



**Beltane Issue**  
**Year of the Reform “LIII”**  
**May 22, 2015 c.e.**  
**Volume 32, Issue 3**

**Editor’s Note:**

Once in awhile you step back and disappear, and when you come back, you are touched by how much people missed you and how much you missed their light & joy they bring into your life.

Beltane and Samhain always wrench me back into Druidic mode, regardless of how bogged down in the rut of daily work I have immersed myself. Nature is doing amazing show and all my friends have gotten off their duff to try to put together a great event. It’s a good time to reappear and remember the joy of Druidry.

-Mike the Traveller

Deadline for Summer Solstice submissions is June 5th  
Send to [mikerdna@hotmail.com](mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com)

We invite you to join our Facebook groups such as:  
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/2455316244/> RDNA  
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/reformed.druids/> RDG

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# NEWS OF THE GROVES



## Carleton Grove and Oakdale Grove: News from Minnesota

Sunday on a Saturday.

A small group of the Oakdale Grove went down to Carleton this past Saturday. It was sunny and mostly clear with a dapple cloud here or there but mostly blue. The wind was gusting along and left a few of wondering if we'd been sunburned or windburned or both.

We went to the Hill of Three Oaks. We were meeting with David Franquist. While we waited there was Rugby, Women's Rugby, on the pitch that looks like it'd be used for American Football. When they'd finished their game they, like other Carleton sports teams gathered at the Hill of Three Oaks to have their after game party. We let them know we'd be meeting with a couple of students and an alumnus and told them we'd be meeting them here and then we'd be able to move along.

About 12:45PM, John Michael Martens blew his carnex by the crossroad near the rec center, near the second pitch where guys had just begun a match of LaCrosse. We noticed that Franquist approached as the rest of us upon the hill were met by Maddy. It became apparent as we met more on the field side of the LaCrosse game, that we'd need to move our activities elsewhere. So we decided that Monument Hill would serve our purposes.

Thus we moved and set up a simple altar of a flat stone, a cup and some cedar smudge stick. John began the ritual, the COW of Sleep, the COW of Winter. (COW, Common Order of Worship.) During the mediation we heard a story from Franquist about "What is the light of the people?". We then continued to the ordination portion of the ritual. Here we were greeted with two who sought to enter the Order of Belenos.



Each was asked to kneel and gave a question. Each gave his answer. Then they greeted the Sun with outstretched arms and upon each was placed a yellow/gold ribbon of office. Then Franquist gave them one more gift. It would not be by his hands that they would be officially priests of Belenos but by Belenos himself they would be granted the final blessing of being made his priests.

I'd like to formally thank Mr. Franquist for his lovely service of ordination. I'd also like to formally congratulate Earl and John Michael for being of the Order of Belenos.



Recent new hand-bound edition of Book of Third Order by John M



### Raven's Grove: News from Quebec

Online Raven's Grove Poetry contest - Beltane 2015  
Concours en ligne de la Clairière du Corbeau - Beltane 2015  
100 mots maximum  
100 words maximum  
Soumettre avant 20h00, le 30 avril 2015.  
To be submitted by Thursday 30th April 2015, before 8pm.

Artwork in the Photo section of this issue  
See the Poetry section of this issue.

Tonights Bards are:  
Jennifer  
Mike  
Karen  
Julie  
Valarie



Congratulation to Jennifer You are the Raven's Grove Beltane Bard of 2015 !!!!

## RDG PICBADGE IS REBORN!

TAG The old PicBadge was deleted and unable to be found within the great aether, and the link from our website has stopped working. Personally I blame the Nargles, but in the end the old badge is no longer available. Jon Lenin found this out and has kindly created a new (and we think, better) version. Please go to <http://www.picbadges.com/Community/5525b1b6844a9d9b77d1f55e> to get yours so that we build numbers for this. MYNT /\



NEW! NEW! NEW!

### THE DRUID PATH VERSION 17 of RDG

Mostly it tweaks the grammar and reconciles differences between the written Final Exam in the text and the one online. But it's still the newest version and the only one approved for use, so.....

