

THE GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER



LITHA 2007

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SPOTLIGHT

In the first newsletter we spotlighted Old George, the original founder of the Georgian Newsletter. This issue I thought I would feature the resurrector of the newsletter. So, here's a little about yours truly!

Lord Bel Taran

(Loye Pournier)

GNL - Who are you?, what or who made you who you are?

Loye - I was raised a Seventh Day Adventist Christian, one of 6 children, myself being a middle child with 3 brothers and 2 sisters. I dropped out of high school and left home in 1979, ran heavy equipment for a year, went back HS and got my diploma. In 1980 I joined the USAF as an aircraft hydraulic technician, got married on April 30, 1984 to a wonderfully patient woman! I decided to go career while my wife got out of the service. We had 2 sons and adopted a little girl. My military



1978

career was relatively quiet until Desert Storm, from there it got a little busy. I was made and instructor

for 6 years, became the Travis AFB Wiccan Lay Leader in 1997 then when I was getting ready to retire 9-11

happened. Off I went to the middle East to Location Bravo (Qatar) on the south bank of the Persian Gulf where snipers were a relatively serious threat. The support I got from my family (Georgian as well) helped me get through it. After I returned home I was allowed to retire. I got one day off and went to work at 6 Flags Marine World as a roller coaster mechanic, 4 years later I quit and went to work a little closer to home at a plastic injection plant that makes fruit harvesting bins.

GNL - When did you "discover" Paganism and Wicca. Tell me a little bit.

Loye - In the mid 80's a friend introduced me to a woman as a witch, being the open minded person I was back then I looked at her, smiled and said "two

words...seek help" then walked away. A few years later the wife and I was watching a show called Picket Fences, the episode was about a woman that had her daughter taken from her for practicing witchcraft. She explained that she practiced "Wicca" and explained what it was. I thought out loud...holy cow, that must be a made up TV. religion cause it makes WAYYYY to much sense. I researched it for a couple years and decided it was real and what I was. I did meet that young lady at a ritual some years later again and she inquired how my therapy was coming along lol. Sheepishly I told her I was almost cured <g>.



GNL - When did you become exposed to the Georgian trad. Tell us a little about it and your journey.

Loye - 1998 I think it was. I contacted Cindy and she invited me to Mt Meet. I contacted RoseWynde, we both attended and the rest is history. I studied under Cindy, Rayna, Zanoni and finally Lady Kundalini and Lord Josh-wa-ah where I received my 3rd degree and elder status as a member of the Coven of the Children Between the Worlds (CBTW). Most of my studies were via email and the internet except for when I joined the coven of CBTW, I commute 4 hours for rituals, Sabbats, initiations and anytime's I wanna be a royal pain in the ass to them!

GNL - Married? Children? (how many?), grandchildren?

Loye - Yes, 23 years April 30th, 2 Sons (21 & 19), 1 Daughter (15) Grandchildren...none YET, but the middle child has decided it's time to activate the grandpa gene in me ☺



9-11 in Qatar

GNL - Tell us a little about the group you

started, the Travis Earth Circle.

Loye - I started the group in 1997 after a friend on the Native American Heritage council suggested I become the Wiccan Lay Leader. I met with the Senior Chaplain, all of his staff and when they reluctantly agreed at the coaxing of the senior chaplain I was unofficially placed into the Lay Leader position. After a year of offended Christians calling daily the heat calmed down and 10 years later I think their finally used to us! The object of the class/wicca 101 is to educate non pagans and let other pagans/wiccans know that their not alone. Since the group has started, former members have started groups at 4 other bases around the world We hold ALL Sabbats as they come around, I throw out "POP" rituals for student training, healing circles, and whatever else we thinks needs done. Officially/unofficially I could be considered the High Priest of the Travis Earth Circle, but we don't really have titles and degrees, outside of me being the Lay Leader.

GNL - Has it helped you as a Wiccan grow?



