CRISTAL d'Arques

GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER

THE GEORGIAN CHURCH
1908 Verde Street
Bakersfield, Calif. 93304
(805) 323-3309

DECEMBER 1982

BAKERSFIELD - All goes well here. Thanksgiving turned out to be a most pleasant relaxing day. I cooked the turkey & stuffing, and Elizabeth fixed the rest like mashed potatoes and grave, cranberries and pumkin pie, etc. Since I had to work part of the day..had to do my farm news programs and figure out how to connect up a one-hour live talk show connecting our station with Monpelier, France...the turkey was cooked on very low heat while I was gone. Made it so tender that the meat fell off the bones. We had a very nice day and a nice dinner with some white wine (not from France). The dogs are still enjoying turkey...24 pounds lasts awhile.

So it's time again for the annual Georgian Awards..the Georgies. Time to review your newsletters for all of 1982 and send in your nominations for Best Article, Best Series, and person or group doing the most for Craft/Paganism in 1982. Voting for subscribers only. Just send a postcard with your name and your nominations. Those recieving the most will be announced next month, and then you vote for the winner in each category the following month. Now get busy reviewing.

If you have things to contribute to the newsletter, please try to keep articles to not more than 3 pages, or if a series, not more than 3 pages to each part of the series. It isn't that longer material doesn't deserve the space in one issue, it's just that we like to get as much variety as possible. It's also nice with a series if we can keep you in suspense waiting for the next part.

Newsletter subs are still $6. year (12 issues) in the U.S. or $12. foreign surface mail, or $12. foreign air mail. Sorry some of the foreign surface mail is running late. Some S.O.B. at the P.O. is returning some of them for more postage when they already have enough. A couple of them have come back 3 weeks after they were mailed. Anyone have a good spell to foul up the P.O. people?..Just the people.. ...the mail is already fouled up enough.

Thought from a recent re-run of "Leave It To Beaver".....the Pilgrims were white men who brought freedom to America by killing Indians.

Didja ever see a wolf? Didja know they really are much like dogs from which dogs decended? One scientist suggests we could learn more about human behavior by studying wolves than by studying apes since the relationships in wolf society is closer to the human. Wolves kill only wht they need for food..usually deer, elk, etc..and then only the old or sick which keeps the herd in better health and prevents a shortage of food for the herbivores. They only kill livestock where man has taken their territory. And they kill only wht they need.., not like the idiot human with a gun who kills the best of the breed from a long distance trying to prove to himself that he is a macho man...what ever the hell that is; maybe just another way of saying ..barbaric slob!! Only a sick mind kills for pleasure.

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HP: POWER BEHIND THE CRONE #16 Blacksun of Elvenhearth

About a year ago, I told you how Shadowhawk and I strike a bargain with any and all who wish for us to teach them about magic and/or the Craft. Basically it consists of an agreement on the part of both parties that we all give it our best efforts and try to accomplish as much as possible with what is available, each trying to give full measure in trade for the other's time and energy. When we take on a new student, we make a commitment to them and they to us. It is done under ritual conditions, in a circle, and the agreement is sealed by oath on the part of all parties.
Most of the time, making the bargain a mater of magical honor has the effect of helping the teacher and the student make the most of it. However, there are times when, for one reason or another, the student wants out of the bargain or we feel that the teacher-student relationship should be broken. It is never a happy thing to have to do such, and there is often an awkward absence of direct confrontation on the matter. The student will often begin missing appointments with ever more lame excuses, and/or the teacher will feel less and less positive results being derived from the lessons and thus feel that the time spent is less worth the effort.

These feelings can mount into a barrier between teacher and student until everybody would rather not have to deal with the matter. Often the agreement is conveniently "forgotten" and the bargain is not fulfilled by default. If this is allowed to die a death of forgetfulness, it can, and often does, have a dire effect on both the student and the teacher. It can break up friendships that would otherwise be worth continuing. It can spread a cloak of silence around problems that should be talked about and taken care of in order to keep them from growing and infecting other parts of our lives. In short, it can (and very likely WILL) cause ill will both on and off the circle.

This need not be. There is a very simple method of taking care of the problem which will insure that all parties can keep the greatest value from the past, while allowing for the greatest value to be derived from the future. All this, without a loss of honor, face, or benefits already gained from the relationship. And there will be no cancer of silence or awkwardness killing potential benefits before they are conceived. The method for doing this is this: ANY CONTACT, OATH, BARGAIN, OR VISION STARTED BY RITUAL SHOULD BE ENDED BY RITUAL.

The thoughts, decisions, care, and effort put into what should be stated in the original bargain should be repeated in the breaking of that bargain so that there are no "loose threads" hanging around the relationship which can be tripped over or snag future contacts. The student and the teacher must face up to the fact that it just isn't working and an investigation must be made of any possible debts which one party may feel concerning the other. A formal statement on the part of both the student and the teacher should clearly define the ending of (or modification of) any parts of the bargain which have not been fulfilled. Both parties should release the other from any future promises and be able to carry on without ill will toward the other.

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HP: THE POWER BEHIND THE CRONE continued

It is up to the teacher and the student to do this BEFORE there is such a great barrier between them that working on circle with one another can cause bad results. The only promise that should be kept, should be a promise which should have been made at the beginning bargain concerning silence on the part of the student about who they know to be of the Craft, and where the meetings are held. The teacher should recognize that the relationship between them and the student requires them to remain silent about the student. Unless the stuent has done such a greivous act which would be cause for banishment (if you carefully look at potential students BEFORE a bargain is struck, this should not happen), there is no need to go around telling anybody why the bargain is no longer in force. Other Circle leaders/ teachers may want to know about this person, and they have the right to know what the person was taught and your estimation of how well they learned it. But you do not have a right to gossip about personal problems or traits that have no direct bearing on their magical essence. This should also be stated during the ritual that breaks the bargain.

There should be no shame on anybody's part for breaking the bargain. Not every student can learn from every teacher. Not every teacher can relate what they know to every student. Incompatibilities exist which should not be confused with incompetence or stupidity. Once again, the key words are Love and Trust. If these two qualities can be brought to the Circle of learning, then little done there will be later seen as not worth it. Both students and teachers should realize that they engaged in asharing of mind. Nobody is all teacher; nobody is all student. Each must recognize that the other is part of the overall expression of Life, complete with blessings and restrictions.

The best students are ones that can teach the teacher; the best teachers are ones that can learn from their students. It is a special and beautiful magic that is produced when all goes well. It can also be good if the relationship is ended well.

I recently had an opportunity to explain to a student about spells. My next article will be on that subject.

Happy Yule and Blessed Be,

Blacksun of Elvenhearth

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WORDS OF WISDOM

WOMAN TO DOCTOR: Doctor, I've been having terrible stomach cramps.

DOCTOR: What kind of cycles do you have?

PATIENT: A Honda and a Kawasaki.

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LINDA in Columbus, Ohio sez: I wrote the enclosed poem after much thought and consternation regarding the tendency of many Witches and Pagans to consider each other enemies when the real enemy is ignorance and fear running so rampant in our swiftly changing culture. The Burning Times began in such an atmosphere of transition, the old communal ways giving way to private property, the Pagan ways falling to the superior weaponry and armies of the New Religion of the cities.

Whether or not the reign of the Conservative Right will lead to a second Burning Times, the fact remains that their legions possess such superior wealth, technology, media control, information management, and the audacity to use them to whatever ends they will (up to and including nuclear war) that their unified existence should be a formidable inspiration (to say the least) to Pagandom to unify itself as well.
While there is a time and place for theological comparison, discussion, and even argument, I doubt it expedient for any Witch, from the most Traditionalist to the most Eclectic, to perpetrate ill will from the Inside. If one can not agree with any others, then one is free to practice solitary; but let it be for the true enlightenment of all and not personal vengeance that one works, for the Craft must ever survive.

As to the "death wine" I refer to in my poem, there is a published Craft Law which reads "But if you betray ought, (under torture and persecution) there is no hope for you in this life or that to come." "Be sure, if steadfast you go to the pyre, drugs will reach you, you will feel naught. You but go to death and what lies beyond."
Hence, the legends which have come down to us from the Burning Times of Witches who faced the stake fearlessly and laughed in the flames may have some basis in fact. The legendary "death wine" is one of these concoctions smuggled to the steadfast Brethren to ease their passing by such a merciless means.

Linda Keller
POB 15204
Columbus, Ohio 43215

HOLY TERROR*HOLY TEARS

When your sword is raised against us
And you burn the candles black
And you're calling on your powers
To begin psychic attack
When the incense fills the circle
And your blade begins to fall,
Who will bring your death wine
When the Christians come to call?

When the Christians come to call, old friend,
When the wood is set alight,
Who will bring your death wine
On that fearsome, lonely night?

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HOLY TERROR*HOLY TEARS continued

You may curse in anger
At the people who have lied;
Or you may curse in vengeance
And feel oh so justified;
You might attack in challenge
Or maybe just for fun;
But who will bring your death wine
When the frenzied Christians come?

When the frenzied Christians come, old friend,
When the rack begins to grind,
Who will bring your death wine
When you've smitten all your kind?

You might strike a blow as politics
For the wrong that has been done;
You might lash out in righteousness
For your way's the only one;
You might fry your Pagan brother
In jealousy or hate;
But when it comes your turn to fry,
Will the death wine come too late?

Will the death wine come too late, old friend;
Will the torture take its toll;
Because your grudges and your envy
Were more important than the Whole?

And as for all the rest of us
Who fend off your psychic hell,
Spending precious time in self defense
To deflect your tainted spell
When we could engage in healing arts
Or setting right the press
Must now brew up the death wine
For your curse was a success--

Your curse was a success, old friend,
Your Priesthood stands alone
Amid the wreckage of the others
Broken hearts and broken homes;
Will the death wine ever reach you
When your screams ring near and far?
Was it worth the Christian victory
To be the only star?

Will your rivals, rank, and history,
Credentials, pride and balls
Mean a damn to Witchdom
When the Inquisition calls?

