The Georgian Newsletter

Beltane 2007

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Resurrection II

Greetings all!! The response from the Ostara issue was overwhelming and we here at the newsletter plan on keeping it full of great information, stories, letter and all that stuff your looking for. BUT! We can't do it without your submissions. Through out the letter you will find the thoughts of the readers.

Correction to Ostara Newsletter

First things first! The spotlight in the Ostara issue of Pat was credited to Marla. Though she did upload and put it on the Georgian web page she says she did NOT write it. The actual credit goes to Herb and perhaps Tyger Fox Moon

Spotlight

In the Ostara issue we spotlighted our tradition's namesake; this time around we will look at one of his Priestesses and certainly a matriarch of our tradition. The following "interview" with the great Lady was actually transmitted and partially told to me by Allen, her private secretary and boy toy.

Lady Du Dragcorum

Her mundane name is Roberta Kennedy but she has gone by many magical names over the years. Know by Pandora, then Ishtar then Wyn Dragcorum, now Du Dragcorum. Also known among several as Mama, the crone and even "Yo Bitch" if she really likes you.

GNL - When did you "discover" Paganism and Wicca. Tell me a little bit.
Bobbie - Approx 9 years old when a cat I had as a pet was injured and the young Bobbie TOLD God that if He didn't take care of her that she would become a witch. The cat died and Bobbie felt much better talking to a Lady that visited her than any Dead guy on a cross. This was her first brush with the Craft.
I began serious study around 1968. Had determined to write Stewart Farrar in 71 but found Pat's ad in the Bakersfield Newspaper first. Have been initiated in 1972.

GNL - What tradition did you start in? if any? How long have you been interested in the craft? When did you become exposed to the Georgian trad (I know it was pre-Georgian at the time).
Bobbie – I started Georgian but have studied Star Born, Druid, Gardnerian, Seax-Wica, and anything else that interested me for the moment. Started ShadowDragon, Temple Nathrock in early eighties, a couple months after the death of Pat.

GNL - 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. **Who initiated you into the coven?**

Bobbie – I was not REALLY the first student. I WAS the first to stick with it. There were three students initiated at the same time. I can no longer remember the other two students names. I was initiated by Pat and She who was to become QZ. Tanith may or may not have already been studying but I did not meet her until after initiation.

GNL - Children? (how many?), grandchildren?
Bobbie – Children 3: Del (very Craft, HP of own Coven), Teresa (agnostic for the most part), and Mike (blows both ways, whichever religion he feels gives him the best bang for his buck at the time of need).
Grandchildren 5: DR, Christie, Ray, Brandy, Adam and Heather
Great Grandchildren 4: Conner, Jacob and two mystery kids
Great Great Grandchildren 2

GNL - Do any children of Georgians call you grandma?
Bobbie – Do any children of Georgians NOT call her Grandma? All those in the Coven ,and many close to heart but long of distance.

GNL - Describe your life a little these days, lets not forget Shonsu and the Skip ☺
Bobbie/Allen – In an attempt to keep the wolves of aging at bay, our Lady has joined a Fighting Household in the SCA. They are a bit of the rebel, even those known to be rebels tend to look upon "The Horsemen" as outsiders. Between her SCA activities her Craft functions, studies, and classes she rarely has a weekend that isn't full of one excitement after the other. Shonsu fights with The Horsemen as well and tries to keep up as best he can with our Second Story Grandma. Rhiannon Etain will have to fill in THAT story. Skip is still with us but we are no longer a handfasted TRIAD. She is spending more and more of her time with her older daughter and plans to move in with said daughter's family in 8 or 10 months.
One thing that Bobbie has been focused on recently is trying to get Christie elevated to 2nd Degree as soon as possible. She is ready but where to find the time?

GNL - Missed many Mt Meets?
Bobbie – Only one in the history of the Georgian Mountain Meet. The story of which is both longer and well written elsewhere in the annals of the Georgian Lists.
POOF!! Your a toad.

VA allows Wiccan symbols on headstones

By SCOTT BAUER
Associated Press Writer
Mon Apr 23, 12:47 PM ET

http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20070423/ap_on_re_us/wiccan_soldier

MADISON, Wis. - The Wiccan pentacle has been added to the list of emblems allowed in national cemeteries and on government-issued headstones of fallen soldiers, according to a settlement announced Monday.

A settlement between the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs and Wiccans adds the five-pointed star to the list of "emblems of belief" allowed on VA grave markers.

Eleven families nationwide are waiting for grave markers with the pentacle, said Selena Fox, a Wiccan high priestess with Circle Sanctuary in Barneveld, Wis., a plaintiff in the lawsuit.

The settlement calls for the pentacle, whose five points represent earth, air, fire, water and spirit, to be placed on grave markers within 14 days for those who have pending requests with the VA.

"I am glad this has ended in success in time to get markers for Memorial Day," Fox said.

The VA sought the settlement in the interest of the families involved and to save taxpayers the expense of further litigation, VA spokesman Matt Burns said. The agency also agreed to pay $225,000 in attorneys' fees and costs.

The pentacle has been added to 38 symbols the VA already permits on gravestones. They include commonly recognized symbols for Christianity, Buddhism, Islam and Judaism, as well as those for smaller religions such as Sufism Reoriented, Eckiankar and the Japanese faith Seicho-No-Ie.