Beltane 2007

Loye - I think teaching/guiding this class every Monday night for the last 10 years, doing all the sabbats etc...has given me a very unique perspective and view of Wicca and paganism.

Short of teaching the Georgian material in class I think I have

touched on every aspect, practice, and belief of wiccan practice, with the added experience of working with military pagans of every flavor. Since military is a special breed all by itself it adds a new twist when their pagans as well. I honestly think it takes a military pagan (even former) to understand a military pagan...or that warrior breed a pagan (cops, soldiers, etc...)

GNL - Describe your life a little these days,

Loye - busy, busy, busy! (see announcements lol)

ANNOUNCEMENTS!

~1st degree

Gypsey, spouse of Marla Roberson
Mirage of Silver Oak Coven (June 10)

~3rd degree

Lady Gaia Rose of Children Between the Worlds

New Grandmother - Ani become a Grandmother to a little girl on the 26th of May.

Rights of Passage

Becoming a Woman

A daughter of Temple Nathrok entered into the realm of womanhood, a truly moving journey for a young woman and her family.

Last month our Bonnie had her women's circle. As of April 15th she entered the realms of womanhood. Those in attendance included Grandma Bobbie and all the women in the coven and even some mundane's that attended on Bonnie's behalf I her mommy presided my baby is a woman and I have no more babies at home!!!! Love Sherri

Handfasting/Wedding

June 16 at approx noon, William Loye and Amber Nicole were joined in that holiest of unions by his father Lord Bel Taran and Gwynafar. It was fortunate that Gwynafar was there because the High Priest who is normally a rock (granite) was little better than soap stone.

Gatherings

3rd annual Prairie Meet - October 5, 6, & 7, at Boiling Springs State park

POC - Anise AKA Sean - seanwwright@aol.com.

33rd annual Mountain Meet (1974 to now) - Aug 2nd - Aug 8th at the same place as last year, and the year before that and so on and so forth. The Methuselah Group Campsite in Mountain Home State Forest in California.

LITHA

Midsummer is also sometimes referred to as **Litha**; stemming from Bede's *De temporum ratione* in which he gave the Anglo-Saxon names for the months roughly corresponding to June and July as "se Ærra Liþa" and "se Æfterra Liþa" (the early Litha month and the later Litha month) with an intercalendary month of "Liþa" appearing after se Æfterra Liþa on leap years.

Solstitial celebrations still centre upon 24 June, which is no longer the longest day of the year. The difference between the Julian calendar year (365.2500 days) and the tropical year (365.2422 days) moved the day associated with the actual astronomical solstice forward approximately three days every four centuries until Pope Gregory XIII changed the calendar bringing the solstice to around 21 June. In the Gregorian calendar, the solstice moves around a bit but in the long term it moves only about one day in 3000 years.

History

In the 7th century, Saint Eligius (died 659/60) warned the recently-Christianized inhabitants of Flanders against these pagan solstitial celebrations. According to the *Vita* by his companion Ouen, he would say:

"No Christian on the feast of Saint John or the solemnity of any other saint performs *solestitia* [summer solstice rites] or dancing or leaping or diabolical chants."

Indeed, as Saint Eligius demonstrates, Mid-Summer has been Christianized as the feast of Saint John the Baptist: notably, unlike all other saints' days, this feast is celebrated on his *birthday* and not on the day of his martyrdom, which is separately observed as the "Decollation of John the Baptist" on 29

August. That more conventional day of Saint John the Baptist is not marked by Christian churches with the emphasis one might otherwise expect of such an important saint.

As for his solstitial birthday, the Roman Catholic Church celebrates the Nativity of John the Baptist (June 24) as a Solemnity, which is the highest degree a liturgical feast can have. It is even one of the few saint's feasts that is celebrated even when it falls on a Sunday; typically the feast of a saint is superseded when it falls on a Sunday. There is hardly any way that the feast of St John the Baptist could be given more emphasis in the liturgical calendar.