Linda Kellar
November 6, 1982

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STUFF & THINGS

ARDUIN in Bradenton, Fla. sez: thanks to the Lady, I'm getting scholarships & grants & loans. We went to Lady Cara's (Gardnerians) & Lady Aurora' Samhain ritual in Ft. Lauderdale and enjoyed ourselves very much. I went as Eris and painted my face a shiny red a la Mars.

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JIM in Winchester sez: everything starting to return to normal here after all the disruption the last couple of months. The baby is home from the hospital and is doing well. I want to thank all my Pagan friends who sent him healing energy to speed his recovery. They say my new grandson looks like me - I don't know if that is a compliment or not - he's bald, wrinkled and has no teeth.
BEING A WITCH IS...
..for me the most natural and complete way of life I will ever find in this life and all future ones, too.

Blessed Be
Jim

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CLASSIFIED: Wyoming artist wishes to correspond with single women, preferably between 25 & 35, with Pagan background, who might be willing to relocate. I'm 33, 5'11", 180 lbs., living alone.
Darryl Newton, 1556 9th St. #23, Rock Springs, Wyo. 82901
(307) 382-7079.

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Some sad news from Lady Phoenix in Texas. Unicorn Gardens newsletter discontinued..at least for the present. She is very busy, gets little help, and will be studying for a degree.
Lady Phoenix also reported that Loy Stone was scheduled for abdominal surgery. Let's hope that turned out well.

Three long, long distance calls the same night almost back to back. Shadowhawk in Washington, Gail in San Jose, and Lady Phoenix in Texas. Must have lasted 1½ to 2 hours. Shadowhawk busy with much writing and attending Pagan and Sci-fi fairs, etc. Some of Shadowhawks writing being published in various places.

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A WINTER'S NIGHT ..from Robyn's mother ..Australia

The chilling wind blows fitfully
Upon a winter's night
Driving the clouds before it
Then hiding out of sight.
The starlit sky has vanished
And darkness takes its place,
The moon submits to smoke trails
Across her pale white face.
The angry grey clouds billow
And burst like giant ballons,
While the trembling stars surrender
To be cloaked in a grey cocoon.

Jean Opperman

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DIDJA KNOW???

The flu usually takes its toll...but one year topped all others, killing more than 21-million people worldwide. That was in 1918. (Guinness Book of World Records)

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THE NIGHTMARE OF THE WORLD from Rik in Tucson

As we all know, The Lady, as the Goddess of Life, is She through whom all are born. But She is only one half of the greater whole. She needs the generative spark of the God to produce this life. Though She may not produce life without Him, He is as a seed who needs Mother Earth to nurture Him within Her womb.

In the time long past, the Goddess so loved living things and the process of birth that She could not bear to wait until the God had come to Her. So the Goddess, Our Lady, said to the God, our Lord, "I cannot bear this time of waiting between lives. Give me your power of generation that I may give birth in My own time."

The God, our Lord, so loved the Goddess that He allowed His desire for Her to overcome His wisdom. And so He gave unto Her His power to create that She may give birth without aid. And it came to pass that the Lady gave birth to the trees and the grasses, the fish and the birds, the animals and the reptiles and so on to all living things. So enthralled with this process was She that She couldn't see the problems which were inherent within this power. She could only feel the glory of birth and the pleasure of life.

The world became overpopulated and though few went hungry, for plants to feed the animals and animals to feed the carnivors, soon there was no room for any. The forests became choked with trees so that not even the rabbits could squeeze between the trunks. The herds of the plains were so numerous that none could move for the weight of the bodies about them. Thousands were crushed to death and still more were born.

Even the new forms of life which were to appear in their own time were born too many too soon, and the new warred with the old. Monsters were born of all shapes and sizes, and though they died by the hundreds, they were born by the thousands.

Of those living, problems arose. With so many in so small a space, the living killed for room to lay down. Murder became rampant, mothers killed their young for a few moments of privacy. Some hoarded food, others committed rape and cannibalism and other horrors.

Yet the Goddess was unaware of all this. She saw only the joys of bringing forth life. She was not evil, but "blind", for the Lady was the Moon whose time was the night, and at this time it is too dark to see clearly.
But the Lord was the Sun who saw all in the day. He looked down upon the nightmare that was the Earth and He walked to the Earth to see what could be done. As He walked, the animals so loved Him that they willingly crushed themselves that the God might walk unimpeded.

It came to pass that the God sought out the Goddess and opened Her eyes. He took Her about the Earth, and they walked among the trees

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THE NIGHTMARE OF THE WORLD continued

and the animals, and so the Lady saw the horror of what had happened. The Lady fell down and cried in misery. But the Lord raised Her up and kissed Her tears away and said to Her, "All life, being of You, is sacred, for You can give birth while I can only help. But let not that power (holy as it is) blind You to the truth. Uncontrolled birth, no matter how noble the reason, may lead to evil ends. The power of life is sacred and not to be abused."

And so the Lady gave back to Him the power of the seed that They together could create life. The Lord said to the world, "There are too many of you. The Great Mother will slow the births, and I will give most of you release into the Summerland. Though the methods I use (starvation, disease, and so on) may seem cruel, they are necessary for the good of all. And upon occasion I will walk among you to see that all is well. I shall be neither plant at the bottom of the food chain nor carnivore at the top, but I shall be between that I may see in both directions. And to show this, I shall wear the hooves and the antlers of the stag, and my breath shall be the leaves of the plants. My life shall be the pollen of the flowers and the semen of the animals to merge with the life-force of the Goddess. But you must all aid US for We have much to do and We are not omnipotent, though We have power beyond yours. Much of the responsibility for this world We give to you. Do not abuse it."

And the Lord and Lady took the antlers from a stag that had been crushed to death in the mass, and She affixed them to the Gog's head, then She said to all; "As the Lord will walk upon the earth, so will I become the land which I, in My folly, have wronged. My head shall I place in the heavens as the Moon that I may watch my body which will be the earth. My milk shall be the waters and my breasts the mountains, and My womb shall be that place from which all shall be born.

"Though the Lord shall give you release from life, as time goes on, shall I return you all to this world. Strive ever to make this a better place for you shall all be your own children and shall once again walk upon the earth."

And with these words, the Goddess assumed the Pentacle position, and Her body merged with the earth and Her head rose into the sky as the Moon (whose face looks down upon us by night and day to this time and for all time as well) to watch over us, Her children.

Rik

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DIDJA KNOW???

"Le Bateau", a painting by Henri Matisse, spent nearly seven weeks in 1961 hanging upside down before someone at the Museum of Modern Art realized the error. It had been viewed by more than 120,000 people.

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SEVEN'S FAIRY DUST part 2 by Shadowhawk

Later that evening, just as the pale moon rose in the sky, Mentor took him outside with the bundle of silk. There, under the night, Seven was made to lie down upon the cloth, and Mentor traced the pattern for his robe arond his body with wax dripped from a candle. With shears of bright steel he cut it out and handed Seven a needle of gold and a spool of silvery white thread.

And so, for each of the seven nights of Most Moon, Seven worked on his magic robe. He finally finished the hem just as the sun was rising on the last day. Then he hurried inside to show Mentor. Mentor poked and stretched the cloth like an old woman amidst the vegetables at the market. Seven figetted because he knew if just one of those stitches snapped, it would mean waiting a whole month before it could be done over. But it all held, and Mentor approved the job. Then the robe was folded and put away with sweet-smelling herbs until there was need of it.

During the waning moon, Seven was taught the spells of darkness. These were the ways of destruction that cleansed the way for new growth, and were very powerful workings.

"Just as there is birth, there must also be death," Mentor told him. "All things have their balance."

Seven was confused, and asked, "But you have told me to use the powers only for good, yet these spells all seem very bad. They destroy; they even can kill."

Mentor answered, "Yes, but sometimes it is needful. If you are hungry, do you not eat? For you to live, a plant or animal must die."

"But those are plants and animals. This is the Great Spell of Unmaking! I don't wish to know it; it frightens me."

"As a Wizard, you must be prepared for everything you can think of. And even then, there will be many things which will surprize you. You may never need to speak the words of unmaking. I hope you never do."

"Have you ever done it?"

"Yes, I have."

"Mentor, I'm still afraid."

"Good. Come sit close by me, boy. It is good that this scares you. It should. This tells me that you will never use the spell in anger or to seek power or revenge. Its use is ONLY in times of great need, and each case must be judged individually."

But from that time on, something changed in Seven. He had lost a small part of his boyness and gained a piece of manhood.

Mentor taught the boy the workings of the sun, how to plant the fields so that the crops would be plentiful and how to treat the sick and injured. He taught him also how to call the wind and still the waters. And Seven learned well.

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SEVEN'S FAIRY DUST continued

Three days before Midsummer, Mentor showed him how to make the mage-fire: a white flame that consumed naught. And he showed him also how to create the warder flames of blue and green, used to see the past and the future. Then, finally he showed him the purple flames used to drive away the spirits from a place and make it sacred. And Seven learned all of these quickly also.

"On Midsummer's Eve, we will go to the Fairie Meadow," Mentor told him. "There, you will learn another of the Greater Magicks and gain your own Fairie dust."

Seven was overjoyed at hearing this. At last he would be almost a full Wizard! and have his own say in what spells he could use. And he would have his very own Fairie dust to use when and where he pleased. He was so happy that Mentor wisely gave him the evening and next day off from his studies. Seven quickly finished his chores and then ran off to the forest where he loved to play. But he found himself remembering his lessons while he played. The red flowers he would pick and use as boats in the stream; he remembered that they could be used for colic. And the long green pods that dried into rattles in the autumn, they were sacred to the wind. Each thing he touched brought to mind a lesson that he had learned from Mentor.

