



Fall Equinox Issue,
Year of the Reform “L”
Sept 30, 2012 c.e.
Volume 29 Issue 6

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NEWS OF THE GROVES

Carleton Grove: News from Minnesota

A new webpage has been made. <http://apps.carleton.edu/student/orgs/druids/>

Archdruidess Austdn MacBain is taking a year overseas, we are trying to locate the replacement at the College.

Poison Oak Grove: News from California

It's been an interesting process trying to get my grove site in shape after neglecting (I'm ashamed to say) it for almost four years. I'm finally putting in steps (wood planks with stakes) and have been watering it. The Elderberry died and I bought a new one yesterday, but when I went to prepare the plot for the new one, the old one had one stalk that was starting to leaf out. All was not lost after all! Even if services are just on High Days or even if no one comes I think it is indeed a good thing to keep it up and maintained.

ALL WORLDS GROVE: News from Rochester NY

CID PHOENIX Ten years ago, in a forest outside Washington, DC, I received my 3rd order from Mike TheFool. Today, on the "blue moon," I announce the establishment of a new grove, the All Worlds Grove, here in Rochester, NY.

Monument Grove of Alexandria: News from Virginia

Still waiting for people to stop by and visit. Serving the Washington D.C. capital region. Contact mikerdna@hotmail.com

Triple Horses Protogrove: News from Oregon

As of Ostara 2012, Clan of the Triplehorses (based in Medford, Oregon USA) is please to announce its focus on the exclusive worship of the Norse Gods.

If you are in our area and interested in joining our future celebrations, we would like to invite you to our next public meet and greet to be held in connection with the Fifth Annual Jacksonville's Oktoberfest event on Saturday, September 29.

Please feel free to contact us for information: triplehorses@gmail.com or see our website at <http://triplehorses.weebly.com/index.html>



RDG NEWS

New RDG Magazine:

The Nestling Druid's first issue Fall Equinox at

<http://circleofflowingtruth.webs.com/apps/documents/>

J Carlier II

I present the Introductory issue of the Nestling Druid.

I'm also beginning to take submissions for the Samhain Issue.

Nestling Druid Mabon 2012.pdf

[Download](#) · [Upload Revision](#)

You can make submission by posting

at [https://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Nestling-](https://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Nestling-Druid/349179838490926)

[Druid/349179838490926](https://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Nestling-Druid/349179838490926) or sending an email to

The.Nestling.Druid@gmail.com

I would like to announce my forthcoming publication, The Nestling Druid.



The Nestling Druid hopes to serve the Reformed Druid Community in the absence of the Druid's Egg. So I would like to ask those here if they have items they wish to contribute (grove news, community happenings, poems, pics, etc.) then please send them to me at The.Nestling.Druid@gmail.com .

POSSIBLE NEWS:

Earrach Dreollin Reformed Druid Proto-Grove now exists in Spring, Texas.

Spring, Texas is a northern suburb of Houston. They have six local members and 34 online at their group Facebook page, Earrach Dreollin Reformed Druid Community. There are three 1st Order OMS Reformed Druids and the Arch Druid, Rev. Joe Sroufe, DPhil.

The group is involved in tree planting, community pagan awareness, and conducting an annual charity event for cystic fibrosis. They also conduct ritual, training, mentoring, and community activities. You may contact Joe at moondragontx@gmail.com

May you never thirst for the Waters of Life. May the FOREST be with you always!

In the Mother,

/|\ Reverend Druid Joe Thomas Sroufe, DPhil, CFLE(r), 3rd Order Priest OMS/RDG and Arch Druid of Earrach

Dreollin Reformed Druid Proto-Grove in Spring, Texas. /|\

Circle of Flowing Truth

Bullhead City, Mohave County, AZ

The Circle of Flowing Truth has been lightly active as of late offering classes and Reiki through the local community. The classes and working be administered in Bullhead City have been spearheaded by Rev. Jeffrey Carlier II, AD with assistance from the Coven of the Canyon and River (a local, open pagan group to which AD Jeffrey serves as Assistant Priest & Co-organizer). Druid Isarma Spell singer & Druid Atrius Daystar have also been branching out and offering some pagan oriented class in the postal designation of Golden Valley.

In other news, Rev. Jeffrey Carlier II, AD was accepted as clergy in the Missionary Order of the Celtic Cross being initiated to the grade of Apprentice Ovate on August 30, 2012 by Br. Thomas Harris. For more information about the Circle of Flowing Truth visit us at: circleofflowingtruth.webs.com/ and/or on Facebook at www.facebook.com/CircleofFlowingTruth

May You Never Thirst, AD Jeffrey /\

ELLIS ARSENEAU REPORTS

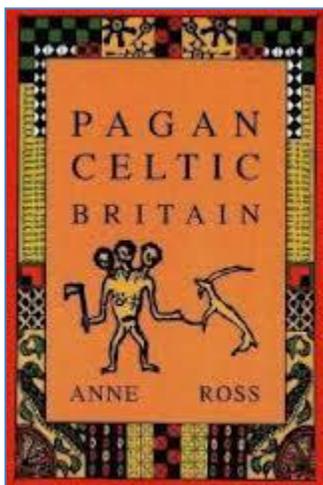
that the RDGtalk and Mithrilstar Yahoogroups have closed and migrated to Facebook. Ellis has stepped down as Patriarch of the large Order of the Mithril Star, and Ceridwen has assumed the Matriarchy of OMS.

Mike the Fool Reports

RDNAtalk conference on Yahoogroups is also closed.

OTHER NEWS

ELLEN HOPMAN REPORTS



Famous Celtic Historian Anne Ross has died

"I received word from Morfydd Owen on Sunday that archaeologist Anne Ross has died. I have not been able to find further details."

Catherine McKenna
Margaret Brooks Robinson Professor and Chair of Celtic Languages and Literatures
Harvard University
Barker Center, 12 Quincy Street
Cambridge MA 02138

Sad news. Anne Ross is one of my favorite Celtic scholars.
cmckenna@fas.harvard.edu

New Druidic Order of Usui



Are you a Druid? Is Reiki a part of your practice?
Come join the conversation. You know you want to. :)

Druidic Order of Usui

- Druids who practice Reiki. Discuss, techniques, symbols, metaphysics and philosophy of Reiki and Druidry here.
- 48 members

POETRY SECTION

SLEEP, GREEN MAN

Sleep, sleep Green Man,
you've spilled your seed upon the land.
The final harvest is safely in,
your well earned rest can now begin.
Shorter day, longer night,
rest well Green Man, out of our sight.
Your summer trysts have produce a flavor,
that Mother Earth will love and savor.
Your time has come to lay and rest,
all your life has passed the test.
Sleep, Green Man,
heal yourself within the land.
So come the next turning of the wheel,
Your hardy heart will then unthaw and feel.
j.anglehart~ 2012 Mabon

Autumn

By
Penny Young

Gone the green, with the sun, autumns red, golds and yellows have
been spun. Warm your hearth, with fires so bright, as the cold seeps
into the night. Blustery nights, lie ahead, greens, turns to gold,
orange and red.

Leaves of crimson do flutter on by, as we wind down with a deep
sigh. Stock the larder, gather your fruit, as the huntsmen, begin to
shoot. Berries and nuts, in basket they be, harvest wild foods, from
roots, earth and tree. Feel the new rhythm, to the ticking of the
clock, gather your bounty, gather your flock.

Take a deep breath when all is done, for the wheel, does turn with
the setting sun. Equal the day and night on the wheel, the gateway
to winter she does reveal.

Autumns child, does be fair of face, as she eases now in her pace.
Time does shift, to a spiraling crawl, she gives us time for winters
drawl.

A Moment In Time

By
Penny Young

A moment in time, a moonlit lake so fine, tree tops reflect and glisten, i
turn to the water and sit and listen.

