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In this issue...

Consultations with the Tarot by Tarostar. 2
Getting Ready for the Harvest from USDA 3
Untitled Story by Stan. 4
Picnics Hazardous to Your Health from AP. 7
From Llewellyn Publications 8
Star Gazer by Lady Fauna. 10
Report from the Half Astral by Blacksun 13
Meditation for New Moon of Cancer by Ceridwyn 15
From Ogaea. 16
From Catherine and Kent 21
From RCP. 23
From Asherah Darkstorm. 24
From Lady Mariah. 25
From Tarostar 27
From Isis Moonshadow. 28
From Scout. 30
Events. 31
Publications. 33
Books 34
Goods 35
Contacts. 35
Announcements 35
Pagan Studies Contest 35

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Consultations with the Tarot by Tarostar

Although many professional readers dispense with any ceremonial procedure in giving a Tarot card reading and just sit down and begin to shuffle, cut, and lay out the cards, and although adequate, it deprives the Tarot of its spiritual application as a holy book. By being casual about a reading, it can make it seem rather unimportant to the Querent when the reader glibly tosses the prognostication off the lips lightly.

There is a set ritual procedure to giving a Tarot reading which impresses the deep mind, not only of the Querent but also of the reader him/herself. It serves to disassociate the reading from the mundane world and suggests an "otherworldly" atmosphere, condusive to psychic impression.

Three of the Elements of the wise from the Ancient Wisdom should be directly employed to produce the "Earth Element" or the actual manifestation, if you will, as the prognostication or end result. Air, Fire, and Water are the ones to being. Motion, heat, and condensation produce solidification which is the desired result.

Near to the right hand on your reading table, keep a small candle, either white, blue, or yellow, burning. Set a pleasing floral incense to gently fill the air nearby the candle. At the left side, or near the left hand, keep a chalice of water to be a barrier to trap negative currents of energy which may cause static in the ether.

Before beginning a consultation of the Tarot, the deck should be passed thrice through the incense, thrice over the flame and thrice over the chalice to ritually cleanse away any of the previous associations from the readings gone before. Then lay them in the center of the table, between the symbolic elements and meditate for a few minutes on receiving a correct insight into the Querent's situation. The Querent should also join in this moment of silence to clear the mind and help open channels.

Then have the Querent shuffle and cut as is usual for the Reader. A minimum of three spreads should be conducted, possibly four, to gauge the Querent's situation and receive a prognostication for him/her. The first spread should be a general one, such as a Horoscope spread or the Celtic Cross which brings out the situation as it is now. The second should be a commprehensive spread to gauge past, present, and

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Consultations with the Tarot (cont.) by Tarostar

future for the Querent. The third could be a particularistic spread to answer an individual question for the Querent.

There are hundreds of spreads for the cards available in the many books on the subject, so the Reader can pick those which seem to "speak" to his/her inner self. The pattern arranged by the cards will say something to the Reader, so he/she will feel the spread would have a meaning when used. That way Readers keep to the spreads which seem to have meaning for themselves. The ability to cast the cards into the chosen layouts should be second nature to run smoothly without uncertainty.

The ritual sets up the mind to expect something special and the procedure from general to comprehensive to particular leads to a sound prognostication. There is the essence of a professional reading with the Tarot.

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Getting Ready for the Harvest from USDA

While waiting for those vegetable seeds to do their thing and present you with a bumper crop for eating and canning, there's no point in just sitting in the garden and talking to the seeds. As Confucius would have said if he'd thought about it, "A watched bean never sprouts." Instead, spend the time getting your canning equipment in order. For just about all vegetables except tomatoes, you will need a steam pressure canner. If you inherited yours from somebody's attic, you might do better by getting a new one. The old one may be okay if the instructions for its use are still available as well as replacement parts. To get your equipment ready:

* Draw a string or narrow strip of cloth through the petcock and safety valve openings of your steam pressure canner. Do this at the start and often during the canning season.

* Check the pressure gauge. Thoroughly clean a weighted gauge.

* Check a dial gauge--whether old or new--before the canning season and also during the season if you use the canner often. Ask your county home demonstration agent, dealer, or manufacturer about checking it.

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Getting Ready for the Harvest (cont.) from USDA

* If you're canning tomatoes or fruit--they're acid foods--you can use a water bath canner. If your steam pressure canner is deep enough, you can use it for a water bath. Put on the cover, but do not fasten it. Leave the petcock wide open so the steam escapes.

* Check glass jars and wash in hot, soapy water and rinse well. Discard any with cracks, chips, dents, or rust. Defects prevent airtight seals.

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Untitled Story by Stan

Usually it was Vesta, the High Priestess, people consulted about their troubles although very few knew her to be such. Vesta never gave advice, she only helped others to see the problem clearly and to work out their own solution. She had a knack of making the most complex problem seem simple and instilling confidence in the querent's ability to solve it.

This time it was the High Priest who was being asked to help, but not in his official capacity. Heavens to Elizabeth, no, Sam Engles had no idea of the religious beliefs of his friend. At this moment, Sam was too concerned with his own problem to care.

Sam was the leading real estate broker in town. He considered himself one of the very pillars of the church. Every Sunday morning, Sam would be found in his very own pew in the front row. Sam had bought that privilege for five hundred dollars, no big deal when you consider Sam had sold the church the land it was built on for three hundred thousand dollars. Sam had acquired the land for taxes.

Sam, usually a glib talker and as suave as Lord Chesterfield, was having difficulty expressing himself: "It's not that I believe in ghosts or anything like that... no siree bob," he averred. "No sir, but this house on Pine Street has mighty funny goin' ons, yes indeed, mighty funny. You know the one I mean, the one with the picket fence and the strange markings on it. Well, I want to sell the place. I can't get workmen to go near it. Not for double wages. They are people that have been working for me for years, too.

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Untitled (cont.) by Stan

"I've gone out there myself and I can't really say that I blame them. I get the spookiest feeling when I walk through that gate... down right terrified to tell you the truth. I'm a God-fearing man, you understand, and don't take no truck with haints and stuff like that. Still, something mighty peculiar about that place."

The High Priest did understand. He understood very well. The house had belonged to a good friend of his, an alchemist, an electronics wizard who derived a good retirement income from his patents in this field, and an amateur stage magician.

Sam continued his narration. "The neighbors say the place is haunted. They swear they have seen figures moving about at night, lights go on and off even though the electricity has been shut off for several years. And this the really puzzling part--for the past several years, on Halloween, there has been a fatal accident, right in front of the house. Some people won't even drive down the street any time of the year. So how can I sell it? I have asked our minister for help but he just poo poo'd the idea. But he won't go near the place either. I thought maybe you might be of help."

The HP asked him why he thought so but he just stammered and stuttered and said he had heard he might be able to help.

Revilo promised he would go there right after work but he wanted to go alone. Sam was only too willing to accede to this request and gave him the key.

The next day, Revilo did visit the house of his old friend. Except for the weeds, it looked just like it always had. He, too, felt the terror and the chilling forebodings as he walked up to the door and inserted the key Sam had given him. As he entered the house, the feelings vanished. Revilo realized what had caused them. Velly clevah, old friend, he thought. As he approached the circular staircase, he saw the figure of a woman floating above the stairs about halfway up. The railing of the stairs and the steps were plainly visible in back of her. He knew along side of the staircase would be a sheet of glass for this was nothing more than the old Blue Room effect used so effectively by Disney in his Haunted Mansion. Keeping his eyes on the ceiling, he found what he had been searching for, a trap door that pulled down giving access to the attic. It was here he wanted to go. Opening

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Untitled (cont.) by Stan

one of the dormer windows, he found what he had been looking for, a bank of solar cells. Here was the source of power for the high frequency R.F. that had been generated around the house that caused the feelings of awful dread. It was a technique well known to those who study UFOs. While it certainly had its effect on the nervous system, it was a mundane explanation.