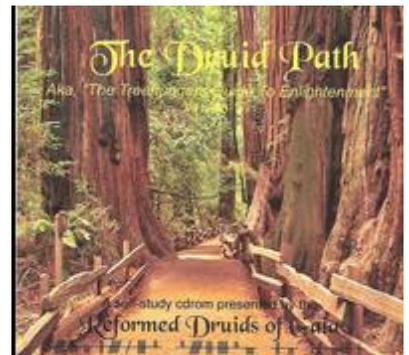
For a limited time, we're offering the download version for \$4.98 (that's \$5 off). Get your's at this link: <http://avalonrisen.com/index.php...>

[Download: The Druid Path v.17 \[RDG-DP16-DWN\] - \\$4.98 : Avalon Risen Collective](#)

Avalon Risen Collective Download: The Druid Path v.17 [RDG-DP16-

DWN] - A comprehensive and humorous study of Druidism within the confines of Neo-Paganism. A must for anyone called to the Druid path. The lessons are the result of years of study, drawn from this bibliography, and the experiences of th...

AVALONRISEN.COM|BY THE ZEN CART® TEAM AND OTHERS



## MOCC News:

### Crowns For Dubast and the MOCC Tulsa Convocationry

HM Violet and Archdruid Harris are considering the procurement of crowns of office for Dubast and the Tulsa Convocationry, respectively. Regalia, always a part of the MOCC ritual life, has begun to spread beyond the ritual space. Banners, which have been stored away since Autumn, will begin flying again on the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, on the 3rd of May.

"Where our banner is, there we are", a common refrain heard on occasion in the MOCC, illustrates how important the banner is to us. While it appears to be just a nice little heraldic display, in reality it is a rallying point. Most often used in parks to show our members where our site is so that we can gather in one place, it can also be displayed on doors of meeting rooms in, say, public libraries, used at social and environmental action gatherings, and to mark homes belonging to our members in times of crisis.



The Staff and the Stole, most common ritual regalia of our clergy outside of the robe, are more frequently used these days when regalia is used in ritual at all. Most usually it is only in high ceremony that it regalia is used at all, in fact, with our general preference being for comfortable street clothing. The use of a crown is a fairly recent innovation, however, and represents the growing amount of teachings concerning Sovereignty that have plagued our Order since 2005. With the occasional government shutdowns that have occurred, the MOCC has had to step up our charitable workings over the years, and our networking within the tribal aspect of our group. Whereas the staff and the stole represent the clerical aspects of MOCC life, the crown aptly represents the secular aspects of what we are sometimes called upon to do to meet the needs of our people.



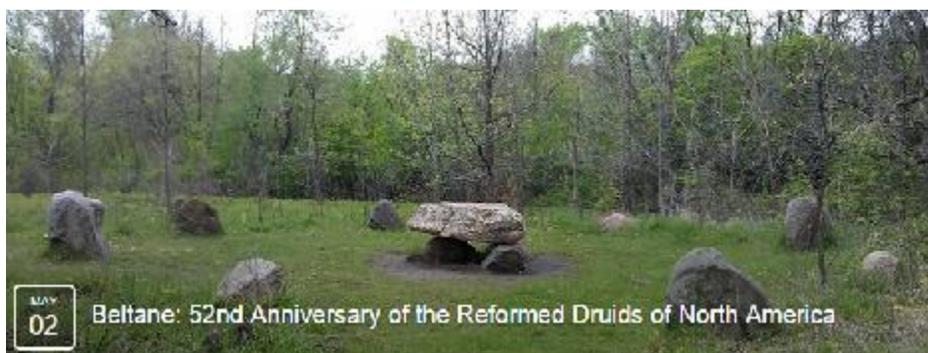
Dubast, on the other hand, was resurrected as an RPG first, and then migrated to a cross between role-play and micronational status. Recently chosen by lottery, Her Majesty Queen Violet has been reviewing potential crowns for the pending Coronation. The crown, in the case of Dubast, represents her growing independence from the laws of the MOCC and the more or less continual line of existence and evolution from the days of the Shire of Gryphon's Rooste and House Drunken Dragon, through the RPG years, and now into a new manifestation with growing emphasis on, again, Sovereignty of the Dubastard Throne.

