



Samhain Issue
Year of the Reform “LII”
October 26, 2014 c.e.
Volume 31, Issue 7

Editor’s Note:

A time of ends and beginnings. Samhain competes with Beltane and Yule for the most popular Druid holiday of the year. Yet it has much more somber roots, and festivities aside, it’s a time to seriously contemplate our mortality, and what has become of our loved ones who have passed over. The Reform doesn’t have any dogma or official statements on the afterlife, but it is a question that we too are very interested in exploring.

I wish you all a snazzy Samhain, and a good start to the new Celtic Year.

Deadline for Yule issue is December 8th. To be published Dec 10th.

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NEWS OF THE GROVES

For a list of groves go to:

<http://www.rdna.info/wheretrove.docx>

Carleton Grove: News from Minnesota



Saturday, November 1st at 1:10pm in CDT

Next Week · 51°F / 37°F Clear

Show Map

Carleton College Cowling Arboretum

1 N College St, Northfield, Minnesota 55057

1:10 PM is solar noon at this longitude on this last day of Daylight Saving Time, so gather at 1 on Monument Hill, draw the sign of the sigil on the blank side of the obelisk, then listen for Casgen y Ceffyl, the Carnyx of Oakdale Grove, to summon the druids and other beings to begin the procession to the Hill of Three Oaks! Later at

Sunset shall be a second Samhain observance and a processional "closing" of the Arboretum. We can then bend the rules (supposedly) and offer vigils to anyone brave and ready to accept the ordeal. Followed by a Sunrise service at, well, dawn on Sunday! It is going to be a LONG night since the clocks fall back an hour, but dawn will still come... or will it?

Oakdale Grove: News from Minnesota

In my continual quest to pack lighter for RDNA rituals, I found a charming vintage style messenger bag. It holds everything from my wooden reliquary box such as the Waters-of-Life, chalice, portable altar stone, stoup, a small water bottle, as well as my full size copy of ARDA-1, my leatherbound selected works, sickle, and more.

So I guess I'm not packing lighter, merely stuffing more into one hands-free container. Still, this is a vast improvement from my former idea of hauling tons of druid stuff around the Earth-Mother in a wagon! Less is more, right?

Plus the only option was for free 15-45 day shipping and it arrived in a week, and came with a complimentary rustic leather journal with Celtic knotwork stamped into it. I took it to be a sign, especially since it came from India — I would not have expected anything Celtic from contemporary India.





Oakdale Grove will be doing something (supposedly) never before done in an RDNA setting! What is it, you ask? Come find out or wait for the video!<https://www.facebook.com/events/894945690550833>
Oakdale Grove - Reformed Druids of North America will be gathering at Gooseberry Falls State Park (rain, shine, snow, or gale) at the lakefront, to do something never before done in a Reformed Druid setting. Vehicle permit is \$5 Sunday, October 26 at 2:00pm in CDT
2 days from now · 54°F / 43°F Clear
Gooseberry Falls State Park
3206 Highway 61, Two Harbors, Minnesota 55616

Sedalia Protogrove, RDG/RDNA News from Missouri

Sedalia, MO. We have many lakes and woods available for rites and ceremony as needed. Sedalia is a city located about 30 miles (48 km) south of the Missouri River in Pettis County, Missouri. U.S. Routes 50 and 65 intersect in the city. As of the 2010 census, the city had a total population of 21,387. It is the county seat of Pettis County. The Sedalia Micropolitan Statistical Area consists of Pettis County. Sedalia is the location of the Missouri State Fair and the Scott Joplin Ragtime Festival.



<http://www.reformed-druids.org/?q=node%2F120>

Raven's Grove: News from Quebec

See **Celebration of Life liturgy**, included in this issue.



Shamanic Pottery weekend workshop and retreat, October 4th and 5th, 2014.
Saturday, October 4 at 9:00am

Get in the group!!! People are talking about it! But I need more people!!! Even the local news paper is inquiring about it!!! This will be the first Shamanic open workshop ever offered in the Pontiac. Learn about pottery and Shamanism! Come and test my knowledge!



Well we had our first indoor ceremony do to torrential rains. Thank you Penny for having us do the ritual in your druidic den. It was a perfect, peaceful and beautiful place to hold our gathering.