He returned late and went straight to bed, only to wake early, fearing he had overslept. Seven lay in bed, watching the sliver of the sun slide up the wall to the Moon sigil. In the other bed, Mentor snored, occasionally mumbling in his dreams. Seven was so excited, he could barely keep from shaking. "Tonight!" he thought, "Tonight I will see the Fairies!" After what seemed like forever, the arrow of the sun pierced the sigil of the moon, and Seven bounded out of bed to wake the Master.

Mentor awoke grumbling and set him to the tasks of the house. These Seven finished quickly, full of excitement. When they sat down to breakfast, he found himself not hungry. "Eat," Mentor urged, "there will be nothing until tomorrow." But still Seven could not find his appetite.

They finished with the dishes just as the sun set and then Mentor lit a candle and unlocked the great chest. From it he took out Seven's robe, belt and sandles, and a bundle of bright red cloth Seven had not seen before. This he spread out so Seven could see. It was a large Circle cut of red silk and embroidered with the seals of the Gates between the worlds in bright gold and silver. There was also a red hooded robe and a woven belt of seven colors. "Hurry and bathe before moonrise, boy. I will see to the packing," Mentor instructed him.

So Seven went to heat the water and fill the tub, but the old Master stopped him, saying, "No, tonight it must be running water - pure as it comes from the earth--. Take a bathing sheet and return barefoot and naked. Now go."

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SEVEN'S FAIRIE DUST continued

Unwilling to question Mentor, Seven did as he was told. He walked into the forest and down the stream until he found a deep enough place. Then he steeled his courage and plunged in. Three times he dove to the bottom, each time saying the prayer of purification. Then he wrapped himself in the bathing sheet and ran shivering for home.
There Mentor had prepared two bundles of cloth and two walking sticks. He handed Seven a short plain white tunic made of the same silk as his robe, and had him tie on the new pair of sandles. Thus readied, they left the house and journied up into the mountains.
They went on past the smaller meadow where they had often gathered herbs, and through a narrow pass of rock. At its far edge, Mentor stopped and turned to the boy and said, "Speak not a word until we pass this point on our return." Then they walked across another meadow, dark and ghostly in the first light of moonrise. Seven had been there once before. He had climbed to the top of a large rock in the middle to see what was there. But the long shadows and the twisted trees that seemed to reach for him even though there was no wind to stir them had sent him running for home. He never went again, even by day, and it was not a place he wanted to go by night. He was so frightened of the wind and strange shapes, he almost trod on Mentor's heels in his efforts to stay close.

They walked around the great rock and entered the forest by a narrow path that Seven had not noticed when he had been there before. Many times Seven saw bright eyes that did not seem to belong to any creature he knew by the sides of the path. Mentor whispered he should not stray from it and continued on. By now, the moon was clearing the treetops, round and bright. It cast its light in strange patterns and Seven shivered although it was not cold.

The path widened out and Mentor motioned that they should stop. Ahead there was a clearing, and at its center a ring of toadstools. They stripped and changed into their long robes in silence. Then Mentor instructed him, "You must not speak, nor open your eyes, nor move no matter what. I will be close by but outside the ring."

Seven nodded that he understood, shut his eyes and let himself be guided. Mentor pushed him to sit, and when he had, he heard the rustling of Mentor's robes as he left the ring. He tried to calm himself, though he was frantic with anticipation. He tried to breathe slowly, counting to ten on each part of the breath. The ground was hard and cold, and it seemed that he had been sitting still for hours. His feet and legs were cramped, and just as he wondered if he could move them, he heard strange tiny voices.

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Next month, the conclusion of SEVEN'S FAIRIE DUST by Shadowhawk.

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DOG DAYS from U.P.I.

In Rubidoux, California, a young boy tearfully left a laundry basket on the doorstep of the town's veterinary clinic. In it was a small black dog and four newborn pups, wrapped in an old blanket. With all the spelling errors of a 10-year-old, there was a letter. "Sorry about the writing"..and it described the "mouther" as a "very loveling and smart" dog who "can eat any dog food" and "sit prity." The boy wrote that he could not keep the mother and her puppies because his Dad "can't stand a dog in the house." He asked the new owners to give the orphaned animals "aloy of loveing." He signed it, "Yours truly...sad littel boy that lost his best dog."
Robin Cassidy, who works at the clinic and found the basket, was afraid the dogs would be destroyed, so she found a home for them. The new owner said the dog does sit pretty and is a good mother. She named her "Treasure."

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A Moscow newspaper says a kitten, homeless and hungry and fighting the elements, took refuge in a guard dog's kennel. The story could have ended badly there. But the dog took pity on the kitty..gave it portions of his food...and even carried it around the kennel in his mouth. For three days the guard dog was so caught up in nursing the cat back to health that he refused to obey commands. The kennel did not return to normal until the dog was satisfied his charge was healthy and in good hands.

Soviet researchers report they were able to induce a very human-like neurosis in dogs by sending them confusing and arbitrary signals about where they could find food. The bell & buzzer onslaught was the dog equivalent of 20th century job stress. It produced symptoms including overweight, shortness of breath, confusion and loss of hair ...except in the canines that were given regular excercise. The Russian scientists say the test proves regular exercise is a fine way to handle the stress of modern life.

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A dog breeder in Wales is going to court to defend the reputation of her champion white Poodle. It seems the Poodle--which is pure white--gave birth to six black puppies after a visit to a stud farm. The dog's 78-year-old owner was so upset that she took the case to court ...asking 85-hundred dollars in damages.

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ROBYN in Australia soz: my animals are very spoilt by visitors. The flat dwellers, unable to own pets, borrow mine in a way. The vain creatures are always willing to oblige with great shows of affection. Last time I allowed my dogs into my bedroom for awhile I sneezed for days, so that's a no no now. They have an enormous wall to wall carpeted kennel but spend most nights in their carpeted back verandah. Now that us 5 girls have left home, Mama has a bedroom solely for her much-loved Corgi. He has a huge basket as well as a playpen for night. Don't we do some strange things for animals? I think their comfort comes before our own in most cases.
ED. NOTE: Not strange at all, Robyn. That's LOVE.

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AL, BONNIE & KERRIDWEN in Albuquerque sez:thank you for explaing about casting the Circle in the newsletter.
I want to tell Lady Allusha how wonderful we found her articles on the Kelts and the Symbols of the Wheel to be. She must have researched much, and invested much time, energy and love into those articles -keep the good work coming, Lady Allusha, and thank you! We look forward to more!
We had a great conversation with Haragano & Tiller on the telephone. They are really nice folk and seem to be into the British ways of the Craft, which makes it great for me, as I have much interest in the Old British and Keltic ways myself. I guess it's all this British blood (my father was British) running in my veins.
Haragano said a funny thing about my name, Albion - "how wonderful to be named after the Holy Land". I had never looked at it in that way, but I have always felt a certain "spiritual oneness" with that name - it seems to evoke the green, misty rolling hills in my mind -memory(?). I've always felt a real bond with the land of Albion.

Did you hear about Gwydion Pendderwen who recorded "Songs of the Old Religion" & "The Faerie Shaman"? Also Sybil Leek crossed over to the Summerland recently, I'm not sure of the date.

I wanted to tell the Georgian Folk about an excellent Science-Fantasy Trilogy I read...The Sacred Stones Trilogy: The Tall Stones, The Temple of the Sun, Shadow on the Stones by Moyra Caldecott. They are all excellent. They are male-god oriented but offer excellent training methods for psychic development, astral travel, etc.

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ELLEN in the L.A. area (I think..can't keep track of all these towns)..she sez: re: Pacific Circle and rattlesnakes. They were killed by one person..the first before any of us knew anything about it - and the second so quickly there was not much we could do. That won't happen again. Next year, we're taking real snake handling equipment. Anyway, we tried to turn it to positive energy..but those so quick to judge probably aren't willing to give us credit for that. It's more fun to jump on 55 people. There are people who, although they are striving for attunement with all creations of the Lord and Lady, are still frightened by things that can kill you..or your children. One of the reasons for Pacific Circle is to get us city folk into more natural settings and work on that attunement. By the way, Inanna, a beautiful 6 foot python was an honored guest at our big Autumn celebration, and I personally have had a snake sleep in my hands. Now can we all be forgiven?

Chris & I had a legal ceremony on Halloween..for our families, straight friends, Uncle Sam and the insurance company. It was fun because we managed to have a semi-pagan ceremony without the "straight people realizing it. Our "minister" was a Craft High Priest who manages to look very much like a "regular" minister. He even carried a Gideon bible as protective coloring. We wrote our own ceremony, which included lighting two candles (one for the God and one for the Goddess.) The only sour note was when the minister pronounced us " man and wife." I corrected him and he quickly changed it to "husband and wife."

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ELLEN continued

We had our 4 th Moontalks on Nov. 7. They are getting better. We decided last time that each month, someone should share something like a meditation technique. We started with "Mantras, Pagan style." Next month, Dec. 5, I am finally getting to give my lecture on "Quabala for Pagans." I'll have to dig out my notes.
Moontalks are being fruitful, too, We keep coming up with ideas for future multi-group events. For example, we've decided on an overnight Beltane celebration in the mountains...And, we're going to have a Pagan swap meet..date unknown. There are so many Pagan craftsmen who make ritual equipment, etc. And it's a chance to get rid of duplicates in the library, etc. Also, I have a chalice that was used in many rites, but has been replaced by a gift from one of my coven members. I'm not about to sell it in a garage sale...but someone might appreciate it. It was all those things that made us decide on the swap meet. We won't advertise in the papers or anything, but we'll be sure to let the GN readers know.

Mailed a letter to Joyce yesterday. Like many others, I'd wondered why we didn't see her lovely poetry. Although I ache for what she must have gone through, I rejoice in the growing involved, and the fact that she's out of that horrible way of life..if it can be called life. I have, as I told Joyce, been spared any such ordeal, but that could be because the Lord and Lady know I can't handle it....and they never give us anything we can't handle. By sharing her experience, and offering to share the problems of others in the same situation, Joyce has given all of us a great deal. I wish there was a special Georgie for growth, or something. I'd help pay for it. I'm sure Joyce is hearing from a lot of her friends...and maybe even some new ones.