### BELTANE REUNION

May 2 at 1:00pm to May 3 at 9:00am in CDT

Carleton College Cowling Arboretum  
1 N College St, Northfield, Minnesota  
55057

Right where it all started! The Arboretum at Carleton College is the ultimate pilgrimage for American Druidism. See the north side of the obelisk on Monument Hill that describes the mysteries of druidism. Touch the sigil carved long ago into the altar stone on the Hill of Three Oaks. Feel the Earth energy within the standing stones of the Druids Circle. Vigil by the bonfire in the Druids Den. Meditate in the labyrinth on Stewsie Island. Walk in the footsteps of 55 Carleton Arch-Druids. Partake of the Waters-of-Life in our unending quest for Awareness.



MAY 2:

6:00 PM Meet at Monument Hill, wait for the call of the Oakdale Carnyx, Casgen y Ceffyl to begin the procession.

# DRUID POEMS

There and Back Again

By  
Penny Young

The roosting rook on branches high, squawks and talks and feathers fly. Perched on twig thicket, does she rest, weaving her tale with enchanted jest.

From the green rolling hills of the Shire fair, to the forests of Rhovanion and Mirkwood Lair, the Plains of Endwaith and Misty Mountains steep, she hears the drums, the drums in the deep. She weaves her tales, of far off, forgotten lands, of ancient ruins, that time withstands, the spine of the mountains and the caverns deep, where mithril is mined and dragons do sleep.

The Silmarilli and the Arkenstone, the radiance of being, trees from Valinor, have shown. Telperion and Laurelin, the silver and the golden string, boughs of a tree both silver and gold, the mystery of making, a colloquy to unfold. Old man willow, the party tree, twig, root, branch, leaf, ents and huorns be. Shepherd's of the forest, song of all creation, awoken to thee, as elves in the thicket sing tra la, la-lee. Nut and acorn, voices of their own, precious enting, Telperion sown. By moon and star essence be, the elixir of life, helix spiral of a tree. The last march of the ents, after entmoot comes to be. Fight for survival, Cad Goddeu of battling trees. Root, rock, stone and bone we march on thee, the battle of our times, the battle of the tree.

Taken by shadow and taken by flame, we fight for earthly existence on the plane. For peace and for love, and all that is fair and free, we fight for the nature, the nature of thee. A love of life and all things that grow, no dominance, no hatred, no shadows are sown. When death does call, and shadows form me, we shall fade into existence, the setting sun on the sea. The grey heavens, to harbor we do go, where the grey rain curtain of the world, rolls to and fro, the silver glass of a moonlit star night, the white shores and beyond chase the starlight. To a far green country, where rests, a swift sunlight, and the setting of the sun turns day to night.

The roosting rook, flies a wending way, nestles in the trees, and watches them sway. There and back again has she flown, breathing life, into the mythos of the unknown.

## Tree Song

Birch she, sheds her silvery skin, both old and new, we look to kin. Rowan doth quicken, those who seek, pendyn red, the dragon speak.

Alder, owler, gwernen fair, magician of balance, confidence bared. Where willow, she wends, emotions sway, on silver tides and waters way. Onnen be the hanged mans tree, call to stillness and focus to see.

Hawthorn, bittersweet come what may, the prickly pre tense to berries array. Oak wisdom sits on fathers boughs, noble in his deeds, he does, arouse. Celyn, oh so prickly you be, holly warrior, be just, to be free. Hazel teaches all, that is not seen, inspiration in cobnuts, and poetic dream. Apple smiles on, loving to jest, giving of spirit, in life, we are blessed.

Bramble rambles on any soil, children's laughter, oh what a joy. Whilst Ivy helix, she leads the crooked way, weaving our destiny into play. Bracken oh, so leafy green, prolific in purpose, cleansing and clean. Ironwood your toughness, i do see, from dark comes light arrows, and bow beams. Elder sits out, lady oh so fair, dark and light, balance she bares.

Pinwydden prickles, a leader you seem, but you stand alone, and not in team. Bugloss, blue, the vipers head, you colour our lives, and lift the dread. Heather stirs, in a windswept bouquet, lies with wimberries, in heathen array. Aethnen, oh such quivery leaves, you flex and bend your will in breeze. So to Yew the depth and quickening, of, the blood of the womb, sleep my little one, awaken now and soon.

By  
Penny Young

## COME GATHER ROUND I'VE A STORY FOR YOU!

Come gather round I've a story for you,  
It happened I swear! It did and it's true!

A procession of torches and wild wind whipped robes,  
It took place one night down a dark country road.

The air it was swirling with wind, rain and snow,

The druids came bouncing along the Quail house row.

