



Volume 30, Issue 3
Beltane May 3, 2013
Day 3 of Samhradh, Year LI of the Reform



EDITOR: Well it's the big 50th Anniversary. Early reports from Carleton indicate that half a foot of snow have slightly dampened spirits, but Druids from all parts of the country have gathered, and new growth at the Carleton Grove is encouraging. I wrote an epistle in this issue to capture my feelings. If we get enough material, I will make a special 50th anniversary issue next week. My great sadness was that I was unable to attend the festivities due to promises and difficulties at home. I however greatly encourage you to attend the Summer Solstice event in June, held on Alumni weekend and a guarantee of no-snow!
www.rdna.info/reunion.html

I should also note that this is also my 100th issue of a Druid magazine that I have collaborated upon, beginning in November 2000 when I worked with Stacey on helping to amplify and archive the Druid Missal-Any reboot until May 2008 when she went on a brief sabbatical after 56 issues. Well I'm still waiting after 44 issues of the Druid Inquirer, but will continue onwards. I was also pleased with the RDG periodical lasting nearly 10 years, quite long in Pagan circles, and hope for their soon recovery.

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News of the Groves

Carleton Grove: News from Minnesota

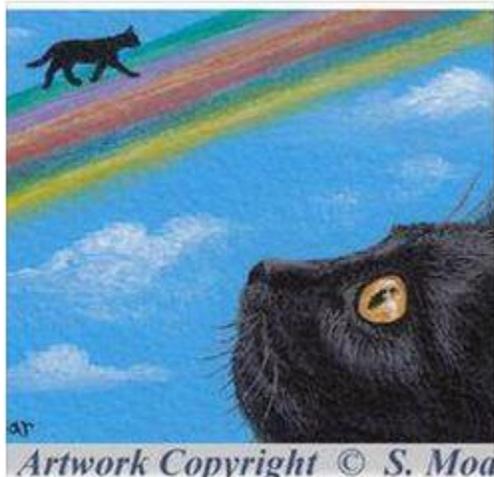
Matt is in charge of the Carleton Grove as the 50th archdruid and initial reports show renewed interest of other members during the short May/June period of college spring.

Mother Grove of RDG

May 1st is

- 1) Dalon ap Landou's birthday (Happy Nekkid Day Dalon!)
- 2) Beltaine
- 3) The RDNA's 50th birthday.
- 4) International Worker's Day. (Should that have an apostrophe or not?)
- 5) "Sing hey for the 1st of May! Outdoor shtupping begins today!"

We held a little memorial service at midnight for our Gwyddion, who is buried in the corner of our backyard, a someday to be beautiful jazmine plant marking the spot. Beltane is like Samhain in that it is a time when veil between the worlds is thin. We threw some catnip around the grave. It's only been two weeks since the little guy passed over the rainbow bridge, and we still miss him very much.



Gwyddion Arseneau, 9/1/2001 - 4/15/2013, Rest in Peace, my little bright spirit, and come back to us someday in a new body, as your brother did... ♥

The doctor at the Holistic Animal Wellness Center did a free autopsy on him, because we needed to know, and she said it would help her learn too so hopefully his passing will save another cat someday - all she could find was a very inflamed pancreas - severe pancreatitis she called it, so she said that even if they found out beforehand, there is nothing they could have done to save him anyway...

He didn't even need the euthanasia shot - he passed within minutes of our arrival, and as he passed, he put his head back and looked me right in the eyes, then he shuddered and let go of his mortal shell. I could feel his spirit leaving...

Clairiere des Corbeaux – Raven’s Cry Grove: News from Quebec

All appears to be going well in their vibrant grove

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/5127134685/>



New Order of Yogic Druids (RDG)

Greetings Blessed Sisters & Brothers,

I come to you Today to announce the establishment of the Order of Yogic Druids. Having done so under the Full Moon (April 2013). This order is to be a specialty order, for the Reformed Druids of Gaia, for Yoga, it's teachings and practices.

Brightest Blessings & May You Never Thirst,

Rev. Jeffrey Carlier II, OMS OHD

Founding Patriarch – Order of Yogic Druids

April 27, 2013

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/OrderofYogicDruids/>

Organization

The Order of Yogic Druids shall be operated through the office of it's current Atriarch. The Atriarch office shall be filled at founding by Order Founder on the traditional understanding of being filled for life. The Atriarch shall have the option available though of resignation/retirement to which they will receive the proper Atriarch Emeritus title. The Order as a whole shall based in/on Yoga with it's various practices and teachings, as a means of furthering our connection with Earth Mother and our own inherent Divinity. The Order will also contain Sub-Orders, established through the Office of the Atriarch, which are more specific areas of interest in the Order, examples of the this could be Sub-Order of Hatha Yoga or the Sub-Order of Yogananda, based on styles, teacher/Guru, etc.

Eligibility

This Order is Open to all Reformed Druids whom:

1) Affirm the Tenets of Reformed Druidry

[One of the many ways in which the object of Man's search for religious truth can be found is through Nature: the Earth-Mother.

Nature, being one of the primary concerns in Man's life and struggle, and being one of the objects of creation, is important to Man's spiritual quests.]

2) Maintain a regular Yoga Practice

[Preferably not simple 'fitness' yoga but a deeper meditative and introspective practice.]

Sub-Orders may develop further requirements based on their specialty for more information inquire through the office of the Current Atriarch.

~Please pardon the reoccurring use of the term Atriarch though it is the most neutral way by which to name the



TECHNODRUID? No, but I try. Computers and Druidry through the years. – Mike the Fool

My outreach efforts for my vocation as a Reformed Druid priest turn 20 this month, but so apparently does the Internet, which has assisted me along the way. Maybe it's a natural affinity, since the Reform has been mixing "O" and "I" since they first drew the Druid Sigil, 50 years ago.

RDNA played the first computer based hymn at a service in 1964 at Carleton, distributed by IBM

RDNA had its first online conference on the VAX in 1986

RDNA had the first live online Druid ritual in 1988 on the VAX at Carleton

RDNA had its first HTML webpage in 1995 at St. Cloud, MN

RDNA held its first webchat on AOL in 1995

RDNA films its first digitally edited film in 1995 "Gatorr"

RDNA released ARDA 1 collection online in 1996

RDNA had its second HTML webpage www.geocities.com/mikerdna in 1997

RDNA had its first digital newsletter in November 2000

RDNA had its first yahoo groups conference RDNAtalk in 2002

RDNA released its ARDA 2 collection online in 2003

RDNA began Facebooking in 2008

RDNA began YouTubing in 2009

RDNA makes its first Druid animation in 2011 "Desperate Druids"

Note from Glenn: Actually I think the first computer based hymn goes back at least to 1965, since Richard Smiley graduated from Carleton that year. He wrote the music interpreter program while at Carleton and it was subsequently distributed (free) by IBM. Among the sample pieces included was the Chant to the Earth Mother. I actually heard about the RDNA when I was still in High School, from which I graduated in 1968. Sometime my last year there a friend told me about this program and the Chant. This means that the RDNA has been successfully using computers for outreach for at least 45 years. How many other religious bodies can say that? :-)>

The Golden Googly Gospel of Beltane 2013

FOREWORD

Blessings of the Earthmother to all my Brothers and Sisters in celebration (or not)

I write this sermon in the ancient tradition of edifying you, and boring the heck out of you. The Buddha's lesson on Zen consisted of holding up a flower and smiling. Jesus taught us "to love our fellow man and God as we love ourselves." Sadly, I am not as great or succinct as They are. This, the Golden Googly Gospel of Beltane 2013, will have a long rambling introduction, three interminable parts, and a surprisingly endless conclusion. You have been warned, the exits are in the back.

If I were you, I'd sit down somewhere comfortable and get something to nibble on. I won't mind if you lose interest and watch the swaying boughs of the oak. My epistolic muse has been cooped up for four years, but perhaps parts will be amusing. And no one has written a "State of the Groves" report for years, so I'll try my best, and hopefully it won't be the worst use of your time.

INTRODUCTION

1. Welcome.
2. You are not here just to be with me. And I am not there to be without you.
3. The years and the tyranny of distance separates us, but the concept of what Druidry means, brings us together.
4. Druidry is never more clear than when it is paradoxical.
5. You are at Carleton.
6. Carleton is the alma mater of Reformed Druidism and the place where we first recognized the Earthmother.
7. Carleton's groves are truly sacred, but few of us can stay there long, but having been there once, Carleton's legacy and influence will stay with us forever, and touch those who meet us.
8. I do wish I was there in Minnesota, the center of North America and the center of the Modern Druid revivals. But I am stuck in Virginia.
9. But, if I call the Earth my home (and what alternative do I have?) how can I ever be exiled.
10. You and I stand upon the same earth
11. Breathe the same sky
12. Feel the same warmth of sun

13. And drink of the waters that have flowed through billions of previous creatures.
14. And we share the same label, Druid, which energizes our spirit
15. Our spirit is as potent as our whiskey
16. Our temple is as wide and solid as the world
17. Our ways are as lovely and permanent as the dew on the morning grass.

PART 1 --WHERE DID WE COME FROM?

1. In the beginning, there was only David Fisher, a lone voice crying out in the wilderness, and he was heard and others joined his chorus of praise and protest. And they enjoyed it so much, they went on a world tour without him.
2. By 1973 Reformed Druidism had reached the east and west coasts, and it had reached something deep within our hearts, even as we reached out ever further into the mysteries and traditions of the world. Our rebellion for freedom of religion noticed other growing cries for equality of women, races, and other forms of discrimination, and finding voice in the folk and pop culture of a turbulent time of transformation.
3. In this New Age of Druidism, a strange thing known as Neopaganism blossomed in California, and it touched us, and the Age of Aquarius poured large jugs of water on our roots, and we painfully sprouted new branches from our vigorous trunk. The environmental movement swept up America and we realized that our love now also had a responsibility. Acorns from our tree began to take root across the continent as new Modern Druid groups sprouted and Reformed Druidism was no longer alone.
4. By the 1980s we had become lost in the woods and couldn't find our scattered groves. Many of our odd concepts had become mainstream with the rise of multi-culturalism, relativism, humanism, environmentalism, folk arts practice and a caution towards central authority.
5. In the 1990s isolated groves bumped into each other and re-established contact by the means of the glowing screens of the dawning digital age of Druidry. The ancient Druids did not write, because of the special power of orally exchanging Awareness in person, and it was also expensive. With electrons, Druids could exchange their thoughts (or massive tomes of past lore) for a penny, in a second, 20,000 miles away, without resorting to pressed wood-pulp, but fortunately most of us still visited trees. But it is now Druids who are pressed... pressed for time
6. Most of us don't spend days drafting lengthy epistles by pen, or have uninterrupted quiet hours to while

away in a swaying meadow of wildflowers. No, we are besieged by time-wasting distractions, news and communication which come fast and furious upon us wherever we go. We fire off snippets, jot terse texts, and attach cute pictures of cats with witty captions. Thus, for the last 20 years, we have increasingly met and grown to know each other without being present in the same space.