The celebration of Midsummer's Eve was from ancient times linked to the summer solstice. People believed that mid-summer plants had miraculous and healing powers and they therefore picked them on this night. Bonfires were lit to protect against evil spirits which were believed to roam freely when the sun was turning southwards again. In later years, witches were also thought to be on their way to meetings with other evil powers.

The solstice itself has remained a special moment of the annual cycle of the year since Neolithic times. The concentration of the observance is not on the day as we reckon it, commencing at midnight or at dawn, but the pre-Christian beginning of the day, which falls on the previous eve. In Sweden and Finland, Midsummer's Eve is considered the greatest festival of the year, comparable only with Walpurgis Night, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Eve.

MOUNT OLYMPUS HIGH

PART III

By Silo Moat

They were nearing the edge of campus and all along the paths were different shops. The first one they passed

had a short stout man with one leg shorter than the other. This, God thought to himself, was the ugliest man he had ever seen. Approaching the edge of the shop, he could see inside that this man was making weapons of all sorts.

"That is Vulcanus. He makes arrows and swords and blades of all kinds." She said. "Would you like to go inside and see?"

He was a little uncomfortable but said, "Yes" and they ventured in.

Vulcanus gave one look at God and said, "New student

at Mount Olympus eh?" God was a little edgy by this man's very presence and the weapons that were fashioning every wall, but quickly answered him. "Yes sir, my name is God and I come from Heaven..." "Heaven. I know. I know who you are." He interrupted God. "I hope you don't think by moving here to Olympus you can try and make everyone believe the things you say, because we have weapons laid, and we aren't afraid to use them on that scrawny mouth of yours." At this, God tugged on Aphrodite's arm and urged her to go. As they were leaving Vulcanus's shop, God took notice of the weapon hanging on the west wall, the blade the shape of a dolphin. He thought, such talent, to construct something this magnificent. Outside the doorway in a frenzy of emotional distress and crying a river of tears, a beautiful girl ran by in the most radiant silken garments. She had a lotus flower in her hand and seemed to be clutching it tightly as if death would strike her if she let go. "Who is that girl?" he asked Aphrodite. "Radha, Radha, Radha. That is who she is, such a drama queen. Emotional to the core and always crying." Aphrodite sighed. "What does she get from crying though?" "To let you in on what everyone else in this school knows, Radha is in love with Krsna, and they have sex quite frequently, but Krsna always goes back to Rukmini, which leaves Radha in distress like this. Such a pity that girl cannot find someone better. I mean she is beautiful and her garments are well becoming, but she needs to set her eyes on someone else. He is clearly not interested." "I agree." God said. He couldn't help but feel sorry for the poor girl. He wished there was something he could do, but there wasn't. He looked over towards Aphrodite who was glowing exquisitely in her light. He wanted to

feel her, but could not give himself to the idea. She looked intriguing and he longed to be touched by her. She began tugging at him to walk a little faster and he snapped out of his thoughts to see a group of people dancing around a man playing pipes. "Oh Aphrodite, how fair and beautiful you are everyday." The man with the pipes exclaimed as they walked

closer. "Will today be the day my dear?" He asked, now standing next to her. "Will I have those breasts as mine, my body in you, my tongue exploring every curve?" He whispered into her ear from behind her as his hands found the curve of her hips. "Not today Pan, I've told you several times I am not interested. You just keep playing those pipes." "Ahhh, but Aphrodite, you are sweet to taste and I long to caress every bit of you." "Yes, Pan. I am well aware of that. Maybe someday I might change my mind. But not today." He let his hands slide down the sides of her hips and quickly trotted back on his hooves over to his stump and took up his pipes and began playing again. The people

were all so happy, some dancing, some making love, God did not notice that half of them were naked.

