Why can't these Bible thumpers FEEL what I KNOW

#### 3rd Chorus

Yeah, I'm stuck in the Bible Belt way down south  
Where all the women got to shut their mouths  
But on this list I got my say,  
It's good to live the Druid way



\*\*\*\*\*

## Gods Bless America

### Bardic Salvo #11: April 1st, 2003

#### 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

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove, RDNA  
October 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original "God Bless America" by Irving Berlin 1918, & 1938  
Patriotic Music can be heard at  
[www.geocities.com/god\\_bless\\_america\\_lyrics/godbless.mid](http://www.geocities.com/god_bless_america_lyrics/godbless.mid)

Drum Roll Spoken Introduction:

"While the Ozone fades thin all across the globe  
Let us swear a strong oath as we don our robes.  
Let us all be grateful for the lands so fair  
And pour forth our efforts in a solemn prayer."

Gods Bless America,  
Both North and South,  
Africa, Asia  
Europe, Australia  
And all that lies in between

From the mountains,  
To the prairies  
To the oceans,  
And deep loam.

Gods Bless our Ecosphere, our tight-linked home.

[Repeat song]

#### God Out of Politics

By Mike, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
December 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "God Bless America" by Irving Berlin 1918, & 1938  
Patriotic Music can be heard at  
[www.geocities.com/god\\_bless\\_america\\_lyrics/godbless.mid](http://www.geocities.com/god_bless_america_lyrics/godbless.mid)

Drumbeat accompanied Spoken Introduction

"While the Far Right gathers to push through their plans  
Let us all remember the promise of this land  
Let us all be grateful for private liberty  
And stop official religiosity."

God Out of Politics  
The state is not your church  
You may guide her,  
Not override her  
Constitutional liberties!

Heed the crusades  
And the abuses  
And civil wars  
That soon flower.

God out of politics, keep them apart.

[Repeat song]

\* \* \* \* \*

## Bardic Salvo #12: April 15th, 2003

### Have Yourself a Bonny Blithe Beltane

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
August, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Music and original lyrics at  
[www.geocities.com/ohtoad/xmas/HaveMerryXmas.html](http://www.geocities.com/ohtoad/xmas/HaveMerryXmas.html)

“Have yourself a bonny blithe Beltane  
Let the fires burn real bright  
Go collect some flowers  
In the morning light.

Have yourself a bonny blithe Beltane  
Bake the sun-burst bread  
When you drink whiskey  
It'll go to your head

Here we are as in olden days  
Happy golden days of yore,  
Faithful friends who are dear to us  
Gather near to us once more.

Through the years  
We all will be together  
If the Fates allow,  
Swing a ribbon fair  
From the highest pole  
And have yourself  
A Bonny blithe Beltane, now.

### I Can't Get No Ordination

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
November, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Lyrics: I Can't Get No Satisfaction (Jagger/Richards)  
Music at :  
<http://www.sharonkay.com/midi/icantgetnosatisfaction.midi>

I can't get no ordination, I can't get no ordination  
But I try and I try and I try and I try  
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm walking in the woods with the ArchDruid of the Grove  
He's tellin' me more and more about some useless information  
Supposed to fire my imagination.

I can't get no. Oh, no, no, no. Hey, hey, hey  
That's what I say  
I can't get no ordination, I can't get no ordination  
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try  
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I took their study course and new research made it worse  
Sayin' how the druids should be  
But I can't join that grove, 'cause it doesn't hold  
The same true dogma as me.

I can't get no. Oh, no, no, no. Hey, hey, hey  
That's what I say  
I can't get no ordination, I can't get no ordination  
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try  
I can't get no, I can't get no

Now I've surfed sites 'round the world, and I'm doin' this and  
I'm payin' that  
And I'm tryin' to join some group, who tells me  
Brother, better come back maybe next life  
Cause we don't do that with our knife.

I can't get no. Oh, no, no, no. Hey, hey, hey  
That's what I say. I can't get no, I can't get no  
I can't get no ordination, no ordination  
No ordination, no ordination

\* \* \* \* \*

## Bardic Salvo #13: May 1st, 2003

### Dalon Ap Landu

By Mike, Digitalis Grove  
Feb 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original was the “Scooby Doo” Theme.  
Music at [www.geocities.com/EnchantedForest/3607/scoobyd.mid](http://www.geocities.com/EnchantedForest/3607/scoobyd.mid)

Dalon ap Landu, who are you?  
We gaze up at your green boughs.  
Dalon ap Landu, what are you?  
We need to hear from you now.  
Come on Lord of Groves, you see our sacrifice is green and  
perfect  
If you don't answer me, come from your tree, we'll just have to  
pause and reflect.  
You know we've got a ritual to do, so Lord of Groves please help  
us stay on track!  
Don't hold back!  
And Lord of Groves if you come through you're going to have  
yourself a whiskey dram!  
Not a scam!  
Dalon ap Landu, here are you.  
We're ready. Are you willing?  
If we can count on you, Dal'n 'p Landu, I know it'll be fulfilling.

### The Hidden Heart

By Victoria Dunseith

Upon the land of Eire, green  
there is a pretty lass.  
Her lovely hair is bright and fair,  
her love it did not last.

She brings her love to those that care,  
and she to the land casts life.  
Her love was not noble or kind,  
he left her with a bit of strife.

Her pain was great and so was shared,  
the lass's shredded heart.  
Wound ripped open for all that cared,  
healing was long to start.

She sat at the edge of a pond,  
weeping for what was lost.  
She missed the one that she was fond,  
her friend she had almost tossed.

Unknown, another's heart did love.  
The warrior walked by.  
He noticed her shuddering head,  
and ached to see her cry.

So much noise come from the lass that  
she did not hear him there.  
He stood by her side for a while,  
so lost she was she did not care.

"What's wrong?" he finally asked her.  
"I give but not receive."  
"You would see with eyes open all  
the love that will always achieve."

What you seek is in front of you.  
Shared, it will always be,  
my heart ready for you to clasp,  
waiting for you to see.

For him she looked inside and saw  
what she'd had all the time.  
His love it would last forever.  
Her happiness would climb.

She once more brought love to the land.  
Magic would soon appear,  
with very small waves of her hand,  
for love she no longer fear.

## The Fire of Her Soul

By Oriana Lewallen

Groping through the misted, clouded blackness  
in the dark I find her  
I clutch to her skirts  
wrapping them fully around  
until they envelop me  
in her safety and warmth.  
I am empowered by her closeness.

The gentle radiating heat,  
from the fire of her soul  
sparks my own.  
Beginning my quest within  
for understanding and knowledge  
while I am comforted in her presence.

I turn inward, learning  
from the inside out  
that which will help me endure  
all my life, all the year through.  
And in the spring I will emerge...  
new, fresh and naive as the crocus.

## Queen of the Night

By Jeannette Randall

This is my entry for whatever it's being entered into at this moment. :) It's a poem, I wrote it in.. er.. 1998 or 1999, don't rightly recall which, and it is, in fact, all original to me.

Wondrous beauty, blazing bright  
In the shadows of the night  
Shine down on me here  
Shine true, bright and clear  
Whisper softly your words so dear  
The truth of your wisdom I must hear  
Whisper softly, my words of light,  
Unto you, queen of the night.

## Spiral Dancers

By Vanessa Sanders

My first attempt here, it's sort of a Druid anthem, I guess.

Original tune 'Tiny Dancer' Elton John

Music at <http://members.aol.com/timvp3/tinydanc.mid>

Always dreamers  
Oracle readers  
Worshipping the land-

Reading the runes,  
To Bardic tunes,  
Writing Ogham in the sand.

Druid dreamers -  
You must have seen us  
Bearing sigils on our vans.

Jesus Freaks out in the streets  
Handing tickets out for God.  
Taken aback we just grip our staff,  
They've never heard of Arianhrod.

Calling the Green Man with all we can  
Oak leaves we will burn,  
We carry on with magickal songs  
As the days grow short and nights grow long.

But oh, how we walk the wheel  
From day to day and year to year  
I wilderness where they can't hear  
The chant so softly---slowly

Chorus:  
Invoke the Gods, oh Spiral Dancers  
In the groves of Oak and Ivy,  
Laugh and dance with wild abandon  
The Solstice is today.

## It's Ostara's Whole

Parodied by John Odencrantz  
Original: "Heart and Soul" by Huey Lewis and the News

Twelve o'clock this morning  
A springtime wind came roaring  
And in a dream blew winter on its way.  
This season when birds are nesting  
Ostara bestows her blessing  
And autumn seeds are sprouting in the clay.  
You see, she plants what she wants.

(REFRAIN)

It's Ostara's whole  
It's hot and cold  
It's got it all her darkness and her light

Can't you see her standing there?  
See how she looks, see how she cares  
Who wakens life and turns night into day.  
Six o'clock this morning  
New seedtime came a dawning  
A red egg glowing in the morning rays  
And so you plant what you want.

(REFRAIN)

It's Ostara's whole  
It's hot and cold  
It's got it all her darkness and her light

## Beltane Spell

Parodied by John Odencrantz  
Original was Rebel Yell by Billy Idol  
Music available at <http://idol.execnet.com/>

[Music]

Last night a little dancer came dancing through the fire.  
Last night the logs were burning and the hares jumping higher.  
The fairy queen said "Baby I got a license for love  
But if it expires pray help from above!"

In the midnight hour life cries "More! More! More!"  
In a Beltane spell life wants More more more  
In the midday hour, Bel- More more more  
In a Beltane spell- More more more  
more more more

Throw off those winter's shackles, life won't sit and beg.  
The hobby-horse is whirling and the Queen her Jack's wed.  
Some tumble in the umbels, some are laughing in the trees.  
Spring's set you free. I need you here by me.  
Because

In the midnight hour life cries "More! More! More!"  
In a Beltane spell life wants More more more  
In the midday hour, Bel- More more more  
In a Beltane spell- More more more  
more more more

Bel sits in his own heaven  
Discussing the meaning of fate with Bran's raven:  
A ribbon, a tangled-up maypole-like affair.  
But Betty's ways are Betty's. Fate won't mess Betty's hair.

[music]

I searched the world for you, babe,  
Nine lonely months for you,  
Ten thousand miles for you, babe,  
A hundred blizzards, too.

I'd visit Dis for your sake  
For summer to spend with you,  
Caer Sidi-zen for your sake  
Justa, justa, justa, justa have you here by me  
Because

In the midnight hour life cries "More! More! More!"  
In a Beltane spell life wants More more more  
In the midday hour, Bel- More more more  
In a Beltane spell- More more more  
More more more

We're living. This is Beltane.  
We want more  
More, more, more  
More, more, more, more, more

We're living. This is Beltane.  
We want more  
More, more, more  
More, more, more, more, more

# Volume Eight 2003

## The Soul of Juliana Spring

# The Soul of Juliana Spring

By Irony Sade  
© November 2000

## Chapter One

### 2003 Introduction

As most of you know Irony Sade was one of the Archdruids at Carleton from the Spring of 1996 to Spring of 1999 and is talented in many areas. He is the author of *Sociology of the Reformed Druids* (Pt. 7 of ARDA,) he is the Patriarch of the Order of the Volcano (Pt. 3 of ARDA,) the History of the Legitimacy (Pt 9 of ARDA,) several epistles (Pt. 2 of ARDA) and a talented poet and harper in his own right. Irony spent two years from the summer of 1999 to Summer 2001 in the Peace Corps on a small island in the Kingdom of Tonga out in the Pacific Ocean, where he founded the Volcano Grove. This story was written mid-way through that tour of duty and reflects much on his character, experiences, and views of Reformed Druidism. There is also a chance that this may be produced into a independent film in the new future. He welcomes any assistance you might be able to provide into getting published.

Sincerely,  
Mike Scharding  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.  
April 22nd, 2003

#### Printing History

1st Printing A Druid Missalany (Beltane-Samhain 2003)  
2nd Printing ARDA 2, 2003

It was the eve of Beltain when I first heard of Juliana Spring. The Maypole was being danced for the sixth or seventh time while the tall piper and the boy on the fiddle churned out complementary versions of *Kati Barri's Wedding*. A crowd of brightly colored folks was clustered around the long table bearing our potluck feast and there were flowers everywhere, for it was the festival of spring.

I noticed the young man when he arrived, standing uncertainly on the edge of the clearing, too curious to pass by, too hesitant to join in the revels. He was short, sandy haired, and serious looking. I marked him as an undergraduate from the university nearby. A voluptuous lady with violets in her hair called to him to join us and eat. He came, smiling suddenly, and they were soon conversing freely. I smiled too, at the pleasure of a new face- then I forgot him, for it was time to crown the King and Queen of the May.

The lad stayed on, late into the fire lit night, and sipped the honeyed wine as it was passed from hand to hand. People sang and told stories as the stars yawned back to life, and I watched the couples snuggle together for warmth, wondering idly how many would carry the festivities on into the privacy of the forest or bedroom. When my turn to speak came I rolled out the old yarn of the boy from Cork who fell in love with a harp he could not play. The longing tormented him so much that his mother offered her soul to the Druid if he would give her son the gift of music. The sandy haired lad watched me closely as I spoke, pitching my voice low to the slow crackle of the beech logs. It was an old and beautifully chilling tale that I told, not one entirely appropriate for Beltain. It may have snapped him out of the festive mood. He seemed distracted from then on, and kept peering at me through the flames as the night progressed. Eventually he rose for a mug of mead, and, upon returning, sat down to my left in the spot just vacated by a delightfully tipsy nymph.

Silence stretched between us with the expectant air of impending conversation. At last he turned to me, head to one side.

"Are you really a druid?" His voice was soft and low.

The focus of the group had shifted to the far side of the circle. I considered the flames and reviewed the dozen-odd debates for a pair of slow breaths. There were too many ways to respond to that question, but it had been a day of laughter, and I was in no mood for an argument.

"Yes," I replied.

The answer seemed to satisfy him. He too stared into the coals, rolling a warmed mug between his hands. Eyes always gravitate towards fire at night. I have always wondered why.

"This is silly," he remarked at length, still regarding the flames. "I am supposed to be a medical student. I don't even know why I showed up tonight."

The lad hesitated, uncertain, and I took a sip of my own mead. Suddenly he was facing me.

"Can you really sell your soul?"

I glanced at him, startled.

"What I mean," he stammered, "is if someone wanted something they couldn't have so badly that they were willing to sell their soul to get it, could you give it to them?"

I continued peering. His shoulders squirmed.

"Like that story you just told," he trailed off. His eyes were still on me, embarrassed, but determined.

"Are you serious?"

He nodded, sucking his lip.

I stared away into the stars between the swaying leaves. Laughter from the lingerers drifted through the night.

"If someone you know, or you yourself, wanted something badly enough to sell their soul for it, then I would certainly be willing to talk to that person."

"It isn't me," he said quickly. "It's my girlfriend. She... She would probably rather tell you herself."

"Do you want me to talk to her?"

"Yes, I do."

"When?"

"As soon as possible."

I considered this.

"Could she meet me at the Bubble and Squeak for lunch on Tuesday?"

"I'll tell her," said he, breathing heavily. "I can't believe I'm doing this. My name is Sam, by the way." He grinned. "I guess everyone knows who you are."

I forced a dry chuckle.

"Pleased to meet you Sam. You should smile more often- you look old when you are serious."

Sam laughed and turned back to his wine. The cluster across the flames thundered their giggling way into a final chorus of *The Rattlin' Bog*, and I stared off into the stars above the treetops. They winked back, which was all they ever did, leaving me to guess at the meaning.

## Chapter Two

The Bubble and Squeak was a friendly little café not far from the university. It had been established by a widowed British matron who had cheerfully wedged her way in between the clothing stores and simply out-baked the competition. She employed a small clan of students and mothers, kept university hours, and was willing to cook anything one cared to name. They really did serve bubble and squeak, if you could order it with a straight face.

Juliana Spring found me at my table by the wall. She greeted me by name and I stood, surprised to find her so tall.

"Miss Spring, hello."

"Sam told me all about you," she began as we sat, and I grinned, imagining that conversation.

"Are you hungry?"

Her pale face shook slightly.

"Not really."

Long fingers fidgeted with something at her neck as we sat, her eyes staring, jumping away when she saw me see them. I watched her hands and realized they held a crucifix.

I leaned forward, speaking gently. "I do not bite."

Juliana started and blushed faintly.

"It's not that. I just don't know how to begin a conversation like this. I feel like Faust!"

"Faust sold his soul to the Devil," I smiled. "I am just an ordinary man."

"Then how can you buy mine?"

I looked away to the budding maples outside.

"What did Sam tell you?"

"That you were a druid, that people seemed to trust you. He told me about the story you shared on Saturday and said he thought you might be for real." She was looking straight at me now, a question perched upon her eyebrows.

"Have you slept since he told you?"

Her dark hair rippled as she shook the head beneath it.

"Then you should definitely have some food in you."

We ordered and she told me about herself. She was twenty, a sophomore at the university, and had loved dancing as a child. Her father delivered sermons at the Revivalists Center a few hours south and wanted her to become either a teacher or a nurse. She relaxed as we ate, and a bit of color emerged in her heart-shaped face.

"And what is it you want?" I asked when only her coffee was left.

Juliana's body straightened and she looked me in the eye.

"I want to play the harp."

I blinked.

"Do you have one?"

"My grandmother gave me one when I left for college," she nodded. "Dad wasn't going to let me keep it, but I told him I was dating a medical student and taking English classes." Her eyes dropped. "He doesn't know we're living together."

"Have you got a teacher?"

"No. People have shown me different things, and I have all sorts of books, but to hire a teacher you need money. My father will only help pay for what he sees on the tuition forms, and I'm working half time already to cover the rest. I practice all the time though..."

"How much?"

"Whenever I can. I have to pass my classes, or Dad will have me home, and I have to work to pay for them, but I still play a bit every day."

"Then what do you need me for?"

"Because, you see. I don't just want to play. I... I want to be the best in the world."

On the walk out front students passed in threes and twos, giggling or serious, free and careless. Discoursing passionately on things they would forget completely a few months hence. They had all their options open, these people outside; there was not an irrevocable commitment amongst them. None of them were ready to sell their souls.

"Why?" I asked Juliana quietly.

"It's what I've always wanted."

"Since when? You are twenty."

"My whole adult life- since I was ten years old."

"Why?" I repeated softly. Her eyes were hazel and very clear.

"When I was ten I heard a record of harp music at somebody's birthday party, maybe in the adults room, I don't know. I don't even know what piece was playing, only that it was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. That night I started dreaming music. It was so lovely, and I knew it was harps. I thought I was listening in on Heaven. In the morning I could still remember some of it, but there is no way to describe music like that, and nothing I could do to reproduce it. I told my Dad, and he said it was a vision sent from God to urge me on to a good life. I told him I wanted to play like the angels I'd heard. He said that that was foolish arrogance and that I could be damned for even thinking such a thing.

"I tried to stop wanting it, to do what he told me, but the dreams just kept coming. Sometimes it's as if I don't even sleep, but just lie awake listening all night long. In church sometimes I

would forget to pay attention and just sit remembering the music, smiling. I told my father once when he asked what was so funny. He got so mad he hit me. He doesn't understand."

"Do you still dream like that?"

"All the time. It's what keeps me sane, even if it is maddening. I used to think that all I needed was a harp and that then I could play like that. Then I got one at last and realized it was harder than I'd imagined. After six months I realized it would take my whole life to play the way I wanted to, even if I did nothing but practice. After a year and a half I figured even that wouldn't be long enough. I finally decided it was impossible, and that God was just torturing me with the dreams. I nearly killed myself, it hurt so much. Sam is the only reason I didn't. Then we heard about you, and I thought... I'm almost afraid to hope."

"Where was your mother in all this," I asked when she fell silent.

"She left." Her face was masked. "When I was ten."

I digested that without expression.

"What made you think of selling your soul?"

"I thought of it a long time ago, actually, but I didn't really believe it was possible. I also had no idea how to do it. It's not exactly the sort of thing you advertise for."

My head was swimming. I glanced down at the tea in my hands. It was cold.

"Even if you did, there would be no quick fix. You would still have to practice, live in the world, pay bills, deal with your father."

Juliana tossed her head impatiently.

"I know... But I want this."

"It's your soul, girl! Can't you think of anything less drastic?"

"I came to you for help, sir. Are you going to help me, or are you going to try and talk me out of it?"

There was steel in those hazel eyes. I saw suddenly why it was Sam loved her.

"I just want you to know what you are getting into. Otherwise there can be no bargain."

"I know what I am getting into."

"Are you certain?"

She glared back defiantly.

I swirled my cold tea.

"You, Juliana Spring, want to sell your soul to me in exchange for the chance to play the music you hear in your dreams, here on earth, alive, and to be the best harpist in the world?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to do whatever I deem necessary to make that happen, however difficult or painful it happens to be, to live your life by my word so far as regards the playing of the harp?"

"I am."

"And do you undertake this obligation freely, without mental reservations, and in full knowledge of the consequences?"

She bit her lip.

"I do."

"Then give me your hands and open your mind to me. Close your eyes when you are ready."

I leaned forward and took her long white hands in mine. I wondered suddenly if anyone was listening.

Her eyes closed, and I spoke a very few, swift, syllabant words.

Her hands clenched in mine. Her eyes flickered open.

Juliana Spring shuddered.

"Is that it?" She gasped.

"That is it."

Juliana shifted her eyes cautiously about the café, her gaze darting to the diners, the window, the sky, the trees outside, and me. There was a peculiar intensity to her study, as though she had never seen a world like this before. She flexed her long boned fingers, fascinated by their supple movement.

"What happens now?" She asked me.

"Go back to Sam and get some sleep. Tomorrow morning at ten meet me in the park behind campus, on the bench beneath the bur oaks. Bring your harp."

She nodded.

"What about... What about my soul?"

"Do not worry about it," I smiled gently. "That is my concern now."

I stood, smiling down at her trembling eyes. There was a light in them that I had not observed before. I wondered what she was thinking.

"Lunch is on me," I said.

## Chapter Three

And so it began. We met beneath the oaks the next day on a hillside overlooking fields and meadows creeping slowly back to wild. A brook danced its nearly inaudible way along the foot of the hill. Too far away to really be a presence the red brick buildings of the university dorms glowed in the morning light. Juliana wore long tan pants that made her look even taller, and a dark light sweater against the chill of the wind. She looked willow thin against the trees, and strode along with the cased harp as if it weighed nothing. She sat down on the end of the bench. I folded my coat across my knees. For a long time there was silence.

"I love this place," she remarked at length. "Sam and I used to come out here on walks before things got so busy."

"What does Sam have to say about all this?"

"I told him everything. He said that he couldn't quite believe it had happened, but that he thought it was very brave of me. He also said it was me that he loved, soulless or not, and that he'd stay with me through everything."

Far away I watched the movement of students to and from the dorms, smaller than ants and twice as aimless.

"He is a remarkable man if he means that. I hope he follows through."

"What do we do now?"

"I do not know yet. Play for me."

The harp case looked homemade. Juliana unzipped it and set the leather carefully aside. The harp stood shoulder high as we sat before it, darkly gleaming chestnut, unadorned. She screwed in its legs and settled the instrument back into her arms.

"What should I play?" She asked, brushing the strings. It was already tuned.

"Anything you wish."

She brushed the chords again and bent her long dark hair. So softly it seemed that she was still warming up, Juliana began to play.

In the middle air before us a cloud of insects danced beside a small yew tree. From its branches darted forth a small brown bird, flickering and flitting into the swarm, matching its mindless, eye-defying movements with its own. It tumbled about immune to gravity with no discernible wing beats, but a twisting, fluttering,

graceful confusion of feathers and open beak. Then it was back in the branches, panting, as the swarm danced on, unconsciously reduced. After three long breaths it darted forth again.

She was good. Better than I had been after six years practice, but then, I had never had her passion. There was a freedom and a flow to her movements already beyond anything I could muster. She would never be my student, I decided.

At the end of the second piece the harpist's hands floated away from the strings. A breeze stirred her hair and caught the last of the chords, stretching them out into an inhuman blaze of harmony that drifted softly down the wind. Far below us water shimmered.

The lady turned to me with her heart shaped face. I searched for, found my voice.

"How much did you say you practiced?"

"Maybe two hours a night."

"What about your classes?"

"I have one right now, actually." She gazed over at the dorms. "It doesn't seem that important anymore."

"Then why do you take them?"

"Force of habit. It keeps my father happy, and I'll need some sort of skills if I can't make it as a musician."

I turned my face towards her.

"Oh."

She realized it now, I saw. There was no more *'if'* in this adventure. We were playing all or nothing.

"Do you want to be in school?" I asked.

"I like the atmosphere, the people, but no, not really."

The bird was back in the air again.

"If you dropped your classes, kept your job, and stayed with Sam, would you have enough money to pay a teacher?"

She considered, strangely calm as the possibilities assailed her.

"I might."

"Good. I will try to find you one. Where do you work, by the way?"

"Down at the Symposium. I'm a waitress there."

"I shall have to visit sometime. Have you got a telephone?"

She told me the number and I committed it to memory.

"Here is mine if you need anything. I will call within the week."

"What should I tell my father?"

"That is up to you." I replied, smiling. "And make that six hours a night."

I turned to go. She stopped me with my name.

"What's the other half of our bargain? You never said... What will happen afterwards?"

I waited, still as the rough skinned oaks. The wind brought a sheen to Juliana's eyes that almost looked like tears. Her lips began to form a question I had no way to answer. I spoke to cut her off.

"Do not think about it. If you let it worry you the concern will keep you from concentrating completely on the harp. Without that commitment you will never become the best, and the whole deal will be pointless. I am not the Devil, Juliana. You have nothing to fear."

Her eyes were not wholly convinced, but I had said too much already. I left her sitting with the harp and fled to the shadow of the silent trees.

## Chapter Four

That afternoon I made some calls. I was looking for the best teacher in an hour's radius. Not the best player- for any musician could get jealous of what Juliana Spring was going to become. We needed someone who could teach her all the things I could not, and who would be able to let her go when she moved beyond their skill. It took me longer than I had thought, but at last I found a woman who would serve, and made a reservation at the Symposium.

The restaurant where Juliana worked was very much a creation of the town it served. Its clientele were students and faculty, townies out for a night's splurge, and the occasional interloper like myself. The Mediterranean food it prepared was better than most, and the staff was no slower than many. Juliana was a bit too striking to make the perfect waitress, too ethereal to draw the biggest tips. She saw me when I entered and pounced upon my table to claim it as her own.

I gave her the number of the instructor I had found. She very nearly jumped with glee.

"It's going to work," she bubbled over my order. "I talked to all my professors, and they say it's all right. Some of them think I'm nuts, of course. Sam says we are still on, too, so I'm living there, and the manager here let me up my hours to thirty, so I can probably even save a little!" She grinned proudly. "And I'm playing seven hours a day!"

"Bring my food!" I laughed. "People will think I am flirting with you!"

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## Chapter Five

Spring erupted into summer that year, as it always seems to manage. Beasts that had been wild and rutting a few months before settled down to raising families. The equinox came and went with its festivals of balance, and the stars slid slowly backwards through the heavens. The Hunter began to appear in the mornings again, his jeweled belt and longbow burning down the year. Leaves glowed, and in simpler climes people worked to gather in the harvest.

Juliana and I kept in touch throughout the changes. I also met quietly with her teacher now and again. Sam passed at the head of his class and began courting medical schools. Juliana lost her job, but found another closer to the city. Together they bought an old, tired station wagon and found a way to make both their schedules work. Juliana's teacher discovered her student had been fingering wrong all along, and showed her a new way of sitting that took the strain off her spine. Juliana said she was happier than she had ever been.

Three nights before Samhain someone tried to pound my door in. I came out from the kitchen and pulled it open. The woman the storm blew into my hall was a wreck, her face and hair plastered with tears and rain. She was nearly hysterical, tumbled words escaping in great gasps and stutters.

"I got back from work- and Sam was there- and the door was down- and he said he just came in- and started screaming- and threw Sam around- and was looking for me- and started throwing things- and- and—"

I barred the door and pulled her into the kitchen, still shaking. Juliana went into the softest chair and the tissue box went into her lap. The kettle was still smoldering quietly to itself. I grabbed it and a box from the high shelf.



“Tea.” I told her. “Drink.”

She grasped clumsily at the deep mug, her lungs still sobbing. I waited until she managed to take a full sip without slurping.

“Who?” I asked her.

She stared at me blankly.

“Who threw Sam around?”

“My father... He found out I wasn't taking classes and discovered where we were living somehow. He tore the door down looking for me. When Sam told him I wasn't there he just went wild. He smashed everything he could find and kept roaring about me being a disobedient slut until our neighbors called the police. They were still there when I came home, and the landlord as well, but my father left before they could catch him.” She paused for breath, clutching at the tea.

“He found out you were not taking classes?”

She nodded dumbly.

“Had you not told him?”

“I told him I'd gotten a scholarship so that he could stop paying tuition, and that I was working as a nursing intern over the summer. I gave him the number of a girlfriend who would say I lived there but was out at the moment if he called...”

She stared into her mug. I stared into her ear.

“It was stupid, I know. But I didn't want to face him.”

“You lied,” I breathed softly.

“So what? I sold my soul too. What damage is a lie going to do?”

“Selling your soul is just a sacrifice. A lie is a blow to your own integrity- that is much worse.”

“You've got to be joking. Haven't you ever told a lie to avoid trouble?”

“No! When I do something as bad as lying you had better believe it is for something more important than just avoiding trouble!”

Juliana stared up at me, shocked out of her shock for the moment. My voice was louder than I had intended.

“You have a weird set of morals,” said she.

You do not know the half of it, thought I.

I turned away from her, studying my dishes. In the reflection of a hanging pot I saw her take another sip from her mug. Her face took on an odd look.

“Why am I drinking mushrooms?”

“Muscle relaxant.”

She nodded, still puzzled, then her lovely frame collapsed, crashing back into shock and despair. Her voice was almost too faint to hear.

“He smashed my harp.”

There was a knock at the door.

I turned, palms tingling.

“Don't go,” she whispered. Her eyes were very large.

## Chapter Six

I walked through the hall to the door's heavy oak panels and laid my long left hand upon them.

The young man who stood there was big, but not tall. He wore a checkered mackinaw and a tattered blue cap. There was a chaw of tobacco in his cheek, and he looked up at me with amusement and contempt in his grey-blue eyes. He touched his hat brim in the ritual of respect.

“I'm here for Miss Raskin,” he drawled.

“Who?”

He grinned and spat tobacco.

“I followed her here. That's her car out front. Don't try to tell me she's not around.”

“There is a Miss Spring here. I have never heard of a Miss Raskin.”

He spat again on my clean stone porch.

“Spring's not her real name.”

“Who are you?”

“I'm a friend of her father, Mr. Raskin. He told me to come and find his little girl.” He smirked up at me. His smile showed oddly clean teeth beneath the brown slime.

“I know she's in there.”

“Mr. Raskin is currently liable for housebreaking, assault, and destruction of property. Miss Spring is currently under my protection. Cross this threshold and you will be liable for trespassing, assault and attempted kidnapping.” The clipped words flowed from a well of controlled wrath.

The man on the porch took a half step backwards.

“Now. Did Mr. Raskin tell you to find his daughter, or to find her and bring her back?”

“He... He only said to find her, sir.”

“Then you have done as he asked. Go tell him where she is, if you feel you have to.”

The visitor rolled his poison uncertainly between his cheeks.

“He's still going to want her back,” he appended.

“Then we will speak to him in the morning. Goodnight, Tom. It would be best for you not to come here again.”

I closed the door in his startled face and dropped the heavy beam across it.

Juliana was sitting still and pale when I returned to the kitchen.

“Who was it?”

“Thomas Weedon from Willard's Landscaping, according to his hat. Do you know him?”

“He goes to father's church. I didn't think he'd do anything like this.”

“Is your name Juliana Spring?”

“Juliana Spring Raskin. Spring was my mother's name. I've never much cared for the Raskin part.”

My eyes searched the woman sitting in my favorite chair, wondering what else I did not know about her. I felt the sweat of adrenaline evaporating off my sides, the almost taste of blood along my tongue.

“What are we going to do now?” She asked.

The storm churned outside like the Wild Hunt in training. Beneath the wind I heard a car start up and leave.

“You and Sam are going to stay with me while we sort this out. Tomorrow morning you are going to talk with your father.”

Bleach would only have darkened Juliana's face.

“Could I have some more mushrooms?”

## Chapter Seven

The couple stayed for four nights. Sam and I packed up their apartment. It only took two trips; they owned very little beyond clothes and books. I collected the tangle of nylon and shattered walnut as Sam talked to the landlord. The harp was beyond repair.

“What are your plans?” I asked when Sam returned.

“We’ll move somewhere else. There are a couple of schools that seemed excited about my coming. I did pretty well last year, and my medical requirements are all finished. I might try talking one of them into accepting me a year early. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. It can’t hurt to apply anyway. Desperation must count for something.”

“I’m more worried about Julie,” he added after a pause. “That harp was her life. I don’t know what she’s going to do without it.”

The day after the attack Juliana called her father. Their conversation was brief and private. She emerged from my study in tears. I held her as she wept and came as close as I ever have to hating someone I had never known. There was more grief in it than anger, really, but hate is such a simpler word.

“What did you tell him?”

“Everything. He doesn’t understand.”

“Everything?”

“Except where we are going and about our bargain. He figures I’m damned anyhow, so what’s the difference? He said I’d end up just like Mother.”

“What happened to her?”

“She was a dancer. She taught at some of the community centers, YWCA and places like that. She was very good, but it was always just a hobby. Then one day she got an offer to join a dance troupe and get paid for it. My parents fought about that for weeks. She felt she had only ever been a housewife and was entitled to at least try for her own career, and that even if it only lasted for the season it would be an adventure, so what was the harm in it? He argued that she would be abandoning her sacred duty as wife and mother. Making a charnel exhibition of her God given beauty, I think he called it. She said he had no right to talk like that, and that she was going to go off with them anyway.

“Then one day she did... I came home from school and she was just gone, no note or anything. Dad fumed about it for months. He still gets furious if anyone mentions her. I kept hoping she would come back, or write, but she never did.” Juliana sniffed.

“Why couldn’t she have taken me with her?”

She fell silent. I stayed with her there in the darkening room until Sam came home to my rescue.

## Chapter Eight

With no further prelude, Samhain was upon us. The displaced pair stayed on to wait out the weekend traffic and tie up some last loose ends. The celebration was at my house that year, in the woods out back. I invited my guests to join if they wished. Juliana begged off, pleading illness, leaving me once more in the kitchen. Baked pies, breads, and squashes; mulled wine, cider, and mead helped to distract me from her troubles. Sam came down after a bit to help me cook.

“What is Samhain, exactly?” He asked as we sat amid the smells and bubbling pots, a pile of apples and peelings between us.

I swallowed a crisp of red skin and reached for a Macintosh.

“Samhain is the Druidic New Year. The harvest is in, the god is dead, the goddess is going into mourning until she gives birth to him anew on the Winter Solstice, December 21<sup>st</sup>.”

I flicked some seeds onto the table and shot Sam a hidden look. He was still listening.

“It is a time when we remember all the people and things we have lost that year. Friends who died, lives that changed, parts

of ourselves that we choose to lay to rest. It is a time when spirits of the dead come half way back to earth. Some people believe that messages can be passed between them and the living, tonight.” I paused. He waited.

“It is also the beginning of the New Year, and we remember that there is birth in all death, life in all change. It is a time to recall that things move on, however bleak or dismal the threat of winter seems.”

Sam was staring at me, the knife idle in his hands.

“What are you going to do?” He asked.

“Sit around a fire and talk, mostly. Sing, remember, tell stories.” I waved a peeled apple. “Eat good food.”

The right corner of his mouth twitched upwards.

“No devil worship?”

“‘Fraid not. Sorry.”

His grin became a full smile. I smiled as well.

“You are a good listener, Sam. Thank you.”

We piled in the last slices of fruit, added the final dusting of spices and lemon, then pinched down the sage sprinkled crust. The first batch of pies was ready to be pulled from the oven.

“Those do look good. I think I may join you.”

“We would be honored.”

## Chapter Nine

That night I watched the flames, listening to the stories of loss, grief, and healing. Some of those who came remembered Sam from Beltain, half a year before, and they welcomed him quietly. Samhain is a much more subdued holiday, deeper than the festival of spring, and less wild. You could say that the one celebrates Life, the other Death, but that is only half true. Sex and Sacrifice are closer; Spring and Autumn. In the one the world is leaping back to life, winter is vanquished at last, and all of nature pours forth its joy in reproduction and song. In the other we see the dark half of the year beginning. Winter is real, the leaves are down, and the god has given himself in sacrifice that the world might continue on without him. They are Beltain and Samhain. They may be irreducible. I sat between the old year and the new, and wondered what would become of us all.

A few people did actually burn letters to the dead. One man declared his life in the closet was over. A woman said good-bye to her father, killed in a car wreck eight years before. Food was passed, eaten, enjoyed. Sam said nothing, but his eyes burned, and I saw that he understood.

The stories continued. My mind was worn out by other peoples’ troubles. I stared vacantly into the fire, content to merely listen. One lady sang of the Fairie Courts riding and the rescue of Tam Llyn from Elfland’s Queen. The song seemed to take shape in the coals as I dozed, the great host passing, Tam with the star upon his brow, Margaret waiting, waiting, in her circle of holy water, the soul searing beauty of the Queen and her riders. I saw faces amidst that flickering host. One was a tall woman with eyes like the sunset and a face like Juliana might wear in another twenty years. She smiled, reaching out a long hand to brush my cheek—and then there was only the cold night wind, and smoke stinging tears from my old, tired eyes.

## Chapter Ten

The morning they left I gave Juliana a new harp. The black cherry pillar gleamed like plaited hair in the low sunlight of my library. The knotted maple soundboard whorled, swirls and ripples of grain on grain, eddies of foam on a long white shore.

"She is strung with wires," I cautioned, as I watched Juliana's fingers quiver. "They ring differently than gut or nylon strings. You will have to learn to finger all over again."

"But where did it come from?" Juliana breathed.

"*She* is my harp, Lorelia- and older than you are too, I might add, so show some respect!" I smiled. The harp whispered, my voice resonating in her sound box. It sounded like a chuckle.

"You are a better player than I, Miss Spring. I think she would rather live with you."

Her sandy haired lover was grinning. Juliana threw her arms around me and squealed.

## Chapter Eleven

The next day my phone rang, early. I answered. For a long moment there was nothing. Then came an indrawn hiss.

"Thrice damned Druid. I know who you are. Let me speak to my daughter."

"Good morning to you too, Mr. Raskin. That was a nasty way to start a conversation."

"You are a Devil worshipping hell spawn. Why should I be polite to you? Your soul will rot in Lucifer's bowels till the day when God dissolves you both."

"The Devil is a Christian figment, Mr. Raskin. You would know more about him than I."

"You are corrupting my daughter, leading her astray from the church and her family, encouraging her in that damned music and distracting her from God's will. Let me speak to her."

"Who is to say God did not give her that passion, those dreams, the gift she has for music?"

"Don't play games with me. Where is my daughter?"

"She is already gone. You have driven her away from both of us."

"Where is she?"

"I am sorry to say that is none of your business. If she chose not to tell you herself, then I am not about to."

"Tell me where she is! I'll kill you, Druid!"

"*'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord.*' You are not He, Russell Raskin. I am perfectly willing to be judged by God. Try anything yourself and I will see you in court."

There came a long drawn hiss of air forced between teeth.

"You thrice damned Druid. I'll see you in Hell."

"Only if you are there. Good night, Russell."

I broke the connection before he could curse me again. Leaves swirled past my windows in their endless autumnal Totentanz. I stood and watched them, breathing very slowly.

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## Chapter Twelve

The wetlands behind my forest rose and fell with the changing water table. A family of wood ducks moved into a dying soft maple, and I watched each May to see their chicks take their kamikaze leap of faith. The young ones hatch in a hole fifty feet up the trunk and are raised there by their long-suffering parents. When the ducklings decide they are ready to leave, they scramble to the opening and tumble out. They then have but moments in which to learn to fly. Each spring I sat watching in the moss, and the terror and the joy of each plummet peeled years from off my heart.

The young lady who had sold me her soul was making the most of those years. While Sam drilled and researched his way toward twin degrees, Juliana played. She studied, practiced, improved, discovered, and soon she was herself discovered. The fiddle player of *Sheebeg Sheemore* was quitting the band, and the group's manager had offered her his place.

"What do you think?" She asked over the crackling phone from Seattle. "Should I take it?"

"That depends on what you want."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want to be a popular, successful, possibly rich and famous musician? Or do you want to be the best harpist in the world?"

"I want to be the best in the world," she decided.

"Then you know what to do."

"Yes, I guess so..."

"Are you happy?" I chanced, just before she hung up.

"Deliriously! No worries at all!"

## Chapter Thirteen

For several years after this she was traveling, six seasons in Ireland, three in Prague. She had moved beyond what any teacher could teach, into the boundless and stupefying realm of self-mastery. She learned something from every person she watched, heard, or played with, incorporated each skill into her own playing, and blossomed. She caught wind of an archaic bard in Scotland, of a novel percussive harping technique from Argentina. She traveled to see and to study, sharing always what she had learned.

A withering bout of Dengue Fever ended Sam's three-year tour as a village doctor in Papua New Guinea. He returned to the mid-west and started a family clinic, eventually buying a house with the profits. My own life and works progressed too, over that slow decade, but this is Juliana's story, not mine, so I shall not speak of those.

Late one December the couple invited me to spend the holidays with them.

"Julie is giving a Christmas concert," Sam told me. "And... Well, we were thinking about getting married."

"After twelve years, I should certainly hope so!"

"We wondered if you would want to be in the ceremony."

"I would be delighted."

The concert taxed one's credulity. It was said that the old Celtic bards had three musical gifts: They could make an audience laugh, weep, or sleep dreamlessly at will, such was the power of their music. Juliana was almost that good. She played moods, memories, concert pieces, orchestral segments that were feats of pure skill, and songs that seemed dragged out of the

listener instead of the harp. She played and played, and a hall full of musicians, students, artists, academics, fans, strangers, stragglers, and I sat in frozen wonder, our hearts scoured and our minds in awe at what her fingers drew from those shimmering chords.

When it was over I moved through the clamoring sea of admirers and stood beside the stage as the waves swept about her, saying the things that people always say when trying to express admiration of the inconceivable. Juliana stood flushed, as thin and tall as the day we had met, thanking them all with a quiet, blushing, angelic grace. One boy of ten or so was ushered forward between his parents and stood with fire in his eyes as they offered up their praise.

“My daddy says you must have sold your soul to play like that,” he piped out between the “thank-yous.”

“Now, wait...” His father laughed, a hand on the boy’s arm.

“That’s not true, is it? It’s just lots of hard work and practice, right?”

His parents chuckled nervously. Juliana smiled.

“I practice all the time,” she assured the young, earnest eyes. “Hours. Every day.”

The boy nodded as he was led away, but I witnessed how the harpist shivered once his back was turned. The flush of exhilaration had drained from her. The crowds flowed on unheeding.

## Chapter Fourteen

There was tension over the dinner table of Hammersmith and Spring that night. Sam looked silent questions at the both of us through the meal, while the conversation danced and wandered, avoiding things not said in threes. I retired to leave them alone after the pudding, but the walls were thin, and when I lay down to rest in the dark spare room, their words crept through the woodwork.

“But what if he’s right?”

“This is what you’ve wanted your whole life, Ju.”

“But what has it cost us?”

“What about it?”

“When he asked that it was as if all the things I haven’t thought of in ten years leapt back. I’ve been so busy playing I never thought about the price! Sam... I sold that man my soul! Do you have any idea what that means?”

“No more than you do, when you stop to think about it.”

“What’s going to happen to me?”

“Ju. That man’s been the best friend either of us has ever had. Did you know he talked the Chair of the Admissions board into letting me enter that seven-year program when I was still a junior? I didn’t find out till after I’d graduated! He’s helped us with everything we’ve ever asked, been there when our own families were not around.”

“And I owe him my soul.”

“So what if you do? You thought about all that before you left college and decided it was worth the sacrifice.”

“Well, now I’m thinking about it again. I don’t want to go to Hell, Sam, or just stop when I die, or go wherever Druids believe soulless people go. How can we even be talking about belief? If he buys the things he must know what happens to them!”

“You’re getting hysterical, Ju.”

“No I’m not! I’m just... Scared.”

“Would you rather give up your music?”

There was silence after that, or sounds too soft for me to hear through pine.

I turned slowly from the wall feeling every one of my years, and the bitter pit of all the things that men have ever called me. Judas, Efnisan, Heart-wrecker. What becomes of people who cannot forgive themselves?

The doorbell chimed.

Sam’s soft tread moved to answer.

There was a crash, a scream, the sounds of struggle—and I was out the door and moving before I knew I had risen.

A man I had never seen was swearing in the hall. Sam sat upright but dazed against the sofa, blood coloring his sandy pale hair. Glass from the door was sprayed across the carpet. The intruder turned to face me. We both froze.

Juliana’s father was skeleton thin, his flesh burned off by the flames within him. A long coat billowed round him like a dark, wild, robe, threadbare and whisper thin. He looked like a man to whom heat and cold were the same: both inconsequential to the climate inside. His arms and jaw writhed in a frenzy of continual motion, the left hand, claw-like, snaking out toward me. He waved an iron crucifix like a blunt, inverted sword, and his eyes blazed with something that I never hoped to see. I looked up at him.

“You,” he whispered. His knees crouched like a fighter’s.

A door slammed and locked behind me. Juliana’s voice was frantic on the phone.

I studied his shoulders and the angle of his feet, feeling the room about me, and hoping there was space to move.

“I come only to reclaim my daughters soul, and God sees fit to set a devil against me, to test my will and courage. Well?” He roared, “Curse me, Druid! You cannot stand before the wrath of righteousness. Do your worst.”

“I am your daughters friend, Mr. Raskin, and no more a devil than you are.”

Blood from Sam’s scalp dribbled from the crucifix.

“You lie. I’ve studied you. Orgies in the woods, preaching to young students, scheming and smiling and striving to undo two thousand years of Christ’s work on earth. You seduce people away from the Trinity with your Triple Goddess and blind them with your nature worship. You tell them the world is God’s word made flesh and the Good Books be damned—and manage to hide my daughters movements from me across eleven years! Yes, I know you, you thrice damned Druid. Curse away before I strike you down.”

“We both teach what we believe, Russell. No human being knows the full truth of reality. We each live as we think best and pay the price for that choice. You know this. Do not make it any worse.”

There was a siren and the squeal of tires in the drive. Record timing, that.

“Clever, Druid, trying to turn my mind against me. But you are wrong. I know.” He shuddered. “I know the will of God as well as you do, who seek to pervert it. I know... And I know this too,” he swung the cross in an all-encompassing arc. “The Lord has told me that no human hand can stop me in my mission. Not him on the floor, nor the foolish arm of the law, nor you neither, devil though you be. Curse away and meet your doom.”

“Put down your weapon!” Came a voice from the door. Young, scared despite its training. “Throw down your weapon! -- *Base, I need backup!*”

“I will not curse you, Russell, and I will not let you touch your daughter. I have been her friend for eleven years, watched her through every storm, helped her realize a dream you would

not even see. I have been more of a father to her than you have, and not you nor God can take that from me.”

“I will take her from you now,” he growled, advancing. (*Drop your weapon, Mister!*) “The care of her soul is in my hands, and takes precedent over any dreams of the flesh. God condones all actions undertaken in the interest of the soul. I will have her from you before she ends up –just –like –her –mother!” He spat these last words with a roiling hiss and raised the cross on high.

I do not often read peoples minds. Sometimes I wish I never did at all.

“You bastard,” I breathed. “What that you’ve done would your God condone?”

Russell Raskin halted mid stride. His eyes bulged. His throat gurgled something that would never be a word. His left side spasmed violently, and the force of it spun him twitching to the ground. The crucifix leapt from his hand, hiding its face in the carpet. Russell curled and splayed, and then lay still.

The policeman came forward, gun drawn.

“I would have shot him. Really, I would have.”

*Shut up*, I willed him.

“What did you do to him?” He asked in awe.

“Nothing. Call an ambulance.”

## Chapter Fifteen

The beeps and muted bustle of the world’s worst waiting room fought the smell of antiseptic for possession of the air, as I sat down to wait beside Juliana Spring. The slump of her tempered shoulders informed me she had no emotions left. Sam was sleeping down the hall, six stitches, no fracture, and an egg on his crown fit to hatch the Christmas turkey we had not had time to eat.

“Is he awake?” I offered, by way of conversation.

“What did you do to him?”

My eyes winced shut.

“I did nothing...”

Nothing.

“How is he?”

“Doctor Sato says his mind is clear, but his body is completely wrecked. She says it was either a stroke or a heart attack, or possibly both at once. She says it’s hard to tell because we don’t have any medical records...”

She trailed off, gazing through the tiles. Her hands tore at a Styrofoam cup.

“The police searched his house for paperwork, but they couldn’t find anything useful. Just junk and religious tracts... No records... No will...”

“They found...” Her voice died. She tried again.

“They found...”

I put my arm around her, but she was done with tears.

“They found my mother’s teeth in the basement.”

“I know.”

“You know? Why do you always know?”

I shook my head.

“What will you do?” Said I, when the silence became too painful.

“He’s dying, isn’t he?”

“Yes,” I responded, knowing it was true.

“Then I suppose I’ll have to forgive him.”

“That is up to you.”

She sniffed.

Nurses flitted past, pale as ghosts, busy as angels, each sacrificing their Christmas day to make the world a touch less painful. After a timeless tedium Juliana squeezed my hand.

“Thanks.” Only a whisper, but sincere.

I smiled thinly.

“He wants to see you, you know,” said Juliana suddenly.

“What?”

“That’s what he said.”

“Me?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“He didn’t say. He just asked me to send in the damned Druid if he came around.”

I contemplated the machines, the smells of death and healing.

“Then I will go and see him.”

## Chapter Sixteen

Russell Raskin lay like a skull on a pillow, his hands gnarled and nearly lifeless on the sheet that pinned him down. Wires trailed beneath the cloth. A tube bled oxygen into the air beneath his nose. His eyes followed me as I entered the room. There was a chair by the window. I sat.

“You knew.” His voice was quiet.

I nodded.

“How?”

“I looked into your eyes and saw the truth that lived there.”

“God told you,” muttered Russell. “He told you, so that you would tell me, that I might see my life for what it was. The bastard. You are no better than I was. Why should He let you win?”

I said nothing.

“He did not lie, you know.”

“I do not think the gods can lie. It seems a purely human art.”

“He told me no human hand would stop me, too. I did not realize that meant He would.”

“Perhaps he was giving you the chance to stop yourself.”

“Shut up with the righteousness, will you?”

I studied the wires and tubes, the machines that stretched his life.

“Look at me- a dying preacher discussing God with a Druid. I must be mad.”

“I once read that the important religious distinction was not between those who believed and those who did not, but between those who loved and those who did not. What you or I believe may not matter so long as we act with love.”

“That does not leave me any better off,” growled Russell.

I looked away.

“You loved them both, Russell. You could not have hated so powerfully else.”

“Do you believe that?”

I shrugged carefully.

His eyes blazed.

“Answer me, damn you! Do you believe that? Or are you feeding me lies so I’ll die content?”

"I was offering an interpretations of events that might bring you peace, should you choose to believe it. How could I know what you felt?"

"You knew what I did."

"That is not the same thing. Besides, is it not the role of priests to bring comfort to the dying?"

"Not this priest. I've never wanted comfort. Comfort keeps you from facing the truth."

"Facing the truth just got you killed."

"Bullshit. Hiding the truth got me killed. Owning up to it just let me die- that and your damned questions. And don't expect me to thank you for that either!"

"I don't. Believe me."

Raskin coughed, exhausted by the effort.

"Why did you do it, anyway?" He asked.

"For Juliana."

The preacher was silent.

"I heard her play, you know. At the concert. A friend of a friend told me about it. That's how I found you. She is good. If God loves music you may not have done such a bad thing."

"She has thrown her whole life into the harp," I responded. "I only hope she forgives me that."

"If not, it's nothing worse than what I've done."

"No? You only hid the truth. I let her believe a false one."

"That's not as bad as murder. Maybe I will see you in Hell after all."

The pale Christmas sunshine sidled slowly down the wall. Church bells caroled in the steeple outside.

"Why did you want to see me?" I asked.

The old man chuckled.

"Who else was I supposed to talk to? Juliana? My flock? Haven't you read your Nietzsche? All friends lie. Only your enemies will tell you the truth."

I smiled ruefully. There was nothing I could say to that.

"Speaking of which," said Russell sharply.

I stilled my features. Dying as he was, this man could still wound me.

"I've heard it said that Juliana sold her soul to play the way she does. Do you know anything about that?"

"There are different ways to sell ones' soul," I answered very carefully. "One can drive a supernatural bargain, one can destroy some thing or quality central to ones' identity, or one can commit ones' self so completely to a single pursuit that everything else must be neglected. Out of countless paths Juliana has chosen one- and never left it. She has never explored anything else, never tried to discover other worlds, other loves, other things she could be. She has brutally pruned her own possibilities, and thus accomplished something practically impossible. In that sense she has sold her soul. To me that is an admirable and terrifying choice."

Juliana's father watched me very quietly.

"There was nothing supernatural involved?"

"There was nothing supernatural involved."

Russell grunted. It could have meant anything.

"What a strange way to think," he muttered at last.

Minutes drifted by. Raskin's breaths were getting weaker.

"Is Sam alright?" He asked me suddenly.

"A few stitches. He will be fine."

"Good."

A certain tension went out of him.

"Last request time, isn't it?"

I bit my lip, nodded.

"Tell Juliana she can perform at my funeral." He grinned savagely. "Bet she always wanted to play me to death."

"I'll do that."

Russell Raskin glared up at me. His grey eyes burned, dimming.

"...Thrice damned Druid... Take care of my little girl for me."

"I will," I whispered, and he was gone.

## Chapter Seventeen

Very few people can manage a funeral and a wedding in the same week with any sort of grace. Sam was one of those few. Watching him move amongst the wedding guests and the mourners from Russell's church, I realized what it was in him that my lovely harpist loved. Juliana Spring Raskin Hammersmith refused to have the wedding put off. She put on all the requisite roles and played at both events.

There was something new in her music now. In her triple guise as daughter, widow, and angel of death, she played at the funeral something I had never heard. There was grief in it, and longing, forgiveness, surcease and healing. She was burying both her parents that day, though none but we three knew it. She played what she played, and the gathered mourners wept, longed, suffered, and forgave, without ever understanding what it was for.

"What was that?" I asked her later.

"The music in my dreams. I just sat and listened and played what I felt. It is the first time that has happened."

"Maybe it was worth it," she added.

She was staring at nothing at all as she spoke. I knew not if she addressed myself, or the grave.

"Juliana," I began.

"No." She stopped me. "I am not the best in the world yet. Almost, but not yet. That might not be so important now, but this new thing is. This is a thing I need to explore."

She rose and left me where the wind played games with the snowflakes and the headstones, the memories and the souls.

At the wedding she played love, but that is an impoverished word to call what was in her music. She played the passion of the newly wed, the depth and humor that comes of knowing another life and mind through twelve long years. She played the tender care of a parent- and this from someone who had never had a child. And she played something else. A thing too powerful to name, that choked me with a private longing. It reached inside to drag out notions I had sworn I would never entertain, and left me shaken with its passage. Juliana's eyes caught mine as she touched the strings, and she smiled at me for the first time since the concert.

At last she released us and took Sam's hand in hers. The guests gaped, daring only to breath. The pastor stood slowly at the head of the chapel. He stretched forth tremulous arms and raised his face to the heavens.

"Amen!" He exclaimed.

And that was the wedding.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Eighteen

Now I grow weary of the passage of time, and this telling has nearly reached its end. Five years later Juliana was the best harpist in the world, without a doubt, by any standard you cared to name. There were those who said she was the best musician in the world, that she played on peoples' souls instead of strings.

The seasons' changeless change had swung through to Beltain again when the couple came to visit me. I led them down to the workshop where I had labored all winter.

"I have something for you," I let on as we approached.

Standing on the bench was a small traveling harp of darkest mahogany, completely unadorned, polished as glass. Its strings glowed like liquid sunshine in the clear spring light.

"Is that what I think it is?" Sam wondered aloud.

"Golden strings," I smiled. "The best harpists have always had them."

"You're trying to make a legend out of me, aren't you?" Said Juliana.

I laughed.

"If I am, I am too late. You are that already. I just wondered what gold harp strings might sound like, that is all, and you are the only one good enough to do them justice."

She gave me a quick hug.

"You are too kind."

"Hardly. But come outside. The Maypole is starting."

## Chapter Twenty

The rest of the day was a time of celebration and life, that fluid, wonderful, time defying clarity that once seen remains forever living in a persons' heart. The feast was consumed, the pole danced and braided, the King and Queen of the May chosen, crowned and married. I sat on a sun soaked log to rest my knees after the ceremony, watching the wedding games. The King and Queen stood in a circle of revelers, their hands tied to full wine cups, holding a kiss between them. Those in the ring joked, teased, and shouted, gleefully doing everything they could short of actual contact to make the couple laugh and break it off.

Juliana collapsed lightly to my right, flowers in her hair and laughter in her eyes.

"All these years, all these Beltains," she began. "How is it that you never married?"

I looked at her in surprise. Her eyes teased mine.

"Who would have had me?"

"I might have."

"I am twice your age, dear."

"Not any more you're not."

"True. But you had Sam."

"True." She gazed at him fondly from across the green.

"We are thinking of having children, he and I. I am not quite too old yet." She laughed. "But what sort of mother would a soulless woman make?"

"Juliana Spring," sighed I, and took her hand in mine. "I never took your soul."

She stared.

"You what?"

"I never took it. Your soul has been yours all along."

"But you did! Our bargain- you spoke those words and I felt it leave!"

"It was all in your mind then. I do not really know if souls can be sold. Lost, saved, destroyed, nourished, abandoned, loved, certainly, but to the best of my knowledge your soul is with you always, love it or hate it, to do with as you will. What would I have done with an extra soul, anyhow?"

The harpist's jaw worked soundlessly.

"But if you couldn't buy my soul, why did you even want to meet me in the first place?"

"I wanted to see what it was like to want something that badly. I never have, you know. Most people never do. I could not imagine a desire so strong in a person that young. I had to meet you."

Laughter erupted throughout the glade. Someone had started people-fishing with doughnuts.

"You tricked us," she said at last.

"I did. Are you angry?"

"I don't know yet... If there was no bargain, then everything you've done—"

"I did nothing." I cut her off. "It was all you, Juliana."

"But why?"

"What would you have done all those years ago, if I had told you souls could not be sold, that only practice, passion, and infinite dedication could make you a better harpist? What if I had told you that even with guidance, time, and expert teachers there was no guarantee you would ever be as good as you wanted, or that dream music could never be properly reproduced? I had never even heard you play, remember?"

"I might have become a nurse," she reflected. "Why didn't you though?"

"Because you were serious. Because you were strong enough to make me wonder. Because the gods love it when we act bravely." Her deep, deep eyes searched mine.

"And because, watching you, I got just an inkling of how powerful that desire might be."

In an ideal world she would have kissed me then. But we were in this one, and the moment passed.

"I will name my firstborn after you."

I laughed.

"Even if it is a girl?"

"Even better! I could never have done it without you."

"Nonsense," said I, but it is hard to sound believably stern when your cheeks are flushing crimson.

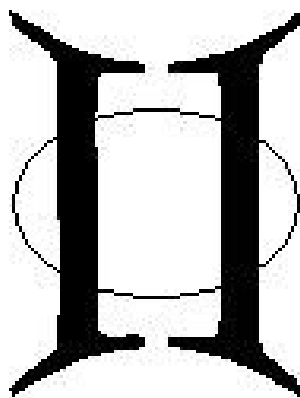
## Chapter Twenty-One

Juliana played her new harp for us that night, while the couples snuggled and the stars blazed down. She sat on our log in a borrowed cloak with her hair blowing long about her shoulders. The strings burned golden in the firelight as they sang, and a whole generation of listening fools began to believe in magic.

It was the story of her life we heard, made music, wordless and eloquent. Dream songs from her childhood, her mother vanished, father possessed, early despair in her years in college and the flush of young love in meeting Sam. Then came the power, the wonder, the mystery and horror of an unspeakable bargain, the surrender, confidence and strange purity it engendered, and at last the full splendor of the mature theme began. Two decades of concentration and skill in one ascending spiral, the struggle, journey, grief, love, discovery, mastery—and at the end, when I was sure there could be nothing left to feel, came joy.

The End.

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So Ends Volume Six of the  
Green Books.



# Green Book Of Meditations Volume Seven Seasonal Selections

## Introduction 2003

The motivation for this Green Book was that Part 3 had the seasonal liturgies, Part 4 had the numerical calendar of the seasons, but the reflections on the seasons had no such collection. Perhaps no aspect of Druidism is more widespread than the observation of the passing seasons, and the lessons they bring. However, not everyone writes about them, so this Green Book is really only the thoughts of a small handful of members.

Most of these selections were culled from the various NRDNA magazines of Part 11 of ARDA (published as a separate volume) and put together into three main sections, each sub-arranged by seasonal holiday, and then further sub-arranged by chronological order. Many of these materials may very well be copy-right protected by the original authors.

Section One: Essays of the Season are mostly drawn from the introductory essays found at the front of the various magazines announcing the holiday and giving some notes of past customs associated with the holiday, often a reconstructionist style that draws primarily on Celtic or European sources. Many times a subject is addressed again and again, and developed over the years. Emmon Bodfish, the editor of Live Oak Grove's "A Druid Missal-Any" from 1982 to 1991, wrote many of these selections, as did his protégé, Stacey Weinberger, in the later run of that magazine from 2000 to 2003.

Section Two: The Heathen on the Heath was penned by Les Craig-Harger, a hermetic member of Live Oak Grove, who moved to Humboldt and lived in a rural stretch of land with her two children. She had been a previous Matriarch of the Bardic Order of Oberon in the NRDNA. A free-lance writer, she writes from a very personal angle with an immediate first-hand observation of the seasons.

Section Three: Non-liturgical Festive Activities was pulled from Part 3 of ARDA and reprinted with this collection. This series was mostly written by Alex Stuart for the recent incarnation of "A Druid Missal-Any," providing enjoyable activities outside of the ritual format that often so dominates the celebration of the holidays.

I hope that you will read through these selections when you feel those holidays approaching but don't feel a "connection" or firm style to begin the necessary preparations. Hopefully you'll find some inspiration, but take these selections as but a few ideas, yea, a few ideas among many possibilities.

Yours in the Mother,  
Mike Scharding  
Four Seasons Hotel Lobby (Waiting for a bus.)  
Georgetown, Washington DC  
April 7<sup>th</sup>, 2003 c.e.

**Printing History**  
1<sup>st</sup> Edition 2003 c.e. (ARDA 2)

Drynemetum Press



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# Section One: Essays of the Seasons

## Samhain

### Samhain Notes

The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

*Samhain* begins the season of *Geimredh* (gee-ru,) in Modern Irish *an Geimhreadh* (uN gee-ru); which is Winter, running from roughly the beginning of November till the end of January.

*Samhain* (Sô-un,) known in Modern Irish as *Lá-Samhna* (Laa Sôu-Nu,) in Welsh as *Nos Galen-gaeof* (that is, the night of the Winter Calends,) in Manx as *Laa Houney* (Hollantide Day,) *Sauin* or *Souney*; is, of course, the eve of "All Saint's Day," All Hallow's Evening or Halloween. Among other things, it is the beginning of the Winter Half of the Year (the seasons of *Geimredh* and *Earrach*) and is known as "the Day Between Years." The day before *Samhain* is the last day of the old year and the day after *Samhain* is the first day of the new year (though for clarity's sake, most Druids assign each *Samhain* to the year following it. Being a day "between years," it is considered a very magical night, when the dead walk among the living and the veils between past, present, and future may be lifted in prophecy and divination.

*Samhain* basically means "summer's end" and many important mythological events occurred on that day. It was on a *Samhain* that the Nemedians captured the terrible Tower of Glass built by the evil Fomorians; that the Tuatha De Danann later defeated the Fomors once and for all; that Pwyll won his wife Rhiannon from Gwawl; and that many other events of a dramatic or prophetic nature occurred (see *Later Chronicles*, Chapter 5, Verses 11-14.) Many of these events had to do with the temporary victory of the forces of the darkness over those of light, signaling the beginning of the cold and dark half of the year.

### Samhain Essay: The Tuatha

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1982  
By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, the day between the years. The Druid year starts with Samhain, in the autumn just as the Celtic day starts with sundown, proceeds through night, dawning into the day. The Classic writers of antiquity held that it was a Druid teaching that cold and dark and the difficult precede warmth and light and the beneficent.

In pre-Christian times, Samhain was the occasion of great gathering in Ireland and Gaul, and probably in Scotland and Britain, though there, no records survived. Druids Bards and Ovates (Ollafhs) and the political leaders from all parts of Ireland assembled at Tara. In Gaul similar gatherings were held, and received and sent emissaries to and from Scotland and England. Better accounts survive from Tara than from any of the other Celtic areas. The Tuatha from the four provinces of Ireland assembled at Tara Hall well before Samhain. There

after ritual purifications, which may have included the offering of sacrifices, part of the harvest, and leaping through the bonfires, the nobles and Druids retired indoors. They remained “under roof” all Samhain Day, the belief being that on this day the forces of Propriety and order were gathered inside, and the forces of Chaos were afoot outside. Inside the palace at Tara, took up their traditional stations around the High King: Those of Ulster, representing the warrior caste, to his North; Those of Munster, representing the prophetic/aesthetic pole to his right; Those of Connaught, representing the Druid, or clerical caste at his back; and facing his Lennster, representing the Tuatha, husbandman/producers. In this order the great counsel of the year was held.

Though called the Day of the Dead, Samhain was considered a good or lucky day. In contrast, Beltaine was considered a difficult, or tricky day as the day beginning the Season of Life. On Samhain, the two worlds of the living and of the Tuatha De Danann draw close and may merge, making this the time to contact the Other World, and ascertain the disposition of the Gods and ancestors on the plans for the coming year of the settling of old quarrels. Ancestors, in particular, could send fertility, or disease, to their descendents and their favor was sought for the ensuing winter. This tradition was especially strong in Alba (Scotland, approximately) where Samhain was the occasion to seek instructions from the ancestors and bring oneself into harmony with them. If the required funeral ceremonies had been performed, and the yearly offerings made, and all was right between the living and the dead, then there was no need to fear ghosts. But if all was not well between the living and their clan forbearers, if their will was flouted or the rites neglected, the dead could make their will known on this night when the line between the two worlds dissolved and spirits could come over and walk in ours.

To the Tuatha, husbandmen of the land, Samhain marked the absolute end of the harvest. It was forbidden to glean or gather any more wild fruit after Samhain night. This assured that all would be gathered in and stored before the storms began, and may also have prevented overpicking, especially of wild fruit, by declaring that anything which remained in the fields or woods after this date to belong to the wild birds.

## Samhain Essay: Talking to Ancestors

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1983

By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, in the Celtic traditions, begins the new year. It is “the time between the Worlds,” the time that the dead may manifest again in our world or send us messages from theirs. In Eire it was the feast of Dagda. In a tradition that may be older than the Indo-European, spirits of departed ancestors are said to be able to send either prosperity or disease, fertility of crops or plague. If you have fulfilled all your ritual and practical obligations to your ancestors, and have not committed any defamations against their names, you have nothing to fear from ghosts on Samhain Eve.

If not, there are various ways of getting back on good terms with the spirits of dead ancestors. One is to create an image, a mask, a statue, a name plaque, or a painting (on rock) of the ancestor. This gives the spirit a “body” or locus in our world to replace the one that has died. The implication seems to be that with this image-body she/he continues to live, to be remembered, and to be able to transact any unfinished business in this dimension which may be troubling her/him. G. Rachel Levy, the anthropologist, feels that this image making is very

old, and may account for certain types of rock paintings or prehistoric peoples. She quotes an Eskimo artist, relative to his rock paintings: (This way) “we give them new bodies to replaces their bodies that we had to take away.” (for burial.) This solidifying or fixing of a spirit into an image is probably pre-Indo-European, though elements of it are carried through in the Celtic culture. It was practiced until fifty years ago by some Siberian cultures\* which some anthropologists feel are descendents of the pre-Indo-European peoples of North Europe/Asia. It is also very recent. It is still considered filial and decent, in some circles, to erect headstones and memorials over and for dead family members, though why is not now so clearly specified.

Another method of appeasing the ancestors is to name a child after the deceased, so that the ancestor’s spirit can be reborn within the clan. This, also, is still in practice, and children are named after deceased or aging relatives to assure prosperity, or at least inclusion in the will.

In the Celtic epics, there are numerous Bardic passages imploring that the names of ancestors not be forgotten. In later times, appeals to Deities of the dead, or of the other world, seem to have replacing offerings to the dead themselves. But at the most flourishing times, at the high points of Druid power, all the Celtic cultures buried their dead with rich grave goods, ready for another life that would be a close reflection of this one. Social status would be preserved; chief would remain chiefs, warriors, warriors, etc. Valour would be rewarded in men, fidelity, skill and courage in both sexes.

In the Scottish tradition, a Western Isle, Tir nan Og, is the location of this paradise, and Manannan McLer comes with his white barge to ferry souls across “to the isle where they would be.” Caesar, in the last century B.C., states that Druids of his acquaintance believed that souls do not suffer death, but after death pass from the (world) to the other.” (ab aliis...transire ad alios.) And Lucan, in rhetorical address to the Druids, said

“But you assure us, no ghosts seek the silent Kingdom of Erebus, no the pallid depths of Hades’ realm, but with new body the spirit reigns in another world—if we understand your hymns, death’s halfway through a long life.”

Unfortunately the hymns have not come down to us.

To the Classic writers, descendents of Mediterranean cultures, death was a state of suspended animation, or minimal animation, where shades drifted and muttered aimlessly in a twilight world ruled by an unfeeling, motionless god, Pluto/Hades.\*\* In the Druid afterlife, people and gods mingled in a sunny world similar to this one, but “outside of time.” This was so different from the Greco-Roman concepts of death that it seemed to the Classic writers to require both emphasis and explanation.

They had, from their own Pythagoras, a doctrine of another kind of re-incarnation, and, in an attempt to explain the unknown in terms of the slightly more familiar, they asserted that the Druids had studied or borrowed from Pythagoras. This myth continued until the 18th Century, when it was reversed and asserted that Pythagoras had plagiarized from the Druids. There is no good evidence that Druidism ever heard of Pythagoras. It antedates him by at least a millennium, probably more. Its doctrine of re-incarnation in a material but timeless body in an Outer World, bears little resemblance to Pythagoras’ idea, as recorded by Salmoxis, of the immortality of the soul based on the indestructibility of concept and number. By equating the Druid belief with Pythagoras’ school, it could be integrated into the world of Classical thought and made

acceptable to the Roman mind, and at the same time enhance the reputation of the Greeks as “The Founders of Philosophy,” a favorite Roman idea.

Sucellos, Esus, and in some of his aspects, Cerunnos, are often listed as Celtic gods of the afterlife or Underworld, but as much as my research has been able to determine, there is no one god of the dead, comparable to Classic Pluto or Hades. The Druid afterlife is more an Other World than an Under World, in which gods and people mingle in a timeless dimension. All the gods, and one’s own merits and clan connections seem, in Ossian’s poems, to determine one’s place at the perpetual feast in the Isle of the Ever Young.

It was a later development, and among the Germans, not the Celts, that associated divine energy with the souls of the dead. It was here that the original root of our present word, “God,” Ghav, Ghuto, arose and designated “the evoked” and was associated with the souls of the dead.\*\*\* Why the Christian missionaries used this word to translate the concept of their Deity, Jehovah/Yewah, is not known. Perhaps Dis Pater, also a heavenly father, and the other likely candidate, Taranis, were too clearly individualized, and specifically pagan presences. Ghav/Ghut was shadowy and vague. Perhaps they followed Paul’s example when he described his God to the Greeks as that “god-they-knew-not” but to whom they had built, nonetheless, an altar on Mar’s Hill. However that may be, by the laws of magical evocation, when you evoke “God,” you are naming/calling an ancient deity of the dead. This could explain the dour atmosphere at many Protestant services. You might experiment with using “Deus” or “Dea” and see if the mood changes; or, if you want the deity of the Bible, why not evoke Him by name, Jehovah or Yehowah. Avoid embarrassing mistakes.

\*Waldeman Jochelson’s Expedition, 1900.

\*\*\*“Being dead is a waste of time.” c.f. your average classical culture.

\*\*\*Alternative interpretation: Ghav/Ghuto, “the evoked” one, referred to a “divine energy” associated “with the souls of the dead.” The trouble with the history of ideas is that historians all have a different idea of what happened in history.

## Michaelmas

A Druid Missal-Any Samhain 1982

By Emmon Bodfish

The following ceremony was associated with this time of year, and enacted annually at least through the 1820s, though in Christian times it was incorporated into Michael-mass festivities. In the Northern Celtic areas, Michael takes over many of the characteristics of the Celtic deity, Manannan Mc Ller, and even of Llyr, the sea god, and ruler of the Land of the Dead, celebrated on this Day of the Dead, Samhain.

‘Na Gellaidh

Thug mo leannan dhomh sgian bheag  
A ghearradh am meangan goid,  
A ghearradh am bog ’s an cruaidh,  
Saoghal buan dh’an laimh a thug.

Gheall mo leannan dhomh-sa stiom  
Gheall, agus braiste ’s cir,  
‘S gheall mise coinneamh ris  
Am bun a phris mu’n eireadh grian.

Gheall mo leannan dhomh-sa sgathan  
Anns am faicinn m’aille fein,  
Gheall, agus breid is fainne,  
Agus clarsach bhinn nan teud.

Gheall e sid dhomh ’s buaile bha,  
Agus falaire nan steud,  
Agus birlinn bheannach bhan,  
Readhadh slan thar chuan nam beud.

The Promises

My lover gave to me a knife  
That would cut the sapling withe,  
That would cut the soft and hard,  
Long live the hand that gave.

My lover promised me a snood,  
Ay, and a brooch and comb,  
And I promised, by the wood,  
To meet him at rise of sun.

My lover promised me a mirror  
That my beauty I might see,  
Yes, and a coif and ring,  
And a dulcet harp of chords.

He vowed me those and a fold of kine,  
And a palfrey of the steeds,  
And a barge, pinnacled white,  
That would safely cross the perilous seas.

The song and the dance, the mirth and the merriment, are continued all night, many curious scenes being acted, and many curious dances performed, some of them in character. These scenes and dances are indicative of far-away times, perhaps of far-away climes. They are evidently symbolic. One dance is called “Cailleach an Dudain,” carlin of the mill-dust. This is a curious character-dance. The writer got it performed for him several times.

## Welsh Folk Customs for Pagans at Nos Galan Gaeaf (Eve of Samhain)

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1984  
By Tom Cross

1. Before the Eve of Samhain, gather pieces of bread, cakes or pancakes. This is to be called in Welsh *hen solod* or *hel bwyd cennad y meirw*, or collecting food for the dead and the food is soul cakes. This food is to be given to those who have passed on.

In Celtic folk belief, Samhain or Calan Gaeaf is the time when the dead are close to this world and it was believed that on the eve of Samhain, when the Otherworld was closer, the dead came back to earth. This is the time when we can look back at those who have died and reflect on the ones that we miss and remember them and honour them. One of the ways we can do this, is by the archaic rite of feeding the dead which was practiced by the ancient Indo-European ancestors and still practiced in other cultures today.

2. At the Samhain bonfire, or *coelcerth*, as it is called in Welsh, which is lit at night on the eve of Samhain, the soul cakes which have been gathered may at this time be eaten by those celebrating and a portion of each piece is to be thrown into the fire as an offering not only to the deities but also for the dead.

3. When the food has been placed in the fire, a eulogy for the dead may be recited and other charms or prayers uttered in commemoration of those who have died. Also, the gods and the spirits of the dead may be asked for help in the coming season or for the year. As an example thanks may be given to one's parents or relatives who have died. They will be listening!

4. The fire should then be circumambulated three times each time ending on the west side. Some ecstatic Celtic music could be played. This should end this ceremony and each person should be ready to go home. Staying behind could be for those looking for the dead, or as in Welsh folk belief, the tailless black sow or Ladi Wen (white Lady) who haunts the eve of Samhain. It is speculated that the Ladi Wen represents the old year.

A rhyme from Caernarvaonshire for Nos Galan Gaeaf:

Gwen y gwnei a dy holl deulu,  
Hyn a gei di genni leni.

(Pronounced: Gwen uh gwnaye ah duh hollh dye-lee  
Huhn ah gaye dee ggennee lenee)

Mayest thou bless thy whole family,  
This is what I give thee this year.

It is danced by a man and a woman. The man has a rod in his right hand, variously called "slachdan druidheachd," druidic wand, "slachdan geasachd," magic wand. The man and the woman gesticulate and attitudinize before one another, dancing round and round, in and out, crossing and recrossing, changing and exchanging places. The man flourishes the wand over his own head and over the head of the woman, whom he touches with the wand, and who falls down, as if dead, at his feet. He bemoans his dead "carlin," dancing and gesticulating round her body. He then lifts up her left hand, and looking into the palm, breathes upon it, and touches it with the wand. Immediately the limp hand becomes alive and moves from side to side and up and down. The man rejoices, and dances round the figure on the floor. And having done the same to the right hand, and to the left hand right foot in succession, they are also become alive and move. But although the limbs are living, the body is still inert. The man kneels over the woman and breathes into her mouth and touches her heart with the wand. The woman comes to life and springs up, confronting the man. Then the two dance vigorously and joyously as in the first part. The tune varies with the varying phases of the dance. It is played by a piper or a fiddler, so sung as a 'port-a'bial,' mouth tune, by a looker-on, or by the performers themselves. The air is quaint and irregular, and the words are curious and archaic.

### Samhain Essay: The End of Summer

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1984  
By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, Celtic New Year, the day between the Worlds. The Druid year starts with Samhain, in the fall of the year, just as the Druid reckoning of days begins each day at night fall. This marks the end of the harvest season. Any fruit not gathered in by Samhain Eve must be left in the fields to feed the birds and wild animals, or the Sidhe, as one would have it. According to Françoise Le Roux, whose article, "Studies on the Celtic Feast Days" has been translated out of the French by one of our subscribers, Jeanne Elizabeth, Samhain may be derived from Sam Fuin, Weakening or End of Summer. Other competing derivations from Sam Rad or Samhna are by no means disproven. Samh-rad, summer or Samhrach, quiet.

Like New Year's Celebrations everywhere, Samhain festivities fall into two sequential phases; one that signifies a return to Chaos, e.g. disposal of old goods, expelling of evil, reversal of usual habits of behavior, parties, suspension of taboos, and the return of the dead, all on Samhain night; and a second which signifies re-birth of the Cosmos and creation anew, e.g. lighting of new fires, beginning of a new season, inauguration of new ceremonies, reaffirmation of the existing order and installation of new leaders. This will be enacted at the Dawn Service Samhain morning, in the Reformed Druid tradition. The newly elected Arch Druid, Preceptor, and Server enact the first service of the new year; the Third Order Druids change their ceremonial ribbons to new, white ones, and winter begins.

# Samhain Essay: Samhain Customs

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1985

By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, the break between the years, is one of the four major High Days of the Druid calendar. Throughout the Celtic lands, Samhain was the Great Gathering. Wars ceased, and representative Druids, Bards, Ovates, Kings, and Equites met at sacred sites, on the Plain of Murtheme or with Conobar at Emain Macha in Ireland, or at Carnac in France. Similar convocations almost certainly met in Britain and Scotland, and perhaps in the Shetlands and the Orkneys as well.

The word Samhain may be derived, according to Francois LeRoux, from "sam fuim" meaning "weakening or end of summer," though competing derivations from "sam rad" and "La samhna," "rest" and "reunion" must also be considered. The LeRoux derivation concurs with the traditional date near the first of November, reflecting the Celtic division of the year into two long seasons, Summer and Winter, analogized to day and night. And as the Celtic calendar reckoned the night before the day, with each date beginning at sunset, the new-year began with Samhain, or sundown Samhain eve. It marked the end of the harvest. Anything still ungathered in the fields was left to the wild birds and the Pucas, Wood Sprites.

The rites and rituals have been lost, and we must piece together fragments from oral traditions, from 10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, and 12<sup>th</sup> century manuscripts of Irish law and commentaries, old customs and descriptions found in the Cuchulain and Find(h) epics. We gave a rendering of one such description of a Samhain ceremony from the old Irish in last Samhain's Missal-Any.

One of our subscribers, Jeanne Elizabeth, has translated some of LeRoux's work on the social and historical significance of the holiday, from her articles in the French journal "Ogam." As far as I can find, these essays have not been available in English.

Samhain, LeRoux emphasizes, was first of all a universal observance, required, on pain of exile, of every member of the community. It was called the holiday of obligation.

"Samhain is first of all a holiday of obligation, an approximate expression when it is applied to an ancient holiday, but practical, in order to express the restrained tone and universality. Such a holiday, was celebrated with dignity: An assembly was held by the Ulates each year, that is to say, three days before Samhain and three days after, and the High Day of Samhain itself. It was the time when the Ulates were in the plain of Murtheme, and they held the assembly of Samhain each year. There was nothing in the worlds that was not done by them at this time to enhance the games, gatherings, reunions, pomp and magnificence, with costly goods and banquets, and it is from there that came the (custom of) the three days of Samhain in all Ireland.

'Conchobar himself served them at the holiday of Samhain, because of the reunion of a great crowd. It was necessary to nourish the great multitude, as all those of the Ulates who did not come to Emain on the night of Samhain and the three days after Samhain, lost their reason, and their sepulchral mounds were prepared, each one's tomb and his headstone set the following morning. There were great provisions at Conchobar's the three days before and three days after Samhain that marked the feast at his palace.'

So runs the stanza from the Birth of Conchobar. At these gatherings, kings were chosen or reaffirmed. Debts and quarrels were settled and laws for the coming year enacted. It was a sacred and magical time, and the corridor to the Other World, to the Ancestors and the Gods, was open, and communications, and even goods and people, or at least their souls, could pass between our world and the Other. The Sidhe Mounds were said to open, and horses or children who had been lost, spirited off by the Sidhe, or other denizens of the Other World, could return or be brought back. But likewise the Deities and ancestors could exact reprisal for offenses against them, or demand changes and send signs confirming or denying victory or prosperity. Kings who had broken their "Guise," ritual taboos, or warriors who had made unjust war, were in particular danger of being struck dead or carried off at this time.

A typical Samhain tale is found in the Echtra Nerai epic:

On the eve of Samhain Ailill and Medhbh, king and queen of Connacht, offer the prize of his choice to whomsoever succeeds in putting a withe around the foot of either of two captives who had been hanged the previous day. Nera alone accepts the challenge. He goes to the gallows but he only succeeds in fixing the withe after the corpse has instructed him. The corpse then complains of thirst and Nera carries him on his back to a dwelling in which he finds water. Having replaced him on the gallows, he returns to the royal court of Cruachain only to find it in flames and the severed heads of its people near by. As the attacking warriors move off, Nera follows them into the Cave of Cruachain, a famous gateway to the otherworld. Once inside the *sidh* he is discovered but is permitted to remain. He takes a wife from among the women of the *sidh* and from her he learns that his vision of the destruction of the court of Cruachain was but a premonition: it will come true next Samhain, however, unless the *sidhe* is ravaged before then. He sets out to bring warning to his own people, carrying with him fruits of summer—wild garlic and primrose and golden fern—to prove whence he had come, and he finds his friends still seated around the cauldron as he had left them, though much had befallen him in the meantime. When Samhain returns, the Connacht warriors invade and plunder the *sidh* and carry off the three great treasures of Ireland. But Nera remains behind with his family in the *sidh* and there he will stay until Doomsday.

Nera remains behind as exchange for the treasures, or as reprisal for the plundering. This illuminates one side and meaning of Celtic sacrifice, and may also echo the ancient ideas of the death of divine victims, priests married to Goddesses, or who assumed a God's identity. The Nerthus traditions of Germanic society are a close parallel. The priest who tended Nerthus' wagon during its annual summer journey through the countryside was sent to join Her at the end of the ritual pilgrimage. The bodies of some of these male attendants, found with Her wagons in Danish bogs show, according to Prof. P.V. Glob, slight muscular development and hands that had never done rough work. These were not slaves. Neither were

they prisoners of war, i.e. warriors, nor criminals, the two most common groups used for sacrificial purposes.

Nera could be a memory of a cultural parallel. He (1.) accepts a magical or magic-laden challenge, more the stuff of a Druid, 1st function/caste, than a warrior; (2.) he sees a vision and prophesizes; (3.) he is married to a supernal being; (4.) he leaves the mortal world, forever, to join her and serve as recompense for the treasures gained by mortals, his kinsmen.

In modern N.R.D.N.A. celebrations of the holiday, vigils are in order, and vision-quests prayers for guidance in major life-changes are in order. It is a time to tie up loose ends and settle debts, to, as Jim Duran said, "get straight with your ancestors," deceased relatives and departed friends. If you are keeping an all night vigil, leaving out a plate of food or a remembrance for the spirits or departed friends is one way.

## Samhain Essay: The Other World

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1986  
By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, Celtic New Years, the Day-between the Worlds...The Druidic year starts on Samhain, in the fall of the year, just as the Druidic day begins with the going down of the Sun. Samhain marks the end of the harvest which began at Lughnasadh. All fruit not gathered in by Samhain Eve must be left in the fields to feed the birds, the wild animals, and the Sidhi. The Pukas, mischievous spirits, will come for it, to steal its nourishing essence and leave the husk, or to despoil it, if it is not to their liking. Their mythic descendents swarm out in the form of myriad "Trick-or-Treaters."

Like New Years' celebration all over the world, Samhain festivities fall into two sequential phases: one that signifies the return to Chaos, and involves the disposal of old goods, potlatches, parties, suspension of taboos, return of the dead, and the mixing of the two Worlds, in Past and Future; and a second whose theme is the rebirth of Order and Cosmos, of creating anew, of preparations, and of the rites of Samhain Morning. (As we are not an official, organized Grove, here in Orinda, but a gathering of Solitary Third Order Druids, First Orders, and friends, the election that would ordinarily be held for officers in an R.D.N.A. Grove will not need to be held. Isn't it a relief!?)

The beliefs involving the return of the dead on Samhain Night are based on the Pan-European traditions of Samhain as the time when the Other World is closest to this one, and when, therefore, doors, passages, may open between the two. In Celtic myths these gateways were usually located at the Sidhi Mounds, the megalithic tombs of the Celts' Pre-Indo-European predecessors. But ways were also said to exist through sacred lakes and springs, and through caves in the crags. These doorways admitted passage in both directions. On special days, mortal heroes or heroines crossed to the Other World on quests, adventures or to obtain prophetic knowledge. Throughout Eurasia, the dead, who exist beyond time, are believed to know the future as well as everything that has happened in the past. Dead ancestors could help a favored descendent with this knowledge, or send health and prosperity, but first the petitioner must be in perfect estate, having broken no Geas, nor taboo, nor have incurred the censor of any Deity or Sidhi. In addition, the seeker must be in the good graces of the ancestor whose help is needed. Health or disease were from the ancestors in the Celtic Cosmos; to live well one had to be on good terms with the dead and with one's past. The past becomes present again on Samhain, between the years. All oblations and funeral rites due the ancestors must have been

offered, and all debts of this World paid, if the traveler is to step lightly between the Worlds. If all was not in perfect order, the quester might become trapped or the ancestors could send disease and misfortune when the passage opened. Or the wronged dead could pass into this World, and walk in the time between the years, seeking revenge.

The concept of going to the Other World for help from disease or to secure prophetic knowledge is found in several different European Samhain traditions, as well as among the Celts, is probably cognate with, descended from the Other World journeys of the Paleolithic Eurasian shamans. Similar, but more complex and complete traditions and epics have been preserved among the Siberian shamanic religions. There, going to the Other World(s) and returning to one's mortal body are usually the privilege of the clergy, i.e. initiate shamans. But in Europe, on Samhain, the Other World is very close, in Celtic verse, just a mist apart. On this night, there is no treacherous journey through intermediate kingdoms or being states. Tonight a mortal, albeit a hero or a heroine, could make the leap.

R.D.N.A members hold all night vigils, beginning with a bonfire at dusk when the first of the two Samhain services is held. All opened bottles of spirits must be finished by dawn, and there will be, then, no more fermented spirits in the Grove chalice until Beltaine. Plates of food and offerings should be set out, just beyond the firelight, for the souls of friends who have died in the past year. They may be invited to join the festivities.

At dawn the second Samhain service is held. All remaining liquor is sacrificed in the fire, and the Third Order Druids exchange their red ribbons and ornaments for the white of the Season of Sleep. There is pure water in the Chalice. The new year has begun.

In preparation, all debts should be paid, or arrangements for them brought into harmony. All rites due to the dead, and the past, should have been performed, and all obligations to the living brought current. Then enter the Time-Between-the-Worlds "without burden, without geas, without malice." Pleasant journeys!

## Samhain Essay: Celtic Feast Days

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1987  
By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, Celtic New Year, the day between the Worlds. The Druid year starts with Samhain in the fall of the year, just as the Druid reckoning of days begins each day at the fall of night. This high day marks the end of the harvest season. Any fruit not gathered in by Samhain Eve must be left in the fields to feed the birds and the wild animals, or the Sidhe, as one would have it. According to Françoise Le Roux, whose article, "Studies on the Celtic Feast Days" has been translated from the French by one of our subscribers, Jeanne Elizabeth, Samhain may be derived from Sam Fuin, meaning weakening or end of summer. Other competing derivations from Sam Rad or Samhra are by no means disproven, such as Samh-rad, summer, or Samhrach, quiet, still.

Like New Years, Samhain's celebrations everywhere, Samhain's festivities fall into two sequential phases: one that signifies a return to Chaos, to wit: the disposal of old goods, expelling of evil, reversal of usual habits of behavior, parties, suspension of taboos, and the return of the dead to this world of the living, all of which occur on Samhain night; and a second phase which signifies rebirth of the Cosmos and creation anew, to wit: the lighting of new fires, the beginning of a new season,



inauguration of new ceremonies, re-affirmation of the existing order, and installation of new leaders. This phase is enacted Samhain morning, and is symbolized in the RDNA tradition in the Samhain Dawn service, Service The newly elected Archdruid, in Preceptor, and Server enact the first service of the new year; All Third order Druids change their ceremonial ribbons to new white ones, and winter begins.

## Samhain Essay: Gatherings

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1988  
By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, a major High Day in the Druid calendar, is the day between the years. The Druid year starts with Samhain in the autumn just as the Celtic day begins at sundown, The Classic writers of antiquity held that it was a Druid teaching that cold and darkness and difficulty precede warmth and light and benefit.

In old Druid times, Samhain was the occasion of great gatherings in Ireland and Gaul, and probably in Scotland and Britain as well, though there no records of them survived.

The Druids, Bards, and Ovates (Ollafhs) and the political leaders from all parts of Ireland assembled at Tara. In Gaul similar gatherings were held, which sent and received emissaries to and from Scotland and Alba (England.) Representatives of the Tuatha, the husbandmen, from the four provinces of Ireland assembled at Tara Hall well before Samhain. There, after ritual purifications, such as running or leaping the bonfires, and the offering of sacrifices, the chieftains and Druids retired indoors, into the Great Hall. They remained "under roof" all Samhain. Day, the belief being that on this day the forces of Propriety and Order were gathered indoors, and the forces of Chaos were afoot outside. Inside participants took up their traditional stations around the High King: Those of Ulster, representing the warrior caste, to his left; those of Munster, representing Bards, Prophets, and artists to his right; those of Connaught, representing the Druidic (clerical) caste at his back; and facing him, Lennster, representing the Tuatha, "the people," crafts and husbandmen. In this order the Great Counsel of the year was held.\*

Reflections are held in R.D.N.A. Groves, and a night vigil is held mark the new year. In the morning, the Third Order Druids exchange their red ceremonial ribbons for white, and offer a second sacrifice to the Dawn.

\*For the High King, it was "face the people day." No wonder the holiday became associated with dread. From Professor James Duran's seminar, "The Druids," Berkeley, 1985.

## Samhain Essay: Paying Respects

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1989  
By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, Celtic New Year, the Day Between the Worlds, the Druid year starts on Samhain, The sun is half way between Autumn Equinox and Winter Solstice. Samhain marks the end of the harvest season. All fruit and grain not gathered in by Samhain Eve must be left in the fields to feed the birds and wild animals, the flocks of Cernunnos, and its vegetable life essence, its "spirit" becomes the property of "The Little People," the Sidhi, and feeds them. (Is our word, "fairy," derived from "fear an sidhi," meaning in proto-Gaelic "a person of the Sidhi," one of the little people?) Sidhi is

pronounced in Gaelic as English "shee." A Banshee, the spirit that gives prophecies and mourns for the dead, means literally "a woman of the Sidhi." Another folk tradition, probably from old Druid times, holds that "Pukas," mischievous spirits, will come out on Samhain night and steal the nourishing essence of any food crops left in the fields, or, if it is not to their liking, will despoil it. Their mythic descendents swarm out in the form of hordes of trick-or-treaters and disguised, costumed revelers.

This is the night when the Other World, the world of the dead, the future souls, and of the ancestors, comes the closest to our world and "dimension hopping" is the easiest. It is time to honor dead ancestors, and remember old friends. This was "the day of the dead" long before the Christian era. The dead were thought by the ancient Celts to have a wider and truer perspective on things than we mortals do, and to be able to advise their descendents and friends, They know all history, are aware of all forces and causes, and can intuit the future better than we. Pay your respects at graves or memorials, ask questions of departed friends, ancestors, or mentors. Leave out food offerings for them at your Samhain Eve celebrations and vigils. Get out old photographs. Review the past, this pre-Samhain week, and pay old debts, spiritual or emotional. Find lost belongings, make amends. Then celebrate.

## Samhain Essay: Vigiling

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1990  
By Emmon Bodfish

Samhain, Druid New Year's, occurs when the Sun is half way between Fall Equinox and Winter Solstice. The Druid year begins in the autumn, just as the Druid day begins at twilight with the going down of the Sun and runs until the next evening. Julius Caesar called this the "custom of reckoning by nights rather than by days," or dawns, and considered it a strange custom, one that set the Druids apart from any of the other peoples he encountered in the Ancient World. Samhain marks the end of the harvest season. Any food not gathered in by Samhain Eve was left in the fields to feed the birds and wild animals, or the Sidhe, the spirit-folk.

Like New Year's Celebrations everywhere, Samhain festivities fall into two sequential phases the first signifying a return to chaos, e.g. the disposal of old goods, expelling of evil, repayment of debts, completion of contracts, endings, then parties, dancing, fire-leaping and the suspension of taboos; on Samhain night, the first half of "the Day-Between-the-Worlds," this World and the Other are very close. Spirits of the dead may return, and messages can pass very easily from our world to the Other world and back. Spells are more easily broken and banished at this time Cernunnos rules, and His followers, the Suibhnes, forest hermits and prophecizers, the mystical branch of the Druid caste, try their skills at (shaman-like) journeying to the Other World or other parts of this one.

With Samhain dawn, the second phase of the New Year's celebration begins: the establishing of the new order. New, "clean" fire is kindled by friction, traditional summer trappings are exchanged for traditional winter trappings. The traditional Samhain ceremonies and rituals are enacted. Winter begins.

The R.D.N.A. Samhain celebration reflects these two phases. It begins on Samhain Eve with a sunset service with the summer season chants and ritual. Then an all-night vigil is held and the altar fire is kept burning. Members bring food and jollity, and all already-opened bottles of liquor and wine belonging to members must be finished or sacrificed before dawn. No alcohol is found in the chalice or consumed in the Grove during the winter half of the year, the Season of Sleep.

At dawn the fire is built up again and a second Service performed at which all the Third Order Druids who are present exchange their red ribbons of the Season of Life for white ones of Sleep. There is pure water in the chalice, and the words and chants of the winter half of the year are spoken. Grove elections are held and the new order invested. Rest and peace are invoked and all the members go home to sleep.

## Samhain Explanation

An interview with Andrea Davis  
Alumni and Druid of Carleton College  
October 20, 1996

Davis: [Samhain] is a time of death and of the cycle. It's the Druid new year but it's the time of...if you follow the Wiccan tradition like the dying of the god. And so I always see it as a time of things are dying, and you have to acknowledge that things are dying, but in that death you also have to see hope. There are a number of songs about this time. Some of the songs we've sung are:

“Hoof and horn, hoof and horn, all that dies shall be reborn.

Vine and grain, vine and grain, all that falls shall rise again.”

There's also:

“We are the flow and we are the ebb,

We are the weavers, we are the web.

We are the flow and we are the ebb,

We are the weavers, we are the web...”

That's just a connection to the cycle of life song whereas the other one is more specifically a Samhain song.

I also see it in the traditional sense that this is the time when the dead are walking the earth, that the worlds are closest, and that this is the time you say good-bye to the people who've died that year. You can feel free to say things, and ask questions and question my concepts as well, that's fine. Its just times like, from traditions like the Mexican tradition of El Dia de los Muertos. That really used to be a holiday about going to the graveyards and cleaning off the ancestors graves and making sure they had flowers and basically a big party that they held in the graveyard. I think American culture has moved away from. It's a natural process with death, we're all so afraid of it - we avoid it so much.

In a ritual- for myself I always use it as a time to say “Okay,” and I take and light a candle in the evening and I'll sit there and I'll talk to the people who have died last year and tell them what I remember about them and things that I wanted to tell them but maybe didn't. I think it really helps with the letting go, with the accepting of the transition, and I think it also helps to have a designated date that this is when you do this.

I see it also as a time of shucking down, preparing for winter. I see the equinox more as a joyful harvest time and Samhain as “Yes it is starting to get cold, winter really is going to happen soon!” You have to prepare yourself and so you clean out all your baggage and lighten yourself up in preparing for winter where you really not going to have as much energy. You try to let go of things, letting go of your dead. If there were things about yourself that you were trying to let go it

really helps to mention them in the ritual circle. I find that things, that New Years resolutions made in a ritual circle tend to be more likely to happen, they tend to have more strength or resolve if you tell this group of people in this context. It works better, and I don't know if that's psychological or if that's magical but it works.

There are many ways you can do this: you can burn things, that's always fun to do. You have a bonfire and tell people to bring things that represent what they want to get rid of or what they want to say good-bye to. If they have poems that they want to send the dead; you know in China the tradition was that any wishes or hopes that you wanted to send to the dead you wrote on a piece of paper, and then it was burned with them and that way traveled with them. Many people believe that by burning things you can get them to the spirits, so that's one way to release that energy. Another way that I learned when I was touring with the Environmental Theater Group Action Project Council of All Beings was: you take a stone, kind of at the beginning of the ritual, you do some other things at the beginning of the ritual, talking about traditions and fall, a little singing, a little chanting, and you let people just hold their rock for a while, or two rocks, or whatever, and think about what they have lost and what they are in mourning for. Towards the end everybody takes their rock and puts it in a cairn and tell what it's for, you either explain the story behind it or just say “Okay, this is for my grandmother who died this year.” Some people did this a couple of years ago here and for this one guy it was just like we were doing this total group therapy session for him; all this stuff just came pouring out, he had so much stuff that he was putting into this rock. But then you take the rock and you put it away from you in the cairn, and in the end you just have kind of a grieving session or all kind of howl with a sad feeling, and then, having let go of all that you kind of have a joyful dance afterwards. You've let go of these things. You know that there's been a transition and that life is going on and you're very happy about that. That's a good one.

Interviewer: Some native American peoples use a similar sort of ritual, and add to it that whatever you put into the rock stays there. They believe that someone else picking up the rock can be affected by whatever grief or pain is put therein.

Davis: I believe that, which is why I clean the rocks afterwards. When you soak them in salt water that tends to draw out excess energies, then you can scatter the salt water. If it is grieving or sadness that kind of energy can fade away from the rock into wherever you put it if you leave it for a while. If it is something like murderous wrath now, you can't get that out of a rock! There's just no cleaning it. With most of the rocks I've used people were putting some sadness into it.

(Editor's note: In the time since beginning this the tape has vanished. There was more there, but Andrea's thoughts on Samhain proved influential ones during the 96-99 period. Be careful charging rocks like that. They sometimes get kind of active.)

## Samhain Essay: Summer's End

A Druid Missal-Any Samhain 2000

By Stacey Weinberger

The season of Samhain is upon us. Summer has finally come to an end in Northern California with the warm days of an Indian summer swept away by some of the windiest nights in 50 years. Cold, rainy weather has returned, heavy sweaters are pulled out of storage, the heat is turned on. Time for hot tea, mulled cider and wine!

Samhain, summer's end. Traditionally whatever is left over from the harvest is left in the field for the birds, and mice, and other wildlife, and the Sidhe--the spirit folk, to glean for preparation of the coming winter. Samhain signals the beginning of the Celtic New Year. It is the end of the Summer half of the year and the beginning of the Winter half. This is the time when the veil between the worlds is the thinnest and when the ancestors, departed family and friends are said to return to visit the land of the living once again. The dead are honored and feasted on this night. Food is set out for them and they are remembered in word, song, and deed. Astronomical Samhain occurs when the Sun is half way between the Fall Equinox and the Winter Solstice and is on November 6 this year. As the "night precedes the day," Baccharis Grove will be celebrating Samhain on Sunday, Nov. 5 at sundown, which will be at 5:06 p.m.

After a nine year hiatus, the Missal-Any has found a new home. Though it had been in the back of our minds to resume publication without any particular start date, this Samhain seemed to be fitting. Our Grove celebrates its one year anniversary and is going strong. Interest in the RDNA and what we do seem to be on the rise. It is our sincere wish that we are able to continue the tradition started by our noble founder, presenting information, resources, history, and not a little bit of humor. So it is to him, Emmon Bodfish, that we dedicate this first issue.

## Samhain Essay: A Thin Time

A Druid Missal-Any Samhain 2001

By Stacey Weinberger

Samhain, Samhuinn in Scots Gaelic, Sauin in Manx, from *sam fuinn* "Summer's end," marks the Celtic New Year, the day when the veil between the Worlds is the thinnest. Fires were lit on sacred hills this night. It was customary to extinguish the household fires, symbolizing the end of Summer, and then relight them from the ceremonial fire marking the beginning of the new season, Winter, the Season of Sleep. For the first time Baccharis Grove will be enacting this tradition during the service when the Third Order Druids exchange their ceremonial red ribbon for white. After the New Year's revelry and merrymaking rejoicing in the bountiful harvest of the previous year, we prepare ourselves for this long period of darkness as our thoughts turn to contemplation, reflection, and renewal.

## A Few (?) Thoughts About

### Samhain and Sacrifice

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 2001

By Mortus, the Morose Druid

(Please refer to the NRDNA's 1979 article:  
<http://www.geocities.com/druidarchives/pent3-2part2.html>  
titled "Now, About Those Human Sacrifices...." about Celtic Gaul.)

We all know that there are only three certain things in life; Death, taxes and idiots. As much as we dislike them, often all three arrive together. But with this essay, please tolerate the first and third.

Well, it is Samhain, so it's time to bring up that perennial subject; death. (Fun activities at the end.) Yes, death, a subject rarely brought up willingly in our modern cult of youth and life. It is a huge far-reaching subject, on which I'd like to endlessly ramble for a six pages. It is a huge topic that we all are deeply concerned about. Life is, of course, not separate from death, it only looks that way because, "Death stares old men in the face, and lurks behind the back of youth." Perhaps one of the reasons we are so shocked in our society by sudden violent death, is that we persist in that infantile belief of immortality, bolstered by medical and social advances that virtually promise us a death by old age. Death always comes out of season to us, it seems. Yet, throughout history, death was a daily possibility and old age a rare achievement; therefore worthy of respect. (Possibly, a reason why current seniors are not respected is that there are too many of them?) Talk to an insurance salesman if you really want the morbid statistics of modern dangers. Our fear of death, combined with our materialistic fear of economic loss has made the whole concept of "sacrifice" particularly unpleasant to many today.

The very word "Sacrifice" tends to ring warning alarms to pagans, who must constantly prepare arguments and defenses against ill-informed persecution; "Oh, we only use vegetables or Sacagawea Dollars," or such. But while this word is bandied about in this preparation of America for a "new" war, let's pause to reflect on it's meanings. Here's a popular view of sacrifice from the O.E.D. (abridged edition);

"sacrifice: n. 1.a. The act of offering something to a deity in propitiation or homage, especially the ritual slaughter of an animal or a person. b. A victim offered in this way. 2.a. Forfeiture of something highly valued for the sake of one considered to have a greater value or claim. b. Something so forfeited. 3.a. Relinquishment of something at less than its presumed value. b. Something so relinquished. c. A loss so sustained. 4. Baseball A sacrifice hit or bunt. [Middle English, from Old French, from Latin sacrificium: sacer, sacred; see SACRED + facere, to make. ]

To "sacrifice" is to "make sacred," which means:

"sacred: adj. 1. Dedicated to or set apart for the worship of a deity. 2. Worthy of religious veneration. 3. Made or declared holy: sacred bread and wine. 4. Dedicated or devoted exclusively to a single use, purpose, or person: sacred to the memory

of her sister; a private office sacred to the President. 5. Worthy of respect; venerable. 6. Of or relating to religious objects, rites, or practices.

Many cultures make daily offerings, to “respect,” “feed,” or “bribe” the spirits by setting aside something they want to “pay back” the gods for the kindness of giving it to the devotee in the first place. Taxes operate on a similar level, by our repaying society for the conditions that gave us a good business environment. The ancient Celts, to take but one collection of cultures, would sometimes bury sacrifices of food, animals, disliked neighbours, in special pits; perhaps as a fertility-death cyclical bargaining (I give you one skinny deer in the fall, you give me six months’ interest...say, three fat deer in the spring?) The Celts were also quite fond of throwing treasures and leaden body-shaped-parts into hot springs, pools, rivers, wells, fountains, oceans or anything wet. The Romans drained them and took the loot; initiating perhaps the first recycling campaign? Hopefully, the gods will further bless us and the government will further improve our economic security and quality of life; a cycle of thanking. Uh-huh, that’s the theory. And what is the greatest of material losses, but the death of our physical body? What do we get in return?

As a falling tree produces an arboreal opening for a new sapling to grow towards the sun; so does death provide new space for youth to grow. What we call ourselves now, is not the same self we will become in five minutes. You can’t step in the same river twice. Even physically, parts of us come and go, with every breath and excretion. I was told that our complete skeleton is reformed on a cellular and molecular level within every seven years, and few cells in your body were atomically or biologically present 10 years ago. Life is a process not a stationary condition. (Decomposition and reclamation are processes too.) We merely do not notice the death that is around us, when the forces of growth are more apparent or ascendant. Yet we fear the loss of something we’ve lost many times before. We want *quid pro quo*; “if I die and give up this body, I WANT eternal life, or...I’ll be really miffed about it!” The truth of the matter is that we probably didn’t choose to be in this world and we likely won’t be able to choose when and how we’ll go. They also say, you can get by in this world with only half of what you’re born with, if used rightly. That’s all a hard pill to swallow and many religions and industries are built upon this grievous issue. I guess, it’s what you do in between that makes all the difference, and be glad that we are such a potentially long-lived species among animals.

Some of us have gone beyond a greedy desire for maximum duration of life to assist others (but not me, yet.) We all revere our parents, teachers and heroes for the hardships and injuries they have sustained on our behalf. Why do good people suffer? That’s a \$60 billion dollar question. I’m not going to go into a good and evil debate, because I’m not convinced they actually exist beyond the level of concepts. Some say that death and suffering inspire us to use our time wisely, and they are inherent to the biological reality of life on Earth. Around Sept 25th, the Rev. Jesse Jackson said the 9-11 disaster has had some positive impact;

“Suffering breeds character, and character breeds faith, and in the end faith will prevail. This suffering has allowed, in the darkest hour, the light to shine most clearly.”

Some of the reasons for tragic death are probably poor preparation, unforeseen consequences, and just plain bad luck. Such comfort takes a longtime, if ever, to reassure the victims. Starvation and wasting away are not inherently noble in themselves. Mother Theresa once said, “I pray much better when well-fed and dressed comfortably.” Another troubling issue, is that the people most directly responsible for the tragedy died in hopes of receiving divine reward for what is mostly a political statement in a “David and Goliath” act, where we were the loser. While suicide for reasons of depression or cowardice are often not esteemed, but doing fool-hardy acts for a cause or to save a group are oft considered heroic; even if the same result is dead people. I guess for many moderns, it’s not a question of “if” they die, but how they live and die. I believe, however, that you shouldn’t make that choice to die for others without their permission. All too often, violent acts are result of cheating and are used in place of long-term remedies, ostensibly due to time constraints; thereby dampening rather than solving a problem.

Now, as you all know in the *Druid Chronicles* “The Early Chronicles,” it was determined in April 1963, that the RDNA would not choose animal or human sacrifices (lawyers and politicians were included in 1965,) irregardless of their purported effectiveness. Most, if not all, Druid, Wiccan and Neo-Pagan organizations since then have followed a similar tradition to ours. There is, of course, the agonizing issue of whether fungi are to be treated as plants or animals, as they have characteristics of both! There are strangely no records on how to choose a sacrifice, but there is some guidance on how to do think about a sacrifice:

“For one man, the sacrifice of life is the offering up of himself to a god or gods. To another, it is an offering up of his mind to a search for truth.”—Book of Faith, v.9

“If one but says “Dalon ap Landu” with the knowledge of the power of it, truly the whole Universe will be forever consecrated.”—Thomas the Fool, 1970

Many peoples believe, that spirits with feelings inhabit all objects and creatures, not just “Homo Sapiens Sacrificius.” I, personally, try to take only willing sacrifices by divining the feelings of the plants or objects, which might take a long time. And as always, thanks and apologies before and after are to be recommended. I’m moving towards vegetarianism, but still occasionally eat reptiles, fish and bugs. I try to reduce the frequency of consumption and have rarely done the butchering (cowardice on my part, not unlike many Hindus) but I try to be respectful. After all, according to “Babe” they say, “What you eat, walks and talks tomorrow” and “You are what you eat, from your head down to your feet.” What goes in, will come out. My wife says that means I’ll become a vegetable as I grow older.

In my experience, a sacrifice is rejected when there is a hastily chosen unwilling plant, a poorly directed purpose, misguided intentions of participants, or the gods are in a plain weird mood; and killing for no purpose is not commendable. From my observation, the most common sacrifices in the RDNA have been; leaves, branches, berries, tufts of grass, acorns (plantable afterwards,) flowers, home-grown vegetables, ect. The divination of the winds will decide whether the sacrifice is acceptable, and we must patiently await and abide by their decision, not ours. I sometimes cheat though, by only holding services on windy days in areas with many birds...(By the way, bringing hand-held fans is strictly prohibited! An area, largely unexplored, is how to have an RDNA service or activity without intentionally harming anything, (if such is

possible, counting the squashed grass under our dancing feet, airborne microbes, ect. See Jainism.) Would it be too much to bring the ceremony to the uncut offering, which would then live a life of service?

It would be well for the squeamish Neo-Pagans to remember that animals are still routinely raised and killed for religious feasts throughout the world. Examples could include Thanksgiving Turkeys, Christmas Goose/Ham, Easter Lambs, July 4th BBQ, Sajigor goat sacrifice in Kalasha India, Kosher meat preparation, the ever-popular Uidhyah goat sacrifice for Eid holiday in Islam, the reverent buffalo slaughters among Native American plains tribes to teach their children, pig feasts in Borneo, Santeria rites, etc. Christianity prizes the voluntary human sacrifices of its founder and martyrs. Historically, the pre-diasporic Judaic kingdoms had their own fair share of temple sacrifices (and possibly may have again if a few hardcore Orthodox Jews can ever remove the "Dome of the Rock" mosque from the site of the Solomon's Temple.) For those tribal hunters who are still in an ever-present-holy-moment-union with the Earth, any act of hunting is a religiously imbued activity. Ancient tribes are especially afraid that angering an animal's spirit, would reduce the hunt next year. All this goes on, yet journalists would be delighted to uncover a report on a dog killed by some pathetic Satanists. And yet in America, home of the top animal protein consumers, husbandry and abattoirs are conveniently efficient and simply barbaric; if not unhealthily operated as a whole, tastefully out of sight. No one prays during their deaths.

But why do people kill things in a religious service, if most religions are life-affirming, in theory at least? A possible theoretical liturgical reason, offered by the venerable Isaac Bonewits (2nd Epistle, Chapter 7,) is that a living (plant, fungal, bacterial or animal) creature allegedly releases energy on its death, (and some while it's alive, too,) which might amplify the resonance of a magic raising activity. (I wonder if a flashlight, a plutonium cell, dancing, sex, or campfire could substitute the necessary energy in place of living sacrifices?) Perhaps it is so.

I also disagree with the above definition's hint that only "victims" are sacrificed. While all religions have offered material sacrifice in some format, most ancient cultures freely accepted the necessity or advantage of sacrifice of living creatures, some even considering it such an honor as to volunteer themselves. In some cases, the volunteer would be instructed with lengthy messages to convey to the deities involved, kind of like a court witnesses being briefed by lawyers to present their villages case. However, I suspect that the vast bulk were less than thrilled with their candidacy, often being the criminals, disliked trouble-makers, or prisoners of war of a society. Civilization helped make it possible, as self-sustaining small villages needed as many people alive as possible, due the death rate; but cities often have less-than-necessary inhabitants to be mistreated or sent to war.

With rare exceptions, death is irreversible and final; so unsanctioned killings have been punished more severely than non-fatal injuries by legal codes of most states. It's not my purpose to wade deeply into the debate the pros and cons of capital punishment (see China, Florida, and Texas,) but it's interesting that priests are still an integral part of the execution process, although few would label these priests as "blood thirsty;" rather, they're merely there to comfort the victim and restrain the vengeful passions of bystanders, and perhaps to mitigate the executioners' guilt for breaking one of their 10 commandments. To their credit, that great Fertility Cult, (known as the Catholic Church) now tries to sacralize life; and prevent such state-sponsored murders, albeit sometimes to excess. The Druids, themselves, were often also present at matters of life and death, like councils of war, exiling (which

equaled death) or executions. Depending on the individual, perhaps they enjoyed or dislike the responsibility involved. One could also make the case that vendettas and war are a "viral" form of human sacrifice that is out of control and self-feeding (like an inferno,) soon bereft of whatever religious impulses that may have motivated or restrained the initiators. Once life is stripped of its holy aspect, fearful things become conceivable.

I can think of three attitudes towards death. 1. If you feel that death is an end to all existence, it is a dirty distasteful thing to be feared and avoided at all costs and deeply mourned. 2. If you feel that death is a one way journey to a (hopefully) pleasant place, then death should be an acceptable; if not desired. Of course, "A man's dying is more the survivors' affair than his own," so you shouldn't recklessly hasten your death, widows really hate being told "He's in a happier place." 3. If you feel that death is a two-way or cyclical journey, then the above applies, plus any apprehension or anticipation of having to start all over again from scratch; either in re-birth or re-incarnation. Perhaps it is so.

The ancient Celts and Europeans, on first glance do not seem inordinately afraid of death; in fact, many literary heroes hardly even notice their death until long after the fact. After all, "A brave man dies but once—a coward many times." In the case of the Celts, there are references to ancient Celts loaning money and expecting repayment in the next life. People would keep the heads of enemies or friends, occasionally talking and giving them a feast. But, how the average Joe McBlow felt is less certain. Perhaps, it's along the lines of "It's a good day to die...tomorrow" or "Who wants to live forever? Okay, but who ELSE?" or "I am not afraid to die, I just don't be around when it happens."

In Celtic myth, there are tales of Avalon (island of apples,) Tir nan Og (land of youth,) Islands out West over/under the Ocean (America?), Hybrasil, Annwyn (in the Tales of Pryderi,) and the Faery underworlds of mounds and tombs. (See the Voyage of Mael Dun for another interesting journey by boat.) A general sense of connection is thought to exist in the same place, like parallel universes, that are crossed-over sometimes (especially on holidays like Beltane and particularly Samhain.) Ghosts, spirits, saints, monsters, faeries are rampant in their mythology that continues to this day.

So, finally, as you know, the greatest traditional remnant concerning death is the great fire-festival of Samhain (or the triple holiday of Halloween, All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day.) You've read already read oodles about Samhain on the internet, you know its roots and know all that stuff about it being a Celtic new-year (a new calendar year in the NRDNA.) I'm a "do-er" not a "liturgist," festivals for me are about doing interesting related projects.

# Samhain Essay: Prophesizing

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 2002

By Stacey Weinberger

Samhain, the beginning of the Season of Sleep in the Druid calendar, marks the end of the Celtic year and the beginning of the new, a time the veil between the worlds is the thinnest, when the door to the Otherworld opens and spirits walk the earth, and when communication with the dead is possible. This is the most important High Day in the Celtic calendar.

Samhain is a time associated with prophesizing and foretelling of the future. It was commonly believed that children born on Samhain were gifted with Second Sight or the ability to foresee events and objects. This was time when divination rites were practiced and there are many tales and traditions surrounding them.

In the Book of the Dean of Lismore, a mortal man, Fingein mac Luchta is visited by a ban-sidhe every Samhain who would tell him of all the marvels in all the royal strongholds of Ireland. She tells him of three chief artefacts of Ireland that were found and revealed this night, the headpiece of Briun mac Smethra, a helmet that had been hidden in the well of Sidh Cruachan from the Morrighu; the fidhchell board of Crimtham nia Nar left in an adventure and was hidden in the rath of Uisneach; and the minn (diadem) of Loeguire mac Luchta Limfinn that had been hidden since the birth of Conchobar until this Samhain night. The ban-sidh also relates to Fingein other events that come to pass in the next twelve months

In modern times divination rites were still practiced in the Celtic countries at Samhain. Grain, vegetables, and fruit were used indicating the close association of Samhain with the Harvest. These were the foods that would sustain tribes through the winter. Apples and hazel nuts that played an especially important part to the early Celts: they were foods of the Otherworld, were notably used. Hazel nuts were known as a source and symbol of wisdom, and were eaten before divination. The apple symbolized life and immortality, was the talisman that admitted one to the Otherworld, and gave one the power to tell the future.

In the Border ballad Thomas the Rhymer, the 13th century poet and seer, meets the Queen of the Faeries at his favorite Eildon Tree, and after entering her mystic hill, they journey through rivers to the Land of the Faerie, where they find a garden. The queen gives him an apple from one of the trees for his wages saying, "It will gi'e thee the tongue than ne'er can Ice," and thenceforth Thomas can only speak the truth. After having been instructed by the faerie queen in prophecy or "second sight," Thomas is then able to enter Avalon as an initiate where he dwells for seven years.

There are two main apple rites that survive, one involves ordeal by water and the other ordeal by fire. The act of going through water to obtain apples could be the remnants of the Druidic rite symbolizing the passing through water to Emain Ablach or Apple-Isle. Apple-Isle is where Manannan Mac Lir prepared the Otherworld feast for the eternal enjoyment of those who have passed on.

The Ordeal by Water survives in Scotland in such Samhain traditions as "Dookin' for Aipples." A large wooden tub is filled with water and set in the middle of the floor into which apples are placed. The master of ceremonies has a porridge stick or some other equivalent of the Druidic wand, and with this he keeps the apples in motion. Each participant get three tries, and if unsuccessful, must wait until the others

have had their turn. If a participant captures an apple, it is either eaten or kept for use in another of the divination rites.

The modern form of the Ordeal by Fire is known as "The Aipple and the Can'le." A small rod of wood is taken and suspended horizontally from the ceiling by a cord. After it is fairly balanced, a lit candle is set on one end and an apple at the other. The rod is then set whirling around. Each of the company takes turns leaping up trying to bite the apple without singing his or her hair. Touching either the rod or apple with the hands is not permitted.

The divinations practiced at Samhain were chiefly used to discover who would marry, who one's partner was going to be, and who was going to die over the course of the next year. Eating the Apple at the Glass is an example of such a divination. At the hour of midnight the person goes into a room with a mirror. The room is lit with but one candle. The apple is cut into nine pieces. The person stands with his or her back to the mirror, eats the eight pieces, and throws the ninth piece over the left shoulder. Turning towards the mirror, he or she will see the future partner.

Paring the Apple is another Samhain divination rite performed at the stroke of twelve. The person pares the apple carefully so that the skin comes off in one unbroken ribbon. As the clock strikes twelve the person swings the paring around his or her head three times with out breaking it, and tossing it over the left shoulder. The shape that the paring assumes is the initial of the querant's future spouse. If the paring breaks matrimony will not happen in the coming year. If any of the readers wants to try either of these divination methods we would be curious to know how they work.

# Winter Solstice / Yule

## Winter Solstice Notes

The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

The Winter Solstice is a Minor High Day, usually occurring around December 21st or so of the civil calendar. Also known as Yule and Midwinter, this is a day sacred to Sun Gods, Thunder Gods, and Fire Gods. Large fires were built up outdoors and a Yule Log lit indoors, in order to rekindle the dying Sun and help it to return brightly to the Northern skies. Burnt logs and ashes from Midwinter fires were kept as a talisman against lightning and house fires. It was also a custom in many parts of Paleopagan Europe to decorate *live* evergreen trees in honor of the Gods (cutting down a tree to bring indoors is a blasphemous desecration of the original concept.) This is considered, along with Midsummer, the best day of the year to cut mistletoe.

Among some Paleopagans, a date on or near this (such as December 25th) was celebrated as the Birthday of the Sun God, frequently from the womb of a virgin or unmarried girl (who was sometimes also the Mother Goddess.)

## Yule Essay: What is Yule?

A Druid Missal-Any, December 1982  
Volume 6 Number 4-5  
By Emmon Bodfish

Yule, a minor Celtic High Day, the Midwinter Solstice's sun shines into the mouths of cairn graves and the openings of hill tombs. The day was of obvious importance to these megalith builders, and associated with the dead and with regeneration. This is the bottom of the year, and the coldest months are still to follow. Bonfires are lit on hills to call back the Sun, and kept burning all night to celebrate its return. This Celtic tradition may be a cognate of the Norse Yule Log tradition, which is still carried on in the Nordic countries. This use of fire to recall the Sun's fire, (the name for the Sun in Gaidhlig is thought to be derived from the phrase "of the nature of fire," greine, and is of the feminine gender) is an instance of one of the most ancient religious ideas, that of reciprocity.

This concept goes back to the beginnings of religion in the Old Stone Age, as well may the fire lighting ceremonies. As C. Rachel explains, these rites were

"the culmination of the Stone Age religion of reciprocity, in which, by ritual attunement to the rhythm of seasonal change, man shared with Divinity the responsibility for its maintenance, so that the ceremonies first introduced to guide the birth and death of the hunter's quarry, were replaced in natural succession by those considered necessary to assist the new year to be born, the very sun to return, (and) the harvest to be cut down."

This correspondence

"was also understood conversely, so that early written documents record (Le Titre d'Horus d'or, by A. Mort, translator, Rev. Arch. xxiv) that the rising of the Young Year God from his winter sleep in the subterranean chambers held hope for the resurrection/reincarnation of man. Such a belief would seem to have been naturally transmitted from the ideas concerning the case as mother of rebirth, now reinforced by the lesson of the seeds, through Neolithic ceremonies in which the sense of mutual causality was so compelling. It is demonstrated in the monuments of the dead."

## Yule Essay: Where Is Your Sun?

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1983  
By Emmon Bodfish

Yule, Solstice, Greinstad, Sunstop; the Sun, which has been setting each day at a new, more southerly point on the horizon stops its progression. We have reached the "bottom of the year," as the Gaels call it. Midwinter's night was considered a productive night to vigil, and a Yule fire was built, in some traditions around a single log big enough to burn all night. Its flames would welcome the returning Sun at dawn. The sunrise was hailed with shouting, drums, and thanks for the returning of the light.

This is one of the four Solar Holidays of the Druid year. This year it will culminate at 9:30 p.m. December 21st, Pacific Standard Time, and an hour later for each time zone east of the Pacific one; i.e. 5:30 a.m. Universal and Greenwich Time. At this moment the Northern Hemisphere of the Earth will be tipped at its maximum angle away from the sun. Since this is one of the few years in which this event occurs at a convenient hour when most of us are awake, we might try synchronizing our watches all across the country and let out at this moment the shout "Seall" (Pronounced sha-oul) to call back the descending Sun. After all who wants to end up freezing in the dark?

Or go out on Midwinter eve and note the point on the horizon where the sun sets; this is its most Southerly extreme. Do the same for the following dawn, Solstice morning, and from the angle between these two points you can calculate your latitude. (Write in for the formula.) By sightings like this, on these Special Days, the Ancients calculated latitude, the curvature of the Earth, and kept the calendar aligned with the Heavens.

## Yule Essay: Holly and Mistletoe and Sickles

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1984  
By Emmon Bodfish

Yule, Winter Solstice is one of the four minor Druid High Days. It is associated with the Holly and the Mistletoe. All mistletoe symbolism and use we see around during this time of the year is a carry-over from pagan, most likely Druidic, customs of ancient Europe.

Pliny the Elder, in his *Natural History*, gives us the best description we have of a Paleo-Pagan Druid ceremony, that of the cutting of the mistletoe. According to Stuart Piggot, the time for this ceremony was determined by observing the growth of the mistletoe on an oak tree. "The time of the rite was the sixth day of a new moon, and preparations were made for a feast and a sacrifice of two white bulls. A Druid in a white robe climbed the tree and cut with a golden sickle the branch of a mistletoe, which was caught as it fell on a white cloak. The bulls were then sacrificed and all present ate of them."

The gold sickle is inexplicable, as real gold will not hold an edge tough enough to cut through the woody stem of the mistletoe. Gilded, or simply polished, bronze, is more likely. Elsewhere Pliny writes of the ritual necessity of gathering the mistletoe left-handed, after first fasting, and of the Celts plucking Selago without using an iron knife, barefoot and with the right hand through the left sleeve of a white tunic, but these are private rites, not public ceremonies. We realize that two white bulls are difficult to come by in most parts of the country now, and hard to keep until Yule. (My lease says "No pets.") But a feast among friends and some holly sprigs and mistletoe hung about is definitely in order. The feast at Live Oak Grove will be on the evening of the twenty-first, after Yule service. Watch this space for pictures.

## Yule Essay: Bards, Oghma and Ogham

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1985  
By Emmon Bodfish

Yule begins Winter, Geimredh, season of the Bard. The File and Bards, like the troubadours who followed them, practiced their art "from Samain until summer" as in the old poem of Forgoll, the Bard, who tells King Mongan a story each night from his wise repertory. And, as Keatings explains, commenting on the Old Irish, the winter practices of the File, lodging from house to house in exchange for their songs and stories, had become such a great burden for Ireland, that a king had the idea of banishing them:

"It is by Aodh son of Ainmire that a great assembly of Drom Ceat was convened where there was a gathering of the nobles and ecclesiastics of Ireland. Aodh had three reasons to convene this assembly, the first of them being to banish the File and bards because they constituted a heavy burden and were hard to govern."

At this time, Keatings adds, almost a third of the well-born men in Ireland belonged in some way to the Bardic class

"And from Samhain to Beltaine, they lodged at the homes of the nobles of Ireland."

The project failed because Conchobar, to show his Druid orthodoxy and generosity, gathers up the File and Bards and maintains them for seven years, and also sends Cuchulainn to meet them. (It is not, in the light of this, accidental that we have more verse remaining about Conchobar than about any other Pre-Christian Irish king.)

The tradition continued after the Christianization. A folklorist whom the Rees quote recalled that

"Just until recently, the Irish story tellers, heritors of the Bards, also did not exercise their art during the summer. In order to feel at ease, it had to be winter and night had to have fallen."

The Patron god of Bards and story tellers is Ogmios, Champion of Strength and Eloquence. Lucian, writing in the second century, equates him with Roman Hercules, but notes these differences. First, Ogmios is portrayed as an old man, white haired, but still powerful. The Gauls, he learned through his native acquaintance, associate eloquence with the old champion, and not with Hermes, whom they see as too young and callow. On one of the temples or art works then extant, Ogmios, he says, is pictured leading a joyful band of men, attached to him by thin chains which link their ears to the tip of his tongue, a striking visual portrait of persuasive ability. The Irish god Oghma or Oghma, is clearly the same divine persona, though Prof. MacCana feels that the name may be a borrowing instead of a genuine cognate. But the figure appears, often qualified by the title "Grainainech" of-the-Sun-like-Countenance, and the Honey-Mouthed, both in Ireland and Wales as on the Continent. He is also known as "trenfher," champion, or literally the "heavy man." In insular traditions he is not only the patron of eloquent speech, but the inventor of writing, in the old Irish system of Ogham letters. This is a system of varying lengths placed above and below a central line. It is of uncertain origin, but clearly designed for carving on stone, or at the end of square pillars.

[Graphic of Ogham pillar]

It continued in use into the Early Middle Ages. MacCana believes it probably evolved out of an earlier set of magical symbols, perhaps some of the same ones that gave rise to the Norse Runes.

[Graphic of Branch runes]

As Ogham came into use after the Celts were exposed to the Latin alphabet, MacCana contends it may have evolved thus: "seeing the utility of the Sound=Letter system of Latin script, the Gauls may have let the magic symbol whose name contained the sound stand for that sound in all words." Other scholars, such as Prof. Rhys, and Charles Squire, believe Ogham was the indigenous script of Ireland. They stress that it more closely resembles a binary or trinary code, akin to the bars and lines of the I Ching, than the picture writing of sound diagrams from which Mediterranean and hence all Western systems of letters evolved. Most Ogham inscriptions are found in Ireland and Scotland, where the Romans never came. (Druidism is full of these riddles.)



Being in this way the God of Writing, it may not be an accident that Oghma is one of the very few Celtic gods for whom we have written records of his worship, i.e. prayers. Two “defixiones,” inscribed tablets, were found in France on which Ogmios is beseeched to avenge the author and wreck a curse on certain individuals. In Irish sources, he is also the Champion in this sense of judge and avenger, and to him binding oaths are made. He is invoked as “the god who binds” the binding power of words and oaths, the spell-binding power of eloquence, so graphically portrayed by the thin golden chains by which he leads his listeners, in the scene described by Lucian. This ability to persuade, convince, and enchant with words was highly regarded in Celtic society, and a part of the training of Bard, Filidh, and Druid alike. LeRoux speculates that the “magic of Ogam” that Cuchulainn used in the *Tain Bo Cuailnge* to stop, single handed, the advance of the Connaught army, was not supernatural magic, but persuasion, or eloquent diplomacy and playing for time.

Thus Oghma is the one to invoke in negotiations, when eloquent speech and persuasive ability are needed.

## Yule Essay: Mistletoe

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1986  
By Emmon Bodfish

Yule, Winter Solstice is one of the four minor Druid High Days. It is associated with the Holly and the Mistletoe, prosperity and purification. The hanging of Mistletoe over doorways harks back to its protective function, as the All-Heal. Spirits that bring disease will not pass under it. All Mistletoe use and customs are carry overs from Pagan, most notably Druidic traditions.

Though kissing under the Mistletoe can't be traced back further than the 17th century, it is probably much older. It reflects the herb's Paleo-Druidic attributes of protection, fertility, and prosperity.

Pliny the Elder, in his *Natural History*, gives us the best description of a Paleopagan Druid Ceremony, that of cutting the Mistletoe. According to Stuart Piggot, the ceremonial mistletoe must be cut from an oak tree. The time of the ritual was set by the Moon as in Pliny's description.

“The time of the rite was the sixth day of the new moon, after preparations had been made for a feast and a sacrifice of two white bulls. A Druid in a white robe climbed the tree and cut with a golden sickle the branch of mistletoe, which was caught as it fell on a white cloak. The bulls were then sacrificed and all present ate of them.”

The golden sickle is a puzzle, as pure gold will not hold an edge sharp and tough enough to cut through the woody stem of the mistletoe. Gilded, or simply polished bronze, are more likely materials. Though Pliny was allowed to witness the ritual, he probably could not approach the Druid or examine the sickle.

Nor would he have been able to talk to a Gaulish Druid without an interpreter. Their ceremony was recorded in Roman Gaul. Gold may have been a description of color, or a quoting of hearsay. Elsewhere in his book Pliny writes of the ritual necessity of gathering the mistletoe left handed, after fasting, and of the Celts plucking Selago without using an iron knife, barefoot and with the right hand through the left sleeve of a white tunic, but these were private rites, not public ceremonies. There is no mention in them of the presence of a Druid.

## Yule Essay: Motherhood

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1987  
By Emmon Bodfish

Yule, Winter Solstice, was a minor High Day in the old Druid calendar, The festival's association with a Mother and newborn Son is very old through-out the Eurasian cultural area. It predates Indo-European occupation of Europe, and probably included the Proto-Indo Europeans in their steppes homeland. A Goddess and a Young Year God were worshiped in Balkan Europe before 3500 B.C. and in Summeria and the Caucasus even earlier. In Rome, (much later) it was the Festival of the Three Mothers, probably cognates of the extremely popular Triple mothers cult of the Celts. Mass produced, molded pipe clay votive figures of the three are found throughout Britain and Gaul.\*

As deVries's, Grenier's, Green's, Szabo's and Ross's work has shown, the mother-goddess cult, so popular in Gaul and Britain during the Pre-conquest period and extending into Romano-Celtic times, has its origin in Proto-Indo-European culture, and shares features with similar cults in some of the other Indo-European peoples. The parallel has been drawn many times with Tacitus' description of the Teutonic Earth-goddess Nerthus who rode in procession through cities. This imagery recalls and is corroborated by Strettweg's processional wagon with its female figure and also, later Romano Celtic Mother figures portrayed in chariots. Another parallel is suggested in Irish literary tradition in descriptions of Connaught's Queen Medb being driven in her chariot around her camp before battle. Medb is a problematic figure, somewhere between a goddess and a heroic archetype. But it must be remembered that the “Tain Bo Chuailgne” was not written down in pagan times.

\*Proving that mass-produced little religious goodies are not a modern tackiness.

## Yule Essay: Alignments and New Years

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1988  
By Emmon Bodfish

Yule, a Minor High Day in the Druid calendar, marks the Winter Solstice. This was a more important day it appears from the archeological evidence in the preceding Megalith Culture. Not only is the rising point of the sun marked in the stones of Stonehenge, but many of the Megalithic tombs are so constructed that only on Midwinter's Day does the sun shine into the interior, usually through a round window cut in the portal stone, or along the funnel-shaped corridor of stone pillars leading up to it. The link between death, the Sun, Midwinter and an afterlife or a re-birth is a very old one, predating the Druids and even the arrival of the Indo-Europeans in Europe. In the cultures of Eastern Europe and the Mediterranean, about whom we have more information than has survived about either the Megalith culture or the Druids, the celebration of the Solstice is linked with the birth of the new, young Year-God, Corn-God or Vegetation-God. (Yes, the Christians co-opted this motif. According to the tax roles the historical Jesus was probably born around May.)

As we know that the Druid year began on Samhain, we know that they did not consider this the birth of the new season,

as did many other Neolithic culture. But the traditions of Bardic revels and of feasting on the wild boar, the vigil of the Yule log, and the decorating of Yule trees very probably do come from the Druid past. So also may be the tradition of going from house to house, singing a ritual song particular to the holiday, i.e. caroling. But in Druid times this would have been something like the “Hogmany Carols” and the related rituals of circling or dancing around the house, beating on drums and bull hides. This tradition was preserved in the remote Highlands until the nineteenth century. The ritual use of the bull hide, also used with other Druid rites, links it to Druidic, especially the Druidic Filidh tradition, and not to the preceding Megalithic or pre-Indo-European ones.

Here is one such carol. Try marching around your house and singing it this Solstice, with or without bull hide.

(Sun-wise, of course!)

#### CAIRIOLL CALLAIG

Nis tha mis air tighinn dh’ ur duthaich  
A dh’ urachadh dhuibh na Callaig;  
Cha leig ml leas a dhol ga innse,  
Bha i ann ri linn ar seanar.

Dirim ris an ardorus,  
Teurnam ris an starsach,  
Mo dhuan a ghabhail doigheil,  
Modhail, moineil, maineil.

Caisean Callaig ‘na mo phoca,  
Is mor an ceo thig as an ealachd.

Gheibh fear an taighe ‘na dhorn e,  
Cuiridh e shron anns an teahlach;  
Theid e deiseil air na paisdean,  
Seachd ar air bean an taighe.

Bean an taighe is i is fhiach e,  
Lamh a riarach orinn na Callaig,  
Sochair bheag a bhlath an t-samhraidh,  
Tha mi ’n geall air leis an arain.

#### HOGMANAY CAROL

I am now come to your country,  
To renew to you the Hogmanay,  
I need not tell you of it,  
It was in the time of our forefathers.

I ascend by the door lintel,  
I descend by the doorstep,  
I will sing my song becomingly,  
Mannerly, slowly, mindfully.

The Hogmanay skin is in my pocket,  
Great will be the smoke from it presently.

The house-man will get it in his hand,  
He will place its nose in the fire;  
He will go sunwards round the babes,  
And for seven verities round the housewife.

The housewife it is she who deserves it,  
The hand to dispense to us the Hogmanay  
A small gift of the bloom of summer,  
Much I wish it with the bread.

## Yule Essay: Mistletoe and Sickles

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1989

By Emmon Bodfish

Yule, Winter Solstice, mistletoe and white bulls, this is one of the four minor Druid High Days on the Coligny Calendar. Pliny the Elder, in his *Natural History*, gives us our first look at the use of mistletoe at this season of the year. “The time of the rite was the sixth day of the new moon, and preparations were made for a feast and the sacrifice of two white bulls. A Druid in a white robe climbed the tree and cut the branch of mistletoe with a golden sickle, the herb being caught as it fell on a white cloak spread below. The bulls were then sacrificed, and all present ate of them.” The gold of the sickle has been prolifically debated by scholars ever since. (The Gods find harmless for idle hands?) Real gold is too soft to hold a cutting edge and slice through the tough, woody stem of the mistletoe. Polished bronze is a more likely candidate, but the bronze may also have been gilded. Elsewhere Pliny writes of the necessity of gathering the mistletoe left-handed after first fasting (and purifying oneself.) He also writes of the Celts plucking Selago without use of iron knives or tools, barefoot and with the right hand through the left sleeve of a white tunic, but these were private rites, not public ceremonies, The golden nature of the sickle may simply have referred to the taboo on the use of iron implements in gathering the sacred plant.

Whatever the metal was then R.D.N.A. Druids now use bronze sickles, cast for us years ago by a member who at that time had access to metal casting equipment as well as the necessary skill. Does anyone out there know how to cast bronze? Have the set up? For, alas, we have no more sickles for new Third Order (Ordained) Druids.

This feast should be celebrated with feasting among friends and relatives, all night bonfires to welcome back the Sun, and much singing and merriment, The exact time of the turning of the Sun God will be, according to my almanac, 1:15 P.M. on December 21, 1989. That’s a Thursday, a work day for most of us. If you can’t do anything else to celebrate it, surreptitiously light a match. Or, rank and job security permitting, you could jump up and shout “Saoul” (shaou-el,) that ought to wake the office up.

## Yule Essay: Yule and Mistletoe

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2000

By Stacey Weinberger

Yule, Winter Solstice, is one of the four minor Druid High Days. More so than any other of the High Days, Yule seems to be especially associated with plants and trees. In the dark days of Winter it is the evergreen that reminds us of the “continual flow and renewal of life.”

The Mistletoe is one of the few plants that naturally bears fruit this time of year. It is commonly found on such trees as the apple, ash, walnut, and hawthorn, and much less often on the oak. Though it manufactures its own food through photosynthesis, it depends on its host tree for water and nutrients.

The Mistletoe was held sacred by the Druids. In Wales, it is still called *druidh his*, “Druid’s Weed.” The Roman author Pliny the Elder gives an account of the mistletoe gathering ceremony in his *Natural History*:

“The Druids held nothing more sacred than the mistletoe and the tree that bears it, always supposing that tree to be the oak. But they chose groves formed of oaks for the sake of the tree alone, and they never perform any of their rites except in the presence of a branch of it, in fact they think that everything that grows on it has been sent from heaven and is a proof that the tree was chosen by the god himself. The mistletoe, however, is found but rarely upon the oak; and when found, is gathered with due religious ceremony, if possible on the sixth day of the moon. They chose this day because the moon, though not yet in the middle of her course, has already considerable influence. They call the mistletoe by a name meaning, in their own language, the all-healing. Having made preparation for sacrifice and a banquet beneath the trees, they bring thither two white bulls, whose horns are bound then for the first time. Clad in a white robe, the priest ascends the tree and cuts the mistletoe with a golden sickle, and it is received by others in a white cloak. Then they kill the victims (i.e. the cattle,) praying that God will render this gift of his propitious to those to whom he has granted it. They believe that the mistletoe, taken in drink, imparts fecundity to barren animals, and that it is an antidote to all poisons.”

Pliny doesn't explain why the Druids held the mistletoe so highly other than the reference to it being all-healing. It is extremely poisonous. I overheard this past week while waiting for the train home that some florists, when it is sold yearly at Christmastime, have removed the berries because there have been cases of children picking them off the branches, eating them, and dying. (And where were the parents in this?) Mistletoe has been used (the leaves, not the berries) however, though greatly diluted, in modern times to much success in treating serious illnesses. A specially prepared homeopathic tincture is used in the treatment of cancer and herbalists use mistletoe to strengthen the heart and reduce blood pressure. So the Ancients did have it right after all, it just took us moderns a little while to uncover it, and as with any medicinal, probably used it with great wisdom, caution, and efficacy.

## Poems of the Season

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2000  
From Our Server, Susan Press

### Solstice

Winter has come, The song has been sung, The days have been white and cold.

The dark has been deep, The earth was asleep, Dreaming a dream of old.

Now hear Her blood drum, For the time has come, For the days to grow long and warm.

For the dark becomes light, And the earth will take flight, Greeting the Sun's return.

### Nights of Winter

In deep of winter, In the middle of the night, Jack Frost paints your windows with nary a light.

Look thru his icy artwork, Know each to be unique, You'll see a starlit world revealed, A world that some would seek.

A world that is within, without, A fragile world of wonder and glitter A world that from his paintbrush flows, In the deep, dark nights of winter.

### Walk Amongst the Trees

Murmuring softly, Father Winter walks amongst the trees, gently easing them into sweet white slumber. He stops to rest with those who keep vigil during the long winter, the Holly, the Mistletoe, and the Evergreen.

They are old, old friends and pass the long white winter sharing tales and talking of things they have seen and heard throughout their long lives.

Go walk amongst the trees. Be quiet and still, listen for their voices and then for their wisdom. Share with them your dreams, your wonders and your woes, for they will become the substance of tales told in the future...the knowledge and wisdom of the trees.

# Yule Essay: Tree Lore

Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2001

By Stacey Weinberger

Yule, Winter Solstice, the Shortest Day of the Year, is one of the minor High Days of the Druid calendar. Though there is an association with trees at each of the High Days, none of them so strongly evokes the image of the tree than Yule with the tradition of Christmas or Yule tree, a latter-day symbol of pagan tree-worship. The Yule tree as we know it is a German custom brought to England in 1840 by Prince Albert, prince consort of Queen Victoria. Perhaps a parallel to the May-pole in the Summer half of the year (see A Druid-Missal-Any Beltaine 2001,) which also was a tree cut down for a particular celebration and placed as the center of ritual, the Yule tree harkens back to an older tradition and can perhaps be traced back to the ancient Druids and other pre-Christian Indo-European practices.

In southern Europe there was the midwinter custom pertaining to the celebration of the god Phrygian god Attis that is very reminiscent of cutting down the Yule tree and decorating its branches. Certain priests of the Attis called dendrophori, meaning "tree-bearers," annually selected a pine tree (*pinus silva*) from the sacred grove to carry the effigy of the god into His Roman temple. The dendrophori were charged with the duty of setting up and decorating the tree upon which the god was presented for sacrifice. The pine tree stood for a promise of eternal life because being an evergreen it kept its vital appearance even in winter. The boughs did not wither and die, and signified the continuing presence of life.

In Celtic culture there is also archeological evidence of ritual involving trees. At two large sacred circular enclosures, the Goloring near Koblenz and the Goldberg in Southern Germany, that date from the sixth century B.C., a huge central post was erected, possibly imitative of a living tree. Similar pre-Roman ritual activity can be observed at the La Tene site of Bliesebruck where over one hundred sacred pits filled with votive objects had been planted with tree trunks or living trees. In the Rhineland, one of the four regions of the Celtic World, the great sanctuary at Pesch contained many temples and ancillary buildings grouped around a sacred tree.

There are legendary tales of royal halls with a living tree in the center of the building, and trees may have been used this way, as in the Old Manor House at Knaresborough in North Yorkshire and the hall of Huntingfield in Suffolk. Positioning the tree in the center of a building as a source of good luck and protection for gods and men is confirmed by the custom in Germany, continuing as late as the 19th century, of having a guardian or lucky tree beside a house. Does bringing the tree inside symbolize bringing the luck inside? Symbolic offerings were made to the tree, and ale poured over its roots at festivals, as in the case of a huge birch tree that stood on a mound beside a farm house in western Norway until it fell in 1874. Adam of Bremen, wrote of a huge tree that stood beside a temple in Uppsala, the holy center in Sweden, that remained green summer and winter (signaling perhaps an evergreen,) but no one knew what kind of tree it was. The existence of sacred trees in Germany in the pre-Christian era is borne out by reference to their destruction by early Christian missionaries such as St. Boniface.

Memories of sacred trees at holy places can consistently be found in Irish literature, where a number of sacred trees are mentioned. The sacred tree, in Old Irish *bile*, was apparently a usual feature of the site where the inauguration of the kings of each tribe or confederation took place, the sacred center of the tribal territory.

Sacred trees are found mentioned in pagan texts of early Ireland, most notably in the Rennes Dindshenchas ("History of Places.") Holy trees were particularly associated with sacral kingship and the inauguration rites surrounding the election of a new king. Five special trees are mentioned in the Dindshenchas marking the sacred ritual and assembly centers of Ireland: "The Tree of Ross and the Tree of Mugna and the Ancient Tree of Datha and the branching Tree of Uisnech and the Ancient Tree of Tortu."\* Three of these trees are recorded as ash trees, while the Tree of Ross was a yew (an evergreen,) and the Tree of Mugna was an oak, although it was not an ordinary one as it bore three crops of different fruits each year: "apples, goodly, marvelous, and nuts round, blood-red, and acorns, brown and ridgy" (together which symbolize the fruits of the Otherworld.) It too appears to be an evergreen: "Its leaves were upon it always," as with the tree at Uppsala described by Adam of Bremen.

A characteristic of the Otherworld tree in Irish tradition is that it bears blossoms and fruit of gold and silver, which the more modern Christmas tree is reminiscent of.

This Winter Solstice when you go out to purchase your Yule tree, preferably a live one, keep in mind that you are maintaining the pagan tradition of honoring the tree and making it the focus of the modern day tribal assembly of home. During this time when all seems dead and asleep the pine or fir Yule tree remains green, symbolizing the promise of life that is to return.

\*"The Prose Tales in the Rennes Dindshenchas," ed. W. Stokes, *Rev Celt* 15 (1894) and 16 (1895)

# Christmas Plants and Picking the Yule Log

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2001  
By Mairi Ceolbhinn, D.C. Grove

Druids love and respect their plants and truly wish them to return to full vitality in the spring. Without plants, how'd we do our sacrifices? What we'd eat? What'd we wear? It's nice to know that in the depths of winter, when the days are shortest, that some plants are doing rather well. We wish to celebrate this with Christmas trees and such and bring their blessings into our homes. See also the site:

<http://www.circlesanctuary.org/pholidays/SolsticePlanningGuide.html>

Mistletoe, as we all know, was considered sacred, by our ancient Siblings and has remained such throughout the years. Its Gaelic name still means "all healing," although I'm not sure how to use it safely, since it is rather poisonous. Perhaps, it is by its poison, that it fends off winter's blight, and manages to bloom around the solstice? Its persistent fertility is therefore an established trait that gives us that great custom of "kissing under the sprig of mistletoe" which would happen in a night of partying and debauchery. That age-old theme of commemorating the death of the "old Sun" and birth of the "new Sun" is now popularly incorporated into the images of "Old Man Time and Baby New Year" doing a tag-team on January 1st every year.

Holly berries, like Mistletoe, bloom amidst the snow as if to defy winter and encourage the return to life. Its green boughs were of course common decorations on buildings, holy places and public buildings during the winter festival, and this tradition has fortunately continued to this very day. Even the Japanese, Mike Scharding says, have a "kadomatsu" placed in front of the door at New Year's Eve.

## Yule Log Tradition

Not to be morbid, but a sacrifice is necessary to rekindle the life of the dying sun (no, I'm not pro-Aztec, which sounds like a marketable drug,) and it seems the Yule Log has filled that role for several centuries. "Yule" comes from "hweol," meaning "wheel," which is a frequent European symbol for the Sun. So you're basically giving the Sun a well-needed torching to warm it up.

According to various sources, it is widely agreed that the hearth of the Celtic House was the home of a protective spirit, and (for practical and symbolic reasons) the fire was rarely allowed to die out except once or twice a year during the big fire holidays. Special prayers were and are still spoken before leaving the banked fire of turf for the night in rural areas. Much magic also went on around the fire during cooking, story telling, and entertaining of guests. The hearth was basically the pre-modern "Home Entertainment Center." If you've ever noticed, televisions also send comforting relaxing flickers of light into a darkened room while you stare blankly?

Now, back in those days, people had access to common forests surrounding their village. The choice of the wood varied greatly among locales, but one good size tree would provide several logs for a neighborhood. But under no circumstances, should you steal one from a neighbor's private land (and no buying one at a parking lot, good religion is do-it-yourself.) I've not heard of any special methods of cutting a tree down, but a short ceremony, and posting a few days advance notice

for malevolent or uninterested spirits to depart, would certainly be in order. (No, that Golden Sickle is no more effective than a haddock, get a good steel axe.) Angry spirits will make the tree conk you on the head; so be forewarned.

Once cut down, a goodly size log was the festooned and regally dragged back to town through the streets. As the Log entered the house, some cultures would give it a hearty drink of oil, salt and mulled wine, with a song perhaps. In more recent times, it was burned on Christmas Eve (which is close enough to the Solstice,) with music, activities and frolicking. To kindle the fire, splinters from last year's logs (saved by the eldest daughter) were used to get the substrate of dry logs going, since those Yule Logs are hard to burn by themselves. Guests were encouraged to toss sprigs of holly on the fire to take away bad luck. The way it burned would prognosticate the future.

Splinters of the log and cinders were taken home to protect against fires, lightning and tax-collectors at their home. Now the Yule Log tradition, widespread since the 12th century, nearly died out with the change to pot-belly stoves and grills in the late 19th Century. The tradition still survives in sizeable pockets today in the country-side today. For fire sensitive areas, a smaller log-shaped cake now decorates the dining room table. I've tried this custom for a few years in my little BBQ next to my house (sneaking one from the Rock Creek National Park,) and saved some ashes, and no disasters have yet befallen my home (well, except the Pentagon in Virginian Commonwealth, but that's the workplace, perhaps the White House and the "Mystic District" of Washington, D.C. were spared because of their National Yule Log?).

For me a Christmas tree is just another elaboration on "bringing the greenery in," and it certainly is a younger tradition than the Yule Log, perhaps a merger of pagan Nordic tree worship and perhaps the 13th century morality plays' "Tree of Life" (from the Garden of Eden) which was often the only stage prop, and conveniently performed around the Solstice. Perhaps, the inability to have a Yule Log burning and urbanization led to the soaring popularity of the Christmas tree in the 19th century? So go get your plants!

# Oimehc/Imbolc

## Oimehc Notes

Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

*Oimehc* begins the season of *Earrach* (u-RoCH,) now an *tEarrach* (uN tu-RoCH); which is Spring, running roughly from the beginning of February till the end of April. Together, these two seasons constitute "the Winter Half of the Year," otherwise known as "the Season of Sleep."

*Oimehc* (i-melc,) is known in Modern Irish as *Lá na Féile Bhríde* (Laa Nu fê-li bree-di,) in Manx as *Laa 'n Arragh* (Day of Spring,) and as Imbolc, Candlemas, and Lady Day in English. *Lá na Féile Bhríde* means the day of the festival of "Saint Bridget." Brighid, Bride, or Bridget is yet another Pagan deity turned by the Christians into a "saint," in order to co-opt Her worship. This goddess was a triple-aspected deity of Poetry/Divination (considered the same thing,) Healing and Smithcraft, whose followers kept an eternal flame burning in Her honor.

By analogy with the Gaelic names of the other High Days, we may assume that the holiday was originally called *Lá hOimehc* (Laa Hi-melc.) It is the festival of the lactation of the ewes. In Paleopagan days (and, indeed, until the recent past) the sheep was a very important animal, providing both food and clothing. The occasion of the birth of lambs (not to mention kids and calves) was a cause for rejoicing and a sign of life in the "dead" world of a Northern winter.

The name "Candlemas" is a Christian term for a holiday occurring February 1st or 2nd. This supposedly is in honor of a "Saint Blaise" and has no official connection with "Saint" Bridget and Her cult of fire, nor with the fact that this day was one of the four major fire festivals of Paleopagan cultures throughout Western and Northern Europe. Of course they don't mention a certain Slavic god named Vlais, who was the Patron of cattle, wealth and war, and who was worshipped with fire. *Lá hOimehc* begins the spring season of *Earrach*. It is also the day before St. Groundhog's Day.

## More Oimehc Notes

Pentalpha Journal: Volume 2, Issue 3 Whole Number 8  
*Oimehc*, 17 y.r. February 3/4, 1979 c.e.  
By Isaac Bonewits

According to our calendar, *Oimehc* occurs at precisely 12:42 p.m. GMT on February 4th, 1979 c.e. This is, of course, at 7:42 a.m. EST, 8:42 a.m. CST, 9:42 a.m. MST and 10:42 a.m. PST. In most of the Reformed Druid movements, the High Day begins at sunset on February 3rd, and starts the spring season of *Earrach*.

*Oimehc* ("ee-melc") is known in Modern Irish as *La na Feile Bhríde* (Laa Nu fe-li bree-di,) in Manx as *Lao'n Arrali* (Day of Spring,) and as Imbolc, Candlemas and Lady Day in English. *La na Feile Bhríde* means the day of the festival of "Saint Bridget." Brighid, Bride or Bridget is yet another Pagan deity turned by the Christians into a "saint," in order to co-opt her worship. This goddess was a triple-aspected deity of Poetry, Divination (considered the same thing,) Healing and Smithcraft, whose followers kept an eternal flame burning in her honor.

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## Oimehc Essay: Oimehc and Brigit

A Druid Missal-Any, *Oimehc* 1983  
Volume 7, Number 1  
By Emmon Bodfish

*Oimehc* is one of the major high days of the Druids. A pastoral people, this holiday marks the first births of lambs and the lactation of the ewes. It is the end of "black January" and we are past the bottom of the year. It is clear, now, that the light and fertility invoked at the Solstice is indeed returning. This festival is presided over by Bride, (Bridget) as Lugh presided over Lughnasadh at the opposite point of the year. Bride and Lugh are poles, complementary figures, who balance each other in the Celtic system of male/female checks and balances. Though a patrilinear society the Celtic was less male dominated than our own has been, and certainly less patriarchal than the Middle Eastern or Mediterranean societies of the time, or than the Christian society that replaced it.

Bride is the goddess of the hearth and of fire, the inspirer of craftsmen and poets. Her ensigns are the fire essence and the rays of the Sun.

Though a Celtic goddess, and associated with the fire sacrifice, a rite not used by pre-Celtic peoples, Bride, in England and Scotland, has absorbed many elements of the local, pre-Celtic Earth goddesses. This, her time of the year, is associated with the visiting of strings and the circumambulation of wells and sacred stones, with the thawing of the streams and the beginning of the year's fishing. The rites of wells and stones may be older fragments of Megalithic religious conceptions. Certainly the stone circles and cairns and the rite of circumambulation, predate the Celtic arrival. Some of the oldest stone circles and altars are found in Mesopotamia and South West Asia, so it is conceivable that the Celts may have brought some of the rounding rites with them from the Indo-European homeland, as well as by having been influenced by these Megalithic rituals, which reached their greatest heights in Western Gaul and Britain, of the pre-Celtic peoples that they encountered on the migrations westward.

John L. Smith, writing in 1780, in *Gaelic Antiquities*, has this to say of circumambulation rites still being practiced by local peasants and attributed to "the old Druids."...that at the thawing time, the supplicant should go, upon three occasions, to a certain well or spring, and there bath himself three times; or make three journeys to some ancient stone, and there pour the new water out upon it and go three times around it in the deiseal direction" (from East to West.) The classic writer, Pliny, ascribes a similar ritual to the Druid rites of healing. He records that the Druids prescribed this rightwise circumambulation of stones and triplicate bathing in the newly thawed water, as part

of their treatment for mental disorders or lingering internal complaints.

Bride's function as goddess of fire and the hearth are purely Celtic characteristics. The prominence of the Sun and of fire symbolism, and the fire sacrifice are uniquely Indo-European, as contrasted with the rites of earlier peoples. They mark a shift from the Neolithic and early Megalithic concern with earth's fertility and continuance, to the importance of the regularly recurring cycles of the Heavens, characteristic of the Indo-European religions. Extrapolating from those sacred stone and cairn beliefs that persisted into nearly modern times, it is found that when the divine spirit is felt to reside in the stone, or cairn, which is an embodiment of Earth and a concentration of it, the offering is poured over the sacred stone, or buried within the circle or cairn. Evidence of both these practices have been found connected with Stone Henge. However, fire sacrifice and solar symbolism is connected with a conception of a usually anthropomorphic deity living at a distance, in the sky, as with Taranis of the Celts, or in an Other World, as with Bride, Fire, then so much like the sun in warmth, is conceived as a connecting link to these deities, as the smoke and the offering rise and disappear. Though the Celts shared with the pre-Celtic peoples burial and other forms of sacrifice, they brought with them this idea of the fire sacrifice in which fire and smoke ascend and carry the offering and the prayers to the sky dwelling or distant deity. A tower or cloud of fire is sometimes used in Irish lore as a symbol for Bride. This association continued right down to her co-option by the Christian church, as "Saint" Bridget, when, according to the hegemony, a pillar of fire appeared over her head at this young girl's investiture into holy orders.

-EB

## Oimele Essay: Brigid and Birch

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 1984

By Emmon Bodfish

Oimele, the festival of Bride, Bridget, Bredes, the daughter of Dagda, and Celtic goddess of fire and the hearth. She is also patroness of poetry and inspiration, which the Gaels regarded as an immaterial, supersensual form of flame. Always one of the most prominent and popular deities, the early Christianizers of Ireland were unable to eradicate her name and worship, and instead adopted, (or co-opted) her into their own pantheon as St. Bridget. According to Charles Squire, she is still the most popular of Irish saints, and is still easily

"recognized as the daughter of Dagda. Her Christian attributes, almost all connected with fire, attest her pagan origin. She was born at sunrise; a house in which she dwelt blazed into a flame which reached to heaven; a pillar of fire rose from her head when she took the veil; and her breath gave new life to the dead. As with the British goddess Sul, worshipped at Bath, who, the first century Latin writer Solinus tells us, 'ruled over the boiling spring and at her altar there flamed a perpetual fire which never whitened into ashes, but hardened into a stony mass,'\* the sacred flame on Bridget's altar at Kildare was never allowed to go out."

Bride comes, probably, from the Indo-European stem name Bhethe/a which is also the name for the Birch tree. This

tree, with its shining white bark, is still known in Gaelic tradition as "Bride's tree." Bhethe/a is cognate with the Roman Vesta, and also with the Hind Agni, a fire god whose attributes and rites are perfectly parallel to Bride's except for the name and sex change (c.f. Larry Press, A.D.)

"Saint" Bridget's flame burned on her altar in Kildare from approximately the sixth century until the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII of England. "This sacred fire," quotes Charles Squire, "might not be breathed on by the impure human breath. For nineteen nights it was tended by her nuns but on the twentieth night it was left untouched, and kept itself alight miraculously." This echoes the old, pre-Roman, Celtic system of counting by twenties, rather than by tens. With so little of her character and ritual changed, the sixth century Irish gladly accepted the new saint in the stead of the old goddess. A careful examination of Irish hagiology would result in the discover of many other undeserved co-options/canonizations, in which Celtic deities and heroes became Christian worthies.

Bride was the protector of childbirth, the supreme form of creativity, and in the Christian stories and hymns, St. Bridget is portrayed as the "aide woman" or mid-wife of Virgin Mary, though no such figure is mentioned in any of the Nativity gospels. Celtic women prayed to Bride for a safe delivery, and visited her spring with gifts of thankfulness. Fire-springs-fertility is an old, perhaps even pre-Indo-European triad.

As fire is the winter's indoor sun, Bride's festival at Oimele lies opposite the Sun festival of Lughnasadh, Lugh and Bride being seen as balanced opposites in the Celtic pantheon. Balance, rather than hierarchy, is the pattern of the Celtic system of thought. Druidism is a kathenotheism, emphasizing the worship of deities in sequence, each pertaining to a certain season of the year, instead of arranging Them in a permanent hierarchy as in the Greek or Roman polytheisms.

According to Marvin Harris' Structural Materialism thesis, we worship, love and adore what we need,\*\* based on the premise "god, what have you done for us, lately?" Here, at the coldest time of the year, we need a hearth goddess, a protective figure watching over the birth of the lambs, for which Oimele is named, and assuring the re-birth of Spring.

### Structural Materialism and Religious Ritual

Child: "Mr. Druid, why are the sleeves of your robe so long and flowing that they cover your hands?"

Druid: "Join First Orders, child, and when you are standing out there in the cold, grey, dawn waiting to salute the Mid-Winter Sun, you'll find out."

\*A small knowledge of chemistry would make this miracle easy to arrange.

\*\*Learn more about Fire Worship; live through a winter without central heat.

## Oimele Essay: Brigit

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 1985

By Emmon Bodfish

Oimele the festival of Bride, Bridget, Bredes, the daughter of Dagda, and Celtic goddess of fire and the hearth. She is also patroness of poetry and the source of creative inspiration, which the Gaels regard as a supersensual form of fire. Always one of the most popular deities, the fifth and sixth century Christianizers of Ireland were unable to eradicate her worship, and instead adopted or rather co-opted her into their own pantheon as St. Bridget. She was not, however, a Christian. Modern evidence suggests that she was of ancient Indo-European origin, cognate with Agni, god of fire in the Vedic tradition, and with hearth goddesses all over Europe. The masculinizing of goddesses was a frequent occurrence in the East and Middle East as nomadic pastoralists settled down and became agricultural and urbanized.

Bridget is also associated with the Sun, which in Celtic countries is feminine, "na Ghreine," and which is carried in a chariot and served by a young male deity, son of the Sky God, usually Lugh or an Apollo-like figure. This may be a similar pattern to the one for Danu, the Earth Goddess, whose statue was annually transported through the countryside in a ceremonial wagon attended by a young, possibly virgin male priest. Traces of this ritual come from all over pagan Europe, according to Prof. P.V. Glob, but the best descriptions come from Scandinavia, where the ceremony persisted into Medieval times.

On Oimele, statues of Bride were carried through the streets to her temple, where a perpetual flame burned on her altar. This continued in Ireland under Celtic Christianity, with only the name being changed to "Saint." There and in Scotland, the tradition is still repeated when the dawn shows pink colors, it is called Bride, the Sun-Maiden, hangs her cloak on the beams of the morning sun. In Bara and the isles, up until the last century, she was addressed at dawn as just that, the Sun-Maiden, and even the thin layer of Christianity, laid on in Ireland, was ignored here.

In the oldest Indo-European traditions, the Moon is masculine and may be associated with Cernunnos, the hunt and forest magic. (J. Duran, after Gimbutas, 1982) The feminine moon goddesses, usually connected with water symbolism, are thought to be of Pre-Indo-European origin.

Bride was one of the most popular deities, and most often worshipped and appealed to by the common people, judging from the statements of early Christianizers and from the large number of charms, spells, and songs to her that persisted into Medieval and some into modern times. An old fire charm for kindling a damp hearth, and in Scotland it's always damp, goes: "To Bride, Ruler of fire, give me/us this little bit of perfect fire, now." Highly effective, I use it daily.

Remember also that matches were invented by a Scotsman, a Gael. The word "match" comes (some think) from the Scot's Gaelic word "Maide" meaning "little stick." The fire sticks used to kindle fresh fire for the sacrifice are spoken of in the Vedic tradition as the Parents of Agni; Birch bark, in the primitive tinder-kit, was known as "Bridget's wood." The line from Bride, early Indo-European fire-goddess, through Agni, who is Bridget in her Asiatic male guise, leads, according to the entomological dictionary, to our word ignite and ignition, via Latin. So to keep all this relevant, when you put your foot down on the accelerator these cold mornings and turn the key, invoke Bride, Goddess of fire:

"Ah, Bhride, Banreigh na Teintean, thoir dhomh an beagan teintean lan."

## Hymn to the Three Brighids

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 1985  
Verse for Oimele by Thomas M. Cross  
Alliterative Syllabic Verse in English

Brighid brought us the burning coals  
Bright mistress of hearth warmth-ness  
Blesses midwives and milk-cows  
Bareness banished from us.

Blessed Brighid, Queen of Nature  
Daughter of the Dagda comes.  
On Oimele we salute thee  
Feeding kindling in fire.

Three Brighids as the winter breathes  
Three nights and three heroes born.  
On the three hills high fires burn.  
Shall we bring our new offering?

Brighid (pronounced Breed or Breej) for proper rhythm)

## Notes on Oimele and Brigit

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 1985  
By Thomas M. Cross

Oimele (sometimes spelled Imbolg) is known as the pagan Celtic festival from Irish lore is said to translate as "sheep's (ewe's ) milk" and has many associations with the goddess Bright and later with St. Brighid--Christianized as a saint. According to Cormac's Glossary (circa 900,) the goddess Bright was daughter of the Dagda or as three daughters of the Dagda. She was an expert in poetry, learning, prophecy or divination, healing and craftsmanship. Then, according to the *Life of Brighid* (the saint,) she was born "neither within nor without a house, at sunrise; is fed milk by a cow who is white with red ears " (these colors suggest a likely supernatural origin,) "she hangs her wet cloak on the sun's rays and her house appears ablaze." According to Gerald of Wales (Giraldus Cambrensis) Brighid and her nuns guarded a perpetual sacred fire and Solinus, in the 3rd century A.D. mentioned that Minerva's sanctuary in Britain contained a perpetual fire. It seems most likely then, that Brighid the saint is a euhemerized goddess Bright. Therefore, Bright has many functional associations: lactation of sheep and cattle, arts and crafts, learning, healing, fire, the hearth and sun, also with rivers and motherhood, and also she is a triple goddess or triune of goddesses.

The British Minerva that Solinus wrote of, seems to be Briganti (or Brigantia) the tutelary goddess of the Brigantes who is cognate with Bright. There are many non-Celtic Indo-European cognates and parallels, such as *Berecythia*, *Brihati* of Thracian-Phrygians and Indians...the Indo-European root being "high" or "exalted" etc. Bright also has Celtic counterparts such as the Gallo-Brittonic *Matronae* or *Mates*, triple mother goddesses sometimes called *Sulevia* and known also in Gaul *Belisama* ("most brilliant") and Romanised as Minerva. As Brigantia, her name survives in Britain as names of two rivers, Braint (in Wales) and Brent (in England,) as *Mates* or *Matronae* the name survives as the river Marne in France.



In Christian legend, Brighid the saint appears as mid-wife to Mary thus reflecting her motherly functions and Lá Brighid (law breed) (St. Bridget's Day) seems to be a purificatory festival—in commemoration of the purification of Mary. Fire was a purificatory element to the ancient Celts as fire was used to purify cattle as in needfire and Bealtaine rituals. Brighid as fire and motherhood goddess was very suited then as a mid-wife to Mary in this purification. On Lá Brighid or St. Brighid's day, a doll made from a churndash as the image of Brighid called a *Brideog* was carried about from village to village and all women had to bow before it as it was paraded about. On this day, rushes were woven into crosses, called St. Brighid's cross, which bring good luck on harvests and yields. These crosses resemble the ancient triskalion and swastika more than the do Christian crosses. The triskelion in the three legged or armed type of pictograph that today is an emblem of the Isle of Man and Manannan Mac Lir. These symbols of the triskalion and swastika were ancient solar symbols and were used in Indo-European religion--although the swastika has come to be popularly associated with Nazis and the Third Reich of Hitler it was depicted by the ancient Germanic peoples and also by Greeks, Indians, and Celts. In ancient Germany there was, as described by Tacitus, a spring festival celebrated around a mother earth goddess called Nerthus, in which her image was paraded around in a wagon to communicate blessings for peace and a good year. This, of course, parallels Oimelc and similar customs around Brighid.

As Bright was a triple goddess, there were many other triple goddesses in Celtic as well as other Indo-European mythologies. Bright was mother of Brian, Iuchir and Iucharbha (also called Mac Cuill, Mac Ceht and Mac Greine; sons of the Hazel, Plough and Sun) who married another triune of goddesses; Banbha, Fodhla, and Eriu whose names are metaphoric for Ireland (Eriu is an older spelling of Eire.) Sometime Brian, Iuchir and Iucharbha (or Uar) were known as the three sons of Danu, perhaps making Danu and Bright either the same or confused. Danu also seems cognate with Danu, Mother of Urtra in the *Rig Veda*, Vrtra being the same as the Old Persian god Verethragna. Vrtra was a demonic god opposed to Indra to the Vedic Indians, but Verethragna was a hero god. At any rate, Danu seems to go back to an Indo-European root having to do with "dripping or flowing water" also the root of the name Danube and other central and eastern European river names. The Norns of Norse-Germanic myth, the Parcae of Roman Myth and Moirai of Greek myth are all triple in form and are what we call the Fates who control the destiny of mankind. The Morrigan\* of Irish myth seems to correspond as triple in form also, as Badb, Macha and Nemain, however, they seem to be better paralleled in Germanic mythology as the Valkyries in function. Both are war goddesses who, as birds, pick up the slain in battle. Badb is the hooded crow who with her beak pecks at the corpses. Valkyries sometimes appear in bird form and they take slain warriors to Valhalla. In Greek myth, the three Moirai (Fates) were joined by other goddesses, such as, the three Graces and the nine Muses, also a multiple of three. However it was Pallas Athene or Athena who corresponds in function to Bright as well as Hestia and Artemis. If one could group Athena, Artemis and Hestia as a triune one would have a parallel to Bright.

Thus we have:

<u>Celtic</u>	<u>Greek</u>	<u>Norse</u>
Bright or	3 Nornir	3 Moirai
3 Brights	Urd Clotho	Verdandi and Skuld
3 Matrona	Lachesis	
The 3 Morrigan**	Atropos	13 Valkyries--
	3 Furies	
Banba, Fodhla,	3 Graces & 9 Muses	The Norn
Erin	3 goddesses of Ireland	

Germanic: Eos (Eastre) Goddess of Easter

Greek: Austron Goddess of Easter & dawn.

Vedic: Usha Goddess of Dawn

Welsh: Arianrhod?? Goddess of Dawn

\*Welsh equivalent of an aspect of Morrigan in Aeron (from Brittanica Agrona) a goddess of battle and slaughter; Aerfen (Welsh) goddess of the "end of battle" (cf. Aeron and Aerfeu to Badb and Nemain.) Rhiannon may be compared to Macha. Note: The three daughters of Dôn (Danu) in Welsh myth: *Gwernen* (alder,) *Elan* (push, drive) *Maellan* (profit, material gain)--all are also names of rivers. In Welsh myth there is Modron mother of Mabon (Mabon Ap Modron) from Gallo-Britannic *Matronae*.

\*\*Badd, Macha, and Nemain

Sources:

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## Oimelc Essay: Baby Naming

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimelc 1986

By Emmon Bodfish

Oimelc, Thaw, Lady Day, birth of the lambs and goats. This is the Festival of Bride Fire Goddess, Divine Midwife, Ruler of the hearth and the byre, and guardian of birth.

It was to Brid that the old Celts prayed and sacrificed when a child was being born. Then, after She was thanked for a live birth, the child was ushered into the Celtic community by the Druid naming ceremony. The parents in ancient Britain did not name the child, but rather the foremost Druid of the clan or fife offered a name, based on the circumstance at the birth. In the case of "great souls," heroes or heroines, a Druid connected with the future child's family might receive a vision, and prophesy a name and destiny for the child.

Françoise Le Roux in her study, *Les Druides*, describes three instances of Druid namings that have survived in the literary fragments of Pagan Celtic Culture. (So much of the rich Celtic Bardic work was lost in the Romanization and then more again in the Christianization of Europe and the Isles; we must piece together a heritage from what is left to us, mostly by the Irish Bardic Schools, and in the oral folk traditions. We have nothing comparable to the Bramanas of India, or even the Islandic/Nordic mythologies, though there is ample evidence

that such a body of knowledge and art existed in the Celtic World.) A re-naming could occur in adult life, in the case of equites, (warrior-caste) or Druids, on the basis of their deeds, particularly if the warrior left his household and became a member of a different clan.

Ms. LeRoux (Translated from the French by Jean Elizabeth)

“The Druids intervened at the beginning of life, just, as we have seen, they occupied themselves with death. In Ireland, they officiated by giving a name, based on a particular detail or noteworthy happening. It is this that Cuchulainn, formerly named Setanta, got his name from the Druid, Cathbad. Having killed the fighting dog of the blacksmith, Culann, he, himself, rendered such equitable judgment that King Conchobar and his Druid, Cathbad, were astonished at the little boy:

“What judgment will you render on this boy?” said Conchobar. ‘If a young dog of the same line exists in Ireland, I will bring him up just to the point where he is as capable as his father. Meanwhile, I will myself be the dog who will protect the clocks, the goods and the land of Culann.’ ‘You have rendered a good judgment, little boy.’ Said Conchobar. Cathbad declared, ‘In all truth, we could not have rendered a better one ourselves. Why don’t we name you Cu Chulainn, the dog of Culann?’ ... And from this moment onward he had this famous name, Cuchulainn, because he had killed the blacksmith, Culann’s, dog.” (Ogam, XI, 214-215)

King Conchobar’s naming is even more interesting:

“A child was born with a worm in each hand. He was taken, in the fetal position to the river that was named Conchobar; the river passed by him on his back. Cathbad took the child and gave him the name of the river, Conchobar, son of Fachtna; having taken the boy and put him on his lap, Cathbad gave thanks for him, and prophesized about him.” (Ogam, XII, 240)

A simple sign was enough. At the beginning of the *Longes mac n-Usnig*, the Exile of Usnech’s Sons, the Ulates were assembled for a great feast in the house of Fedlimid. They received the announcement that Fedlimid’s wife is with child. The Druid, Cathbad, then foretells that the baby will be a girl of extraordinary beauty and magnetism. She will have skin like snow, blond hair, magnificent blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, flawless teeth, and lips as red as coral. But, Cathbad adds, in order to get this treasure of a child, the Ulates will end up fighting each other.

“Cathbad then put a hand on the mother’s stomach and the unborn babe stirred under the touch of his hand. He said that in all truth the baby would be a girl, that Derdiu would be her name, and that she would be pure, surrounded by evil.” (“True, but surrounded by weakness.”)

She must have also had considerable Bardic talent, by the later accounts and the poems that are attributed to her. I include a translation of one that survives. It is from the Penguin Classic *A Celtic Miscellany* and her name is spelled Deirdre, in the Scottish fashion, translator unclear, the editor, perhaps, Ms. Betty Radice.

-E.B.

#### 21. Deirdre Remembers a Scottish Glen

Glen of fruit and fish and pools, its peaked hill of loveliest wheat, it is distressful for me to think of it—glen of bees, of long-horned wild oxen.

Glen of cuckoos and thrushes and blackbirds, precious is its cover to every fox; glen of wild garlic and watercress, of woods, of shamrock and flowers, leafy and twisting crested.

Sweet are the cries of the brown-backed dappled deer under the oak-wood above the bare hill-tops, gentle hinds that are timid lying hidden in the great-treed glen.

Glen of the rowans with scarlet berries, with fruit fit for every flock of birds; a slumbrous paradise for the badgers in their quiet burrows with their young.

Glen of the blue-eyed vigorous hawks, glen abounding in every harvest, glen of the ridged and pointed peaks, glen of blackberries and sloes and apples.

Glen of the sleek brown round-faced otters that are pleasant and active in fishing; many are the white-winged stately swans, and salmon breeding along the rocky brink.

Glen of the tangled branching yews, dewy glen with level lawn of kine; chalk-white starry sunny glen, glen of graceful pearl-like high-bed women.

### Oimeic Essay: Candlemas

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimeic 1987

By Emmon Bodfish

Oimeic, the festival of Bride, Bridgit, Bredes, the Sun-Maiden, Celtic Goddess of Light, Fire, and the Hearth. She is the patroness of craftsmen, especially those that use fire, smithies and workers in gold. Gold is her color, and she hangs her cloak on the beams of the morning Sun. She is also the patroness of poets, source of Bardic inspiration, which, to the Gaels was a supersensory form of fire descending upon the mind of the poet. The symbol of fire-in-the-water signified her divine inspiration, and her favored poets could see fire burning at the bottom of her sacred wells and springs.

The Festival of Lights, Candlemas, on the Continent, a celebration presided over by “Lucinda,” from the Latin “the light bringer,” is rooted in old Oimeic festivals. The Light is now returning; the days grow perceptibly longer, thaw begins in the more southerly parts of Europe and in Ireland, and the sheep and kine begin to give birth. In this association, and as

Goddess of the Hearth, Bride is also the Goddess of birth. (To co-opt her worship, which they couldn't eradicate, the Christians invented Bridget, who was mid-wife to Mary and Jesus. No such character is mentioned in the Bible.)

In the R.D.N.A. tradition, Oimelec is celebrated when the Sun is mid-way between Solstice and Equinox. There is the milk of a sheep or a goat in the chalice, and thanks are given that the coldest time of the year is past. The Earth Mother begins to stir in Her sleep, and dream of Spring.

## Oimelec Essay: Bride

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimelec 1988

By Emmon Bodfish

Oimelec now is the time of Breedes, Bridget, Goddess of the hearth, Ruler of fire, Lucinda, Vesta, candle light parades, Lady Day, the Thaw. Bride was one of the most popular of the pan-Celtic Deities, and in Pagan times a perpetual fire burned on Her altar in Kildare. She was attended by a female priesthood. She is also the Dawn Maiden who hangs Her cloak on the rays of the morning sun. The sun is feminine in Gaelic, and in Scot's folk tradition.

### 34. To the Sun

Greeting to you, sun of the seasons, as you travel the skies on high, with your strong steps on the wing of the heights; you are the happy mother of the stars.

You sink down in the perilous ocean without harm and without hurt; you rise up on the quiet wave like a young queen in flower.

Scottish Gaelic; traditional folk prayer.

From now until Equinox we worship Bride and give thanks for fire. When you light your fire or candle during these days, try, this old Scot's verse, which is, I think, in a direct oral tradition from old Paganism.

"Unto Bride, Ruler of Fire,  
Give us this little comfort now."

### MAD SWEENEY'S NEWS

I have news for you; the stag bells, winter snows, summer has gone.

Wind high and cold, the sun low, short its course, the sea running high.

Deep red the bracken, its shape is lost; the wild goose raised its accustomed cry.

Cold has seized the birds' wings; season of ice, this is my news.

Irish; author unknown; ninth century  
A CELTIC MISCELLANY

## Oimelec Essay: Brigid's Monastery

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimelec 1989

By Emmon Bodfish

Oimelec, festival of Bride, Bridgit, Bredes, the daughter of Dagda, and Celtic goddess of fire and the hearth. She is patroness of Bards and craftsmen. She sends poetic inspiration which the Gaels regarded as an immaterial and suprasensual form of fire. Always one of the most prominent and popular deities, it is thought to be She who the Romans called the "Minerva of the Gauls." The early Christianizers of Ireland were unable to eradicate Her worship and instead adopted, or co-opted Her into their own pantheon as "Saint" Bridget. According to Charles Squire in *Celtic Myth and Legend*, She is still the most popular of all Irish saints with the country folk, and is still easily "recognized as the daughter of Dagda. Her Christian attributes, almost all connected with fire attest her pagan origin. She was born at sunrise; a house in which she dwelt blazed into a flame which reached to heaven; a pillar of fire rose from her head when she took the veil; and her breath gave new life to the dead." This last attribute of the "saint" may be one of the powers of the Goddess which is recorded nowhere else. Knowledge of it was lost when the Druidic teachings were destroyed by the Roman Church and its soldiers. It is preserved only in folk memory and here in the co-opters' own writings.

She may be related to the British Goddess Sul, worshipped at Bath, and of whom the first century Latin writer Solinus says "She ruled over the boiling spring and at her altar there blazed a perpetual fire which never whitened into ashes, but hardened into a stony mass."\* A perpetual fire burned on the altar of the Druidic sanctuary of Bride at Kildare we learn from both Christian and Pre-Christian sources. Even after the sanctuary was stormed and taken over by Christians, the fire was kept burning, and some of the Goddess' traditions such as that having all and only women clerics in attendance, were continued until the thirteenth century. By then the Roman Church had enough power to impose its monopoly by force and the persecutions were beginning on the Continent. A British bishop declared the sacred fire "pagan" and ordered it extinguished in 1220 A.D.

\*a small knowledge of chemistry would make this easy to arrange.

## Oimelec Essay: Triumph of Light

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimelec 1990

By Emmon Bodfish

Oimelec is one of the major high days of the Druid calendar. For the Celts, a pastoral people, this holiday marks the birth of the first lambs and the lactation of the ewes. Sheep's milk was an important food in those times, as it was among many herding peoples into this century. The calves would not be born until late April or May.

Oimelec marks the end of "dark January," as it is called by the Gaels. The days are noticeably longer now, and we are past the nadir of the year. The light and life invoked on Yule Solstice are indeed returning.

This festival is presided over by Bride (Bridgit, Bredes) as Lugh presided over Lughnasadh at the opposite point on the Celtic Wheel of the Year. Bride and Lugh are poles, complementary figures, who balance each other across the calendar in another of the Druidic systems of checks and balances. The Druids found good in the balance between

opposite poles of a quality, light and dark, summer and winter, woman and man, producing and harvesting. Though a patrilineal society, the Celtic world was less male dominated than our own has been, and certainly less patriarchal than the Middle East or the Mediterranean societies of the time, or than the Christian society that replaced it.\*

In this the Indo-European cultures and many of those of the Far East contrasted with the Mid-Eastern group of religions from which Christianity and its offshoots developed. There good was defined as the final and total victory of one pole of a quality over the other. Thus it's light triumphing over darkness, summer over winter, man against Nature. They have partly succeeded; in the middle of the Arabian desert, it is always sunny. Summer has triumphed. The deserts are spreading.

\*See Professor Green on the status of Celtic women in *The Gods of Celts*, and Jean Markale's work *Women of the Celts*. Both can be gotten at remaindered price from Publishers' Central Bureau.

## Oimele Essay: End of Publication

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 1991  
By Emmon Bodfish

Oimele, the festival of Bridee, Celtic Goddess of fire, the hearth, poetry and inspiration, Patroness of birth, Dawn-maiden, daughter of the Dagda who hangs her cloak on the beams of the morning sun! Here we are in the time of new beginnings.

The Druid Missal-Any will be looking for a new home. The pollution, crowdedness and difficulties of the Bay Area have increased, along with our financial means, to the point where your editor deems an atmosphere of the mountains a benefit. As we will be putting time and energy into locating rural property and relocating, the Missal-Any hereby declares a hiatus in its nine years of continuous publication. Anyone who would like to serve as interim Assistant Editor-Collator and Errand-runner-in-Chief should write to us at the usual address:

P.O. Box 142, Orinda, California, 94563.

If you would like a refund, rather than waiting for publication to resume, write us. Back issues are still available.

## Oimele Essay: Various Brigits

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele, 2001  
By Stacey Weinberger

Oimele, the end of Winter. It is the turning point in the Season of Sleep. Now is when the ewes come into milk and the first lambs are born. It is the beginning of new life. This can be seen even at the Orinda Grove site with the budding of new plant life.

Oimele is the festival of Bride, Brigid, Breedee, daughter of the Dagda, Sun-Maiden, Daughter of the Dawn, Celtic Goddess of fire and the hearth, and of birth. She is patroness of poets and bards, smiths and craftspeople. Bride has perhaps had the longest enduring cult of any Celtic goddess. This is evidenced by Her aspects being co-opted by the early Christianizers into the figure of St. Brigid of Kildare. Even as a saint, Her identity continued to be associated with fire. No doubt the "legend" of St. Brigid's monastery at Kildare (from cill dair meaning chapel of the oak—possibly a telling connection) of a group of pagan holy women originally tending the perpetual sacred fire of a pre-Christian sanctuary on the site suggests that it is based on historic precedence.

Her eternal flame continued to burn in Christian times at Her sanctuary at Kildare and was never allowed to go out—a tradition which sprung from its pagan Celtic roots. This sacred fire was tended for nineteen nights by nineteen nuns who each took a turn to feed the flame. On the twentieth night, St. Brigid Herself was said to take over. That night the nineteenth nun put the logs beside the fire and said: "Brigid, guard your fire. This is your night." In the morning, the wood was found burned and the fire miraculously stayed lit. The fire was not extinguished from the foundation of the monastery in the fifth century but once in the thirteenth century until the reign of Henry VIII.

Sister Mary Minehan, a Brigidine Sister (Sisters of St. Brigid)—a restoration of the Ancient Order founded in 1807 to revive again the spirit of St. Brigid—relit St. Brigid's flame on Oimele in 1993 at Solas Bhríde, a Christian Community Centre for Celtic Spirituality in Kildare. And so to this day Her sacred flame continues to burn.

"Unto Bride, Ruler of Fire,  
Give us this little comfort now."

## Oimele Essay: Brigit and the Flocks

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 2002  
By Stacey Weinberger

Oimele, one of the major High Days in the Druid calendar, is the Festival of Bride, Brigit, Brid, Dawn Maiden, Patroness of Poets, Bards, and Smiths, Celtic Goddess of the hearth, healing, inspiration, childbirth, cattle, and crops. Oimele marks the end of the dark days of winter and the beginning of spring. Noticeable is the increasing length of the daylight hours.

Originally a pastoral festival, Oimele was associated with fertility. The Irish word for Oimele, Imbolc, is derived from the root word m(b)olg meaning lactation. Oimele stems from the Old Celtic Ouimelko "ewe's milk." This was the time of year in agricultural societies when the ewes were first coming into milk and the beginning of the lambing season. This was important as milk was the first fresh food since the end of the harvest at Samhain. Sheep and Cattle were valued possessions both in human and underworldly society, and this is especially true of herding societies, such as early Celtic societies. The classical writers such as Pliny and Strabo comment on the use of milk and milk-products in Gaul, Germania, and Britain, showing its importance in those cultures.

That Oimele is also known as Bride's Feast Day (La Fheill Brighde in Scotland) shows Bride's association with the fertility festival. Though little of the goddess Bride is known in detail, many of her associations were carried over into early Christian accounts of the saint. Anne Ross writes in her *Everyday Life of the Pagan Celts* that in the later Christian tradition, St. Bride's association with sheep and pastoral economy and fertility in general would seem to be carry-overs from her pagan predecessor's role. In the *Life of St. Brigid* there are also various pagan attributes. She was said to be fed from the milk of a white red-eared cow, which was her totem animal as a pagan goddess. In Irish mythology white animals with red ears were considered supernatural or otherworldly. She was protectress of the flocks and harm would come to any that harmed her cattle. She had the power to increase milk production. In artwork, she was often shown to be accompanied by a cow, which Miranda Green writes is a manifestation of her mother Bofhíonn, the White Cow who is the goddess of the sacred river Boyne. She is associated with the dandelion, thought it quite possibly could have been coltsfoot, a plant with similar attributes, which flowers closer

to Oimelc. It is said that the milky white juice in the stems fed the young lambs.

Bride's association with the flocks is still evident in modern times. In the *Carmina Gadelica*, a collection of hymns and incantations by Alexander Carmichael records a charm for stock as recited by Archibald Currie, shoemaker. Charms are a poetic form dating back to Indo-European times used for protection.

The charm placed of Brigit  
About her neat, about her kine,  
About her horses, about her goats,  
About her sheep, about her lambs;

Each day and night,  
In heat and in cold,  
Each early and late,  
Each darkness and light;

To keep them from marsh,  
To keep them from rock,  
To keep them from pit,  
To keep them from bank;

To keep them from eye,  
To keep them from omen,  
To keep them from spell,  
South and north;

To keep them from venom,  
East and west,  
To keep them from envy,  
And from wiles of the wicked;

To keep them from hound,  
And keep them from each other's horns,  
From the birds of the high moors,  
From the beasts of the hills;

To keep them from wolf,  
From ravaging dog,  
To keep them from fox,  
From the swiftness of the Fiann.\*

\*Fiann were hired warriors.

# Spring Equinox

## Spring Equinox Notes

The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

The Spring Equinox, although sometimes known as the Festival of the Trees, is better known as the feast of (the Fertility Goddess) *Eostara*, or "Easter." It is a celebration of the returning of life to the Earth. Rabbits, eggs and children are sacred at this feast and Pagans in need of fertility talismans now color hollow eggs and pass them through the ceremonial fires (quickly) to take home and hang over their beds and in their barns. A fascinating source of almost forgotten Paleopagan symbols can be found by examining carefully the fantastically decorated eggs produced by folk artists from Europe (especially Eastern Europe and Russia,) Mexico and South America.

A Minor High Day, it usually takes place around March 21st or so. On the night before, some Hasidic Druids stayed up until dawn, reading meditations about trees, eating the fruits of various trees and singing hymns about trees. Among many Paleopagan cultures in Southern Europe, the Spring Equinox was the date of the New Year (instead of Samhain, as it is among the Celts) and indeed, many Druids refer to this holiday as "the New Year for Trees." Adding a bit to the confusion is the fact that some Neopagan groups call this holiday "Lady Day."

## More Spring Equinox Notes

Pentalpha Journal, Volume 2, Issue 4 Whole Number 9  
Spring Equinox March 20/21, 1979 c.e.  
By Isaac Bonewits

The Spring Equinox, although sometimes known as the Festival of the Trees, is better known as the feast of *Eostara* (the Fertility Goddess,) or "Easter." It is a celebration of the returning of life to the Earth. Rabbits, eggs and children are sacred at this feast and Pagans in need of fertility talismans now color hollow eggs and pass them through the ceremonial fires (quickly) to take home and hang over their barns. A fascinating source of almost forgotten Paleopagan symbols can be found by examining carefully the fantastically decorated eggs produced by folk artists from Europe (especially Eastern Europe and Russia,) Mexico and South America.

A Minor High Day, the Equinox takes place at 9:15 p.m. PST on March 20th, therefore the Druid celebration takes place starting at sunset March 20th and continues until sunset March 21st. On the eve of the holiday (3/20,) some Hasidic Druids stay up until dawn, reading meditations about trees, eating the fruits of various trees and singing hymns about trees. Among many Paleopagan cultures in Southern Europe, the Spring Equinox was the date of the New Year (instead of Samhain, as it is among Celts) and indeed, many Druids refer to this holiday as "the New Year for Trees." Adding a bit to the confusion is the fact that some Neopagan groups call this holiday "Lady Day" (which we consider to be Oimelc.)

## Spring Equinox Essay:

### Festivals and Eggs

A Druid Missal-Any Spring Equinox 1983  
Volume 7 Number 2  
By Emmon Bodfish

Equinox, a Druid Minor High Day, the emphasis is Balance.” Some customs of this season, still held over from pre-Christian times, include colored and fancy eggs, and the “Easter Bunny” who brings them, though this was not the original sequence or association.

Nora Chadwick, a noted Celtic historian, describes the spring rite of the “coloring of the Cakes and Eggs,” noted by classic authors in their descriptions of Druid customs. Egg hunts, egg rolling games and rituals are still current in Ireland, Lithuania and Eastern Europe and may have a pre-Indo-European origin. Decorated eggs, and painted clay models of eggs are a frequent theme of Pre-Aryan, Balkan culture. They are part of the ensign of the Bird Goddess, whose worship seems to have been particular to spring, and to the time of the spring rains, to judge from holdovers into Greek times. Eggs are also part of the imagery of the supreme Goddess of the Old-European culture. In this connection, they represent the Cosmic Egg, laid by a swan or Nile goose, which was said to begin the world. Small painted clay eggs were included inside statues of this Great Goddess, as in Marija Gimbutas' drawing below.

“A Cosmic Egg may also be laid by a mythical water birds: this myth is almost universally known between Africa and the Arctic Zone; it is recorded in ancient civilizations and was known among hunting and fishing tribes. In an Ancient Egyptian myth, the Cosmic Egg was laid by a Nile Goose which was worshipped as the great chatterer, the creator of the world. According to the Orphic story, untreated Nyx (Night) existed first and was regarded as a crest black-winged bird hovering over a vast darkness. Though unmated, she laid an egg from which flew gold-winged Eros, while from the two parts of the shell Ouranos and Gaia (Heaven and Earth) were trotted. The beginning of the myth must lie in the Paleolithic era.”

The Egg, plus chatter, words, began the world.

The Bunny wasn't one at all, it was the Hare, not the rabbit, that was the sacred animal among the Celts and Germans. Julius Caesar, in his War Commentaries on Gaul, describes the Gauls as keeping “hares and certain other animals to amuse themselves, and which they do not eat.” (or hunt.) The hare was seen as a messenger animal, associated with prophecy and madness. The March Hare brought in the Spring and gave the seeds their fertility, or withheld it. To run afoul of him caused madness. By the Middle Ages, the madness element predominated, and he came to be regarded as a demonic species. Many pagan ensigns and symbols suffered like defamation; and prophecy has always been associated with madness in Indo-European traditions. And underlying the egg theme, the theme of the March Hare is solidly Indo-European; its sacred and tabooed nature extends to most of the eastern European languages and early cultures. If language is the oldest witness to history, as Lockwood asserts, then the Cult of the Hare must go back to at least 3,500 BC. and the second wave of Indo-European expansion before Celtic, Germanic and Italic

languages diverged. In these, the true word for hare, hara/haso, was tabooed, and euphemisms were commonly invented for it in everyday speech.

Our American Ground Hog Day, may be a dim and distant reflection of the March Hare theme, with its element of prophecy for an early or late spring. In the days of plowing and sowing magic, it was by the hare's behavior that people tried to foretell the spring weather and the prospects for the seeds about to be sown. By the shadows of posts and menhirs, not groundhogs, and by the points of the sun's risings, the priestly castes at the Great Henges determined the day of the Equinox and kept the calendar of sowing and reaping in line with the Heavens.

## Spring Equinox Essay:

### Plowing Charm and New Year

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1984  
By Emmon Bodfish

Equinox, the beginning of spring, which is marked by the Sun's crossing of the Celestial Equator, the first point of Aries. For a diurnal cycle, the day and night are of equal length. The emphasis of the holiday is on renewal, active preparation for the summer to come. The stones of some of the Megaliths mark this sunrise, by this point the plowing and seeding must be done. In numerous cultures these were sacred activities, from the Charming of the Plow in pagan Germany, a celebration which the Anglo-Saxons brought with them to England, to the ritual plowing of the first furrow in a special sacred field by the reigning Chinese Emperor. Our word for acre, 43,560 sq. ft. of land, comes from the Gaelic word “acadh” meaning a field.

Erec, Erec, Erec,  
Mother of Earth  
Hail to thee, Earth,  
Mother of Men

Be fruitful in  
God's embrace  
Filled with food  
For the use of men.

This was written down in the Leechbook circa 950 AD in England. It is the ancient Indo-European Earth Mother and Sky Father, despite five hundred years of Christian influence.

In England, Spring Equinox was celebrated as Lady Day, now fixed at March 25, to make it a dependable legal holiday while the Equinox shifts yearly between the 20th and the 22nd. Before the adoption of the Gregorian calendar in England in 1752, this holiday was the beginning of the New Year, legal and fiscal. In the Gaelic world, the new season, Samhra, wouldn't begin until Bealtaine, but the New Year had commenced on Samhain on November 5th or 6th. Between Samhain and Bealtaine is the “Season of Sleep” and May Day begins the new “Season of Life.”

In modern Reform Druidism there is no whiskey, or intoxicant, in the chalice at services all through this Season of Sleep, only distilled water, the Waters-of-Sleep. Only water is poured out in the Offerings to the trees. It is the season of the Pine and the Birch. The latter, Bride's tree, begins her season at Equinox. It has been a time of rest and in-drawing, the re-couping of our energies. Now life starts to re-awaken and we begin preparations for the major celebration of the Druid year, Bealtaine, the full-blown Rose.

## Spring Equinox Essay: Plowing and New Years

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox, 1985  
By Emmon Bodfish

Equinox, the beginning of Spring, one the four Minor High Days in the Druid tradition. The Sun crosses the celestial equator, from Southern Declination to Northern, and the day and the night are of equal length. This is the time of renewal, the beginning of preparations for the summer to come. The holiday is older than Druidism; stones in the megaliths mark this sunrise. Plowing and planting begin. It is the season of egg gathering. The giving of painted eggs as gifts and offerings predates Christianity, or the introduction of chickens, originally a wild Indian pheasant, to European barnyards.

The Leechbook records this chant of English (Brythonic, really) farmers in the spring rites circa 950 A.D. The Christian church had not yet begun its campaign in earnest to expunge old pagan ways or else re-name and "Christianize" them as it would over the next five hundred years.

Erec! Erec! Erec!  
Mother of Earth  
Hail to thee, Earth!  
Mother of mortals.

Be fruitful in  
The God's embrace  
Filled with food  
For the use of man.

In England, prior to the adoption of the Gregorian calendar in 1752, Spring Equinox was the beginning of the new year. It is still celebrated there as "Lady Day." In the Gaelic world, the new season, Samhra, summer, won't begin until Bealtaine, but the new year began on Samhain in November.

The emphasis of this season is balance, as day and night now stand balanced. Time to make recompense for old mistakes and receive the reward of our winter's patience. The tree is the birch, Bride's tree, the tree of Spring and Dawn, at the East point of the circle.

## Spring Equinox Essay: Sequanna and Rivers

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1986  
By Emmon Bodfish

Spring Equinox, the Sun crosses the Equator and shines down over the Northern tropics. It is dawn at the North Pole. This is one of the four Minor Celtic High Days. The grain of the last sheaf, made in to the Corn-doll last autumn. (see Fall Equinox Missal-Any, '85.) has been taken down from its place of honor, torn apart and scattered over the field prior to plowing. This holiday is one of renewal: planting, cleaning, fasting and "taking the bathes," visiting holy wells and springs. In Southern Britain, if I recall an oral tradition correctly, it was associated with Sulis, Goddess of hot springs and the Rites at Bath, and perhaps in Gaul with Sequanna, Goddess of the source of the River Seine. Here, in the valley of Dijon,

numerous votive offerings to Her have been found, and traditions dramatically emphasizing Her powers to cure the sick were recorded by classic writers. (c.f. Barry Cunliffe, though he does not list his sources for this.) Twenty-two wooden plaques, carved in relief to represent internal organs, one, better preserved, showing anatomically accurate diction of trachea and lungs, have been recovered.

"The Celtic religious sense was strongly marked by the principle of reciprocity. To save a life, another would be sacrificed. Similarly," Cunliffe states, "if sacred waters were used by someone wanting a cure, a gift in exchange was expected of the user." Votive offerings found in this spring portray the hopes of the pilgrims who brought them, like the exquisite statue of the little blind girl from the shrine of Sequanna. Other carvings are of organs or limbs, perhaps to communicate with the Goddess or to focus the ritual's participants attention on the afflicted part. Wooden votives were carved from the heartwood of the Oak, and may depict the entire figure of the donor, sometimes holding the offering he has brought; a lamb, a jewel, a bar of silver. Most have very individual faces, as contrasted with the smooth, archetypical faces of Celtic God statues.

This is a time to get healthy; do a sauna or visit the Hot Springs, re-organize and get ready for Bealtaine.

## Spring Equinox Essay: Epona and Horses

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1987  
By Emmon Bodfish

Spring Equinox, balance, awakening, a time of planting, a time in keeping with the theme of Irish Macha, Patroness of farmers, the Horse-goddess, who could run with the speed of a horse or become one. On the Continent She was called Epona. She was Rhiannon in Wales. She is a shape-shifting Goddess who can appear in human form, or in the form of a mare, or of a woman mounted on horseback. She is responsible not only for the fertility of herds, but of the ground as well. She is described in Celtic myths as the mother of kings or as capable of bestowing sovereignty on the rightful king. She is represented by the white mare whom the Kings of Ireland espouse at their coronations. Prof. J. Duran speculates that Macha and the mare represents the agrarian classes, the "Tuath," the third of the three castes in ancient Celtic society. (The other two were the warriors and the Druids. "Caste" is a poor word since these categories were not rigid, and some movement between them was possible, but it is used in Indo-European studies for lack of a better term.)

Macha may have been the Patroness of the Tuath, as Bride was the Patroness of Bards, and as the Morgani were associated with the warrior caste. Llyr, or Manannan McLlyr, it is said, also has ancient equine themes running through His worship. There is a theory that He was a Horse-deity back on the steppes of the Indo-European homeland, and that only later, when the Celtic peoples reached the Atlantic coast and the Island, did He become a Sea-god. He is always portrayed in a chariot, or riding in a boat, or in a combination of both, as in His sea-shell boat drawn by porpoises. This considered, He may be more a charioteer or vehicular god than a Horse-deity.\* Epona rides astride. Cernunos, the other shape-shifting, fertility-bestowing deity, never rides. He sits on the ground among the wild beasts, and is spoken of as running with the deer. These latter two figures hark back to the earliest Eur-Asian levels, very likely to the Paleolithic. Similar figures may

have been common to the Ice Age peoples of Eastern Europe and West Asia from whom the Proto-Indo-Europeans sprang. In that early time, in the art of the Magdalenian hunters, a similar theme can be seen.

The Paleolithic dancer wearing a horse-head mask is a woman. The men wear disguises of horned animals, bear, or mammoths. The connection between Macha, the female shape-shifter-shaman-magician, and the horse may be very old, paralleling the male enchanter of horned animals, from the time when the Horned Man and the Horse Woman danced in Paleolithic caves.

\*Could He be persuaded to protect us nowadays in our cars?

## Spring Equinox Essay:

### Eggs and Rabbits

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1988  
By Emmon Bodfish

Equinox, a Minor Druid High Day, the emphasis is on balance. Some customs of the season which are hold over from pre-Christian times include the colored and fanciful eggs and the "Easter Bunny" who brings them, though this was not the original sequence nor association.

Nora Chadwick, a noted historian, describes the spring rite of the "offering of the cakes and eggs," recorded by classic authors in their descriptions of Druidic customs. Egg hunt, egg rolling games and rituals are still current in Ireland, Lithuania and eastern Europe, and may have a Pre-Indo-European origin, decorated eggs and painted clay models of eggs are a frequent theme of Aryan Balkan culture. They are part of the ensign of the Bird Goddess, whose worship seems to have been particular to spring and to the time of the spring rains, to judge from holdovers into Classic Greek times. Eggs are also part of the imagery of the Supreme Goddess of Old-European culture. In this connection they represent the Cosmic Egg, laid by the swan or Nile Goose, which was said to have begun the world. Small painted clay eggs were included inside statues of this Great Goddess, as in Marija Gimbutas drawings reproduced here.

A Cosmic Egg may also be associated with the mythical water bird of Creation. This myth is almost universal between Africa and the Arctic; it was recorded in the scripts and hieroglyphs of the literate civilizations and sung in the oral traditions of hunting and fishing tribes.

In an ancient Egyptian myth, the Cosmic Egg was laid by the Nile Goose which was worshipped as the "Great Chatterer," the creator of the world and of language. According to the Orphic story, uncreated Nyx (night) existed first and was pictured as a great black-winged bird hovering over the vast darkness. Though unmated, she produced an egg out of which flew gold-winged Eros, while the two halves of the shell Ouranos and Gaia (Heaven and Earth) were created. The beginning of the myth must lie in the Paleolithic ear.<sup>1</sup> The Egg, plus chatter, that is words, began the world.

The Easter bunny wasn't at all. It was a hare. The hare, not the rabbit, was the sacred animal of the Celts and Germans. Julius Caesar, in his war commentaries on Gaul, describes the Gauls and keeping "hares and certain other animals to amuse themselves, and which they do not eat" (nor hunt.) But the motive was more likely propitiation and divination than "amusement." The hare was seen as a messenger animal

capable of travel between this and the Other World, and was associated with both prophecy and madness. The March Hare brought in the spring and gave the seeds their fertility, or withheld it. To run afoul of him caused madness. By the Middle Ages, the madness element predominated, and his came to be regarded as a demonic species. Many pagan ensigns and symbols suffered similar defamation and prophecy has always been associated with madness in Indo-European traditions. And, unlike the egg theme, the theme of the March Hare is solidly Indo-European. Its sacred and tabooed nature extends to most of the Western European languages groups and cultures. If language is the oldest witness to history, as Lockwood asserts,<sup>2</sup> then the Hare cult must go back to at least 3,500 B.C. and the second wave of the Indo European expansion before Celtic and Germanic and Italic diverged from one another. In these language groups the true word for hare, hara/haso, was tabooed and euphemisms were commonly invented for it in everyday speech.

Our American Ground Hog Day may be dim and assistant reflex of the March Hare theme with its element of prophecy of the early or a late spring. In the days of plowing and sowing magic, it was by the hare's behavior that people foretold the spring: weather and the prospects for the seeds about to be sown. By the shadows of posts and menhirs, not ground hogs, and by the points of the sun's risings, the priestly castes at the Great Henges determined the day of the Equinox kept the calendar of sowing and reaping in time with the Heavens.

(It bears saying again: The Druids did not build Stone Henge. Nor as far as we know did they make use of it as a calendar. This was the work and genius of the pre-Celtic peoples of the British Isles.)

<sup>1</sup>Marija Gimbutas, *Goddesses and Gods of Old Europe*, U. of California Press, 1982.

<sup>2</sup>Lockwood, *Indo-European Philology*, Hutchins University Library Press, 1969.

## Spring Equinox Essay: The Birch

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1989  
By Stacey Weinberger

Equinox, one of the four minor High Days in the Druid tradition, signifying the beginning of spring, dawn and the time of renewal. Day and night are of equal length now, and although it is the High Day Oimelc that marks the first stirrings of life, it is at the equinox that this becomes apparent. The Orinda Grove site is blossoming in all its splendor. We have never seen it so green (and without the help of seeding or modern technology!) The hills are a carpet of green, the live oak seems to have recovered from the attack by the oak moths and the ground around the altar has sprouted grass, clover and wintercress, with its peppery tasting flowers and subtle leaves.

As the cycle of the year continues, we move to the next in the circle of the trees at the Grove, the Birch. Passed down through Celtic oral tradition, the Birch is known as 'Bride's Tree.'

According to Paul Friedrich, author of *Proto-Indo-European Trees*, (University of Chicago Press, 1970) the birch has been a female-virgin symbol for many of the speakers of the Indo-European languages for over five thousand years. This would fit with one of the aspects of Bride as a Triple Goddess figure.

The Proto-Indo-Europeans, including (the ancestors of) the Celts probably associated the birch with the spring,



comparing the brightness of the returning sun, the greening of the earth with something tangible, that represented the changing nature of the surroundings.

The birch's association with spring and the return of light is probably not coincidental. P.I.E. forms of the word (for birch) lead back to "bright, shining, to be white," and seem to be based on the physical appearance of the birch

(explanatory parentheses by E.B. editor)

## Spring Equinox Essay: What is the Equinox?

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 2001  
By Stacey Weinberger

Equinox, three months past the Winter Solstice, Yule, marks the astronomical arrival of Spring. This is when the Sun crosses the celestial equator following the ecliptic moving northward. The celestial equator is the projection of the Earth's equator on the sky. It divides the sky into two equal hemispheres and is everywhere 90 degrees from the celestial poles. If you watched the Sun for the course of a year it would appear to circle the sky. This apparent path of the Sun is the ecliptic. Another way to define it is to say the ecliptic is the projection of the earth's orbit onto the sky.

Days and nights are now of equal length, and at the North Pole the sun rises above the horizon after a six month absence. The Sun rises exactly due East and sets exactly due West. The noon day Sun is shining directly upon the equator.

It is a time of balance. As the days start to warm, the nights remain still cold. While there are new buds of green foliage on the Sweet Gum trees outside my window, the thorny balls from the previous year still hang from their branches, stripped of their seeds by the local wild birds. But it is a time not just of balance in Nature but in our own selves. It is a time to look within and to reevaluate our lives, looking at where we've been this past year, and looking towards our own new growth with the coming of the new season. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that the East, the direction of the dawning Sun, also represents new beginnings.

### Mad Sweeney News

Mountain stream, clear and limpid,  
wandering down towards the valley,  
whispering songs among the rushes—oh,  
that I were as the stream!

Mountain heather all in flower—longing  
fills me, at the sight, to stay upon the hills  
in the wind and the heather.

Small birds of the high mountain that soar  
up in the healthy wind, flitting from one  
peak to the other—oh, that I were as the  
bird!

Son of the mountain am I, far from home,  
making my song; but my heart is in the  
mountain, with the heather and the small  
birds.

Welsh; John Ceiriog Hughes; 1833-87

# Beltane

## Beltane Notes

The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

*Beltane* begins the season of *Samradh* (São-Ru,) now *an Samhradh* (un São-Ru); which is Summer, running from roughly the beginning of May till the end of July.

*Beltane* (BauL-Ti-Ni, or BauL-Hi-Ni,) known in Modern Irish as *Lá Bealtaine* (Laa BauL-Hi-ni, or Laa Baul-Ti-ni,) in Welsh as *Galan-Mai* (Calends of May,) in Scottish Gaelic as *Bealtunn*, and in Manx as *Shenn da Boaddyn*, *Laa Boaldyn*, or *Laa 'nTourey* (Day of Summer); is, of course, the day we know in English as May Day. It is also called by a variety of other names, such as Roodmas, Summer Day, Walpurgistag, St. Pierre's Day, Red Square Day, etc. It is the beginning of the Summer Half of the Year (the seasons of *Samradh* and *Foghamhar*) and is a festival of unalloyed joy.

A very large number of important mythological events are connected with this day. It was on a Beltane that Partholan and his followers, the first inhabitants and partial creators of Ireland, landed on that isle. Three hundred years later, on the same day, they returned to the Other World. It was on a *Beltane* that the Tuatha De Danann and their people invaded Ireland. It was on a May Eve that Pryderi, the missing son of Rhiannon and Pwyll (Rulers of the Welsh Otherworld,) was lost by them and later (on another May Eve) was found by Teirnyon Twryf Vliant (and eventually restored to Them.) On every first day of May "till the day of doom," Gwyn-son-of-Nudd fights with Gwyrthur-son-of-Greidawl, for the hand of Lludd's (Lugh's) fair daughter, Creudylad. Most of these events, again, as all over Europe, have to do with stories of the forces of light defeating the forces of darkness. Why did you think the Marxists chose May Day as their international Holiday? And can you guess why Adam Weishaupt chose Walpurgistag as the day to announce the founding of the Bavarian Illuminati, and why the date at which the forces of evil later tried to Imannetize the Eschaton?

## About Beltane

Pentalpha Vol. 3, No. 2 1980  
By Isaac Bonewits

Beltane is one of the four Celtic Fire Festivals that mark the time between Solstices and Equinoxes and relate to the inner feminine, intuitive, yin side of our souls. Its symbol is a blossom. It is a day of blossoms and spring fever, of open hearts and merry trysts, of dance and raucous song, of mirth and mystery, of lechery and love.

Beltane, among the matriarchal, lunar festivals, stresses the importance of male-female interaction, mother nature's need for fertilization, the earth's need for female and male energy. As part of our celebration, we invite the coming of Pan and dance around a Maypole. We drink to Pan, the great god of nature, (so systematically belittled and bedeviled in recent centuries,) the scary instinctual goat-god in us, who plays such haunting, beautifully spiritual music on his pipes.

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same day, they returned to the Other World. It was on a Beltane that the Tuatha De Danann and their people invaded Ireland. It was on a May Eve that Pryderi, the missing son of Rhiannon and Pwyll (Rulers of the Welsh Otherworld,) was lost by them and later (on another May Eve) found by Teirnyon Twryf Vliant (and eventually restored to Them.) On every first day of May "till the day of doom," Gwyn Ap Nudd fights with Gwyrthur Ap Greidawl, for the hand of Lludd's (Lugh's) fair daughter, Creudylad. Most of these events, again, as all over Europe, have to do with stories of the forces of light defeating the forces of darkness. Why did you think the Marxists chose May Day as their international Holy Day? And can you guess why Adam Weishaupt chose Walpurgistag (another name for Beltane) as the day to announce the founding of the Bavarian Illuminati, and why that was the date at which the forces of evil later tried to Immanetize the Eschaton?

## About Beltaine

A Druid Missal-Any Beltane 1982  
By Emmon Bodfish

E. DWELLY has this to say about old Highland Beltaine, in Gaelic, Bealltuinn.

"On the first of May was held a great Druidical festival in favour of the god Belus. On this day, fires were kindled on the mountain tops for the purposes of sacrifice; and between these fires the cattle were driven to preserve them from contagion till next Mayday. On this day it was usual to extinguish all hearth fires, in order that they should be re-kindled from this purifying flame. In many parts of the Highlands, the young folks of the district used to meet on the moors on the first of May. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by cutting a trench in the ground of sufficient circumference to hold the whole company. They then kneaded a cake of oatmeal, kindled a fire and toasted the oatmeal cake in the embers. When a feast of eggs and custards had been eaten, they divided the cake into as many portions as there were persons in the company, as much alike as to size and shape as possible. They daubed one of the pieces with charcoal until it was black all over, and they then put all of them into a bonnet all together, and each person, blindfolded, drew out a portion. The bonnet holder was entitled to the last bit. Whoever drew the black bit was the devoted person who was to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favor they meant to implore in rendering the year productive. The devoted person was compelled to leap three times over the flames."

This folk ritual may preserve an echo of prehistoric festivals.

## Grove News on Beltane

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 1982  
By Emmon Bodfish

BELTAINE CELEBRATION went well despite two principle people being handicapped with bad colds. Sue has some color pictures of the merriment, which I hope we can print in the next Missal-Any. The standard Beltaine Service, as given in the Chronicles, was performed, beginning at 1:00 p.m. For the first time in the Grove's history, we had our own altar on which we could build a fire. Though the altar is not in final form yet, the base served as a platform for a good blaze. Afterwards we had the Maypole Dance around our home-made 11 foot tall Maypole. Such thanks to Daniel and Leslie Craig-Hargar for helping splice two logs together, using only primitive hand tools, (i.e. the power saw gave out,) to create a 16 foot pole. All the May Dance participants brought their own ribbon, of whatever color, and we danced and wove them down the pole in the traditional Day dance, with the Bards singing and the Patriarch of Bards, Leslie playing guitar. It was a colorful, fast and flailing event, especially as many of us are not used to dancing in long robes, nor on the sides of halls. All the officers, and many of the members were in their full Druid robes, some barefoot, some in Engineer boots. After the Maypole was woven with the ribbons, we decided to leave it stand, at least until Solstice. Then we sat around, itched, Leslie sang requests from her lengthy Pagan repertory. Meanwhile most of us ate and enjoyed the return of the Season of the Waters of Life, in flavors wine, Irish Mist, and Whiskey. As this took effect, more people joined in the singing, shouting, and a few dancing through the underbrush,

## Beltane Essay: Shafts and Gatherings

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1983  
By Emmon Bodfish

Beltaine, one of the greatest, and, now-a-days, best known, of the Old Celtic High Days, it marks the beginning of Samhradh, summer, and the "Season of Life." Historically, it signaled the moving of the herds out to summer pastures in the mountains. Great fires were build to welcome back the Sun, and the cattle were driven through the flames for purification before starting on their way to the high meadows. The Druid caste, priests and priestesses, presided over these rites at which all the clans gathered together at the ritual sites such as Tara and Carnutes for celebration, planning, and deliberation. Quarrels were settled and justice meted out. This was another Druid function, that of magistrate, with a specialized sub-group of the priestly class acting as judges. Sacrifices were offered to Belenos and on the Continent, to Gaulish and Galatian analogs of this Indo-European Sky God. Another opinion holds that this derivation of Beltaine from the name of a sun god, Beal, is problematical, and that Beltaine was, like Samhain, a festival of all the Gods and Goddesses.

For the New Reformed Druids of North America, it is the beginning of the Season of Life and the end of the Season of Sleep. The first spirits of the year will be added to the Chalice of Waters that is shared at each service, and the Third Order members will change their ceremonial ribbons, worn over the fronts of their robes, from white to red ribbons. The Earth Mother wakes from her winter sleep, and chants and praises are addressed to her.

Live Oak Grove plans to inaugurate the shaft grave, a Toll-Uaigh, we have dug this winter at Larry Press's

(Archdruid) instigation, with an offering of some of the new Waters of Life from the first chalice of the new season. Shaft graves were built in Ancient Gaul, and perhaps elsewhere in Druidic lands. Offerings presumably to the Earth Mother, were put into these deep shafts at different times over a long period. Some of the "Tolls" were twelve meters deep, and offerings might include a whole tree. We plan to offer a piece of the sacrifice at each service which will be put into the shaft after the rest of the sacrifice has been placed in the altar fire.

## Beltane Essay: Indo-European Drink and Sacrifice

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1984  
By Emmon Bodfish

Beltaine, festival of the Sun, celebrates the long and eagerly awaited return of the Waters of Life to Grove chalices of the R.D.N.A. Use of the divine drink as sacrament, channel to the gods and restorer of mortal and Divinity alike, is an ancient Indo-European concept. It is found in a highly developed form in the Rig Veda, written down circa 1600 B.C. and the custom may go back two to three thousands years before to the Proto-Indo European homeland on the steppes of Asia. The Indo-European tribes early learned the use of fermentation processes both of milk products as yogurt, etc. known to many pastoral races, and, perhaps by extension, the fermentation of honey into Mead. Juices of other, psychotropic plants were preceded and added to this, by some of the later Indo-European tribes, notably the Vedic branch in the Ganges Valley where such herbs abound.

Fraser and others have collected and reconstructed Indo-European ideas surrounding the divine drink and its use, and the origin of sacrament from sacrifice. The early Indo-Europeans saw humanity as originally mortal, and the gods as immortal, and their myths tell how immortality was achieved by certain human beings, or in some branches of the Indo-European spectrum, made available to humanity in general. The Hebrew and Chinese mythologies took the reverse view: animals and humans were originally immortal as Adam and Eve in Eden, or the "First Man" before the dividing up of Chaos. Then, through some fall, death came into the world. In the theme, a hero or demi-god's discovery or theft of a divine potion makes him immortal and able to communicate with the divine powers. The potion is then lost, through trickery or deceit, but sometimes an Earthly version of the drink remains with a promise of future immortality. Consumption of a Sacred drink is used both in initiatory rites and as a group bonding ritual in religions from Ireland to India. The Eucharist may be the Christianization of this ritual; it does not spring from any Orthodox Hebrew rite. Dr. Duran characterizes Christianity as "a very much Indo-Europeanized, Semitic religion." Holy food is more characteristic of other cultures, Semitic, African or Amerindian, while the deified drink is Indo-European. The drink not only inspires, but is thought to be a god, a divine thing in itself, or to contain the essence of a divine being. This led Fraser and Rutherford to associate it with the deified sacrificial victim of other sacrificing religions, but Dumézil and other modern students of religion have repudiated this idea. It is an area where experts still disagree. However, its consumption is treated as an act of sacrifice; an offering up to the gods of the drink and of oneself or one's consciousness, (at least temporarily.) This maintains the human connection to the Divine, as well as maintaining the immortal vigor of the Deities thus worshipped. This is explicitly set out in the Rig Veda, and similar descriptions are preserved from the West:

The sacrifices to Euses, the Horse Sacrifice of the High Kings of Ireland, libation ceremonies in Greece, and in the Slavic areas, wine or mal rituals to Perun. Statues of Perun held a drinking horn into which a sacred liquor was poured during a spring rite, perhaps even Beltaine, and in which the priest caste then read hopes for the year's crops were read through the liquid's behavior. Perun is cognate with Taranis and Thor as the thunderbolt wielding god of the Oak.

[Picture of Perun]

Stone Idols from Satchany in the Upper Dniester basin.

Structural anthropologists connect the deified drink rite with the "dying-god" motif, which is not an exclusively Indo-European theme, but wide-spread in the Old World. This connection is exemplified in the song of "John Barleycorn," who dies with the harvest in order to feed the people, but rises again in the Spiritus of the ale, and in the sprouting grain of the spring. However, I think these two themes were only merged at a much later date, after the Indo-Europeans had scattered from their steppes homeland. There is no traced of the latter motif in the earliest Indo-European record, the Rig Veda, or in the reconstructed Proto-Indo-European vocabulary.

The young year god, Osiris, Dionysus resurrection theme seems to be part of the pre Indo-European strata of the Eastern Mediterranean. And in Europe, the dying Corn King tradition seems to be older than the Celtic Bardic records and has no official place in Druid doctrine. Though Dumézil also repudiated this "ambrosia cycle," he later, in 1939 re-affirmed the parallel between the Germanic and Indic accounts of obtaining the vessel, cauldron or chalice to hold the deified drink. This vessel grew in importance, and takes precedence in the later mythology of the Western Indo-Europeans over its contents. Anything drunk from the sacred bowl grants divine inspiration. The vessel and the ritual, and the readiness of the participant, (set and setting) become more important than the particular intoxicant. This is the stance taken by the RDNA and discussed in the Later Chronicles, making us a descendent of the Celtic and Western most wavelet of the great Indo-European expansion and evolution. Thus Beltaine, beginning the summer and the Druid Season of Life, sees the return of the Waters of Life to the chalices of RDNA Groves across the country, and to our subscribers if they are holding Proto Grove services, in such unlikely places as Melbourne and Hong Kong. \* Since Samhain no liquor has been used, only the Waters of Sleep, pure distilled H<sub>2</sub>O, in the sharing-cup. Concomitant with this holiday, the Third Order Druids, clergy rank, exchange their white ceremonial ribbons for red. At Live Oak Grove, a Maypole dance follows the Beltaine service, and a general partying and merry-making may continue till sundown.

\*Write us for Proto-Grove instructions.

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When men go to serve the gods, they go for the god that serves them.

## Beltane Essay:

### Maypole and Shamanism

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltaine 1985  
By Emmon Bodfish

Beltaine, major Holiday of the Druid year, and beginning of the Season of Life, marks the point on the sun's ascent when it is half way between Equinox, level, and Solstice, culmination. Bonfires are lighted on hill tops and feast prepared. The Maypole dance, which crowns the festivities, is probably older than Druidism, or than the migration of the Indo-Europeans into Europe or India. There is speculation from both academic and traditional channels to the effect that the Maypole and the Sacrificial pole may have a common origin in the spring and autumn rituals of the early Neolithic pastoralists of the Eur-Asian Steppes. At this season these ancestors of the Siberian, Turkic, Tartar and Indo-European peoples, celebrated an animal sacrifice, in which the animal to be offered was tied to a richly decorated post, which was the center and focus of the ritual and dancing. Ribbons, streamers or threads of bright colors figure in the rites and records of the descendent cultures.

The Rig Veda describes the stake to which the horse sacrifice is tethered as "brightly beribboned" with colored banners streaming down it.

In the Siberian Shamanistic rituals, which preserve the earliest traditions, the reindeer or pony sacrifice is tied to a freshly cut young larch or birch tree. The tree is festooned with ribbons, streamers or colored threads. The colors are always those associated with the particular deity or deities being addressed. The Shaman of the Buryat and his assistants, nine youths and nine maidens, dance. The Shaman, in trance, conducts the spirit of the slain animal up, along the path of the streamers to the top of the tree, and on up to the heavenly abode of the waiting deity. In healing and initiation rites, ribbons are also used to indicate soul-paths.

In the volumes of data collected by Fraser, are descriptions of the traditional cutting of the maypole in Europe, in which the tallest young birch in the woods was selected, cut and set up in the village square. These traditions probably pre-date Christian or Roman contact, and seem to have been very little affected by them. Their similarity all across Europe and the Steppes of Asia would argue for a very archaic origin.

But the May dance also includes strong Pre-Indo-European elements: the circle dance, the gathering of buds and flowers, maybasket giving, and the Green Man symbolism and costumery. These may speak of an older, agrarian tradition, perhaps brought by the first farming peoples coming into Europe from the Near East and the Mediterranean and melding with the indigenous (from Ice Age?) peoples of Europe. The farther East one goes towards the Steppes of Asia, the fewer of these milder customs of the May one encounters in village life and folk tradition, until among the never Christianized tribes of Siberia, there is found the pure animal sacrifice, tethered to the be-ribboned Axis Mundi, the World-Tree.

## Beltane Essay: Fire Making

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1986  
By Emmon Bodfish

Beltaine, May Day, festival of bonfires, greeting to Belenos, the returning Sun. It is the beginning of summer, Season of Life. In old "Celtidom" cattle were moved to the highland pastures; modern Third Order R.D.N.A. Druids exchange their white ceremonial ribbons for red ones.

In ancient Britain, Ireland and Gaul, according to the witness of the Classical writers and to numerous folk traditions, all fires were extinguished on Beltaine Eve, and a "new, clean fire" kindled by the Druids, "through means of friction, from logs of Oak." In Gàidhlig this process is called "tog an teine," lifting fire out of the wood.

Making fire by friction is a ceremonial skill that one or a few members of each Grove might want to try.

The bow and drill method is the easiest

### GRAPHIC OF BOW DRILL

Make a fire-board of Oak, well seasoned, very dry. With a knife or a pointed stone, make a shallow hole, a cup, near the edge of the board. Whittle a "V" notch in from the edge of the board, with the "V's" point at the cup. Don't cut through into the cup/hole. Making the notch, which is undercut, wider on the bottom side of the board, helps. Place your tinder in the notch. (More about tinder later.) With the board on a firm, dry surface, hold it steady by kneeling on it, or holding it down with your foot as you drill. Put the drilling stick in the cup and hold down on it with the "fire hold" block. Then with the bow, spin it as fast as you can. Persistence and consistent speed pay off. Use a "fire-stick," i.e. a drill, of at least 3/8 inch diameter. Thinner sticks dissipate heat and cool off too quickly. And, as our Humboldt County "Third" says, it also helps to have someone else to push down on the top of the "fire-hold." "As we work a bow back and forth like that, our arms automatically tend to rise." If no one else is around, hold down on it with your chin. (Paleolithic fire-holds are the joy of Old World archeologists.)

The fire-stick can also be turned by hand. I have not done this and I don't know anyone who has been able to get this way to work. It may have to be a group endeavor, with a number of people spelling each other in relay. But, so I'm told; "Use a longer drill than you would with the bowed method and roll it between your palms. When your hands reach the bottom, quickly let go and return them to the top of the stick and keep it spinning." With either of these methods, it is easier and surer if you have a group of people. With the right choreography, this could be worked into the Beltaine Ceremonies as an effective part of co-operative ritual.

After a while, you will see smoke waver up from the cup-hole then hot black powder will well up and out into the notch; keep turning, faster. Press down harder. Press the tinder into the notch and against the red hot glowing firestick. If you turn the drill fast enough, sparks may jump out and catch the tinder. When you see a red, glowing area in the cup or on the notch, gently remove the fire-stick, and breath on the glow until it becomes a bright gleam. Then pick up the fireboard and tinder together and press the tinder around the incandescence. Carefully breath it into life. This part takes practice and finesse, minute attention, and great awareness of the right moment. In other words it is a meditation. Mastery over fire, like playing the violin, is not learned easily. In many pre-agricultural

societies it is considered one of the marks of the Shaman or Adept.

For tinder, I use the feather “wolf-lichen,” *Letharia vulpina*, that grows on Orinda coyote bushes, with lots of fine, dry splinters of resinous pine or juniper, and thinly shredded paper at the center of the bundle. Bradford, in his survival books, recommends lint, from your pocket, and very dry pine needles or shredded bark. (“finely shredded pieces of the “Wall Street Journal” soaked in lighter fluid is great.”—Good-Gulf the Wizard) When the tinder begins to flame, gently set it to the kindling under your previous readied altar fire. Continue breathing on it auspiciously, coaxing it into a blaze. From this “new clean fire” re-kindle all your fires. By now you know why pre-industrial people kept fire burning, and never let it go completely out.

#### AN ASIDE

“Match” is from “maide” meaning “little stick” in Gàidhlig. The match was invented by a Scotsman. Be grateful.

## Beltane Essay: Maypole and Sacrifice

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1987  
By Emmon Bodfish

Beltaine, May Day, was always the most widely and universally celebrated of the Druidic and old Pagan High Days. It was also the least Christianized and distorted, even in the heyday of the church’s powers. In Ireland, Wales, and parts of Europe the Maypole was a freshly cut young larch with a crown of green living branches at its top. The use of a tree of the larch family, decorated with streamers suspended down from its top, and other features of the Maypole dance are thought to hark back to the early Proto-Indo-European deer and horse sacrifices, and the rituals around the sacrificial stake.

Rituals of this kind were preserved down to the present century in Siberia among the peoples of the northwestern quarter. These tribes once occupied a more southerly location, but have been driven steadily northward since medieval times. In the Neolithic, they are thought to have occupied the forest belt north of the Proto-Indo-European homeland around the Caspian and Aral Seas. Pursuing an essentially Mesolithic life of hunting and pastoralism, most of these forest peoples rejected Christianity and maintained their traditional religions down to modern times, and have, therefore, as Professor James Duran puts it, “been able to give us a window on the past.”

They have likewise preserved their traditions in the face of the Russian State, which tolerates them as a folk curiosity. First studied and recorded in this century, they have been a rich source of information about Meso and Neolithic European cultures. The Russian anthropologist Popinov, in his extensive studies of these peoples, gives transcriptions of many of the traditional ceremonies that they have preserved.

In the Siberian pony or reindeer sacrifices, the animal was tied to a freshly cut young larch or birch which had been decorated with ribbons, streamers, and colored threads. In this offering, the Buryat shaman was assisted by the unmarried young people of the tribe, nine youths and nine maidens, who danced around the larch and the slain animal. The shaman, in trance, conducted the animal’s soul up the path marked by the streamers to the top of the tree, and then upward to the waiting deity who received the sacrifice. (Ribbons were also used to mark out “soul paths” in healing and initiation rituals.)

In the East Indian Rig Veda, one of the oldest written Indo-European documents, there is a description of the stake to

which the horse sacrifice is tethered. The pole is “brightly beribboned” with “colored banners streaming down from it.”

The tradition of the Maypole may also draw from a second and even from a third source in the Eastern Mediterranean rites of spring, and in those of the Pre-Indo-European peoples of Europe. In the former, ribbon decorate effigies were carried on tall poles, and each pole-bearer was followed by a line of young girls dancing and singing. These rites were formalized and preserved in the Roman rites of Priapus and in the older, Pre-Indo-European strata behind the festivals of Dionysus in Greece. It seems that similar rituals were enacted in European villages as part or in addition to the dance of the Maypole.

The bare Maypole, in contrast to the May Larch Tree, seems to be a blending of these different lines. From the Mediterranean and the Pre-Indo-European sides it takes the bare form and Priapus’ crown of flowers, and, in some areas, preserved his phallic effigy. From the ancient Indo-European line come the pole’s central position within the circle of dancers, the long streamers, and the steps of the dance that weave them around the pole’s trunk.

The R.D.N.A. has always held a Maypole dance. It is the Big Party of the year, and was once dubbed by the media “Pagan Christmas.” We will be having a Maypole dance and celebration at the Orinda Grovesite, with food to follow. Isaac’s group will also be holding a May Celebration on the weekend.