Revilo had visited the old alchemist many times before and had never failed to be amused by the signs the alchemist would make on his computer. Little gems like: "A man without Christianity is like a fish without a bicycle." Or the one that read: "Remember the golden rule, he who has the gold makes the rules." Perhaps his favorite had been: "Once upon a time Christianity ruled the entire western world. This was known as the dark ages."

Revilo glanced over to the corner and saw something he hadn't noticed before. It was a safe. Taped to it was a letter with his name on it. He began to read:

"Revilo, old friend, I knew you would come. Open the safe. There are some goodies in it just for you. Do not say me nay, old, old friend. Here is the key to the combination. GEM A TRIA MAGIC.

Revilo knew that this was connected with stage magic for his friend would never spell the arcane art with a G. He would have used a J.

Revilo had dabbled a little in mentalism for the fun of it himself. He quickly perceived G = 6 and E = 3 because of the three bars... T would be a 2 for the same reason. R is the last letter in four, the only number whose name tells how many letters it has. And of course, I would be one. What else? 63-24-1. A moment later, the safe was opened. The ten plastic tubes, each containing ten gold double eagles, reposed safely now in his pocket. Closing the safe, he spun the dial.

The next day he told Sam there would be no more strange goings on. He did advise Sam to remove the mirror-fronted mailbox. At just the right time of the year, it would reflect light through the picket fence bars causing brain disturbances in anyone exceeding the speed limit set for the street. This explained the accidents. Revilo decided to say

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Untitled (cont.) by Stan

nothing about this although he did realize it was planned that way.

Velly clevah, my old friend, he thought again.

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Picnics Hazardous to Your Health from AP

In the good old summertime, Americans swarm outdoors to enjoy such warm weather favorites as picnics and barbecues--but the enjoyment can be hazardous to your health.

"Bacteria thrives anywhere from 60 degrees to 125 degrees Fahrenheit," warns Lucy Beck, home economist for the Medical Center at New York University.

According to Beck, it is important to keep cold foods cold and hot foods hot. Cold food should get no warmer than 40 degrees, and hot foods should be maintained in the 165-degree range, she says.

When putting hot liquids in a thermos, for example, Beck recommends rinsing the container with boiling water beforehand. And when emptying the thermos, give it another rinse with boiling water, making sure no residue of food remains, she urges.

Picknickers, she adds, should be aware that chopped foods spoil more quickly than whole foods.

"When packing cold foods for picnics, try to keep them in the refrigerator until the last possible minute, and store them with cold packs, ice cubes or any frozen containers," Beck said.

Always use clean utensils and cooking surfaces and never leave food out for more than two hours, she advises, adding: "If something has been at room temperature for three to four hours, it's best to discard it, especially in the case of partially cooked or raw foods."

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The greatest and noblest pleasure which men have in this world is to discover new truths, and the next is to shake off old prejudices. --Frederick the Great

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From Llewellyn Publications

Summer! It's time for fun, picnics, parties, lazy days, and summer romance.

The Moon influences human emotions. The Moon's phase and sign exert a small tug on our feelings. During the New Moon and throughout the first half of the lunar (waxing) month, we feel upbeat, and tend to get a lot done. At Full Moon, we go crazy, as the forward progress turns back on itself. During the second portion of the lunar month, or waning Moon, we wrap things up, reflect, sometimes in a fit of confusion, until it all sorts out with the next month's upswing.

If you are entertaining this summer, employ the Moon in your social schedule. For the most fun, schedule your parties for the first half of the lunar month. If you want a really crazy time and unexpected surprises, try a Full Moon bash. If just a calm, relaxing getaway seems in order, gather your guests during a waning Moon.

The best summer party days according to the Moon's phase and sign: June 28, 29; July 3, 4, 26, 30, 31; August 27, 28; and September 23, 24. Good summer days according to the Moon's sign: June 23, 24; July 21; August 17, 18, 22, 23; and September 13, 14, 18, 19.

If you are looking for a steamy summer romance, look to the Moon for inspiration. Romances begun under an increasing Moon are more likely to be optimistic, permanent, or at least satisfying. Those started on the waning Moon will more readily transform the participants.

The general tone of the relationship can be guessed from the zodiacal sign the Moon is in when the relationship begins. Good romantic signs for the Moon are Taurus, Cancer, Leo, Libra, and Pisces. Moon in Taurus produces the most steadfast relationships, but separation can be difficult. Avoid Gemini, Virgo, Scorpio, and Aquarius. Relationships begun when the Moon is in Capricorn will take greater effort to bring to a desirable conclusion, but may be very rewarding. Those begun when the Moon is in Aries may be impulsive and quick to burn out.

For the planet's blessings, make sure the Moon is favorable to Venus or Jupiter. June 2, 15, 20; July 9, 13, 14, 19, 27, 30; August 4, 6, 10, 13, 19, 24, 29; September 5, 7, 8, 11, 14, 22.

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From Llewellyn Publications (cont.)

Avoid aspects to Mars, Uranus or Pluto: June 1, 6, 13, 18, 21, 28; July 2, 11, 12, 15, 16, 18, 26, 29; August 3, 8, 9, 11, 14, 16, 22, 26, 31; September 2, 3, 6, 12, 15, 20, 28.

If your romance progresses beyond your wildest dreams, plan a marriage for happiness to occur on June 5, July 5, August 4, or September 3. On the other hand, if your summer fling is getting stale, ending relationships is facililtated by a decreasing Moon, particularly in the fourth quarter. This causes the least pain and attachment. Decreasing Moons occur June 11-25 (fourth quarter 18-25), July 10-24 (fourth quarter 17-24), August 10-23 (fourth quarter 16-23), and September 7-21 (fourth quarter 14-21).

Plan your parties and outdoor interludes for the weather. The Moon exerts pull on the atmosphere, increasing the chance of rain. Expect rain on your parade during June 16-19, 24, 26, 28; July 2, 4, 10-12, 17-18, 29-30; August 2, 5, 7, 10-11, 14, 16-17, 19-20, 23-25, 27, 29, 31; and September 1, 4, 6, 8, 10, 14-15, 17, 20, 27-30.

Llewellyn Publications, originally founded in Portland, Oregon, is the oldest New Age publisher in the Western Hemisphere, publishing and distributing New Age books and services since 1897. Write: Llewellyn Publications, POB 64383, St. Paul, MN 55164-0383.

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Rossini, the Italian composer, discovered that a number of wealthy admirers in France were planning to erect a statue in his honor. "How much will it cost?" inquired the composer.

"About ten million francs," was the answer.

"Ten million francs!" gasped Rossini. "Why, for five million francs I will stand on the pedestal myself."

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Sometimes people hear but don't listen. To prove this theory, an airline employee at Kennedy International went to a jet arrival gate and repeated over and over to disembarking passengers, "Welcome to Dubuque." None of the travelers took any note of the fact they might be getting off in the wrong city.