Dark is the pool, in the night, gold reflection cast on light.
Rippling lapping, blowing in the breeze, ever changing the mirror of the
trees.

The colours, move, twist and merge, all does flow in the lake serge.
Moonlit dapples, dance and glimmer, flickering, swirling in the shimmer.
The heady sweet smell of pine, on the dark night air, laughter of water,
tickling the rocks so bare.

Fire dances up through the trees, it crunches and crackles, and echoes to
me, the orange flames reach up to the sky, as the distant voices melt on
by.

A moment in time, a stitch saves nine, caught in the snare of the lovers
despair. A moment in time, does decline, and so the lovers pine, for that
moment in time.

Stolen Moments

By Penny Young

Stolen moments, my heart does bleed, the loss of time, the loss i
feel.

Wasted and withered , washed up on the shore, ejected, rejected,
not needed anymore.

Time has danced, and been, carried away, loneliness resides and will
remain.

Emptiness stops by, and crawls through the night, lingers in places,
fuelling my plight.

Anger bathes, on the bay of the tide, it rages, it revolts, it revolves
inside.

Stomping, thrashing, thumping and shouting out, aloud. The person i
once was, once i was proud.

Time marches on, not a second, does it glance, it weaves, it bends but
not by chance.

Stolen moments, float in the summers air, the warmth all gone,
wrapped in autumns snare.

Sun In Your Face

By
Penny Young

The sun shines in your face, you warm my heart, i feel your e
Your light dances in the sea, i see you, i see me. I see your
see your smile, and so we dance in soul style. Bathed in ligh
souls do play, we seek, we find, in sweet array. We mingle, w
we chase after, do we. The light radiating from us, one an
Ecstatic in cadence of our heart, we twist and writhe, the
apart. The light starts to dim in us slowly, the heart cry's i
calling for thee. The glow has faded and darkness i see. The c
dispair, the mirky sea. Sadly weighted with blackness i screa
lost in tumult of sea. Anger and pain, dwell with me know, los
blackness i allow. Absorbing, swallowing it takes me. I drow
depths of this black sea. No light does shine, or call for me,
lost my grip, on reality. I ride the waves of the black sea, i
of light, i am negativity. Weak and lost i cry out, in the ni
scream in anger in my fight. The anger reaches in and pene
me, i draw on that strength and swim through the sea. Sl
steadily i emerge from the sea, the blackness seeping from t
pores of me. I look to the sky, the darkness fades, the light
in sunlit cascades, and their you are smiling at me, warmin
heart, so i can see. The sun shines, once again, in your face.
your heart, i feel you embrace.



McKenzie

Wishy Washy

By
Penny Young

Wishy washy, you seem to me, the depth of emotion fluidity.
Dweller of the depths of time and of thought, wave of emotion you
have wrought.
Lost in the depths of the changing tide, the flow does change in
flexible mind.
From the raging sea's of the turmoil you wrought, to the peaceful
pool of inner thought.
Playful and chattering in your stream, you flow the mind of lucid
dream.
Deep do i dwell in emotional ride, cleansing with the coming tide.
The crooked path, that we do choose, the seeping of the negative
muse.
Refreshed and cooled, i emerge from my sleep, silent waters of the
white keep.
The inner light reflects again in me, the joy, the peace, the silent
sea.
Wishy washy, you came through me, i dwell in your depths and
fluidity.

I Dream A Dream

By Penny Young

I dream a dream, where earth meets the sky, in my grove the
twilight nigh. Standing stones encircle me, gateway to the realm,
here my plea. Hands to the sky, chanting moans, i feel the energy, i
hear the stones. Song of Awen, essence of life, here me sing,
chanting nwyfre, in henge ring. My roots go deep, my branches high,
i reach twig and leaf, to the sky. I draw down the moon, and draw
up the earth, weaving the energy, i give it birth. Enchanted am i by
the glittering sky, i weave the stars when twilight drop by. The moon
and stars appear in full array they dance on inky sky, come they
may. Silvery hues, droplets of white, shadows cast in the ink of the
night. Energies soar, up into the sky, i dream a dream, in twilight
nigh.



Wild Geese from Philip Carr-Gomm:

In a 2009 interview I was asked: Why have you chosen Druidry as your spiritual path?

I have always been interested in many different forms of spirituality, and for me the name or label I give to the path I tread is not so important, because I think we each have to create our own path in many ways. But what I like about Druidry is that it is an approach that is designed to help me feel grounded and rooted in my depths. And it is light on dogma and philosophy

and heavy on soil, rain, fire and wind. It's like a goose.

A goose?

The goose is the bird that flies the highest in the sky but in the farmyard it is strutting around in the mud. I want a spirituality that can take me very high but which also allows me time to splash about in the mud. At our summer camps we often build a mudpit and just splash about in it. I like an approach that allows me to do serious rituals and meditations and also sit naked in a mudbath. The poet Mary Oliver uses the image of geese wonderfully in her poem 'Wild Geese' that finishes:

"Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting —
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things."





DRUID PRODUCTIONS



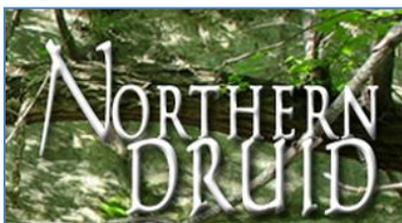
DESPERATE DRUIDS: Part 15 - Election ** Season One Finale!! **

__(CC) All the convoluted storylines, tension and intrigue of season one comes to a crashing crescendo as the Jackpine Grove holds its annual election for the Grove's officers! (31 min. long - get some coffee!)

__Speeches are made, tensions flare, fateful decisions are made, and all walk away dazed and dejected from the encounter, even as further dire portents of doom for the

Grove's already dismal prospects are revealed to the viewers.

(Feel free to share http://youtu.be/_HNm0r6H0cU)

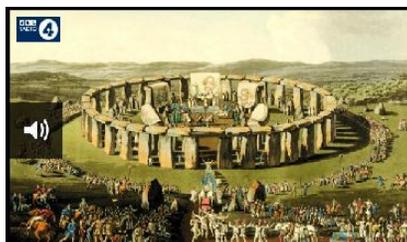


NORTHERN DRUID PODCAST

NOTE: The feed URL for the podcast has changed to:

<http://www.northerndruid.net/category/podcast/feed>

If your iTunes feed does not update, you can subscribe manually in iTunes:
Advanced -> Subscribe to Podcast -> (enter URL above) -> Click OK



Miranda Green and Barry Cunliffe discuss Druids

43 min. BBC Radio

http://www.bbc.co.uk/iplayer/episode/b01mq94/In_Our_Time_The_Druids/



BDO Ritual in Paralympics Closing Ceremony | The British Druid Order

www.druidry.co.uk

British Druid Order -

Druid prayers at the Paralympics use a prayer from BDO

<http://www.druidry.co.uk/2012/09/09/bdo-ritual-in-paralympics-closing-ceremony/>

