

# THE GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER



LUGHNASADH 2007

## What's Inside:

- Spotlight
- Recipes & Helpful Hints
- Musings from the readers
- Announcements
- **Beth**

*This issue of the Georgian Newsletter is dedicated to Beth Zavis, may she walk with love in the company of those she loves. May the Lady and Lord take her gently into their embrace while we fondly remember her loving soul, generous heart and infectious personality. May we all carry the same spark within us that Beth had AND has within her!*

## SPOTLIGHT

I've found that some people like to talk about themselves and others don't, Georgia is definitely one that you have to duct tape to a chair and pry information from! At the end of this little survey/interview she finished it with...I still think you need to spotlight Bobbie or Herb. Well, we did Bobbie...Well, we didn't "DO" Bobbie, but we spotlighted her majesty and I got nothing on Herb, so it's Georgia's turn in the barrel!

**Georgia**

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

**Georgia** - In 1970 I started searching for what I could really believe in. In 1974 I found a item in the personals in the Bakersfield paper, saying "The truth about Witchcraft" . I answered



the add and that is when I got a hold of Pat. I was invited to come to his house although I was sacred I went and that is where I found home. I have never looked back.

**GNL** - What tradition did you start in? if any? How long have you been interested in the craft?

**Georgia** - none when I found it.

**GNL** - When did you become exposed to the Georgian trad .

**Georgia** - 1974

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

**Georgia** -2 Daughters, 2 Stepdaughter, 1 Stepson  
3 natural grandchildren, 2 natural great grandchildren, 7 Step grandchildren, 3 Step grandchildren, but the step grand and greats are just as much mine as the natural.

**GNL** -Do any children of Georgians call you grandma?

**Georgia** - yes

**GNL** -Describe your life a little these days,

**Georgia** - busy, busy , busy. I own a small Wicca shop and I run it by myself, and I do some weekend vending.

**GNL** - Missed many Mt Meets? (I know you've been to at least one...I met you there!)



**Georgia** - maybe only 3 since I moved away from Bakersfield about 1978.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS!

### Dedication:

Gene (Drago / Zattera), and Maureen (Spirit Mother) to the Coven of the Children Between the Worlds and the Georgian Tradition.

~1<sup>st</sup> degree

~3<sup>rd</sup> degree

### New Grandparents

Gene, and Maureen. First child from shaun an his wife. This makes them grandparents for the

### Rights of Passage

### Handfasting/Wedding

### Graduates

It is with great pleasure to announce that Azrael Vaughn has completed her pre-schooling an graduates to Kindergarten. she is on to bigger an better things. Spawn of Gene and Maureen!

### Gatherings

**3<sup>rd</sup> annual Prairie Meet** - October 5, 6, & 7, at Boiling Springs State park

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

**33<sup>rd</sup> annual Mountain Meet** (1974 to now) - Aug 2<sup>nd</sup> - Aug 8<sup>th</sup> 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. **I Will see you there!!!!**

**ANNIVERSARY of RAVENFEATHERS!!** 12 Years of serving the pagan community.

Located at 106 S CRAWFORD AV.

NORMAN, OK

See our own lovely Georgia for details

LUGHNASADH

Lughnasadh means the funeral games of Lugh (pronounced Loo), referring to Lugh, the Irish sun god. However, the funeral is not his own, but the funeral games he hosts in honor of his foster-mother Tailte. For that reason, the traditional Tailtean craft fairs and Tailtean marriages (which last for a year and a day) are celebrated at this time.

This day originally coincided with the first reapings of the harvest. It was known as the time when the plants of spring wither and drop their fruits or seeds for our use as well as to ensure future crops.

As autumn begins, the Sun God enters his old age, but is not yet dead. The God symbolically loses some of his strength as the Sun rises farther in the South each day and the nights grow longer.

The Christian religion adopted this theme and called it 'Lammas ', meaning 'loaf-mass ', a time when newly baked loaves of bread are placed on the altar. An alternative date around August 5 (Old Lammas), when the sun reaches 15 degrees Leo, is sometimes employed by Covens.

### Traditional Foods:

Apples, Grains, Breads and Berries.

### Herbs and Flowers:

All Grains, Grapes, Heather, Blackberries, Sloe, Crab Apples, Pears.

### Incense:

Aloes, Rose, Sandalwood.

### Sacred Gemstone:

Carnelian.

### Special Activities:

As summer passes, many Pagans celebrate this time to remember its warmth and bounty in a celebrated feast shared with family or Coven members. Save and plant the seeds from the fruits consumed during the feast or

ritual. If they sprout, grow the plant or tree with love and as a symbol of your connection with the Lord and Lady. Walk through the fields and orchards or spend time along springs, creeks, rivers, ponds and lakes reflecting on the bounty and love of the Lord and Lady.

Blessed Be!

## Recipe

### BEL'S

### Mt MEET BREAKFAST BURRITO'S

I started making these at Mt Meet many years ago, and a certain saber tooth mountain poodle will give her approval!

