The Georgian Newsletter

Ostara 2007

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Resurrection

Greetings all!! It has been over 20 years since the Georgian Newsletter was circulated and I am excited to see it rise from the flames. I and the rest of the staff will do our very best to fill it with new and exciting news, features, spotlights and any other sacred B.S. we can think up or feel you might be interested in. We encourage you to contribute anything that you feel is worthwhile and perhaps not so worthwhile. But, regardless of what we print here, it will be from Georgians, to Georgians and by Georgians!!

Legacy

The Georgian Tradition was founded in 1970 by George (Pat) Patterson, Zanoni Silverknife and Tanith. It began as a small coven in Pat's home, in Bakersfield, CA.

Pat received early teachings from members of a Celtic Coven in Boston. When World War II began, Pat enlisted in the Armed Forces and served for four years. On his return to Boston, he found that family members had destroyed his Book and
ritual items. He could not find the family he had studies with. He did not find any other Witches for a long time, but he never gave up hope of finding his brothers and sisters of the Craft. In 1970, at 52 years of age, Pat began a magical calling that resulted in Zanoni and Tanith finding him and helping to
found the Georgian Tradition. Their first student, Bobbie Kennedy, came along shortly thereafter.

George Patterson, 1972

Soon after forming the group, Pat applied to the State of California for legal status as an incorporated church and through the Universal Life Church

had a charter (1971) and Ministerial credentials for himself and Zanoni.

Pat gathered information, lessons and lore from many helpful sources. These included Doris and Sylvester Stuart of England, Lady Gwen of the New England Covens of Traditionalist Witches (N.E.C.T.W.), Ed Fitch of the Gardnerian Tradition and others. The Georgian Tradition is based on Gardnerian and Alexandrian practices, and Etruscan lore, using those rites and rituals shared by the Sylvestrians and N.E.C.T.W. as well as material from New York Covens of Traditionalist Witches (N.Y.C.T.W) Lord Hermes, Ed Buczynski and Lady Siobhan (Order of the Silver Wheel) were most helpful.

Georgian Wicca is similar to Alexandrian and Gardnerian practice, in that it is an initiatory line and oath-bound. Many of the rituals are similar to those published in various books on what is sometimes called "British Traditional Wicca" (BTW), such as the Farrar's Eight Sabbats for Witches and The Witches' Way, as well as the privately distributed version of what was later published as Ed Fitch's Grimoire of the Shadows.

By Marla Roberson

Ostara Stuffed Eggs

Here is an easy way to add some eggs to your Ostara feast!

INGREDIENTS:

- 8 hard boiled eggs
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/8 cup sugar
- fresh thyme or basil

PREPARATION:

Remove the shells from the eggs and slice them lengthwise. Scoop out the yolks and save them in a bowl. Add the mayonnaise, sugar and vinegar. Whip together until nice and smooth. Use a pastry bag or a small spoon to add a big dollop of yolk mixture back onto the egg whites. Sprinkle with herbs and serve.

Ostara Egg Information

Natural Dyes for Ostara Eggs

Yellow - Carrots, Fenugreek, Turmeric, White grape juice
Yellow Orange - Vanilla extract
Orange - Dandelions, Yellow onion skins, Paprika, Orris root
Pink - Heather, Iris blossoms
Red - Cayenne, Madder root, Red onion skins
Reddish Purple - Purple grape juice, Red raspberries
Blueish Purple - Beet juice, Blackberries, Mulberries
Blue - Black raspberries, Blueberries, Red cabbage
Green - Bracken, Carrot tops
Yellow Green - Daffodils