"Here son, drink this." An old, tall man with white cloths draped over him and a long white beard handed God a small blue vial with a brass topper. "What is it?" God asked. "And who are you?" "I am a physician son, my name is Asklepios. I cure the sick, and heal the wounded. Take this and drink and you shall be cured of any sickness that might be lingering with you." "I am never sick sir and have no use for this. I am sorry, but please accept my apologies." God replied as he handed the vial back to the old man. The old man looked oddly at him. "Strange. You say a sickness has never befallen you?" "Yes, I have never been sick." "Let's see if we can fix that!" A loud mouthed, arrogant boy came walking by and threw a snake upon God. Upon touching him, it turned into a stick but as it fell to the ground it changed back into a snake. The boy gasped and fell backwards. God looked at him keenly. "Now, boy, will you drink the vial?" asked Asklepios. "What for old man? I haven't a mark on me, nor one bad cell, no cough, no fever and I am not insane." Said God somewhat irritated that he would not stop asking. "You do now." Said the boy lying on the ground heavily breathing and pointing at the bite marks upon God's arm. Aphrodite kicked dirt into the boy's face. "Ares, I should say, I will have a word with Zeus about this. You are not even old enough to be in these parts of Olympus, I am sure he will be disappointed with you." "Yeah wait till he puts a bolt up your ass boy!" yelled God.

"Hush, God." Aphrodite soothed his arm. "He is one of Zeus's children. He will be punished worse than the students." "Yes, sister, and wait till I tell father how you are whoring around with the new student. He might decide to take God in for a few bolts himself don't you think?" said the boy.

"What? You are a daughter of Zeus!?" God stood upright and stared Aphrodite in the eyes finally becoming aware of the pain in his arm. He looked at it in shock. "Where are you from God?" asked Asklepios. "I moved here from Heaven with my mother Gaia." "Well son, what you were capable of doing in Heaven, you cannot do here. I am sorry if you find this disturbing.

Please drink the vial and cure yourself." Handing the vial back to God, he quickly took it, popped off the brass topper, and drank the entire vial in one gulp. Not sure of if he did the right thing, he studied his arm to find that it healed almost immediately,

with no trace of a bite mark.

"Ares go home!" Aphrodite screamed.

"You hopeless wench, I'm telling dad!" he screamed back.

She took hold of God's arm and told him, "We had better go if you want to see the contest."

They continued walking down the path until they came to a river. Huge Willow trees hung along the sides of the river and their tips touched the waters surface. Once in a while a tiny ripple would shake the water from a leaf landing on it. Aphrodite pointed to a naked woman in the middle of the river. "That is Abnoba. She owns the forest and the river." God noticed the woman in the river was truly beautiful, with long black hair, pale skin, and a perfect body, but she was withdrawn. She bathed in the river in front of everyone as if no one but her existed. "A few boys like my brother Ares, are a bit perverted at times and will hide up in the trees to watch her bathe. She never takes notice of them." She said as she noticed God staring at the woman.

"Who is that now?" God asked as he saw another woman enter the river. Aphrodite turned to see a woman wading through the river towards Abnoba. The woman was slim, with long blonde locks, perfect skin, and an absolute enchantment about her which made the jealousy

in Aphrodite arise. God kept watching the two women. Before he knew it, the blonde woman was behind Abnoba, kissing the back of her neck, a breast in each hand. God had never seen this before and he looked away to Aphrodite. She was angry he could tell. He took her hand in his. "You are beautiful Aphrodite. Do not get upset that these women take part in such an action." She looked at him and began to cry. God put his arms around her and drew her near and gently put his lips to hers. In that split second the whole world had been lifted and he felt as light as the air around him. He was not in Heaven anymore.