Chanting I heard and uncommon drum talk,

Towards the old oak, I saw one bare foot as she walk.

They formed a great circle and lit a great blaze,

Papparazzi snapping photos, the clan was unfazed!

Dancing dragons took the night and the "laughing" Druid  
took his seat,

The chatter begun as one poured out the mead.

They started talking turkey and sharing wise words,

and agreed with each other who was the Tolkien nerd.

Late in the fair as the fire died down,

they all stopped, they all silenced "WHAT WAS THAT  
SOUND?"

A growl? A hum? A few whispered words?

T'was the Will o' the wisp? No... t'was just a bird....

In 3 different tongues, a fanciful supplication,

Asking for courage, justice and all good intention.

The clouds broke apart, a shining moon in it's frame,

The clan tilted their cups and shout out "HAIL!

BELTANE!"

The night wore on and the mists rolled in,

Forest fairies dance the Maypole, by the morning left a  
ring.

The clan went on, THEY WENT ON ALL NIGHT!

"CARAAACK" went the thunder, "DRUID DOWN!!!"

"hey you allright?"

Laughter and mirth came with the new day!

"You went arse over head!" ... it's still funny today....

Now I ask, is this dream? I ask you if its true?

Does this sound familiar, has it happened to you?

These are my memories and they won't be my last,

for long in the future, I'll remember the past.

So come gather round, I've a story for you,

I was once ask "how do I hang my nuts?" I swear it's true!

~j.anglehart, april 2015~

To be in those woods, what a treat!

Yet I lay, far away, alone here in bed

I hide my Druidism to be discrete

And actions speak what must not be said.

Although I trudge amidst the concrete

I carry a forest within my head.

-Mike the Traveller, 2015

### **The three I's.....**

I wear the crown of thought for they are my own  
I open the third eye to the mysteries of my soul  
My throat gives way to the spell of my words  
My heart beats with the passions of my life  
My gut twists with the instincts of my reality  
My backbone provides strenght to my lessons  
My root is the pleasure of my dedications  
I am the welcome in my smile  
I am the song in my ear  
I am the wisdom in my hair  
I am the love in my embrace  
I am the knowledge of my mistakes  
I am the growth of my family  
I am the magic that is me  
In the eyes of.....  
the Earth I am her daughter, and she my balast  
the Wind I am its charge, and it my companion  
the Water I am its wake, and it is my vessel  
the Fire I am it's flame, and it my rite  
the Spirit I am it's gift, and it my compulsion  
the Ancestors I am their promiss, and they are my source  
the Universe I am a link. and it is my humanity.  
All of this has shaped me,  
as I have shaped my truth  
~j.anglehart 2015~

### **Prayer for Pilgrimage**

As I walk toward you I walk home  
My heart sings with anticipation  
Invocation of my endeavour to be worthy  
In preparation of pilgrimage, I bow my head in  
humbleness  
I ask to understand fully what it is I seek  
The strength to endure these steps  
A path to walk, a calling to fulfill  
Surrendering the sacrifice freely  
Tada gan iarracht/Nothing without effort  
May the strength of the tree flow through my staff  
Making this way worthy, a way to offer gratitude  
Learning endurance to enlighten blessings  
Mother I ask for your strength as well  
Touch gently my feet as I make this journey  
Please help me to see through the fog, to see clear light  
Allow my intentions to be fruitful  
Considerate of all my sisters and brothers  
To feel empathy and compassion always  
As I walk, I trust in your sincere knowledge  
To see the spark in my heart helping it to glow evermore  
As I walk toward you I walk home  
---Karen 03-15-15

### **Pilgrimage-- Mantra --Chant--As I Walk**

As I walk  
I seek Guidance  
As I walk  
I seek purpose  
As I walk  
I seek strength  
As I walk  
I seek healing  
As I walk  
I seek gratitude  
As I walk  
I seek light  
As I walk  
I seek remembrance  
As I walk  
I see humility  
As I walk  
I seek compassion  
As I walk  
I seek grace  
As I walk  
I seek spirit  
As I walk  
I seek love  
--Karen March 15, 2015