"This settlement has forced the Bush Administration into acknowledging that there are no second class religions in America, including among our nation's veterans," said the Rev. Barry W. Lynn, director of Americans United for Separation of Church and State, which represented the Wiccans in the lawsuit.

The
American Civil Liberties Union said the agreement also settles a similar lawsuit it filed last year against the VA. In that case, the ACLU represented two other Wiccan churches and three individuals.

VA-issued headstones, markers and plaques can be used in any cemetery, whether it is a national one such as Arlington or a private burial ground like that on Circle Sanctuary's property.

Wicca is a nature-based religion based on respect for the earth, nature and the cycle of the seasons. Variations of the pentacle not accepted by Wiccans have been used in horror movies as a sign of the devil.

~From the GNL staff~

Greetings All, for over 10 years I and many other Wiccans struggled with this fight. When I started this fight I was active duty Air Force and an E-5 Staff Sgt. Our squadron chaplain and I started pestering the VA but after a while were put on ignore by the V. At no point did I ever doubt this day would come. Being a now retired E-6 Technical Sgt I can say that to me, this is an early birthday present for me and a long time overdue. Thank you to all that fought the fight in whatever way you did. Blessings to All!

Loye Pourner
Tech Sgt Retired, USAF

Bel Taran's Soft Mead

The following recipe is a modified version of the one you can find in Scott C's book "Guide for the Solitary practitioner". I also think it taste MUCH better warm than cold (yuuuuuk). I've been using this for cakes and ale for years and only had a few people dislike it.

1 quart water, preferably spring water
1 cup honey
1 sliced lemon
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp orange peel
½ tsp powdered cinnamon

Boil together all ingredients in a pot. While boiling, scrape off the rising "scum" with a spoon. When no more rises add the following:

pinch salt
juice of 1/2 lemon

Strain and cool if you like. I find it taste much better when drank warm! It's also good for sore throats! (honey and lemon you know!)

BELTANE!!!!!!!

April 30th -- Beltane
Also known as Roodmas or May Day

"Perhaps it's just as well that you won't be here ...to be offended by the sight of our May Day celebrations."
***—Lord Summerisle to Sgt. Howie from* The Wicker Man**

Beltane has long been celebrated with feasts and rituals. Beltane means fire of Bel; Belinos being one name for the Sun God, whose coronation feast we now celebrate. As summer begins, weather becomes warmer, and the plant world blossoms, an exuberant mood prevails. In old Celtic traditions it was a time of unabashed sexuality and promiscuity where marriages of a year and a day could be undertaken but it is rarely observed in that manner in modern times.

In the old Celtic times, young people would spend the entire night in the woods "A-Maying," and then dance around the phallic Maypole the next morning. Older married couples were allowed to remove their wedding rings (and the restrictions they imply) for this one night. May morning is a magickal time for wild water (dew, flowing streams, and springs) which is collected and used to bathe in for beauty, or to drink for health.

The Christian religion had only a poor substitute for

the life-affirming Maypole -- namely, the death-affirming cross. Hence, in the Christian calendar, this was celebrated as 'Roodmas'. In Germany, it was the feast of Saint Walpurga, or 'Walpurgisnacht'. An alternative date around May 5 (Old Beltane), when the sun reaches 15 degrees Taurus, is sometimes employed by Covens. (Both 'Lady Day' and 'Ostara' are names incorrectly assigned to this holiday by some modern traditions of Wicca.)

Sgt. Howie (shocked): "But they are naked!"
Lord Summerisle: "Naturally. It's much too dangerous to jump through the fire with your clothes on!"
***—from* The Wicker Man**

Think of the May pole as a focal point of the old English village rituals. Many people would rise at the first light of dawn to go outdoors and gather flowers and branches to decorate their homes. Women traditionally would braid flowers into their hair. Men and women alike would decorate their bodies. Beltane marks the return of vitality, of passion. Ancient Pagan traditions say that Beltane marks the emergence of the young God into manhood. Stirred by the energies at work in nature, he desires the Goddess. They fall in love, lie among the grasses and blossoms, and unite. The Goddess becomes pregnant of the God. To celebrate, a wedding feast, for the God and Goddess must be prepared. Let Them guide you! Breads and cereals are popular. Try oatmeal cakes or cookies sweetened with a dab of honey. Dairy foods are again appropriate...just make a lovely wedding feast and you are sure to enjoy yourself! An early morning walk through a local park or forest could be fun for everyone. Gather up some plants or flowers to display in your home. Mom and daughter could braid their hair, and weave in a few tender blossoms.

Blessed Be!

Herne

http://www.wicca.com/celtic/akasha/beltane.htm

Living Flame

This one me and Lady Raina tried out 14 yrs. ago with some cool effects, both literally and magically.