## Beltane Essay: Bonfires

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1988  
By Emmon Bodfish

Beltaine, the most festive and best-known holiday in the Druid Calendar. The theme of rebirth and renewal, and the beginning of a season of light and growth. It is the day of the Sun God, Belenus, and some authorities think that the name Beltaine or Cetshamain derives from Bel Teine, Bel’s fire. Others think this the worst sort of “folk etymology.”

(When I typed it\* just now, the Goddess statue here on my desk fell over, so you can make what you want of that. She seems not to approve.) In Scot’s Gàidhlig there is a specific term, “tein’ eigin,” for fire by friction, fire created by rubbing one wood against another. The literal translation would be “raised fire,” and the method of lighting the great bonfires of the High Days, always with fire by friction, was called “raising fire of the wood.” Fire seems to have been thought of as inherent in certain woods, such as the oak, and was a matter of calling the spirit forth. Spending some time with bow and drill, learning how to this is a valid part of a Pagan education. It is a good skill has and a great fire meditation. It takes patience and stamina first, and concentration and the quickness, timing and delicacy to breath life into the glowing embers. (Write to us for the back issue covering the how-to techniques for this.)

On Beltaine the cattle were driven between two lines of fires to purify them before they were moved to the summer pastures in the hills. This may not have been entirely symbolic. Smoke and the scorching effect drop off exto-parasites and the ability of fire to sterilize surgical instruments used in treating wounds was known throughout much of the ancient world. Similar ceremonies continued to be used in times of plague or contagious diseases among cattle well into Christian times, and, in the Highlands, into the late 19th century. Dwelly, recorder of Highland customs and author of the large *Standard Gaelic-English Dictionary* “the Scottish Webster,” printed this description of the practice in 1901:

The tein<sup>3</sup>-éigin was considered an antidote against the plague and murrain and all infectious diseases among cattle. Dr. Martin says all the fires in the parish were extinguished and 81 married men, being deemed the proper number for effecting this purpose, took two planks of wood and nine of them were employed by turns, who by their repeated efforts, rubbed the planks against each other, till the heat thereof produced fire, and from this forced fire each family was supplied with a new fire. No sooner was the fire kindled than a pot filled with water was put thereon, which was afterwards sprinkled on people who had the plague, or on cattle that had the murrain, and this process was said to be followed invariably by success.

A term applied to fire produced by friction—in olden times a means employed to check evils arising from being bewitched. If a household suffered loss such as indicated being under evil influence, all areas in fires district between two running streams were extinguished on a set day. Then a spinning-wheel was put in motion, and kept going furiously until the spindle became heated. Tinder or tow was applied to the hot spindle, fire was thus procured and distributed to all households affected by evil influences. Within the memory of persons still living, fire was thus procured to check witchcraft in a township in Uist where some sickness, supposed to be evil eye, carried off some cows and sheep. It is odd that neither cow nor sheep (tied after, possibly the epidemic had exhausted itself.—DC.

Dwelly was trying to be a good “modern man” which in 1901 meant denying his Pagan heritage and the efficiency of these remedies. Beltaine, then, is a time to purge the cares and ills of winter, as well as to celebrate the return of light and life. Try passing things infected with bad memories through the smoke of the Beltaine fire, giving away things you no longer use, lightening your load, and putting your burdens aside for a dance.

\*Teine, which I had misspelled.

Beltaine, May Day, begins the Season of life. Hurrah! It marks the end of the Season of Sleep, the rule of “The Leprous White Lady,” the “Old woman of the Mill Dust,” the Crone. In several Indo-European legends the wandering hero, in Greece Hercules and in the Celtic, Finn, arrives at the palace of the Gods and after passing numerous tests is enraged by their mocking attitude toward him. He challenges any one of them to a duel. The young and vigorous Deities of both genders disdain his challenge and will not fight with a mere mortal. Finally, however, the paternal figure of the pantheon says “Oh, but my aged mother will wrestle with you.”

The hero is insulted but he accepts. The Ancient of Days pins him. She laughs toothlessly in his face and lets him go. “Do not feel discouraged, hero” Says the pater-deitus, “that old Crone wrestles down every man who comes far enough to meet Her. Her name is Old Age.” Her name is not given, nor was the hero’s in the German version of this myth, which I heard, (it’s still a word-of-mouth culture,) from Dr. James Duran, Ph.D. If any out there know, please write us. In the Celtic world She was Cailleach, the Old Woman. She was credited, in Scottish myth to appear at sea, in the form of a sea horse or sea-hag, and lead enemy ships their doom, by challenging the captains to ride or catch her. She is a trickster figure, one who brings down the proud, and tricks the vain and the blasphemous. (As a death figure I wonder if She is cognate with Kali in India.) She is a Goddess of transition and transfiguration, not all like the “Underworld” or Death figures such as Nixus or the Eastern European “Mother of the Dead,” who greets the newly dead and nurse and instruct them in their new life in the Other World. She is the harbinger and transmogrifier, and She Herself can change from old to young and back again at will or with the seasons. Hers may be one of the stream of myth that fed the later Ban-shee tales and legends. All the seemingly contradictory characteristics of the Deity, enduring seasonal, warlike, alternately young and old, using allure and trickery symbolize Her station at the point of death and rebirth or rejuvenation. She is not a war Goddess per se, like Morrighu or Badh, inciting men to heroism, but a nature deity of the seasons and the elements, and the natural cycles of creation and decay, rest and strife. As Proinsias MacCana writes, more of Her traditions survived than those of the Goddess Morrighu, and being inexterminable, more were co-opted into Christian hegemony. Even the old bardic odes to Her were taken and rewritten to make Her a figure in the new foreign religion. In the eighth or ninth century one of the monastic collectors recorded and “Christianized” this old pagan “dan” written in Ireland. It is composed in that uniquely Pagan style in which the Deity speaks through the mouth of the bard and mourns with him the plight of Her people.

“The monkish chronicler, availing himself of the semantic ambiguity in the word “Cailleach,” invented the fiction that She had taken the nun’s veil, caille, in the end of Her days.”

He then went on from this to compose around this story of the “nun” of Berre. Cailleach Bherre, the Old Woman of Berre,“ was a popular epithet for Cailleach in that part of Ireland.” Unfortunately Professor MacCana does not give the Gaelic/Goidelic original of the poem in his edition of *Celtic Mythology*, but we can easily guess that the holy Roman changed in recording this lament of a “nun” who had once been

the advisor and consort of kings. The real subject of this work is the plight of Druidism and the Bardic Orders in decline, driven out to the heath and wild places among the poor and illiterate by the foreign religion of Rome. Many similar laments for the stability, culture and richness of the old courts of Chieftains, bards and Druids, echo down through the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries as the Dark Ages grew darker and Christianity spread.

Swift chariots  
and horse that carried off the prize,  
once I had plenty of them;  
a blessing on the King who granted them.

My body seeks to make its way  
to the house of judgment;  
when the Son of God thinks it time  
let him come to claim his loan.

My arms when they are seen  
are bony and thin;  
dear was the craft they practiced,  
they would be around glorious kings...

I envy nothing that is old  
except the Plain of Femhen;  
though I have donned the thatch of age,  
Femhen's crown is still yellow.

The Stone of the Kings in Femhen,  
Rónán's Fort in Brehon,  
it is long since storms first reached them,  
But their cheeks are not old and withered...

I have had my day with kings,  
drinking mead and wine;  
today I drink whey and water  
among shrivelled old hags...

The flood-wave,  
and the swift ebb;  
what the flood brings you  
the ebb carries from your hand...

Happy is the island of the great sea,  
for the flood comes to it after the ebb;  
as for me, I do not expect  
flood after ebb to come to me.

## Beltane Essay: Presiding over the Festival

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1990  
By Emmon Bodfish

Beltaine, one of the greatest, and, now-a-days, one of the best known of the old Celtic High Days. It marks the beginning of Samhradh, summer, the "Season of Life." In old Pagan times, it signaled the moving of the herds up to summer pasture in the mountains and the beginning of the new cycle. Great fires were built to welcome back the Sun, and the cattle were driven through the flames for purification before starting on their way to the high meadows. The Druid caste, priests, priestesses, ovates and bards, presided over these rites at which all the clans gathered together at such ritual sites as Tara, in Ireland, and Carnutes in France. Though a Good Day, Beltane was also considered a tricky one, and great care had to be taken that there were no errors or mishaps that day. The High King, in Ireland, remained indoors, surrounded by his advisors and magically guarded by his Druids. The dancing and festivities were carried out by the farming and craftsmen castes. Previous to Beltane Eve, all quarrels been settled, and justice meted out. This was another Druid function, that of magistrate, with a specialized sub-group of the caste acting as judges. A different sub-group of Druids presided over the sacrifices offered to Belenos, the Sun, and still another specialized group of the Druid caste, often women, Druidesses, actually offered the sacrifices, and dispatched the offered animals. The Ovate sub-group then read the will of the Deities by whether and how the sacrifices were accepted in the fires,

For the R.D.N.A. Druids today, Beltaine also marks the Season of Life. Though we have no White Bulls nor mares to offer, (animals sacrifice was forbidden by the Reform which made us R.D.N.A. in 1966 (sic)) there will be whiskey in the Chalice and tree food in the Tree Chalice, offerings of flowers, and the Third Order Druids will exchange their white ribbons of winter for red ones of the summer season. High Kings and politicians will be left indoors, and a merry time will be had by all.

## Beltane Essay: Sacred Maypole Tree

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 2001  
By Stacey Weinberger

Beltaine, May Day, the beginning of the Summer half of the year when Nature awakens once again. This is the most widely known of the pagan and Druidic High Days with the practices of paganism having evolved or been adopted into practices of folklore and custom. The marking of the return of life in the veneration of vegetation appear in the words of the old saying "April showers bring May flowers," May Day celebrations, and the dancing around the Maypole with colorful ribbon streamers. It is not surprising that Mircea Eliade's words "the cosmos is symbolized by a tree" and "fertility, wealth, luck, health" are all concentrated on herbs or trees.

Beltaine probably originated as a vegetation, agricultural, and fertility festival. Cattle were driven between two fires to insure their health and fertility before being sent out to green pastureland for summer, with Druids officiating at the ceremony. With the beginning of the summer half of the year the tree embodied the newly awakened spirit of vegetation. The belief was held that the tree-spirit would bless women with children, cause the herds to multiply, and make the crops grow.

Houses and farm buildings were bedecked with green boughs and flowery garlands. May flowers were crushed and the juice from them was used to wash the cows' udders.

Nothing symbolized the tree spirit more than the Maypole. Originally a sacred tree, the Maypole became the focal point of Beltaine festivities. A sacred ash tree stood at Uisnech, County Westmeath, an important Druidic center and assembly place where Beltaine was annually celebrated. The Cerne Abbas Giant cut into the hillside above the village in Dorset, possibly dating back to Romano-British times, obviously epitomizes fertility and vitality. For centuries, a fir Maypole was erected on May Eve on the hillside above the giant's head in readiness for the May Day festivities, which were again dedicated to the continuance of fertility. In villages, whole trees were felled and set up. Later the pole was permanently left up and then decorated each year for May Day. To this day, a few villages in England and local parks and Renaissance faires in the United States still retain the Maypole, which is often painted with red and white spiral stripes. These colors are often used in spring festivities, red signifying the color of life and generative energy, and white, a fresh, new beginning. Again we see the constant theme of renewal and rebirth as the world awakens from its long season of sleep.

## Beltane Essay: Fire and Water

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 2002

By Stacey Weinberger

Beltaine, May Day, the first day of Summer and the beginning of the Season of Life. In the RDNA tradition the Waters-of-Life are returned to the Grove chalice and all Third Order Druids exchange their white ceremonial ribbons to red. At Baccharis Grove we add a natural fertilizer to the tree chalice as part of our offering to the Grove trees. Now is a good time for those who own bronze sickles to sharpen them for the coming season.

Beltaine is a pastoral festival. It is associated with fertility, the return and renewal of life to the face of the earth. It was also a period of purification for the animals of the as well as people. Fire and water seem to be the principle methods used for purification and to insure fertility of the coming year.

At sundown on Beltaine eve, the Druids kindled need fires or *teine eigin* from oak and other sacred wood. Household fires that were normally never allowed to go out were extinguished and relit from the need fire. At Uisnech, a ritual center in Ireland, this fire was kindled by the king's druid and the people would bring a brand with which to relight their hearths. The Lebor Gabala, the Book of Invasions, contains a story about the Druid Mide, for whom Meath is named, who was the first Druid to light a Beltaine fire at Uisnech for the clans of Nemed. This custom is also documented as being practiced in Scotland in the Highlands and Islands as late as the first quarter of the 20th century.

In ancient times, cattle signified the wealth of the Celtic tribes as well as their continuation and survival. Thus it was importance to insure their fertility and health. To this end, bonfires were lit on hills and mountaintops and the cattle that had been sheltered and stall-fed all winter were driven between the flames before being sent out to summer pasturelands. In his glossary, Cormac, the ninth century Irish writer, Beltaine comes from *Bel-tene*, a goodly fire. According to Cormac the Druids kindled two great bonfires between which cattle were driven. There is some thought that in earlier times that the cattle were sacrificed to the deities in exchange for protection against disease, fertility, a good growing season, and a good

harvest in the fall, and later evolved into symbolically passing the cattle between the fires.

Though people also passed between the Beltaine bonfires, their purification and fertility practices seem to be more centered around water than fire.

To the Druids, the most sacred of all water forms was dew (found at dawn, the liminal, "otherworldly" period between night and day,) especially the dew of Beltaine morning. The washing of the face in the dew of Beltaine morning and drinking from the well before sunrise was common practice. It was well known that holy wells were considered to bestow fertility upon women. The tradition of dew's potency has come down through the centuries and in Scotland and Ireland young women still rise before dawn on the first of May to wash their faces in the morning dew and let it dry in the air. The dew of Beltaine morning was often gathered and kept as a medicinal or beauty aid. It was said to bring a good complexion, cure sore eyes, prevent or cure headaches, skin ailments, and freckles.

Men who washed their hands in the May Dew were said to gain skill in opening lock and knots, in mending nets and untangling ropes. Women who did the same would be able to untangle threads. Walking barefoot in the dew cured soreness and insured healthy feet during the year.

Also common was the scattering of water to with which to bring fertility upon those whom it falls. On Beltaine in Padstow, Cornwall the dancing 'Obby 'Oss was known for bringing the promise of a husband or child to the young women it covered with its skirts. But in pastimes the prancing and twirling about also including water in this fertility ritual. The 'Oss would wade in Treater Pool near the town, "drink" from the water, and sprinkle those assembled for good luck. Early May festivities in Southern Ireland included a procession of Mummies, one of whom dressed as a clown, carried a long pole with shreds of cloth like a mop at the top. He would dip this into a pool of water or puddle and liberally sprinkle it on the crowds about him, another symbolic gesture of distributing the fertilizing properties of the water.



# Summer Solstice

## Summer Solstice Notes

The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

The Summer Solstice is a Minor High Day, usually occurring around June 21st or so. Also known as St. John's Day and Midsummer (and, confusingly enough, by at least one Neo-Pagan group, as Beltane!), it shares mythical elements with both *Beltane* and *Lughnasadh*. Like both, it is a feast celebrating the glory of summer and the peak of the Sun God's power. But in many systems of belief, it is the day of the biggest battle of the year between the Dark Sun God and the Light Sun God (or between the evil one and the good one,) Who are usually brothers or otherwise intimately related. Midsummer is a peak from which the Sun can only fall, for it is the day on which the hours of light slowly begin to shorten.

In those areas where it is safe to do so, Neopagans frequently will light cartwheels of kindling and roll them down from the tops of high hills, in order to symbolize the falling of the Sun God.

## Summer Solstice Essay: Midsummer

Druid Chronicler, Midsummer 1980  
By Isaac Bonewits

The Summer Solstice is a Minor High Day, usually occurring around June 21st or so. Also known as St. John's Day and Midsummer (and, confusingly enough, among some groups as Beltane!) it shares mythical elements with both Beltane and Lughnasadh (the midpoint between Summer Solstice and Fall Equinox.) Like both, it is a feast celebrating the glory of summer and the peak of the Sun God's power. But in many systems of belief, it is the day of the biggest battle of the year between the Dark Sun God, and the Light Sun God (or between the evil one and the good one,) who are usually brothers or otherwise intimately related. Midsummer is a peak from which the Sun can only fall, for it is the day on which the hours of light slowly begin to shorten.

## Summer Solstice Essay:

### Danu and Diana

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 1983  
By Emmon Bodfish

Midsummer Solstice, one of the four astronomical high-days of the Celtic year, is associated with the Druid goddess Danu, mother of the gods, the Tuatha de Danann. She is probably the same figure as the Irish goddess Anu and the Breton Ana. She may be cognate with the classic goddess Diana, not only on the grounds of word origins, but on the witness of Gallo-Roman writers who noted the similarities in character and type in the days when her worship was still current in Gaul. She is associated with fertility, particularly of women, and with the boar totem, as was Diana the huntress and the earlier Greek Artemis. The virgin aspect of this Moon and fertility goddess was emphasized in the lands bordering the

Mediterranean, and the mother aspect in Western and Northern Europe.

Her festival was on midsummer day, and traces of the old customs continue in Celtic lands. On the Isle of Man, it is customary to wear a spring of Mugwort, a plant also sacred to Roman Diana, and reputed, in England, to bring a young woman dreams of her future husband. That the Christian Church chose this day for one of its major saints, John the Baptist, may indicate that it was attempting to displace a major pagan festival and deity. Many of the customs carried on into modern times on "St. John's" day, seem singularly at odds with the stern, rather puritan character of the man who was beheaded for refusing to retract his condemnation of King Herod's incestuous behavior. These include dancing in the streets, all night bonfires, public song fests, and encouragement of amatory games among the young.\*

\*This sounds interesting, but Ward Rutherford, *The Druids*, does not elaborate.

## Summer Solstice Essay:

### Danu and Megaliths

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 1984  
By Emmon Bodfish

Midsummer Solstice, one of the four minor High-days of the Celtic year, is associated with Danu, Mother of the gods, the Tuatha de Danann. She is particularly associated with rivers, and rivers from the Don in Russia to the Don in Scotland are thought to be names for her. She is probably the same figure as the Irish goddess Anu and the Breton Ana. Roman Diana and Greek Artemis may be other cognates of the same Indo-European deity. This is based not only on the study of word origins, but on the witness of Gallo-Roman writers who noted the similarities in the character and in season of worship to those of Diana, during the time when the Celtic religions were still practiced in Gaul. Like classical Diana, her totem is the boar, and she is associated with fertility and marriage, and the luckiness of June marriages may be distant memory of her festivities. Mugwort is her flower, an herb also sacred to Roman Diana, and on Isle of Man it is customary to wear a spring of it to the Mid-Summer dance. In England, Mugwort placed under the pillow is said to bring a young woman dreams of her future husband. In Scotland, there are all night bonfires, song fests, and dances for the young unmarried people of the villages.

This is the morning on which the Sun used to rise over the heel stone at Stone Henge, beginning the new season of the Megalithic calendar. (It no longer rises at that point due to the precession of the Earth's axis.) The Druids did NOT build Stonehenge. It antedates their arrival in Britain by centuries. It was William Stuckeley, in 1717, who mis-located the Druids there. He did some of the best antiquarian field work of his day, but his theorizing later wildly outstripped his data. The mistake was an honest one, however, considering what was known in his day. He showed that the stones were not a memorial to King Arthur, nor a Roman temple. He was the first to accept them as definitely pre-Roman. The only knowledge of pre-Roman Britain he had came from Roman and Greek writers of the Classical period. They said that Britain was inhabited by Celts whose priests were the Druids. So, if the stones were pre-Roman, Stuckeley reasoned, they must have been built by Druids. He knew of no other candidates. The last two centuries of archeology have given us many, even too many, other possibilities. The current most favored candidates are the early

Neolithic framers of Natufian stock, long headed, slender, fine-boned people who inhabited the Salisbury area in 2900-2600 B.C., the best modern date for the first cycle of building at Stone Henge.

A larger boned, hardier people later took over the monument and set up the Blue Stones, but they, too, had disappeared before the arrival of the Halstatt Celts circa 480 B.C.

This is not to say that the Celts did not take cognizance of the huge monument. They worked other monuments of prehistoric peoples, such as the mounds, Sidh, of Ireland and the cairns of Scotland into their mythology and song. They may have done the same for Stone Henge, but the English traditions are almost all lost, while the Irish are among the best preserved.

“Behold the Sidh before your eye,  
It is manifest to you that it is a king’s mansion,  
Which was built by the firm Dagda  
It was a wonder, a court, an admirable hill.”

It is likely that the religion of the Megalith Builders was more astronomical than that of the La Tene and later Druids. Two or more different groups contributed to the five or more cycles of construction and re-construction at Stone Henge. Though astronomically aligned, the stones are not accurate enough for an “observatory.” It may have served as a calendar rectifier, eclipse predictor, and a ritual site for the Megalithic religions. But what that religion was must remain a matter of conjecture. Clearly it had something to do with sunrise, mid-summer, moonrise, and lunar eclipses, but what it meant, and what they did here, is probably not recoverable short of the invention of a time machine.

## Summer Solstice Essay: Stonehenge and Mugwort

A Druid Missal-Any, Midsummer 1985  
By Emmon Bodfish

Midsummer, Solstice, Greine-Stat, Sun-stop, today the Sun reaches its most northerly declination, at 2:44 A.M. Pacific Standard Time. This is the festival of the Goddess Danu, mother of the gods and men. Bonfires are lit on hilltops and the night is danced away. Tossing grain or coins into the air this day is said to help one’s prosperity. This is the morning that the Sun would rise over the heel stone at Stone Henge, but for the fact that the Earth has processed far enough on its axis since 1500 B.C. to move the sunrise point out of line with the ancient markers. In the 18th and 19th centuries, English Druid groups held ceremonies there. But now the Henge is fenced off and protected, and accessible only with permission of the government. The huge numbers of tourists were eroding the soil around the monoliths and there was concern that the monument would be damaged. The smaller, less well-known stone circles, such as Callanish or the Maidens are still accessible to the public, as is Avesbury.

The Druids did NOT build Stone Henge. It antedates their arrival in Britain by many centuries. It was William Stuckeley, in 1717, who mis-located them there. He did some of the best antiquarian field work of his day, but his later theorizing wildly outstripped his data. The mistake was an honest one, however, considering what was known in his day. He showed that the stones were not a memorial to King Arthur,

nor a Roman temple, as had been previously supposed. He was the first to accept them as definitely pre-Roman. The only knowledge of pre-Roman Britain he had came from the Roman and Greek writers of the Classical period. They said that Britain was inhabited by Celts, whose priests were the Druids. So, if the stones were pre-Roman, Stuckeley reasoned, they must have been assembled by the Druids. He knew of no other candidates. We now feel that Stone Henge and the numerous other stone circles were set up by at least three different, pre-Celtic races, best described, I think, by Clannad’s phrase, “the race no one knows.” Clannad is an Irish music group who have produced several records, of which their latest, “Magical Ring” is, in our opinion, their best. (We highly recommend it.)

In many English, Irish and Welsh villages, bonfires are lit in the squares, or in Scotland, it is the day for a community picnic on the moors. Then, on mid-summer’s night, the shortest night in the year, which will be the twenty-third, (long, boring, astronomical explanation here omitted) single women would put a bouquet of Mugwort or St. John’s Wort under their pillow, to bring dreams of their future husbands. If you try this, let us know what happens. We need this research.

## Summer Solstice Essay: Firbolgs and Tuatha De Danann

A Druid Missal-Any, Midsummer 1986  
By Raphael McKeen and Stacey Weinberger

Midsummer, Summer Solstice, the Longest Day of the Year, is one of four Minor High Days of the Celtic Calendar. It is a feast celebrating the glory and the peak of the Sun God Belenos’ (meaning “the shining one”) power. On this day the altar fire should be especially large and a sacrifice of green branches and mistletoe be made. It was upon Midsummer Day that the people of the Goddess Danu, the Tuatha de Danann, took pre-Celtic Ireland from its earlier inhabitants, the Fir Bolgs.

It was upon the mystic first day of May that the Tuatha de Danann landed on the coast of Ireland in a dense fog without being opposed by the Fir Bolgs. The Tuatha de Danann then proceeded to “druidically” form showers and fog-sustaining showers over the country and caused the air to pour down fire and blood upon the Fir Bolgs. The Fir Bolgs had to shelter themselves for three days and three nights, after which time their own Druids put a stop to these enchantments by counter spells.

After a parley at the Plain of the Sea, the Fir Bolgs and the Tuatha de Danann agreed to exchange weapons, so that each side might be able to come to some opinion as to the opponent’s strength. The people of the Goddess Danu offered the Fir Bolgs peace, with a division of the country into two equal halves. The Fir Bolg King Eochaid would not have this. The Tuatha de Danann however, impressed by the Fir Bolgs’ weapons, decided to retreat farther west into Connaught to a plain then called Nia (now called Moytura,) where they drew up their boundary line at the extreme end. This was in front of the Pass of Balgaton, which offered a retreat in case of defeat. Nuada, King of the Tuatha de Danann, sent an ambassador offering the same terms as before. Again the Fir Bolgs declined, but agreed to a truce of one hundred and five days in order to become battle-ready.

It was on Midsummer day that the opposing armies at last met. The people of the Goddess Danu appeared “in a flaming line,” wielding their “red-bordered, speckled, and firm shields.” Opposite to them were aligned the Fir Bolgs,

“sparkling, brilliant, and flaming, with their swords, spears, blades, and trowel-spears.” A deadly hurley-match was begun in which thrice nine of the Tuatha de Danann met the same number of Fir Bolgs. The Fir Bolgs emerged the victors. This was followed with more parleys and battles, fought with equal numbers on each side. After four days and a terrible slaughter upon each side, the Fir Bolgs were reduced to three hundred men. Those remaining were offered a fifth part of Ireland—whichever province they might choose. They agreed to this and chose Connaught, ever afterwards their special home, and where, until the middle of the seventeenth century, men were still found tracing their descent from Sreng, a warrior of the Fir Bolgs.

So when you gaze into the Midsummer fire, think of the power and beauty of the Light and before the Sun begins to wane for another half year, remember the Fir Bolgs with their flaming swords standing up to defeat by the Tuatha de Danann.

(Primary Source: Charles Squire, *Celtic Myth and Legend*. Newcastle Publishing Co., 1975.)

## Summer Solstice Essay:

### Danu and Stonehenge

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 1987  
By Emmon Bodfish

Midsummer Solstice, one the four minor High Days of the Reformed Druid Calendar, is associated with the Celtic Goddess Danu, Mother of the Gods, the Tuatha de Danann. She is particularly associated with rivers, and rivers from the Don in Russia to the Don in Scotland are thought to be named for Her. She is probably the same figure as the Irish Goddess, Anu, and the Breton's Ana. Roman Diana and Greek Artemis may be other cognates of this Pan-Indo-European Deity. These theories are based on the study of word origins, and on the witness of Gallo-Roman writers of the period who noted the similarities in character, rituals, and Seasons of Worship of Danu and Diana. These primary historical sources, written when the Celtic religion was still practiced in Gaul, corroborate the evidence from linguistic studies. There is an opinion about that Danu was not an important Deity, or even that the Celts lacked a Mother-Goddess figure, but I can find no hard evidence in Philology, history, or Celtic Mythology for this point of view.

Like Roman Diana, Danu's totem is the boar, an animal also associated with a female agricultural deity in the Balkans. Danu, like Frigga of the Germans, presides over marriage and fertility, and the luckiness of June weddings may be a distant memory of her festivities. Mugwort is Her sacred flower, an herb also sacred to Roman Diana; the ripe ear of grain is Her token. (This fits T. Edwards' theory that the Christian Madonna was modeled after (to co-opt?) the various Mother-Grain Goddesses of pagan Europe.) On the Isle of Man it is customary to wear a sprig of mugwort to the Midsummer dance, and in England, placing mugwort under her pillow is said to bring a young woman dreams of her future husband.<sup>1</sup> In Scotland, there are all night bonfires, song fests, and dances for the young, unmarried people of the villages.

This is the morning on which the Sun used to rise over the heel stone at Stonehenge, thus beginning the new season in the Megalithic calendar. It no longer rises at that point owing to the procession of the Earth's axis, but celebrations are held there, anyway.

The Druid did NOT build Stonehenge. It antedates their arrival in Britain by centuries. It was William Stuckeley in 1717 who mislocated the Druids there. He did some of the best archeological field work of his day, but his theorizing later wildly outstripped his data. The mistake was an honest one, however, considering what was known in his time. He showed that the stones were not a memorial to King Arthur nor a Roman temple, the two then common theories. He was the first to establish the monument as definitely pre-Roman. The only knowledge of pre-Roman Britain he had came from Roman and Greek writers of the Classical Period. They said that Britain was inhabited by Celts whose priests were the Druids. So, if the stones were older than any Roman constructions, Stuckeley reasoned, they must have been put there by Druids. He knew of no other candidates. But in the last two centuries, archeology has provided us with many, even too many other possibilities. The currently favored candidates are the early Neolithic farmers of Natufian stock, a longheaded, slender, fine-boned people who inhabited the Salisbury area from 2900-2500 B.C. coinciding with the most accurate modern date for the first cycle of building at Stonehenge. A larger boned hardier people later took over the monument and set up the Blue Stones, but they too had disappeared before the arrival of the Celts around 480 B.C.

This is not to say that the Celts did not take cognizance of the huge stones. They worked monuments of other prehistoric peoples into their mythology and song. Numerous Bardic compositions refer to the Sidh Mounds of Ireland and the Carnes of Scotland as sacred places and the long abandoned abodes of the Gods. They may have done the same for Stonehenge, but the English traditions and Bardic works were almost all lost, while the Irish are among the best preserved of any oral lore.

“Behold the Sidhe before your eyes.

It is manifest to you that it is a king's mansion,

Which was built by the firm Dagda.

It is a wonder, a court, and admirable hill.”

“The Sidhe of Donegal” a seminar by Prof. Duran.

Two or more different groups of peoples, sharing the same or similar astronomically oriented beliefs, contributed to the five cycles of construction and reconstruction at Stonehenge. Theirs was a fairly sophisticated culture for the time. They knew that the Solstices, eclipses of the Moon, and the courses of the stars were regular predictable events. Their stone moving techniques were on a par with the times. Though not aligned accurately enough for an “observatory” in the modern sense, the stones can serve as a calendar rectifier, an eclipse predictor, and, of course, as a ritual site for religious ceremonies. But what those religions were must remain a matter of conjecture. Clearly they had something to do with sunrise, Midsummer Solstice, moonrise, and lunar eclipses, but what they meant, and what the people did there, is probably not recoverable. As Clannad sings “Forgotten is the race that no one knows.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>A friend of mine tried the experiment of putting mugwort under her pillow, but reported she had no dreams at all. “I guess I'm just going to stay single.” She is till fancy-free three years later. If anyone wants to try this, you can get mugwort in most herb shops. Send in your results and we'll publish them for Lughnasadh.

<sup>2</sup>Clannad, a modern Irish Folk Group. "Ring of Stones," good album.

## Summer Solstice Essay: Danu and Summer Fun

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 1989  
By Emmon Bodfish

Midsummer, the Summer Solstice, the longest day, the shortest night, this is one of the four astronomical High-Days of the Druid year. It is associated with Danu, Mother of the Celtic family of deities the Tuatha de Danann. She is cognate with the Irish Anu and Breton Ana. She may be cognate with classic Roman Diana, though Her character and role are more like those of Juno. Like Her, Danu is the patroness of marriage and sanctifier of the home, The particular luckiness of June weddings may be a folk memory of the time when this time of the year was sacred to the Goddess of marriage. She is associated with fertility of grain as well as of women, and She is linked to rivers and river valleys which bear Her name or cognates of it stretch all across Europe from the Danube to the Don and the De in Scotland. Rivers, valleys, grain, home, fertility and prosperity formed a thematic group in the Celtic mind. Her festival was on Midsummer day and all night bonfires, dances, and games of courtship and revel continued to be celebrated on the day and the preceding night well into this century. Again we see the Druid custom of counting the night which precedes the high-day as the one sacred to that day. There are many, many references to this night of revels in medieval and Renaissance folksong, as well as in Shakespeare and his Contemporaries.

The tension between the folk customs and the Christian church is succinctly in the traditional verse:

"Mierry do not tell the priest,  
For I fear he would call it a sin,  
But we have been in the woods this night,  
A' conjuring the summer in."

This fragment of a ballad was quoted to us by a folksinger whom we talked with at the Live Oak Park Faire, who had collected it in England. In this case the folk tradition probably goes back to Druid times.

This would be a propitious night for a vigil, or just to try sleeping out of doors if possible. Following another folk tradition whose roots are probably Druidic, single women might try sleeping with a pillow stuffed with mugwort, an herb sacred to Roman Diana, and probably to Danu or Ana, under their heads. This will bring dreams of their future husbands, and was a practice carried on into this century in Celtic countries. The only similar divination practice I have ever heard of for young men involved looking quickly into a particular sacred well, in which he might catch a glimpse of his future mate. But this had nothing to do with Danu or Midsummers.

## Summer Solstice Essay: Belenos

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 2001  
By Stacey Weinberger

Midsummer, Summer Solstice, the longest day of the year. On this day the Sun rises and sets at its most northerly points along the horizon and reaches its most highest point in the sky of the entire year at Solar Noon (1 p.m. daylight time.)

While there are several Celtic deities who are considered a Sun god or goddess, in the RDNA tradition it is Belenos who we honor and praise this Midsummer day.

Belenos, also know as Beli, Belin, or Belinus in Britain, is perhaps associated with the Phoenician word Ba'al, meaning master. The variant Belenos is found widely distributed in early inscriptions in Gaul and northern Italy. Beli Mawr (Great Beli) appears in The Mabinogion as a powerful king of Britain and ancestor-deity of the Welsh royal line, and may be identical in origin to Belenos Himself. The ancient name element "Bel-" (root,) is also found in the Latin bellus, meaning bright or brilliant, beautiful, and all the words subsequently derived from it; in the Goidelic "bile," meaning sacred tree, and other words of distant origin.

Bel was the young-god counterpart of the old-god Bran, as Jupiter was the counterpart of Saturn in the Roman pantheon or as Zeus was the to Cronos in the Greek pantheon. In general the first half of the year may well have been associated with Bran and the second half with Bel or Belenos.

Caesar's Gaulish Apollo is generally to be taken to be Belenos in His native guise. Apollo is actually a latecomer to the Greek pantheon, and one of a variety of theories about His origins is that He was adopted from the Celts. Both are known as gods of light and of the sun. Both are gods of sacred springs. In the Shetlands as well as in the Orkneys, the sick visited the wells which were circled sun-wise before drinking from them. This is another tribute to Belenos, who like Apollo, is also a healer-god. Water and solar symbolism are closely linked in healing cults.

Whereas dedications to the Celtic gods in the form of inscribed altars appear to chiefly recur within one area, a few individual dedications are distributed widely. Belenos was one deity to be honored in such a way. His dedications are relatively common and widespread in Celtic Europe, particularly in southern and central Gaul, North Italy, and Noricum in the eastern Alps. Ausonius, a Bordeaux poet writing in the later half of the fourth century A.D. mentions sanctuaries in Aquitaine and writes of Phoebicius, who had been a temple-priest there.

Belenos is commemorated in place names as well. In England examples include Billingshurst in Sussex and Billingsgate in London. In France a number of places bear His name. The high rocky islet off the coast of Normandy formerly called Tombelaine, which in the slightly altered form of Les Tombelaines is a reef off Jersey's north coast. Belenos also appears to be venerated in some parts as St. Bonnet.

It is thus not coincidence that in the liturgy for the Special Order of Worship for the Summer Solstice it is suggested that the altar fire be especially large. We welcome Belenos on this day of days asking Him to fill us with life, and warmth, and light our way as we honor Him with His element, and enjoy this glorious season before He begins to wend His way southward again.

Hail Belenos, God of the Sun!  
Hail Belenos, Giver of Life!  
Hail Belenos, Lord of Light!

## Summer Solstice Essay:

### Anu and Danu

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 2002  
By Stacey Weinberger

Midsummer, Summer Solstice, the longest day of the year, one of the minor High Day of the Reformed Druid calendar, is associated with the goddess Danu. There has been much discussion in the scholarly community on whether Danu and Anu are cognates of one another or separate goddesses entirely.

Anu and Danu were both fertility goddesses and Mother Goddesses in early Irish mythology. Anu is described in Cormac's Glossary (*Sanas Cormaic*, 10th century) as the mother of the Irish gods, and in the *Coir Anmann* (Fitness of Names) as the goddess of prosperity to whom the province of Munster owed its wealth and fertility. Danu is associated with the divine race of people, the Tuatha De Danann, the People of the Goddess Danu, who are recorded in the *Leabhar Gebhála* (Book of Invasions) having arrived in a cloud from the North, invading Ireland, and defeating the Fir Bolgs and later the Fomorians.

Anu is identified with the earth and fertility of Ireland. She gives her name to the two rounded hills in County Kerry, called *Dá Chich Anann* or the Paps of Anu. In Ireland today she is still talked about from Cork up into South County Tipperary and is considered the earth goddess of Ireland. A distinction is made between her and Danu. Anu is considered to be pre-Tuatha and possibly the Sheela na Gig.

Anu is also identified with Aine, another goddess associated the land. Her cult was localized to County Limerick, Munster, where she was still worshipped up until the 19th century. She was said to live in the hill Cnoc Aine. On St. John's Eve, Midsummer's Eve, the local people carried torches of hay and straw around the hill that were then taken to the fields to bless cattle (another instance of fire being used to insure the health and fertility of the flocks for the coming year.)

Danu, according to MacKillop, is the speculative name for the mother goddess of the Continental Celts, based on the evidence of place names, for example the Danube river (*die Donau*.) He writes that "a prosthetic D-changes Ana, Anu to Dana, Danu; some commentators advise that these forms are later scholarly inventions, while others point out that the name Dana has discrete associations and parallels." But if you look at the types of places Danu is associated with, a pattern begins to form. Derivations of her name being rivers show strong evidence that she is a river goddess, as opposed to Anu who is a land goddess. Rivers all over the Indo-Europeans lands were named for her: the Danube in Austria (the Greek author Herodotus commented on the Keltoi residing in the area of the Danube valley in the fifth century B.C.), the Don in southwest Russia (where an inscription referring to an attack on the kingdom of Bosporos and a scattering of La Tene objects across the southern steppes in indicates that some Celts might have reached,) Dneipr in the Ukraine (where the Celts settled around 300 BC,) Dniestr in Moldavia, and even the Don and Dee in Scotland are all cognates of her name.

Other linguistic evidence exists showing Danu's position as a Pan-Indo-European river Goddess. Her name is Sanskrit and in India's Rig-Veda signifies "stream" and "the waters of heaven."

# Lughnasadh

## Lughnasadh Notes

The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

*Lughnasadh* begins the season of *Foghamhar* (Fôr,) now *an Fomhar* (uN FôR); which is fall or autumn, running from roughly the beginning of August till the end of October. Together, these two seasons constitute "the Summer Half of the Year" or "the Season of Life."

*Lughnasadh* (Loo-Nu-Su) is known in Modern Irish as *Lá Lúnasa* (Laa Loo-Nu-Su,) in Welsh as *Gwyl Awst* (August Feast,) as *Lla Lluanyys* or *Laa 'n Ouyr* (Day of the Harvest Season) in Manx and as Lammass, Apple Day and Harvest Home in English. It is the anniversary of the funeral games given by Lugh, the God of All Crafts, in honor of his Father. Essentially a harvest festival, this signals the beginning of the harvest season and the ripening of the apples (as well as other fruits and vegetables.) Enormous quantities of applejack, hard cider, mead and other alcoholic beverages are consumed at this time (it's almost a duty!) by all enthusiastic Neopagans. Hasidic Druids may prefer to drink ten-day-old slivovitz (plum brandy) at this time, but it's their stomach lining!

This holiday is a day of mixed joy and woe (Irish wakes are an *old* tradition,) for it is by now obvious that the days are getting shorter. Stories of the battles between Lugh and Balor (the good Sun-Fire God and the bad one) are retold, as the autumn quarter of *Foghamhar* begins.

## Lughnasadh Essay: Funeral Games

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1983  
By Emmon Bodfish

Originally a celebration of the funeral games for Lugh, the Celtic deity of Light. By August 1 the sun is lower in the sky and days significantly shorter. By now even the non-astronomically oriented can feel the summer's decline. The sun, re-born on December 22, is ageing. The period of harvest, *Foghamhar*, is coming, and this High day marks the celebration of the First Fruits, and the first produce of the fields. In Celtic Countries, this middle of the summer festival is still marked in The Races in Ireland, Revels in Wales, and the Highland Cattle Show in Scotland. In a stock raising culture like the Iron Age Celts, this was the most likely time of market faires and Gatherings. The calves of the Spring were old enough to sell/trade; likewise the sheep would have been sheared and surplus wool of lambs could be bartered.

# Lughnasadh Essay: Rosmearta

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1984

By Emmon Bodfish

Lughnasadh is known in Modern Irish as La Lunasa, in Welsh as Gwyl Awst, (August Feast,) as Lla Lluanys or Laa 'n Ouyr (day of the Harvest Season) in Manx and as Lammas, Apple Day, and Harvest Home in English. It is the anniversary of the funeral games given by Lugh, the God of all Crafts, in honor of his Father. Essentially a harvest festival, this signals the beginning of the harvest season and the ripening of the apples. This holiday is a day of mixed joy and woe (Irish wakes in the old tradition) for it is now obvious that the days are getting shorter. Stories of the battles between Lugh and Balor (the good Sun-Fire God and the bad one) are retold, as the autumn quarter of "Foghamhar begins."

--The Druid Chronicles

A much cited but little understood goddess of the Celtic pantheon is Rosmearta, consort of one of the Mercury-like gods, though which one is not certain. It was probably not Lugh himself, whose story and exploits are fairly well known, at least in Irish tradition. She may have been associated with the Gaulish or Welsh Lugh, according to a piece of information from one of our Grove members, but there is no reference for it in any pre-medieval source we can find. His Gaulish name, Lugus, was known to the Romans, but it is not mentioned in connection with Rosmearta. Lugh's wife is Eriu or Erin in the Irish literature. In any case, she seems to have functioned independently of her consort, judged by the number of references, shrines and place names that have survived. Her name is found in twenty-one different inscriptions, in Roman letters, on monuments in Gaul, dating from the first few centuries A.D. Caesar, Lucan, and later Latin chroniclers tell us that she was very popular, receiving much worship and tribute from the native Gauls.

One derivation of her name, (Branston, L.G. of E.) spring from the Celtic roots:

Ro=much, exceedingly

Smeart=smear, anoint

Branston cites the use of the term, smearta, in an early Cuchulain tale, in which the Irish hero smears with blood a false beard which he has made for himself from grasses. Besmearing his face, he effects a disguise. This fits with the Roman report of her popularity if she was "The much Anointed One." Celtic deity's statues and artifact were often anointed with precious oils, or with the blood of vanquished enemies when that deity was beseeched for favors or thanked for victories.

There is a sanctuary, on the Boyne in Ireland, called Rosmaree, which may be that of her Irish cognate. It is a high mound, of Bronze Age origin, and Medieval Legend tells of a speaking stone connected with it which gave answers to questions about all past deeds and events. It was appealed to in order to settle disputes or establish guilt, much to the despair of the Christian monks, who recorded the custom. Local folklore has it that even up to a century or so ago, no one passed by the stone, whose name is Druin Torerime, without dismounting and paying her homage. It was seen, apparently, as a female being.

This idea of giving answers and of knowing the past, of the actions of all mortals, adds credence to the second derivation of her name, Rosmearta, from the Indo-European root Smer, to think, to remember, to share or portion out.

Ro=much

Smer=remembering, allotting

Ta=from ti, tia, female, she

The All Remembering One

The Apportioner

Her other attributes, her associations with vegetation, grain and Earth-bounty, which she meets out are consistent with the allotting function. She shares this function with another set of supernatural beings whose names derive from the same I.E. root, Smer. These are the Early Greek Moira, and the Germanic Norns, especially the middle Norn, Verthandi. In Greek her title is Lachesis, from lot, distribution, share. A more distant connection can be made to the Italic Parcae, also originally goddesses of vegetation, fertility and birth. But these three powers act differently in the Northern countries than they did among the Indo-Europeans of the Mediterranean. The Norns, Wyrð, and their cognates have none of the feeling of foreknowledge and predestination about them that characterize the Classic Fates. For Homer, the Fates' decision was unavoidable, even if one had foreknowledge and will. The Norn do not control the future. They set out one's circumstances, one's lot, and then record human action as present evolves into past. They do not control our action, but only mark them down, layer by layer, weaving the present into the past.

All these deities have in common the ancient link to vegetation and to the allotment of each person's share in life, but in Celtic and Norse they are not concerned with the future, nor do they have the power and feeling of predestiny this implies. This concept, which in later Hellenic times attached itself to the Fates (and by way of Classic trained scholars to King Arthur's Merddyn,) entered Europe with Christianity, there to cause numerous philosophical problems which hardly ended with Calvin. The Indo-European apportioning goddesses give only talents and setting. Greatness, as the poems of Cuchulain and Beowulf, and the Ossianic Fennians make clear, depends on what each person does with their portion. Rosmearta seems to have been a goddess who was thanked for success, harvest and victory.

Rosmearta can be beseeched with incense and aromatic oils to give us the circumstances in which we can be successful. (Blood is not to the modern aesthetic, unless you're a hunter or a beef rancher.) Of course, we must know what these circumstances would be if we're to ask for them and to recognize them when they occur. She can be thanked on Lughnasadh, along with Lugh and Danu, the Earth Mother, for the harvest that now begins, for our share.

## Lughnasadh Essay: Reaping and the Last Sheaf

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1985  
By Emmon Bodfish

Lughnasadh, Feast of the First Fruits, begins the harvest season. Traditionally it marks the Funeral Games for Lugh, Celtic Sun-God, and by now it is clear that the summer is waning, and the Sun retreating southward. Our harvest this year at the Grove is hay, and apples, and the promise of Elderberries and Holly.

In line with the local fire prevention campaign, we were required to cut down the hay in the two and a half acre meadow at the bottom of the property. (This issue's trivia fact: the bent wooden handle of a scythe, the tall kind the Grim Reaper carries, is called a "snath." We had to order one through our local hardware store when the old one broke.) To speed things up, we also used a weed whip. While out there mowing, I thought: We should try enacting the old Celtic ceremony of the cutting of the last sheaf." Up until the introduction of mechanical reaping machines in the last century, it was the custom in all the Celtic countries, and many on the borders of the, to leave standing the last "stook" of hay or grain, and then all those that have worked at the reaping of the field take turns throwing their sickles at it. The one who knocks it down is declared the "King of the Harvest" and the shout goes up that he "has got the Old Woman," presumably the spirit of the grain/hay-field, which has been driven into the last sheaf as the reapers advanced across the field. In some areas it was called the "Maiden" or the "Corn-Baby." In each case though, the sheaf was dressed up in makeshift clothes like a woman or a child, and is carried to the Harvest man's home on the last wagon amidst raucous shouts and song, "like a wedding procession" according to a Welsh source. It was hung up over the hearth, or, in Ireland over the door, or in the barn. In some places it was saved until Yule, when it was fed to the cattle, to keep them healthy. In other places it was kept until the following spring and then scattered over the field before it was sown. (Wrapping the trunks of birch trees in burlap...dressing the Last Sheaf, trimming and decorating Yule trees, What is this Celtic desire to put clothes on plants?) On the Continent, in Gaulish lands, it is a woman who cuts and binds the last sheaf, after which she is called the "Oat-Bride" or "Hay-Bride" or whatever after the grain. She is escorted home amidst dancing and songs typical of weddings.

We left the last stook of hay standing in the field, and on Sunday, after the regular Druid ritual we went out in company and tied the tuft of hay into a sheaf with a rope of braided rush-grass. All the males took turns throwing the short sickle at it, and Larry A.D., knocked it down. He was declared King of the Harvest and the hay-sheaf was dressed up in a cap and apron which Willow-Oak had made. Larry carried it back on a pole.

As we have no cattle to whom to feed it on Yule, we will save it to scatter over the field.

[Picture of Larry with the hay-bride raised up on a pole.]

## Lughnasadh Essay: Tales of Lugh

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1986  
By Emmon Bodfish

Lughnasadh, festival of the funeral games of Lugh the Sun God, or, given by Lugh in honor of his father the Sun, depending on your tradition. It is the beginning of the Celtic harvest season, and is often called Festival of the First Fruits. Lugh, from the same root word as light and luminous, is one of the younger generations of gods in the Celtic pantheon. Like other Indo-European solar deities, his growth was rapid, being the size of a 10 year old when he was 5, and gaining full manly size and skill by age 10 or 12. He is the multi-competent god, not specializing in one function, but capable in all. Even as a child he was expert at any craft or skill from his first attempt at it. As a boy of 8, according to Welsh legend, while his goddess-mother was measuring his foot for a shoe, he picked up a bow and arrow and shot a wren in the leg. This, the story goes on to explain, was the favorite demonstration shot of Celtdom's best crack archers. His mother was delighted, and Lugh went on to become a parent's dream come true. He was good at everything, polite, chivalrous, and an example of filial devotion.

Later as a young man, when he applied for admittance to the company of the elder gods, he is quizzed by the gatekeeper as to what he can offer. "I am an excellent smith," he says. "We have Goibhne the smith," said the gatekeeper. "We have no need of that." And this continues to be the reply as he lists each one of his skills. The gods already have one of their number who is an expert in that domain. Finally, frustrated, the boy shouts, "But do you have anyone who can do them all?" The gatekeeper reflects that, no, they do not. And so Lugh is admitted.

Lugh is the patron of craftsmen, apprentices, and artists. In another tradition, he is also associated with money and the accumulation of wealth. This is his only functionalistic connection with a harvest festival. The Funeral Games of Lugh, whose title for this high day may also refer to the fact that by now the Sun is past his Zenith, and is declining again toward the South.

In the R.D.N.A. traditions, anyone who has a garden, grows anything, etc., should save their first picked produce of the summer season, and bring it or a portion of it to the Service, to be offered up in the altar fire, with hopes of prosperity in the years to come.

## Lughnasadh Essay: Balor vs. Belenos

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1987  
By Emmon Bodfish

Lughnasadh, festival of the funeral games of Lugh the Sun God, or, given by Lugh in honor of his father the Sun, depending on your tradition. It is the beginning of the Celtic harvest season, and is often called festival of the First Fruits. Lugh, from the same root word as light and luminous, is one of the younger generations of gods in the Celtic pantheon. The other Solar Deities, Belenos and Balor, the good and the bad aspects of the sun, respectively, are not only pictured as older, mature male figures, but are traceable to the Early Indo-European stratas, in the Eastern European homelands. But Lugh, as the young Shining One, didn't appear until the Celts had settled Gaul and melded with the Celto-Ligurians and the Pre-Indo-European "Atlantic Wall" cultures which they encountered there, circa 600 B.C. Urnfields replaced passage

## Lughnasadh Essay: Lugh the Protester

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1989

By Emmon Bodfish

graves, and typical Celtic farming practices were begun. When the Celto-Ligurians had arrived, a thousand years earlier, there had been no sharp cultural discontinuity, as they blended with the Pre-Indo-Europeans, who continued to build their dolmens and passage graves. Pre-Indo-European traditions were therefore still strong when Celtic Lugh arose and began to replace Belenos as the popular Solar Figure. His ascendant, youthful, headlong character may have been influenced by the Young Year God image common in the Pre-Indo-European cultures of the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts. This archetype has been traced by G. Rachel Levy from the Balkans, to Minoan Greece, along the Mediterranean Coast to France and north to Normandy.

Lugh's best Indo-European cognate is Apollo of the Greeks. The Greek religion was strongly influenced in other ways by the beliefs and Deities of the Pre-Indo-European people they conquered and absorbed. Odin, Lugh's Northern cognate, has a much less Solar character. He is more a Shaman, knowledge-bringer, and Divine Wayfarer, going among mortals in disguise. He is not a martial figure; He is not youthful. Lugh is the patron of the harvest, which in Celtic countries began at Lughnasadh. Apollo was worshipped in the Peloponnesus as a god of vegetation, giving Him another link with the "young Year God" of the Western Neolithic. From a magical lawgiver, healer, transformer archetype, which He shares with Odin and Varuna, He evolved, partly through absorption of the Young Year God, into the youthful solar Deity of the later Celtic myths.

In R.D.N.A. traditions, anyone who has a garden, grows anything, etc. should save their first picked produce of the summer season, and bring it or part of it to Lughnasadh Service, to be offered up in the altar fire, with hopes of prosperity in years to come.

## Lughnasadh Essay: Summer Games

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1988

By Emmon Bodfish

Originally a celebration of the funeral games held by Lugh, Celtic god of light for his father the Sun, Lughnasadh marks the Sun's position half way between Solstice and Equinox. By now, usually August sixth or seventh, the day's length is noticeably shortened. The sun, re-born on December 22, is in decline, and the season of the harvest, Foghamhar, is coming. This High Day marked the beginning of the harvest in pre-industrial times, and in Druidic times was known as the Festival of the First Fruits. Cutting of the new grain could begin, and "hungry July" was over. In the Celtic countries, this middle-of-the-summer festival is still marked by The Races in Ireland, the Revels in Wales, and the highland Games in Scotland. In a livestock-raising culture like that of the Iron Age Celts, this was the most likely time of market faires and regional gatherings. The calves of the spring were old enough to sell or trade. Likewise the sheep would have been sheared and the lambs were old enough to bartered. This was a festival of the Tuatha, the largest class in the Celtic society, comprised of the farmers, craftsmen and merchants. The other two classes were the Warriors and the Clergy, which last included Bards, Ovates, Filidhs and Druids, their students and retainers.

In the Neo-Pagan R.D.N.A. tradition, anyone who has a garden or grows anything, should save the first picked produce of the summer season and bring it, or a portion of it to the Lughnasadh celebration to be offered along with the Grove Sacrifice and hopes and prayers of prosperity to come.

Lughnasadh is the celebration of the funeral games given by the God Lugh for his father, Cian, who was slain by the sons of Tuenn. Cian was a shape-shifter and magician, i.e. one of the Druid or clergy-caste. Rhys considers Him a minor solar deity, but in mythology He acts more the part of shaman and ambassador. The games show Lugh's filial piety, as Lugh represents all that the ancient Celts thought good in a young man. He is the multi-competent god, defender against oppression, patron and teacher of craftspeople and artisans, God of commerce and its wealth, protector of travelers, and Lord of the Harvest.

The figure of the young boy-God, son of one of the old Pantheon, who saves the people from an unjust ruler, in the myth of Lugh, King Breas the Fomor, is a very old and widespread theme in sacred literature. Many cultures have myths dating back probably to the Neolithic, of a young agricultural and solar deity born on the Winter Solstice, who defends the people, exemplifies morality, teaches the arts of civilization, and is associated with the harvest: Lugh, Balder, the Balkan New Year God, Prometheus, Zeus in His battle with the Titans, Mithra, and some aspects of the Moses and Jesus myths. (The early Judeo-Christian writers grafted these age-old aspects of the Young God into the founders of their faith, just as they did with numerous sayings, rituals and ideas borrowed from the older cultures surrounding them. These things were not new.)

Lugh in His defender role was also a tax protestor. When the Celts had fallen under the sway of Breas, a half-Fomor from "under the sea," Lugh, son of the old God, Cian, appeared. Breas, in one of his acts of mis-rule had levied an oppressive tax on the Tuatha de Danann by means of a deception. Breas is portrayed as a smart man (or demi-god) and clever with words. Then he first joined the de Danann pantheon, before the first battle of Moy Tura, he was the one chosen and sent out to parley with Streng of the FirBolgs. But later as king, he perverts his intelligence into trickery. Like Loci in the German myths, Breas has a legalistic, literalistic, conniving turn of mind. And like Loki, he is an outsider, possibly an adopted God from the pantheon of the Pre-Indo-European inhabitants of the region. He has ancestral ties to the long term enemies of the Pantheon he now serves, Breas represents the negative aspects of intelligence, as Lugh represents the positive ones. The Battles of the Gods, as one school of theology holds, are the battles of the archetypes and choices within the human conscience. "Mythology is not about how things are; it's about how they feel," Joan Carruth, circa 1983. Breas had the Tuatha de Danann agree to surrender to him the milk of every cow, in Ireland that was brown and hairless. They agreed. He then caused every cow in Ireland to be passed through a fire which made them all brown, scorched and hairless. A more moderate version of this fire ceremony was part of the annual Beltaine purification rites. This may have made his proposition seem at first hearing acceptable to the Tuatha. Then after perverting the sacred purification rite into a destructive one, he claimed the milk of every cow in Erin. Crops also failed to prosper under Breas' rule. The people were starving. Lugh came and won acceptance into the Pantheon with his multitude of skills, high character and regal bearing. He vanquished Breas, restored Erin to the Tuatha de Danann and their king, Nuada. Under Nuada's rule the land prospered and harvests were bountiful. This, in the Celtic theory of sovereignty, was the mark of a true and rightful king.



Celebrate Lughnasadh by offering up to Lugh the first fruits and produce of your gardens, any plants you've grown or windfall profits received. (no animals!) Dance, sing, be grateful for the harvest!

## Lughnasadh Essay: Cycle of Lugh

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1990  
By Emmon Bodfish

Lughnasadh, festival of the god Lugh. In one tradition these festivities marked the funeral games originally held by Lugh in honor of his murdered father Cian. In another tradition, in Ireland, they commemorate the death of Lugh's divine foster mother Tailtiu, who cleared the forest from the plains of Ireland to make them fit for agriculture and died of the effort. She is a goddess of agriculture and one of the Irish female origin-figures. Irish clans often traced their ancestry to a female divinity, a goddess of the land. Lugh is the son of Ethniu and Cian, and the grandson of Balor, the elder Sun God, whom he later vanquishes in battle, reminiscent of Zeus overthrowing Chronos.

Lugh is the youthful Celtic Deity of Light, eulogized as "The Shining One." Some see in him an evolved form of the Neolithic "Young Year God," representing the Sun, born on Winter Solstice, married at Summer Solstice, and triumphant at Lughnasadh when he brings the harvest. He is fated to die on Samhain at the end of the harvest season and to sleep until the returning of the Sun on Winter Solstice.

Lugh is the multi-competent god, patron of all crafts and of commerce, protector of travelers, poet, harper, physician, smithy, magician, and defender of the people against their oppressive Fomorian king. Some scholars think he is cognate with Grecian Apollo. He is master of the throwing spear and has the title "Lamhfada," long arm, far reaching; he owns the spear that cannot miss its mark but seeks out its enemy.

The Sun is now half way between Solstice and Fall Equinox, and already the days are perceptively shorter, though the strong heat is still to come. This festival marks the beginning of the harvest. The first fruits are of each farmstead were brought and offered in the sacrifice. Sheep had been sheared, and the surplus wool and lambs could be bartered.

In Reformed Druid tradition, any members who have a garden, a fruit tree, or a tree that gives mast or nuts, or wild land that gives any vegetable food, bring the first fruits picked this season to offer in the Lughnasadh bonfire. (No Animals! That was forbidden by The Reform in 1963 which gave us our origin, constitution, and laws.) Lugh's tree is the apple. I cannot find a scholarly reference on this, but so folklore and tradition have it. (If you know of one, send it in and get a free subscription if it checks out.) Celebrate with apples, apple pie, cider, apple jack, and the planting of apple trees. Lugh is the divine father of the Celtic champion, Cu Chulain. Reread some of these epics\* aloud.

--Emmon Bodfish

\*The Tain Translated from the Irish Epic Tain Bo Cuailnge, tr. Thomas Kinsella, Oxford University Press, 1983.

## Lughnasadh Essay: Harvest Games

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 2001  
By Stacey Weinberger

Lughnasadh, funeral games of Lugh in honor of his foster mother, the beginning of the harvest, the Feast of the First Fruits. Technically still summer one can already feel the chill of the coming fall in the air here in Northern California. Though the sun is still setting late into the evening, the daylight hours begin to shorten and effort is begun in earnest to bring in the harvest while there is still light in the sky.

Lughnasadh was a festival that lasted a month long, beginning in mid-July and ending mid-August. It was a time of great feasting and games, as well as being a time of assemblies where political and legal matters were settled. Origins of the festival tell that it was established by Lugh to commemorate his foster-mother Tailtiu, the last queen of the Fir Bolg, who died at Teltown, (in County Meath) on August 1. After clearing the great forests of Ireland for cultivation she collapsed from exhaustion, and as she was dying asked Lugh to hold funeral games in her honor every August.

This year the wheat we left from the offering of the Bride-og beside the Grove altar at Oimeic sprouted. As part of our Lughnasadh service we will be re-enacting the Celtic ceremony of the Iolach Buana, the Reaping Salutation. As is tradition, we will be using a sickle, freshly polished and sharpened for the occasion.

The practice of the reaping salutation appears to be related to the "crying the neck" custom that was practiced on large farms in Devon. An old man, or someone else acquainted with the ceremonies, would go around to the sheaves as the laborers were reaping the last field of wheat, and pick out a little bundle of the best he could find. This bundle he would tie up very neatly and plat and arrange the straws very tastefully. This was called "the neck" of the wheat. After the field had been cut, the reapers, binders, and the women stood around in a circle. The person with "the neck" stood in the center of the circle, grasping it with both hands. He would first stoop and hold it near the ground, and all the men forming the ring would take off their hats, stooping and holding them to the ground in imitation of the person with "the neck." They then would all begin in a very prolonged and harmonious tone to cry "the neck!" at the same time slowly raising themselves upright, and elevating their arms and hats above their heads. The person with "the neck" did this also raising it on high. This was done three times.

The cries then changed to "Wee yen! Way yen!" which were sounded in the same harmonious manner three times. After this everyone burst out in joyous laughter with much capering about. One of the laborers would then grab "the neck" and run as fast as he could to the farmhouse, where the dairy maid or one of the other female domestics stood at the door with a pail of water ready to douse him, reminiscent of a rain charm. "The neck" was then hung in a place of prominence and honor within the farmhouse where it remained until the spring when it was mixed with the seed corn before it was sown or fed to the horses or cattle at the start of ploughing.

# Beannachadh Buana, Reaping Blessing

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 2001  
From the Carmina Gadelica, collected by Alexander  
Carmichael

The day the people began to reap the corn was a day of commotion and ceremonial in the townland. The whole family repaired to the field dressed in their best attire to hail the God of the harvest.

Laying his bonnet on the ground, the father of the family took up his sickle, and facing the sun, he cut a handful of corn. Putting the handful of corn three times sunwise round his head, the man raised the "Iolach Buana," reaping salutation. The whole family took up the strain and praised the God of the harvest (ed.: Michael, who Lugh became co-opted by in Christian times,) who gave them corn and bread, food and flocks, wool and clothing, health and strength, and peace and plenty.

When the reaping was finished the people had a trial called "cur nan corran," casting the sickles, and "deuchain chorran," trial of hooks. This consisted, among other things, of throwing the sickles high in the air, and observing how they came down, how each struck the earth, and how it lay on the ground. From these observations the people augured who was to remain single and who was to be married, who was to be sick and who was to die, before the next reaping came around.

God Bless Thou Thyself my reaping,  
Each ridge, and plain, and field,  
Each sickle curved, shapely, hard,  
Each ear and handful in the sheaf,  
Each ear and handful in the sheaf.

Bless each maiden and youth,  
Each woman and tender youngling,  
Safeguard them beneath Thy shield of strength,  
And guard them in the house of the saints,  
Guard them in the house of the saints.

Encompass each goat, sheep and lamb,  
Each cow and horse, and store,  
Surround Thou the flocks and herds,  
And tend them to a kindly fold,  
Tend them to a kindly fold.

For the sake of Michael head of hosts,  
Of Mary fair-skinned branch of grace,  
Of Bride smooth-white of ringleted locks,  
Of Columba of the graves and tombs,  
Columba of the graves and tombs.

# Fall Equinox

## Fall Equinox Notes

The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1976  
By Isaac Bonewits and Robert Larson

The last big holiday of the year, the Fall Equinox (sometimes called Michaelmas and the Feast of the Hunters,) is a Minor High Day occurring somewhere around September 21st or so. This is a Thanksgiving feast and signals the beginning of the Hunting Season (for deer and other large game) in many parts of Europe and North America. Thus, it is dedicated to the Hunting and Fishing Gods and the Gods of Plenty, in thankfulness for benefits received and hoped for. Outdoor picnics in the woods are a popular Druid tradition in those areas where the weather is still good at this time of year. Hunting magic may be minimized by those Groves living in areas where game is a little dear.

## Fall Equinox Essay: Cernunnos

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1982  
By Emmon Bodfish

Equinox approaches the time sacred to Cernunnos, the Hunter God. The cult of the horned god/shaman, dressed in the horns and hide of a hoofed prey-animal, is one of the most ancient themes running through Indo-European religions. The cave paintings in France show such a figure and may date from Paleolithic times. (Figure 1) He is seen again on the Gundestrup Cauldron in near-historic times, here with the antlers of a Stag. It would be rash to think of all horned gods are called Cernunnos, as each tribe may have had their own name for him, but the theme of the shaman raised to a god and endowed with horns remains consistent. In southeastern Europe he is associated with the goat, and in parts of Britain with the bull, but always with a horned, food species. He may be the Being commemorated in the horn-dances carried out in a number of English villages up through the 19th century and now exclusive to Abbots Bromley. Originally he seems to have been a hunter's patron, and later associated with fertility of flocks and herds, and then with fertility in general. This was the tradition of Grecian Pan, and Robin Goodfellow, and later debased into Christian "devil" myths. The Gaelic word "faighe" for prophet, and also the name of one class of Druids, may be cognate of the Proto-Gaelic word for deer, "fiagh," especially in its genitive case, meaning "of a deer." In Gaelic cultures there is also an association with the Hazel tree, and again with the after-death world, which we will shortly be contacting in the upcoming festivals of Samhain. His following continued after Christianization, and is reflected in the Highland Calluinn ritual still in practice in the 19th century. The Protestant cleric who recorded it seems to have had no inkling of its meaning, but he asserts that the people of the West Highlands, in the 17th century, before the coming of the Presbyters, were "little more than pagans, having been neglected by the Roman Church."

The Horned-god had a second sacred time after Yule and before Oimelc, also indicative of the Cernunnos-Calluinn (Hazel) association. According to Dwelly, there is an old Gaelic myth that New Year's night is the night of the fecundation of the trees, when the winds blow from the west, and is called Calluinn night. On this night Boggles may walk.

Bogles are wood spirits, connected with Cernunnos in the following interesting manner. The word Bogle or the Scottish Bogle is a diminutive of the original word Bog, with cognates in the Slavic, "Bog" god, and in Proto-Celtic "Boc" god. The Welsh "boucca" evolved into Puck, the wood sprite, and the Highland Bogey, spirit inhabiting wild or lonely places. "Poccan" is a male goat, and "Puc" is the goat-god who presides over the Puck fair celebrations in Ireland.

## Fall Equinox Essay: Archeo-Astronomy

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1983  
By Emmon Bodfish

Fall Equinox, this is the season associated with Cernunnos, the horned god, patron of hunters, wild creatures, herders and flocks. Write Thomas Cross, of Post Oak Protogrove, Texas, the preferred spelling should be Cernunnos from the original inscription found in Gaul and dating from Roman times: \_ERNUNNOS.

In its other aspect, the Fall Equinox is an astronomical holiday associated with marking the passage of time and the need to keep the calendar rectified. The Druids were astronomer-priests, as numerous classical authors attest. Watching the heavens, keeping the calendar and predicting lunar eclipses were among their skills and duties. But they were not the first people to be able to do this. They may have learned from the Megalithic cultures that predated them, either in the Indo-European homeland, or during the long trek across Europe before 1500 BC when they arrived in the British Isles. When they came to England, it was already inhabited by a thriving stone age culture which had built Stone Henge, by the use of which it could rectify its calendar and foretell eclipses of the Moon. Many archeologists now believe that the great monument is a perpetual calendar and sidereal computer. Its location and construction show a sophisticated knowledge of the heavens and the Earth. The Moon/eclipse system could have been worked out by careful record keeping over a long period of time, something ancient priesthoods were good at, but because of the geometry of the Earth/Moon/Sun system, it is possible to construct this type of stone marker system for both the Sun and Moon only at the exact latitude of Stonehenge. Calculation of this requires knowledge of mathematics and geometry. According to John Gribbin (*Timewarps*, Delacorte Press, 1979) "even 20 or 30 miles north or south, the doubly significant rectangular observing marker could not have been built."

The effort involved in the construction of this Megalith must have been great; by implication, the society that built it must have been both rich and stable, because in the first place, it could support a group of "wise ones" who were able to study the astronomical alignments over decades, and probably centuries, and to develop the mathematics necessary to plan the great observatory, and secondly it could take men out of active production for the long periods of time necessary to build the stone megalith, circles and ditch-works. Jim Duran, Ph.D. feels that the pre-Celtic people of Britain were organized in sets of matri-clans, based on fishing and hoe cultivation. Matri-clans foster a spirit of co-operative labor among men, as they are accustomed to working with other men from diverse family groups, wife's brothers, sisters' husbands, uncles, rather than feeling at ease only with his own family, his brothers, his father, as is usually the case in closed, patrilineal systems. The system of matri-clan organization is also a distinct advantage to a

society engaged in long distance trading and raiding, as Duran thinks the ancient Britains were. Sea raiding may have helped to enrich the economy and make huge projects like Stonehenge feasible. (See Emmon Bodfish's future monograph, "The Financing of Stonehenge.")

As asserted, when the men are going to be away for long periods going to be away for long periods of time, raiding, trading or engaged in public works projects, they prefer to leave the homesteads in the care of their sisters and their mother's people, who will guard their mutual inheritance, rather than in the keeping of the wives, as under patrilineage. The wives would be from a different, also raiding clan, and their loyalty would be divided.

Gribbin, reasoning from the workings of the marker stones at Stonehenge, deducts that basic megalithic calculations were in 3/1 and 7/1 ratios. These, especially three, were important number in Celtic ritual also. This may be the basis of our seven day week, an institution that pre-dates recorded history, in Northern Europe. Though the Druids did not build Stonehenge, they may have understood its workings, and certainly the working of the Solar calendar it marks. With it they could have calculated not only the Fall Equinox which is at 7:42 AM Pacific time this year, but also the fact that it is a Friday, though they would not have called it that. The names, as most people know, are Norse.

## Fall Equinox Essay: Cernunnos

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1984  
By Emmon Bodfish

Equinox approaches the time sacred to Cernunnos, the Hunter God. "Now is come September, the Hunter's Moon begun." <sup>1</sup>as Holly sings it, and now is the time of Cernunnos, the god of the hunt, the immortal shaman invoking and controlling the quarry. In Gaul, an altar was dedicated to him below what is now Paris. He is one of the prototypes of that inexhaustible figure, The Horned Man.

As Master of the Animals, he embodies their spirits and can parley with them, bringing game to the hunter, or protecting and sustaining cattle and flocks. As the Woods-god, he directs primary energy, the life forces, creative, magical, and procreative of animals and wilderness. As the Shaman-god his function is to be a connecting link between the human and non-human worlds, and to balance the two with their opposing tensions. From these two roles flow his later attributes, God of Wealth, magician, juggler, and Lord of the Dance.

He is appealed to to communicate to the spirit of the animals to let one of their number be taken for food, to make the cattle flourish, and to increase the herds. Most pagan cultures believe that it is not prudent or even possible to catch game or raise an animal for slaughter without its permission on the spiritual level. This is always a bargain, requiring the prey's cooperation. Ritual and honor must be paid to prey species, or to the Master of Cattle, in return.

Though Margaret Murray was ridiculed for suggesting it in the 30s, it has since become clear that we are dealing with a Paleolithic cult in the Horned God, yet one that has continued down to the present day. This shows a strong, basic archetypal appeal. Like all good archetypes, he has multiple and voluminous levels of meaning

In Celtic mythology, he forms a triad with Eusus and Sylvanus. As with other Celtic triple divinities, these may be different facets of the same being. He is close on the left side to Eusus, god of the underworld and riches, and on the right to Sylvanus, Wood spirit, god of vegetation, the Green Man. The

links with wealth and death on one hand and magic and fecundity on the other go all the way back to Cernunnos' stone age roots. Around the pictures of horned men on cave walls are other pictures, most of them of animals. All were animals which were important in the hunt, but which were dangerous to hunt. Species known to have been hunted, but which are not dangerous, are not represented. These animals, deer, bison, bulls, wolves, horses are ones that have to be reckoned with, and this was done magically. As the Finn-Ugric and Siberian hunters, heirs to Paleolithic Europe, explained it in the 19th century, there are three things the hunter wants to insure: that he kill the quarry and that it not kill him. That is that his spirit, mana or tapa, overcome the animal's spirit. And thirdly, he wants to insure that his hunting not cause the prey species to flee or to become depleted. He wishes to propitiate the spirits of the animals for the loss of some of their number, and to insure the fertility of the herd and secure its increase.

Among many Northern European peoples it was important to assure the animal killed of a way to be reborn, to come back and continue its life. Its bones were collected and treated with special funeral rites and magic to aid this return. Ideas presaging the concept of reincarnation are common to Eurasian hunter cultures and south to the Caucasus and the Indo-European homelands. Here, then are the Cernunnos' triad's attributes:

Success-Wealth Underworld-Death	Magic	Fertility Reincarnation
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with magic as the connecting link or directing force which humans and gods assert, influencing the course of events for their benefits.

Cernunnos is the Gaulish deity whom Caesar equated with Roman Mars. This was more than chance resemblance. There is some evidence of their common I.E. roots. Mars was not always a god of war. Originally he was a god of vegetation. Cato and Varro concur on this, telling us that it was to Mars that the farmers prayed for good crops and prosperity, and for protection of their cattle. He had an old title, from pre-Republican days, of Mars Silvanus, Mars of the Woods. The elements of War and martial spirit were later connected with him when Rome began its expansions and conquest. There is a myth recorded in Plutarch's "Parallela," in which Mars takes on a mortal woman as his lover. Her name is Silvia; she bears him a son whose soul is contained in a spear.

Mars	Mamurius Veturius	Mars Silvanus
War Plunderer	Fecundity Venus' Lover	God of the Wood Protector of Cattle

At the other end of the Indo-European spectrum, in Vedic India, is the figure of Rudra, who may be cognate with Mars. He is the patron of the Kesin, long haired, woods-dwelling ascetics. And there is reason to think that Sylvania, Silvanus, and Shiva are the same. The latter two share similar myths of travels in the Underworld. If we accept the Irish Wildman-of-the-Woods, Mad Suibhni (Swee' nee) as a late Christian euhemerization of Sylvania/Cernunnos, then the Celtic Horned-god(s) made similar journeys to the Underworld, under or inside Magic Mountains. All these tales include a visit to a female figure who lives inside the Mountain and who is the source of wealth or knowledge. In Siberia she is the Reindeer Mother. Among the early Greeks she is the Bear Mother. On Shiva's journey, she is Devi, Madam Bramha, conqueror of the Bull-Demon, bulls, cattle, and herds.

In the Caucasus she is Mother of the Dead, who suckles the soul of the newly dead, as the Reindeer Mother suckles each

would-be shaman who finds his way through the labyrinth to her cave. There is nothing like her in African, Chinese, or Australian myths, no source figure who is a Lady-inside-a-Mountain. She is an Eurasian figure, probably of Paleolithic origin. In her we may be seeing who "Venus of Willendorf" was.<sup>2</sup> Similar Magdalenian and Gravettian female figurines have been found far down in caves and caverns under mountains in France and Switzerland. These caves are often difficult and dangerous to climb down into, yet the walls are elaborately painted with figures of animals and outlined handprints of humans, or whole rooms painted red with ochre. Footprints in the hardened clay show that dances and ceremonies were held here around her figurines, or around clay models of gravid or copulating bison. Here someone painted on the wall the famous "dancing sorcerer" of the Arièges, the proto-type of the Horned Man.

Cernunnos, King of the Wood, Lord of the Animals, he can be appealed to for difficulties with pets or with wild animals. His color is brown, burn aromatic woods or pine pitch or incense. Brown is a very special color; it is not found in the spectrum. It is a mixture of red and green with yellow for warm brown, or blue for cool brown mixed in, in lesser quantities. But there is no brown light. The sensation, brown, is created within the human visual system. This is fitting for Cernunnos, the mind-traveler, the shaman. Francis of Assisi, preaching to the birds, living in the forest, and specifying humble brown robes of local material for his Order, was in the old I.E. tradition of the Holy-Man-in-the-Woods. These old currents of thought change direction and name, but do not die out as quickly and as easily as textbook history would portray.

Cernunnos can best be experienced out-of-doors in the woods or wild places. After 2:00 a.m., and the last lights are out and radios off, even fairly tame bits of the out-of-doors, backyards, and gardens return essentially to Nature. Smells and sounds change. Try sitting like Cernunnos in his Gunderstrup pose in this setting. If you cannot find a horned serpent, use some other symbol of the Mountain Mother,<sup>2</sup> and a torc, sign of the warrior and of his bond to his patron deity.

<sup>1</sup>Holly Tannen, "Invocation." Kicking Mule Records, KM 236.

<sup>2</sup>James Duran, "The Horned God of Europe," Spring Seminar, 1984.

## Fall Equinox Essay: Michaelmas

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1985  
By Emmon Bodfish

Fall Equinox is associated in the Celtic parts of the British Isles with the gathering of root crops. Many of the old customs have continued, in the Highlands and the Islands, and are enacted now in the name of the Michael-mass festivals. Michael is the Christian personality most often substituted for Lugh, or even Llyr, by the Old Celtic Church when it first came to the Celtic countries in the 4th and 5th centuries. The flaming sword and warrior aspect of the Archangel may have suggested a similarity to Lugh-of-the-Long-Arm and his spear in his defender, protector role. Most particularly, the quality of "shiningness" links the two.

Alexander Carmichael, collecting oral folklore in the 1830s, notes that in the Highlands, St. Michael is spoke of as "an Brian Michael," that is, the Demi-god Michael. Christian saints, such as Columba or Andrew were called "Naomh" the usual translation of the Latin "sanctus." Brian Michael rides a winged horse, and is the patron of sailors and ships, the former province of Llyr. There is no basis for either magical horses or

control of the sea in the Biblical Archangel's exploits that I recall. The same powers and a fiery steed are attributed to him in Cornwall and Brittany, but never in Greek or Roman Christianity, i.e. south of the Alps.

Since some tiny carrots have sprung up in our lawn, we may do a version of the Highland Carrot ceremony come Fall Equinox. (The benefits of using kitchen compost for fertilizer.)

While one of our members went to the gathering at Harbin Hot Springs, the remaining Live Oak members celebrated Lughnasadh with a Bonnack Bake. Bonnacks, or in Scot's Gaelic "bonnachann," are small, unleavened cakes of sweet meal, often mentioned in old Celtic song and lore. The Romans on Hadrian's Wall describe Pictish raiders baking them over their campfires on the flats of their swords.

## Bonnach Recipe

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1985  
By Emmon Bodfish

[Several pictures of the procedure.]

Cut your grain with a bronze sickle when the heads are an even tan and dry. Thrash it over a clean white cloth and winnow it with your breath. Grind it until it is a fine meal. Mix it with whiskey and water and pat it into cakes. Cook slowly over a smooed fire, (on the flat of a sword) without turning them. (8-10 min.)

"Tha bonnach min milas aig Bride a'taobh d'an sliabh."

When it ripened, we cut the rye and wheat that had sprouted spontaneously in our Grove circle. We decided to make some ceremonial bonnacks out of it. We thrashed it by hand, rubbing the grain heads between our hands, letting the grain fall on a clean white cloth, as described for the old Highland rites. Stacey discovered the best method of winnowing. She put the rubbed gain, still in its husks, in a sloping sided bowl, and blew lightly down the near side of the bowl, puffing the fine chaff up the opposite side and out, all the while shaking the grain in the bowl to bring more chaff to the top.

We made a fire of the last of the wood that Joan Carruth, ex A.D. of Live Oak Grove, current A.D. of Birch Grove, had donated when she moved East a few years ago. The fire burned down to good glowing cooking coals while we took turns grinding the grain in a hand mill, a never-used-before pepper mill, actually. We baked the bonnachann on the lat of a sword, in the old Pictish (Cruithinig) tradition, Raphael lending his sword for the purpose. During the grinding we chanted the old Highland Quern Blessing, Larry reading the English and Emmon reading the Gaelic. Although we were prepared to bite into something "not so wonderful" and eat it anyway, the result were surprisingly good, especially with sweet butter. As Raphael said, "Boy, this is bread 'from scratch'."

## Beannachadh Brathain

Oidhch Inid  
Be feoil againn  
'S bu choir 'uinn sin  
Bu choir 'uinn shin

Leth-cheann circe,  
'S da ghreim eorna,  
'S bu leoir 'uinn sin  
Bu leoir 'uinn sin.

Bi bin againn,  
Bi beoir againn,  
Bi fion againn,  
Bi roic againn.  
Meilc is marrum,  
Mil is bainne,  
Sile fallain,  
Meall dheth sin,  
Meall dheth sin.

Bi cruic againn,  
Bi clar againn,  
Bi dus againn,  
Bi das againn;  
Bi saltair ghrinn,  
Nan teuda binn,  
'S bi fairchil, righ'nn  
Nan dan againn,  
Nan dan againn.

## Quern Blessing

On Ash Eve  
We shall have flesh,  
We should have that  
We should have that.

The cheek of hen,  
Two bits of barley,  
That were enough  
That were enough.

We shall have mead,  
We shall have spruce,  
We shall have wine,  
We shall have feast.  
We shall have sweetness  
Honey and milk,  
Wholesome ambrosia,  
Abundance of that,  
Abundance of that.

We shall have harp,  
We shall have harp,  
We shall have lute,  
We shall have horn.  
We shall have sweet psaltery  
Of the melodious strings  
And the regal lyre,  
Of the songs we shall have,  
Of the songs we shall have.

# Fall Equinox Essay: More Michaelmas

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1986

By Emmon Bodfish

Fall Equinox is associated with the gathering of root crops in Scotland and England, and perhaps, before the potato, in Ireland as well. Many of the old customs are preserved in the Highlands, enacted now in the name of "Michaelmas" festivals. Michael was the Christian personality most often substituted for Lugh, or, in other contexts, for Llyr, by the Old Celtic Church. The flaming sword and warrior aspect of the Archangel may have suggested a similarity to Lugh-of-the-Long-Arm with his magical spear. It also carries on the Celtic God's protective image and his function as defender of the people, but most particularly it is the quality of "shining-ness" that links the two.

Alexander Carmichael, collecting oral folklore in the 1800s, notes that in the Highlands, St. Michael is spoken of as "an brian Michael." That is "The Demi-god Michael." Christian saints, such as Columba or Andrew, are called Santo, Saint, from the Latin. Archangel Gabriel is "aingal" a Gàidhlig word deriving from the Latin, or "Naomh," Gàidhlig for holy, sacred. No one else is "brian," demi-god. The Highlanders' Michael is pictured riding a winged horse, and is the patron of sailors and ships. There is no basis in the Biblical angel's character for this; it is probably a co-option from Llyr, God of the Western Ocean and Master of Horses. The same characteristics, and the combination of associations with ships and with a fiery steed, are attributed to Manannan McLlyr, in Cornwall and Brittany.

The ceremony of the carrots, described by Carmichael, in connection with Fall Equinox and Llyr/Lugh's Time, is something that could be adapted to the present R.D.N.A. celebration. It follows:

On the 29th of September, a festival in honour of St. Michael is held throughout the Western Coasts and Isles. This is much the most imposing pageant and much the most popular of the Celtic year. Many causes conduce to this--causes which move the minds and the hearts of the people to their utmost tension. To the young the Day is a day of promise, to the old a day of fulfillment, to the aged a day of retrospect. It is a day when pagan cult and Christian doctrine meet and mingle like the lights and shadows on their own Highland hills.

The Even of St. Michael is the eve of bringing in the carrots, of baking the "struan," of killing the lamb, of stealing the horses. The Day of St. Michael is the Day of the early mass, the day of the sacrificial lamb, the day of the oblation 'struan,' the day of the distribution of the lamb, the day of the distribution of the 'struan,' the day of the pilgrimage to the burial-ground of their fathers, the day of the burial-ground service, the day of the burial-ground circuiting, the day of giving and receiving the carrots with their wishes and acknowledgements, and the day of the 'oda'--the athletics of men and the racing of horses. And the Night of Michael is the night of the dance and the song, of the merry-making of the love-making, and of the love-gifts.

Some days before the festival of St. Michael the women and girls go to the fields and plains of the townland to procure carrots. The afternoon of the

Sunday immediately proceeding St. Michael's Day is especially devoted to this purpose, and on this account is known as "Domhnach Curran"--Carrot Sunday. When the soil is soft and friable, the carrots can be pulled out of the ground without digging. When, however, the soil is hard, a space is dug to give the hand access to the root. This space is made in the form of an equal-sided triangle, technically called 'torcan,' diminutive of "torc," a cleft. The instrument used is a small mattock of three prongs, called 'tri-meurach,' three-fingered, 'sliopag,' 'sliobhag.' The three sided 'torcan' is meant to typify the three sided shield, and the three-fingered 'sliopag,' the trident of St. Michael, and possibly each to symbolize the Trinity. The many brightly-clad figures swing to and fro, in and out, like the figures in a kaleidoscope, are singularly pretty and picturesque. Each woman intones a rune to her own tune and time irrespective of those around her. The following fragment was intoned to me in a soft, subdued voice by a woman who had gathered carrots eighty years previously:

'Torcan, torrach, torrach, torrach,  
Sonas curran corr orm,  
Michael mil a bhi dha m'chonuil,  
Bride gheal dha m'chonradh

Piseach linn gach piseach,  
Piseach dha mo bhroinn,  
Piseach linn gach piseach,  
Piseach dha mo chloinn.'

Cleft fruitful, fruitful, fruitful,  
Joy of carrots surpassing upon me,  
Michael the brave endowing me,  
Bride the fair be aiding me.

Progeny pre-eminent over every progeny,  
Progeny on my womb,  
Progeny pre-eminent over every progeny,  
Progeny on my progeny.

Should a woman find a forked carrot, she breaks out into a more exultant strain that brings her neighbours round to see and to admire her luck.

'Fhorca shona, shona, shona,  
Fhorca churran mor orm,  
Conuil curran corr orm  
Sonas curran mor dhomh.'

Fork joyful, joyful, joyful,  
Fork of great carrot to me,  
Endowment of carrot surpassing upon me,  
Joy of great carrot to me.

There is much rivalry among the women who shall have most and best carrots. They carry the carrots in a bag slung from the waist, called 'crisolachan,' little girdle, from 'crios,' a girdle. When the 'earrasaid' was worn, the carrots were carried in its ample folds. The women wash the carrots and tie them up in small bunches, each of which contains a 'glac,' handful. The bunches are tied with three-ply thread, generally scarlet, and put in pits near the house and covered with sand till required.

## Fall Equinox Essay: Sirona

A Druid Missal-Any Fall Equinox 1987  
By Emmon Bodfish

Fall Equinox, a minor High Day in the Druid calendar. The days are getting short again and the harvest is in full swing. This is the time of Cernunnos, and the other Deities of night, of the Season of Sleep, and the Otherworld. The Celts, as far as we know, did not have a specific lunar deity. (I often get asked for the name of a Moon Goddess.) In researching this I have come across the interesting information on the origins of the Goddess Sirona. Her name comes from the same Indo-European root as "star," although She was later associated with the source of the river Seine, a spring where a shrine to Her was located.

As the Celts moved out of the Halstatt homeland in Austria and across Europe, they re-named rivers and springs for their Goddesses, perhaps merging them with local protective Earth Goddesses. A major shrine to Sirona, located at a spring in Hochscheid has been both traced in Roman reports and verified archeologically. This shrine was associated with healing, and Sirona is shown here on plaques and in votive statues along with a young male figure. This is probably Lugh, whom the Romans equated with Apollo after they took over the site in the second century AD. When Christians later took over the shrine, they dedicated it to a "Saint Sabine," another euhemerism of a Pagan Goddess into a Christian Pious. In late Celtic times the sanctuary was a Nemeton built around a spring whose waters were directed into a pool. In the pool have been found small votive statues of the Goddess and of the Divine Couple, presumably Sirona and Lugh, and also coins and precious offerings. It is described by the excavators as an unusually rich shrine for one so far in the country.

Sirona is portrayed here, as elsewhere, in statues and wall reliefs, holding a serpent, and a bowl of eggs, probably serpent's eggs. The motif of the Serpent's Egg appears in Irish literature and in folklore about the Druid in the British Isles. Possession of these magical eggs was said to bestow divine wisdom, eloquence, and protection against spells and disease. This last quality may be a dim echo of the healing powers of Sirona and of Her ancient association with night and dreams. People seeking cures for chronic illnesses often made pilgrimages in order to sleep within the sanctuary of a healing Deity in hope of receiving a Divine Dream in which the cause and cure of their illness would be made known to them by the Goddess of the shrine. Dio Cassius wrote of a pilgrimage made by the Emperor Caracalla to the shrines of the Celts as well as to Greek and Roman temples in search of a cure.

Farther west in Gaul, Sirona takes on a more diurnal and agrarian image, and is portrayed holding an ear of grain and a bowl. The concepts of healing and of regeneration were always closely associated in Celtic culture, according to Prof. Miranda Green, archeologist and British expert on the Celts. The ear of wheat symbolized the power of growth and rebirth, truth to its name "spica" from the root for hope. Green calls Sirona "polyandrous," but evidence simply shows Her working in conjunction with several different male Deities: Lugh, Bormo, Grannus, and several other as yet unidentified male figures. She is always associated with the serpent itself as an image of healing and wisdom in the Ancient World, and a symbol associated with the milky Way in several early astronomies.

Night, rest, and healing are the domain of Sirona. The nights will be getting longer now, taking precedence over the day. But as one devotee of Sirona, in spirit if not in name, put it, "I hold the darkness to be good no less than the light." Now begins the harvest of the benefits of the "good and covering

dark." Between now and Samhain, try to visit some place in the deep country where you can see the Milky Way and the dark sky the way the Druids of Sirona saw it before artificial lights and smog lowered our vision. Anywhere you are, though, a few of the bright stars and planets are always visible, even in the city. If you can't sleep go out and look at the stars.

A meditative experiment for the radical and the brave: From now 'til Samhain, avoid all night time electronic media. Know darkness and stars.

## Fall Equinox Essay: Preparation for Winter

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1988  
By Emmon Bodfish

Fall Equinox, a minor High Day in the Reform Druid calendar. The season of Foghar begins. The harvest advances in earnest. All produce of the fields and wild woods must be gathered in before Samhain Eve. Any fruit left in the fields after that night must be left, abandoned to the birds and the wild creatures, "to feed the flocks of Cernunnos." At Fall Equinox the work of harvesting is in full swing and we can appreciate a minor holiday from our work.

There is very little to gather here at the Orinda Grove Site. After the drought and the oak moth plague of this year and last, the oaks has not ripened any acorns to speak of, and the Blue Flag bulbs and wild onions are scarce. We'll leave what there are to the animals. The deer are hungry and the squirrels have grown bold. They come into the yard or sniff around the garage. However we have a bumper crop of fire wood with all the dead saplings and fallen oak limbs. Never cut a living tree for fuel. There is plenty of the dead stuff around.

From now until Winter Solstice is the time of Cernunnos, Master of the Animals, the woodland God, the antlered shaman. He is the teacher and "brother" of mystics, and of the solitary woods hermits of the Celtic pagan tradition. Professor James Duran believes He is a cognate to Hindu Shiva. He is the magician or shaman figure, cultivating his "yoke to God" in solitude. One theory of the torque symbolism in Celtic religion is that it represents a bond to the wearer's patron deity. There is archeological evidence, shrines in caves in Spain and France with continuous offerings left over the centuries, that His identity may go back to the antlered and costumed shamans of the Paleolithic. He is a patron of hunters, and is probably cognate with the Anglo-Saxon figure of Hern the Hunter.

The emphasis of this season is balance: old and new, gains and losses. Now we can take stock of the past, of the year's activities and harvest our gains or cut our losses. Harvest is a time of endings. We are busy storing, preserving and celebrating crops and insights. Balance it with rest, and talking over future plans, beside a hearth fire if possible.

# Fall Equinox Essay: Cernunnos and Dance

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1989  
By Emmon Bodfish

Equinox approaches! This is the time sacred to Cernunnos, the Hunter God. The cult of the horned god, the shaman-god dressed in the horns and hide of a hoofed prey-animal, is one of the most ancient themes running through Indo-European-Siberian group of cultures. Cave paintings in France and Spain dating from the Paleolithic show these figures, and he is seen again on the Gundestrup cauldron, crafted by the Eastern European Celts under Druid auspicious and direction, he wears the antlers of the stag. It would be rash to think of all the horned Eurasian gods as Cernunnos, each tribe probably had their own name for him, but the theme seems universal among those cultures which lived through the last Ice Age in Europe and Eurasia north of the Caucasus. In the Pre-Indo-European Balkans he is associated with the goat, in Siberia with the reindeer, in England with the Red Deer, and in the Mediterranean and Ireland with the bull, (Here is another element linking Erin to Spain and the Mediterranean world as opposed to the rest of the British Isles or Gaul.) Everywhere Cernunnos is associated with a horned and hoofed, food producing species. He may be the Being commemorated in the "horn-dances" carried out in a number of English villages up through the nineteenth century, and now exclusively in Abbots Bromley. Whether this is a local survival from Druidic or even Pre-Celtic times, or is a rite brought with them by the Anglo-Saxon invaders in the service of their cognate deity, Hern the Hunter, is not known.

Originally Cernunnos seems to have been a hunter's god, and later to have become associated with flocks and herds as "Master of the Animals." Still later he is appealed to for prosperity and fertility in general. This was the stage of the tradition seen in the Grecian Pan cult, and in that of European "Robin Goodfellow," later distorted and debased by Christian missionaries into their "devil" cults and images. There is no devil in the Celtic Pantheon. A cosmic "bad guy" is a theological invention of a set of Middle Eastern religions including Zoroastrianism, Persian, Sumerian and Semitic as well as Christianity. Devil inventing and worshipping as we see it now is a Christian spin-off, and usually a rebellion against that same faith. It has nothing to do with the older, indigenous religions and God-figures of Europe. Cernunnos was an extremely popular figure among the farming peoples of Celtic Europe, and the Romans, newly Christianized themselves, seeing that they could not co-opt his worship, or euphemize him into a "saint," as they did a number of the other Druidic deities, debased him into a demon, i.e. the god of a rival, competing theocracy. Margaret Murray first enunciated this theory in the 1920s. Her work then fell into disrepute in the '40s and '50s, but has since been revived and vindicated. Her book, *The God of the Witches*, Oxford University Press, 1970, is worth reading if you can find it. G. Rachel Levy also sheds some light on the Mediterranean versions of his worship. In her book *The Gate of Horn*, Farber and Farber, 1948. (This book is now published as *Religious Conceptions of the Stone Age and Their Influence Upon European Thought*, New York: Harper, 1963.)

The Gaelic word "Faighe" that come to be translated "prophet," originally meant "seer" and was the name of one class of Druids, solitary forest-dwelling mystics, who may have originally been connected with the worship of Cernunnos in his role as the shaman-god. "Fiagh," the Gaelic root word for

"deer," is suggestive in this regard. The old "seer" whom Finn encountered beside the sacred pool was probably one such. They are associated with the Hazel, as Cernunnos may have be as Bride is associated with the Birch and Lugh with the Apple tree.

The Horned-god had a second sacred time beginning around the Winter Solstice with the tradition of the Plying Shaman, Mystic and inter-world journeyer, he descends Into the Land of the Ancestors, (the sun, sinking to its nadir?) to bring back new souls, of game animals and kine and humans that new animals and Infants may be born and increase and prosperity be assured. This journey, "dedicated to the continual flow and renewal of life,\*" was still being undertaken by Finn-Ugric and Siberian tribal shamans into this century. It is well documented and the beliefs behind it recorded by A. A. Popov, the Russian anthropologist in his numerous books and articles,

Cernunnos' rituals and, from the evidence of offerings left secretly at cave shrines, his worship, continued long after nominal Christianization of Europe. The Highland Calluinn (Hazel-tree) Ritual is an example of one such rite, still in practice in the nineteenth century. The Protestant cleric who recorded it seems to have had no inkling of its meaning, but he writes that the people of the west Highlands, in the middle of the seventeenth century, were "little more than heathens, having been neglected by the Roman Church." According to Dwelly, of *Dwelly's Gaelic-English Dictionary* fame, it is an old west Highland belief that old Calluinn night, when the winds blow from the West, is the night of the fecundation of the trees. The West is the direction of the Celtic Other World, and of the dead. One wonders if this post-Solstice celebration marks the successful return of the shaman, (as well as the sun) from the Land of the Dead with his sack of new souls and spiritual gifts from the ancestors

(See the Yule Druid Missal-Any for 1986 for the "Santa" Claus-Cernunnos-Flying shaman connection.)

\*Quote from the R.D.N.A New and Full Moon Day Service



## Section Two:

# The Heathen on the Heath

a.k.a.

## The Thoughts of Les Craig-Harger

### The Heathen on the Heath: Dying

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1986

It is the dawning of our year, and the time to mourn our dead.

I mourn two men of gentle courage, Earl McKeever and George Russ. I cannot keen, or recite their deeds in epic verse; I was not so trained, and neither am I that big a liar. I wept when weeping was fresh and unavoidable. Now is the time of remembrance, and I remember each of them.

Both lived with disability; both died at the hands of murderers. What this means to the year that has ended, or the year that is beginning, or any years before or after, is beyond me--for which I am glad.

As always, I turn to the garden, to the land.

Plants are dying now, sinking to the ground, beginning to decay before the green of life has entirely left them. New growth fastens on the decay and is made strong thereby. This is the way of compost, and of those of us who bear the stigma: Survivor. Ruthlessly the living soul battens on memory. The mourner weeps proudly, wearing the names of the dead as decorations of battle.

And the earth does not judge us, nor does she care. Salmon run, and spawn, and die, and all their history is carried out to sea, along with the hope of their race. Leaves fall, and become rich loam. Myth degenerates into bedtime stories—

--And children dream.

And what shall we do, when sweet-scented loves and bright, clean angers of youth begin to disintegrate into the nameless depths of a mind no longer young? Some of us become cynical, embracing disproof when proof proves impossible. Some of us set places for the dead at our tables, and turn down their beds, and berate the living world for slighting them; we too cling to dead dreams as if loud repetition of their content would bring back our innocence, and vindicate its misconceptions as higher truth. To some of us, the passage of time is a pattern, immune to any attempt of ours to contribute. To others, time has not passed at all.

"When I die," one friend told me, "the world ends."

But I choose to inhabit a world that will outlive me, if only for company, and the desire to belong. I may not leave a mark on the face of history; there may be no place for me in any structured scheme of things.

But there's always room on the compost heap.

## The Heathen on the Heath: Death

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 1987

Samhain is change; Samhain is ever the same. Year after year we celebrate the Eternal Return, yet in many ways, every Samhain, we are made aware that you can never really go home.

Remember the dead, they whom--at least this time around--we will not see again. If ever we do meet again, it will be a different story, with everyone wearing different faces; the beloved ghosts who watch with us this night can only wait, and whimper, hoping that when Mannannen's cloak is finally drawn between us, it is wisdom and not wounds that each shall bring away from that parting. Some changes are irrevocable.

I talk to my death. I ask his advice, and he always gives it. It never differs from the last advice he gave me, but the sound of his voice awakens the mind to flooding moonlight, clearer than the cluttered light of day, and all the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, and petty things become very small indeed. For my death says, "Whatever it is that you will do, remember that I am coming for you; I know when that is, but you don't."

We live in a real world, and we know that because, one by one, we die. This Samhain, as we stand in the moon drenched grass, can we let wishful thinking drain from us, and be there for our Gods as they are? The wishful mind is a lover so busy planning the wedding, or choreographing the seduction, or mentally buying a house, that the fiery satin of the beloved's touch goes unnoticed. Imagination given to the present, and to the opening of the senses, is psychedelic; there is no book of instructions for the opening of an eye, and no script for a kiss. Name the names of your dead, and let yourself cry. Look at the living and see them. Don't miss anything, because the next Samhain, the next year, the next life, the next time you step on this same patch of ground, everything will be different.

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### Seasonal Festivities

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1986

The wind is rising; it yowls like a ghost, or like my boojum-hunting Siamese cat. Modern society, to placate centralized authority, has its Halloweens and Christmases mixed up; Yule's defiance of the dark has always had a shiver in it, for all the blazing fires and gift-giving.

In the hills, our potlatches begin early and end late, with gifts displaying little of meekness, or modern good taste. It is a show of individual power and communal solidarity, an upraised finger to the society that names us separate and subordinate, and a jeer at the darkness. Animals are given, and food, and parts for woodstoves, and tools, and weapons. The well-to-do clothe their friends in gaudy finery; the poor may literally give the shirts off their backs. ("I got good wear out of this, but it'd really look better on you...") Some of these folk are Christians, and others evade all Gods equally; we pagans, for the most part, go in secret. But the Mother is there. Who can forget Her ways, when She blows off chunks of the roof and pours the bounty of Her waters down the backs of our necks at 4 A.M.?

The Really Together Pagan Farmer could perhaps use the Season of Sleep to catch up on same (barring the occasional invasion by the elements!) For all Her vaunted somnolence in these short days, Mom would do a lot of my winter work for

me, had I only prepared. Clover scattered in the cornfield will both feed and weed it, while we who miss the boat get to experience winter's majesty firsthand, as we haul manure in the rain. And this is the litany of the Not So Together Pagan Farmer: "Next year, for sure, I'll remember!"

People of the towns and valleys charge about at breakneck speed, readying for their own midwinter festival. They beam in childlike glee at festoons of red and gold and green--anybody recognize those colors? Spend money like water, and then go home and feed their shrewd and skeptical children one version or another of the Santa Clause: there is or there ain't. The Heathen's child didn't wait for the huffing and puffing of grownup authority. "Santa's a spirit," he said. The Heathen's child happens to believe in spirits, being something of an imp himself. Will Santa come to him in visions? Guide him through the forest at night? Bestow amulets, misplace household objects, spook the cat? There have been a disproportionate number of small, impressively-antlered deer around here lately; perhaps I should have a talk with that kid.

Do people have a Yule instinct? With crèches and evergreens, candles in varying arrangements, and assorted bells and books, we all seem to gather in the dark, to give the Wheel of the Year a push out of midwinter's mud and snow. And thus we come to love a season of harsh truths. It is now that sickly animals will die, and terminally-ill people as well. It is now that the weather takes its toll, in sniffles and shivers, in stuck, crashed, or broken vehicles. And darkness settles in our thoughts and our hearts, depression and contention and unexplained tears: we *need* our festival now. The flame of Life's energy burns low, and it is our turn to fan the embers that once blazed so heartily, whether or not we noticed or cared.

So join now, my people, remembering who we are. Let not the traditions of others, whether openly sacred or merely The Way Things Are Done These Days, bind us in unawareness. Rather let us face our hardship and heartbreaks, wearying pasts and intimidating futures, and together make loud, rude noises at them. And so we shall be prepared for the Sun's return, and strengthened for the work that is to follow. Don't worry if it isn't easy, or if the holiday's merriment has a catch in it here and there. We have the freedom to debunk the *real* seasonal fraud, and admit: it *isn't* easy, or carefree, or exactly like being a kid again. Then, having admitted it, light the fire, pour the punch, and make the light welcome when it gets here.

It isn't easy. So why should Mom have to do it all alone?

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### Making A Tradition

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1987

Time was when I tried to tie every column in with the theme of the seasons. But I've ridden at least one revolution of the year-wheel with this column, and it has finally occurred to me that Mad Sweeney handles the seasonal aspects of the Missal-Any quite well, without the aid of my scholly sloppishness. So I think I'll stop the year and get off.

What, I haven't succeeded? Why, so I haven't. For I have here a subject of rant and rave quite appropriate for winter's dark insistence. You see, it occurs to me that winters--especially country winters--are a fine time to get down to the grunt work of our religion. We have sung and feasted and sacrificed, and yelled at one another and praised our ancestors. But what do we do next? What is a pagan, or more specifically a Reformed Druid, life, in gubby day-to-day detail?

I must first admit that hard, clearheaded scholarship is something that I perceive as a duty, badly neglected on my part. I am currently poking my nose into the study of history, in bits and snippets, including more of the world than the U.S., or Celtic Britain and Ireland. The future springs from the loam of the past; if one wants to add a few nutrients for its proper growth, it helps to know what was thrown on the compost heap to begin with, and also to be reasonably aware of the nature of composting.

But what do we want to do with that future? Could I say that most of us would like to bring with us some of the values that we find in the visions of our Celtic forebears--the stubborn individualism that has led English-speaking peoples (and those who still speak Gaelic) into political experimentation that has continued to this day? Do we want to continue the openhearted pride and hospitality of the Celt, and the bold curiosity that looks the very Gods squarely in the eye?

We can only start right now. And though we may debate the correctness of possibility of writing, or rather rewriting, our own religion, the need to rewrite our culture is hardly worth an argument. Culture gets rewritten, and one can either participate actively or be manipulated by those in power. We're living a script that was heavily re-written in the aftershock of two world wars: although the sanctity of the family per se is a very old concept, the sanctity of the *nuclear* family is no older than our own parents. Cut! We're gonna have to do that scene over again. The previous generation meant well. They probably hoped, by isolating the breeding unit, to achieve greater individual prestige, and in some cases, it worked.

No one could have explained to them, without first trying it, that isolating small groups of people with specialized roles under heavy economic pressure would provide all sorts of motivation for abuse. And the failure to deal with Grandma and Grandpa, though a grandiose glitch, is no bigger than some of the boners we'll pull, once we get the lead out and start doing things.

Who's that in the back row? You say "doing things" is a fine idea for flaky South Humboldt hippies, but what about you real folks with real jobs and real bosses and neighbors and such to deal with?

You win a few, you lose a few. Actually, country folks can be just as hardheaded in their expectations as city dwellers, and although rural neighbors are fewer, they have more influence on your day-to-day life. Which brings me to the next point: if we expect to have any influence on our surroundings, we must exercise it as neighbours do, a little at a time.

It would perhaps be more fun to establish, immediately, a clan-type family structure with a set of equal-opportunity social customs. This is always a favorite fantasy, probably because everybody wants to be The McGregor. But if you are the leader of your embryo clan, you have my heartfelt sympathy. Chances are that your contributions pass unremarked, except by loud complaints of stubbornness, meddling, egotism, and being late when you drive the neighbors' kids to school. The loudest grouching will come from your own immediate family, since time devoted to a larger group is time not lavished exclusively on them.

To be even responsible, much less acceptable or polite, we must start small. This means noticing small things.

To whom do we show respect, for what, and in what ways? What are our prejudices? (Careful, lying saps power.)

Is there any subject regarding which we would not want to pass our beliefs on to our children?

Are our religious ideals reflected in our etiquette? Do we give lip service to the Mother, but expect human mothers to

stay home until their figures look normal and their kids don't cry unexpectedly? Do we fear and ridicule old age?

Do we revere Nature, but describe biological processes in the language of disgust? (Footnote: this correspondent is aware of the glory-in-grossness rhetoric of Crowley, or the Hell's Angels. She is also aware that the excuses for such rhetoric only fool men. *Please* don't refer to a pregnant acquaintance as "spawning," at least in my hearing...probably also in hers. We *do* know what you mean, and we don't like it.) Or do we use euphemisms to shove conversation away from a subject, rather than handling it in a calm and neutral tone? If a child asked you to describe sex, what words would you use? My "well, they fit together" may have been less than articulate, but it at least allowed my daughter to laugh, especially when I explained that when she was old enough, her instincts would cause her to enjoy it. "I always knew grownups were weird!" said she.

Do we deplore patriarchalism in the home, autocracy in business, and arbitrariness in law, but allow them to function unmolested? Do we "mind our own business" about socially acceptable cruelties, but pretend to the "normality" of the busy bodies in power?

Do we vote? Do we volunteer in the service of our beliefs?

Do we have a relationship with our surroundings? With plants? With animals? How well do we know our climate, our soil, our geography?

See, This is the grunt work. This is the kind of thing a religion faces you with, once you've lasted through the honeymoon phase. And half the time, once you've decided what the Gods really want you to do, your first impulse will be to try to talk Them out of it. Like, there's a quintillion bazillion gophers in my garden, and You Guys don't want me to use any poisons? Not even one little pellet? And about that geas. Folks--You really mean to tell me that You expect people to have geasa in the Eighties? Next, You'll be asking us whether we believe in magic.

But if you readers are members of the NRDNA or related organizations at this point in their development, you're the diehards, the ones who have made it this far. You've lived through the political snits and social catastrophes that drove away the dilettantes and novelty-seekers. Your pagan eyes have seen births and marriages and divorces and deaths. You have, somewhere within you, a worldview not taught to you by either mainstream religious or secular authorities.

Now, obviously, there's no law that says you can't just bug out on the project at this point. Taking your feral spiritual priorities out for a spin can make you conspicuous, especially in the current sociopolitical climate of enlightened despair. Giving up always looks terribly sophisticated.

But you can't bug out on winter.

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### Balance and Planting

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1986  
By Les Craig-Harger, Humboldt County, CA

On the farm, the day of equal-night may pass, as usual, unmarked by any observance, yet no less sacred; sacred is each moment to its own purpose. Remember the day of planting, and keep it holy, for few hours separate the rain and clumping mud from the onrushing summer. Too late, wherein seedlings rise just in time for the devouring heat of midsummer, and bolt before any but the birds and mealybugs have tasted them! Forget not the blessed days of foal-gentling, before the young horse can overcome its wobbliness and see what tottering and snail-paced wimps we two legs are! And are the fowls laying, and where--sacred to this purpose are a thousand times and place, including the tool shed, or your tennis drying on the front porch.

And so sometime after the blooming of the first roses, and the setting out of beans and tomatoes from the greenhouse, someone may notice that spring has, indeed, sprung, and too bad we didn't have time for a Maypole last week...

One may be thankful for the Equinox as it whizzes by, seeing that the daylight hours finally hold their own with the hours of tripping over the water-hose and falling in the compost pit. One may recognize the rich generosity of the Mother in the blackness of dirty fingernails, and the smell of last year's dead leaves calling out to this year's living plants. On the day of the Equinox. I may be on my hands and knees in the rain, planting with my fingers in a narrow raised bed, so that each row can be reached without putting my weight on the moist earth. I may be hunting ducks' eggs in the dew, with my son gathering feathers behind me. This year, I may be watching the cow calve, or frantically stringing fence against the incursions of milk stealing steers. But meditations may creep across the back of my mind, meditations of this day of balance, or precious and minutely-measured time--of economy, the ever shifting economy of life and of the earth, which makes hay, as the sun begins to shine, of all our smaller concerns.

In the city, our time is worth money. I could lay aside my shovel, take pen in hand, and prove to myself that in not renting a tractor to till my garden, I am earning perhaps eleven cents an hour. But what cosmic Boss offers me money for this time? And is not my time mine to keep or use, as well as sell? If I compare the time of buddy boots, dripping sweat, and peace with the time of driving cars and sitting at desks, I laugh. And if my time is not entirely my own, but also Hers, shall I offer Her days of my good, smelly, biodegradable toil, or hours and minutes of noise and spewing hydrocarbons? (Hours and minutes, which by Her own executive fiat, may not come until the time for planting is past, for it would take a worse farmer than I am to roll a thousand pounds of metal over the fragility of wet ground, when my own feet can tread their appointed walkways, and fingers and Garden-Weasel, while inefficient, will at least not undo the work of a year's composting.)

And what do we plant? As we follow Mother around the garden, clumping like children in Her cast-off shoes, which game of creation shall we play? Each has its own rules; every garden must be a little ecosystem, hopefully favoring plants over pests, and competing successfully with a system of crabgrass, slugs, gooseberry runners, and aphids that already works perfectly well, thank you. The hardy radish will crowd out the weeds, but how many radishes will one family eat? Perhaps I can sell them turnips again this year, if I chop them

up finely in Chinese food, or dissolve them in lentil soup. Carrots love tomatoes, and vice versa, but neither of them loves my heavy acid loam; can I till in some sand, without merely creating a playground for the gophers? (My onions, potatoes, and garlic are planted--long before the Equinox--in old truck tires with wood or wire beneath them; for such gopher-ambrosia as these, I must create not only a separate ecosystem, but a separate little planet, inaccessible to nature's little restaurant critics.) The years teach me to recognize lost causes, too; Bak Choi will substitute for celery and cabbage both, and the mealybugs will at least share it with me. We ask for what we want, and do what we can to earn it, but the final choice is at the Mother's whim, varying from year to year. One year someone wished me either peas or peace, and got the accent wrong, for peas were upon me until long after summer should have withered them, whether I ever cultivated them properly or not. The next year, everyone ate a lot of borscht; the next, we learned a thousand and one ways to cook banana squash. I cannot bring myself to despair of eggplants, artichokes, or corn, but surely She laughs at my efforts, as each year's one-meal harvest is celebrated with a toast of "Better luck next time!"

So I'll raise a dented beer-can to this day of balance, before I've forgotten it (and drink the half that doesn't get poured in the slug-traps) and then go on to do as I've always done, celebrating not days, but seasons of labor and years of learning. Like most of Her mob of grubby kids, I love our Mother more than I bother to tell her; and perhaps as we lesser mothers of forgetful offspring do, She know this. Another year of Her rough patience with my efforts has begun...

## The Heathen On the Heath:

### The Balanced Epistle

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1987

Balance? Not to doubt You, oh my Mother, but I don't see it. As the hill greens around me, and the ducks begin to lay, work looms large; winter's anomie begins to thaw, and my own identity pokes its nose out of hiding--a belated groundhog in search of its shadow. Where is meaning, or mission, or will? There is a place for me in these hills, and right easily could I stagnate in it.

Seasons come to us, reminding us that we are neither omnipotent nor alone. But seasons have as many names as there are folk to speak them. I give rose-cuttings to a Wiccan neighbor "for Brigid," because if I said Oimeic she'd say "huh?" And local farmers have other names for it: lambing-time, and also a pain in the ass, with bummers to nurse and marauders to repel--coyote, cougar, dog-pack. And then one must ask, are the berry-bushes cut yet? Does the nursery have seed-potatoes? The time to remember the Equinox, and planting, is in February, before it is too late.

Much is said in these pages of tradition, and of scholarship, and of knowledge that must not be lost. Others, I among them, point in turn to the knowledge that sits directly in front of our noses, just waiting to be ignored. Neither the traditional scholar, nor I, can do anything as a purist but yell at the other; in the vibrating tension between us is most of reality.

So let me say now that I do not set out to abandon the mythic awareness of our forefolk, but only to live a life with leaves as well as roots. If we are not merely the inventors of myth, but co-participants with the gods, then we must recognize that myth springs both from humanity and from the soil itself. Gladly will I learn what my people once knew of their homeland. But if you ask *me* (or even if you don't; you

can always read something else!) I will tell you what I learn from my own homeland, for that may well be the only thing on Earth that I know and you don't.

Myth like the grubby liberty of the hills, and hill folk join gladly in the game, taking to themselves small notorieties as straight-men to Nature's comedies, or soldiers in mythic battles. There is a Trickster here, called The Buck You'd Better Not Shoot At: he's robbed a thousand gardens with impunity, and whosoever shoulders a gun against him is injured in the attempt. I've seen him myself; he's magnificent. There are good-lucks and bad-lucks, many of them founded in common sense: don't hunt between the houses could hardly be called baseless superstition, nor could the rough interpretations of Karma or hubris that passes for common knowledge. "Something will hear you!" we warn our braggarts, and they turn pale and shut up. And "God" help the one who drives heedlessly by a neighbor's stalled or swamped vehicle, for the local gods will not.

Where do these youthful, local traditions and the elder traditions of Celtic Druidism meet? I spent as many days as anyone else with neither any recognizable knowledge, nor any use for it; then a neighbor came to me. "You're the Druid around here," he said; "which trees should I be careful not to cut?"

I could have said that Druids don't deal with things like that, except that what little I know of tradition states that our forebears were priests and cognoscenti, *meant* to be consulted by their neighbors. I could have said that Neopagan Druidism was a religion--but since when does that make it irrelevant? So "the Druid around here" spent a long day in a neighbor's woodlot, trying to feel the life-forces of trees, inspecting roots for firmness and tops for fullness, and trying to remember snatches of an ecology course she took in 1970. Seat of the pants flying, indeed--but it might have been less confusing if I'd spent more time studying!

And there, perhaps, we have balance, if not stability. Just so is the spring a time of balance, though when it snows one day and cooks my greenhouse the next, it may be too pretty to appreciate it. The year is not an orderly, well-mannered procession; it goes by fits and starts. And learning, if it is to take us anywhere we haven't been before, must see-saw between study and appreciation, with each testing the other.

And when I am confused, I shall admit confusion--not by intoning that there are Things I Was Not Meant To Know, but by realizing that I can't see (or portray) the whole picture at once. I speak to you only as one person speaking, saying one thing at a time. We are not the people of the One God, the One Truth, or the One Way; we are like the forces of Nature that we worship -- a howling confabulation of extremes.

This is our balance (as when we chant to a March windstorm, "Balanced now are we!" and burst into giggles.) Let no voice among us be silenced; this is what we are, and how we grow.

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### Fertility

A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 1988

The hills truly do flow with the milk of the ewe, and the birth of lambs in the frost. Some of them die. Lambkind, however, continues in its sheer numbers, milling back and forth past the bones of the lost ones in the field.

For the animals, the promise of fertility is enough. Each mother beast has her own soft wondering here-baby sound, of desire fulfilled and her work cut out for her. Once I, too, made such sounds.

For the ewe, the task is over when she dies, or when death looms so close that the body will no longer answer any other call. For a woman, time passes a little differently. My tall son and daughter are a source of pleasure and pride, but other work calls to me now, more clearly than that one work of my body. I shrink from the promise of fertility with something akin to revulsion. Would I risk my life again, not in action but in helplessness, while others direct me and attend my most intimate needs? Would I hang my heart once again on a newborn's uncertain commitment to survival? For the door between world's swings both ways at birth, and an infant may exit as well as enter. And no parent desires to outlive his or her offspring. And would plain practicality relegate my ambitions to a back corner, while I spent five years or more in a routine of baby care that left no time for anything else but servitude?--For nothing gainful can be done with hours doled out in increments of twenty minutes or less.

Not if I can help it! But then, it didn't look that way to me when I was doing it. In calm, this appears as a function of the passage of time. Once a mother, I was a maiden no more. And someday, even the intransigent body will take its slow, awkward steps from mother to crone. So why (to more women than just me) should fertility, having outlived its personal usefulness, fester like a wound that will not heal?

Some of this can be ascribed directly to the arrogance and cruelty of the powerful. What major corporation would rent part of a woman, when it can more conveniently buy all of a man? The executive woman performs many hidden duties: not only to do her work, but to be the knife-thin, aseptically tailored embodiment of a life with no other purpose. This is called Equal Rights, for now we, too, can owe our souls to the company store. And so birthing becomes either an expensive luxury, or the task of the unambitious. And the earth does not groan, for there are too many humans already.

This is our problem. Over the generations, we have brought it on ourselves, and now we bear it alone. Alone as a race, and often alone as individuals: over such issues as crying babies, housework, and the division of money not equally earned, we squabble rancorously among ourselves.

Very much has already been said, some of it by me, about the need as either political or religious whatever-we-ares to respect the decision of a mother to be a mother. But what is a mother?

Motherhood is a role, a set of tasks. But Motherhood--the embodiment of the many-named Mother we worship--is a form of power. And like any form of power, it can be abused.

We moderns shrink from the corniness of the imitator Dei, not only because of its grandiose indignity, but also through fear of failure. Which one of us is ready to be *the* Lover, *the* Father, or to brave face-on the death and rebirth inherent in the growth and independence of a Child? And who among us can live in our birthing and caring as Earth lives,

both passive and productive? If I were Earth, could I whine and manipulate and demand that others care for me? Could I use the sacredness of my condition as an excuse for tyrannical Illogic, or blackmail loved ones with my supposed fragility?

Admittedly, if I were Earth, mainstream society still probably wouldn't like me very much. If I were Earth, I would sweat blood and wallow in pleasure, all in one day. I would stride through the entire firmament with Babies on Board and no bumper sticker. I would smell of milk burps and diaper enhancers and the passion of begetting, and care little what any child of mine thought of it. I would lie quiescent under the mud pies and scheming of my young, but do nothing to keep my tsunamis and tornados and earthquake, from dusting the impossibilities off them. And the lambs would drop in the silvered chill of the grass, but spring would come when it came, and no sooner. And by human standards, I'd laugh too much.

And if I were Earth, I still wouldn't know where the money was coming from, but I would continue to Create, and not sweat the details. Without humility, I would take the gifts of heat, of light, of His love, and make life of them, simply because that is what I do.

Obviously, the courage of Earth far surpasses my own. But in all phases of life, there are opportunities to try. When the Gods inspire, shall I say, "but the floor is still dirty!" or "the boss wouldn't like it!" and whimper proudly of what might have been? Beware the boredom of the Gods! Energy is given to us, to flow productively through us; its unfulfilled dispersal can be dangerous. Man, if you are not a father of children, what do you father? Ideas? Music? Shapes and colors, toys and shelters, parades of number and order, or conflicts and their resolution? Or do you open another beer and shrug, saying that the Father is not you? And woman, if you are done with birthing, or do not birth, what else comes out of you: teaching, or healing, or things made with the hands? Vision? Hospitality? Or purposeless busywork and endless complaint, excused by your own insignificance?

Brigit rules the season, and my woodstove. Sometimes She also decides to rule me. I can reach for guitar or typewriter, and let Her have her sport, or I can sit and fuss and hope She doesn't decide to burn the house down.

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### Growth and Life

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1986

Beltaine, Belanos, love's return. The sacred shampoo commercial, Lord and Lady finally looking up, enraptured, to meet each other's arms. Fulfillment blossoms forth in a smugly profligate burst of life, without regards for our priorities; weeds, rabbits, gophers, and bugs share the celebration with humanity's pampered pets. Who invited the piratical jays, the defiantly rapacious boar? Never mind, you guys; I think She did. Anyway, they're not leaving, and where's the beer?

Beltaine, bright blossoms, how does your garden grow? With glistening backs and gaily discarded shirts, and a thousand things I don't remember planting, and none of it all in a row. My own strawberries could take lessons from the wild ones that have crept in through the fence, and the big, bold blooms of the flower garden struggle in vain to keep up with their more fragile sisters of meadow and creekbed. And our own turn to wildness as well, howling dog and disappearing tomcat in their turn, playing hard at the only game in town. The ducks are a scandal to the jaybirds, and the jaybirds are a

scandal to everybody, but scandalous thoughts come easily to mind at this time of year.

I have seen snow on this day--doubtless some manic prank for my especial benefit--but if I want to can tomatoes this year, I will Have Faith and set the starts out, now. Pleasure coaxes us to faith, to belief in the unknowable future; why else would I trust my corn to a wind called the Freight Train, because it comes every day at four o'clock? Of course, I stake everything, giving the neighbors something to laugh at when the entire assemblage arrives in their yard, green plastic ties gaily fluttering in the residual breeze. Still there are some covenants ineradicable and unbroken, and this day will see the Earth Mother's signature to Her indelible word: the sleek twin banner of the new-sprung squash plant, and the opulent green of the potato leaf. How richly She engraves the simple promise: you shall not starve.

The breeze is perfumed with paradox; roses and garlic, those old lovers of garden-book fame, confuse the nose together. The compost heats up evocatively, and the barnyard is definitely a barnyard, unless the wind is blowing through the lilac bush.

This, they tell us, is the Season of Life, as opposed to the Season of Sleep. This is because this is the Season of Damned Little Sleep, as the screech-owl's mad laughter proclaims its own inexplicable business to the world at large, and deer bound crashingly by the window, no fear of anything but boredom.

Life.

Life! LIFE! Wake up, oh Party Poopers, and celebrate Life! And restless at our Lady's command, we do. For is it not Her pleasure-principle that draws us to her purpose, starting with air but inevitably going on to the harder stuff, while She, our Connection, smiles and gently suggests? We lust and are fruitful, hunger and work, desire and create. And gently, irresistibly, she draws us on.

Beltane. Blessed be, my people. Look about us, and see the endless, pointless, perfect purpose of our existence.

## The Heathen on the Heath: Praising the Gods of May

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1987 (published Solstice 1987)

In any Neopagan Druid service, we pause self-consciously to remind ourselves that we are standing in one limited spot, using limited names to offer the limitless Gods a passel of praise and sacrifice that They don't actually need.

In Beltane's disorderly abundance this reminder becomes especially poignant. Where is need of any kind in all of this? Fullness approaches, and our need is for union, for celebration: to be drawn into the riotous family of nature. Beltane is a love story, and I shall go a-Maying.

Shall I call you Earth Mother? Talithu? Nerthus? Ina? In all languages You have a name. I have trusted the seed to its rebirth in the rich death-and-life cycle of the loam; the plant has risen. Someday I shall be part of this, in body as well as in spirit. Is composting and mulching and planting and watering praise? Is gratitude praise?

Shall I call you Danu, Wellspring, Mother of Gods and of Mysteries? Mysteries are not that-which-man-was-not-to-know, but that which lures the mind beyond its depth, lest it grow too stolid to swim. Is it praise to seek our origins, to stare into the past and future, to revel in identity? Is it praise to be ourselves?

I begged my vision through night's chill, and morning's first ray was a kiss. Belanos, Lovelight, Seed-father; what is my praise but desire? The praise of green grass means the same, but love does not judge.

An antlered Cernunnos, may we amuse You! Ever the joke is on us, Lord of Beasts and of deep woods, dark fear and bright mockery. By green bough and animal-cry I know I shall live and lust and die in good company, but praise? You've heard me say things less polite. My flower gardens belongs to Rhiannon, for what She has taught me. In birdsong and sweet scents nature may praise the wise Horsewoman, but I can only learn. Let there be forgetfulness of that cruelty too often called justice: honor is a fresh blooming wild flower, and valor a note of music. Is a life praise? I cannot know while I am living it.

Like children, we praise greedily, reaching up for notice and acceptance, as a baby demands a hug. Our Gods are Mothers, Fathers, Lovers, Teachers; our gratitude quivers with wants yet unspoken. Like children, we have little to offer but ourselves and our works, in the hopes that our arch-Parents will gather us to Them as sentimentally as we do our own children. (All the while trying Their patience by attempting to shove our siblings out of the way, and hog all the attention for ourselves!) Is sharing praise, or service, or respect for fellow-creatures?

Surely we do not worship because we think our guaranteed annual year depends on it. And if we worship for the sake of the Gods, what shall we say to the Gods we do not know? The people of Thor offered wary respect to the White Christ, until Christian priests rejected, on Christ's behalf, the brotherhood of Thor. Then might Thor's people denounce Christ as a Wimp; but never did they take the view that what they did not know did not exist. Defining "unproven" as "false," or "myth" as "fabrication," or "unknown" as "nonexistent" is a popular failing of the current scientific establishment; in seeking our own science, we must remember that the modern mind is trained to the square corners and shut doors of monotheism. Though pre-existing knowledge is there for us, we are denied the cheap tricks of Central Authority. Do we worship in ritual? And what is our ritual: the mutable traditions of a farmer in the garden? A window opening on the visions of our forbears? Or a door to shut between emotion and thought, magic and work, religion and real life? Lugh help us; it's not an easy path.

We seek the path of heroes, for the modesty of the monotheist is another cop-out we don't get. Saints are safe in Heaven, beyond the reach of our kind, but heroes are meant to be emulated--though they may shine brighter out of antiquity, all their awkward moments over and one with. We need only remember that some being or circumstance will eventually play Emer to our Cuchullain, and require us to place money where mouth is.

So be splendid in the splendor of May, fellow wedding-guests! If our praise is presumptuous and our dreaming extravagant, only look around: with gaudy flower fields, flooding light, and leaping beasts, we have a fine example.

Salacious Spring Meditation:

Make sure the rigor of your mind is not rigor mortis, but the other kind!

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### Life and Death

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1988

My son's cat, Boadicia (a proper battle-queen, with knives on her chariot wheels) has just brought forth four mewling heirs to her warlike throne. They rest in a box that once held frying chickens, and think happy thoughts.

My son is the proud one: Bo is a little confused. Who will ye marry on Beltaine day? When the tomcat comes around, she wants to kill him. And I watch the little princes and princesses as anxiously as she does, remembering my own little wonders, which had to be rescued from my incompetent womb by men with blades, rubber gloves, and endless dials and gauges. The door into this world swings both ways...

Check on the kittens," Daniel says. "I'm not sure Bo won't take them out of the box and put 'em back in Olin's bed." I do not yet interrupt a system that a mother cat doubtless understands better than I do, however young and inexperienced she may be. So when my eyes finish opening, I use my spy-hole—a gap between the boards in the wall of my son's room, visible from the ladder to the loft.

My glasses are still in a kitchen drawer, but I can make out an indistinct Bo-and-kitties blob, and a smaller orange blob off to one side. Rattiness has already given way to the audacity of fur.

The fuzzy reddish blot does not move. I hear a small, grunting noise. Perhaps it has moved aside to answer a call of nature, and is awaiting the fullness of time. I am barely awake. I do not want to know more.

Coffee. The horse needs her hay. Dogs trip me; ducks laugh. I don't think about the perils of fertility. The hell I don't! I did not share Bo's touching faith in the universe: her first heat simply pre-dated my being able to afford to spay her. My male animals remain as they are, for the sake of the élan that their altered counterparts seem to lack. But I know what my female critters would be missing—urgency, pain, birth. And motherhood, the one solid joy among--all of them, presents an overpopulated world with another potentially homeless child. No, not homeless! If no one else takes the little ones, I do. A stray once offered me a real deal on puppies does anybody wants one?

I'm putting it off. Something has either gone wrong in that box, or it hasn't. I will either look, congratulate Bo again, and then relax and have breakfast, or I will spare Bo the pain of further association with the corpse of her child.

I will look, but not too closely. My glasses remain in the drawer.

The orange one is still there, still motionless. May it nurse at the undying teats of Earth, How big it is, handsome and furry. It sits in an attitude of guardianship, watching over Bo's unconcerned sleep...with *huge*...exactly round pale...plastic...eyes.

The devilishly grinning toy Garfield that Olin set in attendance on them is doing his job.

Once again I have been a human, empowered and therefore a klutz. That which has escaped my control is doing just fine, thank you, without respect for my megalomaniac and overprotected neuroses. Once again I have peered tremblingly into the face of the Mother, expecting to see death, and found instead the tentative whimsy of love. Sometimes worship is humility. Sometimes worship is as rich and private as a stolen kiss. And sometimes worship consists simply in letting go of

responsibilities that don't belong to you. My son already knew that. I have just been shown.

Even when life is fragile, it is not brittle: we invented brittleness. With what do we replace our innocence? What playful and unnecessary gift do we have for the May-bridal and summer-birth? For they will be celebrated in spite of us, even up to the day when life is no more. There is a time to do battle against the destructiveness of power, and a time to simply let go of power and join in the party.

For reasons beyond our ken, She did invite us.

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### Babbles on about Patronage

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 1989

I recently had a very dear brother tell me that my life in the woods had a romantic mystique of being more genuine than a pagan life in the town. May I say, hogwash? The only thing the Heath has managed to impress upon the Heathen and make it stick, so far, is how *un*-genuine a life she usually leads, next to her other brethren of water, beast, and tree. Oh, close-up adoration of the gods is a very moving experience. But there's more to a god or goddess than loving him or her, and it's all much too big for us, and I suspect that the energy of our natural comedy is a better feast for the immortals' table than any amount of praise and sacrifice.

One thing that I'm sure inspires a veritable salvo of godly giggling is how we deal with our patrons and teachers, both in the other world and in this one. Most of you probably know your patrons, and have at least some idea of who your totem beasts are. Some of you may know a departed or disincorporate spirit who teaches you, or uses you to speak to others. Some of this stuff is very recognizable; other times, you may shake your head, check whatever resources you use to identify the "real" archetypes, and decide that you're simply crazy.

Totemism, for instance. I'm not going to get into whether our forebears practiced any precise or organized form of totemism, although Cuchullain's relationship with the hound (killing one, then having to fulfill its function, and thereafter being forbidden to harm the hound or eat of its flesh) sounds a lot like totemism to me. But we Neopagans are balanced between two influences: What is born into us from our ancestors? And then, what do the gods and the beasts do to us in the here-and-now?

For instance, I sit at the feet of the entire canine tribe. Wolf, dog, coyote, fox--all bitches and vixens are my sisters. *Elder* sisters. A totem is a teacher, a giver of omens, a bridge between human anomie and the solidarity of nature. I don't know anyone else whose attachments are so general. I do not know that for me to ignore the call of any pack-running nightsinger means disaster. It puts me in quite a dilemma, because a country homestead, with its deliciously helpless ducks and chickens and its panicky newborn grazers, is an even worse place to interact with large number of canines than a house in town. So in a very undignified, non-ritual way, my totem is constantly teaching me the difference between genuine love and respect and the phony human construct of charity. *We* are not the gods. An ordinary housedog knows the gods better than I do.

It can be a pretty harrowing relationship. There's you, and there's your teaching-beast, and there's the rest of the world. Are you brother or sister to a beast that the neighbours regard as property, or a menace, or a running larder? I listen to

the song of the Grey Brethren on the ridges with an entirely different emotion than do the sheep-ranchers a little further down the valley, though we meet on the common ground of wishing dysentery and poison oak on the morons who dump unwanted dogs "out in the wilds" to seek out their niche as incompetent pack members and stock killers.

Sometimes an animal relative will come to you for its *death*. Fub that one, and you're in big trouble. I know.

Then there are the creatures other than your totem who show up here and there with messages or lessons, or just to make your day. There was the king stag of our hill, laughing at me. There was the squirrel crossing the road, to show me the consequences of letting faster drivers (or anything else which is simply more aggressive or socially acceptable than I am) push me around. There are the white cranes that feed in the pastures north of here, whose mere presence lights up my heart for no reason that I can name, and the river otters who join me for a dip: "Screw it; this is playtime!"

You can't put your life in a pattern, or make a pretty pattern with the wild things in all their rightful places: not and know anything about yourselves. Nonhuman logic is not going to make sense to you. A brave man can find himself chosen by a grazer; a timid woman might have a totem that hunts to survive. There is more to any animal or spirit than one human can know.

To the sparrow, the sparrow was himself; to the raven, he was dinner. Definitions can be a real bitch sometimes.

Plants will choose you, too. What kind of wood is your staff made of? I don't have one. I kept waiting for a branch of madrone to wave yoo-hoo at me. Meanwhile, the bay tree at the head of my garden, that I had talked to and cried on and rested under for the last dozen years, dropped a branch in this winter's snow. It's about ten feet long, and as thick as my leg and finally today it occurred to me that my staff is smack in the middle of it, waiting for me to get my lazy butt in gear and whittle it out. "Hey, is anybody awake here?"

I suspect that the gods sort of meet us in the middle, choosing us when we most need them. Perhaps we look harder for our gods, because religion makes such a blatant difference between us and the rest of the world, and the gods are such an obvious feature of it. We meet with blessings, opportunities, and quest. Eventually, we find the gods who are our patrons. When I was younger, I always thought that my patroness would be the goddess who ruled over my purpose in life, or my identity. Now I know better: my patroness is the goddess that don't cut me no slack.

Paganism is not a TV set, and the teachings of gods and beasts are not a spectator sport: our patrons and our totems will all want something from us. Our laughing disclaimer at the beginning of services may remind us to respect reason, but the praise and sacrifice that follows is just as necessary, to keep our end of the bargain up until we find something better to offer. Wherewith, I offer this praise:

Who loves you?  
Whose laughter caresses your departing back?  
Beneath whose cloak of midnight do your eyes adjust to the dark,  
And whose hand sets the geas before you  
Like a wall of stone?  
To this, I give my heart.

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### The Gift of Horses

A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 1987

I invoke that portion of compost, which is the gift of horses.

Do you guys know how many times I've rewritten this #!%?! thing? I think we can settle down and admit that the Missal-Any has become a new format: Interactive Nonfiction. Is there some Hitchhiker's Guide to the minority-theological Galaxy? Or are we headed for the Snit at the End of the Universe? Stay tuned...

This is the season of battle; the Sun stands ringed by hero-light, facing the confrontation He cannot win. In the summer blaze of midsummer, YES!, we stand cocky and feisty at His side. The day is long and summer just begun--will it not last forever? By August, each warm hour is precious: our words and deeds will echo with the gentleness of farewell. The (Carleton) traditional services chant our glee at the conquest of day over night, but most of us have our moments of rooting for Pryderi. We are in our glory, our attitude of immortality unsmirched, yet we can still take comfort in saying "This, too, shall pass."

We (genetic and/or emotional) Celts are historically marked as argumentative cusses, as witness the forms of lampoon, rant, and challenge-in-verse. Boldness is our legacy, and defensiveness our last year's garbage.

What is the appropriate channeling of our quibblesome nature? I, for one, would not go back to my pacifist beginnings; I have little respect for the tameness of a toothless dog. My most honored comrades are dangerous folk, controlled by volition rather than weakness. When people are scarce enough to be a resource rather than a nuisance, the strong can stop apologizing. We don't sheathe our blades in the neighbor's house out of fear, but because we respect our neighbors.

Also, if we love, we are having too much fun to care overmuch what our beloveds can do to us...

As a religious minority, we are an automatic rural neighborhood. We have our local characters, but let the stranger say, "Do you know that nut-case?" We will quite likely say, "Oh, he/she's okay once you know him/her," and find that, against the perspective of the rest of the world, we mean it. I know, I know; you'll all howl that this kind of neighborhood loyalty is not something you reserve for Druids or extend to everyone who takes that name. That's true. My primary clan relationships are likely to differ from Tom's, or Albion's, or Mad Sweeney's, and a good number of the members of my clan or clans do not name Neopagan Druidism as their religious orientation. They are all, however, joined to me in avowed and reliable goodwill, and respectful of the orientations I profess. So okay, I am available to my own clansfolk before I would be available to Tom, or Albion, or any other Druids that I don't personally know. But I am available (willingly, and in good faith) to my Druish brethren and sistern before I am (willingly, and in good faith) available to the mainstream authorities. I assume that we squabble *en tutoyant*, and will still be there for each other if that is necessary. (And yes, you can call me on that. Box 215, Myers Flat, CA 95554.)

This doesn't mean you have to agree with me, or approve of me. Your minds, especially in devotion to the Gods, are your own.

Fear of names? Sometimes. What do I most fear to name: my Gods, or myself? My dealing with some Gods are embarrassingly private. And I myself possess a name that will



call me from sleep, or draw my energy to the user of it; I don't give that to just anybody. But Tom and Albion have boldly "named" themselves in these pages, to a degree that I have not. Ergo, the Summer Statement: Here am I, a woman 35 years old, attempting to farm a hillside steading in southern Humboldt while making a living as a freelance reporter and general odd-jobber (currently, selling cherry cider and produce to tourists.) The untidy generosity of my physique bears witness to my undisciplined nature, but I'm still pretty functional.

I write--basically, anything that anyone will print, and a lot of things they won't. Most dear to me of all our lore are the poetic, emotionally-charge stories of Erin. Like Albion, I was once a Quaker. My religious practice contains little of formal observance, but I operate under a number of what I see as my own geasa and obligations. (Laugh if you want; sometimes I do, too.) I use magic only as a last-ditch adjunct to doing my damndest on the physical plane, and only for certain purposes. I honor ethics and deplore morality. My greatest weakness is a reflexive snapping and snarling at what I see as elitism or authoritarianism. I once beaned a wife-beater with my purse, but I am not reliably or consciously brave. I'm a solitary 3rd, married, with a 7-year-old son who lives with me full-time and a 9-year-old daughter who visits.

Tom, Albion, I offer this: who among us has the *power* to be a threat to the others? (Hopefully none of us is such a slob as to throw energy around as we argue, instead of grounding it out!) Both "promoting darkness" and "Ku Klux Klan" show a fine sense of drama, but you know effing well that if the storm troopers showed up looking for any of us tomorrow, the rest would like like right valiant rugs to cover his/her ass. So *will* you guys kiss & make up, or at least wait for the bell?!

## The Heathen on the Heath: Garden Wars

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1986

Okay, enough already! This is war. Sweat runs down too fast to blink away from my eyeballs, and my hands are too filthy to mop it away. How can so many slugs exist in the *world*, let alone in my garden? And where did that eighth duck go, and just what is it that got past my eight-foot fence, stacked tires and assorted whirligigs and wind chimes to eradicate half my potato plants? Hey, gang, there's a limit! Isn't there? At Beltaine you came to party. Now the sun is past the zenith, and you're still raiding the pantry. I've tried asking you to go home. No dice. And the dog has some inexplicable wound on his paw—boars? Bobcats?

This is war. Somehow mine ancient enemy, the wild gooseberry, has started some fifth-column activity amid the tomatoes, and sent spies among my mealybug-ridden brassicae. No use griping to Mother: She and her Consort are making hay while the sun shines, and hardly interested in the squabbles of the children.

Whoever first characterized life in Nature as peaceful had a somewhat warped sense of humor.

The very plants do battle; this winter my pruning-saw must break up a slow-motion barroom brawl between an oak, a madrone, and a whitethorn, all of whom can survive quite nicely if they will simply settle for their own spaces and leave each other alone. Fat chance! All living things demand to not only live, but win, preferably at the expense of any and all possible competitors. That herd of wild pigs must not only have the next ridge, but also *my* ridge, to find true happiness.

And what members of any one species think of each other cannot be printed and sent through the U.S. mail.

Where does that leave your everlovin' Heathen? Confused, mostly. While I have no compunctions about claiming the fruits of my own labor, and whatever else I can pry loose (I'm not even a vegetarian) there are certain human-engendered refinements on the art of war that I will not use. Mom may not care whether my tomatoes or her gooseberries grow in the garden, but that's not sufficient reason to dump assorted petrochemicals in Her water-table--or feed to my down hill neighbors, if it comes to that. I'll go after rodents with cats, traps, and a .22, but I have no desire to bring down my allies the redtails with the "friendly fire" of B-gon or DeCon. Can this be said to make a difference, in view of how the rest of my species chooses to nuke their nuisances? And ought I to be messing around in here at all? This garden is an invasion in itself, exotic and pampered organisms installed in the devastation of turf that I chose to call French Intensive Double-Digging. That's not what was here to begin with.

Thing is, an attitude of nobles oblige requires a certain amount of backup. Kindness is for what we control, and as I gaze in utter dismay on the ruin of my efforts, and the impossibility of reverting to humanity's original mode of participation (hunting and gathering) without overstressing an already depleted wild economy, I realize that my control over this environment is minimal. And wasn't that what I wanted?

Admittedly the fight is rigged. Pit me, with a rifle, against a boar with tusks and I'll bet on me every time. I ought to know; I rigged it myself...I, and forebears who shared my motives, long ago. Like the boar, we also want it all. Unlike the boar, we may someday be unfortunate enough to get it all, thereby destroying it. Will we someday live on chemicals, or mutated yeast, because we have won all our wars and there are no other surviving species?

The squirming, biting, struggling child takes endless comfort in the unarguable restraint of Mother's arms. But as the child ceases to be a baby, a little caution creeps into its protest, unaware at first: we don't want to *hurt* Mommy, after all. And hopefully, by the time we are big and strong enough to do Her real damage, we will have thoroughly absorbed the lesson that She has feelings, too.

Except that people-en-masse are always a little dumber than people one at a time.

Where are you in the world? Where are your battles, what have you won...and at what cost? Come, swap war-stories with me, for even if you are busily making chemicals out of other chemicals, or laying concrete over ground, we are all the same in this. Nobody gave us the right to be who we are; we have made ourselves. Nobody owed us a place in the world; we have taken it. This is *our* nature, as surely a part of us as greenness is of grass, to be channeled but never truly changed.

Just remember that perhaps it is not worth postponing, indefinitely at finite cost to the rest of the world, one's own last battle. For *sus scrofa*, *homo sapiens*, or any living creature, anywhere, there is but one ending. Let the sun blaze on into the night, drink deep, and gird yourself with honor. It is a good day, at least, not to know what's going to happen. And no matter how many sandbags we make of our environment, to pile around our laughable foxholes in the scheme of things, it's out there, waiting for us, somewhere: the fight we can't win.

Nobody's getting out of here alive.

## The Heathen on the Heath:

### First Fruits

A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1988  
(published Fall Equinox 1988)

First fruits. They don't seem to come as easy as they used to. The ground, the gophers, the winds, and my own intrusive human garbage, all fight harder each year. Or is it just the time?

Lugh has lost his battle, and the ravens cross the sky in croaking crowds. The year has lost its innocence, There is a tear in our celebration. When the wedding is a memory, and the birth of the babe, and now the farm is fat with full barns and lowing cattle, the cycle must inevitably turn to its end. Do you look back on great deeds, instead of ahead to them? Has love progressed from dreams, to passion, to sticky fulfillment, and does it now draw near the anticipation of grief? Is the horse growing old in the sun? Does silver frost the muzzles of cat and hound?

This is not England. Here, the grass tells the story, browning in the violence of the Sun's passion for his ladylove. Summer *has* to end. Shall we burn-out and die in one long pig-out on the wealth of the warm and growing time? Already, it has been too much for the grasses. The blowing dust begs for rest, and the Lover whispers, "Weep not. Well could I have loved thee to death."

She will weep anyway. It must be hard to live forever, when love cannot.

The modern myth clings to the old days, even though history itself must follow suit. The mornings of August sear imagination with a sunburst of Hiroshima, and the dust forms mushroom clouds in the mind. Is this the August of our race? I'd sooner live, an attitude our religion does not forbid or decry. Nor does it guarantee I'll have my way... And the Last Rose of Summer is my protest song. No bunkers for me, nor did I flee the cities to outlive the victims of the mighty. Bury my heart at Ground Zero.

Centralized religion softens the analogy with faith and resignation. One woman swore the Rapture would come this fall, and when someone suggested she was dating it from the wrong event, and had still more than forty years to go, she was horribly disappointed; she had mundane bills coming due, no longer payable while watching the fires from the sheltering arms of Jesus. If the world is doomed to end, I still claim my right to go pissing and squealing. If I shall be reborn, and reborn yet again, each body still retains its animal heritage, to flee or fight death until it has honestly lost. Neither Celtic nor Teutonic peoples, whose traces figure most strongly in my own woodpile, were ever much for throwing a fight.

Seeds go in now for the winter garden, an option our Celtic forbears didn't have. Fertilizer goes in too. I compete and fuss over my soil's health, chanting the twin litanies of light waning too much, and water waxing too slowly. A high level of ritual impurity, that, when November's green tomatoes ought to be left in the fields for the Wee Folk.

Well, I'll leave 'em a dish of my pickalilli, instead. My clumsiness alone could support a faerie convention. Or perhaps they plant their own garden, late squash in the compost heap and spilt tomato seeds among the potatoes and lettuces. And having finally decided not to die, my garden will cause me to curse the name of zucchini, as it has in years past. Even the fairies don't want that; next year their discards will spring anew, in places where I never would have planted them.

I'll feed the little bastards generously, on zucchini burgers and zucchini bread and zucchini soufflé and quiche. Who needs ritual purity when you have runaway squashes?

The Lady mourns her passing Lord, but lady animals run him off, Papa Tomcat is not welcome, and my duchesses have appropriated the shed: Maternity Ward, Drakes Keep Out! Alas, alas John Barleycorn, He was a rascal anyway. So pass the keg again. Weeping and foolery are kin, tears for the rain and guffaws for thunder. This is important business! As you go about your day, 'earning and arguing and building the things of humanity, make sure you're laughing and crying enough to bring on the autumn storms and keep the Wheel rolling. There's precious few of us who know our duty, so raise the Waters while you've still got 'em, and toast us in devout rowdiness.

(Sniff!) I love you guys!

## The Heathen On the Heath:

### First Fruits and Hunting

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1986

First fruits, late as usual--arguments with the neighbors--yellow grass, grey dust, and scorching heat. Balanced now are we? In the hardware store where I earn some of my living, a motley assortment of law-abiding types are buying their hunting licenses, with tags permitting them to ritually assassinate one or two adult male deer this season. Certain local subsistence hunters regard both the season and its regulations as ridiculous. But I count the hopeful license buyers during one workday, and then count the deer on my way home. The number of deer becomes less impressive, beside the number of hunters.

And the subsistence hunters--does concern for the continued stability of the deer population arise automatically from need? I doubt it. And the numbers of the needy are also increasing...

But the hunt goes on. From my own experience, in pursuit of one wild pig (which died to provide food for two families with hungry children, one of them mine) it seems strange to call it a sport. The hunt is a relationship, ending with the death of the other party. The pig wanted to live, and my cohort and I wanted to eat it. These goals were mutually exclusive; no amount of mystical hocus-pocus could ever convince me that the pig was a willing participant.

There was one moment, crouched on the hillside, with the immensely vital, prehistoric-looking beast looking directly at me, when I felt that the hunt was at an end; I had met the wild. My challenge had been offered and met. The pig was ready to attack or flee, but did neither. Here was life; its ending was anti-climactic.

But sorrow was also the feeling of a split second. Our children were fed. And something within me was changed.

The Hunter roams the greenwood, dealing death at will. Yet He guards His beasts, wears their semblance, instills in them His lust and power. And the Maiden-as-Huntress, in any pantheon, is the friend of Her creatures, mourning their destruction at the hands of conquering humanity.

So it is with nature. Animals do not hate their prey. Cats pounce with glee, eyes wide and ears forward. The dog pursues the rabbit with his tail high; he is playing. They are part of the world, and filled with the sense of being alive.

Is this the longing in the eyes of those who approach my counter, saying "License and two tags, please," and paying the

\$41 that the government demands for their participation in the rite? The people whose actual means of making a living is many times removed from Earth's vitality will finally face the wild and have something personal to say to it. Balanced now are we?

With that same longing, I came to the Druids, and with that same longing, I came eventually to my untamed hill, to be one grubby, sweaty part of a world with more than people in it. Cars race over a concrete bridge; uncaring, the river flows beneath. Balanced now are we?

As day conquered night, and light conquers day, and our guaranteed annual year continues on its appointed course, I tell you; there is no need for faith.

Balanced now are we?

We may not be able to feel it, but it's there.

## The Heathen on the Heath: Harvesting

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1987

Autumn is a promise, wind singing of the blessed rains to come. Autumn is my true love calling, soft as death. The door blows open; cats run in and out. The scent and horror of wildfire blows away, and we foolhardy ones replace it with the smoke of woodstoves against cold that we secretly cherish.

In these days I glare daggers at those who whine for more nice days. Have we cursed our land with the curse of drought, for the sake of our prim plastic notion of a nice day? Do we think of unblemished tomatoes, or mold-free buds, or whatever turns us over-proliferating hominids on, and not of the Mother? She knows her grief will soon be upon her; do we forbid her to weep and be comforted? I may throw a shoe at the Today Show one of these mornings—a strange offering to the gods!

I pick tomatoes now, between writing assignments. My boss is unlike me, but also a farmer. He tells me how he does it, but is also open-eared for what little I may know that he does not. That eternally confused expression belongs to both of us. We share a secret, called "Damned If I Know." We run to beat the deadline of rain, and altogether it's sort of festive.

Autumn howls laughter, weeps loving, just around the corner, and we beg for the turning of seasons, while cursing the passage of time. Neopagans differ from paleopagans, for we face threats that our forbears did not, and are lulled by our overcomplicated distancing devices. No neophyte bard or Druid could have been held in thrall by a vehicle unstartable, or a heating or cooling whoozits beyond normal comprehension. A wise one might instruct on in the mysteries, but no expert was needed to keep one functioning. Take time from the broken washing machine, Oh my People, and ponder the water we wash with. No one has yet died and left us in charge, and that water could somehow manage not to come. We differ as we must, but also in ways that we should not. And in some ways, all our pagan forbears knew the same thing. What's Gaelic for "Be attentive as you walk?"

## The Heathen on the Heath: The End of Summer

A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1988

In the time of balance, I think of hairpulls, and of the doubts as old as religion that we may either decry or embrace. Myself, I have learned to be fond of them; otherwise I suffer a lot.

Rationalism is a cold place. It also makes the sensations of one's isolated consciousness a little uncomfortable. Why should I be peering out these two wet windows, instead of someone else? And whatever I may think of it, does it matter very much?

I'm not really the believing kind. Yet I walk in a world of many gods and goddesses, all part of the divine universe, and all workers of great magicks. I speak, "Lord," "Lady," and solemnly declare that a living world hears me.

I also walk among others of my nonfaith who call upon methods of divination, by cards and stars and crystals. And I have various odd means of justifying my refusal to reject such things outright: archetypal imagery, channels of intuition. Phooey. I cast cards on a table and read the pictures in them as a way of grasping at straws in confusion. I count the images in star patterns and permute and combine them in the sky of this or that moment in time, because the star-pictures are a handle on the mystery of personality, not because they name aught that I can truly know.

And I collect the lessons of each, ancient and well-laden with the thoughts and dreams of my forebears. Help me, Old Ones! What did you know that I don't?

When does this—or the channeling of my energy through arbitrary places in my body, or the repetition of mantra or Wiccan doggerel—pass over the line between seeking and superstition?

When I walk among the people, I remember a card sent by Mad Sweeney: "Nature is not dirty, but it provides the raw materials from which we manufacture dirt." And I tell myself that people are not foolish or shallow, but they have the materials in them from which foolery and crassness are made. So I am still responsible for the times when I get used or jerked around, but for individual errors in present judgment, rather than for outreach to strangers at all.

People need not be mine to be benevolent, nor need they have been of my time to be wise. Can we translate the speech of poets? And can our materialistically-trained minds then put to use what we hear? Or is it lost to us forever, our efforts warped to fallacy by the indoctrination of an utterly alien culture?

And can we give our Mother any protection but our own extinction? By loving Her, have we become the enemies of our own kind? Many of the so-called scientific community think so. Yet in rejecting all that they know, we continue in ignorance to wound that which we love.

We need more than balance: Synthesis. Turn in your compost, and think of that.

## Section Three:

# Non-Liturgical Festival Activities

All too often, festivals have over-emphasized the liturgy at the expense of the celebration. The following articles are mostly drawn from A Druid Missal-Any and should give you some ideas on how to draw the more activity-oriented members of your Grove into attending your rites, by appealing to their lower instincts to have a good time.

### Uncommon Activities for Samhain

By Mortus

A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 2001

1. Visit and tidy-up the graves of family, friends and respected people.
2. Séances are popular at this time of year, but book in advance!
3. Hold a “dumb feast” with no talking and plates for ancestors.
4. Contemplate your own funeral arrangements, especially if you want to fight “The Industry” and have a natural funeral free of chemical and air-tight sealed caskets.
5. Include the dead in your thoughts during the daily grind.
6. Begin a custom of thanking the things we kill and eat.
7. Visit an abattoir or kill your own dinner (fish is the least unpleasant,) which will open your eyes and heart to some cold facts.
8. Work on your will, living-will, powers-of-attorney, and insurances.
9. “Sacrifice” some fun, for retirement planning.
10. Discuss deeper issues of after-life with your children and spouse.
11. Research genealogy and visit elderly relatives (research for Eulogies.)
12. Get a health-check-up and other medical appointments. Quit smoking.
13. Rake leaves, plan a composting heap (done properly, they don’t stink)
14. Plant acorns, salt meat and jerky, pickle things.
15. Go hunting or fishing [or “camera-stalking” of prominent politicians...]
16. Volunteer to escort children for Halloween (you get candy, too!)
17. Adopt an overseas child or assist a charity.
18. At Carleton, we’d pour molten-lead or wax into cold water and divine things.
19. Protest the most recent prejudiced horror-flick of the season.
20. Lobby against the funeral industry.
21. Make a list of 100 things you’ve done, and 100 more you want to do.
22. Contemplate capital punishment, war, crime, sanitation and vegetarianism.
23. Bless your pets with smoke (yes, jumping through a fiery hoop is okay...)

24. Clean your home, extinguish your oven/furnace’s pilot-light and relight it.
25. Replace the batteries in your smoke detector, buy a fire extinguisher, etc.
26. Write long-winded, disconnected rambles and lists about Samhain and Sacrifice.

### Various Winter Customs to Try Out

By Eric, ex-Akita Grove, now in NYC.

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2001

I enjoyed the Samhain activities, and spent four hours searching for good customs to complement the next issue. It’s a simple list of what I plan to do, because I’m not much of a writer.

- Nov 23 Divining the best presents after a hearty Thanksgiving meal by asking relatives and the Gods.
- Dec 1<sup>st</sup> Cleaning out the house thoroughly--Any remaining dust is “Not mine, please ignore it.”
- Dec 2<sup>nd</sup> Light “advent candles” or Yule Candles marking down the Solstice Sun’s arrival.
- Dec 15<sup>th</sup> Decorating the House--Holly, Mistletoe, tree setup, bunting, Yule-logs, front lawn décor. Mail out blessings (Christmas cards) to friends and curses to enemies.
- Dec 19<sup>th</sup> Donate 10% of December Paycheck to charities closest to my house. And carry small presents to distribute to beggars and muggers in NYC.
- Dec 20<sup>th</sup> Wassailing and Caroling. Nothing more than Trick or Treating for the winter, fun to do with the Christians.
- Dec 21<sup>st</sup> Vigiling in the Grove--Spend the longest night of the year in the grove with a fire, several blankets and some friends to encourage the sun to make a come back.
- Dec 21<sup>st</sup> Mari Lwyd in Wales (Lair Bhan in Ireland)--The Welsh visited houses with a draped horse skull, interrogated their neighbours with strange questions, and got free booze if the homeowner couldn’t come up with decent answers. I think Barney’s head on a stick would be fine and appreciated.
- Dec 22<sup>nd</sup> Namahage--In Akita, drunken barefoot men in demon masks, straw clothing, flaming torches (my that’s dangerous sounding) would burst into pre-decided homes “surprising” a family at dinner and terrorizing the bejesus out of small kids. The father would ransom their children’s lives with more booze, and the demons would bless the house to protect it from fires and further burglar intrusions. Very similar to German house visits by Father Christmas (Weihnachtsmann or Julknep) and his point man, the “Black Moor” (Knecht Ruprecht.) Don’t you pity my neighbours?
- Dec 23<sup>rd</sup> Celebrate the Emperor of Japan’s Birthday (he is the descendent of the Sun Goddess after all)
- Dec 24<sup>th</sup>. Presents and Party
- Dec 25<sup>th</sup> Hanging out sheaves of corn or bird seed AFTER Christmas for the all-winter birds.
- Dec 26<sup>th</sup>, Divination- by dropping a handful of pine-needles into a bowl and rohrsarching
- Dec 26<sup>th</sup> Boxing. Put away boxes and decorations. As for the Tree: Put the tree in a safe spot in the yard (needles still on) away from the house. Allow to

thoroughly dry and use it to light Beltane fire. WHOOSH! What a sight!

- Dec 27<sup>th</sup> Return presents and Buy discounted goods at stores for next year!. A gift of the Gods!
- Dec 30<sup>th</sup> New Year Resolutions--Adding thanks for last year's completed ones and a tweak from everyone in the room for not finishing the last ones.
- Dec 31<sup>st</sup> Fireworks, all-night parties are fine to continue.
- Jan 1<sup>st</sup>, Sleep to Noon. Pray to Braciaca for forgiveness and mercy.
- Jan 6<sup>th</sup>, "Epiphany." Credit card bills arrive. Holidays are officially over.

## Yule Time Caroling

By Sine Ceolbhinn  
A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2001

Strangely enough, Christmas is one of the few times of the year that we feel like singing with our neighbours outside of a karaoke bar. Easter songs? A few. Groundhog Day songs? Not likely. We all want to sing, but trip over the uncomfortable lyrics, right? I decided to but together a little list of songs that a pagan could use in company with their monotheistic friends.

A few hours of scanning the internet has given me a collection of popular songs that didn't dwell on babies in food troughs, righteous crowns, deceased people with bird wings, and ecstatic shepherds hearing voices in the dark (won't even go there.) I prefer my own improbable stories (grin.) Just change "Christmas" to "Yule time" and most are okay. Santa Claus is rather unavoidable, but he's nearly pagan, and so I let him slide. Many of the songs on the list below have on-line free music-files and lyrics at:

<http://www.chebucto.ns.ca/~ai251/xcarol.html>

- Auld Lang Syne
- Christmas Song (Chestnuts roasting)
- Deck the Halls
- Do they know it's Christmastime at all?
- Frosty the Snowman
- Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer
- The Grinch's Theme Song
- Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas
- Here Comes Santa Claus
- Holly Jolly Christmas
- Home For The Holidays
- I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus
- Jingle Bells
- Jingle Bell Rock
- I'll Be Home For Christmas
- It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas
- It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year
- Jolly Old Saint Nicholas
- Let It Snow
- O Christmas Tree
- Rocking 'Round the Christmas Tree
- Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer
- Silver and Gold Silver Bells
- Sleigh Ride
- That Christmas Feeling
- Up on the Rooftop
- We Wish You a Merry Christmas
- White Christmas
- Winter Wonderland

Now, I was going to make a list of filkable songs, but surprise, somebody's gone ahead and re-done most of the Christmas songs in a Neo-Pagan flavor. Isn't it great that people do all the work for us? You could spent weeks studying the solstice. Enjoy!!

## Winter Solstice Drama of Akita Grove

By Nozomi Kibou and Patrick Haneke  
December 2001

Japan has a very old story recorded in the Kojiki Scrolls (700 AD) about the Sun-Goddess, Amaterasu which we will incorporate into the Grove's drama. Rituals can get dull after a while, so we're going to improvise. We got the idea from Merri's Beltane service Mummery Drama at Carleton that Mike told us in 1999. But first the basic story:

### Part One, The Story:

AMATERASU (Japanese: "Great Divinity Illuminating Heaven,") the celestial sun Goddess from whom the Japanese imperial family claims descent, is the most important Shinto deity. She was born from the left eye of her father, Izanagi, as he was performing shugyo. Izanagi bestowed upon her a necklace of jewels and placed her in charge of Takamagahara ("High Celestial Plain,") the abode of all the kami. One of her brothers, the storm God Susanoo, was to be sent away to rule the sea plain. Together the sky and ocean would encircle and protect Japan. Before going, Susanoo went to take leave of his sister. As an act of good faith, they produced many children together, she by chewing and spitting out pieces of the sword he gave her, and he by doing the same with her jewels.

However, Susanoo soon began to behave very rudely--such as breaking down the divisions in the rice fields, defiled his sister's dwelling place, and finally threw a flayed horse into her weaving hall. Indignant, Amaterasu withdrew in protest into a cave, sealed the door with a rock, and darkness fell upon the world. Many demons appeared to plague the people with snow and lightning. Not only people, but the Gods were at a loss. Amaterasu's brother, the Moon, did his best to take over her job, but couldn't keep the plants from wilting nor could he stop the cold winds from chilling the livestock.

Because no one was able to open the door of the cave, many Takamaga-hara Gods were at a loss as to what to do and conferred on how to lure the sun Goddess out. The wise God Omoikane decided at the meeting that Amenouzume would perform an amusing dance to attract Amaterasu attention. They collected cocks, whose crowing precedes the dawn, and hung a mirror and jewels on a sacred sakaki tree in front of the cave.

The Goddess Amenouzume began a very suggestive dance on an upturned tub, partially disrobing herself, and bumping about comically, which so delighted the assembled Gods that they roared with laughter. Amaterasu became curious how the Gods could make merry while the world was plunged into darkness.

"Why you are laughing?" She asked through the rock door of refuge.

"The most beautiful Goddess has appeared. She is a most skillful dancer!" One of the Gods responded.

Hearing this, Amaterasu, who was a proud Goddess and said, "This is a performance I must, by all means, see." And opened the door just a crack. The God conversing with Amaterasu then took out a mirror and placed it in front of her.

Amaterasu saw her face in the mirror and exclaimed, "My! What a beautiful Goddess!"

Wondered by her own beauty, she open the door wider to see better. A strong God, named Amenotadikarao, didn't miss that chance. He grabbed the slit, and pulled it wide open. Still bedazzled by her reflection, she heard the cock's crow, and was thus drawn out from the cave. The Kami (Gods) then quickly threw a shimenawa, or sacred rope of rice straw, before the entrance of the cave (now in Kyushu Island) to prevent her return to hiding. No choice, the sun Goddess Amaterasu returned to the world. After that, Susanoo behaved better, well, most of the time.

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Amaterasu's chief place of worship is the Grand Shrine of Ise, the foremost Shinto shrine in Japan. She is manifested there in a mirror that is one of the three Imperial Treasures of Japan (the other two being a jeweled necklace and a sword.) The genders of Amaterasu and her brother the moon God Tsukiyomi no Mikato are remarkable exceptions in worldwide mythology of the sun and the moon.

Amenouzume is happy and sexy dancing God whose dance make spectators dazzled or entertained or raises spirits. Much of her followers are strippers, comedians, sandwich men and such artists and entertainers. Her lesson is that even in the most dire times, there is a place and role for joy, hope, love and entertainment.

## Solstice Drama Part Two:

### Props and Staging

It will follow almost the same process and language (with improvisation) as the story.

Mayumi will play the role of Amaterasu, the Sun. Nozomi will play the role of Amenouzume, the Dancer. Pat will play the role of Susanoo and Amenotadikarao (bad boy and strong guy.) Little Naomi will be the impish winter sprite, armed with snowballs.

Other grove members and guests will play the audience of the Gods (about five people,) maybe even Father will attend.

We'll hold it near the Shrine in a small open area on the Emperor's birthday (Dec 23<sup>rd</sup>) which is appropriate and a holiday. We'll make a mini rice field, set aside a square area for the sun's house, some hand-made straw ropes, and a little dance stage, stage decorations, plus put together a horse puppet (later used for piñata,) collect some mirrors, kids jewelry, and some tiaras. Caves are hard to find in Akita, so we'll make a stout wicker hut (bigger than a sweat lodge) and roll a rock in front of it. We'll use tiki-torches for dramatic lighting in the evening and set up a portable searchlight in the cave, for her dramatic exit. Nozomi has begun practicing her dance, which is going to be quite the eye-opener for such a shy one! Perhaps Susanoo and Amaterasu will have more children?!

## Some Optional Things for Oimele

By Alex Strongbow, ex-Carleton  
A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 2002

Well, here's my list of things to do for Oimele, Imbolg, Candlemas, Ostara, or whatever you wish to call it. It's a multi-faceted festival reflecting Bridget's diverse talents. If you were to combine them all you'd be "writing poems by candlelight about flaming metallic sheep." Sounds strange, but where do you think "steel wool" is from? Do not put it in the microwave, though, unless you want to see visions of Pikachu!

- Banana-Split candles (Cherry, banana, pineapple ring; possible imagery...)
- Make decorated candlestick holders.
- Try to Predict (e.g. candle divining) whether winter will end soon and what day the last snow will be gone in the grove or some other spot.
- Start planting seeds in little pots.
- Get a candle-making kit at an art store.
- Spring Cleaning Party
- Make homemade butter or ice-cream (try goat's milk)
- Fireworks (if legal, secretly if illegal...)
- Make a contest to find first flowers or awakened hibernators
- Decorate the house: Bridget's Straw Crosses, ironwork, stained glass, candelabras, lava lamps, anything that's bright,
- Melt lead and pour into molds to make items.
- Sharpen knife, repair or replace tool collection
- Rent "Lambchop's Funniest Songs"
- Write poems together (perhaps within five minutes on a theme)
- Rent "Babe" or "Ground Hog Day" with Bill Murray
- Rent "Bell, Book, Candle" with James Stewart or "Silence of the Lambs"...
- Rent "Wallace and Grommit" (Perhaps "A Close Shave" is the best episode)
- Decorate chair by fireplace.
- Burn the dried up Christmas tree (watch it go fuuumph!)
- Have a sheep day
- <http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/Hills/9609/sheeptxt.html>
- Call up a farmer and have the kids come down for a sheep birthing.
- Do some knitting with wool.

### Also see:

<http://pages.ivillage.com/paganparent/imbolic.html> packed with stuff  
<http://www.web-holidays.com/candle/> fun  
<http://www.circlesanctuary.org/pholidays/CandlemasCustomsLore.html> overview  
<http://www.partytown.com/menus/imbolc.htm> for a meal  
[http://www.education-world.com/a\\_lesson/lesson048.shtml](http://www.education-world.com/a_lesson/lesson048.shtml) about Groundhog Day  
<http://orderofthecauldron.homestead.com/candlemas.html> nice discussion on Candlemas  
<http://www.ghostdragon.net/sabbats/imbolcactivities.html> more activities.  
<http://members.tripod.com/acorns3/archives.html> pagan kids activities back issues (look also under Ostara)

## Goat's Milk Ice Cream

A Druid Missal-Any, Oimele 2001  
By Stacey Weinberger

Back by popular demand! This was a hit at last year's Oimele social. Now you too can make Goat's Milk Ice Cream as a fun and tasty way to celebrate the festival of the lactation of the ewe!

1/2 cup sugar  
2 cups very hot goat's or sheep's milk  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon vanilla extract  
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten  
1 pint heavy cream

Mix the sugar, salt, and egg yolks together in a heavy-bottomed pan. Slowly stir in the hot goat's or sheep's milk. Cook, continuing to stir, until slightly thickened; remove and cool. Add the cream and the vanilla extract. Chill. Freeze in a hand-cranked or electric ice cream freezer.

## Things to Do for Spring Equinox

By Alex Strongbow  
A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 2002

Well, that's a really hard question. We know that most sowing in the fields would be done by now and it was time to change to spring clothes and spend more time outdoors. When it comes down to, we're talking about eggs and sunlight, right?

1. Break down, and enjoy the Easter egg decoration party. Especially the Ukrainian style wax and decoration. If you're an overachiever, go into Faberge.
2. Have half an omelet, sunny side up, of course.
3. Hide treasures in the forest or park. Tall grasses equals stepped-on eggs.
4. Be early for April Fool's day.
5. Go out to the pub for Saint Patrick's day and live it up.
6. Spend the whole day with a watch and see if day REALLY equals night.
7. Set up and synchronize your solar-calendar (that rock-henge in your back yard. A great site, for setting up your stones in a parking lot or a field is [www.efn.org/~jack\\_v/AstronomicalCalendar.html](http://www.efn.org/~jack_v/AstronomicalCalendar.html) Strangely, the design looks like a basketball courts lines! Could there be a connection?!
8. Get your garden planted, if you haven't started. Try old-fashioned "heirloom seeds" at [www.seedsavers.org](http://www.seedsavers.org) or Seed Savers Exchange (SSE) at 3076 North Winn Road, Decorah Iowa 52101 at 319-382-5990.
9. Make waffles. Write "Clinton" with maple syrup. Hee. Hee. Enjoy taking half-way opinions on important subjects and carefully study both sides of issues.
10. Change your wardrobe to summer-style suits, sandals and wear a flower. I've been thinking. Many religions have strange headgear or hair-styles, and we haven't since that weird "bald-forehead" style in the 450s AD, so let's go out for straw hats?!

## Ten Things to Do for Beltane

By Alex Strongbow  
A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 2002

1. Sex. Of course!
2. Wake up early, greet the sun, wash your face in the morning dew. Collect flowers and make garlands for those you care about.
3. An Oak King can be selected by various athletic competitions such as: races, wrestling, archery, stone tossing, sit-ups in one minute, fire kindling contest (first to boil cup of water,) greased pole climbing, rodeo riding, or a combination of foolish macho things.
4. A maypole dance for the women (men too if not enough people.) Last woman holding the ribbon will become the May Queen The May Queen and Oak King should symbolically (or actually) consummate their "marriage" in a symbolic gesture. <http://altreligion.about.com/library/howto/htmaypole.htm>
5. Picnic, leaving a symbolic offering of one piece of everything. Possibly foods are oatmeal, dairy, berries, greens, wine, barley, honey, eggs, sweets. <http://www.keirle.freeseerve.co.uk/page18.htm>
6. Drama or play of Persephone returning from the underworld or a story of a woman returning from the fairy lands. Divination is a possibility.
7. Enjoy the Waters of Life (i.e. whiskey.) If you're solitary, do some self-nurturing type of activity, like a walk in the woods of a state park and camp out or vigil.
8. Raise stones. Its always a good time to bring the community together to haul rocks around and make a memorial of some type to the event. I recommend using car hoods from a junk yard, long levers, and 15 ropes and a pulley.

## Build a Bonfire.

This might be hard for those of you in fire-prone areas like California, but a cauldron fire might be possible, or just use a barbeque/hibachi for the job. Some of you are girl-scouts, but here's some advice for the rest of you.

Apparently, the traditional wood to burn is oak, ash, thorn, rowan, apple, birch, alder, maple, elm, gorse, holly, hawthorn, and others from a story about the Battle of the Trees. I'd add a piece from any other tree in your forest. Collecting the woods and maypole would be a nice combination activity, and give time for certain members to "dally."

Be sure to remove all the dry materials in the vicinity and dampen the area. Now you can just pile a lot of logs if you'd like, or you can stack them. A pyramid shape or steppe shape is considered ideal, as boxy shapes tend to fall to the side rather than collapse inward (1999 Texas A&M disaster, anyone?) I recommend that you don't get too close to the fire, just in case a log rolls out. Leave spaces between the logs to allow air to circulate. Old Christmas trees make great center pieces (whooom!). Put the kindling and ever large pieces in the center.

There are many ways to make the initial flame. Magnifying glass, parabolic mirror, iron and flint, rubbing two sticks (use a bow to spin faster,) magma, lightning, natural forest fires, and matches. As always, the key is to start small with shaved wood, dried grass, lint, cotton (yes, toilet paper is good) and add that to small sticks than keep adding bigger stick

until the logs reach the magic temperature of 451F. If all else fails, CAREFULLY throw a cup of gasoline onto it.

Dance around it, watch it, talk to your friends. Throw negativity away into the fire. Or send up prayers with the fire. Young couples may wish to jump over the fire together after it burns down.

As always, stay with the fire until you are able to handle all the ashes with your bare hand. If you can, you take a candle home and relight your furnace, like the ancient Celts did.

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Oracle/6992/bonfires.html>

Or you can do something no one else has thought that you really like! See these sites for ideas:

[http://altreligion.about.com/c/ht/00/07/How\\_Celebrate\\_Beltane\\_0962933966.htm](http://altreligion.about.com/c/ht/00/07/How_Celebrate_Beltane_0962933966.htm) Fun.

<http://www.circlesanctuary.org/pholidays/Beltane.html> Good customs.

<http://www.witchvox.com/holidays/beltaine/beltainehistory.html> A lot of info.

<http://paganwiccan.about.com/cs/beltanemaydayb/>  
[www.cyberwitch.com/wychwood/Temple/beltane.htm](http://www.cyberwitch.com/wychwood/Temple/beltane.htm) Good history

## Summer Solstice Activities

By Alex Strongbow, ex-Carleton Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 2002

It is not a major holiday, but here are some activities to surround the holiday.

Short and simple, the list looks like this:

- Picnics, beach parties, and fireworks
- Bonfire (It's always a good time)
- Fire-Fly searching, bug collecting (and release?)
- College or family reunions
- Charging magical tools
- Hardest work on a long-term project or making a journey
- Eating a super-big sundae
- Hauling rocks and attuning your megalithic calendar
- Baseball, soccer, hurley, outdoor games.
- Searching for St. John's Wort
- Backyard volcano building (see familyeducation.com site)

## Some Possible Lughnasadh Activities

By Alex Strongbow, a Druid Lost in the Woods  
A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 2002

Basically, early August is a "hey, the farming is turning out alright!" agricultural festival and horse race time. Because it is a rather warm time of the year, and like other parts of the Northern Hemisphere, it is also a good time for big crowds of people to travel and have some constructive fun. Taitiu, Lugh's mom, is commemorated in funeral games that last a week or so. I've put together a list of some events that might be done throughout August.

- Food was scarce before the harvest, so you might consider fasting before the festival begins, eating only seasonal foods that you can research as being available before world-grocery began. Perhaps combined with a camping trip, to test your rigor.

- Brehon Wedding/Handfasting: A young couple will put their hand through a hole in a stone and pledge to officiant and public their intention to try living together for a year before deciding on a permanent marriage.
- Settling of Legal Disputes: Advice or mediation in long-term disputes could be sought from other members of the grove (perhaps on slips of paper pulled from an anonymous box.) Alliances with other organizations may be approved now.
- Horse racing: Well, few of us have horses, but a trip to a derby, dog track, or Nascar race would be appropriate, as would attending a summer track and field meet. Gambling is encouraged. If you do have a few horses (or can rent them,) it is traditional to race along a river or ford a river mid-race.
- Bonfire: Not associated with hearth-fires, but just for fun and illumination of nocturnal partying. Sacrifice bad habits and unwanted things from your life by throwing symbols of them into the fire, this is good anytime. Perhaps, a competition between teams to build the biggest/oddest Lammas tower?
- Prearrange to collect the last sheaf of wheat from a farmer and make it a Cailleach doll (old woman,) much like the Bride-og at Oimeic in February. It should be placed on the mantle over the winter and destroyed in the spring, perhaps ploughed into the ground.
- Celtic Olympics: Yes the games of Tailtean, were held until the time of the Norman invasions in the 12th century. Perhaps modeling them on a highland games, which are frequent this time of year, would be apt. Events could include:
  - Wrestling in either Greco-Roman fashion (pinning shoulders to the ground,) Sumo (no touching ground except feet or leaving circle,) or WWF smackdown rules.
  - Hurley, Cricket, Soccer, or Rugby matches.
  - Foot races, wheelbarrow races, bicycle, piggy-back, sack-races, obstacle courses
  - Hammer Toss, Shot put, heavy rock lifting or caber toss
  - Sword dancing, country dancing, interpretive dance etc.
  - Long jump, high jump, pole-vaulting with walking sticks
  - Boffer-sword/Quarter-staff bouts, preferably on a log over a river.
  - Massive tug-a-wars, wacky relays, tag, human pyramids, or egg-toss contests.
  - Archery, fire-arms, catapulting, slinging or spear toss contest
  - Have a "Rhibo," a welsh game where people line up facing each other, making a bed of arms and then fling them up in the air. It is advisable to catch them on the way down.
  - Mental contests for the less physically-gifted: Chess, poetry, story-telling, lying contests, geometry jousts and math matches (bring out old SAT prep sheets,) joke-telling, banjo-dueling, scavenging hunts.
- Large elaborate parades or activities to test the strength and endurance of young folk, usually



through a forest, to a special spring or well or curving up and around a hill.

- Make plans for the winterization preparations.
- Feasting!: Foodstuffs include Beef, broccoli, cherries, spinach, any type of early berry, corn, potatoes, homemade bread (particularly wheat, oat, and especially corn bread,) berry pies, barley cakes, nuts, apples, rice, roast lamb, acorns, crab apples, summer squash, turnips, oats, and all grains. Drinks: Elderberry Wine, Mead, Ale, Meadowsweet Tea, and Cider
- If you live near an abattoir, you could attempt a Tarbh Feis (cattle meditation) by wrapping yourself in a freshly killed bull's hide after eating 10 pounds of beef at a crossroads and sleeping overnight while Druids sing around you. You could then prophesy the 2002 elections by this method, perhaps, or the fertility of the harvest might be gauged from your dreams.
- Offer first-fruits from your garden and plant all the seed of fruits eaten at festival. Bake a loaf of bread in the guise of a man and tear him apart by wild-cats. Include bilberries or blueberries in your feast; these were a traditional fruit, whose abundance was seen as an indicator of the harvest to come. Make a cornwheel of ripe grains.
- Gather and make acorn bread.

## Some Optional Activities for Fall Equinox

By Alex Strongbow, a Druid Lost in the Woods  
A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 2002

Fall Equinox is the opposite twin of Spring Equinox, only that life is now giving fruit and dying at this point in the year's cycles, sometimes known as Michaelmas in the Catholic calendar; when contracts and rents were collected (as at Easter.) What harvesting began in Lughnasadh should be about finished by the Equinox. In times past, autumn was a dreaded season, as people scrambled to prepare food for the long, deadly winter. Only in recent centuries, with assured food supplies, have we begun to romanticize the season. For modern society it is a time for starting school and the end of summer vacations.

- It's possibly the last chance to have the types of fun summer outdoor group activities that characterize Beltane, Mid-summer and Lughnasadh. So it offers an opportunity to repeat previous ones, or try out one that you didn't have time for.
- A picnic is definitely in order or participation in final harvesting. Traditional choices would be grapes, acorns, wheat bread, goat, Indian corn, horn of plenty, cornbread, corn, root crops (i.e. onions, carrots, potatoes, etc.) pomegranates, nuts, goose, mutton, dried fruits, apples, beans, and squash.
- Prayers towards protection, balance, and success in life are auspicious.
- Building a doll of grains to be burnt in the spring or fed to animals.
- Sitting under trees with nets to catch falling nuts and leaves, perhaps saving a leaf from each year in a collection. The rest should be made into a leaf pile for the kids.

- The changing leaves can also be dipped in paraffin and put on wax paper. After the leaves dry, they may be placed around the house or in large jars with sigils of protection and/or abundance
- Take notes on which trees turn color first, which fall soonest, and into which colors.
- Follow the migration of birds.
- String nuts into a necklace.
- Plan a trip to see the fall colors in the mountains.
- Do the Halloween farm-visit early and beat the crowds.
- Make a grapevine wreath for the door.
- Deer season opens. Contemplate it and find some deer. Vegetarians can protest the sporting elements of it.
- A good time to give to local charities to feed the poor.
- When do certain animals begin to disappear?
- Bake bread from scratch (i.e. grind the grains into flour.)
- Note the date of the first frost and its effects on plant life.
- Put up storm windows, check insulation and pack away the air conditioner.
- Start notice the location and time of sunrise, noon and sunset and continue through winter.
- Plant acorns and other nuts and wait for spring growth.

## Fertility Cycle of the Druid Year

By Nozomi Kibou  
Archdruidess of Akita Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Oimelc 2002

I apologize for the poor quality of this essay, but I hope you like it. You know, my father's grove is a fertility shrine (people, plants, animals too) so it is important subject for me. I have thought on Paganism and big four holidays and I think they are fertility holidays. Here are the reasons.

Beltane: It is warm. Young people date and have sex (Pat says "It's a festival of muddy knees and grass-stained dresses.") Planting season. Lughnasadh: We know if we have a baby. People marry. Family starts. Samhain: Baby gets big. Spirits move in baby. Baby kicks. Hard to work in fields, but okay, that work is done, we can relax, start new plans of life. Oimelc: Baby is born. Sheep are born. Not much food, which is hard for mothers. Use sheep milk for babies? By equinox, can work in fields again. Grow baby plants! Beltane: Ready again for more babies? Maybe wait one more year, no?

Sister Tegwedd says we don't need more babies now, "Zero Growth Population," so instead we are mind-creative. Yes, but there is no cycle for that. Most Japanese babies are also born in spring around Feb 1st. April's when school and government and business start a new year in Japan. Very convenient. Birth time of the year, April is. Old Europe started the New Year around Easter, but then changed to Roman Julian calendar. But now most people are not farmers in Wales or Ireland now, so the baby-schedule doesn't work well. Probably more babies in late summer with constant year-round food, long winters, and Fall school starts.

In modern Ireland there are good luck rules for the wedding, which was often before baby-making. A good wedding will help fertility. See <http://www.ireland->

[information.com/irishweddingtraditions.htm](http://information.com/irishweddingtraditions.htm) for many fertility rites of “The Traditional Irish Wedding” by Brian Haggerty.

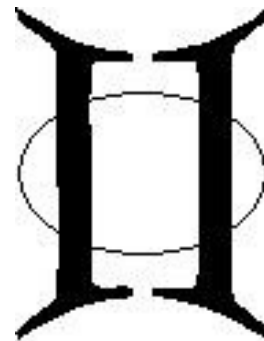
Old Ireland has no records of “before-birth” advice for women. There were warnings in 11th century that women should have purity of heart and mind and not “heat the womb” during sex; but church didn’t like recreational sex back then. Saints took over from Druids in blessing women with fertility, in many unusual ways, including potions. Some babies were born from swallowing live bugs, worms or fish, unusual water plants, sex with giant otters or bird-monsters or night-dreams. There was mystery in how it happened. The best modern advice for all (including men) is to exercise and eat only health food for six months before starting baby/getting married. No drugs, tobacco, alcohol, fatty foods, chocolates, coffee, allergenic foods, meat, gambling and horse racing, avoid rabbits, and corpses. Choose foods with special traits to direct babies personality. In Japan, we were special belly-belt to keep belly warm. Stay that way until milking is done. Of course this is not easy.

Once with baby, a blessing from priest and soon grandparents is good. Some make a special bow/knot for the house. When birth comes, untie it and open all windows, doors, cabinets, knots in house and clothes. The baby comes quicker this way. Sometimes a special bird or animal will visit the house during pregnancy, give it honor, and a name to baby. Going to a forge and pushing the bellows would help the birthing later and make a strong baby. But the most important thing is of course strong love from both parents, no fighting and excitement in the house, peace and tranquility. With this, baby will grow well. If the baby did not go well, abortion by potion and self-abuse was also known. There is evidence of infanticide, too. Unfortunately, modern Ireland has worst rate for “caesarian” births (near 25% for first time,) a weak midwife system, and no birth-centers as yet. Yet, this is because of the modern medical monopoly. In the past midwives were common. This describes a 19th century Co. Mayo birth:

"After she went into labour, the woman was transferred from her usual bed, which was in the kitchen by the fire, to the floor, which was covered with straw. She put on her husband’s jacket, an outsize flannel garment with sleeves, made of homespun wool, or bainin. As the great event drew near, the husband stood at his wife’s back, and placed his hands on her shoulders while she was in a kneeling position on the floor. With words of faith, hope, and encouragement, he supported her morally and physically in her trial, while the midwife got on with the great task of bringing a new human life into the world.”

Celtic sources have much more on the raising of children after birth than before birth. The most important fear was bansid (faery women) stealing the children and leaving a “changeling,” an old faery who never got bigger and shrank. Sometimes the mother would be took and go to fairy hill to raise fairy-babies. This may have been due to emotional stress and mother running away or hurting the child (like that Texas case) in tight society with small support for mother’s need. In famous case of Ard Macha, treating pregnant wife rude like the animal (making her race the horses) caused a weak-body curse on all men of North Ireland for many generations. The point is, let pregnant women do what they want!

So ends Volume Seven  
of the Green Books



# Green Book Of Meditations

## Volume Eight

### Order of the Mithril Star

#### 2003 Introduction

As you probably know, the Order of the Mithril Star was a group that broke away from the Church of All Worlds. They wished to remain closer to the feeling of “Stranger in a Strange Land” as written by Robert Heinlein. Around 2000 they began to be drawn into the orbit of the Reformed Druids, which also shares waters amongst its members. Since then they have actively participated for about 3 years, adapting parts of our liturgy and sense of humor

When the author of this study course asked me to include these materials, I was at a loss of where to put them. The text was too large to go in Part Three, didn't seem right in Part 4 or 7, and wasn't quite a Part 9 text. As a result, it ended up here. This should be appropriate, especially if they see fit to continue to produce more materials, as I hope they will. As with all Orders and Groves, they speak only for themselves and not for other Reformed Druids.

Sincerely,

Mike Scharding  
April 1<sup>st</sup>, 2003  
Embassy of Japan

#### Printing History

1<sup>st</sup> Printing 2001? Online  
2<sup>st</sup> Printing 2003 (ARDA 2)

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Conclusion

# Section One

## Druidcraft 101:

### A Course Study of the Mithril Star Tradition of the Reformed Druids of North America

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## Lesson 1: Background of Modern Neo-Paganism

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau /\\,  
AD - Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

I'd like to be able to say that the Mithril Star is an ancient tradition handed down from generation to generation and practiced by the Druids of ancient Gaul. I'd love to be able to say that, but it's not true. The Mithril Star is based upon some person's experience and training (actually a collaboration of seven people, including myself) and with little historical background to support it. We also drew from a lot of other traditions, and reinterpreted a lot of data to make it all work. Gerald Gardner basically did the same thing, incorporating some ceremonial magick techniques with what he could glean from different family trads in Britain, as did the originators of the other famous traditions of Wicca.

The fact of the matter is, no one really knows what the ancient Druids did because there is no written record. The medieval ceremonial magicians left written records in the form of grimoires and tomes such as the "Lesser Key of Solomon," but the traditions of folk magick practitioners such as Witches and shamans were oral. The "Book of Shadows" is a modern invention. The Alexandrian, Gardnerian, Fairy, Blue Star, etc., are all someone's "best guess" at what the ancients did. Likewise, the Druidic orders like Ar nDraiocht Fein, OBOD and Henge of Keltria are someone's ideas of what Druidism should be, or might have been. Anyone telling you otherwise is either deluded or a liar or possibly both. Or they may have their own agenda. There are a lot of control freaks out there in Paganland (just like religion in general.)

Our mother organization (or really, "dis-organization") is the Reformed Druids of North America. Back in 1963 at Carleton College in Northfield, MN USA,

some students objected to a mandatory attendance of religious services, so they protested by making a bizarre group and attending it regularly. The requirement was thus mocked and was withdrawn. Members found it groovy and continued to participate in the group in order to explore world faiths and personal paths in an open and honest way. As they graduated, they started groups in other states. By the 1980s there were about 10 groves scattered across the country. Then Isaac Bonewits left to form Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF) Druidism, which later splintered, and soon Henge of Keltria Druidism appeared. Nowadays, there are lots of sophisticated groups in America that can trace their roots to RDNA, which still putters about.

In a sense, OMS is a "protest" group that became its own institution, like RDNA. As a member of the Church of All Worlds, I began meeting with Adam Rostoker (who was the official "Bard" of CAW) back in the early 1990s. We both had strong misgivings about CAW and about how its "nests" weren't anything like the nests in Michael's CAW. We were both seeking community in our chosen paths, and the structure of CAW "should" have been conducive to the formation of strong intentional communities. But it wasn't there, and though we both strived to find it there, it was like seeking the proverbial needle in a haystack. In a series of meetings over a six-month period, OMS (then known as the "Covenant of The Mithril Star") was implanted in the womb of Gaia. It was later, after Adam's tragic and untimely death, that Gaia gave birth to the ever changing, ever evolving (as any living thing should be) Mithril Star tradition.

I have a friend down in Southern California named Jim Fox-Davis. He is the High Priest of the Ancient Keltic Church and more or less a scholar of Celtic religion. His maxim is "We're doing religion the old fashioned way, we're making it up as we go!" That's our maxim as well. Any one of you can start your own tradition - right now in fact. Whether the magick will work or not is a variable we will be discussing later on. But all of you are just as qualified as anyone else to start something completely different. The key is belief (again, we'll be discussing that later on.) Now, there are lots of folks out there who will differ with me on this. They'll say that you need years of training under the tutelage of such-and-such master so-and-so who trained under who's-it's from the whatever-tradition. It's mostly poppycock.

Some time ago in an edition of the now departed publication, Green Egg, Oberon Zell editorialized against Pagan clergy who are ordained under the auspices of the "Universal Life Church." He used the same argument I just outlined, but Oberon (named after the character in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Nights Dream," and formerly known as "Otter," and before that "Tim") fails to mention that he is self-taught and self-ordained and therefore no more qualified than anyone else. If it makes you feel better, you might want a teacher who was taught by a more formal tradition, and initiated and ordained with ornate credentials and such. But the reality is that religion is the stuff of fantasy in the first place. There is very little difference between Mythology, Fiction (or Science Fiction) or Fantasy. Someone made it all up. Then someone else (or lots of someone else's) believed in it. And presto! You have a new religion; (more on that to come.)

Let the discussion begin....

# Lesson 2: Ethics

## (Part 1 of 2 parts)

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau /\\  
and Frater Iopanus

### The Rede

"And it harm none: do what thou wilt," goes the Wiccan ethic known as the "Rede," widely adapted by Pagans in general. It's a kind of cross between Aleister Crowley's "Law of Thelema" and the Hippocratic Oath. As Druids, we are healers as well as shamans so a link to the oath that doctors take seems very appropriate.

The Mithril Star position is that when at all possible we do whatever we wish so long as we hurt on one. The Rede is a voluntary ethic. There is no "Rede Police" to enforce compliance, nor do the Gods or Old Ones care. And although there is Karma to deal with it's still totally between you and yourself how you interpret and apply the Rede. We recognize that there are times when someone will be harmed in some way by our actions, that this is something that can't always be helped. So we've come up with some guidelines to help sort out this ethical dilemma:

- 1) If that action about to be taken will harm yourself or a member of your immediate family, don't do it. Find another way to accomplish the action without harm.
- 2) If the action about to be taken may harm someone outside of your family unit, decide how important the action is to your well-being. If you can live without it, then don't do it. If you can't, then you must.
- 3) The action about to be taken should never harm the environment in any way, nor may it violate a natural law. As Druids we are guardians of the Earth; environmentalists by default.

How do you interpret that though? That's where a lot of controversy and fighting comes in. An examination of the history of the Rede will shed some light on all this.

The Rede's history is somewhat fuzzy. Aleister Crowley's Law of Thelema states: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." His buddy, Gerald Gardner, while reinventing Witchcraft, wanted to tone down Crowley's maxim, and at the same time put a positive spin on Wicca (there are only GOOD Witches, you know.) He thus came up with "An' it harm none." Later, Doreen Valiente is said to have given it some teeth by inventing the Threefold Law. Inventing? Weren't these ideas always part of Goddess/Earth worshiping religions? Didn't Gardner and Valiente just codify a universal principal? Weren't these traditions channeled to our ancestors by the Gods? Perhaps not.

Consider the ancient Celts. Here is a culture whose idea of tasteful decorating included displaying their enemies' heads on pikes. And let's not forget the infamous 'wicker man' tradition. The Saxons are widely acknowledged to have raped, pillaged and plundered their way into British society. Not exactly "harm none" ethics at work here. Yet these two cultures are the main "historical" context for modern, or "neo" Paganism.

As we have said, the Rede encapsulates a good idea. But how does it bear up under scrutiny? Crowley was no one's idea of a warm and fuzzy guy, but he does back up his "Do what thou wilt..." with its companion expression, "Love is the Law. Love under will." In this system there is no assurance that harm will

not be done, but at least the magician is operating from a foundation of love.

With or without conscious use of Magickal principles there always exists a distinct possibility that our actions may harm others. Our modern lifestyles impact ourselves and the environment in many subtle ways. Even a person living in a cabin with no utilities, growing her own vegan food, and using only a bicycle for transportation might often unwittingly violate the Rede.

The Rede, as interpreted by most traditions, is a blanket solution to an extremely complex ethical dilemma, which varies enormously from moment to moment for each thinking individual. A sincere attempt to live by a strict interpretation of the Rede would immobilize even the most powerful magick.

This is not to imply that we should go on a free-for-all of revenge against our enemies. On the contrary, if love is our touchstone in every moment, ethical questions will resolve themselves.

Some say that all 'true' Pagans follow the Rede absolutely. Poppycock! Every religion was made up by somebody (usually somebody with an agenda.) The discerning student is well advised to remember that being ordained in one tradition or another does not necessarily impart spiritual superiority or wisdom. The traditional interpretation of the Rede becomes a convenient rationale for non-action used by those who fear their own divinity and the power therein.

### What about the "Three Fold Law"?

Among most Wiccans and many Pagans, the three-fold-law goes hand in hand with the "Wiccan Rede" as the basis for ethics in the magickal community. The law as stated is simple: whatever you put out comes back to you three fold. But what is the basis for the three fold law? Where did it come from? How does it operate? Is it live or is it Memorex?

You already know how we feel about the Rede: a nice sentiment usually over-interpreted to the point where magick is no longer an option. The three-fold-law gives the Rede some clout. It's no longer just a matter of being a nice guy and harming none. No, someone created a "law" that exacts an automatic penalty for breaking the Rede. Whatever you do, good or bad, will come back on you three fold, or three times. An example would be if you cause Jim Smith to lose his job, then you will lose your job and the next two as well. On the positive, if you give Jim a gift of \$100, the cosmos will give you back \$300. However, it rarely works that way, and apologists for the law of three will say that somehow material gain is exempted, or that your return on the gift to Jim may come in a form other than money. As you can see, this so called "law" is already rife with loopholes. I wonder if it has anything to do with one's status in the Pagan/Wiccan community?

I know of High Priest/esses who have worked magick to bring down the law of three on someone they feel has violated the Rede in some way. This proves that it's not really a law, since a law (like gravity) would operate without magickal invocation. It also suggests that the operator is immune, since drawing down a "three-fold" whatever on another would seem to trigger yet another "three-fold" event upon the operator, since this operation of "artificial karma" violates the very "an it harm none" ethic that is held so dear. But it doesn't seem to work that way.

The basis of the three-fold law seems to be karma. Karma is the spiritual equivalent of TANSTAAFL\*. Like actions receive like rewards. But the actual doctrine is deeper than that. Karma originates in the ancient Hindu religion. It basically says that in this life you are paying for, or being rewarded for the mistakes or good deeds you did in your previous life, and that you are also learning how to live more perfectly with each new life (the

doctrine of karma being intimately linked with Hindu reincarnation/transmigration of souls.) Each life therefore is a cycle, and you ascend or descend upon the ladder of enlightenment in each life, until you reach a state where you no longer need to reincarnate. In practice, karma is a really handy way for the high Brahman caste to justify the state of the lowly Untouchable caste in India's caste system. This is just another religious tool the rich and powerful use to keep the masses in line. Western occultists borrowed Karma from Hinduism and reinterpreted it for their own purposes. This happened during the occult awakening in the early years of this century. Aleister Crowley, H. Spencer Lewis, and others are credited with the importation of Karma and Reincarnation from Hinduism into the modern western magickal thought. Both ideas proved popular, and were incorporated into a number of magickal systems, including Rosicrucianism and Wicca. To be sure, the evidence suggests that the ancient Celts believed in a form of Karma as did the ancient Egyptians. It was Doreen Valiente who was credited for the Wiccan version of Karma, the three-fold law.

Generally, the westernized version of karma is less nasty than its Hindu forebear. It takes the form of the Christian idea of "do unto others ..." or the American folklore idea of "what goes around comes around," or giving "tit for tat" ("What is 'tat'? And how do I trade it for the other thing?" -- George Carlin.) Karma therefore is something we can definitely count on as being a force to consider when contemplating action. But Doreen felt that Karma didn't offer enough clout as it stood, so she reinterpreted it as the three-fold-law, making it thrice as effective. Thus this so called "law" becomes an effective tool to keep the "little people" of Paganism in line with what the "Lords and Ladies" want. Yet another example of religion being used to control people. Ironic, since this is the reason many of us left the religions we were raised in.

The "Law of Three" works the way all magick works: it runs on belief. In other words, if you believe it works, if you do not it doesn't (we'll be discussing this principle later on in the lessons.) It may be that it works on the principal of mass belief; i.e., if enough people believe in something it becomes a law (or in the case of an entity a God,) and therefore may work on people who do not believe in or even know about it. In the later case what we have is a curse, not a law, since it would bring down misfortune on any hapless person who came into contact with it (rather like a landmine a child stumbles upon.)

My solution to the tyranny of the law of three is two fold: 1) stop believing in it. And believe that your active non-belief is stronger than the corporate belief of the community at large. 2) Stop teaching it.

## So what about Karma by itself?

How does it affect me when I do magick?

First of all, magick is a gift from the universe to us. It is a gift in the same way that a cougar's hearing and speed are gifts. Gifts such as this are survival oriented; they are given to enable the recipient to have an advantage over others. Therefore, to NOT use it, for whatever reason, is the say to the universe, "we don't need this - take it away." NOT using magick may have the same karmic consequences as using it. Not taking action can be just as harmful as taking action, and I would suggest, an even higher karmic price may be exacted on you if you can use magick in a situation and choose not to. Magick is a gift given to you to use. Use it or lose it.

Lastly, because of our unique place in the universe, our gift of magick, and our acknowledgment of our own inner deity (as we'll discuss in lesson 4.) We are the agents of Karma. Our deeds and non-deeds do have an effect on others and on our selves. It is only through grokking ourselves in fullness that we

can act rightly when the time of cusp comes. And this, too, is our karmic responsibility.

\*TANSTAAFL /tan'stah-fl/

[Acronym, from Robert Heinlein's classic SF novel "The Moon is a Harsh Mistress." Meaning: "There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch."]

## Lesson 2-B: Ethics of the Druids (Part 2 of 2 Parts)

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau /\,  
AD - Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

If the Rede and the Three Fold law are mainly Wiccan, then how do Druids approach this problem of ethics? Of the few things written down by the ancient Bards, the most famous and oft quoted are the

Triads. There are Irish Triads, Scottish Triads and Welsh Triads. Most of these are concerned with history. The Triads were a method used by the Bards to remember things by associating them in groups of threes. A large body of the Triads concerns ethics. Following are some examples we found were the most pertinent:

### The Triads

- Three rejoicings that are worse than sorrow: the joy of a man who has defrauded another, the joy of a man who has perjured himself, the joy of a man who has committed patricide
- Three things which justice demands: judgment, measure, conscience.
- Three things which judgment demands: wisdom, penetration, knowledge.
- Three things for which a friend is hated: trespassing,\* keeping aloof,\*\* fecklessness.
- Three rude ones of the world: a youngster mocking an old man, a healthy person mocking an invalid, a wise man mocking a fool.
- Three ungentlemanly things: interrupting stories, a mischievous game, jesting so as to raise a blush.
- Three deaths that are better than life: the death of a salmon, the death of a fat pig, the death of a robber.\*
- Three laughing-stocks of the world: an angry man, a jealous man, a niggard.
- Three ruins of a tribe: a lying chief, a false judge, a lustful\* priest.
- Three preparations of a good man's house: ale, a bath, a large fire
- Three preparations of a bad man's house: strife before you, complaining to you, his hound taking hold of you.\*
- Three props of obstinacy\*: pledging oneself, contending, wrangling.
- Three characteristics of obstinacy\*: long visits, staring, constant questioning.
- Three maidens that bring hatred upon misfortune: talking, laziness, insincerity.
- Three maidens that bring love to good fortune: silence, diligence, sincerity.

- Three impossible demands: go! though you cannot go, bring what you have not got, do what you cannot do.
- Three things that constitute a harper: a tune to make you cry, a tune to make you laugh, a tune to put you to sleep.\*
- Three oaths that do not require fulfillment\*: the oath of a woman in birth-pangs, the oath of a dead man, the oath of a landless man.
- Three ranks that ruin tribes in their falsehood: the falsehood of a king, of a historian, of a judge.
- Three doors of falsehood: an angry pleading, a shifting foundation of knowledge, giving information without memory.
- Three doors through which truth is recognized: a patient answer, a firm pleading, appealing to witnesses.
- Three glories of speech: steadiness, wisdom, brevity.
- Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel.
- Three signs of folly: contention, wrangling, attachment (to everybody.)
- Three things that make a fool wise: learning, steadiness, docility.
- Three things that make a wise man foolish: quarreling, anger, drunkenness.
- Three candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, knowledge.

(Above gleaned from  
<http://www.lincolnu.edu/~focal/docs/triads/triads.html> )

## HOMEWORK:

1. Make up three triads of your own, and discuss them in class.

# Lesson 3: Magickal Theory

By Frater Iopanus

## Belief

That is the key word to magick, prayer, religion, healing and metaphysics. What you believe and the degree to which you believe it determine the parameters of your universe. What you believe and the degree to which you believe it is also influenced by society at large, and what Jung called the "cosmic" or "universal" "consciousness." Some mystics also refer to this as the "Akashic Record."

In computer metaphor then, belief would be the "source code;" the 1's and 0's (the bits) of the universe. No matter what platform you are running, be it Mac, IBM, Unix, etc., the source code is still 1's and 0's. And so it is with metaphysics. No matter what religion or philosophy you subscribe to, the bottom line is still belief.

Since religion is all made up anyway it's possible to set up new parameters for belief and for magick anytime and in anyway you wish. We touched on this idea in Lesson One. The extent to which you believe a given idea, and the influence of "cosmic consciousness" and society are the only things that will limit you. It is possible to transcend even those things, but it takes years of mental discipline, and it's not something anyone can teach you. You are on your own here. You might decide to believe that you

can fly (without an airplane.) You may truly and with all your heart believe that, but unless you can cancel out the influence of "cosmic consciousness," that first step off the top of Sears Tower is going to be the longest one of your life (and possibly your last.) On the other hand, you can ask yourself this question: "Am I going to hell?" Unless you are a Christian, or someone heavily influenced by the popular paradigm, your answer will be an assured no. However, if you have any doubt, you might actually end up there. I don't believe that would happen to too many Pagans I know of though.

Belief creates your universe. Christians create a universe where they go to heaven and everyone else goes to hell. Moslems go to Paradise, Buddhists reincarnate. Atheists just cease to exist. And those Heaven's Gate people are probably on a UFO somewhere (assuming their belief was strong enough.) Can anyone prove otherwise? I think not. These beliefs about afterlife are part of the "software" running on each person's religious "operating system." Some programs will run on more than one operating system but most will not. For example, there are some Unix commands that will work under DOS. In general though, it's best not to try to mix things. So it is in religion. The idea of Karma will not run under Christianity. Generally, eastern ideas do not run well under western paradigms. I think that possibly this is the reason why so much is screwed up in the world today. The dominant religion in the western world is Christianity; an essentially eastern paradigm. Western folks would do well to start with the Gods of ancient Europe and leave the Eastern and Middle-Eastern deities alone at the beginning. Later on you can add other pantheons to your mix, depending upon your personal taste. After all, some Celtic and Norse deities evolved from Eastern and Middle Eastern pantheons.

In looking at the different religious belief systems, and the different Pagan traditions, you can see common denominators among them. The kind of magickal practice one uses in Gardnerian Wicca can be used in Alexandrian, but only some of it in Druidism. So too do all of the Pagan traditions have commonalities. Yet, there are some things that work in one and not others. For instance, some traditions permit mixing pantheons (for instance, Egyptian and Celtic) others do not. Some teach you can influence events or people from long distances, others that you cannot. It is all a matter of belief, and belief determines what will work and what will not, just like the operating system you are using determines which software will work on your computer.

Ideas that you think are universal are not necessarily. You may say "Oh no! The Law of Three is universal," and indeed, it operates in your life. But that is only because you believe in it. Stop believing in the Law of Three and it will no longer affect you. If you are a Druid this is easy – none of the Druids I have ever known have believed in the law of three or the rede. Period.

Now to "stop believing" in something is a lot like trying to stop smoking. It's best if you never began in the first place. Something you are convinced you no longer believe in can affect you, simply because you believed for so long that there is some residual "belief" left in you. It may be impossible for you to get rid of that. You may have to do a complete banishing ritual over and over again. It's totally dependant upon your will. Beliefs that are truly ingrained in us from the Cosmic Consciousness can only be removed by years of discipline. Since most of us have jobs, and some of us have families, it is not likely that many of us will be flying without an airplane really soon.

What do you believe? How does it affect your life? How would your life change if you dropped a belief? Can you?



# Lesson 4:

## The Nature of Deity

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau /\\, and Frater Iopanus

Thou art God/dess.  
Keep that statement in mind.

Religion is a method those of us on this plain use to relate to the deities. It's like software for cosmic relationships, and there are many different versions (or religions) for relating with different pantheons.

According to the Mithril Star, there are three classes of deity: The Archetypes, The Old Ones, and Us.

### Archetypes

The Archetypes comprise all of the famous Gods and Goddesses of old. They are the heroes and heroines of myth and legend, who represent human attributes, desires and ideals. You know many of them from school: Zeus, Isis, Thor, Yahweh, Kwan Yin etc. Newer deities from modern literature have joined them as well: Celeborn, Galadriel, Elrond, Gandalf, and others from the Tolkein books are called upon by different groves from time to time, and I've even heard of folks who invoke Klingon deities. For the most part, the archetypes are made up out of whole cloth. They are entirely fictional beings; inventions of the human psyche. They can have great power however, depending upon the number and intensity of belief of the people who believe in them. Belief in this case energizes these beings and makes them real and powerful. A really good example is Asphalta, the parking place Goddess. Someone somewhere just made her up. A lot of people started praying to her, and it works. This made up Goddess will reserve you a parking place. It even works for me, and I know what she is! It can work for any deity. Try it -- make up a deity and start praying to her or him. Tell others about it. Pretty soon you'll have a cult following. This is guaranteed.

### Old Ones

The second class of deities, The Old Ones, consists of entities that have actually lived among humans. One thing I like about the Celtic pantheon is that for the most part, it is composed of this class. The ancient Celts recognized the principle of "Thou art God/dess," and as heroes and leaders of the Celts passed on to the Summer Lands, they took on the title of God or Goddess. Lugh and Cernunnos are noted among these. Your own relatives; grandfathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, who have passed away, belong to this class. When you pass away, you will become a part of this group. These are the folks who are recognized at Samhain, channeled via Ouija boards or via scrying.

### You

The 3rd and highest class of deity is YOU. Thou art God/dess. You have the responsibility and you have the power. This is why it is solely in your discretion whether you'll cause harm or not. It's your life, your universe, your creation. You can't run from this responsibility. You can live in denial (most of the planet does,) but look around: the rape, pillage and plunder of this planet's ecosystem is the result of subservience to other deities. We are the caretakers of the universe. It is we who are ultimately responsible for the way resources are used or abused. But we are basically good. Humankind is basically good. People who learn and accept their inherent divinity will not do harm.

They will do good. It is only those who have been taught from day one that they are bad, that they need a big God standing over them with a club, who do harm, because they know no better path.

### Guidelines

*As awakening Gods then, we may need some guidelines. I suggest the following, written by Oberon Zell, former Primate and founder of the Church of All Worlds, which we consider to be our 'sister' organization:*

"No matter how we formulate our philosophy, the true test of our strength lies in our behavior; our ability to embody the principles we hold dear, and apply them in our daily lives to the building of relationships and community, the integrity of our actions, and the strength of character that inspires others to grow and transform the world around them. To these ends we advocate the following principles of behavior:

*1. Be Excellent to Each Other! Thou art God/dess. To truly honor the Divinity within each other is to treat each other with respect, kindness, courtesy, and conscious consideration. This involves honest and responsible communication, including the avoidance of gossip and rumor-mongering, and the willingness to reach for understanding rather than judgment. Learn how to communicate in a positive, life-affirming way. We prefer to avoid us/them and either/or thinking, and to instead take an inclusive systems approach that sees the Divinity in all living things. To this end we also deplore coercive behavior that does not respect the free will of others. We prefer to lead, not by guilt or coercion, but by inspiration and example; not only to be excellent to each other, but to strive for excellence in all our endeavors, no matter how seemingly insignificant. Tribal values we hold include Loyalty, Generosity, Fairness and Hospitality.*

As Gods, we can no longer cling to outmoded, archaic identity labels. These would include racial labels (like black, white, yellow, red,) ethnic labels, (Asian, African, Chinese, American etc.) and even political labels (conservative, liberal, socialist, libertarian etc.) These labels may be useful to explain where we came from, but as Gods, we have transcended all these. We are Gods – a separate and unique race, culture and politic.

*2. Be Excellent to Yourself! Again: Thou art God/dess. Divinity resides within as well as without, so how you treat yourself is how you treat that Divinity. Self-abuse, whether through irresponsible use of substances, overwork, self-denial, self-deception, or simply running those tapes that undermine self-esteem, are all insults to the Divinity within. Treat yourself kindly, with compassion rather than judgment, and it will be easier to treat others that way. Take care of your body, home and possessions, as a piece of Gaia that has been entrusted to you. Be a conscious guardian to the Temple and the God/dess within.*

*3. Honor Diversity! In Nature a diverse ecosystem has more stability. There are many styles of living and ways of living, each of which has something to offer to the overall puzzle of life. Be open-minded and receptive to new ideas because this usually manifests in growth of the spirit and the mind. Learn about differences rather than judge them. Be willing to explore others creative abilities to manifest a sense of well-being and confidence in their own Divinity. Sexism, racism, or rude remarks directed towards others sexual preferences; body type or personal habits (insofar as they do not harm others) have no place in this community. All life is sacred.*

Once again, we can honor our BACKGROUNDS, but who we once were is not who we are now.

4. *Take Personal Responsibility!* ("With great power comes great responsibility!") The necessary counterpart to individual freedom is the willingness to be personally responsible for all of our actions, and for our effects upon the planet. Only through the practice of personal responsibility can we become responsible collectively and live a life of freedom and maturity. We are not a religion of gurus, Mommies or Daddies who can tell you what to do. As a religion that respects equality, we must take equal responsibility for making things happen, preventing harm, or cleaning up mistakes. To this end we also advocate one of the principles taught in kindergarten: *Clean up your mess!*

5. *Walk Your Talk!* (and, talk your walk!) Talk is cheap. It is fine and well to proclaim to be a feminist or environmentalist, to preach heady Pagan gospel, or to play holier than thou. It is only in practice that words become Truth, and change becomes manifest. But do not be afraid to fail, for in order to grow, our reach must exceed our grasp, and it is through failing that we learn."

Yet another way of saying all this, briefly and succinctly, is:

"Thou art God/dess.' It's not a message of cheer and hope. It's a defiance—and an unafraid unabashed assumption of personal responsibility." --Mike to Jubal, SIASL by Robert A. Heinlein

## Midterm Exam

# Lesson 5: Tools

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau /\\, AD –  
Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

We don't need tools per se, in order to do magick. For some of us, our best tool is our mind. However, we try to have fun in OMS, and tools are fun to own and use. They also make public and group rituals much more impressive.

The tools used in western magick are for the most part very old. They are depicted on the Tarot deck, and predate all of the modern magickal traditions by hundreds of years.

I have found that you acquire tools over a period of time. They "call to you," or draw you to them as you feel the need. My own gwialen is a good example. My partner and I were traveling in Northern California and visiting a redwood grove along the famous "Avenue of The Giants." It was about dusk when we were there, and I was walking the length of the fallen "Garberville Giant" (listed in the Guinness Book of World Records as the world's tallest tree.) I felt drawn to the top of the tree, and near the top on the ground I spotted my gwialen. Or rather, it appeared at my feet. It was a branch from the giant itself. I picked it up and placed one end in the crook of my arm. The other end was at the tip of my middle finger (the traditional length of a gwialen.) Redwood groves are very magickal places inhabited by all kinds of fairy folk, so I can't say that I was at all surprised to be given this gift of the little people.

Tools can also be acquired as gifts, or you can buy or make your own. Let your intuition be your guide. You will find that tools will come to you as needed and sometimes in ways you do not expect.

## Preparation

Once acquired, a tool needs to be prepared for use. On the New moon, at midnight, cast a circle. Light your favorite incense and have a vessel of salt water and your favorite essential oil (if it happens to be something you wear, so much the better.) Invoke your favorite Old Ones (as witnesses.)

Pass the tool through the smoke of the incense, saying:

"I purge this (name tool) by smoke and fire to bring to me my heart's desires." (Do this three times)

Sprinkle the tool with salt water, saying:

"I cleanse this (name tool) by water and earth to help me bring my desires to birth." (Do this three times)

Anoint the tool with the essential oil saying:

"I anoint this (name tool) to be my own, to help me bring my desires home." (Do this three times)

Sleep with the tool from the New moon until the Full Moon.

## The Tools:

The following is by no means meant to be an exhaustive list. Many Druids come up with their own tools that no one has ever heard of. We are an inventive folk, if nothing else. The list following is meant to be suggestive, not written in stone. YMMV. Once again, tools are not 100% necessary, but they are fun to own.

### The Cyllell

The Cyllell is better known in Wiccan circles as the "Athame." This is a ritual knife and can be used for casting a circle, invoking the quarters, "the Symbolic Great Rite," mixing materials, cutting materials, scribing materials, etc. Some traditions also employ another knife (known as a Boline) for cutting and scribing and such, keeping the Cyllell back for strictly ritual usage. We don't feel this is necessary at all, unless of course your Cyllell was made out of some material (such as pewter) that makes it unable to actually be used as a knife. Pagan supply houses generally have a variety of styles to choose from, or the craftier among you may choose to manufacture your own.

### The Cryman

The Cryman, or "sickle," is the tool most associated with Druidism. It is believed to have been used by the Druids of old to harvest the sacred Mistletoe from Oak trees. It is believed to have been made of gold or some other precious metal. Today you can find them in some craft stores in various sizes made of various materials, at terribly inflated prices. If you really want one, go to a garden or farm store and find a small hand version. Use it the same way as you would a Cyllell.

### The Cleddyf

Related to the Cyllell, the cleddyf, "or sword," is used for many of the same things (except for preparing materials.) Generally, the cleddyf is an item the Grove owns rather than individuals, due to the expense. Stay away from cleddyfs derived from American history (they have a strange vibration not conducive to ritual.) I recommend the Claymore, the large two-edged cleddyf used by the Scotts. They are heavy and expensive, but very impressive in ritual. Renn Faires are great places to find and purchase cleddyfs that are suitable for ritual use.

### The Gwialen

The Gwialen, or "wand," is used for power transfer, weather magick, spell casting and the like. Some folks also use it for circle casting. Traditionally, the Gwialen is a personal object the length from the crook of your elbow to the end of your

middle finger. Wood is the preferred material, especially ash, oak, and my favorite, redwood. Generally, a trip to the woods is all you need to secure your gwialen. You may want to place a crystal at one end of it, or decorate it with knot work, runes or whatever you like.

### **The Ffon**

The Ffon or “staff,” is simply a large Gwialen, and used for the same purposes as a gwialen. It is said that Ffons are less conspicuous than gwialens (they can be used as walking sticks) and so were more in favor during the Burning Times for that reason. It would be hard to picture Mithrandir or Merlin without their fffons. Traditionally, the ffon is one foot longer than its owner's height, and a lot stouter than a gwialen would be. Also quite serviceable as a ffon is the Irish shallagh, which also makes a fine gwialen.

### **The Caregl**

The Caregl, or “Caregl,” is used to hold ritual drink or sometimes the water for cleansing. It can be made of a variety of materials. Glass or ceramic are acceptable, but one must take care in transporting them. Other materials are more durable, such as a metal, like pewter, or wood. Wooden Caregls must be treated inside so that the liquid does not stain or leech into the wood. Again, these things tend to “call” to you. I found mine when I was 13, at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. in Champaign IL. Traditional RDNA Groves tend to use red glass Caregls.

### **The Thuser**

Essentially an incense holder, it needs to be durable enough to withstand the heat from a charcoal block. The brass ones found in import shops seem to be the best for this purpose. I found mine at the same place I found my Caregl.

Another type of thuser is used for ritually purging of a circle or its attendees. Abalone shells are great for this purpose, as a sage stick or whatever can be lit up and passed around the circle. Shells also seem to be durable enough for general incense usage as well.

### **The Crochan**

Magick (or Craft) shops sell crochans (or “cauldrons”) of various sizes for a lot of money (usually) but many hardware stores have a cheaper version in the welding section of the store. These heavy cast iron versions are small (holding about two cups of liquid) and are perfect for ritual burnings.

### **The Seren Saith Pigfain (Seren Mithril)**

Unique to the Mithril Star tradition, the Seren Saith Pigfain is a seven pointed star with a circle around it, usually the world snake (AKA Ourobores.) See our website at <http://www.mithrilstar.org> and feel free to download the one there. Usually inscribed or drawn on a plate or platter, it is used mainly for passing the cakes around during “cakes and wine.” We’ll get into the significance of this symbol in lesson 12.

### **Canhwyllbrens (or “Candlesticks”)**

Brass or any non-burnable materials are best. I buy them up at garage sales and flea markets. Mithril Star rituals usually utilize nine of them, but I've found that one can never have too many. Wooden ones can be used too, but only if you are using tapers that snuff themselves before the last half inch is burned. Trader Joe's is an excellent source of cheap candles like this, and they sell a variety of colors (including black.)

An alternative to canhwyllbrens, which we use for large outdoor rituals, is tiki torches. We usually place four of them in the cardinal directions. Tiki oil with a citronella base will help keep the mosquitoes at bay. Another option is large votive

candles (usually found in the Mexican food section of grocery stores.) These last forever (almost) and provide their own shelter as the wax burns down. You can buy them in colors to match the quarters.

An even cheaper alternative is the small votives, dropped into clear glass jars (that you collect over time from sauces, condiments, jellies, etc.) I was at a ritual once where 33 of these were used to light the circle. Very impressive.

### **The Brethyn Allor**

The Brethyn Allor, or “altar cloth,” is something you need to either make yourself or have someone make, as it needs to be custom made to fit your altar. It should cover the top surface of your altar, plus hang down the front to the ground. That front section may have a Mithril Star or other adornment. Plain cloths will work just as well. Emerald or Kelly Green, or Black, or Tartan (plaid) are acceptable colors.

You do magick in virtual space, or astral space, without “real” tools. You simply use the virtual or astral equivalent. In this case your imagination is your only limitation. Possession of “real tools” can make this process a lot simpler for you, but it is not necessary. I have heard of cases where magicians doing astral work with astral tools have later on come into possession of a “real” tool that they had used in astral space.

### **Ysbrid Cynefin**

Ysbrid Cynefin or “familiars,” are not tools per se, but pets used in magickal work. Probably the most common is a cat, but I have known magicians who have used dogs or even reptiles. Typically your familiar is already with you, an animal pet whom you have already bonded with and with whom you have a psychic rapport. Sometimes they will come to you as you embark on new magickal projects, or under special circumstances. Our cat Aleister (he passed on this past October) is a case in point. About seven years ago when my ex and I first began our relationship, we were driving around in a rainstorm in downtown Santa Cruz. We were speculating about getting another animal (we already had Sydney) and were musing along the lines of: “If we ever get a black male kitten, we should name it Aleister, after Aleister Crowley.” The next day these kids came to the door. There was another storm in progress, and they had this tiny black kitten with them, wrapped in a towel. They were going door to door looking for a home for him. We sent them away, but they came back. Three times. The last time they told us that their mom was going to kill the kitten if they didn't find a home for him. Well, the third time is the charm they say, and we felt sorry for the kids and the kitten, so we agreed to keep him overnight. It's been a long night. We named him Aleister of course, and it was expected that he would become my familiar. But that didn't happen. Aleister, like his namesake, is a bit too aloof to bond very closely with, and he has become even more so as he has grown older. Sydney (AKA, Syd Vicious Australia,) who lived with my ex before I came on the scene, was more than willing to take on the job. We bonded very well and he has been a great help in my magickal endeavors, even allowing me to project my consciousness into him so that I could share his nocturnal travels.

Next week we'll look at ritual construction.

### **Homework:**

On list, discuss which tools you already have and how you acquired them. Suggest other tools not mentioned in the test. Throw each other a virtual “kiss” for having passed the midterm test and survived.

# Lesson 6:

## Ritual Construction

For the Order of Mithril Star  
By Iopanus, Sybok, Ceridwen, and the Mother Grove  
(Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd)

### Explanation

Finding a place is in itself a ritual sometimes. Usually a grove of trees is the best place, but anywhere that is a natural setting with plenty of privacy will do. Indoor spaces are all right also, but weather permitting; I feel that the best rites take place outdoors.

If the Grove can afford it, it's nice to own ten or more acres of woods, within which is a natural circular space. Within that space it's nice to have permanent altars set up in each of the horizontal quarters, with items appropriate to their correspondences on each (see the "Table of Correspondences" at the end of this lesson.) For large outdoor rites I favor those "Tiki torches" for illumination at those locations as well. Make sure the fuel used has a high flash-point (needs high heat to ignite.) White gas is too dangerous, but a fuel that will only burn with a floating wick should be safe. There are also propane fueled torches that burn for several hours and give off plenty of light. They also feature safety switches that shut off if toppled. They just don't have that natural flame ambiance.

Just south of the center of the circle space should be your fire ring (if it's a night time rite) and a small blaze should be well under way as people arrive for the rite. Fire safety is a major concern, or should be, for Druids. Keep fire fighting equipment handy whenever there is any bare flame (meaning non-bulb/electric lighting,) even lanterns and lamps, being used. The US Forest Service has a class on safe camping that is a valuable resource.

Just north of the center of the circle should be the main altar upon which should be everything needed for the rite, as well as any decorative items appropriate to the work planned. One of those portable canopies is really nice for daytime rites. This is again, a general format. You wouldn't have any altars for a Beltaine rite involving a May pole, since the pole would be the central thing.

You can do the same type of thing on property you do not own, but the altars and such must then be portable.

Depending upon the weather and climate, the Grove may wish to either be Robbed (Clothed) for the rites, or "Skyclad" (unclothed - naked - nude, except for ritual jewelry and accoutrements such as the HP's antlers or the HPS's crescent and moon headpiece, and each Druid's Mithril Star pendant.) If weather and climate are agreeable, then "Skyclad" is best, since it illustrates the "perfect love and perfect trust" that should be present among waterkin.

If using Robes, the hooded type is best, usually in earth tones or black or green. (Some Druid groups insist on White - we feel this is a) impractical - white is hard to clean once it gets dirty, b) a stupid attempt to emulate our ancestors (In Caesar's notes about the Druids, he says they all wore white robes. He also says they were barbarians who practiced human sacrifice. Who wants to believe the enemy anyway?)

The Grove would be robbed in the procession, and would disrobe once in circle (weather, other circumstances, permitting.) Either robbed or skyclad, you are usually skyclad (an exception

would be a physical condition that would make it impractical) under the robe.

Shoes: This business of ALWAYS being barefoot which some traditions practice is I believe, impractical and dangerous. Wear sandals, or wear dark colored sneakers. Being barefoot out of doors in the woods (especially at night) is just asking for trouble.

THE SACRIFICE: Any small cutting from any vegetation will do. When harvesting the sacrifice, take a moment thank the plant for it's offering, and pray for the plant to heal over.

ROLES: It the ritual format to follow, the Grove must pick those who will fulfill the following rolls:

Preceptor:

Server: Serves the Water of Life

HP: High Priest - Co-Officiate with the HPs (Usually the Arch-Druid (if a male)

HPs: High Priestess - Co-Officiate with the HP (Usually the Arch-Druid (if a female)

All rituals follow a formula or script. The Mithril Star, for the most part, follows the following Order of Common Worship:

### Preparatory Details

*The caregl is filled with the Waters-of-Life.*

*The service starts with all participants standing some distance away from the area where the ritual is to take place. If both safe and legal, a fire should be started in or near the altar. The Druid/ess (HP/HPs) who is presiding (usually, though not always, the Grove's Arch-Druid/ess) should already have cut the sacrifice and have it tucked into his or her robe (or it may be held in one hand.) The HP may choose to speak the opening Invocation to Be'al alone, or may ask the Preceptor and/or the people (depending on Local grove custom) to join in speaking the bold words of the Invocation.*

*(Note: This invocation is "suggested" - you can substitute your own if you like. Also, though Be'al and Dalon Ap Landu are traditional to RDNA groups, you may wish to pick from deities from your own favorite pantheon, whether Celtic, Greek, Hindi, Egyptian, Buddhist, Shintoist, Daoist, etc., ALL are acceptable in the big family of OMS)*

### The Invocation

- O Lord, forgive these three errors that are due to our human limitations:  
Thou art everywhere, but we worship thee here;  
Thou art without form, but we worship thee in these forms;  
Thou hast no need of prayers and sacrifices, yet we offer thee these prayers and sacrifices;
- O Lord, forgive us these three errors that are due to our human limitations.
- O Mother, cleanse our minds and hearts and prepare us for meditations.

### The Procession

*Here occurs the Procession, often with the Grove singing the hymn, Sequoia Sempervivens. Upon arrival near the altar, the Preceptor and the Server or any two others designated by the Grove use their fions to mark the Mithril Star upon the ground in front of the altar (usually on the South side,) leaving the bottom of the circle incomplete. The HP & HPs step into this Sigil, which is then closed by the two fions.*

## The Pledge

Led by the Preceptor, the group recites the OMS Pledge:

"In dedication to the celebration of Life in its many forms, I hereby declare my commitment to a way of life that is ethical, benevolent, humanistic, life-affirming, ecstatic and ecologically sane. I subscribe to means and methods that are creative rather than destructive, tolerant rather than authoritarian, gentle rather than violent, inclusive rather than exclusive, egalitarian rather than hierarchal. I pledge myself to harmonious eco-psychic awareness with the total biosphere of holy Mother Earth."

"Like an ancient Redwood, I would have my roots deep in the Earth and my branches reaching for the stars, the stars not only above but around me, my fellow humans, for "every man and woman is a star," and "the good of the many outweighs the good of the few," "from each according to his/her abilities, to each according to his/her needs."

"I acknowledge my personal responsibility for myself, to my fellow humans, and to the whole of Nature; and I recognize this total responsibility, in each of us, as the source of our infinite freedom to become who we are and do what we will. I dedicate myself to my own inner growth and development that I may be of greater service to myself and the world around me. For these reasons I recognize Divinity both within and without, and I say to myself and to all those gathered with me here: THOU ART GOD/DESS."

## The Sacrifice

The HPs holds up the sacrifice to the sky, while saying:

HPs: Our praise has mounted up to thee on the wings of eagles, our voices have been carried up to thee on the shoulders of the winds.

Hear now, we pray thee, our Mother, as we offer up this sacrifice of life. Accept it, we pray thee, and cleanse our hearts, granting us thy peace and life.

*\*The "quarters" are guardian spirits who bring the energy or quality of the elements into the magick of the circle. The Mithril Star is different than most traditions in this regard because we recognize seven elements rather than the usual four. This is a melding of Celtic tradition (which has three) and the Western ceremonial magickal tradition. Here is a table of the elements which shows how they correspond with the directions and the Celtic tradition:*

Direction	Color	Element	Day	Planet	Celtic
East	Gold	Air	Fri	Venus	Sky
South	Red	Fire	Tues	Mars	Sky/Sea Earth
West	Blue	Water	Mon	Moon	Sea
North	Green	Earth	Wed	Mercury	Earth
Above	Royal Blue	Ether	Thur	Jupiter	Sky
Below	Red	Darkness	Sat	Saturn	Sea
Within	Silver	Light	Sun	Sol	Sky

You may also note that some of these correspondences differ from other traditions. They are unique to the Mithril Star. Note: It's ok for us to do that, because "we're making it up as we go," just like the other traditions did.

*\*In the southern hemisphere, invoke widdershins, devoke deosil.*

*(Here the Priest places the plant offering upon the 'altar' or the ground if there is no altar. As each of the quarters is questioned, the members may turn to face that direction.)*

HP: Hast thou accepted our sacrifice, O our Mother? I call upon the spirit of the East to give answer... of the South...of the West... of the North.... of the Above....of the Below.....and of the Within.

## The Reply

*(If the sacrifice is accepted, and it almost always is accepted, then continue. If bad omen, the service ends at this point.)*

HPs: Praise be, our sacrifice, dedicated to the fertility and renewal of life, and to the cleansing of our minds and hearts, has been accepted!

## The Rite of The Waters-of-Life

*(The preceptor holds the Waters-of-life while the HPs asks the interrogatories. The local custom may or may not replace the Preceptor's response with a chorus of the members.)*

HPs: Of what does the Earth-Mother give that we may know the continual flow and renewal of life?

DRUIDS: THE WATERS-OF-LIFE.

HPs: From whence do these Waters flow?

DRUIDS: FROM THE BOSOM OF THE EARTH-MOTHER, THE NEVER CHANGING ALL-MOTHER.

HPs: And how do we honor this gift that causes life in us?

DRUIDS: BY PARTAKING OF THE WATERS-OF-LIFE.

HPs: Has the Earth-Mother given forth of her bounty?

DRUIDS: SHE HAS!

HPs: Then give me the Waters!

## The Consecration

*(The HPs takes the caregl from the Server, who fills it if it is not already full. The HPs then consecrates its contents with the following:)*

O Dalon Ap Landu, Hallow these waters by thy seven-fold powers and by the three ways of day and one of night, Cleanse our hearts and join us together as we take and drink of they secret essence!