- 1 dozen eggs
- 1 lbs ground Jimmy Dean sausage
- 1 package O'Brien potatoes
- 1 lbs sharp cheddar cheese grated
- 16 oz Pace medium picante sauce
- 12 – 18 taco size flour tortillas

Scramble eggs, set aside. Crumble and brown sausage, set aside. Fry o'brien potatoes until light brown. Warm flour tortillas, I dry fry them on cast

iron. Now assemble burritos layer eggs, sausage, potatoes, cheese and salsa. Roll tightly and set aside. Repeat until all filling is used. They can be individually wrapped in foil and frozen. They can be reheated in microwave. They are best prepared fresh and eaten same day.

## MOUNT OLYMPUS HIGH

### PART IV

#### THE LAST PART TO THIS THRILLING TALE

By Silo Moat

The ground shook and a great thunder clapped against the sky. A roaring chariot led by two goats came to a halt in front of God and Aphrodite. Both standing confused, a very large man with a red beard stepped from the chariot. He had on a massive girdle and iron gloves and in his right hand, a short-handled hammer. "Venus!" he bellowed. The blonde haired woman in the river quickly broke away from Abnoba. He struck his hammer on the ground so violently that one of the aged willow trees fell

over right in the direction of Venus running. She screamed. "Venus!" He screamed again, this time louder. She came running to him, naked, the whole time looking back to see if Abnoba was okay. She could see that she was still in the river bathing and this eased her tension. She stood before Thor, dripping wet. He immediately picked her up over his shoulder and got into his chariot and summoned for his goats to go. The goats, as if being scolded, took off in a flash, like the sound of a tornado whirling by, the ground rumbled beneath God and Aphrodite's feet and they were gone.

"So that was Venus. She was pretty." Aphrodite said. "Not as pretty as you." She took his hand and they kept walking. "Oh isn't this cute. A little wench, with a new boy." It was Kali, her ten arms moving about ferociously. "Can't you find something better to amuse yourself with today Kali then looking at naked women in a river?" Exclaimed Aphrodite.

"And can't you amuse yourself with something besides this twig of a man Aphrodite?" Kali shot back. "I think your father might be a tad upset to see you with such a thing, don't you think?" "I think you should be on your way Kali." A woman stepped out from behind a bush. She was snakelike and fully armed.

"Athena!" Aphrodite ran over to her sister and hugged her. "Does father know you are here?" "I don't think so. But I won't be here long. I am still a bit pissed off at Ares. I hear he is being a bit of an asshole?"

"Yes, Athena. Just today he threw a snake at God and his arm was bitten as a result." "That rat bastard. I will have Hermes send a message to father from the battleground with the Gorgon monster. I will make sure father knows of his ways." "Very well sister, I am about to take God down to the banks to watch the Ant contest. I will see you soon." Aphrodite embraced her sister one last time and then turned to God.

"The Ant contest lies ahead." It was the strangest thing God had ever seen. A few very old men were sitting at their proper banks watching cities of ants. Passerby's were allowed to view but could not give them any suggestions. The first man had slanted eyes and a fat, round belly. "My name is Buddha. My ants contain themselves very well and follow my word with heart." Looking down into the great city, there were armies of ants lined up ready for battle. Women and children were sectioned off in a different part of the city. The second man wore an orange turban on his head and was tall, slender and wore silk pants with a dress over the top. "My name is Allah, and my ants believe in nothing more but me. Witness them now if you will, taking up their swords to fight for my existence." Viewing his city were ants wielding swords fighting amongst themselves. The women were veiled and the children were kept locked

away. The third man had several arms and wore lots of makeup and was covered with jewelry and fine silk clothes. He said, "My name is Krsna, and I have a great city of ants. Mostly men with shaved heads wearing robes were in Krsna's city, among a few women and children who were to be seen and never heard. The fourth man was aged with a beard that went almost to his knees, the purest white. Sad sunken eyes, wrinkles and indented lines upon his face, he said, "I am

YHWH, and I have a city of pure intellectuals, truly honest believers." The ants in this city were preachers of the faith.

God had noticed the last person sitting there. He was younger than the rest and noticed God as him and Aphrodite walked by. "So it is you. You just could not resist that curiosity of yours. You were wondering what I was doing after Zeus, shot me in the ass with the bolt. And of course your little wench told you I was here."

"Yes, Satan, I have come to see what this is all about and not just to see you."

"Well, my good friend, I will show you. You see here my city of ants? They believe in themselves. There is no one higher than them. They don't fight amongst themselves because to each of them they are equal. My numbers are growing everyday. Men, women, and children are treated the same. YHWH has grown sad, Allah has grown frustrated, Buddha has grown weak and Krsna is disappointed. I, on the other hand, could not be more happier. They choose to live for themselves, not me."

"And so you think this is the wise thing to do?" God asked.