So here's what i have been busy with the last two summer seasons, local botanicals , herbs, flowers, medicinal herbs. Ogham also, each tree has a sample, as well as brief description, names in Welsh, English and Irish, uses, medicinal uses, meditation, meditation message and mythology. I will be doing the same for the other botanicals from my press –Penny



Monument Grove: News from D.C.

Going to Carleton for Samhain. Packing up my goods for Egypt in November.

Didn't get anywhere with the update for the ARDA 2 new magazine volume 2004-2014.

Went camping a lot and hoping to do my first sweatlodge in 10 years this month.

BLOGS AND PODCASTS

RDG in the News!

A while ago I was interviewed by Christopher Blackwell of AREN, and kind of gave him my life's story, which is also the story of RDG, OMS and much more. Enjoy! (starts on page 5): ...

<http://aren.org/newsletter/2014-mabon/index.html#p=4>

The Dark Side of Druidry by John Becket

Recommended by Healingline

<http://www.patheos.com/blogs/johnbeckett/2014/10/the-dark-side-of-druidry.html>

A bite of Muse by George

<http://soulpearls.blogspot.com/2014/10/the-druid.html>

Knowledge is Power by George

<http://thedruidking.blogspot.com/2014/09/druids-demons-knowledge-currency-power.html>

Pagan Pastoral Care Resources

Recommended by Dana W

<https://www.danaan.net/pagan-cat/pagan-pastoral-care-resources/>

Science Proves Hugging Tree is Good for Health

Recommended by Ellis

<http://earthweareone.com/science-proves-hugging-trees-is-good-for-health/>

In a Nutshell: Oak Tree and Acorn Facts

Recommended by Ceridwen

<http://www.motherearthnews.com/organic-gardening/acorn-facts-zmaz03onzgoe.aspx#axzz3H7xDFgPk>

A Druid Podcast Episode 91

Recommended by Penny

<https://soundcloud.com/damhthebard/druidcast-a-druid-podcast-episode-91>

Being Pagan: Druids, Wiccans and Witches

Recommended by Ellen: In case you missed last night's interview here is the YouTube link . My part starts at 4:50 Enjoy! <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b5te1ljTwM8&feature=youtu.be>

DRUID POETRY

Changed

As I sing in the field of dreams
I wander to the edge of shadows and mystic
Seeking the immortal flame
Flame from the other world, the world of ancients
Echoes of the Raven's call caress the soaring
mountains pinnacle
Carried by silent winds free of time and space
Raven's song across moon and sun, lost
enduringly among the stars
As the dark silhouette weaves through the mists of
morning
She has pierced through the veil of eternity,
awakening the dawn
Silken wings of sweet obsidian encircle
Waiting, wanting, tempting, calling, dreaming,
knowing
Enchanted by the silver gleam of the blackest eye
Her gaze cast deeply to the core of my soul
A tear drop cascades, the chalice overflows
Talons touch my spirit
Changed...
I feel the whisper of forever

Karen Cummings 09-24-14

Ordination

In the middle of the circle
The sacred energy flows
Surrounded by blessings
The smudge ember glows
Delicate Smokey tendrils
Giving rise to protections
Encircling the gathered
In all seven directions
Anointing the symbol
Traditions honoured by trace
Anciently guided entrusted
A new wind kisses her face
It began upon heartened Mother
Under the grace of Father
Now in new dedication
Forever seeking, forever the quest

Forever changed, as the blossom unfurled
Pledging to give her best
A new testament steps into this world

Karen Cummings 09-29-14

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

Earth Mother, I honor your body
Earth Mother, I sing to your stones
Earth Mother, I enter your body
Earth Mother, I honor your bones
Ancient Mother, I hear your calling
Ancient Mother, I hear your song
We all come from the Mother and to her we all
shall return...
So it be,
-Chris MacD

I can hear the Spirits calling
ancestors long gone
and a neighbour, just gone over
this is of course rehearsing
what will be very normal
in a time, unforeseeable
but non the less probable
I hear my neighbour singing
her mood is high
after a night out
in the local pubs
well, why not
why would
the dead
not be
drunk?
-Hennie

From the kindness of the Queen
I was happily cloaked in green
I was told to remain in light
and never with weapons fight
other than the chosen word
that may or may not be heard
but in itself the message sing
let go of hate, just justice bring
to lands within and without
change in peace would be about
I hope you have this much seen
thank you, my lovely, yet commanding, Queen
-Hennie