Take a 1 quart mason jar, add 1/4 cup of Epsom Salts, fill the rest with 90% alcohol. Shake until the Epsom Salt is completely dissolved...this will produce a smokeless flame. Using a Caldron or Brazier, either indoors or outdoors, best to use 8 bricks...4 on the floor/ground, then the other 4 on top of those to prevent the Cauldron or Brazier from becoming a possible fire hazard. Take the alcohol, pour some of it into the Cauldron/Brazier. A couple of minutes before lighting it, add a pinch of either Dry Active Yeast or a pinch of Brewer's Yeast. Depending on the type of Ritual, one can use an invocation, etc. as part of adding the Yeast before lighting it to create the time needed to let the Yeast work its "magic." Light the Cauldron/Brazier for whatever magical rite you are performing and watch the "flame," dance around, swirl around, change colors, and behave as a "living thing" (more so than usual). Adds potency to either a solitaire working or group working.

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 –
Ravyn Shadowdrake of Coven Samhain Moon
Iron Dragon Circle of the Samhain Moon
~2nd degree

~3rd degree
Lady Kerridwen (Shawn) of Temple Nothrok

Mount Olympus High

Part II

As we promised!! Here is the second installment of Silo Moats spellbinding tale of the Gods when they were young!

By Silo Moat

Satan began waving his hand wildly in the air.
"Uuuum excuse me Professor Thoth?"
"Yes Satan?" Thoth kept an eye on him, for he knew he was sly and a bit of an instigator.
"I would like to mention to God, that I too, am good at getting people to believe me." As if he had just finished an important speech and was congratulated for a job well done, he slicked back his
black hair from his red face, taking special heed of the hairs around his horns. He was always dressed nicely and had a fine body, a real heartbreaker a lot of the girls would say. Aphrodite got up from her chair and walked over to Satan's desk and leaned over just enough to show some cleavage. Her breasts were heaving with every breath and Satan couldn't help but notice
them. "Why don't you come up to my place later on and we can study?" She leaned a little further until he had a full view. If Satan ever blushed you could never tell.
"Sorry Aphrodite babe, but I have other

things to do. Why don't you go ask God over there, he looks like he might need to get laid." With that him and Kali and a few others let out a laugh.

"That is enough!" Thoth boomed. "Satan, you shall go to see Zeus right now."
Satan slowly got up from his desk and headed for the door, not looking back.
"Kali, if I hear another word, a snicker, or if you even look the wrong way or move an eyebrow out

of place, you will be next." He fumed at her and if you looked just right, you could see his crescent glowing hot with steam.
"As for the rest of you, I will not tolerate this kind of behavior in my classroom. You are here to learn and if you refuse to obey the laws at Mount Olympus, the consequences are drastic." he
said in a demanding tone.
He observed the class, how they were all so very different, yet the same. "You are all dismissed. I will see you on day three."

Mount Olympus had class on day two, three, seven and nine. There were nine days in a week on Olympus and a day lasted 47 hours. Twenty-three hours for daylight, twenty-three hours for night time, 30 minutes for Re to push the sun up into the air and 30 minutes for Ratri to pull up the moon. It was the usual gossip around school that Re and Ratri were lovers. But the teachers assured everyone that even though Re was burning with love, Ratri was as cold as ice. As the students filed out of class, God took notice of how beautiful things were. Trees grew especially tall here and the grass was the greenest ever. Color is something he was not used to, as Heaven was just plain white. Just then he heard a ruckus and looked to see a few people pointing and laughing at Satan. Satan had a big burn mark on his rear-end and was rubbing it as he walked through the campus. Aphrodite made her presence noticeable to God by taking hold
of his arm and walking alongside him. "He got a bolt up his ass by Zeus." She said nodding her head in Satan's direction.
"That is what happens when you go see Zeus?" God asked with a bit of fear in his voice.
"Well, God, the answer to that is simple. Yes. When you piss off a teacher here at Mount Olympus, you are sent to see Zeus. Nine times out of ten the kids who are sent to him never return to him,
but in Satan's case, he never learns. He seems to have a knack for anything dealing with fire, like it doesn't bother him or something."
"I hope I never have to meet him." God claimed in a hushed voice.
"So where is he going to now?" asked God
"Who? Satan?"
"Yes." He replied.
"Everyday after class he heads to the river and there he has contests with a few others."
"What kind of contest Aphrodite?" God asked.
"Ants." She answered.

"Ants? That is the contest?" God looked baffled.
"Might you show me where this contest is? I would like to see what it's all about." he asked.
Aphrodite glanced at him tightening her grip on his arm. He admired the way her hair blew freely in the wind and he couldn't help but notice how her breasts bounced about happily, well formed and clothed nicely.
"Can I ask you a question God?
"Sure."
"Are you a virgin?" she blurted out.
His face turned the color of an apple and he could light up an entire sky red. He put his head down.
"If you don't want to ans…" she said but was cut off by God.
"As an honest person, yes I am a virgin." He said.
She stopped, and faced him, eyes bluer than a clear blue sky, and
stared deep into him. "Will you let me show you?" She asked.
"Show me what?"
"The beauty of sex." She said.
He thought hard for a minute and replied, "No, Aphrodite, as beautiful as you are, I cannot."
She lightly kissed him on the cheek and took hold of his arm and began walking again.

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

Weather or Not…

Occasionally we run into little family debates…you know, my wands bigger than yours, my cauldrons are rounder than yours, my priest minds better, my priestess has bigger…well, you get the idea! Anyway, here is an example of what we have to deal with in the Georgian tradition.