Blessed (Autumn) Equinox, Southern Style  
Come gently darkness,  
The growing season behind,  
Oceans tell us stories  
With the passage of time  
Turn, winds, turn,  
This season shifts towards  
Darkness, after a generosity  
Of light.  
I call to the Southern Ocean  
It tells me "Autumn" is its name,  
Just past the ninth wave,  
Just past my vision.  
Is that night I see coming?  
Earlier again?  
Stars unfold sooner,  
A leaf falls and stands on edge.  
"Come, come the night",  
Whispers the land in an old song,  
The moon swallows the sun, then withdraws,  
Keeping a little for good measure.  
-John D

I've tried and tried to be a Bard.  
I've thought all day, and thought so hard.  
I've thought of trees and leaves and light,  
and thought some more with all my might.  
Alas there's nothing in my head,  
Nothing written, nothing said.  
I found I've used a lot of time  
trying to think up a Beltane rhyme.  
Tomorrow morning when I arise  
no doubt I'll rhyme like someone wise.  
-Valerie

Blessed Equinox  
Day and night  
In equal measure,  
We stand on the edge,  
As the progression pauses  
Briefly  
The days grow longer,  
At this point,  
And let us relish in the  
Lengthening days  
Lengthening moments  
Lengthening opportunities.  
Swift flowing creek,  
Silent watching tree,  
At home at the waters edge,  
The sun pours promise and blessing:  
Fire for this day!  
Fire on leaf, branch, and stem!  
Fire on the water, reflecting the sky!  
Blessings,  
Balance,  
Bounty,  
As the wheel turns again.  
-John D

never did I forget  
the wind in the trees  
sunlight on my skin  
or moonlight shimmering  
never did I forget  
the harsh words  
the hitting hands  
the spitted words  
never did I forget  
the hope you brought  
the sheer joy  
the deep feeling  
the gift of life  
the heart to heart  
the hand in hand  
this love will never end  
-Hennie

ancestors calling  
calling me home  
home where the heart is  
ancestors singing  
singing of truth  
truth ever flexible  
ancestors living  
living dreams  
dreams to enjoy  
ancestors being  
being not forgotten  
forgotten to remember  
-Hennie

days drag on  
monotonous  
single tuned  
and ever sliding more  
nights are gone  
invigorous  
every wound  
that imagination has in store  
twilight  
the place to be  
let me wonder  
and let me slowly see  
-Hennie

ever more this forgetting  
relying on vague visions  
and echoing statements  
of living under the light  
of love and rejoicing  
in the greatest harmony  
and yet, I speak  
I love, I love  
I love, I love  
all  
-Hennie

one day, the open winds  
will blow my body free  
to Tir na nOg  
to Elvenhome  
to every home there be  
one day, the sails will set  
and bring me over sea  
to Everland  
to More-than-home  
to whatever hope can see  
one day, the land will sigh  
when there is no more me  
in Where-to-go  
in Live-ever-slow  
in lands of grass and tree  
I will rejoice  
I will just sing  
and find the very last key  
-Hennie

brain-dead messages  
of heartfelt joys  
almost not words  
but esoteric signs  
for the living  
these have meanings  
beyond laughter  
and tears  
brain-dead visions  
of the Hinterland  
where all is One  
Otherworld in truth  
but forgotten  
brain-dead assumptions  
of a brain-dead poet  
-Hennie

you're so past ratio now  
that you're purest love  
no room for second thought  
not even for firsts for that matter  
your notions and intuitions  
fresh and uncontrolled  
your hardship of the old-days  
acted out in living memories  
of a half a century ago  
I can only accept and hold on  
-Hennie

the King has turned away  
from me from me from me  
don't go don't go don't go  
says she says she says she  
so love is just a joke  
he sighs he sighs he sighs  
don't leave don't leave don't leave  
she cries she cries she cries  
echo's echo's echo's  
of another daily tale  
we try and try and try  
but fail and fail and fail  
-Hennie

far away  
there's a lover's call  
and I but can obey  
far away  
my body will fall  
in spirit I will stay  
to other lands  
to other lives  
to other lovely hands  
to other minds  
to other hearts  
my light forever stands  
-Hennie

Je suis vagabond du temps et des idées,  
Dans l'espace entre le temps et la réalité  
Je cherche sans chercher,  
J'explore pour mieux voir  
Tenter pour constater  
Provoquer et agacer  
Pour nourrir l'esprit trop souvent constiper  
Je m'inspire pour mieux saisir  
Je m'amuse dans ma muse  
Dans la simplicité et la facilité  
Humble je dois-être  
À écouter et questionner  
Pour mieux m'enseigner et de me renseigner  
Voilà que j'exploite ma liberté  
-Sébastien Beaudoin (26/04/15)