*(The HPs then holds the caregl in both hands, while the HP holds the Cyllell above the caregl, and intones the words:)*

HP: "As the Cyllell is to the God...."

*(To which the HPs replies:)*

HPs: "...so the cup is to the Goddess."

*(Here the HP dips the Cyllell into the caregl three times, and then both reply:)*

BOTH: "...and so the two are made one."

## Optional Ordinations

*First Degree consecrations can be done at this time, but it's not necessary to enter into the first degree for a person to drink Waters. If a member of the Grove is to be ordained to the Second Degree (in which case the HPs will have consecrated an additional caregl, filled with the Waters-of-Life) the ceremony is inserted here, before the Communion.*

## The Communion

*(The HP holds up the caregl so that all can see it and intones the words:)*

HP: This is the Water of Life! Happy are those who are called to Drink Deep of it. May those who do so never thirst."

*The HP & HPs drink from the caregl and blesses the Preceptor with the words, "Thou art God/dess," and the marking of the Druid Sigil in the air.*

*The Preceptor returns the blessing and receives the caregl from the HP. The Preceptor drinks, blesses the Server, is blessed in return, and gives the Server the caregl. The Server drinks, then goes around the circle of the Grove (usually clockwise) blessing each person, handing them the caregl, letting them drink, being blessed in and exchanging the words "Thou art God/dess," "Drink Deep," or "May you never thirst," return and taking the caregl to the next person. The Server does not drink more than once.*

*In some Groves, the HP may merely turn to the left and exchange blessings with the person to that side, letting the caregl be handed around the circle by the members of the Grove. In either method, the last person in the circle should not finish the contents of the caregl. This is returned to the HP with a last ex-change of blessings. Then the HPs takes the last sip returning the remainder on the altar or fire, saying:*

HPs: To thee we return this portion of thy bounty, O our Mother, even as we must return to thee. May we perform this rite next year in Imladris.

## The Meditation

*(Here follows an appropriate reading, from any Nature-oriented scripture that the HP OR HPs may choose, read by the HP OR HPs or by someone appointed for that purpose. After this comes a few BRIEF words of meditation from the HPs and a period of silence and private meditation (usually 2 or 3 minutes in length—though longer with some Groves) by all.*

*Eventually, the HP signals the end of the Service with:)*

## The Benediction

"Go forth into the world, secure in the knowledge that our sacrifice has found acceptance in the Earth-Mother's sight, that she has answered our prayer, and that we go forth with her blessing."

## Drawing the Sigil in the Air

*The HP blesses the Grove with three Mithril Stars in the air, left to right, saying:*

Peace! Peace! Peace

*Then the Grove joins hands, and say:*

"Thou art God/dess and I am God and all that Groks is God.  
Keep coming back it works!"

*Group hug.*

## Pot Luck

Lastly, there is the traditional "Pot Luck." (If the rite was held "sky-clad" you may want to decide whether or not the grove should get dressed before the "pot luck.") This actually can mean anything, but usually it means that each person attending has brought along a food item to share with the whole group. It's really very, very, impolite to attend a ritual / pot luck without bringing along anything. People who do this habitually need to "get a clue."

## WATERS OF LIFE

Traditionally, the "Waters of Life" is Whisky (which in the Scots-Gaelic, means "Waters of life.) However, most OMS Groves use bottled spring water instead.

## ETIQUETTE

Politeness and ritual protocol are extremely important elements. Good manners seem to be almost passé amongst Pagans in general, but we in the Mithril Star are interested in promoting the highest behavioral standards. This is only befitting those of us who are "Gods." The following are some general guidelines for behavior in ritual (applicable for both Mithril Star events and events sponsored by other traditions):

1.) Always RSVP. This means that you let your host know whether or not you are coming to an event you are invited to. This rule applies whether the invitation is formal or not. If you are not coming, it is usually customary to apologize for your absence.

2.) Always show up on time. Lots of folks follow what is jokingly referred to as "Pagan Standard Time." Those who follow PST in Mithril Star circles may find the door locked when they arrive late. If you really can't be on time, let your host know in advance that you'll be late.

3.) Once the ritual begins, you must not leave. This dissipates the energy of the rite. If you absolutely must leave, find the designated person (called the Gatekeeper) to cut open a door for you. When you return you must seek admission of the Gatekeeper again. This rule has two exceptions: Children and small animals can enter and leave at will without disturbing the energies.

4.) Never touch or handle someone else's tools unless invited to do so.

5.) Refrain from small talk during the ritual. Keep your attention focused on what is going on in the rite.

6.) Bring whatever is asked of you. This applies to the ritual itself and to the potluck portion.

7.) Make it a point to greet everyone in attendance either before or after the rite. At the end of the evening be sure to say good-bye to everyone, and to thank your hosts.

8.) Always volunteer to help clean up. Again, we try to follow the simple rule of leaving things as they were found, or (in the case of someone's home) leaving things better than they were before.

# Lesson 7:

## Raising Energy

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau / \, AD –  
Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

### Magick

Most rites are concerned with the changing of the seasons, or with mundane events like handfastings, funerals, etc. These kinds of rites do not require a lot of energy, since they are mainly celebratory in nature. But when we want to change things, we need to raise energy to do that. This is where real magick begins.

Magick happens when we apply our Will to alter the circumstances around our lives. Magick happens when we raise energy to change things. Of course this is where the big debate in ethics takes place. What things are you allowed to do? How far can you go? What are your boundaries? In the Mithril Star, each individual sets his own boundaries, decides how far he/she will go. We are, after all, Gods.

There is nothing really you are not allowed to do -- so long as you do it via magick. This is because there are laws against certain things, but not against magick (at least not in this century.) Frater Iopanus (he was one of the original Mithril Star co-founders) once said that this means that love would keep one from harming one's water-sibling, but anyone else was fair game. You would most certainly go to jail if you got on a plane, flew to Washington DC, purchased a revolver and shot Newt Gingrich (even though the world would be a better place for it.) However, if you stay in your home in Anchorage Alaska and cast a spell designed to cause the man a heart attack, well, you've done the world a service and broken no laws.\*

### Chakras

How do you raise energy? Lots of ways. Some people can do it from force of Will alone, going into deep meditation, grokking what they want to happen, and so it is. Most of us need a little more help than that, at least at the beginning, and this is where ritual comes in. Dancing, drumming, singing, chanting, sex, all these things are aides to raising what we call a cone of power. It's much like writing a program to accomplish a certain task. One of my favorite methods involves chakra meditation. This is especially effective with smaller groups working indoors. Everyone sits down, and takes a deep breath, and lets it out. The leader of the group begins a low Om, and that is picked up by each of the members. As they Om, they think about that which is to be accomplished, as well as the color associated with the chakra they are Om-ing in resonance with. Beginning with the base of the spine, the leader takes the Om up a pitch, and then another, and then another, and the energy builds from the bottom up, until finally everyone is Om-ing at a very high pitch. The leader then focuses the energy into a green ball at the center of the circle. Everyone follows suit and visualizes the ball floating between them and growing as the energy builds. Finally, as the energy reaches its peak, the leader says in a loud voice something like "By Earth and wind and fire and sea, by that above and below we, launch this ball of energy (here he raises his hands forward and out and then ends it with a loud clap) and by our wills so mote it be!" Then everyone brings their hands to the ground before them, grounding the energy. While doing this, everyone visualizes the ball of energy flying up out of the atmosphere and then back down to its intended target.

The focus of this can be almost anything. Healing is an especially good focus for this, but I've had good results for everything I've used it for.

### Other Skills

Developing good visualization skills is primary in doing magick. You have to be able to see your target, and see the end result. The simpler the intention the better, but even the most complex intentions can be accomplished this way, if you break it down into steps. The book "Creative Visualization," by Shakti Gawain, has a number of techniques to help you with this.

Other teachers have other methods of raising energy they like. Starhawk, for instance, loves doing spiral dances. Other folks like drumming and chanting. Some groups like to use sex. It's totally up to you. What is your style? What are you most comfortable with? What will work best for you?

You might wish to explore the popular books of spells you can find in any new age bookstore. Some of these offer very effective techniques for getting what you want and can help you pin down your own personal style of magick.

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\*I personally have not done this type of political work. I feel like I need to get my own personal life in order before I can start trying to change the world. I also haven't figured out how to grok time in such a way that I have as much as I need. However, if one old growth redwood falls in Headwaters Forest from one of Hurwitz's loggers, Hurwitz is toast. I've read that the man already has some heart disease, so it shouldn't be too hard to take him out.\*\*

\*\* It's moot now. Headwaters is a national forest, with the main grove shortly to become a national monument.

### Homework:

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Practice the chakra meditation described above, and the visualization of the green ball. Write down your experiences. Share with the group, if you feel comfortable to do so. (This being an intensely personal experience, simply letting the group know you did it will suffice as response for this week.)

## Lesson 8:

# The Wheel of The Year (Part 1 of 2 Parts)

By Frater Iopanus & Sybok

In the beginning of the Reform, the Druids celebrated only four holy days: Samhain, Yule, Bridgid, and Beltaine (the last being the birthday of the Reform.) It is assumed that this was because the Reform began at a College, and that College only operated from September until June, and was closed during the Spring Equinox.

Since we are not limited by this, the Mithril Star celebrates eight Sabbats or seasonal holidays. In Breton magickal tradition, these celebrations take place on the New or Full moon following the date. The Mithril Star (being a practical tradition) for the most part, celebrates them on the weekend closest to either the moon or the day itself. You may also choose to celebrate them on the

astrological date, or the date derived from the Coligny Calendar. These days are:

Traditional Name	Druidic Name	Trad. Date	Celebrates
Samhain	Calan Gaeaf	*Oct 31	The Celtic New Year
Yule	Alban Arthuan	Dec 21	The Winter Solstice
Bridgid	Imbolq	*Feb 2	1 <sup>st</sup> Day of Spring
Oestara	Alban Eiler	March 21	The Vernal Equinox
Beltane	Calan Mai	*May 1	1 <sup>st</sup> Day of Summer
Midsummer	Alban Heruin	June 21	The Summer Solstice
Lammas	Lughnasadh	*Aug 1	1 <sup>st</sup> Day of Autumn
Mabon	Alban Elued	Sept. 21	The Autumnal Equinox

*Note the difference in seasons.*

\*Although the Equinoxes and Solstices are celebrated on the exact day they occur, the “cross quarters” (which represent the lunar, or feminine polarity) are moveable (even though there are “traditional days” assigned to them.) This is because the ancient Celts primarily used a lunar calendar, and these celebrations were reckoned accordingly.

You may experiment with the cross quarter days to find the timing that is right for you or your Grove. Some try to ascertain the day according to the Coligny Calendar. Others use the “astrological date (the date of the halfway point between the equinox and solstice)” and others use the traditional date. Whatever you want to do is fine with us. ☺

The Druid year is divided into four seasons, marked by the four Major High Days of Samhain, Oimelc, Beltane and Lughnasadh.

Samhain begins the season of Geimredh (gee-ru,) in Modern Irish an Geimhreadh (uN gee-ru); which is Winter, running from roughly the beginning of November till the end of January.

Oimelc begins the season of Earrach (u-RoCH,) now an tEarrach (uN tu-RoCH); which is Spring, running roughly from the beginning of February till the end of April. Together, these two seasons constitute “the Winter Half of the Year,” otherwise known as “the Season of Sleep.”

Beltane begins the season of Samradh (S,u-Ru,) now an Samhradh (un S,u-Ru); which is Summer, running from roughly the beginning of May till the end of July.

Lughnasadh begins the season of Foghamhar (FÜR,) now an Fomhar (uN FÜR); which is fall or autumn, running from roughly the beginning of August till the end of October. Together, these two seasons constitute “the Summer Half of the Year” or “the Season of Life.”

There are four Major High Days (Samhain, Oimelc, Beltane; Lughnasadh) and four Minor High Days (Winter Solstice or “Mid-winter,” Spring Equinox, Summer Solstice or “Midsummer,” and Fall Equinox) in the Druid year. While the Minor High Days are easy to obtain from any good astrological ephemeris or almanac, the methods for calculation of the Major High Days will vary from Grove to Grove. The most common practice for the calculation of Samhain, Oimelc, Beltane and Lughnasadh is to use the civil calendar days or eves of November 1st, February 1st, May 1st, and August 1st, respectively.

Another way is to use the weekend closest to these dates. Still others use the sixth day after the new or full moon closest to each of these dates. Astrologically oriented Druids use the days upon which the Sun enters 15 degrees of each of the “Fixed Signs” of the Zodiac to wit: Eagle Point - 15 deg Scorpio, Man or Angel Point - 15 deg Aquarius, Ox Point - 15 deg Taurus and Lion Point - 15 deg Leo.

The calendar used by the Berkeley Grove of the NRDNA, as well as the SDNA and the HDNA, is that designed by ADr. Robert Larson. In this calendar the Major High Days are calculated as those days upon which the Sun hits 16 deg 18 min. inclination North or South of the Celestial Equator. This makes them come exactly half way between the Solstices and Equinoxes.

Most of these holidays have been co-opted by Christianity, which preserve many of the Pagan rites and symbols associated with them. When Christianity first came into Europe to evangelize the people, they discovered that they couldn't take these celebrations away, so they Christianized them and allowed their new converts to continue to celebrate them, albeit in an altered fashion. As we discuss each holiday, we'll examine these alterations, as well as provide a rough outline for designing your own rites and celebrations to mark them.

## Samhain / Calan Gaeaf

### October 31

“Ye shall observe always the festival of Samhain, for it is the beginning of the period of Gelmredh, and also of the year. This day shall ye celebrate by the lighting of great fires, for soon is the land to become cold in the time of apparent death.” – DC(R) The Book of the Law, 4:2

Samhain (SÜ-un,) known in Modern Irish as L· Samhna (Laa SÜu-Nu,) in Welsh as Nos Galan Gaeaf (that is the night of the Winter Calends,) in Manx as Laa Houney (Hollantide Day,) Sauin or Souney; is, of course, the eve of “All Saint's Day,” All Hallow's Evening or Halloween. Among other things, it is the beginning of the Winter Half of the Year (the seasons of Geimredh & Earrach) and is known as “the Day Between Years.” The day before Samhain is the last day of the old year and the day after Samhain is the first day of the new year (though for clarity's sake, most New Reformed Druids assign each Samhain to the year following it. Being a day “between years,” it is considered a very magical night, when the dead walk among the living and the veils between past, present and future may be lifted in prophecy and divination.

Samhain basically means “summer's end” and many important mythological events occurred on that day. It was on a Samhain that the Nemedians captured the terrible Tower of Glass built by the evil Formorians; that the Tuatha De Danann later defeated the Formors once and for all; that Pwyll won his wife Rhiannon from Gwawl; and that many other events of a dramatic or prophetic nature occurred (see ARDA, Later Chronicles, Chapter 5, Verses 11-14.) Many of these events had to do with the temporary victory of the forces of the darkness over those of light, signaling the beginning of the cold and dark half of the year.

Christianity calls this holiday Halloween, but other than the change in name, this holiday as it is celebrated by most Americans pretty much has remained unchanged from its Pagan past. This is why it is now being targeted by Fundamentalist Christians who want to eradicate it from our schools.

As the Celtic New Year, it is the time when the veil separating the worlds of men and of the Tuatha de Dannan is at its thinnest, allowing the spirits of the dead, the faery folk, devas, etc., to pass back and forth with little effort.

On Samhain we remember our dead, especially those who have passed on in the past year. We invite them to partake of our



circles and of water. An especially appropriate rite is the Dumb Supper, wherein the participants take a meal together in silence, leaving an empty seat at the table for a departed loved one or ones. It's a good time to reflect on the past and on the future, and for planning the year to come.

The usual Halloween trappings are appropriate, and a traditional jack-o-lantern is a must! We usually encourage Druids to show up in costume. It is both a somber and a fun occasion. Have you ever been to an Irish wake? This is the tone of Samhain.

## Yule / Alban Arthuan

December 21

"Ye shall celebrate on the day of Midwinter, for on that day doth the sun begin to rise in the south; so shall ye celebrate it with the burning of logs and making merry....." – DC(R) The Book of the Law, 4:3

The Winter Solstice is a Minor High Day, usually occurring around December 21st or so of the civil calendar. Also known as Yule and Midwinter, this is a day sacred to Sun Gods, Thunder Gods and Fire Gods. Large fires were built up outdoors and a Yule Log lit indoors, in order to rekindle the dying Sun and help it to return brightly to the Northern skies. Burnt logs and ashes from Midwinter fires were kept as a talisman against lightning and house fires. It was also a custom in many parts of Paleopagan Europe to decorate live evergreen trees in honor of the Gods (cutting down a tree to bring indoors is a blasphemous desecration of the original concept.) This is considered, along with Midsummer, the best day of the year to cut mistletoe.

Among some Paleopagans, a date on or near this (such as December 25th) was celebrated as the Birthday of the Sun God, frequently from the womb of a virgin or unmarried girl (who was sometimes also the Mother Goddess.)

This is the shortest day and the longest night of the year. It was believed by the ancients that the Sun had died and then was reborn on this day, as indeed it seems to do, since the days begin to get longer and the nights shorter until the Summer Solstice, when the process reverses itself. It was easy for Christians to come along and co-opt this. Since it was the birthday of the Sun God, it was easy to turn it into a birthday celebration for the "Son of God," and then move it a few days to December 25. Even in Christian mythology, much of the Christmas story is taken from myths of the Sun Gods from other mid-eastern pantheons, right down his being born of a virgin.

The trappings of Yule are predominantly Pagan. The evergreen tree decorated with lights, the wreath, the holly and mistletoe, even some of the carols, all have origins in European Paganism, as do the parties and the general sexual license that dominates the holiday.

Among Pagans there are a lot of options for designing ritual around this. There is the Celtic story about the Holly King and the Oak King for example, which makes for a good mystery play. But there are lots of other variations and, in the Mithril Star, we don't have a set tradition for this. Creativity is the key. This is a holiday for fun, so make your rituals as fun as possible.

## Brigid / Imbolq

February 2

"...So also shall ye make merry on the day of Oimelc, which is the first day of the period of Earrach;" – DC(R) The Book of the Law, 4:3

Oimelc (imelc,) is known in Modern Irish as La na Feile Bride (Laa Nu fĒ-li bree-di,) in Manx as Laa'n Arragh (Day of Spring,) and as Imbolc, Candlemas and Lady Day in English. La

na Feile Bride means the day of the festival of "Saint Bridget." Brigid, Bride or Bridget is yet another Pagan deity turned by the Christians into a "saint," in order to co-opt Her worship. This goddess was a triple-aspected deity of Poetry/Divination (considered the same thing,) Healing and Smithcraft, whose followers kept an eternal flame burning in Her honor.

By analogy with the Gaelic names of the other High Days, we may assume that the holiday was originally called La hOimelc (Laa Hi-melc.) It is the festival of the lactation of the ewes. In Paleopagan days (and, indeed, until the recent past) the sheep was a very important animal, providing both food and clothing. The occasion of the birth of lambs (not to mention kids and calves) was a cause for rejoicing and a sign of life in the "dead" world of a Northern winter.

The name "Candlemas" is a Christian term for a holiday occurring February 1st or 2nd. This supposedly is in honor of a "Saint Blaise" and has no official connection with "Saint" Bridget and Her cult of fire, nor with the fact that this day was one of the four major fire festivals of Paleopagan cultures throughout Western and Northern Europe. Of course they don't mention a certain Slavic god named Vlais, Who was the Patron of cattle, wealth and war, and Who was worshipped with fire. Catholics go to church on this day to have their throats blessed to keep them from getting infected with colds and flues.

La hOimelc begins the spring season of Earrach. It is also the day before St. Groundhog's Day. The lore has it that the ground hog comes out of his whole on this day, and if he sees his shadow, he gets scared and retreats back in, and we therefore will have six more weeks of winter. If, however, he does not see his shadow, he stays out, and it'll only be six weeks before spring begins. Now it happens that the Vernal Equinox is about six weeks away, so it becomes a matter of "is the glass half empty or half full?" I've been trying to research how the Ground Hog became a player in this scenario, what he has to do with Bridgid, or Candlemas, but so far I haven't found anything.

Mithril Star groves usually have done various things, drawing on different mythologies but one thing they all do is screen the Bill Murray movie, "Ground Hog Day" after the pot luck.

## Oestara / Alban Eiler

March 21

This is the Vernal Equinox or the first day of spring. Oestara is the name of the Goddess of Spring (also spelled Easter.) The Spring Equinox is also sometimes known as the Festival of the Trees. It is a celebration of the returning of life to the Earth. Rabbits, eggs and children are sacred at this feast and Pagans in need of fertility talismans now color hollow eggs and pass them through the ceremonial fires (quickly) to take home and hang over their beds and in their barns. A fascinating source of almost forgotten Paleopagan symbols can be found by examining carefully the fantastically decorated eggs produced by folk artists from Europe (especially Eastern Europe and Russia,) Mexico and South America.

A Minor High Day, in usually takes place around March 21st or so. On the night before, some Hasidic Druids stayed up until dawn, reading meditations about trees, eating the fruits of various trees and singing hymns about trees. Among many Paleopagan cultures in Southern Europe, the Spring Equinox was the date of the New Year (instead of Samhain, as it is among the Celts) and indeed, many Druids refer to this holiday as "the New Year for Trees." Adding a bit to the confusion is the fact that some Neopagan groups call this holiday "Lady Day."

It is interesting that when the church co-opted the holiday, they kept the name. It is also interesting the way the church

derives when they will celebrate it. Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the first Full Moon after the Vernal Equinox. Its timing has nothing to do with the Jewish Passover (though one would think it would.) This comes down to the church using astrology to choose a date for the most important holiday in their calendar: the celebration of the resurrection of their God.

Separate the Christian stuff though, and you have a nice Pagan holiday. The bunnies, the chicks, the eggs (did you know that you can stand an egg on its small end at the moment of the Equinox?) and all the other trappings are all symbols of the fertility cult that Oestara represents. It's usual and customary for the Great Rite (not the symbolic version either) to be a central part of a grove's rites on this day. Even the Catholic Church does the Great Rite on Easter. It happens at midnight on the Saturday before Easter. During the mass, part of which takes place in a totally darkened church, the priest lights the Easter Candle, then dips it three times into the chalice.

So, Oestara is a sexual celebration, a time for grove members to share and grow closer. It's the time to celebrate the re-greening of the Earth, for planting crops and flowers, and for lots and lots of sex. It's not quite time for an orgy however. We save that kind of activity for.....

## What's up with that Ground Hog

### Business Anyway? Some answers:

#### (Supplement to Lesson 8A –

by Ellis “Sybok” Arseneau /\, AD –

Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove, OMS-RDNA)

I read in a collection of Irish folklore online, Conrad Bladey's website ( <http://www.ncf.carleton.ca/~bj333/folklore.html> ) that a tradition related to Imbolc is weather forecasting via hedgehog-watching. There are no hedgehogs in the US, so I suspect the tradition was moved to groundhogs when the folks who practiced this came over.

There's another piece of lore I found on the Encyclopedia Mythica's ( <http://pantheon.org/mythica/articles/b/brigid.html> ) page on Brigid: "As the foundation for the American Groundhog Day, Brigid's snake comes out of its mound in which it hibernates and its behavior is said to determine the length of the remaining Winter."

Lastly, someone sent me this article (if you know who the author is, let me know):

## Imbolc: A Groundhog Awakes!

Editorial by Andy

Snow (or endless rain, in the case of the Pacific Northwest) blankets the land. People gather in warm houses and wait for the sun to return. The question of when the sun will actually come back is of great interest. On Imbolc, people turn to oracles to figure out the answer.

Traditionally, if it was sunny out on Imbolc, the people believed that the winter would last for another 6 weeks. If it was cloudy, the spring would start early. It is from this belief that we get Groundhog Day. If the day is sunny then everything will throw sharp shadows. The groundhog will see his or her shadow and hide in his or her burrow, and winter will drag on. On a cloudy day, there are hardly any shadows since the light is so

diffuse. No shadows, no groundhog scared by his or her shadow, spring comes early.

"Why a groundhog?" you might ask. Well, what is 6 weeks after Imbolc? Eostar! Like the bunny from which we get the Eostar/Easter bunny, the groundhog is a symbol of the goddess Eostara. If the groundhog stays out, Eostara stays out. Since She is the spring, spring comes early. If the groundhog and Eostara go away so does any hope of early spring.

## Lesson 8:

### The Wheel of The Year

#### (Part 2 of 2 parts)

By Ellis “Sybok” Arseneau /\, AD –  
Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

### Beltane / Calan Mai May 1

“Of great importance is the festival of Beltane, which is at the beginning of Samradh. Then shall ye observe great ceremony; and with the kindling of large fires on the hilltops, and the glorification of the renewed tree shall ye celebrate the renewed life.” – DC(R) The Book of the Law, 4:5

"Sing hey for the month of May! Outdoor fucking begins today!" Beltane celebrates the midpoint between the Vernal Equinox and the Summer Solstice. Beltane (bauL-Ti-Ni, or bauL-Hi-Ni,) known in Modern Irish as L Bealtaine (Laa bauL-Hi-ni, or Laa baul-Ti-ni,) in Welsh as Calan-Mai (calends of May,) in Scottish Gaelic as Baltiunn, and in Manx as Shenn da Boaddyn, La Boaldyn, or Laa'nTourey (Day of Summer; is, of course, the day we know in English as May Day. It is also called by a variety of other names, such as Roodmas, Summer Day, Walpurgistag, St. Pierre's Day, Red Square Day, etc. It is the beginning of the Summer Half of the Year (the seasons of Samradh; Foghamhar) and is a festival of unalloyed joy.

A very large number of important mythological events are connected with this day. It was on a Beltane that Partholan and his followers, the first inhabitants and partial creators of Ireland, landed on that isle. Three hundred years later, on the same day, they returned to the Other World. It was on a Beltane that the Tuatha De Danann and their people invaded Ireland. It was on a May Eve that Pryderi, the missing son of Rhiannon and Pwyll (Rulers of the Welsh Otherworld) was lost by them and later (on another May Eve) was found by Teirnyon Twryf Vliant (and eventually restored to Them.)

On every first day of May “till the day of doom,” Gwyn-son-of-Nudd fights with Gwyrthur-son-of Greidawl, for the hand of Lludd's (Lugh's) fair daughter, Creudylad. Most of these events, again, as all over Europe, have to do with stories of the forces of light defeating the forces of darkness. Why did you think the Marxists chose May Day as their international Holiday? And can you guess why Adam Weishaupt chose Walpurgistag as the day to announce the founding of the Bavarian Illuminati, and why the date at which the forces of evil later tired to Imannetze the Eschaton?

The focus is on fertility and the planting of crops. This is a more intense holiday, magickally speaking, than Oestara. The rites include as many people as are available making love in the fields, in the gardens, on hilltops etc. Traditionally, marriage

vows are suspended. Everyone is encouraged to share and grow closer with as many different partners as possible. The "Balefire" is lit on the hilltops and in ceremonial groves, and couples jump the bale fire in order to insure their own fertility. During the day, the May pole is erected, and the traditional dance is performed around it. The May pole is a symbolic penis decorated with multicolored ribbons and topped with a wreath. I found it amusing (living as I did in Santa Cruz, CA) that some of the local Dianic Wiccans always hold public rites involving the May Pole. These are folks who believe that men are inherently evil, that there is only a Goddess, and that real magick and spirituality are the sole dominion of women (or wyemen as some like to put it) yet here they are on the front cover of the local paper dancing around a symbolic penis!

May Day is also sacred to the Goddess. The Catholic Church makes it the day for the crowning of the May Queen, Mary, and her statue is decorated and paraded around by school children, who also usually build home "May altars" in her honor. More explicitly Pagan rites involving Mary can be found in many Latin American countries as well.

May Day is also "International Workers Day." This socialist holiday is celebrated everywhere in the world except in the United States (we do the first Monday of September and call it Labor Day -- this was to divorce it from its socialist origins.) Is there a connection between Labor and Beltane? Perhaps blue collar people are more into fertility (and therefore production) than the bourgeois. It's something else I am researching.

In Ireland up to fifty years ago, the very devout Catholics there still were lighting the bale fires, and making love in the fields (marriage vows suspended for the day.) Children born of such unions were referred to as "fairy children," and treated as special gifts from the fairy folk. The prefix "Fitz" was once given to children born of Beltane unions, hence the proliferation in Ireland of "Fitzgeralds," "Fitzsimmons," etc. For every "sinful" tradition, there has to be a cover up, so today some Irish say the "Fitz" prefix actually refers to those of Norman origin who immigrated to Ireland. In fact, it is the "O" prefix (as in "O'Connor, O'Flaherty, "O'Hara," etc.) that refers to Norman heritage, not the "Fitz."

## Midsummer /

### Alban Heruin -- June 21

"Ye shall take note of the decline of the Sun in the sky, which doth begin on the day of Midsummer. Ye shall light your fires and let them die in token of the great fire which doth roll down in the sky even as a ball doth roll down a hill." – DC(R) The Book of the Law, 4:6

The Summer Solstice is a Minor High Day, usually occurring around June 21st or so. Also known as St. John's Day and Midsummer (and, confusingly enough, by at least one NeoPagan group, as Beltane!), it shares mythical elements with both Beltane and Lughnasadh. Like both, it is a feast celebrating the glory of summer and the peak of the Sun God's power. But in many systems of belief, it is the day of the biggest battle of the year between the Dark Sun God and the Lugh Sun God (or between the evil one and the good one.) Who are usually brothers or otherwise intimately related. Midsummer is a peak from which the Sun can only fall, for it is the day on which the hours of light slowly begin to shorten. In those areas where it is safe to do so, Neopagans frequently will light cartwheels of kindling and roll them down from the tops of high hills, in order to symbolize the falling of the Sun God.

Just as the Pagan mid-winter celebration of Yule was adopted by Christians as Christmas (December 25th.) so too the Pagan mid-summer celebration was adopted by them as the feast

of John the Baptist (June 24th.) Occurring 180 degrees apart on the wheel of the year, the mid-winter celebration commemorates the birth of Jesus, while the mid-summer celebration commemorates the birth of John, the prophet who was born six months before Jesus in order to announce his arrival.

Although modern Druids often refer to the holiday by the rather generic name of Midsummer's Eve, it is more probable that our Pagan ancestors of a few hundred years ago actually used the Christian name for the holiday, St. John's Eve. This is evident from the wealth of folklore that surrounds the summer solstice (i.e. that it is a night especially sacred to the faerie folk) but which is inevitably ascribed to 'St. John's Eve,' with no mention of the Sun's position. It could also be argued that a Grove's claim to antiquity might be judged by what name it gives the holidays. (Incidentally, the name 'Litha' for the holiday is a modern usage, possibly based on a Saxon word that means the opposite of Yule. Still, there is little historical justification for its use in this context.) But weren't our Pagan ancestors offended by the use of the name of a Christian saint for a pre-Christian holiday?

Well, to begin with, their theological sensibilities may not have been as finely honed as our own. But secondly and more importantly, St. John himself was often seen as a rather Pagan figure. He was, after all, called 'the Oak King.' His connection to the wilderness (from whence 'the voice cried out') was often emphasized by the rustic nature of his shrines. Many statues show him as a horned figure (as is also the case with Moses.) Christian iconographers mumble embarrassed explanations about 'horns of light,' while modern Pagans giggle and happily refer to such statues as 'Pan the Baptist.' And to clinch matters, many depictions of John actually show him with the lower torso of a satyr, cloven hooves and all! Obviously, this kind of John the Baptist is more properly a Jack in the Green! Also obvious is that behind the medieval conception of St. John lies a distant, shadowy Pagan deity, perhaps the archetypal Wild Man of the Wood, whose face stares down at us through the foliate masks that adorn so much church architecture. Thus medieval Pagans may have had fewer problems adapting than we might suppose.

In England, it was the ancient custom on St. John's Eve to light large bonfires after sundown, which served the double purpose of providing light to the revelers and warding off evil spirits. This was known as 'setting the watch.' People often jumped through the fires for good luck. In addition to these fires, the streets were lined with lanterns, and people carried cressets (pivoted lanterns atop poles) as they gwalenened from one bonfire to another. These gwalenening, garland-bedecked bands were called a 'marching watch.' Often they were attended by Morris dancers, and traditional players dressed as a unicorn, a dragon, and six hobby-horse riders. Just as May Day was a time to renew the boundary on one's own property, so Midsummer's Eve was a time to ward the boundary of the city. Customs surrounding St. John's Eve are many and varied. At the very least, most young folk plan to stay up throughout the whole of this shortest night. Certain courageous souls might spend the night keeping watch in the center of a circle of standing stones. To do so would certainly result in either death, madness, or (hopefully) the power of inspiration to become a great poet or bard. (This is, by the way, identical to certain incidents in the first branch of the 'Mabinogion.') This was also the night when the serpents of the island would roll themselves into a hissing, writhing ball in order to engender the 'glain,' also called the 'serpent's egg,' 'snake stone,' or 'Druid's egg.' Anyone in possession of this hard glass bubble would wield incredible magical powers. Even Merlin himself (accompanied by his black dog) went in search of it, according to one ancient Welsh story.

Snakes were not the only creatures active on Midsummer's Eve. According to British faery lore, this night was second only to Halloween for its importance to the wee folk, who especially

enjoyed a riddling on such a fine summer's night. In order to see them, you had only to gather fern seed at the stroke of midnight and rub it onto your eyelids. But be sure to carry a little bit of rue in your pocket, or you might well be 'pixie-led.' Or, failing the rue, you might simply turn your jacket inside-out, which should keep you from harm's way. But if even this fails, you must seek out one of the 'ley lines,' the old straight tracks, and stay upon it to your destination. This will keep you safe from any malevolent power, as will crossing a stream of 'living' (running) water.

Other customs included decking the house (especially over the front door) with birch, fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, and white lilies. Five plants were thought to have special magical properties on this night: rue, roses, St. John's wort, vervain and trefoil. Indeed, Midsummer's Eve in Spain is called the 'Night of the Verbena (Vervain.)' St. John's wort was especially honored by young maidens who picked it in the hopes of divining a future lover.

There are also many mythical associations with the summer solstice, not the least of which concerns the seasonal life of the God of the sun. In Irish mythology, Midsummer is the occasion of the first battle between the Fir Bolgs and the Tuatha De Danaan.

Altogether, Midsummer is a favorite holiday for many Druids in that it is so hospitable to outdoor celebrations. The warm summer night seems to invite it. And if the celebrants are not in fact sky clad, then you may be fairly certain that the long ritual robes of winter have yielded place to short, tunic-style apparel. As with the longer gowns, tradition dictates that one should wear nothing underneath -- the next best thing to sky clad, to be sure. (Incidentally, now you know the REAL answer to the old Scottish joke, 'What is worn underneath the kilt?')

The two chief icons of the holiday are the spear (symbol of the Sun-God in his glory) and the summer crochan (symbol of the Goddess in her bounty.) The precise meaning of these two symbols will be explored in the essay on the death of Llew. But it is interesting to note here that modern Druids often use these same symbols in the Midsummer rituals. And one occasionally hears the alternative consecration formula, 'As the spear is to the male, so the crochan is to the female...' With these mythic associations, it is no wonder that Midsummer is such a joyous and magical occasion!

## Lammas / Lughnassadh -- August 1

"Lughnassadh, which is the beginning of the period of Foghamhar, shall ye mark in the coming together in groups in order that ye may feast upon the fruits of the Earth-Mother; and then shall ye offer up a sacrifice unto your prosperity." -- DC(R) The Book of the Law, 4:7

Lughnassadh (Loo-Nu-Su) is known in Modern Irish as L. L. nasa (Laa Loo-Nu-Su,) in Welsh as Gwyl Awst (August Feast,) as Lla Lluanyys or Laa'n Ouyr (Day of the Harvest Season) in Manx and as Lammas, Apple Day and Harvest Home in English. It is the anniversary of the funeral games given by Lugh, the God of All Crafts, in honor of his Father. Essentially a harvest festival, this signals the beginning of the harvest season and the ripening of the apples (as well as other fruits and vegetables.) Enormous quantities of applejack, hard cider, mead and other alcoholic beverages are consumed at this time (it's almost a duty!) by all enthusiastic Neopagans. Hasidic Druids may prefer to drink ten-day-old slivovitz (plum brandy) at this time, but it's their stomach lining! This holiday is a day of mixed joy and woe (Irish wakes are an old tradition,) for it is by now obvious that the days are getting shorter. Stories of the battles between Lugh and Balor

(the good Sun-Fire God and the bad one) are retold, as the autumn quarter of Foghamhar begins.

Although in the heat of summer it might be difficult to discern, the festival of Lammas (Aug 1st) marks the end of summer and the beginning of fall. The days now grow visibly shorter and by the time we've reached autumn 's end (Oct 31st,) we will have run the gamut of temperature from the heat of August to the cold and (sometimes) snow of November.

The celebration proper would begin on sundown of the previous evening, our July 31st, since the Celts reckon their days from sundown to sundown.

British Druids often refer to the astrological date of Aug 6th as Old Lammas. This date has long been considered a 'power point' of the Zodiac, and is symbolized by the Lion, one of the 'tetramorph' figures found on the Tarot cards, the World and the Wheel of Fortune (the other three figures being the Bull, the Eagle, and the Spirit.) Astrologers know these four figures as the symbols of the four 'fixed' signs of the Zodiac, and these naturally align with the four Great Sabbats of Druidry. Christians have adopted the same iconography to represent the four gospel-writers.

'Lammas' was the medieval Christian name for the holiday and it means 'loaf-mass,' for this was the day on which loaves of bread were baked from the first grain harvest and laid on the church altars as offerings. It was a day representative of 'first fruits' and early harvest.

In, Ireland the feast was referred to as 'Lughnassadh,' a feast to commemorate the funeral games of the Irish sun-god Lugh. However, there is some confusion on this point. Although at first glance, it may seem that we are celebrating the death of the Lugh, the god of light does not really die (mythically) until the autumnal equinox. And indeed, if we read the Irish myths closer, we discover that it is not Lugh's death that is being celebrated, but the funeral games which Lugh hosted to commemorate the death of his foster-mother, Tailte. That is why the Lughnassadh celebrations in Ireland are often called the 'Tailtean Games.'

One common feature of the Games were the 'Tailtean marriages,' a rather informal marriage that lasted for only 'a year and a day' or until next Lammas. At that time, the couple could decide to continue the arrangement if it pleased them, or to stand back to back and walk away from one another, thus bringing the Tailtean marriage to a formal close. Such trial marriages (obviously related to the Pagan 'Handfasting') were quite common even into the 1500's, although it was something one 'didn't bother the parish priest about.' Indeed, such ceremonies were usually solemnized by a poet, bard, or shanachie (or, it may be guessed, by a priest or priestess of the Old Religion.)

Lammastide was also the traditional time of year for craft festivals. The medieval guilds would create elaborate displays of their wares, decorating their shops and themselves in bright colors and ribbons, marching in parades, and performing strange, ceremonial plays and dances for the entranced onlookers. The atmosphere must have been quite similar to our modern-day Renaissance Festivals.

Traditional Gardnerian and Alexandrian Books of Shadows say very little about the holiday of Lammas, stating only that poles should be ridden and a circle dance performed. This seems strange, for Lammas is a holiday of rich mythic and cultural associations, providing endless resources for liturgical celebration.

## Mabon / Alban Elued --

September 21

The last big holiday of the year, the Fall Equinox (sometimes called Michaelmas and the Feast of the Hunters) is a Minor High Day occurring somewhere around September 21st or so. This is a Thanksgiving feast and signals the beginning of the Hunting Season (for deer and other large game) in many parts of Europe and North America. Thus, it is dedicated to the Hunting and Fishing Gods and the Gods of Plenty, in thankfulness for benefits received and hoped for. Outdoor picnics in the woods are a popular Druid tradition in those areas where the weather is still good at this time of year. Hunting magic may be minimized by those Groves living in areas where game is a little dear.

Mythically, this is the day of the year when the god of light is defeated by his twin and alter-ego, the god of darkness. It is the time of the year when night conquers day. The Autumnal Equinox is the only day of the whole year, when Llew (light) is vulnerable and it is possible to defeat him. Llew now stands on the balance (Libra/autumnal equinox,) with one foot on the crochan (Cancer/summer solstice) and his other foot on the goat (Capricorn/winter solstice.) Thus he is betrayed by Blodeuwedd, the Virgin (Virgo) and transformed into an Eagle (Scorpio.)

Two things are now likely to occur mythically, in rapid succession. Having defeated Llew, Goronwy (darkness) now takes over Llew's functions, both as lover to Blodeuwedd, the Goddess, and as King of our own world. Although Goronwy, the Horned King, now sits on Llew's throne and begins his rule immediately, his formal coronation will not be for another six weeks, occurring at Samhain (Halloween) or the beginning of Winter, when he becomes the Winter Lord, the Dark King, Lord of Misrule. Goronwy's other function has more immediate results, however. He mates with the virgin goddess, and Blodeuwedd conceives, and will give birth -- nine months later (at the Summer Solstice) -- to Goronwy's son, who is really another incarnation of himself, the Dark Child.

Llew's sacrificial death at Mabon also identifies him with John Barleycorn, spirit of the fields. Thus, Llew represents not only the sun's power, but also the sun's life trapped and crystallized in the corn. Often this corn spirit was believed to reside most especially in the last sheaf or shock harvested, which was dressed in fine clothes, or woven into a wicker-like man-shaped form. This effigy was then cut and carried from the field, and usually burned, amidst much rejoicing. So one may see Blodeuwedd and Goronwy in a new guise, not as conspirators who murder their king, but as kindly farmers who harvest the crop which they had planted and so lovingly cared for. And yet, anyone who knows the old ballad of John Barleycorn knows that we have not heard the last of him.

In the rhythm of the year, Mabon marks a time of rest after hard work. The crops are gathered in, and winter is still a month and a half away! Although the nights are getting cooler, the days are still warm, and there is something magical in the sunlight, for it seems silvery and indirect. As we pursue our gentle hobbies of making corn dollies (those tiny vegetation spirits) and wheat weaving, our attention is suddenly arrested by the sound of baying from the skies (the 'Hounds of Annwn' passing?) as lines of geese cut silhouettes across a harvest moon. And we move closer to the hearth, the longer evening hours giving us time to catch up on our reading, munching on popcorn balls and caramel apples and sipping home-brewed mead or ale.

Mithril Star groves traditionally go camping for Mabon, picking a place both beautiful and remote (but not too remote.) Our Santa Cruz grove has been meeting at Pinnacles National Monument for the last few years ( 1993 – 1996 exactly, before

the Grove moved to Oregon,) spending the weekend closest to the Equinox sharing and growing closer.

### Discussion:

What holiday do you most closely identify with? Discuss in class.

## Lesson 9: Protection

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau / \, AD –  
Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

It's a dangerous world out there and all kinds of energy is wafting about in the ether. How do you protect yourself from energy you don't want influencing you? How do you protect yourself from psychic attack? It happens that there are lots of different ways, and you can adapt any of them or personalize them as you see fit. You may even find new ways of your own. Like every other form of Magick, protection is a matter of belief. The stronger your belief in the technique you are using, the stronger will be your defense.

How does one shield? My way is simple, and you can do this anywhere at anytime. It helps to have a good background in Star Trek, but it's not necessary:

### Ground and center.

From your heart chakra, visualize a green energy, (like you did in the circle casting exercise) emanating from you. See it surround you. I usually visualize the computer display on the Enterprise showing the "shields" going up. Know and believe that you are in a protected space. In fact, you can walk or drive and the space stays protected around you. For an additional protection, invoke the "cloaking device." This effectively makes you invisible, or at least not noticed. I don't recommend the latter for driving, since accidents have been known to happen -- people really don't see you.

As you practice this technique, you'll gradually get so good at it that just the thought "Shields UP" will raise your shields. When you get really good, your astral self will do this automatically (say when you are walking in a downtown area near an unsavory individual.)

Permanent shields can be erected around your home and property in this same manner. There was one night not long ago when a group of teenagers (well, they think they were) went on a windshield smashing spree in our neighborhood. Our neighbors' cars on both sides and across the street from us were vandalized. Ours were not. Another time I was driving around and my license plates were expired (I had trouble getting the pre-requisite smog appointment on time,) and I saw a CHP coming up behind me about three car lengths. I invoked the "cloaking device." Pretty soon he pulled up alongside of me, and was looking very confused. He then sped off ahead, and when he was out of sight, I "decloaked."

Other methods of shielding take the form of ritual rather than meditation, but remember that ritual is an aid to visualization. It is in the visualization, and in your belief, that the magick lies.

## The Witch's Jar

The "Witch's Jar" method is one such rite. You'll need seven glass jars, seven iron nails, seven small mirrors (broken pieces of a mirror will do) seven small pieces of black onyx (size does not matter -- find the cheapest.) Gather these items, and set up your ritual space in the usual way. The elementals are protective spirits, so be sure to invoke them. Cernunnos and Ceridwen are especially good deities to invoke for this. You want to extend your circle to include all of the property you wish to protect, so be sure to smudge and sprinkle every room of the house, and your yards as well (if you can do so without attracting attention.) This will banish any energies that are not welcome, and once the jars are in place, they will not return.

Pick up each jar, and place a nail in it saying: "Iron protects, iron deflects, so in this jar I place its effects." Then place a piece of mirror in each saying, "Mirror reflects, mirror protects, so in this jar I place its effects." Now place a piece of black onyx in the jar saying "Onyx absorbs, negativity stores, so in this jar I place its core."

Write each of the seven directions on a piece of paper, and place one of them in each jar (where you can read it from outside.) Dedicate the jar to the corresponding spirit saying: "I charge thee, oh vessel of protection, to keep vigil in the (name the quarter it will be placed in.) I charge and consecrate thee, so mote it be."

Take the jar dedicated to the East to the farthest point on your property in the east, and bury it in the ground there. Then take the jar dedicated to the South and do the same. Then the West and then the North. The jar dedicated to "Above" is trickier. It needs to hang in your attic as high up as you can get it (you may need to suspend it from wires.) Likewise, the one for "Below" needs to be buried in the basement. The one for "Within" is the hardest one. It needs to go to the spot closest to the center of your home both horizontally and vertically.) You may have to open up a wall to conceal it.

Once this is done, stand in the center of your ritual space and say: "By earth and air and fire and sea, by what's above and below me, and by my own inherent deity, my shields are installed, so mote it be!" Visualize a sphere of green energy surrounding you and your property, and know that you are in total control of it.

Take down your ritual space in the usual manner.

As a personal shield, you can simply wear a pentacle, charged similarly to the jars. Even more effective is the "Seren saith pigfain" (a seven pointed star) but these are really hard to come by. The seven pointed star is the symbol of the Mithril Star tradition. You can see one at our website: <http://www.mithrilstar.org/>

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### Homework:

Practice the "shields up" visualization. You may adapt it to your personal preferences.

Practice the "cloaking device" visualization.

Report on your experiences.

## Lesson 10: Divination

By Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau / \, AD –  
Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

Druids have traditionally had ways of finding things out that were hidden, or in the future or in the past. This chapter will familiarize you with some of the more popular ones. If you get good at this, you can always make a living from it. It is one of the few areas in Paganism where it is considered ethical to charge money (though in the MITHRIL STAR we have no restrictions of any kind in that regard,) and lots of Pagans do this sort of thing.

I like to think of these as methods for "surfing the psychic web," also called the Akashic Record. Therein is all of the data of everything past, present and future. If you get really good at this, you could, for example, look a week or so into the future and find out the winning lotto numbers for your state's lottery. Then play these numbers and, voila! You're a millionaire. Again, you are limited only by the principle of belief.

### Astrology

Astrology is the grandmother of Astronomy. The theory of Astrology is that the planets and other bodies of our solar system have a direct effect on our behavior. In the case of the Moon, we have scientific evidence that the moon's gravitational pull has an effect on the tides, and on our moods. None of the other planets have this kind of scientific evidence, but astrology is a collection of thousands of years of correlations that seem to indicate specific effects on people, countries, the stock market, the weather, and pretty much anything at all that happens or will happen on the planet.

Of the divinatory sciences, Astrology is the most difficult to learn, but it also seems to be the most popular. Professional Astrologers make big bucks and are in demand from everyone from the guy who reads his horoscope everyday in the newspaper to executives at IBM and in the government (remember the big flap over Nancy Reagan's personal astrologer?)

There are courses you can take, and there are computer programs that make the difficult task of casting a chart very easy. During the first year we taught this class I used "Expert Astrologer" to cast charts for all of you when you enrolled in the class (we now only use that kind of screening for candidates for membership in the MG.) That program is very inexpensive and can be purchased at most computer software stores.

### Numerology

This is the science of numbers, the theory being that the numbers in your life affect your behavior (or your company's or what have you.) Like astrology, it is a collection of correlations from over a thousand years. It is relatively easy to learn, and there are many good books out there. There is also a share-ware program available.

### Tarot

The Tarot is probably the most popular divinatory method among Pagans today. This makes use of a deck of cards with traditional symbols on them, arranged in a pattern. Interpreting that pattern in relation to the cards that fall into it is the art of Tarot. It is not difficult to learn, but does take some time. There are hundreds of books out there that teach it, with as many

different interpretations for the same patterns as there are teachers teaching it.

Tarot is a matter of the heart. It is a psychic catalyst, and I think it is one of the most personalized of the divinatory arts. My advice to someone who wishes to learn it is to go out and purchase a deck. You'll have hundreds to choose from. Look at them all and find the one that calls to you (this is just like choosing any other magickal tool.) Take it home and sleep with it. Spend some time each day meditating on each card in the deck. What does it say to you? What images does it bring to mind? I've been thinking of teaching a tarot course, but as yet haven't sat down and organized it. Maybe some day....

## Scrying

This method involves looking into a crystal or water or whatever and discerning shapes or symbols. It is more a catalyst for the psychic than anything else and can be learned with a little knowledge and a load of practice.

This is a popular method among Druids, and there are a number of different ways to go about it. There is crystal scrying, where you use a glass ball (the Silmarils of the Tolkein stories are of this sort.) Crystal balls of the type used for scrying are really expensive, and come in a variety of colors. If you are so inclined use the same methods you would use for any other magickal tool in finding one.

A bowl of water, or a lake, stream or pool is another method, this one popular with the Druids of old. Galadriel is known for her "mirror," actually a crochan of water. Ceridwen uses a similar device.

It is especially effective to do this on the full moon, with the moon's light reflected in the water. My favorite is fire scrying, looking into the fireplace, campfire or circle fire, and communicating with the flames. You can also do this with a candle, though I've not had as good of luck with it as with fires. It's best to choose a long-burning wood, and get it stoked up really well. You want to avoid fast-burning woods such as pine, since by the time you start seeing something the fire is almost out, and then you have to start over again. Never use redwood. It is forbidden in the MITHRIL STAR to use redwood for anything except ritual tools, and then you may only use dead branches or limbs for the fashioning of tools. You may never cut a living redwood tree, or carve on it or anything else. The Redwood is sacred.

## The Pendulum

This is a method of getting "yes - no" kinds of answers to questions. It involves a weight of some kind at the end of a string or chain. Holding it perfectly still, you ask your question, and its movement will determine a yes or no answer. There are different methods for doing this, some of which require the drawing of an elaborate design for the pendulum to hang over.

A similar device is the diving rod, usually fashioned from wood or metal, it is used to find treasures, particularly water, buried in the earth.

## Runes

Casting the runes is fast becoming a popular parlor game. The runes are those Scandinavian characters inscribed on stones. The stones are "cast" or thrown, and the patterns they make up determine the interpretation.

## I Ching

Similar to casting the runes, this Chinese method involves casting a number of sticks and then finding the pattern in the

Book of I Ching. The pattern will correspond to a poem in the book (similar to quatrain) and then you must interpret the poem. I found a shareware program a few years back that would allow you to do this on your computer, complete with the interpretations. There is another method of this, involving coins.

These are just a few of the myriad methods of divination that are out there. You can explore any New Age bookstore and find books on any of these methods, hundreds of tarot cards, different card based systems and methods I've never heard of.

The basis for all of these is psychic. They are to be used as catalysts for invoking that part of you that has become dormant. Eventually, with training and practice, you can get beyond these catalysts, and just use your own pure psychic abilities, just as with enough years of magickal practice you can get to a place where you no longer need rituals or tools, you can just think a thing and make it so.

## Homework:

Tell me about your favorite method of divination, how long you've been doing it and what kinds of results (give examples) you have had.

# Lesson 11: Water Sharing

By Sybok and Iopanus

The principle "sacrament" of the MITHRIL STAR is Water Sharing. You are already familiar with this from the "virtual Great Rite" in Lesson 6, but you may be wondering: Where did it come from? What does it mean? In this lesson we will try to answer that.

If you've read the late Robert A. Heinlein's novel, "Stranger In A Strange Land," you already grok the answer to this question (and you probably grok "grok.") If not, you should have by now. It is probably the most important spiritual work of our time. The novel involves Valentine Michael Smith, whose parents were on a mission to Mars, and left him an orphan there. He was raised and educated by Martians within the wildly different (from our own) Martian culture. Water (at least in the novel) is at a premium there and so water is sacred. To share water with someone is to share something precious and vital. You don't do this with just anyone. You only offer water to someone you would cherish. This is more than friendship; more than marriage; more than love. When you share water you are entering into a lifetime covenant. This is the very essence of perfect love and perfect trust. From this point on everything you are and own belongs to your new "water sibling," and vice versa. This is the ultimate in Communism, since you are sharing not just possessions but mind and body as well.

Once you have shared water with one or more persons, you have created a covenant with them, and (via "catanative assemblage") to anyone they have shared water with, and so on, and so on. So far I have been able to trust my waterkin (those I have shared water with directly, and those who have shared water with others I have shared with) to do the right thing. To be there when I have needed them, and to have helped when I needed help. In cases where waterkin have made mistakes, and those mistakes have cost me money, I am thankful that they were able to reimburse me in full, even if it took some time. I hope that I have been the same way to them.

We are trying to build a community of trust and love. A community where when one person feels hurt, the others will try to help in what ever way they can to heal that hurt, whatever it may be. We want our

Groves to be places of refuge from the mundane. The home of a Grove leader should be a place where any member can drop in at any time, and be welcomed, fed, and of course offered water. Since we have become an international group now (we have members throughout the US, Canada,

Australia, England and even Portugal,) those of us traveling should be able to find hospitality among the waterkin wherever they go, and help when they need it.

Sex? Well, I hope we can be that close, I really do. Although I love all my waterkin, there are definitely a few I would simply never ask, and if they asked I would politely say "no." In any large group, there are going to some you are attracted to, and some you aren't. That's just human nature. No one should feel compelled have to have sex with a water brother.

In any group it takes time to build trust and love. If there is a frequent turnover of members, that process will take longer. OTOH, some people will just "click." It's all good. Waiting is.

I guess what I am getting down to is this: if you decide to share water with someone, do not do it with the expectation of sex (either at the time or in the future.) It just might not happen, and anyway, it's totally the wrong motivation. The same goes for being offered water. If you choose to accept, do not do so with the expectation that either now or in the future you will have sex with that person.

Grok? Share water because you want to add someone to your Grove; to your family. Accept water because you want to be part of that person's family. That's right: a Grove should, first and foremost, be a "family" functioning out of perfect love and perfect trust. All the other stuff we do; ritual, divination, magick; that's the icing on the cake. The substance is "family," and "community." These are the things we strive to create in OMS.

Sharing Water can be done as part of a complex ritual, or as a simple rite by itself. The solemnity and seriousness of the rite should be preserved in either case.

## Homework:

Write your thoughts or experiences concerning water sharing.

## ADDENDUM:

Since we have touched herein on the subject of sex, I offer you some guidelines developed by our "sister" organization, the Church of All Worlds:

### Sexual Etiquette

*Unity through Diversity is a founding tenet of the Church Of All Worlds; because of this, not everyone's idea of acceptable behavior is the same. So to avoid undue stress, confusion, and bad vibes, here are some reminders:*

1. *Sexuality and the Sacred Freedom thereof is one of our prime values, so respect it. ("All acts of love and pleasure are My rituals.") Sexual activities that are engaged in by informed and mutually-consenting adults are no one else's business, and are not to be condemned or censured. By the same token, it is absolutely unacceptable to attempt to pressure, cajole or coerce another into any sexual activity that they do not wish freely and wholeheartedly to participate in.*

2. *Minor issues. While the respect due sacred sexuality applies in principle to Pagans of all ages, the emotional as well as legal pitfalls involved make it imperative that adults avoid sexually-charged interaction with youths below the legal age of consent. There are specific laws concerning age, and elders are mandated reporters.*

3. *Be sure you interpret signals correctly. A loving touch, hug or a massage is not an invitation to coitus, so if your attempts at intimacy or caring make someone uncomfortable, stop! And if someone touches you in an uncomfortable fashion, tell them! If that doesn't work, get a elder, or Festival ffon member to help you. Please be sensitive as to how your affections are perceived / received.*

4. *Practice safe sex! Use condoms with all outside your Nest; and if you have an STD (Sexually Transmitted Disease,) tell your consort.*

Sound advice; all of it. As Gods we should have no trouble following it. May you never thirst.



# Section Two

## Organizational Materials

### The Dis-Order of the MITHRIL STAR

by Ellis "Sybok" Arseneau /\\,  
AD - Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA

#### "A non-prophet, ir-religious, dis-organization."

##### "Non-prophet."

We don't have a central head, or Guru whom we all linger near to pine over his every word. We do have a spokesperson, who is known by the title, "Arch-Druid of the Mother Grove," who is basically the mouthpiece, or figure head of the Order. Mostly he is to be ignored.

##### "Ir-religious."

We are the antithesis of most religions. We have very few rules, most of which are not spiritual, and we expect nothing more or less than that our members behave like Gods. Who do the Gods worship? What religion do the Gods practice?

##### "Dis-organization."

We have no hierarchy and few leaders (those we do have are there for practical purposes, not spiritual.) We have no subordinate bodies. You might say we are a "dis-Order."

The **Mother Grove** is the central authority for the teaching of the OMS tradition. They own the written materials you have just studied. They own the Druidcraft101 Yahoo list, the MithrilStar list, and Imladris. The first two are bodies that exist in cyberspace; the latter is an as yet non-physical piece of real property, where we hope someday to establish our worldwide headquarters.

The Druids who are members of the Mother Grove decide how and in what form the teaching materials of the Order will be disseminated. They also take care of the mundane business of the Order and they judiciously keep records (there's an overdose of Virgo energy in the MG.) Decisions of the MG are made by consensus, excluding the Arch-Druid, who has no vote. The CEO of the MG (and therefore the Order) is the "Clerk of the Mother Grove."

**Groves** are the main manifestation of the Order. A Grove consists of a minimum of three OMS Druids, at least one of which holds the 3<sup>rd</sup> Degree. Each Grove has an Arch-Druid and a Clerk. Both of these are elected by consensus from Druids in each Grove. The A-D serves as public spokesperson for the Grove. The Clerk functions as "CEO" of the Grove. Other officers may be elected as required, or not. All decisions are made by consensus.

**Proto-Groves** are fledgling Groves. They consist of a minimum of three human beings, at least one of which is a Druid of the 1<sup>st</sup> Degree. Usually the founding Druid takes on the title of Arch-Druid and the functions of the Clerk. A proto-grove becomes a full-fledged Grove once at least one member has attained the 3<sup>rd</sup> Degree and two others have attained 1<sup>st</sup>.

Groves and Proto-Groves are wholly autonomous and owned by their own members. The Groves look to the Mother Grove only on matters concerning the teaching of the basic

tradition. Well, ideally they do. The fact is, many Groves haven't contacted the MG in so many years that we've lost track of them. The MG is not responsible for the behavior of the OMS Groves. Although we like the Groves to stay in touch with us, that is strictly voluntary. We also accept monetary donations from the Groves (and these too are voluntary.)

In both Groves and Proto-Groves, voting is done by consensus. The entire grove must be unanimous before any business can be transacted. Since the grove operates as a family unit, in perfect love and perfect trust, this system works quite well. If an agreement cannot be reached by consensus, then that item is tabled until the grove meets for business reasons again (usually about once a month, near the full moon.) Note: business is never conducted when the moon is "void of course."

A very special, unique body within OMS is the [MithrilStar List](#). This email list is a virtual 'Grove' that emulates the functions of a real time grove. It is a sacred space where new members, initiates, and friends of the Order may gather to grow closer, discuss the Order (or any topic of interest to Pagans in general,) and network. It serves as a sounding board for new ideas and changes within the Order. It therefore takes on a special importance, as the Mother Grove takes seriously the matters discussed thereon. The Arch-Druid of the Mother Grove is an active member and moderator of the MithrilStar List. The MithrilStar list is owned and controlled by the Mother Grove. It is the ONLY subordinate body in the Order. Due to its uniqueness in cyberspace, the MG has developed special rules governing behaviour on the list.

## Degrees of Druids.

Once you take the Pledge, which affirms that you agree with our three tenets, you are a Druid of the 1<sup>st</sup> Degree, and a member of the Order. You are also a member of the [Reformed Druids of North America](#), and in that body, a Druid of the 1<sup>st</sup> Order. Non-members may participate in the ritual and social functions of Groves, but only members have a vote or may hold office. In the Mithril Star, there are seven degrees (or in RDNA terminology, 'orders'):

§ The **first** Degree Druid is a person who has subscribed to the members pledge (also called "pledged,") affirming their agreement to our three tenets: "Nature is Good," "Nature is Good," and "Thou art God." They should also have partaken of the waters of life (see "Water sharing.") This person is a '1<sup>st</sup> Degree' or '1<sup>st</sup> Order Druid.'

§ The **second** level is "Initiate," one who has finished the basic course, affirms his/her dedication to the Order has been initiated into the tradition. This person is a '2<sup>nd</sup> Degree' or '2<sup>nd</sup> Order Druid.'

§ The **third** degree (or Order) is given to those Druids undergo a vigil, and who further demonstrate their commitment to the OMS by paying dues (3 hours pay per year.) This is the degree of Priest/esshood, dedicated to Dalon ap Landou. The Third degree supplies the Order with clergy, and with officiating (High) Priest/esses. Those who have attained the Third degree may wear a red ribbon on their robe or cloak. This person is a "3<sup>rd</sup> Degree" or "3<sup>rd</sup> Order Druid."

§ The **fourth** Degree is granted those who have founded, or participated in the founding, of an OMS 'proto-grove.' The 4<sup>th</sup> degree is dedicated to Grannos, the patron of Springs. Those who have attained the 4<sup>th</sup> Degree may wear a green ribbon. This person is a "4<sup>th</sup> Degree" or "4<sup>th</sup> Order Druid."

§ **Fifth** Degree Druids are those who teach the D101 course (either online or in real time.) Moderating the D101 class for 6

sessions, or the MithrilStar List for three years also counts toward 5<sup>th</sup>.) The 5<sup>th</sup> degree is dedicated to Braciaca, patron of Malt. Those who have attained the 5<sup>th</sup> degree may wear a yellow wrist maniple. This person is a "4<sup>th</sup> Degree" or "4<sup>th</sup> Order Druid."

§ Those Druids who wish to obtain the **sixth** Order (or degree) have taught the D101 course at least three times and their 'proto-grove' is now fully sanctioned. Participation in the development of a Proto-Grove counts equally. The 6<sup>th</sup> degree is dedicated to Belenos, patron of the Sun. Those who have attained the Sixth degree may wear a yellow ribbon around their neck.

§ Lastly, the **seventh** is given to those who make a pilgrimage every three years to the redwood forests in California, or a visit to the Mother Grove (for international members, a trip once in their lifetime to the MG AND the redwoods will suffice.) The 7<sup>th</sup> degree is dedicated to Sirona, patron of rivers. Those who have attained the 7<sup>th</sup> degree may wear a sky-blue ribbon.

With the exception of the 1<sup>st</sup> Degree (obtained by pledging to the Order) all other degrees can be acquired randomly. This means that a 1<sup>st</sup> degree Druid can teach D101 once, and get him's 2<sup>nd</sup>. Likewise, hirm could then visit the Redwoods and obtain hirm's 3<sup>rd</sup>. However, hirm can do everything listed above, and if hirm has not pledged hirmself, hirm is not a Druid.

All OMS degrees are exactly equivalent to their corresponding RDNA Orders. This is to say that if you are an OMS Druid of the 3<sup>rd</sup> degree, you are also an RDNA Druid of the 3<sup>rd</sup> order.

## The Pledge

Some of you taking this class have already become members by executing the pledge

(see <http://www.mithrilstar.org/PLEDGE.HTM>): "

*"In dedication to the celebration of Life in its many forms, I hereby declare my commitment to a way of life that is ethical, benevolent, humanistic, life-affirming, ecstatic and ecologically sane. I subscribe to means and methods that are creative rather than destructive, tolerant rather than authoritarian, gentle rather than violent, inclusive rather than exclusive, egalitarian rather than hierarchal. I pledge myself to harmonious eco-psychic awareness with the total biosphere of holy Mother Earth."*

*"Like an ancient Redwood, I would have my roots deep in the Earth and my branches reaching for the stars, the stars not only above but around me, my fellow humans, for "every man and woman is a star," and "the good of the many outweighs the good of the few," 'from each according to his/her abilities, to each according to his/her needs.' "*

*"I acknowledge my personal responsibility for myself, to my fellow humans, and to the whole of Nature; and I recognize this total responsibility, in each of us, as the source of our infinite freedom to become who we are and do what we will. I dedicate myself to my own inner growth and development that I may be of greater service to myself and the world around me. For these reasons I recognize Divinity both within and without, and I say to myself and others: THOU ART GOD."*

*"I wish to unite with others upon a spiritual path that encompasses the whole of the universe, and hereby make application to join the pantheon of The Order of The Mithril Star, RDNA, in order that we may learn together and teach each other ways to bring about these ends."*

*"So mote it be!"*

By signing that pledge, and mailing it to the Order, you enter the Order and the RDNA in the 1<sup>st</sup> Degree (order.)

We also ask, but do not compel, our members to pay [dues](#). Solitary members send their dues to the Mother Grove. Funds received by the Mother Grove go into three accounts. The first is for payment of administrative expenses. The second is a slush fund for members who need help, and last is a savings account for the purchase of land to be used as a Pagan clothing optional retreat/conference center, Order headquarters and an intentional community (which will run the thing) (aka "[Imladris](#)."") Dues are equivalent to three hours wages and are paid once per year on the anniversary of your joining the Order.

Druids belonging to a local Grove pay their dues to their own Grove. Funds collected by local Groves are dispersed at their own discretion.

Once again, let me stress that dues are completely voluntary.

## Symbolism

### The Mithril Star

Most revered of our symbols is the Mithril Star, named for the elvish metal of the Tolkein mythology. It consists of the 'septagram' (seven pointed star) with an 'Ouroborus' wrapped around it, making it a 'Seren saith pigfain.' The snake swallowing it's own tale is an ancient symbol of the World and of the continuity of time ' infinity. The seven-pointed star is also known as the 'elven' or 'faery' star. It is considered to be the gateway into the Elven realms. The seven points symbolize various things including: 1) The seven visible planets, 2) the seven days of the week, 3) the seven 'quarters' (directions, elements, spirits,) the seven chakras, 4) the seven 'rays' (see D201,) 5) the seven musical notes, 6) the seven 'planes' or dimensions (see D201,) and 7) the seven OMS degrees (RDNA Orders.)

### The Druid Sigil

The circle bisected by two vertical parallel lines is known as the Druid sigil in modern Druid groups. It is one of the many symbols now widely used by Reformed Druids of North America, it's offshoot called Ar nDraocht Fein (ADF) which started in 1983, which also had an offshoot The Henge of Keltria. Therefore, it is a prominent symbol of Druidism in America. There is a well-publicized myth that it came from a photograph of a Celtic-Romano temple's foundation which had a square Roman foundation over laying an older Celtic circular structure. It looks remarkably like the Druid sigil with two of the rectangular lines parallely intersecting the circle. However, this shot published in Stuart Piggot's seminal work "The Druids" was first published in 1966, three years after the RDNA was already documented as heavily using the symbol. So that can't be it. None of the founders probably had the background knowledge in 1963 of obscure archeological digs, so they couldn't have come across it anywhere else in the first two weeks of the founding of the RDNA. David Fisher, the founder of the RDNA, was eating Lunch at Goodhue Dorm Cafeteria on Carleton College Campus in Northfield, Minnesota, USA in early April 1963 (perhaps April 1<sup>st</sup> ) and talking to Norman Nelson and a few of his other friends. There were complaining about a mandatory requirement to attend weekly religious services by the college. They decided to start THEIR OWN religion to see if that was satisfactory, and they decided on the name "Reformed Druids of North America" So they traipsed up to the hill of three oaks soon thereafter (April 17<sup>th</sup>, 1963) and had the first ceremony. David Fisher claimed to have been initiated into a Fraternal Druid order in Missouri, but they didn't believe him, because he had also tried to set up 3 other

semi-secret farcical organizations on the campus with a similar story. But the others recognized the power of continuing an older tradition. The sigil was apparently used during that ceremony. So from whence did it come? Probably from David Fisher's fevered imagination (divine inspiration, definitely inspired by spirits of whiskey.) 11 hours of research through various books of symbols and magical runes, has been conducted but without any trace of the circle with two vertical lines. The closest thing is a Greek letter of a circle with one vertical line (and David was possibly interested in starting a Greek fraternity style group, which were banned at Carleton.) The alchemical symbol for oil is similar to that Greek letter. What does it mean? Good question. There is no definitive answer on this subject. It both means what you think it means, and it means something you don't think it means. (Above from the RDNA homepage.)

(Note: There is talk in the Mother Grove of combining the two symbols by placing two upright redwood trees, one behind and one in front of the Mithril Star.)

The 'AWEN' /\: 'Awen (Welsh) or 'Imbas (Gaelic) means 'inspiration' and in Celtic spirituality refers to inspiration from the three realms (or kingdoms,) 'sky,' 'earth,' and 'sea.' Or, in other words 'nature.'

## Customs:

Throughout our 10-year history, the OMS has developed various inter-Order customs, most for no particular or good reason:

'Thou art God/dess,' is the standard greeting from one to another. We also begin our written correspondence thusly, or with the abbreviation: 'TAG.' Likewise, we generally end our written correspondence with 'May you never thirst,' or with the abbreviation, 'MYNT.' We sign off our correspondence with 'In the Mother,' and sign our names with 'First name' Druid 'Surname' /\ (the 'Awen' is made by typing 'forward slash', 'pipe', 'back slash').

Some OMS Druids have taken to putting a number, 1-7 after the word 'Druid' to indicate their order (or degree.) This practice is discouraged as it takes away from the egalitarianism of the Order. Many OMS Druids wear black or hunter (dark) green on a daily basis, and/or choose those colors for ritual wear. We're not sure where this began, except that the two founders were fond of those colors. Another apparel custom is the wearing of black or dark green 'touring caps' backwards (they then look like a beret, at least from the front.) This began as a way of recognizing each other at gatherings in public places. Some OMS Druids are fond of tie dye and even choose it for ritual wear as well (assuming they choose to wear anything for ritual.) OMS campouts, weekend retreats, and conventions are generally 'clothing optional.'

Some Groves get together weekly to watch Star Trek (any derivation) and eat hot buttered popcorn with Parmesan or cheddar cheese sprinkled on it. Usually, these meetings adjourn in the nearest hot tub, where water sharing (sometimes followed by growing closer) usually occurs. The water may be a Chardonnay. :)

## The Coastal Redwood (Sequoia Sempervivrons):

Just as the Oak was sacred to our Druid ancestors of old, so now the Coastal Redwood is sacred to the Druids of the Mithril Star. It was in such a redwood grove near Boulder Creek CA that the two founders first conceived of the Order, after drinking of much Guinness Stout and smoking much Humboldt Gold. One of the many myths of the Order is that Adam was tripping on LSD and walked through a redwood tree, stumbling over Pendderwydd, but this has never been confirmed (or denied.) It is said that one of them exclaimed 'We are the Redwood Druids!' but this too has never been confirmed.

## The Official Hymn of the OMS:

Recently, the Mother Grove has declared 'Sequoia Sempervivrons' a 'filk' by Leslie Fish, to be our 'official hymn.' Found as the 16th track of the CD, 'Smoked Fish and Friends' (available from Random Factors) the words are as follows:

If the oak is king of trees'  
What then can our redwood be'  
Lord above all greenery  
Everlasting tree

Named for him who first could see  
The letters of the Cherokee  
Still you sigh remember me  
Everlasting tree

Tall beyond the reach of eye  
Spearing silent to the sky  
Watch the ages rolling by  
Everlasting tree

Sprouted long before the Sphinx  
Where the mountain's lion slinks  
Shading time in wooden links  
Everlasting tree

Pledges made upon thy bark  
Hold the memory in the mark  
A million turns of light and dark  
Everlasting tree

Triad's castle, Titan's spear  
Living book of year on year  
Spread thy welcome seedlings here  
Everlasting tree

The song is written in the key of Dm ('Dorian' mode.)  
An mp3 is available in the files of both the D101 class and  
the MithrilStar List.

# Section Three

## Conclusion

### Conclusion

Thus ends the Druidcraft 101 course of the Order of the Mithril Star. You are expected to complete any homework you have left, and submit it to the course moderator directly. You are also expected to complete and turn in the Final Exam:

The final consists of two essay questions, each worth 50 points.

1: Write a Holiday ritual. You may pick any one of the eight Holidays discussed in Lesson 8. Be as detailed as possible. Write out the invocations, quarter calls and dismissals. Draw on everything you've learned in this course. (you may review the lessons.) It does not have to be 100% original. You may take a rite from a book, the web, wherever, and adapt it to the MITHRIL STAR tradition.

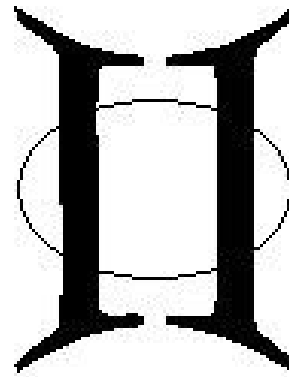
2: In 23 words or more answer the question: Why do I (or do I not) want to be initiated into the Order of the Mithril Star?

3: If your essay is positive (that is, you want to be a member,) go to see <http://www.mithrilstar.org/FORM.HTM>, read and follow the directions there.

---

OK? So do a good job, and may the forest be with you.

So ends Volume Eight  
of the Green Books.



# Green Book Of Meditations

## Volume Nine: Plants, Animals, Food & Drink

### 2003 Introduction

It was with a bit of regret that I did not include this section in Part 7 of ARDA 2. However, food, plants and animals (things that lived and are eaten) formed an aesthetic wholeness that cried out for a separate book. I figured that what is more green than trees, so it became a green book with less than a month to publishing. I fully expect that this book will expand with more research on trees and various recipes being submitted by members.

Sincerely,  
Mike Scharding  
March 20, 2003  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.

### Printing History

1st Printing ARDA 2 (2003)

# Drynemetum Press



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# Section One: Food & Drink

## The Breakfast of Champions

By Eric Powers, Digitalis Grove of DC

Let's name the first brands that come to mind when we think of Ireland; Guinness, Irish Spring soap, and Lucky Charms. Mike Scharding glommed onto Lucky Charms for St. Patrick's Day, knowing full well they had little to do with Ireland. But they're so "magically delicious" that he's been raving about them, but my idea of Irish Breakfast is bacon, poached eggs, blood sausage, boiled tomato, cheese, and lard on a bagel, and a hair of the dog that bit me. <http://www.irishfestivals.net/irishbreakfast.htm> Well, I'm no Third-Order guru, but I did some of my own research into the "Celticity" of Lucky Charms. You are what you eat, so what DID the Celts each for breakfast?

Lucky charms were invented in 1963 by General Mills worker John Holahan (an Irish immigrant who died in an unlucky car accident in April 2000) as the first cereal with marshmallow bits, or "marbits." Lucky Charms were created in Minneapolis Minnesota, not far from Carleton College. Is there a connection? Lucky's (his full name is L.C. Leprechaun) magic ability was changing the white marshmallows into colorful shapes (i.e. his treasure) with a license from the Leprechaun council. The original four "marbits" were pink hearts, yellow moons, orange stars, and green clovers. An amazing diversity of shapes have been added for special occasions. The current shapes are red balloons, blue moons, pink hearts, multi-colored rainbows, yellow and white shooting stars, Lucky's green hat with a green clover, orange and yellow pot of gold, and purple horseshoes.

As a breakfast of champions, there is some doubt. According to one study(, <http://www.gwally.com/tests/> ) "who prefer the cereal usually become accountants, Internal Revenue Service auditors, librarians who work at the reference desk, or low lever government bureaucrats that stagnate in a dead end position."

The question does remain, would the ancient Druids and magicians of the Celts have eaten Lucky Charms if they had the opportunity? Everybody loved milk. The main ingredients are oats and marshmallows, (plus sugar and vitamins) both of which may have been known to the ancient Celts, who inhabited lands from Denmark to Florence and Turkey to Portugal along the Mediterranean Sea in 200 B.C.

Oats were farm as far back as 2500 B.C in Asia Minor and brought to Northern Europe around 1100 BC by the Scythians, about the time of the domestication of the horses as draft animals. Because of their non-glutinous nature, oats are not useful for bread, and have been used primarily for soups or feeding livestock. In ancient Ireland (i.e. Pre-Christian,) oats (along with barley, wheat, rye, kale, turnips, beans, cherries and apples) were a staple of the Irish diet found mostly in porridge, and also in black pudding. Oats have an unusually heavy amount of proteins, fats and vitamins, plus it counteracts the high cholesterol in the Celtic diets. Oats were also especially resistant to climatic variations and austere conditions. Carried in

times of war, oatcakes were roasted on swords over the fire.

Introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, the potato prospered in Irish damp conditions and became appreciated in the 18th century. Oats soon were grown only as a cash crop while the family ate potatoes. Irish oats are prepared a little differently than American oats (which are mostly rolled); see "before the potato" for details. Some oats companies in Ireland still operate like they did in the 17th century, such as Flavahan. Oats remain the sixth most cultivated cereal in the world (after wheat, maize, rice, barley, sorghum) and have recently become popular as a health food; however, 93 percent of oats produced are still used for animal food. Russia produces 45 percent of the world's supply followed by US 12% and Canada 8%.

As for the marshmallows, they've been around since 2000BC and were a mixture of sap from the mallow plant (found in marshes) and honey. It was so good, it was reserved only for gods and royalty. Now you don't have to be a "Veil of Isis" initiate to postulate a connection with Egypt. According to the famed Book of Invasions, Ireland was colonized by the Milesians. The Catholic Encyclopedia says:

"The Milesians came from Scythia; and from that country to Egypt, from Egypt to Spain, from Spain to Ireland their adventures are recorded in detail. The name Scot which they bore was derived from Scota, daughter of Pharaoh of Egypt, the wife of one of their chiefs; from their chief Miledh they got the name Milesians, and from another chief Goidel they were sometimes called Gadelians, or Gaels."

Probably fictional, Scota was such a popular character it influenced the naming of both Scotland and Ireland:

"In ancient times it was known by the various names of Ierna, Juverna, Hibernia, Ogygia, and Inisfail or the Isle of Destiny. It was also called Banba and Erin, and lastly Scotia, or the country of the Scots. From the eleventh century, however, the name Scotia was exclusively applied to Caledonia, the latter country having been peopled in the sixth century by a Scottish colony from Ireland. Henceforth Ireland was often called Scotia Major and sometimes Ireland, until, after the eleventh century, the name Scotia was dropped and Ireland alone remained. Even yet it is sometimes called Erin-chiefly by orators and poets."

So it is conceivable that Scota was some sort of unnamed historical figure. Perhaps she was an Egyptian trade merchant's daughter from the coast of the Mediterranean? Whoever the influence, they would have been familiar with the Marshmallow recipe and passed that tradition onto the new land. The marsh mallow plant is native to all of Europe, so herbalists in ancient Ireland probably knew it.

So yes, marshmallows could be considered a possibly ancient Celtic treat or medicine in some format. The recipe used in the US until 1890 was mallow sap plus egg whites and sugar, whipped into a meringue. It was a rather gooey thing, which was often prescribed by doctors for sore throats with immune system booster and sold in little tins. However the substitution of gelatin and corn syrup and tube puffing have given them a dryer more stable form that can be mass-produced without the health benefits of the original.

The cereal is rich in symbolism for me. Its overall taste is sweet, reflecting a positive view of life. The oaten shapes are a fish for the Salmon of Knowledge, the clover for divine "three-ness," flowers for herbs and beauty, and the "x" piece for crossed swords of the conflict in life. The current marshmallows invoke; pink hearts for love and society, green hat for those humble times when we must eat our hat, blue moon for those sadder times when life is changing in unexpected ways, shooting stars for those pyrrhic moments in life's accomplishments, red balloon for the desire to grow and move up in life, purple horseshoes for our interaction with the animal and mineral kingdoms, rainbows for the diversity in society, the pot of gold for the goals and dreams in our lives. I haven't tried diving with my cereal yet, but it would be an interesting task.

So, we have the combination of Celtic and Egyptian's culinary traditions, plus American marketing genius. The conclusion is that you can eat Lucky Charms with a clear conscience, knowing that everything in the cereal (with the exception of the corn-syrup, food colors and the tri-sodium phosphate) is a Celtic food substance. I'd still recommend a shank of lamb, some porridge, beer and bangers, but enjoy them if you dare!

# Celtic Dietary Health Problems

By Eric Powers, Digitalis Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 2002

Well, you are what you eat, and after discussing junk food and sanitary issues of the Celts, I believe it is time to address the abysmal eating habits of modern Celts, and their health implications. It is a sad fact that as the waves of Germanic people pushed through Europe, the Celts found it was their turn to choose less desirable and more defensible territory. Any visit to a Gaeltacht region of Celtic speaking territory in Brittany or Wales will show you the poor quality of the farming. Now, it is a little known fact that 2,500 years ago, much of Britain and Ireland's barren hills and plains were covered in thick forest full of lions, bears giant deer, and other monsters. Centuries of degradatory farming erosion, poor arboreal harvesting and other ecological disasters have made many of the bogs and moors of the British Isles. So much for being in harmony with nature. Such a fate awaits the Brazilian rainforest.

For the purpose of the remainder of the essay, we will assume the general French and Belgium and Galician populations are not Celtic. According to the genetic test in the last issue, the English are generally of recent immigrant stock (only back to the 8th century,) despite their understandable desire to be aboriginally of the land in which they dwell. Population and ecological pressures have increased the reliance of the Celts to rely on fish, animal and dairy products. The deer hunts of Ireland's roaming army are legendary, as were Robin Hood's in England.

This hunting/gathering/survival lifestyle continues to be eked out in the small crofting communities of the western shores of Scotland and Ireland on the rugged stony coast. A croft is defined as a land holding between one and 50 acres. A crofter's son once defined a croft as "a small area of land surrounded by regulations." For example, there are roughly 2,000 crofts on the Isle of Skye, but of these only 100 or so are large enough to allow a crofter to earn his entire livelihood from the land. The crofts, once laid out to provide homes together with a home food supply are, as one can see, a survival of past economic conditions. Today, the crofter's role is to provide a family home and a side-line to whatever other job the crofter can obtain. The majority of their working age population have to search elsewhere for employment. Some find seasonal work in the building or service industries, while others serve in the oilfields of the North Sea.

I found the health statistics rather surprising. Celtic regions (e.g. highlands) tend to be poorer than Anglo areas, with reduced access to health care, nutritional education, higher incidents of low-weight babies and more farm accidents. Sound familiar? This is all accentuated by the lack of physical exercise among non-farmers/athletes in modern cultures.

We all know that British rockers never smile in photos, not because they are cool and grim, but because they have some of the most nasty teeth in Europe, with about 50% of Scottish adults in 1970 having not a single natural teeth left in their head, now down to "only" 20%; (which is still 12% higher than England) and much worse in the Highlands. So when you think of all those bards, imagine why the music is much better than the singing (which must be hard with dentures.) Of course, it was the introduction of sugar in the 16th century that was a prime culprit.

UK (9%) and Ireland (6%) show the lowest level of mammography for at-risk age women and among the lowest rates for immunization of child-hood diseases in Europe(87%) which is higher than the US (60%) Scotland has the lowest rate of breast-feeding in Europe (only 35% in first six weeks, 15% in highlands) mostly due to factors of poverty and prudity (or at least that's the rumor.) The birth rate of Ireland and Scotland is the lowest since the famines of 1855. Access to family planning is less than easy in Ireland. Drug use is about as bad as the US and worse than most of Europe outside of the Netherlands.

Consumption of grain-based products in last 24 hours:

Netherlands 93% Germany 90%  
France 87% Spain 77%  
UK 73% (30% in Scotland)  
Europe 75% USA 64%

Obesity Percentage(by various BMI stats for Male/Female)

Sweden 5.3%/N.A.  
Netherlands 8%/10%  
England 13%/15%  
Germany 17%/19%  
USA 32%/33%

Things are improving, and the drinking and smoking statistics are rosier. Smoking (Male/Female)

Europe 45%/29% Ireland 40%/31%  
Scotland 34/32 UK 40%/30%  
USA 30%/26%

Note: Lung cancer is the number one cause of cancer and death in Scotland

## Alcohol Consumption Frequency

infrequent (below 1 per week)/average (2 to 3 per week)/frequent (nearly daily) for male and female showing remarkably high abstinence in Ireland, despite traditional stereotypes.

Europe 27/35/36 and 66/29/16  
Ireland 41/48/11 and 72/16/2  
UK 33/47/20 and 60/30/10  
USA 32/45/23 and 53/40/7

Note: Average Scottish Male consumes 20 alcohol units per week (females at 8 units,) i.e. a unit is one 12oz. beer, one cup wine or one shot whiskey.

"The national diet is notoriously high in fat, salt and sugar and low in fruit and vegetables. Next to smoking, our diet is the single most significant cause of poor health, contributing to a range of serious illness, which include coronary heart disease, certain cancers, strokes, osteoporosis and diabetes." How bad is the food really? (Where do you think the restaurant McDonalds was inspired?) Yes, it's rather untasty, probably due to the paucity of strong spices in northern Europe. The old worn saying is that if you want to put on two stone spend a month in Belgium, and to take it off, go to England for a few week. (The drink is better in the latter, I believe.) Perhaps Americans are like the pot calling the kettle black.



I remember during my stays at B&Bs in Ireland in 1998, the standard dreaded breakfast "Heartbreak Special" was two links, a thick slice of sweet black pudding (blood sausage,) a banger (sardine,) two fried eggs, some bacon, a boiled tomato, and a slice of toast with heaps of butter. For the porridge, there was a pitcher of heavy cream; and a cup of coffee Lard-made biscuits were available on the side. Last year, Mike told me he had similar fare in the Scottish dormitory, and Mairi said Welsh fare was not much better. I think fish and chips or the ubiquitous "crisps" (potato chips in 50 flavors) and candy/tobacco stores.

This is not a newly acquired taste of an enriched society, but the fulfillment of centuries of cultural dreams. I bring you this ancient story, in which a chronically troublesome incarcerated bard is hauled out of chains and brought to cure the king of a demon who had hid inside his gullet. The possession caused unimaginable hunger in the ruler that was draining the wealth of the countryside. MacGonglinney, on promise of his prompt release, told the following story after starving the king for five days. As the insanely hungry king listened, bound in ropes at the three narrows, the demon inside slowly came further and further out of the King's mouth, until MacGonglinney grabbed it and threw it into the fireplace, curing the king. I leave you with his words:

## Vision of Viands

In a slumber visional,  
 Wonders apparitional  
 Sudden shone on me:  
 Was it not a miracle?  
 Built of lard, a coracle  
 Swam a sweet milk sea.  
 With high hearts heroical,  
 We stepped in it, stoical,  
 Braving billow-bounds;  
 Then we rode so dashingly,  
 Smote the sea so splashingly,  
 That the surge sent, washingly,  
 Honey up for grounds.  
 Ramparts rose of custard all  
 Where a castle muster'd all  
 Forces o'er the lake;  
 Butter was the bridge of it,  
 Wheaten meal the ridge of it,  
 Bacon every stake.  
 Strong it stood, and pleasantly  
 There I entered presently  
 Hying to the hosts;  
 Dry beef was the door of it,  
 Bare bread was the floor of it,  
 Whey-curd were the posts.  
 Old cheese-columns happily,  
 Pork that pillared sappily,  
 Raised their heads aloof;  
 While curd-rafters mellowly  
 Crossing cream-beams yellowly,  
 Held aloft the roof.  
 Wine in well rose sparkingly,  
 Beer was rolling darklingly,  
 Bragget brimmed the pond.  
 Lard was oozing heavily,  
 Merry malt moved wavily,

Through the floor beyond.  
 Lake of broth lay spicily,  
 Fat froze o'er it icily,  
 'Tween the wall and shore;  
 Butter rose in hedges high,  
 Cloaking all it's edges high  
 White lard blossomed o'er.  
 Apple alleys bowering,  
 Pink-topped orchards flowering,  
 Fenced off hill and wind;  
 Leek-tree forests loftily,  
 Carrots branching tuftily,  
 Guarded it behind.  
 Ruddy warders rosily  
 Welcomed us right cosily  
 To the fire and rest;  
 Seven coils of sausages,  
 Twined in twisting passages,  
 Round each brawny breast.  
 Their chief I discover him,  
 Suet mantle over him,  
 By his lady bland;  
 Where the cauldron boiled away,  
 The Dispenser toiled away,  
 With his fork in hand.  
 Good King Cathal, royally,  
 Surely will enjoy a lay,  
 Fair and fine as silk;  
 From his heart his woe I call,  
 When I sing, heroical,  
 How we rode, so stoical,  
 O'er the Sea of Milk.-

Aniar MacConglinne--Irish,  
 12th century-trans.  
 G. Sigerson, in  
 Bards of the Gael and Gal  
 (London Unwin, 1897)

# The Salmon of Knowledge

By Mike Scharding, D.C. Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Spring 2002

The Salmon have been migrating from the Atlantic to the headwaters of British and Irish streams since the retreat of the glaciers of the Ice Age 20,000 years ago. In doing so, they have captured the imagination of many a Celt in the Islands and Continent with their ability to transcend boundaries and their heroic struggles.

The Salmon is a fish that has adapted to both fresh and salt water. They spawn in freshwater and as tiny fish enter the great ocean. The Salmon of the British isles travel to the area of Baffin Island and Greenland to grow up. After three or four years, they return in the spring to their native stream head. They stop eating for the duration of the trip, relying on body fat during the journey. They will brave dams and leap up over nine feet into the air to surmount any barriers in their quest, or die of exhaustion, and do not turn back. Strangely, the female always dies after spawning, but those returning for a second spawning are called a "Celt."

Plentiful details on their ecology can be found on the internet, especially these two sites. Pacific Salmon details Atlantic Salmon details

<http://www.asf.ca/Overall/atlsalm.html>

## Mythology of the Salmon

Of all the fish in Celtic legends, the Salmon is the mostly popular. There are reportedly many Pictish stones bearing Salmon inscriptions preceding the Gaelic take-over of Scotland. The oldest story is from the Book of Invasions (Leabhar Gabhala) which tells of successive waves of colonization of Ireland. Tuan mac Carell describes the primeval invasions of Ireland, which he witnessed, to Saint Finnen. He also claims to have been reincarnated successively as a stag, boar, eagle, and salmon. During his various shape-shiftings he witnessed all the great events that took place in Ireland and he passed on this knowledge to the historians before he eventually died. In this last form he was caught and eaten by an Irish queen, who conceived him as a human child. Similarly, the legendary Welsh poet Taliesin claims:

I have been a blue salmon  
I have been a dog  
I have been a stag  
I have been a roebuck on the mountain  
I have been a grain discovered...\  
I rested nine nights in her womb, a child  
I have been dead, I have been alive.  
I am Taliesin.  
[Matthews 1991]

The Salmon is mythically famous for its association with Hazelnuts. The primary story is that of young Fionn (nicknamed Demne) who as a boy was learning bardic skills from Finegas on the rivers of Boyne. Finegas had been patiently fishing for seven years for the Salmon of Knowledge, which had fed on fallen hazelnuts from nine magical (non-descript) hazel trees. The Salmon gained a spot for every hazelnut that it ate. Soon after Fionn's arrival, the fish was caught. Fionn was frying the fish for

Finegas, who was off on a trip, and a boil rose on the fish, he pushed it down with his thumb and burned himself. When he put the thumb in his mouth, the knowledge had all transferred to him. Finegas was, of course, a little disappointed, but Fionn shared the remainder with him and promised another Salmon would come along soon.

Fionn's way of discovering whatever was happening and hidden was always the same. A shallow, oblong dish of pure, pale gold was brought to him. This dish was filled with clear water. Then Fionn would bend his head and stare into the water, and as he stared he would place his thumb in his mouth under his "Tooth of Knowledge," his "wisdom tooth."

The ancient Fianna warband had many special fighting techniques that would be the envy of any martial art movie. One of the most famous besides Caber tossing (to throw bridges for chariots over rivers) was the "Hero's Salmon Leap," which consisted of leaping on top of a standing shield and leaping high up for a "smackdown" on your opponent.

There are also references in Goidelic lore to Salmon being kept in wells (near Hazel tree orchards) for oracular consultation. In the ancient text "Cormac's Vision" the hero sees a royal fortress with four houses in it, and a "bright well" surrounded by ancient hazels. In the well were five salmon, which ate the nuts as they dropped. In the palace, Cormac meets Manannan the sea-god who reveals the Land of Promise to him and presents him with a magic cup and branch. [www.enya.org/stories/story06.htm](http://www.enya.org/stories/story06.htm). Later on, Cormac MacArt, king of Ireland in 266 AD, died at Cleiteach, the bone of a salmon sticking in his throat, on account of the siabhradh genii which Maelgenn, the Druid, incited at him, after Cormac had turned against the Druids, on account of his adoration of God in preference to them. So beware Druids bearing dinner. In Christian monastic communities, there were often salmon ponds for eating. In May 11, 1113AD; "A salmon was caught at Cluain-mic-Nois this year, which was twelve feet in length, twelve hands in breadth without being split, and three hands and two fingers was the length of the fin of its neck." (This is the site of the ruins of the monastery of Clonmacnoise in County Offaly on the River Shannon below Lough Ree and above Portumna, which is in County Roscommon. The arms of Co. Meath incorporate the salmon also.) Christ is also known as in t-eo sénta cas corcra, "The Blessed Curled Purple Salmon." This seems strange, considering that grown salmon prefer salt-water, but I suppose they can remain in fresh-water if not given a choice;

Virtually all salmon live in the ocean, and return to streams to spawn (or are farmed in net pens along the coastline) but Atlantic salmon have been experimented on in terms of stocking in lakes, and they seem to do well, but still won't self-propagate. In other words, they have to be re-stocked to remain as a stable population. There are now some types of Atlantic Salmon called "freshwater salmon." Apparently, they have been farmed and adapted to freshwater by people. This, in fact, makes them much more like trout than salmon.

Water spirits are plentiful in Celtic countries as quoted below :

"the spirit of the waters was often embodied in an animal, usually a fish. Even now in Brittany the fairy dweller in a well has the form of an eel, while in the seventeenth century Highland wells contained spring fish so sacred that no-one dared to catch them. In Wales Saint Cybi's well contained a huge eel in whose virtues the villagers believed, and terror prevailed when any one dared to take it from the water. Two sacred fish still exist in a holy well at Nant Peris, and are replaced by others when they die, the dead fish being buried. This latter act, solemnly performed, is a true sign of the divine or sacred character of the animal. Many wells with sacred fish exist in Ireland, and the fish have usually some supernatural quality, they never alter in size, they become invisible, or they take the form of beautiful women." [MacCullach]

Salmon, like the proverbial "Frog in the Well" can plum the depths of the unconsciousness for lost treasures and truths. Gantz's Early Irish Myths and Sagas has the story of Froech and Findabair. Findabair loses her ring and her father accuses her of lying to him in order to date Froech. Findabair later prepares a salmon for him that had swallowed it. Saint Kentigern is similarly associated with the Salmon. The story of St. Kentigern is similar. He was the patron saint of Glasgow, from which he proselytized in Cumbria. Folklore makes him the grandson of Urien of Rheged. He and his mother were set adrift in a coracle but were miraculously saved. He vindicated the virtue of a queen who had given her ring to her lover: when the king demanded to see it, it was discovered in a salmon's belly. The salmon is Kentigern's device. During a time of drought St Kevin fed his community with salmon brought to him by an otter. He was reputed to have baptized Merlin before his death. This last story is borrowed from the legend of SUIBHNE GELT, who was confessed by Saint Moling after a life of paganism and madness.

There are many legends of holy wells that held salmon in them and suddenly became great rivers due to an accident. One legend tells of the origin of the river Shannon in Ireland. The Boyne and well of Segais has a very similar story with a young lady named Boan whose curiosity was too great. Latis was a Lake Goddess who later became a Goddess of ale and mead. Evidence of her worship still remains at Birdsowald, England. Latis fell in love with a salmon, which represents knowledge, and out of pity for her, the other deities turned him into a warrior. However, each winter he must submit to becoming a salmon again until spring.

In Brythonic Lore (i.e. Welsh,) the Mighty Salmon of Llyn Llyw (The Lake of the Leader,) was so ancient and powerful that he gained a truce with the Eagle of Gwern Abwy, who agreed to take 50 fish-spears out of the venerable Salmon's back for him. In the Arthurian tale of Culhwch and Olwen, it is the salmon--and only the salmon--who carried Kai and Gwrhyr Gwalstawd Ieithoe on its shoulders to find the Mabon, the Divine Child of Celtic tradition, the being who brings eternal life and vigor. Indeed, fairies are known to wear stylish salmon-skin caps, showing a link to the afterworld.

## Magical Lore of the Salmon:

The salmon was revered by the Celts. It was from eating the Salmon of Knowledge that Fionn mac Cumhal gained his wisdom. The salmon has been substituted by the herring in modern Scottish Samhain customs. You must eat a raw or roasted salt herring, in silence, just before going to bed. You will dream of your future partner offering you a drink of water with which to quench your thirst. A similar version is found in the Isle of Man:

\* "A Manx girl should eat a salt herring, bones and all, without drinking or speaking; she must then retire to bed backwards; in her dreams she will see her future spouse coming to bring her a drink." [Hull, p. 237]

\* In the Hebrides, the salt herring may be substituted with the Bonnach Salainn (salt bannock)--a cake made from meal, with a substantial amount of salt added.

\* Traditionally, Salmon was presented at royal banquets with honey and butter.

\* Among commoners, salmon was popular during Lent and on days of fast and abstinence. In folk medicine, Salmon gall was used as a remedy for blindness or to correct poor vision.

\* The Salmon is referred to as the "King of Fish," and is never spoken of directly while fishing or in a boat; being referred to as "The Red Fish" or "The Spotted One." To this day, in some parts of Ireland, the Salmon is invoked for curses and blessings:

The treatment of the boiled broken little fish to you  
The Roasting of the salmon to the very end on you  
Slainte an Bhradain Chugat: The health of the salmon to you.

# Druidical Diet Decision Dilemma Discourse

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2002

After reading Eric's article (see A Druid Missal-Any Samhain 2002,) I felt inspired to write about my only eating decisions. There are no precedents in the RDNA regarding vegetarianism, so it seems to be a personal choice. Of course, I will try to offer a balanced view, from my own perspective. The choice(s) by the esteemed reader (in either direction) may be made easier by a familiarity with all the issues involved.

There seems to have been little doubt that the ancient Celts enjoyed meat, eggs, honey and dairy products. Examination of ancient trash dumps near ancient villages has shown a healthy multitude of bones, shells, and clay hives. Feasts, at least for the elite, were the highlight of year, and many a ferocious competition ensued for the choicest part of a deer. The Celtic descendents still love them, perhaps too much for their own good. Certainly harvest conditions may have hindered choice of farmed animal products, but hunting and fishing in communal lands continued well into the 19th century. Crofting, as mentioned before, still provides food and income for many tens of thousands in Celtic lands; enjoying a close link with the creatures that would become dinner.

After numerous fitful attempts at vegetarianism at Carleton, I eventually cut out mammalian meat during my stay in Japan, three years ago, but continue to eat poultry, fish and reptilian dishes (I call it a dinosaur diet.) While Japan is changing to a more Western meat-based approach in meals, you can still get balanced meals, especially if you permit seafood in your diet, as I have chosen. I don't think about it too much anymore, except for considering the "next-step," removing my beloved cheese and milk, and substituting soy products.

There are, in fact, several forms nowadays; ranging on the "carnivorous-vegetarian" spectrum, that have increasingly filled the gap between extremes. The educated mind is said to understand two opposing viewpoints, and come up with a third. Most Druids naturally gravitate towards a moderate choice in the middle.

\* Carnivorous -The Eskimos are the most well-known group to have lived almost wholly on animals and partly digested sea-plants from their digestive tracts. They also enjoy remarkable good health, due to the prevalence of fish, with the occasional sea-mammal.

\* Carnivorous when possible - this is the average American and Celtic diet dream of having three servings (or more) of animal meat and a few servings of dairy products. It is a hefty protein diet, providing about 40% to 50% of the calories.

\* Religiously Qualified Omnivores - certain faiths forbid certain animals for "purity" reasons or "taboos" (e.g. horses, dogs, and cats are taboo in America,) but these are not always followed in practice. Hindus avoid eating cows out of respect, and their economic importance to the non-mechanized farming economy. Buddhists generally advocate different degrees of vegetarianism for reasons of respect to reincarnated ancestors and living beings. Catholics generally avoid meat (but not fish) during Lent. Certain monastic orders (Trappists) are vegetarian mostly for ascetic reasons. Seventh Day Adventists, many Hindus, and Jainists (who also avoid red vegetables) also avoid meat.

- \* Pollovegetarian: eats poultry and not other types of meat.
- \* Pescatarians: Vegetables and non-mammalian seafood.
- \* Lacto-ovo vegetarian: eats dairy and egg products; no meat.
- \* Ovo vegetarian: eats eggs, no meat.
- \* Lacto vegetarian: eats dairy products; no eggs or meat
- \* Vegans: Only plants and perhaps fungi. No meat, leather, milk (except Mother 's milk,) honey, feathers, lard.
- \* Fruitarians: Only eat the "expendable" portions of plants; seeds, flowers, fruits. The main plant should survive unharmed during the harvest procedure.
- \* Breatharianism: Believe it or not, there are some groups that believe that eating food actually poisons the body, and that clean air and sunlight are all we need. A few dozen have died trying to follow this diet, but the leaders complain that perhaps polluted air and lack of spiritual exercises were at fault.

From my conversations with Druids over the years, I've deduced the following top ten reasons why people continue to eat meat.

1. Never thought about it much. This is also known as the "disassociation" or "culture" reason. My family, friends and co-workers always incorporated animal products, and now it is second nature to me. Society has made the choice, and I follow their guidance. These people have not, in fact, made a conscious choice either way. One elementary class, when asked to draw a salmon, invariably drew a nice "D" shaped pink slice of meat, rather than a living creature.
2. Taste and Texture. In the gourmet's rainbow of flavors and chewability, nothing matches a nice succulent piece of meat. There is a reluctance to give up the variety of their palette (palate?) in artistic terms, regardless of the vast unexplored territory of vegetable options; they enjoy what they have already discovered in the meat realm.
3. Health Reasons. Without animal protein, I'd become skinny, decrepit, and waste away to nothing. Most plants can't provide certain key minerals and vitamins that our body can't make. Besides, even if vegetarians live longer, life is about choosing what you like.
4. Simplicity. Nothing is simpler than sticking a piece of roasted meat between two breads or on a plate. Saves time and fills you up. It also feels "good."
5. Intelligence. The strong and smart will eat the weak and stupid. Of course, this argument doesn't go well; when a camper gets eaten by a bear, we want revenge! "Animals don't feel like us" and "animals can't vote" fits in here.
6. Divine. The Monotheistic God gave us dominion over the Earth. We can choose to eat them with no fear of angering God.
7. Economics. Supporting the jobs of ranchers and livelihood of traditional pastoralists.
8. Hunting. I feel at one when I shoot one. Hunters carry on traditions, provide conservation volunteers and finance many ecological projects.
9. Life Force. This is rarely brought up, but it runs instinctively, "You are what you eat." By eating certain animals, people believe they absorb their spirit or "energy" and gain positive characteristics. This is found in Chinese medicines, Native American hunting practices, and American football players eating

steak to increase their bullish nature. I had a lot of trouble with this argument in Japan, where they "welcome" the spirit to join with them by saying "itadakimasu" ("I will receive") not to the chef, but to the meal. I always argued that the animal rarely ever wanted to do this before they died. Perhaps after dying, they change their minds?

10. "I'm not prejudiced, I eat everything." My wife proffers this one, driving me crazy. By "excusing" any one species (except Homo Sapiens,) you are being unfair to all the others. She argues that plants have spirit(s) too, and we have to eat something, so accept whatever fate brings to you, animal or plant. We live on a pyramid of death, and should humbly accept this. Even cows inadvertently eat bugs in the grass, or squash a frog. That's life (and death,) get used to it.

There are, of course, several counter-arguments, on behalf of the Vegetarians;

1. Compassion. Like many animal-rightists, vegetarians often consider animals to have feelings similar or equal to our own in sensitivity, especially in self-preservation, comfort, pain, and family ties.

2. Method. Centers around the painful cramped nature of mass-farms (idyllic family farms are almost extinct,) lack of stimulation, movement, painful and frightened deaths. This encompasses a huge range of stomach-turning descriptions. To me, this still leaves open the possibility of accepting meat from an animal that receives a peaceful anesthetized death, on a big rolling farm after many years of productive live experiences. Douglas Adam's futuristic vision of a cow that is bred to desire being eaten, and which can eloquently explain this to the diner, comes to mind.

3. Health Reasons. Cardiovascular disease, colon cancer, obesity, transmitted diseases (both sanitary and parasitical) and pesticide/antibiotics/hormones should dissuade us, especially in semi-raw products. Meat eating people are especially stinky. Oddly enough, those countries noted for their high protein consumption have the worst rate of osteoporosis in the world, while the disease is almost unheard of in the poorer nations that cannot afford meat or drink milk.

4. Diversity. Heavy reliance, or preference for meat, blinds us to the dazzling variety of protein and calcium substitutes. The five vegetables that Americans eat most are French fries, tomatoes (mostly as sauce or ketchup,) onions, iceberg lettuce, and other potatoes; that's not my idea of fruits and vegetables-that's garnish on burgers." Did somebody say "vitamin supplements?"

5. Intelligence. If animals have some ability to react to their environment at all (i.e. "think") we should respect it, no matter how rudimentary; and choose food sources that don't injure their lifespans. This is found most prominently in the protection of robustly intelligent critters like whales, monkeys, dogs and lawyers.

6. Divine. As mentioned before, many specific animals are revered by certain religions.

7. Environment/Economics. Revolves around the fact that by going through an intermediate step (the animal) 90% of plant proteins and carbohydrates and huge amounts of scarce water are "lost" that could have grown food for hungry people. Many forests and marshes are destroyed to make pasturage for cattle/sheep/crops; not to mention methane. Animal protein naturally is more expensive than vegetable protein, except in very unusual regions of the world.

One acre of land (two acres equals one hectare):

a) Can produce enough feed for about 50 pounds of animal protein with only 15% of that available for human consumption.

b) Can feed 20 vegans or 1 meat eater.

c) Can produce enough soybeans to yield about 500 pounds of protein.

d) Can produce enough wheat to meet the protein requirements for one person for 877 days, whereas soybeans would produce enough protein for 2,224 days.

e) Can produce enough food to feed 4 vegans.

f) Can produce (in pounds): potatoes (40,000,) onions (40,000,) carrots (30,000,) tomatoes (50,000,) celery (60,000,) beef (250.)

g) Requires (in gallons of water): tomatoes (23,) lettuce (23,) potatoes (24,) wheat (25,) carrots (33,) apples (49,) eggs (544,) chickens (815,) pork (1630,) beef (5214.)

8. Friendship. It is said that it is easier to approach animals if you're a vegetarian, because either you smell safe or emit friendly vibes. On hunting trips, take pictures not pelts.

9. Life Force. According to some, similar to intelligence, eating an unwilling victim (carrion is okay?) might result in unfriendly spirits joining your collective spirit, and giving you "spiritual indigestion." Many religions advocate restricting meat before religious festivals. One case of the Tarbh Feis in Ireland, actually had the visionary gorge on beef and wrapped in a fresh hide to predict the future of a king. There is also an infamous Irish King rite of eating a whole mare (after making love to it.)

10. Prejudice/Social Reasons. As below so above. Basically, by incarcerating animals, denying their rights, separating familial creatures, and eating them, it shows a predilection and unconscious support for racial, class, and gender prejudice.

To me, both arguments can range into the moral high ground and practicality. I don't expect you to change your diet or follow my own choices, but I hope I've opened up a new area of your life to examination and contemplation.

# Irish Spring and Irish Cleanliness

By Eric Powers, Digitalis Grove of DC

Okay, I wrote the "Lucky Charms" article for Beltaine, so I had to do the follow up. It is a fact of life for us mortals, as I am sure Nozomi will attest, that things get dirty, smelly and unpleasant to the touch; especially our friends. Until our not-so-distant ancestors, people didn't mind the smells to "risk" bathing, and the oils protected the skin and made wrestling easier. But to prepare wool and clean clothes, you need to remove the grime and so soap was invented. Soap was usually just boiled animal fat, wood ashes (or Pot ash,) water and lye.

Then 30 years ago, people learned the advantages of adding perfume, artificial green color, a country's name, a season, and calling it "Irish Spring." But why not call it "Prussian Autumn" or "Ukrainian Winter"? Colgate-Palmolive yields millions of dollars in annual profits from the sale of Irish Spring soap, a product that was only created to improve their image with a bitter and angry Irish community. In fact, Colgate-Palmolive was one of the last large corporations to abandon an officially stated anti-Irish policy. It was well into the 1950s, just a few short decades ago, that Colgate-Palmolive in adherence with that policy, routinely refused Irish and Irish-Americans employment based on their nationality. When Colgate-Palmolive was asked in 1993 to support a National Irish-American Heritage Museum, the request was refused because Colgate-Palmolive was focusing on "the educational needs of youth and minorities." A look at their official web-sites, conspicuously avoids giving a product history (there are five varieties now) or any reasoning why they chose the name. They only describe it as:

"Irish Spring Original launched in 1972 with its classic green striated bar and quickly established Irish Spring as a leading brand for deodorant soap. Irish Spring Original's great, invigorating scent helps keep you feeling clean and fresh." Their selling points are:

Helps keep you feeling clean and fresh,  
Great invigorating scent  
Rich striated emerald green bar  
Used by men and women everywhere  
Long-lasting deodorant protection

And of course, "keeps you clean as a whistle" (followed by dirty sexually inviting whistle.) This phrase means "Neatly and effectively done; pure." As in the example: "He maneuvered himself out of that sticky situation as clean as a whistle." The reasoning is that a whistle needs to be clean and free of moisture and debris to produce a clear sound. The oldest literary example is Planche(1851) in Extravaganza where a character says, "Or else his head cut off, clean as a whistle." Which is quite a Celtic feat.

The Celts are in a rather wet area of the world and many legends revolve around bathing and washing, more so than their Saxon neighbors (King Arthur stories aside.) In both Irish and Scottish legend, there is the legendary washing woman at the ford (where water was shallow and lots of rock.) The warrior, who would encounter her washing bloody linen, may rightly suppose that his death on the battlefield is not far off. Morgan ap Modron appears in this connection in a sixteenth-century folk-tale.

CuChulainn saw two maidens washing his bloody garments on his way to his last battle. The Washer is also one of the guises of the Morrigan. Legends are replete with her, as are ban-sidhe legends. They vary on whether by sneaking up on her you can change your fate, or whether her mere gaze would kill you. I suspect they originate from women robbing the corpses after battle, cleaning them up and taking back spoils. Somehow the legend is a foresight of this event.

Bathing incidents are such a great opportunity for story-tellers to get their characters naked, see each other naked, be consumed by their passions, and make poor life-decision choices without any blame. Valuable items like Swan Princess/Selkie/Mermaid items can be stolen and wives gained, great warriors can be disarmed, and hearts can swoon during bathing scenes. Modern movies have not under-used this technique; but since Psycho, have added it as a good opportunity to kill off characters, after gratifying the young male audiences.

Examples are replete in legends. Angus Og had a palace at the river Boyne at whose estuary the Milesians landed. It was there that Eithne loses her veil of invisibility while bathing in the river. I would think that you would keep that on, while bathing outdoors? The church on the banks where Eithne died was named Cill Eithne by St Patrick. Midhir is a lord of the Otherworld. He lives in the mound of the sidhe at Bri Leith. He is one of the Tuatha De Danann and the foster father to Oenghus, who is the child of Eithne, the result of her seducing by Eochy. The seduction comes about when Elkmar, her husband, is put under a spell where he loses track of time. He believes himself to have been away overnight whereas he has slept for nine months, allowing the birth of the child. Midhir, himself, falls in love with a mortal, a girl called Etain, who he also sees bathing. She is the daughter of Aillil. They fall in love with each other at first sight and are soon in bed together. This creates something of a problem when he returns home and presents Etain to his wife, Fuamnach, who (like Juno) finds no ends of means to torment him and young lovers; starting a tragic cycle of stories. This was quite a mess out of trying to get clean.

Nessa, the wife of Cathbad the Druid was another bathing beauty. Her name was originally Assa or "Gentle," but after Cathbad had killed all her tutors, she took up arms as a woman warrior and was afterwards called "Ungentle" or Niassa (Nessa.) Cathbad surprised her bathing without her weapons, but he spared her and granted her only to have her as his wife. She bore Conchobar on the day prophesied as the birthday of Christ. I'd have rewritten the ending a little differently.

There is a place called Abbeyfeale in County Limerick (Gaelic on map: Mainistir na Fiale meaning from the river Fiale,) that is traditionally derived from the legendary Fial, wife of Lewy. She was spotted by him while she was bathing naked in the river and not realizing that the voyeur was her husband expired from shock and shame. The abbey was founded by Brian O'Brien in 1188, upon an earlier foundation.

Maurice was walking one day by the shore of Lough Gur when he saw the beautiful other-world woman Aine bathing. He seized her cloak, which act magically put her into his power, and then lay with her. He probably did something else, for in this way Gearoid Iaria was conceived, and when he was born, Aine appeared at the castle of the Earl to present the child to him. There's a shocker for him!

One book I read mentioned:

Certain Irish social customs are also recounted in the *Hisperica Famina*. The early Irish frequently bathed frequently and considered bathing of guests as an act of hospitality. One text describes the custom of cleaning the feet of travelers: "Fill the steady hand basin with water and wash your dirty feet with flowing draughts; wipe clean your muddy soles with the clear liquid," and again: "pour a clear draught from the wooden tank and wash your dirty feet." The early Irish had a highly developed vocabulary for bathing, with separate words for washing the feet, the hands, hair, or immersing the entire body. For example; *Osaic* was the Old Irish word for washing the feet.

Now we know, the Celts used soap long before the Romans did, because those new-comer Romans build their empire long after the Celts arrived in the region, but they used it to wash their hands in the morning and during bathing. After bathing they would comb oil and scented herbs into their hair. The Romans rubbed their bodies with olive oil and herbs and then scraped it off with a device called a *speculum*. Another little tidbit about this type of "bathing" is when the gladiators did it, the "residue" of combined sweat dirt and the oil concoction was sold to wealthy women as a virility drug that was taken internally. Of course the more famous the gladiator the more expensive it was. (And the Romans called us barbarians) Pretty disgusting isn't it?

While the Celts on the other hand used soap made from vegetable oil and herbs (kind of like what we have now) the only difference per se was the inclusion of *lie*. Another odd little tidbit about Celtic grooming is that they used stale urine to bleach their hair white; possible inspiring tales of blond Celts, when (touristic commercials aside) in fact most Celts are dark or brunettes. We also know from tales of Celtic grooming habits of all the body-paints, make-up and cosmetics that the Celts (or at least the upper-class) used, and this requires something to remove them before reapplication, i.e. soap.

There are also several *Fulacht Fiadh* (kidney or horse-shoe shaped mounds of burnt stone surrounding a wood or stone lined trough set into the ground,) such as in *Lochadon Valley* in *Cloghane*. Warriors of the *Fianna*, or anyone on extended summer hunts, wouldn't want to haul around a big iron pot and a deer, so they need to cook big hunks of deer or boar somehow. First a stone or timber-lined trough near a stream would be filled with water and then rock would be heated in an adjacent fire before being dropped into the water, a process that was continued until the water boiled. The joints of meat were then placed in the water to boil. It may sound pretty unlikely, but modern archaeological experiments have shown it to be a quite economical and effective method of cooking. It has also been suggested that *Fulacht Fiadh* were used for bathing or as saunas.

According to a link (listed below,) the Gaels were also into building Sweathouses known as *Teach an Allais*, which may have been derived from all the Viking colonies in the *Gaeltacht* region, perhaps lasting as long as 1902 in distant rural areas without running water? 80 sweathouses existed in *Co. Leitrim* in the late 19th Century, but seem to be limited to *Co. Leitrim*, *Fermanagh*, *Cavan*, *Sligo*, and a few isles of western Scotland; *Jura*, *Colonsay*, *Argyll*, and *Kilmartin Valley*. They are highly dismantable stone-igloos, and possibly were recycled in other regions. Sweating removes poisons in the body, improves appearance by unclogging

pores, combats the persistent rheumatism of North Europe and (surprisingly) warms you up on cold nights. Peter Berresford Ellis in *The Druids* describes one as:

"The further development of the medicated bath was the hot-air bath, used in Ireland as a cure for rheumatism until recent years. The structure in which these baths were given was known as *Tigh an alluis*, or "Sweating house" One such ancient structure survives on *Inishmurray* in *Donegal Bay* and several have been described in the last century particularly in the north of Ireland. They are small constructions of stone, five to seven feet long. A turf fire was kindled inside until the house was heated like an oven. The fire was removed. The patient, wrapped in a blanket, crept in and sat down on a bench. The door was closed up. The patient remained until in a profuse perspiration and then, on leaving, was plunged into cold water and then rubbed warm. The patient was encouraged to meditate (*dercad*) to achieve *sitchain* (state of peace.) It is not beyond the realm of possibility that this act, found in many cultures in the world as a religious action, had similar religious connotations in the Celtic world." [6]

Most dwellings of the *Sidhe* (people of the hills) are old raths (now submerged lake forts,) duns (old dirt embankments of ruined castles,) disused *par-terre* root-cellars/homes, or still-buried *cromlechs* (those stones stacked on top of each other were once covered by mounds of dirt.) This has brought up the idea to me, that perhaps those *sidhe* or fairies (in certain cases) were not so much a primordial displaced race, a distant race of gods, but memories of vision-crazed mystics who came out of their little sweathouses, still entranced, and performed healings or other magical activities? Those fairy-tales of people out in the night could be stumbling in upon a clandestine meeting of folk-shamans/what-have-yous in their sweathouses, high on who knows what kind of local weed. A nearby stream, which fairies can't cross, might be based on ancient cures for madness. Suddenly surprising the patient with a plunge into cold water was practiced from ancient times to the 19th Century. Boats were constructed which would break up and force patients to swim to the shore in the cold water and there were bridges which would collapse when patients were crossing them. The cold water shower or plunge was a "shock" treatment designed to bring a deranged person to his/her senses. It is an intriguing idea.

Several other culture/religions are obsessive about cleanliness, possibly because it's healthy, but perhaps to distance themselves from the grubby peasants who don't have the time to clean things up as well as a church with excess lazy layman's labor. *Shinto* revolves around purity, if *Nozomi's* articles are true; and certainly the *Judeo-Christian bible* is frantic about being clean (which was interpreted by the Christians to be a spiritual matter, thus bringing on several plagues, and moralistic catastrophes): [most of *Leviticus*, *1 John* 1:9, 15:3; *2 Corinthians* 7:1, *James* 4:8, *Ephesians* 5:26-27] No where in the bible does it say "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," which is derived from a sermon by *John Wesley* (1703-1791) or possibly *Francis Bacon* (1605) "Cleanness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God."

But the evidence does not show that this was the Celts made the spiritual connection, except as described above, they just wanted to look good, and who can blame them? Regardless, you should be able to buy Irish Spring now knowing that, advertising hype aside, soap is a Celtic innovation to Europe (as is the deep plough and iron.) Even without your personal home sauna, you'll come out of your bath, invigorated, spiritually purified (*Shower Shugyo*, anyone?..) and not so stinky.

# Gandalf's Reflections On The Arts Zymurgical

By Gandalf, Amon Sul Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 2003

## The Discovery of Beer

There are those who claim that one of the main reasons that our distant ancestors gave up their nomadic ways and began the practice of agriculture was to assure a supply of grain for the making of beer. Think of a time, eons ago, when our ancestors had learned to use fire and to make storage containers (tightly woven baskets or clay pots.) Wild grain had been gathered and stored. Water was added to soften the grain. For some reason the grain was not eaten and sat for a day or two. Someone realized that the grain might be saved if it was dried over the fire. After being roasted, the grain had an odd sweetness to it. When it was needed, the grain was once again put in to soak. Someone drank the water and/or ate the uncooked grain and it was good. Grain gathering became a major activity. Someone discovered the cause and effect relationship between covering grain with dirt and new plants sprouting. One of the great things about it was that after you made the beer, you still got to eat the grain. What a concept! Why wander around taking your chances on where your next meal might come from when you could get drunk and eat well at the same time?

## The Basics

Yeast are fungi that break down sugar molecules and by doing so produce alcohol and carbon dioxide. When one works out the physics involved, this molecular division process results in a release of energy that is used for metabolic and reproductive processes. Try this link if you are interested in the underlying science: <http://www.yeastgenome.org/VL-yeast.html>.

## Home Brewing and Vinting

First and foremost, this is not rocket science. There is an abundance of websites that are dedicated to beer and winemaking. Most stores that sell equipment and supplies also stock books. You can probably get everything you need for thirty to forty dollars. If you stay with it, you'll recoup your investment in a short time. You will know exactly what's in your libation. There's also a genuine satisfaction in drinking something that you made yourself.

## Equipment Basics

If you have access to a major metropolitan area, there is almost certainly a location that carries everything that you need. If you are really out in the boonies, everything is also available through the Internet. The following is a list of essentials:

**Primary fermenter.** I used a plastic garbage can for a long time. A few years ago, the place that I get my supplies started stocking Ale Pales which are essentially seven gallon plastic buckets that have a spigot near the bottom. They have a bail, which makes them easy to pick up, and the spigot facilitates racking off (draining.)

**Secondary fermenter.** Not an absolute necessity, but helpful for many projects. Usually a five gallon bottled water jug. The use of a secondary fermenter requires an airlock, because alcohol turns to vinegar with prolonged exposure to air. Since secondary fermentation still involves the production of carbon dioxide, any air in the container is forced out and the carbon dioxide protects whatever you are making. Using secondary fermenters produces a clearer product that has less sediment. Beer that is made using a secondary fermenter may take longer to build up a head.

**Hydrometer.** A hydrometer measures the specific gravity (SG) of the mix and indicates the potential strength of the end product (potential being the term because all of the sugar is not processed by the yeast.) Bottling beer at the correct SG is essential to having the right amount of carbonation. A word of caution: malt liquors (beers with over six percent alcohol) are often a recipe for a hangover. I usually make mine at four-five percent. In making wine, knowing the potential strength is important for predicting whether or not the wine will be dry or sweet. The maximum alcohol content that can be achieved through natural process is eighteen percent, but that's under ideal conditions. Taking the SG to a potential of eleven will usually produce a relatively dry wine. Anything over fourteen may taste syrupy.

**Beer containers.** The best containers are rubber-stoppered bottles such as those used for Grolsch and Kulmbacher. That way, if you bottle with a little too much residual sugar, the excess gas forces its way through the gasket. No exploding bottles or beer that spews out when opened. It's also an excuse to drink some good imported beer. I originally used quart bottles. However, since there's usually some sediment in homemade beer, sometimes the second pint was a little murky. Twelve ounce returnable bottles can also be used (no twist offs.) Bottles, caps, and capping tools are sold by most suppliers. The basic math for a five-gallon batch is 20 quarts, 40 pints, or about 53 twelve-ouncers. A few years ago, I inherited an old refrigerator. For about two hundred dollars I was able to convert it to a draft beer dispenser. The home brew goes into five gallon Cornelius kegs (their primary use is for fountain soft drinks.)

**Wine containers.** Once again, this is an excuse to indulge oneself. If you frequent your local pub, the bartender may also be able to help you out. Especially if you have demonstrated that Tipping is not a city in China. If my math is correct on the metric conversion, you'll need around twenty-seven bottles for a five-gallon batch. There are different types of wine bottles and some work better than others, primarily due to sedimentation issues. The best bottles are the tapered ones that many German wines come in. Sherry bottles do not work as well work because the air has a tendency to bubble as it goes in stirring up the sediment.

**Boiling pot.** Unless you are really into beer making, you'll be using malt extract, which needs to be boiled. When making wine, an alternative to using sulfites (which I am allergic to) is to bring the wort (your mix before fermentation) to a low boil.

**Stirring stick.** During initial processing and primary fermentation, everything needs to be stirred a lot except for the last few days before racking off. I use a wooden spoon and dowel.

**Funnel.** Get one that has a groove in the side of the spout so that air can come out as liquid goes in.



## Supplies

Beer. As mentioned, making beer usually involves malt extracts. Malt comes in a variety of shades from pale to dark and can be hopped or unhopped. What one uses is a matter of personal preference. Please note that even the light varieties will usually produce a beer that is darker than the American Pales that most of us are used to. The cans of malt sold by suppliers are intended to make five gallons. This is a manageable quantity that can be consumed while still fresh. The malt extract, by itself, will not have enough sugar to make the beer strong enough. I recommend powdered malt for the booster but in a pinch I've used regular sugar. Incidentally, most modern beers contain two drugs: alcohol and hops. The hops are one of the reasons that beer makes you sleepy. Hops are also a preservative (probably their original use.) Since home brews are not pasteurized, the hop can be essential in extending their shelf life. If your supplier is well stocked, there will be a wide variety of hop available. Some brewers are very picky about their hops, but I've never found much difference between the different varieties. Hop is easy to grow but it needs to be trellised. The hop that I raise is a generic variety that I ordered from the Gurney Seed Company. Email me around March if you would like a root cutting.

Wine. I've never used the concentrates, so I cannot speak to results from their use. I've been fortunate enough to have access to real grapes (usually Concord but I have used whites.) If there's a farmer's market in your community, check with the sellers there. Wine can also be made from a variety of other ingredients. There are those who scoff at non-grape wines, but I am not one of them. I have peaches, pears, apples, strawberries, and kiwi planted but they're not producing yet. A bushel of grapes is sufficient for five gallons of wine, but unless you have wine grapes, there won't be enough natural sugar to get the job done. I typically use plain old beet sugar for wine. Grapes are easy to grow but take time and need a lot of room. We've been at our current location four years and the first vines that I planted (Concord) are just starting to produce. If you know someone who grows grapes, the prunings can be used to start new vines. Once you get started, you have an unlimited supply. For the last two years I have been buying wine grape cuttings from this location: <http://www.bunchgrapes.com/>. I should be able to start propagating my own wine grapes by next year. I may even have a few Concord cuttings that I won't need. Email me around March if you're interested. Mead requires using some honey for sugar content and taste. I have blackberry mead in a secondary fermenter as I write this. Mead can also be flavored with spices such as ginger, cinnamon, and nutmeg.

Yeast. Once again, there are many varieties available and some individuals are very passionate about what they use. Since the basic process is the same, I'm pretty indifferent. I typically use a top fermenting beer yeast. Incidentally, it's easy to keep a starter bottle. Just stir up the sediment, fill a pint with it, and keep it in the refrigerator until it's needed. Miscellaneous. If making wine, you'll need corks and a corking tool. There are many flavorings, clarifiers, chemicals, etc. available. I usually forego them.

## The Process for Beer

Boil the malt using about three gallons of water. The boil takes about 45 minutes. If using unhopped malt, add hops at the beginning and end of the boil. Let the wort cool; add malt or sugar to obtain desired SG. Add yeast. If using a top fermenter, in about two days, the mix will develop a corona. Use a stainless steel strainer to skim off the solids in the corona. In about a week, the SG will drop to bottling level (.10.) If not using a secondary fermenter, rack off and bottle. If using a secondary fermenter, rack off and airlock. Let settle for about a month or so, rack off, add priming sugar to get mix to .10 SG, and then bottle. Store in a cool, dark place if you have one. In 2-4 weeks sufficient additional fermentation should have occurred to build up a head. Getting the head right is one of the most difficult parts of beer making. If you're using resealable containers, you can reprime if you don't get enough carbonation. If you're using screw caps and you get too much carbonation, you can loosen them and let them sit for an hour or two and then reseal. Rubber stoppered bottles will bleed off any excess carbonation. Since there will always be some sediment, pouring requires a steady hand and practice. When making beer, it may be a good idea to not start out trying to make Pales. I've found Ambers and Darks to be much easier.

## The Process for Wine

I usually puree the grapes in a blender and then heat them to a low boil. Let cool. Some water can be added but you have to be careful or the end product will lack color and body. Add yeast. In a few days the solids will begin to float to the top. Skim off with a stainless steel strainer. If you are not using a secondary fermenter, bottle at around 10 SG. If using a secondary fermenter, rack off and airlock. Two months in the secondary fermenter is usually sufficient but I've left it longer. Wine should be stored on its side so that the corks stay moist. To deal with sedimentation, shake the bottle and let it sit upright for a few weeks before opening. Uncork and rack off the entire bottle. Once again, a steady hand is beneficial.

## Potcheen

Whiskey is essentially distilled beer and brandy is distilled wine. Unfortunately, in the United States, making your own spirits, even for personal use, is illegal. However, I'm getting tired of boiling the hell out of green beans in a water bath canner to get them properly sterilized when half as much time in a pressure canner would get the job done. Pressure canners are also easily converted to pot stills. Be sure to spend the extra money for stainless steel. A friend of mine had an aluminum pot still and although it wasn't a poisoning hazard, his product had a definite metallic taste. Do some research before building a still. Lead poisoning is a serious hazard. I no longer drink moonshine unless I personally know the person who made it. Two drinks and you can go blind or die!

The Internet has a lot of designs for making refractory stills and some suppliers are selling them for around three hundred dollars. Refractory stills are much more efficient, producing an output that is up to 170 proof with a single run. Pot stills usually require triple distillation to achieve a final product that is around 120 proof (hence the designation XXX.) My understanding is that there is pending litigation about the legality of selling refractory stills. My suggestion is, if you buy one, do so in person and pay cash. Otherwise there will be a

shipping or credit card trail that might be used to track you down if the federal government and liquor lobby prevail. It is relatively easy and inexpensive to get a permit to make ethanol for fuel, which then makes your still legal. However, once again, you are on record as owning a still. The law requires that anything removed from the premises must be denatured (rendered undrinkable.)

## Cleaning Up

In general, zymurgy is a messy process. Many books and articles on home fermentation dwell at great length on all kinds of sterilization activities that involve chemical compounds of questionable utility. Zymurgy had been around for millennia before microbes were ever identified. In over thirty years of practice, the only time I ever lost anything was when I used some ground fall apples to make applejack and I didn't boil the mixture first. That was clearly an error on my part. Soap should be used sparingly. Small traces of soap can throw off the taste. Soap also impairs the ability of beer to make a good head. I use lots of hot water and paper towels.

## Epilogue

The preceding is an overview. Zymurgy is a learn-by-doing art. Almost everyone who practices it has the occasional batch that doesn't taste very good. However, considering some of the commercial products that I've had, even my failures have their counterparts in the marketplace. Even if the taste is a little off, the alcohol is still there. Just remember that, with modern techniques, what you will be drinking is almost certainly much better than some of the stuff that the ancients had.

## Section Two: Tree Research

### Cad Goddeu or The Battle of Goddeu

Translation by Revd. Robert Williams

I have been a multitude of shapes,  
Before I assumed a consistent form.  
I have been a sword, narrow, variegated,  
I will believe when it is apparent.  
I have been a tear in the air,  
I have been in the duller of stars.  
I have been a word among letters,  
I have been a book in the origin.  
I have been the light of lanterns,  
A year and a half.  
I have been a continuing bridge,  
Over three score river-mouths.  
I have been a course, I have been an eagle.  
I have been a coracle in the sea.  
I have been complaint in the banquet.  
I have been a drop in a shower;  
I have been a sword in the grasp of a hand.  
I have been a shield in battle.  
I have been a string in a harp,  
Disguised for nine years.  
In water, in foam,  
I have been a sponge in fire,  
I have been wood in covert.  
I am not he who will not sing of  
A combat though small,  
The conflict of the battle of Godau of sprigs.  
Against the Guledig of Prydain,  
There passed central horses,  
Fleets full of riches.  
There passed an animal with wide jaws,  
On it were a hundred heads.  
And a battle was contested  
Under the root of his tongue;  
And another battle there is  
In his occiput.  
A black sprawling toad,  
With a hundred claws on it,  
A snake speckled, crested.  
A hundred souls through sin  
Shall be tormented in its flesh.  
I have been in Care Venenir,  
Thither hastened grass and trees.  
Minstrels were singing,  
Warrior bands were wondering,  
At the exaltation of the Brython,  
That Gwydyon effected.  
There was a calling on the Creator,  
Upon Christ for causes,  
Until when the Eternal  
Should deliver those whom he had made.

The Lord answered them,  
 Through language and elements:  
 Take the forms of the principal trees,  
 Arranging yourselves in battle array,  
 And restraining the public.  
 Inexperienced in battle hand to hand.  
 When the trees were enchanted,  
 In the expectation of not being trees,  
 The trees uttered their voices  
 From strings of harmony  
 The disputes ceased.  
 Let us cut short heavy days,  
 A female restrained the din.  
 She came forth altogether lovely.  
 The head of the line, the head was a female.  
 The advantage of a sleepless cow  
 Would not make us give way.  
 The blood of men up to our thighs,  
 The greatest of importunate mental exertions  
 Sported into the world.  
 And one has ended  
 From considering the deluge,  
 And Christ crucified,  
 And the day of judgment near at hand.  
 The alder-trees, the head of the line,  
 Formed the van.  
 The willows and quicken-trees  
 Came late to the army.  
 Plum-trees, they are scarce,  
 Unlonged for men.  
 The elaborate medlar-trees,  
 The objects of contention.  
 The prickly rose bushes,  
 Against a host of giants,  
 The raspberry brake did  
 What is better failed  
 For the security of life.  
 Privet and woodbine  
 And ivy on its front,  
 Life furze to the combat  
 The cherry-tree was provoked.  
 The birch, not withstanding his high mind,  
 Was late before he was arrayed.  
 Not because of his cowardice,  
 But on account of his greatness.  
 The laburnum held in mind,  
 That your wild nature was foreign.  
 Pine-trees in the porch,  
 The chair of distribution  
 By me greatly exalted,  
 In the presence of kings.  
 The elm with his retinue,  
 Did not go aside a foot;  
 He would fight with the centre,  
 And the flanks, and the rear.  
 Hazel-trees, it was judged  
 That ample thy mental exertion.  
 The privet, happy is his lot,  
 The bull of battle, the lord of the world.  
 Morawg and Morydd  
 Were made prosperous in pines.  
 Holly, it was tinted with green,  
 He was a hero.  
 The hawthorn, surrounded by prickles,  
 With pain at his hand.

The aspen-wood has been topped,  
 It was topped in battle.  
 The fern that was plundered.  
 The broom in the van of the army,  
 In the trenches he was hurt.  
 The gorse did not do well,  
 Notwithstanding let it overspread.  
 The heath was victorious, keeping off on all sides.  
 The common people were charmed,  
 During the proceeding of the men.  
 The oak, quick moving,  
 Before him, tremble heaven and earth.  
 A valiant door-keeper against an enemy,  
 His name is considered.  
 The blue-bells combined,  
 And caused a consternation.  
 In rejecting, were rejected.  
 Pear-trees, the best intruders  
 in the conflict on the plain.  
 A very wrathful wood,  
 The chestnut is bashful,  
 The opponent of happiness,  
 The jet has become black,  
 The mountain has become crooked,  
 The woods have become a kiln,  
 Existing formerly has the great seas,  
 Sine was heard the shout:---  
 The tops of the birch covered us with leaves.  
 And transformed us, and changed our faded state.  
 The branches of the oak have ensnared us  
 From the Gwarchan Mwelderw.  
 Laughing on the side of rock,  
 The mold is not an ardent nature.  
 Not of mother and father was I made,  
 Did my Creator create me.  
 Of nine-formed faculties,  
 Of the fruit of fruits,  
 Of the fruit of the primordial God,  
 Of primroses and blossoms on the hill,  
 Of the earth, of an earthly course,  
 When I was formed,  
 Of the flower nettles,  
 Of the water of the ninth wave.  
 I was enchanted by Math,  
 Before I became immortal,  
 I was enchanted by Gwydyon  
 The great purifier of the Brithon,  
 Of Eurwys, of Euron,  
 Of Euron, of Modron.  
 Of five battalions of scientific ones,  
 Teachers, children of Math.  
 When the removal occurred,  
 I was enchanted by the Guledig.  
 When he was half-burnt,  
 I was enchanted by the sage  
 Of Sages, in the primitive world.  
 When I had a being;  
 When the host of the world was in dignity,  
 The bard was accustomed to benefits.  
 To the song of praise I am inclined, which the tongue recites.  
 I played in twilight,  
 I slept in purple;  
 I was truly in the enchantment  
 With Dylan, the son of the wave.  
 In the circumference, in the middle,

Between the knees of kings,  
 Scattering spears not keen,  
 From heaven when came,  
 To the great deep, floods,  
 In the battle there will be  
 Four score hundreds,  
 That will divide according to their will.  
 Are they neither older or younger,  
 Than myself in their divisions.  
 A wonder, Canhwr are born, every one of nine hundred.  
 He was with me also,  
 With my sword spotted with blood.  
 Honor was allotted to me  
 By the Lord, and protection (was) where he was.  
 If I come to where the boar was killed,  
 He will compose, he will decompose,  
 He will form languages.  
 The strong-handed gleamer, his name,  
 With a gleam he rules his numbers.  
 They would spread out in a flame,  
 When I shall go on high.  
 I have been a speckled snake on the hill,  
 I have been a viper in Llyn.  
 I have been a bill-hook crooked that cuts,  
 I have been a ferocious spear  
 With my chasuble and bowl  
 I will prophesy not badly.  
 Four score smokes  
 On every one that bring.  
 Five battalions of arms  
 Will be caught by my knife.  
 Six steeds of yellow hue  
 A hundred times better is  
 my cream-colored steed,  
 Swift as the sea-mew  
 Which will not pass  
 Between the sea and the shore.  
 Am I not pre-eminent in the field of blood?  
 Over it are a hundred chieftains.  
 Crimson (is) the gem of my belt,  
 Gold my shield border.  
 There has not been born, in the gap,  
 That has been visiting me,  
 Except Goronwy,  
 From the dales of Edrywy.  
 Long white my fingers,  
 It is long since I have been a herdsman.  
 I have traveled the earth,  
 Before I was proficient in learning.  
 I have traveled, I made a circuit,  
 I slept in a hundred islands.  
 A hundred Caers I have dwelt in.  
 Ye intelligent Druids,  
 Declare to Arthur,  
 What is there more early  
 Than I that they sing of.  
 And one is come  
 From considering the deluge  
 And Christ crucified,  
 And the day of future doom.  
 A golden gem in a golden jewel.  
 I am splendid  
 And shall be wanton  
 From the oppression of the metal-workers.

## The Wood Song

Taught to Mike by Sam Adams  
 A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2001

You don't have to live in a forest to have a Yule log, just a saw, a car, and a nearby park with some dead or fallen wood. But what kind of wood do you want? Here's a song that's been around awhile and should help you.

Oaken logs will warm you well, That are old and dry;  
 Logs of pine will sweetly smell, But the sparks will fly.  
 Birch logs will bum too fast; Chestnut, scarce at all.  
 Hawthorn logs are good to last, Burn them in the fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax, You may burn them green;  
 Elm logs, like to smouldering flax, No flame to be seen.  
 Beech logs for the winter-time, Yew logs as well.  
 Green elder logs it is a crime For any man to sell.

Pear logs and apple logs, They will scent your room.  
 Cherry logs across the dogs Smell like flowers of broom.  
 Ashen logs, smooth and grey, Burn them green or old;  
 Buy up all that come your way, Worth their weight in gold

## Some Notes on Oaks

Druid Chronicler, 1978

By Rachel

*This article is by Rachel, the Grove Botanist for the Mother Grove. She has over twenty years experience in the biological sciences and is an expert on the medicinal and magical properties of herbs and fungi.*

There are 275 species of Oak inhabiting the temperate regions of the Northern Hemisphere and the high altitudes of the tropics. They extend as far south as Columbia and the Malay Archipelago. So if you live north of the Equator, you should be within easy reach of at least one oak tree.

Among American Druids there are certain fallacies concerning something called an "English Oak." Just what are people referring to? There are at least a half a dozen kinds of oak that grow in England and all are more closely related to oaks in other places than they are to each other! Many believe that a California oak can never measure up to the grandeur of an English Oak. But the largest oak tree growing in England is only 80 feet high (and is in its old age,) while California Valley Oaks and Black Oaks frequently measure over a hundred feet high. The largest White Oak in the world lives in San Bernadino County in southern California (my books don't give its exact height.) *Quercus Schneckii* averages 180 feet and grows in the Mississippi Basin. This inferiority complex about California oaks must come from comparing them to the surrounding Redwoods and Sequoias.

The first step in tracking down your local oaks is to go to your nearest library. In the "Nature" section you should find a Flora Key for your area. Look up "quercus" in the index. "Quercus" is the scientific name for Oak and rather than being Latin (as is usually the case with western scientific names) it is Celtic and means "fine tree." Usually there will be more than one sort of Oak listed, each with a paragraph describing the tree. If the key is highly scientific, you may be tempted to give up after a few words of impossible language. But don't surrender yet! Scan down the paragraph and somewhere near the end you will run across a sentence like this one out of Munz' California Flora (on *Quercus KilZoggii*--the Black Oak):

"Common in hills and mts, mostly, 1000-8000 ft, mixed evergreen F., Yellow Pine F., N. Oak Wd. San Diego N. through Sierra Nevada and Cost Ranges to Ore."

Now if you can figure out the abbreviations, you now know where to look. Elsewhere in the paragraph should be the average height of the tree and whether it is evergreen or deciduous (drops its leaves in the fall.)

All oaks have one thing in common and that is acorns, whether the oak involved is one foot high or 180. Late summer is the best time to locate your local oaks, since the acorns are big enough to see easily. Knowing the average height and general location of the trees you are looking for should combine with these acorns to make it easy to find one, two, possibly even an entire grove of oaks. Once you find an oak of a particular sort and make friends with it, you will be able to spot its sisters and brothers easily.

To be continued

## More Notes on Oaks

September 22/23, 78 c.e.

*This article, begun last issue, is by Rachel, the Mother Grove's Botanist. She has over twenty years experience in the biological sciences and is an expert on the medicinal and magical properties of herbs and fungi.*

It takes twenty years for an acorn to become a mature oak tree, and it can then live for two or three hundred years in some species. Oaks are not the biggest trees, nor the tallest, nor necessarily the most "impressive." What then makes them so special? Why did they become the Sacred Trees throughout all of Europe? One explanation is the observed fact that oaks are hit by lightning (the "fire of the Gods" --IB) seventeen times more often than any other sort of tree.

(This made the oak sacred to the Fire/Sun/Storm Gods of Europe and made the mistletoe that grew in its branches the most highly prized of all. The Germans and Slavs had their oak cults too, so the Druids of the Celts weren't the only ones. --IB)

When people lived as hunter-gatherers, the oak was considered important for many reasons other than the religious ones. It fed people, tanned their clothes, and cured their ills. Let's analyze the tree by parts.

The wood is valued in Europe for its hardness and toughness. Though there are harder woods and tougher ones, only the oak combines these qualities in its wood. Beams cut 800 years ago in England are still sound in old buildings. Logs dug up from peat bogs have been found in good preservation, despite having been submerged thousands of years ago.

The bark has been used for centuries to tan leather--something very important in a hunting culture that does not have weaving. The active ingredient, tannic acid, is also a medicine with slightly tonic, strongly astringent and antiseptic actions. It is used for chronic diarrhea and dysentery and as a gargle for sore throats. The bark also makes a number of dyes ranging from yellow to dark brown, black and a purplish brown. In England, after the tannic acid had been extracted, the bark (then called "tam") was dried and used for fuel and as a mulch around tender plants (since it generates warmth.) In addition, some species of oak (such as the Cork Oak in England and another in California) produce cork from their bark.

Oak galls (swellings caused by parasites) have an even higher amount of tannic acid, and are used to make ink and as a strong local astringent applied externally to stop hemorrhaging (naturally, they are also used in tanning.)

Then we have the acorns. These nuts are easy to open and can be quite tasty if left to leach out their tannic acid in running water for a day or two. They seem to have been the main staple in European hunters' diets until the invention of agriculture replaced them with grains. Acorns are still easier to process than wild grasses, and can be easily stored all winter in a dry place or ground into a flour. In Europe today, acorns have been pretty well forgotten as a food and are used only in times of famine (and then they forget to leach them!) or to feed hogs. But in the Americas, however, acorns are still eaten by Indians and by a growing number of foraging buffs. According to an analysis by Lancet, acorns are 6.3% water, 5.2% protein, 43% fat and 45% carbohydrates.

To see how well the oak can help humans, look at the Northern California Indians. They fished and tended their oak groves, growing strong and happy until the Europeans came. The only crop they raised was tobacco, since everything else was provided freely by the environment without work (I'm not sure it was that easy,--IB.)

So look upon the oak tree as the Lady before Kore, the Wheat Goddess, and remember how much it can give you if you ask. Remember too that the deciduous oaks are the best for getting acorns to eat and the evergreen oaks for medicinal uses.

In future articles I'll be discussing Giant Sequoias and other Redwoods, Ashes, Birches and other trees of interest to Druids.

## Bristlecone Pines

Article & photos by Shirin Morton  
Pentalpha, March 1979

One day in May after purchasing a used Toyota and arranging time off work, I bounced home and said to my double Libran mate, "Guess what, pack your bags, we're going to the Bristlecone Pine Forest." Despite concern about finding camping spots on a holiday weekend, we loaded up the "Federation Shuttle-craft" to the air ducts and started off for a four-day Memorial Day weekend. From Berkeley we took 580 to Manteca where we turned up 120 towards Yosemite. That evening we camped at Tullock Reservoir for \$1.50 a night. The following morning we started off through Yosemite on Tioga Pass Road. (Tioga Pass is a toll road and is only open during good-weather months. Alternately, one can go south on 395 from Reno, Nevada, or north on 395 from Mojave, CA. But by any route, when traveling in mountainous areas during bad- weather months, always check road conditions with the Highway Patrol.)

Tioga Pass Road ended at Lee Vining, a sleepy mountain town on the edge of Mono Lake, a large alkaline (or salt) lake which was fascinating for its mineral deposits on the edges. We walked with care as one can sink in the muck which in many places appears to be solid.

From Lee Vining we went to Mammoth Lakes where we camped the next night. Mammoth Lakes, a bountiful recreational area, had snow still on the ground. Where we camped there was a spectacular waterfall. Outside of Mammoth lakes we stopped at the Inyo National Forest Ranger Headquarters for maps and information. (I suggest people visiting our National Parks and Forests make similar stops. Much information can be obtained at these headquarters from the friendly and cooperative Forest Smokeys.)

From the Inyo National Forest Headquarters, we continued down 395 to Big Pine. Here we stopped, filled the gas tanks and water bottles, and stocked up on extra food. We knew that after turning on to the road going to the Forest there would be no services. The turn to the Bristlecone Pine Forest was well-marked by a large sign proclaiming "The Oldest Living Things."

The Bristlecones live at an elevation of 10,000 ft. in the White Mountains. Temperatures drop 5° for every thousand feet climbed, so carry appropriate clothing. If your car is not in shape for mountain driving, have it serviced before you leave. The road is hilly and becomes very rocky if you go deep into the pine forest, and sharp rocks ting things to bald tires.

The Bristlecone, *Pinus aristata*, is a small to medium sized tree living near tree line in the high Rocky Mountains and Great Basin areas. It has a smooth gray bark, irregularly fissured, scaly and reddish brown. The needles are numerous and densely crowded, with five 2 to 3 1/2" long dark green needles to a cluster. The cones are short stalked, 3 to 6" long, and are yellow-brown with thick rounded scales and large seeds 3/8-1/2" long. (This scientific description is from a U.S. Forestry pamphlet titled, "Important Forest Trees of the U.S.," Agriculture Handbook No. 519. It can be had for the asking from any local Forest Department Office.)

John Muir had this to say about the Bristlecones: "Some stand firmly erect, feathered with radiant tail tassels down to the ground, forming slender, tapering towers of shining verdure; others with two or three specialized branches pushed out at right angles to the trunk and densely clad with the tasseled spray, take the form of beautiful ornamental crosses, while on the roughest ledges of crumbling limestone are lowly old giants five or six feet in diameter that have braved the storms of more than a thousand years. But whether young or old, sheltered or exposed to the wildest gales, this tree is ever found to be irrepressibly and extravagantly picturesque, offering a richer and more varied series of forms to the artist than any other species I have yet seen."

The Bristlecone grows only about 1" every hundred years. A very thin veil of living tissue is all that is required to keep the tree alive. Because the tree grows very slowly, part of it can be dead while another part is quite alive. Even the oldest trees produce fertile seeds. Often known as "Living Driftwood," Bristlecones cling tenaciously to life in one of the harshest climates of the North American mountain ranges, on rocky alkaline soil, with rainfall a very sparse 8-10 inches a year. Wind, ice, and snow all work together to sculpt these graceful ancient beauties into beautiful living abstract forms.

Tree coring (a process of drawing a core of wood out of a living tree by inserting a hollow metal tube so the rings can be counted) has proven that some of these trees are over 4,000 years old, which is older than the oldest known Sequoia. Some of these trees were growing when the Egyptian Pyramids were being built. Many were hundreds of years old during the Golden Age of Rome.

Their longevity under extreme survival conditions is what awes me most about these beauties. A whole meditation of life and survival is achieved by visiting these trees. In this high elevation, in thin crisp air, there is an impression of being in a strange world, almost reminiscent of a lunar landscape. The tree's extreme lifespan is linked to the extreme conditions it lives in poor soil with a minimum of moisture and short growing season. Not all Bristle cones attain great age. Those growing the slowest produce dense highly resinous wood which is resistant to rot and disease, and are more likely to join the Fraternity of the 4,000 year old Ancients. Trees anchored to more moist slopes grow fat and tall, produce less dense wood, and succumb at an earlier age. Longest life is granted to trees able to cling to life under situations of severe duress.

The Bristlecone Pine Forest is in two sections: Schulmann Grove and Patriarch Grove. Schulmann Grove is the first fully pure stand of trees you come to. At Schulmarm Grove there is a ranger station, picnic tables and marked nature walks. One of the nature walks, "the Methuselah Trail," takes you to the Methuselah Tree, 4,700 years old.

If your tires are good, nerves for bad driving conditions adequate and time sufficient, you can drive to the Patriarch Grove eleven miles up a very rocky mountain road. The effort is rewarding, for here are some of the most exquisite trees I've ever seen. Be prepared, the temperature may be quite cold. When we were there snow still covered some of the ground making walking without boots difficult. Patriarch Grove is a must for photographers as it is set within a large open bowl, well exposed to wind and weather, which have molded the trees into unusual abstract sculptures.

Back down the road from the ranger's station is a very nice undeveloped (no showers, no running water, no lights, no cabins and outhouses only) U.S. Forest Service Campground. Sometimes in the evening after dark the ranger shows movies and gives talks

about the Bristlecones. This is a fitting climax to a marvelous journey.

If you decide to visit the Bristlecones, please remember that the Forest Department has rules for the protection of these trees. Find out what they are ahead of time.

## The Hawthorn

June 1982

Volume 6 Number 3

UATH Late May to June.

The name for this time of the year is taken from the hawthorn, whitethorn, or mayflower. In ancient Britain, this was the time of rest and abstinence after the Beltaine festivities. Old clothes were worn, and the temples cleansed in psychic and physical preparation for the summer. The time is associated with the Goddess Cardea, who casts spells using hawthorn, and it was she who had to be appeased at marriages as such unions were hateful to her, she being associated with chastity and solitude. She is the benefactor of crafts people and the guardian of hinges, having the power to open what is shut and to shut up what is open. She is able, as well, to look forward in time, and back to the hidden past, Cardea lives at the hinge of the Universe, in a starry castle, behind the North Wind. She was worshipped in Britain, and perhaps in the lowlands of Scotland, in Strath-Clyde.

## Mistletoe

By Emmon Bodfish

A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 1982

The Druid cutting of the mistletoe (Uilioc in Gaidhlig, derived from the phrase "ever young") is described by the Roman writer, Pliny, in his work on the Gauls, "The Druids hold nothing in so sacred respect as the mistletoe, and the tree on which it grows, provided it be an oak. They select certain woods of oak, and they do not perform any sacred rite without the leaf of that tree; so that hence it is likely they have been called 'Druids', explaining the name from: the (Greek root 'drus' an oak; Druidae, oakites.) Whatever grows on that tree, more than its natural growth, they think has been sent from Deity, and is a sign that the tree has been chosen by Deity as select. However, that species of mistletoe is very rarely found, and when it is it is sought after with great devotion, and especially at the sixth day of the moon, which is the beginning of their months. Having prepared sacrifices and feasts under the tree, they bring up two white bulls, whose horns are then first bound; the priest in white robe, ascends the tree, and cuts it off with a golden knife" (sickle) throwing it down, it is received in a white sheet. Then, and not till then, they sacrifice the offerings, praying that Deity will render gifts on those on whom the mistletoe is bestowed. When mistletoe is given as a potion, it can remove animal barrenness, and it is remedy against all poisons."

# Life is a Birch, Whose Bark is Appealing!

By Sam Peebles, 1st Order, Ex-Stanford Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Oimeic 2002

Birch is derived from "Bright" in Indo-European and related to Sanskrit "bhurga," "Birkana" in German, "Beorc" in Saxon, "Bedwen" in Welsh, "Bjarkan" in Norse. "Beith" in Gaelic is the first month of a lunar calendar and as the start of the Ogham alphabet, it is appropriate for beginnings and entry into Druidism. S.T. Coleridge named it "Lady of the Woods." As birch is one of the first trees to come into leaf it would be an obvious choice as representation of the emergence of spring. Often it is the wood of choice for the Maypoles, Yule Log of last season, anytime, really! But, because of its associations with spring cleaning and babies, it is appropriate for Oimeic or Spring Equinox. Its wood is good for starting fires for any season.

Birch trees are one of the most recognizable trees in the forest, with its slender trunk, banded bark, light branches, alternating serrated leaves and thin peeling bark. It usually grows in copses with multiple shoots in the same spot. They grow to 50-70 feet and are common to Europe and America. They tend to live 60 years. Birches are wind pollinated with little "catkins" in April, appearing with their leaves. Male catkins release pollen and fall apart while female catkins catch the pollen and release the winged seeds in mid-Autumn. The seeds are "pioneers" and tend to like bare sunny patches. Fallen Birch twigs from the parent tree have the capability of rooting and beginning a sapling. Never take a complete ring from around the trunk as this would halt the flow of nutrients and would kill the tree and only prune in late spring after leaves are out and past the "collar." A healthy Birch's thirsty roots will spread twice as wide as the height of the tree. The Birch populations are currently being pestered by "Bronze Birch Borers," "Birch Leaf Miner" worms, and the Birch Canker fungus.

In Britain there are three varieties:

- 1) The Dwarf Birch (*Betula nana*), a Scottish Highland shrub that grows even on tundra.
- 2) Silver (warty) Birch (*Betula pendula*) whose twigs are hairless and droopy but bear tiny warts and found on well-drained ground. It grows quite tall.
- 3) Downy Birch (*Betula pubescens*), like the name, this smaller tree has peach fuzz, found on moors and swamps.

In addition to the Silver Birch, America's major varieties are:

- 1) Paper Birch (*Betula papyrifera*), famed for its peely white bark and black stripes. Popular with children who pull off its bark. A quick growing tree, it is often sought by timber companies.
- 2) River Birch (*Betula nigra*) is less common. Naturally found near rivers.

Associations are: Birth, pioneering, fresh endeavor, purity, one of the three pillars of wisdom (Oak, Yew, Birch,) exorcism.

## Folk and Magic Use:

(as always consult your Doctor)

- Brooms handles and sweeps made of wood and twigs especially for new year cleaning
- Russians attached a red ribbon to a branch to fight the evil-eye.
- Norse Farmers connected it to Thor and attached it to a house to avoid lightning.
- Scandinavians flail themselves in saunas with birch twigs.
- Scandinavians wrapped the bark around their legs to keep out the wet - gaiters.
- Siberian shamans used Magic Mushrooms (*Amanita muscaria*) to climb the skies.
- Dutch boys lashed young women to make them fertile. (eh?)
- Anglo-Saxons beat criminals and children with switches of it.
- Irish often used it for making doo-dads and writing Ogham.
- In Pembrokeshire (now Dyfed) girls would give their lovers a twig of birch as a sign of encouragement; if they were not so lucky they often got a hazel twig.
- The Celts made cradles of Birch for protecting the babies
- Native Americans used the bark was used for buckets, canoes, and as a sugary drink.
- The pitch was made into a glue for fixing flint arrow and spear heads onto shafts.
- Parchment or rune sticks of a Birch struck by lightning can be gathered during the moon.
- The inner bark contains methyl salicylate, which is a counter-irritant and analgesic.
- Bark infusions for rheumatism.
- Poultices of leave, catkins for skin problems
- Lotions from bark's oil
- Tea for mouth sores, kidney stones and provide a diuretic
- Young leaves and shoots for laxatives
- Small amulets of Birch will protect you from Faery and lunatics (useful!)
- Wine can be made from the rising sap in March
- Birch beer brewed from the branches.
- Thatchers and wattlers used its branches
- Birch charcoal often used for gun-powder and indigestion
- The timber is tough, stiff and fairly easily worked and is used in joinery, carving, cabinet and furniture making, clogs, spools and bobbins, plywood and flooring
- The bark, when dried and twisted into a rope, is used for candles.



## Winter Birch Tree Cookies

Christmas Baking (1997 Pillsbury Classic Cookbook)  
<http://southernfood.about.com/library/holiday/blxm193.htm>

- 1/2 cup butter, softened
- 3/4 cup of sugar (possibly birch sap sugar?)
- 1 tablespoon milk
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1 egg
- 2 cups Pillsbury BEST All Purpose Flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 package (12 oz) vanilla-flavored candy coating or almond bark, melted

2 ounces bittersweet chocolate, melted Heat oven to 400 degrees. Grease cookie sheets. In large bowl, combine sugar and butter; beat until well blended. Add milk, vanilla and egg; beat well. Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup; level off. Add flour, baking powder and cinnamon; mix well. Shape dough into 1-inch balls. On lightly floured surface, roll balls into logs, 6 inches long. Place on greased cookie sheets. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 5 to 8 minutes or until light golden brown. Immediately remove from cookie sheets. Cool completely. Place melted candy coating in pie pan. Dip logs into candy coating; place on waxed paper to cool. Drizzle melted bittersweet chocolate over logs to resemble birch trees. 3 1/2 dozen cookies.

## Highland Birch Sap Wine

- 8 pints sap
- 1lb chopped raisins or dried fruit
- 2lb sugar
- juice of 2 lemons
- general purpose yeast

Collect the sap from a number of trees so as not to overtap an individual tree, which could kill it. The sap should be collected in early March whilst it is still rising. Select larger trees, bore a hole about 1"-2" deep, around 4ft off the ground, place a tube or something similar in the hole and allow the sap to run down. Then put a suitable container underneath and allow to fill. The hole will heal naturally, but it wouldn't hurt to wedge a piece of birch bark over the hole to aid it. Boil the sap as soon as collected, add the sugar and simmer for 10 minutes. Place the raisins in a suitable bucket, pour in the boiling liquid and add the yeast and lemon juice when it has cooled to blood temperature. Cover the bucket and leave to ferment for three days before straining off into a demi-john and sealing with an air lock. Let stand until fermentation finishes, then rack off into a clean jar and let the sediment settle. Bottle the wine and store in a cool place for at least a month. Good for Vernal Equinox.

## Birch Tea

This is an old and effective remedy to combat cystitis, urinary problems, gout, rheumatism and arthritis and to remove excess water from the body. To make the tea, collect the birch leaves (the best time is in the spring when the leaves are fresh) and dry them out of direct sunlight. Put 2-3 teaspoonfuls in a cup and pour on boiling water, then cover and allow to stand for 10 minutes. Take the tea 3-4 times daily or just occasionally if you need a mouthwash. Fresh leaves can also be used but as the months progress the leaves deteriorate.

## Hazel & Salmon

By Emmon Bodfish  
A Druid Missal-Any, Fall Equinox 1989

One of the basic myths of Druidism is the story of Finn, a young renegade of the warrior caste and his encounter with the Druidic Salmon of Knowledge and the awakening of his psychic and spiritual self. This is in a psychological sense his ascent to the Druid caste and Awareness. The myth was popularized by a nineteenth century author under the name of "Ossian," who added a good deal of "Celtic twilight" of his own, but the myth is very old.

"Around a sacred well, in the heart of Erin, grew nine Hazel trees which bore crimson fruit." (This is most likely a cognate of the well and the World Tree in Germanic mythology, and part of the basic Indo-European World Tree cosmology.) "It was the property of these Hazelnuts that whoever ate them immediately came into the possession of knowledge of everything that ever existed in the world. One class of creatures alone had the privilege of feeding on them: the magical species of immortal Salmon who lived in the well." The human who ate one of the Salmon would attain instant Awareness of everything. However, only a person selected by destiny, or probably originally by a deity, could secure the sacred flesh; from all others it would be taken away before they could taste of it.

Finn, having mastered all the skills of the warrior while he was still a youth, did not go into the service of any chieftain, but, perhaps dis-satisfied with that life, wandered alone over the plains of Ireland. At length he came to the banks of the River Boyne, which sprang from the sacred well of the Salmon of Knowledge. There he found a Druid, a woods hermit called Finn the Seer. (He was probably one of a class of Druidic hermit-mystics who were a feature of Pagan Celtic society and probably cognate with the solitary forest Yogis of Brahmanism.) He had been living beside the pool for seven years, hoping to secure one of the salmon and total Awareness, it having been prophesized that one called Finn would attain the Ultimate Knowledge at this well. Finn the Seer approves of the young man and agrees to take Finn MacCumhal as one of his servants, not knowing the youth's real name. (In place of servant, we should probably read student, apprentice, disciple, as that is how one learned mystic skills in most ancient cultures, by ingratiating oneself to an accomplished shaman or mystic and serving him or her as a master. )

Soon after Finn MacCumhal's arrival at the well, the old Seer catches one of the salmon. He hands it to the young man to cook, warning him to eat no portion of it. When Finn brings his master the cooked fish, the Seer immediately perceives the change in his young servant. He has attained All-Knowledge. "Have you eaten of the Salmon?" he demands. "No indeed!" replies the youth. "But while cooking it, a blister arose on the skin of it and I put my thumb on that to push it down. It burnt my thumb, and in pain I put my thumb under one of my teeth to cool it." The old man was perplexed. "You told me that your name was 'Deimme'. Have you another name?" "Yes," answered the youth, "in my warrior trials I was known as 'Finn'." "That is enough." Said the old man. "It is for you that the Salmon was intended. Eat." Finn MacCumhal ate the rest of the Salmon of Knowledge, and in the rest of his life he had only to place his thumb under his tooth (a valid concentration, meditation technique) to receive foreknowledge and divine counsel.

This and other early exploits of Finn MacCumhal are contained in a little tract written on a fragment of a ninth century Psalter of Cashel. I have used the Ossianic Society's translation, from Charles Squire.

The Hazel is one of the sacred trees of Druidism. Its seeds symbolize wisdom. This fall, when I came across some organically grown Hazel nuts in a local market I decided to try this experiment. I have been on a salt-free, vegetarian diet for a dozen or so years, now, and sense the effects of different foods fairly rapidly. After fasting for half a day, I ate just enough hazel nuts to satisfy the hunger. I was surprised at how few this required. They produced a clear, calm, and satisfied state of mind, contemplative and appropriate for taking a wide and long perspective on things. And they kept me from feeling hungry again for a long time. I could see that these effects would be helpful in scholarly pursuits or in a contemplative lifestyle. We cannot know, of course, whether this effect was any part of the reason that the Ancient Celts had the Hazel tree standing beside the pool of knowledge in their mythology, where the Teutronics had the Ash. "There Yggdrasil stand over the three Welssprings of the World." I think Celtic Hazel pool is a cognate of Mimir's well in the German system. Both point back to some Proto-Indo-European myth of a World Tree and sacred springs.

A fellow Druid pointed out in Professor Frerick's reference in his book, Proto-Indo-European Trees, University of Chicago Press, 1970, to evidence that the Hazel may have been one of the first native European plants to have been deliberately cultivated by the inhabitants of central Europe before the arrival of grain from the Fertile Crescent.

## Hazel *Corylus avellana*

Local names for nuts: cobnut, filbert; filbeard, glos (Oxford,) hale, haless, (Cornwall,) Hasketts (Dorchester); Woodnut (Yorkshire.)

Abundant throughout the British Isle, except in very damp areas. Grows in woods, hedgerows and scrubland. A shrub, 4-12 feet high, with roundish, downy, toothed leaves. Best known for the yellow male catkins, called 'lambs' tails, which appear in the winter. Nuts from late August to October, 1/2" to 1" long, ovoid and encased in a thick green lobed husk.

The problem with hazelnuts is that if you hold back from picking them until they are fully ripe, the squirrels and jays will get there first. If you pick whilst the nuts are still abundant on the tree, you will not have the same flavor.

# The Hazel Tree

By Sam Peeples, free-roaming Druid  
A Druid Missal-Any, Spring 2002

Greetings everyone, due to the thunderous applause (i.e. three people) on my birch article, I've been requested to write an article on the Hazel Tree. Its natural side topics of Salmon and Wells (in a Celtic context) will be discussed by Mike and Naomi. I can't attest to all the following information's validity, but it will provide a good overview of its associations.

## Etymology

The European Hazel tree's scientific name is *corylus avellana* and America's Filbert tree is named *corylus americana*. (Witch Hazel, although externally resembling Hazel, is actually *hamamelis virginiana*, with exploding seed pods, but it is apparently native only to New England.) The genus' name *Corylus* comes from the Greek *korys* meaning helmet, a reference to the calyx covering the nut; *avellana* commemorating the small town of Avella in Italy where the nuts were famously cultivated. The English name for the tree and its nut is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *haesel knut*, *haesel* meaning cap or hat, thus referring to the cap of leaves on the nut on the tree (or *haesl* possibly signified a baton of authority.) The Gaelic word for hazel is *Coll*, pronounced "cull," and it was popular in men's names. See also: German *Haselnuss*, French *Noisette*, Dutch *Hazelnoot*. Its nickname is "Lamb's Tail." There is often a resident spirit.

Hazel appears frequently in place names in the western Scotland, such as the Isle of Coll and Bar Calltuin in Appin, both in Argyll-shire where the tree and its place names are the most common. Perhaps even Caledonia (Hill of Hazels) is a derivative. In Gaelic, a hazel grove was *calltuin*, (modern Scots Gaelic *calltainn*) and various places called *Calton* are associated with entrances to the Otherworld, one being the famous Calton Hill between Leith and Edinburgh. It also appears in the name of Clan Colquhoun whose clan badge is the hazel. Tara, the chief seat of the kingship of Ireland was possibly built near a hazel wood, and the great monastery of Clonord was build over a sacred pagan place known as The Wood of the White Hazel: Ross-Finnchuill.

## Physical Characteristics

The Hazel has quite the reputation in European lore as a potent source of magical might (the other two being Oak and Hawthorne,) probably due to its ability to coppice into dozen young trees. Hazel is considered a small deciduous tree, usually with multiple stems and a spreading habit of its roots. It is actually an enormous shrub that can grow into a tree (but is usually coppiced) that may reach a height of 20-60 feet. It is hardy, moderately shade-tolerant and grows best on heavy but well-drained soil. Hazel, rather like Alder, prefers to be near water but is very accommodating as long as it is not too dry. Its narrow-pointed, toothed leaves are about 5-12 cm and are alternating. As a tree, its maximum life span is about 60 years, but when coppiced back it can survive up to 600 years and still produce a good crop of poles. Their wood is white to reddish, tough and flexible

## Magical and Medical Uses

### for the Hazel

It is naturally an under-story plant, particularly in oak and ash woods. Hazel trees grow as a clump of slender trunks. When they do adopt a one-trunk-and-canopy tree shape, they readily respond to coppicing, practices which can actually extend and even double the lifespan of a hazel. Either way, people have put the young shoots or whips and the thin trunks to a variety of uses. The management of hazel coppice and "coppice with standards" is a precise and ancient craft. Traditionally, a coppice would be cut on a 7-15 year rotation and the woodland divided into the same number of sections as years in the rotation so one part of the wood was harvested every year.

The hazel would be identified in the late winter by its branchy, hairy twigs carrying greenish buds. The opening of the leaves in April are large and rounded, and double teeth on its edges. The bark of the hazel tree is very smooth, with shades of brown and grey. Male and female flowers grow on the same plant--the male catkins open as the first warm days of spring arrive into bunches of bright yellow, drooping "lamb tails;" female flowers on the same branches appear as tiny pink tufts on plump buds. The fertilized flowers develop into the well-known clusters of nuts, which turn brown in October.

I hate to imply that trees are only good when we can use them for some purpose. Trees have certain rights to unfettered existence as do all living creatures. That said, this is how you could utilize their bounty.

### Practical Uses for the Tree's Wood

The interior of the walls of many ancient homes were "wattle and daub," using coppiced hazel branches, woven into a lattice, and mud or clay daubed onto it. Some consider this the origin of Celtic art interlacing. The Glastonbury Abbey is rumored to have been built on a Druidic "hedge school" built of wattle. Daub is made of wet clay, dung, chopped straw and lime powder. When this dried, a thin wall could last hundreds of year if not dampened.

- \* Coppicing is a skilled job that requires practice and only minimal hand tools; usually, just a billhook, axe, and mallet, as well as a drawknife for stripping the trees of their bark.
- \* Hazel stems split lengthwise and twist easily to make hurdles, thatching, liggers, spars, sways, and pegs. Hazel is or was used for fencing (which blessed a home,) hurdles, barrel hoops, walking sticks, fishing rods, fish weirs, whip handles, ties for fastening thatch, pegs, fuel for ovens, torches, and charcoal for gunpowder, domestic fires, and ovens.
- \* Woodland crafts using hazel are also enjoying a resurgence, and hazel wattle hurdles have even been used as sound screens along motorways.
- \* Like willow, young coppiced hazel shoots were used to weave a variety of baskets and other containers.
- \* Hazel has long been a favorite wood from which to make staffs, whether for ritual Druidic use, for medieval self defense, as staffs favored by pilgrims, or to make shepherds crooks, bishop's crosiers and everyday walking sticks. In the case of the latter two, the pliancy of the hazel's wood was used to bend the stems into the required shape, though it was also customary to bend the hazel shoots when still on the tree to "grow" the bend into a crook or walking stick.
- \* Hazel leaves are usually the earliest native ones to appear in spring and often the last to fall in autumn, and were fed to cattle as fodder.
- \* Hazel nuts (see article below) were a popular source of food.

- \* Hazel indicates intuition to lead to the source, poetry, divination and meditation.
- \* It is said the Hazel tree takes nine years to bear fruit from the time of planting; nine years of experience before it will imbue its fruit (or offspring) with its essence. A Hindu teaching says, "keep to yourself what you have been taught until it is yours to share," for only then can it truly be taught again. Hazel asks us to learn the values of time, patience, and experience, and allows us to express ourselves in art, poetry and music.
- \* Hazel represents letter "C" in the "ogham alphabet ("C" is for Coll,) and often used for constructing Ogham wands. The wands of the Druids were made from hazel branches and even the staffs of the Celtic Christian Bishops were made from hazel to this day. Hermes' magic rod may have been made from hazel.
- \* MIDIR--An Irish god, lord of the wondrous land of Mag Mor, the tutor of the god Oengus, was struck by a stake cut from a hazel tree. Midir loses an eye which is replaced for him by the god of healing Dian-Cecht. Aonghus Og also carried one such wand. Sabd, mother of Oisin (son of Fionn,) is turned into a deer by such a wand of a Druid.
- \* It is one of the nine woods of a Beltaine Fire (Birch, Oak, Rowan, Willow, Hawthorn, Hazel, Apple, Vine, Fir) [www.iit.edu/~phillips/personal/lore/belfire.html](http://www.iit.edu/~phillips/personal/lore/belfire.html)
- \* Until the seventeenth century, a forked Hazel stick was used to divine the guilt of persons in cases of murder and theft. Forked twigs of hazel were also favored by diviners, especially for finding water or treasure.
- \* Rain-bringing methods included sprinkling water on stones whilst reciting a charm, or tossing a little flour into a spring and stirring with a hazel-rod.
- \* Diarrhea and menstrual bleeding can be aided by mixing the dried husks and shells with red wine. Hamamelis virginiana in "Witch Hazel" oil is an outstanding treatment for hemorrhoids.
- \* Newfoundland: An old custom to cure a child of hernia was to split a green witch hazel tree and pass the child through it.
- \* Russia: Sometimes the cowherds symbolically beat the cattle three times with a willow or hazel branch to make the animals grow well
- \* Yorkshire: Soil taken from under a hazel bush was fed to Nidderdale cows that had lost their cud, while the earth underneath a freshly cut turf was reckoned good for scour in Swaledale calves. Hazel lambs-tail catkins were placed around the hearth to help the ewes at lambing time and rowan collars were put around lambs' necks; while if a lamb died unexpectedly, its corpse would be hung in a thorn or rowan tree, a custom found elsewhere not restricted to sheep.
- \* Hazel also has protective uses as anti-lightning charms. Gather hazel tree branches on Palm Sunday and keep them in water. Possibly a continuation of a Norse association of Hazel with Thor.
- \* A sprig of Hazel or a talisman of two Hazel twigs tied together with red or gold thread to make a solar cross can be carried as a protective good luck charm.
- \* A cap of Hazel leaves and twigs ensures good luck and safety at sea, and protects against shipwrecks.
- \* Finland: The stripped hazel stick was a sacred symbol. If there was struggle about a sown field they just set up a stripped stick until the matter was solved

\* The week called Karwoche in German, or week of mourning or sorrow, begins with Palm Sunday. In lieu of palms, in Bad Kohlgrub and Mittenwald, the pussy-willow branches are bundled, tied with ribbons and attached to the end of a much longer hazel branch. Parishioners parade their creations as they proceed to church to have the bushels blessed. A good-natured competition usually arises as to whose branches are the longest, especially among the young boys.

\* Earlier, in the fifteenth century, a recipe for summoning a fairy involves burying hazel wands "under some hill whereas you suppose fayries haunt."

\* If you sleep under a Hazel bush you will have vivid dreams.

\* Hazel trees were often planted near holy wells and strips of cloth were hung on them to remove illness of the supplicant.

\* In English villages, country-dwellers associate a prolific show of hazel catkins with the advent of lots of babies, and late as the 1950s, the saying, "Plenty of catkins, plenty of prams" was taken quite seriously.

\* Any Hazel twigs, wood or nuts should be gathered after sundown on Samhain since it will be at the peak of its magickal energy. On the waning moon, hazel and willow were not cut for baskets, nor was wood cut for boats. Hazel for magickal purposes must not be cut with a knife, but with a flint.

## The Hazel Nut Itself

In days gone by, hazelnuts would have provided a source of protein since Neolithic times in England (South Cadbury and Avebury digs,) and they were often ground up and mixed with flour to be made into nourishing breads. Hazelnuts, of course, can be eaten, and are a good source of phosphorus, magnesium, potassium, copper, protein and fatty acids. The Gaelic word for hazelnuts is cno, and wisdom is cnocach. From the hazelnut we find the phrase "in a nut shell," because all wisdom and knowledge was compacted and contained within the nut. There are many stories of salmon eating hazelnuts, who then gained one speckled spot per hazelnut. Eating of hazelnuts would bestow wisdom on the recipient (such as bears or humans) and would then bestow gray hairs or freckles. Cultivated hazelnuts, called filberts, take their name from St. Philibert's Day on August 20th, the date by which hazelnuts were supposed to start ripening. They should be sown immediately after gathering, to keep them moist.

\* Holy Cross Day on 14 September was traditionally given as a school holiday for children to go nutting, a custom which persisted in England until the First World War. An old saw proclaims that a girl who goes nutting on Sunday will meet the Devil and have a baby before she can wed.

\* Various places celebrated Nutcrack Night sometime during November, when the stored nuts were opened, though apparently some parishioners were in the habit of taking hazelnuts to church on the following Sunday to be cracked noisily during the sermon. These people were called "crackers."

\* On Halloween (also known as "Nut-Crack Night") The custom of "burning nuts" involves two nuts being placed in the fire, one is to bear your own name, the other that of the person you love. If the nuts burn quietly side-by-side then the relationship will be prosperous.

\* Girls were told to place hazelnuts along the front of the fire grate, each one to symbolize one of her suitors. She could then divine her future husband by chanting, "If you love me, pop and fly; if you hate me, burn and die."

\* Assign the name of your passion to a nut and throw it in the fire while saying:

"A Hazelnut I throw in the flame, to this nut I give my sweetheart's name, If blazes the nut, so may thy passion grow, For 'twas my nut that did so brightly glow."

\* In England, the Hazelnut is a symbol of fertility--a bag of nuts bestowed upon a bride will ensure a fruitful marriage, often by an older woman in the village at her threshold or thrown like rice at the wedding.

\* Greek: After an arrangement was made, the matchmaker would return to the house of the bride where the announcement that the "Scartsofoli" was accepted without a problem. There was a custom and "Andeti" of the bridegroom to send hazelnuts and walnuts with the matchmaker so that the bride would treat relatives and friends who would visit her to express their felicitations.

\* Children born in the autumn could have the "milk of the nut," said to be of great benefit in their future health.

\* There was also a belief that hazelnut feed could increase a cow's milk yield.

\* The milk taken from the nuts can be used to treat a chronic cough (add honey and water,) and when mixed with pepper helps stop runny eyes and noses.

\* Finn as a youth ate a salmon, which was fed on hazelnuts of knowledge. Finn's mighty shield was of hazel wood. An old Fenian story tells how Maer, the wife of one Bersa of Berramain, fell in love with Finn and tried to seduce him with hazel-nuts from the Well of Segais bound with love charms. Finn refused to eat them, pronounced them "nuts of ignorance" rather than nuts of knowledge and buried them a foot deep in the earth.

\* Today hazelnuts continue to be eaten, though more frequently in luxury foods such as chocolate and as hazelnut butter, and as a Christmas delicacy.

Hazelnuts were carried as charms in pockets to ward off rheumatism, lumbago ("elfshot,") and toothache in some parts of England and Ireland

\* "Hazel Rings"--make a string of nine hazelnuts and tie the ends to form a circle. Bless the ring in the smoke of the Samhain fire. You can hang the ring in your home for protection in the coming year

# Ivy and the Vine

By Sam Peebles, free-roaming Druid  
A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 2002

Why do modern Druids go gaga over trees? Well trees are really cool if you look at them, I mean REALLY look at them. They also tend to stay in one place, which makes it hard for them to avoid our affections. But some plants have the itch to roam, such as the vines, sometimes even abandoning their roots for sunnier destinies, as do some Reformed Druids.

In the famous Battle of Cad Goddeau, finally written down in the 9th century, the writer describes a huge army composed of plants going off to war. Privet and woodbine And ivy on its front. Celtophiles, naturally enjoy guessing at the hidden meanings in the epithets given to each plant. The modern neo-pagans also like to associate these trees with ogham, planets, emotions, colors, shoe-sizes and months of the year. Two of the listed trees, aren't trees at all, they're creepers, which is vine with me.

In these exceptional plants is a lesson. We've all heard the expression "standing on the shoulders of giants?" Nobody makes up a culture in a vacuum, we build on the work of our ancestors, occasionally throwing out a new leaf. Not everybody can be the stout tree in our society; some of us must attach ourselves to giants and build on their achievements to reach the same heights. However, left untamed, they tend to obliterate the intent of the original, leaving a monotonous conformity.

## Ivy

Gort was the Irish word for ivy, *Hedera helix* L., and it should be planted in the fall, with greenish flowers also blooming around Samhain. It is an ever-green plant like holly, and is actually part of the Ginseng family (*araliaceae*.) It is native to Europe and not to America. Its berries are poisonous in large amounts to blood cells, but used to be considered a cure for hangovers. The leaves were brothed and places on wounds and sores. The ancient Greeks used it to garland poets and heroes and counteract the effects of wine. Romans fed it to cattle and gave it to newlyweds. Interestingly, Gort is also the name of the giant robot in the Day the Earth Stood Still.

Unfortunately, Ivy has a dark side. Its tendrils can push through bricks and stones, destroying a wall slowly. It can also run rampant in forests, cloaking and choking the trees and darkening the forest floor so that other plants cannot grow. It has all the characteristics of a weed: Rapid, widespread dispersal, very tolerant of a variety of ecosystems, rapid reproduction, opportunistic, quickly dominating ecological disturbed areas, resistant to eradication. A friend of mine says this sounds like most missionaries he knows.

Modern people associate Ivy with traditions and old-age. Many old mansions, colleges and castles are covered with ivy, softening the sharper details of a building. In the use of the term Ivy League, the word Ivy implies those pretentious snots and the parasitic upper class feeding off the common folk. Whoops, sorry about that rant.

Poison Ivy, Poison Oak, and Poison Sumac are relatives of the Cashew family (*Rhus*) and not related to English ivy. However their three-some nature, shows that not all good things come in three and that only through experience can fakes be recognized.

## Vine

Muin was the Irish name for the grapevine (*Vitis vinifera* L) and it grows about 110 feet. Grapes rarely grow wild anymore and are culturally being replaced by blackberries. Grape cultivation was widely-known in pre-Roman Celtic regions, even remote areas like ancient Slovenia, since the 6th Century B.C. Gaulish wine became indispensable in later Roman times especially since the Christian churches had such a fondness for their drug of choice.

The boiled leaves can be used for skin inflammations and grapes are good for coughs and ingestion. We all know the side-effects of grape-wine by intoxication. However, we have heard about the benefits of a glass or two of wine every day. It is a pity that Americans can't follow the French in drinking wine from youth at meals, as I believe it would result in more responsibility in drinking under the guidance of their parents rather than frat-brothers. Perhaps the greatest lesson of wine is that even rotting (i.e. fermenting) can be a beneficial process to us.

Both vines grow spirally, which some modern pagans associate with reincarnation or the ever-returning nature of search for self. Some postulate the two as enemies since Ivy prefers wet climates, and the vine prefers dry. Ivy also counteracts intoxication, supposedly, although also being linked with the fairy world's altered state.

# The Ash Tree

By Sam Peebles, free-roaming Druid  
A Druid Missal-Any, Summer 2002

One of the easier trees to spot, this sturdy and reliable tree naturally features prominently in Celtic Lore and in the customs of various Indo-European peoples. Modern pagans are well familiar with the phrase "by oak, ash, and thorn," which is used as a blessing during ritual or to affirm a charge of power in spellcraft.

There are about fifty species of the genus *Fraxinus*, and cultivation has produced and perpetuated a large number of varieties. The Common Ash and the Privet are the only representatives in England and Ireland of the Olive family *Oleaceae*, of which is the furthest northern species. It is the fourth most common tree in the British isles, and traces of pollen date back 7000 years. Other species include White Ash--*fraxinus americana*; European Ash--*fraxinus excelsior* (Including British Isles); Flowering Ash--*fraxinus ornus*. Rowan (or "Mountain Ash") is from a different family. The ash tree is known by several folk names: Nion, Asktroed, Jasen Bell, and Freixo. The word 'ash' derives from the Icelandic *aske* which means "great fire blaze," or from the Anglo-Saxon word *Asech* a poetic word for spear, while the botanical name *Fraxinus* means "great fire-light" due to its high flammability.

It grows 40' to 70' tall (some as great as 40meters) with a potential canopy of 20' to 50' in width. Unless cut back, it will have a long straight trunk. They take 45 years to mature, with a life span of 200 years, and longer if coppiced every 12 to 20 years. It likes rich, well-drain soil, with ample moisture, like the olive family. It is often found near limestone, but is adaptable to a wide range of pH. It can tolerate salt. Extreme cold and winter contraction can damage rapidly growing young trees.

Leaf: Opposite, pinnately compound, seven to 11 sessile, serrated leaflets, total leaf 10 to 14 inches long, dark green above, lighter below with tufts of brown hair. Normally very late coming into leaf, it can then be one of the earliest to loose its leaves.

If the oak come out before the ash

There's sure to be a splash

If the ash be out before the oak

Why, then you're sure to get a soak.

Feathery foliage allows many shrubs and plants to grow beneath it. Yellow in the fall. A wind pollinated species, the ash is generally a bisexual tree but you do get male and female trees but these can change sex! Some ash trees have flowers with both male and female parts, some have only male or only female flowers, and some produce separate male and female flowers on different branches. Some branches which produce only female flowers one year may produce all male flowers the following year. The fruit of the ash are the ash-keys: an oblong seed chamber with long strap wings. The keys hang from branches in little bunches and turn from green to brown. The seeds, or keys, stay on the trees through the winter, and only fall in spring. They can be carried quite long distances by the wind, and spring up quickly in almost any type of soil

## Physical Uses of the Wood

\* Laboratory tests show that ash has the greatest "impact strength" of all native hardwoods in the Isles. It will also bear more weight than any other tree when used for joists. It grows very quickly and has great elasticity. The wood is best used for interior purposes, works well, is subject to insect damages, polishes well, shrinks little in seasoning, and is excellent for steam-bending.

\* The Anglo-Saxons used the fine-grained and springy Ash wood for making spears, shields, baskets, baseball bats, tool handles, arrow shafts, cricket bats, hop poles, hockey sticks, snooker cues, hurley ("The clash of the ash") and Shillelaghs. Before the development of light alloys ash wood was used for the construction of carts, boat frames, furniture (such as thrones,) joists, carriages, coaches, wagons,, aircraft wings. It dents easily, but rarely warps with age, but achieves a smooth polish and molding to the hands with usage.

\* It rots easily when wet, so it should be kept away from the ground

\* The longs burn well, even when freshly cut, but gives no smoke and its ashes are good for potash. It also makes good charcoal.

There is a traditional poem various woods and the ash is considered good for royalty;

"...but ash new, or ash old is fit for Queen with crown of gold"

## Herbal and Magical Uses

(consult a doctor or herbalist, of course)

### Nordic Customs

Ash is well known to be sacred to Odin since the Ash is often known as the *Yggdrassil* (or the "Ash *Yggdrassil*") amongst the Scandinavian nations. In Norse mythology, the *Yggdrassil* supports the Universe, has three main branches and is believed to have sprung from the beginning of time out of primordial slime and ashes. The world tree extends throughout all the worlds from the gods home in *Asgard*, the mortal realms of *Midgard*, to the dark underworld of *Nifelheim*. The sacred waters of the Well of the Wyrd were used by the Norns to water its branches, and the Norns were associated with fate. Any site of great significance within the Norse cosmology usually is placed by a root of the tree. The leaves fed Odin's goat, *Heidrun*, which supplied the mead for the gods. The leaves also fed four stags (*Dain*, *Dvalin*, *Duneyr* and *Durathor*) whose horns' dew fed the rivers of the world.

Odin is especially associated with the spear, for which the ash was often chosen, as he owns the mythological *Gungnir*. The Northern races often employed cremation of the dead, for which Ash is unrivaled. Men were created from Ash by the Norse gods ash and the first woman from rowan. Odin hung himself from *Yggdrassil* to obtain the runes, of which it is the 26th (Anglo-Saxon version) and resembles a barbed spear.

The rune-poem says "The ash is precious to men and very tall. Firm on its base it keeps its place securely though many men attack it." Northumbrian runes refer to "Gar" meaning spear. Some Norse used the *Nidding Pole* to pester foes; which was a 9 foot ash pole, surmounted by a horse skull facing an enemy's home.

- \* Red ash buds were eaten at midsummer to protect from enchantment.
- \* Ash divination wand was cut at mid-summer to attract.
- \* One version of the Yule log was a bundle of ash faggots burned at the midwinter solstice and the wassail bowl was carved from ash wood.
- \* In Northern England, it was once believed that if a woman placed an Ash leaf in her left shoe, then she would be fortunate enough to immediately meet her future spouse
- \* Locally there were traditions associated with the ash. In Yorkshire it was said to be a sign of disaster if the ash did not produce keys in a year.
- \* Another old belief, recorded at least in the nineteenth century, was recorded in Lincolnshire and Frankish law codes. In the north of England, until the 19th century, the ash used to be known as esh and men believed that if they freshly cut an "esh-plant," no thicker than their thumb, they had the right to beat their wife with it. (Some customs are best forgotten.)
- \* The Ash tree gave warriors silent warnings about war. To die under an Ash tree while in battle, was a guarantee to be selected by Odin to go to Valhalla.
- \* Also in German forests Christian folk, in previous centuries, feared "demons" in the trees. They told tales of the Askafroa (Eschenfrau) who was the wife of Ash and did much damage. So people would sacrifice to her on Ash Wednesday (despite this being a Christian festival in origin.)

## Greek Customs

The Greek goddess Nemesis carried an ash branch as the symbol the divine instrument of the justice of the gods, the scourge. In iconology she is also depicted with an eight-spoke wheel symbolic of the solar year. The wheel is also a symbol of the Fates who dispensed her justice under and through the ash tree, metering out happiness or misery and ensuring that fortune was shared and not cosseted by the few. If anyone hoarded the favors she had given or didn't sacrifice some or part of it to the gods, or didn't try to alleviate the poverty and misery of fellow man. Nemesis would step in and withdraw what was given dispensing justice through humiliation with a scourge made of ash.

In later Greek myths Nemesis was identified as Andrasteia, daughter of the sea god Oceanus and goddess of the "rain making ash tree." In this aspect her scourge was used for ritual flogging to bring fruitfulness and productivity to the trees and crops. This association with Oceanus the god of the sea through his daughter Andrasteia, connects the ash tree with thunderstorms, which waters the earth and fertilizes the land. The ash tree is said to attract lightening. As well as the ash branch, wheel and scourge Nemesis also carried an apple branch as a reward for heroes.

## Celtic Customs

- \* Wood being taken without touching the ground, would cleave to the element of air, flying straight and true. One of the most famous spears in Celtic mythology was the Spear of Lugh, one of the four treasures brought to Ireland by the Tuatha De Danann from the city of Gorias. This was a spear of power and direction which would not miss its target. So keen was it that it was kept hooded when not in use.
- \* In Ancient Wales and Ireland, oars were made of this wood. Ash protects against drowning and oars and coracle slats were often made of ash.

- \* Gwydion, the Celtic equivalent of this Norse God, was known to choose the thick, strong twigs of the Ash for his wands and was renowned for his magical abilities.
- \* The staff of the good god and chief of the Tuatha De Danann, the Dagda, is believed to be made of ash wood.
- \* The Staff planted by Fintan the Ancient was an ash.
- \* Of old, a staff of ash was hung over doorframes to ward off malign influences, or ash leaves were scattered in the four directions to protect a house or area, or a garter made from its green bark was worn as protection against sorcerers and physic attacks.
- \* Of old, a staff of ash was hung over doorframes to ward off malign influences, or ash leaves were scattered in the four directions to protect a house or area, or a garter made from its green bark was worn as protection against sorcerers and physic attacks.
- \* Carve a piece of ash wood into the shape of a solar cross (an equal-armed cross) and carry it with you when traveling across sea or water for protection against drowning. Healing wands are also carved out of ash wood and healing poppets can be carved from its roots.
- \* It is the second most common tree found near Holy Wells in Ireland, the first being Hazel. The Ash was often the selected tree for Maypoles.
- \* Ash is one of the trees were protected by Brehon Law of Ireland. Cutting down one of these trees was a fine of one cow. These Trees are Oak, Hazel, Apple, Holly, Yew, Ash and Pine. The Ash was a sacred chieftain tree, believed to "court the flash" since it was prone to be struck by lightning. The ash tree has a particular affinity with lightning, which it attracts. Under an ash tree is not the place to be during an electrical storm.

## Several Famous Ashes:

- \* Tree of Creevna-Ireland-emigrants to America carried pieces of this ash tree before they left. This tree was considered a charm against drowning.
- \* Tree of Uisnech. Standing upon the mythological fifth province of Ireland, it was the centre point of Ireland, performing in wood what the Umbilicus Hiberniae; the centre stone of Ireland did as it also lay upon the Hill of Uisnech.
- \* Tree of Totu, Dathi, and Uisnech-Ireland-these Ash trees were some of the five magic trees cut down in 655 AD as a sign of Christianity conquest over paganism. The other two were an oak and an elm.

## Generic Lore

- \* In folklore it was believed that the fairies could be seen and conversed with by mortals wherever the three trees grew together.
- \* As a cure for rickets the baby was passed widdershins through a cleft made in an ash sapling. The tree was then tied-up and sealed with clay, and afterwards a bond grew between the child and the tree, any later damage to the tree also happened in the health of the child and vice versa, therefore the ash tree could never be cut down as this would result in the disease. If you want your newborn child to be a good singer bury its first nail parings under an ash tree.
- \* The ceremonial Yule log is often made of Ash--this huge log is kindled each Yule with a piece from last years fire and allowed to smolder for 12 days before it is ceremonially put out.
- \* Ash is often used for making both mundane and magical tools--it's said that tools with handles of Ash are more productive than tools with handles of other wood.

- \* The flowering Ash has sap that contains a sugary exudate called "manna," which can be used as a laxative.
- \* The leaves have diuretic, diaphoretic and purgative properties and are employed in modern herbal medicine for their laxative action, especially in the treatment of gouty and rheumatic complaints proving a useful substitute for Sienna, having a less griping effect. The infusion of the leaves (1 oz to the pint of water) may be given in frequent doses during any 24-hour period. The distilled water of the leaves can be taken every morning and was considered good for dropsy and obesity, and a decoction of the leaves in white wine had the reputation of dissolving stones and curing jaundice. The leaves should be gathered in June, well dried and powdered and kept in well-corked bottles
- \* Ash leaves and the tender tops can be used in the spring to make a fasting tea that is a diuretic and can be used as a help for weight loss. Put fresh ash leaves under your pillow to stimulate psychic dreams.
- \* Scatter some ash leaves in a bowl of water and place it under a bed over night to prevent and heal illness. The next morning the water and leaves should be discarded outside on open ground then repeat the procedure each evening until well. Leaves can also be sewn into small sachets and worn as health or protection charms. To gain the love of the opposite sex, carry some loose ash leaves in your pockets.
- \* The ash was said traditionally to combat viper bites and boiled leaves were given to afflicted animals and laid on as a poultice.
- \* Ash talismans can be worn as protective amulets. Ash is known to keep away serpents and to protect against their bite. If there are no snakes to be found, Ash can be used instead to keep away nasty people who are bitchy, quick to criticize, impatient, or psychic vampires.
- \* Ash can be used in medicine pouches or can be used in magic for wart remover: the wart is stuck with a pin that has first been thrust into an Ash, while these words are said: "Ashen tree, Ashen tree, pray these warts off of me." The pins are then stuck back in the tree and left.
- \* "Beware the ash, it courts a flash, beware the oak, it courts a stroke" says the old rhyme, meaning that these two trees, above all others, attract lightning.

## Songs about Ash Trees

"The Ash Tree" is a poem, that was given a Welsh melody, and has become extremely well known in American folklore with dozens of versions. I've always found it a bit creepy, seeing the images of the dead in the branches. But, in a way, I've found that it is a pleasant Druidical song. The second song uses the same music and is a whimsical parody poking fun at those factious Celts.

### The Ash Grove

By John Oxenford

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking,  
 The wind [harp] through it playing has language for me.  
 Whenever the light through its branches is breaking  
 A host of kind faces is gazing on me.  
 The friends of my childhood again are before me,  
 Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.  
 With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,  
 The ash grove, the ash grove again [alone] is my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,  
 Old countryside measures steal soft on my ear;  
 I only remember the past and its brightness,  
 The dear ones I mourn [long] for again gather here.  
 From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me  
 And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,  
 I find other faces fond bending to greet me,

The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.  
 My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness  
 No dream of my future my spirit can cheer;  
 I only can brood on the past and its brightness,  
 The dead I have mourned are again living here.  
 From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me;  
 I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome,  
 And others are there looking downward to greet me;  
 The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

## Borderlands

Sung to "The Ash Grove"

Author Unknown – Someone in the SCA

If ever you wander down by the Welsh border  
 Come stop by and see me and all of my kin.  
 I'm Morgan ap Daffyd ap Gwion ap Hywell  
 Ap Ifor ap Madoc ap Rhodri ap Gwyn.  
 We'll feast you on mutton and harp for your pleasure  
 And give you a place to sleep out of the cold  
 Or maybe we'll meet you out on the dark highway  
 And rob you of horses and weapons and gold.

My neighbour from England has come across raiding  
 Slain six of my kinsmen and burned down my hall.  
 It cannot be borne this offense and injustice  
 I've only killed four of his, last I recall.  
 I'll send for my neighbors, Llewellyn and Owain  
 We'll cut him down as for the border he rides  
 But yesterday Owain stole three of my cattle  
 And first I'll retake them and three more besides.

We need a strong prince to direct our resistance  
 Heroic, impartial, of noble degree.  
 My brother's wife's fourth cousin's foster-son, Gruffydd  
 Is right for the job as I'm sure you'll agree.  
 What matter that Rhys is the old prince's nephew  
 He's exiled to Ireland and will not return  
 I know this for every time boats he is building  
 I send my spies money to see that they burn.

Last evening my brother and I were at war  
 Over two feet of land on a boundary we share  
 But now that I hear he has been foully murdered  
 I'll not rest until I avenge him, I swear.  
 Yes, we are just plain folk who mind our own business  
 Honest and loyal and full of good cheer.  
 So if you should wander down by the Welsh border  
 Come stop by and meet all the friendly folk here.



# The Willow Tree

By Sam Peeples, free-roaming Druid  
A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 2002

Found throughout the British Isles in various species, the Willow is also common in Europe, North Africa and America. It is known as Saille in Irish Gaelic. The botanical name of the willow Salix purportedly comes from the Celtic word sal meaning near, and lis meaning water. Other Gaelic words for willow are seilach and featur in Scottish place names such as Achnashellach in Ross-shire and Corrieshalloch on Speyside. These names would have referred to both the presence of willow and related industries utilizing the willow's gifts. The verb and girl's name Sally may be derived from the Willow. In Cornish it is called Helygenn. Other names include: Willow, Witch 's Tree, Pussy Willow, Salicyn Willow, Saille, Sally, Withe, Withy, Witches' Aspirin, Tree of Enchantment, Osier, Tarnos Tree, and Sough Tree. The Greeks called it Helice, and thus is associated with Helicon (abode of Muses.) The Anglo-Saxon welig, from where the name willow is derived, means pliancy. It represents S in Ogham script.

Willows just love water and are often found in moist soils or near running water, along with alder, hazel and birch. It is occasionally found in the under-story of other trees or on the edges of meadows or in areas cleared by fire. Most of the 20 British willow species (330 in total and related to poplar, 100 in America) are bushy, but the White, Black (i.e. Pussy Willow) and Weeping Willow often become tree sized (50'to 80') and most well known for long, thin, variably droopy, flexible branches with few twigs. Its long thin leaves are easily recognizable as yellow in the fall. Yellow flowers arrive in April or May along with the Robin, and easily cross-breeds with other willows. The bark is most removable in the summer, containing 13% tannin and small amounts of salicin. Be careful not to ring the tree when removing bark or it will die, take vertical slices.

The dispersal of thousands of small windblown seeds is used by yellow willow to reproduce itself (2.3 million seeds per pound.) Male and female flowers (in the form of catkins) occur on separate plants. Like other willows, it is reliant on insect pollination, especially from bees [31]. After fertilization, a capsule develops which eventually splits open during spring or summer, dispersing the myriad of minuscule seeds. The production of large quantities of seeds ensures that some will fall on favorable sites. The seeds have a cottony down which allows them to float long distances in the wind, and on water. Seeds are non-dormant, remaining viable for only a few days. They germinate rapidly, usually within 12-24 hours if a moist seedbed is reached [6].

## Practical Uses of Willow

First and foremost, trees are quite happy the way they are without being utilized by us, and serve their own niche in the ecosystem without being exploited. 'Nuff said.

Irregardless of size, willows are easily pollarded and make straight poles in 4-5 years, which is good for fencing and baskets, and very munchable to horses, moose, beaver and elk and nested in by birds.

Willow's ability to absorb shock without splintering is still utilized in the making of cricket bats and stumps (note also the similarity between "wicket" and "wicker") and polo balls. (<http://www.rfs.org.uk/totm/cricket.htm>)

- \* The Dutch use it for making clogs.
- \* The Celts used it for chariot wheel spokes.
- \* The Romany use it for clothes pegs
- \* The bark's tannin was used for reddish dye and tanning leather.
- \* Before the advent of plastics, willow was widely used to make a variety of containers, from general basketry to specialized applications such as lobster pots and bee hives.
- \* A 6th century basket was discovered by archaeologists on Shetland, and apparently made of willow, used the same weaving techniques as those still practiced in Scotland
- \* Some people twist living willows into outdoor furniture and odds shapes.
- \* Many plant willows on riverbanks to prevent erosion and control flooding.
- \* Artificial limbs were once made from this light wood.
- \* Willow is used as core wood for laminated furniture (esp. Ikea)
- \* The wood was preferred for making charcoal for gunpowder.
- \* Used as bottoms of wheelbarrows, chariots, mills and washboards.
- \* Roots make a purple dye used in France/Sweden for Easter eggs.
- \* Willow wood is light but strong enough to make roofs and rafters, boats and carts.
- \* Do not plant close to septic tanks or sewer lines as the roots will invade!
- \* If you do have a low, wet area in your yard, this tree will actually "dry up" that area.

## Mythological Connections

Even in the Adventures of Neera it is a withy ring of willow that must be placed around the ankle of a hanging corpse if Neera is to win the golden sword of Aillil. The placing of this withy plunges Neera into an Otherworld adventure. He is held captive in the Sidhe world and set to physical work but wins through with the support of a Sidhe woman. When he returns to Cruachan, no time has passed. It is still Samhain. He proves his story by showing the fresh blossoming twig he has carried out with him

British and Irish mythology is also rich with legends of the beguiling, Willowy Spring Maiden who is called Olwen, Niwalen, Gwenhyver, Cordelia, Blodeuwedd and many others, who initiate the young King into a deeply sexual experience.

The ancient Celts believed that the spirit of the dead would rise up into the sapling planted above a grave, which would grow and retain the essence of the departed one. Throughout Britain many cemeteries, particularly those situated near rivers, lakes or marshes, are often to be found lined with willow trees to protect the spirits in place.

In Sumer, 4000 BCE, Ishtar's predecessor, Belili, was known as the Willow Mother.

Often associated by the Greeks with water and the moon; it is linked to legends of Ceres, Apollo's harp, Minerva's bird "Wryneck" who only sleeps in willow, and Orpheus who gained bardic skills by touching willows in Proserpine's grove.

In Athens, it was an ancient custom of the priests of Asclepius to place willow branches in the beds of infertile women. This was done in the belief that it would draw the mystical serpents from the Underworld and cure them. The ancient Spartan fertility rites of the goddess Artemis, also demonstrates the willows connection with fertility and fecundity. In that ceremony, male celebrants were tied to the tree's trunk with willow thongs, they were then flogged until the lashes produced an erotic reaction and they released, fertilizing the land with their seed and blood. How quaint. The Greek sorceress Circe is said to have had a riverside cemetery planted with willow trees dedicated to Hecate and her moon magic. Here male corpses were wrapped in un-tanned ox-hides and left exposed in the tops of the trees for the elements to claim and the birds to eat.

In Jerusalem, for the worship of Jehovah, the Feast of Tabernacles was also called the Day of the Willows. Willow branches were carried in processions, used to roof the small temporary shelters (sukkah) during the festivities, the branches were later burned in the Temples. (Lev. 23:40.)

In Britain the more recent, "Christianized" use of willow to symbolize grief probably originated with Psalm 137:

By the rivers of Babylon  
we sat down and wept  
when we remembered Zion.  
There on the willow-trees  
we hung up our harps.

(Biblical scholars point out that these 'willow-trees' were probably Euphrates poplar (*Populus euphratica*) and not the weeping willows (*Salix babylonica*) which originated in China.) During the 16th and 17th centuries the association became particular to grief suffered by forsaken lovers, who also adopted the custom of wearing a cap or crown made of willow twigs and leaves. By the nineteenth century illustrations of weeping willows were commonly used as ornaments on gravestones and mourning cards. Willow boughs were also used to decorate churches in Britain on Palm Sunday instead of largely unavailable palm leaves.

The Seneca, a North American indigenous tribe, has a loving bond with all Trees, calling them The Standing People. They consider the Willow to be a source of gentle humility, charm and grace, adding elegance as She touches Her fronds to the Mother Earth, sweeping away fear to nurture peace.

One old tradition concerning the willow is still celebrated today by Rumanian Gypsies. This is the festival of Green George, which takes place on the 23rd of April. A man wearing a wicker frame made from the willow represents the character of Green George, which is then covered in greenery and vegetation from the land. This is symbolic of the willows association with water that fertilizes the land bringing fruitfulness to the fields. On the eve of the festival and in a gay and lively manner, everything is prepared in readiness. A young willow tree is cut down and re-erected at the place of the festivities, there it is dressed and adorned with garlands. That same night all the pregnant women assemble around the tree, and each places an article of clothing beneath it. The belief being that if a single leaf from the tree falls on a garment over night, its owner will be granted an easy child delivery by the willow goddess.

At dawn on the 23rd Green George appears in all his splendor and knocks three nails into the tree, removing them again he then proceeds to the nearest river, lake or stream from whence the tree was cut and throws them into the water, this to awaken the goodwill of the waters spirits to their proceeding. Returning he collects the willow tree and takes it back to the river, lake or stream, and dips its branches and leaves in it until they are heavy with water, thus awakening the tree's beneficial and fertile qualities. The water spirits and the willow tree's beneficial qualities evoked, all the communities animals, flocks and herds are led to Green George who raises the tree and shakes water onto them in blessing ensuring fertility for the coming year. This done the tree is taken back to the place of festivities and re-erected. Feasting, drinking and merriment then commences in thanks to the tree and water spirits.

## Magical Uses of Willow

(user beware)

White Willow is a tonic, anti-periodic and astringent. It has been used in dyspepsia connected with debility of the digestive organs. In convalescence from acute diseases, in worms, in chronic diarrhea and dysentery, its tonic and astringent combination renders it very useful. one dram of the powdered root. one or two fluid ounces of the decoction

Black Willow: The bark has been prescribed in gonorrhea and to relieve ovarian pain; a liquid extract is prepared and used in mixture with other sedatives. Largely used in the treatment of nocturnal emissions. Fluid extract, 1/2 to one dram

Country folk have long been familiar with the healing properties of willow. They made an infusion from the bitter bark as a remedy for colds and fevers, and to treat inflammatory conditions such as rheumatism. The decoction is made by soaking 3 teaspoons (15ml) of the bark in a cup of cold water for two to five hours. Then bring to the boil. Strain and take a wineglassful each day, a mouthful at a time. The bark can be dried, powdered and stored in an airtight container. The sap gathered from the tree when it is flowering can be used to treat facial blemishes and dandruff. Young willow twigs were also chewed to relieve pain. In the early nineteenth century modern science isolated the active ingredient responsible, salicylic acid, which was also found in the meadowsweet plant. From this, the world's first synthetic drug, acetylsalicylic acid, was developed and marketed as Aspirin, named after the old botanical name for meadowsweet, *Spirea ulmaria*. Aspirin is now derived from coal and petroleum. The amount swallowed to date in the USA is approaching an annual 35 million lb. or five tablets a week for every man, woman, and child.

In times of hunger the softer inner bark, the "bast," was dried and ground into a flour. Although very bitter it provided nourishment and a source of vitamins and minerals. In colonial times the bast was brewed into tea, which was considered a specific against malaria and a poor man's alternative to quinine.

Willow can additionally be useful in cases of hysteria and nervousness and as a Quinine substitute (although this is used only when Quinine is unavailable.) Willow can be used to loosen tightness in the chest produced by pneumonia, whooping cough and other respiratory infections.

\* For a wish to be granted, you must ask permission of the willow, explaining your desire. Select a pliable young shoot and tie a loose knot of it while expressing what you want. When the wish is hopefully fulfilled, return and untie the knot. Don't forget the last part.

\* When willow wood is carried in your pocket, it will give bravery, dexterity, and help one overcome the fear of death.

\* Willow is one of the nine woods of a Beltaine Fire (Birch, Oak, Rowan, Willow, Hawthorn, Hazel, Apple, Vine, Fir)

\* The wind in the Willows is said to be the whisperings of a fairy in the ear of a poet. It is also rumored that Willow trees can uproot themselves and stalk travelers at night, muttering at them.

\* Its leaves are used in love attraction sachets. Willow leaves or twigs can also be used in spells to create loyalty, make friendship pacts, treaties, or alliances.

\* To find if you will be married soon, on New Year's Eve, throw your shoe into a willow; if it doesn't catch in the branches the first time, you have eight more tries; success means you will be wed. The rhyme goes:

"Throw your shoe high up  
into the branches of a Willow tree;  
If the branches catch and hold the shoe,  
you soon will married be."

\* Willow has the ability to banish depression and sadness; sitting beneath a willow tree calms and soothes the emotions. Try it out, this one works!

\* Shavings of the wood, pieces of bark and whole leaves can be placed in a Dream Pillow or placed in a small bag, either under your pillow or under the bed itself.

\* The willow has long been used for dowsing and for finding buried objects.

\* If you need to share a secret, confess to a willow and the secret will be trapped.

\* Because of its coppicing ability, it is a symbol of renewal, growth and fertility.

\* Willow is used to bind the birch twigs to the ash handle of a broom.

\* Willow caps were presented to all people who were disappointed in love. It is customary in the present day for villagers in Wales to ask a rejected suitor on the morning of his sweetheart's marriage to another man, "Where is your willow cap? We must make you a willow cap." The same applies to a spinster whose lover discards her for another girl.

## Green Willow, or All Around My Hat.

Traditional British Song Chorus:

CHORUS:

All around my hat I will wear the green willow  
And All around my hat for a twelve month and a day  
And if any one should ask me the reason why I'm wearing it  
It's all for my true love who's far, far away.

Fare thee well cold winter and fare thee well cold frost  
Nothing have I gained but my own true love I've lost  
I'll sing and I'll be merry when occasion I do see  
He's a false deluding young man, let him go, farewell he and...

(Chorus)

Other night he brought me a fine diamond ring  
But he thought to have deprived me of a far better thing  
But I being careful like lovers ought to be  
He's a false deluding young man let him go farewell he and...

(Chorus)

Quarter pound of reasons and a half a pound of sense  
A small sprig of time and as much of prudence  
You mix them all together and you will plainly see  
He's a much deluding young man let him go farewell he and...

(Chorus)

## Sing All a Green Willow

Text by William Shakespeare (1564-1616,) from The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice, Act IV scene 3. Based on an old traditional text.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow.  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her moans,  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,  
Sing willow, willow, willow,  
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
Sing all a green willow;  
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve.  
Sing willow, willow, willow,  
I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men!  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

# The Oak Tree: Quirky Quercus

By Sam Peebles, Free-roaming Druid  
A Druid Missal-Any, Fall 2002

I have a soft spot in my heart for the Oak tree, both because of its Celtic associations and its general usefulness to society. I had a tree house as a young boy, cradled in those mighty boughs, and could clamper easily up the branches. Many wars were fought from that platform, and many days spent reading comic books and just sleeping in the breeze while leaves rustled overhead. With that in mind, we finally come around to do the most famous of the Celtic trees. There was so much information on the internet, it was hard to narrow down the information that I thought was appropriate. Does one really need to know what color is associated with the oak? Any way, here we go.

## Etymology

The Anglo-Saxon root of Oak is "Ac" or "Aik" and the fruit "Aik-com," the Irish called it "daur," the Welsh "dar" or "derw;" which is cognate with Greek "drus." The technical name of the Oak is said to be derived from the Celtic quer (fine) and cues (tree.) We, of course, love to note that the term "druid" is derived from the Indo-European root of \*der=oak and \*wid=knowledge. Interestingly, the root for oak, is also the root for the English word "door." Many deities associated with portals or doorways are thus associated with the Oak.

## Physical Characteristics

Although slow in growth, some species of oak will reach 150' in height, 13 feet in girth and 46' in circumference (some grew much larger) and 800 years of age. There are about 80 species and hybridization is quite common, with the offspring of new species quickly adapting to new climatic conditions by interbreeding with local variants. In America, the most prominent are the White Oak (Eastern,) Swamp Oak (Southern,) and Burr Oak (Central.) Species have adapted to Oak Savannah, Pine Forests, Appalachian mountains, and Southern flood plain forest. The English Common Oak and Sessile Oak are rather similar to their American cousins, except they have this annoying accent and dry sense of humors. It is often a dominant canopy tree, which craves sunlight, and is useful in land reclamation on disturbed sites. It prefers elevations under 2,000 feet, but will be found as a scrub tree until 4,500 feet in altitude. It is resistant to fire, as long as there is little shade during recovery, with heavy damage in growing season killing only 60% of the trees if less than 66% of circumference is charred (and dormant season casualties are only 20%) due to underground reproductive centers. Acorns do not survive fire at all. Nicks or scratches or stumps (under 16 inches) have been known to sprout, and sprout best when cut in dormant season.

Oak leaves are amongst the most easily identified leaves for school children; followed by maple, dandelions and (surprisingly) marijuana. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Society for Creative Anachronism lists the oak leaves and acorns as the most common heraldic plant device. Leaves emerge in Mid-March to May depending on climate.

The yellow staminate flowers grow at the ends of branches. In August at the height of the summer when most other trees are wilting from the heat, the oak produces a new leaf called "Lammas shoots" thus adding new color and freshness to the tree. These new leafy shoots are golden-pink when young, turning from pale to dark green as they harden. In autumn the oak tree is at its most majestic as its leaves change color again turning from dark green to various shades of yellow, orange, russet and a pale golden brown. The leaves sometime stay on the tree until the following spring or until the new buds forming for the next year push them off.

Acorns ripen 120 days after pollination and crops tend to have peaks during their four to ten year cycles during moderately breezy summers (usually traveling less than 200 meters from the base,) and begin bearing acorns usually between 50-200 years of age, but as early as 20 years. Acorns grow quickly in late July, and fall to the ground in September. Acorns do not have a dormancy period, germinating soon after falling, thus they don't store well, and last less than a year, 90% going stale after six months. A 70' tall oak may produce as many as 23,000 in a good year, but 10,000 is reasonable on a big tree or as many as 200,000 per acre, depending on April temperatures and early rains. I personally, have never attempted to count a tree's entire crop. Seeds are often dispersed the farthest by blue jays and other birds, although squirrels are often unwitting assistants. The acorns are a choice food for many species including deer, mice, squirrels, bears, boar, blue jay, pheasant, grouse, and rabbits. The leaves may be eaten in winter by deer and porcupine feed on the bark.

## Practical Usage

- \* As timber, the particular and most valued qualities of the Oak are hardness and toughness; Box and Ebony are harder, Yew and Ash are tougher than Oak, but no timber is possessed of both these requisites in so great a degree as the British Oak. It is easily machined, accepts finishes well, and glues into strong joints; making it an excellent choice for furniture, paneling, flooring and veneering.
- \* Many of the supportive beams in Cathedrals in castles use oak or yew, with specific forests linked to the church for its replacement timbers every 400 years.
- \* Oak has also long been used for railroad ties, fence posts, mine-timbers, caskets, shingles, cooperage, and the prime source for whiskey barrels (white oak.) It is also excellent for firewood, and was once a primary source of fuel for eternal sacred fires.
- \* Oak bark and wood contains a great deal of tannin, which is what makes Acorns so bitter. It can be used to tan leather and other skins.
- \* The roots were formerly used to make hafts for daggers and knives.
- \* After the Oak has passed its century, it increases by less than an inch a year, but the wood matured in this leisurely fashion is practically indestructible. Edward the Confessor's shrine in Westminster Abbey is of oak that has outlasted the changes of 800 years. Logs have been dug from peat bogs, in good preservation and fit for rough building purposes, that were submerged a thousand years ago. In the Severn, breakwaters are still used as casual landing-places, where piles of oak are said to have been driven by the Romans.
- \* Quercus suber, Cork Oak, is a Mediterranean variety whose spongy bark yields commercial cork. So you can use your bulletin board to encourage rain.

\* An infusion of it, with a small quantity of copperas, yields a dye which was formerly used in the country to dye woolen of a purplish color, which, though not very bright, was said to be durable. The Scotch Highlanders used it to dye their yarn. Oak sawdust used also to be the principal indigenous vegetable used in dyeing fustian, and may also be used for tanning, but is much inferior to the bark for that purpose. Oak apples have also been occasionally used in dyeing as a substitute for the imported Oriental galls, but the black obtained from them is not durable.

\* In Brittany, tan compressed into cakes is used as fuel. Oak-bark is employed for dyeing black, in conjunction with salts of iron. With alum, oak-bark yields a brown dye; with a salt of tin, a yellow color; with a salt of zinc, Isabelia yellow.

\* Acorns were of considerable importance formerly for feeding swine. About the end of the seventh century, special laws were made relating to the feeding of swine in woods, called pannage, or pannage. In Saxon times of famine, the peasantry were thankful for a share of this nourishing, but somewhat indigestible food. The Board of Agriculture has lately issued a pamphlet, pointing out the use as fodder, which might be made both of the Acorn and of the Horse Chestnut. The analysis of the Acorn given by the Lancet is: water, 6.3 per cent; protein, 5.2 per cent; fat, 43 per cent; carbohydrates, 45 per cent. The most important constituent of both the Acorn and the Horse Chestnut is the carbohydrate in the form of starch. Acorns contain a substantial proportion of carbohydrate and fat, and in many country districts are still collected in sacks and given to pigs, but they must also be mixed with other vegetable food to counteract their binding properties.

\* After the oak bark has been used for tanning, gardeners then use it to make a decoction called "Tan." Tan is used to cover new plantings encouraging them to grow due to the warmth it generates. However care needs to be taken for it sometimes favors the growth of fungi, harmful to certain plants. Tan is also used as a cover for racetracks and circus rings, and as an adulteration of chicory and coffee. In Brittany tan compressed into cakes was used as fuel.

## Ancient Oak Groves

Graves suggest that Oak Cults came to Britain by the Baltics somewhere between 1600 and 1400 BC. This places these people about 500 years before the Celts came to the Islands. Pliny mentions the Gaulish oak sanctuaries in 1st Cent CE, Strabo describes Galatian congregations in "Drunemetons," 2nd Cent Maximus says the Celts worshipped Zeus (Taranis?) in the oak, and "Dryads" were "those who delight in the oaks." Irish holy sites with "Derry" or "dara" in them are associated with oaks, such as Brigit's holy cell at Kildare. Many of these sites in the British Isles were approached with dread and reverence by local farmers until WWII. See the OBOD site for extensive discussion of some of these sites and their mythological connections. The second site of the original grove of the RDNA was the Hill of Three Oaks, a place now found on the Carleton Map, and a haven of kit-flying and Frisbee games. Modern Druids seem to prefer Oak Groves, although Hazel and Rowan are also popular.

## Mythological Connections

\* Oak is supposedly the most commonly lightning struck tree, perhaps due to a rather deep root system or the ion formation on the tall branches, thus its association with Thor and Taranis.

\* Mary was once worshiped as Our Lady of the Oak in Anjou, France. She later appeared to shepherd children in Portugal as Our Lady of Fatima, crowned in roses and hovering over an oak tree.

\* In older days, the middle-east was more heavily forested. The oak was held sacred by ancient Hebrews. Abraham saw the angels under an oak tree. Jacob buried the idol of Shechem under an oak. The oak in Shechem made Abimelech king. Isaiah said that idols were made of oak. The angel, who gave Gideon his orders, sat under the oak of Ophra. Absalom sustained his sacred thigh injury in an oak grove at Ephraim. The biblical mother-shrine Mamre at Hebron included a sacred oak in a female-symbolic grove. According to the Bible, when Cain murdered Abel, Cain was obliged to carry the dead body of his brother for seven hundred years before Abel could be buried. To mark the burial place, Cain stuck his staff into the ground, whereupon Seven Oaks (now known as the Seven Oaks of Palestine) immediately sprang forth in a row.

\* Blodeuwedd tied Llew Llaw's hair to an oak branch and made him stand with one foot on the rim of a bath and the other on the haunch of a sacred beast, in order to inflict upon him the sacred thigh injury that would allow him to be her husband, and king. When he died his soul escaped in the form of an eagle and perched in an oak tree.

The rapid oak tree,

Before him heaven and earth quake;

In every land his name is mine.

--Taliesin, The Battle of the Trees

\* Thor was widely worshiped by Norse warriors but was also revered by farmers and peasants because of his capacity to create rain for the crops. Mjolnir the magical hammer was reputedly made by dwarves from the wood of a sacred oak tree, and not only represented the destructive power of the storms Thor created (the fires from heaven,) but its image was used as a fertility symbol in marriages (in its connection with rain and crops) and in funerals (as a symbol of death and rebirth,) and for accepting newborn children into the community (as a symbol of strength and protection.) Such was he revered that the fifth day of the week Thursday (Thor's day) was named after him.

\* When traveling Thor rode in a chariot made from oak drawn by two goats, Tanngnjostr (Tooth-gnasher) and Tanngrinir (Tooth-grinder,) and when moving across the heavens dispensing weather, it produced the rumblings of thunder and sparks of lightening from its wheels. Thor and his followers undertook many expeditions to Jotunheim (Iceland) the land of the frost giants, and there erected high-seated pillars of oak. These they used to hallow new ground enabling the gods to protect their people in new lands.

\* Two black doves flew from Thebes in Egypt: one to Dodona and the other to Libyan Ammon in the oasis of Siwwa. They alighted on oak trees and proclaimed them oracles of Zeus, in human speech. The oracles were taken by priestesses who interpreted the sounds of the cooing of doves, the rustling of oak leaves and the clinking of brazen vessels that hung from the trees. The shrine of Zeus at Dodona, where an oak cult grew up, had oracular birds, a sacred spring, a sacred black dove and an iron basin. The black dove priestesses chewed acorns to control the oracle, as they listened to the wind in the trees for poetic inspiration. The iron basin was used as a gong to mimic the sound of thunder.

- \* The most famous of Zeus' interpreters was an old priestess called Pelias, who prophesied Zeus' messages from a sacred spring at the foot of a giant oak in the grove at Dodona.
- \* Hera left Zeus after a fight. To get her back he pretended to marry the nymph Plataea, cutting down an oak tree and dressing it as a bride to make her jealous. Hera tore off the bridal veil in anger, but became reconciled to her husband when she saw what lengths he had gone to in order to win her back.
- \* When the baby Hermes stole Apollo's cows he disguised their tracks by covering their hooves with shoes made from the bark of a fallen oak tree. Erotic statues of Hermes were usually carved of oak.
- \* Erisichthion felled an oak tree sacred to Ceres that was inhabited by a nymph, drawing blood when he struck it with his ax. Ceres punished him by sending his entrails to Famine.
- \* Orpheus led a dance of wild oak trees down the Pierian mountains.
- \* Pan, son of the nymph Dryope and Faunus, son of Picus, were both hatched from the eggs of oak woodpeckers.
- \* The Virgins at the temple of Vesta in Rome burned fires of oak wood. The Roman Alban Holiday was the annual marriage feast of the Oak Queen, the nymph Egeria, to the Oak King of the year. The Vestal Virgins coupled with the companions of the Oak King, secretly, in a dark sacred cave, just as they did during the Saturnalia. The new Oak King was the child of the Oak Queen or of one of her vestal virgins. See the Golden Bough for more Sacred King theories.
- \* Ovid called the oak the Tree of Jove. White oxen were sacrificed to Jupiter as an oak god on the Alban Mount at Rome. The image of Jupiter at the Capitol in Rome was originally an oak tree. Could this have influenced Pliny's accounts to make them more understandable to the Romans, or was this merely a parallel custom?
- \* The oak is sacred to all thunder and lightning gods. Hercules attracted thunderstorms with sympathetic magic, by rattling an oak club in a hollow oak, or by stirring a pool with an oak branch.
- \* The Titans were men who had been stretched over oaken wheels.
- \* Oak heroes include Ixion, Atlas, Hercules and Telamon. Hercules carried an oak club because oak provides mast. Herculean symbols include the acorn, mistletoe or loranthus, and the rock dove, which nests in oaks.
- \* Ancient Prussians revered sacred oak trees. The chief oak in the forest at Romove had priests who tended a perpetual fire of oak wood. This tree, draped with a cloth, was considered the dwelling place of the god. The Prussians adored it and hung images from it. There was a sacred oak tree at Hesse called the Red Jove from which omens were drawn and to which sacrifices were made. Holy oaks were preserved in Germany into modern times.
- \* First fruits of the chase were hung on oaks in Saxony and Thuringian until the 13th century. Kirwaido, God's Mouth, ruled ancient Prussians in the name of the god. When he had become weak and sick he immolated himself atop a pile of straw and thorn bushes. The blaze was lit from the perpetual fire that burned before the holy oak tree.
- \* Estonians sacrificed oxen to oaks, with prayers for rain and good crops. They also annually smeared oak trees with the blood of beasts.

- \* Slavs sacrificed goats and bulls to Perun/ Piorun/ Pyerun/ Peron, a thunder god, in a grove with an oak tree. A perpetual fire of oak wood was kept burning before an effigy of Peroun/Perun at Novgorod, where the death penalty was imposed for allowing the fire to go out.

- \* The Bohemian festival of the Little Daedala was held in an ancient oak grove, with boiled meat set out for the birds. When a raven took some meat and flew into an oak tree, that tree was felled. Its wood was made into an image which they dressed as a bride and drew to the river with bridesmaids beside it. A crowd then followed it to town, dancing and piping. The image was saved for the Great Daedala, held once every 60 years, when all the images were taken in carts in solemn procession to the river Asopus and then to the top of Mt. Cathaeron, where there was a wooden altar with a pile of brushwood atop it. Sacrificial animals, the images and the altar were consumed by fire.

## Magical Properties and Customs

### (Caveat Magicus!)

- \* Pieces of lightning struck trees however would protect a house.
- \* Tannin is especially strong in oak bark, which is good for treating leather and its astringency for hemorrhoids.
- \* Many parish boundaries in Britain are still marked by an old oak tree The following is a quotation from Withers:

"That every man might keep his own possessions,  
Our fathers used, in reverent processions,  
With zealous prayers, and with praiseful cheere,  
To walk their parish limits once a year;  
And well-known marks (which sacrilegious hands  
Now cut or breake) so bordered out their lands,  
That every one distinctly knew his owne,  
And brawles now rife were then unknowne."

- \* The ceremony was performed by the clergyman and his parishioners going the boundaries of the parish and choosing the most remarkable sites (oak-trees being specially selected) to read passages from the Gospels, and ask blessings for the people.

'Dearest, bury me  
Under that holy oke, or Gospel Tree;  
Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon  
Me, when you yearly go'st Procession.'  
-----HERRICK

- \* An old proverb relating to the oak is still a form of speculation on the weather in many country districts based on when leaves emerged.

"If the Oak's before the Ash,  
Then you'll only get a splash;  
If the Ash before the Oak,  
Then you may expect a soak."

- \* Oaks were believed to court the lightning flash. The English say: "Beware of an oak. It draws the stroke."
- \* British bastards born under an oak were except from censure.
- \* Irish churches used to be called "Dair-thech" or "oak house."

- \* Cornish toothaches cured by driving a nail into an oak.
- \* In modern magick circles, Oak is good at most any purpose.
- \* Gauls ate acorns to divine the future, and acorns gathered at night assist fertility.
- \* Welsh ensure good health by rubbing left palm on oak at mid-summer.
- \* In Wales, the rustling of oaks can inspire a poet.
- \* Remnants of old-time superstitions with regard to the oak were to be found in Wales so late as sixty years ago, when it was customary in many districts for the young men and maidens to dance and sing around the oldest oak in the village. This was called a "round dance." It took place as a rule at Easter, but Whitsuntide and Midsummer festivities were held under its branches.
- \* King Charles II (mildly Scottish) started "Royal Oak Day" in May 29th to celebrate his restoration, due to the aid of a tree where he hid after a battle (coward.) This displaced Beltane as the most popular maypole day in some counties. Many other people in history claimed sanctuary in the easily climbable branches.
- \* Oak is one of the traditional nine woods of a Beltane fire.
- \* Successful Roman commanders were presented with crowns of oak leaves during their victory parades, and oak leaves have continued as decorative icons of military prowess to the present day.
- \* Germany's put fairy haunts near the base of large oak trees, called Oakmen, who are unfriendly big-headed louts who offer food that will make you ill (usually disguised dung.) Pillywiggins are pixies that live in the flowers under oaks.
- \* Fairy magic can be countered by turning your clothes inside out and shaking them at an oak tree.

"Turn your clokes,

For fairy folks,

Are in old oakes."

- \* Rain magic: Priests of Zeus dipped an oak branch into a spring on Mt. Lycaeus to make it rain by sympathetic magic. The spring water was said to send up a cloud of mist from which the rain fell. Tapping on an oak door is a charm to bring rain.
- \* An acorn in the pocket with preserve health and wood chips attract luck.
- \* Mold off of acorns assist in healing scabs.
- \* An oak leaf touching your heart will protect you from lies.
- \* Oils from pressed acorns alleviates pains in the joints.
- \* Oak bark when finely ground and powdered makes a remedial snuff that can be inhaled to arrest nosebleeds. It has also proved beneficial in the early stages of consumption.
- \* Sprinkled onto bed sheets it will help to alleviate bedsores.
- \* A pinch of powdered oak bark mixed with honey and taken in the mornings will help and aid ladies with menstrual problems.
- \* Acorns should be gathered in the daylight, and leaves and wood by night. A waning moon is the correct time to harvest Oak.
- \* To catch a falling oak leaf will bring you luck and prosperity, and you shall suffer no colds throughout the winter.
- \* If someone is sick or poorly in the home, place an oak log on the fire to warm the house; it will help to "draw-off" the illness.

- \* If you wish to know whether you and your present beloved will marry, take two acorns, naming them under a full moon for yourself and your lover, and drop them into a crystal bowl of well water. If they stay close to one another, as though knit by a bond, you will be sure to marry, but if they float away from one another, that is a sign that the bond will end.
- \* Knocking on an oak after bragging will protect you from divine retribution.
- \* The herbalist Gerard said, "that which growth on the bodies of olde Okes is preferred before the rest: in steede of this most do use that which is found under the Okes..." But rumors are that if done improperly a curse would befall any who came in contact with the item.
- \* East Saxon groves were dedicated to Thunor (Thor.)
- \* In Scotland, one 19th century farmer said

"It was believed that a sprig of the Mistletoe cut by a Hay on Allhallowmas eve, with a new dirk, and after surrounding the tree three times sunwise and pronouncing a certain spell, was a sure charm against the glamour or witchery, and an infallible guard in the day of battle. A spray, gathered in the same manner, was placed in the cradle of infants, and thought to defend them from being changed for elf-bairns by the Fairies."