--Puck's Spring in Michigan
--Shonsu's Spring in Bakers-Patch

Puck - It's the only state I know where the first robin of Spring has to wear a winter coat!

Shonsu - Better that than here in Bakers-Patch when we spot the first robin of Spring dropping out of the sky from Heat stroke.

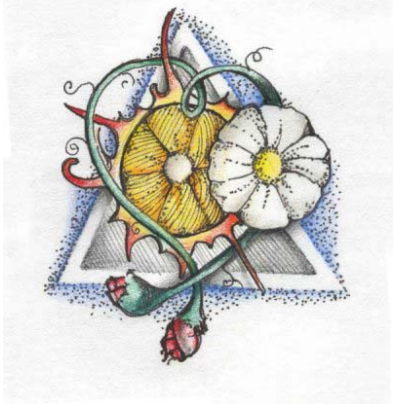
Puck - Spring in Michigan is that five-minute period between the thunderstorm the night before, and the blizzard today!

Shonsu - Or the five minutes respite you get here watching the rain falling…and listening to it sizzle when it hits the sidewalk.

Puck - Spring flowers bloom and die so fast, you'd think they were on speed! "Oh, look - a tulip! WHOOPS! MISSED IT!"

Shonsu - 2 years ago we had a spring-like period and all the trees bloomed and perfumed the air just in time for the cold snap to knock off all the blossoms. Then it warmed up again--trees bloomed only to get cold again and lose their blooms again. After the THIRD time many
trees just stayed bare all Spring and tried to catch up during the heat of the summer. We could actually pick and eat poached peaches right from the tree.

Loye – I'll keep Northern Cal. I wear a light jacket to work, lose it a couple hours later, sit outside on break enjoying a light refreshing breeze…it surely sucks to be other people ☺



By Loye

Which Witch

by Shanleora

"Which witch could it be?" the moon asked the silvery sky.
"The one in swirling crimson cape dancing with me in the stream?"

"Which witch called me forth as spirits lift to fly?
The one in violet velvet crush laying enchanted in a dream?"

"Which witch came here tonight for special ritual rites?
The one with golden hair tied in ribbon of downy cream?"

"Which witch serenaded me with voice so soft and light?
The one in ocean blue with arms stretched 'round the fire?"

"Which witch brings me plate and chalice sacred offerings?
The one in forest green trimmed in roses from a briar?"

"Which witch chants a spell inside the candle's circle ring?
The one in gold with raven-black hair, her hands raised high?"

"Which witch strums her instrument for all others to sing?
The one in white dress glistening like snow falling from the sky?"

"Which witch could it be?" the moon asked again with a sigh,
Then all of the witches lowered their hoods,
With heads proudly high, they replied, "Great moon, it is I."

Being a Witch

I am a Witch!

By Sandi Thomas

When I stand up for myself and my beliefs, they call me a witch.
When I stand up for those I love, they call me a witch.
When I speak my mind, think my own thoughts, or do things my own way, they call me a witch.

Being a witch entails raising my children to be strong people Who have a solid sense of personal and social responsibility,
Who are not afraid to stand up for what they believe in And, who love and respect themselves for the beautiful beings they are.

Being a witch means that I am free to be the wonderful creature I am, With all my own intricacies, contradictions, quirks and beauty.
Being a witch means I won't compromise what's in my heart.
It means I live my life MY way. It means I won't allow anyone to step on me.

When I refuse to tolerate injustice and speak up against it, I am defined as a witch.
The same thing happens when I take time for myself instead of being everyone else's maid or when I act a little selfish.

I am proud to be a witch! It means I have the courage and strength to allow myself to be who I truly am and won't become anyone else's idea of what they think I "should" be.

I am outspoken, opinionated and determined.
By Goddess, I want what I want and there is nothing wrong with that!

So, try to stomp on me, try to douse my inner flame, try to squash every ounce of beauty I hold within me. You won't succeed.

And if that makes me a witch, so be it. I embrace the title and am proud to bear it. I love this, I can call myself a witch now and not feel bad about it!

From The Pagan Library
http://www.paganlibrary.com/music_poetry/i_am_witch.php

Stuffed Mushroom Caps

6 large mushrooms
1-1/2 oz. shredded cheddar cheese
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 clove minced garlic
1/4 c. dry bread or cracker crumbs
2 T. butter
1 T. dry white wine
1 T. parsley flakes
1-1/2 tsp. lime juice
1/2 tsp. dried oregano
Black pepper to taste

Carefully remove the stems from the mushrooms, chop finely, and set aside. Using a medium skillet, melt the butter and add the mushroom caps. Sautee until light brown in color. Remove the caps, drain, and place on an ungreased cookie sheet.

Sautee the onion, add the wine, and allow to simmer for a minute or two. Add all remaining ingredients except for the cheese and mix well. Stuff the caps with the mixture and sprinkle with cheese. Place under the broiler for two to three minutes or until the cheese melts. Serve hot.

From Tex's cookbook
(Dorothy Morrison)

The Fool

The Fool's Journey: The Magician by Star Shadowdrake

The Fool was more than happy to accompany The Magician to his place, especially since it was a short distance. By the time they arrived, it was nearly dark. The Fool had gotten the feeling of a large place. The entrance door was wooden, heavy and arched, with a sense of great age. It swung open, silently, and brought with it a smell of peace and comfort.