7. I am glad you are gathered together now. Sometimes we forget what it is like to be together or that we actually like to be together. We might even forget in the great present cacophony what is our message, or why we are trying to convey it? And does it really matter?
8. In 2003, Brother Norman joked how the tribes of Druids had wandered 40 years in the wilderness. Well in 2013, we're still trudging about on the same paths, yet we are certainly not "lost", even if we aren't always sure where we are going. As always, the mists of the future obscure our way more than a few steps ahead, and the clinging fogs of memory and the passing of Founders and elders hides our past just a few steps behind. But we are still here.

PART TWO: WHERE ARE WE NOW? AND WHAT ARE WE DOING?

1. It is May 2013. The Earth has revolved 50 times around the sun, and our planet has rotated 18,250 times -- no wonder our heads are spinning! It's not the fault of the Whiskey. And yes, Mike keep spinning this endless sermon. I am sorry if my words tarnish some of the luster of our golden anniversary.
2. 50. One strains to find a good biblical hook for that number.
3. I suppose there is Whit Sunday (aka Pentecost), when the Holy Spirit descended in tongues of flame upon the gathered apostles and disciples and they received the gift of tongues to go out and spread the word to the world. Are we not whitty? Wouldn't it be nice if people could understand all our babblings about Reformed Druidism? Half the time I don't understand them either, not a whit!
4. And yet, Reformed Druidism doesn't proselytize. We don't convert others, but seek ourselves to be converted by the wisdom that is around us.
5. New Druids usually find and come to us, and those not wise enough to flee immediately, tend to stay a while, before stumbling off somewhere else. Our groves are often like way-stations, like rest stops, for weary travelers, tired of dull somber rigid earth-denying ideologies, where they can briefly put down their burdens, share news, check maps, get some sustenance, and we take care of their crap. Our ways and services do serve them well on their journeys, even if we remain behind in the shady Groves and can't walk on with them.
6. We are not jealous or separate ourselves from other faiths or philosophies. Reformed Druidism can stand by itself, but for most of us, it supplements -- not substitutes -- our spiritual growth in other religions and paths.
7. Besides, how can you describe or market the absence of something? Observe the unspoken beauty of the bicycle wheel; the thin silent spokes of a bicycle wheel give it strength, but it is space between that gives it lightness. It is the white space between black printed words that allows the words to be read, it is the words that make looking at the page worthwhile. It is the emptiness in the chalice that allows it to hold the Waters of Life.
8. What are we? Much ink has been spilt and those who have tried to define us have in the end only defined and confined themselves. Some say we are the outdoor Unitarians, that we are a quiet rebellion against dogma and structure, that we are a loosely organized form of anarchy in religious matters. Perhaps one could merely hold up an oak leaf and smile?
9. We do not claim to be the greatest religion, but we are certainly not worse than the others.
10. We do not even insist on being a "religion", except when necessary.
11. We lack most of the amenities of an organized religion. What we don't do and don't force upon our members is perhaps more important than what do. Less is more to us, and more can be less.
12. We are inclusive to a fault, and welcome all, but only to ask them to tolerate the differences amongst us, as we respect their oddities.
13. We have services, but we don't mind if we don't have them. Just as we were founded on avoiding the chapel attendance, so many of our Reformed Druids are absent, and some have succeeded in avoiding our festivals for more than 49 years! If they can still call themselves Reformed Druids, then their example is a lesson for us. Every priest of every religion would have us realize that the whole of our lives is sacred, that every place we go is sacred, not just the occasional hour that we gather to share our awareness of that sacredness together. Something to aspire to! But what inspires us?
14. Indeed -- what great Earth shattering knowledge can we share to others that justifies Reformed Druidism -- and all our activities (or inactivities)?

15. For me, the booming answer is that the knowledge that our awareness of the Earth shatters our concepts of the world – and ourselves.
16. Druidry is not easy to grasp, and the harder you try to grasp it, the more it slips out your fingers. We thus evade definitions and final answers as fervently as we avoid repaying or thanking our frazzled Archdruids for their tireless work setting up our meetings. Thank you John, Matt, Richard, Stacey and all those who did even one lick of work today.
17. Sometimes truth lies right beneath our nose and there are few things larger and more ever present than the Earth. And yet many religions and world-views denigrate the material world, even as they extol the spiritual or theoretical realms.
18. We know truly, that the two are one, with a piece of the one lies within the other, much like the Taoist ying-yang. Our spirits matter as much as matter has spirits. May you find awareness of the spirits you drink from the chalices today and discussion on many matters.
19. Like a mirror, Nature reflects the image of the divine, and vice-versa, and so we reflect upon Nature. If a fool looks into a mirror, what will look out?
20. Have I confused you yet? I'm trying very hard here to do so!

PART THREE: WHERE ARE WE GOING? AND ARE WE ALMOST THERE YET?

Section Zero – What lies ahead

1. Druids are supposed to be able to see the future and give advice.
2. Following advice or following others is more challenging.
3. One does not need a crystal ball. Human behavior is very predictable, history repeats itself, and Murphy's law is very reliable.
4. Inevitably good and bad things will come in the years ahead. There will be more changes in our society, advances in technology, the rise of new ideologies and tools of control, accelerating climate change, declining resource limitations, and other things we can't even imagine now.
5. We will have to deal with those changes and untold dilemmas that will perplex and challenge us, making us pull out our hair – and the hair of each other. We cannot hide under a rock or amongst our stones.
6. You have the awareness to spot imbalances early, the wisdom to consider and choose your response, and the courage and patience to schedule your response. You have all the tools you need, and the fellowship to compare notes. You can always rely on a Druid to do

the right thing, but only after exhausting the alternatives.

- Section One – Fools giving advice -

Wait a moment, who am I to tell you this?

I am not your leader, but I am your most ardent follower.

I am not your Archdruid, but I am your Archivist.

It is you who will lead us to the future, celebrate the great feasts, and I will sweep up and store whatever crumbs you leave behind.

I do not have the answers or vision to even take care of myself, but I bid you to take care, and give you warnings and encouragement – although I doubt you will need it.

So why are you still listening to this fool, known as Mike? Perhaps you see the fool in me as also being the fool in you?

The greatest fools think themselves wise.

The wisest person knows the scope of their foolishness, Education teaches us so that by knowing more, we are aware of how much we don't know.

-Section two - Lore and Dogmas

1. Pride and Ego. These have always been the two greatest obstacles to all pathways, including Druidism. And sadly, while there are infinite challenges within ourselves to keep us all quite busy for several lifetimes, we spend much of this lifetime on wild goose-chases, endless tangential quests, and squabbling with other Druids. Or at least, I do.
2. Whatever lore or sights we discover or collect, they do not make us proud or better than others.
3. We already have thousands of pages of material collected, even that a drop in the bucket of our experiments and researches that will go unshared with each other. Knowledge and wisdom is an endlessly deep well, but sometimes a glass of water is sufficient. There are only 24 hours in a day, and we sleep 8 of those away, even as the Earthmother sleeps half the year. You can't do everything, you can't incorporate everything, one must choose to use or not use. All of us will decide when we "have enough" and begin refining the application and practice.
4. Beware. Do not unleash the dogmas of war. You are the masters of words, or words will surely be your master. It is better to burn our books than to for future Druids to slavishly follow them and burn inside with fear and resentment of the chains left by previous well-meaning Druids.

Section Three – Follow Our Fellow Druids

1. Do not compare and compete against other branches of Reformed Druidism, or other Druid groups. When possible, emphasize the similarities and be forgiving of differences. Please study with them and assist them.
2. Learn from their virtues and avoid their vices. Druidry is not a contest. Keep it simple stupid or it will become simply stupid.
3. We are like Legos. You can always deconstruct Reformed Druidism, and start over again with a clean slate, and rebuild something new. “Leggo” your fears of starting from scratch, for all our past efforts have hardly scratched the surface of a great goldmine of future possibilities.
4. Be kind and honest to others, so remember to patiently take the time to differentiate what is your personal path, what are local customs of your grove or branch, and what is wide-spread practice, and what is common to all Reformed Druidism. This is not easy. Repeat and review this often in meditation or all four will inextricable entangle themselves when you open your mouth.
5. At the base of it all, the two basic tenets are the only thing that we all believe, and perhaps we even disagree about that sometimes in our interpretations. The rest is but fluctuating degrees of firmness of tradition. Feel free to elaborate more, and decorate more, but not to mandate more. The tenets are the Be’all and End’all of Druidism.

Section Four - Viscous Circles and Vicious Cycles

1. If there is being, there is not being.
2. Ebbs and flows.
3. Life, death, and rebirth.
4. Sunset and sunrise.
5. Winter, spring, summer and fall.
6. All you have to do is call, and She’ll be there,
7. Yes, She will, you have a faith
8. A faith in change, a faith despite change.
9. Druidism is about cycles, and there must be change.
10. We are not always ready for change.
11. We may not notice or misinterpret its arrival of change until it is upon us or it has shot past us. We may mistakenly see continuity and pattern in random events, but also sometimes see only chaos where overly complicated patterns are in operation.
12. Reformed Druidism is not eternal, nor is it the same after change. Can you truthfully say that an old man is the same person he was when he was a youth or a baby? You cannot throw a stone into the same river twice. The river will not be the same river, and the stone will not be the same stone, and you will not be the same you. Sometimes you are the willow that bends with the winds of chagne, but sometimes the oak that stands stout against the winds. We acknowledge the cycles of life, but we Druids are nothing if we are not stubborn and diehard.
13. Do not wrestle for control of the name “reformed druidism”. We do not hold a copyright, and all have a right to copy it. You cannot hold an abstract label in your hand, not can it be taken from you. An oak is an oak is an oak, even if it is called something else. There are many types of oaks and there are many types of Reformed Druidism. Deal with it. Live and let live. Somehow we have managed to have continued 50 years, suffered six or more schisms, and no one has been struck a blow or killed. Perhaps because we are Reformed? That itself is a wonderful tradition we should continue, and hopefully the world will emulate us.
14. Do not worry. After the schisms, you are not them and they are not you. In laziness and in ignorance, others may lump you both together, but I beg you again to have the courtesy to explain the differences, even if futile, much as a Methodist and 7th Day Adventist will bore the Tibetan Buddhist to tears with the subtle differences of their two sects.
15. As they say down south, if you tie the tails of two cats together and hand them over a clothesline, you have union, but not unity...
16. Some religions ask their members to open a third eye. I ask you to grow a third ear and listen more. Give others the benefit of the doubt. Forgive them, yes, forgive them unto three times three times. Turn ye your cheek to their slapstick idiocy, for Druids are nothing, if not cheeky.
17. He who lives by the sword dies by the sword, especially if they go to a gunfight. Duel only with your sharp wits, but do not come half-armed. Yea, be fierce like the ancient Galls to the bitter end of the debate, but have not bile on your tongue when you speak. At the end, if not in accord, I hope you’ll agree to disagree, and to publicly differentiate your paths, rather than the tread the warpath.
18. Verily, we do not exist as Druids to fight each other, but to fight against what is within us, and fight for what is right around us. Almost all our problems in the past could have been easily and quickly resolved by talking in person or on the phone, assisted by a big mug of beer and some lively background music, by a large bonfire into which we throw-away our vanities, pride and ego.