I've been past the limits of life
I've been past the limits of love
I've been past the limits of existence
I've been past the limits of thought
I've been past the limits of feeling
I've been past the limits of my soul
I've been past the limits of exhaustion
I've been past the limits of pain
I've been past the limits of my body
chances are
I've been imagining
limits
-Hennie

the Moon is full
stretching my arms
giving and taking
my hands cupped
my head slightly backwards
my eyes tracing energy
this is the beautiful moment
when our Grandmother shines
her gifts of clarity and realisation
of fulfilling and satisfaction
of an outpour of the strongest magic
best consider my ways
for the coming days
in love and life and care
the Moon is full
don't play it cool
Life's burdens gently bare
-Hennie

but Halt! See that bird?
he is the finest singer
in these gardens
yet many a workman
curses him in the morning
and Lo! Hear the singing
of this little girl?
She is by far the most
beautiful of neighbours
but Jeez!
how she is envied and discussed
well There! Feel the ticking
of the engine of his car?
it is by far the cleanest
- and most costly -
vehicle of our street

and do we call him an idiot and a snob
well, you get the idea, I guess
we just can't stand good things
-Hennie

left between thoughts
between ideas
between realities
there are these persons
hardly to be acknowledged
fair and iron-cast
but shining in twilight
creatures of a haze
of a damp, a fluidum
a dream, a vision
no, not to be messed with
this is not psychosis
this is seeing and feeling
and giving room
let's dance!
-Hennie

many a Faerie
has whispered to me
about the features of living
by Earth, Sky, and Sea
about the cycles of sowing
of life and decay
about life, death, and rebirth
for as long as we may
many a Faerie
has sing-songed to me
the state of my head,
heart, and feeling
of changes to be
many a Faerie
has laughed at my doom
when presenting the blooming
the endless time left
for ever more room
for talking to Faeries
be silly as maidens
and at least so care-free
Oh, I'm so happy
the Faeries are talking to me
-Hennie

BREATHS

*Performed by The Flirtations, from their 1990
album*

*Poem by Birago Diop; Music by Ysaye Maria
Barnwell*

*Recommended to the Inquirer by Jamie
Music at*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nSIIOuAh8yc>

Listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
'Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is
heard
'Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

Those who have died have never never left
The dead are not under the earth
They are in the rustling trees
They are in the groaning woods
They are in the crying grass
They are in the moaning rocks
The dead are not under the earth

So listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
'Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is
heard
'Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

Those who have died have never never left
The dead have a pact with the living
They are in the woman's breast
They are in the wailing child
They are with us in the home
They are with us in the crowd
The dead have a pact with the living

So listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
'Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is
heard
'Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

Trees by Joyce Kilmer 1886–1918



Tree at my Window

by Robert Frost

Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

Vague dream-head lifted out of the ground,
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her,
Your head so much concerned with outer,
Mine with inner, weather.



I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day, 5
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain. 10
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Two Roads – Robert Frost 1920

TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

5

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

10

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

15

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

DRUID VIDEOS



RDG's Official bards

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vuts6S0BMRA>



"The Book of Life" is an animated tale of life-death-and love. [Ian Corrigan](#) recommended it to me last week, and he was correct, this is a great movie, over the top with stunning

visuals, music, comedy, love, bro-mance and questions of killing and dying, and doing what your heart tells you. Lots of supernatural characters, mythology, folk-customs surrounding Mexico's Festival of the Dead with some interesting backlore. I'm including the trailer, but it has a few spoilers in it. I recommend you just go in cold and enjoy the twists and turns.

I give it an A grade.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8VUKy4AHZxs>



As we approach Samhain and the end of the Celtic year and get somber and morbid about death, let's go down the uncheery path of how life on earth will eventually end, the sun will then destroy the solar system, and then the diffusion or recrunch of the universe.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kJtCTIktZUc>



Easy steps on appearing Ultra Spiritual to other people and practicing competitive spirituality to win admiration. Hmm. I might adopt a few of these to cover my obvious foolishness....