The Fool had questioned whether or not it had been a good idea to go with him. After all, he had only met The Magician that afternoon. But The Fool felt his body relax and his fears grow dim. He was only aware of being led to a room where the stars had been painted on the ceiling, and the bed cradled him like it had been made specifically for the shape of his body. Before he drifted off to sleep, The Fool wondered at the soft breeze which caressed his face.

The Fool awoke ravenous since he hadn't had dinner the night before. There, on the table next to his bed, was food and drink. The liquid was amber in color, and he felt warmed and energized by it. There were sandwiches enough even for his great hunger. Several fruits were on a huge platter, and each one was a color of the rainbow, which made a dazzling display.

A breeze touched the back of his neck. The Fool looked around and saw nothing to explain the source of it. When he looked up, The Fool blinked his eyes and shook his head in disbelief. There was no roof! It sank slowly into his consciousness . . . the stars had not been painted on the ceiling! He had viewed the stars because there was no roof! His hunger forgotten and satisfied for the moment, The Fool stared at the bright blue sky, wispy white clouds, and unfamiliar red birds which took great delight in dancing on the breeze.

He found that he could even see through the wall! The fine morning mist covered the grass. There was a fire lit, and The Magician was sitting on a small stool beside it, warming his hands in the early morning. The Fool tentatively reached out his hand, and found it was able to pass through the "wall"! He sat thinking for a while.

The Fool took the drink, a couple pieces of fruit, and went out to the fire through the wall. There, on the other side of The Magician, was another small stool. The Fool came over quietly and sat down. He slowly drank the rest of the liquid.

As the sun rose higher, the fire dimmed and went out. The Fool found he was perfectly comfortable. He glanced at The Magician, and finished the fruit.

"Why do you want a house without walls?" The Fool was the first to break the silence.

The Magician's face betrayed a slight surprise. "There has only been one other person to ask such a question." He turned to look at The Fool. "The others have asked, 'How did you accomplish such a thing?' Do you not wish to know the answer to this?"

The Fool paused for a moment. "When I discovered there were no walls, my first question was why one would live without them. My second question was how. I thought about wanting to know "why" first and then "how". I felt it was more important to find out the reason a person wanted to do something, and then to discover how to do it. The person and how they felt and thought was more important than the way they did it. Does that make any sense to you?"

The Magician slowly nodded. "More than you know. And because you asked 'Why?', I will tell you this. 'Why' is a question without an answer." The Magician imitated a child. " 'Why is the sky blue? Why is the grass green? Why do birds fly? What does it become night?' You can give a technical answer, and explain it precisely. And the child will still ask, 'Why?' " Instead, ask 'For what reason?' "

The Magician proceeded to answer his own question. "I used to have physical walls, such as you are used to having around you, to shelter and protect you from the elements. I also believe in living in harmony with the Earth, not in trying to force Her to accomodate me. Yet I have needs of my own. One of which is to be sheltered from Her fury when there are thunderstorms or tornadoes, or when the air is too cold and I would freeze. Over time, I have replaced the physical walls. These will not allow harm to come to me, they protect me, and yet they allow to touch me all that I hold dear: Mother Earth, the Sun, the Wind, and even a light Rain."
The Magician continued, as though he were thinking out loud. "Some day I hope to find a woman who believes as I do, to share my life and beliefs with." He stopped, as though he realized he was speaking for another to hear his heartfelt desire.

"Come with me." It was not a request. The Fool rose and followed The Magician. They passed through a curved arch of flowers, reminiscent of the wooden door, with the same great feeling of age and beauty. Mostly they were larger than his fist, with small green buds on either side and down the middle. Again, it was a riot of colors: dark purple, sky blue, fire red, snow white, sun yellow, grass green . . . and through them ran a stem of deep earth brown. It wasn't dead or dying; it was vibrant and felt alive to The Fool. He didn't stop to wonder at the feeling. He just accepted it, and hurried to keep up with The Magician's fast pace.

"Give me the cup." The Fool handed over what had held the delicious liquid from the morning's breakfast.

The Magician placed the cup on a large flat table which held a disc with a star, a sword, a staff and a large chalice. It was surrounded by red flowers growing on a vine. Without waiting for The Fool to ask, The Magician said, "Red is the color of life."

Then The Magician stood quite still. The white of his robe contrasted sharply with the red flowers while his red overtunic matched them precisely. The Magician raised his wand and closed his eyes. His right hand, holding the wand, pointed up towards

the sky, and his left hand pointed toward the Earth. When he opened his eyes, a tiny bead of moisture appeared on the outside of the cup.

"Give me your kerchief." The Fool handed it over, and The Magician placed it on top of the round disc with a star. He repeated the ritual, and a tiny crumb appeared within it.

The Fool's great curiosity made him ask, "What does it mean when one hand points up and the other hand points down?"

"As above, so below. Do you understand?"

"Not really," replied The Fool. "Can you explain it further?"