Section Five – Authority

1. Given our history, one can easily forget that the organization of Reformed Druidism does not exist to argue, protect or preserve itself.
2. The priests and priestesses found Dalon Ap Landu in the woods, and in Him we found our pathway, but not necessarily the pathway of others. For our way is one way, yea one way among many.
3. In fact, we've done more to sap power and authority from ourselves than just about any hierarchy I can think of. We have hamstrung ourselves, to prevent ourselves from harming ourselves.
4. Like Merlin, Arthur and his sleeping knights, for some our council of Dalon ap Landu seems dead, but for others it rests, awaiting a strong need to awaken.
5. But in reality, no Druid has any authority over you, except that you give authority to them over yourself.
6. We trust groves to know what is best, but we will provide counsel.
7. If your cause is just and complaint valid, then just grab the red flag of rebellion, and embrace freedom. Accept that others do not join.
8. If a Druid's actions harm others or property, report your leaders or members to the legal authorities.
9. If a Druid's actions or words merely offend others, and there is no harm, you need do no action.
10. Be good Druids, be good to eachother, and be the good you would see in the world.

Section Six – Humor

1. Finally about my predictions and advice for the future, have some fun!
2. However grand we may become, do not forget we began as a prank, so relax and have some fun!
3. Many dour folk still call us "a joke", something to be lightly dismissed as frivolous and not worthy of inspection.
4. Indeed, film comedies and humor books rarely win critical awards, even if popular or entertaining.
5. It is said that half of human drama is comedy and the other half is tragedy. Laughter and tears. We have certainly laughed at ourselves and others more than any Druid group I can recall, but we have also cried our fair share over the years.
6. Since most others have specialized in moaning, groaning about man's place in the world, I feel it is our duty to help and share our joyful insights and good humor with those who have a deficit or an imbalance.
7. We demonstrate playful prayer.
8. Respectful irreverence.

9. Irreverant respect.
10. We speak with our tongues planted firmly in our cheek (or in those of our French neighbors).
11. For in a good joke, there is a kernel of truth. And in the heart of humor there is sadness, of joy denied. Each lies within the other. Neither flourishes without the other.
12. If the mainstream objects to us, remind them that it is the sidestream which slows down and handles all the complicated eddies and swirls.
13. It is the fringe groups which decorate and beautifies the edges of the garment of religion, even if they hem and haw about it.
14. We dare the boundaries and the rewards are boundless.
15. Remember the last words of David Frangquist's Archdruidcy, "If your Archdruid cannot laugh, then kill him!"

THE CONCLUSION -

1. I hope you will not kill me for going on so long and sometimes getting so serious? After all my bludgeoning comments it might feel more like a concussion than a conclusion?
2. As I stated back in the beginning, if there is one lesson you should have learned by now, is never give another Druid the open-ended permission to speak freely, or they might never stop. That's the danger of circular arguments. But Druidry should not be a lecture, it should be a conversation. It should be an invitation, not a conversion.
3. The Golden Googley Gospel has taken up some 20 hours of my arthritic hands and minutes of your precious time, now passed, and neither you nor I will ever get that back or put time in a bottle, but you will be delighted to know that you may now frolic in the Arboretum for several more hours without any more input from me, and hopefully will have something else that is delightful in your bottles to pass the time.
4. Few of us will be around for the 100th anniversary, and probably not me, but in the meantime I hope to see you in all the old familiar places, and perhaps at our diamond jubilee in 2023?
5. I do not expect nor desire you to go forth a horde of locusts to preach Reformed Druidism to the masses.
6. I only hope that you go forth more aware of you awareness.
7. Whether your Druidism is a tiny sputtering spark or an all-consuming blazing bonfire, it burns all the same. Forget not that all fires burn out if not replenished, whether you be of Beltaine's naivety or Samhain's senility. I remind you that you must incorporate vacation into your vocation. The pause that refreshes.

Even the Earthmother rests. Even as the Carleton Grove has risen and fallen five times, it does not matter if you should stumble or fall in weary sleep, only that you arise again after you dust yourself off, and rub the sleep from your eyes. I hope that my words have made your world more clear and your path more discernable on your way, yea, one way among many.

8. But for now we have only the present, and it is indeed a gift.
9. We take Druidry one day at a time, and may you appreciate its 3 ways.
10. And it is one night at a time, and may you appreciate its way.
11. And may each day of your week be empowered by the 7 ways of Dalon Ap Landu.
12. I wanted to convey my thoughts to you.
13. I wanted to convey my love to you.
14. I have done so.
15. Tread lightly and safely and in good fellowship with eachother.
16. May the blessings of the Earth Mother be ever-apparent upon you.
17. Peace, Peace, Peace.

Yours in the Mother,
Mike the Fool

ODAL, Grannos, Belenos
Patriarch of the Orders of Taranis and Puck and
Administrator of the Ancient Order of Bambi
Archdruid of the Grove of Alexandria

Day 3 of the Year LI
May it not be a year of lies, but a year of truth.
And may great things lie ahead.

50th Anniversary of the State of the Groves, Beltane 2013

Based on armchair estimates and informal surveying

- The Carleton Grove still exists with its 50th Arch druid, and we have survived 10 U.S. presidencies. Perpetuating a long tradition of choosing our youngest, purest, and most inexperienced Archdruid to lead us into disorder and confusion.
- Membership
 - We have 5000+ members, plus/minus 1000, over half from Carleton, and many of whom have been remarkably good at hide-and-seek over the years
 - Most of these members are human.
 - About half are women.
 - ¼ of them are active
 - 1/8 of them are only reactive
 - And a hand full of them are radio-active
 - There are approximately 100,000 “Druids” in North America, over half of whom are a result of our profligate offspring or have been strongly influenced by RDNA, ADF, MOCC, Keltria, or RDG.
 - I can proudly claim, that so far none of our members have held high office or been successfully convicted of a major felony.
 - That said, many of our members are quite famous amongst their close friends.
- The Orders
 - There are 133+ members of the Council of Dalon Ap Landu, and at least 8 are deceased.
 - There are about 30 members of the Nemeton of Dalon Ap Landu.
 - Our priests and priestesses are drawn from every race, religion, known form of gender and level of intelligence.
 - The Higher Orders report that they have never felt higher, especially those in Washington, Colorado and California. One said, “Go west, young druid!”
 - There are about 32 side orders, back orders and short orders.
- Geography and finances
 - We are international. Of the past 150+ groves, we still have 35 in visible operation. We have groves in five countries, and general membership in 52 countries.
 - While we consider Reformed Druidism priceless, our net worth is approximately \$20.13, or enough for one more bottle of whiskey.
 - We claim the 37 Billion acres of earth as our Matrimony, but own no land or temples.
- Culture
 - We have released 10 collections of writings, perhaps 10,000 pages of materials, and most importantly - less than 10% really care about that.
 - We have also filmed and released 10 hours of incriminating video.
 - We have some 22 websites, 5 facebook pages, 2 youtube channels and over 50 years have told approximately 2,345, 678 jokes, about half of which were actually funny
 - I am sad to say that we are not a tolerant group, a recent survey shows that 80% of active members profess a strong dislike of prejudiced people and 90% despise bigots.
 - 38% of members have reported experiencing oneness with Nature, and most proceeded onwards to twoness and threeness with Nature.
- Not content with the 20 current million gods, we have “discovered” at least 7 new ones.
- Our founder has still shown no signs of haste or willingness to die for our puns, and promptly resurrect.

Druid Poetry

I wrote for the 50th Anniversary Reunion
“Calling Us Home”

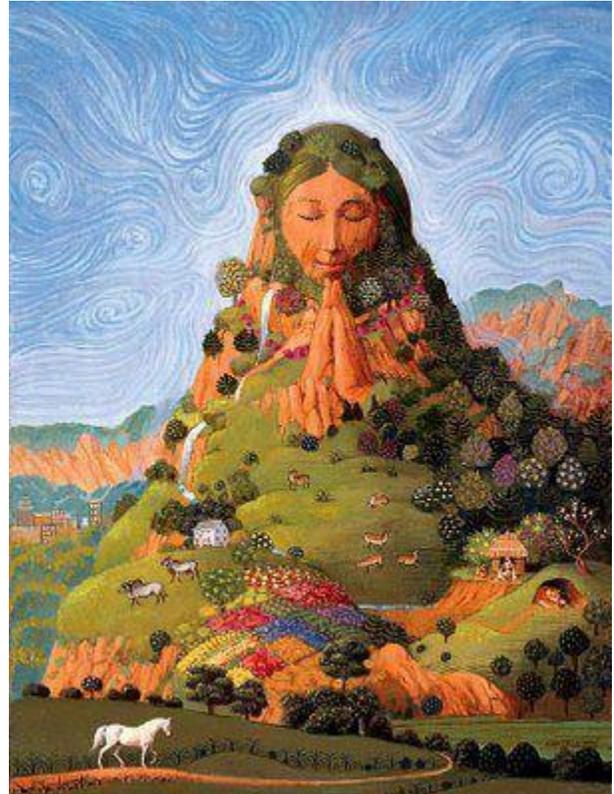
The Earth Mother is calling us home:
From the forests,
From the cities,
From the fields,
From far and farther,
Across the many years,
Calling us home

Come home,
To the Mother we know
Come home,
To the feast of friends,
Come home,
To one heart made from the many

The oaks,
To themselves,
Whisper "Be'al";
I can hear it
Although it is unspoken;
They whisper it again,
And He is there;
They whisper it again,
And He is not

Red ribbons,
White ribbons,
Calling us home;
The wind arises,
The oaks already know
A rustle is heard in the forest;
The oaks,
To themselves
Whisper "Be'al",
Calling us home,
Again

Yours in the Mother,
Jean (Drum) Pagano



"What if our religion was each other
If our practice was our life
If prayer, our words
What if the temple was the Earth
If forests were our church
If holy water--the rivers, lakes, and ocean
What if meditation was our relationships
If the teacher was life
If wisdom was self-knowledge
If love was the center of our being."
~Ganga White

Until We Meet Again

The moon casts her loving spell
Shown down upon my sacred space
Under the prismatic sky of the star nations
I search the fluid cobalt blue
Seeking Father, lost in whispers
Sitting upon velvet green of Mother
I breath long and deeply of her dusky immortality
I am a nocturnal flame, shining in the dark, I am
dancing
Breathless from the drum beats, heady from incense
sweet
Crossing gleaming oceans of time, ancestors have
pulled back the mists
They gift me the precious glimpse fleeting
T'is but a moment in time lost, forever a memory of
relief
To see the smile and acknowledgement belonging to
my fallen friend
Done up in all his finery of Summerland
Looking magnificent and content
Easing my wounded mind
He is not gone for eternity, but for the next dream
The figure darkens
I crave the stable wind and the raven's call
Bringing me home, until we meet again.