## Acorn Recipes

These are from THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COUNTRY LIVING by Carla Emery, available at Amazon.com

### Acorn Coffee:

Select plump, round, sweet acorns. Shell and brown in oven. Grind in a coffee mill and use as ordinary coffee. Or hull 1/2 c. small sweet acorns. Add 1/2 c. cracked wheat. Mix. Roast in your oven. Pound in a mortar. Boil with water to get your coffee. Add honey, molasses, or brown sugar to sweeten.

### Acorn Meal:

Fortunately, tannin is very soluble in hot water. So, peel the acorns. Grind them up. soak the "flour" in very hot water. The water will turn brown because of the tannin coming out. Throw away the water and repeat 4 times. Another way to do this is to line a colander with a straining cloth, put the ground acorns in, and gradually pour a gallon of water, as near boiling hot as you can manage, through. There will still be some dark chocolaty color to the paste, but after exposure to a gallon of hot water, you can be confident that enough tannin has been removed to render the acorn meal edible.

Spread the acorn paste on a baking sheet and bake at a low temperature until thoroughly dry. If it has caked, grind again, and you have your acorn flour. You can substitute acorn meal for cornmeal in any recipe, or use part acorn meal and part cornmeal, or 2/3 acorn meal and 1/3 oatmeal.

[Side note: some Asian marketplaces sell ground acorn powder at a very reasonable price. -Mike]

# The Apple Tree: The Fruit We All Know

By Sam Peeples  
A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 2002

This is a more difficult tree to discuss since it is such an ever-present part of our diet. Many scientists believe it is the first fruit tree to be domesticated by humans. Apples are easy to identify by sight and flavor, and as a result they have deep connections to cultures and mythologies. We see them around us all the time in supermarkets, and apples (like corn) is one of the ubiquitous foods.

## Etymology

In ogham script, apple is called Ceirt/Quert ("KWAIRT.") "Qu" (like "K" or "Kw") Not sure why the "Ceirt" is associated with the Apple tree, as Scottish translates Apple tree as "abhall" and Middle Irish "aball." Apple is "ubhal," Irish "ubhall/úll," Early Irish "uball," Old Irish "aball," Welsh "afal," Breton "avallen." According to MacFarlane's Online Gaelic Dictionary, "Ceirt" is Scottish for "right, justice, propriety," though I've also been told (by an Irishman) that it's Irish for "rag/piece of clothing." As the most popular fruit of the Teutonic area, the Apple has appropriated, as its popular name, what was once a common Germanic term for fruit of any kind, "Apfel" being once "apl," and often "apulder," connected with "maple" and "mapulder," and being still extended to many totally different fruit-bearing plants, such as thorn-apples and love-apples. The Anglo-Saxon name for the blackberry, for instance, was the bramble-apple; and that rare old traveler, Sir John Mandeville, speaking of the cedars of Lebanon, says, "they beren longe Apples, and als grete as a man's heved." Though both apples and apples of gold are spoken of in several parts of the Bible, the tree now so called is believed not to have been cultivated by the Hebrews, the citron or some other fruit being referred to.

## Physical Description

The *Pyrus Malus* has over 10,000 varieties, with over 7,000 types cultivated in the U.S., but with only 20 varieties making up 90% of the commercially sold apples. The bark resembles cherry trees and belong to the enormous Rosaceae (rose) family of plants (as are pears,) and approach 10-13 meters in height, although most commercial trees are cropped to keep the branches closer to the ground. The branches sometimes have thorns. They tend to be found between 30 and 60 degrees of latitude where winters are close to the freezing point, but rarely reach 15 (e.g. New England and Washington.) They like cool air of valleys and shaded hillsides. There are usually three major splayed branches with 90 degree branches. The pale white flowers are quite lovely and appear before the leaves in May, and are primarily pollinated by bees.

Apple trees may begin to bear fruit around six to eight years after sprouting, and may continue for over century (producing about 800 pounds of fruit a year,) but most commercial trees are replaced after 15 years. Most modern orchards take scions, or branches of very fruitful branches, and graft them into base trees to grow better apples, while the rootstock is usually very resistant to frost, making a very robust hybrid organism. Apples are 79% water and 18% air (which is

why they float and shrivel so well.) They generally have a total of 10 seeds in five compartments (carpels) which make a nice star if sliced horizontally. If they don't have as many, it's probably a sign that the tree was stressed by climate, poor pollination (bees help,) or growing difficulties. The better "set" the seeds are, the better the fruit will develop, usually taking 140-170 days, usually ripening in August. The sunnier the climate, the redder the apple on the sides facing the sun. Most apples are dinged or unpretty and go in as "filler" in commercial products. The world's most expensive apples are in Japan and Korea, at \$25 a piece for a perfect specimen. Some unusually well-maintained orchards in Japan, place a parabolic shield under the apple to get a solid red hue to the entire apple.

## Physical Use

- \* Apples are for eating, silly.
- \* Apple wood is sometimes used as a veneer for furniture and music instruments.
- \* Crab-apple tree, a wild variant, has a proverbial hard wood, excellent for cudgels.
- \* Apple wood is fine for carving and smells beautiful when burned. As the old rhyme says, "Pear logs and Apple logs, They will scent your room."
- \* The unripe fruits of the wild Apple are used in the manufacture of verjuice, now chiefly made in France, which, when fermented and sweetened, makes a pleasant drink; but in the sixteenth century the fruit was in more esteem than it now is. Christmas was then the season they being served in hot ale "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl."

## Mythological Appearance

The first and most famous appearance of Apple is definitely in Genesis where many people assume that the apple was the forbidden fruit on the Tree of Good and Evil. It simply doesn't state what type of fruit it was, except that it was good to eat. Most likely it was a late medieval tradition based on the pictorial choice of the apple by various European artists. There were some varieties of apple tree in the middle east, but a citron or fig would have been more likely, if it wasn't just a story. Apple tree, Heb., thappuakh (cf. Arab, tiffah; Egypt. dapih, "apple") and the description of the tree and its fruit indicate the common apple tree, *Malus communis*, which is beautiful, affording shade for a tent or a house (Cant., ii, 3; viii, 5,) and bears a sweet fruit, the aroma (Cant., vii, 8) of which is used in the East to revive a fainting person (cf. Cant., ii, 5.) Apple groves flourished at an early date (Ramses II) in Egypt (Loret, "Flore pharaonique," p. 83); place-names like Tappuah (Jos., xii, 17) or Beth-tappuah (A. V., Jos., xv, 53) indicate that they were a distinct feature of certain districts of Palestine. But this might be renaming of the fruit after a place. We see the apple in many modern Jewish traditions. During Rosh Hashanah, apple slices dipped in honey are eaten in the hope of a sweet new year. Haroset is a traditional Passover dish. It is a mixture of apple, nuts, wine, and spices, representing the brick mortar with which the Jews were forced to build while they were enslaved in Egypt.



Apples appear frequently in Celtic Lore. The Isles of the Otherworld are sometimes called Emain Ablach, Emain of the Apple Trees. Cormac was once offered a branch (possibly for grafting?) from Manannan Mac Lir. It bore golden apples. When shaken it gives off a sweet sound that soothes sadness, cures illness and brings peace. It is the giving of a similar branch that soon inspired the voyages of Bran in the Immram Curaig Bran MacFerbal. In both cases, the hero soon made a journey to the Otherworld. Because they are seen as an Otherworld gift, it is not really surprising that they appear so frequently in Samhain customs (bobbing for apples on strings or in tubs,) especially those concerned with divining future events. It is true, of course, that round about October and November they are a good wholesome food that is both in season and readily available

Avalon, where the wounded Arthur was taken from the battlefield, is also related. Geoffrey calls it "Avallo" in the HISTORIA and "insula pomorum" (island of the apples) in the VITA MERLINI. It is often seen as having a connection with apples because of the similarity of its name to various Celtic words indicating that fruit: Old Irish ABALL, Middle Welsh Afall, Middle Breton Avallenn, Celtic Avallo. It has also been connected with Avalloc, evidently originally a god who, according to William of Malmesbury, lived there with his daughters. The present case form of the name may have been influenced by the Burgundian place name Avallon. One school of thought suggests that it comes from Irish Oileán (island.) It was perhaps originally a Celtic paradise. It was said to produce crops without cultivation, to be ruled by Guingamuer, Morgan's lover, or by a king named Bangon. In PERLESVAUS, Guinevere and Loholt died before Arthur and were buried there. Avalon was then identified with Glastonbury, probably because Arthur's grave was supposedly found at Glastonbury in the reign of Henry II and, as tradition had had him borne away to Avalon, the two were considered the same. However, because of the first syllable in Glastonbury's name, some may have thought it identical with Caer Wydyr, the Fort of Glass, another name for Annwfn.

The tale of the Sons of Tuirenn combine both Irish and Graeco-Roman elements. The Sons of Tuirenn killed Lugh's father, Cian. Lugh demanded that they do eight "impossible" tasks as blood-price for his father's life. The first was to bring back three apples from the Garden of the Hesperides in the east of the world. They would know these apples from the following characteristics: they were the size of a one-month-old child, the color of burnished gold, and they tasted of honey; eating them healed all wounds and diseases and the apples would not be diminished by being eaten; and if thrown, they would rebound to the thrower's hands. The Sons of Tuirenn managed to accomplish all eight tasks, but were mortally wounded while doing the last one. Lugh refused to allow them to use the healing powers of another object they captured in the second task, a magical pig skin, so they died shortly thereafter.

Another famous apple that caused trouble was given by Eris. She was of such a deplorable nature, that the gods had kept Eris apart, and she was not in the list of guests who were invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, the parents of Achilles. Nevertheless, Eris, being difficult to get rid of, came to the party and threw a golden apple through the door with the inscription: Kallisti ("For the fairest")

And Hera, Athena and Aphrodite started disputing on account of the apple, and were therefore sent by Zeus to Mount Ida near Troy in order to be judged by the shepherd Paris, who chose Aphrodite as the most beautiful, accepting Helen's hand for a bribe. This is one cause of the Trojan War, for Paris, having come to fetch his bribe at Sparta, where Helen was queen, left the city as her lover and sailed with her to Troy. But her husband Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon, against all odds--for war had never before broken up for the sake of a woman--sent a powerful army against Troy, and produced a conflagration that still today causes such an awe and amazement as if the flames of Troy were still burning. The modern followers of Eris, the Discordians, use the Kallisti apple as one of their symbols has another rendition.

In another Greek legend, Atalanta was a powerful warrior who would only marry the man who could outrun her. Desperate to win, Hippomenes prayed to Aphrodite for aid, and she gave him golden apples from her garden which he was to throw into Atalanta's path. The apples did distract Atalanta and he won the race, but he forgot to give due honor to Aphrodite afterwards and as punishment, both he and Atalanta were changed into lions.

The Hesperides were three virgin sisters who, along with a dragon, guarded the tree of golden apples Gaea had given to Hera as a wedding gift in their garden. These were reputed to bring beauty and health. It was the eleventh of the twelve labors of Heracles that he bring back the golden apples to the world.

Pomona was the Roman Goddess of fruit trees, especially of apple trees, and was also know as the "Apple Mother" who gave the "apples of eternal life." Roman banquets ended with apples and an invocation of Pomona's blessing. Pomona had a special priest appointed to her service. Her sacred grove was called the "Pomonal" and was located on the road from Rome to Ostia.

In the legend of Thomas the Rhymer (13th century,) Thomas Learmont, laird of the castle of Ercildoune, is accosted by a hag who takes him on a journey. He is shown three paths, one of leads to the land of the Fay. While ravenously hungry, he resolutely passes by all the luscious fruits of all kinds, but he is warned not to eat of any of them, for he would then be trapped there forever. He is also told that his hunger would soon be relieved with an apple. When they reach a certain spot, the hag climbs down off the horse and offers Thomas an apple from a small yet perfect tree. She tells him that after eating it he will be graced with the gift of Truth. At that time the hag turns into a beautiful woman and together they go to a castle where they feast and make merry for three days. At the end of that time, the woman tells him that he must return to his own world where seven years have passed. When he returns home, he finds that he is given the gifts of prophesy, poetry, and an enchanted harp. He becomes a wise ruler of his territories and is, in time, called back to Fairyland where he remained.

Iduna, wife of the Norse God of poetry, Bragi, kept a box of apples. If any of the Gods felt the approach of old age, they only had to taste of one of these apples to remain young. She was abducted by a giant (aided by Loki) and, in time, the other Gods realized that they were aging rapidly. Loki was sent to rescue her so that she might restore youth to the Gods. He later married her, and whenever he was punished, she would sometimes use these apples as leverage to free him.

Another renowned myth to the Swiss is the story of William Tell refusing to bow to a Hapsburg lord's hat placed on a stick in the town square. As punishment he is forced to shoot an apple off his son's head with a crossbow. After doing so, he then manages to escape from the governor's clutches on a stormy river, effectively drowning the rascal. The legend is a distortion of actual events that led in 1291 to the formation of the

Everlasting League among the forest cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. The original story is believed to derive from a 12th century Scandinavian tale of shooting a small object off a loved-one's head.

The next feat of the legendary apple would be Sir Isaac Newton's discovery or realization of Gravity. During a plague in the city, he retired to a country estate. As the tale goes, Sir Isaac Newton was sitting under an apple tree when an apple fell on his head. This, supposedly, was what led him to discover the laws of gravity. Popular legend to the contrary, Sir Isaac was not beamed on the noggin by an apple, although it's said that watching apples fall from a tree in his parents' yard was an inspiration. His treatise on gravitation, presented in *Principia Mathematica* (1687) observed the fall of an apple in an orchard at Woolsthorpe and calculates that at a distance of one foot the attraction between two objects is 100 times stronger than at 10 feet.

The most famous recent example is, of course, Johnny Appleseed, a.k.a. John Chapman (1774-1845,) an eccentric, itinerant pioneer nurseryman and colporteur. He won the respect of many settlers and Native Americans alike as he made his way from his native Massachusetts to the Pennsylvania/ Ohio/Indiana frontier, planting apple nurseries, spreading "news right fresh from heaven," mediating and healing. He exchanged his apple seeds and seedlings for food, cast-off clothing and articles and frontier currency enough to take care of his simple needs. Profits went for copies of Swedenborg's works, which he separated into parts for wider and cheaper distribution. There are several songs about him.

## Medicinal and Magical Uses

\* The sugar of a sweet apple, like most of the fruit sugars, is amazing. It is practically a predigested food, and is soon ready to pass into the blood to provide energy and warmth for the body. A nice ripe raw apple is one of nature's most easiest vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes. The juice of apples, without sugar, will often reduce acidity of the stomach; it becomes changed into alkaline carbonates, and thus corrects sour fermentation.

\* "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." From an old English advice "Ate an apfel avore gwain to bed, makes the doctor beg his bread."

\* "It is better to give than receive." Derived from a fourteenth-century saying "Betere is appel y-yeue than y-ete" (better is the apple you give than you get.)

\* Paradise is a word derived from the Persian *paeridaeza*, or walled garden, such as the Persian gardens, normally containing apple orchards. Throughout history, depictions of the Garden of Paradise include apple trees.

\* Bartholomeus Anglicus, whose *Encyclopedia* was one of the earliest printed books containing botanical information (being printed at Cologne about 1470,) gives a chapter on the Apple. He says:

"Malus the Appyll tree is a tree yt bereth apples and is a grete tree in itself. it is more short than other trees of the wood wyth knottes and rinelyd Rynde. And makyth shadowe wythe thicke bowes and branches: and fayr with dyurs blossomes, and floures of swetnesse and lykynge: with goode fruyte and noble. And is gracious in syght and in taste and vertuous in medecyne. some beryth sourysh fruyte and harde, and some ryght soure and some ryght swete, with a good savoure and mery."

\* The custom of serving fresh fruit, particularly apples, at the end of a meal arose because of digestive qualities attributed to them by such early medical notables as Hippocrates and Galen, the latter a second-century Roman physician.

\* The medieval physician's bible, the Salerno medical school's *Prescription for Health*, taught therapeutic applications of cooking apples for disturbances of the bowels, lungs and nervous system, among other ailments.

\* The modern tradition of tossing rice at a happy couple succeeds an ancient practice of throwing apples at weddings. I guess, British native apple trees have smaller fruit than modern commercial fruit, or perhaps the Celts were just ornery cusses.

\* The game of apple-bobbing began as a Celtic New Year's tradition for trying to determine one's future spouse.

\* An Irish and Scottish custom prescribed throwing an apple peel over one's shoulder on the ground, where it would form the initial of your lover's name.

\* Eat an apple whole, saving just the pips. An odd number foretells a marriage, an even number means that none is imminent.

\* It is said that you may cut an apple into three pieces, then rub the cut side on warts, saying: "Out warts, into apple."

\* The once-popular custom of wassailing the orchard-trees on Christmas Eve, or the Eve of the Epiphany, is not quite extinct even yet in a few remote places in Devonshire. More than three centuries ago Herrick mentioned it among his "Ceremonies of Christmas Eve:"

"Wassaile the trees, that they may beare  
You many a Plum and many a Peare:  
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,  
As you do give them Wassailing."

\* The ceremony consisted in the farmer, with his family and laborers, going out into the orchard after supper, bearing with them a jug of cider and hot cakes. The latter were placed in the boughs of the oldest or best bearing trees in the orchard, while the cider was flung over the trees after the farmer had drunk their health in some such fashion as the following:

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree!  
Whence thou may'st bud,  
And whence thou may'st blow,  
Hats full! Caps full!  
Bushel-bushel-bags full!  
And my pockets full too! Huzza!"

\* The toast was repeated thrice, the men and boys often firing off guns and pistols, and the women and children shouting loudly. (I do not recommend this part.) Roasted apples were usually placed in the pitcher of cider, and were thrown at the trees with the liquid. Trees that were bad bearers were not honored with wassailing but it was thought that the more productive ones would cease to bear if the rite were omitted. It is said to have been a relic of the heathen sacrifices to Pomona. The custom also prevailed in Somersetshire and Dorsetshire.

\* In Danish, German, and English folklore, and in voodoo, apples are used as love charms.

\* Roast apples, or crabs, formed an indispensable part of the old-fashioned wassailbowl, or "good brown bowl," of our ancestors.

"And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl  
In very likeness of a roasted Crab."

\* As related by Puck in *Midsummer's Night's Dream*. The mixture of hot spiced ale, wine or cider, with apples and bits of toast floating in it was often called Lamb's wool, some say from its softness, but the word is really derived from the Irish *la mas nbhal*, "the feast of the apple-gathering" (All Hallow's Eve,) which being pronounced somewhat like "Lammas-ool," was corrupted into "lamb's wool." It was usual for each person who partook of the spicy beverage to take out an apple and eat it, wishing good luck to the company.

## Apple Songs

- \* "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider" by U.S. minstrel Eddie Leonard (1903.)
- \* "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" by Egbert Van Alstyne, lyrics by Henry Williams (1905,) author of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."
- \* "I'll Be with You in Apple Blossom Time" by Albert von Tilzer, lyrics by Neville Fleeson (1920.)
- \* "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White" by Louiguy, lyrics by Jacques Larme (1950.)
- \* "The Golden Brown and the Green Apple" by Duke Ellington (1965.)
- \* "Little Green Apples" by Bobby Russell (1968.)
- \* "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" words and music by Lew Brown, Charles Tobias and Sam H. Stept (1942.)

# The Canny Conifers

By Sam Peebles  
A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2002

Pine Trees, Firs, Spruces, Yews, Larches. How wonderful these trees are, the evergreen (except for the larch) that have survived not only millions of years of munching by dinosaurs, but have held their own through bitter winters and ice-ages. Coniferous trees generally don't lose their needles in the winter, and house seeds in cone-like structures, thus their name. Their narrow leaves and flexible branches let snow fall off easily, and conserve moisture in the summer.

## Etymology

The Scots Pine (*Pinus sylvestris*) is known in Irish as *Giuis*, Scots *Gàidhlig* as *Giubhais* (also known as *Peith*,) and *Pin* in Welsh, but it is actually found from Spain to Siberia. Its nickname in the timber trade is "redwood" or "deal." The Yew is from the family *Taxaceae* and is known in Irish as *Iur*, Welsh is *Ywen*. Juniper is of the *Cupressaceae* family and found mostly in Southern England, US and Europe, and has no Celtic name, anymore. Sometimes, the name "pine" is used loosely for any tree in the pine family *Pinaceae*. In North America, that family contains larch, true fir, spruce, hemlock, and Douglas-fir. A tree with needles is not a *Pinus* if:

- \* the tree has bundles of a dozen or more needles; needles are soft, flat, in brushlike clusters on short spur-like shoots; deciduous not evergreen--then the trees are larches or tamaracks, *Larix*.
- \* its needles are flat, often with a notch at the end; needles grow in two ranks, directly and singly from the branch, and have a plump base that leaves a round depression on the branch. Cylindrical cones are upright and disintegrate on the branch--then the trees are true firs, *Abies*.
- \* its needles are short and not bundled but have a stalk and four-sides; they spiral from persistent peg-like bases; the naked twigs are rough and warty--then the trees are spruces, *Picea*.
- \* its needles flat, with blunt ends; the needles are in two ranks like the fir, but blunt, shorter, and fatter; dark-green and shiny above, pale below with two slim lines--then the trees are hemlocks, *Tsuga*.
- \* its needles are flat with pointed tips and linear; they grow directly from the branch; the leaf scar is small and raised (for the true fir it is larger and depressed); each needle narrows at the base into a short, thin stem. Cones hang down with three-point bracts--then the trees are Douglas-firs, *Pseudotsuga*.

By the way, the verb "to pine" has no direct connection with the tree, but when pines die they often remain standing long after the life has left them, just like unrequited lovers who die of a broken heart. According to Mirriam Webster:

Main Entry: pine

Function: intransitive verb

Inflected Form(s): pined; pining

Etymology: Middle English, from Old English *plnian* to suffer, from (assumed) Old English *pln* punishment, from Latin *poena* -- more at PAIN

Date: 14th century

1 : to lose vigor, health, or flesh (as through grief) : LANGUISH

2 : to yearn intensely and persistently especially for something unattainable < wealth lost their for pined still >

## Physical Description

Scots Pine is the only native pine in Britain, it reaches 40 meters and lives about 150 years, with some as long as 520. Sometime you get the tall narrow type, but often it splits trunks. The paired needles are about five inches and last about two to three years. Their spread to the British Isles from the continent preceded the disappearance of the land bridge 10,000 years ago and reaching Scotland by 6,000 years ago. It only inhabits 1% of its original range of 1,500,000 hectare, and is primarily found in the West Highlands, having been supplanted by faster growing trees on tree farms. It has naturally been more common in the mountains and areas of elevation. Male and female flowers appear on the same tree, with the female often a bit higher on the tree, using wind pollination. They flower in May, but the seeds must wait two winters to germinate (on the third year after fertilization) and the seeds are tiny, about 120,000 per kilogram. They travel about 70 meters from the tree, and then can skip across the snows for a few more kilometers. They like to find exposed soil, such as that dug up by a rooting boar or a forest fire. The trees are often coated in lichen, which helps to fix nitrogen and then nourishes the soil when it falls off the tree. Some fungi also work in harmony with the tree. Another 45 types of insects, plants and animals (like the Scottish crossbill and Capercaillie) are only found near pine trees in Scotland. Several larger species like (wild boar, beaver, brown bear, moose, lynx and wolf) used to be denizens of the Caledonian forest.

By the nineteenth and twentieth centuries vast quantities of pine were used for pit props, telegraph poles and railway sleepers. Coinciding with this relentless timber extraction came the Highland Clearances in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Since much of the countryside was denuded of people, there was nobody to manage the regeneration of the pine woods; instead the often absent landowners introduced huge flocks of sheep and herds of deer which soon held sway across the old forests, systematically munching through the emerging seedlings. As old trees were removed wholesale, the source of seed disappeared; and, unlike broadleaf trees, cut pine stumps will not regenerate new growth but simply die in the ground. What little management there may have been was totally inadequate. The result was that by 1970 only an estimated 25,000 acres of native pinewood was still standing.

The Yew is only a medium sized tree found naturally in dense shade of Oak woods. It is often used for hedging or making weird animal topiary shapes. It is found across the European continent and British Isles. Its flowers are in March and red fleshy berries are in October. Almost all parts of the Yew (except the red fleshy berries) are **EXTREMELY POISONOUS**, so great care should be taken before messing with this plant. Birds swallow the aril (red part) and then deposit the seeds in the course of their work. The seeds go dormant for about 18 months in the ground, but it works well by planting cuttings from the tree. The tree is best known for its extreme longevity, some specimens living two or three thousand years and becoming simply enormous in girth.

Juniper is a small tree or bush. With a whitish bloom in May and whose ripen seeds are distributed by birds in October, and then goes dormant until spring before germinating.

## Physical Uses

The pine is a strong, general purpose timber with natural preservative qualities, making it very suitable for use outdoors, fencery, joinery, flooring, boxes, telegraph poles, fiberboard, ship beams and masts (witness Beinn nan Sparra, Hill of Spars, in Glen Affric.) The pitch from the tree was used to fill cracks in planks and beer casks. For higher resin content they were harvested on the waxing moon. The resin content is so high that some pine trees will remain standing for 50-100 years after dying without decay.

Yew produces a very durable, beautifully smooth, gold-colored wood with a wavy grain that is often used for furniture, weapons and tool handles. Sometime used as an expensive veneer, when of good quality. In Europe, yew wood was used for making bows, while on the northwest coast of North America, the Pacific yew (*Taxus brevifolia*) is used by the Haida and other tribes for making masks and boxes.

The Juniper is a very aromatic sapwood that is fairly strong and durable. And can be used for charcoal and pencils. Juniper oil can be distilled, and berries are used to flavor meats and Gin.

## Mythological Appearance

In *The Golden Bough*, James Frazer relates various stories involving pine trees from classical mythology, which may or may not have been Scots pines, such as how the ancient Egyptians buried an image of the god Osiris in the hollowed-out center of a pine tree. He writes that "it is hard to imagine how the conception of a tree as tenanted by a personal being could be more plainly expressed." As a symbol of royalty the pine was associated with the Greek goddess Pithea, and also with the

Dionysus/Bacchus mythology surrounding the vine and wine making, probably as fertility symbol. Worshipers of Dionysus often carried a pine-cone-tipped wand as a fertility symbol and the image of the pinecone has also been found on ancient amulets as a symbol of fertility.

For the Romans the pine was an object of worship during the spring equinox festival of Cybele and Attis. As an evergreen tree the pine would also have symbolized immortality.

The pine was held sacred to Pan, the Roman Faunus, and in his *Eclogues* Vergil describes the pastoral god's home on Mt. Maenalus in Arcadia. Propertius stresses the god's fondness for the tree, and Horace, for his part, dedicates a pine to the goddess Diana in a famous ode.

The Romans celebrated the winter solstice with a fest called Saturnalia in honor of Saturnus, the god of agriculture. They decorated their houses with greens and lights and exchanged gifts. They gave coins for prosperity, pastries for happiness, and lamps to light one's journey through life.

The Scots pine groves or "shaman forests" scattered over the dry grasslands of eastern Siberia were considered sacred by the Buriats, a Mongolian people living around the southern end of Lake Baikal. These groves were to be approached and entered in silence and reverence, respectful of the gods and spirits of the wood.

While learning about the habits of a bear, I learned the following American Indian saying. "When a pine needle falls, the bear smells it, the Eagle sees it and the rabbit hears it."

## Folk Customs

- \* All parts of the Yew tree are poisonous except the fleshy covering of the berry, and its medicinal uses include a recently discovered treatment for cancer.
- \* Coniferous trees are especially popular for planting in cemeteries and churches with their promise of "eternal life." Many Celtic churches were famous for their enormous Yews planted in the adjoining cemetery.
- \* Late in the Middle Ages, Germans and Scandinavians placed evergreen trees inside their homes or just outside their doors to show their hope in the forthcoming spring. Our modern Christmas tree evolved from these early traditions or the yule log traditions.
- \* The Christmas tree was popularly believed to have been introduced by Prince Albert (another German) by Queen Victoria (another German) to the British Isles in the 19th century with the custom of hanging blown glass baubles from Thuringia. The custom soon made its way to America in the 1880s. Other believe that the Christmas tree tradition most likely came to the United States with Hessian troops during the American Revolution, or with German immigrants to Pennsylvania and Ohio, adds Robson. The Christmas tree market was born in 1851 when Catskill farmer Mark Carr hauled two ox sleds of evergreens into New York City and sold them all. By 1900, one in five American families had a Christmas tree, and 20 years later, the custom was an early universal. Six species account for about 90 percent of the nation's Christmas tree trade. Scotch pine ranks first, comprising about 40 percent of the market, followed by Douglas fir which accounts for about 35 percent. The other big sellers are noble fir, white pine, balsam fir and white spruce.
- \* Romans believed that pine cones imparted both physical and moral strength.
- \* Pine was sometimes used to make an expectorant or inhalants, sometimes for antiseptic use.
- \* The Pine tree is an evergreen, its old title was "the sweetest of woods." It was known to the Druids as one of the seven chieftain trees of the Irish.
- \* Mix the dried needles with equal parts of juniper and cedar and burn to purify the home and ritual area.
- \* The cones and nuts can be carried as a fertility charm.
- \* A good magickal cleansing and stimulating bath is made by placing pine needles in a loose-woven bag and running bath water over it.
- \* To purify and sanctify an outdoor ritual area, brush the ground with a pine branch. The scent of Pine is useful in the alleviation of guilt.
- \* A persistent theme in the folklore of Scots pine is their use as markers in the landscape. In the Highlands there is a recurrent theme that they were used to mark burial places of warriors, heroes and chieftains. In areas further south where the sight of Scots pine may have been more unusual and their use would have stood out more, they can be seen to mark ancient cairns, trackways and crossroads. In England they were commonly used to mark not only the drove roads themselves, but also the perimeters of meadows on which passing drovers and their herds could spend the night.
- \* Glades of Scots pines were also decorated with lights and shiny objects, the tree covered in stars being a representation of the Divine Light.
- \* Juniper grown by the door discourages thieves.
- \* The mature Juniper berries can be strung and hung in the house to attract love.

## Obligatory Food Reference

"Alba," the name is Gaelic for Scotland. Introduced by the Vikings, spruce and pine ales were very popular in the Scottish Highlands until the end of the 19th Century. Many early explorers, including Captain Cook, used spruce ale during long sea voyages since it prevented scurvy and ill health. Shetland spruce ale was said to "stimulate animal instincts" and give you twins. Alba is brewed to a traditional Highland recipe from Scots pine and spruce shoots picked during early spring. Pure malted barley is boiled with the young sprigs of pine for several hours then the fresh shoots of the spruce are added for a short infusion before fermentation. Tawny brown strong ale with spruce aroma, rich Malt texture, complex wood flavor and lingering finish. Described by the Scottish press as "Light pale ale with champagne."

## Quotes and Notable Literary References

Who leaves the pine-tree, leaves his friend,  
Unnerves his strength, invites his end.  
--Ralph Waldo Emerson, Woodnotes

I frequently tramped eight or ten miles through the deepest snow to keep an appointment with a beech-tree, or a yellow birch, or an old acquaintance among the pines.  
--Henry David Thoreau, 1817 - 1862

The pine tree seems to listen, the fir tree to wait: and both without impatience: they give no thought to the little people beneath them devoured by their impatience and their curiosity.  
--Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, # 176.

You can live for years next door to a big pine tree, honored to have so venerable a neighbor, even when it sheds needles all over your flowers or wakes you, dropping big cones onto your deck at still of night.  
--Denise Levertov, *Threat*

Acts of creation are ordinarily reserved for gods and poets. To plant a pine, one need only own a shovel.  
--Aldo Leopold

There was a handsome male mockingbird that sang his heart out every morning during the nesting season from the top of a tall Norfolk Pine tree. Last week the tree was cut down. The mockingbird and his song are gone. I can't put a dollar value on the tree nor on the mockingbird nor on his song. But I know that I--and our whole neighborhood--have suffered a loss. I wouldn't know how to count it in dollars.  
--Jacquelyn Hiller

## Two Coniferous Songs

### "Only Yew!"

Filked by Patrick Haneke,  
Akita Grove, Year 2001.  
For the Public Domain.  
Original "Only You" By the Platters

(Spoken Intro by William Watson)  
Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire,  
Girt with thy guard of dotard kings  
What ages hast thou seen retire  
Into the dusk of alien things?

Only yew is found near every church.  
Only yew will neither lean nor lurch.  
It grows a hard, tight grain,  
Makes bow staves both straight and true.  
It fills my heart with awe for only yew.

Only yew can live o'er four thousand years  
Only yew can outlast our worst fears.  
Only yew and yew alone  
Laughs at the passage of time.  
Whose name is famed and so easy to rhyme.

Only yew can guard the graves at night.  
Only yew's leaves can kill with just one bite.  
I understand the magic that you do  
Making dreams come true.  
Yes! The one and only yew.

## "O Tannenbaum"

Words by Ernst Anschuetz  
Melody: Traditional folk tune

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,  
Wie grun sind deine Blatter.  
Du grust nicht nur zur Sommerzeit,  
Nein auch im Winter wenn es schneit.  
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,  
Wie grun sind deine Blatter!

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,  
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!  
Wie oft hat nicht zur Winterszeit  
Ein Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut!  
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,  
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,  
Dein Kleid will mich was lehren:  
Die Hoffnung und Beständigkeit  
Gibt Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit!  
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,  
Dein Kleid will mich was lehren.

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
How steadfast are your branches!  
Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
How steadfast are your branches!  
Your boughs are green in summer's clime  
And through the snows of wintertime.  
Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
How steadfast are your branches!

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
What happiness befalls me?  
Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
What happiness befalls me?  
When off at joyous Christmastime  
Your form inspires my song and rhyme.  
Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
What happiness befalls me ?

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
Your boughs can teach a lesson.  
Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
Your boughs can teach a lesson.  
That constant faith and hope sublime  
Lend strength and comfort through all time.  
Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas Tree,  
Your boughs can teach a lesson

# Christmas Plants & Picking the Yule Log

By Mairi Ceolbhinn, D.C. Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2001

Druids love and respect their plants and truly wish them to return to full vitality in the spring. Without plants, how'd we do our sacrifices? What we'd eat? What'd we wear? It's nice to know that in the depths of winter, when the days are shortest, that some plants are doing rather well. We wish to celebrate this with Christmas trees and such and bring their blessings into our homes.

Mistletoe, as we all know, was considered sacred, by our ancient Siblings and has remained such throughout the years. Its Gaelic name still means "all healing," although I'm not sure how to use it safely, since it is rather poisonous. Perhaps, it is by its poison, that it fends off winter's blight, and manages to bloom around the solstice? Its persistent fertility is therefore an established trait that gives us that great custom of "kissing under the sprig of mistletoe" which would happen in a night of partying and debauchery. That age-old theme of commemorating the death of the "old Sun" and birth of the "new Sun" is now popularly incorporated into the images of "Old Man Time and Baby New Year" doing a tag-team on January 1st every year.

Holly berries, like Mistletoe, bloom amidst the snow as if to defy winter and encourage the return to life. Its green boughs were of course common decorations on buildings, holy places and public buildings during the winter festival, and this tradition has fortunately continued to this very day. Even the Japanese, Mike Scharding says, have a "kadamatsu" placed in front of the door at New Year's Eve.

## Yule Log Tradition:

Not to be morbid, but a sacrifice is necessary to rekindle the life of the dying sun (no, I'm not pro-Aztec, which sounds like a marketable drug,) and it seems the Yule Log has filled that role for several centuries. "Yule" comes from "hweol," meaning "wheel," which is a frequent European symbol for the Sun. So you're basically giving the Sun a good-needed torching to warm it up.

According to various sources, it is widely agreed that the hearth of the Celtic House was the home of a protective spirit, and (for practical and symbolic reasons) the fire was rarely allowed to die out except once or twice a year during the big fire holidays. Special prayers were and are still spoken before leaving the banked fire of turf for the night in rural areas. Much magic also went on around the fire during cooking, story telling, and entertaining of guests. The hearth was basically the pre-modern "Home Entertainment Center." If you've ever noticed, televisions also send comforting relaxing flickers of light into a darkened room while you stare blankly?

Now, back in those days, people had access to common forests surrounding their village. The choice of the wood varied greatly among locales, but one good size tree would provide several logs for a neighborhood. But under no circumstances, should you steal one from a neighbor's private land (and no buying one at a parking lot, good religion is do-it-yourself.) I've not heard of any special methods of cutting a tree down, but a short ceremony, and posting a few days advance notice for malevolent or uninterested spirits to depart, would certainly be in order. (No, that Golden Sickle is no more effective than a haddock, get a good steel axe.) Angry spirits will make the tree conk you on the head; so be forewarned.

Once cut down, a goodly size log was the festooned and regally dragged back to town through the streets. As the Log entered the house, some cultures would give it a hearty drink of oil, salt and mulled wine, with a song perhaps. In more recent times, it was burned on Christmas Eve (which is close enough to the Solstice,) with music, activities and frolicking. To kindle the fire, splinters from last year's logs (saved by the eldest daughter) were used to get the substrate of dry logs going, since those Yule-logs are hard to burn by themselves. Guests were encouraged to toss sprigs of holly on the fire to take away bad luck. The way it burned would prognosticate the future.

Splinters of the log and cinders were taken home to protect against fires, lightning and tax-collectors at their home. Now the Yule Log tradition, widespread since the 12th century, nearly died out with the change to pot-belly stoves and grills in the late 19th Century. The tradition still survives in sizeable pockets today in the country-side today. For fire sensitive areas, a smaller log-shaped cake now decorates the dining room table. I've tried this custom for a few years in my little BBQ next to my house (sneaking one from the River Creek National Park,) and saved some ashes, and no disasters have yet befallen my home (well, except the Pentagon in Virginian Commonwealth, but that's the workplace, perhaps the White House and the "Mystic District" of Washington, D.C. were spared because of their National Yule Log?.)

For me a Christmas tree is just another elaboration on "bringing the greenery in," and it certainly is a younger tradition than the Yule Log, perhaps a merger of pagan Nordic tree worship and perhaps the 13th century morality plays' "Tree of Life" (from the Garden of Eden) which was often the only stage prop, and conveniently performed around the Solstice. Perhaps, the inability to have a Yule Log burning and urbanization led to the soaring popularity of the Christmas tree in the 19th century? So go get your plants!

# The Redwood:

If the (Ancient) Druids Had  
Lived in Northern California....

By Sybok Pendderwydd, Arch-Druid,  
Cylch Cerddwyr Rhwng Y Bydoedd Grove,  
OMS-RDNA  
A Druid Missal-Any, Oimeic 2003

The Druids: figures of romance and mystery. Mention of them evokes images of cloaked figures performing obscure rites in the oaken groves of Gaul. The name Druid, at least according to some sources, means "Oak Priest" and the magnificent Oak was indeed the chief of the trees revered by the ancient Celtic Priests. In ancient Gaul, the Oak was indeed the most impressive of trees. Known for the strength of its boughs, and its sheer beauty it was also the source of the sacred mistletoe.

So what if the Druids had lived in California? Specifically, the northern coast I believe that our own Redwood (Sequoia Sempervivens) would have become the tree revered most by the Celtic priesthood. The poor oak pales in comparison to these magnificent trees, which grow to an average height of 300 feet. The redwood is also the source of the mysterious burl, which gives many of these trees distinctive personalities. From a distance, the formation of burls can make faces appear on the trees, evoking thoughts of the Ents, Tolkien's race of trees.

Redwoods grow in two ways. The first is with seed, and their seeds are among the smallest of any plant known, hundreds of which can be found in the redwoods own pinecones, which average around the size of a jellybean. The second way they grow is by shooting new trees from their root systems, which spread out hundreds of feet around the typical redwood, just a few feet deep in the ground. Typically, these offshoots form "fairy rings" around their mother. As they grow, and the mother tree dies off, the ring is all that is left. I can picture the Druids using these natural rings as the centers for their rites.

The Redwood is illustrative of magickal practice too. Its taproot, which extends into the earth from the center of the tree grounds it, like the familiar grounding meditation many of us do before ritual, to connect ourselves with the Earth Mother. The tree then shoots high into the sky, higher than any other tree, also like the familiar centering meditation, which affirms our connection to the cosmos.

Water brethren may find the Redwood a friend too, since it gives off ten times its own weight in moisture every day. The Redwood also needs a lot of water, which is why it thrives only from the Big Sur area to a few miles into Oregon, and only within a thirty-mile stretch from the coast. They like all the rain and fog we get here. They are true water-kin.

Water was sacred to the Druid as well. Most of their main groves had a spring or stream running near or through them, and water deities played an important role in much of Celtic mythology.

My own wand came from a Redwood, a rather famous one. The Garberville Giant was once listed in the Guinness Book of World Records as the world's tallest tree. When it stood, it rose some 375 feet into the air. Alas, about ten years ago it toppled. Residents in nearby Garberville thought an earthquake had hit, and the sound of the impact was heard thirty miles away. I visited the fallen giant, located in a grove off the famous "Avenue of The Giants" in 1994. It was in the early morning, and I was guided to the top of the tree. There on the ground, like it was placed there, was my wand, a twig from the top branches of the giant. It is exactly the length of the inside of my elbow to the tip of my middle finger.

I remember feeling quite enchanted during our visit, and, although at the time we were the only humans around, I felt the eyes of other entities watching us. I know there were fairies in that grove, and my walks in other Redwood groves have confirmed for me the presence of fairy folk.

I go for hikes in the redwoods as often as I can, stopping at each fairy ring, admiring each old growth tree. I feel the wonder and the majesty of the giants and affirm my connection to the cosmos through them. It's well worth it to take the docent led nature walks through the "tourist groves" at any of the big Redwood State and National Parks. The docents are well versed in Redwood lore and you'll leave with a much greater appreciation of the Sequoia than you had before.

Now I must admit that I am quite prejudiced here. I was raised in Illinois and have only lived here on the "left coast" for a little over ten years. I have yet to visit the cousins of our local coastal redwoods, the Giant Sequoias (Sequoia Gigantica) that grow only in the Kings Canyon area of Sequoia National Park. They don't grow as tall as ours do, but they get much bigger around. I may change my tune once I have communed with them (but I doubt it.)



# Celtic Kelp Customs

By Sam Peeples, Free-roaming Druid  
A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 2003

The Celtic lands are known for possessing 300 shades of green vegetation over rolling hills and mountains, but we forget that most Celts lived less than 3 miles from the barren rocky shores of sea. Only that they weren't so barren once you went below the water. There was plenty of seaweed, which is not actually a plant. And it has played an important role in the history of the Celts.

## Physical Description

Kelp is actually a brown algae, the king of the algae world, producing the largest collective body of single-celled organisms; which is why it is often confusedly referred to as a plant. Its scientific name is Phaeophyta. There are about one hundred kelp species in the world and kelp can live for up to fourteen years. New blades of kelp are produced every year. These plants are simply phenomenal growers. Harvesting kelp is like cutting grass--it grows back VERY quickly. In the right conditions, these plants can grow up to 18 to 24 inches a day! Bull kelp can grow 10-20 meters in as little time as four months. It grows to the surface on a "stipe," and branches out into "fronds" and is buoyed by an air bladder shaped like a light bulb, called pneumatocysts, and may form very dense surface canopies than can stop up to 99% of the surface light from reaching the base (called a "holdfast.")

During the spring and summer, new kelp blades grow towards the sunlight. The new blades are not occupied by colonists (snails, fish, etc.) yet. Later, when the blades become older, they will be literally covered with these animals. In late spring, microscopic larvae from the animals that inhabit kelp forests attach to the blades. In mid-summer, the turban snail population rises in the fronds. Small schools of fish and animals search for food in the Kelp forest. Through all of spring and summer, harbor seals and sea otters raise their young in the forests in California, and seals also hunt there in the Celtic lands also. In the fall, warm water from offshore flows into the forest. Kelp grows at a slower rate because nutrients in the water begin to be depleted. In the winter, seaweed weakens. Old blades decay and are torn from holdfasts and stipes. Storm waves tear away blades of the kelp, littering the ocean floor, where it decays, and becomes a source of food for bottom ocean dwellers; or it washes up on the shore to be collected by humans.

To reproduce, adult kelp releases spores. The spores swim to the ocean bottom and grow into tiny male and female plants which are called gametophytes. The male releases its sperm to fertilize the female's eggs and the embryos grow into kelp plants also known as sporophytes. The sporophytes grow into adult kelp plants and these in turn release more spores. The cycle is completed in one year. Kelp grows well on rocky bottoms. The plants need a lot of light and enough water motion to keep nutrients flowing around the plant. They usually grow in water 20-80 feet deep but some forests grow at depths as great as 130 feet--sometimes even deeper. Kelp competes with small animals and plants for space on the ocean floor. When the kelp becomes older and taller, it competes with other kelp plants for sunlight. The deeper the ocean bottom, the farther the kelp columns grow from each other.

In Gàidhlig it is known as "dùlamán," and I included a song at the end of this article by that name. In Scotland there are five types of Kelp. Oarweed and Tangleweed grows higher on the shore, and is left on the rocks during low tide; resembling fingers about two meters long. Cuvie grows closer to the low-tide line and is rarely uncovered, growing to three meters. Dabberlocks is a long narrow kelp, but much thinner. Sugar Kelp is found in bays and sea loch, away from the waves. The stipe is short with long fronds. Furbellows is rare and not described.

Jellyfish float through the forest, and the thick canopy of the forest slows the flow of water. The most common invertebrates found in Kelp are polychaetes, amphipods, lobsters, squids, octopi and ophiuroids. Outside the holdfasts; sponges, tunicates, anemones, cup corals and bryozoans are probably the most commonly occurring fixed animals within kelp forests. Birds associated with drift kelp, like phalaropes, feed on the associated plankton and larvae. The kelp wrack provides an important food source and habitat for kelp flies, maggots and small crustaceans on which several species of shore birds, starlings, common crows, black phoebes and warblers feed on it.

## Physical Uses

In modern times, kelp is painfully associated with the Highland Clearances of the 18th and 19th Century when landlords and chiefs sold clan lands, introduced sheep grazing, and relocated villages to the shore-line into individual croft-homes. Kelp was one of the few high profit industries for the impoverished Highlanders. Whiskey production was only possible for those with sufficient capital. Kelp burning seems to have been introduced into some of the lowland parts of the Scottish coast early in the eighteenth century, but was not thoroughly established in the Highlands until about the year 1750. Kelp contain salts, potash, and chiefly soda, used in some of the manufactures, as soap, alum, glass, etc. It can be used as a substitute for barilla. The weeds are cut from the rocks with a hook, or collected on the shore, and then dried on the beach. They are afterwards burnt in a kiln or in long trenches, constantly stirred with an iron rake until they reach a gooey state; and when they cool, the ashes become condensed into a dark blue or whitish-colored rocky mass. The manufacture was carried on in the summer during June, July, and August.

After several famines in the 18th Century and the collapse of the Kelp market following the Napoleonic Wars, many of the remaining clansmen emigrated to America or Australia. The potato blight in 1835 and 1845 also devastated the remaining populations. WWI, in some parts of the Islands and Highlands, afforded occupation to considerable numbers of Highlanders. Iodine was extracted until the 1930s. Kelp was later harvested as a source of potash for making gunpowder during World War I (Frey 1971, Tarpley 1992) but currently the emphasis is on the production of algin, which serves as an emulsifying and binding agent in food (ketchup, ice cream, lipstick, beer) and pharmaceutical products (such as coatings to prevent infections) and food for use in abalone farms, and sometimes by humans due to its high vitamin and mineral contents. Oarweed can be boiled and served with pepper, butter and vinegar. Sugar kelp is rather sweet.

At first it was of little importance, but it gradually spread until it became universal over all the western islands and coasts, and the value of the article, from the causes above-mentioned, rose rapidly from about £1 per ton, when first introduced, to from £20 per ton about the beginning of the nineteenth century. While the great value of the article lasted, rents rose enormously, and

the income of proprietors of kelp-shore rose in proportion. Throughout the kelp season, people spent the whole day occupied in its manufacture, and the wages they received, while it added to their scanty income, and increased their comfort, it was small recompense in proportion to the time and labor it required, and a pittance compared to the market prices received by those to whom the kelp belonged. Moreover, while the kelp-fever lasted, the cultivation of the ground and other agricultural matters seem to have been neglected and extravagant habits were developed by the proprietors. The consequence was that when the duties were taken off the articles, for which kelp was used as a substitute in the earlier part of the 19th century, the price of that article gradually diminished till it could fetch, about 1830-40, only from £2 to £4 a ton. With this fall in price, the incomes of the proprietors of kelp-shores also plummeted, landing many of them in ruin and bankruptcy, and leading many to sell their estates.

The manufacture is still carried on in the West Highlands and Islands, and to a greater extent in Orkney, but although it once occupied a considerable number of hands, it is now of comparatively little importance, much more of the sea-weed being employed as manure, as shown in the Irish movie, "The Field" about a crofter struggling to gain possession of a small piece of land in the 1920s. He would walk down a steep cliff path every morning, several times, to carry back this natural fertilizer to produce "lazy beds," a type of soil on top of rocky ground to eke out an existence. While at the industries' peak, however, the manufacture of this article undoubtedly increased to a very large extent the revenue of the West Highlands, and gave employment to and kept at home a considerable number of people who otherwise might have emigrated. Indeed, it was partly on account of the need of many hands for kelp-making, that proprietors did all they could to prevent the emigration of those removed from the smaller farms, and coerced them to settle on the coast. Kelp was definitely a mixed blessing for the Highlanders.

## Mythological References

Kelpies are famous in the Highlands, and can be detected in human form because they are unable to keep their hair from appearing like seaweed, thus their name. They are sometimes called Each-UISge (Ech-ooshk-ya, meaning "water horse") or Fuath (Foo-ah,) and they are also part of northern Irish Fairy lore, suggesting their migration from Scotland. A Cornish Kelpie is called a Shoney, a name derived from the Norse name Sjöfn, a Goddess of the Sea. In Iceland they are called Nickers, which are similar to the Nix, the water sprites of Germany. In the Shetland and Orkney Islands they are called Nuggies. Another name for the kelpie on the Isle of Man is the *glashtyn*. The *glashtyn* is described as a goblin which often rises out of the water and is similar in nature to the Manx brownie. Like all kelpies, the *glashtyn* appears as a horse--in this case, as a grey colt. It is often seen on the banks of lakes and appears only at night. In Ireland, a faerie known as the Phooka is also said to take the shape of a horse and induces children to mount him. He is then said to plunge with them over a precipice killing them. The Scottish kelpie is also attributed with similar feats. I wonder if there is a possible connection with the aquatic steeds of Manannan MacLir, Irish God of the oceans? Perhaps, the original story brought the heroes to the sub-aquatic kingdom of fairies. Another explanation, is that a lot of children slipped and fell off of cliffs or drowned while horsing around near the water; and somebody made up a story to pass the blame.

These reputedly voracious faeries once densely populated the North Sea and all the lochs of Scotland. Deer and humans who wandered too close to the lochs, were their favorite meals. In northern Scotland there are stories of Kelpies who appear as friendly seahorses and allow passing humans to mount them so that they may be drowned. Kelpies have limited shape-shifting powers and can appear as handsome young men to lure young girls to them. They were probably the forerunners of our current belief in the Loch Ness monster. Kelpies may be captured by placing a bridle over their heads, though it was a difficult and dangerous task due to the beasts strong and willful nature. However, if a person managed to accomplish this task, the kelpie was forced to serve the one who bridled it. Other tricks to unmask one, were pouring boiled water on one, striking it with a holy item, or tricking it to walk over a cross-road. The general advice, don't accept rides from strange horses.

## Kelpie Story

Loch Pytoulish is a beautiful little lake, partly in Kincardine and partly in Rothiemurchus. It is 674 feet above the sea, the same height as Loch Dallas, behind Kinchirdy. Its environment is rich in memories of the past. To the west is the Callart, a rocky height, which till lately was densely covered with larch. It stands now cold and bare. At the east end, near the march, is Lag-nan-Cuimcanath, where Shaw of Rothiemurchus, the captain of the clan in the combat at the Inch of Perth, 1392, waylaid a party of Cummings and slew them. The lonely remains of their graves may still be seen in the hollow. There is an island in the loch, which sometimes appears when the water is low. It is evidently artificial, and probably was used as a place of defense. Perhaps it had a crannog (island fort) and it may have been connected with the Stone Fort on the hill above (Creag Chaisteal.) On the east side of the loch there is a well-defined terrace, with the remains of hut-circles and cairns. It is about 30 feet higher than the lake, and makes, with the surface of the water, as striking a parallel as the famous Roads of Glenroy. This terrace, which many mistake for a road, and others at a higher level (700, 800, 900,) may be traced for miles on both sides of the Spey. It was in Loch Pytoulish that Colonel Thornton killed the monster pike, of which he gives so glowing an account in his book. With such a setting, it is not surprising that the loch was said to have been of old one of the haunts of the Water Kelpie.

Once upon a time, the Baron's heir and some other boys were playing by the loch side. One of them cried out with surprise, "Look, the pretty pony!" They went to see. It was a palfrey, gaily caparisoned, with saddle and bridle bright with silver and gems, feeding quietly in the meadow. The boys tried to get hold of it, but could not. They were allowed to come close, and then, with a toss of its head, it was off. Thus frolicking, they drew nearer and nearer to the loch. At last they caught it by the bridle, when, with a wild shriek, it rushed for the water. The lads struggled hard, but their hands were glued fast to the bridle, and they could not loose them. But the Baron's son, who had his right hand free, drew his dirk and gashed at his fingers until he gained release. He alone escaped; the other's perished in the waters.

## Kelp Burning Song

Dúlámán na binne buí, dúlamán Gaelach  
Dúlámán na binne buí, dúlamán Gaelach  
A'níon mhín ó, sin anall na fir shúirí  
A mháithair mhín ó, cuir na roithléan go dtí mé

Tá ceann buí óir ar an dúlamán gaelach  
Tá dhá chluais mhaol ar an dúlamán gaelach

Rachaimid go Doire leis an dúlamán gaelach  
Is ceannóimid bróga daora ar an dúlamán gaelach

Bróga breaca dubha ar an dúlamán gaelach  
Tá bearéad agus triús ar an dúlamán gaelach

Ó chuir mé scéala chuici, go gceannóinn cíor dí  
'Sé an scéal a chuir sí chugam, go raibh a ceann cíortha

Góide a thug na tíre thú? arsa an dúlamán gaelach  
Ag súirí le do níon, arsa an dúlamán maorach

Ó cha bhfaigheann tú mo 'níon, arsa an dúlamán gaelach  
Bheul, fuadóidh mé liom í, arsa an dúlamán maorach

Dúlámán na binne buí, dúlamán Gaelach  
Dúlámán na farraige, 's é b'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn

Beautiful yellow dúlamán, Irish dúlamán  
Beautiful yellow dúlamán, Irish dúlamán  
O gentle daughter, here come the wooing men  
O gentle mother, put the wheels in motion for me

There is a yellow-gold head on the Irish seaweed  
There are two blunt ears on the Irish seaweed

I would go to Dore with the Irish seaweed  
"I would buy expensive shoes," said the Irish seaweed

The Irish seaweed has beautiful black shoes  
The Irish seaweed has a beret and trousers

I spent time telling her the story that I would buy a comb for her  
The story she told back to me, that she is well-groomed

"What are you doing here?" says the Irish seaweed  
"At courting with your daughter" says the stately seaweed

"Oh where are you taking my daughter?" says the Irish seaweed  
"Well, I'd take her with me," says the stately seaweed

Beautiful yellow dúlamán, Irish dúlamán  
Dúlámán from the sea, the best there is in Ireland

## Planting Your Own Grove

By Stacey Weinberger  
A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2000

The Live Oak acorns that have fallen over the course of this past Fall at the Grovesite are already showing signs of sprouting. Our Server has collected some in the hopes of growing them at her new house. This has given me the in

spiration and impetus to post the first in a series of see and do articles. My teacher always told me that Druidism is a "See and do" religion versus Judaism or Christianity which are talk-think religions. And so we bring to you a plan for planting your own grove.

Do you have a reverence for trees, particularly oaks? You can grow these mighty trees yourself, from seed.

Start by gathering acorns. Let your favorite kids help or find acorns at the foot of an oak that has a special meaning for you. Make sure the tree is healthy. Use a fishing pole or other long pole to shake them from the tree. Your best chances of successful acorns are those picked directly from the oak.

Gently twist the acorn's hat. If it comes off easily, you're got a candidate for your project. Toss out any cracked, rotten, or hole-y acorns as well as those that seem very light by comparison. As a final test, place the acorns in a bucket of water and get rid of the floaters.

Don't keep acorns too long before you plant them! Once they dry out, they probably won't germinate.

Using plastic bags, mix a handful of acorns with a handful of perlite. (Vermiculite can be added to the mix, if you like.) Seal the bag, date it, and place it in your refrigerator. It may take as much as three cycles of the moon for the acorns to germinate or as little as one cycle, depending on the type of oak. At the full moon and the new moon, check your acorns to see if they are starting to sprout. When several have sprouted, its time to plant all the acorns in the bag.

To plant the acorns, use large plastic pots (this is one time I actually like plastic anything!) I tend to use the large black ones left over from the previous spring's azalea purchase. Use one-gallon size at a minimum. The little oaks will develop loooooong tap roots, so they'll need plenty of depth. Make sure the pots drain well, too, with holes in the bottom.

Fill the pots with potting soil almost to the top. Leave about one inch. Place a single acorn on its side and cover it with half an inch of potting soil. Then water, taking care not to wash the soil away from the acorn.

Place your pots in a protected area so the cold won't freeze them or dry them out. Water them whenever the soil dries on top.

Now sit back and wait! Hopefully in the spring, you'll see the first signs of growth. When the little oaks are growing nicely, you can move the pots to an Eastern sunny spot and fertilize them every Sabbath. At Mabon or Samhain when the little oaks are one to two years old, plant them in a permanent spot.

The thing I really like about having these small oaks in pots is that I can arrange the pots in a circle for special workings. In the side yard, on the back deck, or even in a pasture, I can let them grow (almost) naturally and feel the power of this magical tree. As they grow, I can move them out, away from the center of the circle, to make room for their future growth. Once a lot of rituals have taken place in this circle of young trees, the place becomes sacred, and it's a good spot to plant the trees in a special ceremony.

## Winter Tree Care and Planting Tips

By Stacey Weinberger, Baccharis Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 2002

From the February edition of Leaf Lines, Newsletter of The National Arbor Day Foundation. Though Spring officially begins on March 20 this year, in many places it is still cold and there is still snow on the ground. These are excellent recommendations until the weather warms.

### 1. Watching Your Trees In Winter

Take a walk outside to observe the buds and stems of your trees. Look at your mature trees and any new plantings from last fall or spring. What will you find?

Carefully remove a sealed bud and gently open it. Inside you will find tiny immature leaves and perhaps the beginnings of a flower. The buds are triggered to life each spring by day length. Temperature changes hasten or slow down the development of the buds.

Select several trees in your yard and tie a piece of string to their branches. Take just a moment each day, or once a week, to carefully inspect the tightly closed buds on the branches. Plant breeders use this very technique to search for ways to develop cold-hardy trees, particularly for the fruit industry.

Watching the buds awake and noting the date of the event is called phenology\* an ancient forerunner of ecology. Mark on your calendar the exact dates the buds actually emerge on each tree. You can also record when your trees blossom and leaf out. Each year you will begin to learn more about the characteristics of your trees. This process of keeping yearly records will prove to be very useful --especially if you are raising fruit trees.

### 2. Wabbits and Other

#### Wascals In Winter

While you are on your winter walks you may encounter other signs of life in your orchards or gardens besides simple bud development. Check your trees for signs of rodent damage. It is common for mice or rabbits to chew the tender bark of a young tree right down to the heartwood. Don't worry...if you find a girdled tree, the damage can usually be repaired by a technique known as "bridge grafting." Bridge grafting literally bridges the gap in the living tissues so they can continue the tree's growth as well as transport needed nutrients to and from the leaves and roots.

Mark the site of the damaged tree and return with a sharp knife. Remove all frayed or loose bark from around the wound. Next, remove a sucker or a slender, long, branchlet from the tree and cut it into lengths just a little bit longer than the wound, measured from top to bottom. Sharpen these sticks into wedges at both ends and insert them under the bark at the top and bottom of the wound. Several of these "bridges" will be needed, spaced at intervals around the tree.

Finally, protect the wound by covering the entire area with grafting wax. In a few years, the wound will be healed and the tree will grow normally. If you can't find grafting wax at your local nursery, try searching for it on the web.

### 3. Consider Your Planting Site

While the act of planting a tree may only involve a few hours, proper care and maintenance may last a lifetime. This winter, care for your new trees by simply taking the time to study the future site upon which they will be planted. Consider the environment in which you'll be working--whether you are planting on your property or planning an Arbor Day tree-planting event at a local park.

In selecting a tree, your first consideration must be what the tree needs. In other words, what environmental factors limit the ability of a particular species to live a healthy life? One indication is to look at the native species in your area. Some non-native species and horticulturally-developed cultivars may also do well on your site. Remember to always select the right tree for the right place.

### 4. Buy Your Trees Now

#### for Spring Planting

While you are on those winter walks, consider how your trees define the scenery. Now is the time to create plans for your desired landscape. What would you like to see when you take this same walk in future years? Imagine planting trees and shrubs to create a beautiful, productive, "edible landscape" surrounding your home with delicious fruits and nuts to benefit your family and the wildlife outside your back door.

Consider planting some of our fruit trees...a Stayman Winesap Apple, an Early Richmond Cherry, or perhaps a delicious Belle Of Georgia Peach. If you like nut trees, you might choose the beautiful Hall's Hardy Almond, American Hazelnut, Shellbark Hickory, or Black Walnut. The Sourwood is an excellent honey tree for beekeepers.

To brighten up future winter scenes around your home, select trees for their bright colorful fruit, unique branch structure, or peeling bark. Our online Tree Store offers many possibilities. Some of our favorites are the Prairifire Flowering Crab, River Birch, Lacebark Elm, Northern Catalpa, or the Kousa Dogwood.

Make a large photocopy of your property plat. Here you can create an inventory of all the trees on your property and position them on the map. Include the botanical names of the trees for your reference. As you select trees for later plantings, you can share this map with friends, nursery growers, or use it to consult with your local County Cooperative Extension Agent.

As you plant trees, work to shape your landscape with a diverse selection of strategically placed plantings to create a landscape of beautiful, useful, edible trees for all four seasons.

## 5. Forcing Spring To Arrive

Now that the coldest days of winter are behind us, you can slip outside on a mild day to take care of some dormant winter pruning. Remove any crossing limbs that might rub together, sucker shoots, and any broken or dead branches. From the cuttings you remove, save a few heavily budded branches for forcing indoors to brighten up your home with colorful blooms and leaves. Good candidates for successful forcing are hazelnuts, redbuds, willows, forsythias, apple and crabapples, magnolias, and red maples.

Bring your cuttings (up to 1/2 inch diameter or smaller) inside and place them in a bucket of tepid water (about 100 degrees) with a floral preservative. The preservative will increase hydration and control any bacterial growth. Fill up a vase with warm water and preservative as well. The water in your vase will need to be changed in your container about once a week too.

Now, fill up your sink with very warm water and place the ends of the branches into the sink. Cut the stems of the branches off under the warm water. Size the branches so they fit into your vase and then proceed to create an arrangement. When you are finished, set the vase away from bright sunlight in a cool location. It will take anywhere from 1 to 6 weeks for the blooms and/or leaves to burst from their buds.

We encourage you to forward these Winter Tree Care and Planting Tips on to your friends and family around the country.

Thank you for planting and caring for America's Trees!

\*Phenology looks at the relationship between climate or seasons and periods of biological activity. Phenologists study and record the changes and movements of animals and plants in relation to weather and seasonal changes taking place in their surrounding environment.

# Leave No Trace

By Stacey Weinberger  
A Druid Missal-Any, Spring 2001

As Druids and lovers of Nature we tend to spend a lot of time outdoors, be it holding services, hiking, or overnight camping. With the coming of Spring and warmer weather and our thoughts turn towards those outings in the woods it is important that we keep in mind the philosophy of Leave no Trace.

Leave No Trace is a program of outdoor ethics managed by the non-profit organization LNT Inc. dedicated to building awareness, appreciation, and most of all, respect for our natural lands. Following these simple principles of Leave No Trace we are able to enjoy our activities outdoors while still preserving our environment:

## Plan ahead and prepare

1. Know the regulations and special concerns for the area you'll visit.
2. Prepare for extreme weather, hazards, and emergencies.
3. Schedule your trip to avoid times of high use.
4. Visit in small groups. Split larger parties into groups of 4-6.
5. Repackage food to minimize waste.
6. Use a map and compass to eliminate the use of marking paint, rock cairns or flagging.

## Travel and camp on durable surfaces

1. Durable surfaces include established trails and campsites, rock, gravel, dry grasses or snow.
2. Protect riparian areas by camping at least 200 feet from lakes and streams.
3. Good campsites are found, not made. Altering a site is not necessary. In popular areas
4. Concentrate use on existing trails and campsites.
5. Walk single file in the middle of the trail, even when wet or muddy.
6. Keep campsites small. Focus activity in areas where vegetation is absent. In pristine areas
7. Disperse use to prevent the creation of campsites and trails.
8. Avoid places where impacts are just beginning.

## Dispose of Waste Properly

1. Pack it in, pack it out. Inspect your campsite and rest areas for trash or spilled foods. Pack out all trash, leftover food, and litter.
2. Deposit solid human waste in catholes dug 6 to 8 inches deep at least 200 feet from water, camp, and trails. Cover and disguise the cathole when finished.
3. Pack out toilet paper and hygiene products.
4. To wash yourself or your dishes, carry water 200 feet away from streams or lakes and use small amounts of biodegradable soap. Scatter strained dishwater.

## Leave What You Find

1. Preserve the past: examine, but do not touch, cultural or historic structures and artifacts.
2. Leave rocks, plants and other natural objects as you find them.
3. Avoid introducing or transporting non-native species.
4. Do not build structures, furniture, or dig trenches.

## Minimize Campfire Impacts

1. Campfires can cause lasting impacts to the backcountry. Use a lightweight stove for cooking and enjoy a candle lantern for light.
2. Where fires are permitted, use established fire rings, fire pans, or mound fires.
3. Keep fires small. Only use sticks from the ground that can be broken by hand.
4. Burn all wood and coals to ash, put out campfires completely, then scatter cool ashes.

## Respect Wildlife

1. Observe wildlife from a distance. Do not follow or approach them.
2. Never feed animals. Feeding wildlife damages their health, alters natural behaviors, and exposes them to predators and other dangers.
3. Protect wildlife and your food by storing rations and trash securely.
4. Control pets at all times, or leave them at home.
5. Avoid wildlife during sensitive times: mating, nesting, raising young, or winter.

## Be Considerate of Other Visitors

1. Respect other visitors and protect the quality of their experience.
2. Be courteous. Yield to other users on the trail.
3. Step to the downhill side of the trail when encountering pack stock.
4. Take breaks and camp away from trails and other visitors.
5. Let nature's sounds prevail. Avoid loud voices and noises.

# The Creation of a Druid's Nemeton

This is an article by Rhiannon Hawk Fugatt,  
of the Druid Heart Spirit Grove/Nemeton Awenyddion  
O How She Set up Her Grove Site.  
A Druid Missal-Any, Summer 2002

While Sister Rhiannon uses Welsh deities, the deities invoked can be adapted to the Celtic pantheon of your affinity and their attributes and roles.

Nemeton means "Sacred Space." The Druids of old and Druids of today prefer our sacred space outdoors in a place where we feel or sense Nature Spirit activity. Many Nemetons are located in a grove of trees. Natural places can add a lot to a ritual, especially if you can find a spot that exists along a ley-line or high energy center along the Earth's magnetic grid. Our Druid Grove's Nemeton is in the middle of a forest of silver-firs, oaks, pines, cedars, and dogwoods, twenty to thirty feet behind our home. Before we created the standing stones Nemeton I searched the property by spending time in different locations attuning to Earth's energy there and paid special care of natural vibrational frequencies.

The circle of our Grove is about twenty-five feet across, and around the edges stand twelve stones in the eight directions of the wheel of the year. We spent considerable time creating this sacred space, but it is nothing compared to the hard work that went into the ancient's creation of Stonehenge or other ancient sacred places. These stone monuments, or circles, express the way Druids perceive the universe and we connect with the universe in this circle that has no beginning and no end. These standing stones will stay here to remind future people of our existence and sacred connection with the land.

I found most of the stones in our stone circle by digging them out of the ground near the Nemeton's location. Some of them were very large, weighing up to two thousand pounds. For the larger and heaviest stones we used a come-along, a hand operated wench for pulling them. The largest stone that now stands in the East was the heaviest. I dug it out of the hard clay soil just fifteen feet away from the Nemeton in the ground. After three days of cranking the come-along we finally had him close enough to the East so we started to prepare his spot in the Grove, next we stood him up and lodged him into the dig out. Now I'm sure it would have taken a lot less time if we had a tractor to move it, but we decided to do it by hand. The rest of the stones in our Nemeton weighed less than a thousand pounds. I moved them by my self with a refrigerator dolly.

If you were to put as much effort into your sacred space, it might be good to get a work party together to help. While not all of us are blessed to have land, sometimes it is necessary to seek out Pagan friendly land owners. Druids who live in cities can create sacred space in your homes but, please be sure you have a fire source such as a candle, for that is where the spirits dance.

The Nemeton is circular, but Druids stand or sit in a horse shoe pattern during ritual. The opening in the horseshoe is where the spirits enter our Nemeton that is in the South. The South is also where we have our altar. The altar is used to create an open doorway for the kindred spirits to enter during ritual. The reason for the altar's location being in the South is that the South side of any clearing has the most sun through out the day.

The altar I created in our Nemeton is a trithilian--three standing stones in close proximity capped with a flat sandstone. The altar is a bridge between the worlds. The lay out of the ritual tools on our altar are symbol. How they are placed on top of the altar stone reflects how we relate those symbols with our own inner spirit, and our connection with the world tree cosmology. On our alter we place the symbols of Land, Sea, and Sky, and of the balance between the moon and sun. During ritual we do not step behind the altar out of our deep respect for the Shining Ones or good spirits who may be passing through the opening into the Grove.

A Grove is what Druids call their act of gathering for rituals, magic and meditation. We are the Druid's Grove. We join with others and do the tree meditation at the beginning of our ritual to feel that the peace within trees, also exists within us, and to experience the interconnectedness of our roots growing together. The rituals take place in the Nemeton.

These rituals are celebrated during the solstices, the equinoxes, the four fire festivals, and the healing rites we do every month. The Nemeton has a fire pit dug out of its center. Before all rituals we prepare for the spirit fire by placing oak twigs and logs in a cone shape. Oak represents durability and strength and is associated with the Welsh sun God Llew. We light the spirit fire in ritual during the moment the God and Goddess who preside over the ritual are arriving. When we are in the Nemeton all is quiet except for the sounds of nature, the four winds in the trees, and our voices raised in song. We keep a peace around us that allows our senses to awaken and our minds to be open for contact with the invisible world. The invisible world exists all through out this middle earthly plane.

When we had finished building our stone circle I did a ritual to welcome the new stones. This is done by consecrating the stones with offerings that have been blessed by the spirits. First we invite a patron God and matron Goddess from the Welsh pantheon into our Nemeton. We call on the Goddess Brúid. She brings with her the flame of inspiration and the creation of fiery spirit energy that dances in the center fire. We call on the God Manawyddan, he is the voyager who sails on the ocean, and over the land. He goes between our world and the other worlds and assists us to lift the veils between the worlds. I invoke Brúg and Manawyddan into two white candles. These represent the brightness of the God and Goddess and reminds us to keep alive our own inner spark of the divine. The invocation is done with songs and poetry. Then we take the candles and we light the center fire to connect the spirits and us with the Celtic world tree.

The center fire of our Nemeton represents the center of the world tree and the center of the world tree is the Middleworld or Earth. We invite the God and Goddess of the rite to dance there in the spirit fires. Then we call the Celtic triad spirits to bless us with their presence. The triad spirits are our Ancestors of the sea, the Nature Spirits of the earth, and the Shining Ones of the sky. The triad spirits we invite into the Grove each have an earthen bowl that contains an element that is attributed to the realm they come from. A bowl of water is placed to the left on the alter for the Underworld and the Ancestors. A bowl of earth for the Middleworld and the Nature Spirits is placed in the center. The Shining Ones have a feather and an incense bowl on the right side. We invoke these spirits with poetic verse to imbue their spirit into the water, the earth, and the incense.

The poetry we use is written by our Grove's Bard. Then we take the two candles around to each stone and pour a small amount of melted wax onto the ground in front of each stone. This is done to awaken each stone to the spirits of the God and Goddess we have invoked into the candles, that their energy may vibrate from the Earth that is within the newly created Nemeton. A Druid then takes each bowl starting with the water of the Ancestors, and pours a small amount on top of each stone while invoking the energy of the Ancestor's realm of the Underworld to pulsate through all of the stones in the circle. The Underworld is more distant from our world than the Otherworld, and is usually found through water. The world tree's roots are in the Underworld, so are the past, our ancestors, and our minds. This the Druid says during invocation to each stone while pouring the waters, "May the vibrations of the Underworld, through this stone, pulsate with the luminous light of the Anwyn." The name for the Underworld in the Welsh lore is Anwyn. Then the Druid goes to each new stone member repeating this same process then returns the bowl to the alter giving thanks by words of prayer.

The same process is done to awaken the stones to the energetic activity of Nature Spirits, who's world comes next on the way up the world tree. Nature spirits are part of the creative energy flow in nature, they exist in plants, streams, mountains, trees, animals, and in this Middleworld earthly plane. They can be any size. They work together in a synchronized harmonious flow to keep balance present in the Nemeton. The trunk of the world tree exists on Earth. It is the Middleworld, it is our nature and earthly relations, our physical body's connection to Earth. The spirit fire in the center of our Nemeton is the very center of the world tree and is also in the trunk. To synchronize the stones with nature's energy a Druid takes the bowl of Earth and walks towards the first stone to the right of the altar and says,

"May the rhythmic vibrations of our Earth Mother pulsate with you, and through you, as it does in us. Help us amplify the healing powers of Abred in our Nemeton. Make this a place that will awaken our ability to be more attentive to the forces of Abred."

Abred is the Welsh name for this Middleworld. The Druid then pours a small amount of earth from the bowl over the stone, and repeats the same process with the other stones. The bowl then gets returned to the alter.

Next, we bring to the circle of stones the presence of the Otherworld. We do this by asking assistance from the Shining Ones who have come to us from the Otherworld. In The world tree cosmology, the Otherworld and the Underworld are not the same. The Otherworld is above and more celestial. It is the canopy of branches and leaves on the world tree. Access to the Otherworld is usually through portals on Middleworld (Earth) in areas where there is energy concentrated, such as ley-lines and power spots, sacred hills, stone circles and the like. The Shining Ones that live in the Otherworld are the Gods and Goddesses from old Celtic lore and legends. We honor them in our rituals with offerings of herbs, songs, and prayers. To merge the light energy of the Shining Ones with the stones, an active Druid takes the bowl of incense and feather and approaches the stone starting with the one to the right of the alter. Sain is the Gaelic term we use for wafting the smoke. The Druid starts to Sain the stone while saying,

"Oh Shining Ones, hear our prayers and accept our offerings. For today with your help, we consecrate our new stone members to make them wholly in the realms of Anwyn, Abred, and Gwynvyd at the edges of our Nemeton!

"May the higher frequencies of Gwynvyd illuminate through you, within and without, let the messages of the Gods and Goddesses speak through you to us clearly, that we may hear the truth and feel their hearts nobility brought to this Nemeton."

The Welsh name for the Otherworld is Gwynvyd. When the Druid returns the bowl of Gwynvyd to the altar all raise their hands to the South, above the altar and say,

"Let the powers of Land, Sea, and Sky live within and on the edge of this Nemeton. Let the spirit fire and world tree connect the stones to the center of our Nemeton."

To end this rite a Druid approaches the fire and takes some ashes from the spirit fire and first enters the South saying,

"Voices from the ocean of the four winds! Come! Rush through the stones and spiral into the center of the world tree."

The Druid then sprinkles some ash on the ground in front of the stone, and on the stone, and does this for each of the stones in every direction. The Druid does this while chanting,

"Let the spirit fire and world tree connect the stone people to the center of our Nemeton. By the blessing of all spirits, dance together our ancestors, our nature spirits, and the Shining Ones, we welcome these new stone members into our Nemeton."

All say, "Gadael hi bhod!" Rituals are always followed by a song of peace, and a fellowship feast.

## Tree Meditation

A Meditation from the Druid Heart Spirited Grove:

By Rhiannon Hawk

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 2001

Meditation is the key to trance when it is done correctly. Breathing techniques help induce these states of trance and also awaken the electric governing vessel and the magnetic conception vessel which helps our outward journey to succeed. Meditation and trance are a pathways between the conscious and subconscious for inner therapy, reprogramming, recreating our pasts, healing our core self, etc. We use trance and meditation for all of these plus journeying. Journeying is similar to astral projection except that you are safe and still in your mind, body, and spirit. When you journey into the underworld (Anwyn,) you journey into the sea, deep parts of your self where your Ancestral memories exist, genetic and spiritual, past lives also.

There are different levels of trance. We like to use medium trance because you are safe there. Deep trance should only be done by those with much experience or by a guide who leads you by voice.

## The Tree Meditation

By Rhiannon Hawk

A Druid Missal-Any, Beltane 2001

The tree meditation does many things. It grounds your entire being. It runs Nyvwyres (Sacred Spirit) energy through the governing vessel which runs down through the crown of your head to a spot called the core-star, and the conception vessel which runs up (from the earth) from the bottom of your spine or feet to the core-star. The core-star looks just like it sounds like a small white sun located between your solar-plexus and your navel. Thus uniting the earth and the sky, and filling the channel with Nyvwyre. The tree meditation is also a medium trance state. So instead of ending your meditation when it is done you can slide right into a journey.

Start by finding a quiet place where you will be undisturbed. Unplug your phone. Put a sign on your door "DO NOT DISTURB." Do your meditation outside if you can find a place and the weather is willing. Have a pillow ready because you are going to sit cross legged. When you are comfortable you may begin. Take a few deep breaths slowly. First filling your stomach then your lungs. Fill completely. Do this a few times. Focus on letting go of any tension that may have built up during the day. Keep deep breathing as you take your mind and body off any distracting thoughts. THINK NOTHING!

At the bottom of your spine imagine pushing and growing a large tap root down into the earth and feel other roots pushing down. Feel your roots pushing down through rock breaking them apart. Feel your roots feeling water, minerals, and nutrients. Now just take some time to allow them to grow further down until you feel warmth. Feel them reach water.

After you have a strong root system well grounded, feel that earth energy moving up to your lower body (belly area) and developing a wide base trunk. Grow up quickly. Feel the trunk growing up your entire body, and when you get to just above your chest feel branches push their way out. Keep moving up and out. Take some time to do this. Make sure that branches grow out of the crown of your head. Reach those branches for the light of the sun. Feel the warming rays giving you energy. Grow new sprigs and lots of leaves and don't forget to take a deep breath and live. Be a tree for a moment. Notice if there are any animals living in your branches?

Pause...

Now I want you to focus on the earth energy coming up to your core-star, that is directly above your navel. Feel how strong Mother Earth's energy is flowing through you!

Take a moment...

Now feel Father Sky's energy coming down through your branches, down to your core-star at the same time you still feel the earth's energy coming up.

Take a moment...

Now send the Earth's energy up to the sky, out your branches, and send the skies energy down into the earth through your roots. As soon as both are united you see a bright light that is gold-white. It is coming from your core-star. Back in that light. Feel the love. Let that light burst throughout your entire being. You are meant to be here now. To continue with journey



Now stay within and visualize that gold-white light filling you up trying to burst out of your bark. All the way out to the ends of your branches, and all the way down to the tips of your roots, especially your tap root. Once you have done this imagine that you as your human self are smaller than normal and inside this tree that is filled with light. You are floating around as if there is no gravity. Now turn yourself upside down and look at the opening of the taproot that looks far into the underworld. It looks like it goes forever, all you see are its sides and the light. You decide to investigate. But first you find that there is a small white pouch tied around your waist, and you realize that it must have a purpose so you open it, and inside there are three golden seeds. You put them back in the pouch and continue on your journey. You grab a hold of the bark and pull yourself into the tunnel, as you are small inside this great tree and you are light energy you find it very easy to move along.

As you keep looking ahead it seems as though it will take forever but as you continue to move you see the bottom of the root and it looks like it is open at the end. As you get closer you see a beautiful luminous light that is tranquil to see. Upon reaching the opening you see a reflection, you grow more aware of the object that the reflection is coming from, and you see that it is a cauldron. A very large cauldron that could hold one to two hundred gallons. It appears to be water. Looking into that water it's dark at first just reflecting that luminous light, then you notice that an image appears, some kind of writing. Some ancient symbol that may have belonged to your ancestors. Look very closely. Memorize it, you may know it, it may even be unfamiliar to you, but remember it well...

The experience has made you feel somehow, special, like you were given a gift. Then you realize that you must also leave an offering so you reach for your pouch and open it, allowing the golden seeds to fall freely to the sacred waters. You will receive a sign that the offering was received. After you have received this you may return back up the root to your core self.

Once you are back in the trunk of the tree, expand your body to fill the tree and return to the earthly plane, remember to keep your core self intact.

It may be helpful to record this reading it aloud into a tape deck allowing for the amount of space you will need in different places during the meditation and journey.

# Michelle's Meditation

By Michelle Hajder, Feb 3, 1997  
On Carleton Vaxnotes Druid Conference

## Part One

Yes, that's grounding...but I also have this meditation/personal ritual for on-the-spot energy focus, which I also call grounding.

This is not something I invented, but is a general purpose thing I have seen different forms of in many books...

One sits on the floor/ground with good posture and a nice straight spine, taking a couple deep breaths and calming the mind and body.

Concentrate on your spine, feel it, be aware of it, and be aware of its energy. Now slowly feel and visualize your "spine" slowly extending downwards past the tailbone and descending out of your body. (It's probably gross and distracting to visualize actual vertebrae poking out your butt...the common image/feeling is a column of energy that flows from your spine. And remember, it's extending, not leaving your body, just getting longer and still keeping you connected.)

So feel and visualize your "spine" descend straight down through the floor, then the floor below, or the foundations of the house, down into the Earth. Be sure to take it slow enough that you \*really\* do feel this happening. Do not try to send your spine deeper until you are secure at the level you are on.

Send it down through topsoil, past water mains, layers of clay, etc, until you hit bedrock. Feel it continue for miles and miles downward, yet connected to your body.

Send it to the point at the center of the earth. secure it there. feel the link between you and the center. feel your spine securely rooted to the spot. You are so strongly connected that not even a tornado could move you.

Now, practice feeling and drawing energy up from out of the depths of the earth up your spine and into your body. Draw energy, draw peace. Send energy back to the earth. Feel the flow.

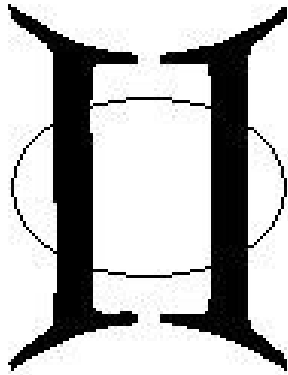
## Part Two

Now, If you want to continue the exercise, feel how your spine is connected to the center of the earth. follow it up back through the dirt and rock, back up your body, and now extend your spine-energy-column out the top of your head, extending slowly as before so you really feel it move out the top of your head, up above you, through the ceiling, through the roof, through the levels of atmosphere, up into the heavens as far as you can imagine.

You are now connected to both earth and sky, a powerful column joining two powerful forces. Pull energy down from sky. Send some back. Pull sky energy and send it into the earth. Raise earth energy to the sky. Do both at once. As you inhale, pull energy from above and below, and as you exhale, breathe the energies out. Pull positive energies in, send negative out.

Play with exercise of this sort and see what works for you.

So Ends Volume Nine  
Of the Green Books.



Feel Free to add your own articles on  
trees and recipes to this section.

# Green Book Of Meditations

## Volume Ten Research Resources On Druidism

### 2003 Introduction

Originally this was going to be the bulk of ARDA 2's Part Seven Miscellany, but due to some copyright concerns and the general wholeness of the subject matter, it seem that a Green Book was possible out of the material. Much of material of Section Two is from ARDA 1's Part Eight, and much from ARDA 1's Part Seven is now here in Section Three and Four. This section will naturally expand over the years, so it's a good idea to separate it from the main body text of ARDA 2.

I don't wish you to misinterpret this book as if for me to say that you have to be fascinated and obsessed with Celtic research to understand Druidism. That's not what I mean. Yes, I've studied the old ones, but I think there is more than can be learned from living plants and animals and each other than from the few remaining scraps. However, it's still good and interesting to know, even if not practiced. I hope you enjoy it, and have fruitful research.

Yours in the Mother,  
Mike Scharding  
March 20, 2003  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.

### Printing History

1<sup>st</sup> Edition, 2003 (ARDA 2)

Drynemetum Press



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\*=Not in ARDA 1

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# Section One:

## Essays on Modern Druidism

### The Sociology of the RDNA

By Irony Sade  
November 1998  
(New to ARDA 2)

#### Introduction

In this paper I intend to demonstrate that the great sociological theories of Schleiermacher, Marx, Durkheim and others are applicable to the study of the Reformed Druids of North America. I believe that these theories can shed useful light on even a movement as peculiar as the RDNA and that the Druids themselves hold some valuable contributions for the general study of religion. I intend to demonstrate that while they do not call themselves a religion, and perhaps ought not to do so on philosophic grounds, the Reformed Druids share enough of the qualities of a religious movement to be usefully studied as such. I will discuss the sources and methodological problems involved in this kind of study, give an introduction to the Reformed Druids, and a brief sketching of their origins and belief. Next I will address the question of religious applicability, and finally delve into the examination of the sociological theories of Schleiermacher, Marx, and Durkheim as they relate to the Reformed Druids.

#### Disclaimer and Acknowledgments

It must always be remembered that in matters of religious belief each individual can express only his or her conception of what a religion is or teaches. This is especially true of Reformed Druidism. The Druidic path is an intensely individualistic one and each Druid can only speak for sure of what he or she has found. To a certain extent this also holds for describing the movement as a whole. The way in which I see Reformed Druidism is only one amongst the many views that can be taken of it. Anyone wanting to take a serious look at the subject should be careful to view it through more than one lens.

Which brings me to a certain methodological problem with this study. Most- if not all- of the scholarly work that has been done regarding the Reformed Druids of North America at Carleton has been done by one man, Michael Scharding. Archdruid of the Carleton Grove from the spring of 1993 to that of 1994 he cosponsored the most recent revival of the Druids at Carleton (1995-6) and remains an influential - albeit absent - friend at the time of this writing. Michael Scharding majored in History as an undergraduate and in 1994 undertook the wonderfully self-referential endeavor of researching the history of the Reformed Druids for his Senior Integrative Exercise. In 1996 he revised this paper into a rather longer one, A General History of Reformed Druidism in America, and published it along with nearly all the collected writings of Reformed Druids past in A Reformed Druid Anthology, of which he was also the associate editor. "As a result of this research," he writes, "I've probably collected and read more Reformed Druid material and talked with more Druids from the different factions than any other Reformed Druid (except possibly Isaac Bonewits.) This means that I'm either an 'expert' or I am now more irreparably

confused in my Druidism than ever as a result."<sup>1</sup> It also means that no academic study of Reformed Druidism to date - to my knowledge - has escaped from his shadow.

Daniel Hansen's American Druidism is a wonderful field guide to the various Druid groups of the Americas, and provides a fine history of the RDNA, but, as Mr. Scharding has commented, "it would not be a good book to compare my opinions against as I had a great deal to do with getting [it] published."

Margot Alder also talks about the RDNA in what many consider the definitive work on the Neo-Pagan movement, Drawing Down the Moon, but says very little that Scharding does not.

Isaac Bonewits also mentions the RDNA at Carleton in Real Magic but discusses them primarily in terms of one of their rituals, which he uses as an example to illustrate his theories on magic working. In short, beyond a few oral interviews performed by the College archivist and others and the preserved writings of past and present Druids there is little written work to study.

To date, Michael Scharding represents the most influential academic voice in the study of Reformed Druidism. Except by performing new, original research it is nearly impossible not to be influenced by his perspective on the movement. As mentioned above, any adequate study of religion ought to view it through more than one lens. Luckily most of the progenitors of the movement are still alive and much of its history has been recorded and stored so the possibility of original studies remains. I write this merely to make the reader aware of Scharding's influence. The study of Reformed Druidism is both indebted to and dominated by him, and, while I have drawn extensively on my own observations, interviews, research, and experience as Archdruid over the past three years, this paper is no exception. People who wish a clearer look at the movement are encouraged to explore it for themselves.

Finally let me make one technical note. Wherever I refer to 'Druids' in this paper I mean the Reformed Druids of North America at Carleton College, past and present. I do not intend to discuss the Paleo-Druids of the Old World, nor the Meso-Druids of Brittany revived in 1717, nor most of the other Neo-Druid groups in America except as they directly relate to our understanding of the RDNA. If you want an overview of them, read Hansen. With that caveat, let us begin.

Irony Sade  
Prentice 206  
November, 1998

## Section I

### An Introduction to Reformed Druidism

"Religions that combine humor, play, and seriousness are a rare species," Margot Adler wrote. "Once you embark on a journey of change in perception, even when you start this journey as 'play,' you can end up in waters far different from those you may have originally intended to enter."<sup>2</sup> Reformed Druidism represents the embodiment of this sentiment. Created partially as a joke, partially as a reaction against authority, it nonetheless blossomed and grew far beyond the hopes and desires of its founders, becoming both sillier than they had intended, and far more serious than they had ever imagined.

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1 In his forward to A General History... A Reformed Druid Anthology, pp. 331.

ARDA pp. 16

2 Margot Adler, Drawing Down the Moon, pp. 299-300

Reformed Druidism began at Carleton as a humorous response to the ruling that all students attend a set number of religious services each term. The early flavor of the movement was always one of serious tongue-in-cheek, a combination of the intentionally profound with the pointlessly silly. The early Liturgy, for instance, was written in a playful pseudo-King James style both to provide a semblance of legitimacy and to tease the traditional profundity of holy writings. At the same time it contains some incredibly meaningful passages. Deborah Frangquist, one of the early formative members of the RDNA, recalls one of them nearly thirty years later.

O Lord, forgive these three sins, which are due to our human limitations:

Thou art everywhere, but we worship Thee here;

Thou art without form, but we worship Thee in these forms;

Thou hast no need of prayers and sacrifices, but we offer unto Thee these, our prayers and sacrifices.

"I still find that one of the most profound spiritual statements I have ever heard," she recalls. "It informs my understanding of what I as a believing Christian am doing in Christian liturgy, including the Eucharist. Every time I ended out on the Hill somewhere saying that prayer, I was moved anew by it, and I don't think I was alone in that."<sup>3</sup> The Druids at Carleton today continue to exhibit this characteristic blend of the meaningful and the frivolous. Their celebration of Beltane - the first of May - in 1998 included both a pair of weddings as serious and beautiful as the nuptial pairs could ask and an extended bout of 'doughnut fishing,' a spontaneous game where people chased a doughnut suspended on the end of a string, trying to catch it in their mouths while being tickled.

It is, I believe, this persistence of humor and spontaneity, respect and seriousness that has kept Reformed Druidism alive at Carleton for the last thirty-five years and enabled it to spread as far as it has. Were it to lose either of these qualities the movement would be finished. It would become either the useless ghost of a religion or a sacrilegious joke. With them it becomes something both meaningful and liberating, a way of searching and of exploring life in the company of others and oneself that is not exactly one thing or another. Neither a religion by its own definition, nor a philosophy by anyone else's, Reformed Druidism represents a unique and valuable creation of the human mind, and a fascinating confusion to the study of religion.

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3 This triad first appears in the Order of Common Worship as the invocation and again in nearly all the early liturgy. The Druids at Carleton have currently fallen out of the habit of actually using the old liturgy, but they still read through it for a good laugh and ponder it's many truths. See *A Reformed Druid Anthology*, Part Three, Liturgy of the Druids. Deborah Frangquist in an interview with Eric Hilleman, *Carleton Archivist*, October 31, 1993; pp. 450 of *A Reformed Druid Anthology*.

## Section II

### Origins of the Reformed Druids

The Reformed Druids of North America began, with no connection to either the Paleo or the modern European Druids, at Carleton College in April of 1963. At that time the college had a requirement for graduation stating that

"Attendance is required at the College Service of Worship or of the Sunday Evening Program or at any regularly organized service of public worship. Each term, every student must attend seven [of ten] of the services or religious meetings."<sup>4</sup>

A number of students felt that it was unfair to require people to attend services and decided to test the policy. The protesters were led by the original 'Triumvirate', consisting of David Fisher, Howard Cherniack and Norman Nelson. They noted the escape clause of "or at any regularly organized service of public worship" and realized that they could create and organize such a service themselves and offer it up to the relevant deans as a fulfillment of the requirement. The college would have two choices, as they saw it: either to refuse to recognize them and be accused of religious discrimination, or to let them graduate at which point the movement would be declared a hoax and the requirement further ridiculed.<sup>5</sup>

Instead, in the summer of 1964, John Nason, the president of the college, sent out a memo revoking the requirement. It should be noted that Nason had already decided that the college's policy of *In Loco Parentis* was outdated and may have been planning to revoke the requirement all along. The role of the Druids in its elimination is debatable, but they cheerfully took the credit for its disappearance.

Two things about this origin are crucial to the understanding of Reformed Druidism. The first is that the founders never intended the movement to last. The second is that the Reformed Druids had no connection what so ever to any other Druid group at the time of their founding.<sup>6</sup> "Indeed," writes Scharding, "this leads up to the greatest hindrance to the entire study of Reformed Druidism; the name 'Druid.' Many scholars will see the word 'Druidism' on a sheet of paper and suddenly a myriad of assumptions will strangle their minds."<sup>7</sup>

The Reformed Druid movement embodies none of the philosophy, worldview, cultural resonance or even religion of the Celts, Paleo, or Meso Druids. The name was picked because it was sufficiently venerable to be taken seriously and sufficiently misunderstood that the young RDNA could make up whatever they chose and not be called on inaccuracies.<sup>8</sup> As the

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4 Carleton College Catalogue, March 1964, pp. 136. -ARDA-

5 It should be remembered that these students - the original 'triumvirate' consisting of David Fisher, Howard Cherniack and Norman Nelson - were in no way irreligious. David is currently an Episcopalian priest. They merely felt that the requirement was unfair on principle and should be tested. They also hedged their bets and continued attending the 'legitimate' services throughout their protest.

6 This will be discussed more in section IV.

7 ARDA pp. 339. This seems to be a thing that each researcher is at pains to learn anew

8 "Mec"- Michael Scharding- wasted eight months of research before figuring this out. I knew he'd done so and I still fell for it. My desk is littered with fascinatingly irrelevant books on Druidism that have nothing to do with the RDNA.

story goes, Howard Cherinack's parents did not like indicating that they were Jewish on government forms, and had taken to writing 'Druid' instead. The Triumvirate picked up the idea and ran with it, inventing beliefs as they went. The subsequent history of the movement is complex and fascinating but I do not intend to address it here. Scharding has covered it more thoroughly than I am ever likely to and traces its internal dividing and developments over a thirty-year span. I will attempt to avoid much of that discussion except where it is relevant to our purpose here.

## Section III

### Beliefs of the Reformed Druids

Two things were of primary importance for the Reformed Druids in the beginning, and have remained fundamental to the movement ever since. The respect for nature, and the respect for each individual's rights. The founders wanted to create a system that would contain a meaningful core while eschewing all dogma and orthodoxy. In the words of one Druid, "Reformed Druidism is a statement that religion has a tendency to become organized religion and [sic] which then becomes organization devoid of religion."<sup>9</sup> The founders were very conscious of this 'fossilization theory' and wished to provide no framework for organization that could be exploited later. As such, when the two tenets were devised and finalized in 1963, they were kept as simple and as inclusive as possible.

The object of the search for religious truth, which is a universal and never-ending search, may be found through the Earth-Mother; which is Nature; but this is one way, yea, one way among many.

And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance, of Nature, which is the Earth-Mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it people do live, yea, even as they do struggle through life they are come face to face with it.<sup>10</sup>

These are the only two tenets of the Reformed Druids of North America - and the only two statements with which all Druids are ever likely to agree. Everything else is up to the individual. In their original form the tenets are rather cumbersome. They are often paraphrased as 'Nature is good' and 'Nature is good.' A more serious way of putting it, currently practiced amongst the Druids at Carleton is to say that first: The spiritual search is an important, individual, and life long endeavor, and secondly, that one way of searching lies through the study, understanding, and awareness of nature. Each of these phrasings indicates something rather different if they are taken literally, yet it is at one truth that they point. The only

commandment I have ever seen attached to Reformed Druidism is "Think for thyself!" The tenets, however you conceive of them, establish the framework in which to do this.

Druidism teaches that you have the right to believe what you know to be true, no matter what anyone else thinks of it. At the same time it holds that you cannot simply pick what you would like to be the case, nor design a cosmology irrespective of what the world teaches. To be a Druid is to deliberately and consciously seek out the truth of the world and decide for yourself what it is you will believe. Margot Adler sheds some useful light on the matter when she writes "The original founders seemed to hold the fundamental idea that one should scrutinize religion from 'a state of rebellion,' neither embracing traditional faiths nor rejecting them."<sup>11</sup>

Druids look everywhere for inspiration. World philosophies, religions, science fiction, children's books, strange dreams, the flight of swallows; all are considered equally valid insights to potential truths that must be at least examined, if never espoused. As Scharding writes, "It was important to Druidism that you believed your own views instead of slavishly following those of others, provided that you had carefully examined them and judged them sound."<sup>12</sup> This intellectual honesty is a necessary - if not sufficient - feature of the Druidic search. Without it the movement would descend into utter relativism.<sup>13</sup>

Another significant feature of Druidic 'belief' is that it is compatible with almost any other religious system. It serves to accentuate rather than replace a person's faith. Michael Scharding is a devout (maybe) Catholic as well as being a Druid. The group today contains at least one Atheist Druid, Jewish Druid, Quaker Druid, Seventh Day Adventist Druid, and innumerable Agnostic and Confused Druids. Indeed, the people who have taken Reformed Druidism to be their only religion have always been in the minority. The movement is hardly a thing that one can be converted to. The most common reaction to the personal acceptance of being a Druid is one of coming home. My own was, "Oh - now at last I have a name for what I've always done." The inclusiveness with which Druidism approaches all other religions is one of its strongest and most redeeming features.

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11 Drawing Down the Moon. pp. 301

12 ARDA. pp. 341

13 One could argue that the Druids already embody such a relativism in that the closest thing we have to a statement of belief is really simply an insistence that you search truth out yourself. If so, it is only the relativism of individual minds. Yet I do not believe that even this is the case. The intellectual honesty that Druidism fosters encourages clear sight and careful thinking, and it seems that even with a great many people searching in this manner, agreements and commonalities arise. It may be that when people look hard and carefully at the nature of reality they all find, on some fundamental level, the same things. It seems to me that even without an imposed order to the universe, relativism confounds itself against a deeper order that is already present. It is part of the answer to the problem of saying "This is the truth that I have found, which I will force on no one else - but it applies to everybody." A rigorous examination of this confusion will have to await the foredoomed attempt of working out a formal Druidic philosophy and metaphysic.

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9 Internal correspondence ARDA pp. 338

10 An interesting change in the modern phrasing of the first tenet is the omission of the idea that the spiritual search is universal. The reason for this is two fold. One motivation is a desire not to impose even that truth on others. Another is that it has become apparent that one can be a great Druid without holding that the spiritual search holds any immediate, personal, relevancy. David Coil, one of the greatest Druid apologists at Carleton today and the functional right hand of the Archdruid for the last year, holds the above view. He believes that upon death he will go back to being 'nineteen cents of chemicals,' end of story. He would rather live a life that ponders its spiritual significance, and expresses one of the purest Druidic spirits on campus.



## Section IV

### Is Reformed Druidism a Religion?

There is an unwritten rule that whatever any Druid may say about him or herself, no one is to make categorical claims regarding the entire movement. Druidism can be and has been a religion for its individual members. It has never claimed itself to be a religion. Druidism is above all a system of inquiry into life, nature and meaning. Depending on how one takes that the movement could be viewed either way. The official Druidic statement has been that the RDNA does not affirm or deny the validity of any religion, including itself.

The founders of Reformed Druidism certainly never intended to start a religion. Indeed, the persistence of the movement beyond the elimination of the Chapel requirement took many of the founders by surprise. David Fisher left the movement early on because he had begun to fear that he had helped to start something that was becoming dangerously close to a real religion. Its function as a protest was fulfilled, and yet the group remained. "For a great many Druids, the RDNA had introduced the possibility of taking personal responsibility for understanding and believing one's own faith."<sup>14</sup>

Druidism continued because people continued to find it meaningful and useful beyond its initial function as a creative protest. Still, did that make the RDNA a religion? The founders were careful not to call it such, though they wished it to appear as one for political purposes, and the movement has remained deliberately vague on this question ever since. Part of the reason for this vagueness is the fear of the 'fossilization theory.' If the RDNA had indeed found something meaningful in the realm of religion, it was felt that it had done so through its very simplicity. If defining themselves as a religion - or anything else - would engender the complexity and rigidity that people had joined the movement to avoid, they wanted no part of it.

One of the consequences of this refusal was the gradual splintering of the original RDNA into innumerable branches. Every so often someone would enter the movement who felt that it should be further defined. Each time this happened, after a brief struggle to change the whole RDNA, a new splinter group would form centered around the rebel and his or her followers. At present, so far as I can tell, there are nearly two dozen separate and related branches, all bearing the name 'Druid,' all spawned by definition or methodological disagreements. The first and most drastic of these schisms began in 1974 over the question of whether the RDNA should declare itself and its members exclusively pagan. This was exactly the sort of thing that many of the Druids - especially those for whom the Carleton grove had been influential - wanted to avoid. They loved the fact that one did not have to renounce any religious beliefs to become a Druid, and that the Druids brought together people of all different faiths to search together in a friendly, healthy manner. Others felt differently though, and a new group was formed.<sup>15</sup>

The old RDNA remained as it was, happily undefined and unsettled as to the religious question. Even in their second great interaction with authority, which seemed to hinge upon whether

the RDNA represented an actual religion or not the Druids managed to escape without really settling the issue.<sup>16</sup>

From a research perspective the question remains. Is the Reformed Druid movement a religion? Is it a 'real religion,' whatever that means? Is it something to which one can legitimately apply the theories of Weber, Marx, and Schleiermacher as I intend shortly to do? It is apparent by now that I, at least, regard it as, if not a religion per se, at least something to which many of the great religious theories and debates are applicable. If I did not, all the time I have put into this project would be seen as wasted.<sup>17</sup>

In what ways can the RDNA be considered a religion? Eliade defined the base of all religious experience as the personal experience of sacred reality or Other. Schleiermacher followed him in stating that it was the encounter between the finite and the infinite, which is the origin and object of all religion. To my mind, it is with exactly this encounter that Druidism deals. It is almost beyond question that on any functional level human beings are finite creatures. Through Druidism they engage freely in the spiritual search - the individual quest for understanding of the sacred. Certainly Druidism can and has dealt with all of the classical religious problems of ontology, metaphysics, soteriology, and eschatology, not to mention that of theodicy, the celebrated 'question of evil.' It has done so, however, on a purely individual level. Druidism never teaches that any particular thing is or is not the case - it simply teaches people to learn and decide for themselves.

All of the classic problems and issues of religion are discussed at Druidic meetings and debated at great length from a variety of views but in the end it is up to each individual to decide what to believe. What the RDNA does is to create a place where people of many different religions can come together to share their traditions and learning. Scharding credits this persistence to the delight in the possibility of taking personal responsibility for one's own faith. The movement had shown people experientially "the benefits of learning from people from other faiths in a non-hostile forum of interaction."<sup>18</sup>

The insight of the Druids, Scharding writes,

"was that if the same story about, say, a bird making its nest, can be interpreted by all religions as a useful analogy for their own religious beliefs, then people of all religions could benefit from getting together and hearing that same story.... As long as dogmatic theological statements remain out of the stories, the group can enjoy each other's company."<sup>19</sup>

It has often been denied that Reformed Druidism is a religion because it boasts no dogma or theology. 'How can that be a religion,' we often hear. 'It doesn't teach anything!' The short answer is that Druidism teaches people how to learn, not what is true. It will show you how to walk - not where to travel. In this it is exactly as much a religion as are the Zen Buddhist schools, or, for that matter, Taoism. The theories of the great sociologists of religion are usefully applicable to these systems. I believe that, even if it denies being a religion itself, they are no less applicable to Reformed Druidism.

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14 ARDA pp. 339.

15 See Scharding for a thorough discussion of this initial split, known within the movement as the 'Isaac wars.' Hansen also gives a solid cataloguing of the extant Druid groups in the United States today, their relationship to one another, and how each came to be.

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16 This was the almost famous 'Smiley Case' which will be discussed further below.

17 Or as a furthering of the great and subtle joke that some have seen Druidism as being!

18 ARDA pp. 339

19 ARDA pp. 341

There is one other problem that ought to be addressed. The question of what it would mean to declare the RDNA a religion. In a sense the question is academic because the movement intentionally never claims to be one. But from a certain perspective the question remains. If Reformed Druidism declared itself to be a fully fledged religion like any other, would it in effect be denying all religious validity? The argument runs vaguely as follows. Reformed Druidism affirms and denies no religious validity by its own admission. But the essence of religion seems to be a profound respect for the importance and validity of a personal encounter with the sacred. If the RDNA calls itself a religion just like the others, is it stating, in effect, that religious experience is not worth validating? The essence of religious tolerance is not unconditional acceptance of differences but rather an abiding respect for the sacredness of the other's Other. Druidism appears not to contain this. To put it differently, if Druidism includes itself in the set of Religions, is it saying that a religion does not have to affirm or deny anything at all? Druidism does not appear to contain any sacred. By calling itself a religion is it saying that there is no sacred to religion?<sup>20</sup>

I do not believe that this is the case. First of all, Druidism never declared itself, as such, to be a religion. If its members do so, that is their own affair, but almost invariably Druidism mutates and develops into something subtly different and much more complex as soon as it is adopted by a lucid individual rather than a group. Secondly, Druidism does hold an abiding respect for other experiences of the sacred. It simply holds their expressions, through theology, poetry, art, and philosophy as secondary portrayals of that primary experience. The experience of the sacred is holy and respected, whoever happened to have it. Their depiction of it is granted only as much validity as anyone else's. It is taken as one of many fingers pointing at the moon, not the moon itself. The validity of any and all experiences of the sacred stand. Religious expressions are viewed as mutable. Finally, Druidism itself would never - nor would any Druid that I know - state that there is no sacred in religion. It would merely insist that we each critically and honestly examine our own experiences, religious and otherwise, to seek out and understand the sacred within them.

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20 I confess that I do not completely understand this argument and have not given it the best statement or defense possible. I would gratefully welcome any clearer formulations of it. It is almost regrettable that there has never been a serious philosophical study of the Reformed Druid movement. Druidism seems such a valuable tool of inquiry that one could see the attraction in developing a solid understanding and perhaps metaphysic of it. But it is not at all clear to me at this point how one would go about doing this, nor even that it should be done. It is not that I doubt Druidism could take the probing, but the defining that it would almost certainly entail seems against the spirit of the system. It may be that anything that was developed in such a manner would become yet another splinter group, another branch of the movement that would leave its original roots unchanged.

## Section V

### Sociological Theory and the Reformed Druids

Of all the classical social theories, those of Friedrich Schleiermacher seem to most accurately describe Reformed Druidism.<sup>21</sup> Schleiermacher divided the depictions of religion in his time into those reducing it to functions of the will, reason, and imagination. When viewed as such, the primary vehicle for religious expression became morality, philosophy and art, respectively. Schleiermacher believed that each of these conceptions left out something crucial about the nature of religion and so posited a fourth category. The primary faculty of religion, he felt, was feeling. Religion, he posited, was the encounter of the finite to the infinite. Feeling was that by which we experience this encounter. As pure feelings are essentially incommunicable between sane humans, other means of expressing the encounter must be utilized. According to Schleiermacher, morality, philosophy, art, theology, rituals, laws, legends, and even history are all secondary means of trying to express this primary experience. As such, they have no final or absolute validity in the domain of religion! Only feeling can convey the primary experience, and feeling is essentially impossible to communicate.

Schleiermacher's view of religion is a profound call for tolerance. If all theologies and dogmas, all morals and rituals are only secondary expressions of the sacred, then even religious beliefs that completely antagonize one's own can be tolerated. People can realize that it is only the details of expression that they are fighting about when there may be no real disagreement over the feeling of the sacred. This view is almost identical to that espoused by Reformed Druidism. They too regard all expressions of religious truth to be equally valid as secondary indicators of an inexpressible reality that is never the less to be sought by each individual. They too exhibit a unilateral tolerance for all systems of religious belief and practice.<sup>22</sup>

Because no single expression of sacrality can be seen as being its primary experience people interested in approaching that sacred must engage in a constant process of interpretation of these secondary expressions. This hermeneutic circle of translation and interpretation is inherent to the Druidic search.

It is interesting that by both of these views religious experience and validity must remain forever a uniquely individual phenomena. Until it is possible to accurately communicate pure feeling, neither the Schleiermachers nor the Druids of the world will ever be able to convey to another what exactly their encounters with the Other - the infinite - were like. All forms of expression prove not only inadequate for the searcher's understanding of religion, but also for the sage's communication of religious understanding. The consequence of this, were everyone to operate within this model of religious

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21 In discussing the sociology of the movement, I do not intend to focus here on social factors leading to or even influencing the Reformed Druids. Michael Scharding discusses some of these including Judeo Christian influences, the influence of Asian religions, of the 'Sixties,' of Carleton, and toys with the possibility of Fraternal influences in the creation of the RDNA. Instead I intend to look at the applicability of some of the classical sociological theories to Druidism, leaving the discussion of factors to those who know more about them.

22 Within reason. Someone whose religious practice involved destroying the natural world on principle, or who ritually murdered random folks would not be tolerated. But this would be on behavioral grounds rather than religious ones.

understanding, is a plurality of completely unique experiences of the sacred, where each person honored the validity of other's experiences, and realized that no one's expressions of that feeling were any more adequate than their own.

Carl Marx had rather different conception of religion. Unfortunately his understanding of the phenomena was rather stunted by his hatred of it. Marx's insights into the nature of economics and political theory are profound; it is a shame he could not apply the same clarity of thought to the study of religion. It has been argued that Marx's statements on religion are inconclusive and contradictory, making it rather hard to discern what he actually thought on the subject, but from his critiques of Feuerbach, and of Bauer in *On the Jewish Question* a synthesis of sorts can be made.

It seems that Marx held that the ideas of religion emerged from social powerlessness. Religion served, in his mind, as a superstructure to maintain and perpetuate the economic base, which gave rise to it. It did this by maintaining the social class structure and placating the lower classes with promises of something better to come - so long as they held their peace for the time being. At the same time it seems that Marx held that religion emerged from alienation in the realm of civil society - the same force that produced divergent political and economic systems. Alienation leads to the objectification of an expression of one's self - or one's culture - which then is imagined as being independent of the thing it is an expression of. This is idolatry on Marx's view - the worship of something you yourself have created.<sup>23</sup>

It seems, though, that none of these ideas shed any particular light on Reformed Druidism. Druidism did not arise out of social powerlessness, does not maintain any class structure, and has no economic bearing what-so-ever. It also posits no higher being, objectified or otherwise, that could be viewed as a created and forgotten idol of civil alienation. Instead it seems that the RDNA emerged and has been sustained primarily through curiosity. Furthermore, Druidism does not seek - or serve - to maintain any authority, including its own, other than that of intellectual honesty, which is operative on a solely personal level. Druidism does take a certain delight in frustrating the authority of others, especially that which is seen as arbitrary, restrictive or simply absurd. In this sense it could be seen as a reaction to authoritarian structures, but not at all in the way that Marx envisioned. The RDNA has had only two major interactions with authority, and while one of them was the purpose of the movement's initiation, the struggle against an authority has never since proved a motivating factor in the movement's continuation.<sup>24</sup>

Another sociologist whose theories mesh oddly with the RDNA is Emile Durkheim. Durkheim held fundamentally that religion is not irrational - not at all a function of superstition and error as others have often maintained. All religious experience is the experience of the power of society in his view. The immediate fascination of this view is that no society can ever exist without religion. He also believed that to understand religion we must go back to its base: totemism. On at the same time he held that as a society changes, its god must too. In totemism the individual identifies and becomes one with the totem, which in turn unifies and expresses the nature of his or her social group. As societies advance this identification

becomes intellectualized and disguised. By the time a society reaches a reasonably advanced stage its conception of the totem has evolved into a fairly abstract, usually singular god. Along the way this conception of the sacred has been purged of all definable qualities. To adequately represent and unify a very simple social group was easy - they could all be seen to manifest attributes of the bear, for instance. As people specialize and society develops, one definable vision of 'god' can no longer depict them all equally. By abstracting more and more - and by removing all human characteristics - a societies god becomes more philosophic, beyond all description and understanding, all in the attempt to represent as many different objectified people as possible. The eventual and evident end of this so far as religion goes, is that a society will either have to simplify itself drastically to preserve its conception of god, or the individual itself will become seen as sacred - bypassing the objective representation of the individual as a totem, god, or anything else.

Druidism seems to be an exemplification of this second course. The very conception of god has been objectified away to nothing, and we are left with the individuals again, knowing that the sacred is important, but realizing anew that it is basically unknown. Each individual must seek out their own understanding of the sacred and, in doing so, it appears that each individual actually becomes in some sense sacred. While Reformed Druidism itself certainly did not begin as totemism and evolve to something else, it is entirely possible that the society from which it arose did. It may be that the emergence of the RDNA is the exact fulfillment and continuation of Durkheim's theory on religious evolution. It emerged at a time when society had diversified to the extent where not even a completely abstract and indescribable god without any qualities could represent every member of that society - for people are not themselves abstract. A specific conception of a personal deity could represent individuals better than an abstraction.

In this case the theory does shed useful light upon the RDNA. The movement is seen as the natural result of societal change and the forerunner of a greater degree of individual awareness and responsibility for religion soon to come. Indeed, as one looks at the kinds of religious movements that have been emerging since the 1960's when Druidism began one can see that many of them embody just this individualization of the sacred - though none of them do so as simply and carefully as do the Reformed Druids. I need merely instance the vast neo-pagan movement, the Church of All Worlds, and other similar organizations, where any non-socially murderous religious belief is tolerated, and where the church will ordain anyone as a legal minister for the asking.

On the other hand, Durkheim insists that all religious experience is the experience of the power of society. The Druidic path is one that can be followed without reference to society at all. It is useful to talk to others, to read the writings of sages past, or to ponder the teachings of other religions, but the essence of Druidism is clear and careful thinking about the world - a skill that could be practiced by the last man on earth. In addition, most, if not all, of the religious experiences reported by Reformed Druids have taken place in utter solitude. It is in their aloneness with nature that many of the Druids find themselves closest to the sacred. One could argue that if the individual itself has become sacred it is only natural that he or she would feel closest to the sacred when alone with themselves, but this argument smacks strongly of sophistry. It is also possible that the religious experience a person feels when alone is simply the transcendental power of society that they have absorbed and carried with them manifesting itself like a voice in the wilderness. Given the feeling and noetic content of many of these experiences I must seriously doubt that this is the case. I

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23 In this understanding of Marx I am deeply indebted to professor Nader Saiedi of Carleton College.

24 The first was the successful attempt to get the mandatory chapel requirement revoked. The second was the 'Smiley Affair' beginning in 1967 when the RDNA successfully stalled the US Military out of Drafting one of their priests. See the Carleton Archives, Internal correspondence, and pp. 345-6 of ARDA.

have yet to see a clear and convincing argument in its favor, but mention it because I cannot refute it completely.

Finally, Durkheim's description and justification of the social contract meshes nicely with Reformed Druidic thought. For him it is the inherent sacrality of each individual that makes it important for us not to break our promises to each other. For the Druids, an inviolate respect for the rights of each individual is inherent to the movement. Life is inherently sacred, many of them hold. No one has the right to violate that.

## Section VI

### Conclusion

I hope that I have at least demonstrated that the Reformed Druids of North America, while not being a religion in the strictest sense, comprise a movement to which the sociological theories of Schleiermacher, Marx, Durkheim and others are applicable. I believe that much can be learned about the movement by seriously applying the theories of these and other writers, and by examining and developing the philosophic background of the RDNA. I hope that others will continue this search, and if they ever find from within the movement that they are acting against its spirit, that they will listen to the dictates of their hearts before forging ahead or dropping their studies.

What I am not sure that I have demonstrated is that the Reformed Druids actually embody a definable and distinct set of people that could be studied as a religious group. I think that what binds them together is the spirit of their search, the shared history of the movement, and their individual acceptance of the simple tenets. If that is not enough, to convince the reader, I ask you to consider how the world's Christians can be considered part of one movement, embracing as they do both the Catholic church and the Quaker meeting halls.

Finally, let me say that for the most part, the confusion as to who is and isn't a Druid shows up on paper more than it does in life. This seems to be because, despite the changes, there has never really been any doubt as to who the Druids amongst people were. As Isaac Bonewits writes,

"The role of the Druid has always been clear - scholar, and artist, poet, and priest, philosopher and magician - the one who seeks, preserves and expends the highest wisdom her or his people are capable of handling safely, and who uses the knowledge and inspiration for the benefit of their community."<sup>25</sup>

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# Why Are We Called Reformed? Reflections on Judaism and Calvinism

By Mairi Ceolmhor, ODAL, DC Grove  
transcribed and assisted by Mairi Ceolmhor  
using several dictionaries.  
(New to ARDA 2)

Ogmos, and other gods interested in elegant speech, please guide my words to present my own personal views and reach the hearts of my readers; who will not mistake my views for those of the RDNA in general. . I'm sorry it's so long, so perhaps it should be read in two parts if you have a short attention. Enough said, let's roll

What's in a name? Depends on the person, I guess. Many people take great pride and derive much support by the names and associations, which they adopt. Labels, much as we hate pigeonholing, provide a reference point for understanding someone. How about members of the Reformed Druids of North America? We've certainly spent a lot of time researching, defending, deprecating and defining the term "Druid," because in the RDNA, we call ourselves "Druids." It is natural to understand the background and implications of that term. But why are we also called "Reformed?" What are we referring to "Year XXII of the Reform" or when we speak of our movement as "The Reform?" Where exactly does the word "Reformed" come from?

The word "*reform*" first appears in surviving English literature as "*reformen*" in 1340, derived from French "*reformer*" or Latin "*reformare*" with a meaning of "make again" or "restoration." After 1440 it added the nuance, "to improve"; and in 1563 "changed for the better" was added. Around 1663, it was used popularly to denote "improvement by removal of some abuse or wrong," due to its use in describing the 16<sup>th</sup> century religious movement of the "Reformation." "Reformatory Schools" began in 16<sup>th</sup> century to "reform" juvenile offenders (did the Founders believe they were in a prison-like school?) In days of Prohibition, it was also used to refer to drunkards who have given up the habit. Today, the Oxford English Dictionary describes it as:

1 a. to put or change into an improved form or condition.

1 b. to amend or improve by change of form or removal of faults or abuses.

2. To put an end to evil by enforcing or introducing a better method or course of action.

3. To subject hydrocarbons (gasoline) to cracking to produce new products. (And most Druids like hydrocarbons and they are "crackers")

Some members of the RDNA understand it in the "recasting" or "re-creation" or "re-constructing" modes with moderation. But, it is primarily under the religious and moral meaning that the term is now used in our general society. So in order to appreciate this term, I looked at two churches (I'm not sure if we really are a church) that use "Reformed" in their title; Reformed Judaism and Reformed Christianity (there's no Reformed Islam, I think.) Let's hypothesize how their traditions

may (or may not) have affected our own self-identity in the early 60s. If nothing else, when discussing your “reform” during inter-faith dialogue, we should understand what their “reform” means.

We know that a movement, known as “Reformed Judaism,” solidified around 1810, see [www.ccarnet.org/platforms/principles.html](http://www.ccarnet.org/platforms/principles.html) It is described on several sites on the internet as:

“Judaism marked by a liberal approach in nonobservance of much legal tradition regarded as irrelevant to the present and in shortening and simplification of traditional ritual.” -Anonymous

We Reform Jews are heirs to a vast body of beliefs and practices embodied in TORAH and the other Jewish sacred writings. We differ from more ritually observant Jews because we recognize that our sacred heritage has evolved and adapted over the centuries and that it must continue to do so. And we also recognize that if Judaism were not capable of evolution, of REFORM, it could not survive. Reform Judaism accepts and encourages pluralism. Judaism has never demanded uniformity of belief or practice. But we must never forget that whether we are Reform, Conservative, Reconstructionist, or Orthodox, we are all an essential part of K'lal Yisrael -- the worldwide community of Jewry. <http://rj.org/index.html>

The vernacular language is used in most services. Judaism is adapted to contemporary conditions. The spirit of the law, rather than the letter of the law, is observed. Revelation is seen as coming through the human spirit and nature, as well as sacred text. Traditional home rituals are not as highly valued as in other traditions of Judaism.

[www.interfaithcalendar.org/ReformedJudaism.htm](http://www.interfaithcalendar.org/ReformedJudaism.htm)

Reform Jewish services allow for women cantors, choirs, organs and pianos as well as other instruments, and “music” as well as chanting. Women are also allowed to read from and chant the Torah, as well as pray aloud. The worship service involves the congregation much more than Orthodox and Conservative counterparts. This allows for quite a bit of variety in worship, especially with regards to the musical language used in worship.

<http://simplechemistry.w00tcentral.com/Kyles/rejud.htm>

Gosh, that sounds quite a bit like us! I believe, there were at least a few members with a Jewish background in the Founding Days of the Carleton Grove, such as Howard Cherniack and Deborah Frangquist. Throughout our history, some members have knowingly called ourselves “Drues,” and cracked jokes like “That’s funny, you don’t look Druish” in Berkeley. We also had our very own Hassidic Druids of North America branch in St. Louis Missouri during the mid-70s (for more info see, ARDA part 5.

This belief seems also to niche in with the neo-old-testament style of the early Druid Chronicles of the 60s; e.g. rebuilding the altar, the psalm-like meditations of “David” Frangquist, lonely hermits seeking god in the wilderness, invocation of weather, prophetic ranting at authorities, and images of a persecuted people seeking release (“let my people go” by Cherniack.) The prevalent “Cult of Carleton” has an apparent belief that Northfield is a special holy-land (let’s see, that makes Israel in the Middle East and Carleton in the Mid-West...) That, plus an innate desire for academic excellence, love of dancing & song, self-deprecating humor, a world-wide Diaspora, a tendency to delve into anti-defamation and fight persecution, adaptation to various cultures, and inveterate kibitzing, plus being human beings is as far as the resemblance seems to extend.

Of course, there are points of difference. We look to the possibility of more than one divinity. Most of the Druids aren’t obsessed with returning to Ireland. We don’t have sacred scriptures, and don’t read what few words we do have recorded. The ancient Celts were illiterate, and we proudly continue that tradition by not “liter”-ing indiscriminately. We also try to not blow our own horn, “sho far” as I can tell. Nor do we have any dietary customs, except to eat enough to live and limit whiskey during the winter season (which sounds backwards in practicality to me,) although the vegetarians amongst us are rather noisy and self-righteous. (I’m a Texan; we worship cows best when they’re inside our bellies and on our feet.) There is a definite lack of a sense of racial separatism (i.e. “us vs. the gentiles”) among Druid (with the Celtophiles excepted,) and we have no objections to marriage with members of other religions (in fact we seem to practice a bit of all of faiths) as long as they are civil. And, we don’t require members to cut off pieces of their bodies (either gender,) although the Orthodox Druids have this thing about lopping off the heads of their enemies... Finally, except for Brother Peter, most Druids don’t seem to wear strange headgear.

We also know that many of the Founders were also members of the Protestant branch of Christianity, such as Fisher, Nelson & David Frangquist, and so the term “Reform” must have had several inescapable meanings that were attractive to them (although the first image of Presbyterian-style Druidism is a bit comical at first.) “Reformed” often indicates a Protestant church that is related to the Calvinist branch, as formed in various continental European countries. Calvinism had a “strong emphasis on the sovereignty of God and especially by the doctrine of predestination.” At first, this seemed like a strong mis-match for the RDNA, so I further investigated a lengthy sermon at a “Reformed” site at <http://www.graceonlinelibrary.org/theology/full.asp?ID=625> This is when I discovered other meanings latent in the term. The lecture taught that;

“This position commits us to a high view of Scripture. We receive it as the infallible and fully inspired Word of God. **We will bow to no higher authority.** Historically this has meant that we do not elevate church tradition to the level of Scripture - as the Roman Catholic Church has done. But neither do we canonize our own experience, no matter how spectacular or supernatural it may be. Church tradition and personal experience have no independent status and are always subservient to the teaching of the Bible.” (My emphasis)

Again, much of that does not mesh well with most Reformed Druids' beliefs (or, at least the Druids I know.) However, the revolt against the original Roman Church (the history of Catholicism is about warring factional beliefs) by a strong-willed minority of the oppressed is quite heroic (despite what many of them would later do to other minorities) and well paralleled by the early Grove at Carleton. The Founders of the RDNA revolted against the Deans of Men and Women for the imposition of mandatory religious attendance, but perhaps not to the extent of nailing 95 complaints onto their office doors (I'm sure they would have used thumb-tacks.) The distrust of "experience" part written above doesn't jive that well with us either. Again, the RDNA apparently does not look highly upon its own literature. Attempts were made to stop publishing the 1976 *Druid Chronicles (Evolved)* and that 1996 *A Reformed Druid Anthology*, because the works were seen as encouraging dogmatism by providing too much material in a portable format that could encourage spiritual dependency on others' past experiences in written form (i.e. Bible hugging.) Brother Mike, an assistant editor of ARDA, recommended the book as a doorstopper or paper-weight on a desk; rather than as a 'brain-stopper' or 'dead-weight on the soul'. He is pleased to report that, "very few people have read it." Indeed, the RDNA seems to lean more toward the individual's experiences as having greater spiritual power, rather than asserting the institutionalized fossilized customs of past members. Reading further, I noted:

Because God is sovereign, He is Lord of all of life. Hence, we seek to live all of life to the glory of God. As Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Lo, whether you eat or drink or whatever you do, do it all for the glory of God" (I Cor.10:31.) This is a far-reaching command, which Reformed people have generally taken quite seriously.

Hey, I'm not a Christian myself; but, change that deity to "Earth-Mother," remember that every sovereign has court officials, and add a flavor of Zennish "Everyday life as religion" with unexpected moments of enlightenment, and I can swallow that pretty well. A bit further:

Hand in hand with this missions emphasis goes a concern for revival. Although this word has suffered abuse in recent years, there is nothing unreformed about revival! Again and again throughout the history of the church God has poured out His Spirit to bring times of refreshing.

IMHO, my own Reformed Druidism believes in the cycle of revivals of Nature and the pressing need for a continual discovery of Awareness and Wisdom through introspection and revelation from the gods. And Gods know!, how the Groves crash and need a good rejuvenating jolt every few years. The coming and going of members, or a change of focus, often breathes new life. So I can parallel with this thinking again. As for missionary activity, I am rather neutral. Make your presence findable and those who come will come. Don't be a public nuisance (unless it's necessary.) That's my system. I'm not a missionary of Druidism or grove-oriented like Brothers Isaac, Larson or Mike. I think a well-balanced RDNA Druid can enjoy fulfilling participation in any religion's congregation, without forming their own "druid" grove. This is what I plan to do. It's called "Guerilla Druidism," but I'm not into aping those around me (that would "Gorilla Druidism," something I'm not bananas over.) I'm definitely a "Solitary Druid," see my song in <http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/bard.html> (Salvo #5.)

"To the Reformers the Roman Catholic sacramental system seemed to be part of a transaction that was always going on between man and God. In it, people made sacrifices designed to appease and please God. They would attend the mass, bring offerings, show sorrow, do penance--which might involve self-punishment or compensatory good works--until God would be gracious. The leaders of the church, from priests through bishops and popes, mediated the transaction. The Reformers believed that such an arrangement could easily be misused as a political instrument for forcing rulers to comply with the church's wishes and as a personal instrument for keeping people in uncertainty or terror. It was this vision of Catholicism that helped inspire the Protestant leadership to rebel and to define justification in other terms."

The RDNA doesn't fit in with this, as we definitely are into pleasing the Gods, sacrificing, and seeking their wishes. I think, if you're going to live somewhere, you should ask those in the neighborhood what the rules are (including Nature, the first resident) and follow them. The Brothers David (Fisher & Frangquist) say much on this subject of sacrifice;

For one man, the sacrifice of life is the offering up of himself to a god or gods. To another, it is an offering up of his mind to a search for truth. As a priest, I repeat the great Answer to calm men's hearts and minds, not as a magical formula of absolution; but some the Answer is an absolution, washing away the distractions of a week of worry, and reaffirming confidence in the idea of a purpose in life. Book of Faith, V.9. The Apocrypha. <http://www.student.carleton.edu/orgs/Druids/ARDA/ARDA-02.pdf>

I feel, that if the Gods don't like us at all, then they shouldn't have made us (or we shouldn't have made them.) We all have our good days and bad days, and any omniscient deity should realize that and take it into consideration on what to dish out to us. I also believe that a mother knows what her child needs, no matter whether it gurgles, coos or grimaces; so we should remember that when the debate on "proper" ritual is brought up. Brother MaDagda & Sister Tegwedd claim that the "Reformed" refers to some ancient practices which we have "reformed"; notably, our decision in 1963 to end the sacrifice of animals for religious purposes (including humans -and arguably-even politicians) or the offering of blood. Sister Tegwedd recommends getting consent from the plant sacrifice by some means. "The Book of Customs in the "Druid Chronicles (Reformed)" recommends several Celtic customs and practices, but does not require their mandatory obeisance. Now, I'm not a bible-stroking, verse quoting, steely-tongued debater; but Cherniack once said,

"Have ye not forgotten that we are reformed, yea, we do even call ourselves by the name of Reformed, wherefore we must put behind us those things which do bring offense to our senses;" --Book of Latter Chronicles, Ch 5 Vs 9

The RDNA has been firmly silent on issues of an afterlife (and strangely reticent on a “before-life,” by the way!) I think most people should concentrate on this existence, or basically to “get a life.” Some members use the RDNA as a garnish or decoration attached to other religions that provide full-service after-life systems; other members treat the RDNA as the main-course and consider it to provide for all their needs. Call me a Humanist, but I think there are enough good reasons to be gentle, responsible and caring member of a community or have a religious life without an “afterlife bribe/threat.” I believe that Confucius said, “How can a virtuous man understand the world of ghosts and spirits when they can’t even program a VCR to stop blinking 12:00 on its clock?! Oi vey!” or thereabouts.

The Protestant “priesthood of believers” revived an ancient concept of a direct link to God(s) without the mediation of professional priests (who still have a role.) Members of the RDNA appear to be very careful not to vaunt the offices of the three orders; and we certainly don’t get paid well enough to make a living off it. I, personally, see them more as undertaking extra responsibilities rather than as an achievement of “perfection” or “completion” of Druid-ity. In other words, a life-long First Order might just as speedily reach enlightenment or Awareness as a high muckety-muck 9<sup>th</sup> Order Patriarch, without vigiling or drinking the Waters of Life every weekend. Surely, the Earth-Mother knows her own, and all our fancy titles won’t bias her relationship with us. More than likely, according to the ARDA history, these orders were both an attempt to overthrow Fisher’s control of the Carleton Grove, plus a carry-over from the Fraternal groups that David Fisher wanted to simulate at Carleton. Yet, I believe they still have proponents who’ve found a use for them. Going back to the “Reform Sermon”;

“In theory, Protestantism has stood throughout its history for a principle of protest that calls under judgment not only the beliefs and institutions of others but also one's own movements and causes. On those grounds, however, most students of Protestantism would recognize that the Protestant tradition has not been substantially more successful than have other faiths at remaining self-critical or at rising above institutional self-defensiveness.”

This last aspect seems the firmest legacy of Protestantism for the RDNA. I have heard, “Show me two Druids and I’ll give you at least 3 opinions on any topic.” Well, in my opinion, we are a rather argumentative, critical bunch of curmudgeons, who take matters into our hands, and are fiercely suspicious of hierarchy and the institutionalization & fossilization of religion. (And some aren’t.) Our name does have a potentially empowering meaning that could encourage activism and rebellion, without demanding it. Yet, like the last part, we also sometimes slip into ruts, avoid hard choices, resist natural adaptations and don’t seek to know or correct our errors. Remember the expression that, “It is easier to see smoke coming from a neighbor’s kitchen window than to notice the burning roof on top of our own house?” At the end of the ritual, we have to go home, sweep our corners, air the linens, and wash the dishes like our other fellow mortals.

I would add one last shade to the word “Reform” as in OED’s 1A definition; its first meaning. That is to change into a new form. As Nature breaks down and rebuilds all things (vegetable, animal or mineral,) there is no “eternal,” only change and adaptation. Again, in my opinion and twelve years of experience, the RDNA’s greatest power has been the power to

take older diverse creeds, traditions, rules, and faiths and transform them into a product (perhaps even “improved”) by using our humor, reflection and piercing inspection such that could meet the current needs of our grove members. As Brother MaDagda states, “As reformed druid, I take what I can from our ancestor s of the Oaken Brotherhood and reshape, reform it to fit within this time, this age.”

Until now, the usual response to “Why are you called Reformed?” has always been (and Brother Mike just loves this joke,) is “Because we also worship bushes... except elected ones...” I hope that this essay will help you to go beyond that sort of reply in some way and start a good dialogue with other faiths.

Peace!  
Mairi Ceolmhor

P.S. Proudly call yourself Reformed Druids when the Celtophiles criticize you. We can stand up to them also. Perhaps you can console them that without a “Reformed Druid” you can’t have an “Orthodox Druid”?

## Responses to Mairi

(Various Authors, 2002)

(New to ARDA 2)

### Chapter the FIRST

1. Date: Tue, 16 Apr 2002 07:09:28 -0400
2. In the Vernal Equinox edition of the Druid Missal-Any, Mairi Ceolmhor speculates that Reformed Judaism "sounds quite a bit like us!" (in reference to the RDNA.)
3. Though this may be only one perspective on the historical similarities between the RDNA and other "religious movements" throughout history, and not to reflect on other Groves beyond an historical anecdote, Silent Grove does not in any way, past or present, draw parallels to any aspect of Judaism, whether Reformed or not, or it's natural extension - Zionism.
4. Indeed, Silent Grove strongly disengages itself from the current atrocities committed by the Zionist regime, and does not wish to have its Grove sullied by any suggestions of connections, associations or similarities with historical or contemporary Judaism/Zionism in part or as a whole.
5. -Glen
6. Silent Grove

### Chapter the SECOND

1. Dear Glen,
2. I'm glad you've broken your silence to speak out on issues that matter to you. :) The following, is of course, my personal opinion in reply to your personal opinion for the possible benefit of the readers' opinions. :)
3. Each grove in the Reform is naturally free to choose its sources of inspiration, and equally free to choose which one's not to be inspired by (if it is possible to ignore a "purple rhino" once the idea is mentioned to you.)

4. I believe what you most object to here is the collaboration between politics and religion.
5. Any religion, once it has a desire to achieve and keep political or military power, will then proceed to protect that power, usually against rival religions.
6. This is the sad fact of Northern Ireland, Cyprus, Sri Lanka, Israel/Palestine, Timor, the Wild West and numerous other locales.
7. I understand the dilemma that possible association or resemblance to any group can bring about unfavorable comparisons.
8. I'm still proud to have German ancestry, although I disdain the Nazism of the 20th century.
9. I'm proud to be part Irish, but deplore the violence of North Ireland.
10. I speak English, despite the millions of Celts killed, disenfranchised or enslaved (etc.) by Anglo-Saxon & French descendents.
11. I doubt that any western institution (especially a religious one) or academic environment that hasn't been affected, influenced or involved with Judaism or Christianity (which is Judaism blended with Mithraic and Greek Mystery cults) or Islam for that matter, which was Mairi's argument.
12. While I'm sure some Reformed Judaics support Zionism, I believe the underlying purpose of that movement is to adjust Judaism to the realities of modern life, rather than to adjust the world to Judaism, which is more Zionism to me.
13. If there is one lesson I've learned in Reformed Druidism, it is that there are allies and good lessons in nearly every religion, if you know where to look (the opposite also holds true) and search well.
14. But I will agree with you, that the current situation in the Middle East, with its messy blend of racism/ politics/ religion/ class/ lunacy is just plain discouraging.
15. I hope that America doesn't go any further down a similar road of its own, towards extremism or preferential treatment for population based on religion.
16. But, I do not know enough of the details and history behind these religious conflagrations which touch so many related topics. But I am applying myself to a growing understanding.
17. After all, the last reason why we're "reformed" is that we're trying to fix our mistakes, and we can learn much by relating to and engaging ourselves in the dilemmas of others, and we'll need your help.
18. This reminds me of what Isaac told Carleton-graduates in the 70s about "throwing the baby out with the bath water" (2nd Epistle of Isaac) when it comes to magic and associations with neo-paganism.
19. Interestingly, Isaac (of all people) was accused by several people of being Jewish because of his name (which resembles the founder of Reformed Judaism,) involvement with founding the Hassidic Druids of North America, and a few other reasons.
20. I believe his reaction was "I'm charmed, but you're very mistaken."

21. On a final thought, I'm reminded that poem by Issho (Zen Harvest #19):

1. Over the pond
2. Every night casts its light
3. But the water won't be soiled
4. The moon won't be either.

22. But, I hope you at the very least found Mairi's article to be thought provoking? I welcome other input on dealing with PR issues of association with other groups and movements by the readers.

23. Yours moderately,
24. -Mike
25. April 16, 2002

## Chapter the THIRD

1. Dear Mike,
2. Actually, Brother Mike, all I am saying is that Silent Grove does not consider itself, in any way, influenced by historical or modern Zionism.
3. We despise the situation in the Middle East, as provoked by war criminal Ariel Sharon in 1999 by his visit to a Palestinian holy location. We also despise the fact that your nation continues to fuel Zionist arrogance by providing \$3B/annum in aid to a bellicose nation whose hegemonistic aspirations in the region are a detriment to world prosperity.
4. Any Druid would plainly see that the balance is completely torn asunder by misguided foreign policy that funds 'war brokers' to pad their corporate coffers.
5. This is not the wish of the Mother. As such, and I am sure you feel it as well, things will be corrected in the near future. Divination would tell you as much.
6. With warm regards,
7. Glen

## Chapter the FOURTH

1. Dear Glen,
2. It seemed a poor choice on his part, wasn't it?
3. Canada is a wonderful country, after all, I've thought of moving there. In a way, your grove appears to be negatively influenced by Zionism, as is shown by your outrage.
4. It doesn't take a Druid to realize such matters of the world exist. But it would take a Druid to know how to respond wisely. Without time travel, what would be a good course to take?
5. Most of my divination is about the Earth-Mother's acceptance of my sacrifices, not those of others'. I'm sure the gods hear those.
6. With warm regards,
7. -Mike



## Chapter the FIFTH

1. All in the Mother,
2. It is in the spirit of good ale, good music, and a good heart, that I need to rectify Brother Mike in his assumptions as to my sunrise message.
3. Indeed, the message is that each Grove delivers unto themselves the deeds they see as fit.
4. It is simple to be an editorial proxy, however to be representative, that has been the downfall of all political/religious movements.
5. I welcome, each and everyone of you, to visit our website in the weeks to come, as we begin to practice "Druidism" without getting lost on provocations such as, "What is Reformed?" and glorify far more important trivial frivolities from days a' yore! Indeed, you may find our catalogue will soon surpass the "un-official website" of the RDNA.
6. Tsk! Such a shame that your arrogance exudes in statements that extol the self, rather than the Grace of the Mother. An old Taoist once proclaimed, "visit the river and sit there until you forget yourself. Only then can you become selfless."
7. As far as the Zionist regime is concerned, our Grove feels no bitter hatred, only a sullen remorse that such a wondrous group of people could degrade themselves to the pit of hate once again, such that many societies will reward them with violence as they have done throughout history.
8. BTW, I'm glad you left in question marks.
9. A Zen Buddhist once dropped by a pizza parlor called "Zen Pizza."
10. He ordered one with everything.
11. The pizza came, and he paid, but he complained when the clerk didn't give him any change.
12. The clerk quickly pointed out that, "change comes from within"
13. Therein lacks the wisdom.
14. With the Mother in our hearts,
15. Silent Grove

## Mini Essay on the RDNA

By Mike Scharding  
August, 2002  
(New to ARDA 2)

Dear Gale Group,

I have long appreciated your coverage of our little group in your Encyclopedia of American Religions. Isaac Bonewits forwarded this copy to me, because "Mike, you're the Archivist of the RDNA, so you do it." Well, I did edit the 500 page "A Reformed Druid Anthology" <http://www.student.carleton.edu/orgs/Druids/ARDA/>, so I hope that can help amend your copy, which is reasonably accurate.

I have underlined corrections and new information. If you'd like a disk version of this document please send me your e-mail address. My address is [mikerdna@hotmail.com](mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com)

-Yours sincerely,

Michael James Scharding  
Arch-Druid of D.C. Grove  
Former Arch-Druid of Carleton Grove (1993-1994)  
Archivist of the RDNA since 1992.  
[www.geocities.com/druidarchives](http://www.geocities.com/druidarchives)  
You can reach me at work 9-5 M-F at 202-238-6918  
Email: [mikerdna@hotmail.com](mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com)  
[www.geocities.com/mikerdna](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna) Largest page on the RDNA

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The Reformed Druids of North America was formed in 1963 by a group of students at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, as a protest against a compulsory chapel attendance requirement. It began as a result of a breakfast conversation between David Fisher, Howard Cherniack and Norman Nelson. The idea emerged of forming a non-bloody sacrificial Druidic group. If students were denied credit for attending its services, then they would claim religious persecution; if they received credit, the whole project would be revealed as a hoax, thus ridiculing the requirement. The requirement was dropped in the summer of 1964, and the Druids quickly claimed victory. The group decided that, since it benefited from the spiritual inquiry and enjoyed rituals so much, it would continue. At that time, the loose structure was completed and the two basic tenets of belief were outlined.

1. The object of the search for religious truth, which is a universal and a never-ending search, may be found through the Earth Mother, which is Nature; but this is one way, yea, one way among many.

2. And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance, of Nature, which is the Earth Mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it we do live, yea, even as we do struggle through life are we come face to face with it.

Most Druids couldn't remember this, so it was soon simplified to:

1. Nature is good.
2. Likewise, Nature is good.

Rituals had been constructed by the Reformed Druids with a resemblance to the Episcopal service, in addition to materials in anthropological literature, such as *The Golden Bough*, the classical text by Sir James Fraser. A fire burning altar was constructed on nearby Monument Hill, where the first Protestant service in Minnesota had been held. Though frequently destroyed, the altar was constantly replaced, proving to be an inspiration to future Druids whenever persecuted. Later on, prominent, immovable boulders were used. Ritual is directed toward nature and is held outdoors, in an oak grove where possible. Robes of white, originally made from bed sheets, were often worn with various colored ribbons of office. Inspirational readings and concepts were drawn from the texts of all the world's religions, with a strong emphasis on Oriental and Celtic sources. The passing of the waters-of-life is a symbol of oneness with nature and each-other. The eight major festival days are Samhain (Nov. 1), Mid-Winter, Oimelc (Feb. 1,) Spring Equinox, Beltane (May 1,) Mid-Summer, Lughnasadh (Aug. 1) and Fall Equinox. The Celtic/Druidic gods and goddesses are retained to help focus attention on nature, but some groves now use other pantheons or call the simple spirit of the Earth.

Some Reformed Druids are organized into autonomous groves, others are solitary. Each grove is headed by an Arch-Druid, a Preceptor (for business matters) and a Server (to assist the Arch-Druid.) Three orders of the priesthood are recognized, but the majority of members do not enter them. The original "Druid Chronicles," written by David Frangquist (the third Arch-Druid of Carleton) in 1964, consist of the history, and the few rules and customs of the RDNA. The Chronicles serve as entertaining reading, although they are written in King James style English. Despite the abundant writings in later years, the RDNA is not a scripture-based religion; rather deriving wisdom from experience and inspiration. Many in the group refused to acknowledge it as a religion, preferring to call it a philosophical form of inquiry. (In this regard, those members resembled the fraternal groups such as the United Ancient Order of Druids.)

Over the years, a continuity of organization was affected through a lineage of Arch-Druids. The original Arch-Druid entered the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. About half of even the most active members also eventually join mainstream religious movements, since the lessons of Reformed Druidism are often seen as a catalyst to inquiry and compatible with nearly all faiths. In 1978, about fourteen locally autonomous groves were functioning, especially in Northfield and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Chicago and Evanston, Illinois; Ann Arbor, MI; Webster MO; New York City; and Palo Alto and Berkeley, California.

In the mid-1970s, the motivational leadership of the Druid movement passed to Isaac Bonewits, who had made national headlines when he graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with a degree in magick. Bonewits and Larson headed a Berkeley grove, which was the center of druidical activity on the west coast. Many members of various groves were active protesters against the Draft, which was seen as a target similar to the chapel requirement of the Founding days, and other prominent issues. This motivated the first unsuccessful attempts to register as an official religious organization with the IRS. During the mid-70s, a great debate arose over whether the RDNA was part of the Neo-Pagan movements of California that had blossomed in early 70s. A schism developed, led by Bonewits, to form the New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA,) which was amenable to Neo-Paganism and greater organization; and then schismed again into the Schismatic Druids of North America (SDNA,) which was exclusively Neo-Pagan. The Carleton faction preferred that the RDNA branch remain undefined and silent on such matters. The most lasting contribution of Bonewits &

Larson was the compilation and distribution of the numerous Druid writings by various authors. In 1977, he published the 250 page "Druid Chronicles (Evolved)," which contained Frangquist's original publication plus more history, rituals, laws, customs and humor for the many branches of the Reformed Druids. In 1978 he began Pentalpha as a national Druid Periodical and established a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt charity.

After several years of publishing the magazine, trying to promote Druidism and research into Indo-European religious origins, Bonewits formed a new organization called *Ar nDraiocht Fein* ("Our Own Druidism") in 1983. ADF was famous for a broad Indo-European source of inspiration, seminary training, intensive research into liturgical formulation, church tax-status, and strong organization; and soon became one of the largest Neo-Pagan groups in the country. In 1986, some members of ADF rebelled and formed "The Henge of Keltria," based in Minneapolis; focusing on Celtic religion and more relaxed training methods. ADF, Keltria, RDNA and NRDNA all bear the Reformed Druid sigil (a circle with two vertical lines) that David Fisher invented in 1963. The bulk of Druids in America belong to one of these four members of the family of American Druidism. Their only other major rival in North America is the British organization, Order of Bards Ovates and Druids (OBOD.)

Arch Druid Joan Carruth and many other members hived off the Berkeley Grove and founded the Live Oak Grove in Orinda, California in 1981. Live Oak took over the lead during the lapse at Carleton & Berkeley, eventually incorporating as a tax-free religious organization. After Berkeley's "Pentalpha" & "Druid Chronicler" newsletter ended, Live Oak's Emmon Bodfish published the "Druid Missal-Any" newsletter until 1991. At that time, there were only four remaining active groves; Orinda, CA; Seattle, WA; Northfield, MN; and Keene, NH. The Live Oak grove ended in the mid 80s as did many of the scattered groves of the RDNA & NRDNA, and the torch of activity reverted back to Carleton. A slow revival had begun silently in 1982 when Frangquist re-established the Carleton Grove with some energetic young students. In the mid-80s, a greater interest in Neo-Paganism, Native-American and ecology drove Carleton into new realms of spiritual experimentation, adding a few elements of Wicca (such as Lunar rituals,) austere vigiling, and the sweat-lodge (blending Scandinavian and Sioux customs.) Members of any order, not just the Arch-Druid, were encouraged to lead services, activities and other methods of participation. Ironically, the groves of the NRDNA remained closer to the original liturgy and structure.

Mike Scharding (31<sup>st</sup> Arch-Druid of Carleton, 1993-1994) established the Druid Archives with the help of the Carleton College archives. Materials from all the past RDNA groves and the other Druid movements in the world were gathered there for public access, and a list of contents was posted on-line. Many consider the RDNA is the best archived. In 1996, Scharding compiled the 500 page "A Reformed Druid Anthology," which updated Bonewits' 1976 publication, carried new history, detailed the great debates of the 70s, and made it all available to the Public Domain on the internet. After Emmon's death, his protégé from the Live Oak Grove, Stacey Weinberger, re-established a grove on the same site in 1999 (called Baccharis Grove) and succeeded to the role of publishing "A Druid Missal-Any" in 2000 on each of the eight Druid holidays. During the 90s, a greater communication ease of E-mail, free down-loading capacity, the uncomplicated organizational style, and the RDNA's high-profile name, assisted the resurgence of grove formation in the RDNA. In addition to the four remaining groves of 1991, thirty-odd new groves were operating in 2002, mostly on the west and east coast, the Midwest, Japan and Canada.

The current Reform has about 4000 members, but only 400 engage in grove activity. The vast, silent majority of solitary members live apart from groves, quietly observing the changing seasons, celebrating the cycles of their life, engaging in moving conversation with their non-Druidic peers, and reflecting with Awareness on what passes around them. Therefore, what happens in the groves, perhaps, should be seen as the exception of what is standard in the RDNA. Regardless, the RDNA (and descendent organizations) continue their quirky self-deprecating activities, in many different traditions, with its trademark mixture of reverence and playful humor.

# The Most Famous Reformed Druids

By Mike, Digitalis Grove  
Druid Missal-Any, Summer Solstice 2002  
(New to ARDA 2)

I'm sure you've heard these jokes:

"I'm a Reformed Druid, I worship bushes, except the elected kind."

"I'm a Reformed Druid; Pacific Chapter, I only worship Douglas Firs"

"I'm a Reformed Druid; I don't hug trees and sacrifice virgins, I sacrifice trees and hug virgins..."

"I'm a Reformed Zen Druid; I worship trees AND bushes that aren't there."

Who started this infamous series of jokes? Apparently a very famous Reformed Druid is at the origin. Strangely enough, it isn't Isaac Bonewits, but a man who never actually existed. For most Americans, Captain Jonathan S. Tuttle, is the most widely recognized Reformed Druid that they will likely know.

## Background on Tuttle

On January 14th, 1973 the 15th episode of the first season of M\*A\*S\*H was written by Bruce Shelly, David Ketchum and directed by William Wiard and was simply titled "Tuttle." The episode opens with Hawkeye Pierce and Trapper McIntyre stealing camp supplies to give to Sister Teresa and her nearby orphanage during the Korean War. They say the goods are delivered on orders from Capt. Jonathan S. Tuttle. Of course, Capt. Tuttle doesn't exist; he was Hawkeye's imaginary friend as a kid. Tuttle always took the rap for Hawkeye's misdeeds. He's described as "George Washington, with John Wayne's agent," "Mister Humility," "an inspiration to us all," and one who "brings out the best in me." Col. Blake wants Tuttle to be "officer of the day," so Hawkeye cleverly creates a personnel file,

Hawkeye: "Religion..."

Trapper: "Atheist?"

Hawkeye: "I don't believe in Atheism. Let's make him a Druid."

Radar: "What's that?"

Hawkeye: "They worship trees."

Radar: "Ah, tree surgeon."

Hawkeye: "Druid, Reformed. They're allowed to pray at bushes."

## Other Purported Vitals:

Full Name: Captain Jonathan S. Tuttle

Serial number: 39729966.

Born: Battle Creek, MI in 1924.

Religion: Druid, Reformed.

Medical school: Berlinisches Politechnicum.

Parents: Harry & Frieda Tuttle

Height: 6'4"

Weight: 195lbs

Hair Color: Auburn

Eye Color: Hazel

Tuttle soon gives all 14 months of neglected back pay to the orphanage. When Tuttle was going to be decorated for this gesture by Gen. Clayton, Hawkeye runs into camp saying how Tuttle was volunteering to do field surgery and jumped out of a helicopter without his parachute. "No sacrifice was too great." Of course, Trapper's new imaginary friend, Captain Murdoch, obtained the fake dog tags and parachute! Hawkeye even delivers a eulogy for Tuttle:

"We can all be comforted that he's not really gone. There's a little Tuttle left in all of us. You might say, that all of us made up Tuttle. Our grief will pass, and it's already hard to remember exactly How Johnny looked, how he talked, his little laugh. Thankfully, he's left behind a memorial. I've been informed by Radar, he's named Sister Teresa's orphanage. As the sole beneficiary of his GI insurance. How typical. We salute you, Captain Tuttle. Humanitarian and healer. Good luck, Doctor, in that big waiting room in the sky..."

What an amazing fellow Druid! But the mystery doesn't end there. Perhaps a cover-up is involved since he didn't apparently die. At an official air force base, I found:

Captain Tuttle

Assistant Professor of Political Science,  
Surgeon HQ USAFA/DFPS - M4 2354  
Fairchild Dr. USAF Academy, Colorado  
80840-6258 (719)333-2270  
[Tuttle.dfps@usafa.af.mil](mailto:Tuttle.dfps@usafa.af.mil)

Captain Tuttle is a bit of a mystery man, often seen only late at night by a few lucky souls. His degree area is scholarly, and his teaching talents are legendary. His degree is from the Berlinisches Politechnicum. His studies focused on urban legends and 1970s TV shows. He is 6'3", 195 lbs, born in Battle Creek, Michigan. He is the best darn OD we have ever had. On 24 August 2000, there was a sighting of the elusive Capt Tuttle, however, after analysis of the photographic evidence it was determined the sighting was a mere false alarm.

This evidence is available at: [www.usafa.af.mil/dfps/faculty.htm#tuttle](http://www.usafa.af.mil/dfps/faculty.htm#tuttle) It's comforting to know that you can't keep a good Druid down, right?

## More About Those Tuttle

This episode is interesting, because it shows how a story can take a life of its own. Most people acknowledge that the myths that surround most heroes are fictitious, but that does nothing to cease inspiring us. Tuttle is a model for us all. I noted his 20 years of schooling, international experience, medical knowledge, and love of home-made liquor.

An interesting point is that nearly all of the major characters in M\*A\*S\*H have Celtic or Border names: Pierce (York.), McIntyre (Scot), Maj Burns (Scot), Maj Houlihan (Irish), Col. Blake (Welsh), Corporal Riley (Scot), Father Mulcahy (Irish); with Klinger (Lebanese) as the exception. Is there some kind of implied rejection of the Anglo-American desire for exporting war being symbolized by a Celtic crew trying to clean up the mess of the aftermath? For me, Pierce and McIntyre are two crafty Druids trapped in the madness of war, trying to remain free by using wit, humor and satire to escape the insanity and dismality imposed by the dull uptight Burns and other various commanding buffoonish officers. For more on M\*A\*S\*H characters see: [www.mash4077.co.uk/](http://www.mash4077.co.uk/) TV tapes are available at Amazon.com.

Interestingly, the mythical rebellious Reformer, "Tuttle," also appears in the 1985 movie "Brazil" (by Terry Gilliam of Monty Python.) Brazil is born out of doom-based fiction such as George Orwell's 1984; Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World"; and Franz Kafka's "The Trial," chronicling a story where a reluctant bureaucrat is dragged into a web of conspiracy in a society of automatons. A printing error for the arrest of Archibald Tuttle, leads to the mistaken imprisonment of Mr. Buttle. Ironically, as Sam goes about his business to clear Buttle's name, he aids and is aided by Archibald "Harry" Tuttle (played by Robert De Niro), A renegade heating engineer who is sought after by the Ministry of Information for "Freelance Subversion." Tuttle allies with Sam after fixing Sam's heating system. Tuttle is bent on destroying the bureaucratic state. When asked his motives:

"Why? I came into this game for the action, the excitement. Go anywhere, travel light, get in, get out, wherever there's trouble, a man alone. Now they've got the whole country sectioned off - can't make a move without a form."

Indeed, this Tuttle is described as:

Tuttle is a far cry from the slick, self-assured conspirator imagined by polite society; he is simply a human being seeking liberation from paperwork and social regulations. In his denial of society, Tuttle proves that humanity is not entirely lost. Tuttle provides one of the rare occurrences of true humanity in Brazil's dispassionate society, proclaiming, "We're all in it together," when in fact the majority of society seems to believe that every man must fend for himself.

## Origin and Further News on Tuttle

So where did they learn about "Reformed Druidism" for the M\*A\*S\*H script? Now, Isaac Bonewits was born in 1949 in Royal Oak, Michigan; so is there a connection with Battle Creek Michigan? Bruce Shelly, the prolific writer, lived in California. (<http://us.imdb.com/Name?Shelly,+Bruce.>) Unfortunately, I've been unable to make contact with him, and he's at least in his late 60's, so perhaps we'll never know. Perhaps a relative or friend of his was a neo-pagan? Most likely, Shelley heard of Isaac's infamous "Degree in Magic" from UC Berkeley in a 1971 newspaper article and remembered it for the episode 15 months later. Interestingly enough, the Charles E. Tuttle Publishing house has been releasing a line of "linking East & West spirituality" since the 50s, winning Publisher of the Year in 1971, with many titles on Celtic Monasticism, Japan and of course, Korea. Perhaps we have a blending of two figures? Unfortunately, Mr. Shelley did not know that the RDNA was founded in 1963, so Tuttle actually predates the RDNA (being 1951 when he died), unless of course, Tuttle is related to David Fisher...

So to wrap it up. Tuttle is still out there on "Nick at Night" and various re-run channels doing his best to present a noble image of the self-sacrificing hero, that we all hope is in us too. Bring him up in a conversation or utilize him in your daily deeds.

## Where Do People Get Ideas About Druids?

(The Paranthetical Epistle of Mike)

July 5, 2001

(New to ARDA 2)

As always, I speak for myself, and certainly do not represent the opinions of the Reform or other members. Why, in fact, I don't often agree even with my self. Sometimes I have the most interesting conversations when I talk to myself...

Few people join the Reform, or any other Druid group for that matter, without some pretty strong preconceptions already established. Man has always wished to control Nature, rather than be controlled (or rather, just a part) of Nature, so myths are rife with gods, demi-gods or even mere mortals who can twist or manipulate mighty Nature to their own whims and needs. "Man" is often defined 'as the animal which uses tools', although we know that chimps use sticks and some birds sew their nests. I would redefine "Man is an animal that uses drugs," which may make you smile (I refer you to the 5<sup>th</sup> Order for further guidance), but in a real way we all wish that we were something that we are not. There are several avenues to accomplish this goal, mainly: drugs, insanity, and fantasy. Religion tends to wander in and betwixt these three options, acting as a possible accelerant to their flames. Fantasy is by far the most socially acceptable option in our present society. This can take on many forms; day-night-wet dreams, the entertainment media which provides us a brief respite, living our dreams vicariously through other more famous people (i.e. soap operas), myths –gossip- stories, drama and games.

Tolkienn is often credited with being the grand-daddy of the Fantasy movement, so we all should add "The Hobbit" to our Grove libraries. I seriously believe that without Tolkienn, there would be no Reform. (Or if there had been no McCarthy or inquisition. As all of you Dr. Who fans know, changing the past in reality is a very dangerous activity, but changing our understanding of the past is big business.) So, let's talk about Dungeons and Dragons, an influential off-shoot of this Fantasy movement. We all know that Role-Playing Games (RPG) and the medieval Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA), both starting in 1971-ish, grew hand-in-hand with the Neo-Pagan/Wiccan/New-age emergence. Perhaps, those evangelists are correct in saying that RPGs are a breeding ground for Paganism; which they add is a "bad thing." Strangely enough, I kind of agree with them. I first played D&D in 4<sup>th</sup> grade in the school yard, exploring the "S2: White Plume Mountain" scenario, as, can you guess? Yes, a 6<sup>th</sup> Level Druid named "Magoor," if I remember rightly. My understanding of magic was heavily influenced by that game over the next 8 years, as well as by the definitions of the 9 alignments (Lawful Good, Neutral Evil, True Neutral, Chaotic Neutral, etc.), and the ordering of the Planes of Existence. (I dare not touch the topic that experience points and advancement are only gained by slaughtering others, which is actually capitalism....) D&D provided a structure for me in which multiple pantheons of deities, ruling separate realms, could co-influence their respective spheres of activity over our mortal plane of existence (a concept that is no doubt conducive to my own eclectic brand of Druidism.) Yet it wasn't until College, that I began to depart from Catholicism (the True Paganism!, according to some people.) I am sure that Brother Isaac Bonewits (refer to his academic "Real Magic" tome or his RPG "Authentic Thaumaturgy") would be the first to agree with me, that these popular visions of fireball-flinging wizards are perhaps detrimental and distracting to the more practical magic that we

are usually inclined towards practicing (although it would be fun to unleash a ninth-level “creeping doom” (i.e. a cloud of bugs) upon certain opponents....)

So that brings us back to Nature and our relation to it. In numerous fantasy novels (in particular, the “Shannara” series), computer games (“The Druid,” and the game “Mystery of the Druids,” advertised in this issue, etc) and also in AD&D (where we are a special sub-class of Cleric); where we have been laden with the image of a rather crotchety old man, usually robed with a deep hood, who is rather neutral of human concerns (because nature does not concern itself with good or evil), hauling rocks around the landscape for no apparent reason (perhaps they were the inventors of the construction cartel?), in control of secret powers related to the control and protection of Nature, and loitering in dark leafy groves singing groovy tunes (that sounds like me, except the “old” part, I’m only 30.) Unlike most clerics, the powers of fantasy figures come through the study of Nature not the imploration of the god(s), and “absorbing of energies,” or the gruesome activities of which the Ancient Druids are often accused (perhaps rightly), we can also change shape! Adding to this stew, are the Celtophiles; who claim the Druids could do anything your ancestors could do, and could do it better (if they really wanted to try), including an imposing list of cultural, judicial, musical, medicinal, philosophical & astrological skills that would make a modern renaissance liberal-arts student blush in shame. I suppose they didn’t have specialists back then? Don’t forget that famous verse of “Gimme that old time religion” goes “We will worship like those Druids, who drink fermented fluids, waltzing naked through the woo-ids, and that’s good enough for me!” (This, at least, describes the Carleton Grove rather too perfectly.) As for the general public’s opinion, don’t forget lead guitarist Nigel’s adept summary, in the movie “Spinal Tap,” with his introduction to the song Stone Henge; “Long ago, in a mystical land, were a strange race of people, the Druids. No body knew who they were, or what they were doing.... But their legacy lives on in.... STONEHENGE!” Of course, the Wiccans bring over their ideas, thinking we that we must also like athames, pentacles and quiet moonlit walks on the beaches... (which are cool too.) Finally, there are our siblings in the UK & Europe, who are dotty over dolmens, heady over henges, and have a really poor fashion sense towards ridiculous headgear, unflattering robes, & gaudy jewelry. (I’m sorry, perhaps I’m really AM talking about us?) This has been going on for at least four centuries, (see “The Famous Druids” by Owen in 1979)!

Whew! For good or bad, this is the image and mental baggage, which nearly all our recruits bring with them to the RDNA. What’s the problem with it, because it sounds really exciting and it’s great for marketing our image (except that bit about sacrificing, which I might discuss further next time)? Well, nothing I guess really is really wrong, but I believe the founders of the Reform had different key elements; simplicity, revolutionary defiance and a love of whiskey (which I might add are key Scottish attributes....) The RDNA began over the issue of not being coerced into worshipping the way other people want us to do (and perhaps it still is?) Now, I’m a rather antagonistic person myself, being 41.32352% or so Celtic-ish (“The easiest way to make an Irishman to decline an action is to order them to do it”), always taking up an opposite view to balance things (there’s my lasting imprinted notion of “neutrality” again), so I hate being defined by other’s fantasies (mine are sufficiently strange, thank you!.) But it is only by examining your presumptions and preconceptions that you can know where you’re coming from and going to.

The previously described image (the word “describe” also has a meaning of corralling or limiting) is rather similar to the one that many in the ADF, OBOD, Keltria & some of us are

(perhaps willingly) striving towards, I believe. What has made us stand apart from the pack of other Druid groups, is probably our well-developed sense of sarcastic humor (an ancient Druid trait) & our skillfully inept organizational skills (unfortunately, also an ancient Celtic trait.) However, borrowing the Taoist image of “the un-carved block of wood,” whose future shape is yet undetermined, and therefore infinitely versatile; I believe each and every grove, yea!, every Druid in the Reform should consider stripping away these accretions (there’s that “Waltzing naked in the woods” cry for simplicity!), return to the seed of Druidism (which may be something about Nature, isn’t it?), then allow their trees (& grove) to follow Nature’s course (please be reserved on pruning the mistletoe that clings to your boughs, too.)

Like it or not, as a group, we are diverse, anarchic and eclectic. In the past we had Norse, Zen, Celtic, Hasidic, Wiccan, Non-Aristolean, Humanistic, Orthodox and others paths which had no easy labels (take a look at this site for a fuller list:

[www.geocities.com/mikerdna/wheregrove.html](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/wheregrove.html)

In all honesty, our group has not been conducive to a Reform-wide mythology, theology, voting rules, set ritual, long-term membership, powerful-lobbying body, fund-raising, recognition by IRS, or fashion (Och lord, how I’ve tried, but I am a color blind Scot, yowsers!) For most, that sounds like failure. But a leopard shouldn’t complain about its spots. I heard once that a sign of a good teacher (hopefully, one of ours is the Earth-Mother) is not the answers she gives, but the kinds of questions that she raises. I believe that, under her tutelage, we have produced a healthy crop of really good questions about some very basic concepts and issues, (bull-shit is very good fertilizer.) As long as that activity continues, whether we call it Druidism or not (an oak is an oak is an oak), then the RDNA lives on.

Now that I’ve said my piece, what do you think?

# Fantasy Druids

By Daniel Hansen (DC2001:Scharding), Msc.D.  
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(New to ARDA 2)

There we were, sitting at the dining room table with the usual piles of assorted odd shaped dice, a pencil with a well worn eraser, and sheets of paper filled with numbers, cryptic scribbling, and strange names like "Northwind," "Tangen," "Sun Carver," "Greyford," and others just as strange and exotic. The room was pretty well dark except for the hanging light over the table. Scattered around the table were small painted figurines of wizards, fighters, and thieves as well as dragons, unicorns, and orcs. At the head of the table sits the Game Master or Dungeon Master (the DM) with his Game Master screen filled with "to hit" charts and saving throws. Sitting around the table were the usual players, this night there were only four of us, but it could've been as few as two or as many as ten. Off to one side is the usual stack of empty pizza boxes from the local pizza delivery and crushed cans of cola. Together we were playing one of the many fantasy role playing (FRP) games set in the Middle Ages where magic was "real" and "reality" was created in the imagination of the players and directed by the Game Master. There are many variations of these games such as Advanced Dungeons & Dragons (AD&D) TM, Warhammer TM, or Paladium TM. However, if we wanted to play something other than a medieval fantasy there are many other variations. This includes the superhero game Champions TM, the cowboy Boot Hill TM, the post nuclear holocaust Gamma World TM, and space-faring Travelers TM, but this time we were playing the Medieval world most common to fantasy role-players gamers.

These fantasy role-playing games have been around for over thirty years or so, since the early 70's, and untold millions of have experienced these worlds of magic and adventure. For those unfamiliar with fantasy role playing games, the basic idea is gamers create with words and imagination a fantasy world called a "campaign" in which magic is real and works the way it's supposed to and is instantaneous. This is where worlds of high adventure abound around every corner. This is where magical treasure and mountains of gold pieces are waiting to be claimed if only your character is brave enough or strong enough or smart enough to meet the challenge, slay the evil monsters, and survive the dungeon traps. Then victory and the spoils are yours for the taking (on paper at any rate), only to renew the quest with a new adventure with even more powerful adversaries, and maybe even do battle with the gods themselves.

In this campaign, I was playing a Druid, one of many character classes, "My Druid waved his magic wand and a fireball shoots out and strikes the ugly half-orc warlord. I roll three six-sided dice, all snake eyes. "Just great," I thought to myself. The Game Master rolls his lucky dice. "Ha!" he says, my monster saved for half damage." Now it's his turn, the Game Master rolls his twenty sided dice... a twenty, a hit. He rolls an eight-sided dice... a six. I look at my Druid's character sheet, six points of damage was just enough to take my nature priest out of the game. I set down my dice, leaned back in my chair, and patiently watched as the other players carried on with the game. I picked up my character sheet and wondered, "just what is a Druid anyhow?" Was it something made up by the creators of fantasy role-playing games or was there such a thing as a Druid.

The more I pondered the question of what is a Druid, I had decided to find out what it was, if indeed it was something. Being "killed" in the game it was easy to slip away. Like most people, I looked it up in a dictionary and sure enough there was such a thing as a Druid. Most dictionaries say something like "the priests of the ancient Celtic religion." I decided to look

Druids up in the encyclopedia and I found it between "Drugs" and "Drums," (I couldn't help wondering if there was a message in that placement.) Here it said that the Druids were the judges, priests, and advisors to the Celtic kings of Gaul, Ireland, and Britain. It went on to say they held the mistletoe and oak tree to be sacred. It concluded by saying the Roman Empire outlawed them and that Christianity finally wiped out Druidism. While all this information was accurate, it was to say the least kind of vague. Fortunately, today there are a number of books in circulation, which give a more detailed insight than the general information found in a dictionary or encyclopedia.

For modern Druids, how much effect have these fantasy role playing games had on the shape or direction of Druidism today? Having played various fantasy role-playing games (particularly AD&D) since I was in college and later becoming involved with various branches of neo-Druidism, I can definitely see parallel and influences of fantasy role-playing games on the concepts found within modern Druidism. I know that this statement may shock and offend many Druids, especially those who want to eliminate any and all non-factual elements from Druidism, but to deny the truth doesn't make it go away. To realize the effect of fantasy role-playing games on modern Druidism, it is first necessary to look at the ancient or paleo-Druids and contrast them to the neo-Druids. After that, compare and contrast the neo-Druids with the fantasy Druids.

Historically, the paleo-Druids were part of the elite ruling class, while not actually lords, they had enormous political clout. In Ireland a king could not speak before the Druid had his say first. The paleo-Druids were the teachers, the lawyers, the philosophers, healers, prophets, and the intermediaries between mortals and the gods. No ritual or ceremony could be performed without a Druid present to ensure it was done correctly. In certain circumstances, it was the paleo-Druid's duty to perform human sacrifice, either burning their victim in huge wickerwork, or a ritual sacrifice such as the Lindow Man. According to Caesar it took twenty years to train to become a Druid as opposed to the hereditary priesthoods of the Mediterranean world where you are born into the role of being a priest. The Druids were considered the most just of men and were attributed with fantastic magical powers to move mountains, control weather, create thorny barriers, and other great magical feats. The Druids were the living libraries of the ancient Celts who practiced an oral tradition and were renowned for their memory. It is said that they didn't commit their knowledge or lore to writing because it dulls the mind. The Roman Empire considered the Druids a serious political threat and took extreme measures to eradicate them. An example is the Roman attack on the Druid sanctuary of Mona where the Romans slaughtered the Druids and Celtic defenders and cut down their sacred grove. Later the early Christian Church of Rome would continue the attack on the Druids as serious rivals for the spiritual niche in Celtic society. Sadly, between the Roman Legions and the legion of Christian missionaries, the Druids as a social caste ceased to be by the 5<sup>th</sup> Century CE.

Fifteen centuries after the last recorded Druid, the Druids reemerged from their ancient slumber. It's safe to say that the current groups of neo-Druids bear very little resemblance to the paleo-Druids. For starters, they are a fringe group and wield little or no political clout (we don't even make a voting block) such as other minorities and like-minded groups do. While some Druids run the rituals, most are content to participate in local grove or circle activities. Leadership takes time to give lectures or teach a few classes on the concepts of Druidism, such as philosophy and magic. They fall far short on their roles of teachers, lawyers, diviners, and philosophers (there are exceptions, but they are few and far between.) Due to modern laws and good sense, modern Druids perform neither human nor

animal sacrifices. Instead flowers, leaves, wine, or other non-animal sacrifices are made as a token of reverence to the Old Gods. As for training neo-Druids, there are no special requirements and training techniques vary from one group to another. Needless to say, it no longer takes twenty years to train a Druid. There are correspondence courses, which take about a year to complete. There is one thing the neo-Druids have in common with the paleo-Druids and that is the Christian Church still seems to consider Druids a serious rival or threat. It is clear from this rough comparison there is considerable fundamental differences between the paleo-Druids and the neo-Druids.

Now then, what about the Fantasy Role-Playing Druids? Well to begin with they exist only in fantasy realms of the imagination. Most game systems present the Druid as a nature priest and as such the Druid seems to be a very weak class. The Druid is given a few abilities that are nature-oriented spells that are in tune with Nature, and are restricted as to armor and weapons available to them. Generally the Druid is given the alignment of "True Neutral," which indicates that the Druid is not motivated by good or evil, lay nor chaos, but seeks a balance between all the forces of the universe. All in all it is a pretty pathetic character class. It is little wonder that they are not considered a popular class and in the recent 2<sup>nd</sup> editions of Advanced Dungeons and Dragons they have been dropped down to a mere footnote. Still, for many, there is a fascination with the Druid and it has inspired several works of fiction as well as numerous game supplements like AD&D "Celtic Campaign Sourcebook," AD&D "The Complete Druid's Handbook," Culps' "Celtic Myth," and Chaosium "King Arthur Pendragon." Each of these works presents a slightly different variation on the same theme, but the feel of the Druid as a powerful character remains as part of a Celtic realm filled with magical landscapes, mighty warriors, Otherworld monsters, kings, legendary treasures, and Druids. Within the concept of the game, the Druids were themselves associated with other classes such as Bards and Rangers and they were also connected with certain non-human creatures like Dryads, Swanmays, Banshee, and Leprechauns. Within any of these sources it is possible to create a truly impressive character that can effectively leave the forest and take their place within the greater fantasy realm.

Fantasy Role-Playing Druids, and in fact most role-playing, adds quite a dimension within the neo-Druid experience. Keep in mind that the neo-Druids are trying to bring Druidism into relevance for today as an alternative belief system within the neo-Pagan movement. The role, if you'll pardon the pun, of the fantasy Druid can be used to make a working concept of how Druids should interact with others of diverse belief systems, become familiar with working with magic and interacting with supernatural beings, both friend and foe. Here in the fantasy realm, the Druid can regain the power and prestige held by the paleo-Druids of old. It is safe to say that most of the modern Druids are familiar with Fantasy role-playing games and if they played, it is a good bet that they played as either Druids, Bards, or Rangers or a combination of one of these or something else. There is a great deal of truth in that while playing these fantasy type games, individuals can experience a certain spiritual (and some may say religious) satisfaction and insight without ever realizing how or why. The explanations for this can delve from the ridiculous to the metaphysical, but for each person the experience and reason are different so it would be foolish to generalize. The important thing is that the experience does happen and we should just accept it as a gift from the powers that be.

I found that reading up on the Druids, from both scholarly and fantasy books; I was better able to redefine the role of the Druid within the campaign setting and in my practice of neo-Druidism in the real world. In so doing, when I played the

Druid I played him as he should have been played in the first place, as a class of high learning and honor. While it is true that being a Druid is not for everyone, but it couldn't hurt to try and who knows, you just might find as I did that I like being a Druid.

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# Druidess: An Overview

By Daniel Hansen, Msc.D., Olympia Grove  
Druid Missal-Any, Summer 2002

The question is often asked, where there female Druids? This article, the first part of a series by Brother Daniel, hopes to shed some light and give us some answers and evidence.

In our modern world of non-racist, non-sexist egalitarian society, and in particular the neo-Druid movement, we often attribute these modern values on our views or interpretation of history. Now after saying that, I'd like to address the subject of Druidesses. In all neo-Druid branches, men and women play roles of equal importance. A group can be lead by a Druid who is either a man or woman, and it doesn't make the slightest difference which. In ancient times or in the time of the paleo-Druids, there was a clear division of duties between men and women in all aspects of Celtic society. It is true that in Celtic society, women had a great deal of flexibility and social latitude not shared by women of other cultures of the period, but it was still a more or less male dominated society.

All of the early references to the Druids indicated that they were men. It wasn't until around the third century CE that Druidesses are first mentioned. However, there is evidence that a female priesthood existed side-by-side with the Druids and in some cases long before the paleo-Druids. Keep in mind that the question of the existence of the Druidess is a highly controversial topic, one with experts arguing for and against the existence of Druidesses.

After reading over a considerable amount on information on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that there was indeed a Celtic female priesthood of some kind and from our modern perspective, they were in all probability what we call Druidesses.

What are the facts to support such a wild claim?

Actually there is quite a bit, some of it is highly questionable and therefore subject to various interpretations by various authorities. I think it is best to examine the evidence piece by piece rather than throw it all out at once in order to sort things out. I'll start from a rather simplistic overview then I will go into greater detail on each subject.

In the beginning, most experts speculate, the concept of the Divine was that of the Magna Matre or the Great Mother. It is easy to understand how early mankind perceived of God as a woman. In the cycle of the year, particularly in the spring, the Earth literally burst into life. The Earth Mother could be seen in the contour of the land where mountains were her breasts and caves as her womb. This is called *dinnshenchas*, "The lore of prominent places." It is not surprising that in Europe we should find cave paintings of magical significance, which seemed to ask for abundant animals to hunt and food to eat deep in these caves. Other relics from the past to confirm in the belief in the Earth Mother are the so-called "Venus" figurines. These are small clay or stone models of pregnant women with large breasts and buttocks. What their actual function was is still a mystery to us today, but their relevance as a cult object is obvious.

Is this early reverence for an Earth Mother evidence for a female priesthood? The obvious answer is..."no." We have to look at other early evidence. In some of the more primitive peoples who survived into the era of recorded history, such as the Picts in Scotland, we find a strong tradition of matrilineal succession, that is where your lineage or heritage is traced through your mother rather than through your father. Matrilineal succession is traced to a period before connection between mating and birth were recognized. This is after all a more reliable system than that of patrilineal succession, after all you

always know who your mother is, while a father can never really be absolutely sure he is the father.

Paleolithic to Neolithic man knew that women could work great magic in their bodies such as the producing of life. Thus women were assumed to be able to use the magic of their bodies for other purposes. Through time it is highly possible that women became clan or tribal leaders of magical rites and the priestesses of the early Earth Mother religion.

Into the hands of the most powerful women magic-welders were kept the rites of fertility, both plant and animal, as well as the possession of much of the primitive tribal lore. These women must have been regarded as magicians par excellence in the times before the Indo-European invasions. Were these women Druidesses? No, but they can be considered their predecessors.

The Indo-European invasions which swept across Europe were patriarchal in nature with their Sky Father God worship and their male priesthood. It took hundreds of years for the invasions to "sweep" across Europe until it finally reached Ireland around 350 BCE. After conquering a people, the invaders attempted to either oust the local goddess by killing her or they used her for their own purposes. By the latter, the local Goddess was made into the mother, sister, spouse, or daughter of their male God. How is this possible? Keep in mind that the Celtic gods and goddesses were never believed to be inviolable. These local goddesses never really conflicted with the Celtic nature-gods and so the two worships could exist side-by-side.

There is a practical side to this limited toleration of the conquered religions. The conqueror assumed his gods were stronger, but it couldn't be denied the conquered people and their gods were on their home ground. The local gods might have some unguessed powers to do evil such as making the land barren and useless to the conquerors. Over time, the conquering people had taken over the land, the people, and the gods. In primitive societies where the church and state were very close (in some cases one and the same), it was important to break the religion as well as the government of the conquered people. If the old religion were left intact it would be a rallying point for revolt. The strategies for the take over are simple, yet effective. The first step is to adopt as much of the native religion and practices into the new religion as possible. The second step is where it is impossible to incorporate any major part of the native religion, such as a god or ritual, then that god or ritual must be stigmatized as evil. These two tactics tend to force the native religion "underground" and become what the Romans called a mystery cult or religion. On the surface it seems that one Pagan tradition stretches out the hand of welcome to another Pagan tradition and even admits them into their pantheon.

Taking into account the conservative nature of primitive people and their resistance to change or new ideas, there are always pockets of resistance with the ancient Earth Mother cult, it can be seen in the persistence of the Celtic Matres which survived well into the Roman period. The Matre or Mother Goddess was usually found in threes and they had fertility symbols such as fruit, flowers, a cornucopia, or an infant. This fertility cult was served by a powerful female priesthood, who possessed the tribal lore, what we would call "folk wisdom." The Celts regarded the number three to be magical and powerful so they gave their deities the attributes or characteristics, such as three heads, or like the Matre, three sisters. It is possible that this is a literary attempt to explain the Celtic Pagan idea of a single god or goddess shown in triple form in order to emphasize their divine powers.

In other places of Europe, such as the isle of Sena and Loire off the coast of Armorica (France), conservation left these ancient rituals, site, and their priestesses in tact. Wondrous powers were attributed to these women such as shape changing

into animals, raising storms and tempests by songs, curing all diseases, and predicting the future. Were these women Druidesses? If they weren't, then they were as close as you can come without being one. The powers listed are almost identical to powers attributed to the Druids by the Greek and Roman historians. Our prime source of the Druids is Caesar. He speaks of priestesses among the Germans, but he makes no mention of a female Druid caste. Of course we cannot assume that Caesar gives us a full account of the Celtic religion and this must be set against his silence on the subject. It is possible that the Druidesses may have been a very specialized priestess who had some particular purpose, such as diviners. This could explain why they were over looked.

We also know that women were definitely set apart as the priestesses of the Moon Goddess. Everywhere that the Moon was worshiped as a Goddess, it was served almost exclusively by women, although in many areas men also played a part in the Moon Goddess service, but in a very different capacity Women were in charge of the magical practices intended to encourage the fertilizing power of the Moon Goddess.

The first woman to be called Druidesses are found in the third century of the Common Era. However the term used for them is not Druidess, but Dryads, which means "Nymph of the woods." one train of thought is that Druidism and Dryadism were two phases of the same religion. Dryadism was restricted to females in the early matriarchal stage, but it was later opened up to males as well. It then outlasted the male phase and reverted back to a female cult. Some experts say that these women were not actually Druidesses at all, but that they were wise-women in the same genre of being soothsayers who read palms or tea leaves to divine the future for a price. If these Dryads were indeed the descendants of the Druidic tradition, then by third century CE Druidism was in a sad state of retreat.

In Ireland up to the fifth and sixth centuries C.E. there were still Druids who were both male and female, because in the literature that have survived there are references of Ban-Drui or Bean-Draoi female Druids. We know this from the chronicles of early Christian missionaries who came to Ireland to spread the new faith. It is well documented that the Christian Church attacked the Druids for their Paganism, but especially for the Druids propensity to include sacred women to their ranks. The Christians used the same tactics to takeover Druidism that the Indo-Europeans used on the pre-Indo-Europeans, specifically adaptation and stigmatization. In Ireland the power of women was reaffirmed by St. Patrick's prayer asking for protection from "women, smiths, and Druids."

In Ireland, one of the best examples of the survival of women's power is found in the secluded sisterhood of Druidesses in the cloister-like enclosure of Cill-Dara (Kildare) also known as the "Church of the Sacred Oak" where the goddess Brighidh or Brigid was worshipped. This sisterhood managed to survive a thousand years under a thin veil of Christian trappings before it was finally crushed under the religious persecutions in the Protestant Reformation. It is recorded that the women of around 450 C.E. had organized games, or their own at the fairs. They kept a special place or section at the public assemblies and they even had special enclosures reserved for them which men were not allowed in.

So much for the simplistic overview, now it is time to look at each of these aspects of the Druidesses in some detail. The following sections are intended to highlight the various functions and duties of Druidesses at the various stages in history. These are not intended as absolute statements, but my presentation of a wide spectrum of related and interrelated subjects which set the groundwork for the rise of Druidesses, their reign as it were, and their various survivals.

## Summary

In these sections of the various phases and aspects of the Druidess, I hope to have shown the remarkable durability and longevity of this often neglected side of Druidism. Their lineage, which extends far beyond recorded history back to the dawn of religious thought and the rise of the cult of the Earth Mother and the Moon Goddess. These early female shaman eventually evolved as their society evolved and they changed as their culture changed.

Whether they acted alone as the village wise-woman or they clustered together in a secluded sanctuary, they had an amazing conservation of their traditions, knowledge, and belief system. Many of these institutions, to varying degrees, exist today as either folklore, bits of "sage advise," or in our veneration for the Earth Mother.

While these sections may have shown the existence of Druidesses in the distant past, what does all this have to offer Druids and Druidesses today? The neo-Druid movement by and large does not have an unbroken link to the past. Druids today, male and female, are products or recreations or anachronism. What I am aiming at in this series of articles was as far as the Druidesses were concerned to show what I call "Arrival-Survival-Revival." In my articles I have shown the "Arrival" of the Druidess from her origins with the Matre, Moon worship, and Corn-Spirit cults. I have shown their "Survival" after the Roman and Christian persecution began with the references Dryads and witches. The neo-Druid movement, as was the Meso-Druidic movement, is in part of the "Revival" stage. In the neo-Druid movement women play a key role in the evolution of modern Druidic thought, but with the revival it is important that we not forget the ancient roots of the Druidess, even if the term no longer applies to our modern concept of Druidism.

# Where Are My Druid Ancestors?

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove  
Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 2002

I get one of these delightful letters about every week and spend copious amounts of work-time on them. Perhaps this sample response may assist you in your own correspondence. I sometimes wish to tell them that we do keep records, "but only back to 538 A.D., and strangely they are all in a mysterious language on golden plates." But honestly, it is a pressing dilemma for a movement that espouses tradition but rejects many of those traditions of the last 1300 years of recorded history. I hope that it opens your eyes to the desperate desire of many young pagans to fill a "missing link" between themselves and their more ancient ancestors. Is this a curable condition, and do you have any other responses to this perennial question?

Dear Mike,

My question is about a matter of how does one research their ancestors' involvement with druidism? I am very interested in finding out a few things about my family and believe somehow our lives have been impacted by our ancestor's involvement. This may sound outlandish but I would like to know to figure or trace information. What are the oldest records, and whom does one speak with for this sort of information? If you are not sure, please forward this to somebody who might be of some help.

Thank you very much! Yours truly,

Desperately Seeking Seanachi

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Seanachi,

Hi, how ya doing?

I wish I could be of greater help on this subject. My parents have done extensive genealogy back to the 17th century, and we're pretty sure we've got more ancestors before those ones. But in my own Reformed Druidic way, I'll try to offer my best advice on this frequent question. There may be a solution imbedded somewhere in this long reply.

Most genealogical records of American/British/French citizens only go about to the 17th century (ask the Mormons for assistance on research); unless you are linked to a royal family, then you go back into the late medieval age (barring "secret" records, if they exist or are not doctored.) This sadly leaves all of us out of any connection with "actual ancient Druids" who more or less vanished by the 7th to 9th century, probably. It is probable that every clan had its Druid (or at least a Bard or two.)

But given the closeness to royalty and religious power throughout the ancient and modern world (every single U.S. President is a descendent of William the Conqueror, and the one with the most direct patriarchal connection (and always the tallest except for G.W. Bush, but he didn't really win) has always won the presidency. Their family trees are carefully done by a foundation, so finding a president or noble in your family tree would be a good route.

Now although Patriarchy was seemingly well established by the first few centuries of the Christian Era, we cannot be

entirely sure that the job of Druid was passed on from parent to child, and there is evidence that in some Celtic area, that inheritance may have passed through the mother and adoption of apprentices or nephews and nieces was frequently an established part of village life and career training. But, let's assume for now that Druids didn't sensibly select the smartest and most promising children of the countryside, and rather only passed on their knowledge and powers to their biological offspring, irregardless of their natural talent (one of the reasons why hereditary Monarchy is not a great idea.) Well, since celibacy wasn't truly in effect until the 16th century for many clergy and monks and popes; and many Druids reportedly re-defined their job-description to "Christian" with changing fashions of power; a link to an ancient abbot, bishop or pope would also be a good bet.

Now, you might have better luck finding a family connection to a meso-pagan Druidic revival organization since 1697 (one of the fraternalistic clubs..) They presumably kept membership records. If there were any "Druidic Survivals," they probably would have joined one of these clubs over the last three centuries. Contact OBOD or (<http://druidry.org/>) or UAOD or AOD (<http://www.igld.org/orgnat.htm>) to pursue this route, then provide a list of your family members and time periods and they may or may not be able to confirm or disconfirm their membership.

Another route. Since it is generally agreed that when explicit Druidry was suppressed, the bards probably continued some of the stories, truth or lore of the Celtic religious culture. So if you could find any minstrels or entertainers (like O'Carolan and such) then you might have a connection. Such as a "harper" or MacCruithin, or one of the hereditary piper families of a clann. Many chieftainships and positions were hereditary, and the clann system continued to the 16th century in Ireland and 19th century in Scotland, well into the historical period.

If you wave enough money or foolishness in public, someone will supply all your needs (see credit card salesmen and Madame Cleo.) Anyone who offers you a Celtic pedigree chart is probably just trying to scam some money; and there are lots of them already working the Scottish/Irish-descendent market; adding you would not take much more trouble. Demand to see the original documents and blow the dust off them yourself.

Here are the last few methods, and perhaps least satisfying for pedigree mongers, is Idea, Nature, Divine Inspiration, Simple Mathematics, and of course the Apple and Boat test.

## Idea

If the thoughts and beliefs of the Druids can leap from their bodies to non-blood-relationship people through the medium of words and music and custom; then by studying ancient and modern Celtic culture you can regain the seeds of those past souls and hopefully they will regerminate into a similar tree.

## Nature

If the Druids gained their knowledge and power through the observation and interaction with Nature over generations; then you can by doing likewise, and thereby you and your descendents will gradually build up a similar bloodline of power.

Being the impatient Americans that we are, you could jump-start the whole process by getting your parents to convert, or even (like the Mormons) retroactively convert your ancestors in their heavenly rest to your new religious program. That would add several generations to your current status of inheritance.

## Divine Inspiration

Surely, if you are a good Druid, and I think you are, then you believe in the Gods (or at least on alternative weeks, like me.) Now, the Deities should be technically more powerful than the worshippers (otherwise the roles would be reversed.) If the gods still exist, and the Druids listened to them, then you can ask the gods to download that power and information to you from their backup disk, right? This is known as the prayer method. Are there any signs of artistic, ESP, political or musical prodigies in your family line?

## Simple Mathematics

Now there is a famous Irish proverb: "In the veins of every Irishman is the blood of a king, and a slave." Kings and slaves are but two sides of the same coin or "The Wheel of Fortune." Let's explore this further:

By argument: There are 600 Million Europeans today. There were only 30 million Europeans during the Black Plague of 13th century. Probably only seven million in 1 AD in Europe during the Roman Empire (which is why a single legion of 10,000 was so HUGE a problem for the Celts.) Let's assume that two million of those were Celtic religious practioners (France, Switzerland, North Italy, Spain, Dalmatia, Turkey, Britain, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Belgium, Denmark/West Germany), with about 20,000 Druids/Intelligentsia (1%) okay?

There are plenty of legends with Druids having offspring. Assume 1.2 kids per Druid (probably three is normal, but child mortality, plagues and war reduce it, plus overlapping descendents) and a 20 year inter-generational period with 100 generations since 1 A.D..

So, you've got 20,000 ancient druids (1.3 to the 100th power which is 8,2817,974.5) producing a whopping grand sum of about 165,6359,490,440.3 currently living Druid descendents at a minimum. And it's a possible 2,535,301,200,456,458,802,993,406,410,7520,000 people, if we use 2.0 kids for calculations; but there are only 8,021,020,016 people on earth now.) So with Europe and America and Australia's combined estimated Celtic-descendent population of about 400,000,000 people, you have at least at 40-100% chance of having a Druid ancestor, depending on your calculations, without knowing any more than that your great grandmother was a McWhatzername.

Unfortunately, we don't know their Druid ancestor's name(s) and street postal address(es), but let me assure you by your very presence, that not knowing your ancestor's name will negate your existence or your heritage. I've got lots of ancestors I don't know too well, and I do fine.

## Apple and Boat Test

Now if you're a "Christian Druid," congratulations, it gets much more simple!! Since you believe in "Ya\*weh, then you believe the first Humans were Adam and Eve (among others.) Now Adam and Eve were originally on very close terms with God (as all the Druids were) and lived in a Garden, with intricate association and knowledge of all the plants and creatures of the Earth (in fact they named them all.) This would qualify as "Druidic" by many definitions. So if Adam and Eve were Druids and Druidesses, then we all are Druidic descendents. If by chance, non-Druidic people were around (because some women was marrying all these sons of Adams, unless constructing women was a family business for the Adamses) then the flood killed all of them all, leaving only Noah's offspring, who have a direct link to Adam, thus insuring and

cementing our Druidic heritage, including the Maori exchange student at your neighbor's house.

I hope that in someway, I've been helpful and reassuring on this fascinating topic. I wish you the best of luck in your search, and hope you get back to me when you find a promising path to your solution.

-Mike the Fool

AD of DC

# Now About Those Human Sacrifices...

by Polifonix Armorica  
1970? 1975?

We Celts have been spread over a wide area, and you can never be sure about some tribes, especially those exposed to the influences of other races. Therefore, when confronted with the accusation of practicing human sacrifice which happens whenever I mention that, as a Bard, I belong to the order of Druids. I have until now countered only with the reply that we haven't been doing it in my village for as long as even the oldest inhabitant can remember and that we don't know of any villages that were doing it, even before Caesar came through. But it grows tiresome to hear such statements as, "I don't go along with burning people up in wicker cages," so I decided to investigate the matter.

To this date, even in the New Middle Ages, virtually the only formal sources available to me are those of the mundane world. In the New Catholic Encyclopedia I find: "Although there are references to human sacrifice in Gaul and Britain, it must have been rare. At any event, there is no evidence that this practice was approved or conducted by the Druids. The Catholics of the mundane world have been showing, signs of ecumenism lately, but if they have any ulterior reason for denying or even toning down evidence about pre-Christian Druids, I fail to comprehend what it could be.

However, one encyclopedia doth not an argument make. Turning to Man, Myth & Magic, an illustrated encyclopedia of the supernatural (because it was handy), I found the statement: "The Celts practiced human sacrifice. The Romans considered this ritual to be barbarous and caused it to be discontinued. They also struck a lethal blow at the Druids whose power and political influence was a threat to the success of Roman campaigns in the Celtic areas. Caesar, referring to the practice of human sacrifice, describes the great images of interwoven branches which were filled with men and set alight..." Now, Man, Myth, & Magic is patently aimed at a popular, even sensation seeking market, and if it can find any gruesome lore to repeat, it probably will, and not worry overmuch about strict accuracy. Of the two, I'd be more inclined to accept the New Catholic as an unbiased encyclopedia. Even so, notice who described the sacrifices - Julius, who was out to conquer us. And notice that we Druids had political power which the Romans could not tolerate if they were to rule us. Can you begin to suspect there was a certain amount of propaganda in those tales about wicker baskets? One of the best ways to enlist opinion against your enemy, especially when you're the invader out to get his land, is to spread stories about the really ugly things he does, whether he does or not. And the Romans had some grounds to talk about us, with the way they threw people to the lions?!

Turning to a source which I hoped would be more authoritative than Man, Myth, and Magic, I opened the third edition of Sir James Frazer's venerable The Golden Bough. There, human sacrifices were the Beltane fires in the 17th or 18th century in the Scottish Highlands. Unable to understand quite how Frazer arrived at the unequivocal decision that Gauls practiced human sacrifice because Scotsmen lit bonfires eighteen centuries or so afterwards (couldn't we just as easily argue that Weenie roasts are unequivocal proof that the ancestors of the picnickers indulged in cannibalistic feasts of "long pig"?). I read on and found that "The earliest description of these sacrifices has been bequeathed to us by Julius Caesar " Julius again! As conqueror of the hitherto independent (!) Celts

of Gaul, Caesar had ample opportunity of observing the national Celtic religion and manners, while these were still fresh and crisp from the native mint and had not yet been fused in the melting pot of Roman civilization." "Fresh and crisp" seem odd words to describe a centuries old religion and it is strange that Frazer does not seem to realize that Julius was not exactly the most objective observer. "With his own notes, Caesar appears to have incorporated the observations of a Greek explorer, by name Posidonius, who traveled in Gaul about fifty years before Caesar carried the Roman arms to the English Channel."

The Encyclopedia Americana describes Posidonius as a Stoic philosopher and statesman, ca 135 to 51 BC, who went to Rome as ambassador at the age of 50, initiated Cicero into the Stoic philosophy, wrote many works on history, astronomy, and geography, and in his physical investigations was largely a follower of Aristotle. It does not deny that he might have traveled in Gaul, but neither does it stress travels in Gaul as any important part of his life. Besides, if Julius had such fine opportunity of studying us at first hand, why should he fall back on Posidonius in the first place? Sir James goes on: "The Greek geographer Strabo and the historian Diodorus seem also to have derived their descriptions of the Celtic sacrifices from the work of Posidonius in the first place; Sir James goes on "The Greek geographer Strabo and the historian Diodorus seem also to have derived their descriptions of the Celtic sacrifices from the work of Posidonius, but independently of each other, and of Caesar for each of the three derivative accounts contain some details which are not to be found in either of the others. By combining them, therefore, we can restore the original account of Posidonius with some probability, and thus obtain a picture of the sacrifices offered by the Celts of Gaul at the close of the second century before our era." That is, assuming that Posidonius wrote such an account, and that Strabo and Diodorus were not quoting parts of the tales that Julius spread but did not include in his own books. Frazer begins by saying that Caesar "appears to have used," and Strabo and Diodorus "seem to have used" Posidonius, but, since human sacrifices fit his own theories, he doesn't belabor the uncertainty of this point.

Strabo, according to Americana, lived from 64 BC to 19 AD and traveled from Armenia in the East to Sardinia in the West, and from Pontus Euxinus on the North to the borders of Ethiopia. I'm not exactly sure whether this territory includes Gaul, but if so, Strabo traveled through it after Julius had already subdued most of it and, presumably, crushed out the supposed human sacrifices. As for Diodorus Siculus, the Encyclopedia Britannica, Eleventh Edition, says: "He asserts that he devoted thirty years to the composition of his history, and that he undertook frequent and dangerous journeys in prosecution of his historical researches. These assertions, however, find little credit with recent critics." Collier's Encyclopedia adds: "There are no references to it (Diodorus' history) in pagan literature for it was less a scholarly undertaking than a business enterprise. Diodorus used other but good authorities frequently..." Moreover, those parts of Diodorus which describe Julius' Gallic War and therefore, presumably, our religious activities, have apparently been lost and exist "only in fragments preserved in Photius and the excerpts of Constantine Porphyrogenitus," to quote Britannica again.

But back to Sir James: "Condemned criminals were reserved by the Celts in order to be sacrificed to the gods... If there were not enough criminals, captives taken in war" were added, some being shot with arrows, others impaled, others burned in the famous wicker cages. Even Frazer, who blandly assumes every word Julius and his rough contemporaries wrote about us is true, credits us with sacrificing only criminals and prisoners of war. "Executions" these would be called if Sir

James' own culture were doing it, "sacrifices" only because he is writing about somebody else's culture. He next spends eight pages or thereabouts describing examples of wicker cages and bonfires of Christian times, in which animals, usually cats or snakes, might or might not be burned, and argues that because Christians of later centuries burned cats, snakes, and bonfires, therefore, we Celts burned people.

Sir James provides irony as to why we did it. "If we are right in interpreting the modern European fire festivals as attempts to break the power of witchcraft then we must suppose that the men whom the Druids burnt were condemned to death on the ground that they were witches or wizards" and fire was simply the surest way to get rid of them. Animals sacrificed were thought to be witches in disguise. Witches were believed to blight crops and cast unpleasant spells on people, so that exterminating them was protecting the rest of the populace, not persecution. Even Frazer considers this the most likely reason why witches were done to death the most likely reason why witches were done to death. "On this view," he continues, "the Christian Church in its dealing with the black art merely carried out the traditional policy of Druidism, and it might be a nice question to decide which of the two, in pursuance of that policy, exterminated the larger number of innocent men and women." It might also be a nice question to decide how many of those so executed were innocent in their own opinion. Sir James, taking the stance of the sober and non mystical side of the early 20th century AD considers that anyone accused of witchcraft had to be innocent, because there's no such thing. Self-proclaimed witches seem themselves to protest against that line of reasoning. To say that a culture which did believe in witches should not have taken steps to protect themselves because your culture does not believe in witches is to apply a retroactive scale of justice. More to the point, any Christian who shakes an accusing finger at us Druids on account of Frazer's arguments, had best be prepared to defend the actions of his own church in later centuries.

Yet according to my friend, Lady Frytha of the Marches, ~ Christian witch burnings were almost exclusively a feature of the late medieval and early modern times, not of the early medieval period. 4 This would mean that the Druidic tradition was revived again after a millennium or so of attempts at obliteration which were effective enough, at least, to wreak havoc with our literary works. But the whole "witchcraft" theory (of Druid sacrifice) depends on a few assumptions of less than proven reliability: that we couldn't find any other criminals except witches (witchless centuries don't seem to have any noticeable lack of un-supernatural criminals), and that we did, in fact burn and otherwise sacrifice them.

The Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology, that majestic tome, states: "Allowing for literary license, there seems to be no doubt that the Celts practiced human sacrifice, perhaps not as a frequent part of their ceremonial, but certainly in times of trouble and possibly, in the earlier period at least, at certain annual ritual gatherings." Larousse seems to base its argument on our own oral tradition, arguing that such and such an ordeal is an allusion to ritual blood letting. At first sight, this looks more damning than the non-Celtic propaganda discussed above. However, most of the traditions known to Larousse appear to be Irish and Welsh; Julius did a fairly thorough job of obliterating Gaulish traditions. What lore has survived in any area was only written down later, a good part of it in Irish monasteries, and subjected to a good bit of re-copying over the centuries, by adherents of another than the original religion. And long re-copying has been known to do strange things even to texts of a single author's literary creation. It can hardly be an easy task to figure out exactly what tales were really told, and when and if that is done, the matter of interpretation still remains. Having

watched respected critics almost batter each other over the heads arguing about whether or not Arthur took a swipe at the Green Knight in a comparatively late poem which survives in only one known text, and considering the confusion of symbols which the Mabinogian surely must present to the uninitiated mind, I feel some doubts as to how authoritative a case can really be built against us on such grounds. Still more important, this body of tradition was already ancient when scraps of it were finally put down on parchment; already ancient centuries before Julius came through. Possibly, once, human sacrifices may have inspired some things in the tales; there may turn out to be human sacrifice in almost every people's history, if you go far enough back. (Judeo-Christians are not exempt. In the Judeo-Christian holy writings, there are not simply possible allusions to human sacrifice, there are out and out statements of it.) That hardly means we were still doing it within anybody's living memory by the time of Caesar, nor that anybody by the second or third century BC had any idea that our traditions contained possible allusions to human sacrifice. Long ago and far away I once found a scholarly collection which included an Irish folktale in which a "hung-up, bloody man" came down from a tree to play the role of villain. The notes theorized that this man was the Christus, who had been put into the story as villain by some stout old Pagans resisting conversion, but the Christian generations had long been retelling the tale in total ignorance of the bloody man's identity. And this happened within a short time, compared with the centuries in which our lore had had time to develop! There remains, also, the question of symbolism. Future centuries may read The Lord of the Flies and suchlike, and decide that 20th century rituals included human sacrifice. And The Lord of the Flies is certainly no more symbolic than the Mabinogian. It looks to me as if we could just as easily rephrase this sort of "traditional" evidence and say: "Allowing for literary license, there seems to be no doubt that the Jews slaughtered Christian babies."<sup>5</sup>

We've heard there is a novel in which Druids are described as committing a particularly revolting sacrifice, something about stuffing a young girl with oak leaves. This sounds to me like the work of some thrill-seeking novelist out to out-Julius Julius. The worst that Caesar, Frazer, and their more serious followers (excluding novelists) say of us is that we executed criminals and, at need, war prisoners. Almost every culture has done such things, many cultures in more painful methods than the grisliest we have been soberly accused of practicing. The great difference is that, according to Julius and Frazer, we saved up our executees and did it at certain times and in possible connection with religious rites. Since Druids were political as well as religious leaders, even Sir James might have some trouble deciding how much of the execution was religious and how much merely legal. The line between politics and religion was not always so clearly defined as in the last few centuries of mundane history. And yet, the highest religious rites are almost universally secret, open only to chosen believers and therefore, if Posidonius and Julius witnessed anything, it was probably an execution more "legal" than "religious" or else they would have to have been sneaking and spying and in the latter case, if we were the barbarians they have made us out to be, they would have been lucky to escaped with their lives.

Julius liked to think of himself a great tactician, and if he witnessed a criminal execution or two, he would have been only too happy to embellish the details and report it as widespread religious practice. These Romans, our earliest accusers, did a few things that make the worst they said of us look almost gentle. I have not yet uncovered any story to the effect that we used torture as part of our legal processes in gathering evidence and confessions--but since torture was accepted juridical process in the Graeco-Roman world, spreading such a report about us

would have had no propaganda value. If according to the picture Julius and Sir James paint, we had been less thrifty about combining ritual with criminal processes, we might have gone down as "civilized."

So far, the burden of evidence that we did even this much rests on Julius, who had good motives (after his own peculiar ways of thinking) to use all the propaganda against us that he credibly could, even if he had to manufacture it; upon Strabo, whose independence from Julius' tales or the effects of them is questionable; upon Diodorus, who seems to have been a popular writer and something of an opportunist, capable of taking the goriest and, therefore, most salvable material and treating it as utter truth; and upon Posidonius, who may or may not have written an account which Julius, Strabo, and Diodorus may or may not have used; and upon a few scraps of mangled Celtic traditions, long transmitted and interpreted by adherents of newer creeds. Until better evidence turns up I'm inclined to dismiss the whole case.

## Footnotes

1. No connection to the Reformed Druid movements.
2. It doesn't. Pontus Fluxinus is the Black Sea. Strabo's travels include almost none of what is generally thought of as Western and Northern Europe, and only the eastern half of Southern Europe. The only "Gauls" he could have had any contact with were their distant cousins who settled "Galatia" near the southern shores of the Black Sea.
3. That is to say. "witches-as-evil-doers."
4. The biggest persecution period ran roughly 1450 to 1750 or so.
5. Especially if, for example, some future group of Nazis were to (Gods forbid!) conquer the world, murder every Jew and destroy every book about Judaism except their own. Now-consider what our current sources of information about non-Christian religion in Europe and Russia are.

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# Druid Ritual Differences

By Rhiannon Ysgawen, Nemeton Awenyddion Grove  
Druid Missal-Any, Spring Equinox 2003

I'm writing this article on ritual differences to dispel any misunderstanding that people may have learned about Druidry. The traditions as practiced by most Druid Groves today will validate the information I wrote here. I do not speak for all Druid Groves, but the larger Druid organizations do agree with this information. I will compare Druidry with Wicca to try to dispel any ignorance anyone may have about the Wiccan practice being Celtic. Comparing Druid craft and Wicca is not meant to be a put down to the Wiccan path. We do have similarities. Both honor the Mother Earth. There are distinct differences though and that must be taken into account by anyone exploring Pagan religions.

Druid ritual is generally open to the public. In Druid ritual, participants stay in the present by staying on the earthly plane. The Wiccan and others often do astral travel during ritual, and sometimes they relocate their magic circles to another realm.

Druids remain on this middle Earth plane during ritual. The "Between the Worlds" that Druids refer to is the Earthly plane, or Middleworld, the Underworldly sea being below, and the Otherworldly Sky, above. Instead of transporting ourselves to deity, as many other Pagans do, Druids open the veil between the worlds with the helping hands of the voyager Manawyddan or Manannan, inviting the deity into our sacred space to be with us in the here and now.

Druid rituals are inclusive and open for non members and non-Druids to participate during ritual, as long as they are respectful and keep the harmony laws required to participate.

Druids do not cast magic circles or protective barriers around our ritual sites. Instead we build and create Nemetons or sacred space, which have their own place in nature. The four quarters are usually not called in or invoked as they are in many Wiccan circles. We call the Celtic Triads of land, sea, and sky, that is not the same as the quarters of earth, air, fire, and water. The reason it is that most Pagans cast a circle at the beginning of their ritual to ensure protection from invading entities when journeying or transporting space is done during ritual. The circle that is cast creates a containment field for holding the energy that is manifested during their ritual. The circle that gets cast must be undone at the end of the rite. This works well for certain types of magical workings that are part of the practices in Wicca. In Druidcraft, sacred space is marked by stones, or wood, and can be psychically seen as a small fence that can be stepped over but, any negative entities definitely know not to enter the sacred ground.

In Druidry every aspect of nature and the universe, visible and invisible, is respected and revered as a necessary part of the whole. All is seen as equal in Druid ritual. All of Earth's nature and the universe is sacred space. We are not concerned that unfriendly entities not banished from our Nemeton will invade our space and try to take possession. Through the three world invocations, Druids bring deity into our Nemeton while staying in Middleworld. The centering and grounding that most Pagans do with the four corner invocations is done to help participants establish their place. Centering and grounding is something that Druids do during the world tree invocations in ritual and the tree meditation. In Druid ritual, the sacred fiery center within the Grove and within each of us is directly connected with the Otherworld. After many rituals the divine spirit of the Groves sacred fire grows, so does ours. When this Otherworldly fire grows stronger, it strengthens our connection with the illumination of the Otherworld.

## Section Two: Quoted Material on RDNA and Mike's Responses

### Real Magic

by Isaac Bonewits 1971,  
pg. 155-9, revised 1978, 1988

Druidry is polytheistic, meaning we have many gods and goddesses. We also have Nature Spirits that exist in nature. We also honor our ancestors. The Wiccan are dualistic believing that all the gods and goddesses are different faces of their lord and lady. Even though the order of the Awen in Druid perception flows through our gods and goddesses, the deities each have their own gifts, seasonal connections, and lore. The Awen embraces every aspect of light and dark, masculine and feminine, life and death, all depending on one another, walking hand in hand always. All is as valuable, all is holy and necessary to wholeness. This perception is unifying and non dualistic, it is all and one. The energy of the circle moves in both directions simultaneously, pro and con.

There seem to be many Wiccan teachers and book writers who are teaching their students that there is such a thing as Celtic Wicca. Wicca is not Celtic. While some Wiccans may call on some of the Celtic deities, they also use practices and call on deities that come from many other different cultures' traditions. Many of these other practices come from works such as Aradia gospel of the witches, Crowley, the Key of Solomon, Masonic rituals, Carmina Gadelica, and other cultures' traditions. All of these listed works are part of the training that Gerald Gardner learned from, and with which he formed the tradition of Gardnerian Wicca back in the early 1900s. Gardnerian Wicca is where most of today's Wiccan practices come from. While there may be many Wiccan practitioners who believe that Wicca is as old as Druidry, or that its practices date way back before Gardner, it may but only for a few decades. From the lineage of Gardner's training anyone could see that his practices were put together from different sources and traditions and he found a way to mix these traditions to make a new one.

Gaelic traditionalists say that the practice of borrowing practices other traditions is disrespectful to that tradition and cultures' ancestors, and dishonorable to the modern day traditionalists who work very hard learning and preserving the ways of their traditions. The cultural pantheon of deities a Druid chooses to work with usually will come from a deep heart felt moment or realization that they've lived another life, or many lives in that culture. They may also have ancestry from that culture. The traditional Gaelic, views a person's dedication to their family, cultural and spiritual, as an oath of utmost importance. This is also where immense value is placed on the honoring of the ancestors in Druidry. In the Celtic World Tree, the ancestors have an entire world of existence that is honored and respected in Druidry. To stick with one culture's tradition and honor their ancestry is quite uncommon in the Wiccan practice because of the eclecticism of the Wiccan way. Druidry today tries to keep and practice from the traditional Gaelic ways. Because there are many Wiccans that borrow concepts, icons, and sacred relics from other traditions, it causes much friction to exist between the other traditions and Wicca. This can manifest itself in such things as the Lakota Declaration of War. Which was created by Lakota traditionalists against those who steal words from their spiritual leaders.

Spiritual differences exist between all practices whether they are rooted in a tradition or not. I am just drawing on factual information from the research I've done on both Wicca and Druidry. This does not reflect all of Druidry or Wicca, but most. If you really want to find out if these statements are true, then please do some of your own research to find out.

In the hills, lit only by the moon, the Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA) are celebrating Samhain (pronounced "so'ahn.") This is the night that others call Halloween and in the old Celtic cultures was the "day between years," or the beginning of the new year. The RDNA is a revival of old Celtic (especially Irish) religious beliefs and practices, "reformed" in that it forbids the practice of blood sacrifice. The group was founded in the early 1960's and is not to be confused with other groups using similar names or claiming to go back in unbroken lines to prehistoric Ireland. The RDNA makes no such grandiose claims.

The service starts with prayers to the Earth-Mother (the personification of the "Life Force"), to Be'al (the personification of the abstract essence of the universe), to Dalon Ap Landu, Llyr, Danu, and other deities of ancient Ireland. Reciting hymns translated from old Celtic relics and manuscripts, these latter-day Druids send up their praise to Nature. They admit their human frailties and limitations.

Then passages from the Chronicles of the RDNA are read and meditated upon (the Chronicles are a history of the movement written in pseudo-King James style, plus the translations mentioned above, plus meditations and poetry. All is considered the work of men, though possibly written while inspired.)

The members of the congregation are wearing ribbons around their necks; these are red, the color of life. As the ceremony continues, the "Waters-of-Life" (about 80 proof) are exchanged for the "Waters-of-Sleep" (pure H2O); and the red ribbons are exchanged for white ones, the color of death. This is to symbolize that the Season of Sleep has begun; the red ribbons will not be worn again until May 1, the beginning of the Season of Life.

A short sermon is given by the Arch-Druid upon the subject of man's constant destruction and defilement of Nature (the RDNA was into ecology long before it became a fad.) The Earth Mother is asked to bless her children and fill them with her powers, so that they may do Her will. The participants identify themselves as a part of the Earth Mother and assert their interdependence with each other and with her.

After a few more prayers of praise the service is over. The participants, feeling refreshed and strong, sit on the hilltop to finish the Water-of-Life and gaze at the stars and the city below.

But all is not yet quiet upon that hilltop, for after all it is Halloween and the night is still young. A warning is given but all choose to remain. The thin line between religion and magic is about to be crossed. Still wearing their traditional tabards, the two leaders of the group prepare for a ritual of ceremonial magic.

The altar is a chunk of rock imbedded in the hilltop, once used by the Indians for their rituals. It now becomes the center of a "magic circle." Holes are dug by daggers and staffs are



planted at the four points of the compass; a fifth staff (the largest one there) is placed at the base of the altar pointing to the evening's target.

A wandering hippie out for a stroll in the woods happens on the group. When they tell him what they are doing, he decides to leave quickly (in that area one knows better to mess around in the affairs of magicians.) A stick is used to trace a circle around the staffs and altar, and they enter. Unlike most magic circles this one is not designed to keep anything out but rather to keep energy in until it is time to release it.

The members of the group are mostly professionals, specialists in Green and Brown Magic. The two leaders of the group, one a Green, the other a Yellow Magician, are neither ignorant nor gullible (in fact, most of the group are college graduates with years of training in magic.) The leaders have designed a ceremony with great care to take advantage of every method in the books to insure successful spells. Two items are on the agenda curse and an exorcism.

The ritual begins with a circumlocution of the ring of staffs. Readings from the Chronicles follow. The ring is cleared of all hostile entities and thought patterns. They now begin to concentrate.

A series of litanies is read to all corners of the globe, conjuring and summoning gods, demigods, nature spirits, and the spirits of great men. They are called on to join the group and lend their powers. The language is flowery and emotional, the expression rhythmic; emotion is built up as the Druids feel presences outside the circle. The moonlight or something is doing strange things outside the ring.

An image of the target is built up until every member has it clearly in mind. The past history of the man is retold, his atrocities enumerated, his danger declared. The wishes of the group are announced to the beings assembled.

The target is not to be destroyed outright, for he is well skilled in repulsing ordinary attacks of Black and White Magic. Instead he will destroy himself by being forced to suffer personally and directly the consequences of his every magical act. An impenetrable shield is imaged around him, with a "psychic mirror" covering the insides. Every time he attempts to use magic for any purpose, his energy will bounce off this mirror and strike himself instead of his intended victim. This is known as the "Boomerang Curse," or as a variation of "the mirror effect," and it can be harmless or deadly, depending solely upon the future actions of the target. It is pure "poetic justice" in action.

Emotion has been aroused and the target visualized. The desire has been declared in detail. The group focuses its energy with another extemporaneous chant and fires! More than one member sees amorphous shapes winging across the sky toward the target.

The second ceremony is an exorcism of the area. Using similar techniques emotion is once again raised and brought to a peak. Incantations are read declaring the intent. All great violence both physical and psychic is forbidden. Neither right-wingers nor left-wingers will be able to sway crowds into rioting; all White Witches and Black Witches who attempt destruction will find their powers neutralized. Once again it is not destruction that is done, but rather a stripping of power from those who would destroy. Peace and quiet are to reign, at least until the next High Holy Day. With grand and sonorous tones the Druid magicians fire the energy produced.

After both ceremonies a statement of success or "follow through" is made, asserting that all has gone and will continue to go as planned.

The second ritual finished, the assembled entities are thanked and dismissed. The circle is broken and the hilltop

cleaned of litter. The Druids head home satisfied, leaving the hilltop to the moon and the rabbits.

They have used principles unknown to establishment occultists. They have mixed Yellow, Green, and Brown Magic as well as the roles of magicians, wizards, and witches. The targets were unprepared for anything but traditional attacks.

Extensive postmortems are later done, with interesting results. Shortly after the rituals were done, the first target lost the best sensitive in his coven; not long afterward his entire group had fallen apart and he was close to bankruptcy. The exorcism seems to have been a rousing success, as well; reports from various covens throughout the area revealed total confusion and consternation. As for the politicians, despite the fact that excuse after excuse popped up, they were unable to stage one riot in the next three months, not in fact until after Candlemas!

It was, of course, sheer coincidence. Naturally.

Note the pattern so far: Supplication-Introduction, Reply from the Deity (or personified group-mind), Identification of Participants with the Deity (same Note), Statement of Requests and Statement of Success.

The opening prayers at the Christian altar, the opening dance steps of the Hopi, the clapping of the Pentecostals and Vodun people, the chanting of the Buddhists, the singing of praises to the Earth Mother, and the Conjunction of Beneficiaries; all these are Supplication-Introduction.

The readings of sacred scriptures, whether the Bible, the Chronicles, or incantations written for the occasion, or the recital of histories; these are all in effect a Reply from the Deity or Power being addressed.

The priest consecrating the Host, the Druids changing their ribbons, the Hopi, Pentecostals, Vodun people, and Buddhists "possessed" by their deities; all have achieved Identification with the Deity concerned.

And every single group asks for specific benefits and ends with a positive assertion that their requests will be granted; thus, we have the Statement of Requests and Statement of Success.

Grab a scrapbook of comparative religions, and I'm sure you will be able to find more examples of this pattern. But what is the basic theory behind it and why is there so much diversity in its realization?

## Mike's Response to Real Magic

Isaac's book, published in 1971 for his Bachelor's Thesis (kind of like my History), was intended to impress the world with a scientific approach to magic. The book was well received. In it, Isaac talks about comparative similarities between ritual structures and uses the RDNA's Order of Worship as an example. This recount is probably from the Berkeley Grove of the late 60s/early 70s, because of the Ceremonial magic that follows afterwards. The older Carleton Druids did practice some magic, but far less than the Californian Druids or the current Carleton Druids. A few notes; Isaac's description here of the purpose of the RDNA is a bit different than mine, but Isaac knew relatively little about the RDNA at Carleton before he wrote to them in 1974. This excerpt is the only major part in the book that is specifically concerned with the RDNA:

# Mike's Response to Authentic Thaumaturgy

by Isaac Bonewits 1977

Although these reasonably widely published books are not specifically about Reformed Druidism, they were written while Isaac was an active Reformed Druid, and they can provide instructive insights into how Isaac Bonewits understood magick, ritual and group dynamics. They also show the complexity of religious theology that Isaac possessed and is a strong contrast to the frequent simplicity of the Reform. Especially interesting is a liturgical analysis of RDNA ritual. Even to the cursory reader, it is obvious that Isaac has an incredible talent & joy for tying-up slippery subjects into intricate, working definitional structures. Isaac can make a definition for just about everything, definitions which mesh with each other like cogs in a clock. Unfortunately if you disagree violently with one or two cogs, the whole system (like most theologies/theologies) can grate on you.

This is important later in this study, because it was Isaac's impulse of applying very detailed definitions (in a perhaps overly authoritative tone) that drove many RDNA members into a frenzy. Perhaps it is the common assumption of the layperson that every group's theology needs to be detailed and fixed (and then published) that led to the assumption that Isaac must have been the most inspired Reformed Druid leader. Most other Reformed Druids did not really care too much about liturgy, and were probably therefore never considered leaders.. I highly doubt that many Reformed Druids have ever intellectualized the Order of Worship to the same extent as Isaac. While certainly the most published Druid, Isaac's works must be understood to be elaborations of his own personal beliefs rather than those of Reformed Druidism, which can never be more than simple.

# Mike's Response to Druid Chronicles (Evolved)<sup>270</sup>

"DC(E)" published 1976

Edited by Isaac Bonewits & Robert Larson with dozens of contributing authors.

This tome was the most recent predecessor of this paper in providing a history of Reformed Druid. DC(E) is also very likely to bias future scholars who decide to begin their study of the RDNA with this tempting resource. Because of DC(E)'s between-the-lines view of Reformed Druidism as mainly oriented (and fated) to become a part of the Neo-Pagan community (with a Celtic focus), this book is a biased source (but thus very valuable for presenting the later-NRDNA & SDNA sides of the debates.) DC(E) has never been widely printed, (perhaps 300 copies) but it appears often as the source used by researchers for obtaining RDNA documents. DC(E) has long served as the collection of primary resources for those RDNA and NRDNA groves that were without access to the Carleton archives. DC(E)'s resulting authority in the bibliography of researchers has probably led many scholars to the conclusion that Isaac was the main (if not tacitly, the only) inspirational leader of Druidism. The truth is that there were many leaders, in different ways, at different times and in different senses.

While DC(E) does not overtly claim to be the only resource for studying Reformed Druidism, it is very attractive because it brings together in one tome what used to be very difficult-to-obtain written materials from the many branches of

Reformed Druidism. Although DC(E) possesses a long introductory chapter and another quick disclaimer in the beginning:

Indeed, many of the members of the original RDNA accept only these Books [the first five] as relevant to Reformed Druidism and consider other written material of a Druidic nature to be either irrelevant, optional or perniciously heretical.<sup>271</sup>

many reviewers have assumed or implied that the whole book is pertinent to all of Reformed Druidism. Because of the local Celtic ethnic emphasis amongst the Berkeley grove,<sup>272</sup> many of DC(E)'s sections are very heavily Celtic in focus, the exception being the section on Hassidic (Jewish) Druids in the back. The DC(E) leaves a false impression that Celtic sources of inspiration prevailed in the whole of Reformed Druidism. Because many researchers probably only skimmed through it at best or perhaps hastily concluded that if Berkeley was like this; so must everyone else. DC(E) is definitely written for the insider-Druid, not for the casual reader or quick researcher. Perhaps the encyclopaedists wished to pigeon-hole the RDNA and used Isaac as a willing or convenient "figure-head" for the group.

An important omission from this compendium was the Green Book of Meditations, a result of copyright problems, which illustrated the core of the Carleton policy of drawing upon diverse **existing** Asian & World religions in addition to religions of the past.<sup>273</sup> A hind-sight problem with Isaac's Apocrypha, is that all the letters that argued against Isaac's definitional referendum in 1974 were not found in Isaac's Apocrypha.<sup>274</sup> This is primarily justified in that Isaac expected additional letters to be added to the Apocrypha by the individual owners of copies of DC(E.) The unfortunate result is a general bias amongst the printed matter in his favor. Isaac printed a remarkably careful and honest account of the voting results in "The Book of Changes" about the pivotal issues of self-definition of the debates on Neo-Paganism vs. Multi-religioned, Religion vs. Philosophy and about organizational change. Isaac also showed that the following events led to everyone reaffirming the traditional right of individuals choosing their own definitions.

While still a handy compendium of primary documents and arcane past customs, the DC(E)'s place as THE SOLE REFERENCE tool for serious and balanced scholarship should be soon replaced by the International Druid Archives and A Reformed Druid Anthology.<sup>275</sup> In the IDA collection, the DC(E) will still serve as a historical document for understanding how the NRDNA & SDNA saw themselves as different from the RDNA. Since several of the documents and customs in DC(E) are still found written down nowhere else, this will ensure the continued importance of DC(E) for study in future years, just like the original Blue Book of Archives at Carleton. But its greatest importance remains for understanding one or two sides in a very many-sided debate.

It is of course impossible to put the entire 250 page collection here, but the pertinent documents that I comment upon in Appendix E are the First & Second Epistles of Isaac, the Book of Changes, and most of the Druid Miscellany section (called part six in DC(e).) There were occasional swipes in the footnotes, but we won't go into those.

# Drawing Down the Moon

by Margot Alder  
1978 & 1986 pg. 319-328  
(WHICH YOU SHOULD BUY!)

## 1978 Notes

"Large Parts of the Neo-Pagan movement started out as jokes, you know," Robert Anton Wilson, author, *Witch (& Reformed Druid)*, and a former editor of *Playboy*, told me one day. "Some of the founders of NROGD will tell you their order started as a joke; other will deny it. There is a group that worships Mithra in Chicago which started out as a joke. The people in many of these groups began to find that they were getting something out of what they were doing and gradually they became more serious."

There have always been spoofs on religion. But religions that combine humor, play, and seriousness are a rare species. A rather special quality of Neo-Pagan groups is that many of them have a humorous history.... Since we live in a culture that makes a great distinction between "seriousness" and "play," how does one confront the idea of "serious" religious groups that are simultaneously playful, humorous, and even (at times) put-ons? How *seriously* can we take them?

The relationship between ritual and play has long been noticed. Harvey Cox, in *Feast of Fools*, develops a theory of play, asserting, like others before him, that our society has lost or mutilated the gift of true festivity, playful fantasy, and celebration. In 1970, when an interviewer asked Cox about the "rise of the occult," he replied that astrology, Zen, and the use of drugs were "Forms of play, of testing new perceptions of reality without being committed to their validity in advance or ever..."

... Huizinga writes that play and ritual are really the same thing and that all sacred rites, mysteries, sacrifices, and so forth are performed in the spirit of play, that poetry is a play function, and that all these things may well be serious since "the contrast between play and seriousness proves to be neither conclusive nor fixed... for some play can be very serious indeed."

"The Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA) began in 1963 at Carleton College as a humorous protest movement directed against the school's requirement that all students attend a certain number of religious services. Since "attending the services of one's own religion" was one way to fulfill this requirement, a group of students formed the RDNA to test it. The group was never intended to be a true alternative religion, for the students were Christians, Jews, agnostics, and so forth and seemed content with those religions.

In 1964 the regulation was abolished but, much to the surprise and it is said, horror of the original founders, the RDNA continued to hold services and spread its organization far beyond the college campus. One of the founders, David Fisher, who wrote many of the original rituals, is now an Episcopal priest and teacher of theology at a Christian college in the South, having apparently washed his hands of the RDNA. Many of the original founders considered Reformed Druidism not so much a religion as a philosophy compatible with any religious view, a method of inquiry. They certainly never considered it "Neo-Pagan."

The original basic tenets of Reformed Druidism were:

1. The object of the search for religious truth, which is a universal and a never-ending search, may be found through the Earth-Mother; which is Nature; but this is one way, one way among many.

2. And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance of Nature, which is the Earth-Mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it do people live, yea, even as they do struggle through life are they come face-to-face with it.

These Tenets were often shortened to read

1. Nature is good!
2. Nature is good!

The original founders seemed to hold the fundamental idea that one should scrutinize religion from "a state of rebellion," neither embracing traditional faiths nor rejecting them. They intended RDNA to avoid all dogma and orthodoxy, while affirming that life was both spiritual (Be'al) and material (the Earth-Mother) and that human beings needed to come to a state of "awareness" through unity with both spirit and nature. The founders also seemed to distrust ritual and magic, sharing the prejudices and assumption of most of the population.

RDNA has always had a sense of humor. The *Early Chronicles of the Druids*, as well as many later writings, are written in a mock biblical style. Here, for example, is a description of how the regulations at Carleton were abolished:

1. Now it came to pass that in those last days a decree went out from the authorities;
2. and they did declare to be abolished the regulations which had been placed upon the worship of those at Carleton.
3. And behold, a great rejoicing did go up from all the land for the wonders which had come to pass.
4. And all the earth did burst forth into song in the hour of salvation.
5. And in the time of exaltation, the fulfillment of their hopes, the Druids did sing the praises of the Earth-Mother.

Similarly, the original "Order of Worship" has many similarities to a Protestant religious service, complete with invocations and benedictions. Reformed Druids are not required to use these rituals and as is true of so many Neo-Pagan groups, participants have created new rituals to take their place. I did attend an RDNA ritual in Stanford, California, that sounded not much different from a number of liberal Christian services I have attended, despite its being held in a lovely grove of oaks. But when I described this ritual to another leader of a Reformed Druid grove, he merely laughed and remarked, "It all depends on who's doing the ritual. A service by Robert Larson (Arch-Druid of an Irish clan in San Francisco and a former Christian Scientist) often sounds like Christian Science. My services are influenced by my own training in Roman Catholicism. Besides, most religious ceremonies follow the same kinds of patterns. It is natural to find similarities." The Reformed Druid movement is extremely eclectic, to say the least.

The festivals of the Reformed Druids are the eight Pagan sabbats we have come across before: Samhain, the Winter Solstice, Oimelc (February 1st), the Spring Equinox, Beltane, Midsummer, Lughnasadh (August 1st), and the Fall Equinox. The rituals are held (if possible) outdoors, in a grove of oaks or on a beach or hill. The officiating Druids often wear robes - white is traditional, but other colors are acceptable. During the ritual, which can include readings, chants, and festival celebrations, the waters-of-life are passed around and shared to symbolize the link between all things and nature. (During the

ritual I attended in Stanford, California, the waters-of-life was good Irish Whiskey. Whiskey in Gaelic means 'waters-of-life'.) All worship is directed toward Nature and various aspects of nature retain the names of the Celtic and Gaulish gods and goddesses:

Dalon Ap Landu, Lord of the Groves

Grannos, God of Healing Springs

Braciaca, God of Malt and Brewing

Belenos, God of the Sun

Sirona, Goddess of Rivers

Taranis, God of Thunder and Lightning

Llyr, God of the Sea

Danu, Goddess of Fertility

The "paganizing" of the Reform Druids came as a great surprise to many, and some of the originators regard it as a regression. But from its inception there has been much in RDNA that is Neo-Pagan in nature. The "Order of Worship" includes hymns to the Earth-Mother, to Be'al, and to Dalon Ap Landu, lord of the groves, as well as ancient Welsh and Irish poems. This is fertile ground for anyone with a love of nature, an interest in Celtic lore and myth, and a love of poetry, music, and beauty.

Once the initial protest was over, the most important aspect of Reformed Druidism had to be that it put people in touch with a storehouse of history, myth, and lore. Isaac Bonewits, Arch-Druid of the Mother Grove of the NRDNA in Berkeley (see below) and certainly an avowed Neo-Pagan, told me "Over the years it grew and mutated, much to the horror of the original founders, into a genuine Neo-Pagan religion. There were actually people who were worshipping the Earth-Mother and the old gods and goddesses, who were getting off on it and finding it a complete replacement for their traditional religion." Bonewits, Larson, and one or two others played a large role in this change of direction.