## DRUID BLOGS

Helgaleena had not updated this season. <https://helgaleena.wordpress.com/>

MOCC Free Voice is a new page with Thomas' help <https://www.facebook.com/moccfreevoice1>

Ellen writes on an upcoming workshop on tree magic **TREE MEDICINE TREE MAGIC** May 29, 2015 at 3:30pm to May 31, 2015 at 4:00pm 119 Cherry Ct Matamoras PA 18336 <http://elleneverthopman.com>

OBOD's Druid Pod cast 97 Interview with Sarah Miles, Silbury Hills <http://www.paganmusic.co.uk/druidcast-a-druid-podcast-episode-97/>

New episode of Celtic Myth Podcast – Mabinogian episode <http://celticmythpodshow.com/news/2015/04/new-mabinogion-show-episode-40-betrayal-in-the-nursery-is-now-available-for-you-to-listen-to/>

OBOD's American **Druid** Magazine their first issue is now out on ritual, gamick circles, turning of the wheel, Philip Carr Gomm interview, fox's tale, witch brew story, Recipes, 3 ritual herbs, <http://www.druidicdawn.org/files/Aontacht%20-%20Volume%207%20Issue%202%20Small.pdf>

Druid Dawn released its Spring issue of Aontacht magazine with articles on ritual, a book review on witch tales, a clever fox story, and 2 recipes and an article on herbs in ritual. <http://www.druidicdawn.org/files/Aontacht%20-%20Volume%207%20Issue%202.pdf>

AREN newsletter has not come out yet for Beltane <http://aren.org/newsletter/>

John Bennet blogs on earth day, solitary ritual, prophecy, obnoxious people, polytheism, listening, building, collapse of society, Sabbat album, nonreligious pagan guide, pagan ethics, pretensions at <http://www.patheos.com/blogs/johnbeckett/author/johnbeckett>

Nimue blogs on affection, superiority, troubled heart, day jobs, gender identity, crazy poets, dog story, fast food, dark journey, sex initiation, heat, faeries, not meditating, crisis & gratitude, tribe, deep time, making mistakes, <https://druidlife.wordpress.com/>

Shimon recommend 7 great mazes [http://io9.com/seven-of-the-most-beautiful-botanical-mazes-on-earth-1700775810?utm\\_campaign=socialflow\\_io9\\_facebook&utm\\_source=io9\\_facebook&utm\\_medium=socialflow](http://io9.com/seven-of-the-most-beautiful-botanical-mazes-on-earth-1700775810?utm_campaign=socialflow_io9_facebook&utm_source=io9_facebook&utm_medium=socialflow)

Shimon recommends a wonderful group in Wales promoting the spiritual practise of sweat lodges.. <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Sacred-Fire-CymruWales/250457534969498?ref=ts&fref=ts>

Sebastien recommends the Patheos blog on "Beltane Pas: Fire and Folklore" <http://www.patheos.com/blogs/panmankey/2015/04/what-do-we-really-know-about-beltane/>

Penny recommends a Patheos blog on "Beltane a solitary ritual" <http://www.patheos.com/blogs/johnbeckett/2015/04/beltane-a-solitary-ritual.html>

Ellen recommends a video on "Before Scotland" part 1 [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tnqFzy2\\_fsU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tnqFzy2_fsU)

Penny recommends the classic **Witchbox** article on Beltane [http://www.witchvox.com/va/dt\\_va.html?a=usma&c=holidays&id=2765](http://www.witchvox.com/va/dt_va.html?a=usma&c=holidays&id=2765)

Karen recommends Celtic Myth Podshow on Early Celtic women <http://celticmythpodshow.com/blog/early-celtic-women-of-ireland/>

George recommends the Druid's Rede to orient caregivers <http://thedruidking.blogspot.com/2015/04/the-druids-rede.html>

## Druid Videos



Mike recommends the hilarious First of May <https://youtu.be/O-77ElyvRxI>



Seb recommends Shilan's "Beltane" <https://youtu.be/NkeSSlydJhI>



Jamie recommends The bouncy Druid song  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JLWyWj2cmq4#t=58>