The Magician repeated his earlier gestures. "When I raise my right hand, it is to tap into the energies from the Universe, which are available to all who know how to use them. When I lower my left hand, it is to bring those same energies to the Earth and use them to manifest what I desire. I respect this great power and use it carefully."

"Come," The Magician said, and started to walk away.

"But . . ." The Fool stopped and thought for a moment. "What is the reason we are leaving them here?"

The Magician paused and turned. "We are leaving whatever appears in them this evening as an offering to the elements and to the animals to show we are grateful. You would do well to remember to offer a small bit of drink and food to Mother Earth whenever you eat or drink for it is from Her that all life is born and to Her all return." The Magician left without further explanation and againThe Fool had to hurry to catch up. .

They spent the day together. The Magician showed The Fool how all blended into one: the Earth met the Sky on the horizon, the Sun was in the Sky, the Wind moved the Earth and the Clouds, and the Rain was in the Clouds which fell on the Earth. They spent some time laying against a tree and then on the grass.

When night came, he appreciated the beauty of The Moon in the black sky. The stars seemed as if they had been spilled on a black carpet and shone brilliantly. The Fool stayed for a time and went back to his bed. He slept more peacefully than he had in quite some time.

The Fool dreamt of becoming an eagle and flying to meet the Sun King, coming back to Earth and going to the kingdom of the Salamanders. He swam underwater with the Undines, flew to the Air Castle, met the Sylphs, and lived underground in the Kingdom of the Gnomes. The Magician kept watch over him through the days as he dreamed. As he ate and drank in his dreams, so was The Fool's body nourished.

The next morning, there was again a great spread of food. His cup and kerchief were there as well. No matter how much he ate or drank, the cup refilled and there was more sandwiches and fruit. The Fool smiled. He knew he had made the right decision. To ask about the person was infinitely more important than asking about the thing.

The Magician smiled. He remembered when he had asked the same question of The Magician before him, how he had made the same journey and spent some time reminiscing.

By Star Shadowdrake

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE PARFAITS WITH STRAWBERRIES

1 8 oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1-1/2 c. confectioners sugar
1/4 c. granulated sugar
1/3 c. cocoa
1-1/2 c. heavy whipping cream

2 T. milk
5 T. butter, softened
1 tsp. vanilla extract
2 - 3 milk chocolate candy bars, coarsely grated
Fresh strawberries, halved

Grate the candy bars and set aside. Then combine the cream cheese and butter, blending until smooth. Mix the cocoa with the confectioners sugar, and add it to the butter/cream cheese mixture along with vanilla and milk. Beat until smooth. Fold in the whipping cream and beat until the mixture forms peaks.

Beginning and ending with a spoonful of grated chocolate, layer the mousse and chocolate into parfait glasses. Top with strawberry halves and chill until ready to serve.

From Tex's cookbook
(Dorothy Morrison)

From the Readers

Here we are, issue #2! Thought I would toss some reader comments in here for you to see. ☺

Sincerely the staff of the Georgian Newsletter

Bel Taran and Silo Moat

From the readers

the news letter is wonderful i really loved the natural way to dye eggs , i have always loved sinced the day i found the georgians the information of how we use to do things , thank you all, you have done an amazing job , thank you thank you for all the hard work ,i wish i could write like that

Susan

Bravo!!!!!! to you and all of the staff and to the ones that submitted material.

I am looking forward to the next issue!!

Love, Branwen

***I loved the way you made it look! It's great!

~ Star ~

It looks MAH-VELOUS!!!!! I'm very impressed, and I think Pat would be, too!!!!

BB!
Puck

Fabulous job, Darlin'! :)

Hugs!

Tex.

No kidding.....I loved it myself. Can a Non Georgian submit?

Duane "Raven Spirit" Marshall

DAM I don't want to wait..... GREAT NEWS LETTER, it mite be even better then the old.

Georgia

Wow!!! That is putting it mildly. You have done a phenomenal job my dear Loye. Your resurrection of the Georgian News Letter is phenomenal to say the very least. I love it all. The artwork, the content the format, everything. I can think of only one thing that should be added to this newsletter and that is an activity roster. Places and dates for sabbats available within and around our area as well as those in other Georgian's areas. That may take time to ascertain the information for but it will allow other Georgians to have the information ready at hand in case they have someone express interest on attending in an area outside their own. We need to make

up our own calendar and include it and I am sure Rhiannon Etain from Shadow Dragon (Nathrock) will have the information for their group as well. Oh and beyond that, I do think you should make mention at my request of the following: (please word it as seems right to you)

The Lady Kundalini and Lord Josh-wa-ah would like to make special mention regarding Lord Bel Taran (Loye) for taking initiative to resurrect the Georgian News Letter. His first efforts are exemplary and we value his attention to detail and his zeal for helping the Georgian community, in general, maintain and regain touch with others far away. Additionally we are most pleased to announce that some time past Lord Bel Taran received his 3rd degree in the Georgian Tradition and is a member of the Coven of the Children Between the Worlds and due to his extensive activities in the Wiccan community over many years was given both his 3rd degree and his eldership in this tradition a short few months ago at CBTW with many of Shadow Dragon members in attendance including the Lady Du Dracorum and Lord Shonsu Chioxin.

Lady Kundalini & Lord Josh-wa-ah

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

Art Work

Art can be seen as an expression of ones soul, and if you look at the creations of a person your 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!