At present [in 1978] there are branches of Reformed Druidism in at least seven states. The grove at Carleton has existed on and off to this day as a philosophic path open to the members of many different religions. There are also non-Pagan RDNA groves in Chicago, Ann Arbor, and San Jose. In addition there are a number of NeoPagan branches. Calling themselves the New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA), these groups include Norse Druids in San Diego, Zen Druids in Olympia, Wiccan Druids in Minneapolis, Irish Druids (with services in Gaelic) in San Francisco, Hassidic Druids in St. Louis, and various Eclectic Druids in Oakland, Berkeley, and Los Angeles. All these groups are autonomous. Bonewits has publicly stated that Reformed Druidism can survive only if it recognizes its own nature, which is that of a Neo-Pagan religion.

The NRDNA, unlike the RDNA, is Neo-Pagan. And Isaac's Eclectic Druid grove in Berkeley requires the members of the priesthood to declare themselves Neo-Pagans and make a commitment to the religion. His grove, writes Bonewits, "is avowedly Neo-Pagan" and defines itself as :

...an Eclectic Reconstructionist Neo-Pagan Priestcraft, based primarily upon Gaulish and Celtic sources, but open to ideas, deities and rituals from many other Neo-Pagan belief systems. We worship the Earth-Mother as the feminine personification of Manifestation. Be'al as the masculine personification of Essence, and numerous Gods and Goddesses as personifications of various aspects of our experience. We offer no dogma or final answers but only continual questions. Our goal is increased harmony with ourselves and all of Nature.

Bonewits publishes a newsletter, *The Druid Chronicler*, available from Box 9398, Berkeley, California 94709 [now moribund]. He has also published a book, *The Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*, which gives the history of Reformed Druidism, the liturgy, and much more.

The Hassidic Druids were formed in 1976 and the group is made up primarily of former Jews who wish to keep certain aspects of Hebrew and Yiddish culture but want to avoid the oppressive nature of what is in many respects a patriarchal theology. They add Yiddish and Hebrew sources to the Gaulish and Celtic ones. They have a set of additional scriptures called the *Mishmash* and the *Te-Mara*, which, in Reformed Druid Tradition, satirize in a good natured way the scriptures -this time the Talmud. Most of it is both humorous and profound.

The Reformed Druids have never been a large movement. Even now, with two different branches and twelve different groves, the active members probably number no more than a hundred. Yet they seem to illustrate an important point: When one combines a process of inquiry with content of beauty and antiquity, when, even as a lark, one opens the flow of archetypal images contained in the history and legends of people long negated by this culture, many who confront these images are going to take to them and begin a journey unimagined by those who started the process.

## Recent Notes in 1986

By 1985, most of the Reformed Druid groups were moribund. A few groups are still flourishing. There's a Druid group in Seattle and a lively group in Berkeley, California, the Live Oak Grove. This group publishes A Druid Missal-any, has planted a sacred grove, and is doing research into Gaelic rituals.

Meanwhile, after a long absence from the Pagan scene, Isaac Bonewits has started his most ambitious Druid project yet; *Ar nDraiocht Fein* (Our own Druidism.) He has started a new journal, *The Druid's Progress*, and, by the time the second issue was out, scores of people were joining the process of slowly, carefully creating a new form of Neo-Pagan Druidism.

Bonewits told me, "It started out as a simple network for a few dozen people who wanted to coordinate research on the old religions of Europe. Then more and more people wanted rituals and clergy training. Now it's a collective act of creation. With the help of 200 people we're creating a new religion."

Bonewits said that he came to realize that the Reformed Druids was not an appropriate vehicle, at least for him. "Most people in the RDNA were Zen anarchists," Bonewits said. "They had a philosophical approach, applicable to any religion. Most of the RDNA were not Pagans. They resented me and felt I was infiltrating their group."

In *The Druid's Progress*, Bonewits lays out his vision of *Ar nDraiocht Fein*. It would be an attempt to reconstruct using the best scholarship available, what the Paleopagan Druids actually did, and then try to apply such knowledge to creating a Neo-Pagan religion appropriate for the modern world. It would use the scholarship of authors like George Dumézil, Stuart Piggot, Anne Ross, and Mircea Eliade. It would create rituals and liturgy and would set up a complex training program to achieve excellence. It would "keep nonsense, silliness and romanticism down to a dull roar," he told me. "after all, the Druids had some unpleasant customs which I have no intention of perpetuating. They were headhunters, for example. But it is important to know where you are coming from if you are going to claim you are connected to certain ancestors or traditions. If you say you are a "Druid" you ought to know what kinds of thoughts they had. Then you can pick and choose what parts make sense in modern America."

Bonewits' vision of Druidism is not entirely Celtic or even Pan-Celtic, but Pan-European. It would include all the branches of the Indo-European culture and language tree; Celtic, Germanic, Slavic, Baltic, even pre-classical, archaic Greek, and Roman. While most people are aware that fragments of Druidism seem to have survived in parts of Wales and Ireland, some of them surviving in disguise through the institutions of the Celtic Church and among bards and poets, research done by Russian and Eastern European folklorists, anthropologists, and musicologists, writes Bonewits, "indicates that Paleopagan traditions may have survived in small villages, hidden in the woods and swamps, even into the current century! Some of these villages still had people dressing up in long white robes and going out to sacred groves to do ceremonies, as recently as World War One!" Much of this research has been published in Soviet academic literature and has never been translated. Bonewits believes that this material, combined with Vedic and Old Irish sources will provide most of the missing links in reconstructing Paleopagan European Druidism. Translating these sources will be one of ADF's tasks.

One of the most important aspects of Ar nDraiocht Fein is its training system, which is based on a series of levels or circles, somewhat like the organization of the old Church of All Worlds. You can move forward and (if you lose knowledge or skills) backward! Since the Indo-European clergy were supposed to be the intelligentsia of their culture; the poets, the musicians, the historians, and the astronomers, the training for each level includes drama, music, psychic arts, physical and biological and social sciences, counseling, communications, and health skills. Languages are also emphasized. Bonewits is partial to Irish, but is seeking scholars in all European languages. Along with many others, he has come to believe that when you invoke a deity in the language their original worshippers used, you get a more powerful magical response.

Bonewits has always been extremely opinionated and often difficult, even egotistical, but he remains one of the most interesting Pagans around. In talking about Druidism, he says flatly that there is no indication that the Druids used stone altars. They did not build Stone Henge, the megalithic circles and lines of northwestern Europe, the Pyramids, or have anything to do with the mythical continents of Atlantis or Mu. What's more, he will not accept what he considers to be the questionable scholarship of Louis Spence, Margaret Murray, Robert Graves, H.P. Blavatsky, and others.

While the local druid groves will have lots of autonomy, Bonewits makes no apologies for the fact that this group will have a structured hierarchy and that Bonewits will be the Arch-Druids. He told me, "I'm being extremely out front about running it as a benevolent dictatorship. I get a lot of feedback, but I make the final decision. These are the rules of the game. If you don't want to play by them, you should probably start your own Druid groups, and I hope you succeed. Some people will think that makes me autocratic," he laughed, "and they're probably right."

Reaction to this approach in Pagan periodicals has ranged from attacks: "Bonewits has come out with his plea in the wilderness. 'Support me and I'll be your Guru.' Give me a break Isaac" (*Pegasus Express*) to great praise: "This is actually a good approach for a young organization whose founder wishes it to be proliferate and generally be successful" (*Panegyria*.) Appearing at a major Pagan festival, Isaac has had a rousing response. Clustering around him on an evening, you might find an intense discussion, or three Celtic harpists playing for each other and exchanging information. His training program has gotten many people talking. Several priest and priestesses in other traditions, feeling that their own training was haphazard, have talked about incorporating elements of his system into their

own groups. Several local Druid groves have already formed. There is clearly a thirst for structured study and scholarship within the Pagan movement and *Ar nDraiocht Fein* is one group that is going to try and fill that need. The pendulum always swings.

## Recent Notes in 1997 Edition

### Groups Section

*Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship (ADF.)* A national religious organization devoted to creating a public tradition of Neo-Pagan Druidism. The name is Gaelic for "Our Own Druidism." Founded in 1983, ADF is an outgrowth of the Reformed Druids of North America, an anarchistic movement begun by college students in the mid-1960s, and describes itself as the largest Neo-Pagan Druid organization in the English speaking world. In developing an independent tradition of Druidism, ADF has been doing research about the ancient Celts and other Indo-European peoples, designing rituals, and developing artistic skills. It sees itself as a group of "polytheistic nature worshippers, attempting to revive the best aspects of the Paleopagan (original) faiths of our predecessors within a modern, scientific, artistic, ecological, and wholistic context, taking a nondogmatic, pluralistic approach." The group was started by P.E.I. Bonewits and has a bimonthly newsletter, *News from the Mother Grove*, and a journal, *The Druids Progress*, that is published (usually) twice a year. There are more than 350 members of ADF and about twenty congregations (groves) around the country. Ar nDraiocht Fein has regional solstice and equinox gatherings, and publishes songbooks, pamphlets, and other works. There are various categories of memberships. A form for membership can be obtained on-line or by sending \$3 with your request to: ADF, P.O. Box 516, E. Syracuse, NY 13057-0516. Web site: <http://www.adf.org>

*Henge of Keltria.* An international network and Neo-Pagan Druidic tradition. Keltria is described as a third generation Neo-Pagan Druidic tradition whose lineage has roots in the Reformed Druids of North America and Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF.) There are groves in various parts of the country and members in many parts of the world. The Henge publishes a book of rituals, holds classes, and publishes a correspondence course. The tradition of Keltrian Druidism has its own pantheon, festivals, and a system of initiation where one chooses a primary discipline: bard, seer, or priest. Address: Henge of Keltria, P.O. Box 48369, Minneapolis, MN 55448. E-mail: [Keltria@aol.com](mailto:Keltria@aol.com).

Web site: <http://members.aol.com/Keltria/keltria.htm>

Shining Lakes Grove, ADF. At present the largest local branch of Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF), a Druid fellowship (see listing.) "Shining Lakes Grove is working to revive those practices of our Indo-European ancestors that are found to be rewarding and suitable for modern needs and sensibilities." Shining Lakes Grove has many public and private rituals; workshops and lectures; social events; discussion groups; training and fellowship in Bardic, Artisans', Healers, and Warriors guilds; monthly bardic circles; community building activities; family and children's activities; and rites of passage. Address: Shining Lakes Grove, P.O. Box 15585, Ann Arbor, MI 46106-5585

## Current Newsletters and Journals Section

THE DRUID'S PROGRESS. This is the journal published by Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF), (see listing.) Issues include articles, essays, songs, and rituals. Published "twice a year (Gods willing)"; 70-120 pages. Back issue are available. Subscriptions: \$15/year (U.S. Bulk rate); \$20/year in Canada and Mexico; \$25/year overseas. Prisoners can subscribe for \$10/year in the U.S., \$20/year foreign or airmail. Address: ADF, P.O. Box 516, E. Syracuse, NY 13087-0516

KELTRIA: A JOURNAL OF DRUIDISM AND CELTIC MAGICK. A magazine published by the Henge of Keltria and available to both members and non-members of the Henge. Includes theme articles related to the Henge's three paths of Druidism: The Bardic Path, The Seer's Path, and the Druid's Path. Includes serious articles on Druidic and Celtic traditions. Also includes articles on land, technology, herbs, and divination, as well as letters, reviews, interviews, rituals, poetry, and music. Editor: Tony Taylor. Published quarterly; 26 pages. Subscriptions: \$12/year; \$13/year Canada; \$20/year all other countries. \$3/sample issue. Address: Keltria, P.O. Box 48369, Minneapolis, MN 55448

THE MINSTREL. A Canadian/Pagan magazine dedicated to networking and information; a forum for Pagan culture that wants to open discussion and dialogue. Includes articles on Wicca, Druidism, other Pagan traditions, mythology, astrology, poetry, and networking. Editor: Stephen Kendall. Published quarterly, but dependent on submissions from the community. 23 Pages. Subscriptions: \$10/year; \$3/single copy (Canadian or U.S..) Please make checks payable to The Minstrel. Address: The Minstrel, P.O. Box 3068, Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4E5. Phone: (204) 942-2881.

NEWS FROM THE MOTHER GROVE. The newsletter of Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship (see listing.) Editor: Jaguar. Published every other month (free to members.) Address: Jaguar, c/o Shining Lakes Grove, P.O. Box 15585, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-5585. Phone: (313) 665-8428. E-mail: [Jaguar@adf.org](mailto:Jaguar@adf.org).

## Mike's Response to Drawing Down the Moon

published 1978 & 1986  
by Margot Adler

Margot Adler appears to have a well balanced investigation on how play & paradox were vital elements in the RDNA, NRDNA and SDNA. Adler's book comes the closest to examining the fundamental debates of Reformed Druidism, as I have elaborated upon. An important side note to remember is her heavy reliance upon Isaac Bonewit's definitional skills and essays to better explain and differentiate the diversity of Wiccans and Neo-Pagan philosophies.

Her well-balanced coverage is fortunate because "Drawing Down the Moon" is the most comprehensive and well-known authority (if such a position can exist) upon Neo-Paganism and Witchcraft. It's hard to imagine anyone studying Neo-Paganism, Modern Druidism or Wicca without beginning with Drawing Down the Moon; preferably the 1986 edition (or the most recent edition.) So important is it as a textbook and reference guide, that the previous entries from the 1978 publication were kept intact and then merely followed with updates.

### 1978 edition

The section on "Religions of Paradox and Play" admirably espouses quite a bit of the "Carleton" stance instead of only relying on an "NRDNA" stance. It was published during the 1978 "zen-ith" of Grove formation in Reformed Druidism. Adler starts her evaluation by comparing the RDNA to other prankish groups that also evolved into semi-serious religious groups, while still retaining a great deal of ambiguity about self-definitions. Because of her visits to Savitzky's Stanford Grove and conversations with Robert Larson, (both Carleton alumni) she has a more balanced & insightful understanding of Druidism.<sup>276</sup> A particularly delightful statement is the vague difference of religion and philosophy:

Many of the original founder considered Reformed Druidism not so much a religion as a philosophy compatible with any religious view, a method of inquiry.<sup>277</sup>

She actually listed the two Basic Tenets, which are at the heart of Reformed Druidism, as we'll discuss later. She also grasps the basic message of Reformed Druidism:

The original founders seemed to hold a fundamental idea that one should scrutinize religion from "a state of rebellion," neither embracing traditional faiths nor rejecting them. They intended RDNA to avoid all dogma and orthodoxy, while affirming that life was both spiritual (Be'al) and material (the Earth-Mother) and that human being needed to come to a state of "awareness" through unity with both spirit and Nature.<sup>278</sup>

Although the spiritual/material conclusion was a little hasty.

She then outlines the basic liturgical structures, missionary growth, the diversity of local styles and the trend of the newer groves to increasingly attract members from a Neo-Pagan background. All this is fine, but she only specifically lists Carleton as a grove open to all faiths. Her list of the extant groves is followed by:

The NRDNA, unlike the RDNA, is Neo-Pagan. And Isaac's Eclectic Druid grove in Berkeley requires the members of the priesthood to declare themselves Neo-Pagans.

She implies to the unwary reader, by singling out Carleton as being unlike the NRDNA, that because the NRDNA calls itself Neo-Pagan that they will therefore refuse to allow non-Pagan members to participate. There is also the problem that

many of the members in the early NRDNA didn't consider themselves primarily Neo-Pagan and the late-NRDNA was still open to members of all faiths.<sup>279</sup> The immediately following blurb about Isaac's grove furthers such a hasty assumption. This was a poor omission which may have lead to confusion by the readers.

## 1986 Edition

This version of Drawing Down the Moon, came out after the aftermath of Isaac's Berkeley administration and formation of "Ar nDraiocht Fein." She provides a rare printed hindsight view from Isaac:

Bonewits said that he came to realize that the Reformed Druids was not an appropriate vehicle, at least for him. "Most people in the RDNA were Zen anarchists," Bonewits said. "They had a philosophical approach, applicable to any religion. Most of the RDNA were not Pagans. They resented me and felt I was infiltrating their Group.

In this, Isaac is sadly right, many did feel that he was infiltrating the group; but he also had many supporters who merely objected to his methods and timing rather than his goals. However the phrase "Most of the RDNA were not Pagans" could have been better stated "Most of the RDNA **and some of the NRDNA** were not Pagans" to reflect why his demands for an exclusively Neo-Pagan leadership in a NRDNA grove at Berkeley caused such trouble up to 1981. Of course, the fact that most of the NRDNA were Neo-Pagans, meant they were also rather ornery about being herded. The origin of the Live Oak Grove, mentioned as still existing, is not explained as being a rebellion within the NRDNA against Isaac's 1981 attempt to take over the ArchDruidcy of Berkeley and impose his experiments on it from the SDNA, which were to lay the foundational structures later realized in "Ar nDraiocht Fein." The remaining lines about ADF, gave the group a great deal of valuable free press and new membership.

## 1997 Edition

A rather disappointing new edition, with few revision on the older articles, with only minor address corrections like these in the groups section. We hope that the recent resurgence in Reformed Druid & European offshoot's activity in America, such as OBOD, will be noted in the next edition.

# Encyclopedia of American Religions

by Gordon Melton.  
2nd Edition \*1079\* pg. 656.

*Reformed Druids of North America.* The Reformed Druids of North America was formed in 1963 by a group of students at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, as a protest against a compulsory chapel attendance requirement. It began as a result of a conversation between David Fisher, Howard Cherniack and Norman Nelson. The idea emerged of forming a non-bloody, sacrificial Druidic group. If students were denied credit for attending its services, then they would claim religious persecution; if they received credit, the whole project would be revealed as a hoax, thus ridiculing the requirement. The requirement was dropped during the 1963-1964 school year, but the group decided that, since it enjoyed the rituals so much, it would continue. At that time, the structure was completed and the major system of beliefs outlined.

Rituals had been constructed by the Reformed Druids from materials in anthropological literature, such as *The Golden Bough*, the classical text by Sir James Frazer. A henge (an open-air temple) was constructed on nearby Monument Hill, where the first Protestant service in Minnesota was held. Though frequently destroyed, the henge was constantly replaced. Ritual is directed toward nature and is held outdoors (in an oak grove) where possible. Robes of white are worn. The passing of the waters-of-life is a symbol of oneness with Nature. Festival days are Samhain (Nov. 1), Midwinter, Oimelc (Feb. 1), Beltane (May 1), Midsummer, and Lughnasadh (Aug. 1.) The Celtic/Druidic gods and goddesses are retained to help focus attention on nature. They include Donu, the mother of the gods and humanity, and Taranis, one of her children, the god of thunder and lightning.

The Reformed Druids are organized into autonomous groves. Each grove is headed by an arch-druid, a preceptor (for business matters) and a server (to assist the arch-druid.) Three orders of the priesthood are recognized. Higher orders are honorary. *The Druid Chronicles*, consisting of the history, rules and customs of the Reformed Druids of North America, serve as the scriptures. These were composed mainly by Jan Johnson and David Frangquist, who succeeded the first arch-druid.

Over the years, a continuation of organization was effected through a lineage of arch-druids. The original arch-druid entered the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. Others established groves in different parts of the country. In 1978, locally autonomous groves were functioning in Northfield and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Chicago and Evanston, Illinois; Ann Arbor, Michigan; Webster Groves, Missouri; New York City; and Palo Alto and Berkeley California.

In the Mid-1970s, leadership of the Druid movement passed to Isaac Bonewits, who had made national headlines when he graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with a degree in magick. Bonewits headed a Berkeley grove. More importantly, he compiled the Druid writings, adding material he had written on Druidism and in 1977 published the *Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*, which contain the history, rituals, laws, and customs for the Reformed Druids. In 1978 he began *Pentalpha* as a national Druid periodical. After several years of publishing the magazine and trying to promote Druidism, Bonewits withdrew from all leadership roles (though he continues to be active in Pagan affairs otherwise.) Emmon Bodfish became preceptor of the Berkeley Grove, which was renamed the Live Oak Grove and moved to Orinda, California.

Membership: In 1984 there were three groves: Orinda, California; Garland, Texas; and Keene, New Hampshire.

Periodicals:

Druid Missal-any, Box 142, Orinda, CA 94563.

Sources:

P.E. Isaac Bonewits

Real Magic

Authentic Thaumaturgy

Druid Chronicles (Evolved)

## Mike's Response to Encyclopedia of American Religions

2nd Edition, pg. 656

Informational material was mostly collected between 1971 and 1976 with some updates in the mid 80s. Numerous Errors are in here. Mostly a description of the basic founding history, rituals, sites and terminology of Early RDNA. The first error in the article was that the Druids used "Henges," when the proper term was "altars." "Donu" should be spelled "Danu." The editor mistakenly claims that the Druid Chronicles were written: "by Jan Johnson, and David Frangquist, who succeeded the first Arch-Druid." This error is based on a 1973 letter by David Fisher to Gordon Melton (the editor.) Jan Johnson had nothing directly to do with RDNA after the summer of 1963, especially with writing the Chronicles. It is more likely that Fisher meant to say Norman Nelson, not Jan Johnson, because Norman both helped in the Chronicles and succeeded Fisher as ArchDruid (followed by Frangquist.)

We return to a pro-Isaac view of organizational leader. First, the term "leadership of the Druid movement" would enrage and confuse most of the Druids, especially if "Druid movement" was implied as only the early RDNA. Isaac definitely was the most public leaders, but he was not the only one. The phrase "headed a Berkeley grove" hides the fact the Berkeley grove was riddled by schisms during the mid 70s. The compiling of Druid materials, published in 1976 (not 1977), was also an exercise of propaganda on Isaac's part, although very entertaining and excellently arranged.

An error about membership requirements is expressed:

**Membership:** In 1984 there were three groves: Orinda California; Garland, Texas; and Keene, New Hampshire.

Greenwood Grove and Carleton were functioning, but not very well, at this time, but it is understandable that he could have overlooked them. Note the academic's erroneous emphasis on Groves being linked with membership. There were many solitary members all over the nation who considered themselves just as "active" as those in a grove.

This article, as so often, limits the discussion to the purpose of the RDNA as fighting the Chapel Requirement and then as mildly continuing because:

the group decided that, since it enjoyed the rituals so much, it would continue.

That's a rather shallow examination of the debates and a frequent over-concentration on structure versus purpose. It assumes that participation in ritual is the only definition of who is a Druid, a point I have refuted. But, these errors are understandable if one looks at the sources: Real Magic, Authentic Thaumaturgy & Druid Chronicles (Evolved) all by Isaac Bonewits the greatest ritualist ever in the Reform.

2nd Ed pg. 139

In Chapter 18, The Magick Family, makes assumptions that all forms of Neo-Paganism, including those "of a particular pre-Christian tradition (Druidic, Norse, Egyptian)" are believed to be "products of the Gardnerian revival, from which they are believed to have originated." Which is simply false in the case of American Druidism.



# Encyclopedic Handbook of Cults

1988, pg. 216

It's very short so I'll quote it entirely:

"Neo-Pagans generally adopt a single national-ethnic tradition, the Norse, Druidic, and Egyptian being the most popular....Druids are tied together by The Druid Missal-any, a periodical published by the Live Oak Grove of Orinda, California."

## Mike's Response to Encyclopedic Handbook of Cults

The RDNA's mention in the section on Neo-Pagan Organizations is an indication of the recognition that the RDNA usually gets in lists sharing prominence often with "biggies" like Asatru, Church of All Worlds and Church of the Eternal Source. This is likely a result of a reliance on Adlor's book.

# The Encyclopedia of Witches and Witchcraft

© 1989 by Rosemary Guiley

excerpt: "A Brief Biography of Isaac Bonewits"

With additional comments and data by Isaac Bonewits.

[Also in 1978, he researched and wrote *Authentic Thaumaturgy*, essentially a rewrite of *Real Magic* for players of fantasy role-playing games such as *Dungeons & Dragons*. It was published in booklet format, shown left, in 1978 and 1979 by The Chaosium, publishers of the *Runequest* and *Call of Cthulu* games. "A.T." became highly influential in the RPG community, even though no more than 1,000 copies were ever printed. Many years later, in 1998, he published a dramatically expanded and updated edition shown right, for Steve Jackson Games, which released it as a large trade paperback.]

In 1979 he married for a second time, to a woman named Selene [Kumin]. That relationship ended in 1982. In 1983 he was initiated into the New Reformed Order of the Golden Dawn [the San Francisco Bay Area's best known, and stereotypically "eclectic," Wiccan tradition]. The same year, he married again, to Sally Eaton, the actress who created the role of the Hippie Witch in the Broadway musical, *Hair*. [During the early 1980s, Bonewits and Eaton were heavily involved in the California revival of the *Ordo Templi Orientis*, or "O.T.O.," best known for its most important historical figure, *Aliester Crowley*.] They moved to New York City in 1983 where Bonewits met Shenain Bell, a fellow Neo-Pagan, and discussed the idea of starting a Druidic organization. The fellowship, *Ár nDraiocht Féin* ("Our Own Druidism" in Irish Gaelic), was born as a fresh Neo-Pagan religious organization with no ties to the ancient Druids or to the RDNA, which by this time was apparently [but not exactly] defunct. Bonewits became Archdruid, and Bell became ViceArchdruid.

In 1986 Bonewits and Eaton separated, and he moved to Kansas City for several months, where he worked as a computer consultant. He then returned to Berkeley but could not find work in Silicon Valley, which was in a slump [they had a glut of unemployed technical writers]. He moved back to the East Coast, to Nyack, New York, near Manhattan, in November 1987, with his intended fourth wife, Deborah Lipp, a Wiccan high priestess [and married her in 1988]. He continued work as a computer consultant and worked on the building of *Ár nDraiocht Féin*. He also began work on a book on the creation, preparation and performance of effective religious rituals [about three-quarters finished after all these years].

[From 1988 through 1995, Bonewits and Lipp were partners (along with several others across the continent) in making ADF the largest and most successful Neo-Pagan Druid organization in North America, with legal standing and tax exempt status in the USA. For most of this time, they were also partners in running a Gardnerian Wiccan "Pagan Way" group in New York and New Jersey.]

[1990 saw the birth of Bonewits' first known child, Arthur Shaffrey Lipp-Bonewits, at their home in Dumont, New Jersey. Arthur quickly became known among East Coast Neo-Pagans as an intelligent, self-aware, and hyperactive child. 1990 also saw, however, a serious blow to Bonewits' health, when he began showing symptoms of a "new" disease called Eosinophilia Myalgia Syndrome, caused by chemically contaminated l-tryptophane tablets manufactured in Japan and consumed by tens of thousands of Americans in 1989. This multisystemic disease caused Bonewits an increasing inability to perform his

secular or Archdruidic duties, leading to his loss of employment in 1992 and his resignation as Archdruid of ADF, and assumption of the Archdruid Emeritus title, on January 1, 1996. In 1997 and 1998, Bonewits began to show signs of recovering from the disease's worst effects, except for relapses in the winter months, but by this time the disease had also caused severe damage to his marriage with Deborah, and in 1998 they separated.]

The "10-year gap." Bonewits has discovered, he says, a "10-year gap" between many of his views and their acceptance among Neo-Pagans. In 1973 he was the first Neo-Pagan to state publicly that the alleged antiquity of Neo-Pagan Witchcraft (Wicca) was "hogwash." The Craft, he said, did not go back beyond Gerald B. Gardner and Doreen Valiente [Now I'm willing to push it all the back to the 1920's!]. Bonewits was held in contempt by many for that, yet by 1983, Neo-Pagans generally acknowledged that Neo-Pagan Witchcraft was a new religion, not the continuation of an old one. The Aquarian Anti-Defamation League was also ahead of its time. In 1974-75, Neo-Pagans were not ready to admit that they needed public relations and legal help. By a decade later, a number of such organizations were in existence.

Around 1985 Bonewits began regularly discussing the need to provide social services for domestic and personal problems and drug dependencies. Neo-Pagans, he points out, represent a cross section of the population, and such problems cut across religious lines. Bonewits estimates that as many as 80 percent of Neo-Pagans come from "non[\"dys-\"]functional family" backgrounds. Neo-Pagans, he observes, are brighter and more artistic than average, but also, therefore, "more neurotic." The community has been quick to address these social issues with programs.

Bonewits also began lobbying for financial support for full-time Neo-Pagan clergy (the priesthood is essentially a volunteer job), but the idea fell on uninterested ears. In 1988 Bonewits was pursuing a goal of buying land and establishing an academically accredited Pagan seminary. [As of the late 1990's, there are dozens of Pagan-owned land sanctuaries, and a few Pagan seminaries earning accreditation from the national accreditation agencies. Alas, ADF is not among them, though a couple of ADF groves own their own land. A few Neo-Pagan clergy have managed to obtain employment via the Covenant of Unitarian Universalist Pagans as UU ministers.]

[I'll be adding material to this over the next few months and perhaps rewriting it entirely so that I don't have to refer to myself in the third person -- even if us Druids do love threes! ]

## Harper's Encyclopedia of Mystical and Paranormal Experience

BF1407.G85 1991  
article by Rosemary Guiley  
on Druids. Pg. 167-169.

In the United States, modern Druidism has had a small following, beginning in 1963 with the founding of the Reformed Druids of North America. The order was conceived by a group of students at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, as a facetious protest against a school requirement that students attend religious services. Though the requirement was dropped in 1963, the Reformed Druids caught on. The order expanded in a collection of autonomous "groves." Rituals were written from anthropological literature, such as Fraser's *The Golden Bough*. P.E.I. (Isaac) Bonewits emerged as a Druidic leader in the mid-1970s and added much to the modern writings. Some groves eventually split off to form the New Reformed Druids of North America, and Bonewits left to form his own organization, *Ar nDraiocht Fein* ("Our Own Druidism") in 1983. By the late 1980s, *Ar nDraiocht Fein* was the only active, National Druid organization, with its headquarters in Nyack, New York. Isaac Bonewit's goal was to pursue scholarly study of the Druids and their Indo-European contemporaries, and to reconstruct a liturgy and rituals adapted for modern times. Like the British Druidical organizations, the American groups claim no connection with the ancient Druids.

Modern Druids celebrate eight holidays...."

## Mike's Response to Harper's Encyclopedia of Mystical & Paranormal Experience

By Rosemary Guiley  
pg. 168

What is delightful about this article is there is nothing I object to at all in this article! Therefore I'll praise it. **It is good** because it doesn't claim members gave up their earlier religion. The autonomy of Groves is emphasized. Isaac is mentioned as "a" Druidic leader, not as "the" Druidic leader, which is an unusually correct view. The NRDNA is simply mentioned as breaking off, and no silly business of it having been entirely Neo-Pagan. ADF is mentioned as a split off of the NRDNA with few long-term connections. And finally, after a long article on British Druidism, no assumptions are made that the British, American and Ancient Druids have any real connections.

## Magic, Witchcraft and Paganism in America,

1992, pg. 18-19

While Gardnerian Witchcraft was growing, so was a vision of Neopaganism that posited a Mother Goddess faith from anthropological, historical, and science-fictional elements. The vision was based in part on some of the same material that Gardner had found. Three groups illustrate this impulse."

*{a description of Fere Faeria by Fred Adams}*

*{a description of the Church of All Worlds}*

"In the early 1960s a group at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, sought a means to protest the compulsory chapel attendance rules. From anthropology books such as James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, they constructed the Reformed Druids of North America, whose worship services they attended instead of chapel. After a year of controversy the rules were lifted, but the Druids had discovered a new faith which they preferred. Today Druid groves are found in every section of America and at last report were still active at Carleton."

## Magic, Witchcraft and Paganism in America,

1992, pg. 30

Bonewits' Real Magic offers a perspective on the contemporary practice of magic by someone with both a sense of humor and formal training in both anthropology and occult history. A leader in the Druidic movement, Bonewits had his moment of fame when he graduated from the University of California in Berkeley with a degree in magic. He has continued to produce theoretical material on modern Paganism that keeps him near the top of the list of Pagan intellectuals.

## Magic, Witchcraft and Paganism in America,

1992, pg. 225

To speak of Druids in England calls up images of ancient priests and modern counterparts who annually gather at Stonehenge to salute the rising sun on June 21. In America, Druids are a completely different reality. American Neo-Pagan Druidism was created in 1964[!] as a new religion by a group of students protesting compulsory chapel services at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. Beginning with the reading of several anthropology textbooks, they founded the Reformed Druids of North America. Once they won their crusade, they also discovered that they preferred their new Paganism over whatever they had previously been given as a spiritual format. The Reformed Druids survived at Carleton into the 1980s and as each class graduated, the Druid members took the movement around the world. The most prominent Pagan attracted to Druidism was Isaac Bonewits, who with the zeal of a convert, edited and published the Druid "scriptures" generated at Carleton and became their leading intellectual voice. The Druids have been one of the few non-Wiccan groups within the larger Neopagan community which has an identifiable existence.

## Mike's Response to Magic, Witchcraft and Paganism in America,

1992, pg. 225

We start off this article's discussion on Reformed Druidism with this gem:

American Neo-Pagan Druidism was created in 1964 as a new religion...

The RDNA started 1963 and was only meant to resemble a religion at first. "Neo-Pagan" was a term unknown to the Founders until 1974 or so. A better understanding would be: "American Neo-Pagan Druidism can trace its historical roots back to the RDNA, which began in 1963." The article continues to bias the reader by stating:

They also discovered that they preferred their new *Paganism* over whatever they had previously been given as a spiritual format.

Paganism? Does this imply non-Christianity? You see the problems inherent in leaving that term in there. Do we see the RDNA members at Carleton denying the validity of their own past beliefs to live wholly by Druidism? Occasionally, but far more often they have said it has deepened their appreciation of their previous religious faith. This article lacks a discussion of the essential debates of Druidism beyond mentioning its purpose of hoaxing the College.

We run into another Isaac-centered quote herein:

The most prominent Pagan attracted to Druidism was Isaac Bonewits, who with the zeal of a convert, edited and published the Druid "scriptures" generated at Carleton and became their leading intellectual voice.

The "leading intellectual voice" is a result of a bias of the letters included in Isaac's Apocrypha which show his long (and very well-thought out) definitions as having been relatively unopposed; although a flood of angry responses from Carleton & Non-Carleton RDNA disputed them vigorously. Reformed Druidism respects all Druids' views as being valid, not submissive to another's interpretations. The final point about Druidism being one of the few public groups is well worth noting.

## Mike's Response to Magic, Witchcraft and Paganism in America

1992, pg. 18-19

We find again the common misunderstanding about the chapel requirement:

"they constructed the Reformed Druids of North America, whose worship services they attended instead of chapel. After a year of controversy the rules were lifted, but the Druids had discovered a new faith which they preferred."

The members kept going to chapel, in addition to Druid services, to cover their butts just in case their project failed. I doubt most Druids would have chosen the term "preferred." As long as Druidism is understood as a complementary faith that doesn't necessarily replace a member's previous religions, then it's okay.

# Magic, Witches and Witchcraft in the US,

1992, pg. 13 on ADF

Ar nDraiocht Fein: Irish Gaelic for "Our Own Druidism," Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF) is an American based neo-Pagan Druid religious fellowship. It has no direct links to the ancient Druids but is a reconstruction of Druidic and Indo-European pagan rituals and religions (see Neo-Paganism.) It was founded in 1983 by P.E.I. (Isaac) Bonewits, former Archdruid of several groves within the Reformed Druids of North America. Bonewits serves as the organization's only Archdruid, and Shenain Bell as Vice-Archdruid.

ADF integrates religion with alternate healing arts, ecology-consciousness, psychic development and artistic expression. It is organized in groves, many of them named after trees. The oak tree is sacred, as it was to the ancient Druids. The groves observe eight seasonal High Days (the sabbats in Witchcraft) and conduct regular study and discussion groups and a wide range of artistic activities. Through study and training, members advance through a series of five circles, the fourth of which is the equivalent of a master's degree, and the fifth the equivalent of a doctorate. The idea of the circle structure was borrowed from the Church of All Worlds.

Worship and rituals usually are conducted outdoors. ADF is polytheistic, and recognition of various deities depends on the individual grove and the purpose of individual rites. The one deity who is worshipped at every ritual is the Earth-Mother (Mother Nature.) Deities, ancestors and nature spirits of the Three Worlds, Land, Sea and Sky, are invoked. The Waters of Life, passed or aspersed (sprinkled) in rites, represent the spark of immanent deity.

Liturgy and rituals are based on scholarly research into old Indo-European religions, folk magic, art and social customs. While little is known about the Druids themselves, scholars say it is likely that Druidism had much in common with other Indo-European religions of the time. The research is ongoing and involves translation of numerous foreign and archaic language texts.

Bonewits has identified five phases of liturgical design common in the religions of related Indo-European cultures:

1. The consecration of time and space; the psychic centering, grounding and unifying of the participants into a "groupmind."
2. The opening of the Gates between the Worlds and the starting of a flow of energy back and forth between participants and deities.
3. The raising and sending of the major part of the congregation's energy to the deities being worshipped.
4. The returning of power from the deities to the congregation.
5. The reversing of the rite's beginnings, and closing down of the psychic, magical and spiritual energy fields that were created.

Sacrifices made to the deities include tree branches, fruits, flowers and vegetables. Although animal, and even human, sacrifices were performed in most paleo-pagan religions, they are strictly forbidden in ADF rituals, as well as in neo-Paganism in general (see sacrifice.)

Clergy wear long white robes; members of the congregation are encourage to dress in paleo-pagan garb. Bonewits has introduced the white beret as a signature of ADF; the berets and any other head coverings are removed upon entrance to a ritual site, except during very hot weather. The ADF's sigil (see sigils), a circle pierced by two vertical parallel line, was first associated with neo-Pagan Druidism by David Fisher, the founder of the Reformed Druids of North America (inactive.) The sigil may have been taken from the shape of a foundation of an old Roman-Catholic temple. The logo, a branch sprouting from an oak tree stump, is a Celtic rendition inspired by the badge of the Scottish MacEwen clan.

The journal of ADF is *The Druid's Progress*, edited by Bonewits and published twice yearly. *News from the Mother-Grove* is a newsletter published bi-monthly.

## Mike's Response to Magic, Witches and Witchcraft in the US

(distinct from MWP), 1992, pg. 13

The two articles pertaining to the study of Reformed Druidism in this excellent encyclopedia are mostly dealing with ADF and Isaac Bonewits, but it refers to the Druid Sigil that the RDNA share with ADF and Keltria as:

first associated with Neo-Pagan Druidism by David Fisher, the founder of the Reformed Druids of North America (inactive).<sup>280</sup>

This falsely implies that David Fisher started the RDNA as a *Neo-Pagan group* headed towards becoming a Celtic religion (which a lot of Neo-Pagan Druid groups do center around.) It is also mistakenly implies that the RDNA was inactive during the time of the printing (1992), when they really meant that Fisher was inactive. The RDNA was active in *Groves* at Carleton, St. Olaf, Berkeley, Seattle & New Hampshire in 1992; but Druidism will always be active in the hearts of each past Druid.

# Magic, Witches and Witchcraft in the US,

1992, pg. 33-35 on Isaac

Bonewits, P.E.I. (Isaac) (1949-) One of the brightest and most colorful figures of the neo-Pagan movement, Phillip Emmons Isaac Bonewits is best known for his leadership in modern Druidism (see Neo-Paganism) He is a priest, magician, scholar, author, bard and activist, and has dedicated himself to reviving Druidism as a "Third Wave" religion aimed at protecting "Mother Nature and all Her children."

Bonewits was born on October 1, 1949, in Royal Oak, Michigan, the perfect place, he likes to joke, for a future Archdruid. The fourth of five children (three girls, two boys), he spent most of his childhood in Ferndale, a suburb of Detroit. When he was nearly 12, the family moved to San Clement, California.

From his mother, a devout Roman Catholic, Bonewits developed an appreciation for the importance of religion; from his father, a convert to Catholicism from Presbyterianism, he acquire skepticism. He bounced back and forth between parochial and public schools, largely due to the lack of programs for very bright students, his I.Q. was tested at 200.

His first exposure to magic came at age 13, when he met a young Creole woman from New Orleans who practiced Vodoun. She showed him some of her magic and so accurately divined the future that he was greatly impressed. During his teen years, he read extensively about magic and parapsychology. He also read science fiction, which often has strong magical and psychic themes.

In ninth grade, Bonewits entered a Catholic high school seminary. He soon realized, however, that he did not want to be a priest in the Catholic faith. He returned to public school and graduated a year early. After spending a year in junior college to get foreign language credits, he enrolled at the University of California at Berkeley in 1966. At about the same time, he began practicing magic, devising his own rituals by studying the structure of rituals in books, and by observing them in various churches.

His roommate at Berkeley, Robert Larson, was a Druid, an alumnus of Carleton College, where the Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA) had been founded in 1963. Larson interested Bonewits in Druidism and initiated him into the RDNA. The two established a grove in Berkeley. Bonewits was ordained as a Druid priest in October 1969. The Berkeley grove was shaped as a neo-Pagan *religion* unlike the other RDNA groves, which considered the order a *philosophy*. The neo-Pagan groves became part of branch called the New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA.)

During college, Bonewits spent about eight months as a member of the Church of Satan, an adventure that began as a lark. The college campus featured a spot where evangelists of various persuasions would lecture to anyone who would listen. As a joke, Bonewits showed up one day to perform a satirical lecture as a Devil's evangelist. He was so successful that he was approached by a woman who said she represented Anton Szandor LaVey, founder of the Church of Satan. Bonewits attended the church's meetings and improved upon some of their rituals but dropped out after personality conflicts with LaVey. The membership, he found, consisted largely of middle-class conservatives who were more "right-wing and racist" than Satanist (see Satanism.)

Bonewits had intended to major in psychology but through Berkeley's individual group-study program he fashioned his own

course of study. In 1970 he graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in magic, the first person ever to do so at a Western educational institution. He also was the last to do so in the United States. College administrators were so embarrassed over the publicity about the degree that magic, witchcraft and sorcery were banned from the individual group-study program.

The fame of his degree led to a book contract. In 1971 *Real Magic* was published, offering Bonewits' views on magic, ritual and psychic abilities. A revised and updated edition was published in 1979 and reissued in 1988.

In 1973 Bonewits met a woman named Rusty, a folksinger in the Berkeley cafes. They moved to Minneapolis, where they were married, and where Bonewits took over the editorship of *Gnostica*, a neo-Pagan journal published by Carl Weschcke of Llewellyn Publications. He gave *Gnostica* a scholarly touch and turned it into the leading journal in the field. But the job lasted only 1 1/2 years, for the editorial changes resulted in the loss of many non-Pagan readers, who found the magazine too high brow.

Bonewits remained in Minneapolis for about another year. While there he established a Druid grove called the Schismatic Druids of North America, a splinter group of the RDNA. He also joined with several Jewish pagan friends and created the Hassidic Druids of North America, the only grove of which existed briefly in St. Louis, where its membership overlapped with that of the Church of All Worlds. In 1974-5, Bonewits wrote, edited and self-published *The Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*, a compendium of the history, theology, rituals and customs of all Reformed Druid movements, including the ones he invented himself.

He also founded the Aquarian, Anti-Defamation, League (AADL), a civil liberties and public relations organization for members of minority belief systems, such as Rosicrucians, Theosophists, neo-Pagans, witches, occultists, astrologers and others. Bonewits sought to convince such persons that they had more in common with each other than they realized. By banding together, they could effectively fight, through the press and the courts, the discrimination and harassment of the Judeo-Christian conservatives.

Bonewits served as president of the AADL and devoted most of his income from unemployment insurance to running it. The organization scored several small victories in court, such as restoring an Astrologer to her apartment, after she had been evicted because a neighbor told her landlord that her astrology classes were "black magic seances." In 1976 Bonewits and Rusty divorced, and he decided to return to Berkeley. The AADL disintegrated shortly after his departure.

In Berkeley, Bonewits rejoined the NRDNA grove and was elected Archdruid. He established *The Druid Chronicler* (which later became *PentaAlpha Journal*) as a national Druid publication in 1978. He attempted to make the Berkeley grove as Neo-Pagan as the groves in Minneapolis and St. Louis, which caused a great deal of friction among longtime members. After a few clashes, Bonewits left the organization. *PentaAlpha journal* folded.

In 1979 he married for a second time, to a woman named Selene. That relationship ended in 1982. In 1983 he was initiated into the New Reformed Order of the Golden Dawn. The same year, he married again, to Sally Eaton, the actress who created the role of the hippie Witch in the Broadway musical, *Hair*. They moved to New York City in 1983 where Bonewits met Shenain Bell, a fellow Neo-Pagan, and discussed the idea of starting a Druidic organization. The fellowship, *Ar nDraiocht Fein* ("Our Own Druidism" in Irish Gaelic), was born as a fresh neo-Pagan religious organization with no ties to the ancient Druids or to the RDNA, which by this time was apparently

defunct. Bonewits became Archdruid, and Bell became Vice-Archdruid.

In 1986 Bonewits and Eaton separated, and he moved to Kansas City for several months, where he worked as a computer consultant. He then returned to Berkeley, but could not find work in Silicon Valley, which was in a slump. He moved back to the East Coast, to Nyack, New York, near Manhattan, in November 1987, with his intended fourth wife, Deborah, a Wiccan high priestess. He continued work as a computer consultant and worked on the building of Ar nDraiocht Fein. He also began work on a book on the creation, preparation and performance of effective religious ritual.

*The "Ten Year Gap."* Bonewits has discovered, he says, a "10-year gap" between many of his views and their acceptance among neo-Pagans. In 1973 he was the first neo-Pagan to state publicly that the alleged antiquity of neo-Pagan Witchcraft (Wicca) was "hogwash." The Craft, he said, did not go back beyond Gerald B. Gardner and Doreen Valiente. Bonewits was held in contempt by many for that yet by 1983, neo-Pagans generally acknowledged that neo-Pagan Witchcraft was a new religion, not the continuation of an old one. The Aquarian Anti-Defamation League was also ahead of its time. In 1974-5, neo-Pagans were not ready to admit that they needed public relations and legal help. By a decade later, a number of such organizations were in existence.

Around 1985 Bonewits began regularly discussing the need to provide social services for domestic and personal problems and drug dependencies. Neo-Pagans, he points out, represent a cross-section of the population, and such problems cut across religious lines. Bonewits estimates that as many as 80 percent of neo-Pagans come from "nonfunctional family" backgrounds. Neo-Pagans, he observes, are brighter and more artistic than average, but also, therefore, "more neurotic." The community has been quick to address these social issues with programs.

Bonewits also began lobbying for financial support for full-time neo-Pagan clergy (the priesthood is essentially a volunteer job), but the idea fell on uninterested ears. In 1988 Bonewits was pursuing a goal of buying land and establishing an academically accredited Pagan seminary.

## Mike's Response to Magic, Witches and Witchcraft in the US,

1992, pg. 33-35 on Isaac

The first error in Isaac's biography is:

The Berkeley grove was shaped as a Neo-Pagan *religion*, unlike other RDNA groves, which considered the order a *philosophy*. The Neo-Pagan groves became part of a branch called the New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA).<sup>281</sup>

It could be argued that the Purdue Grove was reasonably close to being operated as a religion, at least when under scrutiny of the Draft boards. I believe that I have shown that the philosophy/religion definition is deceptive because it presents a clear-cut division of a very foggy difference between religion & philosophy. In fact, I see the split as mostly a result of differences of mindsets from their respective environments rather than in understanding. Some groves in the NRDNA were not Neo-Pagan, and those that were "Neo-Pagan" were not exclusively Neo-Pagan. Here, as in many articles, the hasty reader is provided with an attractive simplification.

After telling of the SDNA and Hassidic Druid's foundation by Isaac the article continues:

In 1974-75, Bonewits wrote, edited and self-published *The Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*, a compendium of the history, theology, rituals and customs of all the Reformed Druid movements, including the ones he invented himself.<sup>282</sup>

Isaac was only one member (although the busiest) of a consortium of five to six RDNA members (the others were primarily Nelson, Frangquist, Shelton, Larson) who wrote sections or helped put the book together. It is easy to mistakenly conclude here Isaac was the sole author or that the entire DC(E) was valid for all Reformed Druid movements, probably an oversight.

We are lucky to have this reference to the NRDNA/SDNA conflict in California:

In Berkeley, [1981] Bonewits rejoined the NRDNA grove and was elected ArchDruid. He attempted to make the Berkeley grove as Neo-Pagan as the groves in Minneapolis and St. Louis, which caused a great deal of friction among the longtime members. After a few clashes, Bonewits left the organization.<sup>283</sup>

He won by one vote and it wasn't the Neo-Pagan part as much as the exclusion of people refusing to define themselves as Neo-Pagan, taking on political crusades or completely restructuring the leadership of the group.

Besides this few quibbles, it is a good biography of Isaac. However no real mention occurs of the underlying debates is offered. No second opinion is sought for balance from members of the "old" RDNA.

## Magic, Witches and Witchcraft in the US,

1992, pg. 107-109

In the United States, another modern Druidic movement with no connection to the ancient Druids or to the modern Druids in England, was formed in 1963. The Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA) initially was conceived as a hoax by a group of students at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, who were protesting a school requirement that students attend religious services. The requirement was dropped in 1963-4, but the Reformed Druids decided to take themselves seriously and continue as an organization of autonomous "groves." Rituals were reconstructed from anthropological material and included non-bloody sacrifices. The founders of the RDNA did not intend for it to become a religion but rather viewed it as a philosophy. Some groves split off to form a separate branch, the New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA), which emphasized neo-Pagan religion. Among these groves was the Berkeley grove, which was led by Archdruid P.E.I. (Isaac) Bonewits in the mid-1970s. Bonewits left the organization around 1978-9. In 1983 he formed his own Druidic organization, Ar nDraiocht Fein ("Our Own Druidism.")

By 1985 modern Druidic activity in the United States had declined. The Reformed Druids of North America was no longer active as an organization, though individual groves remained scattered around the country. Ar nDraiocht Fein had approximately 400 members as of 1988.

Modern Druids observe the eight seasonal Pagan holidays (see Sabbats), holding their rites outdoors. American Druids gather at a Stonehenge replica in Washington."

Now for a few short excerpts from the monumentally important tome of:

## Mike's Response to Magic, Witches, and Witchcraft in the US,

1992, pg. 107-109

The RDNA is tacked at the end of a section defining ancient Druidism and modern British druid groups. Thankfully it states that Reformed Druidism has: "no connection to the ancient Druids or to the modern Druids in England." The requirement was dropped after the 1963-4 year, in June 1994 to be official.

It treads on difficult territory when it mistakenly claims that:

Among these groves was the Berkeley grove, which was led by Archdruid P.E.I. (ISAAC) Bonewits in the Mid-1970s. Bonewits left the organization around 1978-79.<sup>284</sup>

No mention here of the important "leadership" exercised at Berkeley by Larson, Abbott or Carruth before, during and after Isaac's periods of ArchDruidcy in the 70s. Isaac returned briefly in 1981, of course, as a leader of a remnant of the Berkeley grove; the rest of whom left to form Live Oak grove.

The article correctly states that:

By 1985...The Reformed Druids of North America was no longer active as an organization, though individual groves remained scattered around the country.

Which is true. There is no more Council of Dalon Ap Landu, or it's successor the Co-Council of Dalon Ap Landu, each Grove went on its own merry way. But still the article expresses the strange concern that Druids must be in active groves to be active Druids.

# The Truth About Neopaganism

By Anodea Judith  
From Llewellyn Publications 1994

**Druidism-** The Druid branch of Neo-Paganism, largely spearheaded by Isaac Bonewits, is a reconstruction of the ancient Celtic oral tradition. Druid of old were the teachers, the bards (musicians), the scholars, and the traveling Priests who spread knowledge of traditional wisdom, theology, and moral philosophy throughout the Celtic lands from perhaps as early as the 5<sup>th</sup> century BCE until the 4<sup>th</sup> century CE, not to be revived again until the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries. They were of the higher classes and were skilled in divination, herbal medicine, ritual implementation, astronomy, the construction of calendars, music, and poetry.

Today, Druidism is alive in Europe and the United States. Until recently, English Druids held ceremonies at Stonehenge, a megalithic monument that was once believed to have been built by the Druids, though modern theories refute this. British Druidism is said to have been revived in 1717 by William Stukeley and John Toland, and revised by the Masons.

In 1965 [1963 actually], the students at Carleton College in Minnesota founded a Druid Order, RDNA (Reformed Druids of North America.) It began as a hoax to protest a school requirement to attend religious services, but they soon became so fascinated by the religion that they began to set up an organization of Druid "groves." They joined with the Neo-Pagan movement through NRDNA, or New Reformed Druids of North America, led by ArchDruid Isaac Bonewits, author of *Real Magic*. Later, in 1983, Isaac founded another organization, still active today, called Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF), which translates as "our own Druidism." ADF focuses on scholarship and training, with emphasis on healing, ecological awareness, music, and liturgy.

A split-off from ADF, Keltria, focuses more on the Wiccan side of Celtic mythology, and is an initiatory tradition.

Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF) (Druid)  
PO Box 1022, Nyack NY 10960  
Keltria (Celtic Druid)  
PO Box 33284, Minneapolis MN 55433

## Mike's Response to The Truth about Neo-Paganism

Anodea Judith serves as a priestess and was a former president of the Church of All Worlds. She is best known for her books on Chakras and healing. She authored several songs and articles that were reprinted in the RDNA magazines of the 1970s, and would have been an acquaintance of Isaac Bonewits. This book was a 70 page mini-introduction to Neo-Paganism, possibly to be distributed to law enforcement or other interest groups, and since we got a page, I'm rather pleased, but it is disappointing that the address of the Carleton Grove was not listed.

It is not certain if Druid were traveling persons in the early days, and I'd push back Druidry to 7<sup>th</sup> Century BCE. I would also substitute "Fraternal organizations" rather than "Masons" in her overview of Druidry. She gets the date wrong for the RDNA founding, a common mistake. The article, written at a time of rebuilding of the RDNA, apparently did not know of the continuance of the RDNA into modern times, and the article implies its demise and inevitable slide towards Neo-paganism. I think Keltria would also disagree that it is "Wiccan."

## An Interview with Isaac Bonewits

From: "The Druid's Progress," ADF, 1994

In a leaky tent at Dragonfest festival in 1994, Summer, and Robin pulled Isaac Bonewits away from his workshops just long enough for an interview about the past and future of Druidism.

**Interviewer:** Where did you grow up, where were you born?

**Bonewits:** I was born in Royal Oak, Michigan which is an appropriate place a future arch druid. Well Royal Oakes is a suburb of Detroit. I grew up the first 11 years in Ferndale Michigan, and Troy Michigan and various suburbs in the Michigan area, either in the Detroit suburbs or at one point we moved out to a distant suburb called Troy. I was raised a Catholic, my mother was a French Canadian Roman Catholic, still is. My father was a Presbyterian agnostic. He didn't pay a lot of attention to religion, but whatever mom said was OK with him. I bounced around a lot between public school and Catholic school. I'd stay in one till I got kicked out and then I would go to the other 'til I got kicked out.

**Interviewer:** What did you do to get kicked out?

**Bonewits:** I just had a bad habit of asking rude questions, especially in the Catholic schools about things that kids weren't either a: weren't supposed to know about; or weren't supposed to have the opinions I had.

**Interviewer:** Do you remember any of those arguments?

**Bonewits:** I remember one occasion were a nun had told our 3rd or 4th grade class that if everybody got something done we would get to go on this field trip. At the last minute she changed her mind and said we weren't going to go on the field trip after all. I said to her "you lied to us." She slapped me and I slugged her. I was not about to put up with that. My mom had to send my older brother in to plead with them to not expel me from the school. I could have cared less at that point.

**Interviewer:** Was the education any good?

**Bonewits:** Not particularly, I can't say that the Catholic education was any better then public school was. Catholic school was a lot more rigid about making exceptions for exceptional students. Public schools were much more willing to let me read books that were at a higher grade level than the Catholic schools were. Catholic schools were much more interested in making everyone fit into a rigid regimented regime. When I was 11 the family moved to Southern California and I didn't have anything better to do at the time, so I went with them. We lived in San Clemente for a while which was a beach town about halfway between L.A. and San Diego.

**Interviewer:** Was that a dramatically different environment?

**Bonewits:** Yeah. Oh yeah, sure. I moved from living in the suburbs, very old suburbs of big city to living in what amounted to a rural town, suburb stuck in the middle of nowhere and I had the Pacific Ocean in my front yard literally. It was wonderful. When I was thirteen I went for the second semester of ninth grade to this



catholic seminary. It was supposed to be a prep school for the college level seminary training. And got in trouble there because I kept asking awkward questions during history class. Because you see, I read books about European history, which weren't written by Catholics. So I was asking questions about the inquisition and the crusades and various corrupt popes. They thought I had a bad attitude. They told me I wasn't to come back the next year.

**Interviewer:** Did you get away from the Catholic influence when you got to San Clemente?

**Bonewits:** I was a devout Roman Catholic. I really believed all that nonsense. I was an altar boy. I thought I was going to be a priest. My mom wanted me to be a priest. I was raised to be a priest, like some catholic parents will do whether they are Irish or French Canadian or Italian. The end of the semester came around and the two priests who ran this little hole in the wall Catholic high school/seminary thing realized they didn't have enough student 'volunteers' to run their summer camp for the littler Catholic kids they were going to run to make money. On the last day as I'm all packed up and ready to go they call me into the office and say "well, we've decided we're going to let you stay after all -- if you work for us this summer." I said Well, gee that's too bad because I've decided I don't want to come back next year. They said "Oh, that's too bad, did you decide you don't have a vocation to be a priest"? Without thinking about it at all, I just looked at them and said "Oh no, I have a vocation to be a priest all right, just not in your religion." I made the decision at the moment I spoke the words, and I just picked up my suitcase and walked out to the car where my dad was waiting for me. He was delighted to hear that I had made that decision. Dad had never wanted me to be a priest anyway. Mom was disappointed. Later that summer I was working odd jobs to get spending money and I was working at a doughnut shop, sweeping the floors and washing the windows and running errands and the kind of thing they would let a thirteen year old do. And there was a Creole woman from New Orleans, who was working there. In fact she was having an affair with the owner of the shop. And she had a kid from a previous relationship and I started doing baby sitting for her. She started to tell me about Voodoo and started showing me things about Voodoo, including a couple of very spectacular spells that worked very emphatically.

**Interviewer:** You were open to this?

**Bonewits:** I was wide open to it. Voodoo is distinct from voodooon. Voodoo is the American magical system of the Afro-American religions with all the religious matters stripped away. She showed me these magic spells she was doing and I observed that they worked spectacularly well. That really got me very curious about the topic and I started doing all kinds of reading in the library. Every book I could find on magic and then it got into physic phenomenon and ESP, and then it got into anthropology and comparative religion. I just loved all this stuff. Finally when I went to UC Berkeley I started out as a psychology major, but the psychology department at that point was entirely under the control of the rat men. The Skinnerian behaviorists. If you couldn't do something with rats

and pigeons it wasn't real, and therefore there was no reason for psychologists to have to learn about it. So I dropped out of the psychology program and started taking classes I wanted to take. Which were classes in folklore, mythology, comparative religion, and statistics so I could understand a little about parapsychology, the experimental design. Eventually I put it all together and got a special degree program in magick. And that's how I got my bachelor's degree in magick.

**Interviewer:** They had a program where you could design your own?

**Bonewits:** Yes, we are talking about the late 1960's when the whole idea of student-designed programs were just being invented, ours was one of the first at UC Berkeley.

**Interviewer:** Do they still do that?

**Bonewits:** They still have do it yourself programs but they had a sign up in the college of letters and sciences for several years after I graduated that said under no circumstances are any individual group majors using the words magick, witchcraft, sorcery or anything similar to be approved.

**Interviewer:** Appalled themselves did they?

**Bonewits:** Yes they did. Although the chancellor did tell me at one social event I met him at a year or so later that I was the first person in some ten or twenty years who had gotten UC Berkeley to get the college any publicity who wasn't either involved in making bombs or throwing them.

**Interviewer:** There's that. What about high school?

**Bonewits:** I got out of high school a year early. I took extra classes, went to summer school and got out as fast as I could. I hated high school. I was the typical weird dweeb/nerd/geek or whatever they're calling it this week. I had very few friends and very few people who you could hold an intelligent conversation with.

**Interviewer:** So how did you hit the Pagan movement?

**Bonewits:** When I was in UC Berkeley and in the process of studying all these things I stumbled over Gerald Gardeners books. I knew there was a Pagan Community. I had joined the SCA at some point in the late sixties and met some Witches and Pagans there, including Gwydion Pendarwyn, who did the first Pagan music album. I wasn't overly impressed with the quality of their magickal technique. At one point I was living with a guy who was a graduate of Carleton College, in Northfield, Minnesota, which is where the reformed Druids of North American got started. He mentioned Druidism to me. All sorts of bells started going off in my head. I said gee this sounds really interesting; let's do some of this stuff. So we started up a grove in Berkeley of the Reformed Druids of North America. It was October 1969 I was ordained as a third order priest of the RDNA. I am coming up on the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination as a priest. I published my first book Real Magick in 1971. Foolishly, I did not immediately go into graduate school from undergraduate studies. I probably could have done it if I had gone immediately in. I wanted to take a break off from Academia for a while. So far that break has lasted about twenty-five years. I am hoping

to go back and get my masters and PHD. The main reason I want to go back is so I will have access to the libraries, to the professors, the database and the online nets. When I went to Berkeley after the first few classes I took it became very clear to me that it was possible to get a good education at Berkeley; but it was going to be in spite of the system rather than because of it. I just started hanging out at the library doing the research I wanted to do. I would start visiting these professors, including ones I wasn't taking any classes from. They would sit there day after day with their doors open during their official hours open for visiting, and nobody ever going by to talk to them. They were delighted to have somebody come and talk who was really interested in learning their topic. I got to sit in on some of the graduate student seminars. I remember I had one professor, Fountainrose, now passed over, who was a scholar and gentleman. I took his course in Greek religion, and for my term paper I wrote an essay proving one of his pet theories was wrong. He gave me an A on the paper. I wrote a paper on Greek shamanism. What I proved was there were no Greek shamans. Shamanism was not part of the Greek religion, it was something that people on the fringes doing it from Thessaly and so forth, and it wasn't really integrated into the Greek religious worldview.

**Interviewer:** After you got involved in the Pagan religious world did you have the goal or urge to become a religious authority? Did you mean to become a public figure?

**Bonewits:** No, I just sort of stumbled into it. Publishing the book wasn't originally my idea. When I graduated and there was all this publicity in the newspapers about somebody getting a degree in magick. I got solicitations from three or four publishing houses that said would you like to do a book, we'll be happy to pay you money. I said, oh gosh, gee wiz! So I recycled some of my papers from the college classes, wrote a bunch of new material and published the book. All of the sudden I was an authority figure. Two years later I went out to Minneapolis/St. Paul and becoming editor of Gnostica magazine for Llewellyn publications. In 73 Carl Westke held the first of his Gnosticons, which was a pagan festival. He invented the pagan festival. He did it more like a science fiction convention in a hotel. I went out there to do lectures for it. He invited me to move out there and take over as editor of his in-house magazine and said he wanted me to raise the quality of his magazine. I was there for about a year and a half and raised the quality of the magazine, we made it, what other people besides myself thought was the single best occult journal being published in English at the time. The academic standards and the quality of the writing in general. Unfortunately when you raise the quality of something you lower the readership. He wasn't making as much money as he wanted to make so he kept pressuring me to lower the standards again back to where they had been back when he had a lot of subscribers. So I quit, which was probably a damn foolish mistake.

**Interviewer:** Well, there are finances and there are principles.

**Bonewits:** I was young enough to think that the principles were so important that I could ignore the financial repercussions. It was basically publishing Gnostica

that made me a national figure for the Pagan community. It was widely distributed. I published articles in there, which were extremely controversial at the time. I was the first person to publish an article doubting the antiquity of the Craft. I published a later version of that in Gnostica in which I analyzed everything we knew about the history of religion in general, and the history of Wicca in particular, and came to the conclusion that there was little or no evidence that this was actually an ancient religion, and a great deal of evidence that it was a modern one. The screams echoed from one ocean to the other. I got so much flak. I was not prepared for the degree of horrified response that I would get. I didn't understand at that point how emotionally important the myth of antiquity was for people in the Craft. I know that now but I didn't know it then. A whole bunch of people said "I am gonna fix that bastard Bonewits, I'm going to do research to prove he's wrong." A lot of people did the research and come to the conclusion, "Dammit he's right." So more people started publishing articles saying, well, no guys this really isn't ancient after all.

**Interviewer:** The idea of famtrads is popping up everywhere.

**Bonewits:** I really regret inventing that terminology. Over the course of the last 25 years I have met hundreds of people who claimed they were famtrad witches. Maybe one of them was telling the truth, possibly two. The rest were simply lying. Or they had been taught by people who were lying.

**Interviewer:** In another generation we will have famtrads.

**Bonewits:** My son is a famtrad witch. All of our kids are going to be famtrad pagans of one sort or another. The problem was that once you proved that Gardener either hadn't been initiated, or if he had been none of the older stuff got into what he handed on, then you had a lot of people, first in Britain and then in the U.S. claiming that we have a witchcraft tradition that is older than Gardener. There had been a group called the Pentagram club, associated with Oxford and Cambridge who had been trying to recreate Witchcraft based on Margaret Murrays' ideas, at about the same time Gardener had been doing what he did. There also seem to be a few occultist who were imitating Murray when Murray's books came out. Its entirely possible that it was one of those Murrayite Witches that Gardener ran into. They told him what they had was ancient, he may have genuinely believed it was ancient. I don't think so, he was a classic scoundrel/guru. People who want to believe there is something ancient, they have that loophole. When I first talked about the concept of famtrads I very carefully defined it as people who belonged to families who had been underground occultists for many generations. And this generation they are calling themselves witches. At any event that's what made me a national figure. At the time I was involved with politics within the Reformed Druids of North American community. I thought what they had was a pagan religion. They are singing hymns of praise to the Earth Mother. They are invoking all of ancient Celtic Gods and Goddesses. They are referring to what they do as nature worship. It sure looks like a religion to me. So I was trying to get the members of the RDNA to accept the fact that what they were was a Neo-Pagan priestcraft. They didn't want to have any of

that. They started out as meso-pagan Druids, believing that Druidism was a philosophy rather than a religion, and that you could apply it to any other religion that you happen to belong to. You could be a Christian and a Druid at the same time. I now have found out just this past year, after consulting with a young man at Carleton College who is organizing the International Druid archives, that across the street from Carleton College was St. Olaf's College, and the St. Olaf College library has a huge collection of Meso-Pagan Druid literature from the 1850's. [Actually only three books, and Carleton students rarely "crossed the Cannon River" to go to Olaf in the 60s.] I think that may be where the founders of the RDNA got some of their material. The founder claimed he was a famtrad Druid, he now refuses to answer letters from anyone who is pagan because he is an Anglican Priest now, and very embarrassed about being responsible for the RDNA. After several false starts trying to start new versions of the RDNA, including the Hasidic Druids of North America, I finally said the hell with it, the group I was with in Berkeley blew up to smithereens. I now know what happened because I know more about small group dynamics. At the time I just said I don't need this garbage anymore, I am tired of trying to be a scholar for a group that doesn't care about scholarship, I am tired of being a leader for a community that trashes it's leadership. I sold three quarters of my magical library, and bought computer books instead. I taught myself some marketable job skills and I earned a living for a while. What an amazing change. The biggest shock was how much I had to suppress who I was to work in a corporate environment. Fortunately at that time, computer tekkies were still a weird enough minority, and a valuable enough minority they were allowed a great deal of slack, that they are not allowed today. The pleasantist surprise I got was how similar computer programming was to spellcasting. I actually got some very good ideas from computers that I could apply to ritual design. Eventually I got dragged by the scruff of my neck kicking and screaming into starting another Druid organization.

**Interviewer:** I call it the Gods kicking you. If you don't move in the direction they want, they won't send a memo, but they will kick you.

**Bonewits:** I have been trying to learn the Irish language for the last ten years and one of my Irish teachers is a PHD linguist, he casually mentioned one day, during one of our Irish lessons, an Irish for Pagans class. He said that if you were to combine the material from the Greek and Roman writers, the surviving Welsh and Irish literary traditions, the surviving Indo-European mythological material we have in the Carmina Gadelica and the new material from the surviving Pagan traditions from the Baltic territories, which were still dressing up in long white robes and going out to oak groves in WWII. If you combined all that together you could actually reconstruct 80 or 90 percent of the Old religions really had been in Europe. As opposed to the fantasy that most people think of in the old religion. I foolishly mentioned that quote to a Pagan I met in an Irish class in New York City, who was from Oklahoma he said well why don't we do it then. I said Noooooooooo!!!! Finally I was persuaded by deities beyond my control, that I had to start it up again. This time I said fine, we are not going to try to rewrite anybody else's system we are just going to

start something from scratch. We'll call it Our Own Druidism, that how we got the name ADF, An Draiocht Fein. In Irish that means Our Own Druidism. That way nobody can claim that I am ripping them off or perverting their tradition. It started out as a network of 30 or 40 independent scholars inside the Pagan community. People who actually had academic degrees, people who had actually read a few serious scholarly book on it. As word of what we were doing spread, we had people wanting us to start doing ritual. They wanted Druid ritual. An then they wanted a training program for the clergy. An then they wanted a local grove structure. And the next thing we knew we had a full scale public Pagan church fund.

**Interviewer:** Where was this centered?

**Bonewits:** I was living in New York when we started it, and then I moved to Kansas City for a while doing a computer job, then I moved back to California for a while, then I moved back to New York again. One of the major pluses and minuses of ADF was that we became a national organization without going through the preliminary stages of local and regional.

**Interviewer:** Because of where the scholars were located?

**Bonewits:** Yes, the scholars were located all over the country. The people who were interested in what we were doing were located all over the country, and I was located all over the country. The central address kept changing a lot.

**Interviewer:** Did you have a personal life going on here?

**Bonewits:** Oh I had a personal life, an extremely personal life, going on during all of this. Not assisted by the relocations at all. I had enormous financial problems. I got in serious trouble with the IRS because I completely misunderstood income averaging, so I seriously underpaid my tax bill one year. They found me out ten years later and started hounding me for it, and I'm still paying that off.

**Interviewer:** I kind of always hoped the IRS would have to dump the database every seven or eight years.

**Bonewits:** No, oh no.. For people who they have flagged as being weirdoes, or politically suspect, they never throw it away. I was already in the FBI files because I was a medic at the Brooklyn Free Clinic during the demonstrations.

**Interviewer:** So, they already knew who you were.

**Bonewits:** So, they followed you around with it. They didn't hold that against us when we applied for tax-exempt status for ADF. We're a 501c3 organization. I was still earning my living through secular employment. Until last May when I became disabled and was no longer able to function in a corporate environment. It's hard to do type setting and layout in graphics work on a computer when you can only type thirty words a minute.

**Interviewer:** Can we inquire what happened?

**Bonewits:** I am one of the 10,000 or so unlucky Americans who consumed poisoned tryptophane products during 1989. That's why they took it off the market. It turned out that there was this one sleazy Japanese corporation that decided to improve their profit margin by using the new genetically engineered strain of bacteria to

produce the raw tryptophane powder from the raw dairy product, which is how they do it, they take left over whey from other dairy processing activities and they use bacteria that munch the whey and excrete the tryptophane. I didn't realize I was consuming bacterial shit all this time, what the hell. That's their standard way of doing it. They bought a new genetically engineered strain of bacteria that was designed to produce more of the tryptophane faster. And they simultaneously decided that they would lower their filtration standards from human medicine level to animal medicine levels, since they also did veterinary products. They didn't mention that to anybody and in America vitamins are not controlled by the Food and Drug Administration. They sold tons of this stuff to American vitamin companies who then packaged it up and then sold it to their unsuspecting customers. So, thousands of people came down with this brand new disease. A few hundred of them died, several hundred wound up in wheel chairs, or otherwise seriously paralyzed and the rest of us would up with a wide variety of multi-systemic damage. Tryptophane is a natural amino acid, its found in a lot of foods mostly in dairy products and turkey. Which is why when you have a big turkey dinner, everybody falls asleep. It was used as a treatment for insomnia, it was used as an anti-depressant because it did not affect your mental processes, unlike most of the anti-depressants that were available in the 70's and 80's. I've been taking tryptophane for years, on my doctor's advice. So were most of these other people who came down with this disease.

**Interviewer:** How did they discover what it was that was causing the problems?

**Bonewits:** A bunch of people starting coming down with really weird syndromes and the doctors couldn't figure it all out. And they thought a new disease was going on. They reported this to the CDC (Center for Disease Control) and eventually the correlation came through that all the people who had this disease had been consuming tryptophane products. And that was when the food and Drug Administration confiscated a bunch of tryptophane from the shelves of a few stores, examined it and found this chemical contaminate somewhat similar to heavy metal poisoning.

**Interviewer:** Does this give you more time to pursue other goals?

**Bonewits:** Yes and no. I'm becoming increasingly physically handicapped. This may be the last year I am able to do festivals. I used to drive all over the country going to pagan festivals. Now I can't drive more than 45 minutes without my hands and feet cramping up. I can't type at a keyboard for more than an hour at a time without having to take a break, a long break. I used to make my living as a computerized typesetter or a writer. It's going to be real hard to make a living as a writer if I can't type for more than an hour at a time. I can still do speaking, but how long that is going to last is in question because of the damage it does to my throat.

**Interviewer:** So computers are a real interest to you.

**Bonewits:** Primarily as a tool. I don't do a lot of programming. I play around with BASIC programs from time to time just as an intellectual puzzle. I also buy logic puzzle

magazines and do those. I love computers, but I love them as a useful tool, not as an obsession in and of themselves. I'm getting on the nets now. I can't log on very often and it takes forever to read all the messages and write responses. I'm getting a lot of valuable feedback from people on ideas, throwing them out on the nets and seeing what happens. Now I'm on the PODS net, we have an ADF echo and a senior Druid echo, that is distributed by the Pagan Occult Distribution System. Otherwise know as PODS Net, for the tekkies in the audience its run through the FIDO echo net. I am also on GENI and I am also going to be on America On Line. Possibly Compuserve and Prodigy as well. The problem is that they all cost money, and I can't get on these things unless people arrange free membership for me, which has been done for a couple of them. We just don't have the finances for me to be on all the nets all the time I would like to be on. I figure if I am on five or six other nets and I log on them every other week, I can at least keep in touch with people. People can send me questions, I can no longer read everything everybody says, but I can at least read the messages that people have aimed at me.

**Interviewer:** You mention the ADF. What is it?

**Bonewits:** ADF has turned out to be one of the most controversial groups in the country, mostly because of what I call the ten-year gap. Usually when I come up with an idea that horrifies the community, ten years later it's old hat and everybody knows it. ADF was one of the first Pagan traditions to talk about the need for excellence and the need for standards, qualifications for clergy, paying for clergy, keeping the bullshit quotient down to the absolute minimum in our community. Things that really offended people in our community, and still do. What I find fascinating by this is that even though people are offended by us that doesn't keep them from stealing our ideas.

**Interviewer:** Which is the definition of eclectic.

**Bonewits:** Right. What has happened is we have become a touchstone for comparison. We don't claim perfection and we have made zillions of mistakes, but because we started out with the intent with avoiding all of the old mistakes, that has given us the option to make new ones. We have learned a lot and we have published everything. We publish all of our mistakes, which is some thing that most groups don't do. Because of that it has been very educational, not just for us but for other people in the community. All of the sudden dozens of Pagan groups are talking about standards for Clergy, they are talking about improving the quality of their research. They are talking about the uses of liturgical languages, they are talking about paying their clergy. All this stuff that horrified people when we first brought it up, is now becoming the norm. So even though we are a small group we are dramatically influential nationwide.

**Interviewer:** How do you see the Druid organizations differ from the Pagan/Wiccan organizations.

**Bonewits:** There are two major areas of difference. The first is a theological difference, and the other area is a structural focus difference. Theologically most Wiccan groups are duotheistic or monotheistic. All the goddesses are blended into one goddess and all the

gods are blended into one god, except for those groups who refuse to admit the existence of male deities. The god and goddesses are seen to be faces or aspects of the eternal female and the eternal male. Yin and the Yang. In the ADF the focus is very polytheistic. We insist on treating each god or goddess as the unique individual he or she may be. We will compare similarities of different deities but for ritual work we never mix them up. The Wiccan groups who do a lot of drawing down discover they get better results when they treat a god or a goddess as an individual, rather than one vague marshmallow puff goddess or god. This is a practical discovery that people make after they do trance possession work for a while. The other major difference is a structure focus one. Wicca, as a religion, is small group oriented. Groups that are closed, exclusionary and private. The style of work that goes on in a Wiccan coven requires you to bring people in one at a time to screen them carefully to make sure that each new person that comes in will get along with the people who were there previously. Rituals are private and magical space is between the worlds, it's cut off from the rest of reality while doing the ritual. Druid focus, on the other hand, is on large-scale public groups. On being inclusionary, anyone who shows up for a ritual can do so as long as they behave themselves. The sacred area is open rather than closed. We don't cast circles for druid rituals, we consecrate or recognize the sacredness of a particular piece of ground. but the energy flow of a druid ritual is in and out of the area throughout the whole ritual. We don't cut ourselves off. Rather than being between the worlds, we consider ourselves in the center of all worlds. This has practical implications in that if somebody shows up late, or an adult has a child that has to be taken care of, they can enter or leave the ceremony at any point as long as they do so quietly. Druidic liturgy is specifically oriented towards large groups, and Wiccan liturgy is specifically oriented towards small groups. One of the things that Pagans have found out is that you cannot take the liturgical and magickal techniques of a Wiccan circle that is designed to work with eight or nine people and make it work for two hundred people.

**Interviewer:** These days congregationalism is a hot topic.

**Bonewits:** How are you defining that term?

**Interviewer:** From a Wiccan perspective, as you have defined it, they are saying that there are masses of people, who want to attend but they all need to be in a group within the circle. And the idea of having people do ritual for the people somehow negates the idea of claiming the Gods individually. It sounds like what I am hearing that the Druidic design encompasses congregations.

**Bonewits:** Our theology says that anybody can talk to the gods, anytime they want to. That they don't need mediators. But, we also believe that creating, preparing and forming liturgy is a specific art and science that you need to have training in and that some people are going to be better at than others are - through training and inborn talent. And so we don't think that everybody should be clergy. We think that only the people who have a specific calling to be clergy should be clergy. We also recognize that there are many different types of clergy, other than leading an organization or running ceremonies. Our training

system is defining, we have ministries. We have a healing ministry, we have a counseling ministry, we have a divinatory ministry, we have a scholarly ministry, and we have a congregational ministry. These of the specialties people follow in the study program. The future of neo-paganism is very clearly going toward having large-scale public pagan churches. And that is going to happen with or without the input from the Wiccan community. They basically have a choice, they can scream and refuse to participate or they can accommodate and have their concerns brought into the process. Its happening anyway. What we've been finding is that when people start up an ADF grove or a CAW nest for that matter, being another publicly oriented pagan church, we might have a half a dozen people at their first meeting, and a dozen at the second, and twenty at the third meeting, and fifty at the fourth meeting. There is an enormous hunger in the America public for religion that is meaningful, and a sizable number of people are really looking for public paganism. And they do not have either the time or the inclination to go through the kind of intense, small group training that Wicca is designed to do. And yet we have had Wiccan priestesses who have claimed that we don't want to let all these riff raff in, and we've got to bring them in one at a time, in a traditional apprenticeship, outer court training system. And if there are not enough priestesses in town to accommodate all the people who want in, tough luck!

**Interviewer:** Insisting everyone be priestess?

**Bonewits:** Precisely. This is primarily Gerald Gardner's fault. Gerald Gardner took Martin Luther's principle of 'every man his own minister' and changed that to 'every witch his/her own priest/ess.' And when you got your first degree, as has been published in quite a few places, you are ordained as a priest or priestess at the same time you are ordained a witch. At your first degree. And that was why they had to invent the term high priest or priestess, because there were people who were functioning genuinely as clergy on a congregational level.

**Bonewits:** ADF is now ten years old, and we are just now having our first ordination to the priesthood coming up in September. Our first person who has worked her way all the way through the study program to the level where we will ordain her as a priestess.

**Interviewer:** There is the ongoing issue of professional or paid clergy. But I'm not sure if the new paganism provides adequate teaching, and this is an issue in such a rapidly expanding religion.

**Bonewits:** In our study we have program the provision that if you are in the first circle, and there happens to be a second circle member near you, we expect you to communicate with that second circle person.

**Interviewer:** Circles?

**Bonewits:** Our system is circles within circles. First circle is the absolute beginners. Second circle is sort of like deacons, people who decided they are serious about the organization and they want to start taking responsibility and work toward a leadership role. The third circle is the first ring of genuine leadership. This is where we actually call people a healer, a bard, or a liturgist or a priest or priestess. If somebody is in the

second circle, part of their second circle studies is advising any first circle members who live near them. And part of the training for the third circle is advising any second or first circle members who are near you. This makes that person not the sole source of advice, but one of them.

**Interviewer:** A self-correcting environment.

**Bonewits:** The other thing too, is that we have deliberately set up horizontal and diagonal communication as well as vertical communication within our structure. So that everybody can talk to everybody else, without having their message censored by somebody on a totem pole.

**Interviewer:** I was impressed on how available you were to everyone. I have been to festivals or other events where the important figures come around, but they won't speak to the masses. It seems to me that if you are out to work with the masses, then you ought to be part of that group.

**Bonewits:** It really depends a lot on the personal, intellectual style of the leadership. Some people are really uncomfortable talking to beginners. And if they are (uncomfortable), then it's just as well that they don't, because they won't do a very good job. Some people feel very comfortable talking to people from a variety of levels. It just happens that I am one of them.

**Interviewer:** Is it energy too?

**Bonewits:** How much psychological energy they have to put into it, yes. This is one of the reasons why we set up our study program for people to pick specialties. Depending on what their specialty is what kind of interactions they will have with the other members. If someone's specialty is scholarship, then they are probably going to only interact with other scholars most of the time, unless they are teaching a class in a local grove.

**Interviewer:** So, social skills may not be their specialty.

**Bonewits:** Right

**Interviewer:** I think that delivering information is so important, but it requires such a variety of social skills that make it work.

**Bonewits:** Unfortunately, as you probably know, knowing something and being able to teach it well are not the same thing.

**Interviewer:** Every tradition has its own flavor, if people are interested in your organization where would you recommend they start to see if there is a fit.

**Bonewits:** Well, the first thing to do is we recommend people call up our 800 number, 1 - 800 - DRUIDRY, or they can send \$3.00 and a self addressed stamped envelope to our mailing address, and we will send out an information packet. Which will include the latest issue of our national newsletter.

**Interviewer:** This is great.

**Bonewits:** People dial it up and they get a one-minute spiel on what ADF is and is not, and then we tell them to send three dollars to that address. So, they can do it directly or indirectly.

**Interviewer:** You see a lot of things about witches and pagans, witches being such a phrase for the media, do you get

a lot of generic interest or does it tend to be people more informed about druidism?

**Bonewits:** I would say that about 2/3 to 3/4 of the members of ADF are also Wiccans. They are either practicing Wicca now or have in the past. A lot of people joined ADF because they were looking for a structured system of training that would give them the well rounded body of skills that they felt they needed and they didn't think they were getting from whatever tradition they were studying in. We also have a lot of people who were informed enough and experienced enough to realize that the small group techniques of Wicca weren't working for larger groups and they wanted to learn appropriate techniques of liturgy and teaching and so forth for the larger groups that they finding coming to their doorstep.

**Interviewer:** You use the phrase liturgy. Would you characterize that more as a presentation, sacred drama, how does it differ from what they try to do?

**Bonewits:** Liturgy specifically refers to worship ceremony. Especially in regards to public worship ceremonies. The word originally means literally public works. Liturgos. There were all kinds of public works you could do in ancient Greece. Springing the money for a ceremony was one of them. And after a while that took on the connotation that liturgy was primarily arranging to have sacrifices done for a particular deity. And throwing the big communal meal that came afterwards. And the liturgists were the people who had enough money they could afford to pay all the expenses themselves. Does this sound familiar? And then when the Christian came along they chose to use the word liturgy to refer to their central religious ceremony. The mass. And the protestants sometimes still call what they do liturgy and sometimes they call it something else. Liturgy I use as a generic term for worship ritual. It involves magical, and theatrical, and psychological and mundane aspects to create a multimedia experience that enable people to have a closer connection with the divine, however defined by a particular tradition.

**Interviewer:** In that system, are the observers responsible for raising energy, for feeding energy?

**Bonewits:** Yes, everybody participates in raising energy in druid ritual. We have a standard liturgical, which is basically an outline that all of our local groves use. That way people traveling from one grove to another grove will know what to expect. And it fits with the general cosmology and theology that we are developing in our particular tradition. But there is an enormous amount of elbow room in how they interpret the liturgical outline.

**Interviewer:** My thought, is that since I came from a Wiccan background that you had to have an encompassing circle, within which you contained energy.

**Bonewits:** You don't need to contain energy.

**Interviewer:** It's an intriguing idea, because coming in and out of circle causes special issues.

**Bonewits:** What we do in ADF ritual we consecrate sacred space, or in some cases we reaffirm to ourselves that the space is already sacred, we reconstruct the cosmos, which is a standard thing in world liturgy according to our cosmology. That will vary from group to group,

according to whether they are doing a Celtic focus, or a Norse focus, or a Vedic focus, or a Slavic focus, they all have the same cosmology, but with different emphases on it. So you reconstruct the universe according to that cosmology by inviting or invoking entities associated with the different worlds of that ethnic group's cosmology. Then we usually invite the three kindreds, the deities, the ancestors and the nature spirits. We do a placating sacrifice to the outsiders, spirits of discord and chaos. We do that outside of the area, where most of our work is going on. And, we get people into a group mind primarily through the use of music and song. Dance, when we are in a good place for dancing, and when we are with a group of people who know how to dance. Not holding hands and stumbling around in a circle. Which is what most pagan dance is. Then we invoke a specific god or goddess as the special guest for the occasion. And offer our sacrifices. And the sacrifices in druid ritual are artistic performances. We offer songs, poems, sacred dance, ritual drama.

**Interviewer:** Not so much a sacrifice, but an offering.

**Bonewits:** They are all offerings, yes. What we do is people make offerings to the god or goddess of the occasions and then we have a prayer in which we take all the energy which has been generated by peoples' perceptions of these artworks and offer that as our sacrifice to the god or goddess of the occasion.

**Interviewer:** I think sacrifice has such connotations.

**Bonewits:** I know it does, I know it does. Then you get a return flow of energy from the deity, or deities and you then use that for generic blessings on the congregation or for a rite of passage or for some kind of spell that needs to be done. And at that point you don't need to raise any more energy cause you've already got stuff from the deity. And then we wind it all down.

**Interviewer:** To be technical, about that piece of it. How do you see that energy? Energy invoked in the deity, is it because the deity is us and we put the energy there? Is it an outside source that has its own existence separate from the energy that we impart to it? Is it part of the great human unconscious? All of the above?

**Bonewits:** Yes. All of the above. We don't insist on monothesisism.

**Interviewer:** There's a good word! Monothesisism.

**Bonewits:** Monothesisism. Ah, yes. I think Sam Wagar or Paul Slee came up with that term, I forget whom. It's the underlying concept to all of Western civilization that there has to be a single best answer or a single best solution to any problem. We use multi-model approaches, we are polytheist, we are pluralism.

**Interviewer:** Does this work in a practical sense?

**Bonewits:** Yes it does. What we generally do is after we have given the sacrifice of energy to the central deities of the occasion, we take it back from them, we get a return blessing from them which goes into a cup of the waters of life. We usually have one chalice of whiskey and one chalice of spring water. People can sip from either or both. Sometimes we do a meal but that messes up the pacing of a ritual so we don't usually. This is equivalent to the cakes and wine in a Wiccan ritual. What it does is it takes the divine energy and

gives you a physical symbol of taking it into yourself. That is what communion is for. Then people are filled with divine energy and then we do our invocations and our magical work so that everybody is going to get as much energy as they can handle. Then we either absorb it to ourselves for personal blessings and healing or if we have a rite of passage that needs to be done like an ordination or child blessing or funeral or if there is a particular spell that has to be done, we then do it, using standard magical techniques within the aesthetic context of what we have been doing in the ritual. When that is over we drain off the excess energy and we say thank you to everybody we invited and we unwind the ritual. It's all very sensible if you sit down and look at it.

**Interviewer:** I see people using the cakes and wine as refreshment now that the ritual is over.

**Bonewits:** Right, part of the problem is that Wiccan magical technology was real confused, Gerald Gardner didn't understand a whole lot about magick, although he belonged to a lot of magickal groups. Some groups used the cakes and wine as a grounding method, and some used it as a reception of blessings from the Gods method, and some use it as a charging us up so we can now do the spell method. I think from a logical point of view it makes more sense in the latter context, that the deities give you their blessings from the cakes and wine and you can then cast your spell. You shouldn't have to raise more energy after the cakes and wine to cast a spell. You should have gotten those things charged up enough. You do your cone of power, your energy raising before the cakes and wine. You do that as a way of giving your love and your energy to the God and Goddess, they then give you the return flow which you then use for magick.

**Interviewer:** When you are in an open circle and people come and go you don't find that draining because you don't anticipate it to be.

**Bonewits:** Right, if all of the sudden somebody lands a hot air balloon on the other side of the meadow and everybody's attention is distracted, fine that will cause a problem. But well done public ritual does music and song and poetry and drama that holds peoples attention and keeps it, it keeps everybody thinking more or less along the same lines for the duration of the ritual. That is how you get a group mind.

**Interviewer:** Let's get away from the details and out to the broader picture. Where do you see the Pagan movement and particularly the Druidic movement going in the next five years. Is it expanding rapidly?

**Bonewits:** Oh yes, we have been around for ten years now, we have fourteen chartered groves. And those are legal branch churches of the corporation.

**Interviewer:** What size are the groves?

**Bonewits:** The newer groves have three or four people in them. The larger groves have 20 to 30 people in them. Once the groves have been around a year or two they tend to have 50 to 100 people showing up for the high days celebrations. Every grove is required to provide publicly accessible worship. We started out thinking that grove would be planted and some would flourish and some would die off, and some would merge and some would split. We expected change and we even

wrote into the grove organizers handbook how to handle change. We have a specific manual that we give people who are organizing a grove, how to run a grove, what specific things you can do, helpful advice for your early years.

**Interviewer:** Do you have standards or requirements for people before they can start a grove?

**Bonewits:** No. Any three members can start a grove, any one or two members can start a proto-grove. We have forms that they fill out, we have questionnaires that are mostly for us to assist them in what they are doing. We basically give the groves an enormous amount of local autonomy; provide that they don't violate the national bylaws, provided that they don't violate basic policy.

**Interviewer:** How extensive are these by-laws?

**Bonewits:** There are a lot of them, you need them for any corporation that is doing as many things as we are doing. It's about eight pages of small print typesetting. In a large part, we wrote the by-laws the way we did for the benefit for the IRS. Cause the IRS expects you to have certain by-laws if they are going to treat you as a real church. Most of those expectations are reasonable and practical, and some of them that aren't are still understandable as they relate to Christian groups, which is what the IRS is mostly thinking in terms of. Most of the by-laws that affect groves directly, there are about 10 or 11 of them, are pretty damn small. Groves have to call themselves by a name that includes the initials ADF somewhere, and they have to use that in all their flyers, advertising and whatnot, groves have to provide public or semipublic rituals eight times a year minimum. They have to have some kind of meeting at least twice every lunar month. We have a good neighbor policy in every grove, they have to contact the police department, contact the local interfaith council, contact the local religion editors and the local media ahead of time, long before any problems develop. Pre-emptive publicity. This is something I am recommending to the people in Colorado Springs who are having problems with the right-wingers there. Go for pre-emptive publicity, so by the time the Christian right gets around to attacking us directly, we already established credibility and friendly relationship with the local media. So they will come to us and ask our response before they print something. Our meaning the Pagan community.

**Bonewits:** So the rules for starting a local grove is relatively simple and easy, beyond those rules we try to give each grove the maximum amount of autonomy possible. Every grove has to do a public works project every seasonal quarter, some kind of secular, not magickal, public works project. Planting trees, adopting a highway, working for a weekend in a soup kitchen, working for a suicide hot line. Something physical, mundane and secular that shows the rest of your community that you are part of it. That you are not a bunch of weirdos hiding away being separate. That you are taking responsibility as a citizen of your town to contribute to your community.

**Interviewer:** So what do you think you'll be doing in the future? Do you write because you love it or because it was something that needed to be done?

**Bonewits:** Provided I can find ways around my various physical handicaps, I will continue writing and speaking. I would like to concentrate for the next few years on books, but we are having severe financial disabilities, I am earning a third of what I was earning before I went on disability. Those checks will vanish in September. I am involved in a lawsuit with the Japanese manufacturers and that is supposed to bring in a chunk of money sometime real soon now. Sometime in the next year or two I will probably get a chunk of money but that has to be invested so I can live on it the rest of my life. I may never be cured from this particular disease, I may get better, I may get worse. No way of knowing. I don't make a salary as the ArchDruid of ADF. ADF doesn't bring in enough money to pay me a salary. At one point the ADF board voted to pay me a stipend of 300 dollars a month, later we had to borrow some money to pay off some debts and I suggested we suspend the stipend until we had paid off all of our debts. As in many organizations, the board of directors is paying large amounts of the expenses of the organization out of their own pockets. We are trying to get beyond it but we are having to fight tooth and nail this oh so convenient anti-money attitude in the Pagan community. This anti-money attitude of the craft, which was created in 1957 when Gerald Gardener wrote the ancient craft laws, was started because when they canceled the Witchcraft Act in 1951 and shortly thereafter Gardener wrote his first book. They replaced it with the Fraudulent Mediumship Act, which made it a crime to ask for money for psychic readings, so Gerald, when he wrote the ancient craft laws, wrote in a law saying you can't charge money for using the art. People have taken that as meaning you can't charge for anything vaguely connected with the Witchcraft community. It provides a convenient excuse for parasites, which is the blunt way to put it. People today were born in non-Pagan religions, even the folks who were born in famtrads. They were at least surrounded by non-Pagan religions and they are terrified that some of our people will become tele-evangelists. Or at least we say we are and that provides the perfect excuse for freeloaders. The fact of the matter is that the average neo-Pagan in American is not poor. The average neo-Pagan has a middle class, white collar or blue-collar job. They have plenty of money for science fiction books, comic books, video tapes, computers and computer games, they have plenty of money to go to science fiction conventions, go to the SCA or whatever their priority happens to be. The fact that the Pagan community has been reluctant to put money into it's own religious needs is more a sign of peoples priorities than a sign of peoples poverty. Even people who are flat broke can be putting in hours volunteering to help. And some do. Most of our groves in the ADF charge dues, and we have encouraged them to do so because you have expenses running a grove.

**Interviewer:** What is the population of the ADF?

**Bonewits:** It is difficult to say with precision, we have some three hundred members in the computer base, we have 250 to 300 who subscribe to our national journal, and there is an overlap of about a 150 people who are both members and subscribers.

**Interviewer:** What about the people who just come to see - to see if its right for them? Is that a regular population?



## Mike's Response to Interview with Isaac Bonewits

I'm sure Isaac's done dozens of interviews. I've done at least four with him alone. This one is remarkable for the number of details of his pre-college days and reaction of the Neopagan community to his activities; something not discussed much in the interviews that I did. It is a solid interview and a valuable tool for understanding the transition to ADF.

**Bonewits:** That's a constantly changing number. People come to a ritual or two and decide if its their cup of tea. If they like it they come back. If they come back several times the groves will say OK, why don't you join?

**Interviewer:** Is that population responsive to the media?

**Bonewits:** Media attention? Oh sure, we encourage local grove sponsors to advertise in metaphysical book stores, at local colleges and universities at coffee houses, places where you'd think you'd find someone who is simpatico. We don't require them to advertise in the local newspaper, or radio, or through the local college radio station. Depending on how the communication fluctuates is how many new people will show up. But because we have a standardized liturgical design after a few months of doing the ritual you can handle a sudden influx of 20 or so people and it doesn't change the ritual. You know what to do when that many people show up. We try very hard to make sure that the people doing this know what the hell they're doing. A lot, one of the things that has been happening with the establishment of groves that have been around for several years now, is that if somebody starts a new grove near them, they get adopted as a sister grove. And the more experienced liturgists go out and help them with their first few meetings and invite their members to attend theirs.

**Interviewer:** You mentioned CAW are you associated with them in some way?

**Bonewits:** Not officially, I am a member of CAW and Otter's a member of ADF. We just gave each other lifetime memberships. We exchange publications, we sit and talk on the phone a lot, myself and other members of the board of CAW. We have a lot in common because we're public pagan churches, focused on that particular part of what the pagan movement is doing and needing to do.

**Interviewer:** From what I know of CAW, which admittedly is not much, they don't have the same type of structure, education and background and common liturgical forms.

**Bonewits:** They are more anarchistic than we. They have the ideals, but they don't have the detailed instructions to their membership. They prefer to let their membership experiment, invent and see what they come up with.

**Interviewer:** Is there anything else you would like to cover, something important we didn't get to?

**Bonewits:** I think I've covered most of the stuff. I have met several people here at this gathering, which has been a lot of fun, who said that they are interested in starting groves in Denver, and Colorado Springs and so forth. So, people should keep an eye open for announcements of new groves in the mountain states.

**Interviewer:** We have the 1-800-DRUIDRY number and they would have the listing there of what is local?

**Bonewits:** What we do is we will send people the latest issue of the newsletter and the newsletter lists all of the local groves and the proto-groves and of the local guilds and SIGs we have. So people can then start writing.

# American Druidism: A Guide to American Druidism

By Daniel Hansen 1995  
ISBN 0-89716-600-0 (An important Book!!)

pg. 19-21

The Neo-Druid movement in America had begun independently of any direct British or French influence at all. Because America was spared the meso-Druid phase of development, it was not bound by any of their traditions. In fact, American Druidism didn't start out as a religious movement or even as a Celtic appreciation society at all, but rather it was a humorous protest.

In 1963 a group of students at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota rebelled against the college's mandatory chapel attendance requirement. For their protest they formed what they called the Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA) and they held pseudo-religious services once a week. Keep in mind that initially none of these students were Pagans or heathens; most were Christians and their services or sermons took on the forms of religious services they were familiar with. Because Carleton College had a large Asian Studies department, there was a considerable amount of Eastern philosophy mixed in with their free-thinking style. Their protest had the desired result and in 1964 the mandatory chapel requirement was repealed, however the RDNA continued to hold services and meet once a week, much to the surprise of the college officials. With time, the early RDNA took on most of the external aspects now common among neo-Pagan organizations; the eight festivals, a simple hierarchy and almost no dogma. Yet the original group eclectically chose inspiration from primarily Asian and Middle Eastern living traditions. Of the original members was Robert Larson, who was the first to observe a seriously Celtic emphasis and would years later set the foundations for what would be known as the neo-Druid outlook. As these first Druids graduated from Carleton and moved, they planted a new grove of the RDNA wherever they settled down. At one point there were about a dozen RDNA groves across seven states, most fading away by the end of the 70's. It is most noteworthy that among these offshoot groves was the Berkeley grove headed by Robert Larson, established in 1968. It is from this Celtic-oriented grove that the neo-Pagan Druid movement would find its avatar, Isaac Bonewits.

In 1974, the RDNA promoted a man to the post of ArchDruid [of Twin Cities] who has the distinction of having the only accredited degree in Magic from the University of California at Berkeley; his name is Philip Emmons Isaac Bonewits. Bonewits saw great potential in the neo-Druid movement, but he decided that the RDNA (or the NRDNA which he established in 1975) was not the proper vehicle to promote Druidism. Primarily amongst the RDNA's faults was the refusal to call itself exclusively neo-Pagan. The RDNA, as was found in most neo-Pagan organizations of the time, a phenomenal lack of effective organization beyond the local grove level. In 1983, Isaac Bonewits carried some elements of the RDNA with him and founded a new neo-Druid group that would become known as *Ar nDraoicht Fein: A Druid Fellowship (ADF)*. ADF had a slow start, but it worked its way up to being the largest branch of neo-Druidism in America today. ADF even had a "missionary" branch in Ireland. ADF's strength lies in its insistence on academic excellence on all scholarly research into Celtic and Druidic subjects. One of their mottoes is "Why not excellence?" Their other motto is "Fast as a speeding oak," which is to point out to them that these things take time.

Pg. 26.

(Referring to the 60's counterculture) During this time, the concepts of the ancient Druids was revived. It began at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota in 1963. What started out as a protest against mandatory chapel attendance turned into a religious revitalization movement, much to the surprise of the college officials and to many of the original founders as well.

Originally their concept of Druidism was little more than the revival of a name and the use of a few Celtic deity names. A few of the Reformed Druid groves located in California's Bay Area, a hotspot of 60's radicalism, narrowed Carleton's global eclecticism into primarily Celtic and neo-Pagan areas of inspiration. These Berkeley-ites paid greater attention to the ecology/anti-nuke movements, borrowed from esoteric philosophies and dabbled into some of the occult arts. The modern version of Druidism was growing in leaps and bounds, but it lacked direction and a leader with a vision for the future of Druidism. Eventually Phillip Emmons Isaac Bonewits got involved with Druidism. It was he who took the leadership position. He had a vision of a pan-Indo-European Druidism in America based upon sound scholarly research of the ancient Indo-Europeans, the Celts in particular.....

pg. 145.

For every movement there has to be a beginning and for the neo-Druid movement, that beginning was at Carleton College, with the humorous protest which led to the creation of the Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA.) It is interesting to note that the founders of the RDNA never intended it to be a true alternative religion. They were simply protesting against the school's regulation requiring mandatory chapel attendance. The RDNA was founded in 1963 at Carleton College to test the chapel requirement by "attending the services of one's own religion." The next year the school dropped the chapel requirement, but the RDNA continued to meet. The RDNA combined a bit of seriousness with play; in fact they always had a sense of humor. As an example of this humor, the "Early Chronicles of the Druids," was written in a mock biblical style. The original founders of the RDNA distrusted both rituals and magick as being the primary causes of ossification in religion. Although their name implied a Celtic viewpoint, they remained extremely eclectic in their choice of inspirational material, primarily drawing upon Eastern philosophies and liberal Christianity. The RDNA intended to avoid all dogma and orthodoxy, while affirming that life was both spiritual (Be'al) and material (the Mother Earth) human beings needed to come to a state of "awareness" through the unity of spirit and nature. The original "Order of Worship" has many similarities to a Protestant religious service with both innovations and benedictions. Typically their rituals are held outdoors in a grove of oaks, on a beach or on a hill.

The Early RDNA were "Reformed Druids" in the sense that they ostensibly followed the festivals of the paleo-Druids such as Samhain, Winter Solstice, Oimelc, Spring Equinox, Beltane, Midsummer, Lughnasadh, and the Fall Equinox and worshipping the following Celtic deities; Dalon Ap Landu, Lord of the Groves; Grannos, God of Healing; Braciaca, God of Malt and brewing; Belenos, God of the Sun; Sirona, Goddess of Rivers; Taranis, God of Thunder and lightning; Llyr, God of the Sea, and Danu, Goddess of Fertility. However it was up to the Druids to interpret them as gods, or Jungian archetypes, or philosophical ideals. For their Grove meetings the RDNA used the four points of the "magic circle" not to keep anything out, but to keep energy in until the time to release it. After the Ring was cleared of all hostile entities and negative thought patterns they began to concentrate in conjuring and summoning the gods, demigods, nature spirits, and spirits of great men to lend their

powers. At this point they pass around the "waters of life" (good ol' Irish Whiskey) and the "waters of sleep" (pure water.) The language used is flowery and emotional, the expression is rhythmic, and emotions are built up as the Druids feel the presence outside the circle, once their emotions have been aroused and the target is visualized. Their desire has been declared in tail, the group then focuses its energy with another extemporaneous chant and fires its built up magic. The ritual is then finished by thanking the assembled entities who are then dismissed. The circle is broken and the site is cleared of litter. The RDNA emphasized the importance of the ecology long before it became a popular movement. The RDNA makes no claim to prehistoric Ireland.

The original basic tenets of Reformed Druidism were:

1. The object of the search for religious truth, which is a universal and a never-ending search, may be found through the Earth-Mother; which is Nature; but this is one way, one way among many.
2. And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance of Nature, which is the Earth-Mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it do people live, yea, even as they do struggle through life are they come face-to-face with it.

These previous two tenets were often simplified as:

1. Nature is good!
2. Nature is good!

The RDNA's fundamental idea was that one should scrutinize religions from a "state of rebellion," neither embracing traditional faiths nor rejecting them. They were the first neo-Druid group to admit their human frailties and limitations. This has been a distinguishing characteristic of most of the neo-Druid branches which followed it.

The RDNA has never been a large organization, at its largest it had three branches and twelve Groves across the United States, its membership has rarely exceeded two hundred members participating in grove-activities at any given time. Shortly after it was formed, the RDNA underwent a schism of sorts in that it developed a number of branches. During the 70's, the missionary grove of Berkeley (California) took their Reformed Druidism onto a new pathway; in effect they chose to primarily borrow ritual elements and customs from modern neo-Pagan and ancient Celtic sources. There were New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA), Norse Druids in San Diego, Zen Druids in Olympia, Wiccan Druids in Minneapolis, Hassidic (Jewish Mishmash) Druids in St. Louis, and Eclectic Druids in Oakland, Berkeley, and Los Angeles. By 1985, however, most of these branches of RDNA had disappeared leaving at least four active groves; Carleton, Berkeley/Bay Area, Seattle, and New Hampshire.

One of the reasons that many of the groves of the RDNA have faded away was the short term nature of most groves. The RDNA has never espoused itself as the true path for its members, merely a place for open-minded seekers of all religions to gather and exchange stories and thoughts. When some members sought religious systems with greater, more organized collections of "dogmas" or "truth," their activity in the RDNA dwindled. Another cause was the exit of Isaac Bonewits from the NRDNA, due to differences of opinion over organizational methods and aiding the establishment of new groves to fight the RDNA's natural entropy.

Perhaps one of the RDNA's greatest legacies has been the encouragement it has given its members to follow their dreams.

In that, Isaac was the founder of perhaps the most enthusiastic off-shoot of Reformed Druidism, Ar nDraocht Fein; a nationwide neo-Pagan Druid movements. Most 2nd and 3rd generation offshoot Druid organizations bear little resemblance to their simplicity of the original RDNA, but one way to identify them if the Druid Sigil (the circle with two parallel lines cutting through them.)

## Hansen's Sources:

Druid Chronicles (evolved), by P.E.I. Bonewits  
Drawing Down the Moon, by Margot Adler  
Real Magic, by P.E.I. Bonewits  
A General History of Reformed Druidism in America, by Michael Scharding

To order a copy of Hansen's book (as of 1995) send 14.95 plus \$3 shipping and handling (Washington residents please include 8.2% sales tax) make check or money order payable to Peanut Butter Publishing 226 2nd Ave W, Seattle WA 98119 (206) 281 5965. Include your address.

## Mike's Response to American Druidism:

I predict that Hansen's book will come to be viewed as a milestone in the American Druid movements. For those wishing to tie Reformed Druidism into the American Druid movement, Hansen's book is a good place to continue with after reading my Epistle here. Because I helped him edit his sections on Reformed Druidism, I have few quibbles with his presentations. Most of it is paraphrasing Real Magic, Drawing Down the Moon and my A General History. I'm not sure about how widely Druids feel that they "keep the gods out," and this is probably from reading the ritual description in "Real Magic" by Bonewits.

# People of the Earth: The New Pagans Speak Out

Ed. Ellen Evert Hopman & Lawrence Bond 1996

Being Resold Under the Title;

“Being a Pagan: Druids, Wiccans & Witches Today”

The following two excerpts were taken from the interviews with Isaac Bonewits and from Tony & Sable Taylor, with permission from Ellen Hopman.

## Isaac Bonewits (May 1993)

.....As time went by, I went to college; I met a few Wiccans here and there; I saw a couple of the early copies of Green Egg; and it became obvious to me that I was a Pagan. Then I discovered Druidism, and I knew that was where I belonged.

I had a roommate during my last year in college named Robert Larson, who was a graduate of Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. That was the birthplace of the Reformed Druids of North America. He wasn't one of the founders, but he was one of the early members of the organization. He mentioned to me that he was a Druid and told me about the group and showed me their literature, such as it was at that point.

I said, “This is great, this feel just right!” So we organized a grove in Berkeley and started doing ceremonies, and I said, “Yes, this is where I belong.” I've been stuck with being a Druid ever since.

### **Q: So what is the essence of Druidism? What is the most sacred thing? What has kept you a Druid all these years?**

I can only say that I have a “vocation” to be a druid, using the Catholic terminology, since I don't know any Celtic terminology to describe the same thing. Every time in my life that I have tried to stop being a Druid, that I have dropped out or semi-retired, gone on sabbatical, or anything like that, someone or something has come by and lifted me up by the scruff of the neck and tossed me back into it again.

To me the essence of Druidism is combining the best of head and heart and hand. Combining the intellect, the emotions, and the artistic creativity and craft that people have. It's using that to worship the Gods and to help ourselves to understand our lives better and understand what we are doing and where we are going.

### **Q: So you founded a group called Ar nDraiocht Fein?**

Yes, or it founded me, I'm never too sure about that. I've been going back through my records trying to figure out when did I actually start ADF. It's very difficult to put a clear-cut beginning line to it. The roots of it go back to the years I spent with the Reformed Druids of North America.

The RDNA did not consider itself Pagan. The RDNA, very much like the Mesopagan or fraternal Druid organizations of England, believe that Druidism is a philosophy. A style of questioning and of metaphysical openness that is applicable to any belief system. On the other hand, I say that if you are gathering people out in the woods, you are singing hymns to the Earth Mother, and you are giving praises to the old Celtic Gods and Goddesses, you are practicing a pagan religion.

Over the years I made a number of efforts to paganize the RDNA and to get the people of the RDNA to accept the fact that

what they were doing was a neo-Pagan religion. I was met with varying degrees of success and resistance. Eventually, at one point there was a blowup in the small-group politics, and I just said, “this is it, I am not doing this anymore. I am tired of beating my head against a cement wall.” I retired for a couple of years and focused on learning how to earn a living with computers.

Eventually I started getting back into doing ritual that for me was “Druid ritual.” It was based originally on the RDNA stuff but increasingly on the studies I was doing of the Celtic materials. I have found early versions of the current ADF liturgy dating back as early as 1981. Yet to the best of my knowledge we didn't officially start ADF until around 1983 or 1984. That was when I was talking to friends about the research that had been mentioned to me by my Irish teacher concerning Indo-European studies. Things like the comparative mythology of Georges Dumézil and the discoveries that had been made of more or less intact Pagan traditions being practiced in the Baltic territories.

A number of friends of mine who were amateur or professional scholars said, “Gee, this is exciting. We ought to organize a group to look into this.” The next thing I knew we had ADF.

Almost within the first year of putting ADF together as a network of about forty scholars, we had another hundred people joining us who wanted rituals, rites of passage, and music and art, who wanted a complete religion.

This was before we had finished researching what the old religions of Europe really were. To me it was very important that we plant our roots in firm ground. That we not indulge in the kind of romantic silliness that most Druid revivals of the past have indulged in. I though we should find out what they were actually doing in Europe before the Christians came along, what parts of those religious beliefs do we really agree with today, and whap parts do we think are no longer appropriate.

### **Q: How is ADF different from other groups?**

Most of the people in the rest of the Pagan community are very casual about their scholarship. They read something that sounds or feels good, and they go for it. This is probably the reason why so men and women in the Goddess spirituality movement leapt on the Golden Age of Matriarchy idea, because it felt so nice. The fact that the evidence to support that was shaky to slim didn't seem to bother them much. They could always claim it was the fault of those mean, nasty Patriarchal Evil Folks, or male anthropologists.

There's a line in Lewis Carrol's *The Hunting of the Snark* about how you close your one eye and then gaze fondly upon the subject with the gleam of true belief in your other eye and you will see the snark, which is otherwise an invisible entity.

The other approach that an awful lot of people in the pagan community have taken to scholarship has been to read until they find stuff they like and then stop reading. Or at least to stop reading anything that contradicts what they want to believe. ADF is to the best of my knowledge the only neo-Pagan tradition that is based on the idea of continual research and on changing and adapting our policies and procedures based on the results of that research.

One of the most revolutionary things we've done in ADF is to spread the idea that credentials should be verified. If somebody makes a claim, you should be able to verify whether or not that claim is valid.

Most other Pagan groups get a system together, and they stick with it. They may elaborate on it, but that's it; they don't really do any more digging.

## Tony and Sable Taylor (Feb 12, 1994)

### **Q: How did you become a Druid?**

That was a gradual metamorphosis. There was a mystique about it that called to me. There was something in my ancestral being that urged me to seek it out. It took me a while to realize what I was and that that was what had been calling to me all those years.

What I knew about Druids at that point was what I had picked up from *The Golden Bough* by Sir James Frazer. Reading about the Fire Festivals in Europe as a teenager started me on the path to Druidism.

When I met Tony, the two of us were drawn to this thing called Druidism, but we didn't exactly know how to define it. We started doing research, and we found out that there were occult bookstores, places where we could find information. The more we found out, the more we knew we were on the right track.

### **Q: When did you both meet your first Druids?**

That would have been Isaac Bonewits at the Pagan Spirit Gathering (PSG.) I think it was in 1985. At that time Isaac was the only person who was putting his name out in public as being a Druid, at least in the American neo-Pagan community. He had the wealth of information from the old RDNA, and since there were no books on Druidism that I knew of, at least not on modern Druidism, he was the only contact point that we had. If there had been other contact points, we might have pursued them. So we talked with Isaac, and we got involved with ADF.

### **Q: How long were you involved with ADF?**

I think it was about four years. It was kind of disappointing, because I had these great expectations that I was going to get all my questions answered, and that didn't happen. There simply wasn't enough information being disseminated by ADF for me to get the answers that I needed.

I wanted to know what Druidism was; I was still wrestling with it in my own head. I was relying on Isaac as my "high guru" to put the pieces of the puzzle together for me. I discovered that was a mistake; I can't put those kind of expectations on another person.

Due to that and to some other disagreements such as administrative issues that Tony and I weren't comfortable with, and due to the promise of a certain amount of goods coming to us for the membership fee and not getting those, we left. We weren't seeing the publications that we had been promised, for example. We eventually just got very frustrated.

We decided that we weren't going to wait for Isaac anymore, and we were going to do it ourselves. We then formed Keltria.

### **Q: How is Keltria Different from ADF?**

Keltria works specifically within a Celtic framework. We don't have Greek Druids or Slavic Druids. We have Celtic Druids. We're more tribal than ADF. We recognize that within the Celtic culture the tribe and the clan were very important. We try to structure ourselves around that idea. We are not trying to be a fraternal organization. We like to work in smaller, closer groups that mirror the tribe – the feasting, the ritualing, the camaraderie that exists within an extended family.

We are organized into groves that operate as extended families. The Druids within each clan are free to interact with

Druids from any other clans. Just as the ancient Druids could move from tribe to tribe and be recognized and respected. We stay in contact with the other clans, even though we may have our own.

### **Q: How is this different from ADF?**

We don't specialize in large public ritual. We are certainly capable of doing them – we do them at PSG every year – but it's not our main focus. We have never done a ritual for the whole PSG, but we have done open, public rituals there on nights when people had a choice of four or five rituals they could attend.

We typically don't do things for the public at large. It's not that we are being secretive, it just doesn't feel like something to be scattered upon the wind. Our rituals are designed to speak to the soul, and they only speak to certain souls.

# Mike's Response to People of the Earth

This excerpts are taken from much longer interviews. Ellen Hopman has been an active member of Keltra and ADF for many years before forming her own split, the Order of the White Oak in the late 90s. Being a major Druid organizer and published author, she approaches this interview from an advanced point of reference, perhaps leaving a few questions unasked that the amateur would have like to have asked. But overall, these were fine interviews, and I look forward to updates. Although the book was first published in 1996, Isaac's interview was from 1993 and Taylor's from 1994. Isaac interviews were made before my first interviews with him (Feb 1994), but Tony Taylor's was made after my interview with him (Jan 1994), so that might be important to keep in mind; not that I've influenced them as much as they have influenced me.

By 1993, Isaac had completed a decade with ADF and was definitely beginning to feel comfortable with its progression and beginning to take stock of its progress so far. The 1980s had been a difficult time, with many long debates and arguments with members of the Neo-pagan community, and several split-offs over this period. Things had cooled off by this point, and this is reflected in his charitable memory of these events. Isaac's method of being generous and inclusively careful may well be his greatest inheritance from the fractious years of the NRDNA.

Tony & Sable Taylor's interview are similarly generous, and any pre-existing acrimony with ADF seems to have dissipated after realizing the inherent difficulties or running their own organization for several years. I've attend some of their PSG services and they worked fine in public. What I remember most about the festival, was Keltria's sponsoring the Cow stealing contest that I wrote about in the Dead Lake Scrolls.

# The Druid Renaissance

Edited by Phillip Carr-Gomm  
1996 by Harper Collins

Isaac Bonewits writes  
A chapter in the book called  
"The Druid Revival in Modern America"

Although some fraternal organizations of Druids, such as The Ancient Order of Druids, have been present in the United States and Canada for over a century, the current Druid revival is rooted primarily in the planting of the Reformed Druids of North America, the 'RDNA,' in 1963. Almost all currently existing Neopagan Druid groups can trace themselves back to the RDNA, via my own Druidic organization, Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship, ADF, and its offshoots, such as the Henge of Keltria, HK. However, before going into this history, we should first review some of the vocabulary used by many modern American Druids, namely the uses of the word 'Pagan' and its three main prefixes- 'Paleo-', 'Meso-', and 'Neo-'.

## Paganism, Ancient and Modern

The term 'Pagan' comes from the Latin 'Paganus', which appears to have originally had such meanings as 'country dweller', 'villager', or 'hick'. The early Roman Christians used 'Pagan' to refer to everyone who preferred to worship pre-Christian divinities, whom the Christians had decided were all 'really' demons in disguise. Over the centuries, the word 'Pagan' became an insult, applied to the monotheistic followers of Islam by the Christians (and vice-versa), and by the Protestants and Catholics toward each other, as it gradually gained the connotation of 'a follower of a false religion'. By the twentieth century, the word's primary meaning had become a blend of 'atheist', 'agnostic', 'hedonist', and 'religionless'.

Today there are many of us who proudly call ourselves 'Pagan', but we use the word differently from the ways that most mainstream Westerners do. To us, 'Pagan' is a general term that includes both old and new polytheistic religions, as well as their members. The overwhelming majority of all the human beings who have ever lived have been Pagans, and we believe that there is an enormous wealth of spiritual insight and strength to be gained from following a Pagan path.

'Paleopaganism' refers to the original tribal faiths of Europe, Africa, Asia, the Americas, Oceania and Australia, when they were (and in some cases still are) practiced as intact belief systems. Of the so-called 'Great Religions of the World', Hinduism (prior to the influx of Islam into India,) Taoism and Shinto, for example, fall into this category.

'Mesopaganism' is the word used for those religions founded as attempts to recreate, revive or continue what their founders thought of as the Paleopagan ways of their ancestors (or predecessors), but which were heavily influenced, either deliberately or involuntarily, by the monotheistic and dualistic world views of Judaism, Christianity and/or Islam. Examples of Mesopagan belief systems include Freemasonry, Rosicrucianism, Spiritualism, Druidism as practiced by the Masonic-influenced fraternal movements in Europe and the Celtic Isles, the many Afro-American faiths (such as Voudoun, Santeria, or Macumba), Sikhism, and several sects of Hinduism that have been influenced by Islam and Christianity.

'Neopaganism' refers to those religions created since 1940 or so (though they had literary roots going back to the mid-1800s), that have attempted to blend what their founders perceived as the best aspects of different types of Paleopaganism with modern 'Aquarian Age' ideals, while consciously striving

to eliminate as much as possible of all the traditional Western monotheism and dualism. The Church of All Worlds, most Wiccan traditions, ADF and Keltria, are all Neopagan.

These terms do not delineate clear-cut categories. Historically, there is often a period, whether of decades or centuries, when Paleopaganism is blending into Mesopaganism, or Mesopaganism into Neopaganism. Furthermore, the founders and members of Mesopagan and Neopagan groups frequently prefer to believe, or at least to seem to, that they are genuinely Paleopagan in beliefs and practices. This ‘myth of continuity’ is in keeping with the habits of most founders and members of new religions throughout human existence.

## Druidism, Ancient & Modern

So how does this vocabulary work in terms of Druidism? We know that the original, Paleopagan Druids were a social class of intellectuals and artists, with counterparts in the other Indo-European cultures, such as the Brahmins in India, and the flamens in Ancient Italy; however, only the Celtic ones were called ‘Druids’. They were of both genders and had several subclasses, such as Bards, sacrificers, healers, diviners, and judges. They were polytheists, not monotheists, and it is probably true that they did offer human sacrifices from time to time. However, they did not build Stonehenge or the pyramids, did not all have long white beards, did not come from Atlantis, and probably few of them had golden sickles. These Druids functioned primarily as the transmitters of knowledge and culture from one generation to the next, and as performers and supervisors of the ceremonies they believed necessary to keep the forces of chaos at bay. Though deep in their esoteric and exoteric knowledge, they were probably no wiser than the medicine people, Shamans, and Witchdoctors of any other culture.

Most scholars believe that the original Paleopagan Druids were wiped out by the Roman Empire and the Roman Catholic Church, with only scattered remnants of their beliefs and traditions surviving underground among the Bards and Brehons (or judges), of the Celtic peoples. There is no sound historical or anthropological evidence for a surviving intact tradition of Druidism – as distinct from scattered folk or family customs – anywhere in the world, with the possible exception of their cousins in the Baltic territories, who may have kept a form of Lithuanian Paleopaganism alive well into the twentieth century.

The fraternal or Mesopagan Druid groups were started in the 1700s, probably well over a thousand years after the last Celtic Druid had died, by well-meaning individuals who were not adverse to ‘fibbing’ about their individual and group histories. Iolo Morganwg, for example, was an early supporter of (Christian) Unitarianism, and by an odd coincidence, it turns out that the Paleopagans he wrote about were all Unitarians too!

These Mesopagan Druid groups met the needs of many people for a form of Paganism that would not require them to be publicly known as non-Christian. They did this by claiming that Druidism was not a specific religion but rather a philosophy applicable to any faith, and that the Paleopagan Druids had ‘really’ been, not just monotheists, but ‘Pre-Christian Christians’, waiting around patiently for Jesus to be born so they could all run out and convert!

One of these Mesopagan Druid groups may have influenced the first of the modern American Druid organizations, the Reformed Druids of North America. Originally founded in 1963 as a protest against coerced religion at Carleton, a small Midwestern college, the RDNA wound up continuing long after the protestors had won. Its polytheology was a sort of Zen Unitarianism, supporting a philosophy of constant questioning and meditation which was applicable to almost any religious quest. In this, as in some of its liturgical language, the RDNA

closely resembled the Mesopagan groups. The founder of the RDNA, David Fisher, at one time claimed to have already been a Druid when he arrived at Carleton College.

The RDNA ceremonies invoked the Earth Mother as ‘a personification of the material world’ or Mother Nature, a Sky God called Be’al (based on a prot-Celtic root ‘bel’, referring to brightness or fire, as in Belenos, a Celtic Sun God) as ‘a personification of the abstract essence of reality’, and several Gods and Goddesses from the various Celtic countries. The Buddhist-style meditations and Celtic deity invocations had a powerful effect upon the young people who started the RDNA (messing around the with archetypes can do that), and many of them carried the ‘faith’ to other colleges when they graduated or transferred from Carleton. However, since the founders were far more concerned with individual philosophical and religious freedom than with the efficient operation of organizational structures, few of the local congregations, or ‘groves’, seem to have lasted for very long and no national network was ever successfully created. Nonetheless, new groves still seem to spring up occasionally in the United States and Canada. Carleton College now has an official part of its library, The International Druid Archives, assembled by recent graduate and RDNA historian Michael Scharding. It includes copies of the just published ‘A Reformed Druid Anthology’, incorporating my own ‘The Druid Chronicles (Evolved)’ with much additional materials from other RDNA founders and authors. (This is available on the World Wide Web and in electronic format – look for pointers on the [www.adf.org](http://www.adf.org) Home Page and on other Pagan Web Pages.)

I was ordained as a Druid priest by Carleton graduate Robert Larson in October 1969. I was actively involved in the RDNA for several years, eventually editing the writings of the founders and adding materials of my own to produce the book mentioned above, ‘The Druid Chronicles (Evolved)’. As time went by, I became increasingly convinced that Reformed Druidism should admit to being a Neopagan religion, and I worked to make its liturgy as effective as possible. Not too surprisingly, those early RDNA members who thought of themselves as Christians, Buddhists, and Agnostics, found my missionary zeal appalling.

After several false starts, with the New RDNA, the Schismatic DNA, the Hasidic DNA, to name a few, in 1983 I began ‘A Druid Fellowship’, or ADF; a fellowship rooted in the use of modern scholarship, effective liturgical design, and artistic excellence. I wanted to create a completely new and emphatically Neopagan Druid tradition. Naturally, small politics being what they are, we have had a few branchings-out of our own. The largest branch is Keltria, which ‘schismed’ from ADF a few years ago to focus their energies on specifically Keltic Druidism (as distinct from ADF’s use of Indo-European sources in addition to Celtic ones), and on the esoteric aspects of Druidry. For the rest of this chapter, I’ll discuss Neopagan Druidism as practiced in ADF. Keltria is similar in most ways, but you can write to them directly for details (see the resource list at the back of this book.)

## Neopagan Druid Beliefs

Many of the members of ADF have come to accept most of the following beliefs. However, it is important to remember that not everyone would use the term ‘belief’ in reference to these concepts, and that every concept mentioned has a wide variety of accepted interpretations within the organization.

**Thou Art God/dess:** We believe that divinity is both immanent (internal) and transcendent (external), with immanence being far more needful at this crucial phase of human history. Deities can manifest at any point in space or time

they choose, including within human beings, through the processes known as 'inspiration', 'channeling', and 'possession'.

**Goddesses and Gods:** We believe that divinity is as likely to manifest in a female form as it is in a male form, and that the word 'Goddess' makes just as much sense as 'God'. Women and men are spiritual equals, and 'masculine' and 'feminine' attitudes, values, and roles are of equal importance.

**Polytheism:** We believe in a multiplicity of Gods and Goddesses, as well as lesser beings, many of Whom are worthy of respect, love and worship. We have a wide variety of non-exclusive concepts as to the nature of these entities. While some of us believe in a 'Supreme Being', Neopaganism is emphatically polytheistic. We have no figure of ultimate Evil.

**Nature Worship:** We believe that it is necessary to have respect and love for Nature as divine in Her own right, and to accept ourselves as part of Nature, rather than Her 'rulers'. Many of us accept what has come to be known as 'the Gaia hypothesis': that the biosphere of our planet is a living being, Who is due all the love and support than we, Her children, can give Her. We consider ecological awareness and activism to be sacred duties.

**Cautious Technophilia:** We believe in accepting the positive aspects of Western science and technology, but in maintaining an attitude of wariness towards the supposed ethical neutrality of that science and technology. We consider it important that scientists (like everybody else) pay as much attention to their means as they do to their goals.

**Religious Freedom:** We believe that monolithic religious organizations, would-be messiahs and super-gurus are a hindrance to spiritual growth. We believe that healthy religions should have a minimum of dogma and a maximum amount of eclecticism and flexibility. Neopagan Druidism is an organic religion, and like all other organisms is growing, changing, and producing offshoots.

**Positive Ethics:** We believe that ethics and morality should be based upon joy, love, self-esteem, mutual respect, the avoidance of actual harm to ourselves and others, and the increase of public benefit. We try to balance people's needs for personal autonomy and growth with the necessity of paying attention to the impact of each individual's actions on the lives and welfare of others.

**Religious Toleration:** We believe that it is difficult for ordinary humans to commit offenses against the Gods and Goddesses, short of major crimes such as ecocide or genocide. Our deities are perfectly capable of defending Their own honor without the need for us to punish people for 'blasphemy' or 'heresy'.

**The Good Life:** We believe that human beings were meant to lead lives filled with joy, love, pleasure, beauty and humor. Most Neopagans are fond of food, drink, music, sex, and bad puns, and consider all of these (except possibly the puns) to be of spiritual value. However, we do not approve of addictive or compulsive behavior, and we support people with dysfunctional histories who have entered appropriate recovery programs.

**Magic and Mystery:** We believe that with proper training, art, discipline and intent, human minds and hearts are fully capable of performing most of the magic and miracles they are ever likely to need. Magical/miraculous acts are done through the use of what most of us perceive as natural, (some say 'divinely granted') psychic talents.

**Liturgical Art and Science:** We believe that there is an art and a science to creating, preparing and performing worship rituals. Our worship celebrations are continually evolving as we search for the most intellectually satisfying, artistically beautiful, spiritually powerful, and magically effective rites possible.

**Connecting to the Cosmos:** We believe in the importance of celebrating the solar, lunar and other cycles of our lives. We consciously observe the solstices, equinoxes, and the points in between, as well as the phases of the moon. Such 'rites of intensification' are human universals, as are the various ceremonies known as 'rites of passage' – celebrations of birth, puberty, personal dedication to a given deity or group, marriage, ordination, death and so forth. Together, these various sorts of observations help us to find ourselves in space and time.

**Born-Again Paganism:** Many of us believe in some sort of afterlife, usually involving rest and recovery in the Otherworld before reincarnating. We have no concept of 'eternal' punishment, refusing to worship deities who could be that cruel.

**Hope and Action:** We believe that people have the ability to solve their current problems, both personal and public, and to create a better world. Our utopian vision, tempered with common sense, leads us to a strong commitment to personal and global growth, evolution and balance.

**Mystic Vision:** We believe that people can progress far towards achieving personal growth, evolution and balance through the carefully planning alternation of their 'normal' states of consciousness. We use both ancient and modern methods of concentration, meditation, reprogramming and ecstasy.

**Community Responsibility:** We believe that human interdependence implies community service. Some of us are active in political, social, ecological and charitable organizations, while others prefer to work for the public good primarily through spiritual means (and many insist on doing both.)

**Authenticity:** We believe that if we are to achieve any of our goals, we must practice what we preach. Neopagan Druidism, like any other religion, should be a way of life, not merely a weekly or monthly social function. So we must always strive to make our lives consistent with our proclaimed beliefs.

**Cooperation and Defense:** We believe in cooperation and ecumenical activities with those members of other faiths who share all or most of these beliefs. We also believe in resisting efforts by members of dysfunctional religions who seek to persecute us or suppress our human rights.

There is more to Neopagan than the information give here, of course, and a great deal of variation in how these beliefs are extended to cover other topics. Some of our members are pacifists, and others are in the military; some are animal rights activists and vegetarians, others are carnivorous hunters; some are committed to conservative, others to alternative lifestyles. We actively encourage everyone to apply these principles to the practical questions of their daily lives.

## Neopagan Druid Ceremony

ADF rituals, including the public worship rites known as 'liturgies', are rooted firmly in what we have been able to reconstruct of the cosmologies of the Paleopagan Indo-Europeans. These were woven, complex, and multi-valued, though remarkably similar from culture to culture, and were reflected in the social structures and myths of each culture, as the Dumezilian school of comparative mythology has clearly demonstrated. George Dumezil was the scholar who single-handedly rehabilitated the field of comparative religion after decades of it being academically unfashionable. His theories have been substantiated and fleshed out by many respected scholars, as well as by myself and other Neopagan researchers.

One cosmology incorporates the idea of a 'polar' vertical axis reaching from the Celestial Realm above, down through 'here', or the Midrealm that humans normally live and function in, down to a Chthonic Realm or Underworld below. This



vertical axis is often symbolized with a Sacred Fire, a Sacred Well and a Sacred Tree. The Fire represents divinity descending from the Celestial Realm, the Well divinity ascending from the Chthonic Realm, and the Tree represents that which connects all the Worlds and Realms.

Another Cosmology is that of the 'Three Worlds' of Land, Waters (sometimes called 'Sea'), and Sky (sometimes called 'Middle Air'.) There can be seen as a horizontal axis running through the center of the vertical one, which is the here and now, with the Worlds being reflected in the Celestial and Chthonic Realms. A polarity of values running through all these is that of 'light' forces and being (of order/safety, not necessarily of Good) and 'dark' forces and beings (of chaos/danger, not necessarily Evil) existing in every World and Realm. Yet another polarity is that of 'Here' and 'Outside' (or 'the Otherworld' or 'Faery'), marking a distinction between the physical and the spiritual aspects of reality. All of these cosmological concepts can be seen in Neopagan Druid rituals, with emphases varying, depending upon which particular Indo-European culture a given grove has chosen to focus. (all are allowed, though Irish is the most common.)

The primary deity worshipped by Neopagan Druids is the Earth Mother, also known as Mother Nature or Gaia. She can be thought of as the consciousness of the biosphere, as a personification of the fertility of the Earth, the Mother of all other deities – at least those worshipped by humans on this planet- and so forth. Gaia is the literal and metaphysical ground upon which we stand, the source and mirror of all that lives and dies. She is mentioned prominently near the beginning and end of every Neopagan Druid ceremony.

ADF liturgy also focuses strongly on a Divine Gatekeeper, deities or other spirits of Bardic inspiration, the 'Three Kindreds' of Deities, Ancestors and Nature Spirits, and even the forces of Chaos – very carefully. Every ADF liturgy has a specific Divine 'guest of honor' or two, to whom the majority of our worship is dedicated. Our offerings consist of songs, chants, dances, ritual dramas, poems and other works of art. These are 'sacrificed' instead of the blood offerings of our Paleopagan predecessors.

## The Vision of Neopagan Druidism

What makes ADF different from other Druidic organizations and other Neopagan traditions? This is how we see it:

In ADF we believe that excellence in scholarship is vitally important. The Goddesses and Gods do not need us to tell lies on their behalf, nor can we understand the ways of our Paleopagan predecessors by indulging in romantic fantasies, no matter how 'politically correct' or emotionally satisfying they might be. So we promote no tall tales of universal matriarchies, of Stonehenge being built by Druid magic, nor of the ancient Druids originally having been Shamanic crystal-masters from Atlantis. We do not whitewash the occasional barbarism of our predecessors, nor exaggerate it. We use real archeology, real history and real comparative mythology – and we are willing to change our opinions when new information becomes available, even if it destroys our pet theories. This approach is rare in the history of Druidic revival and the Neopagan community.

In ADF we also believe that artistic excellence is important, both in ritual and outside of it. The Gods and Goddesses deserve the very best that we can give them, so we encourage our members to develop their creative skills to the highest levels that each can attain. Our Bards, painters, woodcarvers, needle-workers and liturgists are among the best in the Neopagan community.

In ADF we believe that excellence in clergy training and practice is vital for any healthy, growing religion. To that end, we are attempting to create a professional clergy training program equal in rigor and superior in results to anything done by the world's other religions. Unlike many alternative religions, we will never have 'instant initiations' into our clergy. Nor do we assume that every member of our religion will have a genuine vocation to the clergy, though it is likely that, for the first couple of decades, a high proportion will. However, we expect that eventually the vast majority of our people will be laity. Nonetheless, everyone is expected to communicate with the Goddesses and Gods in her or his own way – spiritual growth is not a monopoly of the clergy. Every human being needs to learn how to contact the divine fire within, how to talk with trees, and how to unleash the power of magic to save the Earth. If there is such a thing as 'spiritual excellence', we must strive to express that as well.

ADF's study program is unlike those of any other Druidic organization, in that we assume that the primary purpose of participants is to undertake leadership roles within the Neopagan Community. Thus we have a 'university without walls' system of academic and practical studies, designed to produce professional level clergy, Bards, judges, healers, ecologists and others. Credit is given to life experiences and students are expected to be able to demonstrate their knowledge and skills upon request. While esoteric studies, including magic and mysticism, are part of the program, exoteric studies, including first aid, non-profit management, history, comparative religions, counseling and mainstream science, are emphasized. It can take several years for a person to work here or his way through the program, but we are not in any hurry.

Naturally, we believe that liturgical excellence is rooted in these other forms of excellence. Sound scholarship (especially historical and mythological), beautiful art, genuinely competent clergy, and people who are ready, willing, and able to channel divine energies – all are crucial to creating the powerful religious and magical ceremonies that we and the Earth so desperately need.

We have two mottos that we have been using so far. The first is based on the ideas just described: "Why not excellence?" This emphasis on the excellence as a goal makes us both unique and controversial within the Neopagan community. Although some folks think that such emphasis 'isn't democratic', we feel that our concept of divine immanence implies that everyone has something they are good at (you just need to contact the deities within you and channel Their creative power.) However, our second motto – 'As fast as a speeding oak tree!' – serves to remind us all that the achievement of excellence takes time.

We have already officially declared the first Druidic dogma: the Doctrine of Archdruidic Fallibility. No one in ADF, not even the Archdruid, has all the answers. We make no claims of handing down an 'authentic' unbroken tradition from the past, and have very strong doubts about any group that does make such claims. Thus we are free to evolve our systems within the organic structures already created, adapting them as necessary to suit the needs of coming generations. We are also free to make many mistakes in the process – a freedom we've already taken advantage of. Every member of ADF has both the opportunity and the obligation to contribute her or his time, money, energy and talents to the adventure.

We believe Neopaganism is eventually going to become a mainstream religious movement, with hundreds of thousands (if not millions) of members, and that this will be a good thing, both for the individuals involved, and for the survival of the Earth Mother. Neopaganism is currently riding the crest of the 'baby boom'. Many people who grew up in the 1960s and 70s are discovering us at about the same time that they are realizing

both the desperate state of our planet and the eternal relevance of our youthful ideals. Membership in the Neopagan community is quietly growing at a geometric rate, both through word of mouth and through the many do-it-yourself books now available, giving us an ever greater impact on the mainstream culture.

All these Neopagans are going to need publicly accessible worship, teaching, counseling and healing. Within thirty years we expect to see indoor temples and/or sacred groves throughout North America and Europe, staffed by full-time, paid, professional clergy. These will provide the full range of needed services to the Neopagan community, with more 'corruption' than that experienced by the Unitarians, the Buddhists, or the Quakers. We anticipate globally televised Samhain rites at Stonehenge, and Beltane ceremonies attended by thousands in every major city. We see Neopagan clergy taking part in international religious conferences as equals with clergy from other faiths. We see our children wearing pentacles, Druid Sigils, and Thor Hammers to school as easily as others now wear crosses, Stars of David, or Hands of Fatima. We see talented and well trained Neopagan clergy leading thousands of people in effective magical and mundane actions to save endangered species, stop polluters, and preserve wilderness. We see our healers saving thousands of lives and our Bards inspiring millions through music and video concerts and dramas. We see Neopaganism as a mass religion, changing social, political, and environmental attitudes around the world and stopping the death-mongers in their tracks.

This vision is very different from that of most current Neopagans, who focus on small groups as their ideal. Those small groups will always be an essential part of the Neopagan religious community, operating both within and apart from larger organizations, just as their equivalents have throughout human history. As we see it, the future of Neopaganism will require a wide variety of different group sizes, structures, and ritual styles. To lose any of the currently existing approaches risks impoverishing our spiritual 'gene pool'. So we are not out to 'replace' other Neopagan traditions, even though we believe that we have something unique and wonderful to share with the world.

Doing that sharing requires 'going public', something that many Neopagan traditions have been reluctant to do. Granted, it may remain necessary, for another decade or two, for some Neopagans to remain in hiding wherever fundamentalist hate is rampant. Even for those of us in publicly-oriented Neopagan groups, it will take courage and caution for us to safely 'come from the shadows'. Yet, if we follow the lessons learned by the civil rights movements of our generation, we will eventually have full freedom to practice our beliefs. Accepting and encouraging our community's growth, while avoiding missionary fever, will be a vital tool in achieving that task.

We believe that Neopagan Druidism has an important role to play in the future of Neopaganism and the survival of the Earth. Already other Neopagan traditions are imitating ADF's training program, our liturgical techniques, and our emphasis on the Arts. If we can attract enough people who are willing to dedicate their time, energy, and money to achieving these goals, the vision can be manifested. We can save the Earth Mother, create a global culture of prosperity and freedom, and usher in a genuine 'New Age.'

## Suggested Reading

The following books will get you started on understanding ADF's approach to reconstructing Druidism;

Scott Littleton, C. *The New Comparative Mythology, An Anthropological Assessment of the Theories of Georges Dumezil*, Third Edition, University of California, 1980. This is the best critical introduction to Dumezil's work, with an extensive bibliography of relevant books and articles by Dumezil and others.

Doniger O'Flaherty, Wendy. *Women, Androgynes, and Other Mythical Beasts*, University of Chicago, 1982. O'Flaherty (now known as Doniger) give an extensive discussion of the sexual politics of the IE myth system using sound research and a clear presentation. She is also the author of: *Shiva, the Erotic Ascetic; The Origins of Evil in Hindu Mythology; Other People's Myths*; and an excellent translation of the *Rig Veda*, among many other books and articles.

Piggot, Stuart. *The Druids*, Thames and Hudson, 1985. The best book on the subject so far, covering the archaeological, classical, and historical evidence concerning the Druids, both Paleopagan and Mesopagan, albeit in a very anti-romantic and anti-religious style.

Adler, Margot. *Drawing Down the Moon*, Beacon Press, 1987. This is the best book that anyone has published about Neopagan movements in America. Note, however, that the discussions of Reformed Druidism do not reflect what is going on in ADF today. There is a nice section on ADF starting at p. 325 in this second edition.

Bonewits, Isaac. *Real Magic*, Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1989. A basic introduction to the theory and practice of magic. Includes an extensive bibliography of other titles that will be helpful.

Friedrich, Paul. *Proto-Indo-European Trees*, University of Chicago, 1970. Primarily a linguistic monograph, this is the only book to cover all the various species of trees known to have had names in the PIE language. He includes a great deal of religious and symbolic detail.

Stover, Leon E. and Kraig, Bruce. *Stonehenge, the Indo-European Heritage*, Nelson-Hall, 1978. A harsh but fascinating look at the people associated with the various stages of Stonehenge's construction. The authors belong to the 'hard primitivism' school of IE studies, are hostile to religion and positively rabid about clergy, but the book does an excellent job of straightening out the bewildering array of prehistoric and early IE cultures. The bibliography and research notes are great.

Smith, Brian K. *Reflections on Resemblance, Ritual, and Religion*, Oxford University Press, 1989. A superb introduction to the complex world of Vedic ritual and metaphysics. Much of what puzzles the author will make perfectly good sense to Neopagan ritualists, and will give us some glimpses of what western Druidism must have been like.

Eliade, Mircea. *A History of Religious Ideas*, 3 Volumes. Novl 1 – *From the Stone Age to the Elusian Mysteries*, University of Chicago Press, 1978, and Vol 2 – *From Gautama Buddha to the Triumph of Christianity*, University of California Press, 1982, are of most value to Neopagans. This is simply the best material on the history of religious ideas available, organized both chronologically and thematically. It includes an enormous amount of information on Paleopaganism and early Christianity.

Rees, Alwyn Brinley. *Celtic Heritage*, Thames & Hudson, 1961. A Dumezilian analysis of Celtic mythology and religion,

based primarily on Irish and secondarily on Welsh materials. Gives an excellent overview of basic patterns of belief, and will explain much of the cosmology underlying Celtic mythology and ritual.

- Hutton, Ronald. *The Pagan Religions of the Ancient British Isles, Their Nature and Legacy*, Blackwell, 1991. A brilliant review of the history, prehistory and pseudohistory of British Paleopaganism. This is an excellent tour of all 'the things we know that just ain't so', and belongs in every Druid's library.
- Lewis, Bernard. *History –Remembered, Recovered, Invented*. Princeton University Press, 1975. A succinct introduction to the ways in which people filter history through their personal and cultural needs, fears and wishes, even when they are trying to be unbiased. An excellent cure to excessive romanticism, scientolatry, and matriarchal fever.
- Caesar, Julius, trans. Anne and Peter Wiseman. *The Battle for Gaul*, Chatto & Windus, London, 1980. A modern colloquial translation, filled with dozens of explanatory maps, photographs and drawings.
- Carr-Gomm, Phillip. *Elements of the Druid Tradition*, Element Books, 1991. A brief introduction to the facts and facies of Mesopagan Druidism, by the current Chosen Chief of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids. Overly romantic, yet honest about absent historical evidence. Includes excellent guided meditations and good ideas about bridging the gaps between Meso- and Neopagan Druids. Also recommended is Carr-Gomm's *The Druid Way*, the story of a vision quest/pilgrimage through the landscape of southern England, Element Books, 1993.

Some 300 or so additional recommended books can be found in the back of the ADF Study Manual.

We do **not** recommend any non-fiction by Robert Graves (on Celtic topics), D.J. Conway, Douglas Monroe, Lewis Spence, H.P. Balvatsky, Edward Williams (aka Iolo Morganwg), or any works by others based on their writings, nor those of Merlin Stone, Barbara Walker, or other revisionist ideologues. Much of what is available in print about the ancient Druid is hogwash, so read carefully and beware of unverified assumptions, nationalistic biases, monotheistic reinterpretations, or claims of intact underground family traditions of Druidism. When in doubt, consult your nearest tree...

**Isaac Bonewits** has been a Druidic priest for over 25 years, and a Wiccan priest for 15 years. He is one of North America's best known authorities on Neopaganism, Druidism, Witchcraft and the Occult. He holds the only accredited (B.A.) degree ever given in Magic, (U.C. Berkeley), and is the author of the classic introductory textbook, *Real Magic*, as well as the infamous FRP game magic system, *Authentic Thaumaturgy*. He is the founder and Archdruid Emeritus of Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship (ADF), the largest and best known Neopagan Druid movement in North America, and co-leads a Gardnerian coven with his wife, Deborah Lipp. He is also a singer and songwriter of Pagan songs, some of which have appeared on two albums: '*Be Pagan Once Again!*' and '*Avalon is Rising!*', with a third, '*We Are One Family!*', to be released in Winter 1995/6. He was an early fighter for Aquarian civil rights, having written the *Aquarian Manifesto* and started the seminal Aquarian Anti-Defamation League in 1974. On January 1, 1996 he resigned his position as Archdruid of ADF and is currently finishing books on Neopagan polytheology and liturgical design, as well as his own histories of Druidism and Witchcraft.

He can be contact through P.O. Box 1021, Nyack NY, USA 10960-1021, as well as through [ibonewits@aol.com](mailto:ibonewits@aol.com) and via other online services. He is especially interested in hearing from European and South American Druid organizations.

## Resource Guides

[A few select sections incorporated by Mike Scharding to show extent of computer use in 1996]

The two largest Druid groups in America are Keltria, PO Box 33284 Minneapolis MN 55433 and ADF, PO Box 516, E. Syracuse, NY 13057-0516. Information on these, and other American groups is available in *American Druidism: A Guide to American Druid Groups* by Daniel Hansen from CSC, 27013 Pacific Hwy S. 315, Kent WA 98032 USA. (Both A Druid Directory and *American Druidism* are also available from The Oak Tree Press, PO Box 1333 Lewes E. Sussex BN7 1DX. Email: [office@obod.co.uk](mailto:office@obod.co.uk))

### Archives

The International Druid Archives holds the largest publicly accessible assembly of documents from modern Druid movements worldwide. To consult, contact Carleton College Archives (re: Druid Archives) 300 North College St, Northfield, Minnesota 55057 USA.

### Magazines

Aisling PO Box 196, London, WC1A 2DY  
The Druid's Voice PO Box 29, St. Leonards-on-Sea, E. Sussex TN 37 7YP  
Keltria Journal of Druidism PO Box 48369, Minneapolis MN 55488 USA  
Druids Progress PO Box 9420 Newark DE 18714-9420 USA  
Metrodruidz Nuz, Green Man Grove (ADF), PO Box 3495, Jersey City, NJ 07303 USA

### Druids on the Net by Erynn Laurie

The Internet and other computer networks are an ever-expanding part of many people's lives. Druids are an active part of this growing network, participating in fascinating discussions, building Web pages, debating the nature of Druidism and building friendships all around the world. If you have a computer and a modem, you can join in this aspect of the Druid renaissance through local bulletin boards, commercial online services like CompuServe or America OnLine, or local Internet service providers...

... Because of the nature of the net, these lists are not and cannot be comprehensive. They are merely meant as an entry into the world of Druidism online. Net resources come and go without notice. Although these sites and lists were active at the time this book went to press, some may no longer be available when you try them. Listings here are almost entirely English language resources, along with a few for Celtic languages.

### Local BBS Access...

### Usenet Newsgroups...

alt.mythology  
alt.pagan  
alt.religion.druid  
soc.culture.celtic

### Mailing lists....

## World Wide Web Pages....

ADF Web page

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

Anders Magick Page

<http://www.nada.kth.se/~nv91-asa/magick.html>

Bibliographies of Interest to Mythologists

<http://www.the-wire.com/culture/mythology/mythbibl.html>

BUBL Information Service: Religions of Ancient Peoples

<http://www.bubl.bath.ac.uk/BUBL/ReligPre.html>

Celtic Culture Page

<http://www.pic.net/~callahan/celtic.htm>

Celtic, Germanic & Nordic Culture Page

[http://ukanaix.ce.uks.edu/~eickwort/cu/hrd\\_main.html](http://ukanaix.ce.uks.edu/~eickwort/cu/hrd_main.html)

Celtic & Viking Art Files

<http://www.tardis.ed.ac.uk/~feorag/paganlink/gallery/celtpics.html>

Ceolas Celtic Music Archive

<http://www.stanford.edu/ceolas.html>

Dalriada Heritage Society

[Gopher://gopher.almac.cu.uk/11/scotland/dalriada](http://gopher.almac.cu.uk/11/scotland/dalriada)

DrOOP Home Page

<http://www.pixelations.com/users/pixelations/drphome.html>

Lysator Pagan Files Directory

<http://www.lystaor.liu.se/ftp/pub/religion/neopagan/index.html>

Myths & Legends

<http://pubpages.unh.edu/~cbsiren/myth.html>

Nemeton-L Home Page

<http://www.speakeasy.org/~mimir/nemeton.html>

Order of Bards Ovates & Druids Home Page

<http://www.obod.co.uk/obod/>

Pagan Resources Page

<http://www.ssc.org/~athomps/pagan/paganres.html/>

Rowan Fairgrove's Home Page

<http://www.crc.ricoh.com/~rowanf/rowanf.html>

Brief information on Druid groups is available in the United States by telephoning 1-800-DRUIDRY [not available c.2003]

Email information via the Internet on the large Druid groups is available from:

[ADF@aol.com](mailto:ADF@aol.com) [Keltria@aol.com](mailto:Keltria@aol.com) [OBOD@aol.com](mailto:OBOD@aol.com)

## Mike's Response to The Druid Renaissance

This is the only chapter in the book devoted to America, but there are other very impressive chapters illustrating the chain of lineage and connection between the other Druid movements in Europe and the British Isles. Written not long before his retirement from the role of ADF's Archdruid, Isaac's essay for this chapter is well written and draws upon various early essays that has written; such as "The Other Druids," "Neopaganism Druidism" and several ADF early publications like "A Vision of Neopagan Druidism." Written a year or two after inviting Isaac to the Carleton Grove, this article shows a better understanding of the "family tree" nature of Druidism in America branching out from RDNA to produce ADF, Keltria, Druidactios and other spin-off groups influenced by them.

Isaac continues to push the possible fraternal origins of Reformed Druidism through the agency of David Fisher's statement that he belonged to an earlier tradition. However, I believe, that as Isaac showed Iolo Morganwg creating a Unitarian format for his Meso-paganism; it is quite possible for Fisher's groups to make an Episcopalian/Unitarian format for their Druidism. Certain members were masons, which may have led to the ten orders and the initiatory practices.

Several Groves, besides Carleton, have lasted a long time, such as Berkeley (1969-1993), Hazlenut (1978-present), Birch (1983-Present), Greenwood (1976-Present), but indeed most lasted about three to four years. The recent updates about the Archives and the A Reformed Druid Anthology are well-appreciated to show that the movements isn't moribund.

The Resource Section references to Modern Druidism were included to show the state of available materials as was likely to have been seen in 1996 at the beginning of the Internet Revolution in the Neo-Pagan movement. The RDNA had yet to play a large role in this movement, with ADF & Keltria producing a great deal of information; followed closely by OBOD from England. In those years, it was a small pool, and most people were familiar with each other.

# Who is Isaac Bonewits?

(Immodest Third-Person Self-Introduction)

Copyright © 1997 c.e., Isaac Bonewits

Isaac Bonewits is North America's leading expert on ancient and modern Druidism, Witchcraft and the rapidly growing Earth Religions movement.

A practicing Neo-Pagan priest, scholar, teacher, bard and polytheologist for over thirty years, he has coined much of the vocabulary and articulated many of the issues that have shaped the 300,000 strong Neo-Pagan community in the United States and Canada, with opinions both playful and controversial.

As an author (of *Real Magic*, *Authentic Thaumaturgy*, and numerous articles, reviews and essays), a singer-songwriter (with three albums to his credit), and a "spellbinding" speaker, he has educated, enlightened and entertained two generations of modern Goddess worshippers, nature mystics, and followers of other minority belief systems, and has explained these movements to journalists, law enforcement officers, college students, and academic researchers.

He is the founder and Archdruid Emeritus of *Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship*, (the best known Neo-Pagan Druid organization in North America), a 3° Druid within the United Ancient Order of Druids (the best known Mesopagan Druid order), a retired High Priest in both the Gardnerian ("British Orthodox") and the N.R.O.O.G.D. ("California Heterodox") traditions of Wicca (Neo-Pagan Witchcraft), an initiate of Santeria (Afro-Cuban Mesopaganism) and the "Caliphate Line" of the *Ordo Templi Orientis* (Aleister Crowley's Mesopagan magical tradition), as well as a member of other Neo-Pagan and Mesopagan Druid orders.

Articulate, witty, yet scholarly, he is currently writing books on Druidism, Witchcraft, liturgical design, and polytheology. Should your topic be outside his expertise, he can quickly refer you to colleagues, scholars and spokespersons for any legitimate Neo-Pagan movement.

## Mike's Response to Who Is Isaac Bonewits

This is an accurate summary of how Isaac, and his friends, judge himself. An intriguing fellow.

# Encyclopedia of American Religions

6<sup>th</sup> Edition

Published by Gale Research  
Edited by J. Gordon Melton. 1999

**\*1719 (p. 805)**

**Ar nDraíocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship, Inc.**

**PO Box 516**

**East Syracuse, NY 13057**

*Ar nDraíocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship, Inc.* is a Neopagan Druid community founded in the mid-1980s by Isaac Bonewits. The attempt to reconstruct and revive a form of Druidism, began at Carleton College during the 1962-1963 school year. It spread from there as the Reformed Druids of North America. Bonewits became a Druid in 1969. The following year he attained some degree of fame when he graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with a degree in Magic. He published his survey of the field, *Real Magic*, in 1971. Through the 1970s, Bonewits took a prominent role in Druid affairs. He published a newsletter and edited the *Druid Chronicles (Evolved)* (1976), but toward the end of the decade he withdrew from leadership and kept a low profile for several years.

Bonewits reasserted his position as an Archdruid in 1984 with the publication of the first issue of *The Druids' Progress* and the announcement of the founding of *Ar nDraíocht Fein* as a specifically Neopagan form of Druidism. The order maintains a contemporary faith based upon the latest academic research and assessment of ancient Druidism. While reviving the best aspects of the past, this approach advocates self-consciously living in a modern scientific, artistic, ecological, and holistic context. Like other Neopagan groups, it is a nature worshipping, polytheistic faith.

Bonewits also designed the new Druidism so it was not limited to Celtic traditions, but pan-Indo-European to allow a broad inter-cultural participation. Though Neopagan Druidism is seen as very close to Wicca, it is distinguished from Wicca by its emphasis upon polytheism rather than just two major Wiccan deities (the Sky God and the Earth Mother), its large group orientation as opposed to small covens, and its public inclusionary character.

Neopagan Druids are organized into groves that meet twice monthly and celebrate the common eight pagan festivals. Bonewits (with the assistance of other members) has written *The ADF Grove Organizers Handbook*, *the ADF Members' Guide*, *the ADF Study Manual*, and *the ADF Liturgical Manual*. Recently Bonewits retired and was named Archdruid Emeritus. Ian Corrigan has been named acting Archdruid in the interim before a New Archdruid is designated.

**Membership:** In 1992 there were approximately 375 members in the United States and approximately 15 in Canada. There were 12 chartered groves in the United States. Individual members could be found in Japan, Czechoslovakia, England, Australia and Ireland.

**Educational Facilities:** The ADF study program provides college-level training for Druidic clergy and other leaders.

**Periodicals:** The Druids' Progress. News from the Mother Grove. The ADF Membership Directory.

**Remarks:** It appears that most, if not all, of the various Druid groups that were functioning in the 1970s and 1980s have disbanded and that their work now survives through the ADF. However, at last report there was a former group of the Reformed Druids of North America still functioning in California.

**Sources:**

Adler, Margot. Drawing Down the Moon. Boston: Beacon Press, 1986.

Bonewits, Isaac. Real Magic. New York: Coward, McGann, and Goehengam, 1971.

Bonewits, Isaac. What Do Neopagan Druids Believe? Newark, DE: Mother Grove, 1991. Tract.

Bonewits, Isaac. What is Ar nDraiocht Fein? Newark, DE: Mother Grove, 1991. Tract.

**#1747 (P. 816)**

**Divine Circle of the Sacred Grove**

**Box 1737**

**Fontana CA 92334**

The Divine Circle of the Sacred Grove was founded in 1985 by Janette Gordon, a priestess who has a long history of participation in Druidism as well as training in Wicca and a broad mastery of occultism in general. In 1965 she founded the Order of Druids, School and Drunements, which was incorporated into the Divine Circle. The church holds weekly religious services and the school offers a full course of study on Wicca, magic, ritual, healing, occultism, and related topics. The school operates as a correspondence school under the tutelage of Janette and her husband, Norman Gordon. She has authored all of the curriculum lesson material.

The church teaches the balance of Nature affirmed in ritual activity, the polarity of Goddess and God, and a way of life based upon personal empowerment through magic. While operating out of a single center in Fontana, California, the church has extended its influence to Wiccans across the United States through its school, which offers master's and doctorate degrees to its graduates. It also offers special training for the priesthood and provides an opportunity for graduates to become initiates and priest of the church.

**Membership:** Not reported.

**#1759 (p. 820)**

**Henge of Keltria**

**Minneapolis, MN 55448-0369**

The Henge of Keltria was established in 1987 (incorporated in 1995) by co-founders Tony Taylor and Sable Taylor, both former members of the Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF.) The Taylor had some administrative differences with ADF and rejected its idea of multicultural Druidism. They work within a context of Celtic Druidism. The Henge of Keltria is a Neopagan group dedicated to protecting and preserving Mother Earth, honoring the ancestors, revering the spirits of nature, and worshipping the Celtic gods and goddesses. Special emphasis is placed on spiritual development fostered through study and practice of the Druidic arts and Celtic magick. Through training,

networking, resource material, ritual participation, and meaningful communication, the group aims to provide a religious and spiritual framework through which people may reach their full potential.

Affiliated local groups are called groves. Each grove is free to compose and perform ritual and magick geared to its own particular focus, provided such work remains compatible with the beliefs, ethics, and ritual and structural framework of the Henge.

Members progress through three grades of initiation called rings, a symbolic nature derived from the rings of a tree; the ring system measures the growth of its participants. The three rings are named for sacred trees: the Ring of the Birch, the Ring of the Yew, and the Ring of the Oak. Within the highest ring, the Oak, there are three tiers – Hawthorn, Rowan and Mistletoe. Advancements are based on time, knowledge, and service to either a local grove or the Henge. Special provisions are made for those transferring from other Neopagan paths, so that those with several years of training and experience do not need to begin at the bottom.

**Membership:** Not reported. Groves are found in Minnesota, Wisconsin and California.

**Periodicals:** Keltria: A Journal of Druidism and Celtic Magic. Serpent Stone: A Journal of Druidic Wisdom.

**#1781 (p.825)**

**Reformed Druids of North America**

**C/o Live Oak Grove**

**616 Minor Road**

**Orinda, CA 94563**

The Reformed Druids of North America was formed in 1963 by a group of students at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, as a protest against a compulsory chapel attendance requirement. It began as a result of a conversation between David Fisher, Howard Cherniack, and Norman Nelson. The idea emerged of forming a non-bloody, sacrificial Druidic group. If students were denied credit for attending its services, then they would claim religious persecution; if they received credit, the whole project would be revealed as a hoax, thus ridiculing the requirement. The requirement was dropped during the 1963-1964 school year, but the group decided that, since it enjoyed the rituals so much, it would continue. At that time, the structure was completed and the major system of beliefs outlined.

Rituals had been constructed by the Reformed Druids from materials in anthropological literature, such as The Golden Bough, the classical text by Sir James Fraser. A henge (an open-air ring temple) was constructed on nearby Monument Hill, where the first Protestant service in Minnesota was held. Though frequently destroyed, the henge was constantly replaced. Ritual is directed toward nature and is held outdoors (in an oak grove where possible). Robes of white are worn. The passing of the waters-of-life is a symbol of oneness with nature. Festival days are Samhain (Nov. 1), Mid-winter, Oimelc (Feb. 1), Beltane (May 1), Mid-summer, and Lughnasadh (Aug. 1.) The Celtic/Druidic gods and goddesses are retained to help focus attention on nature. They include Danu, the mother of the gods and humanity, and Taranis, one of her children, the god of thunder and lightning.

The Reformed Druids are organized into autonomous groves.. Each grove is headed by an arch-druid, a preceptor (for

# Mike's Response to Encyclopedia of American Religions 6<sup>th</sup> Edition

business matters) and a server (to assist the Arch-druid.) Three orders of the priesthood are recognized. Higher orders are honorary. The Druid Chronicles, consisting of the history, rules, and customs of the Reformed Druids of North America, serve as the scriptures. These were composed mainly by Jan Johnson and David Frangquist, who succeeded the first arch-druid.

Over the years, a continuity of organization was effected through a lineage of arch-druids. The original arch-druid entered the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. Others established groves in different parts of the country. In 1978, locally autonomous groves were functioning in Northfield and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Chicago and Evanston, Illinois; Ann Arbor, Michigan; Webster Groves, Missouri; New York City; and Palo Alto and Berkeley, California.

In the Mid-1970s, leadership of the Druid movement passed to Isaac Bonewits, who had made national headlines when he graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with a degree in magick. Bonewits headed a Berkeley grove. More importantly, he compiled the Druid writings, adding material he had written on Druidism and in 1977 published the *Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*, which contain the history, rituals, laws, and customs for the Reformed Druids. In 1978 he began *Pentalpha* as a national Druid periodical. After several years of publishing the magazine and trying to promote Druidism, Bonewits withdrew from all leadership roles (though he continues to be active in Pagan affairs otherwise.) Emmon Bodfish became preceptor of the Berkeley Grove, which was renamed the Live Oak Grove and moved to Orinda, California.

**Membership:** In 1997 there were two groves: Orinda, California and Keene, New Hampshire.

**Periodicals:** *Druid Missal-Any*

## Sources:

Bonewits, P.E. Isaac. *Authentic Thaumaturgy*. Albany, CA: The CHAOSium, 1978.

Bonewits, P.E. Isaac. *Real Magic*. New York: Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1971.

Bonewits, P.E. Isaac. *The Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*. Berkeley, CA: Berkeley Drunemetum Press, 1976.

ADF: A good essay of ADF, although highly reliant on materials from Isaac Bonewits and Adler. In fact most of the entries in this section of his encyclopedia on Neopagans, are named in *Drawing Down the Moon*. An interview with another member would add more variety to Isaac's standard history of the group.

DCSG: Although this group has not enjoyed a good reputation after reputedly repackaging ADF materials, and various financial schemes. It is however an adequate representation of the group, and they've moved on-line, operating out of Arizona.

HK: Useful addition of Keltria to the Encyclopedia, one which more or less draws from the interview of Taylor in the book, *People of the Earth*.

RDNA: See my other objections to Melton. Mostly drawing about "What and Why is Reformed Druidism in the 1970s?" at the beginning of *Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*. A new error was added, referring to a "henge," when they should be referring to an altar repeatedly built on the site in the early 60s. A stone circle has been built nearby at Carleton in 1999, but I'm sure he would not have known about it in 1997. They did not do an update since 1986, as is shown by assuming that the Orinda grove was still operating in 1997, and the *Missal-Any* had stopped in 1991. Instead, at that time, the major groves operating were at Carleton (MN), Hazelnut (CA), Birch (NH), Akita (Japan), Greenwood (WA) and Big River Grove (MN.) A simple letter to Carleton could have provided that information. Regardless, Melton still puts out one of the wider encyclopedic sources on Druidism.

## Modern Druidic Movements:

From [www.religioustolerance.org](http://www.religioustolerance.org)  
Circa 1999

**Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids (OBOD):** There are two beliefs concerning the development of this group. One traces their origin to the Ancient Order of Druids (AOD) by Henry Hurle in England in 1781. This group repeatedly split due to internal dissension into many separate organizations. By 1918, there were five groups attempting to perform solstice ceremonies at Stonehenge; all were breakaway groups from the original Ancient Order of Druids. By 1955, all had disappeared except for the British Circle of Universal Bond which subsequently split in 1963 to form the OBOD. The other lineage is claimed by the OBOD who trace their ancestry back through the AOD to a group founded in England in 1717 by John Toland. He is said to have combined local groups of Druids (called groves) from a 10 locations into the Mother Grove. The OBOD's current address is: PO Box 1333, Lewes, East Sussex, England, BN7 3ZG. Email address: [office@obod.co.uk](mailto:office@obod.co.uk)

The British Druid Order was founded in 1979 by Philip Shallcrass and Emma Restall Orr. They "see Druidry as a process of constant change and renewal whereby the tradition is continually recreated to address the needs of each generation." They currently have about 3,000 members, mostly in the UK. Their address is: British Druid Order, PO Box 29, St Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex TN37 7YP, England. Email addresses are: [greywolf@druidorder.demon.co.uk](mailto:greywolf@druidorder.demon.co.uk) and [bobcat@nemeton.demon.co.uk](mailto:bobcat@nemeton.demon.co.uk)

**The Reformed Druids of North America:** This movement started as a type of undergraduate prank at a mid-western U.S. college (Carleton College at Northfield, MN) in 1963. (One source says 1957.) The administration had required that all students to attend church. Some students invented the RDNA as a reaction to this rule. The leaders were amazed when many of the students wanted to continue the RDNA, even after the protest against the administration had been won. From this source, a number of Neopagan Druidic movements have split off, including:

**Ar nDraiocht Fein: (ADF)** This can be loosely translated as "our own Druidism." Their name is pronounced "arn ree-ocht fane." It was founded by Isaac Bonewits who is currently the Archdruid Emeritus. The ADF emphasizes scholarly research, and "a blend of ancient practices and modern realities." His motto is "paganize mainstream religion by mainstreaming paganism." Their goal is to recreate a Pan-European Druidism, involving elements from Baltic, Celtic, Germanic Slavic and even pre-classical Greek and Roman beliefs. The ADF publishes a quarterly ADF journal, a bimonthly News from the Mother Grove, and a semi-yearly Druid's Progress. As of mid-2002, they have 43 groves in the U.S. and two in Ontario, Canada. Their web site is at: <http://www.adf.org> Their Email is at address is: [ADF-Office@adf.org](mailto:ADF-Office@adf.org). Their postal address is: ADF, P.O. Box 17874, Tucson, AZ 85731-7874

**The Henge of Keltria:** Five ADF members compiled a list of 13 concerns about the ADF at the Pagan Spirit Gathering in 1986. Emulating the actions of Martin Luther, they attached the list to the door of Isaac Bonewits' van in 1986. Fortunately for Isaac, they used tape in place of the nails that a Christian urban legend says that Martin Luther used. Keltria has focused on ancient Celtic religion and holds only non-public rituals. They published a journal: Keltria: A Journal of Druidism and Celtic Magick" from 1986 to 1998.

## Mike's Response to Modern Druidic Movements:

The website [religioustolerance.org](http://www.religioustolerance.org) has been around since about 1996 and providing a neutral, level-headed third-party description of the various major and minor religious movements on the internet for reference. As such, it has dispelled a lot of rumors. Probably working off Melton's materials and Drawing Down the Moon.



# Druid Organizations

Excerpts taken from Jean Markale's  
"The Druids: Celtic Priests of Nature."  
Published by Inner Traditions Intl Ltd, 1999

It is an accepted fact that there are no official written texts revealing an authentic druidic tradition; moreover, this is quite convenient, for it allows any person to claim that he or she is the heir of a tradition transmitted orally over the centuries. This being the case you should not feel compelled to believe such individuals. It would be quite pointless to ask those who claim descent from an oral lineage for the least little bit of proof, in that, by definition, no proof exists. I am not saying that there are no true oral traditions that have survived the ages. This would be ludicrous to profess and as equally difficult to prove as the fore written statement. It is necessary to say, however, that you should keep your mind clear when making decisions about covens, groves, circles and the like.

The Druidic brotherhoods can be classified into four principle categories. The first is the line of John Toland (1669-1722), an Irish Catholic who founded his druidic order on September 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1717. This order is quite an antiestablishment movement, currently known under the name of the Druid Order, whose founder's paganizing tendencies have been tempered by modifications introduced by the Anglicans. The influence of the famous poet William Blake, a member of the brotherhood, appears to have been very important on this clearly esoteric druidic branch, that also has the allures of a secret society.

The Second line of druidic brotherhoods, The Ancient Order of Druids, was founded by Henry Hurle in 1781. Hurle, a carpenter, gave this brotherhood a quite visible Masonic coloring, as well as humanitarian preoccupations, particularly those concerning mutualism and social providence. William Blake was also a member of this brotherhood. The ritual of this group appears very similar to that of the Scottish Masonic Lodge. The third druidic line is that of Iolo Morganwg, a masonry worker who was born in Glamorgan County, Wales. This inspired self-taught man was very interested in old Celtic culture, and did much research and published several works on the subject. It is probable that Iolo collected folktales and that he knew medieval Welsh literature quite well, little more of him is known other than the fact that he founded the first druidic and bardic Gorsedd in London, on June 21<sup>st</sup>, 1792, the day of the summer solstice. This is a good measure of the reliability of this information if one recalls that the ancient druids had no solstice festival whatsoever, a fact substantiated by all the documents that we have at our disposal. The Welsh Gorsedd would become the quasi-official branch of druidism, and it is to this lineage that the currently existing Fraternity of Druids, Bards, and Ovates of Britain is connected. The members of this lineage do not consider themselves as priests of an ancient religion. They do however, consider their druidism an eternal quest for Celtic wisdom and truth.

The fourth category brings together countless brotherhoods, fraternities, groups, and sects not necessarily connected to any one of the three previously described lineages. Some of these brotherhoods are maintained only by the ephemeral will of their founders. Others are tied to different traditions. Each having its own conception of druidism. Druidism in a sense died when the Celtic society became extinct at the hands of its predecessor, Roman Christianity. However, that which would have remained are the principles of druidism, for they could not have vanished. Listed below are the Guilds, Brotherhoods, Covens, Groves, and Circles as I am aware of them. I will post more as I find them.

**The United Ancient Order of Druids** is the oldest of the surviving Fraternal "Mesopagan" Druid organizations. They are primarily active in the Ohio, Nevada and California regions. On the East Coast, Iona Grove #1, UAOD, is an active grove which meets in the Washington, DC, area, at least 4 times each year, on the Solstices and Equinoxes, for dinner, good conversation, and the presentation and discussion of a paper relating to Druidism and/or fraternalism. They have been in existence since 1994 and have grown very quickly to a membership that now numbers over forty. Some of these members come from New York, West Virginia, Connecticut, Ohio, Texas, Minnesota, and California. The Secretary for Iona Grove UAOD is Paul M. Bessel, at 703-418-1172, fax 703-418-6625. You can e-mail him at [paulb@cpcug.org](mailto:paulb@cpcug.org). Via snailmail, you can write to Iona Grove #1, UAOD, c/o 2301 Jeff Davis Hwy., #1521, Dept. IBWS, Arlington, VA 22202-3818.

**The Order of Bards Ovates and Druids**, also known as OBOD, is a modern offshoot of The Druid Order (British Circle of the Universal Bond), and is evolving into a Neopagan movement with over 1,200 members around the world. To receive a packet of information about them, just write to: OBOD, Dept. IBWS, PO Box 1333, Lewes. East Sussex BN7 1DX England, and enclose several International Postal Reply Coupons, or send email to [office@obod.co.uk](mailto:office@obod.co.uk). OBOD publishes an excellent monthly newsletter Touchstone, for members only. Excerpts from previous issues are online at the OBOD site. OBOD's current Chosen Chief is Philip Carr-Gomm, psychologist and author of some good books on Druidism. You can email him at [philip@obod.co.uk](mailto:philip@obod.co.uk).

**The Druid Clan of Dana or DCD**, is a daughter organization of the well known Fellowship of Isis, or FOI, perhaps the largest international Pagan networking organization in the world. The DCD is "for all of those who honor the Goddess in the Druid manner." All FOI members may join. It was founded by Baron Strathlock and Lady Olivia Robertson, it's current head (and head of FOI.) Phillip Carr-Gomm, current Chosen Chief of OBOD was an early member. All three were initiated as Druids by Ross Nichols, the former Chosen Chief of OBOD. Each DCD Grove is entitled to interpret Druidry according to its own view, but courses exist to make this easier. The Clan magazine, Aisling, is available to the general public. A subscription for 4 issues is 15 (or \$10US), including postage. Send to: PO Box 196, Dept. IBWS, London, WC1A 2DY, UK. A sample back-issue can be obtained by E-mailing [Isis@styx.cerbernet.co.uk](mailto:Isis@styx.cerbernet.co.uk)

**The Insular Order of Druids or IOD** is a new Druid order, founded in 1993 c.e. They appear to be more Neopagan than Mesopagan, and their Arch Druid Dylan Ap Thuin is a poet and tattoo artist/body piercer! Definitely a 1990's kinda group, appealing to a younger generation of British Druids but enjoying warm relations with other members of the Council of British Druid Orders. You can send them email at: "[Druids@insular.demon.co.uk](mailto:Druids@insular.demon.co.uk)" or write to them via snailmail at: IOD, c/o Labyrinth, 2 Victoria Road South, Southsea, Hants, England.

**The Reformed Druids of North America or RDNA**, are ancestral to both ADF and Keltria. Michael Scharding, is a former Archdruid of the Carleton Grove of the RDNA, founder of the International Druid Archives at Carleton College, and the editor of A Reformed Druid Anthology.

**Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship, or ADF**, which roughly means "Our Own Druidism." The ADF is the fastest growing Druid organization in the world. Its founder, Isaac Bonewits, emphasizes accountable and highly qualified clergy, with a whole Indo-European focus. Write to: ADF, PO box 516, E. Syracuse, NY 13057-0516 The new Archdruid of ADF is

John "Fox" Adelman, whom you can email at [adf-archdruid@adf.org](mailto:adf-archdruid@adf.org).

**The Henge of Keltria** is another great Neopagan Druid organization, which branched off from ADF a few years ago in order to form an exclusively Celtic path of Druidism. You can get information about Keltria by emailing Keltria's editor and Co-Founder, Tony Taylor at [keltria@aol.com](mailto:keltria@aol.com). By snailmail, please send a Self Addressed Stamped #10 Envelope to: Keltria, Dept. IBWS, PO Box 48369, Minneapolis, MN, USA 55448. Subscriptions to their excellent Keltria Journal are \$12 year in the USA, \$13US per year in Canada, everywhere else is \$20US per year. The current President of Keltria is David Schaal, whom you can email at [DSchaal@aol.com](mailto:DSchaal@aol.com); while the current Vice President is Ellen Evert Hopman, Master Herbalist and author of several good books on herbalism, as well as *People of the Earth: The New Pagans Speak Out*. You can email her at [Saille333@aol.com](mailto:Saille333@aol.com) for information about her classes and overseas tours.

**IMBAS** is an organization that promotes the religion of Celtic Reconstructionist Paganism, and traditional Celtic culture and heritage. The Celts are recognized as the tribal Celts of Iron Age Europe and the modern peoples of Alba (Scotland), Breizh (Brittany), Cymru (Wales), E'ire (Ireland), Kernow (Cornwall), and Mannin (Isle of Man.) Celtic Reconstructionist Paganism is a votive religion that is grounded in folk tradition, mythological texts, and the archaeological and historical records; and is based around the home, the family, and the community/tribe in honoring the land, the ancestors, and the traditional Celtic Gods and Goddesses. "We do not practice our spirituality, we live it." The IMBAS website is filled with some of the best Celtic scholarship available on the Web, with a wealth of articles and reviews by people who know what they're talking about. IMBAS can be contacted directly at [imbas@usa.net](mailto:imbas@usa.net) or by snail mail at: IMBAS, PO Box 1215, Montague, NJ, 07827-0215 USA.

**Aos Dana**, Fiona Davidson, Invergowrie House, Ninewells, Dundee, DD2 1UA, Scotland.

**The Bardic Order Group**, Alex Gunningham, Flat 2, 20 The Common, Ealing, London, W5 3JB, England.

**The Council of British Druid Orders**, Elizabeth Murray, 76 Antrobus Road, London, W4 5NQ, England. The Council includes representatives of most of the Druid groups in England and others (as associate members) from around the world (including ADF.)

**Druïdica Comardia Eriutalamonos** (Druidical Fellowship of the Western Land), M. G. Boutet, 32 Fourth Ave. South, Roxboro, PQ, H2I 3W3, Canada.

**The Druid Order, BCUB** (British Circle of the Universal Bond), David Loxley, 23 Thornsett Road, London SE20 YXB, England.

**Ecole Druidique des Gaules**, Bernard Jacquelin, Villa Montmorency 75016, Paris, 45 27 74 79, France.

**The Glastonbury Order of Druids**, R. Maughfling and J. Paterson, Dove House, Barton-St. David, Somerset, TA11 6DF, England.

**The London Druid Group**, Gordon Gentry, 74 Riversmeet, Hertford, SG14 1LE, England.

**Ollotouta Druidique des Gaules**, Pierre de la Crau, B.P. 13, 93301, Aubervilliers, Cedex, France. This group appears to be creating a Gaulish version of Neopagan Druidism, similar in many ways to ADF.

## Mike's Response to Druid Organizations

Prof. Markale is a Frenchman, and probably the most familiar with the British and European traditions that are nearest at hands. Having written many books about the Druids, I am honored that he included anything at all about the American Druid movements, seeing as how we've only been around forty years. Another paragraph, at least, on the Neopagan movement and its implications for the fraternal movements would be proper, I believe. However, most academic authors of Druids don't seem to pay much attention to the modern movements.

By the way a contact address for Carleton is:

The Arch Druid  
Reformed Druids of North America  
Carleton College  
Northfield, MN 55057, USA

Websites:

[www.geocities.com/mikerdna](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna)

and

the RDNAtalk conference at [Yahogroups.com](http://Yahogroups.com)

# Outline of Druidism

<http://religiousmovements.lib.virginia.edu/>

Created by: Karen Junker

For the Religious Movements Homepage

Ms. Junker was a student at the University of Washington when this page was created.

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## I. Group Profile

1. **Name** : Druids; also known as Druidry, Celtic Pagans, Neopagan Druidism, Celtic Reconstructionists, Christian Druids, Pagan Druids, Bards.
2. **Founder** : No single founder is responsible for Druidism. It might be helpful to look at Druids in three categories in order to get a sense of the diversity within the group. The categories are divided roughly into time periods and the terms used within the movement to describe them will vary, but for this discussion we will call them:
  - a. *Classical Druids* - the druids of ancient times.
  - b. *Revival Druids* - members of groups formed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.
  - c. *Modern Druids* - druids who have begun practice since around the 1930's.
3. **Date and Place of Birth** : As there is no actual founder of Druidism, there is no date or place of birth.
4. **Year Founded** :
  - a. *Classical Druids* : The prototypes for classical Druidry probably originated in the early Celtic peoples of the Neolithic Hallstadt/La Tene cultures of the lakes regions of modern Austria.
  - b. *Revival Druids* : various groups and individuals of the romantic ethnic reconstruction movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Druid Circle of the Universal Bond (An Druidh Uileach Braithreachas) was formed in London in 1717 by John Toland. The Ancient Order of Druids was formed in London in 1781 by Henry Hurle. The Welsh Druids, Maen Gorsedd, formed in London in 1792 by Iolo Morganwg (Edward Williams.) These and many similar groups formed and dissolved at a fairly rapid rate. The Commentatio De Druidis Occidentalem Populorum Philosophis, published in 1744 in Ulm by Jean Frickius showed in the bibliography 261 authors who wrote about druids between 1514 CE and 1744 CE.
  - c. *Modern Druids* : There have been a large number of "Here today, gone tomorrow" modern druidic groups. The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids (a descendant of the Universal Bond group) formed in 1964 under the direction of Nuinn Ross-Nicholls in London. In 1963 David Fisher and friends formed the Reformed Druids of North America in Northfield, Minnesota. In 1983 Isaac (PEI) Bonewits left the RDNA and formed Ar nDraiocht Fein (Our Druidry) in Berkeley, California. In 1989 Sable and Tony Taylor left ADF after four years and formed the Henge of Keltria. In 1992-93 Erynn Laurie and Lorax formed the Inis Glas Hedge School. There were many other small groups formed, dissolved, and re-formed- modern druids rarely formalize their practices to the extent of registering their group with the government or publishing their books.
5. **Sacred or Revered Texts** :
  - a. The *Classical Druids* are believed to have retained their vast body of knowledge in an oral tradition. The Celts as a cultural and linguistic group, and especially the brythonic Celts, (who later became known as the Welsh, Breton, Cornish, and Manx language groups) used Greek letters to write their language in daily personal and business life. The oral tradition which contained the 'sacred lore' was written down only by later religious or historical scholars, and is necessarily incomplete and inaccurate. Scholars today are attempting to sort out what is the pure form of the history, law, science, art and religion of the Celtic peoples.
  - b. The *Revival Druids* lived in a time prior to the development of archeology and history as areas of rigorous scientific study, so were influenced by broad speculation. The Druids were a fascination of the popular culture of the time; over 260 authors wrote about Druids from 1514-1744 (Raoult.)
  - c. *Modern Druids* have developed writings within the various groups which may be considered sacred texts. The Henge of Keltria's Book of Ritual may be considered sacred to the members of that group. Other contemporary Druids will refer to favorite books written about the Druids or Celts. Books by and about Druids appear in greater numbers than ever before. Following the emphasis on learning traditionally ascribed to the ancients, today's Druids often have long reading lists of respected material. Likewise, many will list books or authors they consider fraudulent or based on fantasy. (see Selected References.) Some Celtic Reconstructionists are writing books or articles about material they receive as guided inspiration from their gods or other nature spirits. These works are accepted by some and not by others. Since no governing authority presides over the entire Druid movement, there is no final word on what becomes holy writ. Many Druids rely on the stories and reports which have been preserved in the form of myth or fairy tales to inform their religious belief.
6. **Size of Group** : There is no way to estimate the number of Druids worldwide. A modern druid gathering may number from three to perhaps a thousand. Many druids also belong to affiliated groups and so could be counted more than once. Others belong to no formal group at all, and can be inferred only from book sales. A current (1999) movement in the modern Neopagan community is to encourage all Neopagans and occultists to enter the 2000 US Census line under religion as "pagan" in order to register a unified presence. This would remove the statistical tendency to list 'pagan', neo-pagan', 'heathen', 'wiccan', 'witch', 'druid', and 'bard' as separate and non-related categories.
7. **Cult or Sect**: Negative sentiments are typically implied when the concepts "cult" and "sect" are employed in popular discourse. Since the Religious Movements Homepage seeks to promote religious tolerance and appreciation of the positive benefits of pluralism and religious diversity in human cultures, we encourage the use of alternative concepts that do not carry implicit negative stereotypes. For a more detailed discussion of both scholarly and popular usage of the concepts "cult" and "sect," please visit our [Conceptualizing "Cult" and "Sect"](#) page, where you will find additional links to related issues.

8. **Remarks** : The best way to assess the current groups is to visit their web sites, and to read reference books and articles with an eye to separating information into that referring to the three types of Druidry referenced in this page.

## II. History

*Classical Druids* : Modern day knowledge of the actual practice and beliefs of the ancient Druids is limited by the records which survive. Scholars continue to sift through such evidence as archeological samples, Roman inscriptions and the written literature of Wales, Ireland and Britain. It is known that ancient Druids were poets, lawgivers, seers, healers, magicians and philosophers. They had a special relationship with nature as divine. Druids could be trained in the colleges that existed if they were born to a Druid family or if they demonstrated the necessary ability.

Memory was especially important, as their teachings relied on an oral tradition. It is not certain that they acted as clergy to the general population, but they were spiritual leaders and advisors with status almost as great as a king. Some of the names of ancient druids survive in writings by Caesar, Strabo, etc. Scholars are still working to decipher what may have actually been their practices and beliefs, as most of the writing about the druids was done by people who were antagonistic to their ways. Some modern druids claim to be linked to these ancient druids.

*Revival Druids* : Druid belief and practice varied widely in the 18th and 19th centuries. Professor Ronald Hutton gives us an idea of the characterizations of the Druids made by writers of the time in his introduction to *The Druid Renaissance* ("Who Possesses the Past?"), Philip Carr-Gomm, ed. The Druids were variously the orthodoxy of the Anglican church, the pre-Christian prophets who foresaw the coming of Christianity before the birth of Christ, the superstitious, the barbarous or the political advocates of radical democracy. The practicing Druids of the time concentrated on community service, creating a system of mutual insurance, visiting the sick, widows and orphans, even offering loans to buy houses.

The Druid groups achieved such acceptance in society that even the Prince of Wales is said to have been a member of one of them. The Bardic tradition of Druids formed by Iolo Morganwg in 1792 did a great deal to revive the Celtic roots of the movement, though modern scholars have determined much of the material he based his group upon to have been invented by the bard himself. It is this overlay of poetic romanticism and fantasy (imagination and faith) which influences much of the belief of Druids since that time.

*Modern Druids* : Many contemporary Druids concentrate on learning as much as possible about the actual practices and beliefs of the ancients, in order to rebuild a Druidic religion. They will quickly point out that reviving the old ways is done thoughtfully, to avoid such horrors as human or animal sacrifice. Druidism is still strictly a fraternal order to some, not intended as a religion. Some Druids are unconcerned about authenticity, looking to the Celtic tradition of poetic romanticism inspired by Morganwg. Whether informed by fact or fantasy, the modern Druid values creativity, faith and the pursuit of knowledge equally as the basis of their practice and belief.

Here is a sample of the development of several contemporary modern Druid groups:

In 1963, David Fisher and some other students at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota decided to come up with an alternative to attendance at religious services required by the college. They formed the

Reformed Druids of North America, which exists to this day as a philosophical group at the college. The RDNA was found by the college to fulfill the church attendance requirement. In 1964, the requirement was lifted, but students continue to meet as Druids.

In 1969, Isaac Bonewits joined the RDNA. After starting several other Druid groups in an attempt to meet his need for real religious practice combined with excellence in scholarship, in 1983 he formed ADF (Ar nDraiocht Fein, A Druid Fellowship.) Though it had a Celtic name, ADF was Pan-Indo-European in study and worship.

In 1985, Sable Taylor and Tony Taylor met up with ADF. After four years, they formed the Henge of Keltria in order to create a tribal setting where small groups (called groves) could work within a specifically Celtic framework and yet still interact with other clans of druids. Asked to describe the development of modern Druidism, Tony Taylor says, "Re-construction makes sense. If you are renovating an old building, you replace the old wiring, the lead pipes, you bring it up to code. In Keltria, we are taking material that makes sense and putting it in a modern context, in a form that still makes sense."

Other groups have been formed in the past few decades, some claiming ancestral lineage back to the ancient Druids, some with links to the Revival era groups. Some Druids are individuals who are simply drawn to the spiritual life centered in nature or the poetic wanderings of the romantic bard. This is a short, by no means complete, list:

- Green Druidic Order of Ronan ab Lugh, 1960s, Belgium
- Reformed Druids of North America, formed by David Fisher, Minnesota, USA, 1963
- Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids (O.B.O.D.), formed by Ross Nichols, London, 1964
- Ar nDraiocht Fein, formed by PEI (Isaac) Bonewits, USA, 1983
- Druidic Church of Gaul, formed by Pierre de la Crau, 1985 in Paris.
- Druidic Group of Gaul, 1987, east and central France.
- Henge of Keltria, formed by Tony Taylor and Sable Taylor, Minnesota, USA, 1989
- Grand College du Chene d'Or, 1992, Belgium.
- Comardiia Druvidiacta Aremorica, 1993, Brittany.
- The British Druid Order, led by Philip Shallcrass.
- For a comprehensive list of modern Druid Movements, see:

Raoult, Michel. 1992. *Les Druides, Les Societes Initiatiques Celtiques Contemporaines*. Monaco: Editions du Rocher, 1992, third edition, revised.  
Shallcrass, Philip. nd. *A Druid Directory*. privately published by The British Druid Order, PO Box 29, St. Leonards-on-Sea, E. Sussex TN37 7UP, England.

### III. Beliefs of Druids

For some, the practice of Celtic or Druid religion is a private matter. It can be the rigorous pursuit of intellectual excellence carried out in furious debate over computerized mailing lists.

For others, the practice of their faith requires them to venture forth, to act upon their beliefs by doing volunteer work in their communities, political activism or building a compost heap in their own backyard.

They tend to abhor dogma, the result being slow growth within the movement, as agreements are slowly negotiated about how to conduct a ritual or what officers should represent the group. The modern Druids stress personal responsibility and education.

While no two Druids will believe exactly the same way or worship the same gods, there are some commonalities.

- They can be monotheistic; some Druids say they are Christian, though this is not the norm.
- Some Druids are following a racist or nationalist agenda, but once again, this is not typical of the majority.
- Some are polytheistic (honoring one or more of the many ancient Celtic gods or heroes, including ancestor worship.)
- They are usually animists, believing that everything in nature possesses a soul or spirit.
- They practice magic.
- Most celebrate the Solstices and Equinoxes as well as the festivals of Samhain, Imbolc, Beltane and Lughnasadh.
- They revere nature, often becoming involved in efforts to sustain a balanced ecology.
- They honor their ancestors, whether the mighty dead or grandparents who deserve respect and special attention.
- Their sometimes tribal form of worship can revitalize the values of extended family and community.

Many have considered themselves to be Druid for years before even realizing that other people shared some of their beliefs.

### IV. Links to Druid Web Sites

[Celtic Pages](#) Links to many, many Druid web sites. Go here first!

<http://www.hermetic.com/akashic/celtic.html>

[Henge of Keltria](#) Home page for the Henge of Keltria, Inc., an organization formed to teach and to worship the gods and goddesses of this Celtic tradition. Good links to other related pages.

<http://www.keltria.org/>

[Order of Bards, Ovates, and Druids](#) Website for a large organization based in England. Some problems with the page design have been reported, but are being fixed.

<http://druidry.org/>

[Ar nDraiocht Fein \(ADF\)](#) One of the better known American druidic groups, this page has good text about the modern movement.

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

[Celtic Druidism](#) The Druid page on the Ontario Consultants on Religious Tolerance page. Excellent overview of the Druid tradition.

<http://www.religioustolerance.org/druid.htm>

### [Druidism Guide](#)

<http://www.uoguelph.ca/~bmyers/druid.html>

### [British Druid Order](#)

<http://www.druidorder.demon.co.uk/>

### [Isaac Bonewit's Home Page](#)

Meet the ArchDruid Emeritus of ADF.

<http://www.neopagan.net/>

### [The Celtic Traditional Order of Druids](#)

<http://www.goodnet.com/~merlyn/ctodmain.htm>

Reformed Druids of North America

<Http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna>

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## Mike's Response to Outline of Druidism

Religious Movements is another website, like Religious Tolerance, that provides neutral third-party information on major and minor religious traditions. This format, more of outline than Religious Tolerance, is very well researched, as shown by the sources. The information on American Druidism comes apparently from Isaac Bonewits' and Tony Taylor's interviews in Hopman's books. No real arguments with it.

# A Concise History of Druidism

## The Modern Neo-Pagan Period

Excerpted from Novitiate Studies,  
The Companion's Sourcebook · Volume I  
Copyright © 2002 · Covenant of Avalon

[http://www.covenantofavalon.org/Writings/history\\_neo.html](http://www.covenantofavalon.org/Writings/history_neo.html)

For all of the academic oversight of the meso-pagan revivalists, it is certain that they yearned to somehow reclaim the spirit of Britain and Gaul's pre-Christian, nature-centric and wisdom-based spiritual history. They must certainly be credited with planting the seed that would blossom into a modern spiritual interest in the preservation of our future, through the study and embrace of the ways of the past. Modern Druidism speaks to the need of the human spirit to re-connect with the long alienated spirit of Mother Earth, and of the land, and the sensibility to protect and worship them.

### The Meso-Pagan and Neo-Pagan Bridge

Perhaps the strongest link between the meso-pagan and the neo-pagan period is provided in the lineage of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids, which traces its origins back to Toland's ceremony at Primrose Hill in 1717 and the formation of the Ancient Order of Druids. The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids was founded out of separation from the AOD in 1964 by Philip Peter Ross Nichols.

"When his teacher, the Chosen Chief Robert MacGregor Reid, died in 1964, the Order split into two groupings, as had happened several times before in its history. A group of senior Druids disagreed with the election of MacGregor Reid's successor, Dr Thomas Maughan, and decided to form a reconstituted order with Ross as its Chief, and with the three grades of Bard, Ovate and Druid fully taught and recognized in a way that had not previously been done in the Order's modern cycle.

One of the major achievements of Ross Nichols as Chief of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids was to reintroduce the celebration of the fire ceremonies which had been abandoned from the repertoire of modern Druidry, so that the reconstituted Order celebrated not only the Spring and Autumn equinoxes and the Summer Solstice, but also the Winter Solstice and the four Celtic fire festivals of Imbolc and Beltane, Lughnasadh and Samhain."

-- Biography of Ross Nichols, by the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids

Among the OBOD's other separations from the practices of Orders founded upon romanticized perceptions of Druids of antiquity, was the belief in sexual equality and elimination of exclusionary admission practices. And as the account above provides us with example, the foundation of the OBOD began a new age in dedication to genuine scholarship of the past. Other groups began to emerge in Britain such as the 'British Druid Order', and later many of them despite varying customs would come together to form the 'Council of British Druid Orders'. From the 19th into the early and mid 20th centuries, we see that the sciences of archeology and historical reconstruction improved. As more began to emerge, each of these new, but well

rooted Druid groups held similar and strong commitments to historical accuracy, dismissing rightly, much of the romanticized ideas of Druidism and the masonic-like practices of the orders founded upon those ideas. A new age had begun - one that embraced more fully the true nature of the pre-Christian religion of the Druids of old. It wasn't long before new Druid Orders were being formed all across Western and Northern Europe, Australia and eventually, North America.

### Druidism Comes to America

In 1963 at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, a number of students, out of objection to a policy mandating regular attendance of religious services, formed a group they playfully named 'The Reformed Druids of North America'. Though the formation of the group was inspired by little more than an intent to mock the policy of the college, many of their members found inspiration in the Druid Path and continued to participate in the group in order to explore world faiths and Earth-based religion. Many of the original members went on to form RDNA Groves in various other states.

Though for the most part, the RDNA did not take itself entirely seriously, it gave rise to the interest of some from among its membership who would go on to carry on the earlier spirit of Druid revival. One such member, Isaac Bonewits, left the RDNA and founded 'Ar nDraiocht Fein' or 'ADF' in 1983, believing that a serious interest in a viable, neo-Pagan, Earth-based religion was emerging to which the RDNA, based on the motivations of its formations, was unable to minister to. The ADF later splintered and soon Henge of Keltria Druidism was formed as group specifically dedicated to precise reconstruction of Celtic religious practices, as opposed to having an Indo-European theological base. Other groups would soon after emerge, holding themselves out to be the 'guardians of true Celtic belief and practice'.

But with the turn of the millennium, the world has seen a resurgence of interest in spirituality not predicated upon dogmatic explication. The new millennium has given rise to a new recognition of the need for the human spirit to connect with the divine presence in nature. And with that, more and more people, particularly within Pagan paths, are beginning to see the disadvantage in limiting the wisdoms of any tradition exclusively to the acceptance of geographical and historical definition. Druidism is an organic, creative, and vital spirituality that has the capacity to speak to any generation, past or present, because it has the gift of timeless wisdom. Philip Carr-Gomm, the present chosen Chief of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids, in 'The Druid Renaissance' writes, "It is surely the capacity of each generation to produce its own claim to immortality, which is the essence of that semi-divine inspiration for which the mediaeval bards strove." It was in *this* spirit, that the Covenant of Avalon was formed in the year 2000.

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- Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids, *Biography of Ross Nichols (Nuinn)*

## Mike's Response to A Concise History of Druidism

Well written little overview, of which I've only snipped out the section applying to Modern Druidism. Obviously influenced by Isaac's terminology of Mesopagan and Neopagan, this is a new organization, one of which I still have little knowledge.

## A LITTLE HISTORY OF DRUIDRY

Excerpted from Phillip Shallcrass (copyright BDO 2003)  
(This is a thoroughly revised and expanded version  
of section 2 of A Druid Directory,  
edited by Philip Shallcrass and Emma Restall Orr,  
BDO, Devizes, 2001)

### Modern Druidry: c. 1900 - Date

The Druid tradition underwent further revision throughout the 20th century, one early landmark being the initiation of a young Winston Churchill into a lodge of the Ancient Order of Druids in 1908. The following year saw the foundation of An Uileach Druidh Braithreachas, also known as the British Circle of the Universal Bond, also known as the Ancient Druid Order. This seems to have been largely the brainchild of George Watson MacGregor Reid, second Chosen Chief of the Order, whose other big idea was the tonic drink Sanatogen. His inspirations for the ADO seem to have been many and varied. One was the Victorian magical society, the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, which numbered W. B. Yeats and Aleister Crowley among its members. Another was the Theosophical Society, founded by an eccentric but highly charismatic Russian spiritualist, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Others were Buddhism and the writings of Greek Gnostic Christians. MacGregor Reid was a true universalist, seeing truth in all religions, hence the eclectic nature of his ceremonies. Druids sometimes performed these in the traditional white robes topped off with somewhat less traditional outsized turbans. During one oration, he invoked in turn angels of the Lord, Druid ancestors and ascended Tibetan Masters. He came into noisy conflict with the then owners and with the police when he objected to being charged for admission to Stonehenge. This is a tradition still carried on by some Druids at the present day.

A different vision of Druidry was presented through the writings of Lewis Spence, Ross Nichols and others. Spence was the author of a series of popular works on Celtic mythology, folklore and magic during the 1930s and 1940s, some of which are still regularly reprinted. Nichols was a member of the Ancient Druid Order and a friend of Gerald Gardner, the founder of modern Wicca and a fellow member of the ADO. From researches into folklore, members of Gardner's coven devised the eightfold festival cycle now celebrated by most Pagans. Nichols offered the idea to the ADO hierarchy but they refused, being happy to continue celebrating just the summer solstice and the spring and autumn equinoxes. Gardner incorporated the eight festivals into his Wiccan writings in the 1950s while Nichols introduced them into Druidry through the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids (OBOD,) founded by Nichols and others in 1964 when he led a breakaway from the Ancient Druid Order.

In 1963, modern pagan Druidry emerged in the United States with the foundation of the Reformed Druids of North America. The **RDNA** was begun by a group of university students in Minnesota who were disgruntled at the university rule that said all students had to attend religious services. They reasoned that, since they had no choice over attendance, they could at least choose their religion. So they created **RDNA** Druidry. Much to their surprise, it caught on and they soon had a dozen active groves across seven states.

The global cultural explosion that was the 1960s sparked, among other things, a new level of interest in occultism, mysticism and spirituality. Much of this interest was directed towards Eastern faiths: Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism, but there

were some whose spiritual explorations led them towards native European traditions including Druidry. A book by John Michell, *The View Over Atlantis*, stimulated a revival of interest in ley lines, a concept first developed in the 1920s by Alfred Watkins in his book, *The Old Straight Track*. Watkins defined ley lines as straight trackways laid out across prehistoric Britain linking together standing stones, stone circles, burial mounds and other features of the landscape. By the mid-1970s a whole new discipline had been created, bearing the name Earth Mysteries. Many of its proponents came to see ley lines as channels of earth energy or as paths followed by UFOs. The widespread public interest in Earth Mysteries led more people to explore native spiritual traditions.

When Ross Nichols died in 1975, OBOD effectively ceased to exist. However, in the late 1980s it was revived by Philip Carr-Gomm, himself initiated into the Order by Nichols in the late 1960s in a ceremony on Glastonbury Tor in Somerset. Under Carr-Gomm's gentle leadership and inspired by his talents as a writer and facilitator, OBOD has grown to be the largest Druid Order in the world with some 2000 members currently taking its mail order courses and some 5000 initiates.

Philip Shallcrass became conscious of a calling to Druidry in 1974 after reading Robert Graves' 1961 book, *The White Goddess*. Failing to find an existing group to join, Shallcrass had the idea of creating a new Druid Order in 1977. He joined a coven of Alexandrian Wiccans the following year. By 1979 the group had dropped so much material from the Wiccan handbook, the *Book of Shadows*, and adopted so many elements of Druid belief and practice that they decided to stop calling themselves a coven and call themselves a grove instead, the standard designation for a Druid gathering. This Grove of the Badger was the Mother Grove of what was to become the British Druid Order. The cross-fertilization between the traditions of Wicca or Witchcraft and Druidry, first seen in the friendship between Ross Nichols and Gerald Gardner, has continued. Emma Restall Orr, who became joint chief of the British Druid Order in 1995, and the founder of the Insular Order of Druids, Dylan ap Ithuin, both have backgrounds in Witchcraft. The increasing numbers of Druids with training in Witchcraft has been a significant factor in shifting Druidry away from the patriarchal image set in the 18th century and towards a more pagan form.

In 1983, a member of the RDNA's grove at the University of California in Berkeley, Philip Isaac Bonewits, founded a new, more overtly pagan group which he called *Ar nDraoicht Fein*, A Druid Fellowship. ADF was noted for its sense of humour and its scholarly approach, both derived from the personality of its founder. Many other American groups have since emerged as offshoots from ADF, most successful among them being the Henge of Keltria, founded in 1988, of which the writer Ellen Evert Hopman was one of the more prominent members before founding her own group.

The 1980s saw the formation of the Council of British Druid Orders with the intention of bringing together the heads of various Druid Orders to discuss issues of mutual interest. Some members saw it as being mainly concerned with problems surrounding access to Stonehenge. Others saw it as an opportunity to explore broader issues of belief and practice. It brought together a disparate group of Orders ranging from the oldest, the Ancient Order of Druids, to newer, more overtly pagan groups such as the British Druid Order, via Orders whose main interest seemed to be arguing with English Heritage, the official guardians of Stonehenge. By the mid-1990s the tensions between the various groups reached breaking point and the Ancient Druid Order, the British Druid Order and the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids all resigned. The Council continues, though without the support of so many of the largest Orders it can no longer be seen as representative of the broad spectrum of

British Druidry. Following a successful first gathering in Avebury in 1996, the Druid Forum has emerged, in which folk from different Orders come together in peace to explore Druidry. Learning from the mistakes of the Council of British Druid Orders, the Druid Forum has no appointed officers and no interest in political lobbying.

The process of re-inventing the tradition continues at the present day through writers and practitioners such as the singer and folklorist R. J. Stewart and the prolific John and Caitlin Matthews, who, with Philip Shallcrass, Emma Restall Orr and others, have been instrumental in re-introducing 'shamanic' practices into modern Druidry. In so doing, they seem to be restoring the role of Druid to something close to its ancient form, that of the walker between worlds, mediating between them for the benefit of their communities. This 'shamanic' Druidry works directly with spirits of place, of the land, of trees, plants, animals and ancestors. It has been inspired partly by the discovery of 'shamanic' practices described in the medieval literature of Ireland and Wales but also by study of, and contact with, other indigenous earth-ancestor spiritualities. Native American practice has been particularly influential. The living example of Lakota sweat lodge ceremonies led to the re-introduction of sweat lodges into Druidry. Britain and Ireland have a native sweat lodge tradition that dates back at least to the Bronze Age, but it had been lost until its reintroduction in the 1980s.

In the 1990s, the new pagan and 'shamanic' Druidry took on the role of the acceptable face of contemporary paganism, exploiting the positive public image of Druidry to work for a broader acceptance of paganism in general. One flowering of this was the establishment of the Gorsedd of Bards of Caer Abiri among the stones of the Avebury Henge in Wiltshire at the autumn equinox of 1993. With a ceremony composed by Philip Shallcrass, the Gorsedd grew within two years to a gathering of over four hundred that included members of several Druid groups along with Witches, Heathens, Christians and large numbers of non-aligned pagans. This broad community were coming to Druid priests to be handfasted, to have their children blessed and to celebrate the turning of the wheel of the year. The Avebury Gorsedd offered a unique opportunity for many pagans to celebrate festival rites publicly and it attracted a good deal of favourable publicity.

As more people became aware of the new Druidry, it attracted a radical wing that took an active role in the road protest movements of the 1990s. One of the strongest trends in Druidry through the 1990s was the growth of ecological awareness and activism. Such concerns come naturally to a philosophy that has always regarded trees, stones, springs, rivers, lakes, hills and mountains as sacred and imbued with spirit. Part of this ecological movement has led many Druids to rediscover sacred sites in their own neighbourhood and to find appropriate ways of working with those sites both in spirit and in active conservation. This represents something of a return to the localised cults that flourished in pre-Christian times.

Part of the role of the Druid as walker between the worlds has shown itself as an interest in building bridges between different faith groups. Druids such as Tim Sebastian of the Secular Order of Druids and Emma Restall Orr have been instrumental in bringing together representatives of many spiritual paths in interfaith gatherings and conferences throughout the 80s and 90s. This is a process that seems set to continue and gain in strength. The same focus on bridge building has led Druids to become actively involved in discussions with statutory bodies concerned with access to, and the conservation of, ancient sacred sites.

Ideas of Druidry are constantly being revised both by the practical experience of those involved in it, and in the light of new archaeological research and new techniques for exploring



and understanding the past. But the Druidry of today, while it draws heavily on the past, is very different from the Druidry of 5000, or even 500 years ago, and this is as it should be, for a static tradition is a dying tradition, and Druidry is very much alive. Throughout its history, Druidry has changed and adapted in response to circumstances. Each century re-creates the tradition to satisfy its own needs. The fundamental needs of our own age are to find personal harmony and balance amid increasing technological and cultural chaos, and to preserve the ecological balance of our hard-pressed Mother Earth. Modern Druidry seeks to address both these needs.

Current estimates suggest that there are between eight and ten thousand initiated members of Druid orders in Britain alone, divided between about thirty groups. These groups vary in size from one or two persons up to thousands. Some are locally based, others are international. Druid groups also exist in the USA, Australia, France and many other countries. Membership consists of equal numbers of women and men. Beyond the membership of these groups there is a much broader interest in Druidry demonstrated by the fact that there now seem to be more publications available on the subject than at any other time in its history. This is clear evidence of the way in which Druidry continues to resonate in the modern mind, echoing the deep-seated need for a spirituality rooted in the past yet appropriate to the present while holding the opportunity to create a better future.

Where Druidry will go from here is difficult to predict. At present, the tradition is in a state of simultaneous flux and rapid expansion. Recent publications on Druidry by Druids have become less self-consciously 'New Age' or whacky. Druidry is now discussed at academic conferences as a serious component of modern religious culture. Public interest continues to grow, as do numbers joining Druid groups and the number of groups there are for them to choose from. This interest is focused mainly on the younger, more pagan Druid groups, while membership of the older, more staid groups is either stable or decreasing. The Welsh Gorsedd of Bards bucks this trend by continuing to go its own way, as a cultural rather than a spiritual institution, now irrevocably linked to the annual National Eisteddfod.

One of the most interesting developments in Druidry in recent years has been the emergence of Druid camps. These events, pioneered by the British Druid Order and the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids, take place in Britain, America, Australia and elsewhere, yet they have many aspects in common. They all have a central structure where camp meetings will be held, usually first thing in the morning. They usually have rustic showers and hot tubs, often a sauna. There is a central ritual space, with other, quieter ritual areas away from the main camp. Rituals themselves follow similar patterns, with a circle being marked out, the four cardinal directions honoured, and invocations to the gods and ancestors. Music, poetry and storytelling feature strongly, both in rituals and in their own right, sometimes in the form of eisteddfod competitions, often as a spontaneous part of campfire evenings under the stars. Camps offer a range of talks and workshops on a common range of subjects, including basic introductions to Druidry, divination, astrology, earth mysteries, ritual, and the bardic arts. Perhaps we see here the renaissance of a kind of global Druidry.

Towards the beginning of this essay, I suggested that the ancient Druids might have had a range of beliefs and practices that included yet transcended the localized tribal faiths of prehistoric Europe. Perhaps the global similarity between Druid camps heralds a re-awakening of that uniformity within diversity that allowed Druids from all nations to gather together with at least a fair chance for mutual understanding. Time will tell.

## Mike's Response to A Little History of Druidry

Phillip Shallcrass is a reknown author of the British Druid Order, who has been a nexus point for organizing the myriad Druidic groups found throughout the British Isles and Europe. This book "A Druid Directory" was published until recently to keep everyone in touch with each other and provide accurate essays, and information to dispel myths and rumors about the Druids. Naturally it has few words to spare for the American Druid movements, but on the whole it is accurate. It shows the parallel growth on both sides of the Atlantic around the same years, as being perhaps driven more my cultural and technological reasons, than any such personal drives of member caught up in these events.

## My Review of Other Essays

By Mike Scharding  
ARDA 2, 1996

Having read this Epistle, you should better be able to appreciate this review of previous research and information published on Reformed Druidism.

### Inadequacy of Previously

### Published Studies on the RDNA:

Unless you come to the International Druid Archives at Carleton College, your investigation of Reformed Druidism would be lucky to have found the resources in this volume. While I should be grateful for the relative abundance and accessibility of small printed reference materials on Reformed Druidism, I fear that this material is likely to lead to hasty prejudices or simplifications that have not been substantiated by my research. Appendix D contains a copy of all the studies<sup>267</sup> that I could find. You may wish to read through the previous field of research, before reading my evaluations.<sup>268</sup>

In summary, these reference materials falsely imply Isaac Bonewits to be the sole influence or the most important Reformed Druid,<sup>269</sup> that the RDNA is obviously defined as or destined to be "Neo-Pagan," that philosophy & religion are easy labels of difference between the RDNA & the NRDNA, that Reformed Druidism became a religion that replaced the previous religions of all members, that ritual attendance in a Grove defined an "active Druid," that the unfavorable reactions to Isaac's initiatives only came from fuddy-duddy Carletonian members, and finally that the RDNA has died away since 1979.

### Conclusions to be Drawn with

### Available Sources:

With the exception of Margot Adler, most of the articles don't deal with the developments of RDNA philosophies after the initial protest against the Chapel Requirement. Most tacitly assumed that the RDNA became the sole religion of its members (both RDNA and NRDNA) and that it was solely composed of Neo-Pagans. Rarely do we see any accompanying definition of Neo-Paganism and many readers (since Neo-Paganism is not in many dictionaries) would have to assume it meant the RDNA or NRDNA couldn't be Christians, Jews, Taoists, atheists etc.

Many of these articles' biases are a result of Isaac's later prominent organization, "ADF:A Druid Fellowship" and his willingness to be interviewed. There is no mention of the Eastern & Personal philosophies for many groves. In fact, although cursory comments about Hassidic Druidry appear, the overwhelming drive of the RDNA/NRDNA seems to be obsessively reported as reconstructing ancient Druidism into a Neo-Pagan Celtic religion.

The fascinating debated issues found during the political conflict of "Isaac vs. Carleton RDNA vs. NRDNA" are muted or omitted, though our records shows it to be the primary focus of the entire 70s. No confirmation is sought from the researchers by interviewing other RDNA members, except by Margot Adler & Hansen. Gordon Melton, the eventual source of many encyclopedia articles, got his information solely from a letter in the early 70s by a disgruntled David Fisher seeking to put Druidism behind him before entering the Seminary. Fisher was but one member and it was David Frangquist and others who carried forward the group's new purpose and philosophy.

I see these sources as generally over-concerned with external organizational structure, festival dates, Isaac's "leadership" role, the name "Druid," foreshadowings of ADF, implying that NRDNA is extremely different because it is a religion and discussing little of the *raison d'être* for the RDNA beyond mentioning that initial protest against Chapel Requirement.

But since these researcher did not have access (or attempt such) to the same resources that I will use, we can forgive them. None of the other RDNA members really seemed that concerned to publicly advertise themselves and provide handy definitions to the unfamiliar outsiders, except Isaac. With all these errors and potential confusions available to the scholar of Reformed Druidism, a new review is necessary to balance and correct misunderstandings. That is what my histories are here to correct, a previously one-sided public knowledge of the Reformed Druid Movement.

## Section Three: Book of Isaac Rants

### RDNA and It's Offshoots

By Isaac Bonewits  
1996, 2001

The Reformed Druids of North America ("R.D.N.A.") started out as a quasi-religious Mesopagan protest against coerced religion at a small Midwestern college, back in 1963 c.e. The RDNA was invented in order to test the freedom allowed by the college's rules requiring all students to attend church. Much to the surprise of the founders, even after they had won their protest, many of the Druids wanted to continue the movement. The prayers to the Earth-Mother and the old Celtic divinities, combined with Zen meditations, Christian mystical writings and the Founders' anarchistic philosophy now represented a valuable part of their spiritual lives. Graduates of Carleton College spread the Reformed Druid movement wherever they went.

It was in Berkeley, California that one of these alumni, Robert Larson, became the local Archdruid for a group of people, including myself, who were already thinking of ourselves as Neopagans. Under our influence (and my own not-entirely-appreciated agitation) an increasing overlap between RDNA and the Neopagan community began to form. Today, the handful of active RDNA groves (congregations,) such as those led by Stephen Abbot in California and Joan Carruth in New Hampshire (see photo on right) are almost all Neopagan and are using the name "NRDNA" (for New RDNA,) while other Druidic movements, such as ADF and Keltria, have grown from the RDNA's trunk as specifically Neopagan branches.



According to one Reformed Druid document, *The Book of the Law*, the Basic Beliefs of Reformed Druidism run thusly:

"The object of the search for religious truth, which is a universal and a never-ending search, may be found through the Earth-Mother; which is Nature; but this is on way, yea, one way among many.

And great is the importance, which is of spiritual importance, of Nature, which is the Earth-Mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it do people live, yea, even as they do struggle through life are they come face-to-face with it."

This has since been abbreviated, in *The Outline of the Foundation of Fundamentals*, to the following statements:

"1. Nature is good!

and the second is like unto the first:

2. Nature is good!"

The material realm is personified as the "Earth-Mother" (or Mother Nature,) one of the oldest archetypes known to humanity. Many now apply this name to the biosphere as a whole, in order to emphasize our dependence upon Her (though She is usually called "Gaia" then.) The nonmaterial essence of the universe(s) is called "Béal" (which is believed to be an ancient Celtic name of an abstract divinity, based on "Bel" or "shining one,") and the concept is rather similar to some versions of the Native American idea of the Great Spirit. Thus a polarity (not a dualism) of matter and energy, female and male, darkness and light, is established; but it is vital to realize that neither half of the polarity is believed to be superior to the other.

The "object of Humanity's search" is called "awareness," and is defined as "unity with Béal." a task that can only be accomplished by also attaining unity with the Earth-Mother. Thus Reformed Druids are urged to develop all the different aspects of their beings — physical, mental, emotional, psychic, artistic and spiritual — in order to attain the required state of dynamic balance that will lead them towards awareness.

Beyond these fundamentals, the philosophy and (poly)theology of Reformed Druidism are kept deliberately vague. It is up to each Reformed Druid to work out her or his own path towards awareness.

The Reformed Druids are organized into congregations called "groves," each with from three to ten or more members (though dozens of others may show up for major holiday celebrations.) Only a handful of these are still active, though a couple of dozen have been founded over the years. Every grove is an independent entity, and each may operate its own "flavor" of Reformed Druidism. At times there have been groves practicing (among the Neopagans) Norse, Wiccan, Eclectic, Zen and even Hasidic Druidism. The older RDNA groves (i.e., the ones run by original Carleton graduates) often continue to mix Christian, Taoist, Native American, and other mystical traditions with their Druidism. Individuals frequently follow more than one variety at a time, depending upon their personal interests.

Attempts to keep any sort of national structure going have been fruitless due to the strong individualism of the members.

Obviously, Reformed Druidism is a uniquely American phenomenon. Because of its tolerance for theological and philosophical differences, its lack of discrimination against women and other minority groups, its sense of humor about itself, and its distrust of all organizational structures, it is drastically different from most other philosophical and religious movements that have called themselves "Druidic" previously.

And yet the Reformed Druids do have some fundamental concepts in common with the Paleopagan and Mesopagan Druids who preceded them and the Neopagan Druids who developed from them. Down through the ages, their communities have known how to tell who the Druids among them were, because the role of the Druid has always been clear — scholar and artist, poet and priest, philosopher and magician — the one who seeks, preserves and extends the highest wisdom her or his people are capable of handling safely, and who uses that knowledge and inspiration for the benefit of their community.

# Currently Existing Druid Groups and Friends

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## Introductory Comments:

The Paleopagan Druid organization(s), if there were any, vanished long ago. This does not, naturally, stop some modern Druid groups and individuals from claiming to be surviving underground Paleopagan Druid organizations or the offspring thereof.

Mesopagan Druid orders are among the oldest fraternal groups still in existence, and were once very popular across the USA and Canada. Closely related to the Freemasons in history, liturgy, and theology, they have kept the ideals of Druidism alive for over two centuries. Their activities are generally open to all sincere participants, save that the older ones tend (in the U.S.A. at least) to have separate gender-based groups ("Ladies Auxiliaries.") Read *Elements of the Druid Tradition* by Philip Carr-Gomm for details.

Neopagan Druids are reviving the best aspects of ancient Earth-centered religions in a modern context. Their activities are generally open to all sincere participants, regardless of ancestry, gender, sexual orientation or membership in other Pagan or Druidic groups. Read *Drawing Down the Moon* by Margot Adler, *People of the Earth: The New Pagans Speak Out* by Ellen Evert Hopman and Lawrence Bond, or *The Druid Renaissance: the Voice of Druidry Today* by Phillip Carr-Gomm (with a chapter by myself on "The Druid Revival in Modern America") for details.

You can exchange ideas with Neopagan Druids on the Internet newsgroup called "alt.religion.druid," as well as on the "Pagan Message Boards" of all the commercial online services, including America Online, CompuServe and Pagans Online.Com.

You can do live chatting about Druidism with others off the commercial services by using "IRC" (Internet Relay Chat) and special "java chatters" on specific websites, and join private emailing lists about Druidism and Celtic Studies.

If you decide to send regular or "snailmail" letters to any of the groups listed here, expect to wait a few weeks for your reply, as each of these groups is run by a handful of volunteers working part-time. And it doesn't hurt for you to include a few dollars to help them with their postage and printing costs.

## Druidic Organizations:

The United Ancient Order of Druids is the oldest of the surviving Fraternal (what I call "Mesopagan") Druid organizations. For an explanatory essay about them, you can jump to *The Story of Druidism: History, Legend and Lore* (U.A.O.D.)

They are primarily active in the Ohio, Nevada and California regions. On the East Coast, Iona Grove #1, UAOD, meets in the Washington, DC, area, at least 4 times each year, on the Solstices and Equinoxes, for dinner, good conversation, and the presentation and discussion of a paper relating to Druidism (as a fraternal organization, not a religious movement) and/or fraternalism in general. They have been in existence since 1994 and have grown very quickly to a membership that now numbers over fifty. Some of these members are in New York, West Virginia, Connecticut, Ohio, Texas, Minnesota, and California. I was recently privileged to be initiated into this organization, as a Bard, Ovate and Druid (3°).

The Secretary for Iona Grove #1, UAOD is Paul M. Bessel, at 703-418-1172, fax 703-418-6625. You can e-mail him at [paulb@cpcug.org](mailto:paulb@cpcug.org)

Via snailmail, you can write to Iona Grove #1, UAOD, Paul M. Bessel, 2301 Jefferson Davis Hwy., #1521, Dept. IBWS, Arlington, VA 22202-3855.

The UAOD is also active in Sweden, so here's their Swedish UAOD website.

The Order of Bards Ovates and Druids, also known as OBOD, is a modern offshoot of The Druid Order (British Circle of the Universal Bond,) and is evolving into a Neopagan movement with over 1,200 members around the world (including myself.) To receive a packet of information about them, just write to: OBOD, Dept. IBWS, PO Box 1333, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 1DX England, and enclose several International Postal Reply Coupons, or send email to [office@druidry.org](mailto:office@druidry.org). OBOD publishes an excellent monthly newsletter Touchstone, for members only. Excerpts from previous issues are online at the OBOD site.

OBOD's current Chosen Chief (they don't use the term "Archdruid") is Philip Carr-Gomm, psychologist and author of some excellent books on Druidism. You can email him at [philip@druidry.org](mailto:philip@druidry.org). The Insular Order of Druids or IOD is a new Druid order, founded in 1993 c.e. They appear to be more Neopagan than Mesopagan, with Wiccan elements, and their Arch Druid Dylan Ap Thuin is a poet and tattoo artist/body piercer! Definitely a 1990's kinda group, appealing to a younger generation of British Druids but enjoying warm relations with other members of the Council of British Druid Orders.

You can send them email at: [Druids@insular.demon.co.uk](mailto:Druids@insular.demon.co.uk) or write to them via snailmail at: IOD, c/o Labyrinth, 2 Victoria Road South, Southsea, Hants, England.

The Mother Grove of The British Druid Order or BDO "was formed in 1979 as part of a personal quest to recreate a native British spirituality." "The Order is currently under the guidance of founder, Philip Shallcrass (Grey Wolf, aka Wolf Walks With Fire) and Emma Restall Orr (Bobcat) as joint Chiefs, their role being that of facilitators and guides. Philip is a musician, artist, poet and writer. Emma is a writer, teacher and soul counsellor. Both lecture and present workshops on many aspects of Druid tradition. Both have links with other Druid groups in Britain and overseas."

"The Order also works with other faiths and traditions, finding common cause and common sources of inspiration with those who follow other spiritual paths. Philip and Emma have wide practical experience in numerous magical, mystical, spiritual and shamanic traditions, all of which they bring together in the BDO to create a unique brand of pagan Druidry."

You can email Emma Restall Orr at: [bobcat@nemeton.demon.co.uk](mailto:bobcat@nemeton.demon.co.uk)

You can email Philip Shallcrass at: [greywolf@druidorder.demon.co.uk](mailto:greywolf@druidorder.demon.co.uk)

King Arthur Pendragon, Titular Head & Chosen Chief of the Loyal Arthurian Warband, and member of the Council of British Druid Orders, has his own website from whence he rallies "Wizards, Witches and Warriors" to fight for the Earth Mother and for free and open access to Stonehenge for all. He and his followers battle through both nonviolent political protest and through civil and criminal lawsuits, even going so far as to drag the British government before the European Commission on Human Rights. If you're at all interested in these issues (and

you should be!), a visit to his website will be quite educational. If you would like to network with him about these and other eco-warrior issues, you may email him at [pendragon@dragons4.demon.co.uk](mailto:pendragon@dragons4.demon.co.uk)

The Reformed Druids of North America or RDNA, are ancestral to both ADF and Keltria. For historical information, you can read an essay on the Reformed Druids of North America and their Offshoots on this website. For current info, visit A Pseudo-Official Homepage of the RDNA maintained by Michael Scharding, who is a former Archdruid of the Carleton Grove of the RDNA, founder of the International Druid Archives at Carleton College, and the editor of A Reformed Druid Anthology. Michael can be emailed at [MSCHARDI@carleton.edu](mailto:MSCHARDI@carleton.edu)

Naturally, I have to include the organization I founded, Ár nDraiocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship, or ADF. To receive a printed packet of information about this Pan-Indo-European Druid Fellowship, just send three US dollars to cover printing, postage and handling, to: ADF, Dept. IBWS, PO Box 516, East Syracuse, NY 13057. You can send email to [adf-info@adf.org](mailto:adf-info@adf.org) to get an automated information response or visit the ADF website to find book lists, study materials and several ADF-related internet mailing lists.

If the ADF website is down or busy, you can go back to my Homepage for a list of links to ADF-related essays you can read in my website. Since they're newer versions, and include essays the new board considers "too radical" to be on the ADF website, they won't necessarily reflect current ADF policies, however.

I'm not the Archdruid of ADF anymore, and I haven't been for over two years. For that matter, I'm not on the Board either, and I don't subscribe to the Mother Grove's private emailing list, so I can't tell you anything about current policy discussions inside ADF.

The new Archdruid of ADF is John "Fox" Adelmann, whom you can email at [adf-archdruid@adf.org](mailto:adf-archdruid@adf.org).

Another great Neopagan Druid organization (of which I am also a member) is the Henge of Keltria, which branched off from ADF a few years ago in order to form an exclusively Celtic path of Neopagan Druidism.

"We are a positive path Neopagan tradition dedicated to protecting and preserving our Mother Earth, honoring our ancestors, revering the spirits of nature, and worshipping the Gods and Goddesses of our Celtic heritage. Our focus is on personal growth through the development of mind, body, and spirit. We place special emphasis on spiritual development fostered through study and practice of the Druidic Arts and Celtic Magick. Through training, networking, resource material, ritual participation, and meaningful communication we hope to provide a religious and spiritual framework through which people may reach their full potential."

"We call our religious organization a "Henge." The autonomous local groups working within the Keltrian tradition are called "Groves." Each Grove is free to compose and perform ritual and magick geared to its own particular focus, provided such work remains compatible with the beliefs, ethics, and ritual and structural framework of the Henge."

I can't recommend Keltria: Journal of Druidism and Celtic Magick highly enough. The Journal is no longer being published, but orders are still being taken for back issues. Sample articles, table of contents for the issues and an order form are online at the above address.

You can get information about Keltria by emailing Keltria's President Wren, at [HengeofK@aol.com](mailto:HengeofK@aol.com) . By snailmail, send a Self Addressed Stamped #10 Envelope to: Keltria, PO Box 17969, Long Beach, CA, USA 90807.

IMBAS "is an organization that promotes the religion of Celtic Reconstructionist Paganism, and traditional Celtic culture and heritage. The Celts are recognized as the tribal Celts of Iron Age Europe and the modern peoples of Alba (Scotland,) Breizh (Brittany,) Cymru (Wales,) E'ire (Ireland,) Kernow (Cornwall,) and Mannin (Isle of Man.) Celtic Reconstructionist Paganism is a votive religion that is grounded in folk tradition, mythological texts, and the archaeological and historical records; and is based around the home, the family, and the community/tribe in honoring the land, the ancestors, and the traditional Celtic Gods and Goddesses. We do not practice our spirituality, we live it."

The IMBAS website is filled with some of the best Celtic scholarship available on the Web, with a wealth of articles and reviews by people who know what they're talking about. They also have live chats via java software at their site, as well as an emailing list.

IMBAS can be contacted directly at [imbas@imbas.org](mailto:imbas@imbas.org) or through it's President, Danielle Ni'Dhighe at [President@imbas.org](mailto:President@imbas.org) , or by snail mail at: IMBAS, 1412 SW 102nd St., #139, Seattle, WA 98146-3770 USA.

The Order of the White Oak is "a loose collection of Celtic Reconstructionists, philosophers, and students of Druidry who are concerned with the matter of ethics in the Druidical community and who meet with our peers from time to time to study the Brehon Laws, to search the ancient stories for Celtic tribal values, and to consult our own consciences for the kind of Druid path we envision. Our purpose is not to condemn or judge anyone. We welcome Druids of every denomination as well as independents and those who care about Celtic culture, history and spirituality to join in our discussions."

For more information, you can email Ellen Evert Hopman (Willow/Saille) at [Saille333@aol.com](mailto:Saille333@aol.com) She was the founder of the Whiteoak emailing-list that the Order was sparked by. A founder and early officer of Keltria, Ellen is also a professional member of the American Herbalists Guild and the author of Tree Medicine-Tree Magic, A Druids Herbal for the Sacred Earth Year and People of the Earth - The New Pagans Speak Out (Lawrence Bond contributor) as well as several videos on the subjects of herbs and Paganism.

The Celtic Traditionalist Order of Druids is "a teaching Order, dedicated to the preservation and rebirth of the worship of the ancient Gods and Goddesses, primarily those of the Celtic Nations - Cymru (Wales,) Eire (Ireland,) Kernow (Cornwall,) Bretagne (Brittany,) Alba (Scotland,) Albion, Galicia (Northern Spain,) Gaul/Galica (France) as well as other related lands and peoples."

"The CTOD, officially founded in 1987, is a semi-monastic teaching order dedicated to the principals of Truth, Honor, and Loyalty. While somewhat eclectic in nature, the Order strives to be as faithful as possible to the spirit of the cultures which have gone before -- while introducing modern aspects to the faithful worship of the Old Gods. The Order considers its self semi-monastic, due to the fact that while group formation is practiced, most members walk a path of solitary reflection and study. It is not 'Celtic Reconstructionalist', more 'Celtic Realist'."

The CTOD can be contacted by emailing Howard and Vicki Mieth at [merlyn@goodnet.com](mailto:merlyn@goodnet.com) . ]

The Aisling Association of Celtic Tribes "is a Celtic Reconstructionist Pagan organization focused on worship of the Gods, scholarship, and community service. We work to develop a modern form of tribal life, blending Iron Age ideology with modern day practicality and to honor the Gods in all we do. Likewise we are developing reconstructions of many different paths associated with Pagan Celtic cultures that are as true as possible to the ancient ways while being applicable to the society in which we live. We look towards the future of what our paths mean, as much as we learn from the past to develop them."

"We base our ways on research of ancient Celtic culture, mythology,---primarily at this time the Gaels (Irish, Scots, and to some extent, Manx) but as we grow and interest develops among our members we will develop more on the British, Welsh and Gaulish material. We are also deeply influenced by our experiences and do not discount them, although we may strive to validate them on the material out there. We do not make any pretensions to passing on ancient knowledge from unbroken lines, we are a modern religion based on research of the old --- however, we also do not mix our Celtic-based practice with Wicca, Ceremonial Magick, or Shamanism. (This is in no way a statement that our way is better or that we are cultural supremacists --we simply chose to not be eclectic in our practices. Of course, being of Celtic descent is in no way a requirement for involvement ---we wish strongly to disassociate from those misguided individuals who use the terms "Celt" and "tribalism" to promote their agenda of supremism, isolationism, and hatred.)"

"Our primary goal is to develop educated, well rounded members to serve their communities---- their Tribe, their Pagan Community, and their physical neighborhoods. We are in the process of developing a study program to develop clergy, healers, warriors, bards, and others in order to do this. Most of our programs will be individually modified for each participant and will work with standard requirements for professionals in the chosen fields where applicable."

Their email address is [AislingACT@aol.com](mailto:AislingACT@aol.com) . Their snailmail address is: AACT, PO Box 1946, Dover NH 03821-1946.

The Summerlands is an entire Celtic community on the net, with message boards, classes and a multitude of resources! This huge website is guided by well-known Neopagan Celtic scholar Searles O'Dubhain, his "kitchen witch" shaman wife Deborah O'Dubhain, and several other names you'll recognize from various Druidic organizations and chatrooms.

"The Summerlands is a pagan community dedicated to rediscovering, preserving, disseminating, and when necessary, reinventing that which was lost to us... the magick, history, customs, and religions of our ancestors. We are about worshipping and celebrating the old Gods and Goddesses in Ways both ancient and new."