Fond Spring Memories

When I was little, Easter meant coloring eggs the night before East, getting up early all excited and trying to sneak a peak out the window so I could get a head start on the egg hunt, chocolate bunnies, peeps and jelly beans to me. I knew the story of the death and resurrection but saw no correlation between that and all the fun stuff we did on Easter or the goodies we all ate. As I grew older, things didn't change at all, I still got baskets and hunted eggs, ate the candy and still saw no correlation between what Easter stood for and why we did all the stuff we did. you would expect that understanding would begin to dawn, but no... it didn't. Not for many many years.
Once on this path, I learned about the Goddess Eostre and how this Sabbat is a celebration of the reawakening of Mother Earth and the springing forth of all the new life from her womb. Now, I look forward to Spring in an entirely different way than I did as a child. I find myself looking for the plants just beginning to bloom and sprout through the soil. I can feel and smell the change in the air. I find myself outdoors more often working on the yard or just enjoying the warmth, smells and air. My wife tells to at least do something productive while I am out there and she too can't help but to join me out there.
I'm all grown up, three kids and I still expect my basket, we color eggs and I play the part of the Easter Bunny and hide the eggs, then watch with a smile as my 21, 19 and 15 year old hunt for the eggs the Easter Bunny hid. I look forward to watching grandchildren hunt for those coveted prizes.
My hope for each of you this wonderful Sabbat is that you are able to reconnect with your memories of how this time of year was celebrated when you were a child, while at the same time recognizing the changes from that time to how you celebrate it now. May you honor the old ways while you rejoice in the present and may your Ostara be blessed with hope, joy and love.

Musings of Loye

Protection Oil

~Protection Oil~

Mix equal parts of the following:

Cedarwood Oil....for purification.
Rosemary Oil....for banishing negative energies.
Gardenia Oil...for bringing in positive energies.

Can be used to anoint candles, add to an incense base or used to anoint incense sticks, sandalwood is best to use as an incense. Have thoroughly tested this blend the past 8 years in protection rituals. Very effective.

By Lord Gareth

Announcements!

It has been a very busy year so far! Students and teachers, witches and witchlings hard at it boiling cauldrons and rounding up newts for spells and potions. The following witches have been elevated in degree, we are all proud of them and the degree's are well deserved by one and all!!

~1st degree –
Epona of Coven of the Children Between the Worlds

~2nd degree
Kerridwen of ShadowDragon Coven
Gwynafar of Travis Earth Circle
Moose
Azure
Anise
Rain of Samhain Moon
Morgan of Samhain Moon

New Mother…what happened to the Maiden?

Our Erin, the Georgie award winner for the year 2000, showed her courage once again as she brought into this world Stella Marie, 7 lbs, 4 oz, 19", at 4:41 pm on Feb 4, 2007. A redhead just like her mommy! Mom and baby are doing well and grandparents all swelled up with pride!
….right Raina <grin>

An Acorn

I wrote this poem while on temporary duty in Texas as I sat in my little dorm room one night making two incense and herb filled charms. As I sat there taking the meat from inside the seeds I kept looking at the husks and seeds... pondering about what they really meant to me. Holding each component separately I realized what it was they stood for and represented to me. I read this during my covens Ostara gathering, and as I read it I passed one of the charms around so that each member of my coven could put their personal energy into it to help guide my son with clarity, wisdom and strength. Once the charm came all the way back to me, I placed it around my ten year old sons neck with all the warmth and pride a parent can have for one of their children. We then sang and danced around the alter as one big happy family!.

~An Acorn~
A personal perspective

Though it represents the God in some traditions
and the Goddess in others
I see it a little different

The seed represents the young God and the seed of life.
It's shape is that of the egg,
A symbol of birth and rebirth.

The husk represents the Goddess,
Holding the young God in her loving embrace.
Shaped like the chalice, a symbol of her divine womb.

~Together~
They, represent both Goddess and God, one yet two.
a product of the four elements,
a union of man and woman,
though which the future grows with perfect love…and prefect trust

Hunter (Bel Taran), 1998

Spring Brunch Bake

***About 5 or 6 years ago, there was a recipe which appeared in the Federation of Circles and Solitaries newsletter. I've made it a few times for our Coven, and they love it. I don't know who submitted the recipe, but it's fantastic!

Spring Brunch Bake

2 TBS margarine or butter
2 medium leeks, quartered, sliced, using bulb and light green portion

2 oz fresh asparagus spears, trimmed, broken into 1-inch pieces

5 cups frozen southern-style hashbrowns potatoes (32 oz package)

1/2 cup roasted red bell pepper strips

1 tsp salt

1 tsp dried dill weed

8 eggs

1 pint half-and-half or milk

4 oz (1 cup) finely shredded Parmesan cheese

First, I use a whole container of the Parmesan cheese, and I find that the roasted red bell pepper strips are optional.

Spray 13-inch by 9-inch glass baking dish with nonstick spray. Melt margarine in large skillet over medium-high heat. Add leeks and asparagus pieces; cook and stir 5-6 minutes or until crisp-tender.