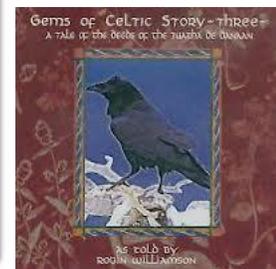
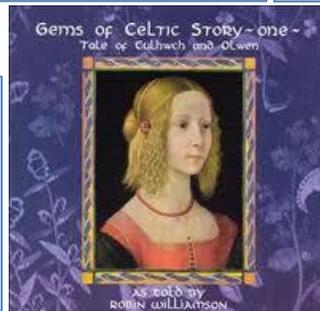
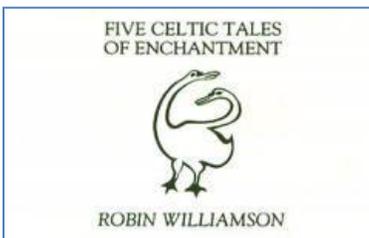
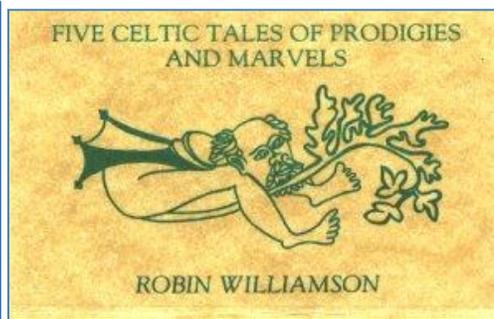
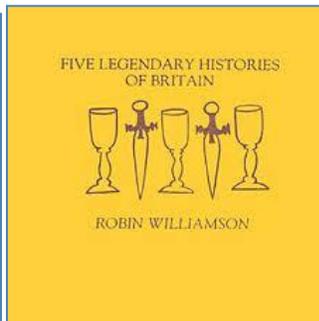
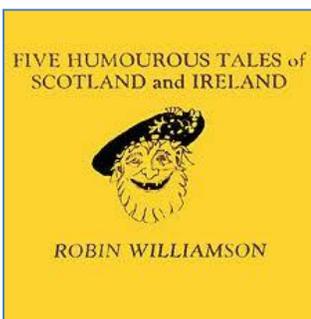
Robin Williamson

A real life Celtic Bard, and one I am blessed to call a friend...this piece is - I believe - his "magnum opus", and it moved me to tears and sent me on a life-long quest of Celtic folklore and mythology and music...

I recommend listening to it at a high volume, as it starts out quiet and there are other quiet parts as well - and you'll need to hear the loud and the quiet to capture the emotional power of this amazing story...



<http://youtu.be/iuRUVzqAfgk>



<http://www.4thought.tv/themes/should-religion-move-with-the-times/mark-townsend?cntsrc=sn> 4thoughttv facebook 1:30

Mark Townsend --Should religion move with the times?

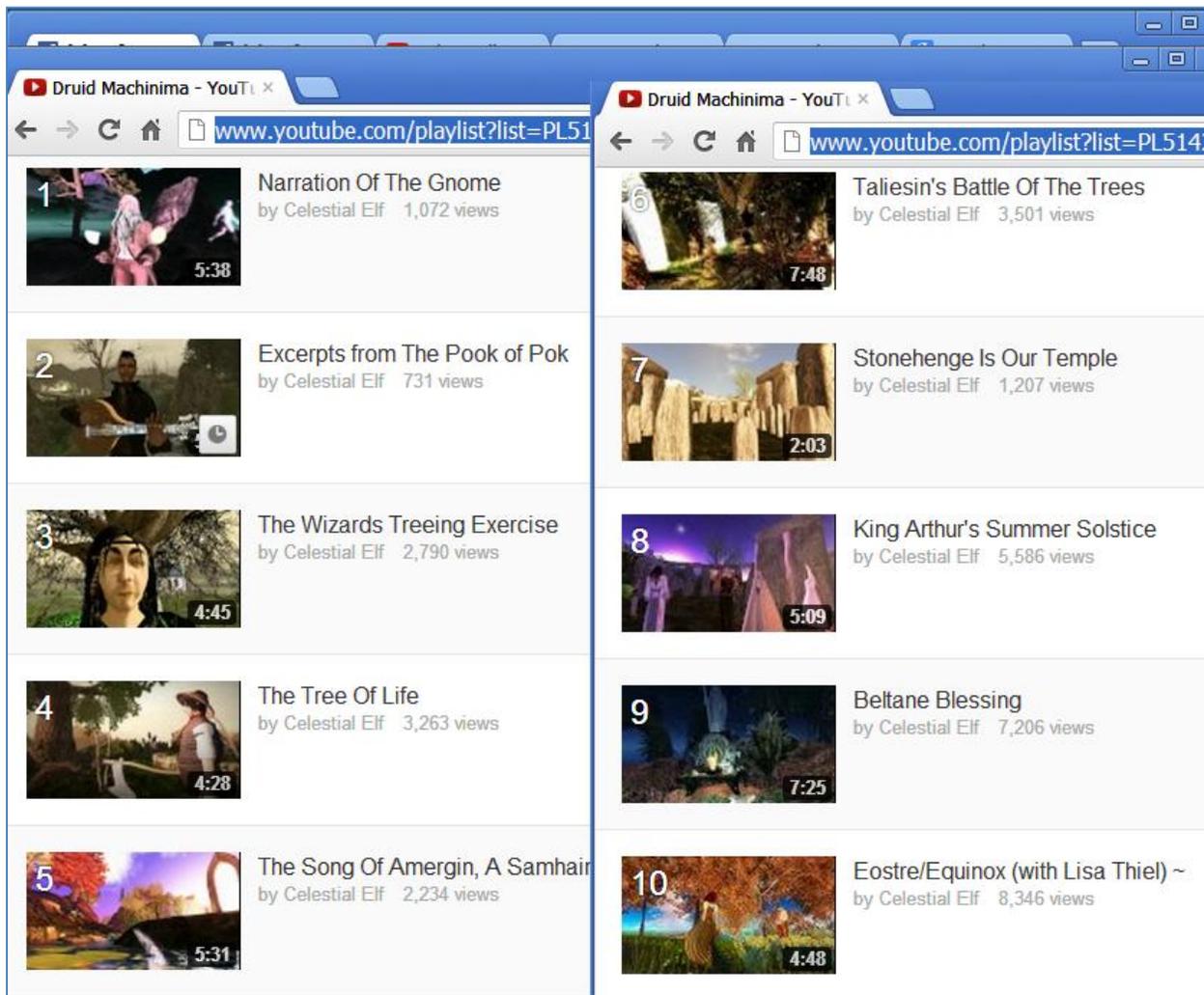
As societal norms shift and change, religious traditions and values are often criticised for not rushing to keep up. Ideas such as the ritual slaughter of animals, rules against women clergy and a ban on contraception, which seem outdated to many, are key beliefs for some religions. This week 4thought.tv asks: Should religion move with the times?



While browsing through Russian mini-dramas (sure we all do) ran across this episode, which has lots of fairies, nymphs, satyrs, witches frolicking about in the woods, air, dance halls and the water, with hardly anything on. The rest of the series is rather stodgy, but this part makes one think fondly to Beltane as it could be.... Viewer discretion is advised. <http://youtu.be/1b5CDppG-k4>

The Beautiful World of Celestial Elf

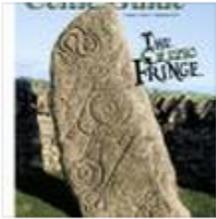
Celestial Elf has many numerous animated videos on Druidic Themes.
<http://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL5142B4F10BA52CBE&feature=plcp>



BOOKS

A new Celtic magazine

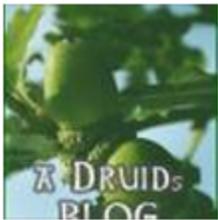
<http://www.celticguide.com/>



The Celtic Guide

www.celticguide.com

Wow! The August issue of Celtic Guide garnered 2,000 hits on this site, with many thousands more on our Facebook site. As we go live with September, we have nearly 800



Ellen Evert Hopman - Herbalist, Druid Priestess, Author

www.elleneverthopman.com

Ellen Evert Hopman, Master Herbalist, Druid Priestess, author of People of the Earth, A Druid's Herbal,

The September blog is up at www.elleneverthopman.com

Read a synopsis of this Moonth's archeology, nature, Druid, Viking, and book news.



Ellen Evert Hopman

A wonderful new book about Newgrange by Anthony Murphy that can already be pre-ordered. Great video on the blog announcement. I wrote about Newgrange a bit (fictionally) in Priestess of the Fire temple - A Druid's Tale.