The Goddess is watering her garden, which is wonderful..except that I have to ride the bus to work, so I get watered, too.

Mercy, I almost forgot. We are having a Yule celebration at the Queen of Angels exhibit on Dec. 11. I don't have the details yet, but if folks show up at the Space Building at Exposition Park around 7:30, they can join in the joyous celebration. Our Autumn Celebration was so beautiful. And the ladies from the Duquette Foundation just loved us, because they felt we were using the exhibit as it was meant to be used. Everyone who was there appreciated the beauty of the place, and the ambience the Duquette Foundation has created.I'm sure the Yule celebration will be just as successful and beautiful.

I'm still working on getting Runes back in publication. Right now I'm short on material and money, but I have some offers for advertising, and it looks like that's the only way to do it. My subscribers have been incredibly patient, and I'm doing my best to get back on the beam.
I have a couple of articles to share, but can't do them this morning.
Blessed Be.

Ellen Cannon Reed
14201 Van Nuys Blvd.
Arleta, Ca. 91331

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RELIGION IN THE NEWS

An article in THE CAULDRON sez a Witch paid 700 lbs. toward the restoration of a church in Portugal. The priest said if his money was good enough to accept, his name was good enough to go on a plaque in the church. Fanatic villagers tore down the plaque and smeared the church with cow dung.
THE CAULDRON, 4 issues per year, $5. cash U.S...no checks or stamps. Myrddin c/o Groesffordd Llwyndrain Llanfyrnach Dyfed SA 35 0AS U.K.

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FROM U.P.I. Exorcising demons can be a costly business. A prosecutor in Oklahoma City says a woman & her daughter paid $16,000. to a so-called "Spiritual Reader" to exorcise their demons by rubbing their bodies with a boiled potato. It may prove expensive for the exorcist as well. "Madam Martell" Shirley Adams has been charged with obtaining money by a confidence game. If convicted, she could be fined $5,000. and spend up tp 10 years in prison.

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In the first suit of its kind, 4 nuns in New Hampshire are suing the bishop who fired them from their teaching jobs. They say they were never told specifically why they were fired.

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"Dial-An*Atheist", Tidewater, Virginia chapter of American Atheists, installed the new telephone hot line recently.

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A Detroit church, already committed to healing body & soul, will now try its hand at auto repair. In addition to its regular religious program and a free medical clinic, the house of worship is adding a low-cost car repair shop.

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Three of the nation's major Lutheran bodies left behind a century of ethnic and regional differences recently...voting to form a new 5⅔ million-member Lutheran church. They are to complete the merger by January 1, 1988.

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Vatican radio, the official voice of the Roman Catholic church in Rome, says the growing phenomenon of test tube babies is "unacceptable" on both moral & social grounds.
(Well, certainly the old way is more fun.)

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A new report by the American Jewish Committee criticizes efforts to inject religious practices in public schools. It singled out the current effort to restore state-sponsored prayer in the public schools as "A major campaign to erode the wall of separation between church and state."

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The Church of England has rejected a plan that would have brought into closer unity with the Methodists, Disciples of Christ, Presbyterians and Congregationalists. Rejection was attributed to feard that it would have to recognize the legitimacy of women in the priesthood.

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TALL GREEN GODS by Rus...Witches' Annual

Trees shed their leaves and go to sleep in the late autumn. Now is the time to prune and get them ready for winter. If it was a dry summer, give your trees a thorough watering before the frosty weather arrives. Each tree should be watered with a sprinkler for a night --run that sprinkler the WHOLE night to give the tree enough water to last all winter. Of course, if you get 2 weeks of rain in the fall you don't have to go through all that watering. Another way to give your Green Gods a nightcap is to poke the ground around the roots to a depth of 1 or 2 feet, in a 10-foot circle. Then put the garden hose down each hole, and let the water run for at least ½ hour. The idea is to get the ground wet IN DEPTH. If only the surface is wet, the roots will eventually turn upward, and result in a weak, unsteady tree that can dry and die very easily. 5 to 8 watering holes should do for a good-sized tree; use whatever number you feel is magically best.
Shade trees normally don't need pruning, unless it be to remove a dead limb. Evergreens need very little pruning, unless you want to shape them--say, prevent a Yule tree from growing too wide in the wrong spots. On conifers you only need to pinch off the buds at the end of the branches to stop them from growing longer. Fruit trees, on the other hand, practically require pruning, in order to produce a good crop the next year. Ditto for grapevines.

There are several kinds of pruning tools to choose from. Shears are good for accurate lopping-off of small branches. Long-handled shears work better than pocket-sized ones, especially on thicker branches. For branches thicker than 1 inch, use a saw. A pruning saw has longer and sharper teeth than a carpenter's variety, permitting it to cut quickly and cleanly. A clean cut is very important, in order to heal quicker and prevent rot. There are at least 3 styles of saw on the market. There is one which has a handle like any wood saw, but the blade is slightly curved, and has a long, vicious-looking teeth. Another is a bow saw- the blade is mounted in a bow-like frame. The latter has less danger of buckling or breaking when it snags on a forward stroke. Both saws are good for working from the ground or from a pruning ladder. For longer reach there is a curved saw on a long handle, and the billhook, which is known to all medieval buffs as a foot-soldier's weapon (which is what it was used for when the enemy came--it can prune one limb, so it can prune them all!) When pruning, cut the branch to within ½ inch of the trunk or stem, and parallel to it. The idea is not to leave any excess which would spread decay possibly to the healthy area around it, but not so close as to injure the part you want to keep. After pruning, cover the cut spots with tree wound paint. You don't have to use wound paint on evergreens since their sap works as a self-heal.

When pruning, always wear thick gloves and plastic impact goggles. A hard hat is a good idea too, though any thick wool or felt cap is sufficient (and warmer). Never cut any branches directly overhead--falling branches have a knack for landing on sensitive eyeballs!!!
Some trees, birches and pines in particular, are extremely susceptible to termites. If a tree is thin, and showed very little growth or

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TALL GREEN GODS continued

foliage in the summer, check if the base is not eaten away by rot or termites. Give the tree a good push. If it is rotted, it will fall over. Do not bring it in for firewood until you've cut away all the unhealthy parts--you don't need termites in the house! By the way, on a white birch tree, the bark is very rot-resistant. In Pagan times, in Northern Europe, sheets of birch bark were used for writing upon. They were far cheaper than parchment or vellum, and lasted to this day. The usual way of writing was to scratch the white surface with a sharp iron point, exposing the darker underbark. Somebody might want to try drawing up a coven-charter on birch bark to give it a semblance of antiquity...

PRESERVE AND PROPAGATE WHENEVER YOU CAN:
If you pruned off some healthy young shoots, it is a good idea to sprout new trees from them. Some cuttings, such as the Pussy Willow, will grow roots if you keep them in a jar of water. Other kinds can be made to grow roots with Rooting Hormone. An ounce of hormone is enough to start a small orchard from one tree, and the cost is very low. You can get Rooting Hormone at your local garden-supply shop or nursery; use according to directions.

PROTECT FROM COLD:
Young trees--those whose bark is still soft and smooth--need to be wrapped up for the winter. Not only do they need to be protected from frost, but also from hungry rabbits and deer, who will eat young trees when other food gives out. Pull the branches together and tie a loose cord around them. Pack straw or leaves around the tree (straw is better, since it has less tendency to settle, but the leaves you raked up, and the grass cuttings that dried since summer lawn-mowing will do in a pinch). Wrap the tree in burlap and tie snugly, but not so tightly as to hurt the tree within. It's traditional to cap the tree with a bushel-basket. Many gardeners wrap their trees in plastic instead of burlap; I prefer burlap, which can be used over and over for years, and does not cut off the air supply--even when asleep, your trees need to breathe.

Next month: In the deep of winter.

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FROM U.P.I. A horticulture professor says a commercial floral preservative can help extend the life of cut flowers-- but so can a half-and-half mixture of water and non-diet, lemon-like soft drink. Jerry Robinson said in an interview that the sugar in the soft drink provides energy for the flowers and the acid acts as a preservative.

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A British magazine says scientists have successfully germinated seeds that were harvested in the year 1516. The magazine "Nature" says the East Indian lotus seeds were part of a cache found with an ancient deposit at Pulantien lakebed in southern Manchuria in 1923. They were placed in tap water for 15 minutes, then semi-submerged in absorbent cotton and left in darkened conditions. They showed signs of germination after 96 hours.

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THE SYMBOLS OF THE WHEEL: The Meaning of the Legend

by Lady Allusha

YULE- Also known as the Winter Solstice, Mithras (for the Persian Sun-God), Saturnalia (for the Roman god of sowing and husbandry), and the Great Day of the Cauldron (from a Druid legend). It is the celebration of the return, or rebirth, of the Sun-God, the Lord of Life. The celebrations are traditionally performed with the utmost solemnity, yet also with the highest rejoicing, for they resolve the paradox of Death and Rebirth. It represents the redemption of the world from Death and Darkness, as such, it is a celebration of hope and joy amidst the gloom of winter.

The word 'Yule' can be traced to the Celtic word 'hioul' which means 'wheel'. This festival is an important point in the turning of the Wheel of the Year, which is probably the reason for the name. Wreaths were made to symbolize this wheel, combining solar significance with tree-god significances in this representation of the cycle of death and rebirth.

In ancient times, the Celts venerated trees as earthly representatives of the Gods, and it was felt that nothing short of the sacrifice of a mighty god-tree would cause the receding Sun to take pity on them and return once more. The burning of the Yule log was thought, through sympathetic magick, to increase the brightness and strength of the Sun, and would, therefore, bring good luck. It is traditional to cut the log from oak or from a slow-burning fruit tree, and drag it home ceremoniously. Passersby would tip their hat or nod in salutation to the log. The fire was lit from a piece of the previous year's Yule log, which had been saved for this purpose. It was believed that this piece of old log was a charm against fire, because it would refuse to burn until time to light its successor, and was therefore usually kept in the house. A wish was often made while pouring wine over the burning log. It was believed to bring bad luck if the Yule log burnt out before Yuletide (usually 12 days) was over. The ashes from the fire were spread throughout the fields and orchards to bring luck for the next crop. The luck from the Yule log fire was increased by the tradition of burning a lamp all night.