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Star Gazer by Lady Fauna

June 21 - July 22, '87

This period marks an acid test for emotional relationships. It is particularly important to be aware of communications--or miscommunications. Be sure you understand what is being said and that information concerning emotional relationships is verified prior to reacting to a given situation.

6/21 (Su). Solstice. New, creative phases are favored.

6/22 (Mo). Avoid decision-making.

6/23 (Tu). Adaptability to changing conditions may assist in the matter at hand.

6/24 (We). Selfishness and thoughtlessness contribute to disappointments in emotional relationships. If you are sacrificing your home life to pursue your ambitions, make sure it's worth the trade-off.

6/25 (Th). New Moon. Avoid decisions prior to lunchtime. Use talent and intellect in a situation requiring diplomacy. Plant crops requiring a good root system and transplant.

6/26 (Fr). Complications in emotional relationships are the source of much tension. Avoid financial schemes although business enterprises are favored. Use creativity, wit, and intellect.

6/27 (Sa). Extravagance is dangerous to your security. Money may be gained from an authority figure. Avoid decisions in the evening.

6/28 (Su). New phases in business bring some confusion. Make sure you know what is expected of you prior to signing the dotted line.

6/29 (Mo). Avoid all forms of gambling. Relaxation and reflection are favored.

6/30 (Tu). Be extremely cautious about who you associate with as disastrous relationships are possible. Financial help is available but again, make sure the gains are worth the trade-off. This person may seem generous and sweet now, but later...?

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

7/1 (We). Past experience is a powerful teacher. Energy and ambition is best applied to creative or musical endeavors. Avoid morning decisions.

7/2 (Th). Temper and rebellion! Watch your pocketbooks and wallets.

7/3 (Fr). Plant flowers and herbs. Ideas run toward the impractical. An excellent day for entertaining.

7/4 (Sa). Earthquake alert. Perceptive minds make for excellent conversation.

7/5 (Su). Many fluctuations in emotional relationships and finances are evident. Gains in business should be targeted towards steady, long-term improvement as get-rich-quick schemes may end up costing you money. Domestic duties are favored.

7/6 (Mo). Avoid decisions around lunch. Business, handiwork, and love life are favored.

7/7 (Tu). A knack for diplomacy allows you to put an excellent idea into practice.

7/8 (We). Earthquake possible. If a blunt answer to a question has you stymied, do more research on your own.

7/9 (Th). Business is highlighted today. Again, make sure your judgment is sound prior to making commitments in order to avoid future disappointments. Avoid midday decisions.

7/10 (Fr). Full Moon. Disappointments may occur in relationships, possibly due to confusion or gossip. Exercise great care in business and financial matters.

7/11 (Sa). Avoid decisions until after lunch. Self-indulgence and giving in to a sweet sales pitch can lead to domestic quarrels over spending. Concentrate on making money and enjoying domestic pleasures. Weeding favored. Watch out for accidents.

7/12 (Su). Sales-oriented businesses are favored. New phases begin.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

7/13 (Mo). Sailboat weather. Exercise diplomacy and play your hunches. Plant root crops.

7/14 (Tu). Mercury goes direct. Studies and handiwork are favored. Business ability is present as is material luck. Business success brings happiness in emotional relationships as long as one keeps their tongue in check.

7/15 (We). Be considerate of others when tempers flare. Weeding favored. Luck is present, although decisions should be postponed until the evening hours.

7/16 (Th). Earthquake likely. There is a tendency to talk too much, complain too much, and spend too much.

7/17 (Fr). Pluto goes direct. Make your decisions before dinner. Financial well-being becomes a reality although objectives can come dangerously close to obsessions.

7/18 (Sa). New phases begin, perhaps taking a more scientific tack. Plant below-ground crops.

7/20 (Mo). Adaptability is the key word today. Weeding.

7/21 (Tu). Comfort and good spirits help to overcome depression. Be careful not to overindulge--particularly your energy and your money.

7/22 (We). Diplomacy may ease a conflict with a brooding associate. Plant root crops.

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The newspaper reporter had just taken a picture of a man on his 98th birthday. He thanked the old gentleman, then added, "I hope I'll be around to take your picture again when you're 100!"

"Don't know why you shouldn't be," countered the oldster. "You look healthy enough to me."

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Quiet reigned when our next-door neighbors, a family of ten, went on vacation. A few days later we received a postcard asking, "How are you enjoying our vacation?" --Helen Livingston

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Report from the Half Astral by Blacksun

This I've just got to tell. File this under "A funny thing happened to me..."

Shadowhawk and I went to a Spring gathering here in the beautiful Pacific Northwest. It was held in a state park "E.L.C.", which is a kind of summer camp-like setting. This used to be an army installation back in WWII which has since been adapted to group camp use.

Anyway, this was to be four days and three nights of serious Pagan silliness, complete with workshops and rituals. Pagans new and old were there and to say it was fun would be like saying the Sphinx is an interesting structure. It was the first time that I had been to a large gathering where I didn't have to be guarded about being a Witch. It was something like culture shock. But I quickly adapted. (They twisted my arm and pummeled me into it, honestly!)

I had scheduled ahead of time a class in ritual construction, which I gave Friday afternoon. There were open spots on the Saturday workshop schedule, so I decided to do a sequel to my Friday class and go more deeply into symbology use in ritual. Although the class listed in the program was very well attended, the impromptu class on Saturday was populated by: Shadowhawk (who was there to be with me--we had hardly seen one another since Friday morning), a former member of our circle who now is High Priestess of her own circle and a young lady from whom I got the impression that she was relatively new to the Craft.

The day was warm and bright (what we tend to think of as a "typical" Spring day, even if it isn't) so I decided to hold "class" out on the porch of the small cabin that was our "classroom." Besides, there were some deer grazing about 40 yards away and it felt good to watch them. Towards the end of the class, Shadowhawk make mention that Wicca was a very natural and practical religion and all the symbols needed to set up a respectable circle could probably be found within a very small distance from where we sat (there was a woods nearby).

This sounded to me like a very good way of demonstrating how symbols played an important role in ritual, so we went to prove the validity of my wife's claim. It wasn't difficult and we had gathered all of the required articles needed to completely set up all four directional altars and had even

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Report from the Half Astral (cont.) by Blacksun

come across a beautiful spot in the woods which provided a cleared space in a natural circle. I just love it when Mom makes it look so easy in front of students!

We were about to go back to the porch of the cabin when one of the people who was in charge of things at the gathering came upon us and told Shadowhawk that there were two children missing and the mothers were half crazy with worry and could she/would she please do something about it? I always have a certain feeling of pride when something like this happens because Shadowhawk always can shift magical gears as smoothly as a Rolls Royce. She instantly pointed to the fellow that had just notified us of the problem and said, "Go get me something that the children have worn." Having worked for many years with her, I and our former circle member already knew what was to be done and we were in the process of setting up the altars when Shadowhawk turned and made the action official. There was actually very little wasted motion or talk. Then we all noticed that our one "student" for the class was standing somewhat in shock, for it was obvious that we all knew what was going on, but she was totally bewildered! Shadowhawk sized up the situation after a very brief series of questions to the young lady and told her she would be part of our magical working.