Newgrange - Monument to Immortality

newgrangemonument.blogspot.com

 Like · Comment · Follow Post · Share · August 31 at 10:38am

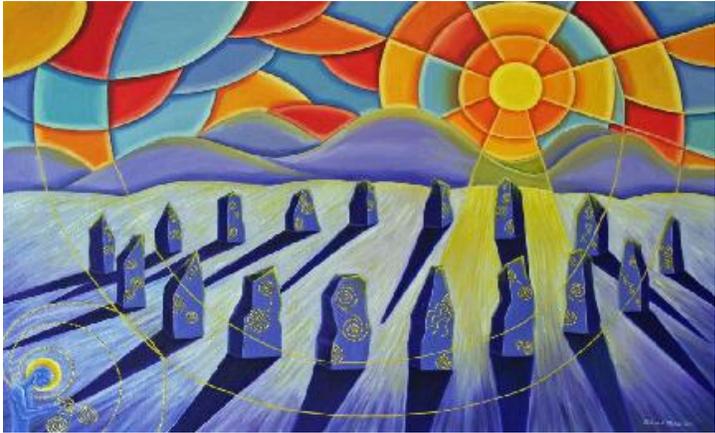
PICTURES



everything is in service



to everything else





John Martens:

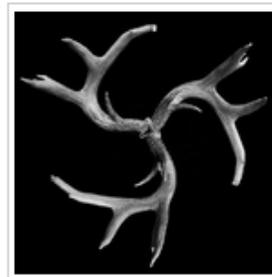
This is the 30x26" photo of lightning, "Strokes at Midnight," a 1 minute time lapse my grandpa shot in August of 1980 over the Saint Croix River from Lakeland, MN overlooking Hudson, WI.

It has been featured in weather books, post cards, and was a personal favorite of local meteorologist Dave Dahl.

This photo is so iconic in the legacy of my family, that it is not only a work of art, but a Shamanic tool for working with my ancestors as well.



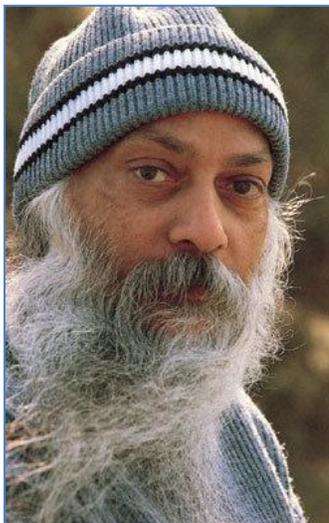
Aires chiefs	Rí royalty	Ard Rí na hÉireann High King of Ireland		Tuath tribe or state	
		Rí Cuicidh King of the Province			
		Rí Mór Tuath King of the Greater Tribe			
	Rí Tuath King of the Tribe				
Féines free farmers	Flaiths or nemedh nobles or privileged				
	Féines or bó aires free farmers or cow chiefs				
	Céiles tenants	Daer céiles free tenants			
		Saer céiles unfree tenants			
Bothachs cottiers or outlaws					



Sculptural Works

Triskele Antlers
Photography by Adam Laipson
<http://www.adamlaipson.com/>

By: Cernunnos



Lynn's Sharing of Osho Rajneesh's Love Essay

Love is painful because it transforms. Love is mutation. Each transformation is going to be painful because the old has to be left for the new. The old is familiar, secure, safe, the new is absolutely unknown. You will be moving in an uncharted ocean. You cannot use your mind with the new' with the old, the mind is skillful. The mind can function only with the old' with the new, the mind is utterly useless.

Hence, fear arises, and leaving the old, comfortable, safe world, the world of convenience, pain arises. It is the same pain that the child feels when he comes out of the womb of the mother. It is the same pain that the bird feels when he comes out of the egg. It is the same pain that the bird will feel when he will try for the first time to be on the wing.

The fear of the unknown, and the security of the known, the insecurity of the unknown, the unpredictability of the unknown, makes one very much frightened.

And because the transformation is going to be from the self towards a state of no-self, agony is very deep. But you Cannot have ecstasy without going through agony. If the gold wants to be purified, it has to pass through fire.

Love is fire.

It is because of the pain of love, millions of people live a loveless life. They too suffer, and their suffering is futile. To suffer in love is not to suffer in vain. To suffer in love is creative' it takes you to higher levels of consciousness. To suffer without love is utterly a waste' it leads you nowhere, it keeps you moving in the same vicious circle.

The man who is without love is narcissistic, he is closed. He knows only himself. And how much can he know himself if he has not known the other, because only the other can function as a mirror? You will never know yourself without knowing the other. Love is very fundamental for self-knowledge too. The person who has not known the other in deep love, in intense passion, in utter ecstasy, will not be able to know who he is, because he will not have the mirror to see his own reflection.

Relationship is a mirror, and the purer the love is, the higher the love is, the better the mirror, the cleaner the mirror. But the higher love needs that you should be open. The higher love needs you to be vulnerable. You have to drop your armor' that is painful. You have not to be constantly on guard. You have to drop the calculating mind. You have to risk. You have to live dangerously. The other can hurt you' that is the fear in being vulnerable. The other can reject you' that is the fear in being in love.

The reflection that you will find in the other of your own self may be ugly' that is the anxiety. Avoid the mirror. But by avoiding the mirror you are not going to become beautiful. By avoiding the situation you are not going to grow either. The challenge has to be taken.

One has to go into love. That is the first step towards God, and it cannot be bypassed. Those who try to bypass the step of love will never reach God. That is absolutely necessary because you become aware of your totality only when you are provoked by the presence of the other, when your presence is enhanced by the presence of the other, when you are brought out of your narcissistic, closed world under the open sky.

Love is an open sky. To be in love is to be on the wing. But certainly, the unbounded sky creates fear.

And to drop the ego is very painful because we have been taught to cultivate the ego. We think the ego is our only treasure. We have been protecting it, we have been decorating it, we have been continuously polishing it, and when love knocks on the door, all that is needed to fall in love is to put aside the ego' certainly it is painful. It is your whole life's work, it is all that you have created — this ugly ego, this idea that "I am separate from existence. "

This idea is ugly because it is untrue. This idea is illusory, but our society exists, is based on this idea that each person is a person, not a presence.

The truth is that there is no person at all in the world' there is only presence. You are not — not as an ego, separate from the whole. You are part of the whole. The whole penetrates you, the whole breathes in you, pulsates in you, the whole is your life.

Love gives you the first experience of being in tune with something that is not your ego. Love gives you the first lesson that you can fall into harmony with someone who has never been part of your ego. If you can be in harmony with a woman, if you can be in harmony with a friend, with a man, if you can be in harmony with your child or with your mother, why can't you be in harmony with all human beings? And if to be in harmony with a single person gives such joy, what will be the outcome if you are in harmony with all human beings? And if you can be in harmony with all human beings, why can't you be in harmony with animals and birds and trees? Then one step leads to another.

Love is a ladder. It starts with one person, it ends with the totality. Love is the beginning, God is the end. To be afraid of love, to be afraid of the growing pains of love, is to remain enclosed in a dark cell.

Modern man is living in a dark cell' it is narcissistic. Narcissism is the greatest obsession of the modern mind.

And then there are problems, problems which are meaningless. There are problems which are creative because they lead you to higher awareness. There are problems which lead you nowhere' they simply keep you tethered, they simply keep you in your old mess.

Love creates problems. You can avoid those problems by avoiding love. But those are very essential problems! They have to be faced, encountered' they have to be lived and gone through and gone beyond. And to go beyond, the way is through. Love is the only real thing worth doing. All else is secondary. If it helps love, it is good. All else is just a means, love is the end. So whatsoever the pain, go into love.