~The Young Horned Stag King~

By Lord Garath

The following two are mine. Devine was inspired by a friend as she began her journey, and Calling Down is both my own talents and a little computer assist.

~Devine~

(Dedicated to Fairweather)

By Lord Bel Taran

~Calling Down~

By Lord Bel Taran

A personal prayer from one of our sisters

Goddess,
Give me the wisdom to understand the guidance you send.
Give me the vision to see the path you intend me to take.
Give me the strength to take that first step...and
Give me the courage to continue even after the light fades.

Just thought I would share, it has gotten me through many a bad moments.

BB
Orchid

MYSTIC FOGS

Through the Mystic fogs of time a lone figure strolls, tendrils of fog swirl around his ankles as he walks. A dark cloak shrouds his form and rustles in the near still air like the leathery wings of darkness. Where he goes he knows not, but he goes anyway, strong and steady steps guide his path in the thick moist air.

Many are the lives he touched in his travels, some for good and some seemingly not. People of precariously devout faith fear his coming and see it as a harbinger of ill fortunes, yet others see his coming as impending change, things that must occur to insure life to continue. They embrace all he represents, yet in the depths of their souls fear all that he represents. But…they know he must come to insure life continues through the ancient and sacred cycles.

His, is the face of life, death and yet life again. He has been known by many names in many countries in many worlds. He is the mighty Viking warrior sailing his stout vessel through the ice strewn seas

in search of lands to concur, he is the stoic Apache stalking his prey through the deserts of the New

World, his people he led from the slavers of the land of the great pyramids and he watched as his

people played games in his honor in the great jungles of South America.

He is seen by women as their mysterious lover, father, brother, son and friend. His expression is not that of a cold callous slayer, but that of a compassionate friend who's hands are warm and gentle to the touch. When he lays his caring hands upon your soul a sudden calm fills you, a calming light fills your being. His voice flows like warm honey in a frost covered forest and smells of heated mulled cider.

His Lady awaits him on the other side of Yule, her slumber is his to watch over, she will awake and he knows then that his life will be filled with warmth and tenderness that he so strongly desires. But until she awakes he will walk and watch as those he loves both mourn and celebrate his presence and his bond with the Lady.

He knows he stands watch not alone he walks among the children of the shadows, for in the shadows they feel safe and know that he is with them. Some of them feel they are favored above all others, yet the wise ones, the old souls know better…these he favor, these are his and her children, these are the blessed ones.

Through the Mystic fogs of time a lone figure strolls, tendrils of fog swirl around his ankles as he walks. A dark cloak shrouds his form and rustles in the near still air like the leathery wings of darkness. Where he goes he knows not, but he goes anyway, strong and steady steps guide his way in the thick moist air down the well trodden path.

Bel
Jan 13, 2002

Can you find your way through the maze to join the maypole dancers?

CRUNCHING NUMBERS

Birth Number

Add together all of the numbers in your birthdate. For example, my birthdate is April 30, 1961 , which is written as 04/30/1961, so it is added as follows: 0+4+3+0+1+9+6+1 = 24
Now add the total until you are down to one number. My total number was 24, so 2+4=6. Thus, my number 24 becomes six.

Name Number

If you really enjoy math (which I don't) you may want to figure your name number. This is done by matching the letters in your name to the numbers on the chart below.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

My name is Loye, which translates into L=3, O=6, Y=7, E=5, or 3+6+7+5 =21. 2+1=3, so my name number is 3.

There are may other correspondences for letters and numbers in occultism. These are usually drawn from gematria based on qabbalah. This is an incomplete system, and must be adapted to work with phonetic sounds as they exist in modern English. Thus, I opt for the simpler non-traditional system of correspondances shown above, and have found it to be suprisingly accurate.

What the Numbers Mean

Numbers are a symbol system, and have been attributed with certain charateristics, which you may find useful for divination and spellcraft. These interprtations are according to Raymond Buckland, and I have found them to be accurate. For further information of numerology Crowley's 777 is an essential resource for anyone interested in gematria.

1
The Sun, Letters A, J, S
Very much the driving life force. A leader. Ambitious. Tends to be impatient. The explorer. The extrovert. Automatically assumes command. Frequently a "big brother" or "big sister". Very strong feelings either for or against. Would not knowingly hurt anyone but might not realize her/his own strength. Can stand being praised and is entitled to it. Praise can spur to greater things.

2
The Moon, Letters B, K, T
Sensitive, domestic. Tends to be emotional and easily influenced to tears. Has a fertile imagination. Very fond of the home. Patriotic. Accepts changes in surroundings. Prefers to live near the water. Often possesses musical talents and would make a very good psychic.

3
Jupiter, Letters C, L, U
The investigator; the scientist; the seeker. An interest in the material rather than the spiritual. Ideas on religion frequently change. Has a great sense of humor. Not greatly interested in money. Very trusting, yet likes to know the "why" and the "how".

4
Uranus, Letters D, M, V
Inclined to appear strange and eccentric because she is usually ahead of her time. Very interested in the occult; in psychic research. Inclined to anything out of the ordinary. Strong intuitive tendencies. Can be bitingly sarcastic if crossed. Believes in liberty and equality. Can usually predict the probable outcome of actions and businesses.