"The Summerlands is the home of the Heartland, the resting place of the Sun, and the reflecting pool of the Moon. Though our accent is primarily Indo-European and Celtic, all are welcome who come in peace to share our fires. Our goal is to develop into a multi-traditional community that works in harmony. Our Ways welcome your Ways."

They have message boards, a library, live chatting and online classes. They charge a modest fee for membership and classes.

Here's a few other groups I have only snailmail addresses for, along with their contact people:

Aos Dana, Fiona Davidson, Invergowrie House, Newewells, Dundee, DD2 1UA, Scotland.

The Bardic Order Group, Alex Gunningham, Flat 2, 20 The Common, Ealing, London, W5 3JB, England.

The Council of British Druid Orders, Elizabeth Murray, BM Oakgrove, London, WC1N 3XX, England. The Council includes representatives of most of the Druid groups in England and other Druid organizations (as associate members) from around the world (including ADF.)

Druidica Comardia Eriutalamonos (Druidical Fellowship of the Western Land,) M. G. Boutet, 32 Fourth Ave. South, Roxboro, PQ, H2I 3W3, Canada.

The Druid Order, BCUB (British Circle of the Universal Bond,) David Loxley, 23 Thornsett Road, London SE20 YXB, England.

Druidiactos, the organization founded by Tom Cross/Tadhg MacCrossan, author of The Sacred Cauldron, is defunct. Since Cross is racist, sexist and anti-Semitic, it's no great loss. The last I heard, he was running a "Celtic Christian" group and insisting that "True Celts" should all be Catholics!

The Divine Circle of the Sacred Grove, the organization founded by Janette-of-the-many-aliases, now operating out of Phoenix, AZ, is not recommended. Compare the contents of that essay just referenced with my Cult Danger Evaluation Frame to understand why this group is as close to being a "dangerous Druid cult" as any could be.

Ecole Druidique des Gaules, Bernard Jacquelin, Villa Montmerency 75016, Paris, 45 27 74 79, France.

The Glastonbury Order of Druids, R. Maughfling and J. Paterson, Dove House, Barton-St. David, Somerset, TA11 6DF, England.

The London Druid Group, Gordon Gentry, 74 Riversmeet, Hertford, SG14 1LE, England.

Ollotouta Druidique des Gaules, Pierre de la Crau, B.P. 13, 93301, Aubervilliers, Cedex, France. This group appears to be creating a Gaulish version of Neopagan Druidism, similar in many ways to ADF.

## Druidic Online Chats and Emailing Lists

The #druid homepage contains information about the #druid IRC chat channels that exist on both the Undernet and the PaganPaths servers, as well as transcripts of online classes by Isaac Bonewits. ADF has numerous emailing lists available through their website, including ones devoted to various Celtic and other Indo-European cultures, as well as regularly scheduled online IRC chats. Celt.net is an online Celtic community that sponsors many Celtic emailing lists as well as Celtic websites. You can subscribe to several Celtic Language emailing lists through [listserv@listserv.heanet.ie](mailto:listserv@listserv.heanet.ie) by sending a message saying "subscribe \_\_(listname)\_\_. " Included are:

CELTIC-L (Celtic culture)

GAELIC-L (Gaelic Language Bulletin Board)

GAEILGE-A (conversation in Irish Gaelic for fluent speakers/learners) GAEILGE-B (Irish Gaelic for beginners)

GAIDHLIG-A (conversation in Scottish Gaelic for fluent speakers/learners)

GAIDHLIG-B (Scottish Gaelic for beginners)

GAELG (conversation in Manx Gaelic and support for learners)  
OLD-IRISH-L (Scholars and students of Old Irish)  
Website

IRTRAD-L (Irish Traditional Music List)

IE-FILK (Irish Filkers List)

WELSH-L (conversation in Welsh for fluent speakers/learners)  
Website

CYMRAEG-L (Welsh for beginners) The Celtic Studies Group is "an emailing list for beginners to Celtic Studies and Celtic Spirituality -- along the lines of Nemeton-L and IMBAS only beginner oriented."

The Druids Grove Site is the homepage for the long running Druids Grove chat on America Online. It contains uploads of chat logs, a Druid FAQ, and links to other interesting Druid/Celtic sites.

IMBAS has an emailing list which can be subscribed to at their site, and live Druid chatting on their site.

Keltria has an emailing list available through their website.

Nemeton-L is an emailing list for "Druids and other Celtic Pagans and their friends. It is a place for research, reflection, debate and discussion."

The Summerlands website has both online chatting and classes available to members.

## Other Websites of Interest to Druids

Amulets by Merlin is the company and website of Merlin Windsor, "The Official Jeweler to the Archdruid of North America." <G> He's the artist who made the oakleaves and acorns Green Man necklace, with matching bracelet and earrings, that many have seen me wear at festivals. Though there are many fine jewelers in our Neopagan community, Merlin is one of the best -- In My Humble Opinion, of course! If I'm going to mention Celtic jewelry, then I have to tell you about Ancient Circles, a superb source of Celtic-design textiles (including some fabulous capes,) jewelry (pendents, earrings, brooches, torcs,) calendars and other arts. They are well worth paying a visit to!

C.E.L.T. Corpus of Electronic Texts is a website maintained by the University College Cork in Ireland. It contains many historical Irish manuscripts and other documents in electronic format for searching or download, as well as links to other text sites and Irish Studies resources.

The Celtic League is an international organization devoted to the preservation and support of Celtic cultures and languages. If you're going to call yourself a "Druid," then you ought to be paying attention to the issues this organization addresses, even if most modern Celtic activists are Christians. Celtic-art.com --

The Art of Courtney Davis is the website for one of the world's greatest Celtic artists. Mr. Davis is the artist behind the many Dover Clip Art Books that so many of us use as graphics resources (see how many examples you can find on this and other Druidical websites,) and is a reknowned illustrator of books on Celtic Topics. He deserves Druidical respect and honor for helping to make Celtic Art once again the glory that it was.

Every Celtic Thing on the Web is a cauldron full of links to every aspect of ancient and modern Celtic culture and language.

The Irish Bookshop is a major source of books and tapes about Ireland and the Irish language, with some materials about other Celtic languages. I especially recommend the Buntús Cainte series of Irish language books and tapes. The owner travels frequently across the Pond and can pick up special orders on request.

Lisala's Celtic Studies Resources Website is well worth visiting for anyone interested in real scholarship about Druids and Celtic Studies. Lisa is a professional medievalist, specializing in Celtic Studies.

The Rampant Lion is a website for a couple who consider themselves "paleo-pagan" Celts (I haven't asked if they have the severed heads of any revered ancestors in their house.) Though they rudely dismiss all the Druid groups listed above as fraudulent or delusionary, they do have an excellent Celtic Links page that is well worth visiting by anyone interested in serious Celtic Studies.

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(P.E.)Isaac Bonewits, Adr.Em./ADF

Email: [ibonewits@neopagan.net](mailto:ibonewits@neopagan.net) Snailmail: PO Box 1021, Nyack, NY, USA 10960-1021 This webpage is copyright © 1999 c.e., Isaac Bonewits Most recently updated: April 29, 1999 c.e.

This page's URL is

<http://www.neopagan.net/CurrentDruidGroups.HTML>

My Homepage URL is <http://www.neopagan.net>

# Druidism - Past, Present & Future

## Part 1: The Paleopagans

*This article by P.E.I. Bonewits in 1993 is based on his previous study, "The Other Druids," published in The Druid Chronicles (Evolved,) now out of print.*

Druidism is a topic that has been fascinating people for thousands of years, yet many folks (even within the Neopagan community) are confused about what is actually known and unknown, fact and fancy (whatever those words may really mean,) about the various phenomena that have all been labeled *Druidism*. The purpose of this article will be to briefly outline the current consensus among scholars about Paleopagan, Mesopagan and Neopagan Druidism. Comments by those having more accurate data will be welcomed by the author.

It should be pointed out, however, that the author is working strictly on the traditional, "earth-plane," historical level of reality. It is not unusual for religious and philosophical movements to have legends about their origins, in fact, all of the world's "great religions" have them. The existence of such mythic material says nothing about the validity of the spiritual, philosophical or magical concepts such groups may have to offer their members or observers; especially since many of the legends about the origins of groups were created for archetypal, mystical and otherwise symbolic purposes and are not necessarily meant to be taken literally.

Earth-plane reality is not the Dreamtime; many modern religious and magical orders are based on psychic rather than physical links to the past, and that past is often one that may never have existed physically on this planet. But profound metaphysical insights are still profound, regardless of whether or not those promulgating them are accidentally or deliberately passing on unprovable tales about their origins. Modern Druids are as likely as modern Witches to suddenly go mystical and romantic when hard historical questions are brought up. Some avoid the problem entirely by citing "reincarnation memories" or other divinatory techniques as the sources of their beliefs. Such sources deserve respectful analysis, but at parapsychology's current state of development, historians do not yet have the proper mental tools to adequately perform the necessary evaluations.

The term "Pagan" comes from the Latin *paganus*, which appears to have meant "country dweller, villager, or hick," and not necessarily in a polite way. The Roman army seems to have used the term to mean "a civilian," and the Roman Church later used it to refer to those who were not part of "the Armies of the Lord," i.e., those who were nonchristian. After 1500 years of propaganda, the term became synonymous in many people's minds with "atheist, devil worshipper, or heathen" (heathen, of course, means "people of the heath, where heather grows.") Today, most people who define themselves as Pagans use the word as a general term for "native and natural religions, usually polytheistic, and their members."

This is the sense in which this author uses it. The term "Paleopagan" refers to the original polytheistic tribal faiths of Europe, Africa, Asia, the Americas and Australia, when they were still practiced as intact belief systems. "Mesopagan" refers to those founders within the basically monotheistic/dualistic worldview of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. "Neopaganism" refers to the recent attempts to revive what the founders perceived as the best elements of Paleopaganism (of varying ethnic origins) within the context of modern humanistic ideas of psychological growth needs and mutual human interdependence.

The first term was coined by this author, the second by Robin Goodfellow, and the third (as "Neo-Paganism") was rediscovered by Tim Zell.

Our discussion in this article will deal with Paleopagan, Mesopagan and Neopagan Druids and systems of Druidism, from before the Christian era to the present day. We'll include a history of the British Masonic/Rosicrucian Druids from the 1700's to date, and detail the origins of the New Reformed Druids of North America back in 1963. We'll end with some speculations about what Druidism may become in the near and far future, in the "British" Isles and the Americas.

But first, let us go over what we know of the original Paleopagan Druids. This can be accomplished swiftly, for we actually know very little of them. The ancient Greek writers who mentioned the Druids were, according to Stuart Piggott's *The Druids* (which is the best book in English available on the subject,) for the most part suffering from either the Savage Barbarian bias ("Hard Primitivism") or else the Noble Savage mystique ("Soft Primitivism.") The accounts of Julius Caesar are mostly war propaganda, heavily weighed down with atrocity tales designed to make the Celts look terrible and the Romans look wonderful. The same comment, of course, holds for the writings of the early Christian missionaries, some of whom encountered Druids in Ireland and Scotland, and found them to be far less gullible than the populace. Indeed, it seems that the overwhelming majority of books written about the Druids, until the 20th century, were far more fancy than fact.

The really hard facts and probabilities about Paleopagan Druidism can be summed up briefly: the Druids practiced a system of priestcraft that was perhaps similar in *some* ways to that of the Brahmins of India. They were active throughout Gaul and the "British" Isles, and perhaps in other Celtic territories as well. They were the victims of a series of successful genocide campaigns waged against them by the Roman Empire and the Church of Rome. First to taste defeat were the Druids of Gaul, around 54 c.e. and those of Britain around 61 c.e. (all by the Roman Legions.) The Christians managed to obliterate Druidism (or at least drive it completely underground) in Ireland, Scotland and the outer Isles during the fifth and sixth centuries c.e. How long Druidism may have lasted (either aboveground or underground) in Wales and other outposts is unknown, but it was probably not for very much longer.

As a social class, the Druids seem to have been just below the warrior/nobility class in power and prestige, though they apparently had the political and religious power to be noncombatants and to start or stop wars. Their training could have lasted as long as twenty years and seems to have included poetical composition, memorization techniques, law, ritual practice, weather predicting and other specialties. There appear to have been several subcategories, all vaguely called "Druids." For example; the "Bards" were in charge of music, poetry, singing and dance; the "Vates" or "Ovates" were in charge of prophecy and divination; the "Brehons" (whom some say were not Druids at all) were judges and law-givers; etc. "Druids" *per se* were primarily teachers, magicians and priests. All of these categories seem to have overlapped, along with healing, animal husbandry, time keeping, astrology and the transmission of oral traditions.

They definitely were respected authority figures and this *may* relate to the fact that the word "Druid" is based on the root "dru-" meaning "oak tree, firm, strong." Therefore, it is possible that "druidecht" or Druidism may relate as much to the concepts of "firm knowledge givers," "dogma knowers" or "sources of orthodoxy" as it does to "the oak worshipping priests." This would make it an interesting contrast to "wiccaeraeft" or "Witchcraft," which seems to mean "the craft of bending" or

"the twisting skill" (standard terms used for magical workers, but seldom for religious authorities.)

Druid places of worship *seem* to have been mainly oak groves. They practiced animal (and *perhaps* human) sacrifices and may have performed divination from the remains. They were touchingly fond of mistletoe, especially if it grew on oak trees. They appear to have been polytheists rather than monotheists or duotheists. They believed in an afterlife very much like the fleshly one (not, it would appear, in reincarnation or trans-dgration' except for special persons) and made it a special point to bury tools, weapons, animals and food with dead warriors and kings for use in the Celtic equivalent of the "Happy Hunting Grounds" believed in by some Native Americans. A favorite day for rituals, which may have marked the beginning of their lunar months, seems to have been the sixth day after the night in which the new moon was first visible. They did not appreciate either the Roman Paleopagans nor the Roman PaleoChristians very much.

That just about sums up what we really know for sure about the Paleopagan Druids. There are no real indications that they used stone altars (at Stonehenge or anywhere else); that they were better philosophers than the Greeks or Egyptians; that they had anything to do at all with the mythical continents of Atlantis or Mu; that they wore gold Masonic regalia or used Rosicrucian passwords; that they were the architects of (a) Stonehenge, (b) the megalithic circles and lines of Northwestern Europe, (c) the Pyramids of Egypt, (d) the Pyramids of the Americas, (e) the statues of Easter Island, or (f) anything other than wooden barns and stone houses. Neither is there any proof that the Ancient Druids were "Prechristian Christians"; that they understood or invented either Pythagorean or Gnostic or Cabalistic mysticism; or that they all had long white beards and golden sickles. We don't even have any proof that they were the only magical workers among the Paleopagan Celts (or among the tribes conquered by the Celts.) And although there are sporadic references to a "seminary" for the higher training of Druids in "Albion," (which could have meant either the physical country of Britain or Wales, or else the Gaelic "Otherworld," i.e., higher training between lives); there is no proof for this nor for any really developed intertribal communications between Druids.

With that background in mind, let us attempt to trace the revival/survival of Druidism in the Celtic and Gaulish territories. As near as we can tell, Druidism as such had vanished as a public activity by the end of the sixth century of the common era. Bards, however, seem to have survived fairly well, at least in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the outer Isles. Whether they also managed to keep alive (as an underground cult) other aspects of Paleopagan Druidism, as has been claimed, remains to be proven. It is also possible, though unproven (and perhaps unknowable,) that some of the so-called Family Traditions of Witches in these territories kept alive some of the knowledge of the Ancient Druids.

We do know that, as far back as the 12th century c.e., Bards in Wales were holding large competitions, to which the generic name *Eisteddfod* has been attached. One of them was held in 1176 c.e. in Cardigan Castle, sponsored by a Lord Rhys, but it was almost three centuries before another competition of any significance was held, at Carmarthen in 1450. The next appears to have been in the north of Wales in 1523, at Caerwys, and another in 1568 where Queen Elizabeth (who was anxious to control the traveling minstrels she saw - probably correctly - as a threat to British rule) examined the Bards and granted licenses to some of them to travel and collect fees.

Throughout these centuries, the scholarship of learned men (women weren't allowed to write) concerning the Druids was abysmal. The same Greek and Roman commentaries were dug up and rehashed, over and over again, and fanciful theories



were built upon them. Most of these "scholars" were not very romantic in their treatment of the Druids; on the contrary, writers seemed to vie with one another in "revealing" the foolishness, barbarity and vanity of Druid worship. This was of course the proper party-line to take for a scholar wishing to survive with either his reputation or his head in Christendom. It did not, however, improve the image of Prechristian religions in Europe.

To be continued!

# The Other Druids

by Isaac Bonewits  
Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1975

## Modern Introduction

This article is taken verbatim from DC(E,) except for spelling adjustments and such, but I have added extra bracketed paragraphs, i.e. "{xxxxx}," from Isaac's later 1979 Pentalpha version (titled "Druidism Past, Present & Future") where he expanded certain ideas (most notably the first few of the following paragraphs.) I've dealt with this issue enough to leave it at that. As an overview of past "Druidic" groups, it is a nice compilation. See my own up-to-date bibliography at the end of Part Eight for other good overviews of Paleo, Meso and Neo-Druidical movements.

-Scharding

## The Article

{"Druidism is a topic that has been fascinating people for thousands of years, yet many folks (even within the Neopagan community) are confused about what is actually known and unknown, fact and fancy (whatever those words may really mean,) about the various phenomena that have all been labeled Druidism. The purpose of this article will be to briefly outline the current consensus among scholars about Paleopagan, Mesopagan and Neopagan Druidism. Comments by those having more accurate data will be welcomed by the author."}

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word as a general term for "native and natural religions, usually polytheistic, and their members."}

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## Here the original article from DC(E) begins.

It will come as a surprise to no one that the Reformed Druid movements in North America were not the first attempt to resurrect Druidism. There are, in fact, dozens of groups that have been started over the centuries in an attempt to carry on or reinvent what their founders thought were the principles and practices of Druidism. Although none of the Branches of the Reform have any historical connection with any of these (up to the present, anyway) with one minor exception considered near the end of this article; nonetheless, a brief review of the histories of these groups will prove of interest to most Reformed Druids.

But first let us go over what we know of the original Paleopagan Druids. This can be accomplished swiftly, we actually know very little of them. The ancient Greek writers who mentioned the Druids were, according to Stuart Piggott's *The Druids* (which is the best book in English available on the subject,) for the most part suffering from either the Savage Barbarian ("Hard Primitivism") or else the Noble Savage mystique ("Soft Primitivism.") The accounts of Julius Caesar are mostly war propaganda, heavily weighed down with atrocity tales designed to make the Celts look terrible and the Romans look wonderful. The same comment, of course, holds for the writings of the early Christian missionaries, some of them encountered Druids in Ireland and Scotland, and found them to be far less gullible than the populace. Indeed, it seems that the overwhelming majority of books written about the Druids, until the 20th century, were far more fancy than fact.

The really hard facts and probabilities about Paleopagan Druidism can be summed up briefly; the Druids practiced a system of Priestcraft that was perhaps similar in *some* ways to that of the Brahmins in India. They were active throughout Gaul and the "British" Isles, and *perhaps* in other Celtic territories as well. They were the victims of a series of successful genocide campaigns waged against them by the Roman Empire and the Church of Rome. First to taste defeat were the Druids of Gaul, around 54 c.e. and those of Britain around 61 c.e. (all by the Roman Legions.) The Christians managed to obliterate Druidism (or at least drive it completely underground) in Ireland, Scotland and the outer Isles during the fifth and sixth centuries c.e. How long Druidism may have lasted (either aboveground or underground) in Wales and other outposts is unknown, but it was probably not for very much longer.

As a social class, they seem to have been just below the warrior/nobility class in power and prestige, though they apparently had the political and religious power to be

noncombatants and to start or stop wars. Their training could take as long as twenty years and seems to have included poetical composition, memorization techniques, law, ritual practice, weather predicting and other specialties. There appear to have been several subcategories, all vaguely called "Druid." For example; the "Bards" were in charge of music, poetry, singing and dance; the "Vates" or "Ovates" were in charge of prophecy and divination; the "Brehons" (whom some say were not Druids at all) were judges and law-givers; etc. Druids per se were primarily teachers, magicians and priests. All of these categories seem to have overlapped, along with healing, animal husbandry, time keeping, astrology and the transmission of oral traditions.

They definitely were respected authority figures and this may relate to the fact that the word "Druid" is from the root "dru-" meaning "oak tree, firm, strong." Therefore, it is possible that "druidecht" or Druidism may relate much to the concepts of "firm knowledge givers," "dogma knowers" or "sources of orthodoxy" as it does to "oak worshipping priests." This would make it an interesting contrast to "wiccaeraeft" or "Witchcraft," which seems to mean "the craft of bending" or "the twisting skill" (standard terms used for magical workers, but seldom for religious authorities.)

Druid places of worship seem to have been mainly oak groves. They practiced animal (and *perhaps* human) sacrifices and may have performed divination from the remains. They were touchingly fond of mistletoe, especially if it grew oak trees. They appear to have been polytheists (probably "conditional polytheists") rather than monotheists or duotheists. They believed in an afterlife very much like the fleshly one (not, it would appear, in reincarnation or transmigration, except for Heroes, Wizards and Gods) and made it a special point to bury tools, weapons, animals and food with the warriors and kings for use in the Celtic equivalent of the "Happy Hunting Grounds" believed in by some Native Americans. A favorite day for rituals (as well as for cutting mistletoe) seems to have been the sixth day after the night in which the new moon was first visible. They did not appreciate either the Roman Paleopagans nor the Roman Paleochristians that much.

*That just about sums up what we really know for sure about the Paleopagan Druids.* There are no real indications that they used stone altars (at Stonehenge or anywhere else); that they were better philosophers than the Greeks or Egyptians; that they had anything to do at all with the mythical continents of Atlantis or Mu; that they wore gold Masonic regalia or used Rosicrucian passwords; that they were the architects of (a) Stonehenge, (b) the megalithic circles and lines of Northwestern Europe, (c) the Pyramids of Egypt, (d) the Pyramids of the Americas, (e) the statues of Easter Island, or (f) anything other than wooden barns and stone houses. Neither is there any proof that the Ancient Druids were "Pre-Christian Christians;" that they understood or invented either Pythagorean or Gnostic or Cabalistic mysticism; or that they all had long white beards and golden sickles. We don't even have any proof that they were the only magical workers among the Paleopagan Celts (or among the tribes conquered by the Celts.) And although there are sporadic references to a "seminary" for higher training of Druids in "Albion" (which could have meant either the physical country of Britain or Wales, or else the Gaelic "Otherworld," i.e., "Higher training between lives"); there is no proof for this nor any really developed intertribal communications network of Druids.

With that background in mind, let us attempt to trace the revival/survival of Druidism in the Celtic and Gaulish territories. As near as we can tell, Druidism as such had vanished as a public activity by the end of the sixth centuries of the common era. Bards, however, seem to have survived fairly well, at least in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the outer Isles. Whether they

also managed to keep alive (as an underground cult) other aspect of Paleopagan Druidism, as has been claimed, remains to be proven. It is also possible, though unproven, (and perhaps unprovable,) that some of the so-called "Family Traditions" of Witches in these territories kept alive some of the knowledge of the Ancient Druids.

We do know, that as far back as the 12th Century c.e., Bards in Wales were holding large competitions, to which the generic name "Eisteddfod" has been attached. One of them was held in 1176 c.e. in Cardigan Castle, sponsored by a Lord Rhys, but it was almost three centuries before another competition of any significance was held at Carmarthenshire in 1450. The next appears to have been in the north of Wales in 1523, at Caerwys, and another in 1568 where Queen Elizabeth (who was anxious to control the traveling minstrels she saw probably correctly - as a threat to British rule, examined the bards and granted license to some of them to travel and collect fees.

Throughout these centuries, the scholarship of learned men (women weren't allowed to write) concerning the Druids was abysmal. The same Greek and Roman commentaries were dug up and reshaped, over and over again, and fanciful theories were built upon them. Most of these "scholars" were not very romantic in their treatment of the Druids, on the contrary, writers seemed to vie with one another in "revealing" the foolishness, barbarity and vanity of Druid worship. This was of course the proper party-line to take for a scholar wishing to survive with either his reputation or his head in Christendom. It did not, however, improve the image of Pre-Christian religions in Europe.

It is said by some that in 1245 c.e. a gathering was held of underground Druids and Bards from several of the British Isles, and that a theological unity was agreed upon and a special group or Grove founded, called the *Mount Haemus Grove*, which is said to still be in existence, with an "unbroken line" leading back. Such claims need to be treated most carefully. There does seem to be a group by that name, recognized by some of the modern Druids in England, but this hardly constitutes proof of such an extraordinary claim. It may indeed go back a few centuries (probably to the id 1700) but that does not make it an unbroken heritage from 1245.

In 1659 c.e., the scholar John Aubrey, having done some archeological fieldwork at Stonehenge, made the suggestion that Stonehenge *might* have been a temple of the Druids. He developed this suggestion cautiously over the next few decades in his correspondence with his fellow scholars and in the notes for his never fully-published work, *Templa Druidum*. In 1694, a fiery young Deist named John Toland discussed the theory with him and became very enthusiastic over it. In 1659, excerpts from Aubrey's book were published, including his theory about Druids at Stonehenge, which then saw light for the first time.

In 1717, a young antiquary named William Stuckeley obtained a transcript of Aubrey's complete manuscript of *Templa Druidum*, including the portions never published. Stuckeley though the theory about Stonehenge being a Druid Temple was a terrific idea and began to develop it far beyond Aubrey's original concepts.

Also in that year, it is claimed, John Toland held a meeting at which Druidic and Bardic representatives from Wales, Cornwall, Brittany, Ireland, Scotland, Anglesey, Many, York, Oxford and London appeared and formed *The Universal Druid Bond* (U.D.B.) The UDB has supposedly continued to this very day (or rather, at least one current grove is claiming to be part of a Universal Druid BOND says that it goes back this far) and the present name of the head group of the UDB seems to be *The Mother Grove An Tich Geata Gairdeachas*.

In 1723 c.e, the Druid Stone Altar was invented by Rev. Henry Rowlands in his monumental work, *Mona Antiqua Restaurata*. His Druids are Patriarchs right out of the Christian Bible, and the altars they use are cairns and the capstones of cromlechs (though he does at least allow the Druids to remain in their groves, rather than forcing them to build huge stone temples.) These Druid Stone Altars quickly became part of the rapidly growing folklore of Druidism. Prior to 1723, Druids were required to use altars made of sod or tree stumps, adequate, perhaps, but hardly as glamorous.

In 1726, John Toland published his *History of the Druids*, in which he pictured the Druids as unscrupulous mountebanks and theocratic tyrants. This was rather surprising act for the man who had supposedly had, nine years earlier, helped to found a Universal Druid Bond and been its first "Chosen Chief." He did, however, put further forward the Stonehenge theory of Druid worship.

Scholarship of equal value was, of course, being produced in France as well. In 1727, Jean Martin presented Patriarchal Druid (Christian style) in his *Religion des Gaulois*. Throughout this century, on both sides of the Channel, Druids were being invented east and west, though in France these "Pre-Christian Christians" tended to be patriotic heroes resisting foreign invasion, while their English counterparts were the greatest mystics in history.

In London, throughout the century, "Druid" groups appeared along with Rosicrucian and Freemasonic organizations. In 1781 c.e., Henry Hurler set up *The Ancient Order of Druids* (AOD,) a secret society based on Masonic patterns (not surprising, since Hurler was a carpenter and house builder.) This group, like most of the similar mystic societies form at the time, was heavily influenced by Jacob Boehme. Jacob Boehme, 1675-1724 c.e., was a Protestant mystic, greatly involved with alchemy, hermeticism and Christian Cabala, as well as being a student of the famous Meister Eckhart. His mystical writings attempted to reconcile all these influences and had a tremendous impact upon later generations of mystical Christians, Rosicrucians, Freemasons, and Theosophists.

{ "Overseas, the link between Deism, Masonry and Druidism was once again established, in the small town of Newburgh, New York. G. Adolf Koch has an entire chapter on "The Society of Druids" in his book *Religion of the American Enlightenment*. Deism and downright atheism were popular during the 1780's and 90's among the American intelligentsia, especially those who had supported the American and French revolutions. In fact, a rather large number of the key political figures involved in both revolutions were Deistic Masons and Rosicrucians (see Neal Wilgus, *The Illuminoids*.) Koch tells the story of the Newburgh Druids thusly: }

{ "Some Influential citizens of Newburgh had organized themselves into an interesting radical religious body called "The Druid Society." Like its sister organization, the Deistic Society in New York, it was a radical offshoot of an earlier and more conservative society. A Masonic lodge had been established in Newburgh in 1788, and it seems, as one attempts to piece together the fragmentary facts, that as the brothers, or at least a number of them, became more and more radical in the feverish days of the French Revolution, the metamorphosis from Mason to Druid resulted. The Druids held their meetings in the room formerly occupied by the Masons and continued to use a ceremony similar to the Masonic. It is interesting to note, too, that as the Druid Society dies out contemporaneously with the end of Palmers' activities in New York City (he was a famous Deist of the time-PEIB,) a new Masonic lodge was instituted in Newburgh in 1806." }

{ "Koch continues, "The question naturally arises as to why those apostate Masons chose the name of Druids. It seems

that when they abandoned Christianity, with which Masonry in America had not been incompatible, they went back to the religion (as they conceived of it -PEIB) of the ancient Druids who were sun worshippers. It was commonly believed at that time, by the radicals of course, that both Christianity and Masonry were derived from the worship of the sun.. The Druids thus went back to the pure worship of the great luminary, the visible agent of a great invisible first cause, and regarded Christianity as a later accretion and subversion of the true faith, a superstition, in short, developed by a designing and unscrupulous priesthood, to put it mildly in the language of the day." "}

{ "It appears that Thomas Paine, among other radicals of the time, was convinced that Masonry was descended from Druidism. Koch refers us to an essay by Pain, *The Origin of Freemasonry*, written in New York City in 1805. In this essay he mentions a society of Masons in Dublin who called themselves Druids. The spectacular fantasies and conjectures that have been offered over the centuries to explain the origins of Masonry and Rosicrucianism will have to await another article to be properly discussed. Suffice it to say for now that the sorts of Druidism with which the noble Paine and his friends might have been familiar were far more likely to have been offshoots of Masonry than vice versa." }

{ "As for the group of Druid Masons in Dublin, this author knows nothing else about them. Perhaps they were a branch of the UDB or AOD. I will speculate that they may very well have been intimately linked with the Irish Revolutionary politics, which might or might not have strained their relations with Druid Masons in England. There doesn't seem to be much data about Irish Masonic Druidism available in this county, but we do know a bit about developments in Wales." }

Following the tremendously successful Eisteddfod organized by Thomas Jones in Corwen in 1789, a huge variety of Welsh cultural and literary societies mushroomed and flourished. In 1792, a member of several of these groups in London named Edward Williams, using the pen name of *Iolo Morganwg* (Iolo of Glamorgan,) held an Autumnal Equinox ceremony on top of Primrose Hill (in London.) Along with some other Welsh Bards, he set up a small circle of pebbles and an altar, called the *Mean Gorsedd*. There was a naked sword on this altar and a part of the ritual involved the sheathing of this sword. At the time, no one paid very much attention to the ceremony or its obvious sexual symbolism (which if noticed, might legitimately have been called "Pagan,") at least not outside of the London Bardic community.

Iolo, however, was not daunted. He declared that the Glamorganshire Bards had an unbroken line of Bardic-Druidic tradition going back to the Ancient Druids, and that his little ceremony was part of it. He then proceeds (almost all scholars agree) to *forge* various documents and to mistranslate a number of manuscripts, in order to "prove" this and his subsequent claims. Many people feel that he muddled genuine Welsh scholarship for over a hundred years.

In 1819, Iolo managed to get his stone circle and its ceremony (now called, as a whole, the Gorsedd inserted into the genuine Eisteddfod in Carmarthen, Wales. It was a tremendous success with the Bards and the tourists, and has been a part of the Eisteddfod tradition ever since, with greater and greater elaborations.

Iolo's effects did not stop there however, for later writers such as Lewis Spence (who produced more fantasy about Celtic Paleopaganism than any writer of the last century,) Robert Graves and Gerald Gardner apparently took Iolo's "Scholarship" at face value and proceeded to put forward theories that have launched dozens of occult and mystical organizations (most of them having little if anything to do with Paleopagan Druidism.)

By 1796 c.e., all megalithic monuments in Northwestern Europe were firmly defined as "Druidic," especially if they were in the form of circles or lines of standing stones. In that year, yet another element was added, in La Tour D'Auvergne's book, *Origines Gauloises*. He thought he had discovered a word in the Breton language for megalithic tombs, "dolmin," and by both this spelling and that of "dolmen" this term became part of the archeological jargon and of the growing Druid folklore.

At this point the folklore, also called "Celtomania," went roughly like this: "the Celts are the oldest people in the world; their language is preserved practically intact in Bas-Breton; they were profound philosophers whose inspired doctrines have been handed down by the Welsh Bardic Schools; dolmens are their altars where their priests the Druids offered human sacrifice; stone alignments were their astronomical observatories..." (Salomon Reinach, quoted by Piggot)

Art, music, drama, and poetry were using these fanciful Druids as characters and sources of inspiration. Various eccentrics, many of them devout (if unorthodox) Christians, claimed to be Druids and made colorful headlines. Wealthy people built miniature Stonehenges in their gardens and hired fake Druids to scare their guests. Mystically oriented individuals drifted from Masonic groups to Rosicrucian lodges to Druid groves, and hardly anyone, then or now, could tell the difference. Ecumenicalism was the order of the day and in 1878, at the Pontypridd Eisteddfod, the Archdruid presiding over the Gorsedd ceremony inserted a prayer to Mother Kali of India! This might have been magically quite sensible, and was certainly in keeping with traditional Pagan attitudes of religious eclecticism, except for the face that the British attitude towards Indian culture and religion was not exactly the most cordial at the time (of course, if there were no British people leading the rite, it might have been a deliberate bit of Welsh nationalistic magic against England!.)

But before this, in 1833, the Ancient Order of Druids (the secret society founded by Hurle) split up over the question of whether it should be mainly a benefit (charitable) society or a mystical one. The majority voted for being a charitable society and changed its name to *The United Ancient Order of Druids* (UAOD.) This group, with branches all over the world, still exists as a charitable and fraternal organization rather like the Elks or Shriners. An example of their philosophy may be found in a collection of their sayings entitled *The Seven Precepts of the Prophet Merlin*:

"First: Labor diligently to acquire knowledge, for it is power.

"Second: When in authority, decide reasonably, for thine authority may cease.

"Third: Bear with fortitude the ills of life, remembering that no mortal sorrow is perpetual.

"Fourth: Love virtue, for it bringeth peace.

"Fifth: Abhor vice, for it bringeth evil upon all.

"Sixth: Obey those in authority in all just things, that virtue may be exalted.

"Seventh: Cultivate the social virtues, so shalt thou be beloved by all men."

Meanwhile, the minority group, still calling itself by the old name (AOD,) also continued to exist, as a mystical Masonic sort of organization. The AOD may have been among the groups known to have held ceremonies (Summer Solstice rites were the only ones held by anyone it seems) at Stonehenge prior to 1900

c.e. (it was a popular pastime) and in any event, there were several such groups using the site. In 1900, one of the standing stones fell over and the angry owner of the land (Sir Edward Antrobus) decided to fence the monument and charge admission, the better to (a) keep a closer watch on it and (b) to earn enough money to repair the damage being committed by tourists. This caused a problem almost immediately, when a Druidic group was holding the very next Summer Solstice ceremonies and the Chief Druid was kicked out by the police (he laid a curse on Sir Edward, the effects of which are unrecorded.)

Although the AOD, in the form of one of its subgroups (the Albion Lodge at Oxford) gained a certain amount of notice when they initiated Winston Churchill in August of 1908, the rite was performed at Blenheim Park, not Stonehenge. The only Druidic group known for sure to have used the monument during the years between 1901 and 1914 was called *The Druid Hermeticists*. In 1915, Stonehenge was sold by the weary owner to someone else who immediately gave it to the British Government, at a ceremony in which Druids of some sort assisted. Since 1919 c.e., when Stonehenge became a national monument, at least five different Druid groups have asked government permission to use it, although other groups have celebrated at various nearby spots (because of political and metaphysical squabbles) and some group, of course, may have used Stonehenge without government permission or knowledge.

By 1949, only two groups seem to have been left using Stonehenge for the Summer Solstice rites; the AOD and the British Circle of the Universal Bond (BCUB.) In 1955 the AOD seems to have disappeared, leaving the plain to the BCUB. But the latter also had a problem, when a group succeeded in 1963-4, calling itself The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids (OBOD), and decided to celebrate elsewhere (usually Primrose Hill.)

Things of a Druidic nature were occurring outside of Stonehenge, of course. In Wales, the National Eisteddfod Court runs an Eisteddfod every year (alternating between northern and southern Wales) and has the "Gorsedd of Bards" arrange the rituals for each occasion. Bardic and Druidic groups have also arisen in France, Brittany, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, Scotland, Ireland and in various parts of England. While the Welsh groups (Bardic, Druidic and Bardic-Druidic) spend most of their time and energy looking down their noses at all the non-Welsh groups (and even being so rude as to kick non-Welsh Druids out of their ceremonies); the others in turn spent tremendous amounts of time and energy on internal warfare.

Ecumenical movements, of course, have appeared and disappeared. The UDB, supposedly founded in 1717 by John Toland, claims to have survived since then under a succession of Chosen Chiefs, including such names as Toland, Stuckeley, Lord Winchelsea, Blake and Spence, among others. It appears to have been their English group (the BCUB referred to above) that suffered the split in 1963-4. Both groups, naturally, claim to be the only legitimate representatives in the UDB. There do appear to be a couple of dozen public Druid groups in France and the "British" Isles, many of them using the "Bards, Ovates and Druids" phraseology. One leader states that there may be as many 400 independent Druids not affiliated with groups. Such estimates, like those of underground Witches, Occultists and Pagans, must remain speculation since (thanks to religious bigotry) the estimates cannot be tested without risking the lives of those so exposed.

{ "The author has recently been in contact with yet another Druidic group in England, called the Golden Section Order Society, which may or may not be connected to any of the other Mesopagan Druids over there. We hope to learn more about them, and the other groups, in future correspondence. For now, let me emphasize that this series of articles is being based on the best research of which the author is aware. Readers having

further data or corrections are sincerely requested to share their evidence so that future writings on these topics can be appropriately rewritten." }

{ "I will make one further comment before leaving the Mesopagan Druids of the "British" Isles (I put "British" in quotes, by the way, so my Irish, Scots and Welsh friends won't lynch me.) Masonic Druidism as a religious and philosophical system that has lasted for at least two centuries, helping hundreds of people to gain a better understanding of themselves and their times. Its attitude of reverent skepticism is fully in keeping with the ideals of the founders of the Reformed Druid movements in North America. These Mesopagans have a great deal of wisdom and experience that modern Neopagans would do well to avail themselves of, and many of the current Masonic Druids are right on the borderline between Meso- and Neo-. It is to be hoped that more lines of communication will be opened between us in the years to come." }

In the United States, there have been branches of most of the British Druid groups discussed in the article and there is nothing special that needs to be said about them. There is, however, at least one homegrown group that deserves a mention, if only because of its possible dangers to naive seekers after Druidism.

Around 1970 c.e., a man named Barney Taylor (no relation to Tony,) operating under the name of "Eli" (which he claims means "teacher") appeared on the American occult scene teaching a religion he called the "American Druidic Craft." Taylor's background included training in Naturopathy, Herblor, Scientology, Psychocybernetics and similar mind training systems (including possibly "The Process," a semi-satanic group.) A highly charismatic man, Taylor went around the US in the early 1970's, giving lectures on "Druidic Witchcraft" and founding covens.

Evidence would tend to indicate that Taylor invented his "Druidic Witchcraft" form whole-cloth. His magical and religious system has mutated quite a bit over the years, as a careful reading of his "First Book of Wisdom" will reveal to the trained eye of an Editor or Literary Critic. Several drastically different writing styles are run together in a conglomerate of Herbology, Mystical Christianity, UFO ology, Gardnarian (Neopagan) Witchcraft, Von Danikenism, Freemasonry, Spiritualism, Scientology, Process, Ceremonial Magick, etc. The resulting system, now calling itself "the Druidic Craft of the Wise," bears no resemblance to any system of Druidism practiced in Europe or North America, now or in the past. Neither does it resemble Neopagan Witchcraft very much, except for a few items obviously borrowed from easily available published sources. However, because the name "Druidic" is attached to Taylor's teachings, it would be wise to give a short account of them.

The DCW is a strictly authoritarian and patriarchal monotheistic religion. The deity is called "The Father," and no references are made to female deities at all. The word of Taylor is law, no criticisms may be voiced and no outside religious study or practice is allowed. All competing religious groups are termed fraudulent (including the Neopagan Witches Taylor recommends in writing but forbids in practice) and his attitude towards them is one of complete hostility. Private lessons at his farm in Arkansas, as well as correspondence lessons are available, however (judging from the copies of the correspondence materials seen by this writer) they are of abysmally poor quality.

Part of the initiation ceremony (done by a priest/ess claiming to be "of the Order of Melchizadeck") involved the placing of a "Spirit Guide" on the back of the neck of the initiate. According to ex-members, this is actually a vampire or artificial elemental, used to psychically bond to the group together and to

# Neopagan Druidism

by Isaac Bonewits  
Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1975

provide a source of psychic energy for Taylor and his friends. Many elements from the psychic technology of the Process and Scientology are evident, including the major technique of "spiritual enlightening" a student by destroying their old, non-magical, personality and building them a brand new personality that is magical, and does exactly as it's told. Throughout the course of training, students are given many secrecy oaths and almost no explanations whatever of what is going on. Taylor apparently feels that, as Guru, he has a right to manipulate his students "for their own good."

A number of very harsh and alarming accusations about Taylor and his activities have been made over the years, but so far no evidence that would stand up in a court of law has been produced. The psychic result of his training system, for those who stick with it, are obvious even to little-old-lady-tea-readers; classic examples of the "sleazy-satan-scientologist-junkie-vibe" so familiar to observers of the less savory fringes of the occult community.

Let me reiterate that the "Druidic Craft of the Wise" bears no resemblance to or connections with any of the Masonic Druid groups in England and America, nor with any of the Branches of the Reformed Druid movements in North America, save one. Several Covens are currently breaking away from Taylor and they have expressed interest in the Reformed Druid movements [possibly the Celtic College of Reformed Druidic Wicca? - Scharding]. Since several Covens have broken away in the past and joined various Neopagan Witchcraft groups, this is not an impossible task.

Readers are advised to stay as far away as possible from Taylor and his followers, however. There are plenty of legitimate Druidic and Craft groups around to choose from.

*Here is the article from Vol. 2, Issue 6 of Pentalfa/Druid Chronicaler by Isaac Bonewits as it was printed in 1979. At the time of writing this article Isaac was essentially on a sabbatical away from Reformed Druidism and doing intensive study of ancient Indo-European religions. Much of Isaac's materials of this time period may be interpreted as indicative of the theme of the Ar nDriaocht Fein organization that he formed between 1981 and 1983. Perhaps this was yet another attempt of Isaac to bring the NRDNA fully into an organized Neo-Pagan religion?.*

-Mike Scharding

In the last two issues we have discussed both the probable and the fanciful history of Druidism in Western Europe and North America. In this concluding section I'll talk about the one Druid movement with which I am the most familiar, since I both an Archdruid within it and its resident historian: The New Reformed Druids of North America. Few, if any, legendary tales have to be dealt with here, since the movement was founded only sixteen years ago and its actual history is easily traced.

But first I will repeat the main definitions I've been using for the historical varieties of Paganism, mentioning once again that these are broad and frequently overlapping categories.

## What are Neopagan Religions Like?

The New Reformed Druids of North America represent only one of the many varieties of Neopagan religions now being practiced in this country. Together, these various groups form a rich tapestry of friendly differences and strong similarities.

Most Neopagans (of various persuasions) seem to agree that their similarities are often of more importance than their specific doctrinal distinctions or ethnic focuses. Some of these common beliefs appear to include:

1. The idea that divinity is immanent (internal) as well as transcendent (external.) This is often phrased as "Thou art God" and "Thou art Goddess."
2. The belief that divinity is just as likely to manifest itself as female. This has resulted in a large number of women being attracted to the faiths and joining the clergy.
3. A belief in a multiplicity of "god" and "goddesses," whether as individual deities or as facets of one of a few archetypes. This leads to multi-value logic systems and increased tolerance towards other religions.
4. A respect and love for Nature as divine in Her own right. This make ecological awareness and activity a religious duty.
5. A distaste for monolithic religious organizations and a distrust of would-be messiahs and gurus. This makes Neopagans hard to organize, even for "their own good," and leads to constant schisming, mutation and growth in the movements.

6. The firm conviction that human being were meant to lead lives filled with joy, love, pleasure and humor. The traditional western concepts of sin, guilt and divine retribution are seen as sad misunderstandings of natural growth experiences.

7. A simple set of ethic and morality based on the avoidance of actual harm to other people (and some extend this to some or all living beings and the planet as a whole.)

8. The knowledge that with proper training and intent, human minds and hearts are fully capable of performing all the magic and miracles they are ever likely to need, through the use of natural psychic powers.

9. A belief in the importance of celebrating the solar, lunar and other cycles of our lives. This has led to the investigation and revival of many ancient customs and the invention of some new ones.

10. A minimum amount of dogma and a maximum amount of eclecticism. Neopagans are reluctant to accept any idea without personally investigating it, and are willing to use any concept they find useful, regardless of it origins.

11. A strong faith in the ability of people to solve their current problems on all levels, public and private. This leads to...

12. A strong commitment to personal and universal growth, evolution and balance. Neopagans are expected to be making continuous efforts in these directions.

13. A belief that one can progress far towards achieving such growth, evolution and balance through the carefully planned alteration of one's "normal" state of consciousness, using both ancient and modern methods of aiding concentration, meditation, reprogramming and ecstasy.

14. The knowledge that human interdependence implies community cooperation. Neopagans are encouraged to use their talents to actually help each other as well as the community at large.

15. An awareness that if they are to achieve any of their goals, they must practice what they preach. This leads to a concern with making one's lifestyle consistent with one's proclaimed beliefs.

## And Neopagan Druidism?

Neopagan Druidism is the latest phase in a movement, the Reformed Druids of North America, that started out as a quasi-religious Mesopagan protest against coerced religion at a small Midwestern college, back in 1963 c.e. The RDNA was invented in order to test the amount of freedom allowed by the college's rules requiring all students to attend church. Much to the surprise of the founders, even after they had won their protest, many of the Druids wanted to continue the movement. The prayers to the Earth-Mother and the old Celtic divinities, combined with the anarchistic philosophy, had come to

represent a valuable part of the spiritual lives. Graduates of Carleton College spread the Reformed Druid movement wherever they went.

It was in Berkeley, California that one of these alumni became the local Archdruid for a group of people who were already thinking of themselves as conscious Neopagans. Under their influence, an increasing overlap between RDNA and the rest of the Neopagan community began to form. Today, the handful of active groves (congregations) are almost all Neopagans and are using the "NRDNA" (for New RDNA.)

## Are Druids Witches?

Only recently. Since the Paleopagan Druids were long gone by the time the Anglo-Saxons began using the word "Wicca" ["bender" or "magician"], all speculation about "witches" having been the remnants of the Pre-Christian Celtic clergy (i.e., the Druids) are unprovable. There is, in fact, no hard evidence to indicate that witches were ever though of as religious functionaries until the Church invented Neogothic (or Satanist) Witchcraft in the middle ages.

But in recent years a number of Neopagan religions have been founded by people who have chosen to call themselves "witches." These Neopagan Witches have a great deal in common with other Neopagans, including the Druidic sorts, and several initiated Witches have become ordained Druids and vice versa. This sort of overlapping membership is extremely common in the Neopagan movements and is an understandable result of polytheistic theologies (or "theologies") and ecumenical meetings.

## What are the Basic Beliefs of Neopagan Druidism?

Neopagan Druidism retains the "Basic Tenets" of the original RDNA movement and builds upon them. According to one Druid document, *The Book of the Law*, they run thusly:

The object of the search for religious truth, which is a universal and a never-ending search, may be found through the Earth-Mother; which is Nature; but this is one way, yea, one way among many.

And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance, of Nature, which is the Earth-Mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it do people live, yea, even as they do struggle through life are they come face-to-face with it.

This has since been abbreviated, in *The Outline of the Foundation of Fundamentals*, to the following statements:

1. Nature is good!

and the second is like unto the first:

2. Nature is good!

The material realm is personified as the Earth-Mother (or Mother Nature,) on of the oldest archetypes known to humanity. Many now apply this name to the biosphere as a whole, in order to emphasize our dependence upon Her. The nonmaterial essence of the universe(s) is called Be'al (which is believed by me to be an ancient Celtic name of an abstract divinity, based on "Bel" or "shining one,") and the concept is rather similar to some version of the Native American idea of the Great Spirit. Thus a polarity (or a dualism) of mater and energy, female and male, darkness and light, is established; but it is vital to realize

that *neither* half of the polarity is believed to be superior to the other. There is a very strong gender equality running throughout the Neopagan Druid worldview, and an Earth-Father/Sky-Mother polarity (as in ancient Egypt) would be considered just as valid.

The "object of Humanity's search" is called "awareness," and is defined as "unity with Be'al," a task that can only be accomplished by also attaining unity with the Earth-Mother. Thus Neopagan Druids are used to develop all the different aspects of their beings; physical, mental, emotional, psychic, artistic and spiritual, in order to attain the required state of dynamic balance that will lead them towards awareness.

Beyond these fundamentals of Neopaganism in general and Neopagan Druidism in particular, the philosophy and theology are kept deliberately vague. It is up to each member to work out her or his own path towards awareness. Other goddesses and gods, both Celtic and nonceltic, are invoked by the Druids, but each member has his or her own personal definition of the concepts involved.

## What About Organization?

The Neopagan Druids are organized into congregations called "groves," each with from three to ten or more members (though dozens of others may show up for major holiday celebrations.) Only a handful of these are still active (in the San Francisco/Berkeley, St. Louis, and Olympia areas,) though a couple of dozen have been founded over the years. Every grove is an independent entity, and each may operate its own "flavor" of Neopagan Druidism. Currently there are groves practicing Norse, Wiccan, Eclectic, Zen and even Hasidic Druidism. Individuals frequently follow more than one variety at a time, depending upon their personal interest. Attempt to keep any sort of a "National government" going have been fruitless, due to the strong individualism of the members.

Pentalpha is currently instituting a Neopagan Training Program for members and would-be clergy of various Neopagan belief systems who wish to work within the Pentalpha structure (though followers of other Aquarian paths might find it of value as well.) Neopagan Druidism is one path among many that participants in the program may choose to follow. Eventually Pentalpha will issue legal church charters to Neopagan Druid groves (as well as other groups) led by participant in the program.

## But is it "Really" Druidism?

Obviously, Neopagan Druidism is a uniquely American phenomenon. Because of its tolerance for theological and philosophical differences, its lack of discrimination against women and other minority groups, its sense of humor about itself, its distrust of all organizational structures and its other similarities with the rest of the Neopagan community, it is drastically different from most other philosophical movements that have called themselves "Druidic."

And yet the Neopagan Druids do have some fundamental concepts in common with the Paleopagan and Mesopagan Druids who preceded them. Down through the ages, their communities have known how to tell who the Druids among them were, because the role of the Druid has always been clear; scholar, and artist, poet and priest, philosopher and magician; the one who seeks, preserves and extends the highest wisdom her or his people are capable of handling safely, and who uses the knowledge and inspiration for the benefit of their community.

The Path of the Druid, like that of the Brahmin, the Medicine Person, the Shaman or the Rabbi, is one of heavy responsibilities and hard work. But like these others, it is also a

path of great rewards; physical, intellectual, artistic, magical and spiritual. For those who feel a link to the Paleopagan Celtic peoples, and who find themselves wanting to use their highest talents to serve their communities, Druidism can be a challenging and exhilarating way of life to explore.



# A Basic Wiccan Rite

by Isaac Bonewits  
Druid Chronicles Evolved 1975

For the benefit of those Reformed Druids who have inquired as to exactly what goes on at a typical Neopagan Witchcraft ritual, and how it might differ from one of our own, we present the following Basic Wiccan Rite, in outline form. This is based primarily upon the pattern developed by an Eclectic Reconstructionist Wicca organization in California. It is highly similar to that used by the majority of Neopagan Witchcraft movements in America. Astute readers will note that there are no incantations, songs or names of particular deities in this outline. This is because each Coven chooses or invents its own and usually prefers to keep these matters secret, in order to protect the delicate structure of the groupmind created by the system. The rituals also tend to work much better when the Coven has written its own variations to the basic theme.

There is nothing to either prevent or encourage the use of this pattern by Reformed Druids of any Branch of the Reform; except, of course, that most Wiccans would not accept most Druids as competent to preside over such a ceremony. Isolated elements of this rite may, naturally, prove of use in the creation of new Druid Liturgies.

Suggestions concerning the psychic technology of this rite and others of a similar nature may be found in The Second Epistle of Isaac and in several of the books listed in A Bibliography of Druidism.

1. Ritual baths beforehand, personal anointing, with special oils if desired, putting on of clean clothes to travel to meeting site in.
2. Upon arrival at meeting site, all immediately change into whatever clothes (if any) will be worn for the rite. Leaders should arrive early in order to set up site properly, make sure materials are all on hand, see that musicians know their cues, etc.
3. Altar is placed outside of where circle is to be and all tools, statues and other materials are set up on altar sturdily.
4. Circle is marked out on floor or ground with tape, powder, flour or whatever. Those that use concentric circles mark out the proper mathematical proportions and inscribe whatever symbols are used inside the concentric rings. Candles or torches are placed at the Four Quarters.
5. Coveners assemble outside circle(s), two by two. Those groups that use scourging for purification do so now (3 + 7 + 9 + 21 is the common pattern.) Musicians may start opening song; coveners enter circle being greeted by HP (High Priest) and HPS (High Priestess) or their assistants, usually with a kiss and a password. All file into the circle clockwise, alternating (as much as possible) male and female, and distributing themselves equally around the circle.
6. If coveners are too far apart to hold hand, they move closer to the center of the circle until they can. If there are too many coveners in the circle, the rite should be stopped, the circle makers scolded, and the circle drawn all over again larger. Then start the rite again from the beginning.
7. All coveners, including the leaders, join hands facing the outside of the circle. Music starts and the HPS leads a counter-clockwise dance around the circle. Men dance with their left heel kept off the ground (a ref. to the Lame King motif.) After at least one full circling, HPS lets go with her left hand and leads the dance into a slow inward spiral (the Labyrinth motif.) When the spiral is as tight as it can get, HPS turns to her right and kisses the man next to her (symbol of awakening to passion and new life.) She leads a new spiral outwards, this time clockwise. She and every woman kisses each man she comes to. The spiral eventually unwinds into a circle with all facing inwards and dancing clockwise.

8. Assistants go outside circle and very carefully carry in altar. This is placed near or on the center of the circle and candles on it are lit.
9. HPS and HP (or assistants) exorcise and consecrate Four Elements. Sword or athame (ritual dagger) is used to mark outside of circle, beginning at a chosen Quarter. Each Element is used to consecrate circle (salt, water, incense, and lighting of torches is one way.)
10. HPS & HP may anoint each other and coveners with special consecrated oil in triangle or pentagram shape, with special poem or blessing chant (procedure is easier if coveners are skyclad, i.e., naked.) Females anoint males and vice versa.
11. With bell in weak hand and athame in strong, HP or HPS goes to beginning Quarter, rings bell, cuts pentagrams or other sigil in the air and invokes or summons the "Lord of the Watchtower" or Spirit of that Quarter. This is done clockwise at the remaining Quarters.
12. After each summoning, all say "Welcome" or the equivalent.
13. HPS begins to take on the persona of the coven's chosen Goddess, standing in ritual postures or perhaps dancing from the Quarter of Death to the Quarter of Birth and back again. HP may be leading a chant or song about the Goddess during this. If dancing or singing is going on, the musicians are playing along.
14. HPS returns to the center and delivers the "Charge of the Goddess" or the equivalent, speaking as the deity incarnate. All bow to Her respectfully.
15. In some groups, HP may then do a similar dance, be sung to as the coven's chosen Horned God, and deliver a Charge of His own.
16. HPS announces that it is time to raise the Cone of Power and the purpose for which it is being raised. She stands in the center, with or without HP, and begins the dance chant. Music starts.
17. Coveners begin to dance slowly in a clockwise direction around circle, chanting a standard mantra or one made up for the occasion. Musicians gradually speed up the rhythm, dancing and chanting go faster and faster. During this, dancers are concentrating on an energy flow going through their bodies in a clockwise fashion and rising up in a spiral manner to form a Cone of Power. (Note: some really strong group have the power flow going both directions at once, forming two spirals into a single cone.)
18. HPS (or sometimes the HP) watches throughout this and tunes the power to the color and shape desired. When she thinks that the Cone has reached its peak of Power, she yells or otherwise signals and all drop to the floor repeating the cry and releasing all the energy into the spell.
19. Coveners sit quietly for a few minutes, in order to recharge. A quiet song or mantra may be chanted at this point.
20. The dancing and raising of the Cone may be repeated once or twice more (only.) Each time there is recharging afterwards.
21. In some groups, during the raising of the Cone, the HPS & HP may be having sexual intercourse, timing their orgasms to the peaking of the Power (which is made easier if there is music especially drums available.) However this is usually done only in groups that use sexually activity to raise the power rather than dancing.
22. HPS & HP bless the wine and the dagger-in-the-cup symbology and bless the cakes or cookies with the other elemental tools. These are passed to all and consumed.
23. This is the time for minor magical workings, telling of myths, songs, folktales, etc. Future rites may be planned. Political matters are avoided entirely, including the discussion of possible future initiates, shifts of office, etc. (These are only to be discussed at organizational meetings, not rituals.)
24. HP or HPS (or all) hold up a tool. All chant a brief chant, draining all excess power in the circle into the tool(s.) HPS ( and HP if necessary) comes down from divine persona.

25. HP or HPS (or assistants) goes around circle with bell and athame, thanking and dismissing the Spirits. All coveners salute Four Quarters and say "Farewell" or equivalent at each Quarter.
26. HPS or HP goes around circle sprinkling salt or earth, thus grounding out the circle.
27. HPS cuts circle with sword or athame, saying "the circle is broken, merry meet and merry part" or equivalent. All repeat the last part and the rite is over.
28. Altar is packed up and made ready for transportation by the leaders before the socialization afterwards gets too far underway.

## General Notes

- A. The rite usually works best when the ritual is completely memorized. Cue cards are a distraction and (usually) a sign of laziness.
- B. The musicians may be outside the circle throughout, or may come in with the altar, after the spiral dance.
- C. Since Wicca is supposed to be a Celtic religion, there is no need for Kabbalistic elements in this rite.
- D. HP & HPS may delegate all tasks except the persona taking (the shamanistic part) to members of the Coven.
- E. It is a definite help if the coveners attend folk-dancing classes and learn some complete dances.
- F. Schismatic Druids are expected to be able to lead one of these sorts of rites at a moment's notice (though they will probably never be asked) as a basic exercise in religious formulas.

## Money & Pagan Clergy: Shall The Two Ever Meet?

By Isaac Bonewits, Copyright 2001

*Isaac Bonewits, as you know, was one of the Berkeley Grove's Archdruids in the 1970s, a prolific and well-known writer on Neo-pagan topics. In the 80's, he schismed off and formed ADF with the help of a few friends. Recently he has retired from active leadership. Recently, his [www.neopagan.com](http://www.neopagan.com) website was closed with this message:*

## Freedom of Information

and Supporting Pagan Creators 1.9  
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Many of you who have visited my website a few times will have noticed that my web pages, as well as the workshops and interviews I do, contain many references or "plugs" for other authors of whom I approve, and some folks have wondered why I would recommend "competitors."

Granted, I do get small referral fees from Amazon.com for books purchased because buyers went to Amazon from my site, but this doesn't add up to much, and I get nothing from books purchased on my recommendation from other stores.

I recommend good books by other authors because there are so few of them, because I feel that authors deserve support from their colleagues as well as from their readers, and because it is important to every subculture (which Neopaganism still is) to support its own "economy."

Most readers have only the vaguest ideas of how authors earn their livings, often assuming that published ones are all wealthy. They get these ideas in part from news stories about "best selling" authors getting huge book advances and/or selling movie rights for millions of dollars (pounds/euros/etc.); unaware that only one writer in ten-thousand ever sees more from her or his writing than the original book advance of a few hundred or a few thousand dollars (pounds/euros/etc..)

My best known book, *Real Magic*, has been in and out of print for almost thirty years, generating a trickle of royalties three years out of five. Yet with roughly 250,000 copies sold around the world, in three languages that I know of (English, Dutch & Russian,) my total direct income from the book during those thirty years has been less than US\$25,000 - or about ten cents per copy. How many of you could live on US\$800 per year?

Another source of the myth that published authors are rich is the fact that, for centuries, only those who were wealthy (or subsidized in some fashion) could afford to spend their time writing. This has been true even throughout the last several decades. I remember being told often during the 1970's by my friend Randall Garrett, author of the wonderful Lord Darcy novels, that the three things a writer most needed were, "a tweed suit, a briar pipe, and a spouse with a steady income!" The situation has not changed. <G>

"Ah, but what about those huge speaking fees authors get?" I hear someone asking. Steven King, Danielle Steele, or New Age superstars may receive thousands of dollars (pounds/euros/etc.) for speeches or seminars, but lesser known authors receive much smaller fees (for mine, see my Presentations page.) The reason you see so many Pagan and other authors dragging books to festivals, or hawking psychic readings there, is because the usual Neopagan festival or

speaking event pays far less than the author would have earned staying home and cranking out a few more pages. At the end of most festival seasons, Neopagan authors and speakers usually find ourselves having spent or otherwise lost far more money than we've received.

Some of the reasons for these results have to do with the "poverty consciousness" so popular in the Neopagan community, which I've discussed at length elsewhere. But many have to do with the basic anti-intellectualism of American (and I suspect, Australian) culture. After all, a speaker is "just talking," and "anybody" can do that! The idea that printed or spoken words could have any real monetary value is alien to most people, in large part because they do not perceive the years of effort that go into learning the craft of writing and speaking well, or the hours of painful sweat that can go into writing a single chapter or one-hour speech.

So why do Neopagan creators keep writing and speaking? For most of us, it's because we love our deities, our planet, and our communities enough to live at a "lifestyle" far lower than we could earn otherwise if we were, for example, holding down the kinds of well-paying "blue-collar" and "white-collar" jobs that most Neopagans have. Many Neopagan clergy who aren't writers, teachers or musicians make the same decisions, literally sacrificing comfort and financial security for their vocation.

(Members of most mainstream religious communities, whether rich or poor, would be deeply ashamed if their clergy lived at standards significantly lower than that of the average member of their congregations. I can't imagine the average Baptist, Lutheran, Jew, Catholic, or Buddhist going to their minister's/rabbi's/priest's house to find an empty pantry, children wearing sweaters because the heat has been turned off, or a dead vehicle in the driveway, shrugging their shoulders and going home without taking action of some sort. Yet I've seen Neopagans do just that.)

In recent months, I've been reading articles in magazines and online about the "freeware" and "shareware" movements among computer software writers, as well as the arguments pro-and-con concerning the downloading of music and video files on the Net. There are now major controversies over the very concepts of "copyrights" and "intellectual property," with creative artists, consumers, and corporations taking diverse and often strident positions.

"Shareware," for those of you new to the Net, refers to computer programs that one can download and try out before buying. The assumption is that users who like the software will be willing to pay what they, or the software authors, consider "a fair price" (or a small donation to a worthy nonprofit cause,) which is usually much lower than equivalent commercially produced and distributed software would cost. Shareware originally worked on an "honor system," and some still does. "Freeware" refers to programs that are put out on the Net with no return expected, other than perhaps postcards, user feedback, and opportunities for programmers to improve their skills and earn reputations with which they can later build professional careers.

Freeware authors generally had and have no complaints about a lack of money for their efforts, and I suspect that most were and are subsidized in some fashion, by their parents, schools or employers. Shareware authors, however, quickly learned that honor systems didn't generate much income, perhaps because individuals have such varying ways to define "honor." So they gradually began to offer multiple versions of their shareware, with additional functions, documentation, or technical support requiring users to pay varying fees (I don't know if they got this idea from commercial software publishers or vice versa.)

Based on the concepts of freeware and shareware, as well as political and philosophical theories (such as those of Richard Stallman) of free information exchange, some people on the Net began to say that all information should be freely available, including digitized audio and video information - hence the controversies over the online trading of copyrighted music and video files. These mirrored in many ways the arguments about photocopying of books and periodicals in the 1980's and 1990's. Publishers weren't too thrilled about the invention of the photocopy machine back then, while students, researchers and collectors were delighted. Similarly, cassette and video taping technology were controversial, at least until the music and film industries figured out how to make money through using them. It's been suggested that the music industry and its big name performers will stop fighting audio file sharing technology as soon as they find a way to make significant money from it.

Left out of most of these controversies, at least once they were "settled," were the non-superstar creators whose books, songs, and performances were copied by individuals, without a penny going to those creators. Some creators weren't bothered at all, considering unpaid copies to be free advertising and promotion that could build a following. Others felt that while they weren't making any money, at least their out-of-print works were still reaching an audience (as I did during the years when Authentic Thaumaturgy was available only in photocopies.) I strongly suspect, however, that most of us felt just a little bit "ripped-off" each time someone copied our work because they were simply too stingy to buy it (as distinct from being genuinely poor.) That quarter-dollar/pound/euro of income lost per book, or half that per tape, isn't much perhaps, but multiply it by hundreds or thousands of readers/users and it begins to have a real impact on his or her life. That missing money could have paid for new research materials, new instruments, classes to gain new skills, travel to gain new insights, or simply blessed time to think and create. For us "minor" authors, artists, speakers, and performers, tiny losses add up over time to big setbacks, some of which kill careers and all of which limit the amount of work we accomplish over the course of our lifetimes.

Getting back to philosophy for a moment (away from that messy "real world" stuff,) it seems to me that many of the ideas now being discussed about freedom of information contain some (deliberate?) confusion between the different kinds of information that exist, some of which (a) should be openly available to all, and some of which (b) needn't be or even (c) shouldn't be. As examples of just these three categories (of the dozen or so categories that could be delineated,) I would offer (a) basic scientific or historical information, or evidence of corporate or governmental or military crimes, (b) medical techniques, poetry, fiction, or personal memoirs, and (c) instructions on making weapons of mass destruction. Remember, "all or nothing" arguments are rooted in Christian Dualism, not the real world. The fact that subtle distinctions may need to be made between differing kinds of information and audience does not justify tossing those distinctions out of your philosophy because they'd require work to define and teach, or worse yet might cost you some money.

At one point, a reader and I were discussing the Freenet and its system of decentralized, distributed file storage on the Net. That system essentially makes it impossible to ever suppress information once it's been uploaded. Unfortunately, it also makes it impossible to ever enforce a copyright or patent anywhere in the world. As an author, this means that any of my work on the Freenet would never go "out-of-print," and I would never again have to deal with a publisher's commercial judgments in order to get my thoughts shared with the world. It also means that anyone could impersonate me and publish items under my name, or plagiarize me, and I would have no recourse.

and, oh yes, I would probably never see a penny of payment for my works, no matter how many people downloaded and used them, and no matter how much effort it had taken me to produce them.

As I told the reader I mentioned earlier, "Letting the authors get ripped off by readers instead of by publishers isn't much of an improvement. From what I know of the Freenet idea so far, it provides no financial incentive at all for writers to write, and thus is a backward step to the days when only the idle wealthy could afford to write."

To which he replied, "I have optimism and faith in humanity. People will give you \$1 when they read an essay (I would.) Of course, it's my faith in humanity that gets me in trouble." So I decided to take his suggestions and give them a try. In early October of 2000 c.e., I gave visitors to my website the option to click a graphic and donate small sums of money to me, assuming that they had found something on my site that they thought was worth that amount to them. This required them to have an account with PayPal.com, but the account set-up process takes very little time and they could always snailmail me a small sum if they preferred. In April of 2001, I added the alternate option of using Amazon.com's Honor System. With over 1,500 visitors to my site daily in October (200+ visitors daily after Halloween,) even a one percent response rate would generate more than enough income to justify setting the system up.

How well did it work? Since I put the donation boxes up last October, my website has received over 110,000 visitors. As of July 15, 2001, the overall response ratio has been something like 0.05% (that is, five-hundredths of one percent) or one in every 2000+ visitors; that since the Halloween rush finished has been around 0.10% (one-tenth of one percent,) or one in every 1000+ visitors. The total income from the experiment (not counting transaction fees) has been \$900+ from 70+ people on 90+ occasions. This averages around one donation every 3 days or so, both before and after Halloween. However, 20+ of those donations and over a third of the money received has been from just two generous donors who have given repeated donations. The bottom line is that my website has been generating a little over a hundred dollars per month of income to me, which is about enough to pay my hosting and net access costs, but is certainly not enough to let me spend the many hours I would like to devote (and have in the past) to adding new material and keeping the older contents current and legible. Since I have no other job, and my self-employment efforts yield less than \$8000 per year, you can see how this is less than satisfactory.

I say this not to whine, nor to embarrass anyone, but to point out that there are some unseen holes in anti-copyright theory. Most modern people now use money as the rock-bottom measure of all value. Things that are a high priority in our lives are the things we spend money on, or give money to; things that aren't, we don't. I've often suggested that we could build or buy Neopagan temples in every city in the U.S. and Canada, for example, if we simply collected one piece of silver jewelry from every Neopagan at every festival for one year. Yet, the very same people who "can't afford" to donate to a Neopagan temple, community center, website, or other organization on a regular basis, have no problem finding the money to buy science fiction books, videos, comics, beer, pizza, jewelry, fancy ritual tools, robes, etc. This is not a pattern unique to Neopaganism – almost every nonprofit organization or movement tells the same tale. People generally have money for those things that bring comfort, pleasure and ego-gratification. Everything else has to wait in line and hope for the best.

I suspect that most people on the Net, whether Neopagan or not, if given a choice between giving small sums of money to deserving strangers they will never meet, just because it's the

right thing to do, or else keeping the money to buy toys or gifts for themselves or their friends, will do the latter. This pattern will become even more evident on the Net as going online becomes ever easier for the foolish, uneducated and shortsighted - after all, most Western people intelligent and wise enough to understand long term consequences have already been on the Net for a few years. Yes, I know that's terribly un-P.C. of me to say, and no, I'm not thinking of those of you who are genuinely poor and were only able to get a computer, and hence online, recently because you had to wait for them to get cheap, or who visit here from your public library.

We Neopagans like to think of ourselves as smarter, more creative and more complex than those who belong to more conservative religions, and by and large most of us are (another un-P.C. fact.) Multi-model theories, pluralism, ambiguity, and polytheology are not easy for most Westerners to grasp, which is yet another reason why we frighten fundamentalists of all persuasions. But the dualism which underlies mainstream Western culture still influences our daily thinking and feeling patterns. We still fall into habits based on the fantasy that matter and spirit are separate, and that artistic, creative, and spiritual activities happen in a different universe than rent checks, car payments, and grocery bills.

I'm not the only Neopagan leader or author to notice all this. Fritz Jung, who with his partner Wren runs witchvox.com, spoke about this in an essay called, "Community Support, Does it Exist?" a couple of years ago. As he said in last year's update, "Not much has changed. We all still struggle to find the cash to do this kind of work. As predicted, several good folks that used to do this work, simply went away." Also on the witchvox.com site is an essay by author Maggie (Benson) Shayne called, "Writers, Farmers, Witches and Copyright," in which she focuses on the casual plagiarism that so many Neopagans engage in, saying, "I would like to see the Pagan community take a stand against the wanton abuse of its own best and brightest."

Prolific Neopagan author Patricia Telesco wrote me:

"It amazes me that people forget we work for every cent we get in royalties. They don't see us in front of our computers or scouring over research books for upward of 500 hours to write just 200 pages of text. They're not in our kitchen when we blurrily make coffee after being up late so we can write when the little ones don't want fruit snacks or a story. Our families, friends, and co-workers often give up a great deal of time with us just so we can pursue this passion - and give something lasting to the community. The bottom line comes down to serving those that serve before we loose our teachers, our leaders and our elders to burn out. If we value their wisdom and insights, we will begin to share the load."

Sisters and brothers, your authors, musicians, speakers, webmasters, organizers and clergy can not live on blessings and goodwill alone. Please buy our books, tapes, CDs and videos instead of stealing copies. Donate to those groups and websites who provide valuable services. Go to your high priestess' house and do her dishes once in a while, mow her lawn, buy her some groceries, watch her kids for an evening, or in some other fashion give her the gift of free time. And please, stop criticizing authors or teachers for the "crime" of reaching out to "newbies" and "Baby Pagans" - it's a lot more work than it seems, and we were all beginners, once upon a time.

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# The Advanced Bonewits' Cult Danger Evaluation Frame

(Version 2.6)  
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## Introduction

As a special updating note, you probably got here from the opening page at my website that announced the temporary closing of my site. Except for the Errata Sheet page for the first edition of my Witchcraft eBook, which will remain accessible until the Second Edition has been out for a while, I'm closing everything down here, at least for now. I just can't afford the time and effort that keeping this site updated, easy to read and fed with a constant stream of new writing has required. If donations at PayPal and Amazon Honor System pick up enough to put food on my table and pay my electrical bill, I'll go back online. But it may take a few weeks.

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Events in the last several decades have clearly indicated just how dangerous some religious and secular groups (usually called “cults” by those opposed to them) can be to their own members as well as to anyone else whom they can influence. “Brainwashing,” beatings, child abuse, rapes, murders, mass suicides, military drilling and gunrunning, meddling in civil governments, international terrorism, and other crimes have been charged against leaders and members of many groups, and in far too many cases those accusations have been correct. None of this has been very surprising to historians of religion or to other scholars of what are usually labeled “new” religions (no matter how old they may be in their cultures of origin.) Minority groups, especially religious ones, are often accused of crimes by members of the current majority. In many ways, for example, the “Mormons” were the “Moonies” of the 19th century — at least in terms of being an unusual minority belief system that many found “shocking” at the time — and the members of the Unification Church could be just as “respectable” a hundred years from now as the Latter Day Saints are today.

Nonetheless, despite all the historical and philosophical warnings that could be issued, ordinary people faced with friends or loved ones joining an “unusual” group, or perhaps contemplating joining one themselves, need a relatively simple way to evaluate just how dangerous or harmless a given group is liable to be, without either subjecting themselves to its power or judging it solely on theological or ideological grounds (the usual method used by anti-cult groups.)

In 1979 I constructed an evaluation tool which I now call the “Advanced Bonewits' Cult Danger Evaluation Frame” or the “ABCDEF” (because evaluating these groups should be elementary.) A copy was included in that year's revised edition of my book, *Real Magic*. I realize its shortcomings, but feel that it can be effectively used to separate harmless groups from the merely unusual-to-the-observer ones. Feedback from those attempting to use the system has always been appreciated. Indirect feedback, in terms of the number of places on and off the Net this ABCDEF has shown up, has been mostly favorable. For example, it was chosen by and is now displayed on the website of the Institute for Social Inventions, who paraphrased it for their “Best Ideas — A compendium of social innovations” listing.

The purpose of this evaluation tool is to help both amateur and professional observers, including current or would-be members, of various organizations (including religious, occult, psychological or political groups) to determine just how dangerous a given group is liable to be, in comparison with other groups, to the physical and mental health of its members and of other people subject to its influence. It cannot speak to the “spiritual dangers,” if any, that might be involved, for the simple reason that one person's path to enlightenment or “salvation” is often viewed by another as a path to ignorance or “damnation.”

As a general rule, the higher the numerical total scored by a given group (the further to the right of the scale,) the more dangerous it is likely to be. Though it is obvious that many of the scales in the frame are subjective, it is still possible to make practical judgments using it, at least of the “is this group more dangerous than that one?” sort. This is if all numerical assignments are based on accurate and unbiased observation of **actual behavior** by the groups and their top levels of leadership (as distinct from official pronouncements.) This means that you need to pay attention to what the secondary and tertiary leaders are saying and doing, as much (or more so) than the central leadership — after all, “plausible deniability” is not a recent historical invention.

This tool can be used by parents, reporters, law enforcement agents, social scientists and others interested in evaluating the actual dangers presented by a given group or movement. Obviously, different observers will achieve differing degrees of precision, depending upon the sophistication of their numerical assignments on each scale. However, if the same observers use the same methods of scoring and weighting each scale, their comparisons of relative danger or harmlessness between groups will be reasonably valid, at least for their own purposes. People who cannot, on the other hand, view competing belief systems as ever having possible spiritual value to anyone, will find the ABCDEF annoyingly useless for promoting their theological agendas. Worse, these members of the Religious Reich and their fellow theocrats will find that their own organizations (and quite a few large mainstream churches) are far more “cult-like” than many of the minority belief systems they so bitterly oppose.

It should be pointed out that the ABCDEF is founded upon both modern psychological theories about mental health and personal growth, and my many years of participant observation and historical research into minority belief systems. Those who believe that relativism and anarchy are as dangerous to mental health as absolutism and authoritarianism, could (I suppose) count groups with total scores nearing either extreme (high or low) as being equally hazardous. As far as dangers to physical well-being are concerned, however, both historical records and current events clearly indicate the direction in which the greatest threats lie. This is especially so since the low-scoring groups usually seem to have survival and growth rates so small that they seldom develop the abilities to commit large scale atrocities even had they the philosophical or political inclinations to do so.

## The Advanced Bonewits' Cult Danger Evaluation Frame (version 2.6)

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Factors:		Low					High				
1	Internal Control: Amount of internal political and social power exercised by leader(s) over members; lack of clearly defined organizational rights for members.	_____									
2	External Control: Amount of external political and social influence desired or obtained; emphasis on directing members' external political and social behavior.	_____									
3	Wisdom/Knowledge Claimed by leader(s); amount of infallibility declared or implied about decisions or doctrinal/scriptural interpretations; number and degree of unverified and/or unverifiable credentials claimed.	_____									
4	Wisdom/Knowledge Credited to leader(s) by members; amount of trust in decisions or doctrinal/scriptural interpretations made by leader(s); amount of hostility by members towards internal or external critics and/or towards verification efforts.	_____									
5	Dogma: Rigidity of reality concepts taught; amount of doctrinal inflexibility or “fundamentalism;” hostility towards relativism and situationalism.	_____									

6 Recruiting: Emphasis put on attracting new members; amount of proselytizing; requirement for all members to bring in new ones. \_\_\_\_\_

7 Front Groups: Number of subsidiary groups using different names from that of main group, especially when connections are hidden. \_\_\_\_\_

8 Wealth: Amount of money and/or property desired or obtained by group; emphasis on members' donations; economic lifestyle of leader(s) compared to ordinary members. \_\_\_\_\_

9 Sexual Manipulation of members by leader(s) of non-tantric groups; amount of control exercised over sexuality of members in terms of sexual orientation, behavior, and/or choice of partners. \_\_\_\_\_

10 Sexual Favoritism: Advancement or preferential treatment dependent upon sexual activity with the leader(s) of non-tantric groups. \_\_\_\_\_

11 Censorship: Amount of control over members' access to outside opinions on group, its doctrines or leader(s.) \_\_\_\_\_

12 Isolation: Amount of effort to keep members from communicating with non-members, including family, friends and lovers. \_\_\_\_\_

13 Dropout Control: Intensity of efforts directed at preventing or returning dropouts. \_\_\_\_\_

14 Violence: Amount of approval when used by or for the group, its doctrines or leader(s.) \_\_\_\_\_

15 Paranoia: Amount of fear concerning real or imagined enemies; exaggeration of perceived power of opponents; prevalence of conspiracy theories. \_\_\_\_\_

16 Grimness: Amount of disapproval concerning jokes about the group, its doctrines or its leader(s.) \_\_\_\_\_

17 Surrender of Will: Amount of emphasis on members not having to be responsible for personal decisions; degree of individual disempowerment created by the group, its doctrines or its leader(s.) \_\_\_\_\_

18 Hypocrisy: amount of approval for actions which the group officially considers immoral or unethical, when done by or for the group, its doctrines or leader(s); willingness to violate the group's declared principles for political, psychological, social, economic, military, or other gain. \_\_\_\_\_

# A Call to Arms or Treating the Disease

version 1.5  
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Isaac Bonewits

*The attacks on the World Trade Center and Washington DC by Muslim Fundamentalists have crystallized a number of ideas that have been drifting around in my head for several years. This "911 call" wasn't just a wake up call about terrorism, it was a sign that the Culture War between Modernity and Fundamentalism has become irredeemably deadly. Though there are multiple non-religious motives behind Islamic terrorism, this essay will focus on the religious factors sanctifying and justifying mass murder.*

## The Problem is Fundamentalism

As I discussed in another essay, [Understanding the Religious Reich](#), Fundamentalism, whether Jewish, Christian, or Islamic (or Marxist, for that matter,) has become the primary threat to world peace and even to civilization itself. Let's put this as clearly as possible: a bunch of religious lunatics murdered over 6,000 people on September 11, 2001. There is absolutely no reason to believe that they won't do something just as awful again if given the chance.

Here is what I said there, so you don't have to jump over and back:

Throughout this essay I'm going to be referring to "Fundamentalists," so perhaps I should clarify the term. Let me start, as I so often do, with a historical review of the term — on this occasion quoting from the 1964 edition of [A Handbook of Theological Terms](#), by Van A. Harvey:

"Fundamentalism is a name that was attached to the viewpoint of those who, shortly after the turn of the [19th-20th] century, resisted all liberal attempts to modify orthodox Protestant belief or to question the infallibility of the Bible in any respect. The name is derived from a series of tracts published between 1912-14, entitled *The Fundamentals* that aimed at defining and defending the essentials of Protestant doctrine. The most important of the fundamental doctrines were (1) the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, (2) the doctrine of the Trinity, (3) the virgin birth and deity of Christ, (4) the substitutionary theory of the atonement, (5) the bodily resurrection, ascension and second coming of Christ (parousia.)

Since most of these beliefs have been a part of Christian orthodoxy [for fifteen centuries], historians have seen the uniqueness of Fundamentalism to consist in its violent opposition to all beliefs that seem opposed to some teachings of the Bible. In the twenties and thirties, this opposition was focused particularly on any theory of man's [sic] origins, especially evolution, that seemed incompatible with the account in Genesis. Consequently, Fundamentalism tended to be identified with blind opposition to all critical inquiry.

Because of this identification, certain conservative theologians who share the above-described beliefs but who think they can be defended in a rational manner have tended to shirk the name "fundamentalist" and call themselves "evangelical conservatives." They generally oppose the spirit of ecumenism and any theology, including neo-Reformed theology, which does not regard the Bible as the absolute and infallible rule of faith and practice."

Notice that 40 years ago he was mentioning the "...**violent opposition** to all beliefs that seem opposed to some teaching..." The term "Fundamentalist" has since been extended by the mass media to refer to "Fundamentalist" Jews, Moslems, and even Hindus. In each case, the inference is that some people refuse to budge from the most conservative version of their faith that is available to them and resist, even to the point of violence, all competing worldviews, including scientific knowledge about the origins of life and of Earth not really being the center of the universe. Non-Christian examples include **some** Orthodox and Hassidic Jews and **most** Shiite Muslims in Iran (most Sunni Muslims elsewhere.) Christian but not Protestant examples would be ultra-conservatives within both Roman and Eastern Orthodox Catholicism, as well as **some** Mormons (though non-Mormons often consider all members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints "non-Christian.") Non-theistic examples would include many Marxists and Secular Humanists, as well as other fervent atheists.

For the purposes of this essay, I could simply refer to "ultra-conservative monotheists," but "Fundamentalists" is somewhat shorter and extremists among the modern Christian Protestants who call themselves by this term were — at least until the World Trade Center attacks — the primary threat to our lives and freedom. So on those occasions when I don't specifically mention it, you may keep in mind all the other types of Fundamentalists mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

Later in that essay I said:

...this desperate need for a simple universe leads Christian and Islamic Fundamentalists to desire secular power to enforce their opinions (which they call "God's Law") upon every man, woman, and child on the planet, and to eliminate all competing worldviews.

(Jewish Fundamentalists, however, only want to have total domination over the territory that their predecessors ruled 3,000 years ago as well as over every Jewish family elsewhere in the world.) When Fundamentalists get into secular power, this is what they do, as any glance at Ireland, Israel/Palestine and most Islamic nations will reveal. And then most of them will export their Fundamentalism elsewhere.

and:

We can and should, however, blame specific Fundamentalists **and their beliefs** for crimes they advocate and commit today. Jewish Fundamentalists murdering Palestinians, Islamic Fundamentalists bombing shopping malls and flying jets into office buildings, and right wing Christians killing doctors and clinic workers (not to mention right-wing Catholics and Protestants murdering each other's families in Ireland) are all acting out some of their belief systems' most basic (fundamental)



doctrines, beneath the additional layers of political and economic conflict.

and:

...all those who believe in simple human decency and freedom of religion for all people, everywhere in the world, must stop being so damned passive and start taking effective action to contain, subvert, and dethrone Fundamentalism wherever and whenever it oppresses its own and other peoples. Fundamentalists can only thrive in atmospheres in which their fanaticism is considered “just their religious belief,” and something to be tolerated by everyone else, rather than the world-wide threat to peace, justice, democracy, and civilization that it is.

The drumbeat for war of some sort has been loud and unstoppable since the day America lost her innocence. Despite the fact that no one seems to know exactly how to track down and kill the surviving terrorists responsible, the overwhelming majority of Americans (including myself) and many citizens of other nations certainly want to do so. Of course, if this “war against terrorism” follows the usual pattern of the last few American wars, everyone in the general vicinity **except** the guilty parties will be killed and victory will be proclaimed far too early. Among the many casualties will be basic constitutional rights and simple human decency, all in the name of stopping terrorism (exactly as happened in the “war” against Communism.)

Regardless of what happens in the American crusade for vengeance, even if this year’s arch-villain Osama bin Laden is caught and killed, we will still be treating the symptoms instead of the disease. So here is

## A Call to Arms

By Isaac Bonewits

*It is well past time for liberal, moderate, and conservative Jews, Muslims, Christians, Neopagans, Unitarian Universalists, Atheists, Agnostics, and everyone else who isn’t a religious fanatic, to declare “war” on deliberate ignorance, religious bigotry, and sanctified violence — that is to say, on Fundamentalism.*

As I said before, it is time to take **effective action** to “contain, subvert, and dethrone Fundamentalism wherever and whenever it oppresses its own and other peoples.” What does this mean? To begin with,

- Reconstructionist, Reform, Conservative, and secularized **Jews** have to **stop respecting** Orthodox and Hasidic Jews, at home and abroad, who advocate violence against non-Jews in Israel, who attempt to revoke the civil liberties of those who have different moral visions, who oppress their wives, who deliberately keep their kids ignorant, and who use money and weapons to oppress, enslave and kill other human beings.
- Liberal, moderate, and secularized Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox **Christians** have to **stop respecting** the ultra-conservatives/Fundamentalists in their communities, at home and abroad, who advocate violence against abortion doctors, who attempt to revoke the civil liberties of those who have different

moral visions, who oppress their wives, who deliberately keep their kids ignorant, and who use money and weapons to oppress, enslave and kill other human beings.

- Liberal, moderate, and secularized **Muslims** have to **stop respecting** the Islamic Fundamentalists, at home and abroad, who advocate violence against heretics, who attempt to revoke the civil liberties of those who have different moral visions, who oppress their wives, who deliberately keep their kids ignorant, and who use money and weapons to oppress, enslave and kill other human beings.
- Atheists, Agnostics, Deists, Freemasons, Rosicrucians, Gnostics, New Agers, Neopagans, Unitarian Universalists, and members of other belief and non-belief systems have to **stop pretending that Fundamentalism is just another belief system** entitled to full social and political respect, one that will eventually go away as people become more enlightened.

It isn’t and it won’t. Fundamentalism is a mental and spiritual illness that endangers and oppresses hundreds of millions of innocent people around the world. It is an illness that deliberately controls its victims to prevent them from ever becoming more enlightened, because its leaders know that scientific education, exposure to other lifestyles, gender equality, and spiritual awareness, all spell the end of their dictatorships. In fact, ancient and modern Fundamentalism (in my extended sense) is the most dangerous collection of “**cults**” in history.

Effective action means that the full resources of modern nations and modern people as individuals must be used to legally overthrow Fundamentalist governments, even if the leaders are financially helpful to American corporations. There are few Fundamentalist democracies, so we aren’t likely to be going against the “will of the people” in so doing. We need to swamp the Middle East, Ireland, China, Southeast Asia, and American radio and television talk shows, with accurate information about the world outside, about modern science, about modern liberal attitudes, about absurdities and atrocities in their scriptures, about the crimes of current Fundamentalists and their theocratic plans for the future. I’m suggesting that Radio Free America become Radio Free Planet, and not just a voice for unrestrained robber-baron capitalism (yet another Fundamentalist cult that has hurt as many people as it has helped) as it was during the Cold War.

Our Central Intelligence Agency has shown that it’s really good at assassinating democratically elected officials, overthrowing liberal governments, and training death squads to torture, rape and kill liberals and moderates. Let’s see how good they can be at overthrowing Fundamentalist dictators (where their people have no legal options) and their oil-rich sympathizers, once they have the free hand they are begging for.

When Islamic Fundamentalists crashed jumbo jets into the World Trade Center, they weren’t just declaring war on the United States. **They were declaring war on the entire modern world.** When American Fundamentalist Christian ministers Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson blamed the September 11th, 2001 attacks on liberals and secularists in American culture, they weren’t just making asses of themselves, as they have done so many times before, they were declaring their solidarity and sympathy for the insanity that is Fundamentalism:

“I really believe that the Pagans, and the abortionists, and the feminists, and the gays and the lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU, People For the American Way, all of them

who have tried to secularize America. I point the finger in their face and say ‘you helped this happen.’ ” (Jerry Falwell)

“I concur.” (Pat Robertson)

As more than one political cartoonist put it, while Osama bin Laden and his friends were rejoicing that “God has punished America for her sins,” Falwell and Robertson were saying, “Amen, brothers!” Let us never forget what we heard them say.

**The first, and perhaps most crucial, step to stopping terrorism is to stop Fundamentalism.** Then we can deal with those aspects of terrorism that are rooted in political, ethnic and economic conflict. But all three kinds can ultimately be defeated only by a massive, unrelenting, worldwide campaign of education in the modern principles of pluralism, relativity, secular politics, and economic justice for every living human being. That last part, of course, will be a stumbling block to organizing these efforts, because worldwide economic justice would require that the multibillionaires who run the First World be willing to take cuts in their income. But that’s a topic for another essay. For now, I’ll just point out that leaving a fifth of the world’s population in the thrall of Fundamentalism — ignorant, uneducated, and hostile to the rest of the world — is not a cost-effective way to run a planet. The hundreds of billions of dollars that will be needed to repair the physical damage of September 11, 2001 is just a down payment on what Fundamentalism could cost us in the years to come if it is not stopped.

Now, on to a few related topics:

## How are Critics of Fundamentalism Different from Those They Criticize?

I am often asked by those who have read or heard my strong opinions about Fundamentalists, how it is that I am “different” from them. I am told that my opinions about them are just as harsh as their opinions about my religious community, and I more-or-less agree with that observation. I am told that I am spreading hate against Fundamentalists by mentioning how hate-filled they are. So how, then, are those who consider Fundamentalism a threat to civilization and freedom, different from the Fundamentalists who say nasty things about us? Are we really “just the same” as the people we oppose?

I think almost everyone who is critical of Fundamentalism would agree that:

- **We don’t want** to shut down their places of worship and outlaw their religions.
- **We don’t want** to discriminate against them in hiring, in housing, in the military, or in the receipt of social services.
- **We don’t want** to take over the government and force every citizen to live according to our theological opinions, whether we think a deity shares those opinions or not.
- **We don’t want** to organize paramilitary groups to overthrow the government, or to plant bombs, or to fly jumbo jets into office buildings, all for the greater “glory” of our deities.
- **We don’t want** to kill people for being gay or lesbian, or for having sex with someone they aren’t married to,

or for sassing their parents, or for practicing divination, or for belonging to a “false religion.”

- **We don’t want** to drive people from their homes and places of worship, and kill them if they resist, because we think some deity gave our predecessors a deed of property a thousand years ago.

Yet all these things are what most Jewish, Christian and Islamic Fundamentalists **do** want to do. And have done when they were able to. And will do again, if ordinary people who aren’t religious fanatics don’t take action to stop them.

In short, we don’t want to be sanctimonious, bloodthirsty, power-mad bigots like they are.

That’s what makes us different. If saying so sounds harsh, or rude, or biased, or politically incorrect, so be it. If some people reading this consider themselves to be Fundamentalists, but don’t agree with this Fundamentalist agenda, then perhaps they should change their religious identities to Evangelical, Conservative, or Orthodox members of their faiths. Better yet, they should actually take control of their current denominations from the lunatics and fanatics.

[This section excerpted from [Understanding the Religious Reich](#).]

## Islamic Fundamentalists, Yes; Ordinary Muslims and Arab-Americans, No

I hope I’ve made it clear that I don’t like Islamic Fundamentalism any more than I like Christian or Jewish or Marxist Fundamentalism. But as a committed advocate of religious freedom and pluralism, I try very hard not to treat specific individuals of those faiths as enemies until such a time as they show themselves to be such. Because the September 11th, 2001 attacks were perpetrated by Islamic Fundamentalists, it is all too tempting for Americans of all faiths (and none) to lash out and attack our Islamic and Arabic neighbors, assuming that they are all, “just the same.” Try to remember some important facts:

- Most Muslims consider their Fundamentalist fanatics to be just as crazy and evil as most Christians and Jews (publicly or secretly) consider their Fundamentalists to be. Yes, the liberals and moderates in these faith communities are usually too cowardly to denounce their fanatical brethren, but that doesn’t make them supporters.
- A major reason that many Muslims move to the United States or other Western nations is precisely because they aren’t Fundamentalists and don’t want to live in a Fundamentalist tyranny.
- A large number of American Muslims aren’t Arabic in ancestry (lots of them are African-American or Pakistani-American) and many Arab-Americans are Orthodox Christians (not to mention agnostics, atheists, and yes, Pagans.)

I urge you to join with those who are guarding local Muslim mosques and community centers until the anti-Islamic hysteria is over.

However, while America is thinking about waging war in the Middle East, let’s

## Save a Little Anger

Us spiritual folks aren't supposed to get angry, or so we are told. Yet, we **should** all be very, very angry at those people who committed such horrific mass murder on September 11, 2001. All those who belong to terrorist networks, the governments that hide and support them, and those who profit financially and politically from terror, deserve to be punished for the crimes they commit, no matter what their supposed justification.

But wait — perhaps we should save some of our anger, just a small bit, for their other accomplices:

**Save a little anger** for the CIA operatives who gave them weapons and training in how to be terrorists. You know, the same folks who now want all ethical constraints removed from their behavior?

**Save a little anger** for those corporations, mostly American, who have made millions of dollars selling jet fighters, attack helicopters, explosives, automatic rifles, and other deadly devices to all sides in the eternal stew pot of hate that is the Middle East.

**Save a little anger** for those politicians and billionaires who have callously played the Islamic nations off against each other for fifty years, always backing the despots most likely to increase profits while ignoring or destroying democratic movements as “threats to stability.”

**Save a little anger** for the airlines who improved their profit margins by using overworked, underpaid, and barely trained “security” personnel, rather than hiring real professionals to screen passengers or ride on the planes.

Finally, let's **save just a little bit of anger** for ourselves. Ordinary American citizens have let these bastards get away with creating a world in which terrorism is not just possible but damned near inevitable — and we have paid a terrible price for our unwillingness to stop them. That price will only get higher until we stop treating the symptoms of worldwide terrorism and start attacking the root causes of the disease: irresponsible, greedy, power hungry people who consider us all — terrorists and victims alike — as weapons and tools in their insane competition for world-domination. And make no mistake about it: while Jewish Fundamentalists may only want to rule the territory their predecessors conquered centuries ago, Christian, Muslim and Marxist Fundamentalists **do** want to rule the world and eliminate all competing world views.

Fundamentalists have long been waging a “culture war” with the forces of justice, science, democracy, and pluralism, which they call the “Forces of Evil.” Let's start actively fighting back.

## What Should We Do in the Short Run?

There is a slogan that civil rights activists have long used, “No justice; no peace.” Unfortunately, that slogan is true on many levels. Poverty, despair, hunger and injustice are all too easy to manipulate by terrorist organizations. This is why I agree with the suggestion now circulating on the Net that our President should be urged (in email, faxes, and snailmail) to **accompany any invading troops in Afghanistan with troops bringing food, tents, and medicine** to the Afghan people. Afghans have been starved and brutalized by the Taliban regime, which is **not** an elected government supported by the Afghan people, and may react well to genuine help from outside their nation. But we can and should also say, “No justice; no peace” to the terrorists as we hunt them down.

Also in the short term, it's time for the mass media and the vast majority of Westerners to treat all Jewish, Christian and

Islamic Fundamentalist leaders who preach hatred and violence against all competing world views, and who scripturally sanctify murder, with **contempt** — not respect. Let's not fall for the ingenuous argument that we shouldn't be biased against bigots — **we should be biased** against all oppressive movements and people.

It's time for all those who truly believe in freedom and democracy to use every kind of power that they have, whether political, economic, military, social, spiritual, or magical, against the specific individuals who promote Fundamentalism, enslave entire nations, and commit mass murder. To that end, I will resume posting “Villain of the Month” photos on my website at <http://www.neopagan.net/>. Those who believe in magic or the power of prayers can use those photos to focus their minds. Those who don't can use those photos to inspire more mundane efforts.

Talk about this with your friends. Write **snailmail** letters to your political representatives. Send harsh feedback to popular media figures who whitewash Fundamentalism. Do binding spells on the villains responsible. Subvert the would-be dominant paradigm!

## What Should We Do in the Long Run?

In the long term, it's way past time to put a permanent stop to all terrorist organizations. Yet, terrorism will continue as long as there are ignorant, unhappy, impoverished people nursing legitimate grudges against rich and powerful nations. To permanently stop terrorism, we will have to create a world in which every nation is genuinely democratic and every individual feels that his or her voice will be heard without needing a gun or bomb to get attention. So we need to use all our knowledge, skill and power to subvert, influence and eventually overthrow every fundamentalist, secular, or tribal dictatorship on the planet and then take the necessary steps to prevent any new ones from getting started. I've been told that this is imperialism, that we shouldn't force our values on others. Well, if our values are going to save lives, promote justice and strengthen freedom, as distinct from just maximizing corporate profits, then using our power and our wits to help remove criminals and lunatics from ruling impoverished nations may not be such a bad idea.

Let's not neglect all the home grown, domestic terrorist groups, either. The mass media should be clear that Christian Militia groups are just as un-American as Islamic ones are.

Terrorism cannot be stopped without a massive campaign to educate Third World peoples about science, technology and pluralistic, democratic values. To that end, we need a popular wave of enthusiasm to spend a few billions dollars to revive and deploy the Peace Corps and to send food, medicine, tools and seeds with them. This is something for which I would be willing to see a national draft in America and other industrial nations.

We also need a long-term grassroots campaign to get Congress to pass laws and the Executive Branch to enforce them, forbidding the U.S. government and American corporations to ever again train and equip terrorists, as they did in the Middle East, Southeast Asia and Central America. We have had an unforgettable lesson about the dangers of training rabid pitbulls — eventually they turn on their supposed masters.

A real war against terrorism and Fundamentalism will take decades, will cost Western economies billions of dollars, and will require a short term lowering of our wealthy standard of living — but we've already seen the deadly alternative. Will Americans and other Westerners be willing to do it? Only time will tell.

## Final Clarifications

When I advocate a “war against Fundamentalism,” I am **NOT** advocating physical violence against your nearest Fundamentalists. I am using the phrase in the same way as the (abandoned) war against poverty or the war against breast cancer. Yes, if our hearts are filled with hatred and revenge, we are in danger of becoming similar to our enemies. But we must still fight vigorously and unrelentingly until Fundamentalism is no longer the threat to freedom and democracy that it is now. **This is an intellectual war of competing memes.** All who believe in freedom, democracy and pluralism must work against sanctified ignorance and bigotry, which is to say, against Fundamentalism as I have discussed it in this essay.

Likewise, **I am not advocating hatred towards Fundamentalist individuals**, though that is their attitude towards all who are unlike them. I am advocating honesty and forthrightness about expressing the meme that Fundamentalism (as discussed in this essay) is **not** worthy of respect as a religious path and is all too easily turned to violence and oppression. Creedism has got to become as socially unacceptable as racism or sexism, and Fundamentalism is creedist.

And, yes, **I know that this essay doesn't sound very spiritual or New Agey.** I've already received plenty of commentary from fluffy-bunny types who want people to respond to terrorism by holding hands and sending white light and love to the whole Earth. They have been saying the same thing for many years and nothing has changed in world politics or the Religious Reich as a result. I will send out good vibes when that is appropriate, but loving your enemies in wartime is suicidal.

I have written and spoken elsewhere about the ethics of magic and prayer. Most beliefs that these activities somehow require a separate set of ethics from the ones we use in our secular lives are rooted in the Western Dualism that separates spirit from matter. The touchstone I use in teaching is that **any action that is ethical when using physical, artistic, intellectual, or social means, is ethical when you are using magical, psychic, or spiritual ones.** Follow your own spiritual beliefs, but remember that refusing to take action is itself a decision that will reap karmic consequences for you, and all the Earth.

## Section Four: Celtic Stuff

### Ancient Celtic History in an Instant!!

By Isaac Bonewits  
Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1975

1000-750 B.C.E.  
The Urnfield Culture, considered Proto-Celtic, dominates much of Europe.

720-680 B.C.E.  
Early Celts seem to have discovered iron, as iron swords and other weapons are buried with their dead in Austria.

600 B.C.E.  
The Colony of Massilia is founded by the Greeks, thus opening up trade and cultural contacts between the Celts of central Europe and the Eastern Mediterranean.

520-480 B.C.E.  
The La Tene phase of Celtic culture begins. Trade between the Celts and the Etruscans begin.

400 B.C.E.  
Celts invade Italy and settle Cisalpine Gaul

390 B.C.E.  
The city of Rome has difficulties with fun-loving Celtic tribes. Property values plummet.

400-100 B.C.E.  
The La Tene Culture is spread to the British Isles and most of Western Europe.

279 B.C.E.  
Large numbers of Celtic tourists invade Greece.

275 B.C.E.  
The Celtic State of Galatia is set up in northern Turkey, much to the surprise of the locals.

230 B.C.E.  
Greek Soldiers are rude to Celtic visitors from Galatia, the army from Pergamum stomping all over the Celts in western Turkey.

225 B.C.E.  
Roman army finally defeats invading Celtic Gauls in central Italy, at Battle of Telamon.

200 B.C.E.  
Population increases cause spread of fortified settlements (called "oppida") from Gaul to Bohemia.

191 B.C.E.  
Roman imperialism conquers Cisalpine Gaul. Taxes are invented.

100 B.C.E.  
The tribe known as the Belgae leave Continental Europe for Britain, in order to get away from the Germanic tribes (which, as usual, were being pushy.) Once there, the Belgae proceed to be pushy themselves.

58-51 B.C.E.  
Roman armies conquer most of the Celts left in Europe. Caesar invents atrocity stories about the Druids.

43 C.E.  
Roman general Claudius begins the conquest of Britain. It takes him awhile.

432 C.E.  
Patrick begins the conquest of Ireland. It takes him awhile.

563 C.E.  
Colum Cille starts a monastery-fort on the Island of Iona in order to convert Scotland.

590 C.E.  
Columbanus establishes monastic and scholastic centers in Europe. Property values plummet.

# The Decline of Druidism

By Thomas M. Cross  
A Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1986

- 43 B.C. to A.D. 14 Gaul: Augustus forbids Roman citizens to participate in Druidic rites.  
A.D. 14 to 37 Tiberius persecutes the Druids of Gaul  
A.D. 41 to 54 Claudius has the Druids “very thoroughly suppressed”  
A.D.61 Britain: Suetonius Paulinus massacres Druids on the Isle of Anglesey (Mon) off the coast of Wales.  
A.D. 590 Ireland: Synod of Drumceat restricts activities of the Druids in Ireland.  
A.D. 637 Druids abolished following the battle of Moyrath

## Medieval Period

The class of the filidh take over many of the traditions of the Druids along with the Brehons, storytellers and ollamhs in Ireland and Gaelic Scotland.

## Elizabethan to Cromwell Periods

Bardic schools are broken up by the English in Ireland and eventually in Scotland with the destruction of Irish aristocratic society.

## Following the Cromwellian and

## Glorious Revolutionary Periods

Celts and Druids are re-discovered in England and Wales during the beginning of the enlightenment period and into the “Age of Reason” through the reading of classical literature. In the 18<sup>th</sup> century, some neo-Druidic (Mesopagan) groups appear.

## Romantic Period

Edward Williams “Iolo Morganwg” founds a neo-Druidic dogma from the study of Bardic relics from which he forges a Bardic philosophy under the influence of the Enlightenment, Romantic movements and “natural religion.” There soon follows a revival of interest in Welsh antiquities which has a beneficial influence on Celtic scholarship and Celtic nationalism.

## Twentieth Century

Rise of more Druidic orders based on Morganwg and 18<sup>th</sup> century “Druidic” lodges. Anthropology in its infancy is still under the influence of amateur archaeologists and amateur romantic social scientists which gives rise to unscrupulous scholarship such as Gerald Gardner’s Witchcraft theories, Margaret Murray’s theories and finally to Robert Graves’ The White Goddess. Following the works of Murray, Gardner, Graves etc. there appears many “Wicca” groups and covens which claim to be practicing the “old religion” of ancient Europe.

Serious scholarship begins to investigate the ancient religions of Europe and the importance of the Indo-European culture and ideology is discovered by Georges Dumezil and many linguists, anthropologists, and religious historians.

## Latter Half of the Twentieth Century

Following the publication of works by the serious scholars in Indo-European philology, history and archaeology, much of the lost knowledge of the Druids and Celtic peoples is restored and

neo-pagan groups begin to incorporate the data. Many other neo-pagans are distraught by the truth of the old religion and decide that their traditions based on the erroneous works of Gardner, Graves, Murray is preferential in their own modern tastes. Neo-Druids based on the Morganwgic material is clung to since it appeals to their own tastes.

Therefore what has come from the Druids and survived into the myths, legends and sagas of the Irish, evidence from archaeology of Gaul, the iconography, bas-reliefs, classical testimony, Celtic philology, Welsh and Scottish tales, the folklore, the epic-type literature and with Indo-European comparative studies, much of what the Druids probably taught has been restored or reconstructed.

## Question

The question remains then, does anyone who wants to learn what the Druids probably taught wish to use that information for a basis of their religion or religious thought? If not, then I would ask such a person why would they want to identify with the Druids or why should they call themselves “Druids” or neo-Druids or any sort? What is it to be a neo-Druid? Would it not be self-contradictory to call oneself a Druid or neo-Druid and not be interested or make any use of the scholarship or information concerning what the ancient Druids taught? How can anyone be called a Hindu who never read any Vedic literature or disagreed with revealed knowledge of the Hindus? How can anyone be called Jewish who did not profess the religion contained in the Torah or any Jewish scriptures? How can anyone be called or call himself a Tao-ist yet reject the Tao Te Ching taught by Lao-Tzu? The neo-Druid who is not interested in Celtic mythology or historical Celtic religion as probably taught by the ancient Druids has little right to be called by such an epithet as Druid or neo-Druid? If one is more in agreement with Wicca or Christianity or is more interested in Shamanism than with Celtic religion, one is not a Druid, but rather a “Wiccan” or Christian, or disciple of Shamanism. At least the followers of Iolo Morganwg are within a Celtic tradition, albeit not an ancient one.

# Welsh Pronunciation

By Gwydion Pendderwen  
Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1975

After much nagging, Gwydion Pendderwen has revised a part of his Gramadeg Gwydion (Gwydion's Grammar) to provide the reader, of PJ & DC with a reasonably accurate guide to those strange Welsh-words that crop up in Graves, Squire, Rhys and many rituals.

Welsh is basically a phonetic language, unlike Irish and Scots Gaelic. With a few exceptions, all the phonemes of the language are uniform, the sounds pronounced as they are spelled.

## Vowels

a as in palm or pat though not as broad as the American a.  
e as in gate or get. A short sound as in most Romance languages.  
i as in beet or bit. Most often the shorter sound. o as in dope.  
o 1) in N. Wales, a French u without rounding the lips. 2) in S. Wales, pronounced as i above.  
w 1) a glide, as e in wet. 2) a vowel, as in fool.  
u 1) a long i as in treat, rarely as in trick. 2) a short obscure sound (schwa,) as in dumb, sir, and the first sound in about.  
Diphthongs fall into two main groups, rising and falling  
Rising diphthongs include ia, ie, io, iw, iy, in which the first sound is a glide, and similarly, wa, we, wi, won wy and wy (these last two contain the different sounds.)  
Falling diphthongs include oe, oi, ae, ai, ei, au, eu, aw, ew, iw, ow, uw, wy, yw. In S. Welsh, ae, ai, ei, au are pronounced about the same.

## Consonants

These are approximately as in English, with some exceptions:  
ch as in Scottish loch, a slightly aspirate sound.  
dd always a voiced th, as in them, breathe, loathe. C always a hard k sound.  
f always a v sound, as in off.  
g always as in go, never gestate.  
ng as in sing, rarely as in single.  
ll an unvoiced l, produced by placing the tip of the tongue on the ridge of the hard palate back of the teeth, with the sides of the tongue against the molars. Emit the air as if trying to say thin. The tip of the tongue will drop naturally, and the sound produced should be llin. The ll sound is very similar to a lateral lisp, and it is advisable not to practice the ll in anyone's face.  
ph as in pheasant.  
th as in thin.  
rh an unvoiced, trilled, mostly easily approximated by pronouncing it  
hr. a strongly trilled r.

# The Pronunciation of Irish Gaelic Terms

By Robert Larson  
Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1975

This is not going to be a lengthy explanation of Gaelic spelling or pronunciation. What I hope to do is to give the reader a good enough idea of the basic sounds of the language to enable them to pronounce those words found in the DC(E.)

Every consonant in Gaelic has two sounds, "broad" and "slender." A slender consonant is pronounced more tensely than a broad consonant, and often a "y-glide" can be heard between the consonant and the following vowel. For those of you who know Russian, there is a similarity to hard and soft ("palatalized") consonants. The slender consonant is palatalized, though usually not as noticeably as in Russian. A broad consonant is one which is preceded or followed by a slender vowel, to wit: "e" or "l." Usually the consonant is both preceded AND followed by the appropriate vowels. **-IB**

Of course these are only approximate, but they are very good approximations. They are those of the Munster dialect, which is grammatically the most conservative dialect in modern Irish. The spellings used will be the modern spellings, except where the Chronicles have the old form. In that case, the new spellings will be also presented next to the old. I personally prefer the older spellings, but the newer ones are more understandable to those unused to Irish spelling. Broad consonants will be the CAPITALIZED ones, slender consonants in lower case.

For those interested in more information and a good beginning grammar and vocabulary, see *Teach Yourself Irish* by Myles Dillon and Donncha O Croinin, English Universities Press, London 1961. Another good source is *Learning Irish* by Micheal O Siothail from Yale University Press, 1988.

## Modern Comments by the Editor, Scharдинг

"Unless you are one of the rare ones, like myself, you probably won't have a clue on how to pronounce most of the Irish Gaelic terms bandied about in the ARDA. It is not necessary to know hardly a single word of Irish to be a Reformed Druid, at least in the RDNA sense. However, a great number of people are attracted to Reformed Druidism because they would like to be in a "Celtic Religion," and something called "Druid" sounds Celtic. The usual result of this is that many of the people who are Reformed Druids have at least a passing interest in Irish culture and Irish language.

"It is an interesting fact that Celtic-oriented Druids in America seem to have a dominant preference for Irish language, gods & culture. This is probably due to the fact that the Irish culture retained intact more elements of a Paleo-pagan culture into the modern era than the Welsh, and certainly longer than the Gauls. It is also due to the fact that over 45 million Americans claim Irish descent versus less than the 15 million who claim Welsh descent. It is also a result of the Irish dominance in Folk music. Irish is only one of the Gaelic languages, there is also Scottish Gaidhlig and Manx Gaalige; but Irish language tutorials are by far the most abundant in America. This is but the most simple of pronunciation guides, most major libraries and bookstore chains should be able to provide lexicons & language instruction books."

# The Gaulish Language

Thomas M. Cross  
A Druid Missal-Any, Summer 1986

Consonant	phonetic translation	broad sound	slender sound
B	B	as in boot	as in beauty
C	K	" " cool	" " cure
D	D	" " do	" " dew
F	f	" " foot	" " few
G	g	" " good	" " jewels
H	h	" " hood	" " hew
L	l	" " loot	" " lurid
M	m	" " moon	" " music
N	n	" " noon	" " innure
P	p	" " poor	" " pure
S	s	" " soon	" " sure
T	t	" " tool	" " tune
Bh	v	" " voice	" " view
Ch	ch	" " <i>scots loch</i>	" " <i>German ich</i>
Dh	Gh (silent)	voiced ch	'y' as in year
Gh	gh	as <i>dh</i>	
Mh	v	" " bh	
Ph	f	" " f	
sh	h	" " h	
Th	h	" " h	
R	r	" " trilled	

2) Vowels are a whole 'nother kettle of fish. These will be the symbols used and the sounds they represent; (remember the words are spoken by a cultured English voice):

symbol	sound
a	At
·	fAther
e	bEt
Ē	fAte
Ī	sIt
Ī	shEEt
o	OUght
Ū	sOOn
u	bUs
	dUne

3) The accent in an Irish word is stronger than in English and usually falls on the first syllable. In the transliterations that appear in The Berkeley Calendar under the Druid Months and elsewhere, if the accent falls on a syllable other than the first, that syllable will be underlined. The accent in Irish is so strong that vowels in unaccented syllables become murmured.

4) Syllables are separated by hyphens. These pronunciations are of

The first Celtic language to pass beyond this world was probably Gaulish – once spoken in regions we would now call France, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Bohemia, southern Germany and in Glatia of Turkey and perhaps Portugal and Galicia. This language was in most respects identical to the P-Celtic Old Brythonic ancestor of Welsh, Cornish and Breton. The main differences between the dialects of Gallo-Brythonic (Gaulish and Brythonic) were lexical, but like Goidelic (archaic and primitive Irish) the language had declensional endings similar to that found in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Icelandic, Old English and Lithuanian. In other words, Gaulish shared the same characteristics of most all Indo-European languages in that they were highly inflected. Certainly this was the very tongue spoken by Diviacus known by Caesar and Cicero and the Druids described by Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pomponius Mela and probably known to Posidonius. James Travis theorized that the Druids probably had known a counterpart to the Rig Veda which he calls a “Druid-veda” in his book “Early Celtic Versecraft.” His investigation of the earliest verse forms in Celtic languages show that linguistic conditions which proceeded these first written verses must have shared the same Indo-European inflectional characteristics we find in such languages as the Vedas and other I-E verse forms. The accent was on the initial syllable and syntax was free or less fixed. Rhyming was probably unknown as we know it today, but the main device used was alliteration similar to that we find in the early verse of Germanic languages.

Gaulish is only known to us from inscriptions (which employed either Greek or Roman letters,) from glosses made by Romans or Greeks and from reconstructions based on phonetics and historical linguistics. How Gaulish was pronounced can only then be conjectured from phonetic rules and by the spelling used in the inscriptions. One of the problems is in the use of the Roman and Greek alphabets. Evidently, those who could write Gaulish had to represent the pronunciation as best he could from the letters that we learned from Latin and Greek spelling, thus the sounds shared by both Gaulish and the other languages would use the corresponding letter. In ancient time, spelling was based more on pronunciation than it is today – as for example modern English or modern Irish in which the spelling represent older and obsolete pronunciations. Thus when we read Gaulish inscriptions using Roman letters, we must give the letters their Roman or Latin value as they were pronounced at the time the inscription was produced. To double check we may consult the phonetic rules of Celtic etymology. But some learned Gauls invented some letters such as the “barred D and barred S” which probably represent the soft or voiced th and sh sounds respectively. Also the Gauls may have used the Greek chi to represent the ch sound represented in loch. The vowels must have had the “continental” values with the exception that in most unstressed positions they became schwa like the u in hut or the o in other. The Gauls would often spell the same word using e and i as alternatives and therefore we can see that a sound somewhere in between was used perhaps nasalised or similar to the i of English hit when spoken with a twang. Other say that Gaulish had the sound of the French u or German u (like saying English “ee” of need with lips pouted in position of saying the oo of food.)

Gaulish, unlike modern Celtic languages, did not have mutations or aspiration, the initial consonants did not change according to any grammatical rules. This phenomena was in its infancy developing later in the stage of lenition (consonants

changing because of the final sound of a preceding word or because it is flanked by vowels) and eventually become systematic as the languages rapidly developed before literacy was widespread. At the same time that Celtic languages began developing mutations already the declensional endings began disappearing. It is very probable that the loss of the declensional endings were mostly responsible for the development of mutations as well as the fossilizing of the syntax.

## SOME BASIC GAULISH

Verb "to Be";

Verb "to be"	
Esmi	I am
Esi	Thou art
Esti	He is
Esmos	We are
Sueste	You (plural) are
Sent	They are

Pronouns

Singulars	I	Thou	He	She	It
Nom.	Eg	Tu	Is/es	Si	Id
Accusative	Me	Te	Im/em	Siam	Id
Dative	Moi	Toi	Io	lai	Io
Genitive	Moue	Toue	Eso	Esa	Eson
Plurals:	We	You	They	They	They
Nom.	Snes	Sues	Ioi	Ias	Ioi
Accusative	Snes	Sues	Sons	Sans	Sons
Dative	Nebis	Suebis	Iobis	Iobis	Iobis
Genitive	Neseron	Seuseron	Eson	Esan	esan

Gaulish had basically four cases nominative (subject), accusative (object) dative (prepositional) and sometimes a vocative cased (used when directly addressing someone.) There was also Plural and Dual numbers. An example can be made in the masculine proper name Segomarus:

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Segomarus	Seogomaroī	Segomarou
Acc.	Segomaron	Sgomarons	Segomarou
Dat.	Segomaru	Segomarobis	Segomarobem
Gen.	Segomari	Segomaris	Segomarou
Vocative	Segomare	Segomaros	Segomarou

The Feminine noun benna "woman"  
" (from Indo-Euro. \*gwen)

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Benna	Bennas	Bennai
Acc.	Bennan	Bennans	Bennai
Dat.	Bennai	Bennabo	Bennabem
Gen.	Bennas	Bennon	Bennai

Magos "plain" Irish "magh"  
Welsh "Ma" Masculine Noun

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Magos	Magesa	
Acc.	Magon	Magesa	
Dat.	Mages	Magebos	Magebem
Gen.	Magesos	Mageson	

Rix "king," Irish "Rígh" or "Rí,"  
Welsh "Rhi" Masculine Noun

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Rix	Riges	Rige
Acc.	Rigim	Rigons	Rige
Dat.	Rigi	Rigobis	Rigebem
Gen.	Rigos	Rigon	Rigou

Mens "month" Irish "mi," Welsh "mis"

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Mens	Menses	Mensou
Acc.	Mensim	Mensins	Mensou
Dat.	Mensai	Mens	Mesobem
Gen.	Mensos	Menson	Mensou

Mater "mother" Ir. "mathair",  
Welsh "mam" Feminine noun

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Mater	Matres	Matres
Acc.	Matren	Matrens	Matrens
Dat.	Matrei	Matrebo	Matrebem
Gen.	Matres	Matron	Matriou

Lugus (proper name) Irish "Lugh"  
Welsh "Lleu" Masculine -u Stem

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Lugus	Lugoues	Lugu
Acc.	Lugum	Luguns	Lugu
Dat.	Lugou	Lugubis	Lugubem
Gen.	Lugous	Lugion	Lugouo

Medu "mead", Gaulish neuter u-stem  
Irish "Medhbh", Welsh "Medd"

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Medu	Medoues	Medu
Acc.	Medu	Meduns	Medu
Dat.	Medu	Medubis	Medubem
Gen.	Medous	Medion	Medouo

The I-stem Mas. Endings

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	-is	-eies	-eie
Acc.	-in	-ins	-eie
Dat.	-I	-ibis	-ibem
Gen.	-os	-ion	-iou

Feminine I-stem endings

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	-I	-ias	-ia
Acc.	-ien	-iens	-ia
Dat.	-I	-ibo	-ibem
Gen.	-as	-I	-iau



Neuter I-stem endings

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	-I	-ia	-ia
Acc.	-I	-ins	-ia
Dat.	-I	-ibis	-ibem
Gen.	-os	-ion	-iou

N-stem masculine

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	-o	-enes	-ene
Acc.	-in	-ons	-ene
Dat.	-I	-enobis	-obem
Gen.	-os	-on	-ou

This is just a few of the Gaulish declensional endings that have been reconstructed by Celtic philologists working with the inscriptions found in excavations and working with the etymology of Old Irish and early Welsh. Note that the Gaulish ending –os masculine of Segomarus corresponds with the Latin –us ending, greek –as or –os and proto-Germanic –az (in Gothic –as) endings.

Many Gaulish words were Latinised and assimilated to Latin, some of which survived into modern French, e.g. courma or (to) cereuis to cerevisia to cervoise “beer” or ale.” Casanos (an epithet of the oka tree “holy one” to Latin cassanus to French chene. Gaulish gleno “to clean” Latin glenare to Frech glaner.

GAULISH	ENGLISH	IRISH	WELSH
Abrona	River	Abhain	Afon
Are	Near		Ar
Beccan	Small	Beag	Bach
Briga	Hill		Bryn
Cambo	Crooked		
Ceto	Wood		Coed
Cumbo	Valley		Cwm
Dunon	Fortress	Dun	Din
Dubo	Black	Dubh	Du
Dubro	Water		Dwr
Lindon	Lake	Lind	Llyn
Lis	Hall		Llys
Maros	Great	Mor	Mawr
Monedos	Mountain		Mynedd
Nantos	Brook		Nant
Penno	Head	Ceann	Pen
Poullon	Pool, harbor		Pwll
Tir	Land	Tir	Tir
Tracto	Sand		Draeth
Innis	Island	Innis	Ynys
Nemetos	Shrine		
More	Sea	Muir	Mor

Gaulish Religious Terms

Druidactos	o.ir. druidecht, mod. Ir. Draiocht “Druidism”
Vindomagos	Welsh Gwynfa “paradise or white plain”
Bacuceos	Possessed by evil spirits
Talamu	Ir. Talamh “earth”
Dusios	An incubus (according to Latin gloss)
Talamasca	Female evil spirit “earth hag”
Cassos/caddos	Holy (as in cassibellaunos and Cassanos)
Caragos	A fortune telling
Morimarusa	“sea of the dead”
lipomiiduos	horse sacrifice (cf. asvamedha of Vedic)
Biliomagos	“plain of the sacred tree”
Nemeton/nimidas	“shrine”, nemet= “sacred” (-as is a variant)
Uernemetis	“over shrine” (-is ending is gen. Pl.)
Cauaros/kaouaros	“giant”, Welsh “cawr”
Daculon	“sickle”
Gutuatos	“invoker” for deities like Moltinos, by gutuater Martis

# A Guide to Celtic Deities

By Isaac Bonewits  
Druid Chronicles (Evolved) 1975

[In the same sense that many in the Reform are at least mildly interested in Celtic languages, there are some who prefer to research, venerate and meditate upon Celtic forms of deity. Whereas some forms of Reformed Druidism have chosen primarily Asian, African, Philosophical or Native American paths, there is a very large percentage of our membership interested in Celtic religion, so a handy guide of Celtic gods has many been provided here for them. Although there are far better collections of material on Celtic deities out there, I thought I'd reprint this list from the DC(E)

**-Scharding 1996**

The following article was originally written as a course supplement for a class entitled "Witchcraft: the magic of ancient Classical and Celtic beliefs in a Contemporary Society," taught by its author, Michael Nichols. It has been mildly edited in order to make the data more relevant to Reformed Druids, but it is essentially intact. Comments by the Editor appear in brackets. God names with a "#" after them are of particular relevance to Reformed Druids. Mike depended almost entirely upon one book (MacCulloch's,) which is an excellent one, but others of equal interest may be found in the Bibliography of Druidism. It should be noted that Celtic Paleopaganism is a highly controversial subject and experts will frequently disagree with one another. Therefore this article should be taken as merely a starting point in your researches in the field.

**-Bonewits 1975**

## Introduction

The First writers to attempt any clarification of the topic of Celtic Paleopaganism were the Romans, who helped little with their habit of replacing the names of Celtic deities with the names of their own Roman deities. A modern scholar attempting to recapture the lost legacy of Celtic religions finds that he or she has rather limited resources. Briefly, these are: dedicatory and votive inscriptions, manuscripts dating from the Middle Ages but perpetuating much more ancient traditions, stories and chronicles and mythical legends, and most importantly, the Bardic tradition which inspired Gallic, Breton and even Norman minstrels.

Such religious anthropology is discouraging and tedious, yet in this field there is one scholar who stand out and deserves all the accolades that a grateful Pagan can bestow upon him. Unfortunately, his mammoth contribution is seldom remembered, or acknowledged, or even realized. The man in question is the Can J. A. MacCulloch and his 390 pages of amazingly exciting research was published in 1911 c.e. under the title *The Religion of the Ancient Celts*. All research (others would disagree with such a sweeping conclusion) in this area since 1911 c.e. is merely a footnote to this great man's pioneering efforts. It is for this reason that the bulk of the following material is culled from MacCulloch's extensive work, for his own publication is long since out of print and is exceedingly hard to find.

*[MacCulloch's book can be gotten in microfilm from several places, however. Also to be highly recommended are the works of Squire, Piggott, Greene and MacCana.]*

## The Gods of Gaul and the Continental Celts:

Though many Druids are concerned more with the traditions developed in the "British Isles" it must be remembered that these majestic and magical deities ultimately had their origin in the beliefs of the Continental Celts [*who were spread all the way into Turkey!*] and one must keep in mind at all times that the great majority were local, tribal Gods, of the roads and commerce, of the arts, of healing, etc. There were very few Pan-Celtic deities. MacCulloch quotes another authority, Professor Anwyl, to this effect: 270 Gods are mentioned only once on inscriptions, 24 twice, 11 thrice, 10 four times, 3 five times, 2 seven times, 4 fifteen times, 1 nineteen time (Grannos #), and 1 thirty times (Belenos #.) If the notes on the following deities seem brief, you may console yourself with the understanding that it is all that we know of them:

The Following Gods were most frequently associated with the Roman God Mercury, and are said to have had many of His attributes:

Artaios (Artaius): A Bear God, and God of Agriculture.  
Moccus: A Swine God, a Corn God and a vegetation spirit.  
Cimiacinus: God of Commerce, Roads and (perhaps) Leys.  
Ogmios: God of Speech, binding humans with His eloquence.  
Dumias: God of Hilltops and Mounds (and beacon points?.)  
Alaunius, Acecius, Arvernorix, Arvenus, Adsmarius, Biausius, Canetonensis, Clavariatis, Cissonius, Cimbrianus, Dumiatius, Magniacus, Naissatis, Tocirenus, Vassocaletus, Vellaunus, Visucius: Gods whose attributes and functions are not specifically defined, though generally identified as Mercury-like. [*Several of these deities may be the same, under different spellings.*]

The following Gods are associated with Apollo, both in His capacity of God of Healing and God of light:

Grannos #: God of Thermal Springs, name means "burning one."  
Borvo (Bormo, Bormanus): God of Bubbling Springs, "boiling one." Votive tablets inscribed to these two show that They were often invoked for healing.  
Belenos #: Sun God, name means "the shining one" [from root "bel" "bright" "good."], the most popular and widely known of the Celtic Gods.  
Maponos (Mabonos): God of Youthfulness.  
Mogonos (Mogounos): Sky God, God of Plenty, God of Increase.  
Anextiomarus, Cobledulitavus, Cosmis, Livicus, Mogo, Sianus, Toutiorix, Vindonnus, Virotutis: Gods whose attributes and functions are not defined, though Apollo-like. Certain Gods in this group are said to have been worshipped in a circle of stone by priests called Boreads [*from Greek myths of a land called Hyperborea, the land beyond Boreas, the North Wind*]. There is a report by one of the Classical writers that every 19 years the Sun God appeared dancing in the sky over this stone circle, playing the lyre. Many past and present scholars speculate that the circle may have been Stonehenge and the 19 years refer to the 19 year Solar-Lunar cycle said to be measured by these stones [*see "The Mysteries of Stonehenge" for a detailed reporting of this matter*].

The following are tribal War Gods associated with aspects of Mars, and there many [some 60 are known]:

Caturix: "battle king."  
Belatu-Cadros (Belacetudor?): "comely in slaughter."  
Albiorix (Albius?): "world king."  
Rigisamus: "king like."

Teutates (Toutatis, Totatis, Tutatis): a tribal War God, regarded as an embodiment of the tribe in its warlike capacity. Lucan regards Him as one of the three Pan-Celtic Gods, the other two being Taranis # and Esus.

Neton: "warrior."

Camulos: pictured on coins and war emblems.

Braciaca #: God of Malt and Intoxicating Drink, such as the Irish "cuirm" and "braccat" [*not to mention "na h-uisce beatha" the waters-of-life! Braciaca may also be a God of Altered States of Consciousness and may be related to the Smith Gods*].

Alator, Arixo, Asterix, Beladonis, Barres, Bolvinus, Britovis [consort to Britinia, perhaps?], Buxenus, Cabetius, Cariocecius, Camenelus, Cicollus, Carrus, Cocosus, Cociduis, Condatus, Cnabetius, Coritiacus, Dinomogetimarus, Divanno, Dunatis, Glarinus, Halamardus, Harmogius, Leusdrinus, Lacavus, Latabius, Lenus, Leucetius, Laucimalacus, Medocius, Mogetuis, Mullo, Nabelcus, Ocelos, Ollondios, Randosatis, Riga, Rudianus, Sinatus, Segomo, Smeratius, Tritullus, Vesucius, Vincius, Vitucadros, Vorocius: War Gods whose attributes are not specified.

The Following Gods are equated with Jupiter, as Ruler of the Celtic "heaven," "Otherworld" or afterlife [*and as Sky Gods and Thunder Gods*].

Taranis #: (Taranos, Taranucnos): God of Thunder & Lightning [also Fire, Storms, the Sun and protection from all of these, as the name is obviously cognate with Thor, Thunder, Donner, Tyr and a number of other inter-related Thunder-Fir-War-Demon Killing Gods. Quite possibly He is also related to the Sylvannus/Esus/Cernunnos trinity and/or Sucellos mentioned below.]

Cernunnos: "the Horned One," pictured as a three-faced God, squatting, with a torque and ram's headed serpent, and sometimes holding a cornucopia [He is the one usually shown with antlers or other large horns, and with furry legs, cloven hooves and a large phallus (erect.) More than one scholar has pointed out the similarities both to the Hindu deity Shiva and the postulated "shamanistic" cult of the Horned Sorcerer]. He is considered a God of Abundance, an Earth and Underearth God, Lord of the Underworld, and an Ancestral God [also as a God of the Hunt and God of the Wildwood. Among Wiccans, He is the most widely worshipped male deity, combining all of the above aspects, plus a few more (including Sun God, God of Animal Life, etc..)]

Sylvanus (Silvanus) and Esus: pictured with a cup and hammer, a Wolf God and a God of Woods and Vegetation, an Underworld God of Riches (cattle.) As Esus, He is many times associated with a bull and three cranes.

[Cernunnos, Sylvanus and Esus form a trinity comparable to Diana/Hecate/Selene [or Jupiter/Neptune/Pluto]. Some times They are seen as three separate deities, while at other times they are viewed as three aspects of the same God. The confusion is felt in that Aeracura is a Consort to one of the three, but it is not clear which one. If the three are considered to be as one, the problem is greatly reduced.]

Dio Casses: a collective name for a group of Gods worshipped by the Celts, possibly Road Gods. On some of the inscriptions, the name Cassiterides occurs, which was an early name for Britain, meaning beautiful or pleasant land.

Grouped Goddesses were considered more important than individual Goddesses, Who were known only as Consorts to certain specific Gods [*so much for the theories of the Celts having a matriarchal religious system*]. Professor Anwyl gives the following statistics: there are 35

Goddesses mentioned once, 2 twice, 3 thrice, 1 four times, 2 six times, 2 eleven times, 1 fourteen times (Sirona #), 1 twenty-one times (Rosemeria,) and 1 twenty-six times (Epona.) The following listing includes both individual and grouped Goddesses.

Belisama: "shining Goddess," representing Woman as the first civilizer, discovering agriculture, spinning, the art of poetry, etc. Perpetual fires burned in Her temples. [*Also known as the Goddess of Light, and sometimes as Consort to Belenos*].

Sul (Sulis): "to burn," associated with a cult of fire.

Nemetona: a War Goddess.

Andrasta (Andarta): "invincible." sometimes worshipped [*it is alleged*] with human sacrifices.

Sirona # (Dirona): associated with Grannos, the "long lived" Goddess of Healing Wells and Fertility. [*in England, She is also a Goddess of Rivers and of Wisdom*]

Vesunna and Aventia (Avenches): also associated with Grannos.

Stanna: "the standing or abiding one."

Sequanna: Goddess of the Seine River.

Bormana and Damona: associated with Bormo.

Dea Brixia: Consort to the God Luxovius.

Abnoba, Clota, Divona, Icauna, Sabrina, Sinnan: River Goddesses.

Dea Arduinna and Dea Abnoba: both Forest Goddesses.

Rosemeria: Consort to one of the Mercury-like Gods, but which one is not clear.

Epona: A River Goddess and Goddess of Animals (especially Horses.)

Deae Matres: grouped Goddesses, usually three in number, representing fertility and abundance.

Berecynthia: an individual representation of a triple Goddess.

Abonde: A fairy Goddess who brought riches to house.

Esterelle: a fairy Goddess who made women fruitful.

Aril: A fairy Goddess who watched over meadows.

Melusina and Viviane: two extremely popular fairy Goddesses [*the latter of Whom was responsible for distracting the wizard Merddyn in the Arthurian Cycles which are full of references to disguised Celtic Deities.*]

## The Gods of the Irish Mythological Cycle

The Tuatha De Danann (the Children of the Goddess Danu) reached Ireland on Beltane and defeated the Formorians, who were the earlier dark inhabitants. [*It is believed by many scholars that the Formorians are actually a personification of the fierce power of the storms of the western sea [however, they could also be (a) memories of a real tribe perhaps even Neanderthal that had settled Ireland previously, (b) mostly imaginary giants, demons, etc., (c) a previous invasion by ancestors of the same tribe the Tuatha came from, or all of the above*].

The defeat of the Formorians did not take place until the second battle at Samhain. Then the Tuatha remained masters of Ireland until the coming of the Milesians. The Druids of the Tuatha raised a magical storm to prevent the Milesians from landing on the shores, but Amhairghin, a poet of the Milesians [*i.e., a magician and Druid*] recited verses which overcame the storm [*some of which appear in "The Customs of the Druids" in the DC*]. The Milesians fought with the Tuatha and defeated them after much time and effort. The survivors of the Tuatha are said to have taken refuge in the hills where They became the "fair folk" of later generations, seen less & less by mortals.

The Following is a [*short*] list of some of the Gods and Goddesses who play in the great Irish mythological drama, with genealogy and attributes where known:

Dagda (sometimes called Cara or Ruad-rofhessa): the Great Father, Chief of the Gods, a cunning deity with great knowledge [*like most Irish deities*]. He owned a cauldron of plenty, and thus may be related to Cromm Cruaich. His main feast was Samhain and human sacrifices were [*said to be*] common.

Danu # (Anu): Daughter of the Dagda, She gave Her name to the entire family of Gods [*and in many way superseded Dagda in importance*]. She had three sons (Brian, Iuchar and Iucharba) and is associated with Brighid and Buanann.

Oengus (Angus #) : "the young son," He superseded Dagda in cult worship. A God of Love [*and of Youth*], He was Patron of Diarmaid na Duibhne.

Brighid (Brigit, Bride): Supreme Goddess of Knowledge, Crafts, etc. Her ancient shrine at Kildare housed the sacred [*and perpetual*] fire. She is a Fire Goddess and is celebrated on St. Bride's Day [*after the Christians turned Her into a "Saint"*], also known as Candlemas [*or Oimele*]. She had a female priesthood and Her shrines were often found in oak groves.

Ogma: Son of Danu and the Dagda [*divine incest was not unknown among the Celts*], a master of poetry and inventor of Ogham script. He was a God of Eloquence and the Champion of all Gods in Battle [*and obviously cognate with Ogmios, as a "God who binds." Mircea Eliade has some fascinating material on this archetype.*].

Bobd Dearg: the last child of the Dagda [*equivalent to Babd or Badhbh, the War Goddess*].

Elatha (Elathan): son of Net, husband of two War Goddesses, Babd (Badhbh) and Nemaind (Naihain, Nemon.) He is the Battle King of the Tuatha.

Lug (Lugh #): God of all Arts and Crafts, slayer of Balor (hence, protector from the Evil Eye,) a Sun God. He is the son of Cian and Ethnea. [*The feast of Lughnasadh is named after "the funeral games of Lugh," i.e. the celebration He threw to commemorate his father.*]

Cenn Cruich: God of Burial Mounds (equivalent to the Welsh Penn Cruc.)

Cleena and Vera (Dirra): fairy or witch queens.

Aine: great Fairy Queen of Ireland, daughter of Eogabal. Her rites were celebrated at Midsummer Eve. [*She is probably a variant on Anu or Danu*]

Morrigan (Morrigan,) Neman (Nematona,) Macha, Badb (Badhbh) and Cathubodua: War Goddesses. Neman was Net's consort. To Macha were devoted the heads of slain enemies. Carried on poles, these were called "Macha's mast." [*When invoke for purposes of exorcism, the Morrigan at least has many similarities to the Hindu Goddess Kali, as a Demon Slayer.*]

Brian (Bran,) Iuchar, Iucharba: the three sons of Danu [*and Turien?*], together they gave birth to Ecne (wisdom.)

Goibniu: A Divine Craftsman, God of Artistry in Metal-working, creator of magical weapons and inventor of the drink of immortality. [*He is considered by some Druids to be the equivalent of Braciaca, because of the this last aspect.*]

Creidne: God of the Brazier, and of Armor.

Luchtine: God of Carpenters.

Diancecht #: God of Medicine. His son Miach used magic for healing, and His daughter Airmed used herbs for this purpose.

Etain: Another one of Oengus' lovers, She is a Goddess of the Dawn.

Mider (Medros): A God of Fertility, lord of a "Celtic Elysium."

Nuada: a "Celtic Zeus" whose full name means "of the silver hand." He is a maimed God [Who lost His hand in battle, thus forcing him to give up the Kingship of the Gods and letting Bres take over which caused no end of trouble. Diancecht made Him a new hand and He eventually

regained His throne]. His daughter is Creidylad, Who is wedded alternately to light and dark forces, much like Persephone in Roman mythology.

Ler: A majestic and ancient Sea God, father to Manannan [*Equivalent to the Welsh Llyr #*].

Manannan (Manannan Mac Ler): a young and heroic Sea God. He is credited with making the Tuatha De Danann invisible and immortal. He is a God of Weather, especially at sea, where He is a great navigator. He is also Lord of the overseas "Elysium," earlier identified with the Isle of Man [*which some say is named after Him. The Isle of the Blest, sometimes called "Avalon," "Albion," and by a variety of other names, is a concept common to all the Celtic tribes. It was usually identified with one of the islands or another, usually (though not always) to the west of one's own territory. England, Wales, Scotland, Man, the Shetlands and other places have all been thought to be it at one time or another*]. His wife is Fiand. Dairmaid was His pupil in Fairyland. His steed was Enbarr. He is a God of Wizardry, especially in battle.

Tethra: Battle King of the Formorians [*and God of the Sea*].

Bres: although a Formor, he became King of the Tuatha [*after Nuada's hand was lost*] and achieved supremacy through the powers of blight. He was given Brighid as His Consort [*both as a bribe and so She could keep an eye on Him*] and Their son is Ruadan.

Domnu (Dea Domnu): The Formorian Goddess of the Deep, She is to the Formors what Danu is to the Tuatha. Her son, who was also a sea God, is Indech.

Cathlenn: Balor's Consort. Her venom killed the Dagda.

Balor: the God of the Evil Eye [*He was a giant with one eye that emitted terrible blasts of killing light when it was propped open. This is considered by some to be significant of the negative force of the Sun.*].

Buarainech: father of Balor.

## The Gods of the Welsh Mythological Cycle:

The Mabinogian may be thought of as the Welsh National epic, and it is very likely the richest, most complex and varied of any known mythological system from any [*Celtic*] land. Most of the information which scholars now possess concerning the religions of ancient Wales has been garnered from this wondrous work, which is an enthralling and enchanting now as when it first passed from the oral tradition. The Bardic tradition, mentioned earlier, was at its zenith in the area of Welsh Literature, for in Wales, as in no other place, this mystical-poetical school enjoyed a sort of official sanction. Thus, this great and complex tapestry of myth has been passed to the present age still [*more or less- at least compared to other Celtic systems*] intact, and showing very little wear. Indeed, contemporary authors such as [*the highly recommended*] Evangeline Walton have added further embellishments to the tapestry, in panned petite-point, creating sparkling clarity of a story all the richer for being a retelling. It would be no exaggeration to say that 90% of all those who follow a "Celtic Tradition" of Neopagan Witchcraft regard the Welsh heritage as the basis for their belief, ritual and purpose [*though a very large chunk is also taken from Greek and Roman sources*]. The reason for this may be that more detail has survived from the Welsh cycle, though there are obvious correspondences to Gods and Goddesses already mentioned as belonging to the Irish or other previous systems.

The Following is a list of Welsh Gods and Goddesses, for the most part taken from the Mabinogian, with the genealogy and attributes where known:

Llyr #: ancient, majestic Sea God, father of Manawyddan [*and equivalent of Irish Lir*].

Manawyddan (Manawyddan Ap Llyr): a master craftsman who battles great wizards, Pryderi's father and husband of Rhiannon. He is a Lord of the Celtic Elysium, as Rhiannon is its Lady [*and equivalent to Irish Manannan*].

Bran the Blessed: a God of huge proportions, altered time perception was conveyed to those who attended His several head [*which also gave prophecies*]. He is considered by most scholars to be equivalent to Urien or Uther Ben [*known in the Arthurian cycle as Uther Pendragon*]. He is also equated with Cernunnos as God of a happy Underworld, but more likely a Lord of Elysium, and referred to as the "father of many saints."

Branwen: "Venus of the Northern Seas," a Sea Goddess who was also a Goddess of Love, Beauty and Fertility. She is associated with a cauldron of rebirth, and Her ancient shrine was at Anglesey (Mona.) She was Bran's sister.

Don: Equivalent to the Irish Danu, a Goddess of Fertility [*connected with a God named Donn*]. Her distinguished children include: Gwydion, Gilvaethwy, Amaethon, Govannon and Arianrhod. Beli may have been Her Consort.

Math the Ancient: one of the oldest divinities of Gwynedd, a king and magician pre-eminent in wizardry, which He teaches to Gwydion; equated with the Irish God of Druidism (probably Dagda,) Math is supreme in justice and compassion.

Gwydion (Gwyddon): Supreme Magician, Supreme Shapeshifter and Creator, great astrologer, a might Bard, poet and musician; both a philosopher and a Culture God. He raids the Land of the Gods to benefit mortals and is thus a patron of thieves [*He has other similarities to Hermes/Mercury as well*]. He is lover to His sister Arianrhod and father to Dylan Llew.

Amaethon the Good: a God of Agriculture, the secrets of which He stole from Arawn, Death Lord, and was aided by Gwydion in the war that ensued. He is associated with both dog and deer.

Llew Llaw Gyffes: probably originally a bird divinity, especially as an eagle, which has ever been the symbol of a Sun-God, which Llew seems to have been. He was always a shapeshifter. His wife is a Dawn Goddess named Blodewedd who is transformed into an owl, and thus becomes a Dusk Goddess. [*He is equivalent to the Irish Lugh # and the British Lug*]

Govannon (Gofannon): the Smith of the Gods, creator of magic armour and weapons and (working with Man) inventor of the drink of immortality. [*Equivalent to Irish Goibniu and Gaulish Braciaca*]

Arianrhod: "of the Silver Wheel" and thus a Moon Goddess. Both sister and lover to Gwydion: both eternal virgin and fruitful mother, with "Beauty famed beyond summer's dawn." Mother of Llew (light) and Dylan (Darkness.)

Dylan #?: God of the dark seas. His uncle Govannon kills Him, and the waves still dash against the shore in an effort to avenge His death.

Pwyll: Prince of Dyved, His wife is Rhiannon and His son is Pryderi. Lord of an Underworld called Annwfn (Anwyn.)

Pryderi: Lord of Annwfn, as His father before Him (and before that, it was ruled by Arawn.) He was stolen at birth and called Gwri. Later He is a swineherd from Whom Gwydion steals the sacred swine. Pryderi inherited a cauldron of regeneration from His father, Who got it from Arawn.

Rhiannon: a Goddess who is a fairy bride to Pwyll and mother to Pryderi. Her name may be a corruption of Rigantona "great queen." She is mistress of the magical birds of

Fairyland, and in some accounts, She is married to Manawyddan, Lord of a (different?) Celtic Otherworld.

Beli: Later form of Belenos, seen as a God of Light and a victorious champion and preserver of the "Honey Isle." His sons are Lluod, Caswallawn, Nynnyaw and Llevellys(Llefelys.) He was also called Heli and Belinus.

Caswallawn: "war king," a God of War.

Nynnyaw: a God of War.

Llud: [*probably equivalent to the Irish Nudd (Nuada) and/or Lugh*], Llud manages to rid his country of three plagues: (1) the Coronians, who hear every whisper, (2) a shriek heard on May-Eve which makes the land and water barren, caused by two dragons in combat (these Llud captures and imprisons at Dinas Emreis, where they later cause trouble for Vortigern and Merddyn,) and (3) a magician who lulls everyone to sleep and then steals a year's supply of food.

Gwyn: son of Nudd, lover of Creiddylad (daughter of Llud.) Gwyn is both a great warrior and hunter and a Lord of Fairy land. His shrine is at Glastonbury Tor and may have been the center of a hill-top cult. Both magician and astrologer, He is often pictured riding with His hounds through the forest, hunting for the souls of the dead [*the Wild Hunt motif*].

Tegid Voel: a water divinity in a submarine Elysium, and lover of the Goddess Ceridwen.

Ceridwen (Cerridwen): patroness of Poetry, owner of the cauldron of inspiration. She has three children: the beautiful Creirwy, the hateful Morvran, and the ugly Avagdu (the prototype of "the good, the bad and the ugly.")

Movran "sea crow," so hateful and terrible that none would dare strike Him at the Battle of Camlan; a former War God.

Vintius: God of Storm Winds (originally a War God.)

Taliesin: As Gwion, He was Cerridwen's serving boy who was set to stir the great cauldron of inspiration. When some of the hot potion splashed Him, he touched His burned hand to His mouth and tasted the brew; thus becoming the God of Poetic inspiration, the greatest of all musicians and poets.

[*Dalon Ap Landu # : an obscure Welsh God who is associated in Reformed Druid worship with Trees and Who is the special Patron of Druids. However, in at least one other Druidic cult now in existence (and totally unconnected with any Branch of the Reform,) He plays the role we assign to Be'al; as the Supreme Essence of the universes, and is also the Patron of Druids. The name "Dalon" may be a variant of "Dylan." ]*

## Conclusion:

Thus the roll-call of some of the most important Celtic Gods and Goddesses is complete. Yet, to fully come to know and understand these magical and majestic Beings, it is necessary to know the entire mythology from which They spring, where the myth cycles are still extant. Beyond that, these divinities may be thought of as archetypal figures, as alive in our subconscious minds today as in the minds of the ancient Celtic peoples. And when a modern Druid or Witch calls upon one of these Beings, she or he invokes a force deep within her or his own being, a force which is reflected deep within the subliminal reaches of the universe itself, which responds in its own turn. Thus, these grand Forces in the cosmos are personified as ancient Gods and Goddesses; personified in myth, in folklore, in music, in poetry, in beauty, and in love. - Larson

[*Larson's last notes: Any mistakes or errors in this article should be attributed to myself, not to the author, whether in parenthetical insertion of alternate spellings for names or the italicized and bracketed comments. Unfortunately, I did not have*

*access of my library of Celtic materials at the time of typesetting, and many of the insertions were taken from an all-too-fallible memory.*

*Also unfortunate is the dearth of published material on British, Scottish, Manx, Breton and other Celtic mythologies. Any member of the Council of Dalon Ap Landu with experience in these fields is asked to write an article for the next edition.]*

## THE GOD LIST

by Tom Cross of Post Oak Protogrove

[ED: The following article is not particularly well made and may be terribly mis-spelt and mis-researched!]

Druid Missalany, January 1983

Merddyn ( Myrddin: Art) original Bard and Prophet (Merlin in English also said to be advisor to Arthur. In Roman times Druids became known as Bards in Britain, after druids were outlawed.

Diancecht God of Healin" the 'Leech'

Sirona (this is latinised Gaulish) Serene Welsh Star Goddess.

Sirona is from the Gaulish word for star Siron

The Irish Brigit

Irish Ogma

Albio (Albion, Alba) Rix (Kin=)

Albiorix ( Rigi samos) King of the World/War

Aerecenthia - Agrculture and Vine

Bordeo -- Guardian and ProtectOr of Hot Springs

Bussamarus 'the large lip pped Eq. to Jove

Ogmios God of Eloquence and poetry

### Welsh Cf: Brythonic DEITIES:

Don (Dana) Earth Mother of fertility

Nudd or Ludd (Muada) Sun King I.4armed the War Goddess  
Moriggu Morgan

Gwynn Ap Nudd The fair son of Nudd and Moriggu (the tribe GodLess) He is God of the subterranean Otherworld of the Dead. Spirits in Annwn or Abred. He saved the souls of dead warriors who died on the battlefield. He is ruler of fairies and other nature spirits. He was a hunter and carries an owl on his shoulder as a companion.

Llew (Lugh) also Lleu and LLewellyn Llew Llaw Gyffes son of Gydion and Arianrhod, twin brother of Dylon. Llew represented the sun. A sort of Appolo figure

Gwyddion Druid of the gods, of Science (Gwydaoniaeth) Gwyddon wisdom. He fought the demons and evil spirits. He teaches all that is useful and good. The God of Learning and knowledge. (Derw (Oak) and Gwydd ( good or knowledge) -- Derwydd

Amaethon God of agriculture Farming Cattle raising or herding.  
Brother of Gwyddion

Gofanon (Goibhnu) Smith God, forger of weapons architect and brewer of Ale for the Gods. Brother to Gwyddion.

Arianrhod Goddess of the silver Giracle. A moon goddess.

Rhiannon (Epona, Macha Rigantona in Old Brythonic.) The Great queen. Also known as Brigantia, Brigit.

Pwyll (pronounced Poo-weelth) Prince of Dyfed and Demetae later lord of Annwn (an Other world)

Toys God of the Seas. Equivalent of Irish Ler or Lir His first wife was Penardun daughter of Don. Begat Manawydan. Second wife Iwerridd begat Bran and Brauwen.

Manawydan (sometimes spelled Manawydaan) In Irish know-how as Mannanan (Mac Lir (son of Lir) or Fab Llyr (son of Llyr) Master of Magic and lived in the ocean of waters. His islands are Man and Anglesey.

Bran (Bendigeidfran) Half brother to Manawydan. A Giant.

Nissien. Diety of Peace. He loved to reverse trouble to harmony. Efnissien. he loved trouble and hostility. He liked to reverse what his brother Nissien made.

Brauwen sister to Bran. She became wife of Matholwch, King of Eire.

Ceridwen Goddess Of Poetry and Inspiration to poets. Equivalent to Muse. She was the Bards awen. She owned the cauldron of Inspiration.

Creirwy- daughter of Ceridwen. A love goddess. She was beautiful.

Affgdu Brother of Creirwy. He was horribly ugly.

## Ireland Daoine Sidhe Fairy Folk:

Bean Sidh Banshee

Cave Fairies Fir Bolg

Babd similar to Nordic Valkerie or Norns Or Morrigan ( Morrigan)

Cluricunes akin to Leprechauns and Fear Darrig. They get drunk in the wine cellar.

Daoine Sidhe (Dain Shee) properly the Tuatha de danaan people of Don Panthon. They hid in the hills and mound ( sid) after Mil and his people came.

## Demons of the Fomorians

The Evil Eye of Balor

Dubhalachacj Dulla Hans

Evil spirits of Fomoir inhabiting the sea.

Fomorian Giant and Hero possessed a very mean stare. His gaze could kill.

Headless Phantom or pimply a dark ghost. They drive the Death Coach or 'Coach a bower' perhaps once the chariot of death. He picks up the spirit of a dying person to ride to the Other World.

Fear Gorta, (fear darrig) Par Darig (sing) A practical joker akin Leprechauns.

Leprechauns. The Wealthy little shoemakers. Called Lurigadawne in CO. Tpperar, leprechauns, Luricare in Kerry

Leanhaun Female fairies. She inspires poets and singers just as Brigit or Ceridwen. She gave men strength in battle (similar to Morrigan) by her songs she would be seductive but to men who embraced her she draws away his life until he wastes away. She is sometimes a blood-sucking vampiress.

The Pooka or Phooka. An animal spirit and demon usually in the form of a horse takes its victim on terrifying rides.

Dearg Due. The red blood suckling vampire of Ireland

Man of Hunger. He is an emaciated figure who appears at times of National disaster

Laignech Faelad, the wolfmen. Lycanthropy originated in Ireland. Men who turn into wolves

Fairyland, in the Otherworlds, Tir nam 'og, Tir o Thuinn, Mag Mor, Tir na beo, mag mell, Tir tairngire, Irn aill, Hy breasail, Flath Innis

Dalon on Ap Landu -- leaf Son of Branch?

The Land of Youth, The land under the waves, The great plain, land of the living, the pleasant place, The plane of Happiness, The other world. Original Atlantis. Home of Fomorians and the Fir Bolgs. The Noble Isle Druids' abode that sank after some incantation supposedly, disturbed it.

Grannos (Actually a Gaulish equivalent to Diancecht) Borvo is the God of hot springs.

Braciaca: Medb in Irish, is goddess of Drinking and Intoxication.

Beleno /Beli Mawr (in Welsh) Bile (Irish/equivalent of Be-al)

Be'al and Belenos are the same deity.

Llyr (Ler or Lir in Irish) Mannanan Mac Lir(his son) Manawydan Fab Llyr or Ap Llyr (Welsh name.)

Danu Don (Weleh name) also known as Mathair Mabon and Deanu, Mother of Earth or of the gods etc.

Oberon (see A Midsummer Night's Dream by Shakespeare) NON celtic character q.v. Auberon from French romances

# Gaulish Gods

By Thomas Cross

Druid Missal-Any, Lughnasadh 1985

In my spare time (applying for new jobs) I did some research in Gaulish iconography and language and I have found some possible equivalents (linguistic entymological cognates) for major Irish gods that I have hitherto not seen in any books. Perhaps these were unavailable to past Celtic mythologist, or they are simply oversights. Clearly there are dozens of equivalents in the interpretation Romana that even MacCulloch overlooked and it even makes Caesar's interpretation inadequate for the ancient Roman purpose... for later many other Roman gods were equated with Gaulish gods.

In Belgica, the god named Loucetios appears. The name means "lightning" and appears elsewhere as Leucetios cognated with the Irish lochet. In Lugdunensis, Belisamaros appears as the male or masculine cognate of Belisama. Belisama's names appears in a Gaulish inscription of which I have no translation but it is written in Greek letters... in a rough transliteration of the Greek letters her name appears as Belesami which is probably with an oblique case-ending (dative or ablative,) otherwise -I is genitive. On the other hand, Belesami could be a masculine genitive for Belisamaros however if you break the name down you have Belisa + maros (maros="great" in Welsh Mawr or Irish Mor) at any rate the -os ending is usually masculine and is equivalent to Latin second declension -us or Greek -os. Clearly Gaulish case-endings are so similar to Italic and Latin that it seems obvious that Celtic was closely related to Italic. In most of the Gaulish inscriptions of the Roman period, Gaulish is scanty and is usually only one word of Gaulish (a proper name) appearing in Latin sentences so one usually sees Gallic deities spelled in Latin with Latin case endings.

Bormo or Boruo is not necessarily the same deity as Bormanus. Bormo is usually paired off with Damona (Cow) and Bormanus is paired with Bormana. Bormo/Boruo is the root of the French Bourbonne, the root of the name of Bourbon in Bourbon whisky... this is an interesting parallel considering that Bourbon be given to that type of uisce beatha we have in America and that its name is rooted in the name of an ancient Gaulish god of boiling springs.

In Lugdunensis, there appears a possible cognate of the Irish Danu and Welsh Don, the mother of the gods, in Donnia which the Romans equated with Merva. Maponos appears in Lugdunensis, however the name is spelled Mabonos, which in Britain appeared in ancient inscriptions as Maponus (notice the Latinized spelling.) A sea god appears in Lugdenensis also called Moritasgos which seems to be a form of moritex "sailor." Perhaps Moritasgos is similar to Manannan/Manawydan?

In Aquitania, the god Vindon equated with Mercurius, appears who name is definitely cognate with Irish Fionn and Welsh Gwynn ap Nudd. Sucellos appears there but the name is spelled Sucuelos. There is an equivalent to the Irish Shannon perhaps in Siannus(?) In Aquitania, Boruo appears again but with an epithet Boruo Albius. Damona appears as Damona Matuberginnis, and there is Viducus-Mercurius... perhaps Vidu is cognate with Welsh Gwydion or gwyddon ("wise man.") Elsewhere and in Aquitania, Adsmarios-Mercurius, Martitullus, Riginamos-Mars, Mogetus-Mars, and Maglo Matonio the first element Maglo is of the root of Welsh Mael (as in Maelgwn) and Matonio which seems cognate with Mathonwy or Math ap Mathonwy etc.

In Narbonesis, Mars is equated with Britouius, Budenicus, Buxenus, Olludius, and Pollux is equated with Vintios whose name could be the root of Welsh gwynt "wind," otherwise gwynt is from the Latin ventus. Cathubodua appears there and

elsewhere as Cassibodua, often equated by modern scholars with Badhbh Catha, but I recall the druid Cathbad in the Tain stories

In the Danubian area, there is the Celtic god Cernenos whose name appears to be another spelling of Cernunnos (the horned god whose name appears on the altar dug up in Paris with the first letter missing –ernunnos,) but in the Danube Cernenos, he is equated with the Roman Juptier. One may also recall that other statues of male gods appeared with horns (which have been broken off since) which were Gallo-Roman Mercuries or Marses. Therefore we need not think that horns imply any special function or department. Too often we think of the horned god as a Chthonic god and I think this wide-spread concept is the result of the Wiccan and Margaret Murray theories (Jim Duran disagrees) The Lugoues appear in the Danube region also it does in Spain. Lugoues is plural for Lugu which is undoubtedly Lugh or Lleu of insular tradition. Perhaps the Lugoues were a triple Lugh as Lugh could most probably been a triple God (MacCeht, MacCuill, MacGreine.)

In the Danube region, there is Jupiter as Nundinarios; also a god of the Rhine? In Rhenus. The Gaulish word renos or rhenos means “river” which is the root of the name of the Rhine.

In the Alpine region, there is Mars-Vintius which recalls the Vintios-Pollux of Narbonesis.

In eastern Gaul, part of the older Belgica but latter called Germania Superior by the Romans, there appears Cicollos which sounds much like Cichol Grigenchos of the Irish Lebor Gabala Erin who was a Fomoir. Also there is Meduna whose name seems to be cognate with Ireland’s Medhbh (Medb) of Connacht in the Tain. This goddess’s name means “mead” according to modern scholars and Meduna seems to be the feminine of medus (Gaulish for mead.) Medb is also supposed to mean “intoxication.”

Lenus appears in Germania Superior (Belgica east) and his name appears spelled in Greek letters, evidently Lenos in Gaulish as the Greek letters are transliterated. His name means probably “ocean” and is equivalent with Ler (Irish) or Welsh Llyr. There is Nodat equated with the Roman Mars – definitely another version of the Irish Nuadu or Nuada which also appears in the Welsh as Nudd and as Nodens and Nudens in ancient Britain (in Britain the Romans equated him with Jupiter.)

Among the Treveri (Trier) they had many of the same deities in their pantheon (if one may use that term) as found all over the rest of Gual, including a goddess called Boudina which has the root Boud (victory) cognate with Irish buadh and Welsh budd.

The Gaulish terminology of words having to do with magic or religion are:

BACVCECS = possessed of evil spirits

TALAMASCA= female demon of the earth who appears in trees

CARAGVS= fortune-teller

NEMETON (NIMIDAS, NEMETOS)= a shrine, sacred place, a consecrated clearing, or simple “that which is sacred” (nem- “sacred” or “heavenly” from an Indo-European root meaning “vault of heaven”)

CAVAROS= (transliterated Greek letters Kauaros) “giant” cognate with Welsh cawr

DUSIOS= a male demon, an incubus (or dumus glossed by ancient Roman as “diabolos”)

VINDOMAGOS= paradise (modern Welsh gwynfa) literally “white-plain”, but vindos (gwynn) was used also as “blessed” or as a noun for “bliss”

BILIOMGOS= “plain of the sacred tree” Bilio is Gaulish cognate of Irish Bile “sacred tree” which may remind one of the sacred trees which play many important parts in Irish lore and of the Norse Yggdrasil.

## "Celtic Goddesses of the Moon From A to C:"

Pentalpha, November 6/7, 1978 c.e.

*This article is by Stephen McCaully, Co-Archdruid of the Hazel Nut Grove (NRDNA,) author of The Encyclopaedia of Celtic Gods & Goddesses, and one of the best Celtic scholars in the Neopagan Community. He is also a nationally known scholar of the Tarot and a practicing ceremonial magician.*

*Aine:* Evans Wentz (in his book *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*) seems to agree with previous Celtic scholars that Aine was worshipped as a moon goddess by the ancient Irish Celts in the province of Munster. Her worship, like that of Annis (see below) has continued all the way through the Christian Era, mostly through the agency of the rural inhabitants of Munster. She has also been identified with horses and horse worship, and the "horse = moon" formula may represent a common mythic pattern in Celtic tribes. Certainly in Ireland and Gaul, horses have been identified with the moon and the moon-as-horse was seen as "The Grey Mare." Epona, the Gaulish goddess of horses and ponies, was considered in both Britain and Gaul to be strongly connected to the moon and its worship. Aine was known in Celtic times by the titles of "Queen of the Heavens" and "White Woman," both common names for moon goddesses in Gaul and Britain.

*Andrastea/ Andraste./Andate:* She is considered to have been worshipped in Britain and Gaul as a moon goddess, supposedly by the Druids themselves. T. C. Lethbridge has compared Her with the Egyptian goddess Adrasteia, Whom he claimed was a moon goddess in ancient Egypt. In Britain She was known as the Goddess of Victory. We are told that in one of Her sacred groves war captives (who at a later time were mostly Roman soldiers who had been hapless enough to have been captured while razing a village or two) were immolated in Her honor. Usually this was done to punish malefactors for heinous crimes against the people. In this respect Andrastea was seen as a goddess of justice and was given the title of "She Whom none can escape."

*Annis:* In Her main aspect as a goddess of death, She was known as "Black Annis," and Her powers were at their height when the moon was in its waning phase. Like the Greek goddess Hecate, called "The Hag," Annis too was a goddess of the darker side of the moon, and crossroads were sacred to Her as well. Like many other Celtic moon goddesses, She remained worshipped well into Christian times. Indeed, although Her early worship is said to have centered in Northern Britain, it is in Cornwall that Her worship supposedly survived until the 1930's. Aine was believed to be able to transform Herself into a large and formidable black dog and this power figures strongly in the stories \* told about Her religious cult. Some witch groups still use Her name in their rites, when a "Dark Mother" type is needed.

*Arduina/Arduina/Arduim:* a moon goddess Who was worshipped primarily in Gaul, one of Her most sacred ritual sites was the great forest of the Ardennes, which in the time of the Caesars covered a vast area. Following their usual habit, the Romans identified Her with their own Diana, since like Diana (and many other moon goddesses) She was a goddess of the hunt and of hunters, as well as the protector of deer and other woodland creatures. The name Arduine was used mostly in Southern Gaul.



# Celtic Goddesses of the Moon

## From A to C, continued

December 21/22, '78

*Here is the continuation of Stephen McCaully's article, begun last issue, on the results of his research.*

**Arianrod:** Among her many aspects, Arianrod was a Cymric lunar goddess, also known as the "All Goddess." Like many other moon deities, she was endowed with the gift of great beauty. Other spellings are Arianhod and Arianrhod. April 1 was her day of worship among the ancient Celts; this day became "All Fool's Day." According to T.W. Rolleston in *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race* (1949,) Arianrod was the sister-wife of Gwydion the mother of Dylan, "Son of the Wave," and Lleu, the Cymric equivalent of the Irish god Lug (Lugh) and the Gaulish god Lugos, whose name means "light." Arianrod was identified with the sea and its mysteries. Her main stronghold was Caer Arianrod, supposedly located on the Menai Straits, where she controlled the tides so that Ynys Mon (Anglesey) was accessible without a boat only during the lowest spring and autumn tides. Arianrod in Welsh means "Silver Circle," an apt name for a lunar goddess. According to Charles Squire in his - *Celtic Myth and Legend, Poetry and Romance*, she figure's in Arthurian Romances as Morgawse and Morganna, and in the Welsh Arthurian myth as Gwyar. Her name appears in the stories of Taliesin, the druid bard. In another tale, she is wedded to Nwyfre ("Space,") according to Squire.

**Artio:** Artio was not only a goddess of the moon, but also a goddess of fertility. She has been compared by classical writers to the Greek goddess Artemis and to the Diana of the Romans. Artio was worshipped for the most part in Gaul and Switzerland (Cisalpine Gaul.) In both areas she was a bear goddess, presiding over the bear clan. The city of Berne is associated with her rites and may have been in ancient times the site of her grove or temple.

**Boudicca:** This great warrior-queen of the ancient Britons, whose name means - "Victory," was also a druid priestess of the moon goddess Andrastea, to whom she sacrificed many hundreds of Roman Soldiers captured in battle. Her sacrifices appear mostly to occurred in southern and eastern Britain.

**Brigid:** T.C. Lethbridge equates the British goddess Black Anis, the moon goddess discussed in that last installment (see PJ&DC, Vol 2, Is 1.) with the famous Celtic goddess: of fire and light, Brigid, whom he claims was worshipped in Britain and Ireland as a moon goddess. In one book we are told that the number nine is very important to her worship. In the Hebrew Qaballah, nine represents, among other things, the moon. In Celtic tradition, it was said that nine times must you bow to the new moon, once for each of Brigid's Nine Maidens, or aspects. In both Britain and Gaul she was know as the Triple Goddess, which, usually relates to the three main phases of the moon (new, full and waning.)

**Cailleach:** Worshipped by the Celts of Alba-Scotland, the "Cailleach," whose-name means "The Lady of the Forest," was another moon goddess according to T.C. Lethbrigde. Like Arianrod, she was also a sea-goddess, frequently appearing as a sea horse, and often as a grey mare riding among the clouds. This ties her to the Gaulish goddess, Epona. As a lunar deity, the bull of the horned moon was also sacred to her.

**Ceridwen:** In Wales we find the principle moon goddess to have been Ceridwen, also known as Ked. She was a goddess of druidic mysticism and, of course, magic in all its forms. According to Bessie Redfield's *Gods: A Dictionary of the Deities of All Lands*, Ceridwen's most valued magical possession was a magic boat which -may be compared to

Manannan's vessel with eyes; neither could be capsized or sunk, nor needed oarsmen. In the story of Taliesin, she is the keeper of the Cauldron of Inspiration, which appears to be the same as Bran's Cauldron of Rebirth and Regeneration, and the Dagda's Cauldron of Plenty. One of the great treasures of both Ireland and Britain, it demonstrates Ceridwen's relationship with the moon, the cauldron being a symbol of the element water, relating it to the suit of Cups in the Tarot.

In many Celtic areas of the ancient world, the concept of a Great Mother, no matter by what name she was known, had three phases of her power, and this gave her the title of "Triple Goddess." Sir John Rhys felt that this meant that she was identified with the three phases of the lunar month: At the time of the new moon, her powers are just beginning to gain strength; at the full of the moon, her powers are at their height and beyond belief; and at the waning phase, her powers become weak and quite unpredictable.

The White Rabbit was also the symbol of the "White Moon" of the ancient Celts. The term "White Dog" refers to the "White Sun" which would chase the white moon-rabbit around the length and breadth of the sky.

Other goddesses identified with the worship and veneration of the moon were Epona, a horse-goddess seen by Anne Ross (*Pagan Celtic Britain*) as a lunar deity; Mab of Ireland (according to T.W I. Rolleston); and Rhiannon, the Cymric goddess of birds, identified with the moon by Sir John Rhys (*Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx.*) T.W. Rolleston and Charles Squire.

Editor's Note: Typing and guest editing on these last two articles was provided by Gwydion Pendderwen. many thanks!

# Section Five:

## Druidical Bibliographies

### A Bibliography of Druidism

by Isaac Bonewits  
Druid Chronicles Evolved, 1976  
[Nearly verbatim from 1976, so it's  
terribly out of date. -Scharding]

The following books and periodicals should start any aspiring Schismatic or Hasidic Druid/ess on his or her way. They include writings on the subjects of Archeology, Anthropology, Celtic Folklore & Mythology, Celtic and non-Celtic Paleopaganism, Psychology, the history of early Christianity in Europe, Mysticism, Philosophy, Ritual Magic and ESP.

Those titles with stars (\*) attached are highly recommended and those with hatches (#) are to be read very carefully as they may contain materials which are speculative, unscholarly or sometimes just plain nonsense.

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## PERIODICALS

Green Egg is by far the most important journal dedicated to the Neopagan movements. It contains articles by and about the different movements as well as materials concerning ceremonial magic, ecology action, futuristics and feminism. Its "Forum" (About 50% of each issue) contains letters, completely uncensored, forum members and leaders of all the above-mentioned movements discussing and debating (sometimes quite violently) with each other and themselves. It is published eight times a year. Subscriptions cost \$7.00 per year and are well worth it. Sample issues are \$1.00. Send your money to: Church of All Worlds, Box 2953, St. Louis, MO 63130.

The Witches trine, published by the New Reformed Orthodox Order of the Golden Dawn, advertises itself as "A literate Journal of the Craft" and is just that. One of the best of the Neopagan Witchcraft publications, it comes out eight times a year and costs \$3.50 per year to subscribe to. Sample issues are 50 cents. Ask about the facsimile edition reprints of their early issues. Box 23243 Oakland CA 94623.

The Crystal Well is the oldest Neopagan Witchcraft publication in America and remains one of the best. It comes out about eight times a year (less if donations are slim) and offers subscriptions. Box 1164, San Pedro, CA 90733.

Stonehenge Viewpoint is published by Annular Publications and, like the books published by that company, contains a great deal of fascinating data about megalithic monuments and Paleopaganism and its survivals in the "British" Isles. Subscription rates for this quarterly appear to be \$2.00 per

year, with back issues (many quite valuable) going at 50 cents each. Ask for a copy of their book catalog. 1421 sate street, Suite 35, Santa Barbara, CA 93101

AADL News is the official publication of the Aquarian Anti-Defamation League, Inc. It comes out irregularly trying for 8-10 times per year, and contains news about civil libertarian activities by and in behalf of minority belief movements in the United States and Canada. The subscription cost is \$5.00 per year, which can be included in an Associate Membership (%7.50 per year) and is highly recommended. Box 3720, Minneapolis MN 55403

The Nemeton Directory will be published some time in late 1973 c.e. In conjunction with the Pagan Yellow Papers (published yearly in Green Egg) this directory will list addresses and information about all the public Neopagan movements in America. The price has not been set yet, but it would be well worth writing to them for details.

In the meantime, you might want to get a copy of Songs for the Old Religion, which both a book (\$2.00) and a record (\$6.45 +39 cents if you live in California.) These songs are highly useful in Neopagan rituals (though one sometimes has to change a word or two here and there to fit one's own system of mythology) and will be especially appreciated by those who are fond of Robert Graves' mythological system. A few musicologists have claimed that most of the music is very old Celtic traditional tunes and not actually original, but even is this is true, it is rather irrelevant, since there is hardly a Celtic tune of the last 300 years that is completely original. Several of the songs work well with Reformed Druid rituals, so that is all most of us are concerned about.

To obtain any of these items, write to: Nemeton, box 13037, Oakland, CA 94661.

Parabola: myth and the Quest for meaning is a new publication dealing with mythology, ritual and folk religions. It is published quarterly at a subscription rate of \$12.00 per year, which is expensive, but it looks as if it is going to be an important and valuable journal to Neopagans. Published by Tamarack Press, 166 East 61st St, NY, NY, 10021.

## RECORDINGS:

The following records and tapes may be of use in rites as well as in rewrites. They are divided roughly into these categories; Folk, Ethnic, Classical, Popular and Other. Naturally, many other titles could be added.

### Folk:

ROGER NICHOLSON; "Nonesuch for Dulcimer."  
BUFFY SAINT MARIE: Most of her albums.  
FOLK LEGACY RECORDS; "Golden Ring"

### Ethnic:

THE IRISH ROVERS  
THE DUBLINERS  
THE CLANCY BROTHERS  
OSCAR BRAND  
THE CHIEFTAINS  
URUBAMBA  
EVEREST RECORDS : "Authentic Music of the American Indian"  
FOLKWAYS RECORDS; "Healing songs of the American Indian"  
DR JOHN THE NIGHT TRIPPER  
NONESUCH RECORDS: "In praise of Oxala and other Black Gods"  
COLUMBIA RECORDS; "Medicine, Mine & Magic"

### Classical:

PROKOFIEV: "Alexander Nevsky"  
OFFENBACH: "Tales of Hoffman"  
WAGNER; "The ring Cycle"  
MENDLESOHN: "Walpurgis Nacht"  
VISTA RECORDS; "Fantasia"

### Popular:

PENTANGLE:  
TRAFFIC "John Barleycorn"  
INCREDIBLE STRING BAND  
MOODY BLUES: "search for the Lost Chord."  
GRAHAM BOND "We put Our Magic on You"  
Donavan

## Other

NEMETON: "Songs for the Old Religion" Order from Nemeton, Box 13037, Oakland, CA 94661 \$5.95 plus tax.  
WILBURN BURCHETTE: "Guitar Grimoire" and "Wilburn Burchette Opens the Sevens Gates of Transcendental Consciousness" order from WB box 1367, Spring Valley, CA 92077. \$5.95 plus Tax?  
ENVIRONMENTS

# My Druid Bibliography

By Mike Scharding  
Mostly from April 1994,  
But with a few updates in 1996

The references to First Search and "YY:XXX" codes are for an online library computer database for locating over 250,000,000 books. First Search is also available at Carleton and St. Olaf College in Northfield. All numbers are Library of Congress numbers, unless noted otherwise, like ISBN. These are the works that have primarily shaped my background knowledge while researching and writing this paper. This list will prove useful for further exploration of points I've glossed over.

## Other Fields and Reference Sources

- Cosette, Nikies. *The Occult in the Western World: An Annotated Bibliography*. Library Professional Publications 1986. REF BF 1411.K53 1986. at Carleton.
- Fairchild, Hoxie Neale. *The Noble Savage: A Study in Romantic Naturalism*. Columbia University Press:NY 1928 (NY 1964.) PR146.F3. at Carleton. Very good overview of Romantic literature.
- Fraker. *Religion in American Life:Resources*. REF BL 2525.R445 at Carleton.
- Geisendorfer, James V. *Religion in America:A Directory*. E.J. Brill:Leiden 1983 REF BL2525.G45 1983 at Carleton. Good resource for alternative groups.
- Guiley, Rosemary Ellen. *Encyclopaedia of Witches and Witchcraft*. Facts on File: NY & Oxford 1989 REF BF 1566.g85 1989. at Carleton. Usefull for Wiccan research. not Druids.
- Hansen, Daniel. *American Druidism: A Guide to American Druid Groups*. Peanutbutter Press, Seattle 1995. ISBN 0-89716-600-0 at Carleton. **Excellent**
- Leslie & Shepard. *Encyclopaedia of Occultism and Parapsychology*. 2nd edition. Gale Research Company 1983. REF BF 1407.E53 1983. 3 Volumes. at Carleton. Vol 1 gp 168, Vol 2 pg 973. A good occult, but pretty useless for pagan religions.
- Lippy, Chareles H. and William, Peter W. *Encyclopaedia of the American Religious Experience*. REF\_BL2525.E53 1987 Vol 1-3. at Carleton. with Vol 1:an essay on Folk Religion, Vol 2: an essay on Occultism, Vol 3:an essay on Ethnicity and Religion and an essay on California and the South West.
- Melton, J. Gordon. *Directory of Religious Bodies in the U.S.* Garland Publishing Inc:NY & London. 1977. REF BL2530.U6 M44 at Carleton. Good LIST of groups, not much Info.
- Melton, J. Gordon. *The Encyclopaedia of American Religion*. 2nd Edition. REF BL2530.U6 M443 1987. at Carleton. Treatises on Magic religions and long entries on many groups.
- Melton, J. Gordon and Poggi, Isotta. *Magic, Witchcraft and Paganism in America: A Bibliography*. 2nd Edi. Garland Publishing Inc:NY & London 1992 REF BF 1622.U6 M44 1992 at Carleton. **Excellent** coverage of the Wiccan scene of America.
- Melton, J. Gordon. *Religious Leaders of America*. Gale Research Inc:Detroit Mich 1991 REF B72. M458 1991 at Carleton. Pg 91. Includes Biographies of Pagan and eastern cult leaders.
- Unknown. *Magic, Witches, and Witchcraft in USA* 1992
- Unknown. *Encyclopaedic Handbook of Cults*,

## Ancient Druids and Celtic Life

- Adamnan, Saint (trans. Wentworth Hugh.) *The Life of Saint Columba*. E.D. Dutton & Co:NY 1908 BX4700.C7 A2. at Carleton. Latin and English. Useful for Scottish Conversion and mention of 6th cent. Druids.
- Best, Mark T. *The Druids in History and Myth*. First Search Honors  
Paper at Houghton College 1987 NY:VXO
- Bonwick, James. *Irish Druids & Old Irish Religions*. Griffith, Farran & Co:London 1894 (1984 reprint) BL980.I7 B66 1984. at Carleton. Just barely better than Antiquarian.
- Bremm, Martin. *The Stars and the Stones*. Thames & Hudson:London & NY 1984. QB16.B74 1984 at Carleton. **Excellent** illustrated and diagramed treatise on Irish Megalithic astronomical practices and how they may have influenced holidays.
- Bromwich, Rachel. *Trioedd Ynys Prydain (the Welsh Triads.)* Cardiff 1979 (1961) D113.76 at Univ. Minn. This is Welsh and English. The Definitive translation of Welsh Triads, extremely academic. Not Fun.
- Caeser, Julius (trans. Anne & Peter Wiseman.) *The Battle for Gaul*. David R. Godine:Boston 1980. DC62.C2813 1980. at Carleton. **Excellent** English version with charts and easy-to-follow maps.
- Chadwick, Nora. *Celtic Britain*. Frederick A. Praeger:NY, 1963. DA 140. C48 1963. at Carleton Library. An excellent collection of archeological finds, PAIN-stakingly described.
- Chadwick, Nora. *The Druids*. Cardiff University:Cardiff Wales 1966. BL910.C5. at Carleton. Important for understanding the limits of classical sources.
- Clancy, Joseph P. *The Earliest Welsh Poetry*. R&R Clark:Edinburgh 1970. PB2369.C59. at Carleton. A good modern English translation of older welsh without misty eyes. 2nd in a series.
- Cross, Tom and Slover, Clark. *Ancient Irish Tales*. Henry Holt & Co:NY 1936. PB1421.C76. at Carleton. A compendius LITERAL translation. Boring, but good resource of major irish cycles with a glossary.
- Cremin, Aedeon. *The Celts in Europe*. Centre for Celtic Studies: Sydney 1992. ISBN 086758 624-9. Entry level reading on Celtic Europe.
- Dinan, W. *Monumenta Historica Celtica: Notices of the Celts in the writings of Greek and Latin Authors from the 10th century B.C.E to the Fifth Century A.D. Arranged Chronologically, with English Translation*. London 1911. Volume One and Two. Excellent Reference for classical celts.
- Elder, Isabella. *Celt, Druid and Culdee*. Covenant:London 1962. at First Search. Okay reading, not much on Druids, persay, unless you consider Columcille to be a Druid.
- Ellis, Peter Beresford. *The Celtic Empire*. Constable, London 1990. ISBN 0-89089-457-4. A good sympathetic general history of the Celts from 1000 BC to 51 AD.
- Ellis, Peter Beresford. *The Druids*. 1994 ISBN 0-09-472450-4. and ISBN 0-8028-3798-0. **AN EXCELLENT SOURCE** Larson says, "**The Druids is probably the best book I've read on the subject.** Though I feel that Ellis presents a somewhat too idealized portrait of Celtic society and religion, he certainly knows his stuff. I ran across quite a few references that I was previously unaware of. Definitely a good read and thought provoking."
- Green, Miranda. *The Gods of the Celts*. Alan Sutton Publishing Ltd. Gloucester UK 1986. ISBN 0-86299-292-5. or Barnes and Nobles ISBN 0-389-20672-5.

- Green, Miranda. *Dictionary of Celtic Myth and Legend*. Thames & Hudson London/NY 1992. ISBN 0-500-01516-3. Green's grocery lists would be worth a read. These books are simply excellent.
- Hansen, Daniel. *American Druidism: A Guide to American Druid Groups*. Peanutbutter Press, Seattle 1995. ISBN 0-89716-600-0 at Carleton. **Good**
- Hood, A.B.E. *Saint Patrick: His Writings and Muirchu's Life*. Phillimore & Co. LTD:Sussex, 1972. BX4700. P3 A213. At Carleton.
- Hoysh, Wentworth. *The Life of Saint Columba*. ED Dutton & Co: NY 1908. BX4700.c7 A2. At Carleton.
- Humphries, Emyr. *The Taliesin Tradition*. Black Raven Press: 1983. at Univ Minn. An excellent overview of Welsh Bardism/Druidism and the historical underpinnings of Welsh poetry/nationalism.
- Hutton, Ranold. *The Pagan Religions of the Ancient British Isles, Their Nature and Legacy*. Blackwell, Oxford 1991 ISBN 0-631-17288-2. A good overview from the mesolithic to 1000 A.D.
- Jackson, Kenneth. *The Oldest Irish Tradition: A Window on the Iron Age*. Cambridge University Press 1964. 55pgs. PB1327 J3 at Saint Olaf. Excellent primer on how classical sources and earliest Irish tales corroborate each other and can therefore be used to reconstruct history.
- Jones, Prudence and Pennick, Nigel. *A History of Pagan Europe*. Routledge, London 1995. ISBN 0-415-09136-5. Goes into all paganisms from the Greeks to the Balts. Somewhat passionately pagan in outlook, but pretty objective overall. Curiously, the chapters on the Celts are probably the weakest in the book.
- Kendrick, Thomas D. *The Druids: A Study in Keltic Prehistory*. Frank Cass & Co Ltd 1966 (1927) Carleton. One of the FIRST and BEST analysis of Druidism, paring away Modern Druidism from the ancient. It also has most of the classical sources in the original and literally translated. **EXCELLENT SOURCE**.
- Kinsella, Thomas. *The Tain: Translated from the Irish Epic Tain Bo Cuailgne*. Oxford University Press: London 1975. PB1423.T3 K5 1970. at Carleton. A nearly-literal translation of this IMPORTANT early Irish epic of 210pgs, very dry reading, but excellently done.
- Laing, Lloyd. *Celtic Britain*. Charles Scriber's Sons:NY 1979. DA140.L33. at Carleton. An acceptable description of Celtic ethnology, especially the Picts.
- MacCulloch, John Arnott. *The Religion of the Ancient Celts*. T&T Clark:Edinburgh 1911. BL900.M44. At Carleton. Despite its early date, this big book has a lot of good info on the continuity of celtic customs until 1900. Covers all areas of religion, without enough footnotes. Contains synopses of major irish mythology.
- MacLennan, Malcolm. *Gaelic Dictionary*. Aberdeen University Press: Aberdeen 1925. ISBN 0-08-025712-7 A popular english-scots gaelic cross dictionary.
- MacNeil, E. *Early Irish Laws and Institutions*. London 1935. ?
- MacNeil, John T. *The Celtic Churches: A History 200-1200*. Chicago University Press. 1974. BR748. M33 at Saint Olaf. Excellent for understanding how Druidism disappeared or blended with christianity.
- MacNeill, Maire. *The Festival of Lughnasa* (2 volumes) by Comhairle Bhelaoideas Eireann, Dublin. 1982. VOL 1 ISBN 0-906426-10-3 and 0-906426-12x. VOL 2. ISBN 0-906426-10-3 and ISBN 0-906426-13-8. The definitive book on this Irish/Scottish festival and nearby months.
- Nash, David William. *Taliesin: The Bards and Druids of Britain*. John Russel Smith:London 1858. PR8920.N3. at Dennison University. A devastatingly **GOOD** piece of critical study on Rev Davies' and Owen's translations of Welsh poetry. It gives Welsh ORIGINAL and a non-mystical translation. This is also a better book to read than Davies' actual book!
- O hOgain, Daithi. *Myth, Legend & Romance: An Encycloaedia of the Irish Folk Tradition*. Prentice Hall, New York 1991. ISBN 0-13-275959-4. A compendium of useful and interesting articles running the historical gamut from Cu Chulainn to Daniel O'Connell. Lots of good stuff. Also has a useful guide to language and pronunciation, both Old Irish and Modern.
- O'Rahilly, C. *Tain Bo Cuailgne: From the Book of Leinster*. Dublin 1967. A well received translation.
- O'Rahilly, T.F. *Early Irish History & Mythology*. Dublin 1946. A well recieved translation.
- Owen, A.L. *The Famous Druids*. Greenwood Press:Westport Conn. 1979 at IDA. Druids in Literature.
- Patrick, Saint (trans. A.B.E. Hood.) *Saint Patrick: His Writings and Muirchu's Life*. Phillamore & Co Ltd:Chichester Sussex 1978. BX4700. P3 A213. at Carleton College. Latin and English versions of 2 forms of St. Patrick's life and a good overview of the general literature on Patrick.
- Polybius (trans Iann Scot-Kilvert.) *The Rise of the Roman Empire*. Penquin Books:Great Britain 1986. DG241.P64213. at Carleton. Good for understanding the negative Roman attitude to Celtic life as a result of Celtic treachery during the Punic Wars of Hannibal.
- Powell, T.G.E. *The Celts*. Frederick A Praeger:NY 1958. D70.P6. at St. Olaf. Acceptable.
- Piggott, Stuart. *The Druids*. Frederick A Praeger:NY & Washington 1968. BL910 P5 1968. at St. Olaf. This is probably one of the first books you should read on Druidism. Piggott gives an excellent 60 pg discussion on how modern Druidism started. follows with a detailed description of classical sources. **EXCELLENT**
- Piggott, Stuart. *The Druids*. Thames & Hudson:NY, NY 1985. First Search. **A newer version**.
- Piggott, Stuart. *William Stukeley: A Portrait of an Antiquarian*. Oxford 1950. at Univ Minn. A biography of the man who popularized Druids among Archeology more than anyone else.
- Quinn, David Beers. *The Elizabethans and the Irish*. Cornell University Press:Ithaca NY 1966. DA 937. Q5 at Carleton. A good overview of Irish culture and institutions and how much the English despised them.
- Rankin, H.D. *The Celts and the Classical World*. Croom Helm:London & Sydney 1987. D70.R36 1987. at Saint Olaf. Another **great** source on the attitude and encounters that background classical writers on Celts.
- Rees, Alwyn. *Celtic Heritage: Ancient Tradition*. 1961. GR147.R4. 428pgs at Saint Olaf. Full of tidbits.
- Reid, Donna. *Dragons, Leeks and Druids*. FirstSearch. Thesis at CA:CLU.
- Ross, Anne. *The Pagan Celts*. BT Bartsford Ltd:London 1986 (1970.) D70.R67 1986. at Saint Olaf. For those with little knowledge of the daily life and appearance of celts and their institutions, **you should read this book**. Like Jackson's book, it shows the agreement of classical, early Irish and archeological sources on the material life of Celts. Very well illustrated and footnoted.
- Ross, Anne. *Pagan Celtic Britain: An Archeological Examination*. Columbia University Press:NY 1967. BL900.R6. at Carleton College. Less exciting, but like Chadwick, it is a PAIN-staking examination of any relic in archeology that can be tied in with religion.
- Ross, Anne. *The Life and Death of a Druid Prince*. Summit Books: NY 1989. ISBN 0-671-74122-5.
- Scharding, Michael. *Ancient Sources about Druidism*. Drynemeton Press:Carleton College Archives. A private compilation of ancient classical references to Celtic

religion in the original and translation. Highly in violation of many copyrights and swiped from other books.

Wiseman, Anne & Peter. *The Battle for Gaul*. DC 62.c2813 1980 at Carleton. David R. Gadine: Boston 1980.

## Modern Paganism, Fraternalism and (American and British) Religious Pluralism

Adler, Margot. *Drawing Down the Moon: Witches, Druids, Goddess-Worshippers & Other Pagans in America Today*. Beacon Press: Boston 1986. ISBN 0-8070-3253-0 at Carleton. This book is considered by nearly everyone to be **the best overview** of modern Neo-Paganism and Wicca, with a special chapter on the Carleton Druids.

Buckland, Raymond. *Anatomy of the Occult*. Samuel Weiser Inc.: NY 1977 BI33.4 B924a. ISBN 0-87728-304-4 Interlibrary Loan. General descriptions of Satanism, Witchcraft, Alchemy, Ceremonial Magick & Voodoo.

Bryant, M. Dorrol (editor.) *Pluralism, Tolerance and Dialogue*. Univ. of Waterloo Press: Ontario 1989. BL410.P58 1989 at Carleton. More good essays on how religions can get along.

Carnes, Mark C. *Secret Ritual and Manhood in Victorian America*. Yale Univ. Press: New Haven & London 1989. HS204.C37 1985 at Carleton. An **EXCELLENT** book that really explains, in an un-hostile way, what fraternal organizations really about (Male-Bonding) and an excellent historical overview. Valuable starting book before heading into British Druidism.

Cherry, Conrad. *Nature & Religious Imagination*. Fortress Press: Philadelphia 1980. BT695.5 C47 at Carleton. I recommend this for future studies of Neo-Pagan, transcendentalism & ecology origins in the US. Dry.

Cross, Tom. *Fire in the Head: Shamanism and the Celtic Spirit*. Harper Collins: San Francisco 1993. ISBN#0-06-250174-7. A good example of Cross's Gaulish research, which has done well, mostly because little else is published on Gaul.

Curtes, Lewis Perry. *Anglican Moods of the 18th Century*. Archon Books 1966. BR756.C8 at Carleton. Provides a better understanding of how common people thought back then when studying British Druidism.

Fairchild, Hoxie Neale. *The Noble Savage*. Columbia Univ. Press: NY 1928. PR146.F3 at Carleton. A well-known study on the Romance period and Naturalism. Useful for understanding shifting public views of Nature and people practicing Indigenous religions.

Gardner, Gerald B. *The Meaning of Witchcraft*. Samuel Weiser: NY 1959. BF1566.63 at Carleton. A description of what witchcraft IS and IS NOT by the man who is a founder of Modern Witchcraft.

Godwin, John. *Occult America*. DoubleDay & Company Inc.: Garden City NY 1972. BF 1434. U6 G6 at Carleton. About Astrology, Witchcraft, L.Ron Hubbards' Scientology and Dianetics, Edgar Cayce and TM.

Grell, Israel, Tynacken (Editors) *From Persecution to Toleration*. Clarendon Press: Oxford 1991. BR757.F76 1991 at Carleton. All about the 17th and 18th century difficulties of religious toleration in England. Good background reading (very hard on the head, though) for studying 18th century British Druidism.

Hammann, Louis J. & Buck, Harry. (Editors) *Religious Traditions & the Limits of Tolerance*. Anima Books: Chambersburg PA 1988. BL85.R39 1988 at Carleton. A good collection of light essays in many religions.

Hansen, Daniel. *American Druidism: A Guide to American Druid Groups*. Peanutbutter Press, Seattle 1995. ISBN 0-89716-600-0 at Carleton. **Excellent**

Heineman, Kenneth. *Campus Wars: the Peace Movement of American State Universities in the Vietnam Era*. NY Univ. Press: NY 1993. DS 559.62. u6 H45 1993 at Carleton.

Heinlein, Robert A. *A Stranger in a Strange Land*. Ace Books: NY 1961 & 1987. ISBN 0-441-79034-8. The "sacred" sci-fi book that inspired the oldest & largest Neo-pagan group in America (Church of All Worlds.)

Holzer, Hans. *The New Pagans*. Doubleday & co Inc: Garden City NY 1972

Miller, David L. *The New Polytheism*. Harper & Row: NY 1974. at Carleton. Mostly a dull treatise on how we should focus on Greek Paganism not Celtic paganism. Considered excellent by other researchers.

Morgan, Edmund S. *The Puritan Dilemma: The Story of John Winthrop*. Harper Collins Pub: San Francisco 1958. Personal Copy. Before talking about stodgy Protestantism in America when studying Neo-Paganism and modern liberal theology, read this and reconsider the origins of religious toleration in America.

Needleman, Jacob. *The New Religions*. Doubleday: Garden City NY 1970 245pgs. at Carleton. Mostly on Eastern cults in the U.S. and Mormonism. Recommended by a lot of other researchers, I found it dull.

Roberts, Maire. *British Poets & Secret Societies*. Barnes & Nobles Books: Totowa NJ 1986. PR508.S43 R63 1986 at Carleton or Olaf. Interesting reading about how the elite in Britain belonged to many groups.

Roberts, Marie. *Gothic Immortals: The Fiction of the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross*. Routledge: London & NY 1990. PR868.R75 R67 1990 at Carleton. Rosicrucian literature analysis, out of my league.

Robbins, Thomans & Anthony, Dick. (Editors) *In Gods We Trust: New Patterns of Religious Pluralism in America*. Transaction Publishers, New Brunswick & London 1990. BL2525.I5 1990. A **good** collection of essays, especially one's on the weakness & secularist biases of anti-cult experts and good chapters upon women's spirituality.

Robson, John. *College Fraternity and its Modern Role*. 1966. First Search MN: MNU & MUO. Okay.

Rowley, Peter. *New Gods in America*. David McKay-Cambell Inc.: NY 1971 207pgs.

Scott, Gini Graham. *Cult and Countercult: A study of a Spiritual Growth Group and a Witchcraft Order*. Greenwood Press: WestPort Conn. 1980. BP 605. I42 S38. at Carleton. A very **Good** book giving a detailed examination of self-help "religions" and an insider's view of what witchcraft was like in the early 70's

Swidler, Leonard & Mojzes, Paul. (Editors.) *Attitudes of Religions & Ideologies Toward the Outsider*. Edwin Mellen Press: Lewiston/Queenstown/Lampella 1990. BL410.A8 1990 at Carleton. Rather heavy reading.

Valiente, Doreen. *The Rebirth of Witchcraft*. Phoenix Publishing: Washinton State 1989. at Carleton. AN **Excellent** book (along with Adler) on the various strains of Wicca; by the woman who founded it.

Whalen, William J. *Handbook of Secret Organizations*. Bruce Pub. Co.: Milwaukee 1966. HS204.W45 at Carleton. Very useful and simple historical and organizational histories of secret and public organizations up to the sixties. *Useful in pursuing Reformed Druidism as a fraternal group Thesis Idea*.

Wuthow, Robert. *Experimentation in American Religion: Thier New Mysticisms and Their Implications for the Churches*. Univ Calif Berkely: Los Angeles, 1978. BL2530. U6 W87. at Carleton Library. A statistical analysis of a survey in the

San Francisco Bay Area. This is the hotbed of alternative religion, and it gives a lot of **very good information** on what type of people choose to be mystics and pagans.

## Modern Druidism by Druid Authors Since 1697

- Blake, William. *Jerusalem*. at Carleton. supposedly an OBOD leader, and the work is "mysterious."
- Bonewits, P.E.Isaac. *Druid Chronicles (Evolved)*. Drynemeton Press: Berkeley 1977. at IDA. History, customs, rituals and lore garnered from different branches of the Reformed Druids of North America.
- Bonewits, P.E.Isaac. *Real Magic*. Creative Arts Book:Berkeley 1971. 1979 reprint. ISBN 0-916870-19-7 from Berkeley. A leader of modern Druidism (incl RDNA.) This was his widely read Bachelor's thesis that won him a Bachelor's of MAGIC at Berkeley 1970. Excellent view of his thinking and a modern reinterpretation of magic. Valuable for the liturgical analysis of the Order of Worship of the RDNA.
- Bouchet, Paul. *Hu Gadarn, Le Premier Gaulois. La Princesse de Vix. La Divination par les Nombres*. These may possibly be interesting to Druidism as they are written by the Chief Druid of French OBOD. **Unavailable as yet**.
- Bouchet, Rene. *Les Druides:Science et Philosophie*. Robert Laffont:Paris 1976. BL910. B67. at Carleton. A French version of OBOD beliefs.
- Bouchet, Rene. *Les Druides? Toujours Vivants!* Interesting.
- Carpenter, William. *A Critical Study of Ezekiel's Temple. and Israelites Found in the Anglo-saxons*. 1872 supposedly an OBOD chief Druid. Questionable source to investigate.
- Carr-Gomm, Phillip. *The Druid Way*. Element:Rockport Mass 1993. ISBN 1-85230-365-4. at First Search. Present Chief Druid of OBOD giving teachings of his group.
- Carr-Gomm, Phillip. *Elements of the Druid Tradition*. Element: Rockport Mass 1991. ISBN 185230202x at First Search. See previous article. Excellent book, but of dubious scholastic quality, but a reasonably good philosophical treatise.
- Connellan, Owen. *Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution*. First Search **Unavailable**.
- Davies, Rev. Edward. *Celtic Researches*. JBooth: London 1803. at Univ Minn & IDA. **Extremely Widely Read** book that influenced a lot of people. Unfortunately he recieved poor translations to base his book on. Very difficult to read unless you know the Bible, Hebrew, Latin, Linguistics and Celtic Mythology. Full of Bunk.
- Davies, Rev. Edward. *The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*. J.Booth:London 1806. at Univ Minn. & IDA See previous note. very difficult to understand. Helio-Arkite Theory that Druids were the heirs of Noah's patriarchal religion.
- Evans, Edward. *Poems, Lyrics and Pastoral*. **Unavailable**. Questionable.
- Griffith. *The Welsh Question and Druidism*. R. Bank & Son:London 1887. at Saint Olaf.
- Hansen, Daniel. *American Druidism: A Guide to American Druid Groups*. Peanutbutter Press, Seattle 1995. ISBN 0-89716-600-0 at Carleton.
- Herbert, Algernon. *The Neo-Druidic Heresy*. 1838. **Unavailable due to age**. Soon to be at IDA. Believed that the Culdee church was infiltrated by pagan druids.
- Higgins, Godfrey. *The Celtic Druids*. 1829. Supposedly a leader of OBOD, this book is suspect.
- Howe, Graham. *The Mind of the Druid*. Skoob: 1989. ISBN 18171438756. at First Search.
- James, D. *Patriachial Religion of Britain*. **Unavailable**.
- Kendrick, Thomas D. *The Druids:A Study in Keltic Prehistory*. Frank Cass & Co Ltd 1966 (1927) Carleton. One of the FIRST and BEST analysis of Druidism, paring away Modern Druidism from the ancient. It also has most of the classical sources in the original and literally translated. **EXCELLENT SOURCE**.
- Keneally, Edward Vaughan. *An Introduction to the Apocalypse. The Third Messenger of God*.
- Massey, Gerald. *Book of Beginnings*. 1881. *Seven Schools of Man*. 1887. *Man in Search of his Soul*. 1887. *The Coming Religion*. 1889. *Ancient Egypt: The Light of the World*. \*\*\* Supposedly a Chief Druid of OBOD, and his works contain "hidden" references to OBOD knowledge. **All Sadly Unavailable**
- Matthews, John. *Taliesin: Shamanism & the Bardic Mysteries in Britiain and Ireland*. Aquarian Press of Harper Collins Publishers: San Francisco 1991. BL980.G7 M39 1991 at Wesleyan and IDA. More interesting arm-chair philosophy from an OBOD member.
- Matthews, John. *The Celtic Reader: Selections from Celtic Legend, Scholarship and Story*. Harper Collins: San Francisco 1990. ISBN 1-85538-228-8. An **EXCELLENT** collection of antiquarian articles on Druids collected by an OBOD member. Invaluable.
- Morgean, Owen. *The Light of Britania*. D. Owen:Cardiff 1890. at First Search **somewhere**. Writer at the tail end of really weird antiquarian Druid beliefs.
- Nash, David William. *Taliesin: The Bards and Druids of Britain*. John Russel Smith:London 1858. PR8920.N3. at Dennison University. A devastatingly **GOOD** piece of critical study on Rev Davies' and Owen's translations of Welsh poetry. It gives Welsh ORIGINAL and a non-mystical translation. This is a better book to read than Davies' actual book!
- Nichols, Ross. *The Book of Druidry*. Harper Collins:San Francisco 1990. ISBN 1-85538-167-2. An **EXCELLENT** source of history on OBOD, it's Leaders, archeological beliefs and customs.
- Nichols, Ross. *Prophet, Priest and King*. Element Books. 1993 **Unavailable as yet**
- Nichols, Ross. *Prose Chants & Poems*. 1941. **Unavailable**
- Piggott, Stuart. *The Druids*. Frederick A Praeger:NY & Washington 1968. BL910 P5 1968. at St. Olaf. and Thames & Hudson:NY,NY 1985. at First Search. Piggott gives an excellent 60 pg discussion on how modern Druidism started. follows with a detailed description of classical sources. **EXCELLENT**
- Reid, Donna. *Dragons, Leeks and Druids:Welsh Nationalism*. Thesis at FirstSearch CA:CLU
- Scharding, Michael J.A.U. *A General History of Reformed Druidism in America*. Drynemeton Press: Carleton College Archives 1994. at IDA. **Rather good work** for an undergraduate History Thesis. A fresh, invigorating look at correcting the myths of the first 33 years of the American Druid movement from its origin with the Reformed Druids of North America in 1963 at Carleton College to the foundation of "Ar nDriaocht Fein" in 1983 and beyond. Includes photocopies of past research on Reformed Druidism, extensive annotated Bibliography and useful time-charts.
- Spence, Lewis. *The History and Origins of Druidism*. Rider & Co:London 1938 and Aquarian:Northhampshire 1979. First Search. Another member of OBOD, and mythologist.
- Stukeley, William. *Abury:A temple of the British Druids*. Reid:London 1745 at FirstSearch Facsimilim EU-EMW. One of the important books in British neo-druidic revival and archeology in general.



- Stukeley, William. *Stonehenge: A Temple Restored to the British Druids*. Reid:London 1838. at First Search Facsimile EU-EMW, real MI-EYB, NY-ZCU. One of the important books in British neo-druidic revival and archeology in general.
- Toland, John. *Christianity not Mysterious*. 1697. *Pantheisticon*. 1717. *State Anatomy of Great Britain*. 1717. Toland was one of the first to support Druids as builders of stonehenge. Also is "claimed" to be the first chief Druid of OBOD. He has written over 100 books and was quite a rebel.
- Toland, John. *The History of Celtic Religions and Learning*. Norwood Editions:Norwood PA 1978 (1726.) at First Search NY:ZTS soon to be at International Druid Archives. One of first modern books on Druidism.
- Wallace, Gillian E. *Druids, Archaeology and Changing Interpretation*. at First Search. Thesis CA:CUY.
- Ward, Rutherford. *Celtic Lore: The History of the Druids & Their Timeless Traditions*. Aquarian/Thorsons:London 1993. ISBN 1855381346. Light-weight Arm chair reading.
- Ward, Rutherford. *The Druids and their Heritage*. Atheneum: 1979. First Search. Armchair reading.
- Ward, Rutherford. *The Druids: Magicians of the West*. Sterling Pub Co:NY 1990 (1978) ISBN 085030346x First Search. More Armchair reading.
- Wiese H. & Fricke H. *Handbuch des Druiden Ordens*. Munich 1931. **Unavailable?** A very **GOOD** source, in German, about the A.O.D. and the Druidic revivals in Europe.
- Williams, John. *Barddas*. Llandovery 1862 at First Search IL-ATL, MN-MNU. (Copy in International Druid Archives, Both Volumes) One of the biggest fraudulent studies. Facing pages of Welsh and English translation. This is a very unacademic source, **full of lies**, very dull, but with the occasionally interesting bit.

## The 1960s and Campus Protest

### Movements and Recorded Interviews

- Abbot, Stefan. *Oral Interview 1994*. at IDA. Berkeley protester and Druid.
- Adams, Sam *Oral Interview 3/28/1994 at IDA*. at IDA.St.Olaf Druid in 80s/90s
- Bonewits, P.E.Isaac. *Oral Interview 2/23/1994*. at IDA. Berkeley protester and Druid Theologian.
- Bonewits, P.E.Isaac. *Oral Interview 4/1/1994* in 2 tapes at IDA. Berkeley protester and trouble maker (oops!)
- Burke, Edward Moore. *Unrecorded Discussion*. Carleton Graduate '93.
- Cascorbi, Alice *Oral Interview 10/29/93* in 2 tapes at IDA. and Carleton Archives. Carleton RDNA revivalist in 1986 and knowledgeable about modern Neo-Paganism.
- Corrigan, Ian. *Oral Interview 1/7/1994* in 3 tapes at IDA. Bay Area and Midwestern Druid
- Corruth, Joan. *Oral Interview 3/1994* at IDA. Bay Area protester and Druid.
- Frangquist, Deeborah & David. *Oral Interview 10/31/1993* at Carleton Archives and IDA. Founders of Reformed Druidism at Carleton. Interviews cover protest scene and state of women's lib at Carleton.
- Heineman, Kenneth J. *Campus Wars: The Peace Movement at American State Universities in the Vietnam Era*. NY Univ. Press:NY & London 1993. DS559.62.U6 H45 1993 at Carleton. This book focuses upon the protest movement of SUNY Buffalo, Kent State Univ, Penn State Univ. and Michigan State Univ. It is valuable for showing that Berkeley wasn't the originator or role model for protests in the early 60s.

- Hixon, Charles *Oral Interview 4/1994* at IDA. Berkeley protestor and Druid.
- Kitchell, Mark. *Berkeley in the Sixties*. PBS Home Video. 117 minutes 1990
- Larson, Robert. *Oral Interview 4/1994* at IDA. Carleton and Berkeley protester and Druid
- Maitland, David C. *Oral Interview 5/26/1993* in 3 tapes at Carleton Archives. Chaplain at Carleton and Professor of Religion from 1958-1986ce. Valuable interview for history of Reformed Druidism.
- Nason, John. *Oral Interview 8/12/1992* in 3 tapes at Carleton Archives. President of Carleton 1962-70.
- Oldfeather, Felicia. *Oral Interview 4/8/1993* in 2 tapes at Carleton Archives. Protestor at Carleton in the very early 1960s.
- Press, Larry. *Oral Interview 3/3/1994* in IDA. Berkeleyite and Druid
- Rorabaugh, W.J. *Berkeley at War, the 1960s*. Oxford Univ. Press:NY & Oxford 1989. F869.B5 R67 1989 at Carleton. A wonderful long term perspective of Berkeley with good local and Bay Area maps followed by a close blow-by-blow history of the events in the 60s both on campus and in the town of Berkeley.
- Salee, Cindy *Oral Interview 4/1/1994* at IDA. Bay Area protester and leader of Native American Druidism
- Savitzky, Steve. *Oral Interview 1994* at IDA. Prominent Carleton protester in 60s and Archdruid.
- Shelton, Richard. *Oral Interview 3/31/1994* in 1 tape at Carleton Archives and IDA. Archdruid at Carleton and student protester in late 60s/early 70s.
- Shelton, Richard. *Oral Interview 5/8/1993* in three tapes at Carleton Archives and IDA. More questions.
- Sherbak, Chris. *Oral Interview 4/1994 at IDA*. Berkeleyite and Druid
- Smith, Bardwell. *Oral Interview 12/28/1993* in 3 tapes at Carleton Archives. Professor of Asian religions and faculty advisor for RDNA at Carleton in 60s
- Taylor, Tony. *Oral Interview 1/1994* in IDA. Bay Area Druid and leader of Henge of Keltria.
- Tezera. *Oral Interview 1994* at IDA. Berkeley protester and Druid

## Recommended Reading Books

### in A Druidic Flavor

- Cleary, Thomas. *Zen Antics: 100 Stories of Enlightenment*
- Elder, John. *Family of Earth and Sky*. 0-8070-8528-6 1994
- Hoff, Benjamin. *The Tao of Pooh*.
- Hoff, Benjamin. *The Te of Piglet*
- Nisker, Wes. *Crazy Wisdom: Provocative romp through the philosophies of East and West*.
- Johnston, William. *The Still Point: Reflections on Zen and Christian Mysticism*
- Johnston, William. *The Mirror Mind: Zen Christian Dialogue*.
- Reader, Ian. *Religion in Contemporary Japan*. 1990
- Reps, Paul. *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*.
- Shah, Idries. any of his books about Sufis
- Suzuki, D.T. any of his books about Zen
- Tworckov, Helen. *Zen in America*
- Shinto: *The Way of the Kami*

# Academic Resources for Researching Druidism

By Mike Scharding, 2000

This website was set up in June 2000 and organizes the materials a little better. I hope you enjoy it. Naturally it's at least 4 years out of date by the time of ARDA 2's publishing.

-Mike Scharding  
March 21<sup>st</sup>, 2003  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.

## Academic Studies on Neo-Paganism

1. [Drawing Down the Moon](#) Witches, Druids, Goddess-Worshippers, and Other Pagans in America Today by Margot Adler, Amazon List Price: \$16.95 Paperback - 584 pages Rev&Exp edition (March 1997) Penguin USA (Paper); ISBN: 014019536X ;
2. [People of the Earth: The New Pagans Speak Out](#) by Ellen Evert Hopman and Lawrence Bond, Destiny Books, 1996, ISBN 0892815590; paper. \$17 at Amazon
3. [A Community of Witches: Contemporary Neo-Paganism and Witchcraft in the United States \(Studies in Comparative Religion\)](#) by Helen A. Berger / Hardcover / Published 1999 Amazon Price: \$18.71
4. [Paganism Today: Wiccans, Druids, the Goddess and Ancient Earth Traditions for the Twenty-first Century](#) by Harvey, Graham and Hardman, Charlotte ISBN: 0722532334
5. [Contemporary Paganism: Listening People, Speaking Earth](#) a book by Harvey, Graham. Amazon Price: \$17.95 Paperback - 250 pages (July 2000) New York Univ Pr; ISBN: 0814736203
6. [Magical Religion and Modern Witchcraft](#) by Susan Greenwood (James R Lewis, editor) Paperback (May 1996) State Univ of New York Pr; ISBN: 0791428907 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.78 x 8.98 x 5.84 Other Editions: Hardcover (\$56)
7. [Phoenix From the Flame](#) by Vivianne Crowley. ASIN: 1855381613 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.83 x 8.51 x 5.28
8. [Witchcraft & Paganism in Australia](#) by Lynne Hume, Amazon Price: \$29.95 Paperback (October 1997) Melbourne Univ Pr; ISBN: 052284782X
9. [Nature Religion Today: the Pagan alternative in the modern world.](#) by Eds J. Pearson, (see Resource Section) R. Roberts & G. Samuel. Edinburgh University Press. 1998; ISBN: 074861057X Paperback \$26.
10. [Witchcraft and Paganism Today](#) by Anthony Kemp. ASIN: 1854791176
11. [Neo-Paganism \(Truth About Series\)](#) by Anodea Judith, List Price: \$1.99 Paperback (November 1999) Llewellyn Publications; ISBN: 1567185673 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.19 x 6.89 x 4.19
12. [Paganism: A Beginner's Guide](#) by Teresa Moorey Paperback (July 1999) Amazon Price \$13, Hodder & Stoughton; ISBN: 0340742496
13. [The Pagan Path](#) By Janet and Stewart Farrar and Gavin Bone, published by Phoenix (USA) and distributed by Hale. 250pp., ISBN: 0919345409 Amazon Price: \$14.95 Paperback (March 1995)
14. [Liber Wicca: A Flight into the Fanciful](#) By Frater I Nigris

15. [The New Paganism](#) by Harold Lindsay

## Focused Studies on Neo-Pagan-like topics

1. [The Emerging Network: A Sociology of the New Age and Neo-Pagan Movements](#) by Michael York Paperback (May 1995) \$21 Rowman & Littlefield; ISBN: 0847680010 Other Editions: Hardcover Library Binding - 372 pages \$71 (May 1995) Rowman & Littlefield; ISBN: 0847680002 ; Dimensions (in inches): 1.02 x 9.20 x 6.21
2. [The Existential Pagan -- On Freedom and Responsibility](#) by Rel Davis, Eston Mansfield (Photographer), Greg Fisher (Illustrator) Our Price: \$18.95 Paperback - 192 pages (October 1, 1998) Old Time Religion, Inc.; ISBN: 096663800X
3. [The Enlightenment an Interpretation: The Rise of Modern Paganism](#) by Peter Gay Amazon Price: \$27.50 Hardcover (December 1996) Peter Smith Pub; ISBN: 0844668915
4. [Methods of Compassion or Pretension? : Conducting Anthropological Fieldwork in Modern Magical Communities](#) by Jone Salomonsen
5. [Nature & Supernature--Harmony & Mastery: Irony and Evolution in Contemporary Nature Religion](#) by Bron Taylor
6. [Nature Religion in America: From the Algonkian Indians to the New Age](#) by Albanese, Catherine. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1990.) Paperback Reprint edition ISBN: 0226011461 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.72 x 9.05 x 6.07 Amazon Price \$17.
7. [American Sacred Space](#) by Chidester, David, and Edward T. Linenthal, eds. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1995.) ISBN: 0253210062 ; Dimensions (in inches): 1.02 x 9.28 x 6.18 Other Editions: Hardcover. Amazon price \$19 (paperback)
8. [New Spirituality, Self, and Belonging: How New Agers and Neo-Pagans talk about Themselves](#) by Bloch, Jon P. (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 1998) Hardcover version is ISBN: 0275959570 and \$55
9. [Living in the Broom Closet : Hiding Neo-Paganism in the Culture of Confession](#) by Keenan, Tanya E. (M.A. thesis, University of South Florida, 1998)
10. [The Spiral Dance: A Rebirth of the Ancient Religion of the Great Goddess](#) by Starhawk [Miriam Simos], (San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1979) second edition 1989 ISBN: 0062508148
11. [The Concept of the Goddess](#) Sandra Billington and Miranda Green (eds.) Routledge 1996
12. [Ancient Goddesses: The Myth and the Evidence](#) by Lucy Godison and Christine Morris (eds.) British Museum Press 1998
13. [The Faces of the Goddess](#) Oxford University Press
14. [Journeying the Politics of Ecstasy: Anthropological Perspectives on Neoshamanism](#) by Robert J. Wallis
15. [The Old Religion](#) by Richard Smoley
16. [A Goddess Arrives](#) The Novels Of Dion Fortune And The Development Of Gardnerian Witchcraft
17. [Secret Ritual and Manhood in Victorian America](#) by Mark Carnes
18. [From Persecution to Toleration](#) by Israel, Grell & Tynacken (editors),
19. [British Poets and Secret Societies](#) by Maire Roberts Barne & Nobles Books: Totowa NJ 1986

## Some Academic-ish Studies on Wicca

1. [Drawing Down the Moon](#) Witches, Druids, Goddess-Worshippers, and Other Pagans in America Today by Margot Adler, Amazon List Price: \$16.95 Paperback - 584 pages Rev&Exp edition (March 1997) Penguin USA (Paper); ISBN: 014019536X
2. [Persuasions of the Witch's Craft](#), by Tanya Lurhman, Blackwell 1989 Paperback (December 1994) McClelland & Stewart; ISBN: 0330329464 Other Editions: Paperback Reprint edition(March 1991) Harvard Univ Pr; ISBN: 0674663241
3. [Witchcraft Today: the Modern Craft Movement](#) (Witchcraft Today, Book 1) by Chas S. Clifton (Editor), Charles S. Clifton (Editor) Amazon List Price: \$9.95 Paperback - 208 pages (May 1992) Llewellyn Publications; ISBN: 0875423779
4. [Never Again the Burning Times: Paganism Revived](#) Orion, Loretta. (Prospect Heights, Illinois: Waveland Press, 1995.)Paperback ISBN: 0881338354 Amazon Price \$14
5. [A Community of Witches: Contemporary Neo-Paganism and Witchcraft in the United States](#) (Studies in Comparative Religion) ~ by Helen A. Berger / Hardcover / Published 1999 Amazon Price: \$18.71
6. [What Witches Do: The Modern Coven Revealed](#), 2nd edition by Stewart Farrar. Phoenix trade paperback. \$9.95; ISBN: 0919345174
7. [Witchcraft from the Inside](#). Buckland, Raymond. Paperback - 240 pages 3rd Rev&en edition (March 1995) Llewellyn Publications; ISBN: 1567181015 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.60 x 9.01 x 6.00 Amazon Price \$14
8. [Buckland's Complete Book of Witchcraft](#), by Raymond Buckland. List: \$14.95, Amazon Price: \$11.96, 272 pages, Llewellyn Publications, 1986, ISBN: 0875420508
9. [The Truth About Witchcraft Today](#) Scott Cunningham Llewellyn Publications, 1988 ISBN: 0-87542-127-X
10. [A History of Witchcraft: Sorcerers, Heretics, and Pagans](#), Jeffrey B. Russell, List: \$15.95, Amazon Price: \$12.76 You Save: \$3.19 (20%), Thames & Hudson, 1982, ISBN: 0500272425
11. [Witchcraft in Early Modern Europe and America. - WITCHCRAFT IN EARLY MODERN EUROPE AND AMERICA](#) compiled by Jeffrey Merrick,
12. ["Heretic's Heart"](#) by Margot Adler Paperback - 309 pages (August 1998) Beacon Pr; ISBN: 0807070998 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.90 x 9.01 x 6.02 \$11 Other Editions: Hardcover 384 pages (August 1997) Beacon Pr; ISBN: 080707098X
13. [HISTORY OF WICCA IN ENGLAND: 1939 - present day](#) by Julia Phillips
14. [Satanism and the History of Wicca](#) by Diane Vera

## Neo-pagan Encyclopedia Resources

1. [Witchcraft Today : An Encyclopedia of Wiccan and Neopagan Traditions](#) by James R. Lewis Amazon Price: \$75.00 Hardcover - 370 pages (December 1999) ABC - Clio; ISBN: 1576071340
2. [Neo-Pagan Witchcraft I and II\(Cults and New Religions\)](#) by J. Gordon Melton (Editor) 1999
3. [Magic, Witchcraft, and Paganism in America: A Bibliography \(Religious Information Systems Series, Vol 3\)](#) by J. Gordon Melton, Isotta Poggi Amazon Price: \$30.00 Hardcover 2nd edition (June 1992) Garland Pub; ISBN: 0815304994

4. [New Age Encyclopedia](#) by J. Gordon Melton, J. Gordon Our Price: \$67.00 Paperback 1st edition (May1995) GALE Group; ISBN: 0810371596; Dimensions (in inches): 1.12 x 9.32 x 6.26
5. [Perspectives on the New Age \(Sunny Series in Religious Studies\)](#) by James R. Lewis (Editor), J. Gordon Melton (Editor) Amazon Price: \$59.50 Availability: Hardcover - 369 pages (September 1992) State Univ of New York Pr; ISBN: 079141213X
6. [Witches - An Encyclopedia of Paganism and Magic](#) by Michael Jordan List Price: \$19.95 Paperback (October 1, 1998) Trafalgar Square; ISBN: 1856263053
7. [Encyclopedia of Witches and Witchcraft](#) by Edain McCoy
8. [The Encyclopedia of Witches and Witchcraft](#) Rosemary Ellen Guiley Facts on File, 1989 ISBN: 0-8160-2268-2
9. [Encyclopedia of Occultism and Parapsychology](#) by Leslie and Shepard, Gale Research Company 1983, 3 volumes
10. [Encyclopedea of American Religions](#) by Gordon Melton,
11. [The Encyclopedia of Cults, Sects, and New Religions](#) Hardcover - 600 pages (July 1998) Prometheus Books; ISBN: 1573922226 ;

## Celtic History and Archaeology

1. [The Celtic World: An Illustrated History 700 B. C. to the Present](#) by Patrick Lavin, Patrick Lavino, Amazon Price: \$10.47
2. [A History of Pagan Europe](#) by Prudence Jones and Nigel Pennick, Routledge:London 1995 ISBN 0-419-09136-5
3. [The World of the Druids](#) by Miranda J. Green List Price: \$29.95 Thames & Hudson; ISBN: 050005083X
4. [The World of the Celts](#) by Simon James, Amazon Price: \$22.46 Hardcover - 192 pages (October 1993) Thames & Hudson; ISBN: 0500050678
5. [The Ancient Celts](#) by Barry Cunliffe (Editor), Amazon Price: \$49.95 Hardcover - 400 pages (October 1997) Oxford Univ Press; ISBN: 0198150105 ;
6. [Celt and Greek: Celts in the Hellenic World](#) by Peter Berresford Ellis Hardcover (December 1996) Trans-Atlantic Publications, Inc.; ISBN: 0094755809
7. [Celt and Roman: The Celts of Italy](#) by Peter Berresford Ellis, Amazon Price:\$35.00Hardcover - 288 pages (September 1998) St Martins Pr (Short); ISBN: 0312214197 ;
8. [The Celts](#) by Nora K. Chadwick, Barry Cunliffe (Introduction), Amazon Price: \$10.36 Paperback - 328 pages 2 Ed edition (January 1998) Penguin USA (Paper); ISBN: 0140250743 ;
9. [The Rise of the Roman Empire](#) by Polybius, Penguin Books:Great Britain 1986
10. [The Celts and the Classical World](#) by H.D. Rankin, Croom Helm: London & Sydney 1987
11. [The Battle for Gaul](#) by Julius Caesar (trans. Anne & Peter Wiseman), David R. Godine:Boston 1980
12. [The Celtic Empire](#) by Peter Berresford Ellis, Constable:London 1990 ISBN 0-89089-457-4
13. [The Oldest Irish Tradition: A Window on the Iron Age](#) by Kenneth Jackson, Cambridge Univ. Press 1964
14. [The Celts in Europe](#) by Aedeon Cremin, Centre for Celtic Studies:Sydney 1992 ISBN 086758 624-9
15. [Monumenta Historica Celtica: Notices of the Celts in the writings of Greek and Latin Authors from the 10th](#)

- Century B.C.E. to the Fifth Century A.D. by W. Dinan, London 1911 Volume 1 and 2
16. The Elizabethans and the Irish by David Beers Quinn, Cornell Univ. Press: Ithaca NY 1966
  17. Celtic Britain by Lloyd Laing, Charles Scriber's Sons: NY 1979
  18. Celtic Britain by Nora Chadwick, Frederick Praeger:NY, 1963 (poss. reprinted)
  19. The Age of the Picts by Cummins, W.A., (NY: Barnes and Noble Books, 1995)
  20. Pre-Christian Ireland. From the Early Settlers to the Early Celts by Harbison, Peter, Thames and Hudson, London, 1988
  21. Pagan Celtic Ireland: The Enigma of the Iron Age Raftery, Barry, (Paperback - 240 pages (March 1998) Thames & Hudson; ISBN: 0500279837 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.90 x 10.08 x 6.93
  22. The Celtic Heroic Age: Literary Sources for Ancient Celtic Europe and Early Ireland and Wales by Koch, John and John Carey, (Malden MA: Celtic Studies Publications, 1995)
  23. Roman Britain S. Ireland, Routledge Books, 1979
  24. An Atlas of Roman Britain Jones, Barri and David Mattingly; Blackwell, 1990
  25. The Celtic Heroic Age, by John T. Koch, Celtic Studies Publications inc., 2000. (Excellent primary resources classical and modern.)

## Celtic Literature and Mythology

1. Celtic Heritage: Tradition through the Tales - by Alwyn Rees, Brinley Rees (Contributor), Amazon Price: \$12.76 Paperback - 428 pages Revised edition (May 1989) Thames & Hudson; ISBN: 0500270392 ;
2. Celtic Myths and Legends by T. W. Rolleston, List Price: \$9.95 Paperback - 456 pages (December 1990) Dover Pubns; ISBN: 0486265072
3. Chronicles of the Celts by Peter Berresford Ellis (Carroll & Graf, 1999; ISBN: 0786706066, hardcover),
4. Cath Maige Tuired: Second Battle of Mag Tuired, by ed. and tr. by Elizabeth A. Gray (Dublin: Irish Texts Society, 1983)
5. Lebor Gaballa Erenn: Book of the Taking of Ireland (5 vols.), ed. and tr. by R. A. S. Macalister (Dublin: Irish Texts Society, 1938-56)
6. Ancient Irish Tales by Tom Cross and Clark Slover, Henry Holt & co.:NY 1936
7. The Tain: Translated from the Irish Epic Tain Bo Cuailgne by Thomas Kinsella, Oxford University Press: London 1975
8. Trioedd Ynys Prydain (the Welsh Triads) by Rachel Bromwich, Cardiff 1977
9. Celtic Myth and Legend by Charles Squire Paperback (October 1987) Newcastle Publishing Company; ISBN: 0878770305 ;
10. The Mabinogion by Lady Charlotte Guest Paperback - 160 pages (April 1997) Dover Pubns; ISBN: 0486295419
11. Celtic Myths and Legends by T.W. Rolleston Paperback - 456 pages (December 1990) Dover Pubns; ISBN: 0486265072 ; Dimensions (in inches): 1.98 x 8.84 x 6.20
12. Glamoury by Steve Blamires
13. Celtic Mythology by Proinsias MacCana
14. Encyclopedia of Celtic Wisdom
15. Myth, Legend and Romance: An Encyclopedia of the Irish Folk Tradition by Daithi O hOgain, Prentice Hall:NY 1991 ISBN 0-13275959-4

16. Dictionary of Celtic Myth and Legend by Miranda Green, Thames & Hudson:London 1992 ISBN 0-500-01516-3
17. The Earliest Welsh Poetry by Joseph P. Clancy, R&R Clark:Edinburgh 1970
18. A Pocket Guide: The Customs and Traditions of Wales by Owen, Trefor M., (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1991)
19. Gods and Heroes of the Celts, by Sjoestedt, Marie-Louise, tr. by Myles Dillon (Berkeley: Turtle Island Books, 1994)
20. Ancient Irish Tales, ed. by Tom P. Cross and Clark Harris Slover (Totowa NJ: Barnes & Noble, 1996)
21. The Metrical Dindshenchas (Vol 1-5) by Gwyn, Edward, School Of Celtic Studies, Dublin Institute For Advanced Studies, 1991
22. The Apple Branch: A Path to Celtic Ritual by Alexei Kondratiev Paperback - 258 pages (October 1998) Collins Pub San Francisco; ISBN: 189825642X
23. Bards of the Gael and Gaul: examples of the poetic literature of Erinn by George Sigerson, pub. London, T. Fisher Unwin, c1907 [there are many editions!]. [Sigerson was then Pres. of the Nat'l Literary Soc. of Ireland.] 2d ed., rev. & enl. xv, 431 p. : ill. ; ca. 25 cm.
24. Mythic Ireland Michael Dames, Thames and Hudson, London 1996.
25. Early Irish Myths and Sagas Jeffrey Gantz, penguin books, NY 1981
26. The Wisdom of the Outlaw: The Boyhood Deeds of Finn in Gaelic Narrative Tradition Joseph Falaky Nagy, Univ. Calif. Press, Berkeley, 1985
27. Earth, Air, Fire, Water: Pre-Christian and Pagan Elements in British Songs Rhymes and Ballads Skelton, Robin and Blackwood, Margaret
28. Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland: A Folklore Sketch: A Handbook of Irish Pre-Christian Traditions W.G. Wood-Martin
29. Celtic Women: Women in Celtic Society and Literature By Peter Berresford Ellis, William Eerdmans Publishing, Grand Rapids, 1996 ISBN 0-8028-3808-1

## Traditional Irish Laws

1. Traditional Irish Laws by Mary Dowling Daley, Ian McCullough (Illustrator) Amazon Price: \$8.21 Hardcover - 80 pages (March 1998) Chronicle Books; ISBN: 0811819957
2. Women in Celtic Law and Culture (Women's Studies, Vol 12) by Jack George Thompson, Amazon Price: \$99.95 Hardcover (May 1996) Edwin Mellen Press; ISBN: 0773487603
3. The Brehon Laws : A Legal Handbook by Laurence Ginnell THIS TITLE IS CURRENTLY NOT AVAILABLE. The publisher is out of stock. If you would like to purchase this title, we recommend that you occasionally check this page to see if it's been reprinted. Hardcover reprint edition (September 1993) Fred B Rothman & Co; ISBN: 0837722136
4. Early Irish Laws and Institutions by E. MacNeil, London 1935

## Celtic Miscellany

1. The Festival of Lughnasa by Maire MacNeill, Comhairle Bhealaoideas Eireann, Dublin:1982 2 Volumes (possibly reprinted)
2. The Stars and the Stones by Martin Bremm, Thames & Hudson:London 1984.
3. The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries by Evans-Wentz, W. Y., (NY: Citadel Press, 1990)
4. The New Comparative Mythology (Third Edition) by Littleton, C. Scott, (Berkeley:University of California Press, 1982)
5. Sex and Marriage in Ancient Ireland by Power,Patrick C., (Dublin: Mercier Press, 1976)
6. Women of the Celts; Jean Markale
7. Celtic Women: Women in Celtic Society and Literature By Peter Berresford Ellis William Eerdmans Publishing, Grand Rapids, 1996ISBN 0-8028-3808-1
8. Social History of Ancient Ireland P.W. Joyce
9. The Stones of Time, Calendars, Sundials, and Stone Chambers of Ancient Ireland Martin Brennan, Inner Traditions International, Rochester VT, 1994
10. A guide to Megalithic Ireland J.H. Brennan, Aquarian Press, SF, 1994
11. The Celtic Gauls: Gods, Rites and Sanctuaries Jean Louis Brunaux, B.A. Seaby Ltd, London, 1988
12. Earth Rites:Fertility Practices in Pre-Industrial Britain Janet and Colin Bord, Granda Publishing, London 1982

## Indo-European Studies & Overview

1. In Search of the Indo-Europeans -J.P. Mallory:
2. Comparative Mythology - C. Scott Littleton:
3. A History of Pagan Europe - Nigel Pennick and Prudence Jones:
4. Myths and Symbols in Pagan Europe by Davidson, H. R. Ellis, (Syracuse NY: Syracuse University Press, 1988)
5. The Lost Beliefs of Northern Europe by Davidson, Hilda Ellis, (London: Routledge, 1993)
6. Pagan Religions of the Ancient British Isles- Ronald Hutton:
7. Lost Beliefs of Pagan Europe - H.R. Ellis-Davidson:
8. Stonehenge, the Indo-European Heritage- Stover & Kraig
9. The Silver Bough - F. Marian MacNeill

## Books about Ancient Druids

1. The Druids Stuart Piggott, Thames and Hudson, 1985; ISBN 0500273634; paper.
2. The Druids by Paul R. Lonigan, Amazon Price: \$55.00 Hardcover - 160 pages (June 30, 1996) Greenwood Publishing Group; ISBN: 0313299552 ;
3. The Druids by Peter Berresford Ellis, Wm. B. Eerdmans Pub. Co., 1995; ISBN 0802837980; paper.
4. The Life and Death of a Druid Prince by Anne Ross, Summit Books:NY 1989 ISBN 0-671-74122-5
5. The Druids: A Study in Keltic Prehistory by Thomas D. Kendrick, Frank Cass & Co. 1966 (perhaps first in 1927.)
6. The Druids by Nora Chadwick, Cardiff University:Cardiff Wales 1966

7. The Excellence of Ancient Word: Druid Rhetorics from Ancient Irish Tales by Copyright © 1993 John Kellnhauser
8. The World of the Druids by Miranda J. Green List Price: \$29.95 Thames & Hudson; ISBN: 050005083X ;

## Public Views about Druids through Published Books

1. Taliesin: The Bards and Druids of Britain by David William Nash, John Russel Smith Publ.:London 1858! At Dennison University
2. The Famous Driuds by A.L. Owen, Greenwood Press:Westport Conn. 1979
3. The Druid Source Book edited by John Matthews
4. The Taliesin Tradition by Emyr Humphries, Black Raven Press: 1983
5. William Stukeley:A Portrait of an Antiquarian by Stuart Piggot, Oxford 1950
6. The Encyclopedia of Celtic Wisdom edited by Caitlinn and John Matthews

## Celtic Gods and Religious Customs

1. The Gods of the Celts by Miranda Green, Alan Sutton Publ.:Gloucester UK1986 ISBN 0-86299-292-5, (barnes and nobles) ISBN 0-389-20672-5
2. Celtic Goddesses: Warriors, Virgins, and Mothers by Miranda Green, Amazon Price: \$22.50 Hardcover - 224 pages (January 1996) George Braziller; ISBN: 080761405X ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.87 x 9.96 x 7.06
3. Dictionary of Celtic Myth and Legend by Miranda J. Green, Amazon Price: \$15.16 (November 1997) 240 pages
4. Dictionary of Celtic Mythology by Peter Berresford Ellis(Oxford Univ Press1994; ISBN: 0195089618, paper.)
5. Symbol and Image in Celtic Religious Art by Miranda Green, Amazon Price: \$25.99 Paperback Reprint edition (September 1997) Routledge; ISBN: 0415080762
6. Pagan Celtic Britain by Anne Ross.; Amazon Price: \$15.26 Paperback (January 1997, Originally 1977) Academy Chicago Pub; ISBN: 0897334353 ; Dimensions (in inches): 1.30 x 8.91 x 5.99
7. The Pagan Religions of the Ancient British Isles: Their Nature and Legacy by Ranold Hutton, Blackwell:Oxford 1991 ISBN 0-631-17288-2
8. The Pagan Celts by Anne Ross, BT Bartsford Ltd:London 1986 (orig 1970)
9. Druids, Gods and Heroes by Anne Ross
10. The Archaeology of Ritual and Magic by Ralph Merrifield (NY: New Amsterdam Books,1988)
11. The Sacred Isle: Pre-Christian Religions in Ireland by Daithi O'Hogain, (Dublin: Boydell & Brewer; 1999)
12. The Celtic and Scandinavian Religions by John Arnott MacCulloch THIS TITLE IS CURRENTLY NOT AVAILABLE. The publisher is out of stock. Hardcover (June 1973) Greenwood Publishing Group; ISBN: 0837167051 Other Editions: Paperback
13. The Religion of the Ancient Celts by John Arnot MacCulloch, T&T Clark:Edinburgh 1911
14. Irish Druids and Old Irish Religions by James Bonwick, Griffith Farran & CO: NY 1894 (1984 reprint) An on-line version is rumored to exist.