If you don't go into love, as many people have decided, then you are stuck with yourself. Then your life is not a pilgrimage, then your life is not a river going to the ocean' your life is a stagnant pool, dirty, and soon there will be nothing but dirt and mud. To keep clean, one needs to keep flowing. A river remains clean because it goes on flowing. Flow is the process of remaining continuously virgin.

A lover remains a virgin. All lovers are virgin. The people who don't love cannot remain virgin' they become dormant, stagnant' they start stinking sooner or later — and sooner than later — because they have nowhere to go. Their life is dead.

That's where modern man finds himself, and because of this, all kinds of neuroses, all kinds of madnesses, have become rampant. Psychological illness has taken epidemic proportions. It is no more that a few individuals are psychologically ill' the reality is the whole earth has become a madhouse. The whole of humanity is suffering from a kind of neurosis.

And that neurosis is coming from your narcissistic stagnancy. Everyone is stuck with one's own illusion of having a separate self' then people go mad. And this madness is meaningless, unproductive, uncreative. Or people start committing suicide. Those suicides are also unproductive, uncreative.

You may not commit suicide by taking poison or jumping from a cliff or by shooting yourself, but you can commit a suicide which is a very slow process, and that's what happens. Very few people commit suicide suddenly. Others have decided for a slow suicide' gradually, slowly, slowly they die. But almost, the tendency to be suicidal has become universal.

This is no way to live, and the reason, the fundamental reason, is we have forgotten the language of love. We are no more courageous enough to go into that adventure called love.

Hence people are interested in sex, because sex is not risky. It is momentary, you don't get involved. Love is involvement' it is commitment. It is not momentary. Once it takes roots, it can be forever. It can be a lifelong involvement. Love needs intimacy, and only when you are intimate does the other become a mirror. When you meet sexually with a woman or a man, you have not met at all' in fact, you avoided the soul of the other person. You just used the body and escaped, and the other used your body and escaped. You never became intimate enough to reveal each other's original faces.

It is painful, but don't avoid it. If you avoid it you have avoided the greatest opportunity to grow. Go into it, suffer love, because through the suffering comes great ecstasy. Yes, there is agony, but out of the agony, ecstasy is born. Yes, you will have to die as an ego, but if you can die as an ego, you will be born as God, as a Buddha. And love will give you the first tongue-tip-taste of Tao, of Sufism, of Zen. Love will give you the first proof that God is, that life is not meaningless.

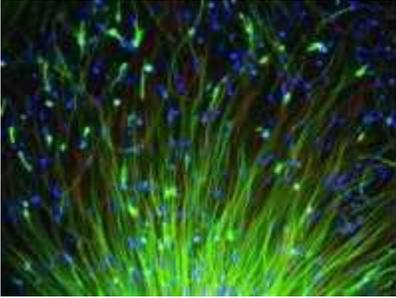
The people who say life is meaningless are the people who have not known love. All that they are saying is that their life has missed love.

Let there be pain, let there be suffering. Go through the dark night, and you will reach to a beautiful sunrise. It is only in the womb of the dark night that the sun evolves. It is only through the dark night that the morning comes.

My whole approach here is that of love. I teach only love and only love and nothing else. You can forget about God' that is just an empty word. You can forget about prayers because they are only rituals imposed by others on you. Love is the natural prayer, not imposed by anybody. You are born with it. Love is the true God — not the God of theologians, but the God of Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, the God of the Sufis. Love is a tariqa, a method, to kill you as a separate individual and to help you become the infinite. Disappear as a dewdrop and become the ocean, but you will have to pass through the door of love.

And certainly when one starts disappearing like a dewdrop, and one has lived long as a dewdrop, it hurts, because one has been thinking, "I am this, and now this is going. I am dying. " You are not dying, but only an illusion is dying. You have become identified with the illusion, true, but the illusion is still an illusion. And only when the illusion is gone will you be able to see who you are. And that revelation brings you to the ultimate peak of joy, bliss, celebration.

ARTICLES



What's a Naturalistic Pagan?



Posted by B. T. Newberg on Wednesday, 12 September 2012 in Paths

Last time, we met some of today's most publicly visible naturalists. Now, let's get down to brass tacks. Exactly what does it mean to be a naturalist, and what do naturalists have in common with other Pagans?

Down to terms

You'll hear a variety of different terms describing roughly the same circles of people: Naturalistic Pagans, Humanistic Pagans, Atheist Pagans, Agnostic Pagans, Existential Pagans, Secular Pagans, etc.

The current most popular term seems to be "Naturalistic

Pagan." It aligns with the larger movement of naturalism, especially Religious Naturalism. Good technical definitions of naturalism are here and here, but the simplest and clearest I've found is as follows:

- only *natural* causes affect the universe; there are no *supernatural* causes.
- There's a problem with that definition in a Pagan context, though. Most Pagans consider their gods and magic to emerge from within nature, so wouldn't they be "natural" by definition?

That's a fair argument, perhaps. However, it's not usually what Naturalistic Pagans mean. Most consider naturalism to entail alignment of beliefs with current mainstream scientific evidence.

Trends and shared values

As a result of such naturalism, a few tendencies emerge:

- We tend to view deities as metaphorical, poetic, or psychological in some sense, and not as causal agents external to and independent of the individual. Thunder is external and independent, but the personification of it as Zeus, for example, is not.
- We tend to view magic as manipulating the world indirectly through the individual's own psychology, for example by motivating her or him to action, and not as tugging on energies or forces to produce effects with no known physical causal relation to the individual.
- We tend to ground our practices and beliefs in experience, accurate history, and (especially) mainstream scientific evidence.

Other Pagans may differ with us on some of these points, but we also share much in common. I want to close by highlighting the many ways Pagans – *all* of us – are alike.

- We uphold nature as sacred.
- We value creativity, integrity, and beauty.
- We embrace embodied, sensuous, passionate existence, which comes in all genders and orientations.
- We celebrate common festivals and holidays, such as the Wheel of the Year.
- We honor this world and our place in it through ritual.
- We explore experience and cultivate self-knowledge through meditation.
- We draw inspiration from non-Abrahamic mythic traditions, especially those from Europe and the Mediterranean.
- We feel awe, reverence, and wonder before nature and our human and non-human ancestors.
- We work toward environmental, humanitarian, and community causes.
- We affirm responsible action within a pluralistic society.
- We affirm the right and responsibility of individuals to weigh evidence and determine their own beliefs.
- We respect others with whose views we may disagree.

As you can see, the differences are far outweighed by what we share in common.

Still confused?

Hopefully, this begins to clear up some of the confusion, but...

Still perplexed? Then ask a naturalist! Please post any questions you'd like answered in the comments section. *Pagan, Naturally* will be back regularly to dispel misconceptions and give the straight dope on the naturalistic way.



Irish Directions by Domi O'Brien

Irish proverbs often are commentaries on the natural world about us, people and community, and the way things work. They are based on observation and analysis of patterns over time.

An ghaoth aduaidh, bíonn sí cruaidh, is cuireann sí fuacht ar dhaoine,
The wind from the north is harsh, and makes people cold,

An ghaoth aneas, bíonn sí tais, is cuireann sí rath ar shíolta,
The wind from the south is moist, and brings abundance to seeds,

An ghaoth anoir, bíonn sí tirim, is cuireann sí brait ar chaoirigh,
The wind from the east is dry and puts coats on the sheep.

An ghaoth aniar, bíonn sí fial, is cuireann sí iasc i líonta.
The wind from the west is generous, and puts fish in (the) nets.

Note that these winds come from, they are in motion. Traditional directionality in Irish was based on the position of the speaker; things were to the left, right, before, behind, below, above, either stationary, moving toward, or moving away from. We see sacred cities (islands) at the "top of the world" (which does not necessarily mean North, since early maps do not show what we consider "north to be at the top.") Starting with 12th century manuscripts we see a new reference point, the East, the "gold" (or) of the rising sun. But we do

not see a loss of the need to include motion in our description of direction; at rest, in motion towards, in motion away from are incorporated in the words. The notion of Cardinal Points is not native to Irish. In a community of farmers and fishermen, living by land and sea under the sky, the three realms are reality. And what the winds bring is of great importance.