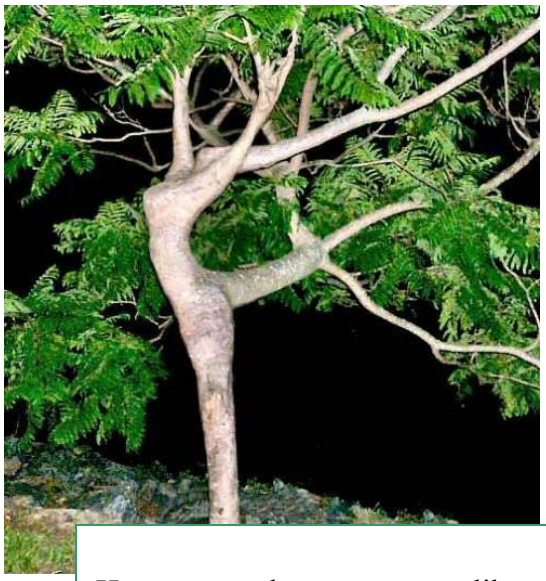
5
Mercury, Letters E, N, W
Active, both physically and mentally. Inquiring, exploring. Fond of reading and researching. Good at languages. Would make a very good teacher, writer, secretary. Makes friends easily. Usually methodical and orderly; adept at simplifying systems.

6
Venus, Letters F, O, X
Gentle and refined; pleasant and sociable. Usually good looking. Natural peacemaker; able to soothe ruffled feelings. Often experiences difficulties in financial fields. Excellent as a host or hostess. Friendly and agreeable.

7
Neptune, Letters G, P, Y
Frequently possesses E.S.P. Extremely "psychic". Introvert. Although he does not say much, he usually knows a great deal. Mysterious. Often interested in psychology, psychiatry, chemistry and botany. Knowledgeable in astrology and all fields of the occult. Fond of fishing. Inclined to take from the "haves" and give to the "have-nots".

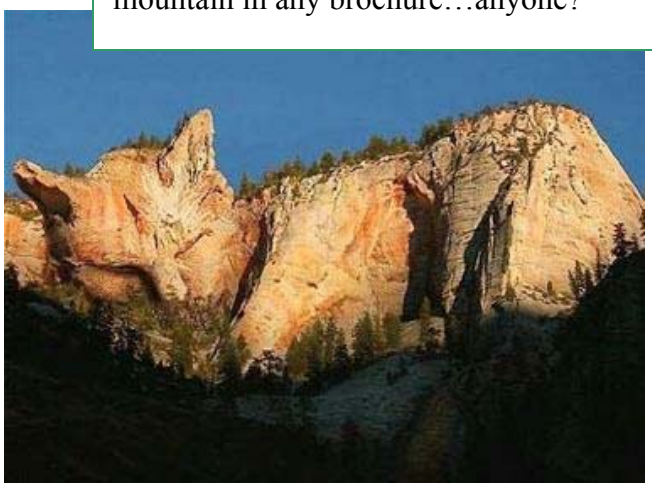
8
Saturn, Letters H, Q, Z
Inclined to be cold and pessimistic. N ot much sense of humor. Often slow getting off the mark but usually ends up ahead of the game. Successful, especially where money is concerned. Frequently connected with mining, real estate and the law. Also with cemeteries and pawnshops. Believes that hard work never killed anyone. Often prepossessed with thoughts of the past.

9
Mars, Letters I,R
Very emotional. Can be extremely jealous. Active, though rules by the emotions. Tied very much to family background. Loyal. Apt to be suspicious of strangers. Impulsive. Tends to be afraid of the unknown.



Here we see that even nature likes a nice piece of ash (I know, bad pun), but seriously this is so totally cool!

~Some serious pussy!~
(cat silly)
Hmmmm, cool but I don't remember this mountain in any brochure…anyone?



Pagan Word Search

Find the words going forward, backward, up, down and diagonal!

A	T	H	I	P	L	H	D	B	M	W	A	F
T	I	G	S	A	P	Z	W	S	C	I	N	G
H	N	O	U	G	C	Y	A	S	Q	C	Y	E
A	C	B	N	A	A	L	T	A	R	C	L	O
M	E	E	M	N	U	N	E	M	O	A	U	S
E	N	L	A	L	L	K	R	H	B	W	G	T
L	S	T	B	I	D	I	K	A	E	L	H	A
D	E	A	O	T	R	R	Y	I	D	H	N	R
N	W	N	N	H	O	E	Y	N	I	T	A	A
A	T	E	W	A	N	D	A	U	I	R	S	M
C	P	E	N	T	A	C	L	E	L	A	A	O
W	I	T	C	H	E	L	F	I	R	E	D	O
F	U	N	I	M	B	O	L	C	T	Z	H	N

ALTAR
ATHAME
CAULDRON
PAGAN
CANDLE
PENTACLE

WITCH
WICCA
INCENSE
ROBE
WAND
SUN

EARTH
AIR
WATER
FIRE
MOON
SAMHAIN

MABON
LUGHNASADH
OSTARA
BELTANE
IMBOLC
YULE

LITHA
STAR