The Wassail Bowl is another traditionally favored part of the Yule celebrations. A large bowl or pot was filled with wassail, a mixture of cider and spices which may or may not be alcoholic, and warmed over the Yule fire. The meaning of the word 'wassail' is 'be hale, be healthy', and was the reason for the many toasts and salutations from the bowl. It was also common for a procession to go to the nearby orchard and 'wassail' the trees, thus blessing them and encouraging them to bear a good yield in the coming season. They sang and declared toasts to the trees, poured libations of wassail over the roots, and left a cider-drenched cake in the fork of the oldest tree as an offering to the tree's spirit. Then they would wind their way back to the house or village for more wassail, feasting, and merriment around the Yule log fire.

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SYMBOLS OF THE WHEEL continued

The Celtic peoples were also fond of watching the 'mummers'. These were a group of players or actors who put on a skit or play which showed the story of the season, in this case often showing the sun ascending from the darkness of night. These little plays were a form of sympathetic magick, and are the basis of the 'Divine Play'.

NOTES ON THE STORY:
Cailleach, the Crone Goddess, taught the Wise Ones her secrets, thus giving them the foundations for their Craft (Witchcraft). These mysteries included the knowledge of the Veil of Reality, the Paths of Power, the mystery of the heavens, magickal skills, Riding the Wind, and the secrets of things dark and unseen.

Mistletoe is a regeneration symbol, often called 'All-Heal' because it was considered to be the 'Essence of Life'. To be kissed under a mistletoe twig was thought to bestow good luck in love for the couple. It is often gathered at this time.
The evergreens, which keep their leaves green through the bleakest winter months, are also symbols of renewal. These trees were decorated to show honour to the sacred tree-spirit, and to give to it gifts and offerings. The lights on our modern trees were the candles of olden days, and they do honour to the newly born Sun-God. Our garlands were seen as representatives of the snakes of wisdom, in respect to Cailleach. And our little round ornaments were the fruit offerings in those ancient times.

The tale of the Killing of the Wren tells how the red-breasted robin (the bird of the waxing sun) kills mercilessly the wren (the bird of the waning sun).
The tale of the Battle Between the Holly King (God of the Waning year) and the Oak King (God of the Waxing Year) is also a symbolic representation of the winter solstice.

YULE (Dec. 21) - The Sacred Seed of Life, having been nurtured by the foster-mother, Tailltiu, sprang forth from her breast, and was born. As the Wyrrd had foretold, here was the Child of Promise, son of the Gods and of the Earth. This baby was the Sun-God, born in the Rule of Darkness by the magick of Gods and Men. He was destined to grow in strength, knowledge, and character. It was his task to bring back life and warmth to the land, and wrest the Power from the Lord of Darkness.

To appease Cernunnos, for he is at the peak of his strength, the people made sacrifices of roasted boar, or boar-shaped cakes. To distract Cailleach, the Wise Ones, or Witches as they were called, invoked Cailleach to teach them of her mysteries.
To aid the new-born Sun-God, the Celts felled a giant oak tree, and burned the log as a sacrifice, that the Sun would gain strength from the fire and grow.

Despite the Powers of Cernunnos and Cailleach, signs of new life were appearing all over the land. The Sacred Seeds which had fallen onto

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THE LEGEND OF THE WHEEL continued

the barren branches of winter-dead trees had come to life, thus became the Sacred Mistletoe, which could be seen hanging in the trees throughout the forest. Upon the land, the Sacred Seeds had grown into tall, sweet-smelling evergreen trees, and so it was decreed that the mistletoe and the evergreen be part of the celebrations.

In honour of this magickal birth, the people decorated the evergreen with candles and symbols of life, made wreaths, exchanged gifts, sang chants, drank from the Wassail Bowl, and made merry. The Druids were fond of telling the story of how Hu Gadarn, the first Druid, had fled the Atlantean Flood with his family on this day in the Ark, the Great Cauldron, in which they brought the 'Essence of Life' and the knowledge of magick unto the world. They also tell the tales of the Killing of the Wren and the Battle Between the Holly King and the Oak King. Throughout the land the people rejoiced, and there was light in the midst of darkness.

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Next month Lady Allusha continues The Legend of the Wheel with Imbolc.

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*** I'VE GOT A SECRET ***

Occult secrecy, long a standard policy in any coven or magical group, is coming under fire lately. Times have changed a lot and maybe it is time to consider whether occult secrecy still has a place in the twentieth century.
For one thing, the invention of the printing press has made sure that there is almost no occult doctrine or practice that someone hasn't published (usually sensationalized) in some form. Some argue that it is foolish to keep a secret of things that a curious person could discover at the local library. And indeed, a lot of the Craft community gets its knowledge and practice from that source, if the truth were known and acknowleged.

Another argument against occult secrecy is that there is no great oppression of the magical community at the moment. It has been a long time since anyone has been killed (in this country) for being a Witch, and so one purpose of occult secrecy, the physical safety of practitioners, is no longer a valid concern.
A third argument against occult secrecy is that it violates the sense of proportion of some people. It seems too melodramatic and too full of 'Hocus-Pocus' for an intelligent person to take seriously.

Although those are cogent points and need to be made, I personally believe that occult secrecy still has a place in the life of a modern Witch. I think it should be stressed that I don't think it is an absolute principal. Perhaps there are those that can really function better without it. In such a case, I suggest that each person evaluate both sides and reach a personal decision. Of course, information that is given with the prior understanding and agreement that it will remain secret should be so treated, regardless of the personal feelings of the person involved. A promise is a promise and a broken one is hard to justify to those who make it their business to oversee such things.

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I'VE GOT A SECRET continued

The first reason I think occult secrecy is still relevant is the need for protection in some cases. While no one has been killed for being a Witch lately, there are those who have lost jobs, had their children taken away, and suffered other kinds of oppression because of their beliefs. Also many Witches simply prefer to keep their religion private, and that is their right and others should honor that and not compromise them.
A second reason for the maintenance of occult secrecy is that it preserves a link with the old traditions. While it is necessary to update tradition from time to time, it is not wise to destroy our links with the past too hastily. Much power can be tapped from the connection we have with our spiritual ancestors, but there must be a link with them if we are to be able to make contact with it.

The third reason, and I believe the most important, has to do with shift from our normal 9-to-5 selves to a special self that is higher and vaster. To mark this event, we often take another name. John Jones is a nice guy but when he becomes Grey Raven, 'nice guy' is far too weak a word for what he is. But in the beginning, the magical personality is weak and fragile. It needs room to grow and develop. The practice of occult secrecy is one of the primary ways we give it that room. It is a way that we remind ourselves that what we are doing is special and of great importance.
A fourth reason is really an extension of the third. Covens have magical personalities just as the people within them do. And the energy of each coven is different. And this is what occult secrecy protects for the group. The individual practices are not that secret. I have yet to see anything done that I haven't already read about somewhere. But what is protected is the unique way that the coven combines all these elements of knowlege and practice to give the coven its personality. And this needs protection just as the individual magical personality does.

A fifth reason for occult secrecy is a truly occult one. It is a plain fact of the economics of magical power that talking about something drains it of energy. Talking is a way of expending energy. But in a magical sense, we don't usually want to dribble our power away. The usual course is to hold it in, let it build up, and then release it with enough force to accomplish our purpose. This has to do with the magical power of speech. If the energy of speech is controlled, it is then possible to build it up to a point where a well-timed word becomes a divine command which all the universe hastens to obey.
Although I would never say that anyone who didn't agree with all this is wrong, I do believe that it is a matter that deserves some serious consideration. Let us remember the 4 tenets of magic: to know, to will, to dare, to keep silent.

Those who know don't tell.
Those who tell don't know.
- Lao Tzu -

by TIRESIAS
CIRCLE OF THE UNICORN

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STUFF & THINSG

Finally a letter from Lady Ayeisha of KAM. Only problem with her writing is that she doesn't do it often enough. She sez: I have only partially read the October issue of the Georgian, but it looks great. The Irreverent Dictionary was a smash hit with my extended group. We laughed as much at ourselves as others it could represent. You know, or should be told, that your newsletter is putting out some top quality issues. Yes!
I attended a healing conference in Washington, D.C. for several days at the Shoreham Hotel. It was an incredibly spiritual experience - so many different types of people with diverse lifestyles all trying so hard to teach/reach each other.

And I met this wonderful old man. He was dressed in white rags and surrounded by young people. I met him first in the elevator. He told me how much he hoped he would grow through attending the conference. He moved me so deeply - I hugged him and babbled on about all the potential I could see in him - all the growth I felt he already had achieved. Then I patted him onthe head and said -"Don't worry, old man, we are all moving toward self-empowerment." This pleased him andhe grabbed me with surprising strength and danced me around and around - chortling and chanting.
He turned out to be a Sufi Master - Pir Vilayat Khan. He organized the whole conference. I went to one of his lectures. He spoke at length of the need for his tradition to acknowledge the Goddess - It seems he has changed the prayer books to read "parenthood" instead of "Godhood".
He also spoke to the healers about personality/responsibility - and their need to stop saying - "God heals through me - I'm only His instrument" - which can be another way of saying "I am specially chosen by Diety and don't need to practice/learn/develop."

This old man was 65 years or more likely 72. He's been steeped in his Trad. since the age of 10, but has enough personal integrity to stand up and say - "There is something wrong with my Trad, let's make it better".
Wow. I could use 10 or 20 just like him in my Circles/world. It was a Blessing to have met him. I hope I have his honesty when I'm his age (or tomorrow for that matter).

I'd like to have an article ready to submit to your newsletter by January. I'm so full of hope for the future of the Craft these days. Each time we try to help each other grow our possibilities Nova. We can DO everything as well as it was/should be.
Living out in the woods with these Druids is improving my disposition. All happiness to you.