DEBATES



Debate: Season of Foghamhar!

QUESTION from THOMAS: Am I the only one here that realizes it's Irish, but STILL wants to pronounce it Fog Hammer?

Domi My ex used to say, how the HELL do you get "fower" out of that?

Brigid don't you just love the Irish language? Celtic languages are so much fun trying to pronounce properly. Especially if you have a tendency to pronounce things the way they are spelled. Southern fried Druid style

Domi Irish and Scots Gaelics were written down by people trained in Latin. Manx Gaelic was written down by English speakers. That's why Manx looks so much more phonetic to English speakers.

Mike TheFool Is "fower" related to "Fall"? Always wondered why he have the words Fall and Autumn for this season. And yes, I like Fog Hammer too, almost as fun to say as "Sam Hane" and "Oy! Milk!"

Mike TheFool Celts enjoy secret vowels and missing consonants, it's a druid conspiracy!

Domi Foghamhar essentially means harvest. Mean Foghamhar, mid-harvest, September (the first harvest being August's barley and oat harvest); Deireadh Foghamhar (ready harvest, full harvest, ended harvest) is October. Samhain, Summer's End, November. In Manx it's Mean Fouyir and Jerrey Fouyir for September and October.

Mike TheFool I meant, was it "anglicized" into "fall"?

Domi It seems unlikely, Mike, since "fall" for autumn is a US usage, not an Irish or Scots or Manx one.

Domi (reaching for OED)

Domi OK-- what I'm finding is that "fall" for autumn comes from the phrase "fall of the leaf" (fall in the usual English-language sense), not from Gaelic, found commonly from about 1540 to 1660 in English writings, and then fell (!) out of use; the only place today where "fall" is commonly used for autumn is the US. (From OE fealle.) autumn (n.)

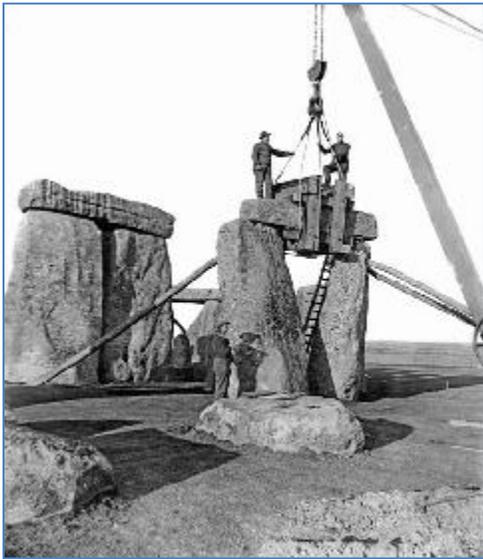
late 14c., autumpne (modern form from 16c.), from O.Fr. autumpne, automne (13c.), from L. autumnus (also auctumnus, perhaps influenced by auctus "increase"), of unknown origin. Perhaps from Etruscan, but Tucker suggests a meaning "drying-up season" and a root in *auq- (which would suggest the form in -c- was the original) and compares archaic English sere-month "August."

Harvest was the English name for the season until autumn began to displace it 16c. In Britain, the season is popularly August through October; in U.S., September through November. Cf. It. autunno, Sp.

otoño, Port. outono, all from the Latin word. Unlike the other three seasons, its names across the IE languages leave no evidence that there ever was a common word for it.

Mike TheFool I shouldn't let reality get in the way of my linguistic fallacies....

Rusty Fung Shway...and the reason it is spelled wrong in Eeeng-Lish is?



Debate: Celtic Reconstructionists

QUESTION FROM ELLIS: The group, Celtic Paganism and Druids is teeming with termites (CR's) so, don't go there to try to start any meaningful conversation. I only got called "wiccan" this time. No F-Bombs. Why do I keep doing it? I see the word "druid" in the title of a group and immediately think the inhabitants will be normal (whatever that means with Druid types). No, lots of "scholarly" serious, defenders of the Celtic Nation "Druids MUST be Celtic" types with no tolerance for revivalist or reformed folks. So, after banning a half dozen of the worst ones, I left. They're starting to crawl out from under the woodwork in the Druid Mysticism group now, but nothing has gotten heated yet. I may just shut my trap there. I quoted Eckhart Tolle there and that was labeled "Discordian dogma." Wonder what they'd do with the Dalai Lama?

Michelle At least you are willing to step out there to say Hi, El. It's taken me years to get back to the point where I'll reach out to people again, and take the chance I'll get hurt. Yes, I had some painful experiences with some people who wore blinders like the types you're describing, and you know it still took me a bit of lurking in this group before I began to speak out a bit. Keep reaching out, and if someone stomps on your toes slam the door in their face in reply.

Yossi So, I am not the only one experiencing this. Tolle happens to be interesting. Is it not possible to learn from many sources other than mere Celtic wishful thinking? Guess that is why I am a Saxon Pagan who honors Celtic ways but does not insist on someone having to be "made over" in a supposed likeness determined by others who believe their path is the only way. Reiki is helping me see the larger picture. Truth is everywhere if we are open to finding it or knowing it may find us. Truth rides in on a path on tolerance and love, not absolutes and judgment.

Sean TheDruid I accept all of the differing viewpoints from our brothers and sisters--regardless of whether they are CR, Reformed, or anywhere in between. I think we should all accept our individual paths and not try to start threads calling each other out on our differences. Why can't we talk about topics that we can join together and agree with, instead of talking about how different we are? We're all Neopagans.

Gylliann Very well said Yossi. Our differences are what make us all unique but they don't make us right and others wrong.

Yossi Thanks, Gyllian!

Ellis They (CR's) want to define what a Druid is and isn't so they can go about excluding anyone who doesn't measure up to their standards. Since we just accept anyone who calls themselves Druid, it drives them bonkers. When we go further, and start naming people who don't identify as Druids, as Druid (such as <http://www.reformed-druids.org/?q=node/2>) that just drives 'em over the edge. Then to suggest that Druids

don't have to be Celtic (as the Reform has from the beginning) that has them scrambling for the nukes. But I'm starting to understand that CRs are a form of fundamentalist, and there's no reasoning with any kind of fundy, be they xtian, moslem, Jewish, Wiccan or Druid.

Honorary Druids | Doing Druidism the way the ancient Druids did it - making it up as we go!
www.reformed-druids.org

"Imagine that the whole world belongs to you. The birch trees in New Hampshire'...
See More

Bruce I love Celtic history. It is a magnificent heritage that warms the cockles of my heart. I lap up as much as I can get. Good for me. When did it become mandatory for everyone else? What happened to free choice amongst kindred spirits? Where's the balance?

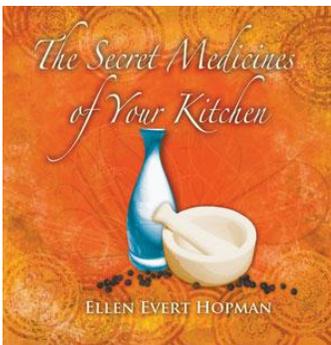
Mike TheFool Well so it is. At least we carry around a clear label that we may or may not be "Celtic", but they see us just as a more clearly defined target or strawman to bully. But remember that reformed Druids are generous and brotherly, and nothing drives them barrier than ignoring on indiffering them and sticking to a "I'll take what I want when I shops, thank you very much " attitude. Be yourself, don't be apologetic. They don't have the term copyrighted, if they don't like it, stuck out your tongue and tell them to go invent an airtight defined and exclusive term.