## Celtic Christianity

1. The Celtic Churches: A history from 200-1200 by John MacNeil, Chicago Univ. Press, 1974
2. Celtic Christian Spirituality: An Anthology of Medieval and Modern Sources by Oliver Davies (Editor), Fiona Bowie (Editor), Amazon Price: \$16.96 Paperback (December 1995) Continuum Pub Group; ISBN: 0826408354 ;
3. Carmina Gadelica: Hymns & Incantations by Alexander Carmichael (Compiler), Amazon Price: \$15.95 Paperback - 512 pages (August 1992) Lindisfarne Books; ISBN: 0940262509 ;
4. The Sacred World of the Celts: An Illustrated Guide to Celtic Spirituality and Mythology by Nigel Pennick, Amazon Price: \$21.00 Hardcover - 144 pages illustrate edition (November 1997) Inner Traditions Intl Ltd; ISBN: 0892816546 ;
5. Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom by John O'Donohue, Amazon Price: \$10.40 (November 1998) 234 pages
6. Pagan Past and Christian Present in Early Irish Literature by Kim McCone, (Maynooth: Maynooth Monographs Series, Maynooth Press; 1990)
7. The Life of St. Columba by Saint Adamnan, E.d. Dutton & co: NY 1908
8. Celt, Druid and Culdee by Isabella Elder, Covenant: London 1962 (maybe reprinted)
9. Saint Patrick: His Writings and Muirchu's Life by A.B.E. Hood, Phillimore & Co.: Sussex 1972
- 1985) W W Norton & Co; ISBN: 0500273634 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.54 x 9.48 x 6.27
11. Spirits of the Sacred Grove : The World of a Druid Priestess by Emma Restall Orr, Emma Restall Orr Paperback - 272 pages (November 1998) Thorsons Pub; ISBN: 0722535961 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.75 x 8.50 x 5.34
12. The Druid Source Book : From Earliest Times to the Present Day by John Matthews (Editor) ASIN: 0713725729

## Books on Modern Druid Groups

1. A Reformed Druid Anthology Available for free download at <http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna> <http://www.druidorder.demon.co.uk/Druid%20History.htm>
2. A Little History of Druidism by Greywolf available <http://www.druidorder.demon.co.uk/Druid%20History.htm> <http://www.neopagan.net/MesoDruids.HTML>
3. Meso Pagan Druidism A good 5 page General Essay by Isaac Bonewits on the fraternalistic Mesopagan Druidism (i.e. 1700-Present) outgrowths of Masonry. <http://www.neopagan.net/mesodruids.html> A good page for researching old and new druidism: found at <http://www.neopagan.net/RecDruidBooks.HTML>
4. The Mind of the Druid by E Graham Howe ASIN: 1871438756
5. American Druidism by Daniel Hansen / Paperback / Published 1995 Amazon Price: \$14.95 (Special Order)
6. Elements of the Druid Tradition, by Philip Carr-Gomm; Element Books (Dorset, England), 1991; ISBN 185230202X; paper.
7. The Druid Way by Phillip Carr Gomm (Element Books, 1993, ISBN 1852303654, paper) \$15 at Amazon
8. The Druid Renaissance: the Voice of Druidry Today, by Phillip Carr Gomm (Harper Collins/Thorsons, 1996, ISBN 1855384809, paperback) List Price: \$21.00- 320 pages
9. The Book of Druidry : History, Sites and Wisdom by Ross Nichols, John Matthews, Philip Carr-Gomm (Editor), phi Carr-Gomm, Amazon Price: \$15.20 Paperback - 320 pages Reprint edition (May 1992) Thorsons Pub; ISBN: 1855381672 ;
10. The Druids (Ancient Peoples and Places Series) by Stuart Piggott Amazon Price: \$15.95 Paperback (May

# Popular Books About Druids

By Mike Scharding, 1993  
Regretably Terribly Out of Date

## A 400 Year Chronological Bibliography

When I was researching the history of Druids, it became apparent that Sturgeon's Law (90% of everything is crap) was an effective summary of the literature surrounding the ancient Druids until 1970.

However, as I looked more closely, I've noticed that many of the authors are previous members (or chiefs) of OBOD. Now I wish to be charitable, so instead of declaiming the works of OBOD's leaders, I would instead characterize their books as indicative historical resources of the changing of beliefs within the various fraternal organizations leading up to the founding of OBOD in 1964.

Likewise, I will grant that such modern works as "The Sacred Cauldron" and "21 Lessons of Merrlyn" should not be execrated as scholastic rubbish, but rather they should be seen as works of inspirational art that gives the researcher a more vivid picture of the divergence between historical re-constructionist groups and those groups which are apparently relying on divine sources of inspiration. Books by Stuart Piggot, Ross Nichols and A.L. Owens (listed below) carry good accounts of the various beliefs and erroneous publications about Druidism through history. There is however a lot of material still left to be talked about by a researcher!

I would further caution the reader that many of these works make no such claims that they are personal opinions, and purport to be factual accounts. They are also continual reprinted, deceptively hiding their ancient first publishing date and thereby tacitly presenting them as fresh research.

Here's a rough summary of the author's names to avoid when seeking firm knowledge of the ancient Druids: Lewis Spence, Rutherford Ward, Phillip Carr-Gomm, Ross Nichols, Rene & Paul Bouchet, Godfrey Higgins, Tadhg MacCrossan, John Williams, Iolo Morganwg, Edward Evans, John Toland.

I would also caution against the un-skeptical use of John & Caitlin Matthews (also of OBOD,) who have recently published dozens of Celtic Oriented books. Although the Matthews have graciously reprinted the out-of-print rare antiquarian tracts on Druidism, they have subsequently added to these tracts with their own interpretations of Shamanism. More scholarly annotations would be helpful in the footnotes. However, they do make interesting reading.

Finally, I would advise the reader to check any of their research books to see if those books rely on the authority of the following books which are widely dismissed by the current academic authorities.

**The Sacred Cauldron by Tadhg MacCrossan**  
Founder of Druidactios, a group that apparently dislike Neo-Pagans and is disliked by the Neo-Pagans also.

**199? The 21 Lessons of Merrlyn**  
Widely described as "21 Lessons of Crap." Beware.

**1993 Prophet, Priest and King by Ross Nichols**  
Elements Books A posthumous book by a former OBOD chief.

**1993 Celtic Lore: The History of the Druids and their Timeless Traditions by Rutherford Ward**  
Aquarian/Thorsons: London ISBN 1855381346 More lightweight armchair guessing

**1993 The Druid Way by Phillip Carr Gomm**  
Element Books: Rockport, Mass ISBN 1-85230-365-4 Current Chief of OBOD teaches about his group

**1991 Elements of the Druid Tradition by Phillip Carr-Gomm**  
Element Books: Rockport Mass ISBN 185230202x Interesting but of dubious scholastic quality, but a good philosophical treatise.

**1991 Taliesin: Shamanism & the Bardic Mysteries in Britain and Ireland by John Matthews**  
Aquarian Press of Harper Collins: San Francisco (BL 980.G7 M39 at Wesley and in Carleton Archives) Interesting arm-chair philosophy by an OBOD member.

**(1990) orig. 1978 The Druids: Magicians of the West by Rutherford Ward**  
(1990 Sterling PublCo: NY ISBN 08503030x) Not very accurate

**1990 The Celtic Reader+ Selections from Celtic Legend, Scholarship and Story by John Matthews**  
Harper Collins: San Francisco 1990 ISBN 1-85538-228-8 An excellent collection of out-of-print antiquarian articles by an OBOD member.

**1990 The Book of Druidry by Ross Nichols**  
Harper Collins: San Francisco ISBN 1-85538-167-2 An EXCELLENT history of OBOD, it's leaders and customs.

**1980s La Princesse de Vix by Paul Bouchet**  
By a French chief of OBOD

**1980s Hu Gadarn, Le Premier Gaulois. by Paul Bouchet**  
By a French chief of OBOD

**1979 The Famous Druids by A.L. Owen**  
Greenwood Press: Westport Conn (at Carleton Archives) Like Piggot, this GOOD book gives a good review of the various interpretations of Druids from the 18th century until the present.

**1979 The Druids and the Heritage by Rutherford Ward**  
Athenaeum: 1979 Armchair reading

**1978 (1990) The Druids: Magicians of the West by Rutherford Ward**

(1990 Sterling Publ Co: Ny ISBN 08503030x) Not very accurate

**1976 Les Druides+ Science et Philosophie. by Rene Bouchet**

Lafont: Paris (BL910. B67 at Carleton) A French version of OBOD beliefs

**1970s Les Druides: Toujours Vivants! by Rene Bouchet**

Interesting. By an OBOD author

**1968 (1985) The Druids by Stuart Piggot**

Praeger: NY, (Thames and Hudson: NY) An EXCELLENT Book. I've included it here because it has a 68 page discussion documenting the bad scholarship of the previous 200 years and mentions many of the authors and books described above.

**1950 William Stukeley: A Portrait of an Antiquarian by Stuart Piggot**

Oxford (available at Univ. Minn) An in-depth biography of Stukeley, the man who first started the myth that Druids built Stonehenge and sensationalized Druids in British culture. The Author, Stuart Piggot is a respected authority on Celtic Religion.

**1938 (1979, 199?) The History and Origins of Druidism by Lewis Spence**

Rider & Co.: London (repub. Aquarian: Northhampshire) Another OBOD member and mythologist.

**1931 Handbuch des Druiden Ordens by H Wiese and H Fricke**

Munich 1931  
A good account of German fraternal organizations

**1911 The Religion of the Ancient Celts by John Arnott MacCulloch**

T&T Clark: Edinburgh (at Carleton) Outdated, but contains good collection of surviving modern Celtic customs until 1900.

**1894 (1984 reprint) Irish Druids and Old Irish Religions by James Bonwick**

Griffith, Farran & Co.: London (at Carleton) An honest, sensible approach to historical druidism, but terribly outdated.

**1890 The Light of Britannia by Owen Morgen**

D.Owen: Cardiff Written at the peak of really weird antiquarian beliefs.

**1889 Ancient Egypt: Light of the World by Gerald Massey**

Currently unavailable Former OBOD chief with small amounts of the group's teachings.

**1887 The Welsh Question and Druidism by Griffith**

R. Bank & Son: London (at Saint Olaf) Not too bad. An overview.

**1887 Man in Search of his Soul by Gerald Massey**

Currently unavailable Former OBOD chief with small amounts of the group's teachings.

**1887 The Coming Religion by Gerald Massey**

Currently unavailable Former OBOD chief with small amounts of the group's teachings.

**1887 Seven Schools of Man by Gerald Massey**

Currently unavailable Former OBOD chief with small amounts of the group's teachings.

**1881 Book of the Beginnings by Gerald Massey**

Currently unavailable Former OBOD chief with small amounts of the group's teachings.

**1872 A Critical Study of Ezekiel's Temple and Israelites Found in Anglo-Saxons by William Carpenter**

Supposedly another OBOD chief

**1868 Barddas by John Williams**

Llandoverly (available at Carleton Archives) Reprint of the biggest fraudulent studies by Iolo Morganwyg in the 18th century. This book is chock full of lies, although it is very interesting readings. Facing pages of Welsh and poor English translations.

**1858 Taliesin: The Bards and Druids of Britain by David William Nash**

John Russell Smith: London 1858 (PR8920.N3 at Dennison Univ. and Carleton Archives?) A VERY GOOD piece of critical study on the works of Rev. Davies, Owens & Evans. Nash provides original Welsh verses and a non-mystical translation. Much more interesting to read than Davies' actual book.

**1840 Jerusalem by William Blake**

Famous poem by a past OBOD chief, but quite long.

**1838 The Neo-Druidic Heresy by Algernon Herbert**

(Interlibrary loan copy too old, maybe available at Carleton?) Believed that the Culdee church was infiltrated by pagan Druids.

**1838 Stonehenge: A Temple Restored to the British by William Stukeley**

One of the founders of OBOD, who used primitive archeological methods to back up his suppositions. See Stuart Piggot for more information.

**1830s Patriarchal Religion of Britain by D. James**

No Information available

**1830s Poems, Lyrics and Pastoral by Edward Evans**

More questionable Welsh translations.

**1829 The Celtic Druids by Godfrey Higgins**

By a former OBOD chief.

**1806 The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids Rev. Edward Davies**

J. Booth: London (at Univ Minn & Carleton Archives) See "Celtic Researches," this one deals with the Helio-Arkite Theory that Druids were the heirs of Noah's patriarchal religion.



**1803 Celtic Researches by Rev. Edward Davies**

J Booth: London (at Univ Minn & Carleton Archives) A widely read book that use poor translations of Welsh. Very difficult to read unless you know the Bible, Hebrew, Latin, Linguistics and Celtic Mythology. Full of Book. Heavily debunked by David Nash in 1858, but considered authoritative until then.

**1745 Avebury: A temple of the British Druids by William Stukely**

One founders of OBOD, this man was singularly responsible for linking Stonehenge and the Druids. Stuart Piggot aptly describes how this happens.

**1726 (Repub 1978) The History of Celtic Religions and Learning by John Toland**

(repub Norwood Editions: Norwood PA) One of the first modern books on Druidism. First Chief of OBOD. Writer of over 100 books. Early proponent of Stonehenge Druids

**1717 State Anatomy of Great Britain by John Toland**

First Chief of OBOD. Writer of over 100 books. Early proponent of Stonehenge Druids

**1717 Pantheisticaon by John Toland**

First Chief of OBOD. Writer of over 100 books. Early proponent of Stonehenge Druids

**1697 Christianity not Mysterious by John Toland**

First Chief of OBOD. Writer of over 100 books. Early proponent of Stonehenge Druids

## Section Six: The Book of Ancient Sources

### 2003 Introduction

This book was put together by myself over the summer of 1993 when I was into super-deep research on the Ancient Druids. While most people concentrate of using Ancient Irish and Welsh sources when trying to research the Druids, we often try to ignore the copious Classical Roman and Greek sources referring to the world into which (like or not) the Celtic countries were economically and militarily enmeshed. While it is true that many of the writers displayed arrogance and disdain towards the Celts, they do offer another means by which we can gauge how far back many of the native traits and customs listed in medieval Christian texts, go back several hundred years, before literacy came to the Celtic realms.

One thing to keep in mind is that where one reference to Celtic RELIGIOUS practices is mentioned, there is usually several pages of reference in the material to ordinary customs and ways of life that, by some definitions, shed life on the world view of the Celts being described. I didn't have time to exhaustively pull out all such references, so please check the original materials (most of which have been republished or can be found in larger libraries, universities or on-line versions.) To fully understand these sources, how accurate they are, and what were their sources; I recommend reading "The Druids" by Kendrick, "The Druids" by Chadwick and "The Druids" by Piggott. Taken together, you will better understand these resources, before starting your own very rewarding research into the Classical world. Remember, you need to know Roman Empire history, as well as British & French Empire history to know the Celts. It's sadly the conquerors who have left most of the records throughout history of the conquered peoples.

Perhaps, given enough free time, I will try to reprint materials from native authors of Celtic realms. But that is another project, and it has already been mostly accomplished in The Celtic Heroic Age by John T. Koch (Editor,) John Carey (Editor.)

-Sincerely  
Mike Scharding  
March 21, 2003  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.

### 1993 Introduction

Collected by Michael Scharding with a blatant disregard to copyright laws for his comprehensive studies in the history department at Carleton. Original language and English translation provided where possible. Except for one or two sources, it contains the original classical materials from 500 B.C.E. to 500 C.e. (Excepting early Irish Sagas) referred to in most modern books on Celtic religions.

Mike Scharding  
31<sup>st</sup> Day of Foghamhar, Year XXXI of the Reform.  
September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1993 C.E.

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## Ammianus Marcellinus

Ammianus Marcellinus (c. 390-91 or later,) considered to be the last of the great Roman historians. He wrote of the period of A.D. 96-378. He appears to have been in Gaul with Ursicinus with whom he had served in the East. He is an important authority on the Druids, having obtained his material from much earlier sources, among whom he cites Timagenes (q.v.) with deep respect.

There is another item of testimony that must belong to the same period, if its author, Timagenes, is correctly identified with the rhetorician and historian who practiced at Rome in the time of Pompey, and afterwards under Augustus. The following extract from his lost account of the Gauls are given by Ammianus Marcellinus in the 4th Century, A.D.:

### Ammianus Marcellinus,

#### Constantius et Gallus, xv, 9, 4:

"According to the Druids, a part of the population [of Gaul] was indigenous, but some of the people came from outlying islands and lands beyond the Rhine, driven from their homes by repeated wars and by the inroads of the sea."

### Ammianus Marcellinus,

#### Constantius et Gallus, xv, 9, 4

"Drasidae memorant revera fuisse populi partem indigenam, sed alios quoque ab insulis extimis confluisse et tractibus transrhenanis, crebritate bellorum et adluvione fervidi maris sedibus suis expulsos."

### Ammianus Marcellinus,

#### Constantius et Gallus, xv, 9, 8:

"In these regions, as the people gradually became civilized, attention to the gentler arts became commoner, a study introduced by the Bards, and the Euhages, and the Druids. It was the custom of the Bards to celebrate the brave deeds of their famous men in epic verse accompanied by the sweet strain of the lyre, while Euhages strove to explain the high mysteries of nature. Between them came the Druids, men of greater talent, members of the intimate fellowship of the Pythagorean faith; they were uplifted by searchings into secret and sublime things, and with grand contempt for mortal lot they professed the immortality of the soul."

### Ammianus Marcellinus,

#### Constantius et Gallus, xv, 9, 8:

"Per haec loca hominibus paulatim excultis viguere studia laudabilium doctrinarum, inchoata per bardos et euhagis et drasidas. Et bardi quidem fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyrae modulis cantarunt, euhages vero scrutantes seriem et sublimia naturae pandere conabantur. Inter eos dryaridae ingeniis celsiores, ut auctoritas Pythagorae decrevit, sodaliciis adstricti consortiis, quaestionibus occultarum rerum altarumque erecti sunt et depectantes humana pronuntiarunt animas immortales."

## Ammianus Marcellinus

### Constantius et Gallus, v. 11

In early times, when these regions lay in darkness as savage, they are though to have been threefold, divided into Celts (the same as the Gauls,) the Aquitanians, and the Belgians, differing in language, habits and laws. Now the Gauls (who are the Celts) are separated from the Aquitanians by the Garonne river, which rises in the hills of the Pyrenees, and after running past many towns disappears in the Ocean. But from the Belgians this same nation is separated by the Marne and the Seine, rivers of identical size; they flow through the district of Lyons, and after encircling in the manner of an island, a stronghold of the Parisii called Lutetia, they unite in one channel, and flowing on together pour into the sea not far from Castra Constantia. Of all these nations for the Belgae had the reputation in the ancient writers of being the most valiant, for the reason that being far removed from civilized life and not made effeminate by imported luxuries, they warred for a long time with the Germans across the Rhine. The Aquitanians, on the contrary, to whose coasts, as being near at hand and peaceable, imported wares are conveyed, had their characters weakened to effeminacy and easily came under the sway of Rome.

Almost all the Gauls are of tall stature, fair and ruddy, terrible for the fierceness of their eyes, fond of quarrelling, and of overbearing insolence. In fact, a whole band of foreigners will be unable to cope with one of them in a fight, if he calls in his wife, stronger than he by far and with flashing eyes; least of all when she swells her neck and gnashes her teeth, and poisoning her huge white arms, proceeds to rain punches mingled with kicks, like shots discharged by the twisted cords of a catapult. The voices of most of them are formidable and threatening, alike when they are good natured or angry...

## Ammianus Marcellinus,

### Constantius et Gallus, v. 28:

"The druids, who were of a loftier intellect, and bound by the rules of brotherhood as decreed by Pythagoras' authority, were exalted by investigations of deep and serious study, and despising human affairs, declared souls to be immortal."

## Ammianus Marcellinus, A.D. 380 :

### Liber xv. c. 9

"...the Bards record the exploits of heroes, in poems, which they sing to the soft sound of the lyre..."

## Ausonius

(Decimus Magnus Ausonius) (KEY), c.310–c.395, Latin poet and man of letters, b. Bordeaux. He tutored Gratian, who, when he ascended the throne, made Ausonius prefect of Gaul, and finally consul (379.) When Gratian died, Ausonius returned to Bordeaux. His work gives a detailed picture of contemporary people and places. *Mosella*, a description of his journey on the Moselle River, contains his best verse. Among his other works are *Parentalia*, verse sketches of dead relatives, and *Ordo nobilium urbium*, a description of 20 leading cities of the Roman world. Ausonius was nominally a Christian, although his works reveal many pagan beliefs.

## Ausonius Commem.

### Professorum IV 7-10

That such continuity between the Vates and the women fortune tellers is reasonable, is suggested by the fact that at the end of the 4th century we find that a pedigree reaching back to the druids themselves was still a boast of honourable ancestry. This is illustrated by two passages from Ausonius, and, although it does not by any means decide the question of the pretensions of the 3rd century diviners to the title of druids, at least it provides evidence of the continued memory of the order a hundred years later.

## Ausonius.

### Commem. Professorum, IV, 7-10

If report does not lie, you were sprung from the stock of the druids of Bayeux, and traced your hallowed line from the temple of Belenus.

## Ausonius.

### Commem. Professorum, IV, 7-10

Tu Baiocassi stripe Druidarum satus,  
Si fama non fallit fidem,  
Beleni sacratum ducis e templo genus,  
Et inde vobis nomina.

## Ausonius.

### Commem. Professorum, X, 22-30

Nor must I leave unmentioned the old man Phoebicius, who, though keeper of Belenus's temple, got no profit thereby. Yet he, springs, as rumour goes, from the stock of the druids of Armorica (i.e. Brittany,) obtained a chair at Bordeaux by his son's help.

## Ausonius.

### Commem. Professorum, X, 22-30

Nec reticebo senem  
Nomine Phoebicium  
Qui Beleni aedituus  
Nil opis inde tulit;  
Set tamen, ut placitum,  
Stirpe satus Druidum  
Gentis Aremoricae,  
Burdigalae cathedram  
Nati opera obtinuit

## Arrian

Arrian (known as Flavius Arrianus in Latin) was a historian and philosopher from Nicomedia in Bithynia, who lived in the 2nd century. His works included: *Anabasis* - seven books about Alexander the Great *Indica* - a supplement to the *Anabasis* describing India, and the voyage of Nearchus leading the Greek fleet on the return from India.

### Arrian

#### 1:5 Selection “On the Danube”

The same day he led his whole force back to camp, safe and sound. At this point (50 years before the Celts invaded Macedonia) Alexander was visited by envoys from Syrmus, the King of Triballians, and from the various other independent tribes along the Danube. The Celts from the Adriatic Sea also sent representatives – men of mighty demeanor and tall in proportion. All professed a desire for Alexander’s friendship, and mutual pledges were given and received. Alexander asked the Celtic envoys what they were most afraid of in this world, hoping that the power of his own name had got as far as their country, or even further, and that they would answer, “you, my lord.” However, he was disappointed; for the Celts, who lived a long way off in a country not easy to penetrate, and who could see that Alexander’s expedition was directed elsewhere, replied that their worst fear was that the sky might fall on their heads. None the less, he concluded an alliance of friendship with them and sent them home, merely remarking under his breath that the Celts thought too much of themselves.

## Pausanias

Pausanias (fl.c.160 CE): Pausanias, reputedly born in Lydia, was a Greek traveler (as well as Greece he also visited Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Macedonia, Epirus) during height of Roman rule. His most important work is the *Description of Greece* [Periegesis Hellados], a sort of tourist guidebook, which remains an invaluable text on ancient ruins.

The *Description of Greece* survives in ten books in the form of a tour of Greece starting in Attica. The first book seems to have been completed after 143 CE, but before 161CE. No event after 176CE is mentioned in the work.

Pausanias begins his description of each city with a synopsis of its history followed by an account of the monuments in topographical order. He also discusses local daily life, ceremonial rituals, legend and folklore. His main concentration is on artistic work from the glories of classical Greece, especially religious art and architecture. That he can be relied on for building and works which have since disappeared is shown by the accuracy of his descriptions of buildings which do survive.

### Pausanias

#### Description of Greece xxi: 1-4

So despising the Greek army he advanced from Heracleia, and began the battle at sun-rise on the next day. He had no Greek soothsayer, and made no use of his own country’s sacrifices, if indeed the Celts have any art of divination. Whereupon the Greeks attacked silently and in good order.

## Athenaeus

Athenaeus (ca. 200) was a Greek writer, best remembered for his anthological anecdote collection *Deipnosophistae* of ancient authors. He also wrote *Deipnosophistai* (The Learned Banquet,) a book about two people discussing recipes. He is also called Athenaeus of Naucratis, since he was born in Naucratis, Egypt. Little else is known about him, except from what his books tell.

### Athenaeus

#### Deipnosophistae. IV 150-4,160. VI 233-4,246, 249

Among the Celts, says Phylarchus in the sixth book, many loaves of bread are broken up and served lavishly on the tables, as well as pieces of meat taken from the cauldrons; no one tastes these without looking first to see whether the king has touched what is set before him. Again in Book iii, the same Phylarchus says that Ariamnes, who was a very rich Celt, publicly promised to entertain all Celts for a year, and he fulfilled this promise by the following method. At various points in their country he set stations along the most convenient highways, where he erected booths of vine-props and poles of reed and osiers, each booth holding four hundred men and even more, according to the space demanded in each station for the reception of the crowds which were expected to stream in from towns and villages. Here he set up large cauldrons, containing all kinds of meat, which he had caused to be forged the year before he intended to give the entertainment, sending for metal-workers from other cities. Many victims were slaughtered daily – bulls, hogs, sheep, and other cattle – casks of wine were made ready, and a large quantity of barley meal ready mixed. Phylarchus continues: “Not merely the Celts who came from the villages and towns profited by this, but even passing strangers were not allowed to depart by the slaves who served, until they had had a share of the food which had been prepared.

Poseidonius (He of the Porch,) in the *Histories* which he compiled, collected many usages and customs of many peoples germane to the philosophic tenets which he held; and he writes: “The Celts place hay on the ground when they serve their meals, which they take on wooden tables raised only slightly from the ground. Their food consists of a few loaves of bread, but of large quantities of meat prepared in water or roasted over coals or on spits. This they eat in a cleanly fashion, to be sure, but with a lion-like appetite, grasping whole joints with both hands and biting them off the bone; if, however, any pieces proves hard to tear away, they slice it off with a small knife, which lies at hand in its sheath in a special box. Those who dwell beside rivers or by the inner and outer sea slope eat fish baked with salt, vinegar and cumin. The last they also drop into their wine. They use no olive oil, on account of its rarity, and being unfamiliar it seems to them unpleasant. When several dine together, they sit in a circle; but the mightiest among them, distinguished above the others for skill in war, or family connexions, or wealth, sits in the middle, like a chorus-leader. Beside him is the host, and next on either side the others according to their respective ranks. Men-at-arms carrying their oblong shields, stand close behind them, while their bodyguards, seated in a circle directly opposite, share in the feast like their masters. The attendants serve the drink in vessels resembling our spouted cups, either of clay or silver. Similar also are the platters which they have for serving food; but others use bronze platters, other still, baskets of wood or plaited wicker. The liquor drunk in the houses of the rich is wine brought from Italy and the country round Marseilles, and is unmixed; though sometimes a little water is added. But among the needier

inhabitants a beer is drunk made from wheat, with honey added; the masses drink it plain. It is called corma. They sip a little, not more than a small cupful, from the same cup, but they do it rather frequently. The slave carries the drink round from left to right and from right to left; this is the way in which they are served. They make obeisance to the gods, also, turning towards the right.”

Posidonius again, describing the wealth of Lovernius, father of Bituis, who was deposed by the Romans, says that to win the favor of the mob he rode in a chariot through the fields scattering gold and silver among the myriads of Celts who followed him; he also made an enclosure twelve stades square, in which he set up vats filled with expensive wine, and prepared a quantity of food so great that for several days all who wished might enter and enjoy what was set before them, being served continuously. After he had finally set a limit to the feast, one of the native poets arrived too late; and meeting the chief, he sang his praises in a hymn extolling his greatness and lamenting his own lot in having come late. And the chief, delighted with this, called for a bag of gold and tossed it to the bard as he ran beside him. He picked it up and again sang in his honour, saying that the wheel tracks made by the chariot on the ground on which he drove bore golden benefits for men. All this Posidonius recorded in the twenty-third book.

In the twenty-third book of his Histories, Posidonius says: “The Celts sometimes have gladiatorial contests during dinner. Having assembled under arms, they indulge in sham fights and practice feints with one another; sometimes they proceed even to the point of wounding each other, and then, exasperated by this, if the company does not intervene, they go as far as to kill. In ancient times, he continues, we observe that when whole joints of meat were served, the best man received the thigh. But if another claimed it, they stood up to fight it out in single combat to the death. Others, again, would collect silver or gold, or in a number of jars of wine from the audience in the theatre, and having extracted a pledge that their award would be carried out, they would decree that the collection be distributed as presents to their dearest relatives; then they stretched themselves on their backs over their shields, and someone standing near would cut their throats with a sword.” Euporion of Chaleis, in his Historical Notes, writes as follows; “Among the Romans twenty pounds are offered to any who will brave decapitation with an axe, on condition that their heirs receive the prize. And often, when too many are enrolled, they dispute which of them has the best right in each case to have his head cut off.”

#### **iv. 160**

Thereupon Magnus took the floor and said: “our altogether excellent Larensis has answered this glutton “dog” concerning “conch” keenly and well. But I will follow The Celts of the Paphian Sopater: “Among them it is the custom, whenever they win any success in battle, to sacrifice their captives to the gods; so I, imitating the Celts, have vowed to the heavenly powers that I shall burn three of those counterfeit dialecticians on the altar. Look you! Having listened to you solemnly professed your philosophy and your philology and your stoical endurance, I am going to make a test of your doctrines first by smoking them; then if I see one of you....”

#### **vi. 233-4**

Among the Celts, the tribe called Scordistae, though they refrain from importing gold into their own country, nevertheless do not pass silver by when they pillage and outrage other people’s lands. This tribe is a remnant of the Celts who attacked the Delphic oracle under Brennus, but a leader named

Bathanattus removed them to the regions round the Danube; from him also the road by which they retreated is called Bathanattia, and they call his descendants Bathanatti to this very day. They also eschew gold and do not bring it into their native towns, because through it they have undergone many terrible trials; but they use silver, and for its sake commit many terrible acts. And yet surely they ought not to have banished that class of metal so sacrilegiously stolen, but rather the impiety which they had committed the sacrilege. For if they had not brought silver into their country any more than gold, then they would sin with respect to bronze and iron; or, again, if even these were not found among them, then they would be continually exercising their craze for war in order to steal food and drink and other necessities.”

#### **vi. 246**

Ptolemy, the son of Agesarchus, who was a native of Megalopolis, say, in the second book of his Inquiries Relating to Philopator, that drinking-companions for that king used to gather from ever city, who were called “laugh-artists.” Posidonius of Apameia says, in the twenty third book of his Histories: “The Celts, even when they go to war, carry round with them living-companions whom they call parasites. These persons recite their praises before men when they are gathered in large companies as well as before any individual who listens to them in private. And their entertainments are furnished by the so-called Bards; these are poets, as it happens, who recite praises in song.”

#### **vi. 249**

Nicolas of Damascus (he was of the Peripatetic School) in his bulk History (for there are one hundred and forty books) says, in the one hundred and sixteenth book, that Adiatomus, the King of the Sotiani, which is a Celtic tribe, had six hundred picked men as a body-guard, called by the Celts in their native tongue “siloduri”; this in Greek means “bound by a vow.” “These men the kings keep to live and die with them, since that is the vow which the picked men make. In return for this they exercise power with him, wearing the same dress and having the same mode of life, and they are absolutely bound to die with him, whether the king dies of disease or in battle or in any other manner. And no one can tell of any case where one of these men played the coward or evaded death whenever it came to the king.”

# Dio Cassius

## Dio Cassius

### Roman History LXII 6&7

"Let us show them that they are hares and foxes trying to rule over dogs and wolves." When she finished speaking, she employed a species of divination, letting a hare escape from the fold of her dress; and since it ran on what she considered the auspicious side, the whole multitude shouted with pleasure, and Buduica, raising her hand toward heaven, said, "I thank thee, Andraste, and call upon thee as woman speaking to woman, for I rule over no burden-bearing Egyptians as did Nitocris, nor over trafficking Assyrians as did Semiramis (for we have by now gained this much learning from the Romans!) much less over the Romans themselves as did Messalina once and afterwards Agrippina and now Nero (who, though in name is a man, is in fact a woman, as is proved by his singing, lyre-playing and beautification of his person); nay, those over whom I rule are Britons, men that know not how to till the soil or ply a trade, but we are thoroughly versed in the art of war and hold all things in common, even children and wives, so that the latter possess the same valour as the men. As the queen, then, of such men and of such women, I supplicate and pray thee for victory, preservation of life, and liberty against men insolent, unjust, insatiable, impious, if indeed we ought to term those people men who bathe in warm water, eat artificial dainties, drink unmixed wine, anoint themselves with myrrh, sleep on soft couches with boys for bedfellows, boys past their prime at that, and are slaves to a lyre-player and a poor one too. Wherefore may this Mistress Domitia Nergo reign no longer over me or over you men; let the wench sing and lord it over Romans, for they surely deserve to be the slaves of such a woman after having submitted to her so long. But for us, Mistress, be though alone ever our leader."

Having finished an appeal to her people of this general tenor, Buduica led her army against the Romans; for these chanced to be without a leader, inasmuch as Paulinus, their commander, had gone on an expedition to Mona, an island near Britain. This enabled her to sack and plunder two Roman cities, and, as I have said, to wreak indescribable slaughter. Those who were taken captive by the Britons were subjected to every known form of outrage. The worst and most bestial atrocity committed by their captors was the following. They hung up naked the noblest and most distinguished women and then cut off their breasts and sewed them to their mouths, in order to make the victims appear to be eating them; afterwards they impaled the omen on sharp skewers run lengthwise through the entire body. All this they did to the accompaniment of sacrifices, banquets and wanton behavior, not only in all their other sacred places, but particularly in the grove of Andate. This was their name for Victory, and they regarded her with the most exceptional reverence. Now it chanced that Paulinus had already brought Mona to terms, and so on learning of the disaster in Britain, he at once set sail hither from Mona. However, he was not willing to risk a conflict with the....."

# Caesar

## Caius Julius Cæsar, B.C. 99-44 :

### De Bello Gallico, Liber vi., cc. 13-18:

*The quotations on this page are those used by the Rev. J. Williams Ab Ithel, M.A., from his works "Barddas - the Bardic-Druidic System of the Isle of Britain" published by the Welsh MSS Society in 1862*

"They preside over sacred things, have the charge of public and private sacrifices, and explain their religion. To them a great number of youths have recourse for the sake of acquiring instruction, and they are in great honour among them. For they generally settle all their disputes, both public and private; and if there is any transgression perpetrated, any murder committed, or any dispute about inheritance or boundaries, they decide in respect of them; they appoint rewards and penalties; and if any private or public person abides not by their decree, they restrain him from the sacrifices. This with them is the most severe punishment. Whoever are so interdicted, are ranked in the number of the impious and wicked; all forsake them, and shun their company and conversation, lest they should suffer disadvantage from contagion with them: nor is legal right rendered to them when they sue it, nor any honour conferred upon them. But one presides over all these Druids, who possess the supreme authority among them. At his death, if any one of the others excels in dignity, the same succeeds him: but if several have equal pretensions, the president is elected by the votes of the Druids, sometimes they even contend about the supreme dignity by force of arms. At a certain time of the year, they assemble in session on a consecrated spot in the confines of the Carnutes, which is considered the central region of the whole of Gaul. Thither all, who have any disputes, come together from any side, and acquiesce in their judgments and decisions. The institution is thought to have originated in Britain, and to have been thence introduced into Gaul; and even now those who wish to become more accurately acquainted with it, generally repair thither, for the sake of learning it."

"The Druids usually abstain from war, nor do they pay taxes together with the others; they have exemption from warfare, and the free use of all things. Instigated by such advantages, many resort to their school even of their own accord, whilst others are sent by their parents and relations. They are said to thoroughly know a great number of verses. On that account, some continue at their education for twenty years. Nor do they deem it lawful to commit those things to writing; though, generally, in other cases, and in their public and private accounts, they use Greek letters. They appear to me to have established this custom for two reasons; because they would not have their tenets published, and because they would not have those, who learn them, by trusting to letters, neglect the exercise of memory; since it generally happens, that, owing to the safeguard of letters, they relax their diligence in learning, as well as their memory. In particular they wish to inculcate this idea, that souls do not die, but pass after death from one body to another; and they think that by this means men are very much instigated to the exercise of bravery, the fear of death being despised. They also dispute largely concerning the stars and their motion, the magnitude of the world and the earth, the nature of things, the force and power of the immortal gods, and instruct the youth in their principles."

"The whole nation of Gauls is very much given to religious observances, and on that account, those affected with grievous diseases, and those who are engaged in battles and

perils, either immolate men as sacrifices, or vow that they will immolate themselves, and they employ Druids as ministers of those sacrifices; because they think that the life of a man is not given for the life of man, the immortal gods cannot be appeased; they have also instituted public sacrifices of the same kind. Some have images of immense size, the limbs of which, interwoven with twigs, they fill with living men, and the same being set on fire, the men, surrounded by the flames, are put to death. They think the punishment of those who are caught in theft or pillage, or in any other wicked act, is more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when there is a deficiency of such evil doers, they have recourse even to the punishment of the innocent."

"They chiefly worship the god Mercury; of him they have many images, him they consider as the inventor of all arts, as the guide of ways and journeys, and possessing power for obtaining money and merchandise. After him, they worship Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. Concerning them they have almost the same opinions as other nations, namely: that Apollo wards off diseases; that Minerva instructs them in the principles of works and arts; that Jupiter holds the empire of heaven; and that Mars rules wars. To him, when they have determined to engage in battle, they generally vow those things which they shall have captured in war. When they are victorious, they sacrifice the captured animals; and pile up the other things in one place."

"The Gauls declare that they have all sprung from their father Pluto, and this they say was delivered to them by the Druids."

**Cæsar, C. J.,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 13,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"Throughout Gaul there are two classes of persons of definite account and dignity. As for the common folk, they are treated almost as slaves, venturing naught of themselves, never taken into counsel. The more part of them, oppressed as they are either by debt, or by the heavy weight of tribute, or by the wrongdoing of the more powerful men, commit themselves in slavery to the nobles, who have, in fact, the same rights over them as masters over slaves. Of the two classes above-mentioned, one consists of Druids, the other of knights.

"The former are concerned with divine worship, the due performance of sacrifices, public and private, and the interpretation of ritual questions: a great number of young men gather about them for the sake of instruction and hold them in great honour. In fact, it is they who decide in almost all disputes, public and private; and if any crime has been committed, or murder done, or there is any dispute about succession or boundaries, they also decide it, determining rewards and penalties: if any person or people does not abide by their decision, they ban such from sacrifice, which is their heaviest penalty. Those that are so banned are reckoned as impious and criminal; all men move out of their path and shun their approach and conversation, for fear they may get some harm from their contact, and no justice is done if they seek it, no distinction falls to their share.

"Of all these Druids one is chief, who has the highest authority among them. At his death, either any other that is pre-eminent in position succeeds, or, if there be several of equal standing, they strive for the primacy by the vote of the Druids, or sometimes even with armed force. These Druids, at a certain time of the year, meet within the borders of Carnutes, whose territory is reckoned as the centre of all Gaul, and sit in conclave

in a consecrated spot. Thither assemble from every side all that have disputes, and they obey the decisions and judgments of the Druids. It is believed that their rule of life was discovered in Britain and transferred thence to Gaul; and to-day those who would study the subject more accurately journey, as a rule, to Britain to learn it."

**Cæsar, Caius Julius,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 13,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"In omni Gallia eorum hominum qui aliquo sunt numero atque honore genera sunt duo. Nam plebes paene servorum habetur loco, quae nihil audet per se, nulli adhibetur consilio.... Sed de his duobus generibus alterum est druidum, alterum equitum.

Illi rebus divinis intersunt, sacrificia publica ac privata procurant, religiones interpretantur; ad hos magnus adolescentium numerus disciplinae causa concurrunt, magnoque hi sunt apud eos honore. Nam fere de omnibus controversiis publicis privatisque constituunt, et si quod est facinus admissum, si caedes facta, si de hereditate, de finibus controversia est, idem decernunt, praemia poenasque constituunt; si qui aut privatis aut populus eorum decreto non stetit, sacrificiis interdicitur. Haec poena apud eos est gravissima. Quibus ita est interdictum, hi numero impiorum ac sceleratorum habentur, his omnes decedunt, aditum sermonemque defugiunt, ne quid ex contagione in commodi accipiant, neque iis petentibus ius redditur neque honos ullus communicatur.

His autem omnibus druidibus praeest unus, qui summam inter eos habet auctoritatem. Hoc mortuo aut si qui ex reliquis excellit dignitate succedit, aut, si sunt plures pares, suffragio druidum, nonnumquam etiam armis de principatu contendunt. Hi certo anni tempore in finibus Carnutum, quae regio totius Galliae media habetur, consistunt in loco consecrato. Huc omnes undique qui controversias habent, conveniunt eorumque decretis iudiciisque parent. Disciplina in Britannia reperta atque inde in Galliam translata existimatur, et nunc qui diligentius eam rem cognoscere volunt plerumque illo discendi causa proficiscuntur."

**Cæsar, C. J.,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 14,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"The Druids usually hold aloof from war, and do not pay war taxes with the rest; they are excused from military service and exempt from all liabilities. Tempted by these great rewards, many young men assemble of their own motion to receive their training; many are sent by parents and relatives. Report says that in the school of the Druids they learn by heart a great number of verses, and therefore some persons remain twenty years under training. And they do not think it proper to commit these utterances to writing, although in almost all other matters, and in their public and private accounts, they make use of Greek letters.

I believe they have adopted the practice for two reasons - that they do not wish the rule to become common property, nor those who learn the rule to rely on writing and so neglect the cultivation of the memory; and, in fact, it does usually happen that the assistance of writing tends to relax the diligence of the student and the action of the memory. The cardinal doctrine



which they seek to teach is that souls do not die, but after death pass from one to another; and this belief, as the fear of death is thereby cast aside, they hold to be the greatest incentive to valour. Besides this, they have many discussions touching the stars and their movement, the size of the universe and of the earth, the order of nature, the strength and the powers of the immortal gods, and hand down their lore to the young men."

**Cæsar, Caius Julius,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 14,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"Druides a bello abesse consuerunt neque tributa una cum reliquis pendunt; militiae vacationem omniumque rerum habent immunitatem. Tantis excitati præmiis et sua sponte multi in disciplinam conveniunt et a parentibus propinquisque mittuntur. Magnum ibi numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur. Itaque annos non nulli vicenos in disciplina permanent. Neque fas esse existimant ea litteris mandare, cum in reliquis fere rebus, publicis privatisque rationibus, Graecis litteris utantur.

Id mihi duabus de causis instituisse videntur, quod neque in vulgus disciplinam effere velint neque eos qui discant litteris confisos minus memoriae studere; quod fere plerisque accidit ut praesidio litterarum diligentiam in suadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios, atque hoc maxime ad virtutem excitari putant metu mortis neglecto. Multa praeterea de sideribus atque eorum motu, de mundi ac terrarum magnitudine, de rerum natura, de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant et iuventuti tradunt"

**Cæsar, C. J.,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 16,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"The whole nation of the Gauls is greatly devoted to ritual observances, and for that reason those who are smitten with the more grievous maladies and who are engaged in the perils of battle either sacrifice human victims or vow so to do, employing the Druids as ministers for such sacrifices. They believe, in effect, that, unless for a man's life a man's life be paid, the majesty of the immortal gods may not be appeased; and in public, as in private, life they observe an ordinance of sacrifices of the same kind. Others use figures of immense size, whose limbs, woven out of twigs, they fill with living men and set on fire, and the men perish in a sheet of flame. They believe that the execution of those who have been caught in the act of theft or robbery or some crime is more pleasing to the immortal gods; but when the supply of such fails they resort to the execution even of the innocent."

**Cæsar, Caius Julius,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 16,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"Natio est omnis Gallorum admodum dedita religionibus, atque ob eam causam qui sunt adfecti gravioribus morbis quique in proeliis periculisque versantur aut pro victimis homines immolant aut se immolatorum vovent, administrisque ad ea sacrificia druidibus utuntur, quod, pro vita hominis nisi hominis vita reddatur, non posse deorum immortalium numen placari arbitrantur, publiceque eiusdem generis habent instituta sacrificia. Alii immani magnitudine simulacra habent, quorum contexta viminibus membra vivis hominibus complent; quibus succensis circumventi flamma exanimantur homines. Supplicia eorum, qui in furto aut in luctu aut aliqua noxia sint comprehensi, gratiora dis immortalibus esse arbitrantur; sed, cum eius generis copia defecit, etiam ad innocentium supplicia descendunt."

**Cæsar, C. J.,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 18, 1,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"The Gauls affirm that they are all descended from a common father, Dis, and say that this is the tradition of the Druids."

**Cæsar, Caius Julius,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 18, 1,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"Galli se omnes ab Dito patre prognatus praedicant idque ab druidibus proditum dicunt."

**Cæsar, C. J.,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 21, 1,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"The Germans differ much from this manner of living. They have no Druids to regulate divine worship, no zeal for sacrifices."

**Cæsar, Caius Julius,**

**De Bello Gallico, vi, 21, 1,**

**[Transl., H. J. Edwards, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"Germani multum ab hac consuetudine differunt. Namque neque Druides habent, qui rebus divinis praesint, neque sacrificiis student."

English text of above

## Dio Chrysostom

Dio Chrysostom (C. Ad. 40 until after 112,) an eminent Greek Sophist and rhetorician under the Roman Empire, grandfather of Dio Cassius. He was born near Mount Olympus, and came to Rome under Vespasian. He was banished from Italy under Domitian and wandered in Thrace and Scythia and the land of the Getae, but was reinstated in favour later under Nerva and Trajan. Eighty of his orations or essays on politics and philosophy have survived. He became a convert to Stoicism in later life. Among his lost works were attacks on philosophers and also on the Emperor Domitian. The evidence of Dion Chrysostom, the golden mouthed orator, dates from about A.D. 100.

**Dio Chrysostom, (c. A.D.40 - after 112,)**

**Oratio xlix: (Teub., 1919, pp. 123, 124)**

The Persians, I think, have men called Magi, the Egyptians, their priests, and the Indians, their Brahmins. On the other hand, the Kelts have men called Druids, who concern themselves with divination and all branches of wisdom. And without their advice even kings dared not resolve upon nor execute any plans, so that in truth it was they who ruled, while the kings, who sat on golden thrones and fared sumptuously in their palaces, became mere ministers of the Druid's will.

## Cicero

(Marcus Tullius Cicero) or Tully, 106 B.C.–43 B.C., greatest Roman orator, famous also as a politician and a philosopher. Cicero studied law and philosophy at Rome, Athens, and Rhodes. His political posts included those of curule aedile (69 B.C.), praetor (66 B.C.), and consul (63 B.C.) He was always a member of the senatorial party, and as party leader he successfully prosecuted Catiline. Later he was unable to prove that he had legal sanction to execute five members of Catiline's group, and on the charge of illegality he was exiled (58 B.C.) by his personal enemy, Clodius. He was recalled by Pompey the following year and was hailed as a hero.

Strongly opposed to Julius Caesar, Cicero was a leader of the party that caused him to convene (56 B.C.) the triumvirate at Lucca. In 51 B.C. he was governor of Cilicia, and on his return he joined Pompey against Caesar. After the civil war Caesar forgave Cicero, and he lived in honor at Rome under the dictatorship. He did not take part in the assassination of Caesar, but he applauded it. He and Marc Antony were bitter enemies, and Antony attacked Cicero in the senate. Cicero replied in the *First Philippic* and the *Second Philippic*, in which he sought to defend the republic. When Octavian (later Augustus) took Rome, he allowed Antony to put Cicero's name among those condemned, and Cicero was put to death on Dec. 7, 43 B.C.

## Cicero

**De Divination into I, XLI 15, 36, 90**

Cicero (106-143 B.C.) orator, author, letter-writer, and the greatest Latin prose stylists. His chief residences were first in Rom and later in his villa at Tusculum, but he studied in Rhodes where he had known Posidonius. He wrote the *De Divinatione* about eight years after Caesar had published the commentaries.

**Cicero,**

**De Divinatione, I xli, 90,**

**[Transl. Judge Falconer, 1922, Loeb Library]:**

"Nor is the practice of divination disregarded even among uncivilized tribes, if indeed there are Druids in Gaul - and there are, for I knew one of them myself, Divitiacus, the Æduan, your guest and eulogist. He claimed to have that knowledge of nature which the Greeks call "physiological," and he used to make predictions, sometimes by means of augury and sometimes by means of conjecture."

**Cicero,**

**De Divinatione, I xli, 90,**

**[Transl. Judge Falconer, 1922, Loeb Library]:**

"Eaque divinationum ratio ne in barbaris quidem gentibus neglecta est, siquidem et in Gallia Druidae sunt, quibus ipse Divitiacum Aeduum, hospitem tuum laudatoremque, cognovi, qui et naturae rationem quam [xxxxxxxxxxxx] Graeci appellant, notam esse sibi profitebatur et partim auguriis, partim coniectura, quae essent futura, dicebat."

**Cicero,**

**De Divinatione, I xli, 90,**

**[Transl. Judge Falconer, 1922, Loeb Library]:**

How reliable were the auspices at the time you became a member of the College of Augurs! Nowadays, if you will forgive me for saying so, Roman augurs ignore them, though they are respected by the Cilicians, Pamphyllans, Pisidians, and Lycians. It is hardly necessary to mention our illustrious and excellent guest, King Deiotarus of the Galatians, who never embarks upon any undertaking without first consulting the auspices. Why, once upon a time, warned by the flight of an eagle, he returned home after having started upon a journey which he had previously planned and arranged; the very next night, the chamber in which he would have slept, had he continued his trip, crashed in ruin. He himself told me that such a portent had frequently caused him to abandon an expedition, even though he might have been upon the road many days. Incidentally, that was a noble and memorable statement he made after Caesar had taken from hi his tetarchy and his kingdom and imposed an indemnity upon him. He declared that he had no regrets with reference to the auspices which had smiled upon his alliance with Poempey for by following their guidance he had

been able to defend with arm the authority of the Senate, the freedom of the Roman people, and the majesty of the empire. The birds, he said, which had guided his course into the ways of loyalty and honor had counseled him well, since he prized his good name far above his riches. Now there is a man who appears to me to have the correct conception of augury.

But enough of this problem; I shall return to it sometime, when I can examine it in greater detail. Let us now give our attention to other peoples and their augural practices – which we shall find to be more superstitious than merely artificial. They use virtually all varieties of birds, whereas we employ only a few; their ideas and ours as to what omens are favorable show wide divergence. Deiotarus used to ply me with questions about Roman augury, and I was just as eager for information concerning the system practiced in his state. Immortal gods, what a difference! In some particulars they were diametrically opposed the one to the other. He was forever consulting the auspices, but we hardly ever do, except when we receive a mandate from the people....

Supremely ridiculous is your insistence that Deiotarus had no regrets with respect to the omens which were given him as he began his march to join Pompey, "because they had guided his course into the ways of loyalty and friendship toward the roman people, and of duty and honor, for he prized his good name and fame above his kingdom and his riches." All that may be quite true, but it has no connection with auspices, for no raven was needed to inform him that he was acting the part of an upright man in preparing to uphold the freedom of the Roman people. He should have understood that without any prompting by a raven, and of course, he did. Now Birds predict events propitious or calamitous. But I can see that Deiotarus was led by the auspices of virtue, which forbids us even to glance at fortune until we have satisfied all the demands of integrity. In his case, however, if the birds forecast a favorable turn of events, they certainly defrauded him. He fled from the battle in the company of Pompey – tragic sight!

## Epistle to the Galatians

New Testament

In the course of centuries, gallic tribes, related to those that invaded Italy and sacked Rome, wandered east through Illyricum and Pannonia. At length they penetrated through Macedonia (279 B.C.) and assembled in great numbers under a prince entitled Brennus, for the purpose of invading Greece and plundering the rich temple of Delphi. The leaders disagreed and the host soon divided, one portion, under Brennus, marching south on Delphi: the other division, under Leonorius and Luterius, turned eastward and overran Thrace, the country round Byzantium. Shortly afterwards they were joined by the small remnants of the army of Brennus, who was repulsed by the Greeks, and killed himself in despair. In 278 B.C., 20,000 Gauls, under Leonorius, Luterius, and fifteen other chieftains, crossed over to Asia Minor, in two divisions. On reuniting they assisted Nicomedes I, King of Bithynia, to defeat his younger brother; and as a reward for their services he gave them a large tract of country, in the heart of Asia Minor, henceforward to be known as Galatia.

The Galatians consisted of three tribes:

the Tolistoboii, on the west, with Pessinus as their chief town;

the Tectosages, in the centre, with their capital Ancyra; and

the Trocmi, on the east, round their chief town Tavium.

Each tribal territory was divided into four cantons or tetrarchies. Each of the twelve tetrarchs had under him a judge and a general. A council of the nation consisting of the tetrarchs and three hundred senators was periodically held at a place called Drynemeton, twenty miles southwest of Ancyra.

That these people were Gauls (and not Germans as has sometimes been suggested) is proved by the testimony of Greek and Latin writers, by their retention of the Gallic language till the fifth century, and by their personal and place names. A tribe in the west of Gaul in the time of Caesar (Bell. Gall., VI, xxiv) was called Tectosages. In Tolistoboii we have the root of the word Toulouse, and in Boii the well known Gallic tribe. Brennus probably meant prince; and Strabo says he was called Prausus, which in Celtic means terrible. Luterius is the same as the Celtic Lucterius, and there was a British saint called Leonorius. Other names of chieftains are of undoubted Gallic origin, e.g. Belgius, Achichorius, Gaezatio-Diastus. Brogoris (same root as Brogitarus, Allobroges,) Bitovitus, Eposognatus (compare Caesar's Boduognatus, etc.) Combolomarus (Caesar has Virdomarus, Indutionmarus.) Adiorix, Albiorix, Ateporix (like Caesar's Dumnorix, Ambiorix, Vercingetorix,) Brogitarus, Deiotarus, etc. Place names are of a similar character, e.g. Drynemeton, the "temple of the oaks" or The Temple, from nemed, "temple" (compare Augustonemetum in Auvergne, and Vernemeton, "the great temple," near Bordeaux,) Eccobriga, Rosologiacum, Teutobodiacum, etc. (For a detailed discussion of the question see Lightfoot's "Galatians," dissertation i, 4th ed., London, 1874, 235.)

As soon as these Gauls, or Galatians, had gained a firm footing in the country assigned to them, they began to send out marauding expeditions in all directions. They became the terror of their neighbours, and levied contributions on the whole of Asia Minor west of the Taurus. They fought with varying success against Antiochus, King of Syria, who was called Soter from his having saved his country from them. At length Attalus I, King of Pergamun, a friend of the Romans, drove them back and confined them to Galatia about 235-232 B.C. After this many of them became mercenary soldiers; and in the great battle of

Magnesia, 180 B.C., a body of such Galatian troops fought against the Romans, on the side of Antiochus the Great, King of Syria. He was utterly defeated by the Romans, under Scipio Asiaticus, and lost 50,000 of his men. Next year the Consul Manlius entered Galatia, and defeated the Galatians in two battles graphically described by Livy, XXXVIII, xvi. These events are referred to in I Mach., viii. On account of ill-treatment received at the hands of Mithradates I King of Pontus, the Galatians took the side of Pompey in the Mitradatic wars (64 B.C.) As a reward for their services, Deiotarus, their chief tetrarch, received the title of king, and his dominions were greatly extended. Henceforward the Galatians were under the protection of the Romans, and were involved in all the troubles of the civil wars that followed. They supported Pompey against Julius Caesar at the battle of Pharsalia (48 B.C.) Amyntas, their last king was set up by Mark Antony, 39 B.C. His kingdom finally included not only Galatia Proper but also the great plains to the south, together with parts of Lysonia, Pamphylia, Pisidia, and Phrygia, i.e. the country containing the towns Antioch, Iconium, Lystra and Derbe. Amyntas went to Actium, 31 B.C., to support Mark Antony; but like many others he went over, at the critical moment, to the side of Octavianus, afterwards called Augustus. Augustus confirmed him in his kingdom, which he retained until he was slain in ambush, 25 B.C. After the death of Amyntas, Augustus made this kingdom into the Roman province of Galatia, so that this province had been in existence more than 75 years when St. Paul wrote to the Galatians.

## THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH GALATIAN THEORIES

St. Paul addresses his letter to the churches of Galatia (Gal., i, 2) and calls them Galatians (Gal, iii, 1); and in I Cor., vi, 1, he speaks of the collections which he ordered to be made in the churches of Galatia. But there are two theories as to the meaning of these terms. It is the opinion of Lipsius, Lightfoot, Davidson, Chase, Findlay, etc., that the Epistle was addressed to the people of Galatia Proper, situated in the centre of Asia Minor, towards the north (North Galatian Theory.) Others, such as Renan, Perrot, Weizsacker, Hausrath, Zahn, Pfeleiderer, Gifford, Rendell, Holtzmann, Clemen, Ramsay, Cornely, Page, Knowling, etc., hold that it was addressed to the southern portion of the Roman province of Galatia, containing Pisidian Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe, which were visited by Saints Paul and Barnabas, during their first missionary journey (South Galatian Theory.)

Lightfoot was the chief upholder of the North-Galatian theory; but a great deal has become known about the geography of Asia Minor since he wrote in the eighteenth century, and the South-Galatian Theory has proportionately gained ground. A German Catholic professor, Stinmann (*Der Liserkreis des Galaterbriefes*,) has, however, recently (1908) given Lightfoot his strong support, though it must be admitted that he has done little more than emphasize and expand the arguments of Chase. The great coryphaeus of the South-Galatian theory is Prof. Sire W.M. Ramsay. The following is a brief summary of the principal arguments on both sides.

(1) The fact that the Galatians were being changed so soon to another gospel is taken by Lightfoot as evidence of the characteristic fickleness of the Gauls. Ramsay replies that tenacity in matters of religion has ever been characteristic of the Celts. Besides, it is precarious to argue from the political mobility of the Gauls, in the time of Caesar, to the religious inconsistency of Galatians, whose ancestors left the West four hundred years before. The Galatians received St. Paul as an angel from heaven (Gal., iv, 14.) Lightfoot sees in this enthusiastic reception proof of Celtic fickleness of character. In

the same way it may be proved that the 5000 converted by St. Peter at Jerusalem, and, in fact, that, nearly all the converts of St. Paul were Celts. Acts (xiii-xiv) gives sufficient indications of fickleness in South Galatia. To take but one instance: at Lystra the multitude could scarcely be restrained from sacrificing to St. Paul; shortly afterwards they stoned him and left him for dead.

(2) St. Paul warns the Galatians not to abuse their liberty from the obligations of the Law of Moses, by following the works of the flesh. He then gives a long catalogue of vices. From this Lightfoot selects two (*methai, komoi*) as evidently pointing to Celtic failings. Against this it may be urged that St. Paul, writing to the Romans (xiii, 13,) exhorts them to avoid these two very vices. St. Paul, in giving such an enumeration here and elsewhere, evidently does not intend to paint the peculiar failings of any race, but simply to reprobate the works of the flesh, of the carnal or lower man; "they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God" (Gal., v. 21.)

(3) Witchcraft is also mentioned in this list. The extravagant devotion of Deiotarus, says Lightfoot, "fully bears out the character ascribed to the parent race." But the Emperor Tiberius and many officials in the empire were ardent devotees of augury. Sorcery is coupled by St. Paul with idolatry, and it was its habitual ally not only amongst the Gauls but throughout the pagan world.

(4) Lightfoot says that the Galatians were drawn to Jewish observances; and he takes this as evidence of the innate Celtic propensity to external ceremonial, "appealing rather to the senses and passions than the heart and mind." This so-called racial characteristic may be questioned, and it is a well-known fact that the whole of the aboriginal inhabitants of Asia Minor were given over heart and soul to gross pagan ceremonial. We do not gather from the Epistle that the Galatians were naturally attracted to Jewish ceremonies. They were only puzzled or rather dazed (iii, 1) by the specious arguments of the Judaizers, who endeavoured to persuade them that they were not as perfect Christians as if they adopted circumcision and the Law of Moses.

(5) On the South-Galatian theory it is supposed that the Epistle was written soon after St. Paul's second visit to Derbe, Lystra, Iconium, etc. (Acts, xvi.) Lightfoot makes use of a strong argument against this early date. He shows, by a detailed examination, that the Epistle bears a close resemblance, both in argument and language, to parts of the Epistle to the Romans. This he thinks can be accounted for only on the supposition that both were written about the same time, and, therefore, several years later than the date required for the South-Galatian view. To this date required for the South-Galatian view. To this Rendell (*Expositor's Greek Test.*, London, 1903.p. 144) replies that the coincidence is not due to any similarity in the circumstances of the two communities. "Still less can the identity of language be fairly urged to prove an approximation of the two epistles. For these fundamental truths formed without doubt the staple of the Apostle's teaching throughout the years of continuous transition from Jewish to Christian doctrine, and his language in regard to them could not fail to become in some measure stereotyped."

(6) The controversy has raged most fiercely round the two verses in Acts, xvi, 6 and xviii, 23, the only places where there is any reference to Galatia in Acts:

"And they went through the Phrygian and Galatian region" (ten phrygian kai Galatiken choran);

"he departed and went through the Galatian region and Phrygia" (or "Phrygian") (ten Galatiken choran kai phrygian.)

Lightfoot held that Galatia Proper was meant in the second. Other supporters of the North-Galatian theory think that the countries of North Galatia and Phrygia are meant in both cases. Their opponents, relying on the expression of contemporary

writers, maintain that South Galatia was intended in both places. The former also interpret the second part of xvi, 6 (Greek text) as meaning that the travellers went through Phrygia and Galatia after they had passed through South Galatia, because they were forbidden to preach in Asia. Ramsey, on the other hand, maintains that after they had passed through the portion of Phrygia which had been added to the southern part of the province of Galatia (and which could be called indifferently Galatian or Phrygian) they passed to the north because they were forbidden to preach in Asia. He holds that the order of the verbs in the passage is in the order of time, and he gives examples of similar use of the aorist participle (St. Paul The Traveller, London, 1900, pp. ix, 211, 212.)

The arguments on both sides are too technical to be given in a short article. The reader may be referred to the following: North-Galatian: Chase, "Expositor," Dec. 1893. p.401, May, 1894, p.331; Steinmann, "Der Leserkreis des Galaterbriefes" (Münster, 1908), p. 191. On the South-Galatian side: Ramsey, "Expositor," Jan., 1894, p. 42, Feb., p. 137, Apr., p. 288, "St. Paul The Traveller," etc; Knowling, "Acts of the Apostles," Additional note to ch. xviii (Expositor's Greek Test., London, 1900, p. 399); Gifford, "Expositor," July, 1894, p. 1.

(7) The Galatian churches were evidently important ones. On the North-Galatian theory, St. Luke dismissed their conversion in a single sentence: "They went through the Phrygian and Galatian region" (Acts, xvi, 6.) This is strange, as his plan throughout is to give an account of the establishment of Christianity by St. Paul in each new region. Lightfoot fully admits the force of this, but tries to evade it by asking the question: "Can it be that the historian gladly drew a veil over the infancy of a church which swerved so soon and so widely from the purity of the Gospel?" But the subsequent failings of the Corinthians did not prevent St. Luke from giving an account of their conversion. Besides, the Galatians had not swerved so widely from the purity of the Gospel. The arguments of the judaizers made some of them waver, but they had not accepted circumcision; and this Epistle confirmed them in the Faith, so that a few years later St. Paul writes of them to the Corinthians (I Cor., xvi, 1): "Now concerning the collections that are made for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, so do ye also." It was long after the time that St. Paul could thus confidently command the Galatians that Acts was written.

(8) St. Paul makes no mention of this collection in our Epistle. According to the North-Galatian theory, the Epistle was written several years before the collection was made. In Acts, xx, 4, etc., a list is given of those who carried the collections to Jerusalem. There are representatives from South Galatia, Achaia, Macedonia, and Asia; but there is no deputy from North Galatia -- from the towns of Jerusalem on occasion, the majority probably meeting at Corinth, St. Paul, St. Luke, and Sopater of Berea (probably representing Philippi and Achaia; see II Cor., viii, 18-22); Aristarchus and Secundus of Macedonia; Gaius of Derbe, and Timothy of Lystra (S. Galatia); and Tychicus and Trophimus of Asia. There is not a word about anybody from North Galatia, the most probable reason being that St. Paul had never been there (see Rendall, Expositor, 1893, vol. II, p.321.)

(9) St. Paul, the Roman citizen, invariably employs the names of the Roman provinces, such as Achaia, Macedonia, Asia; and it is not probable that he departed from this practice in his use of "Galatia." The people of South Galatia could with propriety be styled Galatians. Two of the towns, Antioch and Lystra, were Roman colonies; and the other two boasted of the Roman names, Claudio-Iconium, and Claudio-Derbe. "Galatians" was an honourable title when applied to them; but they would be insulted if they were called Phrygians or Lycaonians. All admit that St. Peter named the Roman provinces

when he wrote "to the elect strangers dispersed throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia" (I Pet., i, 1.)

(10) The manner in which St. Paul mentions St. Barnabas in the Epistle indicates that the latter was known to those for whom the Epistle was primarily intended. St. Barnabas had visited South Galatia with St. Paul (Acts, xiii, xiv), but he was unknown in North Galatia.

(11) St. Paul states (ii, 5) that the reason for his course of action at Jerusalem was that the truth of the gospel might continue with the Galatians. This seems to imply that they were already converted. He had visited the southern part of the Galatian province before the council, but not northern. The view favoured above receives confirmation from a consideration, as appended, of the persons addressed.

## THE KIND OF PEOPLE ADDRESSED

The country of South Galatia answers the conditions of the Epistle admirably; but this cannot be said of North Galatia. From the Epistle we gather that the majority were Gentile converts, that many were probably Jewish proselytes from their acquaintance with the Old Testament, that Jews who persecuted them from the first were living amongst them; that St. Paul had visited them twice, and that the few Judaziers appeared amongst them only after his last visit. We know from Acts, iii, xiv (and early history,) that Jews were settled in South Galatia. During the first missionary journey unbelieving Jews made their presence felt everywhere. As soon as Paul and Barnabas returned to Syrian Antioch, some Jewish converts came from Judea and taught that the circumcision was necessary for them, and went up to the council, where it was decreed that circumcision and the Law of Moses were not necessary for the Gentiles; but nothing was determined as to the attitude of Jewish converts regarding them, following the example of St. James, though it was implied in the decree that they were matters of indifference. This was shown, soon after, by St. Peter's eating with the Gentiles. On his withdrawing from them, and when many others followed his example, St. Paul publicly vindicated the equality of the Gentile Christians. The majority agreed; but there must have been "false brethren" amongst them (Gal., ii, 4) who were Christians only in name, and who hated St. Paul. Some of these, in all probability, followed him to South Galatia, soon after his second visit. But they could no longer teach the necessity of circumcision, as the Apostolic decrees had been already delivered there by St. Paul (Acts, xvi, 4.) These decrees are not mentioned in the Epistle by the Judaizers, the advisability of the Galatians accepting circumcision and the Law of Moses, for their greater perfection. On the other hand, there is no evidence that there were any Jews settled at this time in North Galatia (see Ramsay, "St. Paul The Traveller.") It was not the kind of country to attract them. The Gauls were a dominant class, living in castles, and leading a half pastoral, half nomadic life, and speaking their own Gallic language. The country was very sparsely populated by the subjugated agricultural inhabitants. During the long winter the ground was covered with snow; in summer the heat was intense and the ground parched; and one might travel many miles without meeting a human being. There was some fertile tracts; but the greater part was either poor pasture land, or barren undulating hilly ground. The bulk of the inhabitants in the few towns were not Gauls. Trade was small, and that mainly in wool. A decree of Augustus in favour of Jews was supposed to be framed for those at Ancyra, in Galatia. It is now known that it was addressed to quite a different region.

## WHY WRITTEN

The Epistle was written to counteract the influence of a few Judaizers who had come amongst the Galatians, and were endeavouring to persuade them that in order to be perfect Christians it was necessary to be circumcised and observe the Law of Moses. Their arguments were sufficiently specious to puzzle the Galatians, and their object was likely to gain the approval of unbelieving Jews. They said what St. Paul taught was good as far as it went; but that he had not taught the full perfection of Christianity. And this was not surprising, as he was not one of the great Apostles who had been taught by Christ Himself, and received their commission from Him. Whatever St. Paul knew he learned from others, and he had received his commission to preach not from Christ, but from men at Antioch (Acts, xiii.) Circumcision and the Law, it is true, were not necessary to salvation; but they were essential to the full perfection of Christianity. This was proved by the example of St. James, of the other Apostles, and of the first disciples, at Jerusalem. On this very point this Paul, the Apostle, placed himself in direct opposition to Cephas, the Prince of the Apostles, at Antioch. His own action in circumcising Timothy showed what he expected of a personal companion, and he was now probably teaching the good of circumcision in other places. These statements puzzles the Galatians, and made them waver. They felt aggrieved that he had left them, as they thought, in an inferior position; they began to observe Jewish festivals, but they had not yet accepted circumcision. The Apostle refutes these arguments so effectively that the question never again arose. Henceforth his enemies confined themselves to personal attacks (see II Corinthians.)

## CONTENTS OF THE EPISTLE

The six chapters naturally fall into three divisions, consisting of two chapters each.

In the first two chapters, after the general introduction, he shows that he is an Apostle not from men, nor through the teaching of any man, but from Christ; and the gospel he taught is in harmony with the teaching of the great Apostles, who gave him the right hand of fellowship.

He next (iii, iv) shows the inefficacy of circumcision and the Law, and that we owe our redemption to Christ alone. He appeals to the experience of the Galatian converts, and brings forward proofs from Scripture.

He exhorts them (v, vi) not to abuse their freedom from the Law to indulge in crimes, "for they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God." It is not for love of them he admonishes, that the Judaizers wish the Galatians to be circumcised. If there is virtue in the mere cutting of the flesh, the inference from the argument is that the Judaizers could become still more perfect by making themselves eunuchs -- mutilating themselves like the priests of Cybele. He writes the epilogue in large letters with his own hand.

## IMPORTANCE OF THE EPISTLE

As it is admitted on all hands that St. Paul wrote the Epistle, and as its authenticity has never been seriously called in question, it is important not only for its biographical data and direct teaching, but also for the teaching implies in it as being known at the time. He claims, at least indirectly, to have worked miracles amongst the Galatians, and that they received the Holy Ghost (iii, 5), almost in the words of St. Luke as to the events at Iconium (Acts, xiv, 3.) It is the Catholic doctrine that faith is a gratuitous gift of God; but it is the teaching of the Church, as it is of St. Paul, that the faith that is of any avail is "faith that

worketh by charity" (Gal., v. 6); and he states most emphatically that a good life is necessary for salvation; for, after enumeration the works of the flesh, he writes (v, 21), "Of the which I foretell you, as I have foretold to you, that they who do such things shall obtain the kingdom of God." In vi, 8, he writes: "For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap. For he that soweth in his flesh, of the flesh, also shall reap corruption. But he that soweth in the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life everlasting." The same teaching is found in others of his Epistles, and is in perfect agreement with St. James: "For even as the body without the spirit is dead; so also faith without works is dead" (James, ii, 26.) The Epistle implies that the Galatians were well acquainted with the doctrines of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, Incarnation, Redemption, Baptism, Grace, etc. As he had never to defend his teaching to these points against Judaizers, and as the Epistle is so early, it is clear that his teaching was identical with that of the Twelve, and did not, even in appearance, lend itself to attack.

## DATE OF THE EPISTLE

(1) Marcion asserted that it was the first of St. Paul's Epistles. Prof. Sir W. Ramsay (Expositor, Aug., 1895, etc.) and a Catholic professor, Dr. Valentin Weber (see below), maintain that it was written from Antioch, before the council (A.D. 49-50.) Weber's arguments are very plausible, but not quite convincing. There is a good summary of them in a review by Gayford, "Journal of Theological Studies," July, 1902. The two visits to Galatia are the double journey to Derbe and back. This solution is offered to obviate apparent discrepancies between Gal., ii, and Acts, xv.

(2) Cornel and the majority of the upholders of the South-Galatian theory suppose, with much greater probability, that it was written about A.D. 53, 54.

(3) Those who defend the North-Galatian theory place it as late as A.D. 57 or 58.

## DIFFICULTIES OF GALATIANS II AND I

(a) "I went up... and communicated to them the gospel... lest perhaps I should run, or had run in vain." This does not imply any doubt about the truth of his teaching, but he wanted to neutralize the opposition of the Judaizers by proving he was at one with the others.

(b) The following have the appearance of being ironical: "I communicated... to them who seemed to be some thing" (ii, 2); But of them who seemed to be something... for to me they that seemed to be something added to nothing" (ii, 6): "But contrawise... James and Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars." Here we have three expressions *tois dokousin* in verse 2; *ton dokounton einai ti*, and *oi dokountes* in verse 6; and *oi dokountes styloi einai* in verse 9. Non-Catholic scholars agree with St. John Chrysostom that there is nothing ironical in the original context. As the verbs are in the present tense, the translations should be: "those who are in repute"; "who are (rightly) regarded as pillars." It is better to understand, with Rendall, that two classes of persons are meant: first, the leading men at Jerusalem; secondly, the three apostles. St. Paul's argument was to show that his teaching had the approval of the great men. St. James is mentioned first because the Judaizers made the greatest use of his name and example. "But of them who are in repute (what they were some time, it is nothing to me. God accepteth not the person of man)," verse 6. St. Augustine is almost alone in his interpretation that it made no matter to St. Paul that the Apostles were once poor ignorant men. Others hold that St. Paul was referring to the privilege of being personal

disciples of our Lord. He said that did not alter the fact of his Apostolate, as God does not regard the person of men. Most probably this verse does not refer to the Apostles at all; and Cornerly supposes that St. Paul is speaking of the elevated position held by the presbyters at the council, and insists that it did not derogate from his Apostolate.

(c) "I withstood Cephas." -- "But when Cephas was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was blamed [kategnosmenos, perf. part. -- not, "to be blamed," as in the Vulgate]. For before that some came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles; but when they were done, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them who were of circumcision. And to his dissimulation the rest of the Jews consented, so that Barnabas also was led by them into that dissimulation. But when I saw that they walked not uprightly unto the truth of the gospel, I said to Cephas before them all: if thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of the Gentiles, and not as the Jews do, how dost thou compel the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?" (ii, 11-14.)

Here St. Peter was found fault with probably by the Greek converts. He did not withdraw on account of bodily fear, says St. John Chrysostom; but as his special mission was at this time to the Jews, he was afraid of shocking them who were still weak in the Faith. His usual manner of acting, to which he was led by his vision many years previously, shows that his exceptional withdrawal was not due to any error of doctrine. He had motives like those which induced St. Paul to circumcise Timothy, etc.; and there is no proof that in acting upon them he committed the slightest sin. Those who came from James probably came for no evil purpose; nor does it follow they were sent by him. The Apostles in their letter (Acts, xv, 24) say: "Forasmuch as we have heard, that some going out from us have troubled you... to whom we gave no commandment." We need not suppose that St. Peter foresaw the effect of his example. The whole thing must have taken some time. St. Paul did not at first object. It was only when he saw the result that he spoke. The silence of St. Peter shows that he must have agreed with St. Paul; and, indeed, the argument to the Galatians required that this was the case. St. Peter's exalted position is indicated by the manner in which St. Paul says (i, 18) that he went to behold Peter, as people go to view some remarkable sight; and by the fact that in spite of the preaching of St. Paul and Barnabas for a long time at Antioch, his mere withdrawal was sufficient to draw all after him, and in a manner compel the Gentiles to be circumcised. In the expression "when I saw that they walked not uprightly," they does not necessarily include St. Peter. The incident is not mentioned in the Acts, as it was only transitory. Eusebius (Hist. Eccl., I, xii) says that St. Clement of Alexandria, in the fifth book of the Hypotyposesis (Outlines), asserts that this Cephas was not the Apostle, but one of the seventy disciples. Clement here has few followers.

A very spirited controversy was carried on between St. Jerome and St. Augustine about the interpretation of this passage. In his "Commentary on the Galatians," St. Jerome, following earlier writers such as Origen and St. Chrysostom, supposed that the matter was arranged beforehand between St. Peter and St. Paul. They agreed that St. Peter should withdraw and that St. Paul should publicly reprehend him, for the instruction of all. Hence St. Paul says that he withstood him in appearance (kata prosopon.) Otherwise, says St. Jerome, with what face could St. Paul, who became all things to all men, who became a Jew that he might gain the Jews, who circumcised Timothy, who shaved his head, and was ready to offer sacrifice at Jerusalem, blame St. Peter for acting in a similar manner? St. Augustine, laying stress on the words "when I saw that they walked not uprightly," etc., maintained that such an interpretation would be subversive of the truth of Holy Scripture. But against this it may be said that it is not so very clear that St. Peter was included in this sentence.

The whole controversy can be read in the first volume of the Venetian edition of St. Jerome's works, Epp., lvi, lxvii, civ, cv, cxii, cxv, cxvi.

(d) Apparent Discrepancies between the Epistle and Acts. -- (1) St. Paul says that three years after his conversion (after having visited Arabia and returned to Damascus) he went up to Jerusalem (i, 17, 18) Acts states that after his baptism "he was with the disciples that were at Damascus, for some days" (ix, 19.) "He immediately began to preach in the synagogues" (ix, 20.) "He increased more in strength, and confounded the Jews" (ix, 22.) "And when many days were passed, the Jews consulted together to kill him" (ix, 23); he then escaped and went to Jerusalem. These accounts here are not contradictory, as has been sometimes objected; but were written from different points of view and for different purposes. The time for the visit to Arabia may be placed between Acts, ix, 22 and 23; or between "some days" and "many days." St. Luke's "many days" (hemeraikanai) may mean as much as three years. (See III Kings, ii, 38; so Paley, Lightfoot, Knowling, Lewin.) The adjective ikanos is a favourite one with St. Luke, and is used by him with great elasticity, but generally in the sense of largeness, e.g. "a widow: and a great multitude of the city" (Luke, vii, 12); "there met him a certain man who had a devil now a very long time" (Luke, viii, 27); "a herd of many swine feeding" (Luke, viii, 32); "and he was abroad for a long time" (Luke, xx, 9); "for a long time, he had bewitched them" (Acts, viii, 11.) See also Acts, xiv, 3, 21 (Greek text); xviii, 18, xix, 19, 26; xx, 37.

(2) We read in Acts, ix, 27, that St. Barnabas took St. Paul "to the apostles." St. Paul states (Gal., i, 19) that on this occasion, besides St. Peter, "other of the apostles I saw one, saving James the brother of the Lord." Those who find a contradiction here are hard to satisfy. St. Luke employs the word Apostles sometimes in a broader, sometimes in a narrower sense. Here it meant the Apostles who happened to be at Jerusalem (Peter and James,) or the assembly over which they presided. The objection can be pressed with any force only against those who deny that St. James was an Apostle in any of the senses used by St. Luke (see BRETHREN OF THE LORD.)

## Clement of Alexandria

(c. A.D. 150-between 211 and 216,) a Greek Christian theologian with a wide knowledge of Greek literature and Stoic philosophy, who was converted to Christianity and who taught in Alexandria. Among his surviving works is the *Stromateis* (commonly referred to by modern writers as *Stromata*), "Miscellanies," of which eight books survive. Among his sources was Apollodorus and he also cites Timaeus and Alexander Cornelius Polyhistor. St. Jerome declared that he was the most learned of all the Fathers. Shortly before this was written, Clement had also made a brief reference to the subject; in this he seems to suggest that he considered Druidism to be the older system.

### Clement

#### **Stromata I:xv70,1**

Alexander, in his book "On the Pythagorean Symbols," relates that Pythagoras was a pupil of Nazaratus the Assyrian... and will have it that, in addition to these, Pythagoras was a hearer of the Galatae and the Brahmins.

### Clement

#### **Stromata, I, xv, 71, 3**

Thus philosophy, a science of the highest utility, flourished in antiquity among the barbarians, shedding its light over the nations. And afterwards it came to Greece. First in its ranks were the prophets of the Egyptians; and the Chaldeans among the Assyrians; and the Druids among the Gauls; and the Samanaeans among the Bactrians; and the philosophers of the Kelts; and the Magi of the Persians.....

## Diodorus Siculus

### BOOK 5 CH 21:4,22,24,26-31

(Flourished under both Julius Caesar and Augustus, and lived until at least 21 B.C.) He wrote a *World History* in forty books in which, among a host of other writers, he cites Tamaeus and Posidonius.

### Diodorus Siculus

#### **Histories, v, 28, 6:**

"The Pythagorean doctrine prevails among them [the Gauls], teaching that the souls of men are immortal and live again for a fixed number of years inhabited in another body."

### Diodorus Siculus

#### **Histories, v, 31, 2-5:**

"And there are among them [the Gauls] composers of verses whom they call Bards; these singing to instruments similar to a lyre, applaud some, while they vituperate others.

"They have philosophers and theologians who are held in much honour and are called Druids; they have sooth-sayers too of great renown who tell the future by watching the flights of birds and by the observation of the entrails of victims; and everyone waits upon their word. When they attempt divination upon important matters they practice a strange and incredible custom, for they kill a man by a knife-stab in the region above the midriff, and after his fall they foretell the future by the convulsions of his limbs and the pouring of his blood, a form of divination in which they have full confidence, as it is of old tradition.

"It is a custom of the Gauls that no one performs a sacrifice without the assistance of a philosopher, for they say that offerings to the gods ought only to be made through the mediation of these men, who are learned in the divine nature and, so to speak, familiar with it, and it is through their agency that the blessings of the gods should properly be sought. It is not only in times of peace, but in war also, that these seers have authority, and the incantations of the bards have effect on friends and foes alike. Often when the combatants are ranged face to face, and swords are drawn and spears bristling, these men come between the armies and stay the battle, just as wild beasts are sometimes held spellbound. Thus even among the most savage barbarians anger yields to wisdom, and Mars is shamed before the Muses."

### Diodorus Siculus

#### **Histories V.21**

And Britain, we are told, is inhabited by tribes which are autochthonous and preserve in their ways of living the ancient manner of life. They use chariots, for instance, in their wars, even as tradition tells us the old Greek Heroes did in the Trojan War, and their dwellings are humble, being built for the most part out of reeds or logs. The method they employ of harvesting their grain crops is to cut off no more than the heads and store them away in roofed granages, and then each day they pick out the ripened heads and grind them, getting in this way their food. As for their habits, they are simple and far removed from the shrewdness and vice which characterize the men of our day. Their way of living is modest, since they are well clear of the luxury which is begotten of wealth. The island is also thickly



populated, and its climate is extremely cold, as one would expect, since it actually lies under the Great Bear. It is held by many kings and potentates, who for the most part live at peace among themselves.

22. But we shall give a detailed account of the customs of Britain and of the other features which are peculiar to the island when we come to the campaign which Caesar undertook against it, and at this time we shall discuss the tin which the island produces. The inhabitants of Britain who dwell about the promontory known as Beleirum are especially hospitable to strangers and have adopted a civilized manner of life because of their intercourse with merchants of other peoples. They it is who work the tin, treating the bed which bears it in an ingenious manner. Their bed, being like rock, contains earthy seams and in them the workers quarry the ore, which they then melt down and cleanse of its impurities. Then they work the tin into pieces the size of knuckle-bones and convey it to an island which lies off Britain and is called Ictis; for at the time of ebb-tide the space between this island and the mainland becomes dry and they can take the tin in large quantities over to the island in their wagons. (And a peculiar thing happens in the case of the neighboring islands which lie between Europe and Britain, for at flood-tide the passages between them and the mainland run full and they have the appearance of island, but at ebb-tide the sea recedes and leaves dry a large space, and at that time they look like peninsulas.) On the island of Ictis the merchants purchase the tin of the natives and carry it from there across the Strait of Galatia or Gaul; and finally making their way on foot through Gaul for some thirty days, they bring their wares on horseback to the mouth of the river Rhone.

## Diodorus Siculus

### Histories V.24-32

[24] Since we have set forth the facts concerning the islands which lie in the western regions, we consider that it will not be foreign to our purpose to discuss briefly the tribes of Europe which lie near them and which we failed to mention in our former Books. Now Celtica was ruled in ancient times, so we are told, by a renowned man who had a daughter who was of unusual stature and far excelled in beauty all the other maidens. But she, because of her strength of body and marvelous comeliness, was so haughty that she kept refusing every man who wooed her in marriage, since she believed that no one of her wooers was worthy of her. Now in the course of his campaign against Geryones, Heracles visited Celtica and founded there the city of Alesia, and the maiden, on seeing Heracles, wondered at his prowess and his bodily superiority and accepted his embraces with all eagerness, her parents having given their consent. From this union she bore to Heracles a son named Galates, who far surpassed all the youths of the tribe in quality of spirit and strength of body. And when he had attained to man's estate and had succeeded to the throne of his fathers, he subdued a large part of the neighbouring territory and accomplished great feats in war. Becoming renowned for his bravery, he called his subjects Galatae [or Gauls] after himself, and these in turn gave their name to all of Galatia [or Gaul].

[25] Since we have explained the name by which the Gauls are known, we must go on to speak about their land. Gaul is inhabited by many tribes of different size; for the largest number some two hundred thousand men, and the smallest fifty thousand, one of the latter [the Aedui] standing on terms of kinship and friendship with the Romans, a relationship which has endured from ancient times down to our own day. And the

land, lying as it does for the most part under the Bears, has a wintry climate and is exceedingly cold. For during the winter season on cloudy days snow falls deep in place of rain, and on clear days ice and heavy frost are everywhere and in such abundance that the rivers are frozen over and are bridged by their own waters; for not only can chance travelers, proceeding a few at a time, make their way across them on ice, but even armies with their tens of thousands, together with their beasts of burden and heavily laden wagons, cross upon it in safety to the other side. And many large rivers flow through Gaul, and their streams cut this way and that through the level plain, some of them flowing from bottomless lakes and others having their sources and affluents in the mountains, and some of them empty into the ocean and others into our sea. The largest of those which flow into our waters is the Rhone, which has its sources in the Alps and empties into the sea by five mouths. But of the rivers which flow in to the ocean the largest are thought to be the Danube and the Rhine, the latter of which Caesar who has been called a god spanned with a bridge in our own day with astonishing skill, and leading his army across on foot he subdued the Gauls [the Germans] who lived beyond it. There are also many other navigable rivers in Celtica, but it would be a long task to write about them. And almost all of them become frozen over by the cold and thus bridge their own streams, and since the natural smoothness of the ice makes the crossing slippery for those who pass over, they sprinkle chaff on it and thus have a crossing which is safe.

[26] A peculiar thing and unexpected takes place over the larger part of Gaul which we think we should not omit to mention. For from the direction of the sun's summer setting [north-west] and from the north winds are wont to blow with such violence and force that they pick up from the ground rocks as large as can be held in the hand together with a dust composed of coarse gravel; and, generally speaking, when these winds rage violently they tear the weapons out of men's hands and the clothing off their backs and dismount riders from their horses. Furthermore, since temperateness of climate is destroyed by the excessive cold, the land produces neither wine nor oil, and as a consequence those Gauls who are deprived of these fruits make a drink out of barley which they call zythos or beer, and they also drink the water with which they cleanse their honey-combs. The Gauls are exceedingly addicted to the use of wine and fill themselves with the wine which is brought into their country by merchants, drinking it unmixed, and since they partake of this drink without moderation by reason of their craving for it, when they are drunken they fall into a stupor or a state of madness. Consequently many of the Italian traders, induced by the love of money which characterizes them, believe that the love of wine of these Gauls is their own godsend [literally "gift of Hermes"]. For these transport the wine on the navigable rivers by means of boats and through the level plain on wagons, and receive for it an incredible price; for in exchange for a jar of wine they receive a slave, getting a servant in return for the drink.

[27] Throughout Gaul there is found practically no silver, but there is gold in great quantities, which Nature provides for the inhabitants without their having to mine for it or to undergo any hardship. For the rivers, as they course through the country, having as they do sharp bends which turn this way and that and dashing against the mountains which line their banks and bearing off great pieces of them, are full of gold-dust. This is collected by those who occupy themselves in this business, and these men grind or crush the lumps which hold the dust, and after washing out with water the earthy elements in it they give the gold-dust over to be melted in the furnaces. In this manner

they amass a great amount of gold, which is used for ornament not only by the women but also by the men. For around their wrists and arms they wear bracelets, around their necks heavy necklaces of solid gold [torques], and huge rings they wear as well, and even corselets of gold. And a peculiar and striking practice is found among the upper Celts, in connection with the sacred precincts of the gods; for in the temples and precincts made consecrate in their land, a great amount of gold has been deposited as a dedication to the gods, and not a native of the country ever touches it because of religious scruple, although the Celts are an exceedingly covetous people.

[28] The Gauls are tall of body, with rippling muscles, and white of skin, and their hair is blond, and not only naturally so, but they also make it their practice by artificial means to increase the distinguishing color which nature has given it. For they are always washing their hair in lime-water, and they pull it back from the forehead to the top of the head and back to the nape of the neck, with the result that their appearance is like that of Satyrs and Pans, since the treatment of their hair makes it so heavy and coarse that it differs in no respect from the mane of horses. Some of them shave the beard, but others let it grow a little; and the nobles shave their cheeks, but they let the moustache grow until it covers the mouth. Consequently, when they are eating, their moustaches become entangled in the food, and when they are drinking, the beverage passes, as it were, through a kind of strainer. When they dine they all sit, not upon chairs, but upon the ground, using for cushions the skins of wolves or of dogs. The service at the meals is performed by the youngest children, both male and female, who are of suitable age; and near at hand are their fireplaces heaped with coals, and on them are cauldrons and spits holding whole pieces of meat. Brave warriors they reward with the choicest portions of the meat, in the same manner as the poet introduces Ajax as honoured by the chiefs after he returned victorious from his single combat with Hector:

To Ajax then were given of the chine  
Slices, full length, unto his honor.  
[Iliad VII.321]

They invite strangers to their feasts, and do not inquire until after the meal who they are and of what things they stand in need. And it is their custom, even during the course of the meal, to seize upon any trivial matter as an occasion for keen disputation and then to challenge one another to single combat, without any regard for their lives; for the belief of Pythagoras prevails among them, that the souls of men are immortal and that after a prescribed number of years they commence upon a new life, the soul entering into another body. Consequently, we are told, at the funerals of their dead some cast letters upon the pyre which they have written to their deceased kinsmen, as if the dead would be able to read these letters.

29] In their journeyings and when they go into battle the Gauls use chariots drawn by two horses, which carry the charioteer and the warrior; and when they encounter cavalry in the fighting they first hurl their javelins at the enemy and then step down from their chariots and join battle with their swords. Certain of them despise death to such a degree that they enter the perils of battle without protective armor and with no more than a girdle about for their loins. They bring along to war also their free men to serve them, choosing them out from among the poor, and these attendants they use in battle as charioteers and as shield-bearers. It is also their custom, when they are formed in battle, to step out in front of the line and to challenge the most valiant men from among their opponents to single combat,

brandishing their weapons in front of them to terrify their adversaries. And when any man accepts the challenge to battle, they then break forth into a song in praise of the valiant deeds of their ancestors and in boast of their own high achievements, reviling all the while and belittling their opponent, and trying, in a word, by such talk to strip him of his bold spirit before the combat. When their enemies fall they cut off their heads and fasten them about the necks of their horses; and turning over to their attendants the arms of their opponents, all covered with blood, they carry them off as booty, singing a paean over them striking up a song of victory, and these first-fruits of battle they fasten by nails upon their houses, just as men do, in certain kinds of hunting, with the heads of wild beasts they have mastered. The heads of their most distinguished enemies they embalm in cedar-oil and carefully preserve in a chest, and these they exhibit to strangers, gravely maintaining that in exchange for this head some one of their ancestors, or their father, or the man himself, refused the offer of a great sum of money. And some men among them, we are told, boast that they have not accepted an equal weight of gold for the head they show, displaying a barbarous sort of greatness of soul; for not to sell that which constitutes a witness and proof of one's valor is a noble thing, but to continue to fight against one of our own race, after he is dead, is to descend to the level of beasts.

[30] The clothing they wear is striking - shirts which have been dyed and embroidered in varied colors, and breeches, which they call in their tongue bracaë; and they wear striped coats, fastened by a buckle on the shoulder, heavy for winter wear and light for summer, in which are set checks, close together and of varied hues [a kind of tartan]. For armor they use long shields, as high as a man, which are wrought in a manner peculiar to them, some of them even having the figures of animals embossed on them in bronze, and these are skillfully worked with an eye not only to beauty but also to protection. On their heads they put bronze helmets which have large embossed figures standing out from them and give an appearance of great size to those who wear them; for in some cases horns are attached to the helmet so as to form a single piece, in other cases images of the fore-parts of birds or four-footed animals. Their trumpets are of peculiar nature and such as barbarians use, for when they are blown upon they give forth a harsh sound, appropriate to the tumult of war. Some of them have iron cuirasses, chain-wrought, but others are satisfied with the armor which Nature has given them and go into battle naked. In place of the short sword they carry long broad-swords which are hung on chains of iron or bronze and are worn along the right flank. And some of them gather up their shirts with belts plated with gold or silver. The spears they brandish, which they call *lanciae*, have iron heads a cubit in length and even more, and a little under two palms in breadth; for their swords are not shorter than the javelins of other peoples, and the heads of their javelins are larger than the swords of others. Some of these javelins come from the forge straight, others twist in and out in spiral shapes for their entire length, the purpose being that the thrust may not only cut the flesh, but mangle it as well, and that the withdrawal of the spear may lacerate the wound.

[31] The Gauls are terrifying in aspect and their voices are deep and altogether harsh; when they meet together they converse with few words and in riddles, hinting darkly at things for the most part and using one word when they mean another; and they like to talk in superlatives, to the end that they may extol themselves and depreciate all other men. They are also boasters and threateners and are fond of pompous language, and yet they have sharp wits and are not without cleverness at learning. Among them are also to be found lyric poets whom

they call Bards. These men sing to the accompaniment of instruments which are like lyres, and their songs may be either of praise or of obloquy. Philosophers, as we may call them, and men learned in religious affairs are unusually honored among them and are called by them Druids. The Gauls likewise make use of diviners, accounting them worthy of high approbation, and these men foretell the future by means of the flight or cries of birds and of the slaughter of sacred animals, and they have all the multitude subservient to them. They also observe a custom which is especially astonishing and incredible, in case they are taking thought with respect to matters of great concern; for in such cases they devote to death a human being and plunge a dagger into him in the region above the diaphragm, and when the stricken victim has fallen they read the future from the manner of his fall and from the twitching of his limbs, as well as from the gushing of the blood, having learned to place confidence in an ancient and long-continued practice of observing such matters. And it is a custom of theirs that no one should perform a sacrifice without a "philosopher"; for thank-offerings should be rendered to the gods, they say, by the hands of men who are experienced in the nature of the divine, and who speak, as it were, the language of the gods, and it is also through the mediation of such men, they think, that blessings likewise should be sought. Nor is it only in the exigencies of peace, but in their wars as well, they obey, before all others, these men and their chanting poets, and such obedience is observed not only by their friends but also by their enemies; many times, for instance, when two armies approach each other in battle with swords drawn and spears thrust forward, these men step forth between them and cause them to cease, as though having cast a spell over certain kinds of wild beasts. In this way, even among the wildest barbarians, does passion give place before wisdom, and Ares stands in awe of the Muses.

[32] And now it will be useful to draw a distinction which is unknown to many: The peoples who dwell in the interior above Massalia, those on the slopes of the Alps, and those on this side the Pyrenees mountains are called Celts, whereas the peoples who are established above this land of Celtica in the parts which stretch to the north, both along the ocean and along the Hercynian Mountain, and all the peoples who come after these, as far as Scythia, are known as Gauls; the Romans, however, include all these nations together under a single name, calling them one and all Gauls.

The women of the Gauls are not only like the men in their great stature but they are a match for them in courage as well. Their children are usually born with grayish hair, but as they grow older the color of their hair changes to that of their parents. The most savage peoples among them are those who dwell beneath the Bears and on the borders of Scythia, and some of these, we are told, eat human beings, even as the Britains do who dwell on Iris [Ireland], as it is called. And since the valor of these peoples and their savage ways have been famed abroad, some men say that it was they who in ancient times overran all Asia and were called Cimmerians, time having slightly corrupted the word into the name of Cimbrians, as they are now called. For it has been their ambition from old to plunder, invading for this purpose the land of others, and to regard all men with contempt. For they are the people who captured Rome [387 BCE], who plundered the sanctuary at Delphi [279 BCE], who levied tribute upon a large part of Europe and no small part of Asia, and settled themselves upon the lands of the peoples they had subdued in war, being called in time Greco-Gauls, because they became mixed with the Greeks, and who, as their last accomplishment, have destroyed many large Roman armies. And in pursuance of their savage ways they manifest an outlandish impiety also with respect to their sacrifices; for their

criminals they keep prisoner for five years and then impale in honor of the gods, dedicating them together with many other offerings of first-fruits and constructing pyres of great size. Captives also are used by them as victims for their sacrifices in honor of the gods. Certain of them likewise slay, together with the human beings, such animals as are taken in war, or burn them or do away with them in some other vengeful fashion.

Although their wives are comely, they have very little to do with them, but rage with lust, in outlandish fashion, for the embraces of males. It is their practice to sleep upon the ground on the skins of wild beasts and to tumble with a catamite on each side. And the most astonishing thing of all is that they feel no concern for their proper dignity, but prostitute to others without a qualm the flower of their bodies; nor do they consider this a disgraceful thing to do, but rather when anyone of them is thus approached and refuses the favor offered him, this they consider an act of dishonor.

And they are strange for they consistently use urine to bathe the body and wash their teeth with it, thinking that in this practice it constituted the care and healing of the bodies.

As for the enemies follow toward malefactors and enemies the Celtiberians are cruel, but toward strangers they are honourable and humane. Strangers, for instance, who come among them they one and all entreat to stop at their homes and they are rivals one of another in the hospitality, and any among them who are attended by strangers are spoken of with approval and regarded as beloved of the gods. For their food they use meats of every description, of which they enjoy an abundance, and a drink of honey mixed with wine, since the country supplies them with a great quantity of honey, although the wine they purchase from merchants who sail over the seas to them. Of the tribes neighbouring upon the Celtiberians the most advanced is the people of Vaccaei, as they are called; for this people each year divides among its people the land which it tills and making the fruits the property of all they measure out his portion to each man, and for any cultivators who have appropriated some part for themselves they have set the penalty as death.

## **Diodorus Siculus**

### **Book XXII 9.2-5**

Brennus, the king of the Gauls on entering a temple found no dedications of gold or silver, and when he came only upon images of stone and wood he laughed at them, to think that men, believing that gods have human form, should set up their images in wood and stone.

## **Diodorus Siculus**

### **Book XXXI. 13. 1-15.1**

The general of the barbarous Gauls, returning from his pursuit, gathered the prisoners together and perpetrated an act of utter inhumanity and arrogance. Those of the prisoners who were most handsome in appearance and in the full bloom of life he crowned with garlands and offered in sacrifice to the gods – if indeed there be any god who accepts such offerings; all the rest he had shot down, and though many of them were acquaintances known to him through prior exchanges of hospitality, yet no one received pity on the score of friendship. It is really an not surprising, however, that savages, in the flush

of unexpected success, should celebrate their good fortune with inhuman behaviour.

*Diodorus Siculus, writing in the first century BC, gives us a description of Britain based, in part, on the voyage of Pytheas of Massilia, who sailed around Britain in 300 BC.*

As for the inhabitants, they are simple and far removed from the shrewdness and vice which characterize our day. Their way of living is modest, since they are well clear of the luxury which is begotten of wealth. The island is also thickly populated and its climate is extremely cold, as one would expect, since it actually lies under the Great Bear. It is held by many kings and potentates, who for the most part live at peace among themselves.[27]

Diodorus then tells a fascinating story about the Hyperboreans that was obviously of legendary character already when he was writing:

Of those who have written about the ancient myths, Hecateus and certain others say that in the regions beyond the land of the Celts (Gaul) there lies in the ocean an island no smaller than Sicily. This island, the account continues, is situated in the north, and is inhabited by the Hyperboreans, who are called by that name because their home is beyond the point whence the north wind blows; and the land is both fertile and productive of every crop, and since it has an unusually temperate climate it produces two harvests each year.[28]

Now, it seems that there is little doubt that Diodorus is describing the same location, but we notice that the climate is so vastly different in the two descriptions that we can hardly make the connection. However, let us just suppose that his description of Britain was based on the climate that prevailed at the time he was writing, and the legendary description of the Hyperboreans was based on a previous climatic condition that was preserved in the story. Diodorus stresses that he is recounting something very ancient as he goes on to say:

The Hyperboreans also have a language, we are informed, which is peculiar to them, and are most friendly disposed towards the Greeks, and especially towards the Athenians and the Delians, who have inherited this goodwill from most ancient times. The myth also relates that certain Greeks visited the Hyperboreans and left behind them costly votive offerings bearing inscriptions in Greek letters. And in the same way Abaris, a Hyperborean, came to Greece in ancient times and renewed the goodwill and kinship of his people to the Delians.[29]

Diodorus remark about the relations between the Hyperboreans and the Athenians triggers in our minds the memory of the statement of Plato that the Atlanteans were at war with the Athenians, and we wonder if the Hyperboreans are the "early Athenians." After all, the Greeks are said to be "Sons of the North Wind," Boreas. The relationship of the Hyperboreans to the Delians is expounded upon by Herodotus:

Certain sacred offerings wrapped up in wheat straw come from the Hyperboreans into Scythia, whence they are taken over by the neighbouring peoples in succession until they get as far west as the Adriatic: from there they are sent south, and the first Greeks to receive them are the Dodonaeanes. Then, continuing southward, they reach the Malian gulf, cross to Euboea, and are passed on from town to town as far as Carystus. Then they skip Andros, the Carystians take them to Tenos, and the Tenians to Delos. That is how these things are said to reach Delos at the present time.[30]

The legendary connection between the Hyperboreans and the Delians leads us to another interesting remark of Herodotus who tells us that Leto, the mother of Apollo, was born on the

island of the Hyperboreans. That there was regular contact between the Greeks and the Hyperboreans over many centuries does not seem to be in doubt. The Hyperboreans were said to have introduced the Greeks to the worship of Apollo, but it is just as likely that the relationship goes much further back. Yes, this is contrary to the idea that culture flowed from south to north, but we are writing a contrary book, so don't let that bother you! Herodotus has another interesting thing to say about the Hyperboreans and their sending of sacred offerings to Delos:

On the first occasion they were sent in charge of two girls, whose names the Delians say were Hyperoche and Laodice. To protect the girls on the journey, the Hyperboreans sent five men to accompany them ... The two Hyperborean girls died in Delos, and the boys and girls of the island still cut their hair as a sign of mourning for them... There is also a Delphic story that before the time of Hyperoche and Laodice, two other Hyperborean girls, Arge and Opis, came to Delos by the same route. ...Arge and Opis came to the island at the same time as Apollo and Artemis...[31]

Herodotus mentions at another point, when discussing the lands of the "barbarians," that "All these except the Hyperboreans, were continually encroaching upon one another's territory." Without putting words in Herodotus' mouth, it seems to suggest that the Hyperboreans were not warlike at all. A further clue about the "religion" of the Hyperboreans comes from the myths of Orpheus. It is said that when Dionysus invaded Thrace, Orpheus did not see fit to honor him but instead preached the evils of sacrificial murder to the men of Thrace. He taught "other sacred mysteries" having to do with Apollo, whom he believed to be the greatest of all gods. Dionysus became so enraged, he set the Maenads on Orpheus at Apollo's temple where Orpheus was a priest. They burst in, murdered their husbands who were assembled to hear Orpheus speak, tore Orpheus limb from limb, and threw his head into the river Hebrus where it floated downstream still singing. It was carried on the sea to the island of Lesbos. Another version of the story is that Zeus killed Orpheus with a thunderbolt for divulging divine secrets. He was responsible for instituting the Mysteries of Apollo in Thrace, Hecate in Aegina, and Subterrene Demeter at Sparta.[32] And this brings us to a further revelation of Diodorus regarding the Hyperboreans:

And there is also on the island both a magnificent sacred precinct of Apollo and a notable temple which is adorned with many votive offerings and is spherical in shape. Furthermore, a city is there which is sacred to this god, and the majority of its inhabitants are players on the cithara; and these continually play on this instrument in the temple and sing hymns of praise to the god, glorifying his deeds... They say also that the moon, as viewed from this island, appears to be but a little distance from the earth and to have upon it prominences, like those of the earth, which are visible to the eye. The account is also given that the god visits the island every nineteen years, the period in which the return of the stars to the same place in the heavens is accomplished, and for this reason the nineteen year period is called by the Greeks the "year of Meton." At the time of this appearance of the god he both plays on the cithara and dances continuously the night through from the vernal equinox until the rising of the Pleiades, expressing in this manner his delight in his successes. And the kings of this city and the supervisors of the sacred precinct are called Boreades, since they are descendants of Boreas, and the succession to these positions is always kept in their family.[33]

A "round temple" on an island that can only be Britain, where every nineteen years a god "dances" from the vernal equinox until the rising of the Pleiades. We have musicians whose job it is to continually play in the temple and sing, and

the most famous of ancient singers and musicians is associated with the worship of Apollo. Notice also that the dating is internal to the myth, based on what is obviously the heliacal rising of the Pleiades. During what period of time did the Pleiades rise just before the sun on the vernal equinox?

[27] Diodorus of Sicily, English translation by C. H. Oldfather, Loeb Classical Library, Volumes II and III. London, William Heinemann, and Cambridge, Mass., USA, Harvard University Press, 1935 and 1939.

[28] Ibid.

[29] Ibid.

[30] Herodotus, *The Histories*, Book IV, trans. Aubrey De Selincourt, revised John Marincola, 1972; Penguin, London.

[31] Herodotus, op. cit.

## Herodotus

The Greek researcher and storyteller **Herodotus of Halicarnassus** (fifth century BCE) was the world's first historian. In *The Histories*, he describes the expansion of the Achaemenid empire under its kings Cyrus the Great, Cambyses and Darius, culminating in king Xerxes' expedition in 480 BCE against the Greeks, which met with disaster in the naval engagement at Salamis and the battles at Plataea and Mycale. Herodotus' remarkable book also contains excellent ethnographic descriptions of the peoples that the Persians have conquered, fairy tales, gossip, legends, and a very humanitarian morale. (For a summary with some comments, click [here](#).)

### Herodotus

#### Book 2 CH 94 on location of Celtic temple

Let, then, Ammonian Etearchus' speech to that great an extent be made clear by me, except for this, that he asserted, as the Cyrenians said, the Nasamonians returned and the human beings to whom they had come were wizards all. Moreover that very river that flowed by, Etearchus concluded, was the Nile and, what's more, reason thus demands. For the Nile flows from Libya, even cuts the middle of Libya, and, as I conclude by taking what's plain as evidence for what's not known, starts from distances equal to the Ister. The Ister river flows beginning from the Celts and the city of Pyrene and splits the middle of Europe. The Celts are outside of Heracles' pillars and border on the Cynesians, who are settled farthest toward the sun's setting of those settled down in Europe. And the Ister ends at the sea and flows the way of the Hospitable sea through all Europe, where in Istria the Milesians are settled as colonists

The Ister (i.e. Danube,) then, because it flows through settled land, is known by many, but about the Nile's source no one can know, since the Libya, through which it flows, is unsettled and desolate; so about its flowing, as much as was possible by inquiry to reach, has been said; finally it discharges into Egypt. And Egypt is situated somewhere pretty nearly opposite the mountainous Cilicia. Thence to Sinope on the Hospitable sea is five days' straight road for a well-girt man and Sinope is situated opposite the Ister's discharge into the sea. Thus the Nile, I think, goes through all Libya and is equal to the Ister. Now, about the Nile let so much be said.

### Herodotus

#### Book Four

But before Darius came to the Ister (i.e. Danube,) first he took the Getians who think themselves immortal. For indeed the Thracians who have Salmydessus and have settlements above Apollonia and Mesambria, a city, and are called Scyrmians and Nipsaeans, without a fight gave themselves up to Darius, but the Getians turned to senselessness and immediately were enslaved, who were the Thracians' bravest and most just.

Now, they think themselves immortal in this manner: they believe both they die not and he who perishes goes to Salmoxis, a divinity (and some of them name that same one Gebeleizis.) Then at intervals of five years' time him of them who obtained it as his portion by lot on each and every occasion they send away as a messenger to Salmoxis and make injunctions of whatever on each occasion they ask. So they send him this way: some of them are appointed and have three javelins and others take thorough hold of the hands and the feet of him who is being sent to Salmoxis and by tossing him up in mid air cast him onto the spears. If indeed he dies by being pierced through, to them then

the god seems to be propitious, but if he dies not, they blame the messenger himself and assert for themselves that he is a bad man and, having blamed him, they send away another. And they enjoin the injunctions on one who still lives. Those same Thracians also on the occasion of thunder and lightning shoot arrows up toward the sky and threaten the god, since they believe no other god exists except their own.

Moreover, as I have learned by inquiry from the Greeks who settled the Hellespont and Pontus, it's that that Salmoxis, being a human being, was a slave in Samos and was a slave to Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, and thence he, having become free, acquired numerous things and, having made an acquisition, went away to his land; then, seeing that the Thracians were living badly and somewhat more senseless, that Salmoxis, knowing the Ionian way of living and habits more profound than among the Thracians, inasmuch as he had associated with Greeks and among the Greeks with not the most strengthless wiseman, Pythagoras, prepared himself a men's apartment, in which he, receiving as host all the first men of his townspeople and treating them well, taught them thoroughly that neither he himself nor his symposiasts nor the descendants from those on each and every occasion would die, but they would be present in that place, where on each and every occasion surviving, they would have all the good things. And in the time when he was doing what has been described and was saying that, in that time he built an underground house. Then when the house was entirely complete for him, from the Thracians he was made to disappear and, having gone down, down to the underground house, he lived for three years. So they missed him and mourned him on the ground that he was dead and the fourth year he appeared to the Thracians and thus it proved credible to them what Salmoxis was saying. That, they assert, he did.

But I about that one and the underground house neither disbelieve nor accordingly believe anything very much, but think that that Salmoxis lived many years earlier than Pythagoras. Moreover, let whether Salmoxis proved a human being or that one is a native divinity of the Getians go its way. Those indeed used a manner like that and, when they had been worsted by the Persians, followed the rest of the army.

Then Darius, when he had come and the foot army together with him to the Ister, then, all having gone across, Darius bade the Ionians, after they had broken the pontoon, follow him by the mainland, them and the army from the ships. But when the Ionians were to perform the breaking and do what was bade, Coes, the son of Erxandrus, being the general of the Mytilenians, said to Darius this, after he had asked previously whether it was dear to him to receive an opinion from one who wants to show it forth from himself: "O king, because you are to advance with an army against a land, in which manifestly neither will be anything ploughed nor a settled city, now allow you that bridge there to stand in place and leave as its guards those very ones who threw it. And so if we act in accordance with our mind, after we have found the Scythians, there is a way out for us, and even if we are not able to find them, at any rate the way out's safe for us; for not yet did I fear lest we be worsted by the Scythians in battle, but rather lest we be not able to find them and suffer something significant in our wandering. Indeed this, someone may assert, I say for my own sake, that I may remain behind, but I for my part, although the opinion that I found best for you, king, I bring to your midst, yet myself will follow you and would not be left behind." Darius took very much pleasure in the opinion and replied to him with this: "Lesbian foreigner, when I have been brought back to safety to my house, appear by me by all means, that you in return for good advice with good deeds I may repay."

## Hippolytus

(C. A.D. 170-c. 236), an important Christian writer of the second half of the second and the beginning of the third century, probably resident in Rome though his writings are in Greek. Of his work only fragments remain, the most important being the *Philosophumena*, the "Refutation of all Heresies" in ten books, of which the second and third are lost. He is regarded as one of the most important of the theologians of the third century in the West, but although he took an active part in the controversies of the time, little is know of his life.

### Hippolytus

#### **Philosophumena I:xxv**

"The Keltic Druids applied themselves thoroughly to the Pythagorean philosophy, being urged by this pursuit by Zalmoxis, the slave of Pythagoras, a Thracian by birth, who came to those parts after the death of Pythagoras, and gave them opportunity of studying the system. And the Kelts believe in their Druids as seers and prophets because they can foretell certain events by the Pythagorean reckoning and calculations. We will not pass over the origins of their learning in silence, since some have presumed to make distinct schools of the philosophies of these peoples. Indeed the Druids also practice the magic arts."

### Hippolytus

#### **Philosophumena, i. 22:**

"The druids among the Celts having profoundly examined the Pythagorean philosophy, Zalmoxis, a Thracian by race, the slave of Pythagoras, having become for them the founder of this discipline, he after the death of Pythagoras, having made his way there (? sc. to Thrace?), became founder of this philosophy for them. The Celts honour them as prophets and prognosticators because they foretell matters by the ciphers and numbers according to Pythagorean skill.... The druids also practise magic arts however."

# Diogenes Laertius

Diogenes Laertius, native of Laerte in Cilicia, was a biographer of ancient Greek philosophers. His *Lives of the Philosophers* (*Philosophoi Biol.*) in ten books, is still extant and is an important source of information on the development of Greek philosophy. The period when he lived is not exactly known, but it is supposed to have been during the reigns of Septimius Severus and Caracalla. Because of his long and fairly sympathetic account of Epicurus, some think that Diogenes belonged to the Epicurean School, but this is not clear. He expresses his admiration for many philosophers, but his own allegiances, if any, are not stated.

He divides all the Greek philosophers into two classes: those of the Ionic and those of the Italic school. He derives the first from Anaximander, the second from Pythagoras. After Socrates, he divides the Ionian philosophers into three branches: (a) Plato and the Academics, down to Clitomachus; (b) the Cynics, down to Chrysippus; (c) Aristotle and Theophrastus. The series of Italic philosophers consists, after Pythagoras, of the following: Telanges, Xenophanes, Parmenides, Zeno of Elea, Leucippus, Democritus, and others down to Epicurus.

The work of Diogenes is a crude contribution towards the history of philosophy. It contains a brief account of the lives, doctrines, and sayings of most persons who have been called philosophers; and though the author is limited in his philosophical abilities and assessment of the various schools, the book is valuable as a collection of facts, which we could not have learned from any other source, and is entertaining as a sort of *pot-pourri* on the subject. Diogenes also includes samples of his own wretched poetry about the philosophers he discusses.

## Diogenes Laertius

### Vitæ Intro 1 & 5

(Flourish c. the second quarter of c. third century A.D.) He was the author of a compendium of biographical material in ten books, still extant, generally known as the *Lives of the Philosophers*. Despite careless and uncritical elements the work is of priceless value because most of the ancient sources used by him have now been entirely lost. His information is given for the most part at second or third hand, but very often with the names of the original authorities cited. He almost certainly made use of Apollodoros and from time to time borrowed material from Polyhistor. He cites both Sotion of Alexandria and also the *Magicus* of the Pseudo-Aristotle on the druids.

## Diogenes Laertius

### Vitæ, intro., i

"Some say that the study of philosophy was of barbarian origin. For the Persians had their Magi, the Babylonians or the Assyrians the Chaldeans, the Indians their Gymnosophists, while the Kelts and the Galatæ had seers called Druids and Semnotheoi, or so Aristotle says in the "Magic," and Sotion in the twenty-third book of his "Succession of Philosophers.""

## Diogenes Laertius,

### Vitæ, intro., 5:

"Those who think that philosophy is an invention of the barbarians explain the systems prevailing among each people. They say that the Gymnosophists and Druids make their pronouncements by means of riddles and dark sayings, teaching that the gods must be worshipped, and no evil done, and manly behaviour maintained."

# Livy

(59 b.c. – A.D. 17) One of the greatest Roman historians; born at Padua, where he died; but he spent much of his time in Rome in the highest literary circles. He wrote a history of Rome in 142 books, of which 35 only are extant, and some fragments and brief epitomes of certain further sections. His book is just full of stuff on various peoples who were conquered or dared to stand up to Rome. Book 8:ix.7-x.14; Book 23:xxiv.9-xxv.1; Book 38:xlvii.5-11 & xxxiii-xxxv;

## Livy

### Book VI ix –xi

[7.9]The consuls for the following year were C. Sulpicius and C. Licinius Calvus. They resumed operations against the Hernici and invaded their territory, but did not find the enemy in the open. They attacked and captured Ferentinum, a Hernican City; but as they were returning home the Tiburtines closed their gates against them. There had previously been numerous complaints made on both sides, but this last provocation finally decided the Romans, in case the Fetials failed to get redress, to declare war against the Tiburtines. It is generally understood that T. Quinctius Pennus was the Dictator and Ser. Cornelius Maluginensis the Master of the Horse. According to Licinius Macer, the Dictator was nominated by the consul Licinius. His colleague, Sulpicius, was anxious to get the elections over before he departed for the war, in the hope of being himself re-elected, if he were on the spot, and Licinius determined to thwart his colleague's self-seeking ambition. Licinius Macer's desire to appropriate the credit of this to his house (the Licinii) lessens the weight of his authority. As I find no mention of this in the older annalists, I am more inclined to believe that it was the prospect of a Gaulish war which was the immediate cause why a Dictator was nominated. At all events it was in this year that the Gauls formed their camp by the Salarian road, three miles from the City at the bridge across the Anio. In face of this sudden and alarming inroad the Dictator proclaimed a suspension of all business, and made every man who was liable to serve take the military oath. He marched out of the City with an immense army and fixed his camp on this side the Anio. Each side had left the bridge between them intact, as its destruction might have been thought due to fears of an attack. There were frequent skirmishes for the possession of the bridge; as these were indecisive, the question was left unsettled. A Gaul of extraordinary stature strode forward on to the unoccupied bridge, and shouting as loudly as he could, cried: "Let the bravest man that Rome possesses come out and fight me, that we two may decide which people is the superior in war."

[7.10]A long silence followed. The best and bravest of the Romans made no sign; they felt ashamed of appearing to decline the challenge, and yet they were reluctant to expose themselves to such terrible danger. Thereupon T. Manlius, the youth who had protected his father from the persecution of the tribune, left his post and went to the Dictator. "Without your orders, General," he said, "I will never leave my post to fight, no, not even if I saw that victory was certain; but if you give me permission I want to show that monster as he stalks so proudly in front of their lines that I am a scion of that family which hurled the troop of Gauls from the Tarpeian rock." Then the Dictator: "Success to your courage, T. Manlius, and to your affection for your father and your fatherland! Go, and with the help of the gods show that the name of Rome is invincible." Then his comrades fastened on his armour; he took an infantry shield and a Spanish sword as better adapted for close fighting; thus armed and equipped they led him forward against the Gaul,

who was exulting in his brute strength, and even - the ancients thought this worth recording - putting his tongue out in derision. They retired to their posts and the two armed champions were left alone in the midst, more after the manner of a scene on the stage than under the conditions of serious war, and to those who judged by appearances, by no means equally matched. The one was a creature of enormous bulk, resplendent in a many-coloured coat and wearing painted and gilded armour; the other a man of average height, and his arms, useful rather than ornamental, gave him quite an ordinary appearance. There was no singing of war-songs, no prancing about, no silly brandishing of weapons. With a breast full of courage and silent wrath Manlius reserved all his ferocity for the actual moment of conflict. When they had taken their stand between the two armies, while so many hearts around them were in suspense between hope and fear, the Gaul, like a great overhanging mass, held out his shield on his left arm to meet his adversary's blows and aimed a tremendous cut downwards with his sword. The Roman evaded the blow, and pushing aside the bottom of the Gaul's shield with his own, he slipped under it close up to the Gaul, too near for him to get at him with his sword. Then turning the point of his blade upwards, he gave two rapid thrusts in succession and stabbed the Gaul in the belly and the groin, laying his enemy prostrate over a large extent of ground. He left the body of his fallen foe undespoiled with the exception of his chain, which though smeared with blood he placed round his own neck. Astonishment and fear kept the Gauls motionless; the Romans ran eagerly forward from their lines to meet their warrior, and amidst cheers and congratulations they conducted him to the Dictator. In the doggerel verses which they extemporised in his honour they called him *Torquatus* ("adorned with a chain,") and this soubriquet became for his posterity a proud family name. The Dictator gave him a golden crown, and before the whole army alluded to his victory in terms of the highest praise.

[7.11] Strange to relate, that single combat had such a far-reaching influence upon the whole war that the Gauls hastily abandoned their camp and moved off into the neighbourhood of Tibur. They formed an alliance offensive and defensive with that city, and the Tiburtines supplied them generously with provisions. After receiving this assistance they passed on into Campania. This was the reason why in the following year the consul, C. Poetilius Balbus, led an army, by order of the people, against the Tiburtines, though the conduct of the war against the Hernici had fallen by lot to his colleague, M. Fabius Ambustus. Though the Gauls had come back from Campania to their assistance, it was undoubtedly by the Tiburtine generals that the cruel depredations in the territories of Labici, Tusculum, and Alba were carried out. To act against the Tiburtines, the republic was content with a consul, but the sudden re-appearance of the Gauls required a Dictator. Q. Servilius Ahala was nominated, and he selected T. Quinctius as Master of the Horse. On the authority of the senate, he made a vow to celebrate the Great Games, should the issue of the war prove favourable. After giving orders for the consul's army to remain where it was, in order to confine the Tiburtines to their own war, the Dictator made all the "juniors" take the military oath, without a single refusal. The battle, in which the whole strength of the City was engaged, took place not far from the Colline Gate in the sight of the parents and wives and children of the Roman soldiers. Even when absent, the thought of those near and dear to one is a great incentive to courage, but now that they were within view they fired the men with a firm resolve to win their applause and secure their safety. There was great slaughter on both sides, but the Gauls were in the end repulsed, and fled in the direction of Tibur as though it were a Gaulish stronghold. The straggling fugitives were intercepted by the consul not far from Tibur; the townsmen sallied out to render them assistance, and they and the

Gauls were driven within their gates. So the consul was equally successful with the Dictator. The other consul, Fabius, crushed the Hernici in successive defeats, at first in comparatively unimportant actions and then finally in one great battle when the enemy attacked him in full strength. The Dictator passed splendid encomiums on the consuls, both in the senate and before the people, and even transferred to them the credit for his own success. He then laid down his office. Poetilius celebrated a double triumph - over the Gauls and over the Tiburtines. It was considered a sufficient honour for Fabius to be allowed to enter the City in an ovation. The Tiburtines laughed at Poetilius' triumph. "When," they said, "had he ever met them in a pitched battle? A few of them had come outside their gates to watch the disordered flight of the Gauls, but when they found that they, too, were being attacked and cut down indiscriminately they retreated into their city. Did the Romans deem that sort of thing worthy of a triumph? They must not look upon it as too great and wonderful a thing to create disorder in an enemy's gates; they would themselves see greater confusion and panic before their own walls."

## Livy

### Book XLVI

"Do not think that only the name of the Gallo-grecians is a mixture; long since both their bodies and their minds have been mixed and corrupted. Or if they were Gauls, with whom we have fought a thousand times in Italy with varying results, so far as the issue depended on our commander, would even a messenger have come back from there?"

## Livy

### xxxiii-xxxv

[5.33] After the expulsion of that citizen whose presence, if there is anything certain in human affairs, would have made the capture of Rome impossible, the doom of the fated City swiftly approached. Ambassadors came from Clusium begging for assistance against the Gauls. The tradition is that this nation, attracted by the report of the delicious fruits and especially of the wine - a novel pleasure to them - crossed the Alps and occupied the lands formerly cultivated by the Etruscans, and that Arruns of Clusium imported wine into Gaul in order to allure them into Italy. His wife had been seduced by a Lucumo, to whom he was guardian, and from whom, being a young man of considerable influence, it was impossible to get redress without getting help from abroad. In revenge, Arruns led the Gauls across the Alps and prompted them to attack Clusium. I would not deny that the Gauls were conducted to Clusium by Arruns or some one else living there, but it is quite clear that those who attacked that city were not the first who crossed the Alps. As a matter of fact, Gauls crossed into Italy two centuries before they attacked Clusium and took Rome. Nor were the Clusines the first Etruscans with whom the Gaulish armies came into conflict; long before that they had fought many battles with the Etruscans who dwelt between the Apennines and the Alps. Before the Roman supremacy, the power of the Tuscans was widely extended both by sea and land. How far it extended over the two seas by which Italy is surrounded like an island is proved by the names, for the nations of Italy call the one the "Tuscan Sea," from the general designation of the people, and the other the "Atriatric," from Atria, a Tuscan colony. The Greeks also call them the "Tyrrhene" and the "Adriatic." The districts stretching towards either sea were inhabited by them. They first settled on this side the Apennines by the western sea in twelve cities, afterwards they founded twelve colonies beyond



the Apennines, corresponding to the number of the mother cities. These colonies held the whole of the country beyond the Po as far as the Alps, with the exception of the corner inhabited by the Veneti, who dwelt round an arm of the sea. The Alpine tribes are undoubtedly of the same stock, especially the Raetii, who had doubted the nature of their country become so uncivilized that they retained no trace of their original condition except their language, and even this was not free from corruption.

[5.34]About the passage of the Gauls into Italy we have received the following account. Whilst Tarquinius Priscus was king of Rome, the supreme power amongst the Celts, who formed a third part of the whole of Gaul, was in the hands of the Bituriges; they used to furnish the king for the whole Celtic race. Ambigatus was king at that time, a man eminent for his own personal courage and prosperity as much as for those of his dominions. During his sway the harvests were so abundant and the population increased so rapidly in Gaul that the government of such vast numbers seemed almost impossible. He was now an old man, and anxious to relieve his realm from the burden of over-population. With this view he signified his intention of sending his sister's sons Bellovesus and Segovesus, both enterprising young men, to settle in whatever locality the gods should by augury assign to them. They were to invite as many as wished to accompany them, sufficient to prevent any nation from repelling their approach. When the auspices were taken, the Hercynian forest was assigned to Segovesus; to Bellovesus the gods gave the far pleasanter way into Italy. He invited the surplus population of six tribes - the Bituriges, the Averni, the Senones, the Aedui, the Ambarri, the Carnutes, and the Aulerci. Starting with an enormous force of horse and foot, he came to the Tricastini. Beyond stretched the barrier of the Alps, and I am not at all surprised that they appeared insurmountable, for they had never yet been surmounted by any route, as far at least as unbroken memory reaches, unless you choose to believe the fables about Hercules. Whilst the mountain heights kept the Gauls fenced in as it were there, and they were looking everywhere to see by what path they could cross the peaks which reached to heaven and so enter a new world, they were also prevented from advancing by a sense of religious obligation, for news came that some strangers in quest of territory were being attacked by the Salyi. These were Massilians who had sailed from Phocaea. The Gauls, looking upon this as an omen of their own fortunes, went to their assistance and enabled them to fortify the spot where they had first landed, without any interference from the Salyi. After crossing the Alps by the passes of the Taurini and the valley of the Douro, they defeated the Tuscans in battle not far from the Ticinus, and when they learnt that the country in which they had settled belonged to the Insubres, a name also borne by a canton of the Haedui, they accepted the omen of the place and built a city which they called Mediolanum.

[5.35]Subsequently another body, consisting of the Cenomani, under the leadership of Elitovius, followed the track of the former and crossed the Alps by the same pass, with the goodwill of Bellovesus. They had their settlements where the cities of Brixia and Verona now stand. The Libui came next and the Saluvii; they settled near the ancient tribe of the Ligurian Laevi, who lived about the Ticinus. Then the Boii and Lingones crossed the Pennine Alps, and as all the country between the Po and the Alps was occupied, they crossed the Po on rafts and expelled not only the Etruscans but the Umbrians as well. They remained, however, north of the Apennines. Then the Senones, the last to come, occupied the country from the Utis to the Aesis. It was this last tribe, I find, that came to Clusium, and from there to Rome; but it is uncertain whether they came alone or helped by contingents from all the Cisalpine peoples. The people of Clusium were appalled by this strange war, when they saw the

numbers, the extraordinary appearance of the men, and the kind of weapons they used, and heard that the legions of Etruria had been often routed by them on both sides of the Po. Although they had no claim on Rome, either on the ground of alliance or friendly relations, unless it was that they had not defended their kinsmen at Veii against the Romans, they nevertheless sent ambassadors to ask the senate for assistance. Active assistance they did not obtain. The three sons of M. Fabius Ambustus were sent as ambassadors to negotiate with the Gauls and warn them not to attack those from whom they had suffered no injury, who were allies and friends of Rome, and who, if circumstances compelled them, must be defended by the armed force of Rome. They preferred that actual war should be avoided, and that they should make acquaintance with the Gauls, who were strangers to them, in peace rather than in arms.

[5.36]A peaceable enough mission, had it not contained envoys of a violent temper, more like Gauls than Romans. After they had delivered their instructions in the council of the Gauls, the following reply was given: "Although we are hearing the name of Romans for the first time, we believe nevertheless that you are brave men, since the Clusines are imploring your assistance in their time of danger. Since you prefer to protect your allies against us by negotiation rather than by armed force, we on our side do not reject the peace you offer, on condition that the Clusines cede to us Gauls, who are in need of land, a portion of that territory which they possess to a greater extent than they can cultivate. On any other conditions peace cannot be granted. We wish to receive their reply in your presence, and if territory is refused us we shall fight, whilst you are still here, that you may report to those at home how far the Gauls surpass all other men in courage." The Romans asked them what right they had to demand, under threat of war, territory from those who were its owners, and what business the Gauls had in Etruria. The haughty answer was returned that they carried their right in their weapons, and that everything belonged to the brave. Passions were kindled on both sides; they flew to arms and joined battle. Thereupon, contrary to the law of nations, the envoys seized their weapons, for the Fates were already urging Rome to its ruin. The fact of three of the noblest and bravest Romans fighting in the front line of the Etruscan army could not be concealed, so conspicuous was the valour of the strangers. And what was more, Q. Fabius rode forward at a Gaulish chieftain, who was impetuously charging right at the Etruscan standards, ran his spear through his side and slew him. Whilst he was in the act of despoiling the body the Gauls recognised him, and the word was passed through the whole army that it was a Roman ambassador. Forgetting their rage against the Clusines, and breathing threats against the Romans, they sounded the retreat.

## Livy

### Book 23 xxiv-xxv

[23.24]The next day the senate, on being consulted by M. Pomponius, the praetor, passed a decree to write to the Dictator, asking him, if the interests of the State permitted, to come to Rome to conduct the election of fresh consuls. He was to bring with him his Master of the Horse and M. Marcellus, the praetor, so that the senate might learn from them on the spot in what condition the affairs of the Republic were, and form their plans accordingly. On receiving the summons they all came, after leaving officers in command of the legions. The Dictator spoke briefly and modestly about himself; he gave most of the credit to Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, his Master of the Horse, and then gave notice of the elections. The consuls elected were L. Postumius for the third time - he was elected in his absence, as

he was then administering the province of Gaul - and Ti. Sempronius Gracchus, Master of the Horse, and at that time curule aedile also. Then the praetors were elected. They were M. Valerius Laevinus, for the second time, Appius Claudius Pulcher, Q. Fulvius Flaccus, and Q. Mucius Scaevola. After the various magistrates had been elected the Dictator returned to his army in winter quarters at Teanum. The Master of the Horse was left in Rome; as he would be entering upon office in a few days, it was desirable for him to consult the senate about the enrolment and equipment of the armies for the year.

While these matters were engrossing attention a fresh disaster was announced, for Fortune was heaping one disaster upon another this year. It was reported that L. Postumius, the consul elect, and his army had been annihilated in Gaul. There was a wild forest called by the Gauls Litana, and through this the consul was to conduct his army. The Gauls cut through the trees on both sides of the road in such a way that they remained standing as long as they were undisturbed, but a slight pressure would make them fall. Postumius had two Roman legions, and he had also levied a force from the country bordering on the Upper Sea, sufficiently large to bring the force with which he entered the hostile territory up to 20,000 men. The Gauls had posted themselves round the outskirts of the forest, and as soon as the Roman army entered they pushed the sawn trees on the outside, these fell upon those next to them, which were tottering and hardly able to stand upright, until the whole mass fell in on both sides and buried in one common ruin arms and men and horses. Hardly ten men escaped, for when most of them hail been crushed to death by the trunks or broken branches of the trees, the remainder, panic-struck at the unexpected disaster, were killed by the Gauls who surrounded the forest. Out of the whole number only very few were made prisoners, and these, whilst trying to reach a bridge over the river, were intercepted by the Gauls who had already seized it. It was there that Postumius fell whilst fighting most desperately to avoid capture. The Boii stripped the body of its spoils and cut off the head, and bore them in triumph to the most sacred of their temples. According to their custom they cleaned out the skull and covered the scalp with beaten gold; it was then used as a vessel for libations and also as a drinking cup for the priest and ministers of the temple. The plunder, too, which the Gauls secured was as great as their victory, for although most of the animals had been buried beneath the fallen trees, the rest of the booty, not having been scattered in flight, was found strewn along the whole line where the army lay.

## Livy

### Book 38:xlvii.5-11

38.47]This was the substance of what Furius and Aemilius said. I understand that Manlius spoke to the following effect: "Formerly, senators, it was the tribunes of the plebs who usually opposed those who claimed a triumph. I am grateful to them for having conceded this much to me, either personally or in acknowledgment of the greatness of my services, that they not only showed by their silence their approval of my being thus honoured, but were even ready, if necessary, to recommend it to the senate. It is amongst the ten commissioners that I find my opponents, those whom our ancestors assigned to their commanders for the purpose of gathering the fruits of their victories and enhancing their glory. L. Furius and L. Aemilius forbid me to enter the triumphal chariot; they snatch the victor's wreath from my brow; these very men whom I was going to call as witnesses to what I have done, had the tribunes opposed my triumph. I envy no man his honours, senators. Only the other day when the tribunes of the plebs were trying to prevent the

triumph of Q. Fabius Labeo, strong and determined as they were, you overawed them by your authority. His enemies laid it to his charge, not that he had fought an unjust war, but that he had never even seen an enemy. Still he enjoyed his triumph. I, who have fought so many pitched battles with 100,000 of our fiercest enemies, who have killed or taken prisoners 40,000, who have stormed two of their camps, who have left all the country this side the Taurus more peaceable than the land of Italy - I am not only being defrauded of my triumph, but actually have to defend myself before you against the accusations of my commissioners.

"You have noticed, senators, that they bring a double charge against me; that I ought not to have made war on the Gauls, and that I conducted it in a rash and imprudent way. 'The Gauls,' they say, 'were not hostile to us, but you wantonly attacked them while they were quietly carrying out your orders.' I am not going to ask you, senators, to judge the Gauls who inhabit those countries from what you know of the savagery common to the race, and their deadly hatred to the name of Rome. Keep out of sight the infamous and hateful character of the race as a whole and judge those men by themselves. I wish Eumenes, I wish all the cities of Asia were here, and that you were hearing their complaints rather than the charges I am bringing. Send commissioners to visit all the cities of Asia and find out which has delivered them from the heavier thralldom, the removal of Antiochus beyond the Taurus or the subjugation of the Gauls. Let them bring back word how often the fields of those people have been devastated, how often they and all their property have been carried off, with hardly a chance of ransoming the captives, and knowing that human victims were being sacrificed and their children immolated. Let me tell you that your allies paid tribute to the Gauls, and would have been paying it now, though freed from the rule of Antiochus, if it had not been put a stop to by me.

[38.48]"The greater the distance to which Antiochus was removed, the more tyrannically did the Gauls lord it over Asia; by his removal you added whatever lands lie on this side the Taurus to their dominion, not your own. But you say, 'Assuming this to be true, the Gauls once despoiled Delphi, but though it was the one oracle common to all mankind, and the central spot in the whole world, the Romans did not on that account declare or commence war against them.' I should certainly have thought that there was a considerable difference between the conditions existing when Greece and Asia had not yet passed under your suzerainty, as far as regards your interest and concern in their affairs, and the conditions prevailing now; when you have fixed the Taurus as the frontier of your dominion; when you are giving to the cities liberty and immunity from tribute; when you are enlarging the territories of some and depriving others of their land by way of punishment or imposing tribute: when you are extending, diminishing, giving, taking away kingdoms, and making it your one care that they shall keep the peace both on land and sea. Would you consider that the liberty of Asia would not have been secure had not Antiochus withdrawn his garrisons, which were remaining quietly in their quarters, and do you suppose that your gifts to Eumenes would be safe or the cities retain their freedom as long as the armies of the Gauls were roaming far and wide?

"But why do I use these arguments, as though I had made the Gauls into enemies and had not found them such already? I appeal to you, L. Scipio, whose valour and good fortune alike I prayed to the immortal gods - and not in vain - to grant me, when I succeeded to your command; I appeal to you, P. Scipio, who though subordinate to your brother the consul, still possessed both with him and the army all the authority of a colleague; and I ask you whether you know that there were legions of Gauls in the army of Antiochus; whether you saw that they were posted at either end of his line, for there his main

strength seemed to be; whether you fought with them as regular enemies, and killed them and brought their spoils home. And yet the war which the senate had decreed and the people ordered was a war against Antiochus, not against the Gauls. Yes, but I hold that the decree and order included those who had formed part of his army, and amongst these - with the exception of Antiochus with whom Scipio had concluded peace and with whom you ordered a special treaty to be made - all who bore arms on his behalf were our enemies. The Gauls above all supported his cause, as did also some petty kings and tyrants. With the others, however, I made peace and compelled them to make an expiation for their misdoings proportionate to the dignity of your empire, and I tried to influence the Gauls, if haply their innate ferocity could be mitigated. When I saw that they remained untameable and implacable, I thought they ought to be coerced by force of arms.

## Lucan

(C. A.D. 39-65) A Roman poet of Spanish origin and nephew of Lucius Annaeus Seneca. He was educated in Rome and appointed quaestor under Nero and a member of the college of augurs, and became a voluminous poet and writer, and a highly distinguished rhetor, with some training in Stoic philosophy. His only surviving poem (incomplete) is commonly known as the Pharsalia, an epic poem in ten books narrating the contest between Caesar and the Senate, and bearing in the manuscripts the title De Bello Civili. Convicted of conspiracy against Nero he was forced to die, and the Pharsalia was never finished. His chief source was Livy, but we was probably indebted to Caesar or one of his sources. During the reign of Nero (A.d. 54-68) we find this same picture drawn with the same grand emphasis of Lucan's verse; and incidentally, probably as a sort of poetical flourish, we have the groves mentioned for the first time as the haunts of Druids.

### Lucan

#### Pharsalia, i. 441ff:

"You also, ye poets, who in your panegyrics hand down through the ages brave souls cut off in battle, free from apprehension have ye bards poured forth your wealth of song. And you, ye druids, having laid aside your arms, have returned to your barbaric rites and sinister mode of worship. - To you alone it is granted or withheld to have knowledge of the gods and the powers of heaven, you who dwell in deep woods in sequestered groves. Your teaching is that the shades of the dead do not make their way to the silent abode of Erebus or the lightless realm of Dis below, but that the same soul animates the limbs in another sphere. If you sing of certainties, death is the center of continuous life. Truly the peoples on whom the Pole star looks down are happy in their error, for they are not harassed by the greatest of terrors, the fear of death. This gives the warrior eagerness to rush upon the steel, a spirit ready to face death, and an indifference to save a life which will return."

### Lucan.

#### Pharsalia Book 1,

Those who kept watch beside the western shore  
Have moved their standards home; the happy Gaul  
Rejoices in their absence; fair Garonne  
Through peaceful meads glides onward to the sea.  
480 And where the river broadens, neath the cape  
Her quiet harbour sleeps. No outstretched arm  
Except in mimic war now hurls the lance.  
No skilful warrior of Seine directs  
The scythed chariot 'gainst his country's foe.  
Now rest the Belgians, and the Arvernian race  
That boasts our kinship by descent from Troy;  
And those brave rebels whose undaunted hands  
Were dipped in Cotta's blood, and those who wear  
Sarmatian garb. Batavia's warriors fierce  
490 No longer listen for the bugle call,  
Nor those who dwell where Rhone's swift eddies sweep  
Saone to the ocean; nor the mountain tribes  
Who dwell about its source. Thou, too, oh Treves,  
Rejoicest that the war has left thy bounds.  
Ligurian tribes, now shorn, in ancient days  
First of the long-haired nations, on whose necks  
Once flowed the auburn locks in pride supreme;  
And those who pacify with blood accursed  
Savage Teutates, Hesus' horrid shrines,

500 And Taranis' altars cruel as were those  
 Loved by Diana (18,) goddess of the north;  
 All these now rest in peace. And you, ye Bards,  
 Whose martial lays send down to distant times  
 The fame of valorous deeds in battle done,  
 Pour forth in safety more abundant song.  
 While you, ye Druids (19,) when the war was done,  
 To mysteries strange and hateful rites returned:  
 To you alone 'tis given the gods and stars  
 To know or not to know; secluded groves

510 Your dwelling-place, and forests far remote.  
 If what ye sing be true, the shades of men  
 Seek not the dismal homes of Erebus  
 Or death's pale kingdoms; but the breath of life  
 Still rules these bodies in another age --  
 Life on this hand and that, and death between.  
 Happy the peoples 'neath the Northern Star  
 In this their false belief; for them no fear  
 Of that which frights all others: they with hands  
 And hearts undaunted rush upon the foe

520 And scorn to spare the life that shall return.  
 Ye too depart who kept the banks of Rhine  
 Safe from the foe, and leave the Teuton tribes  
 Free at their will to march upon the world.

## Lucan,

### Pharsalia, i, 450-8:

"And you, O Druids, now that the clash of battle is stilled, once more have you returned to your barbarous ceremonies and to the savage usage of your holy rites. To you alone it is given to know the truth about the gods and deities of the sky, or else you alone are ignorant of this truth. The innermost groves of far-off forests are your abodes. And it is you who say that the shades of the dead seek not the silent land of Erebus and the pale halls of Pluto; rather, you tell us that the same spirit has a body again elsewhere, and that death, if what you sing is true, is but the midpoint of long life."

## Lucan

### Pharsalia, i, 450-8:

"Et vos barbaricos ritus moremque sinistrum sacrorum, Druidae, positis repetistis ab armis : solis nosse deos et caeli numina vobis aut solis nescire datum : nemora alta remotis incolitis lucis : vobis auctoribus umbrae non tacitas Erebi sedes Ditisque profundi pallida regna petunt : regit idem spiritus artus orbe alio : longae - canitis si cognita - vitae mors media est."

## Lucan

### Pharsalia, iii, 400-450

But Caesar's visage stern betrayed his ire  
 Which thus broke forth in words: "Vain is the hope  
 Ye rest upon my march: speed though I may

410 Towards my western goal, time still remains  
 To blot Massilia out. Rejoice, my troops!  
 Unsought the war ye longed for meets you now:  
 The fates concede it. As the tempests lose  
 Their strength by sturdy forests unopposed,  
 And as the fire that finds no fuel dies,  
 Even so to find no foe is Caesar's ill.  
 When those who may be conquered will not fight  
 That is defeat. Degenerate, disarmed  
 Their gates admit me! Not content, forsooth,

420 With shutting Caesar out they shut him in!  
 They shun the taint of war! Such prayer for peace  
 Brings with it chastisement. In Caesar's age  
 Learn that not peace, but war within his ranks  
 Alone can make you safe."

Fearless he turns  
 His march upon the city, and beholds  
 Fast barred the gate-ways, while in arms the youths  
 Stand on the battlements. Hard by the walls  
 A hillock rose, upon the further side  
 Expanding in a plain of gentle slope,

430 Fit (as he deemed it) for a camp with ditch  
 And mound encircling. To a lofty height  
 The nearest portion of the city rose,  
 While intervening valleys lay between.  
 These summits with a mighty trench to bind  
 The chief resolves, gigantic though the toil.  
 But first, from furthest boundaries of his camp,  
 Enclosing streams and meadows, to the sea  
 To draw a rampart, upon either hand  
 Heaved up with earthy sod; with lofty towers

440 Crowned; and to shut Massilia from the land.

Then did the Grecian city win renown  
 Eternal, deathless, for that un-compelled  
 Nor fearing for herself, but free to act  
 She made the conqueror pause: and he who seized  
 All in resistless course found here delay:  
 And Fortune, hastening to lay the world  
 Low at her favourite's feet, was forced to stay  
 For these few moments her impatient hand.

Now fell the forests far and wide, despoiled

450 Of all their giant trunks: for as the mound  
 On earth and brushwood stood, a timber frame  
 Held firm the soil, lest pressed beneath its towers  
 The mass might topple down. There stood a grove  
 Which from the earliest time no hand of man  
 Had dared to violate; hidden from the sun (27)  
 Its chill recesses; matted boughs entwined  
 Prisoned the air within. No sylvan nymphs  
 Here found a home, nor Pan, but savage rites  
 And barbarous worship, altars horrible

460 On massive stones upreared; sacred with blood  
 Of men was every tree. If faith be given  
 To ancient myth, no fowl has ever dared  
 To rest upon those branches, and no beast  
 Has made his lair beneath: no tempest falls,  
 Nor lightnings flash upon it from the cloud.  
 Stagnant the air, unmoving, yet the leaves  
 Filled with mysterious trembling; dripped the streams  
 From coal-black fountains; effigies of gods  
 Rude, scarcely fashioned from some fallen trunk

470 Held the mid space: and, pallid with decay,  
 Their rotting shapes struck terror. Thus do men  
 Dread most the god unknown. 'Twas said that caves  
 Rumbled with earthquakes, that the prostrate yew  
 Rose up again; that fiery tongues of flame  
 Gleamed in the forest depths, yet were the trees  
 Unkindled; and that snakes in frequent folds  
 Were coiled around the trunks. Men flee the spot  
 Nor dare to worship near: and e'en the priest  
 Or when bright Phoebus holds the height, or when

480 Dark night controls the heavens, in anxious dread  
 Draws near the grove and fears to find its lord.

Spared in the former war, still dense it rose  
 Where all the hills were bare, and Caesar now  
 Its fall commanded. But the brawny arms  
 Which swayed the axes trembled, and the men,  
 Awed by the sacred grove's dark majesty,  
 Held back the blow they thought would be returned.  
 This Caesar saw, and swift within his grasp  
 Uprose a ponderous axe, which downward fell  
 490 Cleaving a mighty oak that towered to heaven,  
 While thus he spake: "Henceforth let no man dread  
 To fell this forest: all the crime is mine.  
 This be your creed." He spake, and all obeyed,  
 For Caesar's ire weighed down the wrath of Heaven.  
 Yet ceased they not to fear. Then first the oak,  
 Dodona's ancient boast; the knotty holm;  
 The cypress, witness of patrician grief,  
 The buoyant alder, laid their foliage low  
 Admitting day; though scarcely through the stems  
 500 Their fall found passage. At the sight the Gauls  
 Grieved; but the garrison within the walls  
 Rejoiced: for thus shall men insult the gods  
 And find no punishment? Yet fortune oft  
 Protects the guilty; on the poor alone  
 The gods can vent their ire. Enough hewn down,  
 They seize the country wagons; and the hind,  
 His oxen gone which else had drawn the plough,  
 Mourns for his harvest.

## Valerius Maximus

(Flourished in the first Century A.D.), a Roman historian who wrote a handbook for rhetoricians, *Factorum ac Dictorum Memorabilium* Libri IX, consisting of a collection of illustrative historical anecdotes. The book is dedicated to Tiberius and is strongly nationalistic in tone. He made use of Livy and Cicero among other sources, but is uncritical in the use of his material.

### Valerius Maximus

#### II:6, 10

Having done with the description of the town (Marseilles,) an old custom of the Gauls may now be mentioned; for it is said that they lend to each other sums that are repayable in the next world, so firmly convinced are they that the souls of men are immortal. And I would call them foolish indeed if it were not for the fact that what these trousered barbarians believe is the very faith of Pythagoras himself..."

### Valerius Maximus

#### II:6, 10

<sup>10</sup>Horum moenia egressis vetus ille mos Gallorum occurrit, quos memoria proditum est pecunias mutuas, quae his apud inferos redderentur, dare, quia persuasum habuerint animas hominum immortales esse. dicerem stultos, nisi idem braccati sensissent, quod palliatus Pythagoras creditit.

II Avara et feneratoria Gallorum philosophia, alacris et fortis Cimbrorum et Celtiberorum, qui in acie gaudio exultabant tamquam gloriose et feliciter vita excessuri, lamentabantur in morbo quasi turpiter et miserabiliter perituri. Celtiberi etiam nefas esse ducebant proelio superesse, cum is occidisset, pro cuius salute spiritum devoverant. laudanda utrorumque populorum animi praesentia, quod et patriae incolumitatem fortiter tueri et fidem amicitiae constanter praestandam arbitrabantur.

## Paulus Orosius

Paulus Orosius was a 5th century Spanish priest and historian. He was the author of the seven-volume *Historiarum Adversus Paganos*. The universal history from Creation to 417 was a popular book in the Middle Ages. It is believed that it was translated into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred the Great.

### Paulus Orosius

#### Book Five

Furthermore, in the same period of the Jururthine War, L. Cassius, the consul, who was in Gaul, pursued the Tigurini as far as the Ocean, and, in turn, was surrounded by the same ambush and was killed. Lucius Piso, a man of consular rank and a legate of the consul, Cassius, was also killed. C. Publius, the other legate, that the remaining part of the army which had taken refuge might not be destroyed, in a most disgraceful truce gave over hostages and half of all their property to the Tigurini. When he returned to Rome, C. Publius was summoned to court by the tribune of the people, Caelius, and he fled into exile. Caepio, the proconsul, after capturing a city of the Gauls, by the name of Tolosa, took away from the temple of Apollo one hundred thousand pounds of gold and one hundred and ten thousand pounds of silver. When he sent this under guard to Masilla, a city friendly to the Roman people, he secretly killed those to whom he had committed it for transportation and safe keeping, as some testify, and he is said to have criminally made away with all of it. As a result of this, a great investigation was afterwards carried out in Rome.

(16) In the six hundred and forty-second year after the founding of the City, C. Manlius, the consul, and Q. Caepio, the proconsul, being sent against the Cimbri, Teutones, Tigurini, and Ambrones, Gallic and Germanic tribes, which at that time had conspired to blot out the Roman Empire, divided the provinces among themselves, making the Rhone River the boundary. While they, then, disputed among themselves with most serious bitterness and contention, they were conquered to the great disgrace and danger of the Roman name. For in this battle, M. Aemilius, a man of consular rank, was captured and killed, and the two sons of the consul were slain. Antias writes that eighty thousand Romans and allies were slaughtered at this time and that forty thousand servants and camp followers were killed. Thus, of the entire army, only ten persons are said to have survived to bring back the wretched news to increase the miseries of the people. The enemy, after gaining possession of both camps and great booty, by a certain strange and unusual bitterness completely destroyed all that they had captured; clothing was cut to pieces and thrown about, gold and silver were thrown into the river, corselets of men were cut up, trappings of horses were destroyed, and the horses themselves were drowned in whirlpools, and men with fetters tied around their necks were hung from trees, so that the victor laid claim to no booty, and the conquered to no mercy. At that time, there not only was very great grief at Rome, but also fear lest the Cimbri would immediately cross the Alps and destroy Italy.

## Pliny the Elder

(A.D. 23 or 24-79) He held the procuratorship in Gallia Narbonensis and Gallia Belgica. His chief and only surviving work is his *Naturalis Historia*. It consists of prefatory matter and thirty-six books, containing compendia of various geographical, ethnological, medical and scientific subjects, gathered from a wide variety of written sources, chiefly Roman and Greek. Among these are references to Varro and Alexander Cornelius Polyhistor, the latter of whom he cites on historical geography and as an authority on oak-trees, mistletoe and acorns. Pliny's work includes important notices on the druids. *Natural History* XVI:249-51; XXIV:103-4; XXIX:52; XXX:13

*The quotations on this page are those used by the Rev. J. Williams Ab Ithel, M.A., from his works "Barddas - the Bardic-Druidic System of the Isle of Britain" published by the Welsh MSS Society in 1862*

### Pliny the Elder,

#### **Naturalis Historia, Liber xvi. sect. 95**

"The Druids (so they call their wise men) hold nothing in greater reverence than the mistletoe, and the tree on which it grows, so that it be an oak. They choose forests of oaks, for the sake of the tree itself, and perform no sacred rites without oak leaves; so that one may fancy that they had even been called for this reason, turning the word into Greek, Druids. But whatever grows upon these trees, they hold to have been sent from heaven, and to be sign that the Deity Himself has chosen the tree for his own. The thing, however, is very rarely found, and when found is gathered with much ceremony; and above all, on the sixth day of the moon, by which these men reckon the beginning of their months and years, and of their cycle of thirty years, because the moon has then sufficient power, yet has not yet reached half its size.

"Addressing it in their own language by the epithet of all healing, after duly preparing sacrifices and banquets under the tree, they bring to the spot two white bulls, the horns of which are then for the first time garlanded. The priest clothed in a white dress ascends the tree, and cuts the mistletoe with a gold knife; it is caught in a white cloak. Thereupon they slay the victims, with a prayer that the Deity may prosper His own gift to them, to whom He has given it. They fancy that, by drinking it, fertility is given to any barren animal, and that it is a remedy against all poisons."

### Pliny the Elder,

#### **Naturalis Historia, Liber xxiv, ss. 62-63**

"Like to this Sabine herb is that called selago. It is gathered, without using a knife, with the right hand wrapped in a tunic, the left being uncovered, as though the man was stealing it; the gatherer being clothed in a white dress, and with bare feet washed clean, after performing sacrifice before gathering it, with bread and wine. It is to be carried in a new napkin. According to the tradition of the Gaulish Druids, it is to be kept as a remedy against all evil, and the smoke of it is good for all diseases of the eyes. The same Druids have given the name samolus to a plant that grows in wet places; and this they say must be gathered with the left hand by one who is fasting, as a remedy for diseases of swine and cattle, and that he, who gathers it, must keep his head turned away, and must lay it down anywhere except in a channel through which water runs, and there must bruise it for them who are to drink it."

### Pliny the Elder,

#### **Naturalis Historia, Liber xxix sect. 12**

"There is another kind of egg in high repute in Gaul, although the Greeks make no account of it. A great number of snakes in summer time are artificially twisted and rolled together in to a mass by the saliva of their jaws and the foam of their bodies. It is called snake's egg. The Druids tell you that it is thrown in to the air with hisses, and must be caught in a cloak that it may not touch the ground; that he that catches it must fly on horse-back, for that the snakes pursue him until hindered by the intervention of some river; that the test of it is, if it flows against the stream, even when tied with gold. And, according to the common craft of wizards, shrewd to conceal their cheating, they pronounce that it must be taken up at a particular time of the moon; as though it rested with the man's choice, whether that proceeding on the part of the snake should take place or not."

### Pliny,

#### **Naturalis Historia, xvi, 248**

##### **From Kendrick**

Mistletoe berries can be used for making bird-lime, if gathered at harvest time while unripe; for if the rainy season has begun, although they get bigger in size they lose in viscosity. They are then dried and when quite dry pounded and stored in water, and in about twelve days they turn rotten – and this is the sole case of a thing that becomes attractive by rotting. Then after having been again pounded up they are put in running water and there lose their skins and become viscous in their inner flesh. This substance after begin kneaded with oil is bird-lime, used for entangling birds' wings by contact with it when one wants to snare them.

### Pliny,

#### **Naturalis Historia, xvi, 248**

##### **From Kendrick**

Viscum fit ex acinis qui colliguntur messium tempore immaturi; nam si accessere imbres, amplitudine quidem augentur, visco vero marcescunt. Siccantur deinde et aridi tunduntur ac conditi in aqua putrescunt duodenis fere diebus, unumque hoc rerum putrescendo gatiā invenit. Inde in profluente, rursus malleo tusi, amissis corticibus interiore carne lentescunt. Hoc est viscum pinnis avium tactu ligandis oleo subactum cum libeat insidias moliri.

### Pliny,

#### **Naturalis Historia, xvi, 249:**

##### **From Kendrick**

"Here we must mention the awe felt for this plant by the Gauls. The Druids - for so their magicians are called - held nothing more sacred than the mistletoes and the tree that bears it, always supposing that tree to be the oak. But they choose groves formed of oaks for the sake of the tree alone, and they never perform any of their rites except in the presence of a branch of it; so that it seems probable that the priests themselves may derive their name from the Greek word for that tree. In fact, they think that everything that grows on it has been sent from heaven

and is proof that the tree was chosen by the god himself. The mistletoe is found but rarely upon the oak; and when found, is gathered with due religious ceremony, if possible on the sixth day of the moon, (for it is by the moon that they measure their months and years, and also their ages of thirty years.) They choose this day because the moon, though not yet in the middle of her course, has already considerable influence. They call the mistletoe by a name meaning, in their language, the all-healing.

Having made preparation for sacrifice and a banquet beneath the trees, they bring thither two white bulls, whose horns are bound then for the first time. Clad in a white robe, the priest ascends the tree and cuts the mistletoe with a golden sickle, and it is received by others in a white cloak. Then they kill the victims, praying that god will render this gift of his propitious to those to whom he has granted it. They believe that the mistletoe, taken in drink, imparts fecundity to barren animals, and that it is an antidote for all poisons. Such are the religious feelings that are entertained toward trifling things by many peoples."

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xvi, 249:**

**From Kendrick**

"Non est omittenda in hac re et Galliarum admiratio. Nihil habent Druidae (ita suos appellant magos) visco et arbore, in qua gignatur, si modo sit robur, sacratius. Iam per se robur eligunt lucos, nec ulla sacra sine earum fronde conficiunt, ut inde appellati quoque interpretatione Graeca possint Druidae videri. Enimvero quidquid adnascatur illis e caelo missum putant signumque esse electae ab ipso deo arboris. Est autem id rarum admodum inventu et repertum magna religione petitur et ante omnia sexta luna, quae principia mensum annorumque his facit et saeculi post tricesimum annum, quia iam virium abunde habeat nec sit sui dimidia. Omnia sanantem appellant suo vocabulo.

Sacrificio epulisque rite sub arbore comparatis, duos admovent candidi coloris tauros, quorum cornua tum primum vinciantur. Sacerdos candida veste cultus arborem scandit, falce aurea demetit, candido id excipitur sago. Tum deinde victimas immolant precantes, suum donum deus prosperum faciat iis quibus dederit. Fecunditatem eo potio dari cuicumque animalium sterili arbitrantur, contra venena omnia esse remedio. Tanta gentium in rebus frivolis plerumque religio est."

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xvi, 250-251**

**From Kendrick**

Now I notice that some foreign peoples use certain plants on their persons both to make themselves more handsome and also to keep up traditional custom. At any rate among barbarian tribes the women stain the face, using one plant and some another; and the men too among the Daci and the Sarmatae tattoo their own bodies. In Gaul there is a plant like the plantain, galled glastum; with it the wives of the Britons, and their daughters-in-law, stain all the body, and at certain religious ceremonies march along naked, with a colour resembling that of Ethiopians.

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xvi, 250-251**

**From Kendrick**

Equidem et formae gratia ritusque perpetui in corporibus suis aliquas exterarum gentium uti herbis quibusdam adverto animo. Inlinunt certe aliis aliae faciem in populis barbarorum feminae, maresque etiam apud Dacos et Sarmatas corpora sua inscribunt. Similes plantagini glastum in Gallia vocatur, Britannorum coniuges nurusque toto corpore oblitae quibusdam in sacris nudae incedunt Aethiopum colorem imitantes.

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xxiv, 103 - 104:**

**From Kendrick**

"Similar to savin is the plant called selago. It is gathered without using iron and by passing the right hand through the left sleeve of the tunic, as though in the act of committing a theft. The clothing must be white, the feet washed and bare, and an offering of wine and bread made before the gathering. The Druids of Gaul say that the plant should be carried as a charm against every kind of evil, and that the smoke of it is good for diseases of the eyes. The Druids, also, use a certain marsh-plant that they call samolus, this must be gathered with the left hand, when fasting, and is a charm against the diseases of cattle. But the gatherer must not look behind him, nor lay the plant anywhere except in the drinking-troughs."

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xxiv, 103 - 104:**

**From Kendrick**

"Similis herbae huic Sabinae est selago appellata. Legitur sine ferro dextra manu per tunicam qua sinistra exiit velut a furante candida veste vestito pureque lautis nudis pedibus, sacro facto prius quam legatur pane vinoque. Fertur in mappa nova. Hanc contra perniciem omnem habendam prodidere Druidae Gallorum et contra omnia oculorum vitia fumum eius prodesse lidem samolum herbam nominavere nascentem in umidis, et hanc sinistra manu legi a ieiunis contra morbos suum boumque, nec respicere legentem, nec alibi quam in canali deponere, ibique continere poturis."

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xxix, 52:**

**From Kendrick**

"There is also another kind of egg, of much renown in the Gallic provinces, but ignored by the Greeks. In the summer, numberless snakes entwine themselves into a ball, held together by a secretion from their bodies and by their spittle. This is called anguinum. The Druids say that hissing serpents throw this up into the air, and that it must be caught in a cloak, and not allowed to touch the ground; and that one must instantly take to flight on horseback, as the serpents will pursue until some stream cuts them off. It may be tested, they say, by seeing if it floats against the current of a river, even though it be set in gold. But as it is the way of magicians to cast a veil about their frauds,

they pretend that these eggs can only be taken on a certain day of the moon, as though it rested with mankind to make the moon and the serpents accord as to the moment of the operation. I myself, however, have seen one of these eggs, it was round, and about as large as a smallish apple; the shell was cartilaginous, and pocked like the arms of a polypus. The druids esteem it highly. It is said to ensure success in law-suits and a favourable reception with princes; but this is false, because a man of the Vocontii, who was also a Roman knight, kept one of these eggs in his bosom during a trial, and was put to death by the Emperor Claudius, as far as I can see, for that reason alone."

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xxix, 52:**

**From Kendrick**

"Praeterea est ovorum genus in magna fama Galliarum omissum Graecis. Angues innumeri aestate convoluti salivis faucium corporumque spumis artificio complexu glomerant, anguinum appellatur. Druidae sibilis id dicunt in sublime iactari, sagoque oportere intercipi ne tellurem attingat. Profugere raptorem equo, serpentis enim insequi donec arceantur amnis alicuius interventu. Experimentum eius esse, si contra aquas fluitet vel auro vinctum. Atque, ut est Magorum sollertis occultandis fraudibus sagax, certa luna capiendum censent, tanquam congruere operationem eam serpentium, humani sit arbitri. Vidi equidem id ovom mali orbiculati modici magnitudine, crusta cartilaginis, velut acetabulis brachiorum polypi crebris, insigne Druidis. Ad victorias litium ac regum aditus mire laudatur, tantae vanitatis ut habentem id in lite in sinu equitem Romanum e Vocontiiis a divo Claudio principe interemptum non ob aliud sciam."

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xxx, 13:**

**From Kendrick**

"It [magic] flourished in the Gallic provinces, too, even down to a period within our memory; for it was in the time of the Emperor Tiberius that a decree was issued against their Druids and the whole tribe of diviners and physicians. But why mention all this about a practice that has even crossed the ocean and penetrated to the utmost parts of the earth? At the present day, Britannia is still fascinated by magic, and performs its rites with so much ceremony that it almost seems as though it was she who had imparted the cult to the Persians. To such a degree do peoples throughout the whole world, although unlike and quite unknown to one another, agree upon this one point. Therefore we cannot too highly appreciate our debt to the Romans for having put an end to this monstrous cult, whereby to murder a man was an act of the greatest devoutness, and to eat his flesh most beneficial."

**Pliny,**

**Naturalis Historia, xxx, 13:**

**From Kendrick**

"Gallias utique possedit, et quidem ad nostram memoriam. Namque Tiberi Caesaris principatus sustulit Druidas eorum et hoc genus vatium medicorumque per senatus-consultum. Quid ego haec commemorem in arte oceanum quoque transgressa et ad naturae inane pervecta? Britannia hodieque eam attonita celebrat tantis caerimoniis ut dedisse Persis videri possit. Adeo ista toto aestimari potest quantum Romanis debeatur, qui sustulere monstra, quibus hominem occidere religiosissimum erat, mandi vero etiam saluberrimum."



## Pomponius Mela

(Flourished c. A.D. 43,) wrote *De Chorographia*, a brief geographical survey of the world in three books, the third of which includes the outer coasts of Gaul and Brittany. The text was published by C. Frick (Leipzig, 1880.)

### Pomponius Mela,

#### **De Situ Orbis, iii, 2, 18 and 19:**

"There still remain traces of atrocious customs no longer practiced, and although they now refrain from outright slaughter, yet they still draw blood from the victims led to the altar. They have, however, their own kind of eloquence, and teachers of wisdom called Druids. They profess to know the size and shape of the world, the movements of the heavens and of the stars, and the will of the gods. They teach many things to the nobles of Gaul in a course of instruction lasting as long as twenty years, meeting in secret either in a cave or secluded dales. One of their dogmas has come to common knowledge, namely, that souls are eternal and that there is another life in the infernal regions, and this has been permitted manifestly because it makes the multitude readier for war. And it is for this reason too that they burn or bury with their dead, things appropriate to them in life, and that in times past they even used to defer the completion of business and the payment of debts until their arrival in another world. Indeed, there were some of them who flung themselves willingly on the funeral pyres of their relatives in order to share the new life with them."

### Pomponius Mela,

#### **De Situ Orbis, iii, 2, 18 and 19:**

"Manent vestigia feritatis iam abolitae, atque ut ab ultimis caedibus temperant, ita nihilominus, ubi devotos altaribus admovere, delibant. Habent tamen et facundiam suam, magistrosque sapientiae druidas. Hi terrae mundique magnitudinem et formam, motus caeli ac siderum, et quid dii velint scire profitentur. Docent multa nobilissimos gentis clam et diu vicenis annis, aut in specu aut in abditis saltibus. Unum ex his quae praecipiant in vulgus effluxit, videlicet ut forent ad bella meliores, aeternas esse animas vitamque alteram ad Manes. Itaque cum mortuis cremant ac defodiunt apta viventibus. Olim negotiorum ratio etiam et exactio crediti deferebatur ad infernos : erantque qui se in rogos suorum velut una victuri libentur immitterent."

### Pomponius Mela

#### **De Chorographia, Libri Tres,**

#### **[Ed. Carolus Frick, Leipzig, 1880 iii. 2]:**

"They have, further, their eloquence and their Druids, teachers of wisdom, who profess to know the greatness and shape of the earth and the universe, and the motion of the heavens and of the stars and what is the will of the gods."

#### **Latin text of above:**

"Habent tamen et facundiam suam magistrosque sapientiae druidas. Hi terrae mundique magnitudinem et formam, motus coeli ac siderum, et quid dii velint scire profitentur."

### Pomponius Mela

#### **De Chorographia, Libri Tres,**

#### **[Ed. Carolus Frick, Leipzig, 1880 iii. 2]:**

"They teach many things to the noblest of the race in sequestered and remote places during twenty years, whether in a cave or in secluded groves. One of their dogmas has become widely known so they may the more readily go to wars: namely that souls are everlasting, and that among the shades is another life."

#### **Latin text of above:**

"Docent multa nobilissimos gentis clam et diu, vicenis annis, aut in specu aut in abditis saltibus. Unum ex his quae praecipiant in vulgus effluxit, videlicet ut forent ad bella meliores, aeternas esse animas vitamque alteram ad manes."

### Pomponius Mela,

#### **De Situ Orbis, Liber iii. c. 2**

The quotations on this page are those used by the Rev. J. Williams Ab Ithel, M.A., from his works "Barddas - the Bardo-Druidic System of the Isle of Britain" published by the Welsh MSS Society in 1862

"They [the Gauls] have an eloquence of their own, and their Druids as masters of wisdom. These profess to know the magnitude and form of the earth and the world, the motions of the heaven and the stars, and the will of the gods. They teach the most noble of the nation many things privately, and for a long time, even for twenty years, in a cave or inaccessible woods. One of their precepts has become public, namely, that they should act bravely in war, that souls are immortal, and that there is another life after death. Therefore along with the dead, they burn things which belonged to them while living. Their debtor and creditor accounts were transferred below. Some even went so far as to ascend the funeral pyres of their own accord, as though about to live with them."

## Strabo

(Probably c. 63 B.C. – after A.D. 21,) a Greek geographer, historian, and an adherent of the Stoics. He had known Posidonius. He was in Rome 44-35, c. 31, and 7 B.C. and had a great admiration for the Roman Empire. He may have written under the patronage of politicians or officials. His historical books are lost, but his important *Geographica* in seventeen books has survived.

*Strabo, B.C. 54 : "Geographia," Liber iv: The quotations on this page are those used by the Rev. J. Williams Ab Ithel, M.A., from his works "Barddas - the Bardo-Druidic System of the Isle of Britain" published by the Welsh MSS Society in 1862*

"And among the whole of them [the Gauls] three classes more especially are held in distinguished veneration, the Bards, the Ovates, and the Druids. The Bards are chanters and poets. The Ovates are sacrificers and physiologists. The Druids, in addition to physiology, practice ethic philosophy. They are deemed to be most upright, and, in consequence, to them are committed public and private controversies, insomuch that on some occasions they decide on battles, and stop the combatants on the eve of engaging. Matters pertaining to murder are more especially entrusted to their decision, and when profit accrues from these, they think fertility will attend their country. These and others say their souls are immortal, and that the world is so too; yet ultimately fire and water will prevail. To their simplicity and ferocity are superadded much stupidity, vain boasting, and love of ornament. They wear gold, having collars thereof on their necks, and bracelets on their arms and wrists; and dignified persons are clad in dyed garments embroidered in gold..."

"Having stricken the man destined for sacrifice on the back with a sword, they augur from the palpitation. They never sacrifice without the Druids. Other kinds of human immolation are spoken of: some victims they slay with arrows, or crucify their offerings; and having prepared a colossus of hay, and thrown wood upon it, they burn together oxen, all sorts of wild beasts, and men."

## Strabo

### **Geographica, iv, 4, c. 197, 4**

**[Transl. H. L. Jones, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"Among all the Gallic peoples, generally speaking, there are three sets of men who are held in exceptional honour : the Bards, the Vates, and the Druids. The Bards are singers and poets; the Vates, diviners and natural philosophers; while the Druids, in addition to natural philosophy, study also moral philosophy. The Druids are considered the most just of men, and on this account they are entrusted with the decision, not only of the private disputes, but of the public disputes as well; so that, in former times, they even arbitrated cases of war and made the opponents stop when they were about to line up for battle, and the murder cases in particular, had been turned over to them for decision. Further, when there is a big yield [of criminals for sacrifice] from these cases, there is forthcoming a big yield from the land too, as they think. However, not only the Druids, but others as well, say that men's souls, and also the universe are indestructible, although both fire and water at some time or other prevail over them."

## Strabo,

### **Geographica, iv, 4, c. 198, 5**

**[Transl. H. L. Jones, 1917, Loeb Library]:**

"But the Romans put a stop to these customs, as well as to all those connected with the sacrifices and divinations that are opposed to our usages. They used to strike a human being, whom they had devoted to death, in the back with a sabre, and then divine from his death-struggle. But they would not sacrifice without the Druids. We are told of still other kinds of human sacrifices; for example, they would shoot victims to death with arrows, or impale them in the temples, or having devised a colossus of straw and wood, throw into the colossus cattle and wild animals of all sorts and human beings, and then make a burnt offering of the whole thing."

## Strabo,

### **Geographica, iii, 3, 6**

Beside these shields they have a dirk or a butcher's knife. Most of them wear linen cuirasses; a few wear chain-wrought cuirasses and helmets with three crests, but the rest wear helmets made of sinews. The foot-soldiers wear greaves also, and each soldier has several javelins; and some also make use of spears, and the spears have bronze heads. Now some of the peoples that dwell next to the Durus River live, it is said, after the manner of the Laconians- using anointing rooms twice a day and taking baths in vapours that rise from heated stones, bathing in cold water, and eating only one meal a day; and that in a cleanly and simple way. The Lusitanians are given to offering sacrifices, and they inspect the vitals, without cutting them out. Besides, they also inspect the veins on the side of the victim; and they divine by the tokens of touch, too. They prophesy through means of the vitals of human beings also, prisoners of war, whom they first cover with coarse cloaks, and then, when the victim has been struck beneath the vitals by the diviner, they draw their first auguries from the fall of the victim. And they cut off the right hands of their captives and set them up as an offering to the gods.....

## Strabo,

### **Geographica, iii, 4, 5**

In addition to their trait of simplicity and high-spiritedness, that of witlessness and boastfulness is much in evidence, and also that of fondness for ornaments; for they not only wear golden ornaments –both chains round their necks and bracelets round their arms and wrists – but their dignitaries wear garments that are dyed in colours and sprinkled with gold. And by reason of this levity of character they not only look insufferable when victorious, but also scared out of their wits when worsted. Again, in addition to their witlessness, there is also that custom, barbarous and exotic, which attends most of the northern tribes – I mean the fact that when they depart from the battle they hang the heads of their enemies from the necks of their horses, and, when they have brought them home, nail the spectacle to the entrances of their homes. At any rate, Posidonius says that he himself saw this spectacle in many places, and that, although at first he loathed it, afterwards, through his familiarity with it, he could bear it calmly. The head of enemies of high repute, however, they used to embalm in cedar oil and exhibit to strangers, and they would not deign to give them back even for a ransom of equal weight in gold. But the Romans put a stop to

these customs, as well as to all those connected with the sacrifices and divinations that are opposed to our usages. They used to strike a human being, whom they had devoted to death, in the back with a sabre, and then divine from his death-struggle. But they would not sacrifice without the Druids. We are told of still other kinds of human sacrifices; for example, they would shoot victims to death with arrows, or impale them in the temples, or, having devised a colossus of straw and wood, throw into the colossus cattle and wild animals of all sorts and human beings, and then make a burnt offering of the whole thing.

In the ocean, Posidonius says, there is a small island, not very far out to sea, situated off the outlet of the Liger River; and the island is inhabited by the women of the Samnitae, and they are possessed by Dionysus and make this god propitious by appeasing him with mystic initiations as well as other sacred performances; and no man sets foot on the island, although the women themselves, sailing from it, have intercourse with the men and then return again. And, he says, it is a custom of theirs once a year to unroof the temple and roof it again on the same day before sunset, each woman bringing her load to add to the roof; but the woman whose load falls out of her arms is rent to pieces by the rest, and they carry the pieces round the temple with the cry of "ev-ah" and do not cease until their frenzy ceases; and it is always the case, he says, that someone jostles the woman who is to suffer this fate. But the following story which Artemidorus has told about the case of the crows is still more fabulous; there is a certain harbour on the ocean coast, his story goes, which is surnamed "two crows," and in this harbour are to be seen two crows, with their right wings somewhat white; so the men who have disputes about certain things come here, put a plank on an elevated place, and then throw on barley cakes, each man separately; the birds fly up, eat some of the barley cakes, scatter the others; and the man whose barley cakes are scattered wins his dispute. Now although this story is more fabulous, his story about Demeter and Core is more credible. He says that there is an island near Britain on which sacrifices are performed like those sacrifices in Samothrace that have to do with Demeter and Core. And the following, too, is one of the things that are believed, namely, that in Celtica there grows a tree like a fig-tree, and that it brings forth a fruit similar to a Corinthian-wrought capital of a column; and that, if an incision be made, this fruit exudes a sap which, as used for the smearing of arrows, is deadly. (Perhaps the Yew?) And the following, too, is one of the things that are repeated over and over again, namely, that not only are all Celti fond of strife, but among them it is considered no disgrace for the young men to be prodigal of their youthful charms. Ephorus, in his account, makes Celtica so excessive in its size that he assigns to the regions of Celtica most of the regions, as far as Gades, of what we now call Iberia; further, he declares that the people are fond of the Greeks, and specifies many things about them that do not fit the facts of today. The following, also, is a thing peculiar to them, that they endeavor not to grow fat or pot-bellied, and any young man who exceeds the standard measure of the girdle is punished. So much for Transalpine Celtica.

**Strabo,**

### **Geographica, iii, 4, 16-17**

They bathe with urine which they have aged in cisterns, and wash their teeth with it, both they and their wives, as the Catabrians and the neighbouring peoples are said to do. But both this custom and that of sleeping on the ground the Iberians share with the Celts. Some say the Callaicans have no god, but the Celtiberians and their neighbours on the north offer sacrifice

to a nameless god at the seasons of the full moon, by night, in front of the doors of their houses, and whole neighborhoods dance in chorus and keep it up all night. The Vettonians, when they visited the camp of the Romans for the first time, upon seeing some of the officers promenading up and down the streets merely for the sake of walking around, supposed they were crazy and proceeded to lead the way for them to the tents, thinking they should remain quietly seated or else be fighting.

**Strabo,**

### **Geographica, iv, 3, 1-2**

Lugdunum (Lyons in France); whereas the remaining parts, including the parts along the ocean, having been classified under another division, I mean that division which is specifically assigned to the Belgae. As for me, however, I shall point out the separate parts in a rather general way.

Lugdunum itself, then, (a city founded at the foot of a hill at the confluence of the river Arar and the Rhodanus) is occupied by the Romans. And it is the most populous of all the cities of Celtica except Narbo; for not only do people use it as an emporium, but the Roman governors coin their money there, both the silver and the gold. Again, the temple that was dedicated to Caesar Augustus by all the Galatae in common is situated in front of this city at the junction of the rivers. And in it is a noteworthy altar, bearing an inscription of the names of the tribes, sixty in number; and also images from these tribes, one from each tribe, and also another large altar. The city of Lugdunum presides over the tribe of the Segusiavi, which tribe is situated between the Rhodanus and the Dubis.

**Strabo**

### **Geographica, Vii, 1, 1-3**

Now the parts beyond the Rhenus, immediately after the country of the Celti, slope towards the east and are occupied by the Germans, who, though they vary slightly from the Celtic stock in that they are wilder, taller, and have yellower hair, are in all other respects similar, for in build, habits and modes of life they are such as I have said the Celti are. And I also think that it was for this reason that the Romans assigned to them the name "Germanni," as though they wished thereby that they were "genuine" Galatae, for in the language of the Romans "germani" means "genuine."

**Strabo,**

### **Geographica, vii, 2, 1**

It is ridiculous to suppose that they departed from their homes because they were incensed on account of a phenomenon that is natural and eternal, occurring twice every day. And the assertion that an excessive flood-tide once occurred looks like a fabrication, for when the ocean is affected in this way it is subject to increases and diminutions, but these are regulated and periodical. And the man who said that the Cimbri took up arms against the flood-tides was not right, either; nor yet the statement that the Celti, as a training in the virtue of fearlessness, meekly abide the destruction of their homes by the tides and then rebuild them, and that they suffer a greater loss of life as the result of water than of war, as Ephorus says. Indeed, the regularity of the flood-tides and the fact that the part of the country subject to inundations was known should have precluded such absurdities; for since this phenomenon occurs twice every day, it is of course improbable that the Cimbri did

not so much as once perceive that the reflux was natural and harmless, and that it occurs twice every day, it is of course improbable that the Cimbri did not so much as once perceive that the reflex was natural and harmless, and that it occurred, not in their country alone, but in every country that was on the ocean. Neither is Cleitarchus right; for he says that the horsemen, on seeing the onset of the sea, rode away, and though in full flight came very near being cut off by the water. Now we know, in the first place, that the invasion of the tide does not rush on with such speed as that, but that the sea advances imperceptibly; and, secondly, that what takes place daily and is audible to all who are about to draw near it, even before.....

**Strabo,**

**Geographica, vii, 3, 8**

After that he received gifts from the tribe in question and from Syrmus. And Ptolemaeus, the son of Lagus, says that on this expedition the Celti who lived about the Adriatic joined Alexander for the sake of establishing friendship and hospitality, and that the king received them kindly and asked them when drinking what it was that they most feared, thinking they would say himself, but that they replied they feared no one, unless it were that Heaven might fall on them, although indeed they added that they put above everything else the friendship of such a man as he.....

**Strabo,**

**Geographica, xii, 5, 1-2**

As a cession they received the present Galatia or Gallo-Graecia, as it is called. Leonnorus is generally reputed to have been the chief leader of their expedition across to Asia. The three tribes spoke the same language and differed from each other in no respect; and each was divided into four portions which were called tetrarchies, each tetrarchy having its own tetrarch, and also one judge and one military commander, both subject to the tetrarch, and two subordinate commanders. The Council of the twelve tetrarchs consisted of three hundred men, who assembled at Drynemetum, as it was called. Now the Council passed judgment upon murder cases, but the tetrarchs and the judges upon all others. Such, then, was the organization of Galatia long ago, but in my time the power has passed to three rulers, then to two, and then to one, Deiotarus, and then to Amyntas, who succeeded him. But at the present time the Romans possess both this country and the whole of the country that became subject to Amyntas, having united them into one province.

## Suetonius

Suetonius (lived in the first half of the second century A.D.) a Roman historian, contemporary with Tacitus. His chief work is the Lives of the Twelve Caesars (including Julius.) The following was written around 120 A.D.

**Suetonius,**

**Claudius, 25:**

"He [the Emperor Claudius] very thoroughly suppressed the barbarous and inhuman religion of the Druids in Gaul, which at the time of Augustus had merely been forbidden to Roman citizens."

Latin text of above

**Suetonius,**

**Claudius, 25:**

"Druidarum religionem apud Gallos dirae immanitatis et tantum civibus sub Augusto interdictam penitus abolevit."

# Tacitus

A.D. 56 or 57 - about A.D. 117 CORNELIVS TACITVS was a Roman historian who lived during the First Century and early Second Century A. D. His most famous works include The Histories and The Annals of Imperial Rome. He also wrote The Agricola, much of which is now lost. Born into a wealthy family living in Gaul or Northern Italy, Tacitus received the best education available to a Roman from a good family. Public speaking skills, oratory and debate, were considered the most important areas of study for a young man destined for a career in imperial service or senatorial office. Tacitus was a senator during the reign of Domitian and was later to fill the post of consul, the highest office open to a Roman who was not emperor. After his consulship, he was given the governorship of the large province of Anatolia (much of modern Turkey.) Tacitus hated great concentration of power in the hands of the early emperors. Though he hated imperial power and in his writings tries to paint every emperor as a corrupt despot, he hated civil war and anarchy even more. He had a particularly heavy bias against the emperor Tiberius, whom he portrayed as a sinister and cruel emperor, purging his opponents from the Senate by having them tried for treason and executed. He showed scorn for Claudius and Nero, and even his writings about Augustus contained some belittling innuendoes and snide remarks. His writing is full of tales of corruption, government scandal, and innocent people being destroyed or having their good names ruined because of the emperor's lust for power. It was Tacitus' belief that the emperor had so much power in his hands that no man could occupy the throne without being corrupted by that power.

**Tacitus,**

**Annals, xiv, 30**

**[Transl. Church and Brodribb,]**

"On the shore stood the opposing army with its dense array of armed warriors, while between the ranks dashed women in black attire like the Furies, with hair disheveled, waving brands. All around, the Druids, lifting up their hands to heaven and pouring forth dreadful imprecations, scared our soldiers by the unfamiliar sight, so that, as if their limbs were paralyzed, they stood motionless and exposed to wounds. Then urged by general's appeal and mutual encouragements not to quail before a troop of frenzied women, they bore the standard onwards, smote down all resistance, and wrapped the foe in the flames of his own brands. A force was next set over the conquered, and their groves, devoted to inhuman superstitions, were destroyed. They deemed it, indeed, a duty to cover their altars with the blood of captives and to consult their deities through human entrails."

**Tacitus,**

**Annals, xiv, 30**

**[Transl. Church and Brodribb]**

"Stabat pro litore diversa acies, densa armis virisque, intercurantibus feminis; in modum Furiarum veste ferali, crinibus deiectis faces praeferabant; Druidaeque circum, preces diras sublatis ad caelum manibus fundentes, novitate, aspectus perculerunt militem, ut quasi haerentibus membris immobile corpus vulneribus praeberent. dein cohortationibus ducis et se ipsi stimulantibus ne muliebri et fanaticum agmen pavescerent, inferunt signa sternuntque obvios et igni suo involvunt.

praesidium posthac inpositum victis excisique luci saevis superstitionibus sacri : nam cruore captivo adolere aras et hominum fibris consulere deos fas habebant."

**Tacitus,**

**Histories, iv, 54**

**[Transl. Church and Brodribb]:**

"The Gauls, they remembered, had captured the city in former days, but, as the abode of Jupiter was uninjured, the Empire had survived; whereas now the Druids declared, with the prophetic utterances of an idle superstition, and this fatal conflagration [of the Capitol] was a sign of the anger of heaven, and portended universal empire for the Transalpine nations."

**Tacitus,**

**Histories, iv, 54**

**[Transl. Church and Brodribb, ]:**

"Captam olim a Gallis urbem, sed integra Iovis sede mansisse imperium : fatali nunc igne signum caelestis irae datum et possessionem rerum humanarum Transalpinis gentibus portendi superstitione vana Druidae canebant."

## Vopiscus,

Vopiscus and Lampridius whose work was included in the document known as the *Historia Augusta*, a compilation believed to be substantially of third-century date, but containing some older material, perhaps with further additions in the fourth century.

### Vopiscus

#### Selections from *Historia Augusta*,

[14] I do not think it too far out, nor yet commonplace, to insert a story about Diocletian Augustus that fits in with this passage. It was given to him as an omen of imperial power. My grandfather told me he learned it from Diocletian himself. He said Diocletian was spending some time at a cook-shop near Tungri in Gaul, back when he was working his way through the ranks. He was reckoning up his daily tab with a certain woman, a Druid. She said, "Diocletian, you want too much and you don't pay enough for it." Diocletian supposedly answered - in jest, not seriously - "I'll be generous when I'm emperor." After that utterance the Druidess supposedly said, "Diocletian, don't joke. You will be emperor when you have killed a Boar." Diocletian in his heart always held the desire for imperial power, and Maximian and my grandfather knew it. Diocletian himself recounted to him what the Druid said. At the time, since he was deep, he laughed and kept silent. Yet on hunts, when he had the opportunity, he always killed the boars with his own hand. In the end, when Aurelian received imperial power, then Probus, then Tacitus, then Carus himself, Diocletian said, "I always kill the boar, but another man gets the meat."

Now, the remark has been known generally, that when he killed Aper the praetorian prefect, Diocletian supposedly said, "At last I have killed the fated Boar." ["Aper" is not only a Roman name, but also the Latin word for "boar."] My same grandfather used to say Diocletian himself had said he had no other cause for killing by his own hand except in order to fulfill the Druid's utterance and fix the imperial power as his own. For he would not want to get the reputation for such cruelty, especially in the first days of his reign, if it were not Necessity dragging him to this murderous atrocity.

### Vopsicus,

#### Numerianus, XIV

XIV. 1 Curiosum [non] puto neque satis vulgare fabellam de Diocletiano Augusto ponere hoc convenientem loco, quae illi data est ad omen imperii. --avus meus mihi ret<u>lit ab ipso Diocletiano compertum--. 2 'cum', inquit, 'Diocletianus apud Tungros in Gallia in quadam caupona moraretur in minoribus adhuc locis militans et cum Dryade quadam muliere [cu]rationem convictus sui cotidiani faceret atque illa diceret: 'Diocletiane, nimium avarus, nimium parvus es', ioco non serio Diocletianus respondisse fertur. 'tunc ero largus, cum fuero imperator.' 3 post quod verbum Dryas dixisse fertur: 'Diocletian[a]e, iocari noli, nam eris imperator, cum Aprum occideris.'

XV. 1 Semper in animo Diocletianus habuit imperii cupiditatem, idque Maximiano conscio atque avo meo, cui hoc dictum a Dryad[a]e ipse ret<u>lerat. 2 denique, ut erat altus, risit et tacuit. apros tamen in venatibus, ubi fuit facultas, manu sua semper occidit. 3 denique cum Aurelianus imperium accepisset, cum Probus, cum Tacitus, cum ipse Carus, Diocletianus dixit: 'ego semper apros occido, sed alter utitur pulpamento.' 4 iam illud notum est atque vulgatum, quod, cum

occidisset Aprum praefectum praet., dixisse fertur: 'tandem occidi Aprum fatalem.' 5 ipsum Diocletianum idem avus meus dixisse dicebat nullam aliam sibi causam occidendi manu sua fuisse, nisi ut impleret Dryadis dictum et suum firmaret imperium. 6 non enim tam crudelem se innotescere cuperet, primis maxime diebus imperii, nisi illum necessitas ad hanc atrocitatem occisionis adtraheret.

### Vopsicus,

#### Aurelianus XLIII, 4 and 5

He (Asclepiodotus) used to say that on a certain occasion Aurelian consulted the Gaulish Druidesses to find out whether his descendants would remain in possession of the imperial crown. These women told him that no name would become more illustrious in the state annals than that of the line of Claudius. It is true, of course, that the present Emperor Constantius is of the same stock, and I think that his descendants will assuredly attain to the glory foretold by the Druidesses (dryades.)

### Vopsicus,

#### Aurelianus XLIII, 4 and 5

Dicebat enim, quodam tempore Aurelianus Gallicanas consuluisse druidas, sciscitantem utrum apud eius posteros imperium permaneret: tum illas respondisse dixit nullius clarius in republica nomen quam Claudii posterorum futurum. Et est quidem ian Constantius imperator eiusdem vir sanguinis, cuius puto poste ad eam gloriam quae a dryadibus praenuntiata sit, pervenire.

## Lampridius

Lampridius is one of the authors of *Historia Augusta*, a compilation believed to be of 3rd Century materials.

### Lampridius

#### Alexis Severus LIX,5

When he (Alexander Severus) was on his way, a Druidess cried out to him in the Gallic tongue, "Go forward, but hope not for victory, nor put trust in thy soldiers."

### Lampridius

#### Alexis Severus LIX,5

Mulier Dryas eunti exclamavit Gallico sermone, "Vadas, nec nictoriam speres, nec te militi tuo credas."

# Life of St. Columba

## Book 2

### CHAPTER X.

#### **Of a poisonous Fountain of Water to which the blessed man gave his blessing in the country of the Picts.**

AGAIN, while the blessed man was stopping for some days in the province of the Picts, he heard that there was a fountain famous amongst this heathen people, which foolish men, having their senses blinded by the devil, worshipped as a god. For those who drank of this fountain, or purposely washed their hands or feet in it, were allowed by God to be struck by demoniacal art, and went home either leprous or purblind, or at least suffering from weakness or other kinds of infirmity. By all these things the Pagans were seduced, and paid divine honour to the fountain. Having ascertained this, the saint one day went up to the fountain fearlessly; and, on seeing this, the Druids, whom he had often sent away from him vanquished and confounded, were greatly rejoiced, thinking that he would suffer like others from the touch of that baneful water. But he, having first raised his holy hand and invoked the name of Christ, washed his hands and feet; and then with his companions, drank of the water which he had blessed. And from that day the demons departed from the fountain; and not only was it not allowed to injure any one, but even many diseases amongst the people were cured by this same fountain, after it had been blessed and washed in by the saint.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### **Of the Danger to the blessed man at Sea, and the sudden calm produced by his prayers.**

AT another time the holy man began to be in great danger at sea, for the whole vessel was violently tossed and shaken with the huge dashing waves, and a great storm of wind was raging on all hands. The sailors then chanced to say to the saint, as he was trying to help them to bale the vessel, "What thou art now doing is of little use to us in our present danger, thou shouldst rather pray for us as we are perishing." On hearing this he ceased to throw out the bitter waters of the green sea wave, and began to pour out a sweet and fervent prayer to the Lord. Wonderful to relate! The very moment the saint stood up at the prow, with his hands stretched out to heaven and prayed to the Almighty, the whole storm of wind and the fury of the sea ceased more quickly than can be told, and a perfect calm instantly ensued. But those who were in the vessel were amazed, and giving thanks with great admiration, glorified the Lord in the holy and illustrious man.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### **Of the boy whom the holy man raised from the dead, in the name of the Lord Christ.**

AT the time when St. Columba was tarrying for some days in the province of the Picts, a certain peasant who, with his whole family, had listened to and learned through an interpreter the word of life preached by the holy man, believed and was baptized the husband, together with his wife, children, and domestics.

A very few days after his conversion, one of the sons of this householder was attacked with a dangerous illness and brought to the very borders of life and death. When the Druids saw him in a dying state they began with great bitterness to upbraid his parents, and to extol their own gods as more powerful than the God of the Christians, and thus to despise God as though He were weaker than their gods. When all this was told to the blessed man, he burned with zeal for God, and proceeded with some of his companions to the house of the friendly peasant, where he found the afflicted parents celebrating the obsequies of their child, who was newly dead. The saint, on seeing their bitter grief, strove to console them with words of comfort, and exhorted them not to doubt in any way the omnipotence of God. He then inquired, saying, "In what chamber is the dead body of your son lying?" And being conducted by the bereaved father under the sad roof, he left the whole crowd of persons who accompanied him outside, and immediately entered by himself into the house of mourning, where, falling on his knees, he prayed to Christ our Lord, having his face bedewed with copious tears. Then rising from his kneeling posture, he turned his eyes towards the deceased and said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, arise, and stand upon thy feet." At the sound of this glorious word from the saint, the soul returned to the body, and the person that was dead opened his eyes and revived. The apostolic man then taking him by the hand raised him up, and placing him in a standing position, led him forth with him from the house, and restored him to his parents. Upon this the cries of the applauding multitude broke forth, sorrow was turned into joy, and the God of the Christians glorified.

We must thus believe that our saint had the gift of miracles like the prophets Elias and Eliseus, and like the apostles Peter, Paul, and John, he had the honour bestowed on him of raising the dead to life, and now in heaven, placed amid the prophets and apostles, this prophetic and apostolic man enjoys a glorious and eternal throne in the heavenly fatherland with Christ, who reigns with the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost forever.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### **Concerning the illness with which the Druid Broichan was visited for his detention of a female slave, and his cure on her release.**

ABOUT the same time the venerable man, from motives of humanity, besought Broichan the Druid to liberate a certain Scotian female slave, and when he very cruelly and obstinately refused to part with her, the saint then spoke to him to the following effect: "Know, O Broichan, and be assured that if thou refuse to set this captive free, as I desire thee, that thou shalt die suddenly before I take my departure again from this province." Having said this in presence of Brude, the king, he departed from the royal palace and proceeded to the river Nesa (the Ness); from this stream he took a white pebble, and showing it to his companions said to them: "Behold this white pebble by which God will effect the cure of many diseases among this heathen nation."

Having thus spoken, he instantly added, "Broichan is chastised grievously at this moment, for an angel being sent from heaven, and striking him severely, hath broken into many pieces the glass cup in his hand from which he was drinking, and hath left him gasping deeply for breath, and half dead. Let us await here a short time, for two of the king's messengers, who have been sent after us in haste, to request us to return quickly and help the dying Broichan, who, now that he is thus terribly punished, consenteth to set the girl free."

Whilst the saint was yet speaking, behold, there arrived, as he had predicted, two horsemen who were sent by the king, and who related all that had occurred to Broichan in the royal fortress, according to the prediction of the saint--both the breaking of the drinking goblet, the punishment of the Druid, and his willingness to set his captive at liberty; they then added: "The king and his friends have sent us to thee to request that thou wouldst cure his foster-father Broichan, who lieth in a dying state.

Having heard these words of the messengers, St. Columba sent two of his companions to the king with the pebble which he had blessed, and said to them: "If Broichan shall first promise to set the maiden free, then at once immerse this little stone in water, and let him drink from it and he shall be instantly cured; but if he break his vow and refuse to liberate her, he shall die that instant."

The two persons, in obedience to the saint's instructions, proceeded to the palace, and announced to the king the words of the venerable man. When they were made known to the king and his tutor Broichan, they were so dismayed that they immediately liberated the captive and delivered her to the saint's messengers. The pebble was then immersed in water, and in a wonderful manner, contrary to the laws of nature, the stone floated on the water like a nut or an apple, nor, as it had been blessed by the holy man, could it be submerged. Broichan drank from the stone as it floated on the water, and instantly returning from the verge of death recovered his perfect health and soundness of body.

This remarkable pebble, which was afterwards preserved among the treasures of the king, through the mercy of God effected the cure of sundry diseases among the people, while it in the same manner floated when dipped in water. And what is very wonderful, when this same stone was sought for by those sick persons whose term of life had arrived, it could not be found. Thus, on the very day on which King Brude died, though it was sought for, yet it could not be found in the place where it had been previously laid.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### Of the manner in which St. Columba overcame Broichan the Druid and sailed against the wind.

On a certain day after the events recorded in the foregoing chapters, Broichan, whilst conversing with the saint, said to him: "Tell me, Columba, when dost thou propose to set sail?" The saint replied, "I intend to begin my voyage after three days, if God permits me, and preserves my life." Broichan said, "On the contrary, thou shalt not be able, for I can make the winds unfavourable to thy voyage, and cause a great darkness to envelop you in its shade." Upon this the saint observed: "The almighty power of God ruleth all things, and in His name and under His guiding providence all our movements are directed." What more need I say? That same day, the saint, accompanied by a large number of followers, went to the long lake of the river Nesa (Loch Ness,) as he had determined. Then the Druids began to exult, seeing that it had become very dark, and that the wind was very violent and contrary. Nor should we wonder, that God sometimes allows them, with the aid of evil spirits, to raise tempests and agitate the sea. For thus legions of demons once met in the midst of the sea the holy bishop Germanus, whilst on his voyage through the Gallican channel to Britain, whither he was going from zeal for the salvation of souls, and exposed him to great dangers, by raising a violent storm and causing great darkness whilst it was yet day. But all these things were

dissipated by the prayers of St. Germanus more rapidly than his words were uttered, and the darkness passed away.

Our Columba, therefore, seeing that the sea was violently agitated, and that the wind was most unfavourable for his voyage, called on Christ the Lord and embarked in his small boat; and whilst the sailors hesitated, he the more confidently ordered them to raise the sails against the wind. No sooner was this order executed, while the whole crowd was looking on, than the vessel ran against the wind with extraordinary speed. And after a short time, the wind, which hitherto had been against them, veered round to help them on their voyage, to the intense astonishment of all. And thus throughout the remainder of that day the light breeze continued most favourable, and the skiff of blessed man was carried safely to the wished-for haven.

Let the reader therefore consider how great and eminent this venerable man must have been, upon whom God Almighty, for the purpose of manifesting His illustrious name before a heathen people, bestowed the gift of working such miracles as those we have recorded.

## Nennius

Nennius, a ninth century Welsh monk/historian of Bangor, is a major source for tales of King Arthur. Unlike the much more careful Bede, Nennius was, as one modern historian writes "unrestrainedly inventive." His work can neither be entirely trusted nor can it be dismissed, as he apparently had access to no-longer-available 5th century sources.

### Nennius

#### Historia Britonum 40

40. After this, the king summoned his magicians in order that he might enquire of them what he ought to do.

*(An Irish version was made in the 14th century, and the word magos was therein translated "druids." This naturally does not prove that Vortigern's magi called themselves by that name, but it illustrates rather well the survival of functions and office that may have been a direct heritage from Druidism in decay.)*

### Nennius

#### Historia Britonum 40

40 Et postea rex ad se invitavit magos suos, ut quid faceret ab eis interrogaret. at illi dixere: in extremis fines regni tui vade et arcem munitam invenies, ut tu defendes; quia gens, quam suscepisti in regno tuo, invidet tibi et te per dolum occidet et universas regiones, quas amaras, occupabit cum tua universa gente post mortem tuam. et postea ipse cum magis suis arcem adipisci venit et per multas regiones multasque provincias circumdederunt et illis non inventibus ad regionem, quae vocatur Guined, novissime pervenerunt; et illo lustrante in montibus Hereri tandem in uno montium locum, in quo aptum erat arcem condere, adeptus est. et magi ad illum dixere: arcem in isto loco fac, quia tutissima a barbaris gentibus in aeternum erit. et ipse artifices congregavit, id est lapidicinos, et ligna et lapides congregavit et cum esset congregata omnis materia, in una nocte ablata est materia. et tribus vicibus iussit congregari et nusquam comparuit. et magos accessivit et illos percunctatus est, quae esset haec causa malitiae et quid hoc evenerit. at illi responderunt: nisi infantem sine patre invenies et occidetur ille et arx a sanguine suo aspergatur, numquam aedificabitur in aeternum.



# Green Book Of Meditations

## Volume Eleven Druid Games

### 2003 Introduction

This is a last minute addition to the Green Books, because I couldn't think of a better way to end this collection, than in a playful manner. Much can be learned through noisy games and interaction with people in controlled situations, rather than in quiet solitary contemplation. I hope that the lessons imbedded in these games will make the participants wiser. Due to their complicated nature, distributing the rules to players before the start of the game would be advisable. Good quality drink during the performance of the game will also encourage their spirits during the difficult initial period of the games.

Sincerely,  
Mike Scharding  
DC Grove  
February 1, 2004

**Printing History**  
1<sup>st</sup> Printing ARDA 2, 2003

Drynemetum Press



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# Sigily

## A Druidic Board Game

By Pat Haneke and Mike Scharding  
(Refer to Board Graphic at End of Article)  
A Druid Missal-Any, Samhain 2003

### Sigily Background

Sigily was invented by Pat Haneke and Mike Scharding in 2003. It is considered part of the Public Domain for free use. If you market it, please give half the profits to the Nature Conservancy charity. The original idea is based on 2000 year-old, but wildly popular, Korean New Year divination & gambling game called "Yut Nori." Pat suggested to Mike that it could be adapted for Druidic use and gave the basic additional rules and Celtic touches. The Druid Sigil was invented in 1963 by the Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA), and is used by ADF and Keltria also. It can be played any time of the year, but it is especially appropriate on Lughnasadh, famous for its summer horse racing and arts & crafts. There are many rules, but after playing the simple version first, the advanced rules will introduce more elements of strategy.

### Game Summary

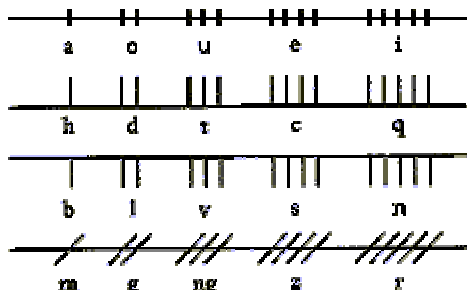
King Connor wishes to divine the future of his new reign at Tara, the capitol of Ancient Ireland. To gauge the fates, he has called the best chariot teams from the four provinces of the kingdom to hold a year long race around the circumference of the island of Erin, stopping at the holy groves of the kingdom; which are marked with Druid Sigils. The race will be both a strange trip of time and distance, and death will be but a temporary lull for the duration of the game, as players will be reborn from the cauldron of heroism. The goal is to get all your chariot teams from your province (and your partner's chariots if 4 people are playing) in a complete circuit of the board. You toss Ogham sticks to determine how many moves you can advance a chariot. It is a grand adventure of both chance and strategy. Various treasure coins will be collected by landing on spaces, answering question cards, taking short cuts through the fairy land, and destroying your partner's chariots by combat. If you get rich enough, the Druids on your team can cast spells to improve your chances of winning.

### Preparation

Print out board and glue securely to wood, stiff plastic or metal background. Make four sets of four marked dimes (tape a letter of the province on them, "L", "U", "M" or "C") for the 4 chariots of each province's team. Players may number or "name" their chariots after friends or family. Collect 52 pennies for the treasure coins and place the number of pennies on each sigil (heads up, of course) as in indicated on the board (1 for plain sigils, 2 on the 8 holiday sigils, 2 each on the 8 fairy sigils, and 4 on the center sigil.) Get four short (3" to 5") pieces of half-circle rounded molding strips from a frame store or hardware store (or just use 4 Popsicle sticks), for the Ogham sticks using in counting moves. They should roughly land flat side up half the time, to be acceptable. Mark the flat sides of the sticks with the ogham letters for dog (cu), deer (fiadh), cow (tarbh) and horse (each), perhaps drawing a figure. The rounded side of the stick may be painted black. (If satisfactory sticks are unavailable, use four quarters, with face being equivalent to flat side up.) If

gambling; 2 players put 26 dollars or quarters (depending on your instincts) in the pot on the side of the table to be divided at the end of the game; based on counters collected, 3 players put in 17 dollars or quarters in the pot, if 4 players, put 14 dollars or quarters in the pot. Agree on any advanced rules before the game starts!

Where to start: The starting point of the game changes depending on the calendrical date on which it is played. The starting point is the nearest future (or current) holiday of the



Druid year. Nov. 1 is Samhain, Dec 21 is Winter Solstice, Feb 1 is Oimelc, March 21 is Spring Equinox, May 1 is Beltane, June 21 is Summer Solstice, Aug 1 is Lughnasadh and Sept 21 is Fall Equinox. All chariots entering the board begin one sigil clockwise from that starting point and continues clockwise around the board.

Number of Players: Can be played from 2-4 player, with possible allied teams in a 4 player game. If 2 players, use 4 chariots each; if 3 players use 3 chariots; if 4 players, use 3 or 4 chariots. With 4 players, using teams, both partners must finish all their chariots to win the game. Connaught & Leinster are partners as is Ulster and Munster in 4 player games.

## Ogham Sticks

How to Throw the Ogham Sticks: The person who is going to drop the sticks (or 4 quarters) raises them about a foot off the ground, and another player makes a big circle with 2 hands. The dropping player drops the sticks through the hole or may throw them against a wall, ceiling, statue, etc. DO NOT LET THE STICKS HIT THE BOARD! Elaborate dropping methods are permissible, as is pleading to the gods to influence the results.

How to Count the Ogham Sticks: You generally count the number of sticks that are flat-side up. If they land on their end, remaining vertical, then they are considered flat side up.

One Stick Flat Side Up ("Aon") is one moves  
 Two Sticks Flat Side Up ("Dha") is two moves  
 Three Sticks Flat Side Up ("Tri") is three moves  
 All four Sticks Flat Side Up ("Ceithir" or "Kay-her") is four moves  
 All four Stick Round Sides Up ("Coig") is five moves  
 (If using 4 coins, treat the "head" as Flat Side Up.)

If you get A "Ceithir" (4) or "Coig" (5) everyone cries "Is Math Sin!" (pron. "Smashing!"), meaning "that's great!", and it allows a player to do another free throw after moving their chariot. A limit of three consecutive free throws is in effect, after which the turn of play automatically moves to the next player.

In combat, if a tie results, the tie-breaking is determined by the highest animal on the flat side of their stick. From lowest to highest (dog, deer, cow, horse.) If both tied players have the same animal highest animal, then they throw again. If using coins, throw them again.

## Who Starts:

Advanced rules should be decided before the order of play is determined. Each player throws the sticks, highest goes first. Remaining players throw again to determine second, etc. Ties require players to throw again. Player 1 is Connaught, Player 2 is Ulster, Player 3 is Leinster and Player 4 is Munster. Each player sits on the appropriate side of the board. Playing on the floor is recommended, unless adequate table space permits the sticks to be thrown without hitting the board (and knocking things out of place.)

## General Play:

After throwing the sticks, a player may introduce one of their chariots onto the board to the number of spaces after the starting point of the game, or they may advance one chariot that is already on the board. You may not pass a turn or refuse to move, a chariot has to be moved or introduced into play. Only one chariot may move per throw of the sticks, a move cannot be divided among 2 chariots. Do not count the original holiday sigil from which the game begins as part of your move. (Example if game is played on November 1st, Samhain is the starting point. If a "tri" (3) is rolled, then a player may introduce a chariot and advance to the Winter Solstice.) When you finish on a sigil with money on it, stack the coin under your piece, and this booty will travel with your piece. You do not collect coins from sigils that you jump over, i.e. on which you do not finish. Likewise, when you jump over another piece, they are unaffected, unless you finish your move on their sigil space.

To complete the circuit of the board, you must land on (or pass) the holiday sigil that you began from, after circling the board or taking a short cut. That chariot then leaves the game and is placed on the appropriate chariot marker on the bottom of the board. When all chariots of your team (and your partners) have finished, then you win the speed portion of the race. The game continues until there is only one player remaining on the board. The fastest team will have good health and fortune at love, while the richest player will do well in terms of business in the coming year. If playing by advanced rules with magic spells permitted, completed players may still cast spells on their turn using some of their stored treasure.

## Outline of a General Turn:

1. Player has the option to declare and play one spell. Most spells can only be played at this time. Spell effects commence at this point.
2. If a player has a chariot in Fairy Land, they throw to see if fairy darts kill the chariot.
3. Player takes preparatory action needed to move a specified existing piece including:
  - Declaration of intent to enter fairy land from entrance spaces (and tests whether they can enter.)
  - Intention to go backwards according to Home Territory Advanced Rules.
4. Throws sticks for their turn
5. Player decides if they will introduce a chariot or take action with a specified existing chariot.
6. Moves chariots, fights, etc.
7. After all moves are finished, a Druid Curse or a Stone Skin spell can be cast.
8. Says "My turn is over" and hands the sticks to the next person.

## Fighting:

Celts thrill in personal combat, and you should seek to clash with your opponent as often as possible. If your chariot (with all its accumulated booty) lands on a chariot from your own team (or your partner's), then the 2 (or more) chariots are fused piggy-back style on top of each-other until they reach the goal together (or die together) acting as one single unit, under the control of the "top" player, producing an even higher stack of combined coins that will be kept by the top player after completing the cycle. After completing a cycle, both fused players will be placed on their own province's chariot marker on the bottom of the board, but all the carried booty is split between the two players. If the "top" player had a "ceither" (4) or "coig" (5) move to reach that sigil, then they can use their free throw to continue after fusing together. Fused players do not get multiple attacks.

However, if your chariot finishes its move on an enemy's chariot, then you must fight! Both players throw the sticks. Whoever gets a higher score lives (attacker gets an extra point in attacking, putting the defender at a disadvantage, except possibly under the advanced rule of home territory advantage) and all the coins of the loser are stacked under the winner, and the loser is removed from the board, but may be re-introduced later in the game, just as they were in the beginning. Ties in fighting are broken by noting who had a "higher" animal on the flat side of the stick, but if both have matching high animals, throw the sticks again. If the winner had "ceither" (4) or "coig" (5) move to reach that sigil, then they can use their free throw to continue.

Note: On the Fairy (green) sigils, different rules apply. The fairies do not like fighting in their territory and punish those who participate. Both sides will lose all coins, which are added to the Center Sigil's treasure pot. Both players must roll to see who wins and loses. The attacker still has a +1 advantage. The loser is removed from the board as usual (to be reintroduced later possibly from the starting point), but the winner must return to the holiday sigil that they used to enter the fairy lands, and that specific chariot may not re-enter the fairy lands by that specific entrance for the remainder of the game, although that individual chariot may enter other fairy gates on other holiday sigils. Other chariots on the same team are not affected by this blockage. Fairy rules for fighting apply on Beltane, Lughnasadh, Samhain & Oimelc, but do not apply on the yellow sigils of solstices or equinoxes.

## Holiday Sigils:

### Solstices and Equinoxes:

If you land on these solar holiday sigils, then you can throw the sticks again. If you are not playing with advanced card rules, then the first yellow sigil after the starting point should be "turned off" to slow down the start of chariots in the game. If playing by advanced rules, you need to answer a question card first and if you can answer it well, then you can throw the sticks again. Fairy rules for fighting do not apply on solstices or equinoxes.

### Beltane, Lughnasadh, Samhain & Oimelc:

These sigils are considered magical safe-havens and under the protection of the fairy folk, which discourages fighting (see Fairy rules for fighting.) If you stop on one of these four holiday sigils, then on your next turn you can say (before your next throw of sticks), that you wish to attempt to cross the veil between this world and the next and proceed further into the fairy lands (the green sigils in the middle of the board) and

attempt a short cut. To cross the veil between world requires a special throw before your normal throw. If you get "aon", "dha" you must throw again and move that many sigils into the fairy lands. However, if your special throw had resulted in a "tri", "ceither" or "coig", none of your chariots may enter the fairy lands that round, and must throw your normal move and advance that chariot around the long way (clockwise) around the board; and a failed fairy land entrance attempt removes your right to a free throw (which would normally accompany a "ceither" or "coig.")

## Fairy Land:

The fairies are the shrunken remnants of the ancient deities of Ireland, and they guard their realm furiously from unwelcome mortal guests, who seek their treasure and wisdom. Certain days of the year are considered to bring the mortal world and fairy world into close contact, on which it is easy to cross-over. The Beltane, Lughnasadh, Samhain, Oimelc holiday sigils; plus the nine green sigils in the center of the board are all considered be places where the mortal and fairy world overlap, and thus fall under fairy land rules for fighting purposes (see above.)

Be warned, the deeper reaches of fairy land (the nine green sigils in the center) are especially dangerous to mortals. At the beginning of each of your turns that starts with one or more of your chariots in the deep fairy land, you must throw the sticks to determine if your chariot is overcome by fairy darts shot from the misty side of those roads. If your sticks result in a "aon" you are fatally wounded, and all the treasure under your chariot goes to the fairy jackpot in the center, and your stricken chariot returns to the holiday sigil that was used to enter the fairy lands, and may not re-enter the fairy-lands through that holiday sigil (you can try again through other holiday sigils.) This is similar to losing a battle in fairy lands. If you did roll a "dha", "tri", "ceither", or "coig", then you are entirely unharmed, and you may throw again and advance as normal. Each further turn with a chariot in fairyland requires a new saving throw of the sticks to defend each chariot that you have in there. Naturally, you don't want to dawdle in the fairylands, but to progress through very quickly.

You must move forward in the Fairy Lands, and once you cross over the center sigil, you have to choose which of the three exits you'll head towards. You cannot backtrack.

Wind spells do not affect players in Fairy Land. Druid Curses likewise cannot be laid in Fairy Sigils. Fireballs can hit players on Beltane, Lughnasadh, Samhain and Oimelc but cannot affect players in deeper Fairy Lands. Chariots cannot cast fireballs within Fairyland, or shoot them out of Fairy Land at players in the mortal realm outside.

### Fairy Jackpot/ Sigil Coin Refill System

A lot of money tends to build up in the center sigil from all the spells cast, confiscated wealth from fights in fairy land, and special backwards moves by home territory advantage. If a player lands on the jackpot they get all the money accumulated up to that point, and can cause the nouveaux riche player to get out of hand. If more money goes into the pot after that acquisition, the player still remaining on that spot will not collect the new money, but rather the new money will go on the side for the next person to land on the spot. The limit for the Fairy Jackpot is 7 coins. After that, all new coins that will "overflow the jackpot," and they should be distributed to empty fairy sigils radiating from the center sigil, one at a time. If all the fairy sigils have a least one coin, then the overflow should fill empty sigils on the main board beginning with the starting point of the game and going clockwise around the board, one sigil at a

time. This overflow mechanism will ensure that money will be recycled for use in later rounds of the game.

When you safely exit the fairy lands, from any of the exits, you continue clockwise around the board. If the exit point happens to be the "finish line" (example, if the game starts from Samhain, and you'll probably choose to exit the fairylands on or past Samhain), then you are finished with that chariot, and then move that chariot to the "winner's platform" at the bottom of the board. Once a chariot finishes the course of the board, it may not be reintroduced into play.

## End of Game:

At the end of the game, when only one player has not completed moving his chariots around the board and on to the winner's platform, then play will cease and all players count all their treasure. The first player or (team of partners) to finish his team of 4 chariots gets 2/3 of the remaining treasure still unclaimed on the board, and the remaining third of the unclaimed coins is distributed among the losers in order of game play, one at a time. Coins under chariots still on the board still belong to the uncompleted player for the purpose of counting. Each coin gets one dollar or quarter that was bet at the beginning of the game.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Advanced Optional Rules

After the basics of the game are mastered, players may wish to add more rules to spice up the game even further and at more elements of strategy and excitement. The addition of some or all advanced rules should be agreed upon before the order of players is determined.

### Random Gambling:

After mastering the basics of the game, you may wish to gamble on individual throws or fights. General rules of which can be worked out by those betting, using player's personal money. This has no affect on game play, but can be a fun addition, both sides must agree for a bet to go into effect.

### Solstice & Equinox Question Cards:

Before the beginning of the game, before teams are selected, 12-16 index cards are divided among the players. Each player secretly (i.e. not even telling a partner) writes a question on the card, that is not impossible, but reasonably challenging, of a druidic nature. Then (without being read) the cards are shuffled and placed by the sided of the board. When someone lands on a solstice or equinox sigil, they draw a card, if they can reasonably answer the question, they will get a free throw of the sticks, and they rip up the old card. If the cards run out, then the players automatically get a free throw of the sticks from that point onwards. If they rolled a "ceither" or "coig" to reach the Solstice/Equinox, and answered the question card correctly, they do not get 2 free throws (but if they answer the question wrongly, they lose ALL free throws, and it becomes the next player's turn.)

### Home Territory Advantage Rule:

Each of the players has a territorial quadrant of the board between Beltane, Oimelc, Lughnasadh and Samhain that matches their team's provincial name. In that area, they are very familiar with the terrain and backwoods trails. All of their chariots beginning on a sigil there move an additional space.

If they have a chariot on one of those 5 sigils in their home territory, they may announce (BEFORE they throw the sticks) that they wish to move that chariot backwards on that turn. That backward jumping chariot loses one coin which goes in the Fairy Jackpot in the Center Sigil, and the exact result of the Ogham sticks is then used to go backwards (they don't get an additional bonus space, which is only for forward moves.) If they go backwards with a "ceither", and are still in their home territory than may announce to go backwards again (before throwing their free throw), otherwise if they have moved backwards out of their territory, they must resume clock-wise rotation on further moves of that chariot. If a player uses backwards moves to go past the starting point, they DO NOT WIN by then advancing past the starting point; they must make a full circuit or take a short cut, just like other players.

Two changes to fighting rules, is that in their home territory, that player has a +1 in attacking or defending, and the other player has no advantage in attacking or defending. Also if a partner lands on your chariot while in your territory, the piece with the home territory advantage goes ON TOP. Naturally, this rule should be agreed on before the provinces are allotted at the beginning of the game, as it will drastically affect the game.

## Magic Rules:

Each chariot has three riders; a driver, a warrior and a druid. There are eight different possible spells whose inclusion may be individually approved before the game starts. A spell is generally cast before the sticks are thrown on your turn. To cast a spell requires you to sacrifice a few coins or "heads", which will then go into the fairy jackpot in the center sigil. Only one spell can be cast before each turn to throw sticks. Four spells require coins under one specific chariot, four spells can be cast using coins drawn collectively from several chariots of a province (including ones that have already gone to the winner's platform.)

### \* Four Specific Chariot Spells \*

#### 1. Druid Curse:

By sacrificing 2 coins under a specific chariot, a player can permeate that particular sigil under the chariot with a deadly curse for the remainder of the game. It may be cast before throwing the sticks on their turn, or, after their turn (but certainly before the next player throws their sticks.) Only 1 Druid curse, by any player, per territory (Ulster, Leinster, Munster or Connaught ) is permitted to avoid an impassable mine field from developing. Beltane, Lughnasadh, Oimelc and Samhain sigils can not be cursed. The 2 sacrificed coins are placed in the Fairy Jackpot in the Center Sigil. A special marker is placed on that sigil (such as a nickel) to mark the cursed spot. Any future chariots (including the one that cast that spell) that lands again on that cursed sigil, will die. All the wealth of that cursed chariot will go to the Fairy Jackpot in the Center Sigil, and the cursed chariot dies and goes off the board; but may be reintroduced again later.

#### 2. Fireball:

Before throwing sticks on your turn, you can sacrifice 2 coins from a single chariot. You can then fling a fireball up to two sigils in front or behind that chariot (even if the defender is on a Beltane, Oimelc, Lughnasadh or Samhain sigil; without fairy land fighting rules; but fireballs cannot affect people in deep Fairyland in the center.) The defending chariot must throw sticks to determine if they take damage. If they roll a "aon" or "dha" the defender dies and is removed from the board, if "tri" there is no damage and the fireball dissipates, if "ceither" or "coig" is thrown then the spell is reversed onto the original

caster, who must now throw sticks to determine their own fate (and this may continue to ping-pong back and forth.) Whoever's chariot is killed by the fireball is removed from the board, but their treasure under the chariot remains on that sigil on the board, slightly roasted.

### 3. Free Turn:

A single chariot may sacrifice 4 coins under it, before throwing sticks, to ensure that it will get a free turn after the sticks are thrown. If they subsequently get a "ceither" or "coig", they do not get 2 free turns.

### 4. Stone Skin:

After your turn, but before the next player throws sticks, you may sacrifice 2 coins under your chariot to endow your chariot with invulnerability until it advances again. No one can land on that sigil of a stationary stonesskinned chariot without automatically losing combat. Once the player moves that chariot again, the spell is broken. Stoneskin also protects against Fireball.

## **\* Four Collective Chariot Spells \***

### 5. Remove Curse:

Must be cast before throwing sticks on a player's own turn. Two coins from any or all of a player's chariots may be sacrificed to remove one Druid Curse from anywhere on the board.

### 6. Clock-wise Winds of Speed:

Before throwing the sticks on their turn, a player may sacrifice 3 coins under 1 or more of their chariots (including completed chariots) from one province (e.g. 3 coins from 2 Ulster chariots), which will cause a fierce wind to blow for three complete rounds of play. All the chariots on his team and his partner's team will move one extra square when advancing, but other rolls (fighting and fairy entrance) are unaffected. Multiple spells of this nature, may overlap and are cumulative. Backwards moves under home territory rules for anyone are impossible under the duration of this spell.

### 7. Counter-Clock-Wise Winds of Sloth:

Must cast the spell before throwing the sticks on their turn. Cost: 3 coins. Similar to Winds of Speed, but all the chariots on your opponents' teams will move one space slower for three rounds of play. Backward moves under home territory rules for

all players get a +1 on their moves. These spells are also cumulative.

### 8. Freeze:

Before throwing sticks on your turn, you can sacrifice 3 coins from one (or more) of your chariots. This will force another player of your choice to lose a turn, unless that player sacrifices 5 coins to block the spell. A player cannot be frozen more than twice in a row. A frozen player will be passed on their turn of play, and may not cast spells, but may still defend normally against physical attacks on the board.

## Stacked Chariots = Super Chariots Rule:

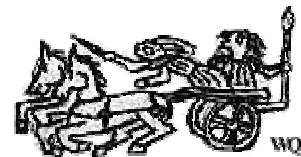
If the players agree with this rule, then stacked chariots in combat get one attack per chariot. E.g. If two chariots (from one or more partners) lands on an opponent's chariot, then the attacker gets two attacks and the defender gets one defending attack. The defender's roll is higher than both attackers, both attackers die. If one of the stacked chariots dies, it is removed but, the remaining chariot may continue the attack. It is possible for one attacker and one defender to die in such situation. If two groups of stacked players meet in combat, then each attacking and defending chariots should be paired up for individual combats, until only one remains.

## Territorial Starts:

Players may wish to begin on different starting points, especially if playing with the home territorial advantage advanced rules. If so, Ulster starts on Lughnasadh, Leinster on Samhain, Munster on Oimelc, Connaught on Beltane.

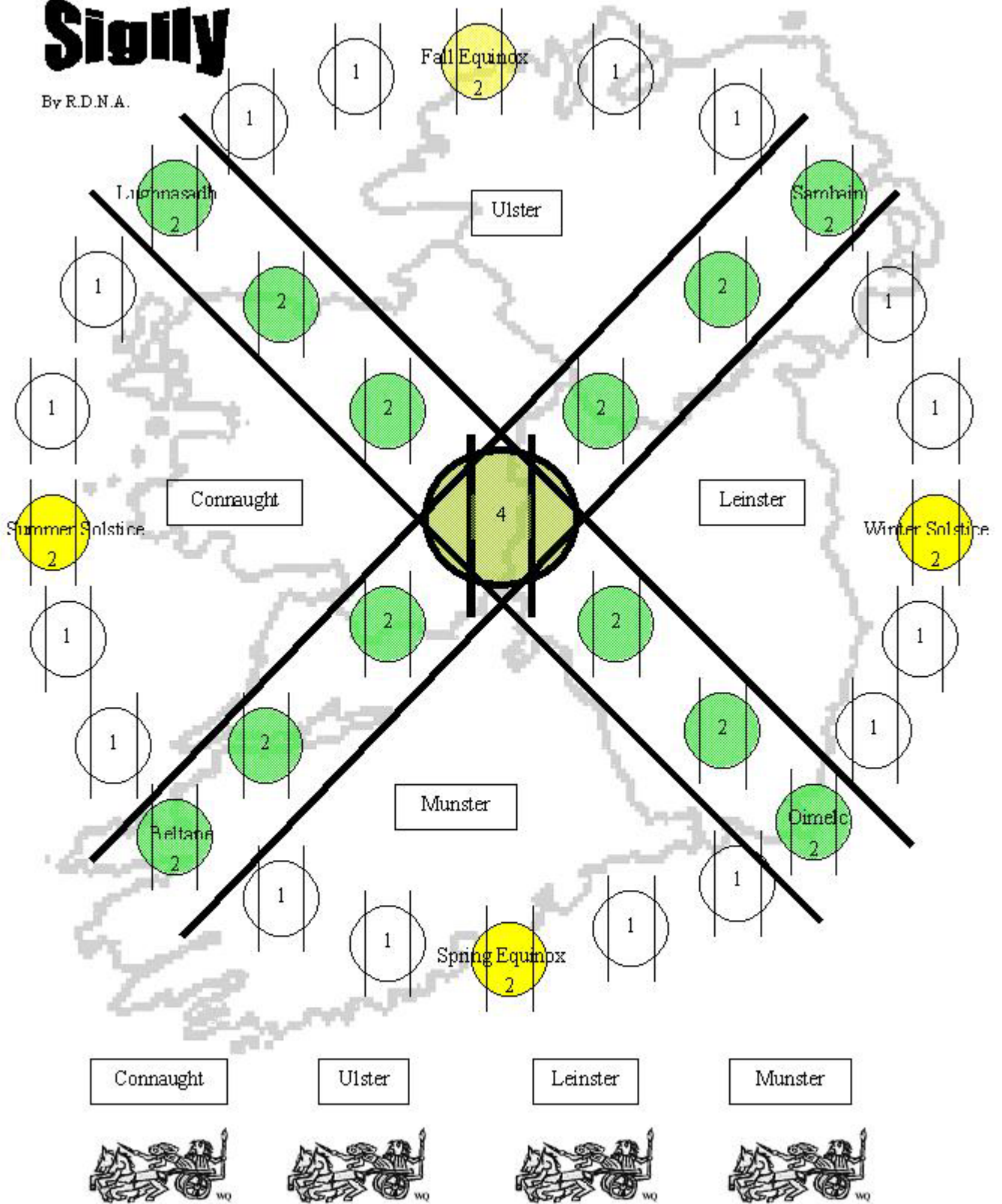
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These are just the tentative rules, that need to be worked out by some play groups. I would appreciate any suggestions for an official set of rules to be published in the Samhain 2003 edition. Send those comments to [mikerdna@hotmail.com](mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com)



# Sigily

By R.D.N.A.



Color board at [www.geocities.com/mikerdna/sigily.jpg](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/sigily.jpg)

# Down the Danube

Designed by Mike Scharding  
February 4, 2004  
For the Public Domain  
Based on Egyptian Game of Senet  
And the Nordic Game of Valhalla

## Game Summary

The Danube river running from Donaueschingen in Germany rolls about Eastern Europe until it empties down into the Black Sea. The name of the river is derived from the Celtic goddess, Danu. I got the idea for this game from the Egyptian game of Senet which was played mainly by wealthy adults, symbolizing the battle between good and evil. It may have derived from a form of divination. If you'd like, you could ask a yes or no question at the beginning and if the white pieces win, then you get a "yes." DTD is appropriate for playing on Samhain.