Add potatoes, roasted pepper strips, salt and dill; mix lightly. Spoon evenly into sprayed baking dish. Beat eggs in medium bowl. Add half-and-half; beat well. Add half of the Parmesan cheese; mix well. Pour over vegetable mixture in baking dish. Sprinkle with remaining Parmesan cheese.

Cover with foil; refrigerate at least 8 hours or overnight. Heat oven to 350 degrees F. Bake, covered, 45 minutes. Uncover, bake an additional 20-25 minutes or until center is set. Let stand 10 minutes. Cut into squares. Serves up to 12 people

NOTE: I omit the red bell pepper strips, and add a whole container of Parmesan Cheese. YUM!!!

Mount Olympus High

By Silo Moat

The earth shook, the ground rumbled, the skies shown magnificent colors of lightening bolts, and all was well with the gods. Standing at the front of the class was a skinny, scrawny youth of a boy with long scraggly hair. "My name is God," he said, "And I have just moved here from Heaven."
"What brought you to Olympus? And what tricks can you do God?" asked Satan at the back of the class.
"Well, I moved here because my mother Gaia would like me to be in a better environment with people of my own stature. As for tricks, the only trick I am good at is making people believe what I say." The entire class welcomed him. He took his seat by a beautiful girl with long blonde hair, full, luscious breasts, the bluest of eyes and an intoxicating scent on the senses. She was Aphrodite, beautiful to all. She gave God a wink as he sat down and he could feel the redness swelling in his cheeks. Satan on the other hand, hiding his doubt, snickered to himself at what an ass God was. Just then, the door to the classroom slammed open and in walked a dark girl, bedecked with jewelry from head to toe, long black hair, big teeth and blood red lipstick. God noticed this girl had huge hands with sharp razor nails. She cast a look at God which sent shivers
down his spine. "Who is that?" God asked Aphrodite.
"That, God, is Kali." Aphrodite said without looking up.
Kali put her bag down and pulled out a sword and sat it on her desk. "So, Professor Thoth, who is our new student today?" she asked the teacher sarcastically with a wry smile and tilt to her head, as she ran her fingernails against the blade of the sword.
"Kali, this is God. He just moved here from Heaven and we would like to welcome him if that is okay with you? And will you please remove your sword from the desktop? I really hate how the desks are getting chipped up because you guys think it is absolutely necessary
to place your toys on it." Thoth eyed Kali waiting for a response. Thoth wore a crescent moon upon his head and taught the fine art of mathematics and writing. He was a tall man and often people said he looked like a baboon. Although he would never admit to it, he was known for decapitating people who went against his authority. Kali's eyes switched from Thoth's to God's and under her

breath she muttered, "Yes, God, welcome to Olympus." As she slid her sword off the desk and propped it up against the side of it. Aphrodite leaned towards God giving him a word of advice. "Kali had children two years ago and she ate them all. She said they were a bunch of little brats and tasted better anyways. And if you haven't noticed, she has ten arms, which usually means she is pissed off. So a word of advice, stay as far away from her as possible. She is only trouble." God shuttered to think how cruel it would be to eat your own children. He noticed that Kali had a desk bigger than all the other students which she kept at a distance from all the rest. He wondered how she ever made up her mind of which arm to write with. He quietly thought that if she used all ten arms to write with at the same time, they could all answer a different test question and she could finish sooner than everyone else. He thought, what a cheater, to have that many arms.

That's right!! You have to wait till the next issue to see what happens!

Weather or Not...

~The life and times of Star Shadowdrake~

Today, I jokingly referred to " . . . that big yellow thing up in the sky . . . oh, yeah, the Sun! That thing we don't see enough of!" And, I got to thinking about the weather.

I live in Michigan. In the spring, it's freezing rain or rain. In my yard, I slog in mud up to my ankles that tries to suck me under. (No joke!) The dogs get covered with it, my sons track it in, and when I vacuum the carpet it looks like the dust bowl! All of a sudden, little green buds pop out everywhere on the trees, flowers dare to stick their heads out of the ground
. . . and occasionally, promptly get them dusted with snow! Try to sleep in, and the birds, who have been silent all winter, have finally found their voice . . . at 6 a.m.! Man, if I could find those birds, there are some days they'd be crispy-crittered! (And that goes for the birds on my nature alarm, too!) We see every bit of litter and trash that's been covered by the snow, and blown up against the fences. (I live on a corner, and everything from newspapers to basketballs gets blown up into the bushes, trees, in the ditches, and against my fence.)