<http://youtu.be/1kDso5ElFRg>



the wonderful song "All Souls Night" by Loreena McKennitt

Recommended by Penny

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eKfbVAO6VGA&feature=share>



Samhain Night

Artist: Jenna Greene

Album: Wild Earth CHild

Recommended by Penny

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zvAapnGZ7T0&feature=share>



BBC - Scotland: Rome's Final Frontier

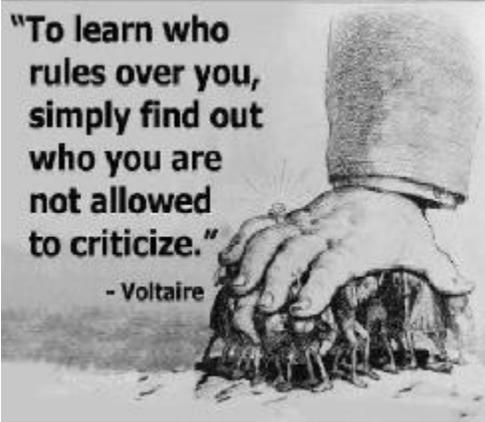
Recommended by Sebastien

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D69ljCIx9uI>

DRUID PHOTOS

"To learn who rules over you, simply find out who you are not allowed to criticize."

- Voltaire



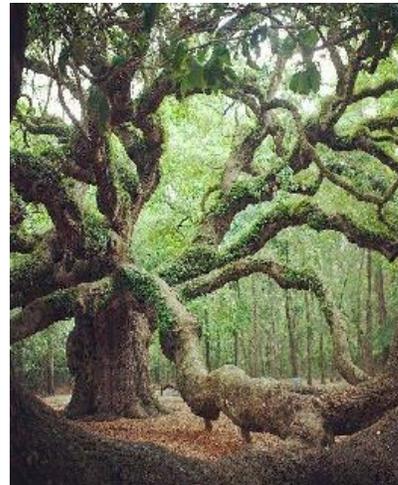
~ Mrs. George Cran, The Garden of Ignorance, 1913



Lynn



'Winter Hares' cards £2.50 each FREE P&P
£8.00 pack of 6 FREE P&P inbox us or email
info@wickandwitch.com



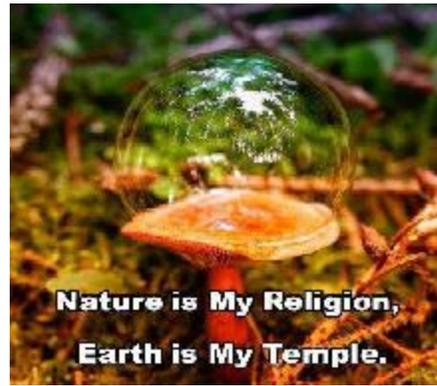
Lise



"I look back with gladness to the day when I found the path to the land of heart's desire, and thank Fate ceaselessly with a loud voice that she did not permit town to sap all the years away while the heart was turning to wind-voices and flower-faces and the hands of kindly earth."



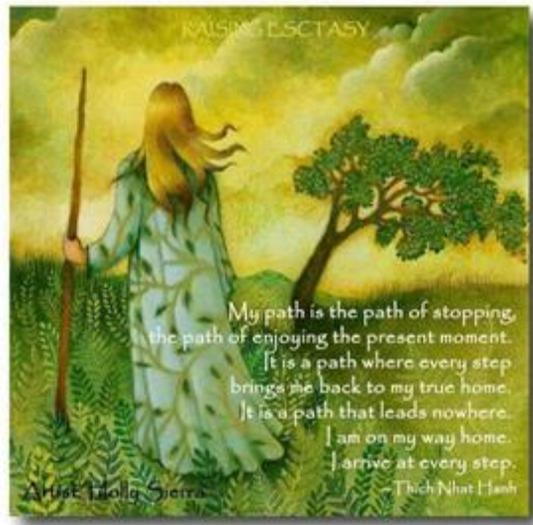
Ceridwen



Tezera



I went for a hike today at the state park. A couple of people liked my druid staff. On a stretch of woods alone for a while on a dirt trail I contemplated what it must have been once upon a time to be a druid wandering the forest without roads or cars. I saw the leaves changing colors as the waters of life begin to recede. -Jamie

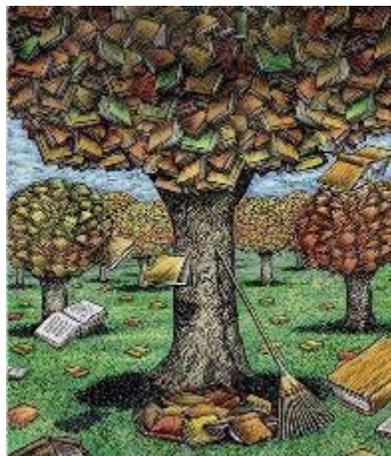


Ceridwen



ONE ZEN STUDENT SAID,
"MY TEACHER IS THE BEST.
HE CAN GO DAYS WITHOUT EATING."
THE SECOND SAID,
"MY TEACHER HAS SO MUCH SELF-CONTROL,
HE CAN GO DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP."
THE THIRD SAID,
"MY TEACHER IS SO WISE THAT HE EATS
WHEN HE'S HUNGRY AND
SLEEPS WHEN HE'S TIRED."