Karen Cummings
April 19, 2013

I am of Pagan Heart

Choosing the old ways
Honouring the ancestors
Listening to the whispers
Heed insightful intuition
I am of pagan heart

Following the wheel of the year
The equinoxes and the solstices
Gazing the star nations
Tracing grandmother moon
Delighting in the warmth of sunshine
I am of pagan heart

Grounding upon mother earth
Cleansing in the sacred waters
Chatting with divine plant allies
Naming the hollowed druid trees
Coveting the strength of enduring stones
I am of pagan heart

Stirring my cauldron
Charging blessed herbs
Mastering the lessons of olden
Pledge in offerings for the universe
Assured of a loving intention
I am of pagan heart

Karen Cummings
April 24, 2013

IN PRAISE OF MOTHER EARTH

(written by Thay, Thich Nhat Hanh)

Homage to you Refreshing Earth Bodhisattva
Mother of this world with its many species.

We want to turn to you with respect,
Beautiful green planet in the midst of the sky,
You who have given birth to countless species,
Produced so many wonders of life,
Loved in the ultimate sense of non-discrimination,
Embraced all species not barring a single one,
Loyal and reliable, tolerant and stable,
The mother who bears all species.
Countless bodhisattvas spring up
From your fresh green lap.
Mother you embrace and transform
Sweeping away the hatred of humans,
Creating new life day and night,
Helping the earth to bloom with the flowers of
heaven.
You are open to thousands of other galaxies,
Sharing your joy with the trichiliocosm,
By seeing that your true nature is interdependence.
Conserving and protecting so that nothing is lost,
Not being, not nothing, not eternal, not annihilated,
Not the same, not different, not coming, not going.
Your love knows no limits,
Your virtues no shortcomings.
Your nature is the Four Immeasurable Minds
Like the four great oceans they never dry up.
Whenever spring returns you wear a new robe
Of red roses, the green willow, beautiful and fresh.
When summer comes the vegetation displays its
bright colours,
Wholesome seeds, sweet fruits are to be found
everywhere.
How brilliant are the colours of the autumn forest
Until winter comes and snowflakes fill the sky.
The afternoon tide chants like the roll of thunder
The morning sunrise paints an incomparable picture,
Making visible all the splendours of the universe.
You are the most beautiful flower of the Solar
System,
The wisdom that lights up the ten directions,
The mind that is open to all places.
Mother, you are the Paradise of the Present,
Making possible the future for all species.
We come back and take refuge in you,
With nothing to run after, accepting the unfavourable
as also favourable,

Seeing that you are always in us and
Seeing ourselves in you for all of time.
May we follow your good example,
And live every moment with true peace and joy.
Homage to the Refreshing Mother Earth Bodhisattva

-Submitted by Ellen Hopman

Universal Druid Morning Prayer

(This prayer may be adapted to any divinity)

May you protect me today and guide me well
May I feel your presence within me everywhere I go
May you transfer your light of justice through me
where it needs to shine
May you lead my spirit with your wisdom,
understanding and strength
From sun rise to sun set.
May you teach me today to keep a loving and gentle
heart
To be aware that you work also through others as you
do through me
May I always see your manifestation in every facet
of your creation
To always be grateful to life and to what it has
granted me

May my life be of service to you, to my family, to
my clan and to my work,
May I always express my own gifts and may I honor
the gifts of others
May I always be attentive to the needs of those
around me
And be a positive support to those in need
May I always be fraternal to my druidic brothers and
sisters
May I always accept all of life's diversity.
With empathy and compassion you may channel
through me you're healing words and touch
Make my words and my hands strong, sure and
gentle in your service
May you be the source of my inspirations and
aspirations
May you bring to my face today and each day
confidence and joy

-Sébastien Beaudoin, Druid (Beltane Eve 2013)

“To be is to do’ —Socrates
‘To do is to be’ —Sartre
‘Do Be Do Be Do’ —Sinatra”
~ Kurt Vonnegut, in Deadeye Dick

The Faeries Plea

We who dance beneath the hill
We who dwell in the oak and elm
We hidden ones of legend and song
We entreat thee

Come dance again in the toadstool ring
Leave your gifts in the De’ils croft
Put your songs in standing stones,
And we repay

A thousand times and a thousand more
We return all gifts and honors,
To your wise men, your bards we impart great lore
For the price of a song or spell
Your fields will bloom; your herds will be fat
For a little butter and porridge

The veil thickens, the pathways close
When you forget us, your friends
The garden withers, the wasteland grows,
Because you no longer invite us in.

So remember us, call us back
Ere we are gone forever.
And with us goes the life of the land
And the hearts of your children will fail.
-Sam Smith

Of Druids and Men.

Bits and pieces fell out of the Pot.
It Made Humans wiser.
But a more miserable Lot.

this is a truth you really know.
But your subconscious is afraid to show.

For to the worms the body must go.
But to Death the Soul says no.

TDK
(c) George King

BELTANE AT HOME.

Down in my swamp, by the mighty Ottawa River,
Signs of Beltane have begun.
nature is preparing for its coming. Burgeoning
Maples, catkins dangling from the Alders. The
slowly warming soil is birthing plants of all sort. The
wetland is alive with spring peeper and colorful fowl,
the marsh is hosting the Canada geese. Water levels
may be high, the waves may be full but the birds are
singing and dancing with their mates. The pace of
life is changing as the baby squirrels nurse
surrounded by lighter, livelier winds. The sun is
conducting from the sky the great march that is
coming. The signs of Beltane are all around me. The
earth is quickening, I feel it in my veins. I watch the
sky, I feel the earth, I smell the wind, I hear the
creature and I taste the change. BELTANE HAS
ARRIVED!!!
~j.anglehart~

I AM A WILD WOMAN

I am a wild woman
I know, in spite of myself
and in spite of what I've been told
that there's beauty in every age
no matter how old

I am a wild woman
I've learned what it means to be a life bearer
to bear children
to create art
to plant seeds of love

I am a wild woman
from the depths of the dirt underneath my fingernails
to the height of my very soul
I am one with the Earth
the winds from the four directions whisper through
my skin

I am a wild woman
and the spirit of every wild woman coalesces in me
for we are each wild women
and we are all the spirit of the wild woman
I will follow the voice in my heart

I am a wild woman
I sing from my heart
I dance with the stars
I howl at the moon
I love uncontrollably

I am a wild woman
from the deepest, darkest, most sacred part of me
I am fearless
I cry in strength
I open my arms to the sky and welcome the rain

I am a wild woman
I nurture, love and protect
I stand, strongly, silently, sweetly for my brothers
I walk dutifully, prayerfully, joyfully upon the
mother
and I will not be stopped

I am a wild woman.
~ Melissa Clary (Bright Star Woman)
-Discovered by Lisa Bellefeuille

The Oaken Door

Penny Young

Down the winding path you go, further deeper than ever before.
Over the threshold through the oaken door, discovering shadows you
can't ignore.

Wading the waters of this land, sifting forms, with your own fair
hand. Study of the realms and all that be, the natural world, the
nature of thee. Balance in all being, is in natures call, the spice of
life, the beauty in all. A walker of the worlds in time and in space,
your a mercurial messenger in all your grace. Refined, retuned in
your etheric body, you bridge the realms, so that all might see.
Exhausted intellect you cannot go no more, then intuition, starts to
seep through that door. Down deep in the spiraled shadows, where
you think you can't see, you feel your way intuitively Seeking the
rays of Awen's great might, you use instinct, your inner sight. In
these shadows your awareness does grow, you seek a light an
illuminated glow, but light itself is not all it seems, it can absorb
color, reflect and prism your dream.

Here lies the sapling heading for the light, it incubates in the
darkness, of the deepest night, and here lies your journey in
threefold form, a triad of mystery, in the coming storm. Three drops
of wisdom, the pheryllt trine, of past, present and future combine.

Three drops of Awen and three oaken doors, the potential for
knowledge of the tribes of yore.

The mysteries of existence are but an alchemical brew, you make,
you quest, you change, anew.

The oaken door, holds many mysteries akin, but you, and you only,
can decide to step in.

Sacred Grove

Penny Young

My grove is calling me, and dance with the spirits of the trees.
Green is the moss, and the green the leaves, green the earth and
sacred trees.

Over rock, i look down upon thee, i see a grove, a grove of trees.
Scrambling over rock, i go, into the forest grove below, trees, now
surrounding me, i smell the earth, the humidity. Damp the earth
where the green ones lie, i look up to moonlit star sky. The air
around me kisses my skin, i feel a breeze and form a grin. Warm
is the air circulating me, warm is the earths energy. In the middle
of the grove sits my standing stone, patterned with spirals, my
portal, dome, i always lean up against thee, my standing stone
gives solidity. I scry through the flames in the night, providing me
with inner sight. Red, orange, yellow, gold, flickering stories to be
told. Sometimes the flames in the night, take my inner soul in
flight. On the back of an owl i now to fly, over tree tops and
mountains high. Up to the dark blue inky sea, the owl now carries
me. The silvery moon, cast her eyes, as starbursts flit across the
sky. Great big eyes now stare at me, swallowing the inkiness of
the sea. I look up into the eyes in the inky sea, and recognize
that they belong to me. Then my grove comes calling me, and i
fly back down over rock, and tree.

My grove is calling me, and dance with the spirits of the trees.
Green is the moss, and the green the leaves, green the earth and
sacred trees.

Druid Videos

A lovely little tribute to the power of an idea, as told to children.

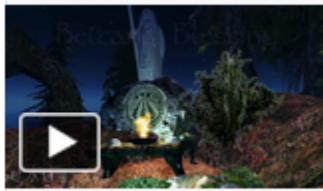


The Reformed Druids of North America

www.patheos.com

The Reformed Druids of North America is a wonderful story of Druidry, of ingenuity, of the call of our ancestors and of Nature. It is a story that is both true and historical. Here's a video of me telling this story at the Denton UU Fellowship last month.