Love and Blessed Be,
Ayeisha
KAM

ED. NOTE: Lady Ayeisha, if we don't get that article..you go to the doghouse.

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FOR THE BIRDS from U.P.I.

The Fresno, Cal. City Council now says it's all right to keep ducks as household pets...as long as they don't quack. At the request of a resident, the Council voted to amend a city ordinance which outlawed barnyard fowl as pets. Under Fresno law, it now is legal to house the quackless birds..called Muscovey Ducks..inside the city.

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Gene Kaszubowski, who lives next door to Mariann & Robert Brayer in suburban Shaler outside Pittsburgh, raises pigeons as a hobby. The Brayers say the birds are a nuisance, flying over their home and dropping unpleasant packages on their property. The Brayers say they drop on cars, in the pool, all over the back yard. But Commission chairman Richard Schulz said the township can do nothing since state law allows Kaszubowski to have 50 pigeons..and state law supercedes the township.

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Pinocchio the pelican is one of 10 captured brown pelican in So. Calif. which has been cruelly maimed by someone who chopped off their upper beaks. Pinnocchio is getting used to the fiberglass beak that veterinarians attached. If Pinocchio reacts well to the new beak, the vets plan to attach new beaks to the others. The U-S Fish & Wildlife Service has offered a $5,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of whoever is mutilating the birds...and the National Audobon Society has established a reward fund for anyone wishing to donate to it. The birds will starve without the upper beak unless cared for.

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Biologists have set free the first healthy California Condor to be captured since 1967. They had hoped to mate the bird with the one captured in 1967..but both trurned out to be males. Naturalists say there are fewer than 20 California Condors remaining in the wild state. The bird is a prehistoric species with wing spans up to 9 feet.

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Ron Beaulieu's quest to bring the plight of the Bald Eagle to the attention of the American people has been grounded in Larchmont,N.Y. It will cost $1200 to repair the engine on his '67 pickup that hauls his trailer around the country. He and his wife live in the trailer with carvings of the bird...which he sells for money to contribute to the cause for helping the endangered national bird.

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There are 2 new residents at Her Majesty's Lake at St. James Park in London....a pair of pelicans captured from the wilds of Louisiana swamp. They replace the 2 predecessors who allegedly were caught nibbling on park pigeons several years ago. An eralier pelican from Louisiana came to an untimely end when he crash-landed breaking both legs.

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Robert Duck's entry, "Quacky Simone" waddled to victory over 7 other finalists, winning his owner-trainer $1500. Duck, who also won last year, says he just tickled "Quacky Simone's" ribs to get him started...said a prayer...and let him go. More than 400 ducks were involved in the event.

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GAIL in San Jose sez: I went to Gwydion's funeral yesterday. What does one say about events such as this? The service was held at the Chapel of the Chimes in Oakland at the request of his parents. The chapel was filled with friends and family. The eulogy was neither too long nor too short and, I thought, quite "nice", but then, I didn't know Gwydion very well. There were some present who felt it was not in keeping with Gwydion's beliefs and wishes but he left no written statement regarding his wishes. I believe that his parents did the best they could to honor him in a way that would support their grief and not go completely against his beliefs. Funerals are, after all, for the people left behind.

I was invited to share a Pagan ritual with some of Gwydion's friends after the chapel service at the home of one of his friends. There was a spiral of folk (there being too many people in too small a space for a circle) united in the loss of a friend, mentor and guide. We toasted him with whiskey and Irish Mist and the words of a few of his songs, and seemed to do a damned good job of supporting each other at this time of passage.

I understand that the people of Forever Forests had wanted to bury Gwydion there but could not get permission to do so. They were able to get permission to scatter his ashes there, so his body is to be cremated and his ashes are to be scattered today.
I also heard more details regarding the accident. The car he was driving went off the road into a culvert and rolled three times. The driver's door was broken and didn't stay shut. He was not wearing a seat belt and was thrown from the car in the path of its rolling. Death was instantaneous. Some believe that he may have fallen asleep. Time of death was estimated to be 1 A.M. on 11/9. He was found at 6 A.M. that morning. He was 36 years old.

The tree planting this year at Forever Forests will take place, as usual, the weekend of January 1st. Donations are being accepted in Gwydion's name. Something was said about planting an oak. Anyone interested in finding out more about the memorial may contact Forever Forests

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RUS (WITCHES' ANNUAL)sez: Ruthi in college, studying and getting top grades. I rebuilt the breezeway as a greenhouse to keep our 12 cats warm in winter. Next project: putting in a fireplace. I know it's a backslide from my tirade of a few years ago against Rhea in Georgia. Back then I railed against chopping down trees for fuel. Well, it seems I will have a warm home and the trees will stay up. I'm about halfway through pruning the trees, and that produces quite a pile of firewood. You see, we have over 200 trees on our property. And there are also the grapevines which grow out of control every summer.
Let's see, did I come up with any more goodies? Oh, yes:
How does a Gardnerian purify the plumbing?
Goes into the basement and scourges the plumbing.

Blessed Be.
Rus

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FROM YOUR EDITOR

A recent article in the newsletter may have been a bit confusing to some of you. This was an article on credentials. Don't jump to the conclusion that what applies in one area of the country applies in all. Laws, local and regional ones, may be quite different. Just because you recieve a church charter does NOT automatically make you tax exempt from the I.R.S. or state or local agencies. For example: just because you have a Georgian charter does not mean you are tax exempt where the I.R.S. is concerned. Money that goes through the church in Bakersfield is exempt. But that does not mean that money you collect and keep is automatically exempt. You should apply for I.R.S. exemption on your own if you wish to do it that way. I.R.S. exemption does not necessarily mean you are exempt from state, county or city taxes. In some places this may be true, but in others you may have to apply for each separately. If you get I.R.S. exemption, you will probably have little trouble getting the others, but check the laws.

In some places you may not need ministerial credentials to perform marriages, etc. , but in other places you do. In some places it may be necessary to register as a minister, in others not so. In Bakersfield, for example, it is not necessary to register to perform a marriage ceremony. You sign the license and it is filed with the Hall of Records. But if a question should ever arise regarding that marriage (maybe regarding a birth, inheritance, etc.) you had better be a minister or the marriage could be declared invalid and you could be in trouble.

So...don't jump to conclusions or take the word of a friend. Check with each department on your own. It is much easier to avoid getting into trouble than it is to get out of it. You don't want to find one day that the IRS or state claiming you owe thousands of dollars, or face a trial because you performed functions you were not legally qualified to perform. Check and double check.

There are ways of handling the tax situation with out applying for IRS exemption on your own. Check this with the organization issued your charter.

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STUFF & THINGS

A lot of people complaining that books on our recommended reading list are out of print and they can't find them. Anyone know of a good source for some of the better Craft books???

Have been having problems with the P.O. returning overseas newsletters for additional postage even when they have more than the required postage already on them. Am beginning to wonder if some born-again in the P.O. is trying to give us a bad time.

Your editor has the damned flu again...the one that lasts about a month...the one that alternates between feeling fairly normal and feeling like your dying every few hours. Who needs it????

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STUFF & THINGS

LADY ALLUSHA in Pismo-SLO area sez: our Samhain celebration went extremely well. It was more somber this year than most, due to the visitations of two recently deceased Loved Ones. Every year it seems our divinations get better, probably because everyone gets more used to fasting. After Circle, we had the traditional feast, then we went to the beach. By then it was 11 o8clock, and the beach rangers had closed it for the night. But we managed to convince them to let us in, although we did have to leave the car on the street. It was so beautiful, quite a rare night indeed. We were the only ones on the beach. The Moon was full and glowing, there was no wind (very unusual0 and it was actually quite warm. It was high tide, with small waves breaking gently on the shore, their caps glistening white in the Moon's light. We could actually 'see' the ocean's sprites and nymphs dancing on the waves.

Some things in the newsletter: Tell Rik in Tucson that he should definitely cover thought sending through the use of the aura.
I agree 100% with you, Pat, on requiring EVERYONE, even if they are experienced, to go through the lessons from the beginning. We do that here, and it proves to be beneficial, even if I do sometimes feel awkward teaching someone something they may already know.
It goes against my nature to get involved with inter-Pagan quibbling, but Rev. Taber's attitude irked me. I hope that the Goddess finds a way to enlighten him to the subtleties of Her ways, that he may have a broader understanding of Pagan ways.

There is an old saying "There is nothing to fear but Fear itself!" This contains more truth than most people are aware of. Fear is a very strong emotional force. It is the only emotion which can trigger in us a totally instinctual response, the Fight or Flight Syndrome. When fear is being experienced, its vibrational energies are reflected in the aura. People who 'live in fear' incorporate this negative energy into their everyday auras and personalities. This tends to attract more energy of like kind from around them. So they are actually creating most of their own problems. People, on the other hand, who exercise reasonable caution and face their problems, seldom have to give in to Fear and its damaging effects. By keeping their auras warm and bright, they attract like kind. And when bad situations do occur, their positive Force of Will shall see them through.

Well, I have much work to do, so I'll be off. Take care, good luck with your new High Priestess, and Blessed Be.

Love, Light, and Laughter,
Allusha

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BEING A WITCH DADDY IS.... from Al in Albuquerque

...looking into your daughter's eyes while you're changing her diapers, and seeing the Goddess!

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STUFF & THINGS

CATHERINE & KENT (Australia) sez: the "dingo" case has been completed, Lindy was found guilty of murdering the baby. Her 7th Day Adventist husband, Micheal, was found guilt of beingan accessory after the crime. She was entenced to life imprisonment with hard labour, but he was given a suspended sentence and bond. Lindy gave birth to her 4th baby, another girl! The law of the Northern Territory does not permit women convicted of murdering a child to keep the baby in prison even for a few months. The baby was taken away from her one hour after it was born, and will be brought up by her parents and husband. They have been very tough on her, no visitors and no flowers allowed to the hospital or prison. She was allowed to be taken, under heavy guard, to the local hospital for the birth, but will be returned to the prison. The latest news is that she will appeal her sentence If successful, she could be transferred to N.S.W., and if imprisoned here, would be able to see the baby. If she does not win the appeal, she will never see the infant until released, probably about 10 years or so, if good behavior exists. Are your laws like this? The whole country here seems divided on the question of guilt, and even those who do believe the verdict, seem to think the sentence and aftermath too hard. We were wondering what your thoughts are on all this.