Don't forget to be here for the next issue for the last installment of ! **Mount OLYMPUS HIGH**

SOLSTICE HERB BREAD

Ingredients:

3 C. flour

1 tbsp. sugar

1 tsp. salt

1 pkg. dry active yeast

2 tbsp. chopped fresh chives

2 tsp. chopped fresh rosemary

1 tsp. fresh thyme

1 1/4 C. hot water

2 tbsp. Crisco

Mix 2 cups of the flour, sugar, salt and yeast in a large bowl. Add herbs, water, and Crisco. Beat slowly, stirring in remaining cup of flour until smooth. Scrape batter from sides of bowl and let rise in a warm place for 35 minutes or until it doubles in bulk. Punch down and beat with a spoon for about 15 seconds. Place dough in a greased loaf pan, patting down and forming a loaf shape with your hands. Cover and let rise again for about 30 minutes or until it again doubles in bulk. Bake at 375 for 40-45 minutes. Brush top with butter or margarine and remove from pan to cool.

MUSINGS FROM THE TROLL KING

While writing a dark moon ritual and doing some research made me realize that I do not think that there is a specific meditation for this phase of the moon, so here we go.

Let's sit back in a comfortable spot one that lets us completely relax, a place where we can let go and let our guard down. We are going to use this time to help our self. Let the negative energy out, let the

positive energy in or visa versa until we reach the balance we have been seeking.

Take a good look at the direction your life is taking. Is it a direction that in the end will be remembered with honor and respect or deceit and despair. What are the possible changes we can make to get things going in the direction we need.

Are we in balance with the great mother are we asking for more than we are giving. What can we do to achieve this balance, how can we be of service to our fellow man, to nature and in turn giving back to the great mother.

Are we in balance with ourselves? Are we arrogant and cocky or meek and needy. What do we need to find the balance we need.

Life is one constant game of give and take, checks and balances to maintain the balance we need to be healthy and happy. In the end when it is all said and

done and this life here has ended ask yourself. How will you be remembered?

Jeff Ray

Coven of the Children Between the Worlds

THE CREEPS

It had been a wonderful Full Moon ceremony. Everyone was so full of energy and the circle had been one of delight and magic. Yet, there was something unexplainable...Something left behind that I could not nail down in my brain. Maybe I hadn't grounded or centered myself properly. Or maybe I hadn't come as far as I'd hoped with my training in the magickal arts. And maybe my imagination was running wild!

No, this was very real and very strange. It had been with me since the Moon began to wax in this cycle. Perhaps it was because I am a Cancer and this was a Full Moon on the summer solstice...the three day period in which the Moon is at 0 degrees Cancer when the earth renews its rotations for the lengthening of the nights. There was one more day of that period and I somehow knew I had to figure out what was happening before the Moon began to wane.

"Kara! Hey, Earth calling Kara! Are you in there?" I felt a tapping on my head.

Coming out of my bewilderment I said, "Hi Diana. Sorry, I guess I'm preoccupied."

"Something bothering you? Are you having one of those psychic visions again?" She teased. Come on, 'fess up. You're going to give me the winning lottery numbers, right?"

"Hell, If I knew what they were do you think I'd waste the information of the likes of you? I'd go for the big one all on my own."

It's coming, I thought. Something....FLASH...CRACK... Off in the distance some kind of explosion. It was nearly the end of June in the flats of California or I would say this was thunder and lightning but that was too far fetched to be possible. I turned to Diana to see what she thought but...SHE HAD VANISHED! Everything as I knew it had vanished! I listened as the wind whipped my gown around my body and my long hair into my face. The only familiar thing in sight was the sky above me with the Full Moon in place as before.

I could hear...What was that sound? I concentrated through the wind trying to block out its wail to identify that sound. A crackling sound, like a television station gone off the air, but softer, and somehow far more dangerous. It was below me.

Carefully I walked to the edge of the mesa and peered over. "Fear of heights? Who has a fear of heights?" I thought as I stretched my body carefully over the edge. The precipice was high. Too high to see the bottom, even with my Lady Moon shining unerringly above me. Then the loud crash and flash came again illuminating the bottom of the canyon floor. I screamed! I couldn't hold it back, though I somehow knew there were no human ears about to hear my terror.