Shadowhawk had us put the gate at a certain point as the circle was being cast, saying, "They will come from that direction." Notice she said it was "they", not "he". And the direction was different than where the messenger had first come. Well, sure enough, they came through the woods from the direction she had said. "They" happened to be both the mothers of the missing children. We brought them onto the circle and closed the gate. The emotional energy of the mothers was more than enough to power the ritual's work. Shadowhawk got the "scent" at about the same time that I did. I got a picture in my mind of the older girl talking to someone and leaning against a tree. So that confirmed that the two children were unharmed and simply not aware of the concern and worry their absence was causing. We decided, with the mothers' consent, that instead of going out after them and having to track them down, we would "call" them home! So that is how we used the cone of power, to call home the children who were just goofing off rather than being where they should have been.

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Report from the Half Astral (cont.) by Blacksun

Then we broke the circle and told the mothers to go to the dining hall (where we had centered the "call") and wait for their little darlings who like to worry their mothers to arrive. We returned all the altar makings to where we had found them and went back to the classroom to gather up my books. Then we headed to the dining hall ourselves. As we came out onto the road which lead to the dining hall, we could see about a DOZEN (!) children all running from every direction toward the hall! By the time we got to the hall, both of the missing children had arrived. The whole scene fortunately had a very comic ending and I will never lose the memory of all those kids who had maybe stayed out a little too long from under Mother's wing making tracks for the dining hall.

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Meditation for New Moon of Cancer by Ceridwyn

It is the stillness of oneness here.
It is the building of the shell.
It is using the shell,
Until the shock of openness,
Becomes balance...
Until the essence becomes more dominant...
Until the shell recognizes its purpose,
And stands aside...
To allow the sweet breath
Of being to
Join with the great one...
Without interference
Without regret...
Allowing the greater to breathe...
What shelters we build.
What excuses we give.
What shadows we feed.
To hold to the passing,
To make our mark,
So we won't be forgotten...
To bend the light
On our own insignificance,
To become the light,
If only for a candle-span
Instead of allowing the true to simply shine...
We pick the wrong shield
For the wrong purpose...

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Meditation for New Moon of Cancer (cont.) by Ceridwyn

Until the scars gained
Transmute to wisdom.
Then each scar sends forth a light
So great, so strong,
That the shell crumbles
Then we stand reflected
In our own light
And our own true being
Is birthed.

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From Ogaea

(Feb 17, '87)

For a number of reasons, cultural convenience not uncounted, we celebrate Valentine's Day as Brigid. (This is not to say we don't light our candles on Brigid, but Valentine's Day is, I am sure, an historical remnant of Brigid perhaps truer to the pagan tradition than Candlemas, which celebrates the "Purification" of the Virgin Mary--as all you recovering Catholics know--and as if the Lady needs to be made more pure than She is.) I don't like chocolate--well, not in commercial quantities, anyhow--and flowers make me sneeze* so 'Dancer and I exchange cards and kisses and seek to light one another's fires.... This year, maybe out of sympathy for my having the flu or something that kept me home from work for a week, "Mom" sent me some valentines of Her own, and I'd like to tell you the story. Settle back--it's a longish one!

On the 6th of February, coming home on the bus, I was answering some questions for a friend who had noticed the WITCHES HEAL button on my pack. "Are you a witch?" she asked me. "Yup," I said. This woman, Phyllis, is someone I've known just a few months, but we see each other twice a day, five days a week. She was sitting across from me on the seats that face the aisle, at the front of the bus. Next to her, closest to the door, was another friend of mine, Ruby. I've known her for ten years, and we're watching each other's kids grow up. The driver is also a friend of mine--don't know her name (I guess it's probably not "Hi!") but we chat pretty regularly whenever she has my route, and we've known each other for three or four years. On Phyllis' other side, in the first forward-facing seat, was a businessman I've seen

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From Ogaea (cont.)

often at the bus stop downtown, though I've never noticed him riding my bus before.

So Phyllis and I are talking real quietly; Ruby can hear our conversation, but the driver, though she knows we're talking, can't make out our words. The man next to Phyllis, of course, can hear us just fine. Phyllis is, I think, a Baptist (and so is Ruby, and my driver's a Catholic), but she's cool--she can dig it when I tell her Jesus and Mary are to my mind incarnations of my God and Goddess. Responding to some question she asked, I said, "Well, one time I had a star drawn in chalk on the back porch, and about 600 pounds of incense and candles everywhere...." I was going to explain, not too specifically, about calling the corners, casting the circle, etc., when we found ourselves interrupted.

The businessman beside Phyllis crashed our conversation to tell me I should know I was worshipping Satan and his demons! Now, don't laugh, y'all: I know it's commonplace, but this was my first encounter with an attack Christian!

Of course, I said I did not worship Satan, but he told me yes, I did. I was mellow--kept my voice deep and low, and calm; but I was firm in my denial of his assertions. Phyllis made a few attempts to medicate or "translate" so he'd understand what I was saying, thinking he'd listen to another Christian easier than to a witch, but no. Almost immediately it was obvious that there was no talking to this guy; the man told me I was going to be imprisoned in the lava lakes underneath Mexican volcanoes when I die (a reference to sinners' imprisonment in lakes of fire, Phyllis explained). And he told me I was rude to correct him! I told him that he'd entered our conversation without an invitation, and that this was pretty darn rude in the first place, and that we'd listened to him politely enough but he'd been rude again in his disrepect of my belief. And I told him that I understood his sincerity and appreciated his concern, but that he was beyond civility now, and harrassing us, and not only did I not want to talk to him any more, I didn't want him talking to me. I didn't raise my voice in anger, but I was speaking firmly, and a little more loudly than before, 'cause he was still trying to talk about Satan.

(I was so far from being angry--though I was certainly pumped--that I was having trouble keeping a straight face, 'cause I kept thinking of Saturday Night Live and "the churcch lady," and her "Saaaa-tannn" fixation.)

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From Ogaea (cont.)

Well, then the poor man started to say one more thing, I don't know what, and the driver stopped the bus! This was the first indication anyone save the five of us up front had that anything was going on. The driver turned and said, "Sir, the lady asked you to leave her alone, and that's what you're going to do, or you'll have to get off the bus." Everyone back to the middle of the bus heard that, and naturally the man was embarrassed, and got kind of defensive, and he told the driver he didn't need her to tell him that. Seizing the opportunity like a grizzly takes a salmon out the river, I turned to him and real quiet-like, just between him and me, I almost whispered, "I'm sorry; I didn't need her to tell you that either." And I smiled and he smiled in spite of himself and his Satan, and he experienced what he couldn't admit, that witches aren't all bad.

As you can imagine, I felt real good aout the whole incident. Matter of fact, it didn't quite end when he got off at the next stop, because the two Baptists and the Catholic who had come to the defense of a witch and her faith went on to sympathize with me until I got off. Ruby told me she "wanted to say somethin' real bad, but my momma told me to keep my mouth shut when someone steamin' on about the Bible." The concensus was that I won on points as well as on a TKO (forgive the violent metaphor) and on merit--the witch was a better Christian than the Christian, so to speak. (And the word was Goddess...).

That was on the 6th.

On the 13th (a Full Moon, as you'll recall) 'Dancer drove me to work for the first time in four days, and when I stepped out the car, I found in the street a little unicorn, one of those clip-on critters you find at dime store checkout stands. I said, "Thanks, Mom," as I picked it up and staggered in to the office, still sick and not planning to stay all day. Indeed, 'Dancer came to get me a couple of hours later after I'd caught up what I had to do, and took me home.