ED. NOTE: Laws here vary from county to county and state to state.. and of course, it also depends on how much money you have. Anything is possible..often the improbable. As to the verdict and sentence: I never believed the dingo story but could only go by your letters and news articles. So there is really too much I don't know to form an accurate opinion.

C & K continue: So glad you felt the dog and cat flea remedy would be helpful. Since we sent it along, we have been advised by our Aromatherapy student in Ca. that Pennyroyal oil in U.S.A. requires a vet or doctor's prescription. I am not sure if the tincture is also in that category. However, if no oil available, substitute 2 eye droppers full of Pennyroyal Tincture, and delete the oil. I do know that Castle Rising can supply the Tincture, but don't know about the oil.

Some readers may have birds as friends, and often they moult, sometimes to extreme. We have found that a mixture of coconut oil about 50ml, with 4 drops lavendar oil added and gently mixed will promote a healthy feather growth. By the way, this is also excellent for humans with falling hair or hard to grow hair. Simply massage into scalp and leave overnight. Then shampoo with a lanolin based shampoo. Two or three times weekly usually does the trick. With birds, gently apply to denuded areas daily until feathers appear.

Lady Rhea is right on the ball with the honey remedy for hay fever and sinus trouble. We would also like to add that the honey, if taken with one tablespoon apple cider vinegar and a little warm water, will work faster. It also aids those sweet Witches who are going to overeat or drink this festive season. Wonderfull for hangovers, and if taken an hour before meals withthree kelp tabs, will help to lose

(continued next page)

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CATHERINE & KENT continued: weight easily. If you don't like the taste, do what we have done for many moons..."Hold your nose, close your eyes, and down it goes!!" Glory be, I'm starting to sound like Catherine, WITCH DOCTOR!

Did we tell you we are supplying our oil blends to CATHOLIC hospitals? True, truly it is. They know our religion, but the blends we prepare are, in some cases, very old formulae, and we appear to be the only ones in Oz with these recipes. One we make dates back to 1275, and was used for King John of France to alleviate his dying, and is used for the same reasons today in hospitals run by nuns for terminal cases.

Good 'ole Fred is at it again, this time he is calling for a TOTAL ban on all types of contraception! He is also trying to get a bill through parliament to dismiss from schools any teacher found or known to be homosexual, and to prevent them from being hired to teach children of any age.

Some of our Spiritualist friends (all psychic healers) have been accused by another faction of their church of being associated with strange rituals of Witchcraft! The strange rituals were our peace and healing world wide rites earlier this year. Whatever next? However, it is a serious situation for them, they could be expelled from their church. A sad state of affairs when differing faiths cannot get together to work for the good of all.
Well, must away. May you all have a wonderful Yule, and a bright and trouble free 1983.
Blessed Be.
Catherine & Kent, and all at Cotor.

P.S. Please Pat, could you let readers know that Catherine & Kent and Simon & Clair are the same? As you know, for safety's sake, we use only part of our names for public work.

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ED. NOTE: Interesting about the Catholic hospital buying your oils. We sometimes have to buy charcoal and such from the Catholic supply store.

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HOUSE OF HERMETIC has a new 3 page catalog of occult supplies. 5338 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Ca. 90027.

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SHADOWHAWK sez: I'm working on several projects at once, as usual. I'm writing outlines for kids stories, working on My Role Playing Game Design, doing lectures and demos on gaming, attending Science Fiction Conventions, making costumes, planning YULE FEAST, teaching students and running myself in circles...add Tarot readings.

ED. NOTE: Yes, on elemental housekeeping. Now let the readers have fun guessing what that's about.

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RICHARD'S RAMBLINGS MEDIA Calumet Pagan Temple

This time I'm going to talk about media coverage. Over the years, the Calumet Pagan Temple, Covens One, and the Midwest Pagan Council have been covered by a dozen newspapers, at least four television stations (including a total of about 20 minutes on the six o'clock news by Chicago's CBS, channel2), several radio stations, Time magazine (issue dated 8/6/79, on the Religion page; they covered the Pan Pagan Festival) and Goddess only knows how many other media types. We have yet to be bum-rapped, put down, cursed, or suffer any other ill effects as a result. What has this got to do with you? Well, you may find yourself at a festival sometime looking into a camera of some sort, or that nice young person you have been talking to over coffee turns out to be a reporter and asks to visit a ritual. What do you do?

First, remember they are human. If you try to hide, they wonder why. If you become hostile, they act in self defense. If you cooperate with them, they cooperate with you. CBS News doesn't want to get involved in a legal hassle with some seven member coven that gets the ACLU to take their case. Try to make it interesting and easy for them, and they will give you good press. We have never had a case where a name or picture of an individual was used without that person's permission.

Now, if you are going to be a spokesperson for your group, it is wise to know what you are talking about. As a general rule, this means let the person who instructs newcomers to the group instruct the media representatives just as they would any newcomer. They will ask questions, but if you know what you want to tell them, you can control an interview. If they want to know about Paganism or Witchcraft, treat them like any new querant (or new fish). Remember, most media reps are a lot closer to being Pagan than to being in the Moral Majority!

A good rule to go by is to never seek media attention, but never shun it. If you wish to remain anonymous because you work for the First State Bank of Wakefield and the boss is a born-again, explain this to the media, and they will go along with you. Once again, in 10 years of fairly widespread coverage, we have never had an identity revealed who wished to remain anonymous. When you put on something like the Pan Pagan Festival, there must be someone who doesn't mind being a spokesperson. For smaller events, you can expect only local coverage, and the locals have to live with you, just like you have to live with them. Help them with a story, they will respect your privacy.

In the end, fame is fleeting. I think I had damn near as much time on local television as Gerald Ford ever had. The local papers have shown my picture and done feature articles, and when I read at the Chicagoland psychic fairs, no one ever remarks that they saw me on television or in the paper. Maybe the problem with media coverage is that no one gives a damn.

BLESSED BE

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STUFF & THINGS

JOYCE in Pittsburgh sez: thank you very much for publishing my letter in the November Georgian. It never ceases to amaze me just how caring and considerate your readers are. I have got almost a dozen letters already in support of my decision to come to Gateway Rehab Center for my drug & alcohol dependency..and they keep on coming. I can't tell you how grateful I am for the support and love that these letters show - thank you all so very much! It feels great to know you care. As of Nov. 19 I will be home (after almost 6 weeks.) Please publish this letter and my home address. Thanks again.

Love and Blessed Be
Joyce

JOYCE BAKER, 18 Park St, , Pittsburgh, Pa. 15209.

ED. NOTE: Glad things are going so well for you, Joyce. And now that all is well again, we'll be hoping to see some more of your excellent poetry.

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RHEA in Atlanta sez: finally got the newsletter. Late again, but at least it got here. I am beginning to wonder if the local P.O. delays it by enjoying it!
Thanks to your response to Gail regarding the statements about disappointment in students. Couldn't have said it better -- or as well. Will add one thing - my disappointments don't come from those who do things differently than I do - we must all develop our own techniques. If someone else wants to do their rituals standing on their head and chanting in ancient Sanskrit, and it works for them, that is fine by me. Who knows, I might even try it! We all have to adopt, adapt, change, and (hopefully) grow. What causes the disappointment and heartbreak is the misrepresentation of the Craft by ego-trippers and those who use it for their own personal material gain.

So the land fund is still in existence, but not growing?8? Shame on us! Come on Georgian supporters--SUPPORT! Pat can't do it all! And sure all of us would be more than happy to enjoy the spot once Pat gets it--especially those in the immediate area. Feel sure all of us could send along at least a small token ever so often. Enclosed is my "small token" for this letter, and a promise to send along more as often as possible -- and even when it "isn't" possible--all of us would probably benefit by NOT buying some small item (that extra six-pack, or pack of smokes, or whatever) and sending the cost for the land. ..Think about it..

Love and Blessed Be,
Rhea

ED. NOTE: Thank you for the donation, Rhea. Even with all you wrote "not for the newsletter"..that was an unusually short letter for you. Hope you're well.
Have you been running barefoot in the mountains in the cold and catching pee-new-monia? Lots of people cathching the flu here. The crazy one that lasts about a month. With this one you change from feeling very good to very sick several times a day. I've got it again.

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DOG DAYS

The Bakersfield SPCA reports the recent annual rummage sale was so successful and the need so great that they'll continue to collect and have another rummage sale when they have enough.
Answering a report of barking, whining dogs and dogs being beaten, they found 17 Pit Bulls chained, caged, etc. with no food or water and laying in their own feces. They were impounded, but due to their training to fight they had to be caged separately. Next morning, 15 of the dogs were missing from the shelter..two had been placed in inside kennels. Also missing..40 pounds of dog food. Another phone call recieved said the animals and suspect had returned to the original place. A complaint has been filed with the District Attorney. The SPCA does not adopt out Pit Bulls. They are euthanized after 72 hours unless claimed. Anyone claiming ownership must provide proof.

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AWARD OF THE MONTH..but a sad one ..from U.P.I.

A 62-year-old man was killed while trying to rescue his dog from his burning mobile home near Porterville, California. Tulare County firefighters found the body of Garland Hill inside the burned out trailer after they extinguished the flames. Neighbors say Hill got out of the burning trailer safely after the fire broke out about 2:30 A-M..but went back in an attempt to rescue his pet. Investigators say Hill apparently was overcome by smoke, collapsed and died.