Along the bottom of the canyon floor crawled thousands of snakes. The sound I could hear was a combination of hissing and slithering along the canyon floor. The terror struck within me was not at the mere sight of the snakes, however. It was the realization that these creatures could climb! While they were moving very slowly they were indeed beginning to slither their way up the side of the precipice which lead to the mesa from which I had no escape.

Clinging to the only familiar thing I screamed out to the Lady Moon, "Where am I? What is going on? How did I get here? How do I get out? WHY ME?" In my terror I couldn't have heard an answer even if there had been one. I cried hysterically. I was lost, even to myself; out of control and out of options! Again the thunder and lightning (I guessed that was what it was) exploded over my head. I closed my eyes and pleaded that when I opened them I'd find myself transported back to Diana's home in California, to my mundane life with only mild disturbances from the norm.

Opening my eyes, my nightmare continued. "That's it," I thought, "I'm dreaming!" Corny though it may be, I pinched a hunk of my arm. "OW!" Well, so much for that.

OK! Time for rational thinking. I was wearing my robe. Around my waist still hung my ceremonial athame. Not good as a weapon since the blade was dulled purposely, but it was my only chance. I was on a rock mesa. I could sharpen the two-sided blade on the rock. The snakes were still hundreds of feet below me. I had time.

Who was I kidding? Even if that blade were sharp I'd be bitten a thousand times before I could kill enough snakes to make any kind of difference.

Defeated, quietly I slumped down on the mesa in a heap and sobbed. I don't know how much time passed but my Lady Moon had not seemed to move in the sky. It seemed so long that I found this strange. Somehow soothing, this calmed me. Maybe time was different here. Maybe It passed so slowly that the snakes would never reach the mesa upon which my life seemed to hang.

I thought of my friends back home and of all the things that I had learned these last months. How the freedom to live had been shared with me by friends who cared about me just for me and not for my talents, or what I

could do for them. They were helping me become the me I had never had the courage to be. They were helping me to see the good in all things and to deal with the so-called-bad as the strength behind life to be channeled for good whenever possible and met head on when not.

But how could I meet this head on. I was dead. That seemed the only possible end to this situation. Why? The snakes were close now. Screaming at the Moon I lamented. "Why don't you move? You don't even know time is passing! The snakes are almost here now but you can't see them can you? You don't know I need you now, do you? Why can't you hear me, or see me, or MOVE?" Again I cried, until I could cry no more.

Calm now, I looked up at the Lady Moon and embraced her. " 'Mother of the Cycles of Life', it seems mine is coming to an end. What would you have me do?"

In supplication I fell into a deep meditation. Within my meditation I surrounded myself in the circle of light that the Lady Moon supplied for me. I felt the wind die down around me and the only sound I heard was the beating of my own heart. I saw the face of the Lady Moon come alive and open its eyes and say to me, "WHERE TIME IS NOT, NO HARM CAN COME FROM WHERE TIME IS."

What was she saying? I'd had cryptic messages before from Mother Moon but this one took the last bite.

"I can do without your damned sense of humor now, Mother. This isn't the time for it. Speak plainly. Tell me what to do. How do I get out of this alive?"

My connection was gone. The Full Moon just stared down at me from the same place she'd been since I had been transported to this forsaken mesa where the only things that seemed to have a sense of purpose were those damned snakes!

What had she said? "WHERE TIME IS NOT, NO HARM CAN COME FROM WHERE TIME IS." With the snakes nearly upon me somehow I knew that the 'Great Mother of the Cycles of Life' had given me the answer if I could but understand it. I was here, or at least so it seemed. Yet the heavens had not moved at all since I was dropped upon this mesa. No, I wasn't dropped. It was as though I wasn't anything, except here. The actual transportation didn't take any time, nor did it have any effect on me. Time had seemed to pass yet I wasn't hungry nor were my bodily functions screaming to find a bathroom. It was like everything here was out of time, except those snakes. "Where time is not, no harm can come from where time is." If I and the Lady Moon were outside of time. Then the snakes, who were moving and progressing must be IN TIME. But she said no harm can

come from where time is...to where time is not. THAT MUST BE IT!