<http://www.patheos.com/blogs/johnbeckett/2013/04/the-reformed-druids-of-north-america.html>



Beltane Blessing

www.youtube.com

In the Northern Hemisphere May 1st or May Day was the traditionally the first day of Summer, celebrated with rites and festivities including Morris

Happy Beltane Everyone!

In the Northern Hemisphere May 1st or May Day was the traditionally the first day of Summer, celebrated with rites and festivities including Morris dancing, crowning a May Queen and dancing around a Maypole. Ancient celebrations included the festival of Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers, Walpurgis Night celebrations in the Germanic countries and the Gaelic Beltane. The name 'Beltane' originates from the Celtic god, Bel - the 'Bright One', and the Gaelic 'Teine' meaning fire, thus 'Bealtaine' means 'Bright Fire'. Because fire was believed to have purifying qualities, animals were driven between two Beltane fires set on the hills to cleanse them of evil spirits, bring fertility and ensure a good yield, before being placed in their Summerland pastures. Similarly the Celts themselves also leapt over these fires for fertility, purification and blessing.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VElZSplpxQc>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qs9PMky7Fj0>



The Watersons "Hal-An-Tow"

www.youtube.com

The Watersons performing the may day song "Hal-An-Tow" (you can also hear it on "Frost & Fire: A calendar of ceremonial (ritual & magical) folk



Bread and Mead

www.youtube.com

From the BBC programme Hairy Bikers' Best of British, a look at some of the food enjoyed by Druids in their pagan ceremonies.

<http://youtu.be/yhT-TIy1buw>



Fiddlebox - Calan Mai - Bunkfest 2011.wmv

www.youtube.com

Fiddlebox are Helen Adam and George Whitfield Calan Mai (Helen Adam) "I was playing in the Welsh

A Welsh tune for Calan Mai or Calan Haf, found on YouTube <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DzjrfbrgGKo>



The Mystery Of The Tiny Door In A Tree

www.youtube.com

Mystery: Who installed the tiny door in base of Golden Gate Park tree? NBC Bay Area: The Mystery of the Tiny Door in a Tree

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yzijZMhxML4>



Loreena Mckennitt - The Mists of Avalon

www.youtube.com

Great Song and a nice Movie...

<http://youtu.be/SFpdJ0q1hj4>



The Oak

www.youtube.com

Song: The Oak Artist: Spiral Dance Album: The Quickenings For shelter and shade Has the oak tree grown The ship, the cradle The hearth, and home

<http://youtu.be/XaO-1vvFW3I>



Hymn to Herne

www.youtube.com

I absolutely love this song, which btw belongs to S.J. Tucker. It is found on her Blessings album, and you should all buy it and support this awesome

http://youtu.be/2_ttDLMuFWA



Beltaine - Beltaine

www.youtube.com

Band: Beltaine Song: Beltaine Album: Rockhill (2004) Web: <http://beltaine.pl/> YT channel: <http://www.youtube.com/user/adamsbeltaine>

<http://youtu.be/H43204V0p04>

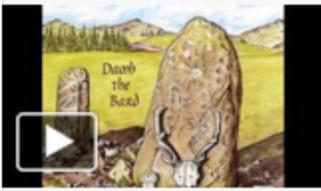


Take a break and welcome in the Spring by listening to our two part podcasts celebrating the Spring season. Be prepared for some super pieces of music from SJ Tucker, Brocc, Damh the Bard, Spiral Dance and many more. A fascinating piece about the Loughcrew Passage Tomb, true faerie account recorded by WB Yeats, A beautiful piece of prose called Ostara by our resident bard Chris Jollife, an arthurian listener submitted story, and if that isn't enough we also have An amazing excerpt by Ceri Norman from her superb book Celtic Maidens, and an emotive poem by Rick Allen. You can hear the shows by clicking on the following links, or download

them both from Itunes any pod catcher.

<http://stitcher.com/s?eid=22646082> SP35

<http://stitcher.com/s?eid=22874787> SP36



Damh The Bard - Under a Beltane sun

www.youtube.com

My shackled feet they long to be free from, This modern Rome. The ancient moors and the granite shores they are, Calling me home. (Chorus)

http://youtu.be/DJdx3rwh_eI



Welsh bagpipes - Carreg Cenen and Dryslwyn castles

www.youtube.com

Carreg Cenen is one of the most scenic castles in Wales with amazing views out across the

<http://youtu.be/3Ay8HbssvaQ>



CLACH A' BHAINNE

www.youtube.com

Ancient practices revived on Lomondside through the medium of Argyll Gaelic....

A traditional practice for your May Day observance (please note that May Poles are English, not Celtic) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?client=mv-google&gl=US&hl=en&v=-vbnTTrvCrU&nomobile=1>



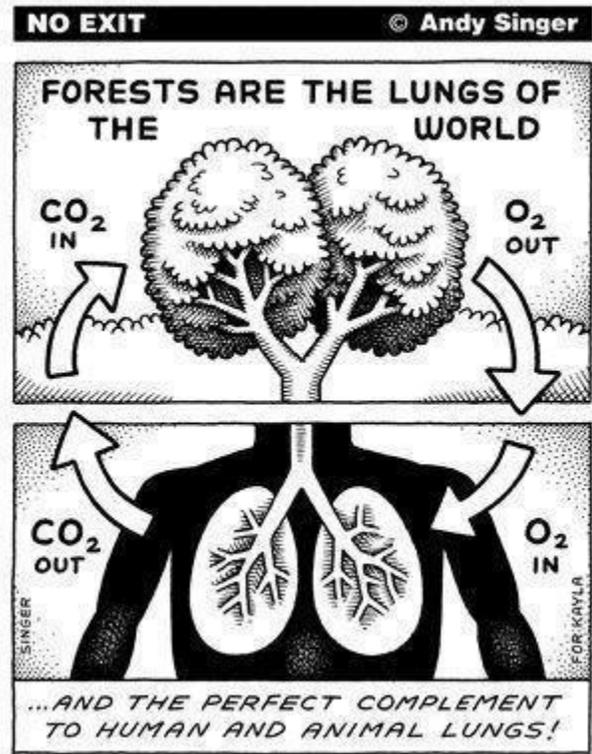
First Of May

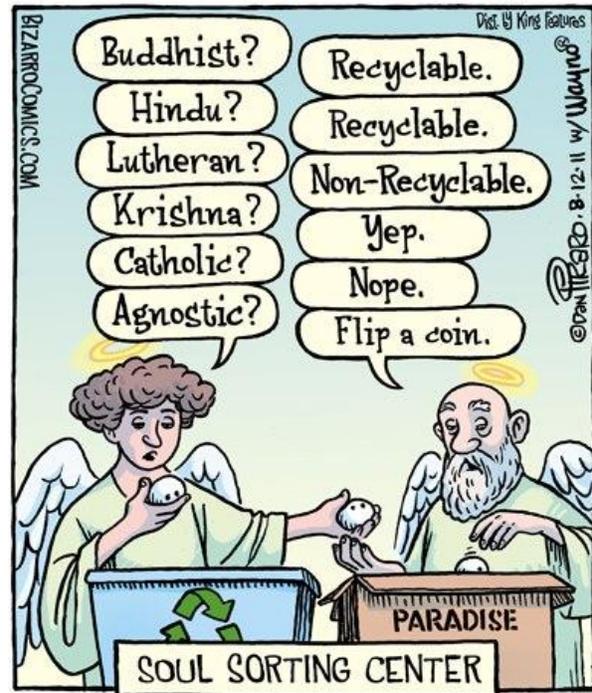
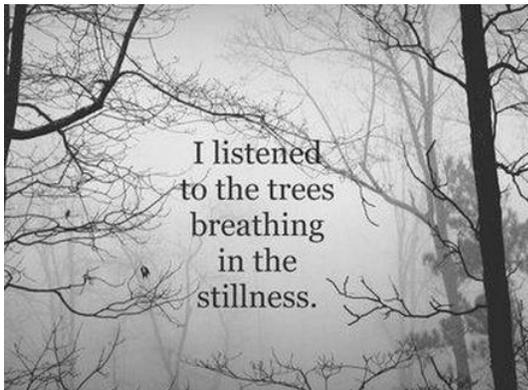
Because some of you can't refrain from calling each other names and cussing, comments are now turned off. A music video for the Jonathan Coulton song "First ...

<http://youtu.be/O-77ElyvRxI>

Druid Photos

When you judge another, you do not define them, you define YOURSELF.
Dr. Wayne Dyer





Humor

For Mike's monthly Druidic tongue-twisters (3 times fast, of course)

- "Nurture a daily Ardor for Nature on Arbor Day"
- "drooling drunken drwarven druids dwell in dripping darkened dragon dwellings?" (w/ thank to Blake)

Question:

Why are Reformed Druids so cynical and ironic?

How's a foot of snow on May First for your answer?!

Druid Conundrum:

What is the point of becoming wise in old age if you increasingly can't remember the lore? Is it Nature's way of bringing you to the everpresent now, as the past fades and your future rapidly shortens?

Druid Riddle of the Week:

What do you have when you sit down, lose when you stand up, but does not fall down, and cannot be picked up?

Truth in Advertising - Country Examples:

If Holland is in a big hole, and Iceland is full of ice, then what is in Ireland?

JOKE: a man at a bar needed to go to the bathroom, but didn't trust his mates, so he spit into his beer, and wrote on the napkin: "don't drink this beer, I spat in it!!!"

When he came back from the john, he sat down and looked at the napkin where someone wrote: "me too!"

MAGIC: The ancient Druids conjured mists to confuse their enemies, modern ones settle for webs of word to confuse our friends. :p

Q: why do druids have to wash their robes and torcs so often and only when the seas are high?

A: because they have a ring around the collar and the Tide is the only thing that works.

Invocation: "earth air fire and water unite in me to make stinky hot mud!"

Funny fact#10 : Modern Druids do not sacrifice animals or plants for moral, legal, ethical and hygienic reasons --- but also for a very practical reason! Thousands of years earlier, the original Druids might have sacrificed the animals and humans of ancient Europe, but there aren't any more ancient Europeans who are still alive... :(

you can take a druid out of a forest, and you might take the forest out of a druid, but neither will be content without the other.

a Druid's greatest ally, enemy and mystery are me, myself and I.

Articles



Hawthorn Tree

By Ellen Evert Hopman

BELTAINE BLESSINGS ALL!

Its not officially Beltaine until the Hawthorns bloom....

Hawthorn, May Tree, Whitethorn

Parts used: flowers, leaves, and fruits

Gaelic: sgiach, sgitheach

Latin: Crataegus monogyna, Crataegus oxyacantha

Steep the flower buds and young leaves to make a tea for sore throats. Tincture the flowers and leaves in early spring or the red berries in the fall to make a heart tonic that will help to balance blood pressure. Caution: this herb lowers blood pressure over time. The berries can also be simmered to make a sore throat tea.