I wanted to go right to bed, but... the neighbor kids were chasing around wearing nothing but underpants, and I decided it was time to call the local School Resource Officer, a cop. I've contacted him before because the family next door is--what to say? Went over several weeks ago to talk to the mom about some totally minor vandalism that we wanted to nip

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From Ogaea (cont.)

in the bud, and she wouldn't talk to us. Told us to either talk to the kid in question or call the police, but she wasn't going to get involved. I'd call the SRO about the mom, not about the kid's vandalism (we settled that with the kid, 'cause we couldn't see calling the police for damange less than $5 done by a 10-year-old). On the 13th, I called and described to the SRO some additional circumstances, the underpants and some other incidents and details, and he said he'd be right over. (His base school is 1/2 block from our house.) So instead of crashing, I wanted to see if he really would come. He did. In fact, two patrol cars showed up. Nobody came to our door; they wanted not to give any indication that we'd made the report, so as not to get anybody mad at us. Once I saw that they were checking it out, I went to bed and slept for a few hours.

A little before dinner, I got up. I was feeling kind of groggy, having had some disturbing dreams, and being sick and being home at unaccustomed hours didn't help. (The meaning of the dreams was less dire than the dreams themselves; just simple advice to give up certain angers I've been trying to release for some time.) Anyway, a little spacey, I looked out the window and saw another squad car, and as I watched, the officer came to our door! Oh no, I thought, they've found something really terrible next door and they're coming for a statement.

I know you're on the edges of your chairs now (ha, ha), but I must digress:

In the December '86 GNL, a letter from Rik (p. 24) mentioned an October 24, 1986 article in the Arizona Daily Star about deputy sheriffs and city cops being on the alert for Satanic activity on Halloween. Rik's right, the article contained significant misinformation. When I wrote to the editor, the reporter, and the officer quoted, I found out that the reporter had based the article mainly on his own impressions, and had misquoted the officers (so grossly that the police department had contacted the paper). Two of the officers responded to my personal letters to them, and they apologized to me. They said they'd all be unconcerned about Halloween, and the two who contacted me both said they knew witches weren't Satanists. I recommended some books to them, Rik's "Basics of the Old Religion" class through the Open University here, and told them to feel free to call me if they had any questions.

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From Ogaea (cont.)

Now--can you dig it? The cop coming to my door doesn't want to know anything about the neighbors. His sergeant is one of the officers who called me abut the Halloween article, and he wants to talk about the Craft! We did talk, for about half an hour, me and 'Dancer and the cop. I loaned him two of our books, and when he left, we were friends. "If you ever have any trouble," he said, "call me and I'll take care of it. If you go on vacation or camping, let me know and I'll keep an eye on your place." Hey, fine with us, you know?

When he'd gone, I said, "Thanks again, Mom." And I thought that was the end of it, and 'Dancer thought so too. Ah, but the Mother is generous to us, is She not? There was one more gift. By this time, I was exhausted. But on PBS on Friday evenings, there's a series called Great Performances and usually they are. I hope some of you got to see it on the 13th: it starred Leo McKern and Alec Guinness, and it was called, like the Graham Greene novel on which it was based, Monsignor Quixote. I could not do justice to this show if I tried to tell you about it, so I won't. But it was brilliantly, poignantly, wonderfully about love, human love and the gods' love. It was beautiful and I went to bed with tears of gratitude and joy in my eyes, renewed, recommitted to love and peace. Not healed--I was still clogged and snuffly--but definitely reconsecrated.

Yeah. Happy Valentine's Day to you, too, Mom, and thanks for lighting my fire all over again.

p.s. *? Well, this reminded me that once I saw a cartoon in which a boss was discouraging his secretary from putting a vase of flowers on his desk. "Yes, I do like flowers," he was saying to her, "I like children, too, but I don't believe in cutting their heads off and sticking them in water, either."

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One day, Turgenev, the Russian writer, met a beggar who besought him for alms. "I felt in all my pockets," he said, "but there was nothing there. The beggar waited, and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly. Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it. "Do not be angry with me, brother," I said, "I have nothing with me." The beggar raised his bloodshot eyes and smiled. "You called me brother, " he said, "that was indeed a gift."

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From Catherine and Kent

(17th February 1987)

A belated Happy 1987 to you all, sorry for the long absence, we are all more than busy down here. Last few weeks I have done two radio programs, and we are to be featured in a national magazine quite soon. We feel the interview will be most helpful to Craft down here. We tried to avoid publicity this year, but somehow our intentions never seem to be fruitful in this area, but then, maybe the Lady wishes us to continue in this way. Our two new Siamese Queens are growing fast and sassy. Sarah is now 6 months and Sophia was 5 months on Friday the 13th. Isn't that a great day for a birthday? Sarah is a tortoise shell point and Sophia is Egyptian blue/grey. They are most unusual and rare, but their antics are pure Siamese, even to making phone calls. We have computer phones and had several episodes where we woke to hear some poor person repeatedly asking "Who is there? Who is calling?" Usually it was our Coven maiden, and she did not appreciate phantom calls in the wee small hours. So now we have boxes covering each phone to ensure two naughty cats do not sit on the dial button.

I notice lately a great number of Pagan ladies giving themselves the title of "Lady," and in so many cases, these folk are not even Craft initiates, never mind third riters who have been properly elevated to the title in question! It has made me think about the title reserved for the High Priestess in some depth, and to those aspiring to the rank of HPs may I say:

So you want to become HPs? Yes, you watch the Coven Lady about her Circle duties. You see the sometime, and most time, respect accorded to her there, as representative of the Goddess. You like the "apparent" power she holds, you listen to her words, mildly expressed in that sacred space. Naturally, you do not always agree with her sentiments, and often think you could do better. Maybe you could. The way to find that out is to work, study, learn, and practice all those duties handled by the HPs and then, in good time, when you have EARNED that title, try it out, and watch within your own Coven for another girl who watches you in the same way you now observe the HPs present in the Circle. There will always be a Covenor who aspires to lead in your present Coven, and in the one, which hopefully, one day you will train. So you wish for, and seek, the lady's authority, you desire her position. You promise yourself, "I'll work for

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From Catherine and Kent (cont.)

it. I see her errors, I won't make them, I'll do better, be loved more, be more compassionate, more reasonable, more understanding. I will be more tolerant, I will excuse the little mistakes she seems to pick on. I will be loved by the Coven for my very gentleness, and I will be admired for my wisdom and strength!"

Dream on, dear sweet spirit! Little maiden, little you know, every HPs once thought as you do now.

The Lady HPs always commences her first Coven with your thoughts and ideals, as indeed, it should be. Soon she learns her path is lonely anf she has not always the wisdom and tolerance she once thought was an automatically Goddess-given right. You will learn that your errors of judgment cause sleepless nights, that many Coven relationships are superficial, just like any other. People do not change personalities even in the Circle. There is always envy and personality clashes, even though there should not be this in a Coven. But we cannot have a Coven spend every hour within the confines of the Circle, so all of this becomes apparent. You will learn that your family, husband, lover, children, bring you personal heartache, for we live in a real world, not fairie, but YOU must solve these personal worries and hurts. You will find that being HPs means you never have problems, and therefore these matters be resolved by you, and in private, not for you. The luxury of taking your troubles to the HPs for her advice and guidance, for YOU are the HPs! You are expected to rectify and correct all problems brought to you, both internal and external to the Covenors. Many times you will rise from a non-sleep, still minus the answers you seek so desperately. You know the Goddess and God walk with you, your faith will not falter, but so many times your decisions will be unpopular, and you will feel betrayed and hurt, but then is it ever less for the Goddess herself? Often you will want to simply quit, but you will not. HPs, as the bloom of youth fades, you will hear the insinuations that you are "past it," you will cope with your own and everyone else's problems, experience having taught you to stand straight and build broad shoulders. You know you accepted all of this and more the day you vowed and dedicated yourself to the Old Ones and to their service. So my aspiring Lady High Priestess, do not envy and desire this title before you mature and truly earn it, for when you get your wish, never again will you be able to drop your cares on someone else's shoolders and heart. You must be the

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From Catherine and Kent (cont.)

inspiration and show the way with courage to your people, for how else do you think the title "Lady" is earned? Being HPs is lovely, lonely, scary at times, but always honourable. It is your example, your love for humankind and the world of animals, your very care for the whole of earth, your compassion and wisdom, your very representation of the Goddess, that brought you to the position of Lady High Priestess. May each of you everywhere, and for always, be triply blessed in the sight of our all loving Deity.