Mike TheFool You know reformed Jews have the problem with the orthodox, and people bicker incessantly within the strains of Christianity or Islam or Buddhism. In contrast, maybe we have it much better?

Ellis I dunno. I just have a really low tolerance for what I deem "fundamentalist" behavior.

Mike TheFool They may not recognize it as fundamentalist, in that sense, given that they may feel in "survival mode" for their strict cultural approach being swamped by more eclectic and blende...See More

RECIPEES



Ellen Hopman: **THE SECRET MEDICINES OF YOUR KITCHEN**

I am thrilled to announce that my newest book THE SECRET MEDICINES OF YOUR KITCHEN is now available for pre-order! You will get 10% off if you order now. Remember, Yule is coming!

Pre-order it here: <http://www.mpowrpublishing.com/>

THE SECRET MEDICINES OF YOUR KITCHEN is filled with recipes and home remedies that you can make from the foods and spices ALREADY on your kitchen shelf. In these economic times these simple, inexpensive and effective home remedies are very much needed.



PORK ROAST RECIPEE

Domi O'Brien Roast pork with herbs and apples is very traditional for the season. Surround the pork roast in the roasting pan with peeled medium onions and cored apples, alternately; sprinkle everything with salt and pepper;

brush with honey or sprinkle with brown sugar; pour some apple cider in the bottom of the pan; top with fresh herbs (for a 4 lb roast, perhaps 4 bay leaves, 8 sage leaves, 8 basil leaves, a little rosemary and thyme, 8 apples, 8 onions; if you like, add 8 carrots and/or parsnips. washed and scraped.).

Roast slowly (300 degrees) for 2 and half to 3 hours or until temperature probe reads 160. Let rest 15 minutes; carve pork and serve with the baked onions and apples and brown bread baked earlier. (You can also cook the pork, herbs, cider, apples and onions all day in a large crock pot).

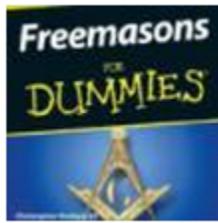
Basic brown bread: Preheat oven to 400 and butter a 10 inch round baking pan or ovenproof skillet; mix 2 cups white flour and 2 cups whole-wheat flour with a tsp and a half each baking soda, baking powder, and salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, and one stick (quarter lb) ice-cold real butter cut in pats and then quarter pats, with a big fork, until you have a lumpy flour mixture.

Pour in 2 cups buttermilk (Or one and 2/3 cups regular whole milk and 1/3 cup apple cider vinegar) all at once and stir with fork until a wet dough is formed. Stir in 1 cup dry old-fashioned oats until evenly mixed. Scrape dough into prepared pan and cut through with a serrated knife into farls (quarters; make an X shape across the dough). Bake for 45 to 55 minutes.

If you are serving a larger crowd or want a traditional three-realms feast, you want to add a poultry dish, more fall/winter vegetables, and a seafood dish, probably salmon. In this case, bake larger quantities of bread. Duck would be nice (though I rarely make it for Mean Foghamhar, I almost always do for Samhain; I'm more likely to do a roasting chicken or a turkey for fall equinox) and a salmon fillet baked at the last minute after the pork and the poultry are out of the oven.

Sauteed cabbage wedges work well, or steamed shredded cabbage or brussels sprouts. Barley casserole would be traditional, but I find most of my Grove prefer potatoes.

Yes, the pigs are usually slaughtered in the fall, and the apples are gathered. Fresh pork or lightly brined from Mean Foghamhar to Samhain traditionally, and the rest salted/cured/smoked for hams, smoked shoulders, sausages, bacon, boiling bacon, smoked pork loin, etc. When you get pork in Ireland it's usually at least been brined if not cured or smoked. Typically Samhain we aim for pork, apples, duck, various root veggies, salmon of wisdom, and of course the divinatory barmbreac. I often roast the duck on a bed of herbs, chopped vegetables, and white beans. Then there's a lovely messy duck-fatty spoonful of rich bean mix next to your serving of duck. Our ancestors LOVED fat.



Freemasons For Dummies

www.amazon.com

Fascinated by Freemasons? Freemasons For Dummies is the internationally best-selling introduction to the Masons, the oldest and largest "secret society" in the world. This

Review by Mike the Fool

Loved this book! I live near Alexandria Masonic Memorial to George Washington, so they've been on my mind a lot while commuting.

As I've suspected in 1996 and 2003 when writing about RDNA history, a study of freemasonry is very illuminating to Reformed Druidic organizational structure, attitude towards religion & membership, and how schisms and splits happen. One source, yea, one among many.

Anyway, it has inspired me to write another article on the various origins of our structure, ritual, literature, customs - of which various sources were tapped (Episcopalianism, Fraternalism, Celts and Carleton College) initially, and then Counter Culture, Ecology and Neopaganism later on. I'd add most recently: the internet and digital publishing.

I need a current Mason to bounce some ideas off. Anyone willing to review a draft?

NEWS ARTICLES



New York Times August 22, 2012

Made by Druids, Loved by Dragons

By *MICHAEL TORTORELLO*

WORCESTER, Vt.

WHEN a white coyote loped in front of Ivan McBeth, he should have known that his day was jinxed. It was a Friday morning in June, and Mr. McBeth was driving a borrowed truck and trailer to a stone yard in Stowe, Vt. There, he would pick up an 8-foot-tall rock and cart it to Dreamland, his homestead and school for Druids, north of Montpelier, Vt.

The plan was to stand this stone in the circle taking shape on a grassy plateau next to Mr. McBeth's tepee. But when you encounter "coyote medicine," he said, "if you think you have a plan, tough —."

And then out spilled the sort of word you might use after you have waited at a stone yard for two hours and argued with the boss's wife about the bill; after you have endured a flat tire; after a 3,000-pound stone has tipped the trailer upright and off the ball jack; after the Internal Revenue Service has written to ask how you and your wife could possibly be surviving on \$6,500 a year; and after you've limped home, defeated, without a stone.

For all these setbacks, Mr. McBeth, 59, is generally recognized as the world's most prodigious builder of megalithic stone circles. Think of them as backyard Stonehenges: instant artifacts of a new stone age.

Andy Burnham, who runs the Megalithic Portal Web site and society in Surrey, England, has recorded 253 monolithic circles built in recent decades. And "there must be many more in private gardens that we don't know about," he wrote in an e-mail.

Mr. McBeth has helped devise 22 of these circles. He erected his first lasting monument in 1992 on the grounds of the Glastonbury music festival, in his native England. Named the Swan Circle, after the constellation Cygnus, it has become a sanctuary from the crush of 150,000 revelers. Last weekend, he visited the Strummer of Love festival and Joe's Stones, which he created for the widow of Joe Strummer, the guitarist of the Clash.

The "circles" may, in fact, be elliptical or ovoid. And the stones may number from a dozen to 30 or 40. Mr. McBeth has stood 23-ton stones with a stone-age toolset — that is, nothing but log rollers and levers.

Choreographing a team of heavy machinery, he recently erected dozens of rocks on an old dairy farm near Fountain City, Wis. The largest, dubbed Zeus, measured 26 feet long and weighed more than 25 tons. Kristine Beck, the software executive who named the marvel Kinstone for her parents and her nine siblings, has heard aficionados call it "the biggest privately held stone circle on the planet."

The last stone-circle vogue came a few years ago — specifically, around the third millennium B.C. That's when Neolithic people began to litter thousands of stone monuments like Stonehenge across the British Isles.

These rings, some 1,300 of which survive, may have been ceremonial spaces, astronomical tools, healing sites or necropolises. The stones stand mutely while the explanations change.

The inspiration for our modern-day stone tribes is only somewhat clearer. William H. Cohea Jr., a retired Presbyterian clergyman, is one of the grandfathers of the megalithic proliferation. He started constructing the magnificent Columcille Megalith Park in 1979, next to the Appalachian Trail, in Bangor, Pa. The 150 stones, which abut Mr. Cohea's old house, attract 6,000 visitors a year.