Mike & Penny recommend Celestial Elf's "Beltane Blessing" <https://youtu.be/VEIZSplpxQc>



Penny recommends WEAVING THE SUMMER <https://youtu.be/i1Te4wYjdbQ>



Penny recommends Huron Fire Dance <https://youtu.be/LY-JN4Hwwps>



Penny Recommends Hymn to Herne <https://youtu.be/IFJ3ScrZ1sU>



Penny recommends Firebird's Child <https://youtu.be/Y9RV-Wgottw>



The classic Hal an Tow song <https://youtu.be/pDo5HjU1Nfk>



Penny recommends Damh the bard under a Beltane sun <https://youtu.be/0odTEkOtloQ>

# Druid Pictures



John M Sun and Oak near sunset, me warming up for the Third Salutation of Day (Salutations by Emmon Bodfish) at Hill of Three Oaks, Carleton College Arboretum



Sebastien



"Shamanic Journeys" – Sebastien



New sigils spotted on horse-gate leading to Druid Den at Carleton



John M spots a sigil in office artwork.



Music critics in ancient Brittany tossed this bard in a ditch

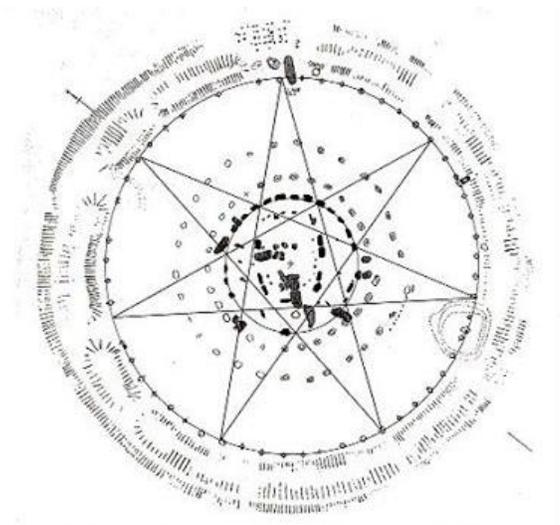


Figure 7.11 The seven-fold connection between the Sarsen Circle and the Aubrey Circle. The inner star 'arms' cross at the mean diameter of the ring of lintels.

Discovered by Joel's studies

THE DRUIDS  
ARE COMING!  
Plant a tree.

### CELTIC TREE ZODIAC

	ASH FEBRUARY 8 TO MARCH 17		WILLOW APRIL 15 TO MAY 12		HAWTHORN MAY 14 TO JUNE 16
	ALDER MARCH 18 TO APRIL 14		HOLLY JULY 8 TO AUGUST 4		HAZEL AUGUST 5 TO SEPTEMBER 29
	OAK JUNE 10 TO JULY 7		IVY SEPTEMBER 30 TO OCTOBER 27		REED OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 24
	VINE SEPTEMBER 2 TO SEPTEMBER 29		BIRCH DECEMBER 24 TO JANUARY 20		ROWAN JANUARY 21 TO FEBRUARY 7
	ELDER NOVEMBER 25 TO DECEMBER 23				

# Daniel's Solitary Druid Service

Thought I would share how I Honor the Earth Mother as a Solitary Druid.

## Solitary Rite to the Earth Mother:

For this you will need a Small Bowl of water, a small branch of greeny, a Chalice of Water, and a Bell.

Ring Bell: I Am Hear to Honor the Earth Mother, may She uphold my Rite.

Touch the Ground: I Hallow this Land for this Druidic Rite.

Use branch of greeny to sprinkle water around space: I Cleanse this Space with the Waters that flows from the Earth Mother's Womb.

Raise Chalice of water: I ask the blessings of the Earth Mother Upon this Water, her pure essence.

Drink from Chalice: May I Never Thrist.

Place branch of greeny upon ground, pour remaining water over it: I return a small portion of the Earth Mother Bounty to her, asking her to bless me as I Journey down the path of the Druid.

Spend some time meditating upon the Earth Mother.

Ring Bell: The Earth Mother has been Honored, this Rite is ended, may the blessings of the Land, Sea, and Sky go with me.

Peace, Peace, Peace

Some books for the solitary druid



# DRUID INQUIRER INFO

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**Editor: Michael the Fool**

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**Deadline for Summer Solice June 10, 2015**