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From RCP

The Autarchic Creed was my doing.

It was an oblique response to a letter from some folks named Tewsberry who fired off that piece of hate-mail your way a couple of months ago. I do some writing now and then, and so that was by way of an instinctual rejoinder to the irritation I felt at such patent bigotry and narrowness. But withal, and for whatever reason may have prompted it, that credo expresses what I consistently believe as a person and as a Wiccan.

I'm very pleased that you felt it was good enough to place in the GNL, and you may or not credit me as you choose. Whatever copywrite notwithstanding, it is, as they say, "...the message, not the man..." that matters, so it is therefore my gift to you, and to those who work within and for "The Craft of the Wise."

Ed note (jeannie): We are well behind on our "mail" and my apologies for not including your letter sooner. We do not retain publishing rights on any material--one time publishing rights and that's it. The Autarchic Creed appeared in the February '87 issue of the GNL.

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When we see men of worth, we should think of equaling them; when we see men of a contrary character, we should turn inwards and examine ourselves.--Confucius

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From Asherah Darkstorm

(21 February 1987)

I have been subscribing to your newsletter now for about a year and really enjoy it. I also marvel at your ability to debate things in a newsletter and even strongly disagree with others yet not walk out. I grew up fundamentalist Xian (sorry) and have seen more churches split over such things as remodeling a church etc. So your ability to do what you do is amazing.

I wish there was a way I could send sympathy and understanding to that girl who got caught with your newsletter. I still have fears of being discovered and reprogrammed into "The Way" as I'm not totally free from my past programming even now. I seem to have karmic ties to work out.

Is there a way you can send Blacksun thanks from me? I really appreciated his distinction between KNOWING and HOPING. Things are starting to make sense in general in my life, and if I stay committed to my KNOWING and not my past HOPING I will survive graduate school.

I am writing primarily to offer a suggestion for a potential source of positive publicity that Blacksun mentioned in the February issue. For those of you who listen to public radio, there is now a Sunday morning program from 8:00 - 11:00 entitled Weekend Edition Sunday. It is the Sunday edition of Morning Edition from NPR radio. A letter they read one morning was from a Xian who wanted to know why they hadn't had a spot on the religious significance of Sundays (what was he doing at home listening to radio and not in Sunday school and church?). The announcer said they were preparing something on religions. At least that's the impression I got. I fear they will stay with the safe traditional standard religions and leave out religions like Native American and Paganism. I wrote a simple letter asking them to air something about the subject and recommended their own Margot Adler, author of Drawing Down the Moon, and a few others whose books I have read. I'm enclosing their address so please, if you think this is a good source, write them. You know more about the subject than I do.

Weekend Edition Sunday, % National Public Radio, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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From Lady Mariah

I would like to tell everyone how my problem with the school system turned out. I filed a complaint to the board of directors. They had a group of educators made up of teachers, historians, college professors, etc. and they had thirty days to read and find out what I had said. I told them of some books to read which would help.

They never treated me bad nor did I get bad looks when I went to see the school system. I made sure I looked like an upstanding person in the community. I wore a business suit, jewelry was in low key, and I did not wear my religion on my back trying to make a statement, "I am a Witch." I wanted my actions to speak for me. Yes, actions do speak louder than words.

The panel said that I was correct at what I had said. Now the teachers have to tell how the witches were abused in Salem in early American history. And then they said that I could put any book in the school library that was written by a witch telling our side of what we are like.

On to another subject with witches trying to inform the public about what we are all about.

Last month, an assistant TV producer called my home to come over to my house to talk to me about witchcraft. She came over on a Saturday and saw my son with his schoolmates and my husband in the den watching a football game on TV. We sat in the living room and talked for three hours. I took her outside to my magical circle and explained what it meant to us. I told her about what life has been like raising a child in the world and about the school system. She said to bring my son and his schoolmates to the studio if I wanted to. My husband, son, and three of his school friends got there. The producer of the show came out and introduced himself.

Then in walked Raymond Buckland and his lovely wife. Later came Babetta, owner of an occult shop in Hollywood.

I had been on that same program two years ago, and I knew that a lot of Christians would call in and try to put us down. Well, they tried but they could not do it. I was pleased with the outcome.

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From Lady Mariah (cont.)

The way Raymond appeared and talked would make everyone proud that he was representing the Witch world. He can represent me anytime. I do not allow just anyone to do that. I liked his looks. He looked like an upstanding member in the community, dressed in a sports coat. I wore a business suit. Why would I even talk about the way we dress? If we had dressed like a bunch of bums and dressed like we wore our religion on our body making a statement, we would not be taken seriously. When we are in the public view, we must be the best we can be. He was so cool and I was so nervous. I am really shy, by the outspoken words I write you would never know.

They went out into the audience and interviewed my husband. She asked him how long had we been married. He said 22 years, to show that Witches can have a long marriage. Then she talked to our son. She asked him what it was like growing up as a son of a Witch. He told the story that I wrote in the newsletter about him in school. Then she asked his school friend was he scared to go to a Witch's house. He said no, it is just like a normal home. They did that to show the public that Witches have a normal household like everyone else. I thught that was a good angle to present to the public. I wanted to stay and visit more with Raymond and his wife but I had one hour to get home and change clothes to get to work. Raymond, if you are out there reading this, you are great at informing the public. I hope you do more for us in the future.

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If at first you don't succeed, you're running about average.

No one knew this better than Thomas Edison, who, to find a substitute for lead in the manufacture of storage batteries, conducted 20,000 unsuccessful experiments.

A reporter asked him, "Aren't you discouraged by all this waste of effort?"

"Waste?" he shot back, "Nothing is wasted. I've found 20,000 things that don't work."

We can go through life obsessed by failure and refuse to pick ourselves up and try again. Or we can learn from past mistakes to devise new approaches.

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From Tarostar

That letter from Steve in the February issue raises some points which may bear comment. Was the Hallowmas ritual being done on public land in the mountains? If so, the police/rangers would have a right to see what was going on. Why wasn't the gathering cleared with the ranger post in the area?

Just to go into the mountains and set up a ceremonial circle, which would probably call for a fire, can be cause for the rangers to check it out. Officers of the law, for the most part, tend to have very basic black/white conceptions of religion. They view the citizenry in the same good/evil, we/them dichotomy. To them, everyone is either a police lover or a criminal. There is no in between.

Robed figures in the mountains gathered around a fire, chanting and gyrating for four hours would of course spook them to no end. Can we not see how we may appear to the stranger?