The shakes were nearly upon me. I had to center and ground myself quickly.

I sat in a cross legged meditative position and cleared my mind. I chanted silently, "That which is in time cannot change that which is out of time." Over and over, "That which is in time cannot change that which is out of time." The snakes were edging over the top of the mesa and would be upon me any minute.

Bile rose in my throat as I could now identify many familiar kinds of snake, Rattle Snake, King Cobra, Cotton Mouth and many more of the most venomous snakes I had read about. The fear was nearly unbearable and the instinct to run right off the precipice to an easier death was very strong. But no! Once again I silently chanted "That which is in time cannot change that which is out of time."

Looking at the Lady Moon I said, "I am with you out of time 'Mother of the Cycles of Life'. Control is ours! So be it!" I closed my eyes as the snakes engulfed me. Part of me could feel them crawl over my body. The small ones slithered between my legs and others around my neck and over my breasts. But Mother was right. I was out of time. She was out of time...and the Snakes...They were out of luck!

When they had passed over me, and I knew I was free from the fear and from any harm, I once again looked at the Mother Moon and as she looked back at me I could have sworn I saw her wink. In sheer release I threw back my head and laughed.

The lightning cracked and the thunder roared. Once again I found myself in Diana's back yard. All was as it had been before. Diana was still standing next to me saying something about see if she cared if I kept all the lottery numbers to myself.

No time had passed. Nothing had changed...Nothing, that is, except me and the Lady Moon. We both knew that what had happened outside of time had been very real. I had lost my debilitating fear of heights and an irrational fear of snakes. I had grown and prospered as a result of my experience.

But as I looked at the Lady I said, "If you have to teach me a lesson again... Please, just give me a book, Okay?"

Written and created by Karen Leutz, aka Lady Kundalini of the Georgian Tradition of Wicca. Copyright covered upon creation. All rights Reserved!



Summer Solstice Stew

A pagan recipe from the ill-fated Georgian Cookbook we couldn't get up and running.

from Mab (aka Lady Vivienne)

Cut up into pagan-bite-sized chunks:

Lamb or Kid

Carrots

Onions

Broccoli or gai choy stems (some places called baby bok choy) Potatoes Plop all of this into a big crock pot and add:

water

cheap red wine

salt or replacement

pepper

Let this simmer in the pot for up to two days, but no less than six hours. The meat will be tender enough to melt. I like to add sour cream before serving with rice. This can be frozen, but not with the sour cream in it.

ART WORK



This piece has been called a couple names, Gaia and Mother. Both are appropriate I think. Some years ago while at Mt Meet this piece of art fell into Puck's hands. It was created by yours truly...Loye



This would be cool to see!

Submitted by Orchid

The Fool's Journey

The High Priestess

When The Fool awoke, there was no sign of the Magician. The Fool tried to find his way back to the arbor and the garden. Everywhere he turned, there was a wall of trees and ivy. After a bit, he sat down and thought for a short time. He went back to his room and packed up the chalice carefully in his kerchief. Off to the side, there was a very small package. When The Fool opened it, there was a full-size blanket and pillow. Smiling, he knew they were gifts from the Magician. He carefully packed them in his kerchief with the chalice. Then he straightened the bedroom so everything was left as it was when he arrived. Giving a quick glance to make sure he hadn't missed anything, The Fool set out renewed, with a new sense of adventure.

At first he didn't notice, but soon realized the sun was in the wrong position! Surely it had only been a couple of days that he had enjoyed the Magician's hospitality. The Fool stopped and almost turned back. He knew that he must go forward. After some hesitation, he continued walking, a frown indicating his deep thought. The days were warm, the nights were cool, and the Magician's gift was very welcome indeed.

After the first 3 days, he began to know instinctively the direction he needed to go. Soon the pull was almost overwhelming, and he would rests for brief periods during the day, stopping only to eat and drink before continuing on his way. At night, he would dream of a temple in black and white, and the face of a woman wearing the strangest crown he had ever seen.