Spirituality is a personal
relationship with the Divine.
Religion is crowd control.





Rua



Jamie



Jamie



Stop Right There Shirt

- Isaac Bonewits Café Press

<http://www.cafepress.com/ibonewits/2205973>

The beauty within us, we find

It is in beauty that we all began
It is in beauty that we will end.

Bagpiper starts

We walk outside up to the fire and altar.
We walk 3 times around the fire

Moment of silence while bagpiper keeps playing.

- Beloved Friends and Loved Ones.

We gather here today to honor a man
To celebrate his life
We are celebrating his life in this manner because
He was a man that was strongly rooted in his Scottish roots and ancestry
His Celtic faith ran deeply in his veins
He also loved and revered his connection to Nature
He greatly understood the eternal circle of existence
But for those that really knew him
Will speak of his love, warmth and affection found in
His eyes and smile and of his strong presence as well
At rue Dragon at heart
He stood for justice and welfare of others
Courageous and Warrior,
His way of life has been greatly valued by those that knew him
Caring not only for his loved ones, but also for every creature
Fur and feather, leaf and stone,
He was a true son of our Great father and Mother,

We are here to celebrate Russel's life
To honor and celebrate a dear friend, a family member, an uncle, a coworker
and a Soul mate
He has not left us completely
He is within us and around us at this present moment in time
He is happy in knowing that all is well
Even if you suffer from his going away

He has not died in vain, like everyone, because life is sacred
Every life has a teaching and purpose
So did his...
But his work in this world is now done,
The turning of the Wheel of Life must continue
To those he left behind he has left you his love
He has touched your hearts and lives
His soul is not like ice it will not melt away
Nor will it not blow away in the wind
Nor will it never cease to exist
The soul is much powerful, much stronger
His journey will take him back to a place of rests while in between lives.

He will wait for you all,
His journey with you has never ended.
He is now to travel to the Great land of ancestors
Were we all travel from this life to the other
He will journey to a land of warmth and peace
He will rest before he will be called back to earth to complete a new set of tasks
Death is a rite of passage
Leading us to rebirth.
You may cry, you may be angry, you may be sad
But rejoice, he is now good place,

Watching over you.
Brother Russell your spirit is free
We honor you,
We celebrate your life
As we share our gratitude, admiration and love to you,
Let us free our hearts
As we prepare of letting you go!

- Russel hear and feel the words that will be shared, cherish them well...

Everyone is invited to share about Russel

-Let our wishes and thoughts be sent to you....

Sharing words
Giving Offerings into the fire (letters, sage, sweet grass, whiskey...)
Bagpiper starts playing
Moment of silence

-This is not the beginning of the end

-Russell, You will walk hand in hand with the great father and Mother
and with your ancestors who came before you.

- Great Mother, welcome Russell back into your home.
- And Great Father welcome Russell back into your divine instruction.
-Russell Charles Stewart, go easy to the land of the ancestors. Let the waters carry you across to the
Blessed Isles where your family and loved ones awaits.

- Your voices have been carried up by the wind.
- May we leave this place in peace and knowing that your voices, intentions and love has been heard by
Russell
- Russell we wish you.... Peace, peace and peace!

Bagpiper plays for closing of circle and ceremony



Baby Blessing

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove, Japan

March 1, 2003

Reprinted from Spring Equinox Druid Missal-Any 2002

To be inserted into a standard Order of Common Worship by the RDNA. Use this in the normal service's invocation.

O Lord, forgive us these three errors of parenthood that are due to human limitations.

Thy child has no end of needs, yet we have only these resources and time.

Thy child's path is uncertain, yet we seek to guide them.

Thy child's choices will be their own, yet we seek to assist them.

O Lord, forgive us these errors of parenthood that are due to our human limitations.

O Mother, you have blessed us with this child, yet we further ask your peace and comfort in the years to come. Nurture us, as we nurture this babe.