Flower tea: steep 2 tsp. buds per 1 cup of water, take up to 1 ½ cups a day in ¼ cup doses. Berry tea: simmer 1 tsp. crushed berries per ½ cup water for about 20 minutes. Take up to 1 ½ cups a day in ¼ cup doses.

Lore: the totem plant of the Ogilvies. Where oak and ash and thorn grow together one is likely to see Fairies. (excerpt from my book SCOTTISH HERBS AND FAIRY LORE, Pendraig Publishing)

Hawthorn, the May Day Tree <http://themagicalbuffet.com/blog1/2009/11/15/tree-medicine-magic-and-lore-hawthorn/>

Sixteen Amazing Stories about Trees

<http://www.mentalfloss.com/article/50274/16-amazing-stories-about-trees>

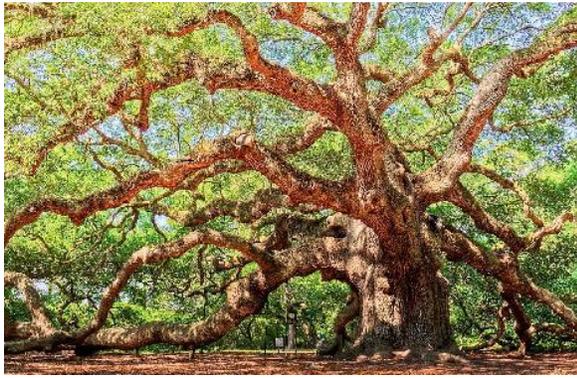
<http://www.mentalfloss.com/article/50274/16-amazing-stories-about-trees>



16 Amazing Stories About Trees

www.mentalfloss.com

In honor of Arbor Day, we bring you lifesaving wood, the truth about cork, and a refuge for swamped spiders.



I am an Oak Tree

by Shamantube

My thoughts turn to something I read once, something the Zen Buddhists believe. They say that an oak tree is brought into creation by two forces at the same time. Obviously, there is the acorn from which it all begins, the seed which holds all the promise and potential, which grows into the tree. Everybody can see that. But only a

few can recognize that there is another force operating here as well – the future tree itself, which wants so badly to exist that it pulls the acorn into being, drawing the seedling forth with longing out of the void, guiding the evolution from nothingness to maturity. In this respect, say the Zens, it is the oak tree that creates the very acorn from which it was born.

I think about the woman I have become lately, about the life that I am now living, and about how much I always wanted to be this person and live this life, liberated from the farce of pretending to be anyone other than myself. I think of everything I endured before getting here and wonder if it was me – I mean, this happy and balanced me, who is now dozing on the deck of this small Indonesian fishing boat – who pulled the other, younger, more confused and more struggling me forward during all those hard years. The younger me was the acorn full of potential, but it was the older me, the already-existent oak, who was saying the whole time: "Yes – grow! Change! Evolve! Come and meet me here, where I already exist in wholeness and maturity! I need you to grow into me!"

And maybe it was this present and fully actualized me who was hovering four years ago over that young married sobbing girl on the bath room floor, and maybe it was this me who whispered lovingly into that desperate girl's ear, "Go back to bed, Liz..." Knowing already that everything would be OK, that everything would eventually bring us together here. Right here in this moment. Where I was always waiting in peace and contentment, always waiting for her to arrive and join me."

-Elizabeth Gilbert, "Eat Pray Love"

Art by Drew Castelhana

<http://fineartamerica.com/featured/angel-oak--charleston-sc-drew-castelhana.html>

Druid Thoughts: Who Polices the Druids?

March 20, 2013 By [Nimue Brown](#) [18 Comments](#) in Britain

<http://www.patheos.com/blogs/agora/2013/03/who-controls-the-druids/>

I've worked as a volunteer for several UK Pagan and Druid organisations over the years, which has brought me into contact with 'witch wars' and other forms of conflict. When things go wrong, we in the Pagan community look for someone to sort it out – which is natural. We seem to assume, especially with Druidry, that there is some kind of hierarchy that ought to be doing something. This blog is by way of a public information service broadcast, to explain how things work. Or don't.

There is no ultimate authority within Druidry. Anyone can call themselves a Druid. Some Druids are members of Orders, Groves, or other organisations, some are not. No one has the power to remove someone else's title, to make them be silent or to otherwise control their behaviour. Most Orders only police internally, and that lightly. If you bring your Order into disrepute or break its rules, you can find you are no longer welcome – as would be the case in any sane and functional organisation. If someone from the outside turns up demanding that a member be reined in, or reprimanded... well, you'd need some evidence. Do this without at least a solicitor's letter, and you're not going to get anywhere. A court order would be more useful, or some other evidence that the situation is serious enough to merit action. Your own words won't be enough, and if you stop to think about this for five minutes, the reasons why are pretty obvious.

There are people in the Pagan community who are attracted by the impression of power and influence. Also sometimes the scope to make money. There are people who get angry about other people doing things differently, or about others not taking them seriously enough. I've seen a lot of it, and it's generally the noisy few, driven by ego and other such unhelpful, unspiritual things. No sensible organisation will touch this kind of dispute.

It is very, very hard from the outside of a situation to judge the rights and wrongs of it. We're all righteously angry about how the Catholic Church has dealt with its pedophile priests, but let me tell you a thing. Would we do any better? We've not been tested that way as a community, and let's hope we never are. Hand on hearts, would we be sure, if someone came to us with accusations, that we would do the right thing? Would we know which were the genuine cases that needed following up, and which were malicious and meant to bring down a good and innocent person? Do you want the responsibility for making that call? I don't.

The only thing to do, when serious accusations are made, is to encourage those involved to take it to the police. No Pagan organisation is equipped to properly investigate any of this stuff – any more than the Catholics are. This is why countries have police forces in the first place.

I think Pagan organisations are often too quick to say 'not our problem' and to step away rather than dealing with issues. Let's think about the UK's Liberal party, recently accused of not taking appropriate action when a high ranking member was accused of inappropriate sexual behaviour towards junior members of the party. Would we do any better? What would we do with claims of sexual harassment against members of our communities? Probably not very much at all.

If what I've seen online is anything to go by, we don't do well with sexual harassment accusations. We don't investigate, usually. We don't give the accused or the victims much support. We wash our hands of them.

Now, the more Pagans and the more organisations there are, the more scandals will happen. The bigger we get, the more responsibility we will have. Are we ready for this? Do any of our organisations have the means to respond if there's a pedophile priest accusation in our ranks? Would we handle a sexual abuse scandal any better than the Catholics have, or the Liberal Democrats? I'm confident that we wouldn't.

Nothing in Paganism lends itself to the kind of overarching structures of the Catholic Church, and I think most of us are very happy to have it that way. Most Pagans do not want to be policed. The desire to self determine is often a big part of what got us here. I think we, like a lot of other groups of people, are guilty of wanting to think the best of ourselves. We are the good guys! The bad guys are somewhere else. We don't want to imagine there could be pedophiles in our community. Good Pagans would never do that. And you can bet the Catholics felt that way about their own as well. No one wanted to believe it. We don't want to think there are rapists in our ranks, or that the guy opposite us in circle might beat his wife and kids, but they will be there. I say this with confidence because sexual abuse and physical cruelty are rife, and the more Pagans there are, the greater the statistical probability that some of us are going to be a long way short of what we might want.

There are no tidy answers here for us, any more than there are for the rest of the world. However, disbelief enables abuse, and we are going to have to take responsibility for ourselves as a community one way or another.



7 Ways to Enjoy a Sex-Free Beltane

Alison Leigh Lilly | May 1st, 2013 | Rite & Ritual

A Pagan friend of mine mentioned recently that Beltane isn't really a holiday they celebrate; being single and not all that interested in sex, they don't connect with a lot of the symbolism associated with the holiday. I can totally relate. It may come as a surprise to you, but I don't happen to think that sex is the pinnacle of my existence. I like lots

of things more than sex, including good books and really clever puns. Don't get me wrong! Sex is fun and beautiful, and as a woman who is child-free by choice and in a loving, stable relationship, I'm having pretty much the best sex of my life right now, free of the pressures of procreation, with a partner who knows what I like and likes what I do. And I fully expect it's only going to get better. (Lucky us!)

Still, my friend's comment gave me pause. Surely, Beltane isn't just a holiday for horny lovers. As part of the ever-spiraling dance of the seasons, there are a lot of blessings that this time of year brings that can be enjoyed by those of us who are chaste, single, or otherwise just not that interested in turning everything into a metaphor for girl-parts and boy-parts.

So in the spirit of the season, here are seven things to love about a sex-free Beltane!

1. Tragedy

Maybe you're not having sex today because you're single, and maybe you're actually kind of pissed about it. Never fear! While happily committed couples are making googly eyes at each other, you can indulge in another tradition strongly associated with this time of year: the ultimate tragedy of desire. Call me morbid, but I've always found the relationship between sex and death to be rather fascinating. From the tragic love triangles of Celtic mythology that often led to the heroes' deaths to the spawning salmon traveling thousands of miles only to die after mating, there's a reason Beltane is opposite Samhain on the Wheel of the Year. Take some time to revel in the dark, gothic truth of it all.

2. Sunlight

To look on the bright side (pun most definitely intended!), there's the sun. Having celebrated the balance of light and dark only six weeks ago on the vernal equinox, the hours of daylight are now rapidly overtaking the night. You might find yourself waking up in the mornings with more energy, or suddenly realizing that it's already past dinner and the sun's still up. Lots of us can suffer from a mild case of Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD) during the dark doldrums of winter. Take advantage of the lengthening days to get up a little earlier than usual and treat yourself to an invigorating morning cuppa, or enjoy a relaxing walk in the park after work and watch the sun set.

3. Risk

With its emphasis on the agricultural cycle as a defining metaphor, the Wheel of the Year can feel somewhat out of sync for those of us living urban, industrialized lifestyles. But even in the heart of the city, now's the time when plants start to push their way through the cracks in the sidewalk, whether we want them to or not. If autumn is a time of fruition and harvest, spring is the season for life on the edge. Take some inspiration from those bold dandelions and stubborn thistles: take a risk, put yourself out there, push yourself to try new things, ask yourself what dreams you've been harboring that it's time you brought out into the light. You never know what might happen. (If things don't work out, next year you can always try Item #1: Tragedy.)

4. Sensation

Flowers aren't just for winning your sweetheart's affection or getting into the pants of the girl next door. (Okay, let's be honest, even plants know that they make flowers mostly for sexy-time reasons. But work with me here.) Everywhere I go these days, it seems like some new color has burst forth into the world, or some sweet new scent lingers on the breeze. After the drab browns, grays and washed-out greens of the late winter and early spring, the first days of May bring forth a rainbow riot of colors and textures. Sit back and enjoy it as the landscape takes a tumble into Oz. Or join in: make some art, take some photographs, put on your best and most colorful clothes, cook some delicious-smelling food. Don't do it for anybody else. Just delight in the pleasure of your own senses.