## Game Preparation

Print out a color version of the board or color in the river with a blue highlighter pen. I'd recommend that you laminate the board. Pennies and nickels can be used if you don't have something else for the playing pieces.

## Game Rules

DTD is a two-player board game. Each player uses 5 game pieces of different designs or color, such as nickels and pennies. The object of the game is to travel down the river from the spring of Donaueschingen in Germany down to the Black Sea (where the Celtic peoples originated on the northern shore.) You must move all of your pieces off of the board and stop your opponent from doing the same.

The board is made up of 36 squares. At the start of the game, all pieces are placed on squares 1-10, nickels on even squares, pennies on odd squares.

Sticks are used for determining the number of moves. Throw the sticks in the air and count the number of white sides facing up and the number of black. The moves you can make are:

- 1 white = 1 move
- 2 white = 2 moves
- 3 white = 3 moves
- 4 white = 4 moves
- 4 black = 6 moves.

The first person to throw a 1 goes first and therefore uses the nickel on the white circles. The first move is always from square 10 to square 11. Then the moves are of your own accord. Your turn continues as long as you throw a 1, 4, or 6. If you throw a 2, or 3 you make that move, and then hand the sticks to the other player for a chance to move. The second player must move first from square 9 to square 10. You can divide the number of moves between multiple pieces.

There are many dangers in this board game. If your piece lands on a square occupied by your opponent, or vice-versa, the pieces switch places with the square you started that move from. It is a good idea to group your pieces together, because two "grouped" pieces of the same color on squares side-by-side cannot be switched. You cannot land a piece on a square occupied by your own color.

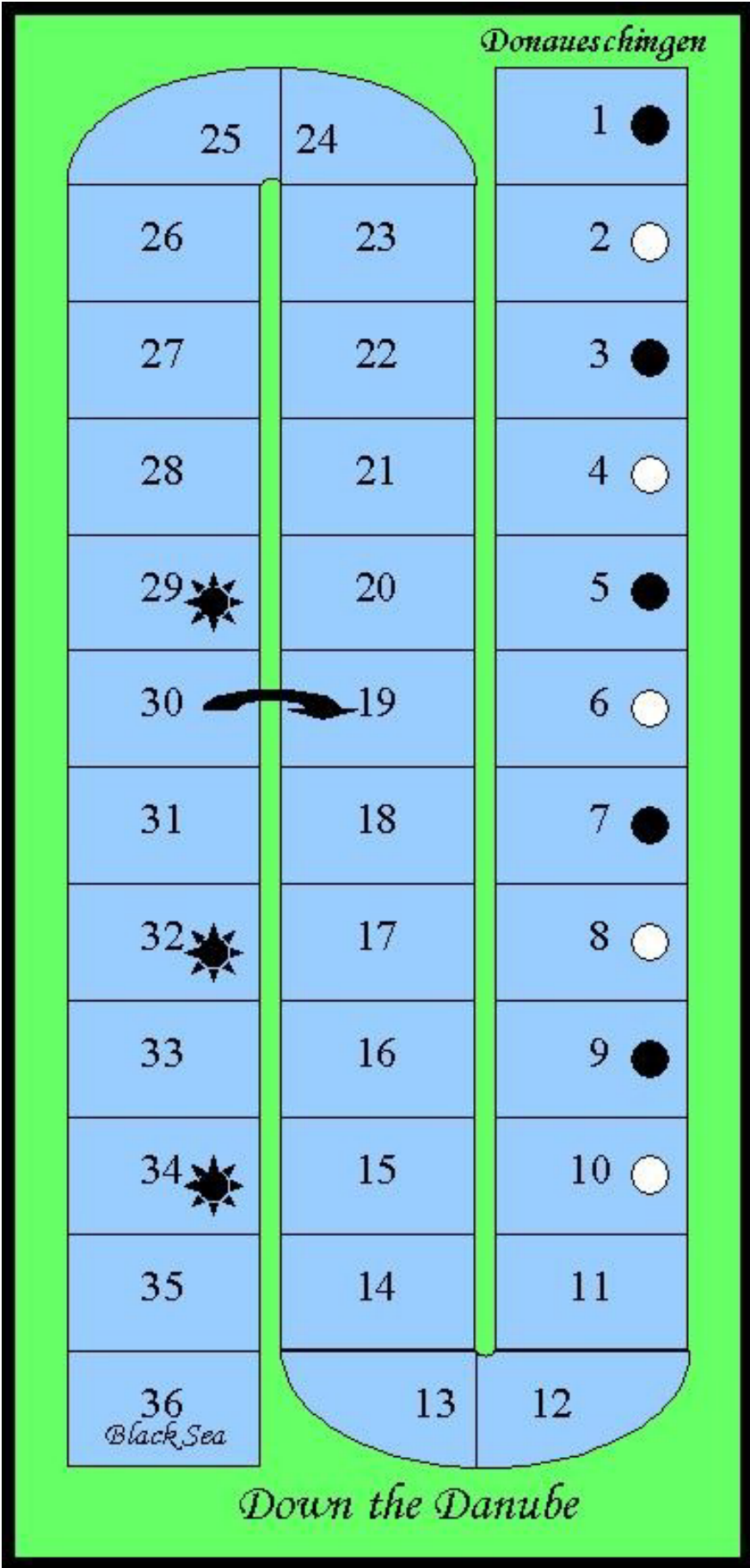
You can also form a "block." A "block" is formed by 3 pieces side-by-side. An opponents piece cannot leap past a block, but your piece can. There is no passing up your turn. A piece must move forward if possible - even onto square 30 (explained later.) If all pieces are blocked, they must move backwards. If you cannot move at all, you miss a turn. In the third row (25-36) you can "block" with just 2 adjacent pieces, but 3 pieces is not considered a "block" on this row.

Squares 29, 32, and 34 are safe squares, because no piece can switch places with you on them. If you opponent lands on a safe square that you occupy, they move back a space and use the extra move on another piece. If by moving back a space they land on your piece, they still switch, unless the next space is part of a valid "block."

Square 30 is a set of nasty rapids. If your boat lands upon it, then the crew must walk overland back to square 19 to fell new trees and build a new boat. If that is occupied, the piece must start over from space 9 or 10, or the highest unoccupied starting space of their own color.

Square 36 is the last one, and anyone landing here exactly is removed from the board, but all pieces must then move off of the board for you to win. If you throw a higher number than needed, use the extra moves on another piece's move. You may not move any pieces off the board unless all your pieces are off the first 10 squares.





# Bricriu's

## Bluff & Bluster

Based on Perudo & Liar's Dice & Bluff  
(Dice & cups available commercially)  
By Mike Scharding, 2004

### Objective

Bricriu, the trickster god of Irish legends, is holding the Trickster Convention, and has invited other trouble-making spirits from other parts of the world to exchange schemes, ploys and devious ideas. At the end he reveals a new tournament to decide where the next convention will be held in the next century. The game is played in a golden palace with 20 white shields and 10 red shields hanging on hooks upon the walls of the hall. Bricriu addresses the assembly and says the purpose of the game is to see who is the more conniving and devious spirit.

The goal is to be the last player to have at least one die in play. A game is played in rounds by 2-6 players (4 or 5 is best) takes 30-40 minutes for a full game. During each round, the players roll their dice, an opening bid is mad, and play continues as the bid is raised until it is challenged, and the challenge is resolved. Players lose dice for incorrect bids or challenges. Once a player has lost all of their dice, they are out of the game.

### Preparation:

Print a color version of the board and laminate it.  
Collect 5 dice for each player. (30 white dice)  
Have one colored dice as a bid marker (preferably red)  
One plastic opaque cup for each player (6 cups)

### Game Board

#### The Red Die

Players will place this dice on the bidding circles track to declare their bids and make it easier to keep track.

#### The Bidding Circles Track

This is the white and red circle shields that ring the board. As the bids are called and raised, the red die is moved sun-wise (clockwise) on the bidding spaces around the track. Players declare their bids by placing the red die on either Number Bid circles or Magic One Bid circles allowing all players to decide whether its time to raise a bid or challenge. [If the bid, for some reason, goes above 20 White circles or 10 Red circles, just keep going around the board adding 20 (or 10) to the number written on the board.]

#### The Lost Dice Squares

Players place any dice that they have lost on these squares, where they will remain out of play. This aids other players to keep track of how many dice are in play or out of play; making bid calculations more simple.

#### The White Dice

Players will bid on ALL white dice in play, including those in their own cup (or those show outside the cup, but in play.) Dice on Lost Dice Squares do not affect game play. The single pip on the dice is a "Magic One" and will change to match the number called on any bid, without control of the die's owner.

## Game Rules

### 0. Choose the First Bidder of the Game.

Every one rolls all five of their dice, to determine who will start the game. The person with the highest total will start and then proceed clockwise around the table. Ties are re-rolled.

### 1. Roll the Dice.

We begin. All players takes a dice cup and five white dice. They shake their dice and give them a roll, but do not let their opponents see what they have rolled. Keep them concealed under the cups. You may peek in your cup as often as you like, but secrecy is a critical aspect of Bricriu's Bluff & Bluster!

### 2. Opening Bid

The first player can declare any amount of numbers (or Magic Ones) as their opening bid, even if they didn't roll that many. You base your bid on your estimate of all dice in play. There are two types of opening bids; Number Bids and Magic Ones Bids.

#### Number Bids:

The white shields along the bidding circle track are for Number Bids. A Number Bid is a claim that revealing all of the dice in play (your dice and your opponents') will show a particular number (Magic Ones count towards the number called, being like jokers in a deck of cards.) All matching number and Magic Ones on the white dice count together toward a Number Bid.

For example, if you have three fives and your three opponents each have one Magic One (but no 5's), there are really six fives in play (5+5+5+1+1+1.) After reading your opponent's eyes for weakness, declare your bid by placing the red die with a six facing up on the white "5" shield circle.

#### Magic Ones Bids:

Red shields are used for Magic One Bids. A Magic One Bid is a claim that revealing all of the dice in play (your dice as well as those of your opponents) will show a particular amount of Magic Ones. Only Magic Ones will count toward a Magic One Bid, but this gives you another option in bidding and bluffing your opponents in tight situations.

For example: If you have three Magic Ones in your hand and you suspect that your other opponents each have a Magic One in their hand, then it is reasonable to advance the red die around the Bidding Circles Track to the red "6" shield circle and have the red die face upwards with a Magic One on it.

### 3. Bluff, Bluster and Raise

After the opening bid is made, play continues clockwise to the next surviving player. You cannot pass. Each player in succession will have only two options that they can make:

- A. Raise the current bid, or
- B. Challenge the current bid.

Remember, All the white dice in play, both yours and the dice held by other players, even the dice you can't see should be considered when you calculate to raise the bid. It's okay to bluff and bluster, and setting the next bid just a bid higher than the true odds, will force the next person into a difficult dilemma of whether to risk a challenge or raise it to even more ridiculous odds. Don't make it an easy decision for them.

## Raising the Bid

Raising the bid is the key to strategy. Depending on your opponents' bidding and the dice showing in your cup, you can raise the bid in a few different ways.

- A. Either keep the red die on the same bidding circle, and turn it to show a higher number on the die. (For example, if your opponent's poor bid was four 3's, then you can raise that with a daring bid of four 4's, four 5's, or four 6's.)
- B. Or, move the red die clockwise to any higher Number Bid circle (White), and turn the dice to show any number you want on top. (For example, if your opponent declares a bid of four 3's, then you can upset the game by confidently bidding five 2's, six 5's, seven 3's, and so on.)
- C. Or, move the red die clockwise to any Magic One Bid circle (Red) and turn the red die to show a Magic One on the top. For instance, if your opponent declares a bid of five 3's, counter his impetuous bid with a bid of 3 Magic Ones (or even 4 Magic Ones), since it is in a position on the Bidding Circle Track that is higher (i.e. clockwise) from the already declared bid.

**NOTE:** If you are playing by Show & Reroll rule, after your bid you should immediately announce or execute this maneuver before the next player makes their call.

Bid raises continue to rise from one player to the next until challenged.

## Challenging the Bid

If you don't think there are enough white dice in play to support the latest bid, then you can challenge the bid rather than raise it. You can only challenge a bid on your turn, and must loudly and clearly call out the word "Challenge" or "call" for everyone to reveal their dice. This decision cannot be reversed or recalled.

## 4. Resolving the Challenge and Ending the Round

Once a player has challenged a bid, all players lift their cups and reveal their dice to everyone. Count all the dice in play that match the bid; numbers and Magic Ones for Number Bids; or Magic Ones only for Magic One Bids.

After you count the total, it is time to determine who lost.

- A. If the actual amount of dice is equal to or more than the bid amount, the challenger loses the challenge, and forfeits one die, and puts the dice on the Lost Dice Track in the middle of the board, and drinks once.
- B. If the actual amount of dice is less than the bid amount, the bidder loses the challenge, and forfeits one die, and puts the dice on the Lost Dice Track in the middle of the Board, and drinks once.
- C. If you are player by the optional Special Rule "Perfect Bid," and the bid is exactly the same as the bid amount, the everyone but the bidder loses a die and drinks. This rule tends to unbalance the game's odds quickly, but is enjoyable because you get to berate the challenger verbally.

### Challenge Examples:

Example 1:

You challenge a bid of ten 5's. When all the white dice are counted, there are eight 5's and four Magic Ones. That's twelve 5's in all – two more than the bid amount. Therefore the

bidder was right; there were at least ten 5's in play. So you lose the challenge and place one of your dice on the Lost Dice Track.

Example 2:

You challenge a bid of five Magic Ones. When the dice are counted, there are four Magic Ones. You win the challenge. The bidder loses the challenge and surrenders one die to a Lost Dice square.

## 5. Next Round

After the challenge is resolved either way it is time for the next round and the red die is reset to the white "1" circle with a one facing up. All load the dice you still have into your cup and roll again, as in the beginning. The player who won the last round takes the red die and starts the bidding in the new round. Bidding, of course, can begin anywhere on the bidding track.

Game continues until people run out of dice.

## SPECIAL OPTIONAL RULES

Mix and match these rules to the players' preferences.

### Show and Re-roll Rule

This is great for confusing your opponents. Immediately after opening or raising a bid, you may put one or more of your dice outside your cup for all players to see, then reroll and hide all of your remaining dice. Any rerolled dice that match your bid (if challenged) will count towards it. Showing and rerolling can therefore improve your chance of winning a possible challenge.

You can show any amount of dice outside of your cup – as long as you have at least one die left to reroll. The dice shown does not have to match your bid at all, but that may help to convince the next player. The dice outside your cup remain there for the rest of the round, and count towards any future challenge, and can not be returned to your cup until the next round, possibly inhibiting your options, if the bid should revolve around the table to you again.

### Perfect Bid Rule

If the amount of dice is exactly the same as the bid amount, everyone except the bidder loses the challenge, and must forfeit a die to the Lost Dice Track and drink once. This often unbalances a game, on average people will lose 2 or 3 dice in the game to this rule, if used, lowering the strategy quotient in the game. You could also have dice lost only by challenger and ALL but bidder must drink once, which is more fair.

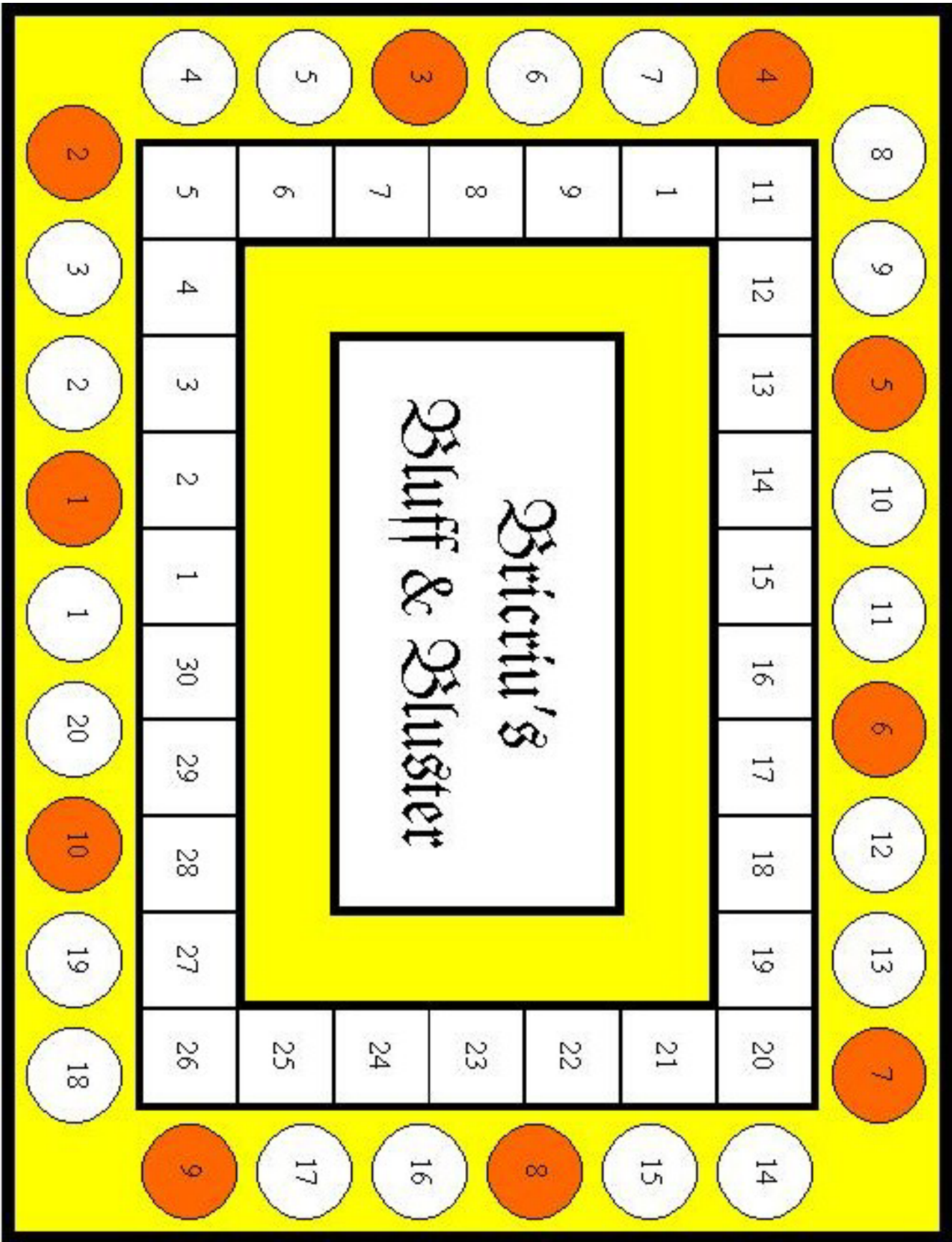
### Die Hard Rule (Corollary to Perfect Bid Rule)

You cannot lose your last die when there is a perfect bid, unless you are the player who is actually challenging the bid.

For example, you have one die left. Alex has 4 dice, Sue and Susan both have 2, Shane challenges Sue's bid of eight 4's. There are exactly eight 4's shown. Normally in this situation, all players except Sue would have to surrender one die each, but under the Die Hard rule, because you didn't call the challenge, you are saved and can keep your final die.

### Big Miss Rule

The difference between the actual amount of dice and the bid affects the number of dice lost. If there are more dice than the bid called, the losing challenger loses the difference in dice to the center track (if he challenges seven 5's, and there are nine 5's, then the challenger loses 2 dice (nine minus seven = two).) If the bidder bids seven 5's and there are actually four 5's, then the bidder loses 3 dice (seven minus four = three.)



Color printout at [www.geocities.com/mikerdna/bricriu.jpg](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/bricriu.jpg)

# Mystifying Celtic Board Games

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove  
A Druid Missal-Any, Yule 2003

It appears that the Celts played many types of board games before the advent of Cards and Chess in the 2nd Millennium from the Middle East via the Caliphate. However, as usual, they never bothered to write down the rules for posterity. As a result when boards and tantalizingly incomplete folklore references were uncovered, no modern archaeologist has been able to very clearly explain which named game went with which board or rules. Where experts disagree, the rest of us can throw in our own guesses; and a result is a confusion of websites with contradictory rules for games of the same name. I'll try to give you the web-sites, possible rules and variations and then let you figure out your own satisfactory method of play.

One school of thought claims that all games of chance (drawing lots, spinning wheels, dice, dominoes, etc.) are derived from forms of divination by the common masses, and that some boards were designed to keep track of the score from these rolls. Another branch of board games were an imitation of deciding hunting strategies in the dirt, replication of real battles or children's playground fights; such as chess, checkers, fox and geese, tafl, and the Celtic board games in this article. There may well have been some mystical elements, or divine intentions that could be derived from the outcome of the games. Disputes could be settled over board games, rather than resorting to arms.

## Hnefatafl

This is not strictly a Celtic game, but one introduced from the various Scandinavian invasions from the 5th century onwards, and likely spread throughout the British Isles. It soon died out with the advent of chess as a strategy game of choice for nobility and the rise of mercenary armies instead of brotherhood bands, and the rules are also a bit hazy, but have passably been reassembled in the 20th century, although some may be actual new creations unlike the original. Many of the following Celtic board set-ups are sometimes postulated to be variants of Tafl, so we might as well explain its rules first.

There are different sized boards, and different distribution of pieces, but the generally theory is that there is a "king" in the center, with a few bodyguards around him, and about twice as many enemies lined up at the edge of the board. The king's strategy is to escape to the edge (or corner of the board for an extra challenge.) The enemy's strategy is to capture the king. Both sides proceed by alternate turns. Captures are made by either side by arranging two of their pieces such that they are on directly opposite sides of their opponent's piece (not diagonally), which is then removed from the board. I call this "squeezing" or "pinching" them. All pieces move like rooks in chess and can move horizontally or vertically, as many spaces as they wish, so long as no one is in the way. There are many variations that try to limit the inherent advantage of the king slipping through the net of the enemy to freedom.

## Possible rule additions:

Only the king can occupy the center or the corner spaces. King must be captured on all four sides.

The enemy cannot occupy both squares adjacent to a corner at the same time (diagonally one square away is fine, I think.)

A piece can be "squeezed" against a corner square or the center square by a single piece on the opposite side.

A player may move into and rest on a space between two of the pieces of the opponent, without dying, in effect, requiring the surrounding opponent to move away and then back to effect the capture.

The king and his defenders cannot enter the original squares held by the defenders at the beginning of the game.

- A 22 page illustrated historical treaties of the Tafl family, its origins, and variants on huge and small boards is available at

- <http://user.tinet.se/~jgd996c/hnefatafl/hnefatafl.html>

- Full page Tafl variant board to experiment with. <http://www.dregate.org/tafl.pdf>

- Another Tafl 11 x 11 setup arrangement (labeled as "Gwyddbwyll") is at

- <http://members.tripod.com/~thevole/game.html>

- Tafl boards for sale: <http://www.tarahill.com/tafl.html>

## Fidchell (Fithcheall) and Gwyddbwyll

Now we get to the murkier world of the Celtic board games. Fidchell and its apparent Welsh linguistic cognate, Gwyddbwyll, appear often in ancient legends of fairies and the recreation of nobility as seen at

<http://www.seekermagazine.com/v0499/tongues.html> and <http://ipc.paganearth.com/diaryarticles/history/games.html>

There are also accounts of kings giving boards to honored guests, on the reservation that they never give it away or sell it, implying a kind of holy status to the gift. The translation of both is "wood knowledge," also implies that some type of wisdom can be gained from playing the game; and what that is, well, you'll have to find out and relate it to us.

A 7 x 7 board was discovered in 1932 in a crannog (lake dwelling) in Ballindary, Ireland up north with little holes drilled in it, and head-shaped pegs. (See the sketch to the right.) and so people tried to figure out whether it was Bran-dubh or Fidchell. Most have guessed it was Fidchell, and that it was basically a "mini-Tafl" board with king in the middle, two guards radiating from each side and three foes on each side of the board. The goal was likely to get the king from the "belly button" to the corner (or "arms and legs") where the special quarter circle was etched. Could this be a description of how the soul emanates from the center to the limbs?

Variations that have been suggested:

Players must answer a riddle or trivia question to move on their turn, possibly prepared in advance, according to agreed limits or a common agreed topic that both know well. Have to throw a dice and get an even number to move on your turn, although I doubt how well this would work.

- Printable Fidchell Board:

- [http://users.indigo.net.au/darke/treubh/brandubh/fg\\_board\\_blank.jpg](http://users.indigo.net.au/darke/treubh/brandubh/fg_board_blank.jpg)

- Fidchell Boards for purchase:

- [www.historicgames.com/wood.html](http://www.historicgames.com/wood.html)

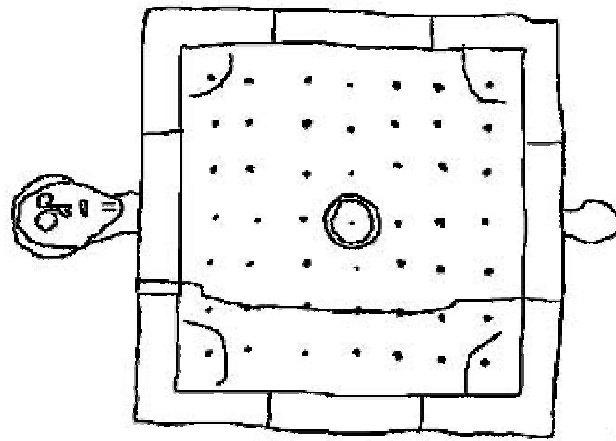
## Bran-dubh and Ard Righ

(Pronounced Bran-doo and Ard-ree)

We know even less about these variants on the same 7 x 7 board graphic as above. Bran-dubh means "Black raven" and Ard Righ means "high king" from the Gaelic. One reconstructed postulation that I liked has the king in the center and one prince on each diagonal from the king (four total.) One baron flanks each side of the corner squares (i.e. 2 in each corner), thus eight barons in total. See this link for a visual presentation of this arrangement.

[http://users.indigo.net.au/darke/treubh/brandubh/lg\\_board\\_pieces.jpg](http://users.indigo.net.au/darke/treubh/brandubh/lg_board_pieces.jpg)

Barons go first. All pieces can move one square in any direction, but barons and princes could also move two diagonally if the spaces are empty. You capture by stepping on someone on a single space move, but the king is immune to attack. The goal of the game is for the barons to wipe out the young princes and visa-versa. Usually, the princes run and hide while the king runs about like a maddened rhinoceros taking out the barons. If any piece stays in the corner for two rounds it is considered to be lost in the woods and removed from the board. Only the king can go on the center square. Most games I played end up with the king defending a prince in a corner region, with the prince bouncing between two squares behind the king, forcing a draw. Thus, it was recommended that players play two games, each time switching positions and adding up their total surviving pieces at the conclusion of their likely draws to determine an overall victor.



Perhapsfidchell above,  
Tafel to the left and  
Bran Dubh, below

## Fox and Geese (or Deer and Hounds)

Fox and Geese is probably also a Viking game of the hunt (and there are a few others) that spread widely in Celtic lands. 13 geese (some with more) and one fox are on the board (some with two.) All move one square at a time, horizontally and vertically (others allow a diagonal move without capture.) The fox captures by leaping over the geese, but can only jump one goose at a time. Thus two geese lined up are an insurmountable barrier to him. The goal of the geese is to chorale the fox until it cannot move. The fox is trying to eat all the geese.

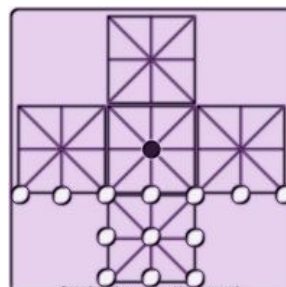
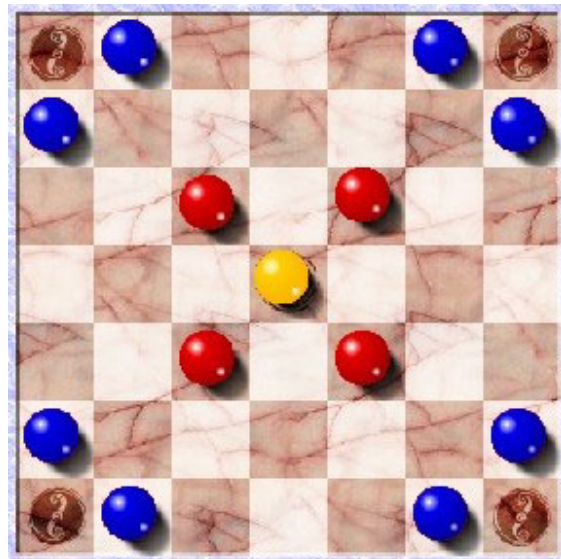
One such variant board is at

<http://www.stainess.freeserve.co.uk/images/fgtbl.jpg>

## How to Make the Boards:

These games have links to print out your own board that can be glued onto a stiff cardboard or sheet of plastic or glass. The playing pieces can be made from coins with affixed labels, colored glass baubles, draughts from checkers, pawns from chess, different colored rocks, candies, or carved wooden pieces. As far as I know, there are no on-line forums to play these games. Feel free to improvise the rules to make the games more balanced, or develop larger boards and new moves to widen the possibilities of play.

Naturally, the reconstructed rules may not resemble the original games, but then we'll probably never know those rules; but the gods appreciate the effort.



Fox and Geese

# Hebridean Hijinks

Game concepts, board style and graphics  
Copyright by Mike Scharding, 2004 c.e.

## GAME SUMMARY

The chief of the small town of Balla Chulish, the seat of power for the Great Valley in western Scotland, has died and all his children are vying for the position. The Druid advisor to the past chief decides that the children must sail out on an adventure to learn the necessary lessons of a wise leader. But it will not be an ordinary visit, for each island has a mysterious legend, a wise proverb and a difficult quest that must be understood and achieved to win the hermit's treasure coin. So the players set out in their triple hide leather coracle boats with a few trusty sailors.

Between 2 and 6 players wander around a board, performing games of skill and knowledge against randomly selected opponents, in order to acquire different color coin prizes. Each island has a different mini-game or contest. Penalties for losing are drinking and a loss of pride. Numerous proverbs and philosophical lessons are learned in the process. The first players to get the agreed number of coins of each color win the game (1st, 2nd and 3rd Place) and becomes the chieftain of their valley. A game will last between two and three hours or a nice evening.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

Drinking large amounts of alcohol, tea or food may make you sick and incapable of driving or walking home safely. Be sure not to endanger yourself or anyone else, and have an established way home by a designated driver or sufficient money for a taxi or a confirmed place to sleep it off until morning. Also, few of the featured islands of the Hebrides really resemble the islands described in the game.

## NUMER OF PLAYERS

Between two and six players can play Hebridean Hijinks, but the optimal number is 3 or 4. The number of necessary coins and number of attempts at each coin on a particular island that are permitted during the entire game. These will vary to balance out game play, and should be agreed on before the game, depending on how much time you have.

2 Players: Put 1 coin on each circle. To win, you need 2 or 3 coins of each color (+ 1 silver & gold.) You get 1 chance each island.

3 Players: Put 1 coin on each circle. To win, you need 2 or 3 coins of each color (+ 1 silver & gold.) You get 2 chances each island.

4 Players: Put 2 coins on each circle (but only 1 on each silver & gold.) To win you need 2 coins of each color (+ 1 silver & gold.) You get 2 chances each island.

5 or 6 Players: Put 2 coins on each circle (including silver & gold.) To win, you need 1 coin of each color (+ 1 silver & gold.) You get 2 chances each island.

## COIN LIMITS

The player may not take more than one coin from an individual island. Nor may they take more coins than the necessary of any color as needed to win. If they acquire such a coin through contest, inheritance or normal game play, they must leave it behind on the island when they leave the island.

## PREPARING THE BOARD

It is recommended that the board and coin labels be printed in color, cut out neatly with scissors, or filled in with markers. Laminating the board is highly recommended, and taping it onto a 2 inch high box or book, to keep it above the wet table and easily moved off the table for cleaning.

Each coin's label should be glued or taped neatly onto a nickel, perhaps shrink wrapped.

A player's acquired treasure coins may be placed on a shallow dish, or kept on their purple numbered circle on the board.

For the pieces of complicated games, putting the pieces in a labeled ziplock baggy will save time.

The following items are necessary to be collected a head of time and brought in a box:

Two or Three printouts of Green Book 11

4 popsicle sticks per person as throwing-counting-sticks

A few large paper grocery Bags

Several pencils, and sheets of paper

Print outs of the various gameboards

A bag of clean pennies (60+), nickels (15+), dimes (15+) and quarters (15+)

3 large cloth napkins and/or 3 handkerchiefs

Lots of string

One pack of chewing gum

Several head-size balloons.

Rubberbands

Popcorn and Peanuts

Deck of Cards

Some large nuts (like walnuts or pecans)

A bottle cap

A pitcher

Lots of cups, a table, and chairs.

A couple rags to clean up spilt beer.

A low box to go under the laminated game board.

## DRINKING RULES

We recommend that several pitchers of beer be bought at a time with group funds. Fatty food recommended.

Unless otherwise stated, a drink equals a sip of enough beer to wet the tongue, perhaps 3/4 ounce at most. An average game will have 80-100 drinks, or about 6-9 soda cans. Players may choose to substitute a caffeinated beverage like tea, coffee or soda instead or choose to eat 1/4 cookie per "drink."

## MOVING RULES

4 popsicle sticks (or squares of stiff cardboard, drink coasters, coins or other 2 sided objects) are used in the game. One side is white and the other is black (or some other system of marking.) If you can, make one set for everyone. Sticks are dropped about a foot off the table on their ends and counted;

- 1 white side up = 1 move
- 2 white sides up = 2 moves
- 3 white sides up = 3 moves
- 4 white sides up = 4 moves
- 4 black sides up = 5 moves

Players can move to any circle that touches their own circle (i.e horizontally and vertically), and can make "L" turns or "U" turns, even reversing back on their previous course. You jump over other players without harming them.

## ORDER OF PLAY

Person to roll highest on the sticks will go first, and then rotate around the board clockwise. The order of events are as follow on a regular turn:

1. Weather Check The weather is very uncertain in the Hebrides. Roll to check for storms: a "four" means a storm hits you and you cannot leave your island and basically lose your turn. A "five" means you are hit by a storm after leaving an island and the next player in game succession can throw sticks for your move and thereby choose whichever island they wish to move you.

2. Normal Move. Players may not pass. Roll to see how many circles you can move. Move your piece to the island. If the player is the first to visit the island, go to step 3. If the player is not the first visitor, but there is still a coin, go to step 11. If there is no coin, follow step 12. If the island is occupied before you land on it, go to step 13.

3. Island Description. Someone reads the description of the island. They may elaborate

4. Proverb Reading. The lesson is read, but only one is selected by the reader, and is the only one used for the remainder of the game.

5. Tapping. All players tap their cups three times and say "Slainte!" (pron. "Slan-cha," meaning "cheers!") The last one to do so must drink once. If no person was discernibly last, no one drinks at all.

6. Opponent Selection. All the other players roll sticks, the player with the highest score is assigned the theatrical role of the opponent in the game. The assigned opponent does NOT have to relocate their ship to the island. Note: in cases of occupied islands, the previous arrival is automatically designated as the opponent.

7. Rules for the Game. Rules are read, and materials prepared.

8. Game is played.

9. Decision. If the player loses, then he must drink one sip. If the player wins, they get the coin from the island and all other players must drink once to praise the victorious player.

10. It is now the next player's turn.

11. Previously Visited Island with a Remaining Coin.

The player must remember and speak the general nature of the island's proverb. Exact words are not necessary, but meaning must be conveyed well. (To prove that they were paying attention to the game play, and penalize players who leave the room for a short time.) The other players will judge the adequacy of the island's visitor's memory.

If the player can't remember it or can't express it well, then the player must drink once and do steps 3-10 to repeat the story & proverb.

If they can remember the proverb, then do step 6-10, saving much time.

12. Empty Island with No Coin

The player must remember and speak the general nature of the island's proverb. The other players will judge the adequacy of the island's visitor.

If the player can't remember it or can't express it well, then the must drink once and start from step 3 and stop after doing step 5; thus reminding all of the island's story.

If they can remember the proverb well, that's the end of it, and then it's the next player's turn (i.e. Step 10.)

13. Occupied Island Rules

Sometimes an island will already have another player on it. As usual, repeat the proverb on island, and get approval from other players.

If poorly worded, the player drinks once and go to step 3 and the other occupant of the island is automatically designated as the opponent.

If the proverb is worded well, go to step 7, with the opponent automatically being the other occupant of the island. If there are more than one other occupant, the player landing there can choose the opponent.

If there is a coin still on the island, and the player wins, they get the island's coin. If the player loses, the opponent gets the coin (if within their limits.)

If there is no coin on the island, and the opponent has a coin from that island or a coin of the same color as that island, the player may take that coin and the opponent drinks twice. If the player loses, then the player drinks twice and the opponent can take one coin of that island's color (if within their limit.)

If there is no coin on the island, and the defeated opponent does not have that island's coin, or one of the same color, the player may choose any coin from the defeated opponent's treasury (a silver or gold coin can only be taken after a special throw of sticks with a 4 or 5 result.) If the player loses, the opponent may select one from the player in the same manner.

If the island has no coin, and the opponent has no coins, then the defeated opponent drinks thrice. In the same way, if the player has no coins and loses, then the player drinks thrice.

Naturally, A player cannot take a coin which puts them over the limit per color, or more than one coin from the same island.



## JUDGING RULES

If a player contests the result of the game or a point of order; both parties will eloquently explain their position for up to two minutes. Players may wish to have a permanent judge selected at the beginning of the game, perhaps a bystander. Otherwise, judges are all the other members of the game (i.e. those not involved in the dispute) and attentive by-standers get one vote. Judges close their eyes, speak "1,2,3" and blindly point at the player of their choice, and open their eyes. If a tied decision results, the judges must drink twice and a revote is taken after a quick conference of judges. If tied again, judges again drink twice, and the plaintiff wins the debate. The loser of the decision must drink twice.

## SPECIAL RULES

### No Pestering Rule

A player cannot consecutively land on the same island as another player. Every other round is okay, though.

### Plain Sight Rule:

Players must keep their coins in their purple circle in plain sight so that people can see how many coins they have and which island they are from. Penalty is 2 drinks each round that they refuse after a warning.

### No Cheating Rule

If anyone caught egregiously cheating, they must defend their actions to the judge(s), with normal judging rules. If they lose the decision then they drink thrice and lose a turn.

### No Stealing Beer Rule

Players may only drink beer when the rules require it. Players should not purposely lose a contest in order to drink. Judges decide the guilty decision. Penalty \$2 into the pot for the winner of the game.

### Taboo Rule:

Certain words are forbidden on the ocean by sailors. If a player says "rabbit/hare", "iron" or "potato," in any language, then they drink twice for each infraction, and their next move will have a storm sweep them off course. A player may appeal to the judges.

### No Team Rule

Players should not be in cahoots with each other. If an opponent is suspected of playing half-hearted against another player, to give them an easy victory, then they may be judged by their peers as cheating.

### No Interference Rule

If anyone is judged as willfully and significantly interfering in a contest between two other peoples, then they drink thrice and lose one coin of the choice of the offended plaintiff.

### No Leaving Rule

Players who leave the table for any reason other than buying more beer or food, must pay a penalty of either 3 drinks or return one coin to the board. Punishes weak bladders.

### Sick Rule

If a player can no longer drink or eat, due to extreme nausea, they may continue to play without doing so, at the discretion of the judges.

### Quit Rule

If a player must quit the game, all coins that they have return to the board on their original islands.

## SPECIAL ISLANDS

**Balla Chulish:** The starting point of the game, once the players leave, they cannot return until they have all the necessary coins to finish the game. They must land exactly on it. Once returned, they are safe from losing coins, but may continue to be selected as a random opponent during the landings from other players trying to finish.

**Loch Linne:** A safe zone, multiple players can land here without contest. When landing here, players dip their cups in the strait's waters, which flow with beer and have a drink.

**Silver Islands:** A player must be within 3 coins of the required total coins to finish the game to enter a silver island. A player who lands here may select any opponent they wish, and choose any contest they wish from the board's options. If the player wins they get a silver coin, and all other players drink; if the player loses, the player drinks twice. If a player lands on an occupied silver island, they must choose the occupant as an opponent, but if they lose, then they also lose a coin of the occupant's choice. There is no limit on the number of attempts for a silver coin.

**Gold Islands:** A player must be within 2 coins of the required total coins to finish the game to enter a gold island. When a player lands here, a randomly selected opponent gets to choose any contest they wish from the board's options. If the player wins they get a gold coin, and all other players drink; if the player loses, the player drinks twice. If a player lands on an occupied silver island, they must choose the occupant as an opponent, but if they lose, then they also lose a coin of the occupant's choice. There is no limit on the number of attempts for a silver coin.

## FINISHING THE GAME

When a player has collected all the necessary coins, and gotten their silver and gold coins, they battle their way back to Balla Chulish. After landing there, they may continue to be selected as a random opponent, or as a judge, but may choose not to drink anymore.

## OPTIONAL RULES

### New Island Rules

The players may collectively decide to replace an island's game, before starting, with another game and decide a new proverb for it.

### Time Limit Rules

The group may collectively agree in the beginning that the game will end at a certain time, and the players with the greatest number of coins will win the game.

### Good Story Rule:

Anyone who can come up with an amazing story related to the locale or game, will at a decision of the judges, be given an extra 2 spaces on their next roll.

### Perfect Sailing Rule:

No weather checks.

### Gambling Rules:

Each person puts 10 dollars or quarters in the pot. The payout at the end of the game is as such, and if they quit, their share is distributed to other players.

2 player 75%, 25%

3 Players 66%, 33%, 0%

4 Players 50%, 35%, 15%, 0%

5 Players 40%, 30%, 20%, 10%, 0%

6 Players 30%, 25%, 20%, 15%, 10%, 0%

### Broken Rules Rule

Because this game has not been game tested, yet, if it comes to the attention of the players that a point of order needs to be adjusted to correct a significant imbalance, the judges will decide.

## PINK ISLANDS

### Pink 1: Isle of Bute (Isle of Sleep)

#### STORY

They were for a very long while afterwards driven about on the waves, till they found an island with trees upon it like willow or hazel. Thereon were marvellous fruits thereon, great berries. The player squeezed some of the berries into a vessel and drank the juice, and it cast him into a deep sleep from that hour to the same hour on the morrow. And they knew not whether he was alive or dead, with the red foam round his lips, until he awoke the next day.

A hermit by the tree says to you 'Gather ye this fruit, for great is its excellence.' So your crew gathered (it), and they mingled water with it, to moderate its power to intoxicate and send asleep. The hermit then said:

#### PROVERB

If you want your dreams to come true, don't sleep too much.

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

#### LULLABY GAME

Player and opponent have four minutes to simultaneously compose separately their own lullaby that the judges think most witty and appropriate for a child's bedtime lullaby. Paper and pencils are permitted. The lullabys are then sung or read to the judges.

### Pink 2: Isle of Tory (Isle of Questions)

#### STORY

You arrive on a rocky shore and wander inland to find a great many elderly people yelling questions to each other. The other person never answers the question but with another question, however the conversation seems to progress wisely. They ignore all attempts by your crew to communicate with them, saying, "Do you think we have time to answer questions, when we have too many areas to inquire about?!" One hermit sits quietly on a boulder on the beach and says:

#### PROVERBS

A child who asks a question is not dumb

Questions are a burden to others. Answers are a prison for oneself.

Form an opinion of a man from his questions rather than his answers.

You are only a few questions from knowing the right answer.

Good questions lead to more good questions, answers will come along at their own time.

#### QUESTIONS GAME

The player begins by asking the opponent a question. The opponent may only answer with a question. Anyone who repeats a question that they, or the other, has asked will lose the game. They have only 5 seconds to consider a reply.

## **Pink 3: Isle of Iona (Isle of Sadness)**

### **STORY**

You have found a large island, and a great multitude of human beings therein. Black were these, both in bodies and raiment and they rested not from wailing. An unlucky lot fell to one of the sailors on your ship. When he went to the people who were wailing he at once became a comrade of theirs and began to weep along with them. Two more sailors were sent to bring him back, and they did not recognize him amongst the others (and they themselves turned to lament.

A nearby hermit tells you: 'Let four (of you)' saith he, 'go with your weapons, and bring ye the men perforce, and look not at the land nor the air, and put your garments round your noses and round your mouths, and breathe not, the air of the land, and take not your eyes off your own men

The four went, and brought back with them and when the other two were asked what they had seen in the land, they would say: 'Verily, we know not what they say; but what we saw others doing we did.' On the shore, the hermit then says:

### **PROVERBS**

He who has been near to death knows the worth of life  
Let each praise the ford as they find it.  
You cannot motivate the best people with money, they are motivated only by passion.

### **EULOGY GAME**

The Player and the Opponent have 2 minutes to think at the same time, and then 2 minutes to speak in turns. They must tell a Eulogy for a famous person or someone that everyone at the table will know. The person may be living or dead. Whoever is judged to be the more clever or saddening will win.

## **Pink 4: The Summer Isles (Isles of Laughter)**

### **STORY**

You find an large island in the center of a pack, with a great level plain therein. A great multitude were on that plain, playing and laughing without any cessation. Lots are cast and one sailor walks onto the island. When he stepped on to the shore, he at once began to play and to laugh continually along with the islanders as if he had been with them all his life. His comrades stayed for a long, long space expecting him, and he came not to them. So then they leave him.

One monk fishing in a small boat anchored off the shore says:

### **PROVERBS**

A sense of humor is not a burden to carry, yet it makes heavy loads lighter.  
One man with humor will keep ten working.

### **JOKESTER GAME**

The Judges will announce a topic and the player and opponent must tell a relevant joke. They have 2 minutes to think at the same time. Player tells their joke first. Whomever is judged to be funnier or better delivered will win.

## **Pink 5: Isle of Lewis (Isle of Horses)**

### **STORY**

Before you is a great, flat island. Two sailors entered the island. Great was its size and its breadth, and they saw therein a long, great green sward, with vast hoof-marks of horses upon it. As large as the sail of a ship was the mark of the hoof of each horse. They saw, moreover, the shells of huge nuts like pecans, and they saw, there, also a pile of gigantic jewels and plunder of giants. They were afraid then, after seeing what they beheld, and they all, swiftly, hastily, went on board their boat.

When they had gone a little from land, they beheld (rushing) along the sea to the island a great multitude of warriors, which, after reaching the green of the island, held a horse-race. And swifter than the wind was each horse, and great was the shouting (of the multitude) and their outcry and noise. Some saying: 'Bring the grey steed'; 'Drive the dun horse there'; 'Bring the white horse!'; 'My steed is faster!'; 'My horse leaps better.'

When the wanderers heard those words, they went away with all their might for they felt sure it was a meeting of demons they beheld. In a small hut on the shore, a hermit says to them:

### **PROVERBS**

You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.  
Misfortunes come on horseback and depart on foot.  
The mouse cannot compete in the games of the giraffe.

### **MY HORSE IS ABC... GAME**

The player begins by stating: "My horse is a .... Horse," and inserts an adjective beginning with the letter "A." The opponent then immediately repeats the player's statement, while adding another adjective beginning with the letter B. In this way the phrase becomes longer and longer alphabetically (perhaps going through the alphabet more than once.) If one person mis-speaks and can not recover quickly, or repeats a word out of order, they lose.

## WHITE ISLANDS

### White 1: Isle of Raithlin (Isle of Poor Man)

#### STORY

You meet an old man, clothed only with the white hair of his body, sitting on a broad wet rock in the midst of the waves. Every four minutes he throws himself down into prostrations and prayer.

He says "I used to keep money from the church's funds for festivals and re-use graves to save money, even desecrating the graves of saints. On a pilgrimage by boat, I met a man sitting on the wave who saw a band of invisible demons leaping in joy about me. He forced me to throw my wealth over board to rid myself of their company. I however, kept but a small cup and this angered him. He did call forth this rock from the ocean's depth and capsized my boat. Seven years had I been here, everyday my cup fills with whey-water and 7 cakes. After that, one day an otter brought me a salmon out of the sea. I pondered in my mind that it was not possible for me to eat a raw salmon. I threw it again into the sea. The next day, I saw an otter bring the salmon to me again out of the sea, and another otter brought flaming firewood, and set it down, and blew with his breath, so that the fire blazed. So I cooked the salmon, and for seven other years I lived in that manner, learning from the generosity of the ocean. Every day my island grows one foot wider. When the islands reaches back onto the soil of Ireland, then my curse will be broken. I have a lesson for you, he says:

#### PROVERBS

Wealth if you use it, comes to an end; learning, if you use it, increases.

I hear and I forget, I see and I remember, I do and I understand.

#### GIVE AWAY GAME

A deck of cards is stripped of aces, deuces and face cards, and then one joker is added, and they are shuffled, beginning with the opponent, each person is dealt the cards. Pairs are immediately discarded. Beginning with the player, the two people take turns drawing one card from the other. Pairs are immediately discarded. They may rearrange their hand as they see fit. Last player remaining with a card in their hand is the loser. Play must be quick.

### White 2: Isle of Mull (Isle of Wisdom)

#### STORY

You arrive on wide island strewn with boulders. On each boulder sits a man or a woman, deep in thought. Three times a day, one man walks around placing a loaf of bread and a fish on each rock, whereat they turn to face a different direction while quietly consuming it. The stones are highly polished from their turning their seating place around. As they think, their thoughts appear on the surface of the rock, only to vanish again in a heartbeat. You notice golden chains linking them to the rocks, but that they are unlocked. They never leave the stones, for fear of their place being taken by another.

The man with the bread, is taking notes, and turns to you and says:

#### PROVERBS

For every word of wisdom forgotten, a lesson will return to remind you.

Better the supposition of a wise man than the certainty of the fool.

Learn lessons from the mistakes of others, lest you should also know their punishment.

#### BROKEN PROVERBS GAME

The player begins by speaking half of a well-known proverb, which the opponent must finish. Then the play reverses with the opponent speaking half of a well-known saying. If the other person does not recognize the phrase they must quickly come up with an appropriate finish. Perfect phrasing is not necessary, and a clever answer is acceptable, if the judges concur that it wise.

### White 3: Isle of North Uist (Isle of St. Asaph)

#### STORY

St. Asaph sits in his cell by the sea shore with a few disciples at his feet. One disciple explains that St. Asaph is the patron saint of dung, (there is nothing so lowly that the Gods are not concerned about it) and that depending on what he eats, the dung will have a different healing property. He has explained the Gospel of Fiber and the need to regulate what goes out to make room for what goes in. Rather than contemplating their navels, the monks contemplate the end of all food. One monk shares a bit of wisdom with you;

#### PROVERBS

No matter how impressive a man is, their dung is as smelly and brown as your own.

What goes in must come out, but it may not be the same condition.

#### UP MY BUTT GAME

The player begins by incanting, "There is a \_\_\_\_\_ up my butt." And the opponent must say the same thing, substituting a word that rhymes with what the first player claimed was in his anal canal. When one cannot come up with the new rhyming word they will lose if the victor does not immediately offer one more rhyme to show that words do remain, and if they cannot, then the one who stopped first must begin a new contest. This will keep people from using "orange" and having an unfair advantage by starting with a difficult rhyme. A quick pace is expected. Any language is acceptable, provided another judge can vouch for it.

### White 4: Isle of Rum (Isle of Expansion)

#### STORY

You hear the singing of psalms. You behold a high, mountainous island, full of birds, black and dun and speckled, shouting and speaking loudly. You rowed a little from that island, and found another island which was not as large. Therein were many trees and on them many birds. And after that they saw in the island a man whose clothing was his hair. So you asked him who he was, and whence his kindred. 'Of the men of Ireland am I', saith he.

‘I went on my pilgrimage in a small boat, and when I had gone a little from land my boat split under me.’ I went again to land,’ saith he, ‘and I put under my feet sod from my country, and on it I went out to the sea and stood on that sod,’ saith he, ‘now a yard is added to its breadth every year from that time to this, and a tree every year to grow therein.

The birds which thou beholdest in the trees,’ saith he, ‘are the souls of my children and my kindred, both women and men, who are yonder awaiting the end of time. Half a cake, and a slice of fish, and the liquor of the well cometh to me daily,’ saith he, ‘by the ministry of otters at the hour of noon, moreover, another half-cake and slice of fish come to every man yonder and to every woman, and liquor of the well, as is enough for everyone.’ You ask what will happen when there is no room to expand, but he is silent in his reply.

When their three nights of guesting were complete; they bade the pilgrim farewell, and he said;

#### PROVERBS

All fires begin as small sparks  
Pride never stops growing until it is ready to challenge the gods.

#### GEOMETRIC LANDSLIDE GAME

The player picks a whole real number between two and ten and the opponent has to double it. Then the player has to double it. The pace should be constant and relatively quick. The first to have the wrong number loses. No writing is permitted.

### White 5: Eastern Skye (The Isle of the Trees of Threes)

#### STORY

On the shore of this island you see a thicket filled with trees with three trunks, which have three limbs, and each limb has three branches, which has three twigs, which have three leaves, which have three lobes, with three veins. Many words are carved onto each twig bespeaking great wisdom. The gardener of these trees comes up and asks if you know how to write in Ogham and hands you a scroll with the alphabet. He says, “I have inscribed the wisdom that I have learned from these trees back onto each of their very own twigs, even as their wisdom is inscribed on my soul, but there is still not enough room to scratch it on. I wish to see if you are quicker at writing than my experienced hand. Let me tell you of the wisdom of Ogham:

#### PROVERBS

Much is written between the lines.  
That which is written is binding, that which is spoken is soon forgotten.

#### OGHAM SPELLING BEE GAME

The player and opponent are given one of the Ogham charts at the end of this game and are asked by a third player to write a simple short sentence in Ogham along a long pencil line. Whoever finishes first, correctly, gets one point. The first to get two points out of three bouts will win the game. If there is a letter in the sentence that can not be written with Ogham, they must draw a circle. Spaces should be recognizable between words.

## GREEN ISLANDS

### Green 1: Isle of Islay (Revolving Isle)

#### STORY

You come to small island with a fiery rampart about it; and that rampart used to revolve around the island, while the island itself is in the midst of an eternal whirlpool. There was an open doorway in the side of that rampart (sometimes open, sometimes closed, at the whim of the gatekeeper,) and, whenever the doorway would come opposite to them, your crew used to see the whole island, and all, that was therein, and all its indwellers, even human beings beautiful, abundant, wearing adorned garments and feasting with golden vessels in their hands. And you heard their ale-music. And for a long space you beheld the marvel, and deemed it delightful, yet you noticed that when the door was opened, all those inside rushed to look out. You wondered at this, considering the marvels inside.

The gatekeeper addresses you;

#### PROVERBS

Change is an easy panacea, but it takes character to stay in one place and be happy there.  
The door of opportunity is only open to those at the right place and right time with the right key.

#### POPCORN GAME

The player and the opponent take turns. The opponent will close their eyes and make a ring with their thumbs and forefingers and slowly and steadily oscillate the ring in a circle before their face, not far back from the edge of their side of the table. The player on the other side of the table may not cross the edge of their half of the table, and will try to flick a piece of popcorn or peanut through the ring of fingers. Both sides get 10 shots. Best score wins, player wins a tie. Judges should make sure both sides are fair and honest.

### Green 2: Isle of Lismore (Isle of the Net)

#### STORY

You find near the shore of this island a great silvery column. It had four sides, and the width of each of these sides was two oar-strokes of a the boat, so that in its whole circumference there were eight oar-strokes of the boat. And not a single sod of earth was about it, but (only) the boundless ocean. And they saw not how its base was below, or because of its height how its summit was above. Out of its summit came a silvery net flung far away from it; and the boat went under sail through a mesh of that net. One sailor strikes off a piece of the mesh with a sword, to bring back proof of the encounter. When the net was pulled up, many great fish were caught, and many smaller ones fell through the mighty net. A few great fish fell through the hole made by the sailor’s sword. And then they heard a voice from the summit of yonder pillar, mighty, and clear, and distinct. But they knew not the tongue it spake, or the words it uttered. A Dean of the hermitage on the nearby beach quietly said:

#### PROVERBS

Man eats not what he desires, but what he finds.  
Do not keep all that you catch.

## NET TOSS GAME

Player and opponent take turns. The player begins by putting a penny on the ground one foot from his feet (which are tightly pressed together) and one foot to the right of the penny he puts a dime. The player then tries to drop a napkin or handkerchief over the penny. If it lands on the penny he gets 1 point, if it touches the dime, he gets a negative point. If it misses both, there is no point. If the player does anything but land on the penny, the opponent can try at the same distance. If the player covered the penny, the opponent must move the penny and dime one foot farther away from the throwing point and take their turn. Until one of the people covers the penny, the coins will not be moved further away, and they may continue to alternately attempt the same distance. First to get 4 points wins the match, but if after 10 throws each, neither has gotten 4 points, then the highest score wins, player wins a tie.

## Green 3: Isle of Tiree (Isle of the Spinning Beast)

### STORY

You found an unusually sunny island, with a fence of stone around it. When they drew near it a huge beast sprang up from the island, and raced round about the island. It seemed swifter than the wind. And then it went to the highest point of the island and there it performed (the feat called) 'straightening of body', placed its head below and its feet above; and it turned about within its skin. That is, the flesh and the bones revolved, but the skin outside was unmoved. Or at another time the skin outside turned like a mill, the bones and the flesh remaining still.

When it had been for long in that wise, it sprang up again and raced round about the island as it had done at first. Then it returned to the same place; and this time the lower half of its skin was unmoved, and the other half above ran round and round like a millstone.

It left you alone, while your sailors spinned in fear of it, but when you stopped or retreated it charged at you. You and your sailors fled with all their might, and the beast perceived them as fleeing and it went into the beach to seize them, and began to smite at them, and it cast after them with stones from the beach.

A nearby fishing hermit calls out to you:

### PROVERBS

A spinning top will keep its balance.  
What comes around goes around.

### COIN SPIN GAME

The player and the opponent will (at the count of three) both spin a coin of the same size (i.e. two dimes or two quarters) and whomever spins longer will get one point. The first person to get three points wins the game. If the coins rolls or leaves the table and hits the floor, but still spins or moves, it is still in play. The two contestants may try to have their coin strike the other player's spinning coin. Objects cannot be introduced to the playing area after spinning has begun. Breathing or otherwise fanning air onto the playing area is strictly forbidden.

## Green 4: Isle of Canna (Isle of Attractive Youths)

### STORY

After that they came to a island, and there was a great plain therein, and on this a great tableland, heatherless, but grassy and smooth. They saw in that island near the sea, a fortress, large, high and strong and a great house therein adorned and with good couches. Seventeen youths come down to greet your boat, and give you a bath before being brought up to the ruler of the castle.

Each sailor is given a partner, wined and dined and fine garments are bestowed upon them. Three months pass (i.e. the player loses one turn after completing this game) and it seems like three years despite the luxury. You are told that as long as you stay here, the passage of time will not touch you, yet some in your group yearn to return to Balla Chulish.

One day while the ruler and the youths are out of the fortress to serve justice to the farmers of the land, the crew sneak down to the ship and prepare to leave the island.

The ruler and her youths hear of the action and rush to the beach and the ruler throws a ball of yarn out to the ship and it clings to the player such that the player cannot release themselves, and the ship is hauled back to the shore, and 2 more months are spent on the island.

A hermit tells you that it is your love for the ruler and her children that makes the ball cling to you. So you order another man to grab the ball of yarn on your second escape, which happens in the same way. And when the man catches the ball of string, the sailor's hand is chopped off so that you can leave the island. The ruler and the children cry pitifully for their loss.

A fishing hermit then tells you:

### PROVERBS

There are ways to capture things beyond your grasp

### LASSO GAME

The Player and opponent each make a lasso out of string and take turns holding an upright immobile thumb at the edge of their side of the table. The player, without crossing their side of the table, tries to throw the lasso over the finger. If they miss, it is the opponents turn. Each successful throw is one point and entitles them to another immediate throw. First person to reach 4 points wins.

## Green 5: Isle of Rona (Isle of the Pillar)

### STORY

You see another island (standing) on a single pedestal, in other words, one foot supporting it. And you rowed round it to select way into it, and found no way thereinto; but saw down in the base of the pedestal, a closed door under lock. You understood that that was the way by which the island was entered. And they saw a crowd on the top of the island; but they held speech with no one, and no one held speech with them. Every day, it notched up one inch to the dismay of some and delight of others.

You (then) go away back (to sea.) A hermit on a nearby rocky shoal is hunting crabs, by tossing a plank over two rocks and thereby traversing from one rock to the next. He explains the wisdom of the caber;

## PROVERBS

It is not a matter of who goes farther, but who remains straighter of the course.

A drowning man will grasp at even a small stick.

## MINI CABER GAME

A Sheet of paper with a straight line down the middle is laid in the middle of the table. Taking turns, the player and opponent take a pencil by the point, resting vertically at the end of the paper, and with a quick flip of the wrist flip the point up and over so that the point lands facing away from them, as straight as possible. Remove the stick between throws. Whose ever pencil lands straighter gets one point for the match, and judges may have to decide here. First to 4 points wins.

## BLUE ISLANDS

### **Blue 1: Isle of Arran (Isle of Swine and Birds)**

#### STORY

You arrive at another great island, after great weariness of hunger and thirsting and all the crew is sad and sighing, having lost all hope of relief. In that island were many trees: full-fruited were they, with great golden apples upon them. Red fiery short animals like swine were under those trees. Now, they used to go to those trees and strike them with their hind-legs, so that the apples would fall from the trees, and then they would consume them. From dawn to sunset the red animals did not appear at all, but they used to stay in the caverns of the ground. Round about that island many birds were swimming out on the waves. From Morning to noon further and further they used to swim from the island. But from noon to evening nearer and nearer they used to come to the island, and arrive therein after sunset. Then the birds used to strip off the apples and eat them.

One of the crew went to see the island, and he called his comrade to him on shore. Hot was the ground under their feet, and they could not dwell there for its warmth, because it was a fiery land, and the fiery animals heated the ground above their cages. For the few precious moments between the birds and the animals, the crew would gather apples and repair back to the safety of the boat.

On the first day they brought with them a few of the apples which they were eating in their boat. So then they filled their boat with the apples as seemed good to them, and went again to sea. A hermit in a nearby cave says;

#### PROVERBS

A single table, used in shifts, can serve an army.

#### SWINE & BIRDS GAME (see board)

On a chess board, in two opposite corners, place a different color marker. On the remaining spaces place a penny. The player begins and moves his piece like a knight on the chess board, and takes the penny for one point. The opponent then does likewise, taking turns. If either person takes the other person's piece, they win. You cannot pass. Otherwise, the game is over after 16 moves each, and the one with the most pennies is the winner. Players loses in a tie.

### **Blue 2: Isle of Colonsay (Isle of Sheep)**

#### STORY

You spy another island, with a brazen palisade, which divides the island in two equal halves, and you perceive great flocks of sheep therein, with a black flock on this side of the fence and a white flock on the far side. And you see a big man separating the flocks. When he used to fling a white sheep over the fence from this side to the black sheep it became black at once. So, when he used to cast a black sheep over the fence to the far side, it became white at once. The men were adread at seeing that.

One of your sailor flings a rod with black bark on the side wherein were the white sheep, and it became white at once. Then they flung a peeled white rod on the side wherein were the black sheep and it became black at once. The sailors refuse to land on the island, but the shepherd calls out to you:

## PROVERBS

When the fool does not succeed in bleaching ebony, he then tries to darken ivory.  
If you lie down with dogs, you'll rise with fleas.  
Where you stand is where you sit.

## REVERSI GAME (see board)

Using a 6 x 6 board shown at the end of the game, put two pennies face up and 2 face down in the center of the board, like an Othello board. Then the player may put down a face up penny anywhere on a square touching another penny on the board. All the pennies between the two face up pennies will be turned face up, like in Othello. The two gamers may choose to pass. 10 seconds is too long for a move.

## Blue 3: Isle of Eigg (Isle of the Rich Man)

### STORY

Thereafter they come to another lofty island, wherein were four fences, which divided it into four parts. A fence of gold, first: another of silver: the third fence of brass: and the fourth of crystal. Kings in the fourth division, queens in another, warriors in another, maidens in the other. Each gazed longingly at the other's territory.

A maiden went to meet them and brought them on land, and gave them food. They likened it to cheese; and whatever taste was pleasing to anyone he would find it therein. And she poured liquor to them out of a little vessel, so that they, slept an intoxication of three days and three nights. All this time the maiden was tending them. When they awoke on the third day they were in their boat at sea. Nowhere did they see their island or their maiden.

Then they rowed away, and a fishing hermit calls out to their boat;

## PROVERBS

The strongest fences and prisons are the ones we build in our mind.

## DOTSS & BOXES GAME (see board)

Using the board at the end of the game, the two gamers take turns (opponent goes first) connecting two adjacent dots anywhere on the board vertically or horizontally. Five seconds is enough time to think. If a player completes one or two boxes by drawing a line, then they write their initials in that box(ex.) Each box will be a point at the end of the game. You may not pass.

## Blue 4: Northern Skye (Isle of the Board)

### STORY

As you land on the beach, you see a mighty chieftain and his bodyguards standing on a hill besieged by a numerous ring of villainous foes. Although the bodyguards are equal in strength to the villains, the villains seek to attack the bodyguard from behind while one attacks in the front, thereby overwhelming them. The chieftain seemed torn between the valor of remaining behind and dying, or escaping to gather his clansmen. The chieftain breaks through the siege with the help of his bodyguards and joins you in the boat, and asks you to convey

him to the next island so that he may call on his kinsmen to revenge themselves against the Campbells. He laments;

## PROVERBS

Two men are an army to one.

## FIDCHELL GAME (see board)

The generally theory is that there is a "king" in the center, with a few bodyguards around him, and about twice as many enemies lined up at the edge of the board. The king's strategy is to escape to the edge (or corner of the board for an extra challenge.) The enemy's strategy is to capture the king. Both sides proceed by alternating turns. Captures are made by either side by moving two of their pieces such that they are on directly opposite sides of their opponent's piece (but not diagonally), which is then removed from the board. I call this "squeezing" or "pinching" them. All pieces move like rooks in chess and can move horizontally or vertically, as many spaces as they wish, so long as no one is in the way. There are many variations that try to limit the inherent advantage of the king slipping through the net of the enemy to freedom.

Only the king can occupy the center or the corner spaces. King must be captured on all four sides. The enemy cannot occupy both squares adjacent to a corner at the same time (diagonally one square away is fine, I think.) A piece can be "squeezed" against a corner square or the center square by a single piece on the opposite side.

A player may move into and rest on a space between two of the pieces of the opponent, without dying, in effect, requiring the surrounding opponent to move away and then back to effect the capture. The king and his defenders cannot enter the original squares held by the defenders at the beginning of the game.

## Blue 5: Isle of Harris (Isle of Gates)

### STORY

The island is studded with large wooded post with gates swinging about on the posts. Many sheep graze the rich grass amongst the heather. Shephards close the gates to direct the path of the sheep. It is a tranquil place, but once, says a shephard, "the gates were once fixed in place, making it difficult to reach new meadows, when old ones were shorn, and there was disagreement on which direction the sheep should use to cross the island. And great tragedy resulted when wolves ate the sheep, and some fell off the cliffs, while the shepherds argued amongst themselves."

He then adds:

## PROVERBS

Consult with your neighbour before building a fence, or you'll have to rebuild it or make it taller.  
Better a weak trusted neighbour over the fence, than a strong brother over the sea.  
Fences keep things out, as well as keep things in.

## STOPGATE GAME (see board)

The player is assigned the white dots and the opponent the black dots. By taking turns, the player starting, each person will connect two adjacent dots of their own color (horizontally and vertically) and try to stretch a line from one side of the court to the opposite side, while also blocking the plans of the other person. They may attach more than one line to a dot on following turns in their quest to get to the other side. You cannot cross another's line.



## RED ISLANDS

### Red 1: Isle of Jura (Isle of the Path)

#### STORY

The island has two large mountains nestled together that dominate the scenery. At the base are two lonely cairns of rock covering the graves of past chieftains of the north and south halves of the island, respectively.

One king was particularly evil and was misguided by his Druid advisor after his death about the path to his ancestors. He was told to go left at one cairn, right at the next and left again, in this way he would find the Land of the Young. He is still traveling this pathway without release.

A hermit on the shore relates that if you can walk a figure eight around the cairns three times, with your eyes closed, without touching the cairns, then a great treasure will be discovered. He concludes with a local saying:

#### PROVERBS

Never stray from the path of a chief, no matter how attractive the byway.  
He can't walk straight whose mind is bent

#### WALK GAME

Place two chairs about 5 feet apart and then blindfold both the player and the opponent. If either can walk a figure eight path around the chairs three times (without touching them, or assistance from others) then they automatically win, with ties favor the player. Otherwise, whoever is judged to have done better will get the coin. Two tries are permitted to each player.

### Red 2: Isle of Barra (Isle of Pride)

#### STORY

On this flat island there are two vertical rocks supporting a low stone in front of a well, surround by a high stone fence. These were built in the distant past when people were of a much smaller stature. Over the years, the attending hermit says, people grew taller, but the entrance to the well provided them a lesson in humility to local lords, since they had to dismount and crawl through the gate to visit the well. It is also said that the surface of the water rose up and down with the movement of the tides, and that if one could catch one of the small fish with his teeth, by leaning over, then he would be selected as chieftain of the island's population.

The hermit then adds;

#### PROVERBS

Many of life's highest prizes can only be gained by lowering your pride.  
Everyone has a master, to whom they must bend knee.

#### BITE THE BAG GAME

Place a large paper bag (say 26 inches tall) on the floor, and have each person take turns trying to bend down and grip the bag with their teeth. Their hands may only touch their own body, and only the soles of both feet may touch the floor. No leaning against any props. The player begins. If they cannot grab the bag, the opponent may try. When both succeed 2 inches are removed from the bag's height and the player starts first again. Each person is allowed three attempts at each height.

If only one person succeeds at a height, they win. If both can't succeed the noone wins.

### Red 3: The Kyle of Lochalsh (The Misty Sea)

#### STORY

You then voyaged till you entered a sea which resembled green glass. Such was its purity, that the gravel and the sand of that seafloor were clearly visible through it; and they saw no monsters nor beasts therein among the crags below, but only the pure gravel and the green sand. For a long space of the day you were voyaging in that sea, and great was its splendour and its beauty.

You afterwards put forth into another sea like a vaporous cloud and it seemed to them that it would not support the boat. Then you beheld under the sea, down below, roofed strongholds and a beautiful country. And you saw a beast huge, awful, monstrous, in a tree there, and a drove of birds circling above the tree, and flocks round about the tree and beside the tree an armed man, with shield and spear and sword. When he beheld yon huge beast that abode in the tree, he fled thence. The beast stretched forth his neck out of the tree and set his head into the back of the largest ox of the herd and dragged it into the tree, and devoured it in the twinkling of an eye. The flocks and the herdsmen flee away, at once, and a greater terror and fear seize your crew, for they supposed that they would never cross that sea without falling down through it, by reason of its tenuous mist below them.

So after much danger, they pass over it. And a nearby otter, with a shell and rock clutched on its chest, pokes his head out of the water and speaks to you in the tongue of men;

#### PROVERBS

Let not the left hand know what the right is doing.  
When the fox starts preaching, look to your hens.  
The lion that roars is not the one that kills

#### GRAB THE ROCK GAME

The player holds a walnut (or similarly easily grasped object) in their hand in the middle of the table. The opponent hovers above the open hand and without warning tries to grab the walnut. The player will try to close his hand quickly, but not before the opponent has made a full-fledged attempt. If the opponent grasps the walnut, he gets one point. Then the two switch sides. The grasper cannot wait more than 30 seconds, but may do one feint per turn. Each side will try five times. Best score wins, player wins a tie. The on-lookers will judge if either has acted dishonorable and accord points.

### Red 4: Western Skye (Isle of Three Winds)

#### STORY

The currents are swift here and the winds are fierce, and the inhabitants have mighty chests to survive, since the gusts of wind literally try to steal the air from your lungs. They worship the spirits of the air here, claiming that the air, is often unnoticed when still, yet its absence or movement cannot be denied.

Leaning against the gales, a young champion from the village swaggers down to your boat's landing place to challenge you to the contest of the three winds. His chest is larger than a horse and his voice makes the bones of your head shake.

## PROVERBS

God made the sea, we make the ship; he made the wind,  
we make the sail; he made the calm, we make the  
oars.

## THREE WINDS GAME

There are three challenges. If the player wins, they will get a free turn immediately after receiving the coin and have no trouble with weather for the next two moves.

**Balloon Game:** using identical inflatable objects (no bigger than a basketball), both people will try to explode the balloon with the might of their lungs. One point for the victor.

**Breath Game:** Both people on the count of three will clamp their mouth shut and pinch each-other's nose shut. The last to open their mouth will gain a point. They may twist eachother's noses, but not too fiercely.

**Cup Game:** If one still hasn't won two points, the third game is played to break the tie. Both players must drink an equal size glass of beer and slam an empty cup on the table. Judges will gauge the winner by speed and amount spilled or remaining in the cup.

## Red 5: Northern Minch (The Tappist Monk)

### STORY

Here in the space between the Inner and Outer Hebrides there is a dangerous realm of barely emerging rocks that seek to rip apart your boat's hull. Your sailors struggle valiantly and steer a course through the perilous region with advice from some friendly seals who show you a narrow pathway through the rocks.

As you emerge you note a barefoot hermit on a wet rock, wearing only a brown leather cape. He brandishes a large knife and challenges you to a game, noting;

### PROVERBS

The five fingers are not equal  
The knife does not know the owner's hand

### SPOON TAP GAME

The player and the opponent will take a spoon or pencil (or knife if they are stupid) and lay their dominant hand on the table. Then at the same time, they will begin the tapping game. A warm-up is permitted. Starting with a tap outside the thumb, then a tap between the thumb and first finger followed by a tap outside the thumb. Then a tap between the first and middle finger, followed by outside the thumb. Continue in this way until you get to a tap outside the pinky and then returning back to the starting point outside the thumb. The first player to complete three cycles wins. The taps must touch the table, but hitting the fingers on the way down is acceptable, if painful.

## ORANGE ISLANDS

## Orange 1: Mull of Kintyre (The Three Pyramids)

### STORY

The plains of this long peninsula are littered with cairns of past chieftains, heroes and great bards. In between are long stretches of heather and rock-strewn rubble. The largest of the cairns is the height of six grown men standing on each-others' shoulders, and the locals claims that the chieftain wished to be buried inside standing up, but not having enough rocks, they were forced to bury him in a sitting position. At one time he ruled both Ireland and Scotland, and when he went to war in Ireland, he would hold his troops on his shoulder and stride forth across the ocean to make war in Ireland.

In front of his cairn are three poles. Rocks with holes drilled in them are placed over the poles. The local priest explains that whoever can transfer the stones from this side to the other side by a set formula will gain the wisdom of Cormac's experience. He then adds;

### PROVERBS

You must sometimes go back a step in order to advance two.

### MOVING PYRAMIDS GAME

Unless you have time to make three sticks and round objects with holes in them, you can use coins. On two identical sheets of paper draw three 2 inch circles number (from the left #1, #2 & #3.) Place a quarter on circle #1, and a nickel on quarter, and penny on the nickel, and a dime on the top. In this way a smaller coin is always on a bigger coin.

The goal is to reconstruct the pyramid of coins from Circle 1 to Circle 3, and then rebuild it in Circle 1 in this formation. You can only move one coin at a time, and it must be from the top of the stack in any circle. You can move a coin onto the top of any stack in the three circles, as long as it is smaller than the coins underneath it. Both people will simultaneously see who can complete this puzzle quicker will win. They can start over if confused. If after four minutes neither has finished, then there is no winner.

## Orange 2: The Isle of Coll (The Monastery of Skulls)

### STORY

The monastery on the island has a crypt carved into the living rock of a beach cliff. There are eight rows of cubicles high and eight columns wide. All are stuffed with the heads of the various abbots and saints and healers who have lived and studied on this island since the ancient days. Half of them are painted blue, since they are men. Once a year, they are all taken down carried around town, and a game is played before they are placed in the cubby holes again. The only bit of advice that the young monk will pass to you is;

### PROVERBS

Do not let your enemy's successes go unmatched or unchecked.

#### SKULL STACKER GAME (use chessboard)

This is basically a version of Connect Four. Taking turns, beginning with the player, the people will put a skull (i.e. a penny or a nickel) on the lowest available square of a column (use a checkers or chess board.) When they get four squares in a row, horizontally, vertically or diagonally they win.

### Orange 3: Isle of South Uist (St. Columba's Well)

#### STORY

You find another wide low island, with a golden rampart around it and the midst of it white like down. They see therein a man, and this was his raiment the hair of his own body. Then they asked him what sustenance he used. Verily', saith he, 'there is here a fountain in this island. On Friday and on Wednesday whey or water is yielded by it. On Sundays, however, and on feasts of martyrs good milk is yielded by it. But on the feasts of full moons, and of Oimeic and of Midsummer and also on the high tides (of the year), it is ale and wine that are yielded by it.' At noon, then, there came to every man of them half a cake and a piece of fish; and they drank their fill of the liquor which was yielded to them out of the fountain of the island. And it cast them into a heavy sleep, from that hour till the morrow. When they had passed three nights of guesting, the cleric ordered, them to go. So then they went forth on their way, and afterwards bade him farewell. Before you leave, he offered to show you a game of wisdom and a piece of advice:

#### PROVERBS

Aim for the heights and depths

#### BOMBARDIER GAME

The game requires a picture of beer (or water if you're poor) and a shot glass. Plays take turns with a handful of clean dimes or pennies into the pitcher, trying to get them to land in the shot glass at the bottom. To ensure that the shot is tough players must place their elbows on the top of the pitcher and drop the dime from that height.

If you don't get the dime in the glass, you must pour out and drink an ounce of beer. If you get the dime in the glass, your opponent drinks 2 ounces. First player to get three points wins. If you totally miss the pitcher, than you lose the game.

### Orange 4: Isle of Muck (The Fishing Wharf)

#### STORY

A full week were they voyaging, in hunger and in thirst, when they discovered a great, high island with a great house therein on the seashore and a doorway out of the house into the plain of the island and another door (opening) into the sea, and against that door there was a window of stone. That valve was pierced by a head-size hole, through which the sea-waves were flinging the salmon into the midst of that empty house. After this they beheld a decorated bed for the chief of the house alone, and a bed for every three of his household, and food for three before every bed, and a vessel of glass with good liquor before every bed and a cup of glass on every vessel. So they dined off that food and liquor and they give thanks to the unknown host who had helped them from their hunger. As you prepared to leave, you meat a hermit fishing nearby the island says;

#### PROVERBS

It is foolish to scorn advice, but more foolish to take all advice.

Men don't eat what they want, but what they can catch.

#### FISHING GUM GAME

Each person will take a pencil with 2 feet of string hanging from it. At the end of the string is a wad of wet chewing gum. Scatter twenty-one small penny-size scraps of paper (pink if possible) on the floor between the two sitting people. At the start of the judges, they will race to drop the gum on to the fish and scoop them up on to the table, where they can then pull them off the gum with the other hand. The person with the most fish at the end will win. Three minute time limit.

### Orange 5: The South Minch (The Sinking Ship)

#### STORY

As you are traversing this rock-strewn stretch of open water, you notice a hermit floating in the waves, quite confused about his situation. When you approach closer, you notice his enormous boat below him about 20 feet below the surface. It seems to be in excellent condition. The hermit explains that a mosquito had bitten the leather walls of his boat as they left port, bound for the far western islands of the Outer Hebrides and by the time he had reached the Minch, the boat was completely awash and sinking. He is the last survivor from the boat. His conclusion was:

#### PROVERBS

A small leak will sink a great ship

#### SINK THE CUP GAME

To play, fill a glass with beer, eliminate the foam, and float a bottle cap on the surface of the beer. Take turns, with the opponent first, o pouring beer into the cap. Whoever sinks the cap must drink the whole cup and the other person gets a point. Resting your hand on the edge of the glass is considered unsportsman-like. First to get three points wins the game.

# SILVER ISLANDS

## Silver 1: The Isle of Man

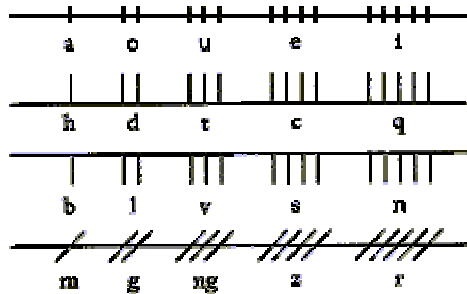
The people of this land have been ruled by many lords from different races and tongues. They have grown accustomed to sudden changes of laws, and ask you to instruct them in a different game whenever they land.

## Silver 2: Shillay (Isle of Three Kinds)

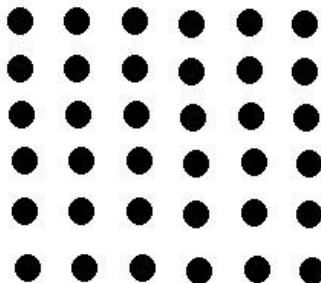
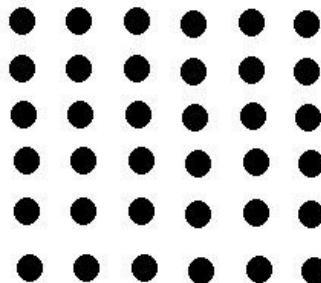
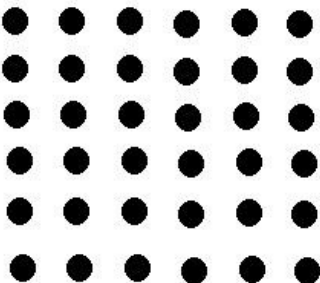
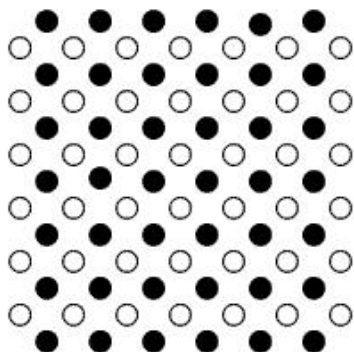
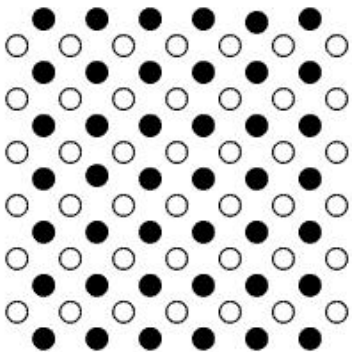
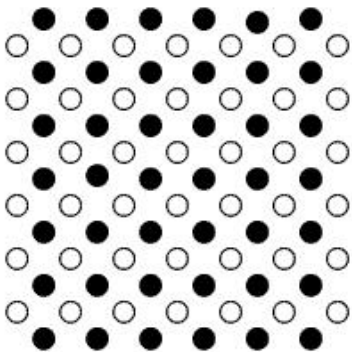
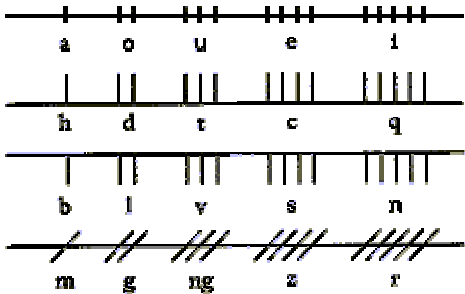
The island is only occupied by a herd of sheep in the mountains, seals on the shores, and a myriad of birds in the air. Each time someone lands, one of these creatures will ask you which game you'd like to play for a coin they bear around their neck.

## Silver 3: The Orkneys

The island bears no trees, merely numerous rings of rocks of past huts. One monk is found rolling rocks to make a new hut, for every night of the year. Each night he must do something different, and each time you meet him, he has a different task for you.



White 5  
Blue 5  
Blue 3



# GOLD ISLANDS

## Gold 1: Anglesey

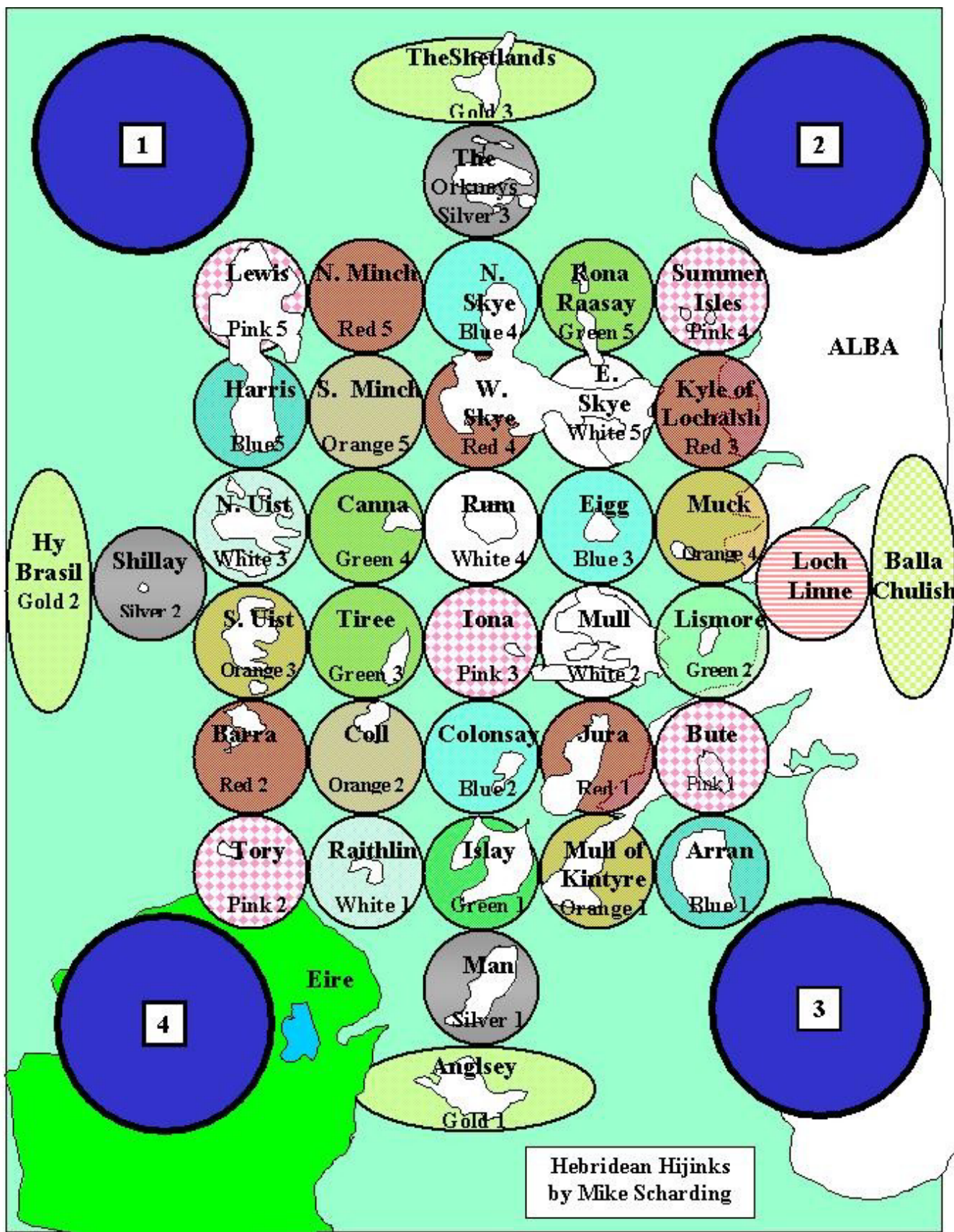
Peopled by people of a strange tongue, yet strangely similar. They are difficult to understand, and quick to change their minds. A different chieftain meets each arrival of guests, and always with a different task in mind to be performed in exchange for their treasure.

## Gold 2: Hy Brasil

This land is never found in the same location, and emerges only once a month from the waves for a day. Each time it is slightly different, yet mostly the same. A young maiden always meets you by the shore and bears the most recent decision of the island's council on the events to be performed.

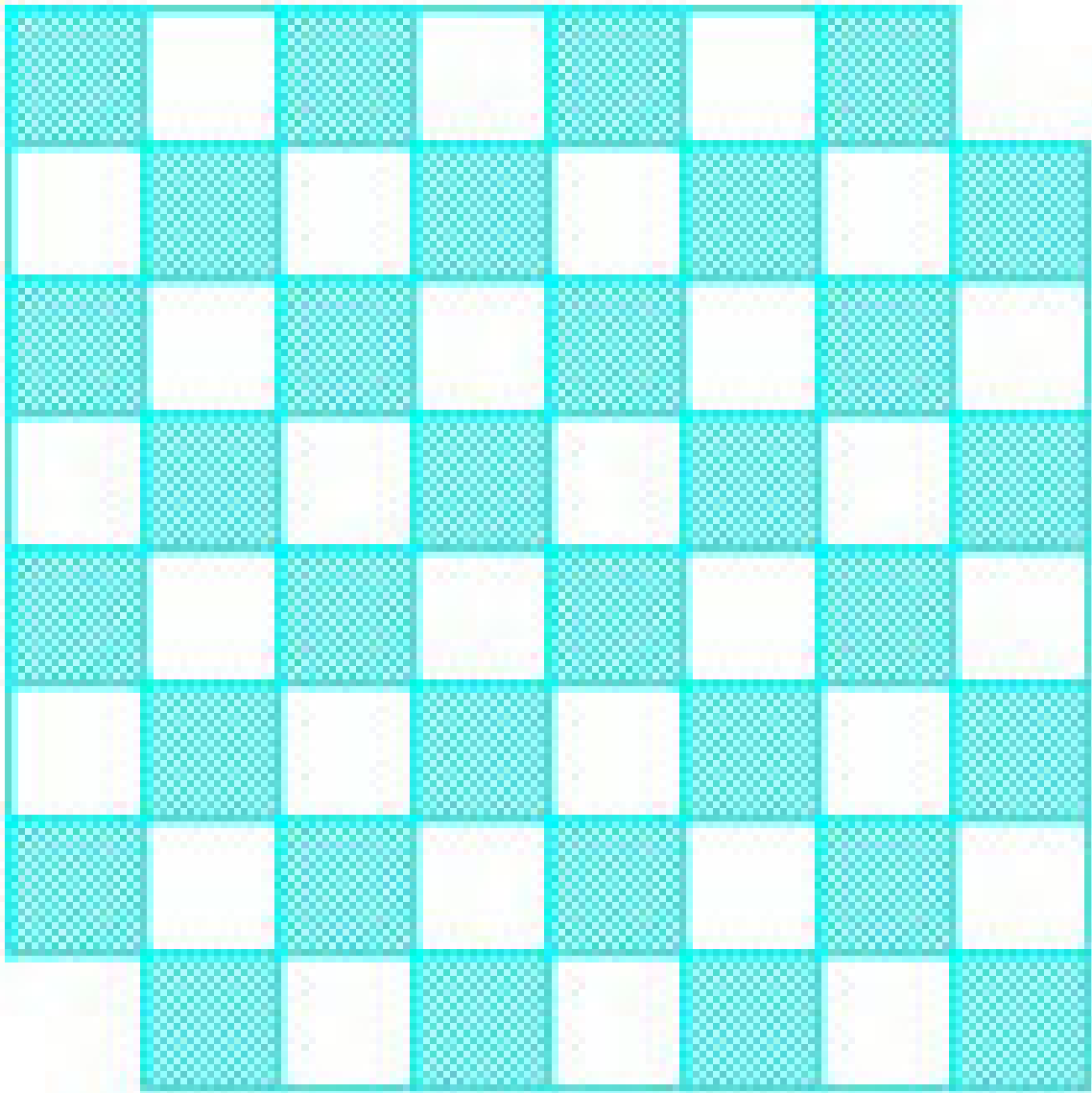
## Gold 3: The Shetlands

Far from the lands of others, they have grown quirky and perverse in their local talents, gained by sending young sailors abroad to learn the ways of others. Each islet permits only one visit per year, such that each islet resembles another larger island to the south in customs and ways. With the return of a sailor, they soon change again, such that no visit is the same.



Hebridean Hijinks  
by Mike Scharding

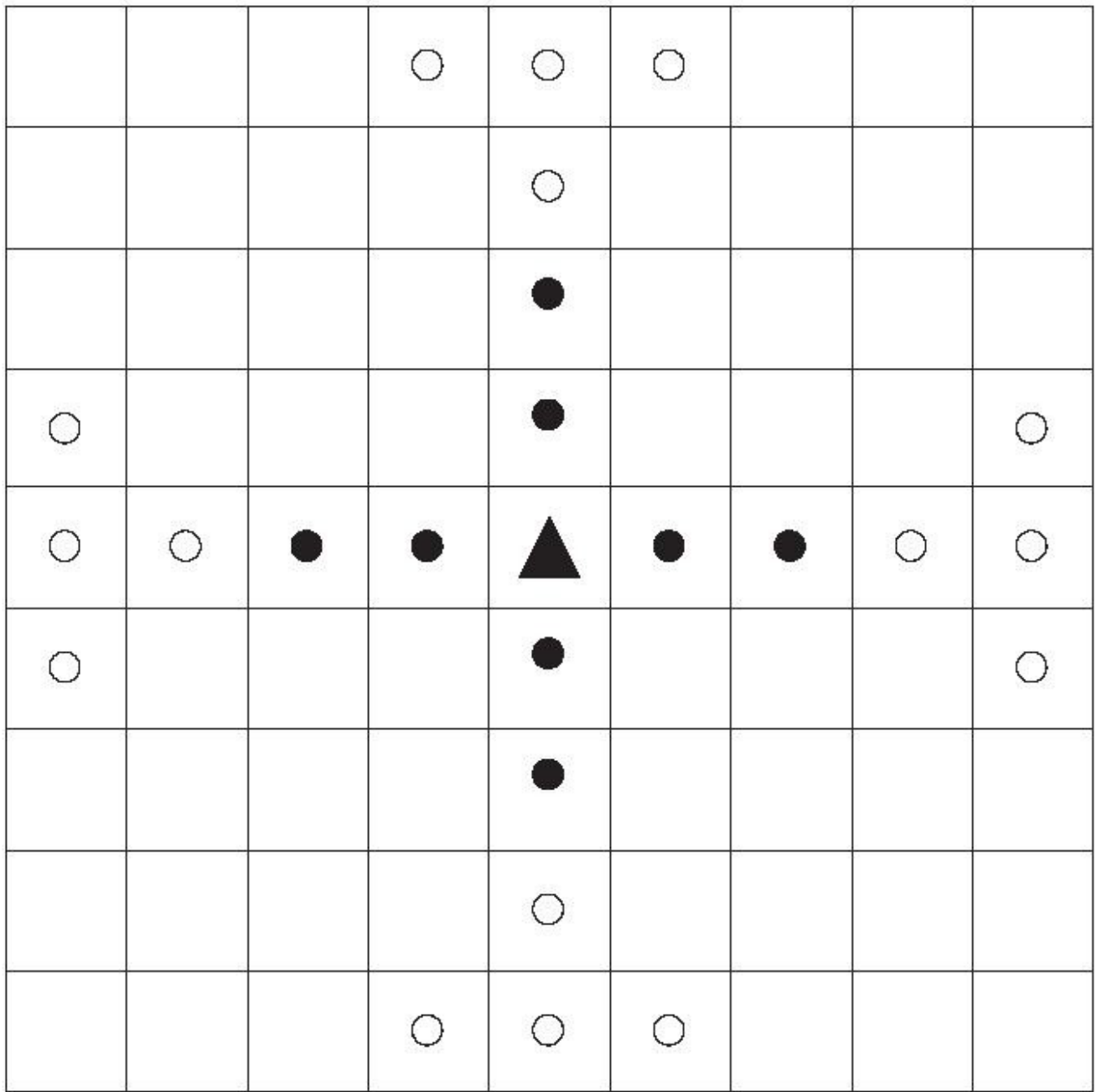
[www.geocities.com/mikerdna/hijinks.jpg](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/hijinks.jpg) for a color printing



Blue 1 use 8x8

Blue 2 use center 6x6 with a  
dark line sketched around it for clarity.

Orange 2 use 8x8



For use with Blue 1

# Brythonic Brew-ha-ha.

By Michael Scharding  
Game concept, board design and some graphics  
Copyright Feb 5, 2004

## Summary

The king of all Ireland grows old with no apparent heir. Rather than descend into civil war, the king calls to him the young heirs apparent of each of the four regions Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. He explains that the most important characteristic of a king is that they be wise, brave, skillfull and good at entertaining their guests at the mead halls. In order to acquire these traits he sends the young lads off to the Brythonic lands to the East, wherein they may learn from wise hermits, sages and holy people at the sacred sites in the countries of Cymru (Wales), Albion (England), Kernow (Cornwall), Breizh (Brittany) and Gaul. After finishing a series of quests and collecting the appropriate number of medallions, the first to return will be adopted by the king, and designated his heir.

## Important Notice

Drinking large amounts of alcohol, tea or food may make you sick and incapable of driving or walking home safely. Be sure not to endanger yourself or anyone else, and have an established way home by a designated driver or sufficient money for a taxi or a confirmed place to sleep it off until morning.

Most of these descriptions are reasonably accurate according to local lore, but some have been elaborated or added to from similar stories in neighboring areas. Do not use this as a definitive guide book to travel in that area. Sites of interest to those who play this game, and from which some text was lifted:

[www.mysteriousbritain.co.uk](http://www.mysteriousbritain.co.uk)  
[www.cornishlight.freesever.co.uk](http://www.cornishlight.freesever.co.uk)  
[www.faculty.de.gcsu.edu/~dvess/ids/medieval/wells](http://www.faculty.de.gcsu.edu/~dvess/ids/medieval/wells)  
[www.bath.ac.uk/lispring/sourcearchive](http://www.bath.ac.uk/lispring/sourcearchive)  
[www.bretagnenet.com](http://www.bretagnenet.com)  
[www.brittanytourism.com](http://www.brittanytourism.com)  
[www.visit-bretagne.com](http://www.visit-bretagne.com)  
[www.brittany-bretagne.com](http://www.brittany-bretagne.com)

## Movement Rules

Between two and six players can play Brythonic Brew-Ha-Ha, but the optimal number is 3 or 4. The number of necessary coins and number of attempts at each coin that are permitted during the entire game will vary to balance out game play, and should be agreed on before the game, depending on how much time you have. Should last 2-3 hours.

2 Players: Put 1 coin on each circle. To win, you need 2 or 3 coins of each color (+ 1 gold) , 1 chance on each circle.

3 Players: Put 1 coin on each circle. To win, you need 2 or 3 coins of each color (+ 1 gold), 2 chances for each circle.

4 Players: Put 2 coins on each circle (but only 1 on each gold.) To win you need 2 coins of each color (+ 1 gold), 2 chances for each circle.

5 or 6 Players: Put 2 coins on each circle. To win, you need 1 coin of each color (+ 1 gold), 2 chances for each circle.

## Limits on Coin Collection

The player may not take more than one coin from an individual circle. Nor may they take more coins than the necessary of any color as needed to win. If they acquire such a coin through contest, inheritance or normal game play, they must leave it behind on the island when they leave the circle.

## Preparing the Game

It is recommended that the board and coin labels be printed in color, or filled in with markers. Laminating the board is highly recommended, and taping it onto a 2 inch high box or book, to keep it above the wet table and easily moved off the table for cleaning.

Each coin's label should be glued or taped neatly onto a nickel. The appropriate coins should be stacked on their appropriate circle.

A player's acquired treasure coins may be placed on a shallow dish, or kept on their purple numbered circle on the board.

For the pieces of complicated games, putting the pieces in a labeled ziplock baggy.

The following items are necessary to be collected a head of time:

4 popsicle sticks per person as throwing sticks

A low box to go under the laminated game board.

Paper and pencils p6, p7, b3

Big bag of cleaned coins w1, g1, g2, g3, g6, g7, g8, r6

Pile of index cards w2

Sheets of aluminum foil w3

A set of scales (being two cups hanging from a ruler's ends and the rule suspended from a string in the center) w6

Lots of string in 8 inch lengths w7

2 decks of cards w8, o1, o3, o6, b2,

Four sets of chopsticks g4

Knapkins o5, g8

Handkerchief?

Styrofoam cups o4, r2

Uncooked onion or leeks r4

A pitcher & shotglass g5

Straws o2

Baloon o4

Matchbooks o7, r7



## Drinking Rules

We recommend that several pitchers of beer be bought at a time with group funds.

Unless otherwise stated, a drink equals enough beer to wet the tongue, perhaps  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  ounce at most. An average game will have an estimated 80-100 drinks, or about 5-8 soda cans over several hours. Players may choose to substitute a caffeinated beverage like tea, coffee or soda instead or choose to eat  $\frac{1}{4}$  cookie per "drink."

## Moving Rules

4 popsicle sticks (or squares of stiff cardboard, drink coasters, coins or other 2 sided objects) are used in the game. One side is white and the other is black (or some other system of marking.) If you can, make one set for everyone. Sticks are dropped about a foot off the table on their ends and counted;

- 1 white side up = 1 move
- 2 white sides up = 2 moves
- 3 white sides up = 3 moves
- 4 white sides up = 4 moves
- 4 black sides up = 5 moves

Players can move to any circle that touches their own circle (i.e horizontally and vertically), and can make "L" turns or "U" turns, even reversing back on their previous course. You jump over other players without harming them.

## Order of Play

Person to roll highest on the sticks will go first, and then rotate around the board clockwise. The order of events are as follow on a regular turn:

1. Weather Check The weather is very uncertain in Britain & France. Roll to check for storms: a "four" means a storm hits you and you cannot leave your camp and basically lose your turn. A "five" means you are hit by a storm or mist after leaving on the journey and get lost in the downpour and the next player in order can throw sticks for your move and thereby choose whichever direction they wish to move you.

2. Normal Move. Players may not pass. Roll to see how many circles you can move. Move your piece to the circle. If the player is the first to visit the circle, go to step 3. If the player is not the first visitor, but there is still a coin, go to step 11. If there is no coin, follow step 12. If the circle is occupied before you land on it, go to step 13.

3. Circle Description. Someone reads the description of the circle. Reader may elaborate.

4. Proverb Reading. The lesson of the circle is read. Only one is read and remains in use for the entire game.

5. Tapping. All players tap their cups three times and say "Pob lwc!" (pron. "pop-luk", meaning "good luck!") The last one to do so must drink once. If no person was discernibly last, no one drinks at all.

6. Opponent Selection. All the other players roll sticks, the player with the highest score is assigned the theatrical role of the opponent in the game. The assigned opponent does NOT have to relocate their ship to the circle. Note: in cases of occupied circles, the previous arriver is automatically designated as the opponent.

7. Rules for the Game. Rules are read, and materials prepared.

8. Game is played.

9. Decision. If the player loses, then he must drink one sip. If the player wins, they get the coin from the circle and all other players must drink once to praise the victorious player.

10. It is now the next player's turn, clockwise.

11. Previously Visited Circle with a remaining Coin.

The player must promptly remember and speak the general nature of the circle's proverb. Exact words are not necessary, but meaning must be conveyed well. (To prove that they were paying attention to the game play, and penalize players who leave the room for a short time.) The other players will judge the adequacy of the circle's visitor's memory.

If the player can't remember it or can't express it well, then the player must drink once and do steps 3-10.

If they can remember the proverb, then do step 6-10.

12. Empty Circle with no coin

The player must remember and speak the general nature of the circle's proverb. The other players will judge the adequacy of the circle's visitor.

If the player can't remember it or can't express it well, then the player must drink once and start from step 3 and stop after doing step 5.

If they can remember the proverb well, that's the end of it, and then it's the next player's turn (i.e. Step 10.)

13. Occupied Circle Rules

Sometimes an circle will already have another player on it. As usual, he repeats the proverb on circle, and get approval from other players.

If poorly worded, the player drinks once and go to step 3 and the other occupant of the circle is automatically designated as the opponent.

If the proverb is worded well, go to step 7, with the opponent automatically being the other occupant of the circle. If there are more than one other occupant, the player landing there can choose the opponent.

If there is a coin still on the circle, and the player wins, they get the circle's coin. If the player loses, the opponent gets the coin (if within their limits.)

If there is no coin on the circle, and the opponent has a coin from that circle (or a coin of the same color as that circle,) the player may take that coin and the opponent drinks twice. If the player loses, then the player drinks twice and the opponent can take one coin of that circle's color (if within their limit.)

If there is no coin on the circle, and the defeated opponent does not have that circle's coin, or one of the same color, the player may choose any coin from the defeated opponent's treasury (a gold coin can only be taken after a special throw of sticks with a 4 or 5 result.) If the player loses, the opponent may select one from the player in the same manner.

If the circle has no coin, and the opponent has no coins, then the defeated opponent drinks thrice. In the same way, if the player has no coins and loses, then the player drinks thrice.

Naturally, A player cannot take a coin which puts them over the limit per color, or more than one coin from the same circle.

## Judging Rules

If a player contests the result of the game or a point of order; both parties will explain their position for up to two minutes. Players may wish to have a permanent judge selected at the beginning of the game, perhaps a bystander. Otherwise, judges are all the other members of the game (i.e. those not involved in the dispute) and attentive by-standers get one vote. Judges close their eyes, speak together “1,2,3!” and blindly point at the player of their choice, and open their eyes. If a tied decision results, the judges must drink twice and a revote is taken after a quick conference of judges. If tied again, judges again drink twice, and the plaintiff wins the debate. The loser of the decision must drink twice.

## Special Rules

### No Pestering Rule

A player cannot consecutively land on the same circle as another player. Every other round is okay, though.

### Plain Sight Rule:

Players must keep their coins on their edge of the board so that people can see how many coins they have and which circle they are from. Penalty is 2 drinks each round that they refuse after a warning.

### No Cheating Rule

If anyone caught egregiously cheating, they must defend their actions to the judge(s), with normal judging rules. If they lose the decision then they drink thrice and lose a turn.

### No Stealing Beer Rule

Players may only drink beer when the rules require it, and not out of turn. Players should not purposely lose a contest in order to drink. Judges decide the guilty decision. Penalty \$2 into the pot for the winner of the game.

### Taboo Rule:

Certain words are forbidden on the ocean by sailors. If a player says “rabbit/hare”, “iron” or “potato,” in any language, then they drink twice for each infraction, and their next move will have a storm sweep them off course. A player may appeal to the judges.

### No Team Rule

Players should not be in cahoots with each other. If an opponent is suspected of playing half-hearted against another player, to give them an easy victory, then they may be judged by their peers as cheating.

### No Interference Rule

If anyone is judged as willfully \*and\* significantly interfering in a contest between two other peoples, then they drink thrice and lose one coin of the choice of the offended plaintiff.

### No Leaving Rule

Players who leave the table for any reason other than buying more beer or food, must pay a penalty of either 3 drinks or return one coin to the board. Punishes weak bladders.

### Sick Rule

If a player can no longer drink or eat, due to extreme nausea, they may continue to play without doing so, at the discretion of the judges.

### Quit Rule

If a player must quit the game, all coins that they have return to the board on their original circles.

## Special Circles

Four Circles of Ireland: The starting point of the game, once the players leave, they cannot return until they have all the necessary coins to finish the game. They must land exactly on it. Once returned, they are safe from losing coins, but may continue to be selected as a random opponent during the landings from other players trying to finish. Players may not enter the circle of another province of Ireland.

Gold Circles: A player must be within 3 coins of the required total coins to finish the game to enter a gold circle. When a player lands here, a randomly selected opponent gets to choose any contest they wish from the board's options. If the player wins they get a gold coin, and all other players drink; if the player loses, the player drinks twice. If a player lands on an occupied gold circle, they must choose the occupant as an opponent, and if they win they get his gold coin (if he has one.) But if they lose, then they also lose a coin of the occupant's choice. There is no limit on the number of attempts for a gold coin.

## Finishing the Game

When a player has collected all the necessary coins, and gotten their gold coins, they must battle their way back to their home province of Ireland. After landing there, they may continue to be selected as a random opponent, or as a judge, but may choose not to drink anymore.

## Optional Rules

### New Circle Rules

The players may collectively decide to replace an circle's game, before starting, with another game and decide a new proverb for it.

### Good Story Rule

Any player coming up with a good related story to the locale or legend.

### Time Limit Rules

The group may collectively agree in the beginning that the game will end at a certain time, and the players with the greatest number of coins will win the game.

### Gambling Rules:

Each person puts 10 dollars or 10 quarters in the pot. The payout at the end of the game is as such, and if they quit, their share is distributed to other players.

2 player 75%, 25%

3 Players 66%, 33%, 0%

4 Players 50%, 35%, 15%, 0%

5 Players 40%, 30%, 20%, 10%, 0%

6 Players 30%, 25%, 20%, 15%, 10%, 0%

# The Circles

## PINK CIRCLES

### Pink 1: Llanfair

#### STORY

You approach a small town of a few huts by a river and ask a neighboring farmer of its name. "We don't like to talk about it," he replies. When pressed, he explains, "it's called Llanfairpwllgwyngillgogerychwrndrobwillantisilgogoch, which means the Church of Saint Mary by the rushing waters of the whirlpool by the red cave of St. Tsyioch." You ask why the name is so long and he replies, "There isn't much else to do around here to fill up the conversation." You ask where the hermit's cave is, and he replies, "We don't like to talk about that either," and walks away. He however turns, and points to the east and says'

#### PROVERB

From a little, a lot can be made.  
A single event can be interpreted in a 100 ways.  
All love the lamb, but cook it in a different way.

#### TELEGRAM 12 LETTERS 5 MIN GAME

The hermit's game involves the player and opponent being given a sheet of paper and twelve random letters (perhaps a polysyllabic word) and then 3 or 4 minutes to make as many English words by arranging and rearranging the letters. The most acceptable words will win, ties favor the player.

### Pink 2: Liverpool

#### STORY

The very streets are crawling with long-haired bards and minstrels trying to woo and seduce the ladyfolk of the town. Not a man, but a lute in hand; and not a woman but eating pate du fois, the local favorite dish. None speak, but converse in rhymes and verse and run scamper like monkeys. The most popular test of a lover's enthusiasm is to make them cross the treacherous sands in the bay at low tide, full of quick sand and quickly rising tides. Not many wish to visit Liverpool as a result, and their persuasive talents are being stretched by an advertising campaign in the works. One marketer says to you;

#### PROVERB

A good catchword can obscure analysis for 50 years.  
A good performance's message will not soon be forgotten.

#### JINGLES GAME

Player and opponent are given a sheet of paper and three minutes to compose a jingle and verses to advertise a new product for sale, selected and scored by the judges.

### Pink 3: Cadir Idris

#### STORY

On the summit of Cader Idris there is an excavation in the solid rock which resembles a couch or seat for a giant who once gazed upon the movements of the heavens from there. It is said that if anybody remained in the seat of Idris for a night on one of the "three spirit nights," for the person who did so would die, go raving mad, or become a poet. Mysterious lights are, it is said, to be seen on Cader Idris on the first night of each New Year

These stones were haunted by the ghosts of Druids, who were in the habit of punishing wicked people by beating them, and were particularly hard in their treatment of drunkards. A man fond of drink slept there one night, and his experiences were terrible. He declared the Druids beat him first, and then whirled him up to the sky, from which he looked down and saw the moon and stars thousands of miles below him. The Druids held him suspended by his hair in the mid-heaven, until the first peep of day, and then let him drop down to the Duffryn woods, where he was found in a great oak by farm-labourers. He lived long enough only to tell the tale.

One of the nearby farmers relates;

#### PROVERB

Easy words will be hard to say if your heart and will are not ready.  
The difference between genius and madness is the ability to interact with society.

#### TONGUE TWISTER GAME

The player and opponent try to say one of the following phrases (same for both) the fastest three times. One judge assigned to each, must start over with any flub.

I saw Susie sitting in a shoe shine shop.  
Where she sits she shines, and where she shines she sits.

How can a clam cram in a clean cream can?

Send toast to ten tense stout saints' ten tall tents.

The thirty-three thieves thought that they thrilled the throne throughout Thursday.

I wish to wish the wish you wish to wish, but if you wish the wish the witch wishes, I won't wish the wish you wish to wish.

Hassock hassock, black spotted hassock. Black spot on a black back of a black spotted hassock.

Green glass globes glow greenly.

Excited executioner exercising his excising powers excessively.

### Pink 4: Cardiff

#### STORY

You enter the most segregated market-town you have ever seen. Dogs with dogs, Cats with cats, lawyers with liars... Fruits are in the eastern part of the square, meats in the west and so on. When you ask a merchant what they sell, they list every type of food in that category, even if they do not sell it, because they like to give their customers more options. They do so because the lord of the town, Sir Drinksalot Cocopuff, sometimes dresses in the clothes of the commoners, and wishes to hear proof that he has the biggest market in the land. Whichever merchant has the most "goods" for sale wins a bag of gold. A nearby hermit begging for food butts in and explains;

## PROVERB

Even the commoner may know the names of the trees in the forest, but the expert knows the bushes, vines, and herbs.

## SIR DRINKSALOT GAME

Today, by chance, the Lord has come to market and mistakes you and a nearby stranger for a merchant. The judges pick a category with many objects like (sciences, fruits, professions.) The player and opponent must say "Drinksalot, drinksalot \_\_\_\_\_." Filling in a word of that category. The pace must be very quick and missing the rhythm, repeating a spoken word, or saying the wrong category is grounds for losing. However, if a person fails, the likely victor must immediately say one more object in the category, to prove the possibility remains to continue.

## Pink 5: Scilly Islands

### STORY

Since ancient times, the Scilly Islands have been separated from Cornwall's peninsula by a shallow stretch of sea that sometimes becomes dry during unusually low tides. And it used to be one island, but overzealous mining has reduced it to five small remaining nubs. During those low tides, the peoples wheel large quantities of mined tin to the mainland and transport it to a navigable port for export. To celebrate this event, the people return to their island and engage in enormous festivals where the entire crowd imitates the increasingly complicated dance instructions of a traditional choreographer.

The choreographer invites you to the festival that begins today and she comments:

## PROVERB

When people are free to do as they please, they usually mimic each other.

## DANCE MIMIC GAME

The opponent will make a single dance move and the player will try to imitate it. Then the player adds a second move and the opponent must perform both moves. In such a way the game continues until there are 10 dance moves or one of the people makes an egregious error. Small errors are acceptable to the judges. If 10 moves are satisfactorily completed, the player automatically wins.

## Pink 6: Westbury Horse

### STORY

There on the great green sward on a gently sloping hill is an enormous figure of a galloping horse, cut deeply into the lower layer of limestone, stretching 150 meters across and 80 meters high. The legend is that it was carved hundreds of years earlier over a horse's grave, by a grateful king to a white horse that miraculously rushed onto a battlefield, at a time of great need, and carried the king to safety. The horse afterwards would give him advice on matters of ruling the land. Every one or two hundred years, the horse disappears for a night to be re-shoed at Wayland's Smithy, and returns larger and facing the opposite direction.

It is said that, horses that graze there are reputed to more clever than average, and chalk taken from pits is said to make the artist more skillful in drawing. A nearby hermit writes the following message on a black slate;

## PROVERB

The quieter you become the more you can hear.  
A listener needs more intelligence than a speaker.

## LISTEN & DRAW GAME

The game involves the player slowly describing a person or place to the opponent for 2 minutes, while the opponent sketches it. Then, without showing the picture, they switch roles. The pictures are then judged based on their drawing ability and accuracy.

## Pink 7: Paris

### STORY

Once upon a time there was a poet whose words enchanted man and beast and the city of Paris hired him to charm the rodents out of the city, where they plagued the population. He composed an epic poem about cheese, and a land without cats, and leaky bags of grain; and so bewitched the rats that they followed him out in the forest and beyond the mountains. When he returned a week later, they refused to pay, and so he brought back the rats, plus all the gophers, skunks, rabbits, voles, shrews, mice, and wild boars that he could find. A plague ensued, and wiped out half the population, and he was accused of Biological terrorism and sentenced to hang. The boars were roasted, and a new industry in bacon was invented.

The wealthy local rat catcher then reverently explains;

## PROVERB

Poets & pigs are appreciated only after death.

## RHYME GAME

The player and opponent takes turns, player first. The player says a word, the opponent must quickly reply a word that rhymes with it, and so on. If one cannot continue, the other player must add one more word to show that it was possible to continue. Any repeats or unacceptable rhymes are cause for losing.

## WHITE CIRCLES

### White 1: Holyhead

#### STORY

The two hermits who used to live on this island lived by a well, and divided the dioceses by traveling in this manner. Madog traveled east facing the rising sun of the morning and returned facing the setting sun in the evening. Cadwgan traveled west in the morning and east in the evening. Madog was suntanned, healthy, well-liked, but nearly blind; Cadwgan was wan, cold, poorly liked, but sharp of sight. Every evening they would play a game and count the number of birds that returned to their dove houses. Madog was glad to count the ones that returned home, but Cadwgan noticed those that did not return on-time. Madog lived to twice the age of Cadwgan.

Your local guide explains;

#### PROVERB

People do not count what they are given, but what they are refused.

#### QUICK EYE COUNT GAME

The player grabs a handful of coins and drops them on the table. The two people have up to 10 seconds to count them and shout the number once, after that a judge covers them. Whoever first shouts the correct number wins. If neither are correct, then neither wins, and a second handful is dumped on the table. Continue until someone wins.

### White 2: Winnifred's Well

#### STORY

Winnifred was a local woman who had traveled the world widely and returned to this little village and set up a hermitage to share her knowledge of medicine and matters of the advice to both local people and passing travelers. She rejected the advances of a lord, and her head was lopped off, rolled down a hill and a spring burst from the ground where it stopped. She reattached the head, and lived many years after that. Near her death, she again removed her own head and dropped it in the well, so that her spirit would answer the questions of those who visited the white pebbly well whose moss smells of incense.

The caretender of the shrine explains that those who can answer a question that she can't are rewarded, because;

#### PROVERB

Different doors have different keys.

Little known facts may answer great riddles.

Learning without thinking is labor lost, thinking without learning is perilous.

#### TRIVIA CARDS GAME

Each of the judges take two cards and write a question and its answer on it and shuffle the deck and then begin to ask the player and opponent. The first to answer the question properly, and to the judges satisfaction, gets one point. First to get 5 points wins the game.

### White 3: Llanfihangel Yew Tree

#### STORY

Planted over two millennia ago, this unique, enormous tree in the corner of a church yard is still the pilgrimage point of a great number of people in the region. Four times a year, unusual lights are seen at night on the branches. People come and attach figures of cloth or beaten-metal to the branches in hopes that they will come true. Those most skillfully done, are most likely to become true according to the local hermit, who dismisses the skeptics by commenting;

#### PROVERB

Criticism comes easier than craftsmanship.

#### FOIL YOUR FOE GAME

The player and opponent are both given a sheet of aluminum foil or origami paper and are instructed by the judges to create some type of object. They have two minutes to do so. The most creative or well-sculptured object is the winner.

### White 4: Glastonbury Tor

#### STORY

The lone standing tower on this hill, is at the center of an enormous maze etched on the side of its slopes. Once, this hill was historically in the midst of a shallow bay, that has long since silted up and left it amongst dryland. But in ancient days, a wise man from the Mediterranean came with a cauldron and a sacred thorned branch and planted it in the ground, and it came back to life and grew to enormous size. People come and attach symbols of their sorrow to the thorns and hope that the griefs will remain behind, attached to the tree. The catch is that they must do it blindfolded and must not use a thorn already used by another, and there are few spaces left open, such are the numerous griefs in the region.

A nearby pilgrim weepingly adds;

#### PROVERB

For every 100 people striking at the branches of evil, there is one striking at its roots.

The largest tree was once a seed.

On an unknown path, it is better to be slow.

#### TREE OF THORNS GAME (SEE BOARD)

The opponent takes a thorn chart and secretly place four clothes on the nine thorns of their chart. The player then, takes another chart and places it on the table and (one at a time) circles a thorn between 1 and 9, and looks to the opponent. The opponent then silently writes an X if it is already filled and draws two lines through the circle if it is an empty space. The player gets five guesses and need 3 successful ones to win. If he guesses all five correctly he gets another turn.

## White 5: Cerne Abbas Giant

### STORY

An enormous figure of a man with a club and an erect member is carved into the limestone substrate of this wide hillside. The locals say that a giant used to live in this area of the hills and that he would capture local travelers, brigands, even lost warbands, and hang them from the forest that used to be here. One young lady went to a hermit and asked for a way to rid them of the giant since her home village was on the other side of the hill and she wished to visit her mother more easily. The hermit gave her a magic shovel, dipped in Austin's well during the morning rays of four holy days, and told her that anything she dug a hole around would not leave without her permission.

One day, she rolled an enormous keg onto the hill and the giant got drunk and fell asleep. She quickly cuts a large outline around him with the shovel and when he awoke she refused to let him leave for many months until he shrunk to half his size; she let him leave, but swore that his soul and virility could not leave from the outline; and thus she used this to blackmail him into performing useful services for the town for many years, and later married him and moved away. The local villagers make sure the outline has never become overgrown, lest the giant revert to his old ways and return.

A villager also adds;

### PROVERB

It is no fun to hang a man who doesn't object.  
If you're fated to be hung, don't worry about drowning.  
Never talk about a rope in the house of a hanged man.

### HANGMAN GAME (SEE BOARD)

The opponent thinks of a famous phrase or proverb, and the player has to guess letters in a game of hang man. The opponent draws a body part for each mistake. Ten misses and the player is dead (1 head, 1 body, 2 hands, 2 feet, 2 arms, and 2 legs in a pentagon shape.)

## White 6: Isle of Wight

### STORY

A long time ago, this island was a separate little kingdom and a wise white-haired king ruled over its people for a century. His judgments were always just and impartial, and all disputes were quickly resolved. When he died, his spirit continued to settle cases by speaking a small voice from within this alabaster crypt. He would ask the two concerned parties to stand on either end of a rocking white granite stone and the more righteous party would always rise and the mistaken party would drop, regardless of their actual weight.

A nearby hermit who cuts the grass notes;

### PROVERB

Equality in injustice is justice.  
Before you judge your neighbour, walk a mile in his shoes.  
In all things, find a balance between extremes.

## SCALES OF BALANCE GAME

Tie two large paper cups or small buckets to a stick's end, and suspend the stick by the center to make a simple scale. Then the opponent will place an assorted mix of objects both light, heavy and indeterminate weight on the table. The player will tell the opponent to lift and put which objects into the two cups. Then the opponent will lift the scale off the table and if the objects are reasonably well balanced, the player wins.

## White 7: Channel Isles

### STORY

The fishermen who leave her in the treacherous channel between Albion and Gaul have known great tragedy and heartbreak. When the two lands are not at war with each other, the very sea clashes one wave against the other. Not trusting either side, they people have become very independent and rugged, and cultured, although illiterate.

Many have died in shipwreck and sunken ships during storms and piracy. When their bleached bodies are found weeks later, the only way that the relatives can recognize their loved ones is by the intricate knotting of the tassels on their clothing, blessed by the hermit Malo on the annual pardon festival.

Noting that you'll have to travel later across this strait, the locals teach you their skills and note;

### PROVERB

A string is useful until a rope is found.  
Every knot has an unraveler among the Gods.

### KNOT DIFFICULT GAME (SEE BOARD)

Take the sheet of knots at the end of the game. The judges will call out a knot from the list, and the player and opponent will rush to complete the knot first with their own string, while looking at the sheet. Whoever finishes first correctly wins. If there is a virtual tie, then the one whose knot is more skillfully done will win.

## White 8: Carnac

### STORY

A holy man named Cornely was seen leading a wagon of precious goods led by two white oxen by a farm. The two farmers asked him where he was going, he said "To Carnutes to make sacrifice to stop the invaders." "You'll be there tomorrow" the farmers advised. "What are you growing?" Cornely asked. "Oats," they replied. "They will be grown tomorrow, good men" Cornely said, and tossed a large stone off the back of the wagon, saying "all should take off their hat when passing it to thank the good farmers." The next day, the oats in the field were ready for harvest.

Some Romans came the next day searching for Cornely. The Romans asked the farmers who said Cornely passed the day before and had instructed all to doff their hats at this point. The Romans ignored the advice, and marched towards Carnutes, and had not gone more than 1000 steps when their limbs froze and they humped over, into thousands of tall stones in rows. Apparently, Cornely made it to Carnutes in time.

A local hermit says if you and your friend mark two unblemished stones with the same symbol, you will die with your friend at an old age. He then asks you to help catalogue the stones, noting;

**PROVERB**

A scholar's ink lasts longer than a martyr's blood, but one changes the past, the other will change the future.

**MEMORY GAME**

The aces, deuces and face cards are stripped from the deck and the remaining cards are shuffled and placed on the board in a square pattern. The player, then the opponent, take turns turning over two cards at a time. If they match, they are removed and the person gets another turn. If they don't match they are returned to the face down position, and it is the next person's turn. The person with the most cards wins, ties favor the player.

**GREEN CIRCLES****Green 1: Llyn Cerrig Bach****STORY**

Amidst the twisted remains of an ancient forest, degenerating into swamp, there is a bubbling murky pool of a few acres in size here, with a 11 foot cliff at one end and stony outcroppings along the edges. Under the windswept cliff, on the shore, there is one flat and low rock, and one somewhat higher, with a cup-like depression in the middle. In the murky waters are said to lie great treasures, thrown into the bottomless depths to prevent the arrival of the invading hordes of Roman legions. Previously, the pool had been used by locals who would toss a coin onto the flat rock and if it bounced into the taller one's cup, it would be propitious.

**PROVERB**

The harder you land, the higher you bounce.

**COIN BOUNCE GAME**

Take a low cup, and the player and opponent take turns bouncing coins into the cup filled with beer. Each player gets 10 turns. Person with the highest score wins, ties favor the player, and the loser drinks the beer.

**Green 2: Alderly Edge****STORY**

Not many years ago a farmer was taking a white horse to market and a white-clad old man in an ancient style of clothing stopped him and asked to buy the horse. The farmer refused, hoping for a better price in the market, but strangely no one would purchase it. On his return, he agreed to sell it, and followed the old man up to the face of the sandstone cliffs of Alderly Edge. The old man tapped the wall, and a crack opened and they went inside. Hundreds of great armored warriors were asleep inside, with a white horse by each, and a sword in each hand. The old man directed the farmer to a pile of treasure, and instructed him to take as much as he could carry, and the great wizard lay down to sleep, tired from his most recent journeys. The farmer took the money and when he emerged from the crack, he could not again see where the entrance had been.

An enormous stone ball is inscribed with pictures from the event. A local stone merchant shows you a handful of those coins, that he has collected from farmers, which are said to have once come from that cave. He says;

**PROVERB**

A spinning coin will keep it's balance.  
A rolling stone gathers no moss.

**COIN SPIN GAME**

The player and the opponent will (at the count of three) both spin a coin of the same size (i.e. two dimes or two quarters) and whomever spins longer will get one point. The first person to get three points wins the game. If the coins rolls or leaves the table and hits the floor, but still spins or moves, it is still in play. The two contestants may try to have their coin strike the other player's spinning coin. Breathing or otherwise fanning air onto the playing area is strictly forbidden.

## Green 3: Great Orme Copper Mine

### STORY

Since the end of the age when we used only stone and antler, this area has provided the metals we needed to make our tools of copper and bronze. The tunnels snake throughout the hills, and no man knows them all, or dares explore them all, for it is said that the hills are hungry and that one miner must die every year for the ores to be found. Those miners brave enough to delve into the secrets of these mines, are paid in copper pennies every week. Their wages are as many pennies as they can balance on their elbow and catch in the hand of the same arm.

One grimy miner with large hands is having his lunch, and he explains to you;

### PROVERB

No matter how hard the hand tries, it cannot grab its own elbow.

### COIN CATCH GAME

Player and opponent place one penny on their elbow and then snap their hand and try to catch the falling penny. If both catch a penny, they add a second penny, until only one person has caught more than the other. Ties go to the opponent. They get 2 retakes during the course of the whole game.

## Green 4: Tinkin's Wood/Carleon

### STORY

A wild bandit lives in these woods and assault people as they traveled through this forest. He uses only sticks and staves, but is most skillful in their usage and delivers the treasure to the local folks once a year, on June 22<sup>nd</sup>. After easily disarming you, he throws your traveling money and two bags down on the ground by your feet. He says that he'll give you a chance to win it back, by proving if you really want it. Whoever can put more of the money into their bag using only two sticks will keep all of it.

### PROVERB

He who embraces much collects little.  
The slow horse reaches the mill  
Many hands make the work light.

### CHOPSTICK CHALLENGE GAME

A big handful of peanuts and/or popcorn are put on the table and each person uses a pair of chopsticks to pick up and transfer the food into a styrofoam cup that is resting on the table. Whoever gets more pieces will win, and all ties will favor the player. If the player loses, the opponent can take any single color coin from the player's treasure and put it on the Circle. Future players can later choose that coin instead of a Green 4 coin, if they'd prefer it.

## Green 5: Bodmin's Moor

### STORY

The largest in Cornwall, the Bodmin Moor stretches 15 miles in each direction, full of wet land, sink holes, quicksand and the bottomless Dozmary pool, said to be connected by a tunnel to the very ocean itself. It is said that Arthur had Sir Bedivere cast the sword Excalibur into this pool, whereby it was conveyed back to the Lady in the Lake for safe keeping.

Jan Tregeagle, who had swindled several local people, and was summoned in a court case, suddenly died before the time of the trial. The judge did not relent, and the spirit was forced to leave hell to give testimony at court. The judge took pity on Tregeagle, who did not wish to return to hell, or let him escape to heaven, and so assigned him three impossible tasks; to make a 40 yard rope of sand, to cut down the trees of Dartmoor with a young haddock for an axe, and to empty Dozmary Pool of water using only a leaky limpet shell. If he could accomplish these, he would be permitted to go to heaven. The demons agreed that it was a fair judgment.

Locals will not approach the pool because they fear the Black Beast of Bodmin Moor, a black panther, the size of a man who prowls the moor. It is said that the Beast is one of the original Hell Beasts assigned to interfere with Jan Tregeagle's works, by carrying a large mouthful of water every day to refill the pool.

A local marsh hunter says that an object thrown from the beach into the exact middle, will emerge a week later at the beach and will cure sores. He advises;

### PROVERB

Even the straightest shot may not land where the eye intends.

### BOMBADIER GAME

The game requires a picture of beer (or water if you're poor) and a shot glass inside it. Plays take turns with a handful of clean dimes or pennies into the pitcher, trying to get them to land in the shot glass at the bottom. To ensure that the shot is tough players must place their elbows on the top of the pitcher and drop the dime from that height.

If you don't get the dime in the glass, you must pour out and drink once. If you get the dime in the glass, your contestant must drink twice. First player to get three points wins. If you totally miss the pitcher, than you lose the game.

## Green 6: Plouha Cliffs

### STORY

These are the highest cliffs in Brittany, over 105 yards above the crashing waves, while gulls and cormorants circle above the two small islands in the harbor. It is rumored that the sons of two feuding chieftains, were good friends, and wished to resolve the dispute without the shedding of blood. Gweltez tells Marrec that they should ride horses towards the lip of the cliff and the one who stops furthest from the edge will lose the contest. Unfortunately, as Gweltez tried to reign in his horse, it stumbled on the rock, and Marrec reached over to try to catch him. So great was their speed, that they are said to have landed far out in the bay, forming the two islets that shelter the bay.

A child collecting ferns and gorse near the site explains;



**PROVERB**

When you are pushing yourself and others to the edge, make sure you don't fall over it.

**PLOUHA CLIFFS GAME**

The goal of the game is to push coins toward the lip of the opposing side of the table, and come closest without going over the edge. The player and opponent take turns, with one point for each victory. If both go over the edge, then no-one wins the point. Nine tries, first to get 5 points or best score wins, ties favoring the player.

**Green 7: Le Havre****STORY**

Much of the fish comes here to the mouth of the Seine river inlets that provide safe harbors for many fishing fleets. The tide plays an important role in the life of coastal Brittany, which has the largest variation between high and low water in western Europe. In this bay, the water level difference can reach 50 feet (15 metres); the sight of the incoming sea racing over several miles of sand is spectacular. The sea used to power many tidal mills along this coast, and their ruins are a common sight.

Once a great king, after defeating all his rivals, was being flattered by his advisor, who said that even the waves would obey the command of such a great king. So the king took his throne and sat upon it on the beach and calmly awaited the tides. His valet desperately tried to get him to higher ground, but the king acknowledged that he saw the waves were coming, but trusted his advisors' words so far. The next day, the advisor became the new king.

A shell gatherer finishes the story and then says;

**PROVERB**

Never forget what your eyes have seen for what your ears have heard.

We were given two ears and one mouth and should use them in that proportion.

**SLAM THE QUARTER GAME**

The two opponents take one quarter in one their four fists so that the player does not know which is it. The two opponents then slams the four palms on the table and the player must guess which hands the quarter is not under, with one palm being revealed at a time. This happens three times. The player must win twice.

**Green 8: Ys****STORY**

Gradlon the Great, king of Cornouaille of southern Brittany had the marvellous capital of Ys built for his wife, who died after bearing his only child. Dahut was his dearly beloved daughter, born from a mysterious queen taken during a pirate raid. Since Ys was built below sea level, Ys was protected by great sea-walls, and only Gradlon had the key for the lock-gate.

Dahut dreamed of a city where only riches, freedom and the joy of living would reign. So, she gave a dragon to the townspeople, which captured all the merchant ships at sea, except those whom she had blessed. Ys soon became the richest and most powerful city in Brittany. Every night Dahut took a young sailor to her palace, the night before his first foray out of the city locks. He wore a black silk bag and had to chase for her along the cliff tops at night. Those who returned rarely died in

battle and were never lost at sea. Many sailors did not return, and this disturbed Guenole who had lost a cousin in this manner.

One day, a prince dressed all in red came, at Guenole's request from the ocean. Dahut immediately fell in love with him, but he told her to steal the key to the lock-gates from her father while he was asleep, and he would give her dominion under the waves, whereas now she ruled above the waves. As soon as she gave the key to the prince, he disappeared, then the water rushed in upon Ys. The great city had gone to the seabed instantly. The townsfolk changed to dolphins and seals, and it is said she was turned into a mermaid, to await the time when Ys would rise from the sea again. She sings with beautiful voice to attract fishermen and kill them. They also said that when the weather is very quiet, people hear the bells ring from the disappeared city.

The king barely escaped, and later went to found the city of Paris, which in Breton means, "Like Ys." When he died, a weeping statue of him was raised to face the direction of Ys.

**PROVERB**

A gallon of water can drown the mightiest warrior.

**ATLANTIS SINKING GAME**

A strong wet paper napkin is stretched over a cup of beer and a rubber band hold it in place. A quarter is placed in the middle. In a smoking environment, players take turn burning complete holes through the napkin with the cigarette. In a non-smoking environment a sharp pencil can be used or the players can simple continue to stack dime on the surface of the napkin (not touching the glass lip.)

## BLUE CIRCLES

### Blue 1: Castle Rigg

#### STORY

Here in the rolling valleys, and remnants of forest are scattered many stone circles. The largest of which is Castlerigg and Long Meg & her daughters. It is thought that this was once a place of meeting and festivals with special ceremonies held here for the best athletes and bards in the games. Both victors of body and mind were given a stone to commemorate their accomplishments. It is said that on full moon nights, when no one is watching, the stones throw off their mantles and compete in races and dances for an hour. Any crops planted nearby are always stunted and stamped down by mysterious forces.

The area is littered with small pebbles, said to be the offspring of these great stones, and are much prized by local children for games. A shepherd gives you one and notes;

#### PROVERB

Once the avalanche has started it's too late for the pebbles to vote.

One finger cannot lift a pebble.

#### GO MOKU GAME (SEE BOARD)

On the Go Moku pebble board, players take turns, putting pennies and nickels on the boards cross-points, trying to put four stones in a row. They can place them anywhere on the board, that is unoccupied.

### Blue 2: Llanddwyn

#### STORY

As you land on the island, a herd of wild horses rush down to greet you and then run off to play in the hills. Dwynwen was one of 24 daughters of a 5th century Welsh king and saint, Brychan of Brecknock. The beautiful and virtuous Dwynwen fell in love with a Welsh prince, Maelon, who wanted to marry her, but their marriage was not to be. Some say that Dwynwen's father had already promised her to another prince. Others say that she realized she wished to live a religious life and did not wish to marry anyone.

In either case, Dwynwen distanced herself from Maelon and he became angry and bitter. Seeing his misery, Dwynwen fled to the woods and prayed for help. She drew a pail of water from a spring, which immediately released her from her heartache, but, when given to Maelon, however, turned him into a statue of ice. Again she performed ascetic exercises at the spring, and was granted three wishes: the first was that Maelon be restored; the second was that she should never wish to marry again; and the third was that all requests made by her on behalf of lovers would come true.

Her wishes were granted. In gratitude, St. Dwynwen became a nun and founded a church and convent. Her well, a fresh-water spring called Ffynnon Dwynwen, became a destination for pilgrims, especially for lovers. Over time she was also known for her ability to heal sick and distressed animals. A nearby star-crossed lover sighs and sadly says;

#### PROVERB

There is a key for every lock.

#### GOLDFISH GAME

A deck of cards is stripped of aces, deuces and face cards, and then one joker is added, and they are shuffled, beginning with the opponent, each person is dealt the cards. Pairs are immediately discarded upon notice. Beginning with the player, the two people take turns drawing one card from the other. Pairs are immediately discarded. They may rearrange their hand as they see fit. Last player remaining with a card in their hand is the loser.

### Blue 3: Arbor Law

#### STORY

An earthenwork three yards high and 20 yards wide is surmounted by a ring of 46 recumbent stones. Kings would hold annual court and hear grievances, before a nearby barrow that broods quietly, holding the bones of their ancestors, who will object to a bad decision. A great battle was fought not long ago between the Welsh and Saxons for domination of this region, and the Welsh won the area for another century. Some people said that the greatest slain warriors were laid on the stones overnight and that the very stars cried crystal tears on them until morning. They were then transferred to the barrow and now await the day when they will be called forth into battle.

A hermit living in a nearby cave greets you, soberly adding;

#### PROVERB

Your side of the battlefield is more often determined by birth than reason.

#### WELSH & SAXONS GAME

Divide a 11X17 legal sheet of paper into thirds. In the middle, draw four randomly placed circles around a dime, which will be trees and standing stones. Then the player and opponent draw 15 dime-sized circles on the third of the paper nearest to them, numbering them in order of firing.

Then with the player beginning, they take turns. Putting the pencil on one of their circle they close their eyes and draw a straight line across the board to the other side. If it hits a center circle the arrow is blocked. If it passes through without blockage and hits a player on the opposite side, it kills them and the circle is blackened. Shots do not continue through the first victim to hit another on the first shot. Once killed, though, a 2nd shot can pass through to hit another victim. Each soldier gets one shot in the game, if they are still alive, with a check mark being made after shooting. Whoever has the most soldiers left wins the game. Ties favor the opponent.

### Blue 4: Cardigan Bay

#### STORY

About 600 AD Cantref Gwaelod extended some 20 miles west of the current shoreline into what is now Cardigan Bay. It was an area of rich, low-lying farmland, with a healthy human population and 16 cities. However, it was prone to flooding and was protected from the waves by a system of sea defenses and dykes. Sluices were closed at high water to keep out the sea.

The job of sluice-keeper was an important one, so it was an unwise move by the king to put his loyal (but incompetent) friend Seithennyn in charge, because he enjoyed a glass or two

of ale, and he left the care of the gates to his subordinates, who left in care of the hired held, who left it in the care of itself. When asked to fix the rotting timbers, and rusted bolts, Seithennyn refused, saying that tampering with the work of the wise ancients, would only cause trouble and their hands would never equal the task.

One night a storm pushed a spring tide onto the sea walls and King Gwyddno was holding a party that night in his palace. Seithennyn was there, oblivious to the waves battering away at the sea walls; the sluices were left open and Cantref Gwaelod was inundated. The king and a few of his cronies ran to safety along a crumbling dyke, where he watched his beloved land disappear for ever. The sea took pity on the people and turned them into seals and dolphins, which abound here, and the deepest part of the bay is only 40 yards deep.

Remnants of a ridge going into the bay can still be seen, and during unusually low-tides, stumps of trees and buildings can still be seen in the crystal clear waters. Many sea battles were fought here also, but often misty mornings, which delay the onset of battle. A local fisherman calls out to you;

#### **PROVERB**

Small is his religion who must look for it daily.

#### **MINI-BATTLESHIP GAME (SEE BOARD)**

Each person takes a battle-ship grid (4 x 4) and hides three boats of two square size, horizontally and vertically. Beginning with the player, they take turns calling out co-ordinates and telling the other if there is a hit, miss, or if the ship has been sunk. Last one alive wins.

### **Blue 5: Offa & Wat's Dykes**

#### **STORY**

Two parallel great dykes of earth stretch north and south along the eastern border of Wales. The one to the east is Wat's Dyke and the one to the west is Offa's Dyke, although they sometimes cross. Legend has it that Wat's was an earlier Roman construction and Offa's was a Mercian work, but another legend tells of a great contest of engineers to settle a land dispute between neighbouring lords of Powys.

The legend was that whoever completed their dyke (with ditches on both sides) the furthest would use it as the boundary between them. Unfortunately, the Welsh took their time, making a marvelously well constructed Wat's dyke to the east using the best technology of the day, and Offa's dyke was bigger but sloppily built, and thus completed one day earlier, often collapsing in later years. As a result the Saxons won much land from the Welsh, and the Welsh begrudge the bargain to this day, as Saxons continue to "leak" through Offa's dyke.

Rumor has it that a Welsh man found east of Offa's dyke would have his nose cut off, and a Saxon found west of Offa's dyke would be hung from the tallest tree in town.

A nearby farmer calls out;

#### **PROVERB**

The ditch is the master of the field.  
Know your enemy's current path to win in the future.

#### **PIPELAYER FOREST GAME (SEE BOARD)**

The player is assigned the white dots and the opponent the black dots. By taking turns, the player starting, each person will connect two adjacent dots of their own color (horizontally and vertically) and try to stretch a line from one side of the court to the opposite side, while also blocking the plans of the other person. As a game progresses a player may run several lines from their dots, but must not cross the other player's lines.

### **Blue 6: Ogar Myrddin**

#### **STORY**

On the side of a mountain in a ravine is a crack covered by a waterfall, which leads up to a hole on the top of the hill, near which is a cromlech surrounded by a circle of stones. The crack is over a mile in length, and many of passages are too small to be crawled through, although a dog was once trained to go through with a string attached to it until it reached the other side, but the dog was sorely afraid when it emerged and died two months later. The crack was the boyhood home of an exiled young magician.

Under the cromlech, it is believed, an iron chest full of ancient gold is buried. Various attempts are said to have been made by the more greedy of the neighbouring inhabitants to dig it up, but they have always been frightened away by strange portents. Here then the guardians of the treasure are creatures of a supernatural kind, who it is said, enjoy a game of Gwydbwyll on a windy full moon in the fall. Where the leaves or dirt falls, that is where you should play the opponent's pieces.

A nearby bird hunter shows you up to the moon-lit cromlech and tells you;

#### **PROVERB**

The clever general doesn't give his foe time to think

#### **GWYDBWYLL GAME (SEE BOARD)**

The king's strategy is to escape to the edge (or corner of the board for an extra challenge.) The enemy's strategy is to capture the king. Both sides proceed by alternate turns. Captures are made by either side by moving one piece at a time, such that two of their pieces are on directly opposite sides of their opponent's piece (but not diagonally), which is then removed from the board. I call this "squeezing" or "pinching" them. All pieces move like rooks in chess and can move horizontally or vertically, as many spaces as they wish, so long as no one is in the way. There are many variations that try to limit the inherent advantage of the king slipping through the net of the enemy to freedom.

Gwydbwyll "wood knowledge" differs from Fidchell, in that sticks are thrown first and a score of 5 means you lose a turn.

Only the king can occupy the center or the corner spaces. King must be captured on all four sides.

The enemy cannot occupy both squares adjacent to a corner at the same time (diagonally one square away is fine, I think.) A piece can be "squeezed" against a corner square or the center square by a single enemy piece on the opposite side.

A player may move into and rest on a space between two of the pieces of the opponent, without dying, in effect, requiring the surrounding opponent to move away and then back to effect the capture.

The king and defenders cannot enter the three center squares on each side of the board.

## Blue 7: Modron's Well

### STORY

Here at Land's End is a famous well on a narrow neck of land, reputed to heal all afflictions and give children to barren women. To be efficacious, rags are tied to the tree, in which a wren sings, and when no branches are available, rags are tied onto the middle of the established rags. Nearby in Men an Tol, which has a large pillar and a might stone with a whole in the middle, which if a child is passed through 9 times against the sun, it will be hale and hearty all its life. The dew on the grass after the Solstice is also a cure for barrenness.

The local baroness in the nearby fortress maintains this pilgrimage site's well, by which drinkers sleep on a flat rock and hope for a healing dream, and yet she herself has never traveled beyond this small barony of 1000 acres. The tenants say she doesn't mind staying here, since;

### PROVERB

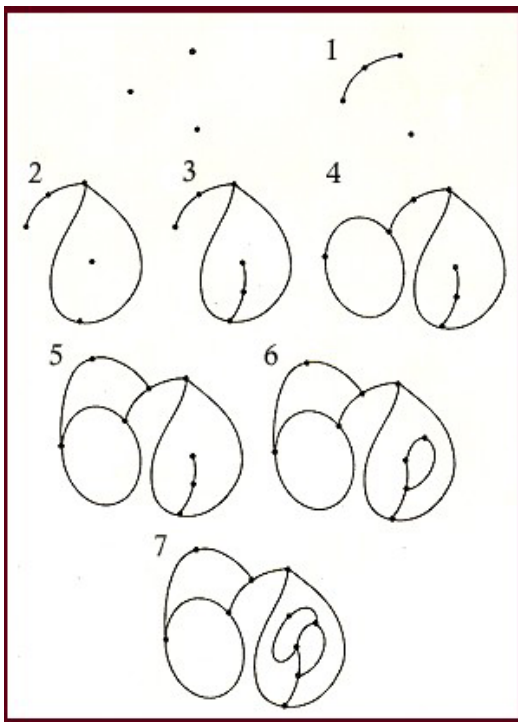
A narrow place is large to the narrow-minded.

### SPROUTS 3 DOT GAME

The players start with a certain number of dots scattered across a sheet of paper. A move consists of drawing either a line between two dots, or a loop starting and ending at the same dot. The player then places an additional dot somewhere along the new line or loop, usually in the middle of the length.

The line (or loop) may be of any shape, but it must not cross itself, cross a previously drawn line, or pass through a previously made dot. Furthermore, no dot may have more than three lines emanating from it. Hence, a new dot placed on a line actually has two connections already made.

Players take turns drawing curves. The winner is the last person able to play. An example is below.



## Blue 8: Dieppe

### STORY

Not far from Calais, and the narrowest part of the strait between Albion and Gaul, this area of Flanders is part of a region also known as the battleground of Northern Europe. Every great king seeking to become an Emperor has rolled through this flood plain to the lament of the local populations through the ages. Fields of red poppies and waving flowers are said to grow on battlefields and each marks the spot where a soldier or peasant has died.

A young rakish boy named Johnny, gives you a small bouquet of those flowers and says;

### PROVERB

When two elephants fight, it is the grass that suffers most.

### CRUSH THE PEASANT GAME (SEE BOARD)

On a chess board, in two opposite corners, place a different color marker. On the remaining spaces place a penny. The player begins and moves his piece like a knight on the board, and takes the penny for one point. The opponent then does likewise, taking turns. If either person takes the other person's piece, they win. Otherwise, the game is over after 16 moves each, and the one with the most pennies is the winner.

## RED CIRCLES

### Red 1: Cymru Shipwreck

#### STORY

Here in a shallow part of the bay, there is a sunken ship of Welsh pirates returning from a raid on Ireland, seeking to recapture all the vowels stolen from the Welsh language. It is reputed to have had a large batch of red-gold coins on board. It was sunken when an enormous gust of wind toppled the boat and it sank to the bottom. Sharks ate most of the crew within minutes. It is rumored that the captain went down with the ship, gripping the only life jacket and the treasure chest until the very end, such was his greed.

The ship is only 15 meters below the surface and local fishermen have tried to swim down to the boat, and one claims to have seen the chest on the deck half open, with the hand of a few skeletons still caught in the heavy lid. The fishermen adds;

#### PROVERB

Being a hero is by enduring one more minute than the rest.

#### NOSE PINCH GAME

The player and the opponent grab their adversary's nose and at the count of three hold their breath. The first to open their mouth will lose the game.

### Red 2: Newborough

#### STORY

A long time ago, Anglesey could be walked to by a tall man during the low tides, and many animals lived there that do not anymore, such as the wolf, bear and great elk. However until recent years, there were never any rabbits. One day a man brought a single rabbit across the Menai straits to this new town as a pet. Soon 10 rabbits were born, and a few escaped. Within 10 years, the sand dunes of New Borough were teeming with rabbits, much to the destruction of local plant life. The dunes were unmoored soon, and began to drift and bury the village. Efforts to eradicate them have been futile, since they are unusually clever. To this day the people refuse to even speak the name of these beasts which ravage the local farms.

A local boy in a rabbit skin vest explains;

#### PROVERB

A wise rabbit has three exits to its warren.

#### WELSH RABBIT GAME

The player is asked whether they wish to play cards or with cups.

If cards. A deck of cards is taken and one card of each type; ace through ten and Jack, queen and king, is placed face up on the table. A judge will call out a card and the first to touch it will get to keep the card. If you touch the wrong card, you lose one card. Most cards win. Tie goes to opponent.

If cups. Three identical Styrofoam cups are used. A light weight crumpled napkin is stuffed into one of the cups and the three cups are shuffled quickly by the opponent, and the player must guess which cup is the right one.

### Red 3: Dinas Emrys

#### STORY

King Gwrtheyrn tried to build his fortress on this location but the foundations would not hold and the walls fell to the ground. His advisors told him that if the blood of a boy, born of an unmarried maiden and a wizard, was spilled on the foundation then he would be finally able to build his fortress.

The young Emrys was brought along as the sacrifice. He prophesized that there were two dragons in a submerged lake under the hill, and that their constant fighting caused the tremors that shook the building to the ground.

The site was excavated and the pool drained. The fighting dragons escaped, one red and one white representing the Welsh and the Saxons. The king built a new fort at Nant Gwrtheyrn, and employed the young wizard.

A young man, descended from Emrys lives nearby and is the local champion in contests of strength and skill. He says;

#### PROVERB

Before you shake right hands, make sure your foe is not left handed.

#### THUMB WRESTLING GAME

The player uses a red marker on their thumb. Then they have a thumb war. Elbows must remain on the table and their other hand must hold their own ear.

### Red 4: St. Non's Well

#### STORY

Here on a narrow ledge is a small corbelled cave in the side of the hill facing the crashing waves of the sea, not far from the Prescelli Mountains, where the stones of Stonehenge were hewn. St. Non was the daughter of Cynys, king of Menevia ("Way of the moon") who wished to live a hermetic life by the ocean, but she was rudely wooed by Sanctus of Ceredigion. Her child was born at this site in the middle of a great storm, and a spring erupted at this site and little Dewi was born, the most famous Saint in Wales. He was quiet and reserved, yet told them on his deathbed "Do the little things that you have heard & seen through me." On the back wall, behind the pool of astringent water, is a circle with a large plus symbol in the middle.

A little girl is pulling onions and leaks out of a small garden near the shrine to feed the many pilgrims who are visiting to cure ailments of the eyes. She invites you to play with her, noting;

#### PROVERB

In this vale of sorrow, do not let your tears obscure your vision of the just goal.

What cannot be cured must be endured

#### STARING/ONIONS GAME

Both people will take a large chunk of an uncooked onion or leek and hold it in their teeth, and stare at each other. The first to blink will lose. Blinking counts as not being able to see the white part of either of their eyes.

## Red 5: Wayland Smithy

### STORY

Wayland was a grandson of the King of Norway and learned his craft from the dwarfs themselves. His love, a swan maiden, one day found the feathery cloak that he had stolen from her, and was therefore free to fly away. He awaited her return, working furiously to keep his mind off of her, thereby producing amazing works. The king of Sweden (then ruling over England) was jealous of his magnificent swords, hamstringed him and took him to Sweden, after stealing the most beautiful arm bracelet (which Wayland though had been taken by his wife, while he was on business.)

Wayland tolerated this, until he discovered the king's earlier theft. Wayland tricked the two Swedish princes to their death, gilded their bones and made presents to the unsuspecting king, bewitched the queen and left her with child, built a set of golden wings covered with flowers and flew back to England, meeting his wife on his return flight.

They settle down in this area, and his smithy produced many of the famous weapons and metal goods of heroes for the next century. They were more graceful. Although he was buried under his forge, it is said that if you leave your horse and a silver penny on the anvil, and return a day later, the horse will be re-shod.

A nearby tinker recounts Wayland's favorite expression;

### PROVERB

Strike the iron while its hot.

### ANVIL GAME

The opponent will place a nut, a watch, a shot glass and perhaps 2 other objects on the table, and guard it with a rolled up newspaper or flyswatter. The player will try to steal items from the anvil over the course of the next 60 seconds using only their dominant hand, making as many feints as they like, with up to 20 attempts. If their hand is hit, they must drop the object. They cannot slide objects, but must cleanly pick them up and take them out of the 2 foot wide circle of string. The player must get three of the five objects.

## Red 6: Silbury Hill

### STORY

This is the largest earthen mound in western Europe, and none know exactly why it was built. Much of the chalk used in its construction comes from the great ditches encircling the Avebury stone complex.

One persistent legend is that at the center of this enormous mound is King Sil sitting on his golden throne or horse, attended by his bodyguards.

Every year, the local people gather around the base of the hill and a large bag of coins is wrapped in a rag and thrown from the top into the crowd. The catcher must first spin 12 times before catching it, or the bag is thrown again.

A local farmer is building a large manure pile nearby, before going out to fertilize his fields. He comments;

### PROVERB

The more you step on the dunghill, the more you will stink.

## TOSS & KNOCK GAME

The player and opponent take three turns. Each will toss a coin in the air and tap the table with the same hand and then try to catch the coin. Whomever can tap the coin the most and catch it will win the tournament. Continue until ties are broken.

## Red 7: Ouessant Isle

### STORY

It is said that this was the home of nine maidens who attended a shrine with a perpetual fire burning on the hearth. Once a year, they would cross back to the mainland to find mates for a week and then return. Children would return to the mainland at age 5. Every 7 years, they would re-thatch the roof of the shrine, and invariably, one of them would trip (some suppose that she was purposely tripped) and the thatch she carried from the boat would touch the ground. The others would turn upon the unfortunate wretch and tear her apart, and then finish repairing the shrine.

To this day, the women hold all the posts of the council, as the men are often away fishing or doing labor in the fields on the mainland. A local landlady cautions the players to be careful with the ways of fire;

### PROVERB

Too much wax burns down the church

Although the fire of knowledge can be passed on, the receiver must know how to find new resources to sustain it.

### MATCH RELAY GAME

The two people will line up 9 matches each. Then they will simultaneously start the first match. As one match is dying they will try to light the next match. The one whose chain lasts the longest will win the game. If the player drops the match, it is considered dead immediately.

## Red 8: Fields of France

### STORY

Many great historical battles have been fought here by both sides, such that it would weary you to hear them all.

However there is one legend of a local merchant who wanted to send his son off to an academy to become an excellent shot, he noticed that on the trees lining the edge of the king's forest that each was marked with a white circle, with an arrow in the middle. He wondered what great archer lived in this area, and he soon found a young boy with a bow in his hand.

"How do you manage to find the center of these bullseye."

The boy replied;

### PROVERB

To always hit a bull's eye, draw the target after you have shot your arrow.

### RUBBER BAND ARCHERY GAME

Line up 7 matchbooks or dominoes (2 inches apart) on each side of the table, and without crossing the line of your side, take ten alternating shots each. He with the most hits & fewest shots will win the game. Ties favor the player.

## ORANGE CIRCLES

### Orange 1: Mon

#### STORY

The abandoned remnants of an ancient grove, with mighty stumps are all that remain here of one of the holiest sites in the whole island. It was here that the Druids made their last stand during a British rebellion against the Roman Legions. The defenders were slaughtered, the grove cut down and the ground was salted.

However, new trees have managed to grow after a few centuries, and are sturdy enough for young followers of local customs to cut down the mistletoe, unusual leaves, and the first acorns of the season and toss them down to people waiting with bags to catch them before they touch the earth.

One of the young women, in charge of gatherings asks if you would like to try your hand, but cautions that even catching a falling leaf is not as easy as it looks since;

#### PROVERB

Even in the simplest acts, chaos has a small role.

#### HAT CARDS GAME

A hat or box is placed on the floor about 6 feet from the chairs of the two people. 15 red cards are given to the player and 15 black cards are given to the opponent. They have 2 minutes to toss them in with the butts firmly planted in their seats. Whoever has the most cards will win, ties favoring the player.

### Orange 2: Lake District

#### STORY

This area of Britain is riddled with lakes set in the rolling hill country. It is simply lovely, and it is a favorite haunt of poets seeking inspiration in the light woodlands during the summer of the year. The legend is that the lakes were formed by the footsteps of giants during a game of soccer. Beyond that it has always been a quiet realm.

One of the local customs is for youths to fill their mouths with water from a local lake with a straw, run up a nearby small hill, and fill a bucket. The first to fill their bucket wins.

#### PROVERB

The closed mouth is also saying wise things.  
Don't reveal the contents of your mouth without thought.

#### STRAW CONTESTS GAME

Both players are given a large cup of beer and an empty cup. The goal is to fill up the empty cup up to a taped mark on its side by sucking beer through a straw and shooting it into other cup through a straw.

### Orange 3: Snowdon

#### STORY

The largest mountain of Wales rises before you up into the clouds. It is a cold, rocky, unfriendly place, full of crevices and hidden valleys that have sheltered armies during times of national distress. The fields at the base in the land of Gwynedd are known as the breadbasket of Wales and have fed the troops of many princes in times of excursion and incursion.

The mountain was said to actually be a cairn raised to cover the enormous body of King Bran, who was tall enough to walk to Ireland without getting his beard wet. On the side of the mountain is a large green lake that is said to have been from the blood of a dragon wounded on its shoreline. The dragon is reputed to still live under the lake, curled around the door to the hollow chamber under the mountain that houses a terrible and unknown doomsday weapon.

#### PROVERB

The view from the top of the mountain  
May be grand, but its hard to live there.  
Mountains like virtues, are often admired from afar and skirted at their base.  
Men climb the highest peaks, but don't dwell their long.  
The greatest castle will collapse on a poor foundation

#### MOUNTAIN OF CARDS GAME

Each player is given a deck of cards and give 4 minutes to build the tallest mountain of cards, without cutting or permanently damaging the cards; slight bends are acceptable.

### Orange 4: Stow on the Wold

#### STORY

High in the mountains, this town's cold thin air is difficult to even breathe, although the locals seem hearty enough with mighty chests and large lungs. Well known from the lines of a poem, "Stow on the Wold where the wind blows cold." The most famous building is a church that incorporates several enormous living trees into the walls and outer portals of the building.

One barrel-chested young lad challenges you to the three tests of the lungs, noting in the breeze;

#### PROVERB

Winds of fate blow both ways

#### BLOWING GAMES

There are three challenges. If the player wins, they will get a free turn immediately after winning.

Balloon Game: using identical inflatable objects (no bigger than a basketball), both people will try to explode the balloon with the might of their lungs. One point for the victor.

Breath Game: Both people on the count of three will clamp their mouth shut and pinch each-other's nose shut. The last to open their mouth will gain a point. They may twist eachother's noses, but not too fiercely.

Cup Game: If one still hasn't won two points, the third game is played to break the tie. Both players must drink an equal size glass of beer and slam an empty cup on the table. Judges will gauge the winner by speed and amount spilled or remaining in the cup.

## Orange 5: Tintagel

### STORY

Uther was king and wished to have an heir that would rule over all the land, however, that was not to be, since only the child of the wife of the King of Tintagel was prophesized to bear that title. To ensure that no rivals would reach his wife, he placed her in tower, surrounded by a high wall. Guards with crossbows were ordered to shoot any intruders except the creatures of the air who flew in.

Uther talked with his wizard and a solution was found. Using a cow hide from the largest cow in Britain. Twenty men grabbed the edges and flung the king over the wall after a few progressively larger bounces. The guards followed their instructions, and did not obstruct Uther's entry. Arthur was born nine months after that night.

### PROVERB

It takes a village to raise a child to great heights.  
What goes up must come down.

### RHIBO KNAPKINS GAME

Using two napkins or handkerchiefs. The player and the opponent try to see who can bounce a quarter higher than the other and they must catch it in the same cloth. If both can bounce it off the ceiling and catch it, then the contest will become who can come closer to the ceiling without touching it on three tries.

## Orange 6: Stonehenge

### STORY

The rumor is that there have been successive constructions of this great temple, first with dirt mounds, then with wooden posts, then with small stones and later with big stones hauled from the west of Wales, by river and over land. But what is not known is that over several thousand years, the stones have increasingly fallen out of alignment and serve little practical purpose, and yet they have never been adjusted, out of reverence for preserving their original positions.

A young man notes;

### PROVERBS

The ways of our ancestors may be difficult to understand,  
but blind imitation is not the best way to honor them.

### STONEHENGE OF CARDS GAME

Each player is given a deck of cards and a diagram of Stone Henge and given 3 minutes to build the most accurate version they can.

## Orange 7: Brest

### STORY

When the British people were fleeing the incursions of the Saxon invasions of Albion, many relocated across the Channel in great numbers. So great were their numbers, that the local inhabitants feared being overwhelmed, and met on the shore to do battle with them. Men fought men and women fought women, all clad in only woad. The Gaulish men lost the battle and were annihilated, but their wives did well and the British women were killed. The British men married the Gaulish women in a ceremony after the battle and much talk of treaties.

One general of the women afterwards commented;

### PROVERB

It is easy to be brave at a distance.

### BRITTANY SPEARS GAME

Set up seven dominos (or matchbooks) on opposite sides of the table, and with your dice sticks take throws at the opponent. Only point-ends count for a hit. Each side takes turns, with one throw for each soldier alive at the beginning of the round. The hand of the thrower may not cross their own side of the table's edge. Each round continues until there is no survivors.

## Orange 8: Isles of Moribhan

### STORY

The Celtic name for the forested interior was 'Argoat' ('the country of the wood.') As recently as a hundred years ago, the Argoat woods stretched from Rennes in the east to Carhaix in the west. This large tract of land sheltered many wild animals - the last wolf in Brittany was killed as late as 1891. Most of the forest has since been felled, for timber or farmhand, but there are still a few wild places to be found. Two fragments survive of the ancient oak and beech forest of Argoat: Huelgoat, south of Morlaix, and the Paimpont to the south-west of Rennes.

It is claimed that when the forest was cut down, the fairies fled weeping to the coast and jumped into the ocean, each become an island. There are said to be one island for every day of the year, and each fairy appears for one night on their island to tell of their griefs and grant a wish to those who bear a greater one. But each island has this phenomenon on a different day.

### PROVERB

Our joys are shallow, our griefs are deep.

### ISLAND DROP

Take all the face cards and place them face up on the floor or table and the player and opponent take turns dropping pennies to land on the cards (islands.) Only the first to land there gets a point



## GOLDEN ISLANDS

As you remember, the opponent for Golden Islands is randomly selected, and they choose the game to be played from any circle on the board. Golden islands can only be accessed after the player is within 3 coins of finishing the game.

### Gold 1: Bardsay Island

#### STORY

It is said that there are graves for 20,000 saints and holy people buried on this island. Each grave has a nest of a bird resting on top of it. It is said that the birds hatched on a grave will fly off to the birthplace of the deceased once a year. It is also said that anyone buried on this island, no matter how vile or repugnant will be assured a good turn in the afterlife.

A man attending the graves, addresses you and says the saint's will is to do the following game;

### Gold 2: Calday Island

#### STORY

The island is inhabited only by cows, monks and a bewildering array of birds nestled on the cliffs above beaches. The monks manufacture a variety of soaps and oils to sell to visiting pilgrims. However they do not speak, and communicate by sign language and small chalkboards that they carry.

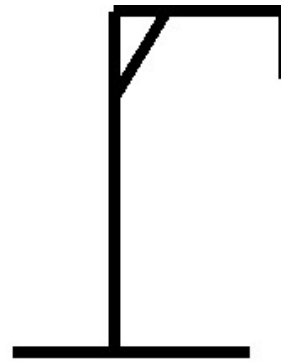
A young monk attending the cows challenges you to a contest (however it cannot involve speaking.)

### Gold 3: Isle of Birds

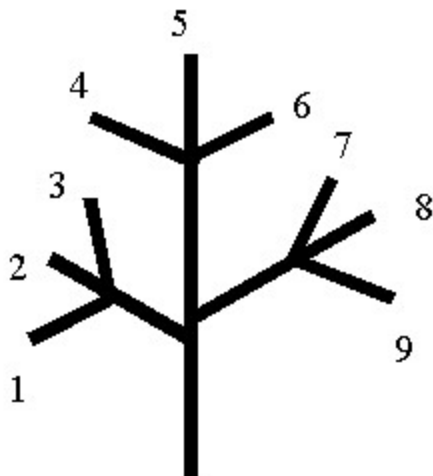
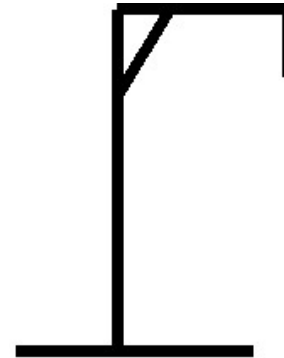
#### STORY

It is a desolate stretch of land only reaching 6 feet above sea level. Nearly once a month they get flooded.

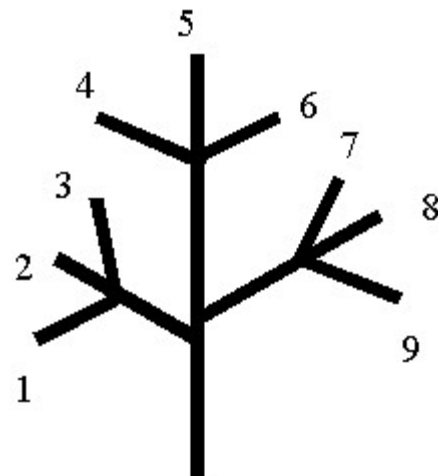
The small collection of dejected sailors suffer constant buffeting from the wind and waves and have little goodwill or humor to share with you. They immediately challenge you to a game they have picked up from their travels of the British Isles.

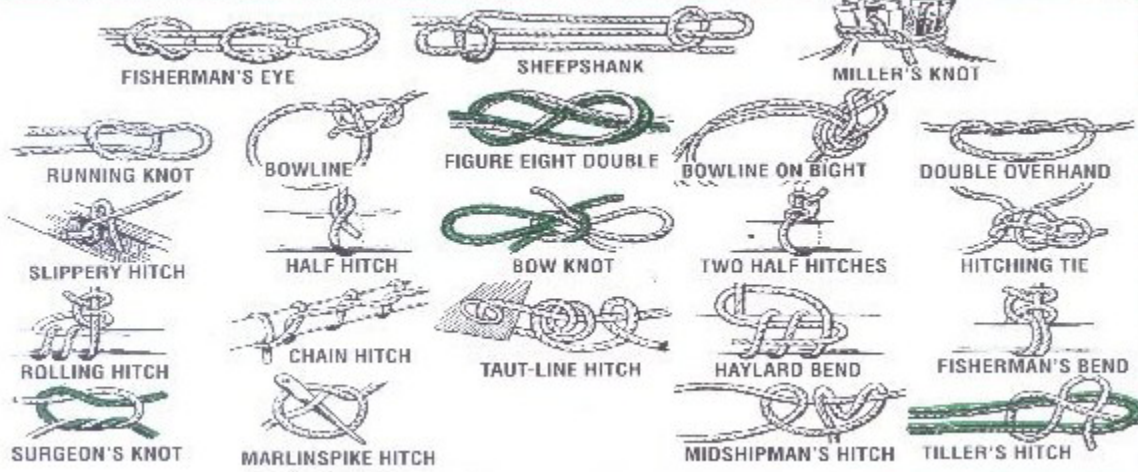
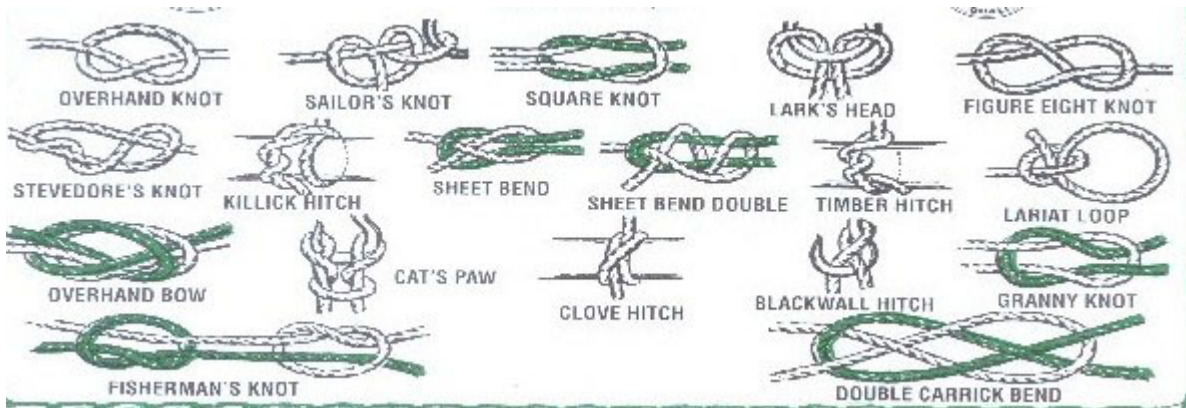


White 5

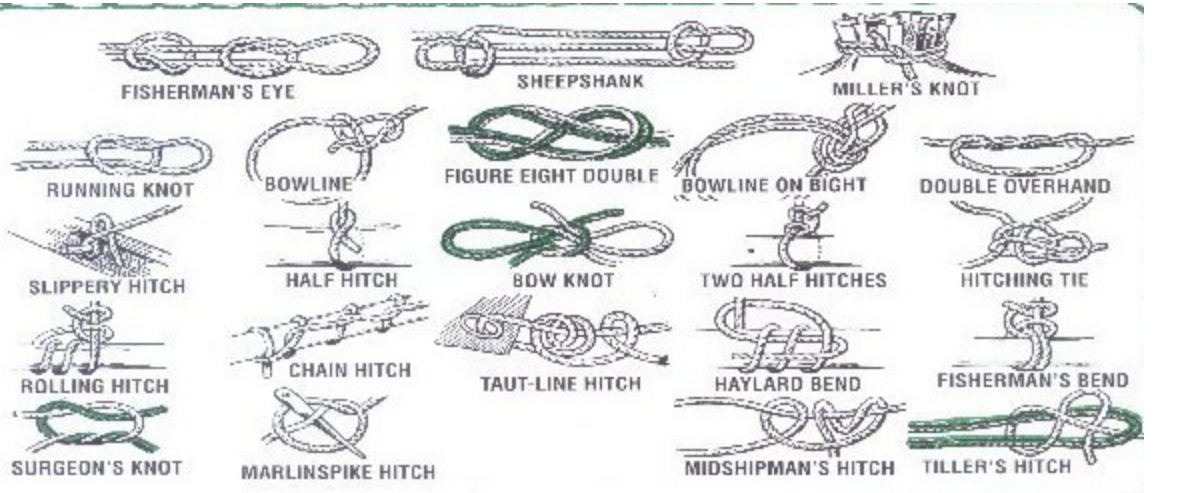
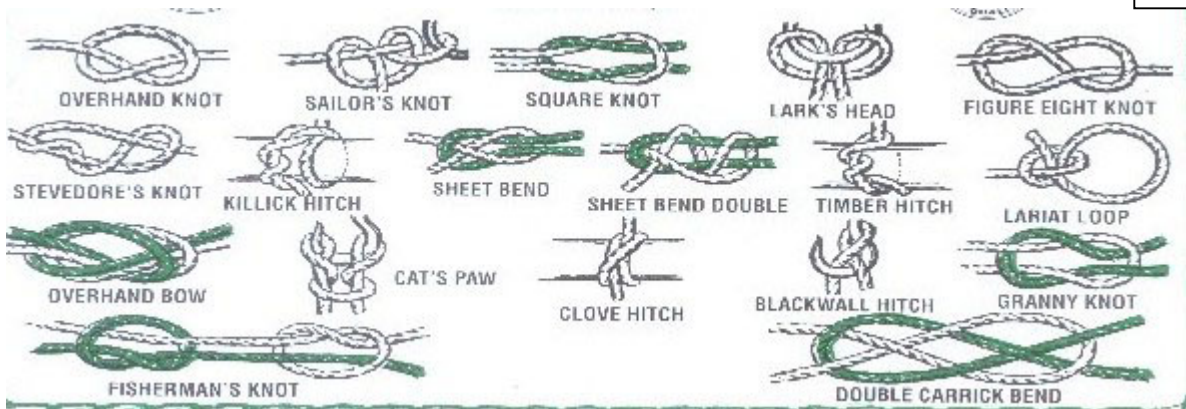


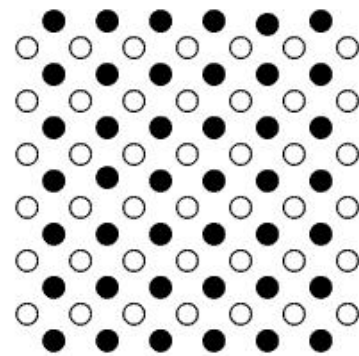
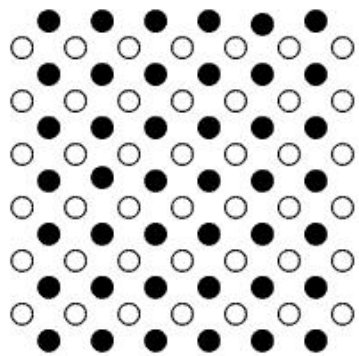
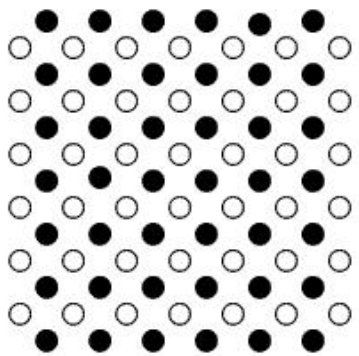
White 4





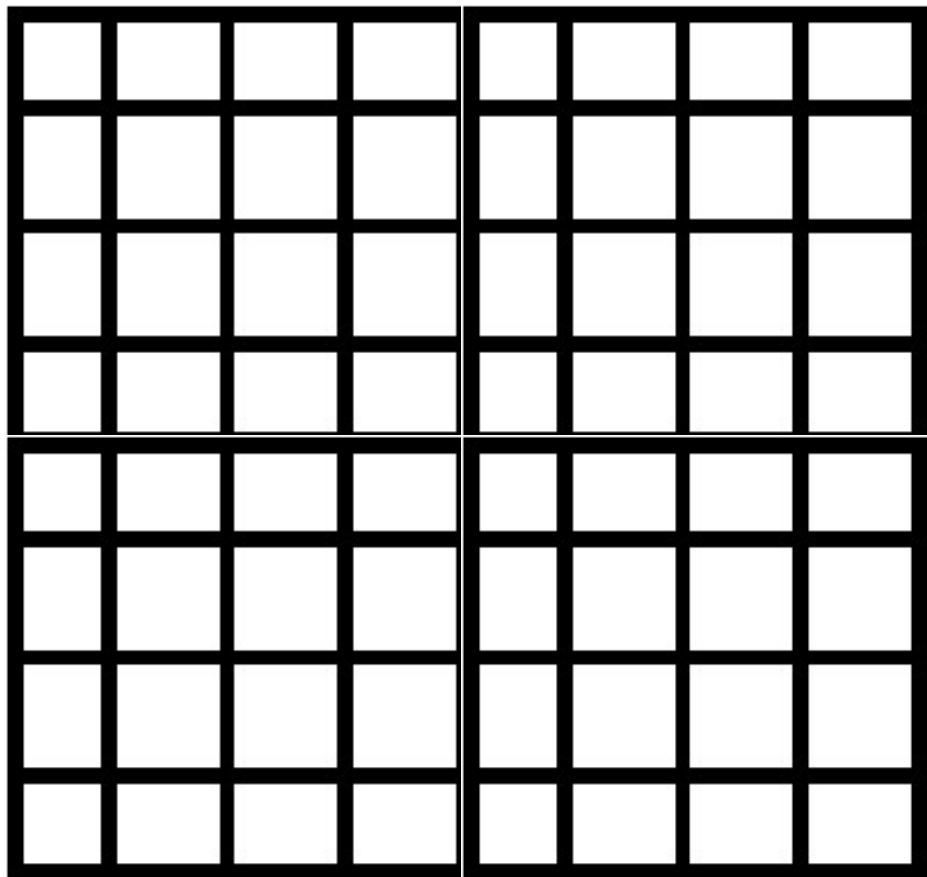
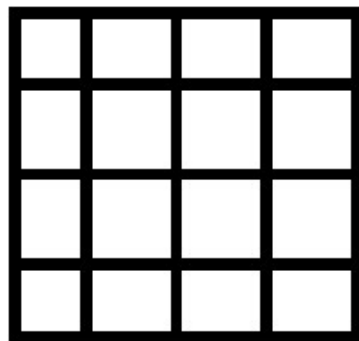
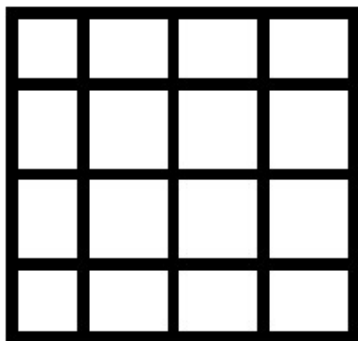
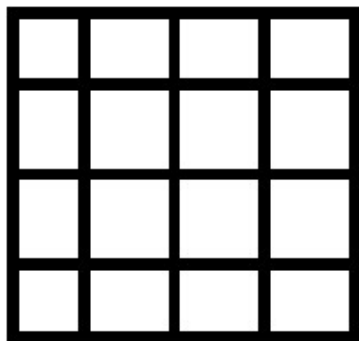
White 7



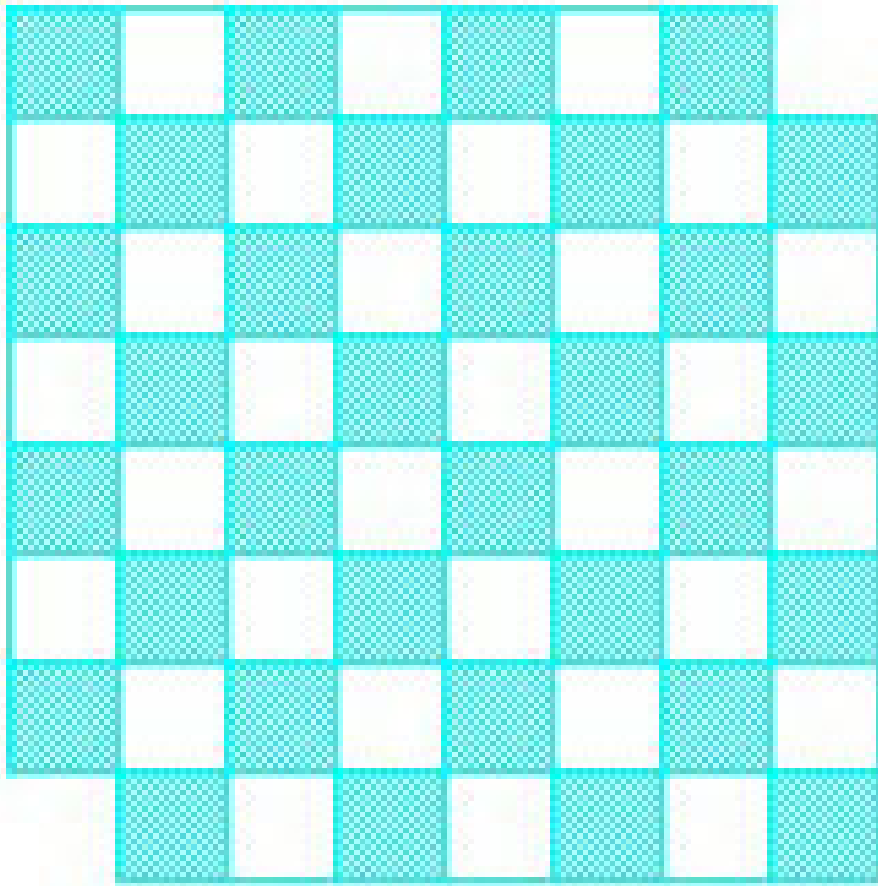


Blue 5 above

Blue 4 below



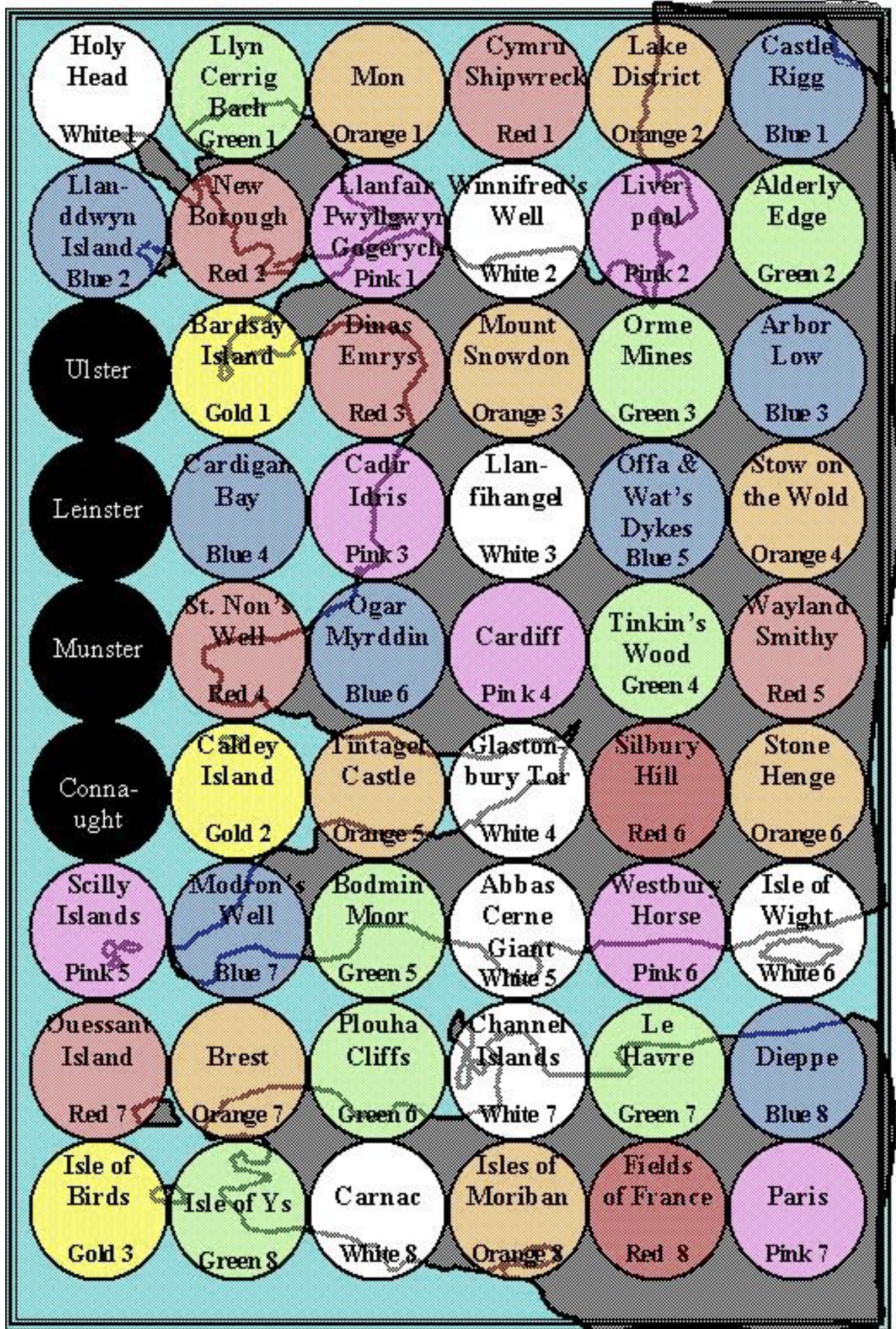
Blue 1



Blue 8

Blue 6

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				○				
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# Unused Ideas

## PINK CIRCLES

Reverse Game	Know your lessons forward & backward for you know not at which end you will need them.
Politeness	
Flattering/Braggart	Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior and are disgraced by the inferior. The more the water gushes from the spring, the less its source is esteemed.
Opposites	The opposite of a truth is also often a truth.
Name that Tune	A wise man if told one side of a square, will know the other three sides. Sing a verse and the rest will sing a chorus.

## WHITE CIRCLES

ASL w/partner	Not all messages are conveyed with words.
Math Problems	Numbers rule our life as surely as letters.
Name the parts	The sum may be greater than the parts.
Telephone book Race	

## GREEN CIRCLES

Egg Dome	The thin dome of an egg can bear 50 times its weights.
Catapult Game	In 24 hours the louse can become a general.
Tower of turtles	If we can see farther, it is because we stand on the shoulders of our ancestors.
Debate your opposite	It is easy to win a debate if you start our being right.
Shiritori Name (chain of words starting with last letter of earlier word)	The chain is only as strong as the weakest link.

## BLUE CIRCLES

Shuffleboard	It doesn't matter how close your enemy is to the ear of the king, as long as yours is closer.
Speed Solitaire	Even when you play alone, you cannot always win.

## RED CIRCLES

Hand Slap	Fright is worse than the blow. Better to bear the palm than face the fist.
Rock-Paper-Scissors	Every strength has its weakness.
Ball and Cup (wolf and the sheep)	Religion destroys evil, morality merely hides it.
Beer Hunter (open beers before nose to find shaken one)	One knows not how fate will favor your attempts.
Bag boxing	Aim for the head, watch for the fists.

## ORANGE CIRCLES

What's in the bag	When one sense fails, try another.
Mirror Shot	Mirrors show the reality, but make poor advisors.
Sticky Hands	Greedy people store all but friendship.
Bread Eater	If you must eat your words, chew them well.
Juggle 2 balls	One hand may juggle three balls, 2 hands can do 8.
Headbutter	Use your head well.
Flip the cup	To an inverted vessel nothing adheres.

# The Voyage of Mael Dun

Translated in the 19<sup>th</sup> century by T.W. Rolleston  
From the Book of the Dun Cow  
Which inspired Hebridean Hijinks

## PROLOGUE

Three years and seven months was it wandering in the ocean..

There was a famous man of the Eoganacht of Ninuss (that is, the Eoganacht of the Arans): his name was Ailill of the 'Edge of Battle.' A mighty soldier was he, and a hero lord of his own tribe and kindred. And there was a young nun, the prioress of a church of nuns, with whom he met. Between them both there was a noble boy, Máel Dúin, son of Ailill.

This is the way according to which Máel Dúin's conception and his birth came to pass. Once upon a time the king of the Eoganacht went on a raid into another district and province and with him fared Ailill of the Edge of Battle. They unyoked and encamped on an upland therein. There was a church of nuns near to that upland. At midnight, then, when everyone had ceased moving in the camp, Ailill went to the church. It was the hour that the (aforesaid) nun went to strike the bell for nocturne. Ailill caught her hand, and threw her down, and lay with her.

Said the woman to him: 'Unblessed is our state.' Saith she: '(for) this is the time for my conceiving. Which is thy race and what is thy name?'

Said the hero: 'Ailill of the Edge of Battle is my name (and I am) of the Eoganacht of Ninuss in Thomond.'

Then after ravaging and taking hostages, the king returned to his district, Ailill also being with him.

Soon after Ailill had reached his tribe, marauders of Leix slew him. They burnt (the church named) Dubcluain upon him.

At the end of nine months the woman brought forth a boy, and gave him a name, Máel Dúin was he. The boy was afterwards taken secretly to her friends, even to the king's queen; and by her Máel Dúin was reared; and she gave out that she was his mother.

Now the one foster-mother reared him and the king's three sons, in one cradle, and on one breast, and on one lap.

Beautiful, indeed, was his form; and it is doubtful if there has been in flesh anyone as beautiful as he. So he grew up till he was a young warrior and fit to use weapons. Great then, was his brightness and his gaiety and his playfulness. In his play he outwent all his comrades, both in throwing balls and running, and leaping, and putting stones, and racing horses. He had, in sooth, the victory in each of those games. One day, then, a certain soldier warrior grew envious against him, and he said in transport and anger: 'Thou', saith he, 'whose clan and kindred no one knows, whose mother and father no-one knows, vanquish us in every game, whether we contend with you on land or on water, or on the draughtboard!'

So then Máel Dúin was silent, for till then he had thought that he was a son of the king and of the queen his foster-mother. Then he said to his foster-mother: 'I will not dine and I will not drink until thou tell me', saith he, 'my mother and my father.' 'But', saith she, 'why art thou inquiring after that? Do not take to heart the words of the haughty warriors. I am thy mother.' Saith she: 'The love of the people of the earth for their sons is no greater than the love I bear to you.'

'That may be' he said: 'nevertheless, make known my parents to me.'

So his foster-mother went with him, and delivered him into his (own) mother's hand; and thereafter he entreated his mother to declare his father to him.'

'Silly', saith she, 'is what you art adoin, for if you shouldst know thy father 'you hast no good of him, and you shalt be the gladder, for he died long ago.'

'Tis the better for me to know it', saith he, 'however.'

Then his mother told him the truth. 'Ailill of the Edge of Battle was thy father', saith she, 'of the Eoganacht of Ninuss.'

Then Máel Dúin went to his fatherland and to his own heritage, having his (three) foster-brothers with him; and beloved warriors were they. And then his kindred welcomed him, and bade him be of good cheer.

At a certain time afterwards there was a number of warriors in the graveyard of the church of Dubcluain, putting stones. So Máel Dúin's foot was planted on the scorched ruin of the church, and over it he was flinging the stone. A certain poison-tongued man of the community of the church, Briccne was his name – said to Máel Dúin: 'It were better,' saith he, 'to avenge the man who was burnt there than to cast stones over his bare burnt bones.'

Who (was) that?' saith Máel Dúin.

Ailill', saith he, 'thine (own) father.'

Who killed him?' asked Máel Dúin.

Briccne replied: 'Marauders of Leix,' saith he, 'and they destroyed him on this spot.'

Then Máel Dúin threw away the stone (which he was about to cast), and took his mantle round him, and his armour on him; and he was mournful thereat. And he asked the way to wend to Leix, and the guides told him that he could only go by sea.

So he went into the country of Corcomroe to seek a charm and a blessing of the wizard who dwelt there, to begin building a boat. (Nuca was the wizard's name and it is from him that Boirenn Nuca is named.) He told Máel Dúin the day on which he should begin the boat, and the number of the crew that should go in her, to wit, seventeen men, or sixty according to others. And he (also) told him that no number greater or less than that should go; and he (lastly) told him the day he should set to sea.

Then Máel Dúin built a three-skinned boat; and they who were to go in it in his company were ready. Germán was there and Diurán the Rhymer. So then he went to sea on the day that the wizard had told him to set out. When they had gone a little from land after hoisting the sail, then came into the harbour after them his three foster-brothers, the three sons of his foster-father and foster-mother; and they shouted to them to come back again to them to the end that they might go with them.

'Get you home,' saith Máel Dúin; 'for even though we should return (to land), only the number we have here shall go with me'

'We will go after thee into the sea and be drowned therein, unless thou come unto us.'

Then the three of them cast themselves into the sea, and they swam far from land. When Máel Dúin saw that, he turned towards them so that they might not be drowned, and he brought them into his boat.

## I

That day till vespers they were a-rowing, and the night after it till midnight, when they found two small bare islands, with two forts in them; and then they heard out of the forts the noise and outcry of intoxication, and the soldiers, and the trophies. And this was what one man said to the other: 'Stand off from me', saith he, 'for I am a better hero than thou, for it, is I that slew Ailill of the Edge of Battle, and burnt Dubcluin on him and no evil hath hitherto been done to me therefore by his kindred; and thou hast never done the like of that!

'We have the victory in our hands', saith Germán, and saith Diurán the Rhymer: 'God hath brought us direct and God hath guided our barque. Let us go and wreck these two forts, since God hath revealed to us our enemies in them!'

As they were saying these words, a great wind came upon, them, so that they were driven (over the sea, all) that night until morning. And even after morning they saw nor earth nor land, and they knew not whither they were going. Then said Máel Dúin: 'Leave the boat still, without rowing and whithersoever it shall please God to bring it, bring.'

Then they entered the great, endless ocean; and Máel Dúin afterwards said to his foster-brothers: 'Ye have caused this to us, casting yourselves upon us in the boat in spite of the word of the enchanter and wizard, who told us that on board the boat we should go only the number that we were before you came.'

They had no answer, save only to be silent for a little space.

## II

Three days and three nights were they, and they found neither land nor ground. Then on the morning of the third day they heard a sound from the north-east. 'This is the voice of a wave against a shore', said Máel Dúin. Now when the day was bright they made towards land. As they were casting lots to see which of them should go on shore, there came a great swarm of ants each of them the size of a foal, down to the strand towards them, and into the sea. What the ants desired was to eat the crew and their boat: so the sailors fled for three days and three nights; and they saw nor land nor ground.

## III

On the morning of the third day they heard the sound of a wave against the beach, and with the daylight they saw an island high and great; and terraces all round about it. Lower was each of them than the other, and there was a row of trees around it, and many great birds on these trees. And they were taking counsel as to who should go to explore the island and see whether the birds were gentle. 'I will go', saith Máel Dúin. So Máel Dúin went, and warily searched the, island, and found nothing evil therein. And they ate their fill of the birds and brought some of them on board their boat.

## IV

Three days thereafter, and three nights were they at sea. But on the morning of the fourth day they perceived another great island. Sandy was its soil. When they came to the shore of the island they saw therein a beast like a horse. The legs of a hound he had, with rough, sharp nails; and great was his joy at seeing them. And he was prancing (?) before them, for he

longed to devour them and their boat. 'He is not sorry to meet us,' saith Máel Dúin; 'let us go back from the island.' That was done; and when the beast perceived them fleeing, he went down to the strand and, began digging up the beach with his sharp nails, and pelting them (with the pebbles), and they did not expect to escape from him.

## V

Thereafter they rowed afar, and a great, flat island they see before them. Then to Germán fell an ill lot to go and look at that island. 'Both of us will go,' saith Diurán the Rhymer, 'and thou wilt come with me some other time into an island which it falls to my lot to explore.' So the two of them entered the island. Great was its size and its breadth, and they saw therein a long, great green, with vast hoof-marks of horses upon it. As large as the sail of a ship was the mark of the hoof of each horse. They saw, moreover, the shells of huge nuts like... and they saw, there, also great leavings (?) of the plunder of many men. So they dreaded that which they saw, and they called their people to them to see what they beheld. They were afraid then, after seeing what they beheld, and they all, swiftly, hastily, went on board their boat.

When they had gone a little from land, they beheld (rushing) along the sea to the island a great multitude, which, after reaching the green of the island, held a horse-race. And swifter than the wind was each horse, and great was the shouting (of the multitude) and their outcry and noise. And then the strokes of their horse-rods at the meeting were heard by Máel Dúin, and he heard, moreover, what each of them was saying: 'Bring the grey steed'; 'Drive the dun horse there'; 'Bring the white horse!'; 'My steed is faster!'; 'My horse leaps better.'

When the wanderers heard those words, they went away with all their might for they felt sure it was a meeting of demons they beheld.

## VI

A full week were they voyaging, in hunger and in thirst, when they discovered a great, high island with a great house therein on the seashore and a doorway out of the house into the plain of the island and another door (opening) into the sea, and against that door there was a valve of stone. That valve was pierced by an aperture, through which the sea-waves were flinging the salmon into the midst of that house. Máel Dúin and his men entered that house, and therein they found no one. After this they beheld a testered bed for the chief of the house alone, and a bed for every three of his household, and food for three before every bed, and a vessel of glass with good liquor before every bed and a cup of glass on every vessel. So they dined off that food and liquor and they give thanks to Almighty God, who had helped them from their hunger.

## VII

When they went from the island they were a long while voyaging, without food, hungrily, till they found (another) island, with a great cliff round it on every side, and therein was a long, narrow wood, and great was its length and its narrowness. When Máel Dúin reached that wood he took (from it) a rod in his hand as he passed it. Three days and three nights the rod remained in his hand, while the boat was under sail, coasting the cliff, and on the third day he found a cluster, of three apples at the end of the rod. For forty nights each of these apples sufficed them.



## VIII

Thereafter, then, they found another island, with a fence of stone around it. When they drew near it a huge beast sprang up in the island, and raced round about the island. To Máel Dúin it seemed swifter than the wind. And then it went to the height of the island and there it performed (the feat called) 'straightening of body', to wit, its head below and its feet above; and thus it used to be: it turned in its skin that is, the flesh and the bones revolved, but the skin outside was unmoved. Or at another time the skin outside turned like a mill, the bones and the flesh remaining still.

When it had been for long in that wise, it sprang up again and raced round about the island as it had done at first. Then it returned to the same place; and this time the lower half of its skin was unmoved, and the other half above ran round and round like a millstone. That, then, was its practice when it was going round the island.

Máel Dúin and his people fled with all their might, and the beast perceived them fleeing and it went into the beach to seize them, and began to smite them, and it cast and lashed after them with stones of the harbour. Now one of these stones came into their boat, and pierced through Máel Dúin's shield, and lodged in the keel of the curragh.

## IX

Now not long after that they found another lofty island, and it was delightful, and therein were many great animals like unto horses. Each of them would take a piece out of another's side, and carry it away with its skin and its flesh, so that out of their sides streams of crimson blood were breaking, and thereof the ground was full.

So they left that island swiftly, madly, hastily (and they were) sad, complaining, feeble; and they knew nothing whither in the world they were going and in what stead they should find aidance or land or ground.

## X

Now they came to another great island, after great weariness of hunger and thirsting and they sad and sighing, having lost all hope of aidance. In that island were many trees: full-fruited were they, with great golden apples upon them. Red short animals like swine were under those trees. Now, they used to go to those trees and strike them with their hind-legs, so that the apples would fall from the trees, and then they would consume them. From dawn to sunset the animals did not appear at all, but they used to stay in the caverns of the ground. Round about that island many birds were swimming out on the waves. From Matins to None further and further they used to swim from the island. But from None to Vespers nearer and nearer they used to come to the island, and arrive therein after sunset.

Then they used to strip off the apples and eat them. 'Let us go', saith Máel Dúin, 'into the island wherein the birds are. Not harder for us (to do so) than for the birds.' One of the crew went to see the island, and he called his comrade to him on shore. Hot was the ground under their feet, and they could not dwell there for its warmth, because it was a fiery land, and the animals used to heat the ground above them.

On the first day they brought with them a few of the apples which they were eating in their boat. When the morning was bright the birds went from the island swimming to sea. With that the fiery animals were up-raising their heads out of the caves, and kept eating the apples till sundown. When they were

put back into their caves the birds use to come in place of them, to eat the apples. Then Máel Dúin went with his people, and they collected all the apples that were there that night. Alike did the apples forbid hunger and thirst from them. So then they filled their boat with the apples as seemed good to them, and went again to sea.

## XI

Now when those apples failed and their hunger and thirst were great and when their mouths and their noses were full of the stench of the sea, they sighted an island which was not large, and therein (stood) a fort surrounded by, a white, high rampart as if it were built of burnt lime, or as if it were all one rock of chalk. Great was its height from the sea: it all but reached the clouds. The fort was open wide. Round the rampart were great, snow-white houses. When they entered the largest of these they saw no one there, save a small cat which was in the midst of the house playing on the four stone pillars that were there. It was leaping, from each pillar to the other. It looked a little at the men, and did not stop itself from its play. After that, they saw three rows on the wall of the house round about, from one door post to the other. A row there, first, of brooches of gold and of silver, with their pins in the wall, and a row of neck-torques of gold and of silver: like hoops of a vat was each of them. The third row (was) of great swords, with hilts of gold and of silver, The rooms were full of white quilts and shining garments. A roasted ox moreover, and a flitch in the midst of the house, and great vessels with good intoxicating liquor. 'Hath this been left for us?' saith Máel Dúin to the cat. It looked at him suddenly and began to play again. Then Máel Dúin recognised that it was for them that the dinner had been left.

So they dined and drank and slept. They put the leavings(?) of the liquor into the pots and stored up the leavings(?) of the food. Now when they proposed to go, Máel Dúin's third foster-brother said: 'Shall I take with me a necklace of these necklaces?' 'Nay,' saith Máel Dúin, 'not without guard is the house.' Howbeit he took it as far as the middle of the enclosure. The cat followed them, and leapt through him (the foster-brother) like a fiery arrow, and burnt him so that he became ashes, and (then) went back till it was on its pillar. Then Máel Dúin soothed the cat with his words, and set the necklace in its place and cleansed the ashes from the floor of the enclosure, and cast them on the shore of the sea.

Then they went on board their boat, praising and, magnifying the Lord.

## XII

Early on the morning of the third day after that they espy another island, with a brazen palisade over the midst of it which divided the island in two, and they espied great flocks of sheep therein, even a black flock on this side of the fence and a white flock on the far side. And they saw a big man separating the flocks. When he used to fling a white sheep over the fence from this side to the black sheep it became black at once. So, when he used to cast a black sheep over the fence to the far side, it became white at once. The men were adread at seeing that. 'This were well for us (to do)' saith Máel Dúin: 'let us cast two rods into the island. If they change colour we (also) shall change if we land on it.' So they flung a rod with black bark on the side wherein were the white sheep, and it became white at once. Then they flung a peeled white rod on the side wherein were the black sheep and it became black at once.

‘Not fortunate(?) was that experiment,’ saith Máel Dúin. ‘Let us not land on the island. Doubtless ours colour would not have fared better than the rods.’

They went back from the island in terror. On the third day afterwards they perceived another island great and wide, with a herd of beautiful swine. therein. Of these they killed a small pig. Then they were unable to carry it to be roasted so they all came round, it. They cooked it and bore it into their boat.

Then they saw a great mountain in the island, and they proposed to go and view the island from it. Now when Diurán the Rhymer and Germán went to visit the mountain they found before them a broad river which was not deep. Into this river Germán dipped the handle of his spear and at once it was consumed as if fire had burnt it. And (so) they went no further. Then, too, they saw, on the other side of the river, great hornless oxen lying down, and a huge man sitting by them. Germán after this struck his spear-shaft against his shield. to frighten the oxen. ‘Why dost thou frighten the silly calves?’ saith that huge herdsman. ‘Where are the dams of these calves’ saith Germán. ‘They are on the other side of yonder mountain,’ saith he Diurán and Germán return to their comrades, and tell them the tidings.

So thence they (all) went.

## XIV

Not long thereafter they found an island, with a great hideous mill, wherein was a miller huge... hideous. They asked him ‘what mill is this?’ ‘Not... indeed’, saith he... asks what ye shall not know.’ ‘Nay’ say they. ‘Half the corn of your country,’ saith he, ‘is ground here. Every thing which is begrudged is ground in this mill saith he.

With that they see the heavy, countless loads on horses, and, human beings (going) to the mill and from it, again; only that what was brought from it was carried westward. Again they asked: ‘What is the name of this mill? Inber Tre-cenand,’ saith the miller. Then after this they signed themselves with the sign of Christ’s cross. When they heard and saw all these things they went on their way, into their boat.

## XV

Now when they went from that island of the mill they found a large island, and a great multitude of human beings therein. Black were these, both in bodies and raiment. Fillets round their heads, and they rested not from wailing. An unlucky lot fell to one of Máel Dúin’s two foster-brothers to land on the island. When he went to the people who were wailing he at once became a comrade of theirs and began to weep along with them. Two were sent to bring him thence, and they did not recognise him amongst the others (and) they themselves turned to lament. Then said Máel Dúin: ‘Let four (of you)’ saith he, ‘go with your weapons, and bring ye the men perforce, and look not at the, land nor the air, and put your garments round your noses and round your mouths, and breathe not, the air of the land, and take not your eyes off your own men

The four went, and brought back with them perforce the other two When they were asked what they had seen in the land, they would say: ‘Verily, we know not, say they; ‘but what we saw (others doing)’ we did

Thereafter they came rapidly from the island.

## XVI

Thereafter they come to another lofty island, wherein were four fences, which divided it into four parts. A fence of gold, first: another of silver: the third fence of brass: and the fourth of crystal. Kings in the fourth division, queens in a another, warriors in another, maidens in the other. A maiden went to meet them and brought them on land, and gave them food. They likened it to cheese; and whatever taster was pleasing to anyone he would find it therein. And she dealt (liquor) to them out of a little vessel, so that they, slept an intoxication of three days and three nights. All this time the maiden was tending them. When they awoke on the third day they were in their boat at sea. Nowhere did they see their island or their maiden.

Then they rowed away.

## XVII

Thereafter they found another island which was not large. Therein was a fortress with a brazen door and brazen fastenings thereon. A bridge of glass (rose) by the portal. When they used to go up on the bridge they would fall down backwards. With that they espy a woman coming out from the fortress, with a pail in her hand. Out of the lower part of the bridge she lifts a slab of glass, and she filled the pail out of the fountain which flowed beneath the bridge, and went again into the fortress.

‘A housekeeper comes for Máel Dúin!’ saith Germán. ‘Máel Dúin indeed’, saith she, closing the door behind her.

After this they were striking the brazen fastenings and the brazen net that was before them, and then the sound which they made was a sweet and soothing music, which sent them to sleep till the morrow morning.

When they awoke they saw the same woman (coming) out of the fortress, with her pail in her hand and she fills (it) under the same slab.

‘But a housekeeper comes to meet Máel Dúin! saith Germán.

‘Marvellously valuable do I deem Máel Dúin!’ saith she, shutting the enclosure after her.

The same melody lays them low then till the morrow. Three days and three nights were they in that wise. On the fourth day thereafter the woman went to them. Beautiful, verily, came she there. She wore a white mantle, with a circlet of gold round her hair. Golden hair she had. Two sandals of silver on her rosy feet. A brooch of silver with studs of gold in her mantle, and a filmy, silken smock next her white skin.

‘My welcome to thee, O Máel Dúin!’ saith she; and she named each man (of the crew) apart, by his own name. ‘It is long since your coming here hath been known and understood.

Then she takes (them) with her into a great house that stood near the sea, and hauls up their boat on shore. Then they saw before them in the house a couch for Máel Dúin alone, and a couch for every three of his people. She brought them in one pannier food like unto cheese or tath. Sheer gave a share to every three. Every savour that each desired this he would find therein. There she tended Máel Dúin apart. And she filled her pail under the same slab, and dealt liquor to them. A turn for every three she had. Then she knew when they had enough. She rested from dealing to them.

‘A fitting wife for Máel Dúin were this woman,’ saith every man of his people.

Then she went away from them, with her one vessel and with her pail.

Said his people to Máel Dúin: ‘Shall we say to her, would she, perchance, sleep with thee?’

How would it hurt you,’ saith he, ‘to speak to her? She comes on the morrow. They said to her: ‘Wilt thou shew affection to Máel Dúin, and sleep with him? and why not stay here tonight?’ She said she knew no sin, had never known, what sin was. Then she went from’ them to her house; and on the morrow, at the same hour, comes with her tendance to them. And when they were drunken and sated, they say the same words to her.

‘Tomorrow’ saith she, an answer concerning that will be given to you. Then she went to her house, and they sleep on their couches. When they awoke they were in their boat on a crag and they saw not the island, nor the fortress, nor the lady, nor the place wherein they had been.

## XVIII

As they went from that place they heard in the north-east a great cry and chant as it were a singing of psalms. That night and the next day till none they were rowing that they might know what cry or what chant they heard. They behold a high, mountainous island, full of birds, black and dun and speckled, shouting and speaking loudly.

They rowed a little from that island, and found an island which was not large. Therein were many trees and on them many birds. And after that they saw in the island a man whose clothing was his hair. So they asked him who he was, and whence his kindred. ‘Of the men of Ireland am I,’ saith he. ‘I went on my pilgrimage in a small: boat, and when I had gone a little from land my boat split under me. I went again to land,’ saith he, ‘and I put under my feet sod from my country, and on it I gat me up to sea and the LORD established that sod for me in this place,’ saith he, ‘and God addeth a foot to its breadth every year from that to this, and a tree every year to grow therein. The birds which thou beholdest in the trees,’ saith he, ‘are the souls of my children and my kindred, both women and men, who are yonder awaiting Doomsday. Half a cake, and a slice of fish, and the liquor of the well God hath given me. That cometh to me daily,’ saith he, ‘by the ministry of angels At the hour of none, moreover, another half-cake and slice of fish come to every man yonder and to every woman, and liquor of the well, as is enough for everyone.’

When their three nights of guesting were complete; thy bade (the pilgrim) farewell, and he said to them: ‘Ye shall all,’ saith he, ‘reach your country save one man.’

## XX

On the third day after that they find another island, with a golden rampart around it and the midst of it white like down. They see therein a man, and this was his raiment the hair of his own body. Then they asked him what sustenance he used. Verily,’ saith he, ‘there is here a fountain in this island. On Friday and on Wednesday whey or water is yielded by it. On Sundays, however, and on feasts of martyrs good milk is yielded by it. But on the feasts of apostles, and of Mary and of John Baptist and also on the hightides (of the year), it is ale and wine that are yielded by it.’ At none, then, there came to every man of them half a cake and a piece of fish; and they drank their fill of the liquor which was yielded to them out of the fountain of the island. And it cast them into a heavy sleep, from that hour till the morrow. When they had passed three nights of guesting, the cleric ordered, them to go. So then they went forth on their way, and afterwards bade him farewell.

## XXI

Now when they had, been long avoyaging on the waves they saw far from them an island, and as they approached it, they heard the noise of the smiths smiting a mass (of iron) on the anvil with sledges, like the smiting of three or; of four. Now when they had drawn near it they heard one man asking of another: ‘Are they close at hand?’ saith he. ‘Yea saith the other. ‘Who’, saith another man, ‘are these ye say are coining there?’ ‘Little boys they seem in a little trough yonder’, saith he. When Máel Dúin heard what the smiths said, he saith: ‘Let us retreat’, saith he, ‘and let us not turn the boat, but let her sterns be foremost, so that they may not perceive that we are fleeing

Then they rowed away, with the boat stern-foremost. Again the same man who was biding in the forge asked: ‘Are they now near the harbour?’ saith he. ‘They are at rest’, saith the watchman: ‘they come not here and they go not there.’

Not long thereafter he asked again: ‘what are they doing now?’ saith he. ‘I think’, saith the look-out man, ‘that they are running away; meseems they are further from the port now than they were some time ago’, Then the smith came out of the forge, holding in the tongs a huge mass (of glowing iron), and he cast that mass after the boat into the sea; and all the sea boiled; but he did not; for they fled with all their warriors’ might, swiftly hurried forth into the great ocean.

## XXII

After that they voyaged till they entered a sea which resembled green glass. Such was its purity that the gravel and the sand of that sea were clearly visible through it; and they saw no monsters nor beasts therein among the crags, but only the pure gravel and the green sand. For a long space of the day they were voyaging in that sea, and great was its splendour and its beauty.

They afterwards put forth into another sea like a cloud and it seemed to them that it would not support them or the boat. Then they beheld under the sea down below them roofed strongholds and a beautiful country. And they see a beast huge, awful, monstrous, in a tree there, and a drove of herds and the tree, and flocks round about the tree and beside the tree an armed man, with shield and spear and sword. When he beheld yon huge beast that abode in the tree he goeth thence in and flight. The beast stretched forth his neck out of the tree and sets his head into the back of the largest ox of the herd and dragged it into the tree, and anon devours it in the twinkling of an eye. The flocks and the herdsmen flee away, at once. and when Máel Dúin and his people saw that greater terror and fear seize them, for they supposed that they would never cross that sea without falling down through it, by reason of its tenuity like mist.

So after much danger, they pass over it.

## XXIV

Thereafter they found another island, and up around it rose the sea making vast cliffs (of water) all about it. As the people of that country perceived them, they set to screaming at them and saying: ‘tis they! It is they!’, till they were out of breath. Then Máel Dúin and his men beheld many human beings, and great herds of cattle, and troops of horses and many flocks of sheep. Then there was a woman from below with large nuts which remained floating on the sea, waves above by them, Much of those nuts they gathered and took with them. (Then) they went back from the island and thereat the screams ceased.

‘Where are they now’, saith the man who was after them at the scream. ‘They have gone away’ saith another ‘band, of them.’ ‘They are not so,’ saith another band.

Now it is likely that there was someone concerning whom they (the islanders) had a prophecy that he would ruin their country and expel them from their land.

## XXV

They gat them to another island, wherein a strange thing was shewn to them, to wit, a great stream rose up out of the strand of the island and went, like a rainbow, over the whole island, and descended into the other strand of the island on the other side thereof. And they were lying, under it (the stream) below without being wet. And they were piercing (with their spears) the stream above; and (them) great, enormous salmon were tumbling from above out of the stream down upon the soil of the island. And all the island was full of the stench (of the fish), for there was no one who could finish gathering them because of their abundance.

From Sunday eventide to Monday forenoon that stream did not move, but remained at rest in its sea round about the island. Then they bring into one place the largest of the salmon, and they filled their boat with them, and went back from that island still on the ocean.

## XXVI

Thereafter they voyaged till they found a great silvern column. It had four sides, and the width of each of these sides was two oar-strokes of a the boat, so that in its whole circumference there were eight oar-strokes of the boat. And not a single sod of earth was about it, but (only) the boundless ocean. And they saw not how its base was below, or because of its height how its summit was above. Out of its summit came a silvern net far away from it; and the boat went under sail through a mesh of that net. And Diurán gave a blow of the edge of his spear over the mesh. ‘Destroy not the net’, saith Máel Dúin, ‘for what we see is the work of mighty men. For the praise of God’s name’, saith Diurán, ‘I do this, so that my tidings may be the more believed; and provided I reach Ireland (this piece of the mesh) shall be offered by me on the altar of Armagh.’ Two ounces and a half was its weight when measured (afterwards) in Armagh.

And then they heard a voice from the summit of yonder pillar, mighty, and clear, and distinct. But they knew not the tongue it spake, or the words it uttered.

## XXVII

Then they see another island (standing) on a single pedestal, to wit, one foot supporting it. And they rowed round it to select way into it, and they found no way thereinto; but they saw down in the base of the pedestal, closed door under lock. They understood that that was the way by which the island was entered. And they saw a crowd on the top of the island; but they held speech with no one, and no one held speech with them. They (then) go away back (to sea.)

## XXVIII

After that they came to a island, and there was a great plain therein, and on this a great tableland heatherless, but grassy and smooth. They saw in that island near the sea, a fortress, large, high and strong and a great house therein adorned and with good couches. Seventeen grown-up girls were there preparing a bath. And they (Máel Dúin and his men) landed on that island and sat on a hillock before the fort. Máel Dúin said this: ‘We are sure that yonder, bath is getting ready for us.’ Now at the hour of none they beheld a rider on a race-horse (coming) to the fortress. A good, adorned horse-cloth under her seat: she wore a hood, blue and she wore a bordered purple mantle. Gloves with gold embroidery on, her hands; and on her feet, adorned sandals. As she alighted, a girl of the girls at once ok the horse. Then she entered the fortress and went into the bath. Then they saw that it was a woman that had alighted from’ the horse, and not long afterwards came a, girl of the girls unto them. ‘Welcome is your arrival!’ saith she. ‘Come into the fort: the queen invites you.’ So they entered the fort and they all bathed. The queen sat on one side of the house, and her seventeen girls about her. Máel Dúin, sat on the other side, over against the queen, with his seventeen men around him. Then a platter with good food thereon was brought to Máel Dúin, and along with it a vessel of glass full of good liquor; and (there was) a platter for every three and a vessel for every three of his people. When they had eaten their dinner the queen said this How will the guests sleep? saith she. ‘As thou shalt say’, saith Máel Dúin. Your going from the island’, saith she, ‘Let each of you take his woman, even her who is over against him, and let him go into the chamber behind her.’ For there were seventeen canopied chambers in the house with good beds set. So the seventeen men and the seventeen grown-up girls slept together, and Máel Dúin slept with the queen. After this they slumbered till the morrow morning. Then’ after morning they arose (to depart.) ‘Stay here’, saith the queen, and age will not fall on you, but the age that ye have attained. And lasting, life ye shall have always and what came to you last night shall come to you every night without any labour. And be no longer awandering from island to island on the ocean!

‘Tell us’, saith Máel Dúin, ‘how thou art here’

‘Not hard (to say), indeed’, she saith. ‘There dwelt a good man in this island, the king of the island. To him I bore yon seventeen girls, and I was their mother. Then their father died, and left no heir. So I took the kinship of. this island after him. Every day’, she saith, ‘I go into the great plain there is in the island, to judge the folk and to decide (their disputes).’

‘But why dost thou leave us today?’ saith Máel Dúin.

‘Unless I go’, she saith, ‘what happened to us last night will not come to. us (again.) ‘Only stay’, she saith, ‘in your house, and ye need not labour. I will go to judge the folk for sake of you.’

So they abode in that island for the three months of winter; and it seemed to them that (those months) were three years. ‘It is long were here’, saith one of his people to Máel Dúin. ‘Why do we not fare to our country?’ saith he.

‘What you say is not good’, saith Máel Dúin’ for we shall not find in our own country aught better than that which we find here.’

(But) his people began to murmur greatly against Máel Dúin, and they said this great is the love which Máel Dúin hath for his woman. ‘Let him, then, stay with her if he desires’, saith the people. ‘We will go to our country.’

‘I will not stay after you’, saith Máel Dúin.

One day, then, the queen went to the judging where into she used to go every day. When she had gone, they went on board their boat. Then she comes on her horse, and flings a clew after them, and Máel Dúin catches it, and it clung to his hand. A thread of the clew was in her band, and she draws the boat unto her, by means of the thread, back to the harbour.

So then they stayed with her thrice three months. Then they came to (this) counsel. 'Of this we are sure, now,' saith his people, 'that great is Máel Dúin's love for his woman. Therefore he attends the clew, that it may cleave to his hand and that we may be brought back to the fortress.' 'Let some one else attend the clew,' saith Máel Dúin, and, if it clings to his hand, let his hand be cut off.'

So they went on board their boat. (The queen came and) flung the clew after them. Another man in the boat catches it, and it clings to his hand. Diurán cuts off his hand, and it fell, with the clew, (into the sea.) When she saw that, she at once began to wail and shriek, so that all the land was one cry, wail and shrieking.

So in that wise they escaped from her, out of the island.

## XXIX

They were for a very long while afterwards driven about on the waves, till they found an island with trees upon it like willow or hazel. Thereon were marvellous fruits thereon, great berries. So of these then they stript a little tree, and then they cast lots to see who should prove the fruit that had been on the tree. (The lot) fell to Máel Dúin. He squeezed some of the berries into a vessel and drank (the juice), and it cast him into a deep sleep from that hour to the same hour on the morrow. And they knew not whether he was alive or dead, with the red foam round his lips, till on the morrow he awoke.

(Then) he said to them 'Gather ye this fruit, for great is its excellence.' So they gathered (it), and they mingled water with it, to moderate its power to intoxicate and send asleep. Then they gathered all there was of it and were squeezing it and filling (with its juice) all the vessels they had; and (then) they rowed away from that island.

## XXX

Thereafter they land on another large island. One of its two sides was a wood with yews and great oaks herein. The other side was a plain with a little lake in it. Great herds of sheep were therein. They beheld there a small church and a fortress. They went to the church. An ancient grey cleric was in the church, and his hair clothed him altogether. Máel Dúin asked him: 'Whence art thou?' saith he.

'I am the fifteenth man of the community of Brenainn of Birr. We went on our pilgrimage into the ocean and came into this island. They have all died save me alone.' And then he shewed them Brenainn's tablet, which they the monks had taken with them on their pilgrimage. The all prostrated themselves to the tablet, and Máel Dúin gave it a kiss.

'Now', saith the ancient man, 'eat your fill of the sheep, and do not consume more than sufficeth you.'

So for a season they are fed there on the flesh of the fat sheep.

One day, then, as they were looking out from the island they see (what they take to be) a cloud coming towards them from the south-west. After a while, as they were still looking, they perceived that it was a bird; for they saw the pinions waving. Then it came into the island and alighted on a hill near

the lake. Then they supposed it would carry them in its talons out to sea. Now it brought with it a branch of a great tree. Bigger than one of the great oaks (was) the branch and large twigs grew out of it, and a dense top was on it (covered) with fresh leaves. Heavy, abundant fruit it bore red berries like unto grapes only they were bigger. So (the wanderers) were in hiding, awatching what the bird would do. Because of its weariness, it remained for while at rest. (Then) it began to eat some of the fruit of the tree. So Máel Dúin went till he was at the edge of the hill on which the to see whether it would do him any evil, and it did bird was, at that place gone. All his people then went after him.

'Let one of us go', saith Máel Dúin 'and gather some of the fruit of the branch which is before the bird.'

So one of them went and he gathers a portion of the berries and the bird blamed him not, and did not (even) look (at him) or make movement. They, the eighteen men, with their shields, went behind it, and it did no, evil to them.

Now at the hour of none of the day they beheld two great castles in the south-west, in the place whence the great bird had come, and they, swooped down in front of the great bird. When they had been for a long while at rest, they began to pick and strip off the lice that infested the upper and, lower parts of the great bird's jaws, and its eyes and ears.

They (the two eagles) kept at this till vespers. Then the three of them began to eat the berries and the fruit of the branch. From the morrow morning till midday, they were picking the same vermin out of all its body and plucking the old feathers out of it and picking, out completely the old scales of the mange. At midday, however they stripped the berries from the branch, and with their beaks they were breaking them against the stones and then casting 'them into the sea so that its foam upon it became red. After that the great bird went into the lake and remained washing himself therein nearly, till the close of the day. After that he went out of the lake and settled on another lace in the same hill, lest, the lice which had been taken out of him should come (again.)

On the morrow morning the (two) birds with their bills still picked and sleeked the plumage (of the third), as if it were done with a comb. They kept at this till midday. Then they rested a little, and then they went away to the quarter whence they had come.

Howbeit the great bird remained behind them preening himself and shaking his pinions till "the end of the third day. There at the hour of tierce on the third day he, soared and flew thrice round the island, and alighted for a little rest on the same hill. And afterwards he fared afar towards the quarter whence he had come. Swifter and stronger (was) his flight at that time than (it had been) before. Wherefore it was manifest to them all that this was his renewal from old age into youth, according to the word of the prophet, who saith 'Thy youth shall be renewed like the eagle's.'

Then Diurán, seeing, that great marvel, said: 'Let us go into the lake to renew ourselves where the bird has been renewed.'

'Nay', saith another, 'for the bird hath left his venom therein.'

'Thou sayest ill', saith Diurán, 'I the first will go into it.'

Then he went in and bathes himself there and plunged the lips into (the) water, and drank sups thereof. Passing strong were his eyes thereafter so long as he remained alive; and not a tooth of him fell (from his jaw), nor a hair from his head; and he never suffered weakness or infirmity from that time forth.

Thereafter they bade farewell to their ancient man; and of the sheep they took with them provision. They set their boat on the sea, and then they seek the ocean.

## XXXI

They find another large island, with a great level plain therein. A great multitude were on that plain, playing and laughing without any cessation. Lots are cast by Máel Dúin and his men to see unto whom it should fall to enter the island and explore it. The lot fell on the third of Máel Dúin's foster-brothers. When he went he at once began to play and to laugh continually along with the islanders as if he had been by them all his life. His comrades stayed for a long, long space expecting him, and he came not to them. So then they leave him.

## XXXII

After that the sight another island, which was not large; and a fiery rampart was round about it; and that rampart used to revolve round the island. There was an open doorway in the side of that rampart. Now, whenever the doorway would come (in its revolution) opposite to them, they used to see (through it) the whole island, and all, that was therein, and all its indwellers, even human beings beautiful, abundant, wearing adorned garments and feasting with golden vessels in their hands. And the wanderers heard their ale-music. And for a long space were they seeing the marvel they beheld, and they deemed it delightful.

## XXXIII

Not long after they had gone from that island they see far off among the waves a shape(?) like a white bird. They turned the prow of the boat unto it southward, to perceive what they beheld. So when they had drawn near it in rowing, they saw that it was a human being and that he was clothed only with the white hair of his body. He threw himself in prostrations on a broad rock.

When they had come to him, they entreat a blessing from him, and ask him whence he had gone to yonder rock.

'From Torach, verily', saith he, 'I have come here, and in Torach I was reared. Then it came to pass that I was cook therein; and I was an evil cook, for the food of the church wherein I was dwelling I used to sell for treasures and jewels for myself: so that my house became full of counterpanes and pillows and of raiment, both linen and wool colour, and of brazen pails and of small brazen tellenna, and of brooches of silver with pins of gold. Inasmuch that unto my house there was nothing wanting of all that is hoarded by man; both golden books and book-satchels adorned with brass and gold. And I used to dig under the houses of the church and carry many treasures out of them.'

'Great then was my pride and my haughtiness.'

'Now one day I was told to dig a grave for the corpse of a peasant, which had been brought into the island. As I was (working) at that grave I heard, from below me the voice out of the ground under my feet: 'But do not dig up that place!', saith the voice. 'Do not put the corpse of the sinner on me a holy pious person!'

'(Be it) between me and God, I will put (it)', say I, 'in my excessive haughtiness.'

'Even so', saith he. 'If you put it on me', saith the holy man, 'thou shalt perish on the third day hence, and thou shalt be an inhabitant of hell and the corpse will not remain here.'

Said I to the ancient man: 'What good wilt thou bestow me if I shall not bury the man above you?'

'To abide in eternal life along with God', saith he.

'How', say I, 'shall I know that?'

'That is neither hard nor for thee', saith he. 'The grave thou art digging will now become full of sand.' Thence, wilt not be able to but will be manifest to thee that thou art the man above me, (even) though thou buriest me.' That word was not ended when the grave became full of the sand. So thereafter I buried the corpse in another. Now at a certain time set a new boat with tanned hide on the sea. I went on board my boat, and I was glad. So I looked around me: and I left in my house nothing from small to great, that was not brought by me, with my vats and wise lets and with my dishes while I was in that looking, at the sea, and the sea was calm for me great winds' come upon me, and draw me into the main, so that I saw neither land nor soil. Here my boat became still, and thereafter it stirred not from one stead. As I looked round me on every side, I beheld on my right hand the man sitting upon the wave. 'Then he said to me 'Whither goest thou' saith he. 'Pleasant to me say, 'is the direction in which I am gazing over the sea now' It would not be pleasant to thee, if thou keepest the band that surrounds thee. What may this band be?' say I. Saith he to me: 'So far as thy sight reaches over sea and up to the clouds is one, crowd of demons all around thee, because of thy covetousness and thy pride and haughtiness, and because of thy theft and thin other evil deeds. Knowest thou', saith he, 'why thy boat stops?' 'Verily, I know not.' 'Thy boat shall not go out of the place wherein it stand until thou do my will. 'Mayhap I shall not endure it', say I. 'Then thou wilt endure the pains of helplessness til you endure my will.' He came me towards me then, and lays his hand on me; and duly promised to do his will. 'Fling' said he, 'into the sea all the wealth that thou hast in the boat.' 'It is a pity', say I, 'that it should go to loss.' It shall in no wise go to loss. There will be one whom thou wilt profit. (Then) I fling every thing into the sea, save a little cup. Go now saith he to me, and forth the, stead in which thy boat will pause stay therein And then he gave me for provision a cup of whey-water and seven cakes. So I went', saith the ancient man, 'in the directions that my boat and the wind carried me: for I had platform oars and my rudder. As I was there then, a tossing among the waves, I am cast upon this rock, and then I doubted whether the boat had stopt, for I saw neither land nor soil here. And I remembered what had been said, namely, to sit in the' sea where my boat should stop. So I stood up and saw a little crag, against which the wave beat. Then I set my foot, on that little crag, and my boat escapes from me and the crag I lifted me up, and the waves withdrew. Seven years am I here', saith he '(living) on the seven cakes and on the cup of whey-water which was given me by the man who sent me from him. And I had no (provision) save only my, cup of whey-water. This still remained there. After that I was in a three days fast', saith he. 'Now after my three days, at the hour of none, an otter brought me a salmon out of the sea. I pondered in my mind that it was not possible for me to eat a raw salmon. I threw it again into the sea', saith he, 'and I was fasting for another space of three days. At the third none, then, I saw an otter bring the salmon to me again out of the sea, and another otter brought flaming firewood, and set it down, and blew with his breath, so that the fire blazed thereout. So I cooked the salmon, and for seven other years I lived in that wise. And every day', saith he, 'a salmon used to come to me, with its fire, and the crag increaseth so that (now) it is large. And on that day seven years my salmon is not given me: (so) I remained I am (fasting) for another space of three days. At the third none of the three days there half a cake of wheat, and a piece of fish were cast up. Then my cup of whey-water escapes from me and came to me a cup of the same size filled with good liquor which is on the crag here and it is full every day. And neither wind, nor wet, nor heat, nor cold affects

me this place. Those are my narratives saith the ancient man. Now when the hour of none arrived, half a cake and a piece of fish come to each of them all, and in the cup which stood before the cleric on the rock was, found their fill of good liquor. Thereafter said the ancient man to them Ye will all reach your country, and the man a that slew thy father, O Máel Dúin, you will find him in a fortress before you. And slay him not, but forgive him because God hath saved you from manifold great perils, and ye too are men deserving of death Then they bade farewell to the ancient man and went on their accustomed way

### XXXIV

Now after they had gone thence they come to an island with abundant cattle, and with oxen and kine and sheep. There were no houses nor forts therein, and so they eat the flesh of the sheep. Then said some of them seeing a large falcon there: 'The falcon is like the falcons of Ireland!' That is true indeed', say some of the others. 'Watch it' saith Máel Dúin, and see how the bird will go from us. They saw that it flew from them to the southeast. So they rowed after the bird, in the direction in which it had gone from them. They rowed that day till vespers. At nightfall they sight land like the land of Ireland. They row towards it. They find a small island and it was from this very island that the wind had borne them into the ocean when the first went to sea.

Then they put their prow on shore, and they went toward the fortress that was in the island, and they were listening, and the inhabitants of the fortress were then dining.

They heard some of them saying: 'It is well for us if we should not see Máel Dúin

'That Máel Dúin has been drowned', saith another man of them.

'Mayhap it is he who will wake you out of your sleep', saith another man.

'If he should come now', saith another, 'what should we do?'

That were not hard (to say) saith the chief of the house: 'great welcome to him if he should come, for he hath been for a long space in much tribulation.'

Thereat Máel Dúin strikes the clapper against the door valve. 'Who is there?', saith the doorkeeper.

'Máel Dúin is here', saith he himself. 'Then open!' saith the chief, 'welcome is thy coming.'

So they entered the house, and great welcome is made to them, and new garments are given them. Then they, declare all the marvels which God had revealed to them according to the word of the sacred poet who saith Haec olim meminisse iuuabit. Máel Dúin (then) went to his own district, and Diurán the Rhymer took, the five half-ounces (of silver) which brought from the net, and laid them on the altar of Armagh in triumph and in exultation at the miracles and great marvel which God had wrought for them. And they declared their adventures from beginning to end, and all the dangers and perils they had found on sea and land. Now Aed the Fair, chief sage of Ireland, arranged this story as it standeth here; and he did (so), for delighting the mind and for the folks of Ireland after him.

So Endeth the  
Green Books  
of Meditations