In the summer, we refer to the humidity as " . . . it's so thick, you could cut it with a knife!" And we wish we could cut it, open it, and take a nice deep breath of fresh air without pouring sweat from every pour in our bodies, every time we move. Then, of course, we step on the black walnuts that have fallen from the trees, and feel them smoosh under our feet. Or the kids used to use them as baseballs. Fun.

And what is up with barbecuing in the summer?! You stand outside in the blazing heat, drinking a beer or some form of alcohol (that may have some kind of Coca-Cola bee-attractin stuff in it) to stay cooler while risking first or second degree sunburn, while the kids run through the water hose, so your kitchen can stay cool?! What's wrong with this picture?! If it's that hot, I'm gonna have the fan turned on me, and we're eating sandwiches and salad or go out to a nice cool restaurant, thank you very much! (And as for barbecuing, I do it in the spring or the fall when the weather's nicer, and there's no flies bigger than my thumb, mosquitoes that bite in a place on my back inaccessible to scratching with my nails, bees that buzz around my drink and make me wonder with every drink if I'll be stung as I swallow, swarms of tiny little gnats that get into my nose if I breathe wrong, or stinging, ankle-biting horse flies!)

Autumn? Oh. Yeah. That tiny little bit of space where we say, "Oh. Goody. It's cold again." It rains. And then the wind blows so hard, your vehicle practically is pushed over into the next lane on the expressway! We wait

for that tiny bit of time when the colors are at their peak, and say, "Wow!" Then we bundle up, head inside for hot apple cider and donuts, and wonder what happened to our vow to stay fit this year.

Winter? When we're not freezing off our butts inside our homes or outside after we've just fallen on the ice for the 15th time this year, we're praying the heat stays on, our vehicle stays running until we get home, and staying fit consists of hot chocolate and movies (either alone or, preferably, warming up the sheets with someone else!). And, by the way, if you have someone to put your cold feet up against and soak up their body heat in the winter, they're worth their weight in hot toddys! The two good things about Winter? There's no bugs, and you can shove the snow out of the way! (Too bad you can't do that with the idiots who travel 10 mph on a street that has 1 inch of snow, and is blocking your way so you can get to work on time! Or, of course, the idiot that speeds up and plows through, thinking it funny when his vehicle slips and nearly gives you a heartache, while throwing up sludge on your windshield!) Sleep? When you finally stop shivering 'cause you're warm enough to sleep, it seems like a short time, and then your alarm goes on. (In my case, in addition to the birds, I also have my tv set to the Weather Channel. "And it's how cold?! Oh, forget that! Snuggle under the covers until May!")

My street has a very wonderful and large amount of trees. It looks beautiful in the spring, summer, and fall. Too bad it looks like crap the other 6 months of the year.

Art Work

Art can be seen as an expression of ones soul, and if you look at the creations of a person you given a special peek at a side of a person that is often very private. We have tossed a couple of pieces in here so that you can stroll through the minds of some of our kin folk. We hope you enjoy these creations!

This piece was submitted by our own Lord Gareth

"Spirit of Earth"

This piece was submitted by our own Lord Bel Taran (ME!). I cal this one…

"Green Witch"

Being a Witch

Becoming a witch is a little bit more than just a good spell book & a handful of herbs. It is a way of life that provides a whole new awareness of yourself & your existence. You actually start to look at the world very differently. The world becomes much larger, and yet more intimately connected to self.

TAKE RESPONSIBILTY.....
An important part of being a witch is about taking responsibility for your life & everything in it. This is called coming into your own power. S o the first step is to get used to the idea that everything in your life is there because you chose it on one level or another.