The police, as the letter said, did wait until four hours had passed before they came in to investigate. All that time, as they were gathering their courage to do so, thoughts of evil Black Mass/Satanic things most likely ran through their narrow minds. Why could not the coven officers have cleared the gathering with the officials in the area?

Bureauracy hates to be caught off guard and cannot cope with the unexpected. So it reacts by denying the basic rights for citizens to do things.

Spontaneous political gatherings are a prime example. One cannot just gather a group of people and march up the middle of a busy street to demonstrate for a cause. The police show up and say it is an unlawful assembly. That permits have not been issued for the gathering. However, the law does not forbid the citizenry to gather for worship or for politics. But it does require the officialdom to be informed as to who, what, where, and when. Then the bureaucracy says, "OK." It can by law say nothing else.

Worship is a legitimate activity. The law may not say how one is to do so. Law may not determine what does or does not constitute religion. At least in the good old US of A. As long as self and others are not being endangered in the process. That is why the law comes down on the Christian

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From Tarostar (cont.)

Snake Dancers. Turning loose a bunch of rattlesnakes in a room full of people is seen by the law as harmful. This Witch would have to agree!

Crafters complain the Storm Troopers put upon them for their religion but it is not so. Groups just do not try to work through the system. They feel that because this is America, they may do whatever and whenever it pleases.

Confront the officials and comply with the requirements and obtain the necessary permits to use the land.

Gay Rights groups and Gay Bar Guilds do so to hold parties in public parks. Why should the Craft continue to operate as a clandestine activity? As long as it does so, the storm troopers will always show up.

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From Isis Moonshadow

(3/10/87)

I've been sitting around doing a lot of thinking these last few days. I wonder if anyone else has had these same thoughts.

You know all the stink over the textbook decision in Alabama where the judge ruled that "secular humanist" texts must be replaced with books showing "traditional" (fundy Xtian?) values. He declared secular humanism to be a religion, and religions weren't to be taught in school. Whose religion? It seems that it's okay to teach his brand of fundy Xtianity! I'm an educator, and I cannot see secular humanism as a religion! It's neutral! Under the Constitution, there is a separation of church and government. This "wise" judge appears to be talking out of both sides of his mouth. USA Today devoted its entire editorial page to the pros and cons of the decision yesterday. I hope the higher courts know the law better than some people in Alabama or we're in trouble.

Anyhow, I went to an educational conference over the weekend. The keynote speaker, a Black female university professor, was speaking of the new racism in America. It was really spooky. Have the strides that minorities of all types (race, nationality, lifestyle, relligion) come so far to be simply stomped down again?

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From Isis Moonshadow (cont.)

What I am getting at, does anyone suspect a connection between the fundies and this new climate of general intolerance? Perhaps it is just my paranoia. Maybe they can't be "blamed" for everything! If I'm wrong, I beg pardons of those offended.

On the positive side, one conference workshop I attended was wonderful. The professor taught us several positive thinking techniques that were positively New Age. We were taught how to erase negative feedback and replace it with positive, how to get in touch with our feelings, how to really like ourselves. Of course, this stuff was old hat to me, but I still enjoyed it thoroughly. I sat there on the front row with a big grin on my face. By the way, his was the most popular workshop of the conference.

I also received a new activity book for the Board of Education. I nearly died, because one of the activities was learning about Witchcraft. Children have to define words such as coven, potion, spell, sabbat, inquisition, etc. They also have to research male witches, ancient witchcraft, and modern covens. They are also to write a poem about a friendly, good witch. Among other mundane topics in this little jewel are astrology, magic, psychic phenomena, and the Loch Ness Monster. I love it. I also bet the fundies would have a fit if they ever saw this.

p.s. I can't remember the author's name, but I loved the piece in the recent newsletter about the dirty house. I get busy, mine gets to be a pit, and I sense a kindred spirit. I laughed 'til I cried. As for Blacksun's comments, right on. The "Witchcrap" has had a lot to do with mundane misconceptionss of us.

Ed note (jeannie): The headlines of today's paper were "Court bars creationism law." The court, the US Supreme Court, with a 7-2 decision--a consensus with two dissentions. This ruling will call a lot of the rulings on what can be used as texts in public schools into question. And for anyone, yes anyone, who doesn't like what's being taught in public schools, remember there are alternatives. You can, as Lady Mariah did, get involved in selecting what your child will be taught and presentation of alternative viewpoints. You can send your children to private schools which are more in line with your viewpoint. And we can think back just a

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Ed note (cont.)

half step in time when only the rich, royal, and recognized religious were educated.

Our readers may be interested in knowing the name of that workbook and the publisher as well as the cost. Material such as that is hard to come by and it's nice to have something in print to take to the school board when and if....

The article you mentioned was by Lady of Shallot, and I'm sure she'll be delighted to hear you enjoyed her efforts.

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From Scout

I am Stan's dog. My name is Scout and I just wanted to set the record straight on a few things. My master is not really too nice a person if you want to know the truth about it. He makes me walk four or five miles every day following those goats and he is always losing them and expecting me to find them for him. He can't see too good, you know. Why, just the other morning, he had forgotten to put the cover on the computer monitor and it was all covered with fly specks. Would you believe? He tried to save it to disk. In the mornings before breakfast, he always puts a saucer of goat milk down for Stripes (Stripes is our lazy tomcat that hasn't caught a mouse in five years) and ME, I have to sit by the table and beg four or five minutes before he will finally get up and get me a dog biscuit. Do you know what kind he buys? Generic brand, that's what kind, medium size, he says you get more in the box that way. You know that story he sent you about Billy the kid and his sister, Candy goat? He didn't write that story, I did. I can speak five languages, man-talk, meow talk, goat, and sheep talk, and I never say neigh when the horses talk either. My master doesn't understand goat talk. Why, he couldn't even find a bone if it had just been buried in the garden. He is just too old, even his comb has false teeth and that old Edsel he drives around in is so old the headlights have got bifocal glass in them. So now if you want some real good stories about Witches and ghosts and goblins and tales that will chill your blood, you just come up here when he's not home and ask for Scout the dog, and whatever you do, don't, under any circumstances, talk to that damned cat.

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Events

June 19, 20, 21 Summer Solstice Celebration. Tent camping by the sea in wonderful Washington State. Workshops, discussions, rituals, dance. Contact Summer Solstice, POB 122, Index, WA 98256.

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MerryMeet Festival, September 4-7, 1987. Covenant of the Goddess, an international association of Craft covens, will be sponsoring its annual MerryMeet Festival in Northern California this year. It will be held at Camp Swig near Saratoga and San Jose. San Jose has a major airport and transportation can be arranged.

On Friday, September 4 is the Leadership Institute, a time when group leaders and prospective leaders will discuss the issues of working with groups. The following days will be filled with workshops and performances of music, magical theater and ritual.

Many prominent witches and magical people will be coming from all parts of the country as this is a national festival. Starhawk will be one of the many speakers. Covenant of the Goddess will also have its annual business meeting and elect officers. Merchants, crafts people, and artists will have a market area to offer their goods and services. Workshops will include Trance, Music and Magic, Crystals, Women's Rites of Passage, Shamanic Drumming, Prisoner Aid, Initiation, Psychic Skills, and many more.