After a few more days, he saw the top of a temple above the tree tops. Excited and frightened both, he hurried towards it, dreading and yet looking forward to what he would find. That night, the priestess spoke to him for the first time. "Be not afraid. There is no harm here." She kept repeating it through the night, and he slept soundly. The next morning, he drank from the chalice and ate the food from his kerchief. The Fool remembered each time he ate and drank to give a little to Mother Earth in return for Her bounty.

By noon, he had reached the temple. Half of it was black and the other half was white. "Hmmm," he thought. "That might stand for good and bad, a balance between the two." The Fool was startled when he heard a feminine voice in his mind, "Very good. Your instincts serve you well."

It was as though a veil had been lifted for suddenly there was a young woman seated between the pillars. The Fool was struck by her youth.

"I can appear young or old, as you please," said the young woman.

"I like you the way you are," said The Fool. She smiled. He noticed her crown. "It stands for the waxing moon, when the moon grows larger. The Full Moon, and then the waning moon, when the moon grows smaller," she said.

He noticed he could only see one hand holding a roll of paper, and could only see a few letters written on the paper.

"Is this because some knowledge is hidden from us, that it's not possible to know it all?" he asked. She smiled. "Yes."

They spent the day together. The Fool discovered she was The High Priestess of the area. People came from all over to ask her questions, but rarely did she pull one person to her. She explained that the screen behind her had pomegranates on it, which also indicated hidden knowledge, the difference between the conscious and subconscious. . . . "It's hard to eat a pomegranate," she said, "and so it represents knowledge gained at a cost." He also learned that the solar cross on the front of her robe indicated the equalization of matter and spirit. "There must be a balance between your everyday life, the mundane, and your spirituality," she explained. "And for me to achieve this balance, I must listen to my intuition. That is the reason the moon is wrapped into the hem, and why my robes seem to flow."

After most of the day had passed, he noticed that she was sitting on what appeared to be a cement block. "Would you not like a more comfortable chair?" asked The Fool. "What we must go through to win our knowledge requires effort on our part, and it's not an easy thing to learn what we must in this life," replied The High Priestess. "I am proud of my accomplishments, of the knowledge I have won through what I have done and left undone," she replied.

The Fool puzzled over her statement. "Is it because," he began haltingly, "we also learn from what we choose or fail not to do, and there are consequences for the things we do and the things we don't do?" Her smile was almost dazzling. "Exactly!" she replied.

The Fool spent two days with The High Priestess, sleeping in the temple each night. They would talk until late at night, talking about how to trust his instincts, examples of how he had practiced this in the past, and how he could practice to strengthen it for the future.

The next morning he arose to find her gone. "People have such an abrupt way of leaving!" he thought. "Not even a goodbye." Then he thought of all the people who chose to journey to see The High Priestess. "It can't be easy to say goodbye to so many." He nodded his head at the thought, gathered his belongings, and left. Trusting his instincts, he started walking towards the sun, whistling, his pack over his shoulder. For the moment, he reveled in just being alive, looking forward to the journey and toward whatever he'd learn along the way.

by Star Shadowdrake

GODS

ANU APOLLO ARES BALDUR BEL
 BRAN CERNUNNOS CUPID DAGDA EROS
 HEPHEASTUS HERNE HORUS HYPNOS
 LUGH MABON MARS ODIN OSIRIS PAN
 PLUTO POSEIDON TAMMUZ THOR
 THOTH WODEN ZEUS

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

GODDESSES

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

APHRODITE ARADIA ASTARTE ATHENA
 BAST BRIGIT CERES DEMETER DIANA FLORA
 FREYA FRIGA HECATE HERA HINA IRIS
 ISHTAR ISIS JUNO KERRIDWEN MINERVA
 NUIT OSTARA PERSEPHONE RHEANON
 ROWEN