5. Youth

Now's a great time of year to lighten up and learn how to be a kid again. No, seriously. Spring is a time of youthfulness, playfulness, adventure and anticipation. Remember what it was like back when you were young: gazing out the classroom window at the blossoming trees, and realizing that you only have a few more weeks of school left and then you were free! You had so much to look forward to, you could almost taste it: summer camps, s'mores, fireflies, fireworks, picnics, hours spent lazily reading or climbing trees or swimming with friends. Back when we were kids, we were so anxious to grow up and become adults, somehow imagining that life would be easier

and the world would make a little more sense. Now that we've made it to adulthood, it's probably nothing like we thought it would be. But one of the great things about being a grown-up is that we can learn how to be good parents to our own inner child (even if our real childhood was actually kind of shitty). So stop trying to be so goddamned serious and trendy and edgy and jaded all the time, and have a little fun. Let your inner 6-year-old out to play. The world won't come to a screeching halt if you stop being so responsible for a little while. You know this, because you're a grown-up now and one thing grown-ups know is that the world doesn't revolve around them. Right?

6. Holograms

Lots of folks see Beltane as a time for planting seeds, either literally or metaphorically. Take a second to think about what a seed actually is. Inside that tiny, unprepossessing shell are the spiraling DNA blueprints that can grow anything from a delicate daisy to a towering oak. Even if you don't connect powerfully to the symbols and traditions of your ancestor's agricultural past, you can still geek out a bit when thinking about how a seed is kind of like a hologram. All that information and potential stored within one tiny acorn, including the information necessary for the once and future oak tree to produce more acorns, which will in turn grow into more oaks that will produce more acorns... and so on and so on. It's acorns all the way down! If you're an eco-freak and sci-fi nerd like me, spend some time meditating on the seeds of potential in your life and the universes upon universes they contain. You might discover that, just like the T.A.R.D.I.S., you're bigger on the inside.

7. Love

I'm not talking about sex here, I'm talking about love. Love gets a bad rap these days. In an age of cynicism and sarcasm, lots of people have come to see love as a sign of weakness, naiveté, simple-mindedness, even laziness — all white-light and law-of-attraction — an unwillingness to acknowledge the dark and difficult parts of life. But love is not merely the romantic attraction or sexual tension between two pretty people on the television. It's so much more than that. Love is passionate and risky, unflinching and courageous. Love not only lifts us up into the heavens, but drags us down into the underworld in pursuit of our deepest fulfillment. It's dangerous, not because it is indolent and banal, but because it has a beauty that burns away our self-possession and self-delusion. Love rages within the heart of reality. So whether you have a sex-free Beltane, a naked neighborhood orgy, or anything in between: embody love. It's the reason for every season.

UPDATE: My dear friend, Cat Chapin-Bishop shared her thoughts over on my Facebook page:

As someone with a strong spiritual identification with deer, I find Beltane pretty much of a bust, actually—always have. Deer rut in the fall. They give birth in May. And birth is work! Which reminds me...

8. Work! — Throughout the world, May 1st is celebrated as International Workers' Day, commemorating the Haymarket Massacre in 1886, when during a workers' strike in Chicago, police attempting to disperse the crowd fired at civilians and killed four people. In many countries today, May 1st has become a focal point for protests in support of workers' rights and other social and economic justice issues. So however you celebrate Beltane, remember to take a moment to honor the spirit and sacrifice of all those who have worked so hard to make the world a better, more just place for everyone.

Two Stories

STORY CONTEST

It was a dark and stormy night, as the Druid returned from the forest and entered a cottage...



#1 The Waters of Death

It was a dark and stormy night as the Druid returned from the forest and entered a cottage. "What miserable weather for a summer solstice!" he bellowed, not that there was anyone to hear him. He had released his house-slaves from service decades ago, unable to feed and clothe them. It was all he could do to keep himself in victuals, and most of that he gathered from the woods or in exchange for blessing an old farmer or two nearby.

Oh how the high and mighty have falled, he chuckled sadly. Had he not been once

the Arch-Druid of all Britannia for two sun-cycles? His cold, shaking hand reached for the elixer of life and a cup on the table. He needed it, he was half-dead from the storm, but by golly, he had completed the necessary rites, at the appointed time, and the Gods saw that, even if no one else had. Technically, he supposed, he had to view the sun rise, but the clouds meant a probable extra four hours past the astronomical rise of the sun, so he'd done in according to the literal rule, and a few more hours in the chilling rain of that storm would have been the end of him.

He had to drink this vile potion almost every week nowadays. He put down the cup and looked around his lonely single room that he had inhabited for about a hundred years.

The elixer prolonged his life, but really it just stretched out his dying. Aches and pains just accumulated and his heart was full of vinegar. The seasons bore no joy for him, the summer was too hot, the fall meant time to rake the leaves, winter stung him with frostbite, and spring brought only mud on everything. He didn't fear death, but he detested giving up. Each year was a heavier burden to bear, as was the weight of tradition, as one by one his brethren left him behind, even as the world had left them behind. What use the patronage of the gods, when he couldn't get the patronage of the king or the nobles, who had the time to learn from him?

He had watched it for generations. After the great breakdown of his order, everyone had "specialized". No one wanted to complete the full studies. True, we had been simpler in the old days when they first came to this island a millennium ago to teach these savage stone wielding peoples worshipping a single earth-goddess and minor land-spirits. We had shown them the wonder of metal, chariots, ceramics, salt mining, and fine arts - why just three to five years was enough then, we flourished. He picked up the cup again, marveling at its fine workmanship, a hundred knots and figures hinted at nearly-forgotten stories that wished to come to his lips.

But the beauty of his growing tradition had required 10, then 15, 20, and finally 25 or more years. Some students died of old age before they could finish and go get a job. They had rebelled, and

when the new faith had come to slay the bloated beast in its disarray, the students had already picked the carcass clean of all salvageable "professions". He supposed they had made some progress here in there with a focus on healing, law, education, and entertainment. But they couldn't fathom the big picture and the whole was greater than the sum of the parts. Fewer and fewer called upon him, and for shorter and shorter stays. He remembered his last student who had quit after 23 years to join a warband of Arturos, choosing to be the political lobbyist and enchanter, sending them on a fool's quest to find this cup he held in his hands. Warriors and king should not have longevity; they need bravery and great deeds. It wasn't the cup, but the knowledge, skill and experience of the one who held it, and made cups, that allowed the magic to happen. He put the cup down, his heart in pain.

Yes, he was still bitter at the regression of those who joined the monasteries. "One god, super nice fellow, is so much easier to work and control the people" one had said to him. Life ain't simple, nor were the gods. Where their system failed to explain or postulate, they required blind faith in absolutes of perfection and mysterious plans. How sophomoric, but it worked, and they had cornered the market. All our long sagas and dialogues brimming with wisdom and insight into how the world and our hearts operated were "adapted" and boiled down to sex, violence, and wondrous miracles, the hard thinking-parts clipped out and discarded for entertaining the masses, without boring them. What's the point of having all the jeweled treasures, if people were satisfied with shiny pebbles? He uttered a curse, modified from one his mother said often enough, "I hope that when these Christians grow up someday get so convoluted and complicated that they fall apart just like ourselves!" He smiled, see how they like that! Ha! He grabbed the cup firmly, swirling its herbal concoction, each expertly gathered on the right moon phase with the prescribed tools.

Wouldn't see him in their big house of stone. Weekly services, indoors! Any fool can plan a liturgical schedule like that without regard to the weather and the stars. Only the tough would be out in a storm at the right time, like me, he thought. No doubt, the farmer's children would be out playing in the fields tomorrow, laughing in the long summer days, but their celebrating would be on the wrong day, it was yesterday! Each year, was getting harder to ignore the siren calls of music and laughter from the hills of the fairy folk. "Come, come, you have a standing invitation!" said their king. He had stuck it out, he was stubborn.

His mother. She had called him "little tempest" before he got his grand Druidic name, because he had been born during a storm she said. The wind outside howled through the cracks, beckoning him.

He looked down the cup and dashed it upon the floor, threw open the door and stormed out into the arms of the maelstrom to finish it.

-Mike the Fool



#2 DRUIDICAL SHORT STORY –

-“Copper”-

It was a dark and stormy night when the Druid returned from the forest and entered the cottage. Gethin was in a panic. What could he do? The prince’s tree had been rent asunder by lightning and now his job was in jeopardy. It would be his fault.

Next week was the great assembly, when all the chieftains of the cantref would arrive in the sacred grove to elect a new king. That oak tree, now 23 years old, was magically bound to the destiny of Prince Gobrwy, whose royal family had richly paid for Gethin’s family to care for the grove for five generations. Coming on the eve of beginning a war campaign against the larger neighboring Brigantes tribe, this tree’s omen would scuttle Prince Gobrwy’s election prospects, and another new noble lineage would take power, and they might choose a better caretaker!

It was a terrible job market. Nearby Druid academies pumped out hordes of Druids who fought for patronage at the side of great leaders, and Gethin was just honest enough to accede that most of them were far more talented and learned than he was. Actually, Gethin was a lazy slacker who hadn’t bothered to study since this easy job was his birth right. Every noble had a designated tree planted here on the day of their birth, on the outer ring of the expanding sacred forest. As his father, and grandfathers before him for 200 years, Gethin was supposed to pray, nurture and leave blessings for the trees every day, especially Prince Gobrwy’s tree. But he didn’t do that, well, maybe once every week or two? Mostly, Gethin drank wine, slept in the warm sun, played games of gwyddbwyll with his neighbors and chase the affections of Rhiannon down at the marketplace.

Naturally, Prince Gobrwy’s tree wasn’t the tallest tree, being only 23 years old, so Gethin hadn’t performed any rites of protection against lightning for it. His family had one trick up the sleeves for emergencies, copper. Trees hate copper, and one nail could kill a tree, and one thin invisible patina-green wire up the trunk of a tree could draw the fiery stroke of the sky gods into the tree, or into the ground. By this method, his family had steered the political fates of nobles in this kingdom.

And it didn’t work this time. It was laborsome to run the protective wire up the tree for every dark cloud, and he had been too busy putting up wires to attract divine anger onto the trees of the families he disliked the most. Seems like the Gods had ignored Gethin’s wishes and smote Prince Gobrwy’s tree, now what was Gethin going to do about it?

He knew that if Prince Gobrwy lost the vote, Gethin might have his head cut off and become fertilizer for the next crop of trees. Gethin went through his options. He could run away and become an itinerant beggar, no thank you. He could lie and pretend that another nearby tree was Prince Gobrwy’s tree, but someone would remember and challenge Gethin. Then Gethin remembered his grandfather’s advice, one of the slyest schemers ever: “The Gods speak, but it is you who interprets Their words.” Which was true, one should never announce in advance what the criteria for an omen was, before you did the call for a sign, that would handcuff your interests.