"They're a sign of permanence," Mr. Cohea said. "They mark territories." They also mark time: "I'm a young 85, and I'm still setting stones," he said.

Many builders attribute spiritual qualities to their circles, he added. Last year, for instance, the United States Air Force Academy completed work on the Cadet Chapel Falcon Circle, a \$51,000 structure for what it calls "the observation of Earth-Centered Spirituality."

At last tally, the academy counted three self-identified pagans.

MR. McBETH'S motivations were unambiguous: he wanted to call dragons to Dreamland.

This dragon-talk is symbolic, right? Of course, Mr. McBeth said. Also, "there is a literal dragon. Everyone knows that."

Perhaps you've heard of these creatures called dinosaurs. Big, green, scaly. And what about all the pictures of St. George with his sharp lance, tickling the dragon's throat?

"Dragons are forces of nature that live both in the physical world and also the worlds of energy," Mr. McBeth said. Though they're rarely seen, dragons are constantly in motion along "ley lines," meridians of energy that

align with features in the landscape. Mr. McBeth's 13 stones, not yet half-finished, would attract these powerful beasts the way the hanging rings on Venice Beach collect musclemen.

Mr. McBeth is himself a monumental figure. He appears to stand over six and a half feet tall and he has recently slimmed down to 20 stone (some 280 pounds). And lest anyone miss him in a crowd, he entertains a fancy for silly hats, underneath which lies a pumpkin-tinted mohawk.

It was noontime on Saturday, and Mr. McBeth was at a Burlington Tire service station to repair the flat (make that the second flat) on the trailer. The stone would not escape him again.

He pulled out a small glass bottle. The wait was an opportunity to apply a coat of emerald green nail polish. "People suspect there's some deep spiritual motive," he said. The truth: "I like colors."

Drab and conventional was the rule in the Devon home where Mr. McBeth grew up. He thought that he shared with his family almost nothing except a last name. And he changed that: In his mid-20s, Iain McBeth Smith became Ivan McBeth.

"I left my past behind me," he said. "It was a one-way ticket." This was the start of a 10-year walkabout that swept him from Sinai to the Himalayas, "the abode of the gods," he said.

Back home, Mr. McBeth discovered a spiritual community around Glastonbury. He began to celebrate Druidry's eight seasonal festivals at Stonehenge.

The connection between Druids and Stonehenge may be fairly recent, said Philip Carr-Gomm, who leads one of the religion's main branches, the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids. The original Druids were likely a caste of Brahmins who first appear in the historical record around the fourth century B.C. That's a millennium, at least, after the British stone circles appeared on the moors.

The Druids seem to have disappeared at the pointy end of the Roman conquest. And their religious rites vanished with them. Today's practicing Druids (about 40,000 souls in the United States and Britain, Mr. Carr-Gomm said) have largely reimagined their ceremonies out of the mists of the Celtic past.

"Over the last 300 years, people interested in Druidry have been building stone circles," he said. "Ivan forms part of that tradition."

Mr. Carr-Gomm has observed his friend's nature (and naturism) up close. At loose ends, Mr. McBeth lived in his garden for a year, in a small cottage.

"If you're like us, like most people, you kind of worry about money," Mr. Carr-Gomm said. "You try to figure out how you're going to stay alive. He doesn't do that. He seems to be able to sail through life, apparently defying gravity."

Lately, though, Mr. McBeth has started to feel the ballast of his obligations. In 2006, he came into an inheritance and bought 70 acres on Dumpling Hill in Vermont. He married a fellow spiritual seeker (a Wiccan) and founded the Green Mountain Druid Order. Now he has something to lose.

The manager at the local quarry, Rock of Ages, has admonished Mr. McBeth that he needs to charge more for his installations. For the 12 days he labored on Kinstone in Wisconsin, Mr. McBeth requested \$2,000. (Ms. Beck paid him an extra \$1,000.)

“I’m so desperate to make stone circles,” Mr. McBeth said. “That’s my relationship with money, and I’m trying to change that.”

A few weeks ago, he said, the well stopped feeding the faucets in the house. Since then, he and his wife had been hauling five-gallon buckets from the bottom of the steep hill.

Waking up this morning without running water, his wife declared that the stone circle had become a luxury they could not afford. Maybe she was right.

“If you really are serious about bringing the spiritual into your life, you have to let go of a lot of the comforts that people take for granted in the vanilla world,” Mr. McBeth said. “It’s an archetypal journey.”

THE cars started winding up the rutted dirt road to Dreamland early Sunday morning. This convoy surprised Mr. McBeth. Druid time is fluid, he said. If you want to gather a group of Druids at 10 in the morning, tell them 9 o’clock and say a prayer.

Today’s 12-member work crew would include Maja, a pretty 28-year-old heavy-metal singer; Jess, a 39-year-old DNA research technician; Steven, a seriously bearded 36-year-old timber framer, with his wife and three children; and Robert, a 60-year-old instructor at the Yestermorrow Design/Build School. (“I’m not a Druid,” Robert said, by way of clarification. “I’m a pagan.”)

The hills were festooned with blackberry bushes in white blossom. The energy had changed today, Mr. McBeth declared. After all the grief it had caused, the stone was lying obediently on the trailer, at the top of the driveway. The rock was greenish-gray and shaped like a flint. Maybe Ely greenstone, Robert guessed.

Mr. McBeth was unsure about geology, but he had a better grip on personality. He had dubbed this mischievous mass “the Coyote Stone.”

He likes to plant his stones in positions he determines by camping out in a field and making astronomical observations. Alternately, you can plug coordinates into a Web site, and that’s what he had done today.

The Coyote Stone would point in the direction of Capitol Hill in Washington. “It’s to help people in power to make good, healing decisions for the Earth,” Mr. McBeth said. No one ever accused Ivan McBeth of cynicism.

After peering through a surveying device called a transit, he sunk a stake at the perimeter of the circle. The socket for the stone would need to be two and a half feet deep. A few of the stone people took to work with a pick and shovel.

The job, in sum, was straightforward. Mr. McBeth would back up the stone with the trailer, rig it with straps and then lift it with a chain hoist. This hand winch would dangle from a tripod.

Before Mr. McBeth could move the stone, then, he had to move the tripod. This was a beast of its own: a 25-foot-tall giant that he had fashioned out of spruce and fir trees. The three log poles, wrapped at the top with a steel chain, weighed half a ton. A two-man team would need to shift each of the giant’s legs, a yard at a time.

The tripod became a marionette and Mr. McBeth the puppet master. Step by step, the giant began to walk. Fifteen minutes later, it was positioned above the hole. “Perfect is good enough,” Robert said.

When the stones were in the mood to cooperate, Mr. McBeth said, he could easily plant two or three in a day. That said, nothing good ever came from rushing. The moment was right, he declared, for a tea break.

“One thing a stone is good at is waiting,” he said.

Almost an hour passed before he roused Steven and his wife from their reverie. It was time to hang the chain hoist.

“Sorry to take you away from your lovely embrace,” Mr. McBeth said.

“It’s O.K., we’re going home together,” Steven replied.

Soon the stone was harnessed. The crew was chatty now, waiting idly for the magic to happen. Mr. McBeth, by contrast, appeared busy and hyper-alert. Building a stone circle in Godalming, England, he once saw a wooden windlass snap a man’s arm. These old-fashioned tools can deliver an old-school hurt.

On Mr. McBeth’s cue, a fit Druid named Jonah tugged at the chain. The tripod giant shifted and made a croaking sound. The Coyote Stone began to levitate above the trailer.

“Everybody please stand back,” Mr. McBeth said. “Anything could happen.”

Enter the dragon.

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