Links

http://www.georgianwicca.com

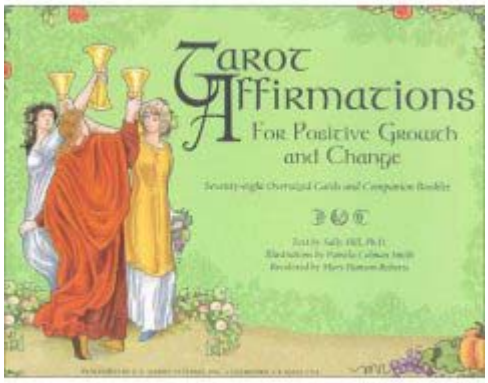
http://www.angelfire.com/country/MountainMeet/

http://loyethewitch.tripod.com/my_creations/

http://loyethewitch.tripod.com/my_creations3/

www.ravenfeathers1.com

Tarot Affirmations



***I have a Tarot deck that is called: Tarot Affirmations For Positive Growth and Change. Text by Sall Hill, Ph.D. Illustrations by Pemla Colman Smith. Recolored by Mary Hanson-Roberts. Since Ostara and Spring are upon us, I thought it is a good time to "Spring Clean" our minds as well as our houses. Here are the Affirmations for **The Fool**, **The Magician**, **The High Priestess**, and **The Empress** as well as the **Ace of Wands**.

Star Shadowdrake

The Fool:

I am limitless energy, a spirit on the path of life in search of new experience.

I am unlimited potential, open to change and unknown possibilities.

I am fresh beginnings, the first steps of a new journey or undertaking.

I am a risk-taker, willing to leap into the unknown, an adventurer, an investigator, a courageous explorer of the unfamiliar.

I am true to myself, playful, spontaneous, happy-go-lucky, willing to appear foolish, innocent, or naive while pursuing my own unique way.

The Magician:

I am dynamic changing creation; I play freely with my thoughts, feelings, inspirations, and sensations.

I am creative, focused attention, committed to acting on my ideas and inspirations.

I am open to life's powerful energy; I allow it to flow freely through me.

I am versatile and flexible; I work with the phsycial, mental, emotional, and spiritual materials available to me in whatever place I happen to be.

I allow others to see my creative experiments; I communicate my changing thoughts, feelings, ideas, and perceptions.

The High Priestess:

I am feminine wisdom, in touch with the natural rhythms of life.

I trust my inner vision and intuition; I find the time to quietly retreat and access my inner wisdom.

I have experienced life's joy and life's pain; I have learned to find balance in the midst of fluctuating feelings.

I strip away illusion, bringing memories, inner conflicts, hidden influences, and motivations to the light.

I have access to wisdom beyond the power of words; I value and respect my insight and intuition.

The Empress:

I am feminine power, blossoming fertility, creative abundance.

I am unconditional love; I cherish and nurture people and projects, providing a sound foundation for their continuing growth.

I am passion; I have experienced the power of emotion and sensation; I courageously embrace life's pleasure and pain.

I know the joy of giving and receiving; my love is a source of healing and renewal for myself and others.

I love wisely; I have learned to encourage growth without dominating or over-protecting the people in my care.

Ace of Wands:

I am creative energy, a source of inspiration and spiritual power.

I am imagination, bringing sparks of insight through intuition, hunches, and dreams.

I am spiritual awakening, bringing opportunities for self-awareness and higher consciousness.

I am intuition; I trust my higher power to point me in the right direction.

I am enthusiasm; I eagerly look for ways to express the creative energy rising within me.

The Fool

He awoke as the sun came streaming through his window and smiled. He had known it would be a beautiful day. This was the day he had chosen to leave his small cottage and venture out into the world. He had lived there for as long as he could remember. The grass was green, flowers were blooming, buds were on the trees . . . Lately, something had urged him to leave, something inside of himself.

Spring came early this year, but winter had been loathe to give up its bony grasp. Three days ago, it had been cloudy and gray, with the last breath of winter air. That night he'd had a nightmare, which had left him shaken all of the next day. The dream had started on a beautiful day. He had been light of heart, enjoying the sunshine and the light breeze. A little dog had joined him on his journey, and he had been singing (actually being able to hit that elusive high note). Then he had been falling, falling, falling . . . He'd awakened screaming and sweating, chilled by the cold night air. The next day had seen frost on the grass, and the sun had melted the last of it by mid-morning. He'd been shaken all that day, and it seemed the sun had warmed the inside of him, too. After that, he barely remembered the nightmare.

As he prepared breakfast, he kept his mind on the task at hand, not thinking of the day ahead, not knowing where he'd sleep that night. He washed and put away the dishes, neatly, and allowed himself a brief moment to wonder when he'd return. Then he gathered his bandana and a few small possessions as well as food and water, tied it to the long, smooth stick he had found yesterday, and left his cottage. He allowed himself one look at it, and then turned to the adventure awaiting him.