ED. NOTE: So often we read of the dog saving the people but the dog left to die in the fire. It is so sad that when someone did care enough to try to save his furry friend that it had to turn out so tragically.

*

ROBYN in Australia sez: My dogs are enjoying our sunny days, but they've been a bit cranky that I've been out lately delivering, and not here to pamper them. I'd like to take the dogs with me but can't quite figure how to balance two leads plus an armful of real estate cards. By the way, Ebenezer won't eat toast <u>without</u> Vegemite, not with it. I should check my letters before I post them.

*

JAN in Flint, Michigan sez: feed pets "brewers yeast" to keep fleas away.

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NEWS CLIPPINGS AND NO LETTER FROM JEANNE OF BLUE MOON. TO THE DOG HOUSE. A Labrador Retriever saved his mistress from drowning when he was only a 9-month-old puppy. Bo is America's dog hero of the year. Bo and Mrs. Roberts were trapped under the overturned dory. Bo got free but swam under again to drag Mrs. Roberts out... towing her by her hair. Mrs. Roberts then grabbed Bo's tail and was towed to shore. At the annual Ken-L Ration awards dinner in Boston, owners Rob & Laurie Roberts recieved a $1,000 US savings Bond... Bo recieved a gold medal, a gold-plated collar and leash and a year's supply of dog food. In the 29-year-old competition sponsored by Quaker Oats Co., hero dogs have been credited with saving the lives of 306 people and 305 animals.

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KARMA by E.A.J. Mac Candleass

As a student of Hindu & Buddist Philosophy as well as of the occult, I have found the misuse of the term 'Karma' by Western Occultists (Wiccans & Magicians) very disturbing.
For some reason Westerners seem to think that Karma means punishment for wrongdoing. Well, I am very sorry people, but you are quite wrong!

Karma directly translated from the Sanskrit means "action" that is all. As such, it has nothing to do with "The Law of Recoil" or the 'Law of Threefold Return.' It has nothing to do with our ideas of justice, or retribution, or reward & punishment.
What the theory of Karma does mean is, that, one action begets another action, and as such is the same as Newton's Theory of Relativity. That is of equal & opposite reactions, but placed on a Metaphysical level.

One example of Karma is this: say you are standing by the edge of a pond, and you take a large enough stone to produce a considerable disturbance, and throw it in. Now what happens? The stone falling in the pond produces a hole in the water which produces rings of waves. Now these waves wash back up on the shore, and in the process your feet get wet. This then is Karma. Nothing so mysterious, simply natural law.
However, there is more to the theory of Karma than this. So lets take it one step further. If you do a good action, it means that a good action will result from it, eventually coming round full circle back to you, like the rings in the pond example above. Note that I said "eventually" not immediately. Also if you perform a bad action, a bad action will be the result, eventually coming back to you.

Karma will not protect you from other peoples' bad actions, neither will it protect others from your bad actions. But it does mean that what you do to others will also be done to you.
For example: lets say I take a gun & aim it at your head & fire it. Now what will happen? Most likely the bullet will hit you, and you would fall down dead. Now to put Karma into the picture, Karma does not mean that the bullet will turn around in mid-flight & hit me! What it does mean, is that I too will be struck down by a bullet someday, either in this life or another life. That is a physical example.
Karma here then is the bullet being fired & the victim struck down, with myself being similarly struck down later in time.

Likewise with a curse, or with healing on an occult level. Karma would function in the same manner. Remember this is an Eastern concept, not a Western one. So it is not hard to see why we here in the West have a misconception as to what Karma is. There is of course very much more to Karma, but it would take volumes to cover all of its subtleties. This should however, give you an over all picture of Karma. I hope that I have made it clear for you.

Love & Blessed Be!

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STUFF & THINGS

GAIL in San Jose sez: as you may remember, I attended a lecture given by Rolling Thunder during the early part of September. He has a rather low opinion of what he was taught was the "white man's world" and attitudes. He'd apparently made a trip to Europe during the summer this year and found that the "white man" hadn't treated the Indians any worse than they were used to treating each other. So his perception is changing a bit.
He doesn't feel that "white men" pray enough or appropriately, but my guess is that he hasn't had much contact with the Pagan white men. Keeping this in mind, Rolling Thunder says that medicine isn't any good if you don't pray over it & tell it what you want it to do. My impression while listening to him was that one must prepare the herbs while in the same frame of mind as one prepares a ritual. The ritual of healing begins with the collection of ingredients and doesn't end until the situation has changed.

Anyhow, I've enclosed the copies of his remedies like I said I would - and it's before the end of November! I am assuming that he would not have given this information if he had not wanted it passed on, and it has not been copyrighted, or he would have said so.

THUNDER POTION -- to prevent and/or shorten colds and flu

2/3 cup boiled water
3 drops eucalyptus oil
7 drops anise oil
7 drops peppermint oil

Sniff brew until it has cooled, then drink slowly. DO NOT take more than twice a day. Child's dose:
below eight years old, one teaspoonful
eight to adult, one tablespoonful
NO MORE THAN TWICE A DAY.

Yerba Santa Tea will also help soothe colds. Make it strong and drink as much as needed.

ROLLING THUNDER'S INHALENT to reduce respiratory distress

eucalyptus oil
camphor spirits
peppermint oil

These to be used in a hot water vaporizer.

OR

one, 1 gallon bucket
1/3 part vinegar
1/3 part water
spirits of ammonia
one handful bay leaves
the oils listed above

Heat to real hot (just short of boiling), put bucket between feet while sitting, and cover head with a blanket so the steam is contained. He says this is good for colds and for depression.

(more next month)

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PUSSY CAT CORNER

FROM U.P.I. You've heard of cat burglars...but in Montara, Cal. police got some help from a feline burglary victim. The cat, an Abysinnian named "Two", had been taken in a burglary about a year ago...and children in the nearby community of La Honda spotted it near the home of Robert O'Connor. Authorities say O'Connor is believed to have masterminded scores of burglaries that netted up to three-million dollars worth of goods.

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ROBYN in Australia sez: I meet so many cats on my rounds. The fat healthy ones usually whinge for more food, saying they've not been fed, whereas the poor little skinny ones are scared at first to be touched, let alone ask for munchies. I always feel my heart stop when they run across the road. They are such little people and so easily hurt.
Ebenezer black cat was locked in my bathroom cupboard for a few hours. I thought he was asleep in my bedroom until my sister heard a faint mewing. Poor little chap had to be taken care of with much loving and, of course, munchies.

*

ELLEN (L.A.) sez: does anyone know why my male cat likes to go in the bathroom and meow? He's done it in two different apartments. I don't know if he's talking to the toilet or what?

*

A later letter fromROBYN..she sez: a terrible tragedy occurred here on Nov. 1. I celebrated the Samhain and Ebenezer and I picked some lovely flowers both for his birthday and for the Goddess. It was just a peaceful and happy time for all at our end of the worls so when a horrible accident happened I couldn't help but blame myself for carelessness. I ended the life of my very own beloved little black cat, Ebenezer. I'll never forgive myself but I hope the little guy knows that I truly would never do anything intentionally to hurt him. I've said many prayers for him and can only trust that he is now in the hands of the Goddess. I burst into tears everytime I tell someone. He's just not here anymore and no other puss can take his place. I'm just hoping with all my heart that he knows I'm so sorry for hitting him (I backed over the poor little guy) and I'm waiting for him to come back to me if he's able to after resting.

*

ED. NOTE: I know it's a sad feeling, Robyn, but if you believe he will, I'm sure he'll return. I know one of my dogs has been with me in the past..so it can happen.

*

So we're a little short of pussy cat stories this month. But the kittys may find this one interesting.
A night watchman in the town of Trowbridge, near Bath in sothwestern England reported seeing large packs of rats, describing it as a scene right out of the Pied Piper legend. Official rat catchers were assigned by the health department to check it out, but they found no evidence. One official says the watchman apparently mistook a pack of much smaller rodents...the tiny water moles...for an army of rats. Another wonders...did the watchman really have tea in his cup that night??

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STUFF & THINGS

November, my birthday. Julie brought some champagne, Dandelion, Bakersfield's litllest Witch, brought a ceautiful cake, recieved some nice cards, etc. Ver pleasant.

Elizabeth and I conducted Full Moon, Debbie as Maiden. A most pleasant evening. Elizabeth is a whiz at collating the newsletter... replaces about 4 people.

The Southern Concil of COG is sponsoring the "Our Lady Queen of Angels" exhibit (see page 14). Beautiful work be artist Tony Duquette, an invocation written by Ray Bradbury, and read by Charlton Heston. This is open to Crafters and other Pagans Saturday, December 11. A potluck follows the exhibition. Dress is optional. Plan to arrive between 7:45 and 8:15 P.M. Donation is $4. That's at the L.A. County Museum of Science & Industry.
From Harbor Freeway A1, either north or south, take exit 19B (Exposition Blvd.). The exhibition will be in the old Armory Bldy which faces the rose garden at the East end of the SW quasrant of the intersection of Exposition Blvd. & Figueroa St. Take State St.(just So. of Exposition) West off Figueroa.
The exhibition is in Bldg. on 1st St. to the right off of State. Parking So. of State, take 1st. left. General Hint: just No. of the Coliseum & sports arena.

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Typical of the stupid letters we recieve is this one from Calif.
...I understand that your organization, or religion, claims to have been the original method of worship. This is claimed by many groups that I've had contact with, what, if anything, can you show me that would prove this one way or the other.
Even if what I've been told is false, I would consider it an honor to recieve all the information that a group like yours might send to one that is interested.

Yours,
M.K
address

I expect an answer as soon as possible.

ED. NOTE: Not even a stamp enclosed! To file 13.

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BEING A WITCH IS.... from Lee in Oregon

Sampling the wine bought for the Sabbat, and having to add water to replace what you drank.....
...then later, having the H,P. drink said wine, look directly at you and say, "Blessed Be! Jesus must have changed the wine to water."

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THAT'S ALL, FOLKS.

BLESSED BE.

PAT AND ALL THE GEORGIANS

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