Continue as usual.

Insert this next bit into an RDNA service after the waters are consecrated. If the sacrifice is accepted, then use Waters of Life, if not, use Waters of Sleep for the blessing. With previously blessed waters:

AD: I call upon the parents or guardians of this child to step forward to make their pledges of support.

Father: I am your father, dear child. Your protector, teacher and advisor.

Mother: I am your mother, dear child. Your protector, teacher and advisor too.

Father: You will reside at our home and that of our relatives until you reach maturity, learning from both sides of your parents relatives.

Mother: Aye, and we will teach of the ways of the Gods, not only our own, but of those of other faiths you will likely encounter.

Father: We seek to assist, but not too interfere, in your life's journeys.

Mother: You are dearly beloved by us and many you do not know yet.

Father: You will grow strong and brave.

Mother: You will grow wise and caring.

Father: You will live close to the Earth.

Mother: You will understand the ways of water.

Father: And when the wind speaks, you will understand.

Mother: You are blessed indeed, as we are by your choice to join us.

Father: We name you (), which means (). This is the name people will call you as an individual. Your last name will be () which means ().

Mother: But your true name will only be known by you when you hear it called by Fate.

Father: Grow in moderation of all virtues.

Mother: Tarry not long in vices.

Father: There is much more we wish to say, but these are our first promises to you.

Mother: And we wish to spend many years with you adding to them.

AD: Let all bear the baby, as we will all be enmeshed in his future.

Baby's blanket is held taut by all participating relatives. Baby is asperged with the Waters by the AD who walks around, sprinkling from all four directions, also dousing the parents and participants for good measure too.

AD: By the power of Dalon Ap Landu, all the Gods of this Land, and those who will direct this child's course, I bless this child. May it live a full, long life blessed with success, love, and accomplishment.

AD: And blessed be all of you by the love that you bear for this babe and for each other. Band together to be a stout palisade in times of defense, a horn of plenty in his time of need, stern teacher in his time of learning, and grateful recipient in his time of production.

The baby is returned to the parents. Baby is returned to the parents and waters are shared by the congregants in that normal part of the service.



Hermann Hesse on What Trees Teach Us

About Belonging and Life

by Maria Popova

Recommended by Mary B. to the Inquirer

“When we have learned how to listen to trees, then the brevity and the quickness and the childlike hastiness of our thoughts achieve an incomparable joy.”

I woke up this morning to discover a tiny birch tree rising amidst my city quasi-garden, having overcome unthinkable odds to float its seed over heaps of concrete and glass, and begin a life in a meager oasis of soil. And I thought, my god*, what a miracle. What magic. What a reminder that life does not await permission to be lived.

This little wonder reminded me of a beautiful passage, perhaps one of the most beautiful passages I've ever read, from Hermann Hesse's *Bäume: Betrachtungen und Gedichte* [Trees: Reflections and Poems] (public library), originally published in 1984, that touches on some of life's most essential livingness — home and belonging, truth and beauty, happiness.

For me, trees have always been the most penetrating preachers. I revere them when they live in tribes and families, in forests and groves. And even more I revere them when they stand alone. They are like lonely persons. Not like hermits who have stolen away out of some weakness, but like great, solitary men, like Beethoven and Nietzsche. In their highest boughs the world rustles, their roots rest in infinity; but they do not lose themselves there, they struggle with all the force of their lives for one thing only: to fulfill themselves according to their own laws, to build up their own form, to represent themselves. Nothing is holier, nothing is more exemplary than a beautiful, strong tree. When a tree is cut down and reveals its naked death-wound to the sun, one can read its whole history in the luminous, inscribed disk of its trunk: in the rings of its years, its scars, all the struggle, all the suffering, all the sickness, all the happiness and prosperity stand truly written, the narrow years and the luxurious years, the attacks withstood, the storms endured. And every young farmboy knows that the hardest and noblest wood has the narrowest rings, that high on the mountains and in continuing danger the most indestructible, the strongest, the ideal trees grow.

Trees are sanctuaries. Whoever knows how to speak to them, whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth. They do not preach learning and precepts, they preach, undeterred by particulars, the ancient law of life.

A tree says: A kernel is hidden in me, a spark, a thought, I am life from eternal life. The attempt and the risk that the eternal mother took with me is unique, unique the form and veins of my skin, unique the smallest play of leaves in my branches and the smallest scar on my bark. I was made to form and reveal the eternal in my smallest special detail.