The tree wasn't dead. He would bind the two halves back together. He would tell the tribe that Gethin had spent a month praying earnestly for a sign of who they wanted to lead the tribe, and how they should attack the terrible Brigantes. The Gods answered, "they must divide their army into two prongs and attack from two sides and Prince Gobrwy should lead them." And of course, it was also a sign that the Prince must placate the Gods further, and support the Druids, or face Their wrath, or at least, the Wrath of Gethin. He smiled.

-By Mike the Fool, April 30, 2013 11:18pm (Western Alaska time)
Oddly enough, Year "LI" of the Reform has begun, to tell the truth....

Book Excerpt



Excerpt from THE DRUID ISLE by Ellen Evert Hopman. This is the second novel in her Druid trilogy (purchase signed copies from the author and get a personal note at www.elleneverthopman.com) should be copies!

Aífe was determined to make this Beltaine a happy one for the Forest Druids. She felt the disappointment of the older members as they tried to put out of their minds all the grandeur of the past, and saw how they struggled to make the best of things as they were.

With the feast of Beltaine, the all-important Fire Festival at the start of summer about to begin, she thought deeply about the symbolism of the day and how to express it in ceremony. She had secreted away snowy white eggshells for weeks, blowing out the yolk and whites through carefully bored holes at either end. She saved all the insides and added them to endless caudles and omelets. She accumulated a wicker basket full of the fragile shells, which she dyed by soaking them first in apple cider vinegar and water and then in a hot brew of green carrot tops. The result was a sunny yellow that reminded her of Beltaine morning.

Golden marsh marigolds were in full bloom in and around the stream, heralding summer as they always did, and the holly bushes were just putting forth their tiny white blossoms. She wandered the grounds for days and finally settled on one particularly gorgeous holly bush, standing on a little hill facing east. On Beltaine Eve, as the others prepared the fires, she secretly decorated the bush with fresh yellow marsh marigold blossoms and hung it with the yellow shells. It was now a *Bíle Samrata*.

On Beltaine morn everyone woke before dawn to bathe in the morning dew, a magical aid to beauty, then walked to the ritual site to wait for the sun to raise high enough to strike the water in the Cauldron of Sea. When the first rays of sunlight rippled across the waters everyone thrust in a hand to capture the sun in the water, it was especially lucky to be the first to hold the sun-blessed liquid.

"When fire and water mix that is when the power of magic is strongest," said Ethne. "The world is made of fire and water, male and female, summer and winter, dark and light. From these polarities all things arise. This is why we drive cows between the fires on this day. Cows are creatures of the moon and give us milk, a type of sacred water, which feeds and sustains us.

Passing the cows between the fires keeps the world in balance. It is the same reason that we drive horses, creatures of the sun, through water at *Lugnasadto* to purify them".

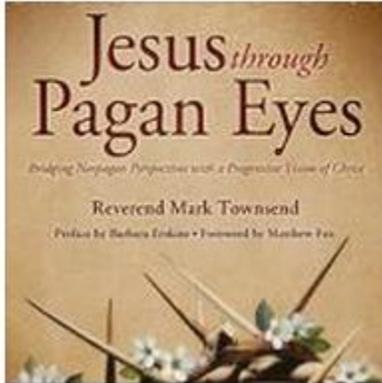
"I have a surprise for you all!" said Aífe. Her smile was much like the newly risen sun. "Follow me."

She led them to the little BÍle Samrata, standing in splendor in the rays of the rising sun. The children gasped.

“She has the soul of a poet!” declared Ruadh, proudly.

The little company of Druid clasped hands and began an impromptu circling dance, to honor the sweet and lovely tree.

“The Fairies and the Spirits of this place are very happy with what you have done, Aífe” said Ethne. “They love beauty, and dancing and laughter. You have given us a new way to honor the start of summer and I thank you for it.”



Llewellyn Worldwide - Jesus Through Pagan Eyes: Publicity Reviews
www.llewellyn.com

For Pagans and Christians alike, *Jesus Through Pagan Eyes* offers a provocative portrait of Jesus—as a compassionate, life-affirming, nature-inspired spiritual teacher, freed from the

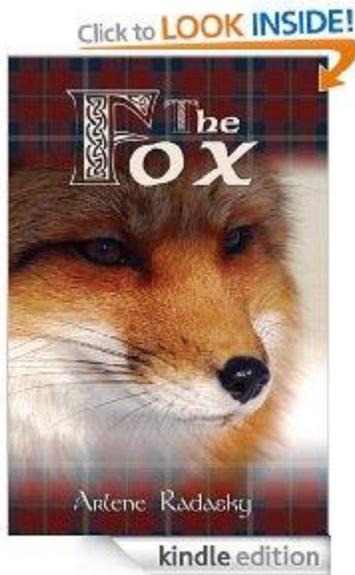


The Reformed Druid's Bibliography of Essential Druish Knowledge
bibliography.reformed-druids.org

A Reformed Druids Bibliography of Essential Druish Knowledge

The MG has decided that until we can figure this out otherwise, ANY book on <http://bibliography.reformed-druids.org/index.htm> can be used to fulfill the book review requirement for 3rd Degree. Now, some of the books are pure poppy-cock to be sure.

In addition, we will also accept Huttons, "The Stations of the Sun: A History of the Ritual Year in Britain," which actually has little to do with Druidry.



THE FOX

By Arlene Radasky

Amazon Review:

Dramatic in all the right ways, *The Fox* by new author Arlene Radasky does for bog bodies and Druids what no author in time has ever done; she celebrates ancient history, endless romance and undying love. Brilliant and utterly breathtaking, Radasky's is a powerful new voice in romance, fantasy, and historical fiction. Bravo!

The Romans' path of destruction jeopardizes a Caledonian clan unless they are able to strike a bargain with the Gods, which ultimately means

a human sacrifice. Jahna is a member of this first century tribe. She has the power to merge minds, which she chooses to do with a twenty-first century woman, Aine MacRae and her contemporary, a young man Lovern, to whom she was hand-fastened in her time and of whom she shared a child, in order to save her people. In the name of the gods, Lovern was killed. Druids place his body in the sacred Black Lake, but through a visit from his ghost, Jahna sends their child away thus securing their bloodline. In the midst of madness, Jahna lives just long enough to reveal to Aine, her grief. Two thousand years later, in the year 2005, Aine is hoping to reestablish her career as an archaeologist and assists in the excavation in the Highlands of Scotland of a first century Caledonian chieftain's tomb with fellow archaeologist, Marc Hunt. As the fates align, Jahna, guides Aine to one bronze bowl, then another, and when she is led by a ghost, Aine uncovers a two thousand year old man encased in a bog. As the circle goes unbroken, a heart's chains are loosened and it is understood that Aine and Marc are able to rediscover their past love.

About the Author

A scholar of ancient history, Arlene Radasky is fortunate to have walked upon each of the seven continents on the earth. For the past two decades she has worked with a number of nonprofit organizations including the American Red Cross and Hospice of Santa Barbara. She currently lives in California and is a proud mother and grandmother. This is her first novel.

News



New High King to be crowned at Tara in lavish spectacle

www.irishcentral.com

New High King to be crowned at Tara in lavish spectacle

<http://www.irishcentral.com/news/New-High-King-to-be-crowned-at-Tara-in-lavish-spectacle-200711211.html>

<http://www.tarahighkingsfestival.ie/>

The contest should really be for people who want to prove their worth to be members of the Fianna. It could be a great national athletic/poetry competition (kind of like the Gorsedd is for the Welsh). I think choosing a High King should be based on blood lines as well as prowess. They might end up with a yank!

Job Vacancy for Stonehenge Solstice Manager



Stonehenge Solstice Manager Job Vacancy

blog.stonehenge-stone-circle.co.uk

English Heritage manages access to Stonehenge for celebration of the summer and winter solstices and other seasonal gatherings in conjunction with Wiltshire Council, the Highways Agency, the Nation...



Druid Cops in Britain

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2305749/Met-Police-mediums-pagan-DRUID.html>

By SAM WEBB

PUBLISHED: 08:06 EST, 8 April 2013 | UPDATED: 09:58 EST, 8 April 2013

Britain's biggest police force has four mediums, a pagan and a DRUID among its bobbies on the beat

Figures on 'non-mainstream'

religious beliefs of officers released

Four officers practice Spiritualism and believe in contacting the dead

According to EU laws, the force will have to cater to these officers' beliefs

Among the police pounding London's streets include a druid, four mediums - who believe the living can talk with the dead - and two pagans.

A Freedom of Information request into various 'non mainstream' religions practised by the the 31,000 bobbies working for the Met Police uncovered the details last week.

Bosses at the Met confirmed that they had one officer who was a druid.

According to the Romans, Druids practised human sacrifice 2,000 years ago, but modern day druidism - called neo-Druidism - focuses on the worship of nature, especially trees.

Worship: Recently-released figures show there are Spiritualists, Pagans and a Druid (not pictured) practising their faith in the Metropolitan Police Force. File pictures

They also confirmed there were four officers who practised Spiritualism, which focuses on the belief that the living can communicate with the spirits of people who have died.

Spiritualists and mediums believe that there is life after death and that by holding seances, the dead can talk to the living, either through direct communication or the Ouija board.

Two officers list themselves as being Pagans, which worship a string of gods and festivals according to archaic religions which pre-date Christianity.

The list found that no officers were Devil worshippers - also known as Occultists - and no followers of Hare Krishna.



Faith in police: Officers who are pagans could claim time off work to visit Stonehenge in Wiltshire under new EU laws

According to new European laws, employers will soon have to bow down to followers of 'non mainstream' religions and give them days off according to their religion's calendar. The Equality and Human Rights Commission stated last week that human rights of people with 'profound personal beliefs' must be protected and that 'employees may assert the

right to discuss their beliefs in the workplace and employers should not prevent such conversations'.

Druids, vegans and green activists should be given special treatment at work, according to 'lunatic' advice from the equalities watchdog.

The commission warns employers that they risk 'potentially costly legal action' unless they allow staff to follow their 'religion or belief rights' in the workplace.

Druids should have the same rights at work as mainstream religious staff, according to the new guidelines. This could include giving believers time off to go on pilgrimages, such as druids and pagans going to Stonehenge, while environmentalists should be free to lecture other staff about their car use.

EHRC chief executive Mark Hammond said: 'The right of people to express their religious belief is a vital freedom.'

But Dominic Raab, a Tory MP and former international lawyer, blasted the new rules. He said: 'This is a recipe for every crank and crazy to take their boss for a ride. The EHRC has become an expensive taxpayer-funded laughing stock.'

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