The festival is being held at a residential camping facility. The camp includes conference room, stage, dining hall, meeting rooms, swimming pool and bunk-style cabins (with bunk beds and indoor plumbing, including hot showers). The beds have mattresses but no bedding. Vegetarian and regular meals will be served for brunch and dinner with snacks available. For those who do not choose the meal plan, food must be limited to closed containers in the dining area with no cooking allowed. Alcohol use is allowed, but somewhat limited. Most of the site is wheelchair accessible. All participants will be asked to volunteer for a short work-shift. This will provide us with the people to run things and give you the opportunity to meet some wonderful people.

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Events (cont.)

The registration fee for the Full Plan (includes the Leadership Institute Friday and four nights with seven meals) is $100.00 before July 1, $120.00 before August 15 and not available after August 15. The No-Meals Plan is $15.00 a night before July 1, $18.00 a night before August 15, and $20.00 a night on site (space permitting). These rates include all activities. Booth space is $25.00 before July 1 and $30.00 thereafter. Write for brochure and registration form to: MerryMeet Festival, Covenant of the Goddess, Box 1226, Berkeley, California 94704.

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The J. Paul Getty Museum presents "Human and Divine in Ancient Greece." Through slide lectures and study of objects in the Museum's galleries, this three-session course will explore ancient Greek concepts of the realm of the gods and of the world of men and women. Topics include Athena, Herakles, the Trojan War, athletics, and various aspects of family life in Athens. Tuesday, July 7, 14, and 21: 2:30 - 4:30 p.m. or Wednesdays, July 8, 15, and 22, 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Also "Wreaths of Distinction." Wreaths have carried various symbolic meanings at different periods in history. In this one-session workshop, families will explore the meanings of wreaths depicted in the Museum's collections and will make their own wreaths using cut plants and flowers from the Museum's Herb Garden. Saturday, July 25, 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon or 2:00 - 4:00 p.m. Call for reservations (213) 459-7611, ext. 300 after 8:30 a.m.

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At the Full Moon of July, the Council of Elders of Circle of Starmeadow will meet in conclave with the active High Priesthood from throughout the Covendom. The Council will answer questions from the High Priesthood on topics of Craft, Coven, or Pagan import. High Priestesses and High Priests who feel they would need or like questions elucidated by the Council are encouraged to submit them in writing before the July Full Moon. They will be answered by the Elders, as a clearing house of Craft Tradition, and not as a Parliament passing laws. The questions will be answered and also included in the Codex of Craft Lore, published yearly by the Council. Points of Sabbat Worship, Esbat Practice, Craft Ethics, and Coven Procedures can be covered and commented upon. Those who feel they can benefit by the opinions of the

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Events (cont.)

Elders are encouraged to submit questions. High Priesthood only, please. Write to: Scribe of the Council of Elders, Circle of Starmeadow, % Ye Olde Herb Doctor, 125 N. Bruce ST, Las Vegas, NV 89101.

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Northwest Fall Equinox Festival IV. A positive celebration involving primitive camping in a natural site (no hook-ups, no cook fires). No pets, illicit drugs, or children under 16 are allowed. (If anyone wants to help organize a children's program for future festivals, please contact the NWFEF Committee.) Although no health care facilities will be provided at the festival, we would like to know of any special health care problems or needs. September 18, 19, 20. Write NWFEF Committee, POB 13072, Portland, OR 97213 for more information.

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Publications

Converging Paths announces the compilation of The Branches Directory: A Pagan's Guide to Professional Services. This listing of service providers who are Pagans themselves, or who are sympathetic to our ways, includes doctors, lawyers, alternative healers, accountants, carpenters, plumbers, and the like. Names and addresses can be confidentially encoded if the provider so desires $15 for a 20-word listing; $.50 a word thereafter. Send listings or requests for further information to: Coverging Paths, Box 63, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572. Deadline: Samhain, '87.

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Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship An Indo-European reconstructionist tradition of Neopagan Druidism, started by P.E.I. Bonewits, with an emphasis on scholarly, artistic, and ceremonial excellence. Membership rate (includes bimonthly newsletter, semiannual journal, and annual directory) is $25 per year in the USA, $35 in Canada and Mexico, $45 elsewhere, payable to ADF. Enclose SASE for more information and our Membership Networking Form. POB 9398, Berkeley, CA 94709-0398.

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Publications (cont.)

Golden Isis Magazine is an open-minded literary journal that expands the mind with mystical surrealism and turns Paganism into an art form. Poetry, fiction, artwork, exchange ads, and new subscribers wanted. Interested in true encounters with the supernatural, UFO sightings, ESP experiences, bizarre happenings, hauntings, chants, and spells. Subscriptions for 1 year/$10; sample copy $2.95. Gerina Dunwich, Editor. NEW ADDRESS: Box 726, Salem, Mass. 01970.

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Coven. Mystical Feminist Newsletter of Salem publishes women's poetry, artwork, news, and announcements. All poetry styles and lengths are considered, although shorter poems are preferred; must be well-written and reflect the changing visions, dreams, and realities of the female experience. Goddess-inspired, Earth Mother and Lesbian poetry is used. No payment or copies for poetry; one free contributor's copy given for artwork and news articles only. Coven is published quarterly, eventually will be bi-monthly. Sample copy/$1.50. When ordering sample copies, please make checks and money orders payable to Gerina Dunwich. No fiction used. SASE is required with all submissions. Coven, Gerina Dunwich, Editor, POB 726, Salem, Mass. 01970.

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The Ancient Arts. The Witching Well newsletter. A seasonal publication that delves seriously into the old Pagan Ways. An educational format concerning Witches and their Craft. Thought-provoking studies on all areas of Paganism. Ancient forms of divination, Wort-cunning, Sabbats, formulas, spells, customs and traditions, ancient recipes, news from the Pagan Community. Sub rate, $13.00 per year. POB 1490, Idaho Springs, CO 80452.

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Books

Rite of Rebirth: Initiation of the Fellowship of Isis. Oliva Robertson, The Fellowship of Isis, Cesara Publications, Huntington Castle, Clonegal, Enniscorthy, Eire. 19pp, paperback. No price given.

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Goods

Pagan sayings, buttons for sale, $1.00. Plain green buttons, 50 cents. Send SASE for list of sayings, and prices for custom orders. KLW Enterprises, POB 7242, San Jose, CA 95150-7242.

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Contacts

Starmist Cuveen needs contact near Eureka, CA. Write Moondancer, % POB 285, Bakersfield, CA 93302.

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Announcements

Somewhat belatedly, Thor and Myrddin would like to announce the formation of the coven of the Triple Goddess in Stamford, CT. New tradition, based on Gardnerian/Welsh Celtic/Faery. Our address: POB 4491, Stamford, CT 06907. Inquiries welcome from serious seekers and Craft.

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Pagan Studies Contest

The Georgian Church is pleased to announce its third annual pagan studies contest. In order to stimulate interest and research in the area of the study of pagan peoples, their practices and belief systems, we are privileged to offer $100 as a prize to the author of the best research article, term paper, or essay submitted. Entries must be footnoted or endnoted and contain a bibliography. Formats can be located in the MLA Stylebook. All entries must be submitted with written permission of the author for one time publication rights in the Georgian Newsletter. Entries will not be returned. Entries will be judged by the board of directors of the Georgian Church, with the winning entry published in the January 1988 newsletter. One free copy of the newsletter in which the article appears will be sent to each published author. Deadline for submission is December 21, 1987. The cash award is made possible by an anonymous donation for scholarship purposes.

That's all for this month... Blessed Be,
dean, jeannie, and the Georgians

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