"Why wouldn't it be? They can live freely among themselves. They are not under any authority." Satan was getting agitated that God was voicing his opinion on his city.

"I think you should let all the cities loose and let them run rampant across the lands. See what shall happen." God was looking to each of the men proposing his idea to them. Buddha let out a sigh of relief. "I do not think it will hurt to see how our people will react to each other.

Come everyone, open the gates to your cities." With hesitant gestures Allah, YHWH and Krsna did as Buddha said and opened the gates. Satan sat there baffled that they had done such a thing. "Are you mad? Do you know what will happen?"

"Surely Satan, you will let your ants out to mingle with ours will you not?"

"I most certainly will not. My people have freedom. If they are

let out their freedom will be taken from them."

"How so Satan?" asked Allah.

"Watch and see." Satan replied.

Before he knew it the ants of all the cities were fighting each other. As they kept fighting, they grew bigger and bigger until they were as big as Allah, YHWH, Buddha

and Krsna. Satan stepped back alongside God and Aphrodite and watched as the human sized ants shed the blood of their creators upon the lands of Olympus. Once their creator's were defeated, they disappeared in thin air.

"God, do you now see what I mean? I keep them happy and I stay alive."

Satan slicked back his black hair on his red head. "You know God, you are pretty sly. I never thought you were

that good to persuade them to open the gates and let them all out."

"Well, I plan on taking up this ant contest in the coming years, and I think you will be quite an opponent Satan."

With that, God took Aphrodite's hand and took up her offer to study that night.

THE END

## Recipe

### Sunday Pudding

In the 19th century The Sunday before Lughnasadh once was known as Bilberry Sunday in many parts of Ireland. This traditional recipe combines the Bread, which is traditional at Lughnasadh with the berries traditionally picked then.

6 cups of some kind of berry. Traditionally it would have been bilberries, blackberries, blueberries, cranberries, raspberries, red or black currants

1 cup sugar

loaf of good white bread that is a day or two old.

#### Directions

1. Wash the berries and place them in a bowl. Cover them with the sugar and leave them in the refrigerator overnight
2. The next day, pour the berries and sugar into a medium saucepan and bring to a boil. Simmer for 3 minutes or so. It should produce quite a bit of juice. Set aside to cool a bit.
3. Cut the bread into 1/4 inch slices and remove the crust. Line the bottom and sides of a 2-quart bowl with the crustless bread making sure there are no gaps.
4. Pour in half of the fruit and juice
5. Cover the entire top with crustless bread, cut to fit.
6. Pour in the rest of the fruit and juice
7. Cover the top with crustless bread.

8. Place a plate on top of the pudding and weight it down with a couple cans of food.
9. Place it in the refrigerator for at least one night, preferably two.
10. Run a thin, flexible knife around the pudding, Place a plate over the top of the bowl and flip it over onto the plate. Remove the bowl.
  
11. Serve with lots of fresh cream (preferably not whipped cream, but if you must use it, do).
12. This is a very rich dessert with intense flavor and should serve about 8 people.

by Anna Franklin (in Lammas)

## Beth

**Elizabeth Suzanne Zavis**  
(March 20, 1959 - July 29, 2007)



Tribble... The Dreaded Saber-Toothed Mountain Poodle...

Elizabeth Suzanne Zavis, 48, Peculiar, MO, died Sunday, July 29, 2007 at her home. A memorial service will be held at 11:00 A.M. Saturday, August 4, 2007 at the Coleman Baptist Church, Peculiar. Contributions may be made to Wayside Waifs, Kansas City, MO.

Elizabeth was born March 20, 1959 in St. Louis, MO, the daughter of John Bernard and Katherine Virginia (Richards) Zavis. She worked as a tow truck operator. She was a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

Elizabeth was preceded in death by her parents and two brothers, John and Kevin Zavis. She is survived by her loving companion, Mary Lou Devling, Peculiar, MO; one daughter, Erin Michelle Zavis, St. Louis, MO; one sister, Katherine Denise Kueser and her husband, Joe, Lubbock, TX and one granddaughter, Stella Marie Zavis, St. Louis, MO. She was a beloved friend to many.

From the obit

### *Memories from the editor*

I met Beth 7 years ago at Mt Meet, one of the kindest and caring people ever put on the planet as far as I'm concerned. When I went to the middle east in the wake of 9-11 she was there for me, hell I think she was more worried about me than I was! During her 1<sup>st</sup> degree initiation at Mt Meet she asked me if she could use my carved alter chest as the alter for her initiation, I was honored and pleased that she asked so gladly said yes. Well, evidently the censer got a tad warmer than expected and it scorched my chest, Beth was mortified when she came to me with the news. I told her "Beth, no biggy, now I'll always have part you with me in ritual or where ever I take this chest", she smiled and gave I gave her a hug but I could tell she was still upset. She always had a smile on her face and laughed loud and easily, how can anyone NOT like a soul of that nature? I will deeply miss her and my love goes out to Raina, Erin and that grandbaby.

Loye