He stood and let the sun warm him, soak into every cell of his body, breathing deeply of the fresh spring air. The light breeze was enough to carry the scent of his favorite flowers. Listening to the birds, he opened his eyes and walked down the well-worn path between the rows of trees. It was a beautiful, glorious day, and he had no cares, no worries.

He walked for hours, stopping late to eat the light lunch he'd packed for himself near a small stream. He had dozed lightly with his back against the tree. When he awoke, he refilled his water, and continued. Walking through a meadow, the horizon seemed to stretch on forever. He picked a white rose, and enjoyed its fragrance. A little white dog came and followed him. When he tried to pet it, the dog danced just out of reach. He found a small stick and threw it. They played a game of fetch for a little while, and then a game of chase. He chased the dog, and then the dog would chase him. All was right with his world.

He started to walk again, inhaling the rose's fragrance, and the little dog dancing beside his heels, yipping. The sky was beautiful. He started singing, and was about to try that elusive high note once again . . . and stopped frozen. He looked down. He hadn't noticed when the path had turned rocky, and there was the cliff. Just as in his nightmare, he had been about to step off the cliff.

Slowly he backed away. Not even the sun could warm him now. He backed up quite a distance, and then he bumped into . . . someone! He jumped, startled, and whirled around. There was a man such as he had never seen before. The man had on a white robe tied at the waist with a red overcoat, a white metal band on his forehead, holding what seemed to be a stick of some kind.

"I saw you, just before you stopped at the edge of the cliff. I'm curious. What made you stop?" he said.

Shaking, The Fool asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm sorry," he replied. "The people around here call me The Magician. Do you have a place to spend the night?"

"No," replied The Fool.

"Then will you accept the hospitality of my house, at least for tonight? I can promise good food, a comfortable bed, and something to soothe your nerves." As The Fool hesitated, The Magician added, "It's a short distance."

Not having to walk very far definitely appealed to The Fool, and he accepted The Magician's offer.

To Be Continued at Beltane

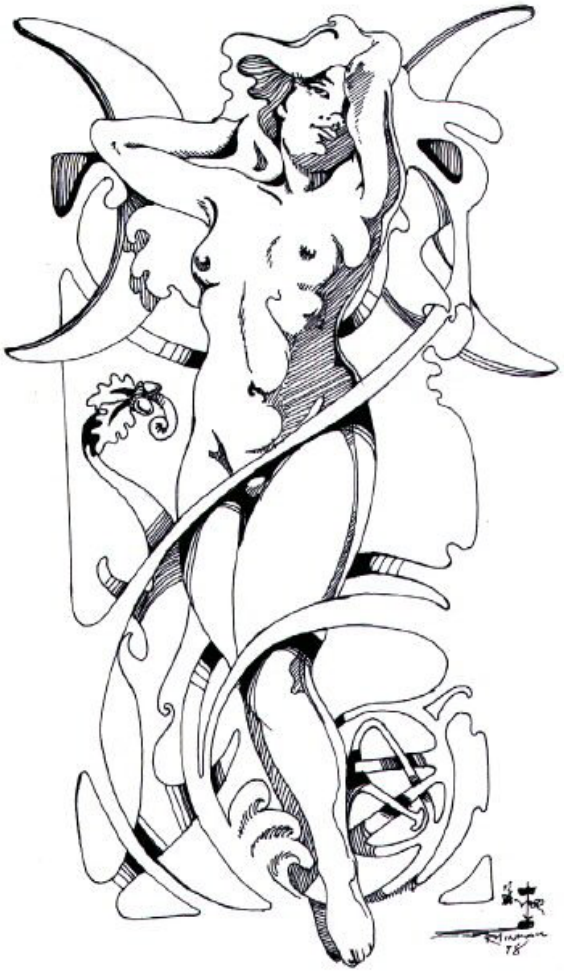
By Star Shadowdrake

From the Staff

I have heard over the years, tales and mention of the Georgian Newsletter, I hope that this newsletter manages to live up to the integrity of the old one and goes on for many many years. We look forward to your input and contributions to future issues.

Sincerely the staff of the Georgian Newsletter

Bel Taran and Silo Moat



Goddess by Loye