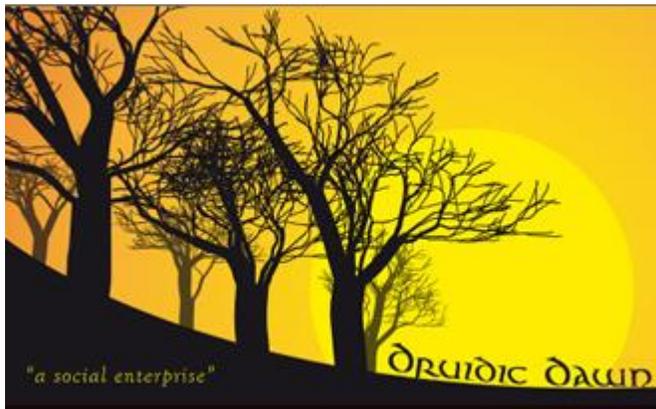
A tree says: My strength is trust. I know nothing about my fathers, I know nothing about the thousand children that every year spring out of me. I live out the secret of my seed to the very end, and I care for nothing else. I trust that God is in me. I trust that my labor is holy. Out of this trust I live.

When we are stricken and cannot bear our lives any longer, then a tree has something to say to us: Be still! Be still! Look at me! Life is not easy, life is not difficult. Those are childish thoughts. . . . Home is neither here nor there. Home is within you, or home is nowhere at all.

A longing to wander tears my heart when I hear trees rustling in the wind at evening. If one listens to them silently for a long time, this longing reveals its kernel, its meaning. It is not so much a matter of escaping from one's suffering, though it may seem to be so. It is a longing for home, for a memory of the mother, for new metaphors for life. It leads home. Every path leads homeward, every step is birth, every step is death, every grave is mother.

So the tree rustles in the evening, when we stand uneasy before our own childish thoughts: Trees have long thoughts, long-breathing and restful, just as they have longer lives than ours. They are wiser than we are, as long as we do not listen to them. But when we have learned how to listen to trees, then the brevity and the quickness and the childlike hastiness of our thoughts achieve an incomparable joy. Whoever has learned how to listen to trees no longer wants to be a tree. He wants to be nothing except what he is. That is home. That is happiness.

NEWS



AONTACHT MAGAZINE

Richard Fox writes about his magazine.

<http://www.druidicdawn.org/aontacht>

"It is the day after the Equinox and all across the land. Aontacht's Druids begin their work, all according to plan."

Yes indeed, today Druidic Dawn officially begins work on the next issue of Aontacht magazine. Our recent short hiatus has been good and successful,

for we have surely been working to restructure and reorganize Druidic Dawn, as well as Aontacht our global internet magazine.

New Writers and Features amidst the old... a journey reaching from the origins of Druidry to the cutting edge of what Druidry is today and what it will become in the years ahead.

Our next issue will be published on the Winter/Summer Solstice and the theme will be the Four Elements - Working and Living with the Elementals. Soon we will be releasing the themes for the following three issues... so think about joining us.

We are looking for powerful stories and original thought, Good and bad humor, poems that make you cry and laugh, recipes to make you a ceremonial and Kitchen LEGEND and we are always looking for tales that highlight how different Druids express their Druidry in THEIR lives.

Interested? Want to write directly to the global Druid and earth based community?
Write me at druidicdawn@earthlink.net and let me know your ideas!

Unity in the Community....begins with each of us embracing what we hold in common and respecting what we each see as sacred.

Renard, the Guardian of Fire

DRUID INQUIRER INFO

Publishing Information

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Published: 8 times a year. No mailed copies, just free on the internet, print your own. Submissions Policy: Give it to me! If you have news about your grove, written a little essay, like to write up a book or move, have a poem, saw an interesting news article in the paper, or have a cartoon, send it in to mikerdna@hotmail.com or send by Facebook message to [mike.thefool](https://www.facebook.com/mike.thefool) I'll try to give credit to whoever the original author is, and they retain the copyright to their works, and we'll reprint it one day in a future binding also. Nasty works will not be published. Although my standards are not skyhigh, incomplete works will be nurtured towards a publish-able form, so send those earlier for assistance. Submissions are accepted from other publications and organizations, so you need not be a formal member of the RDNA to have your items published.

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