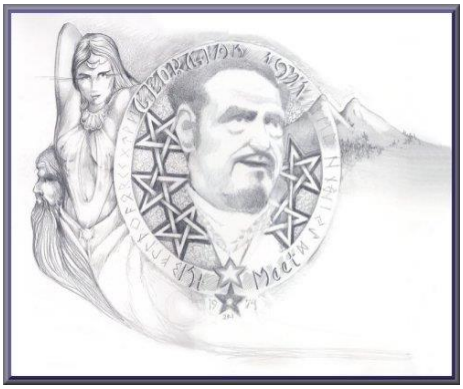
The Georgian Newsletter



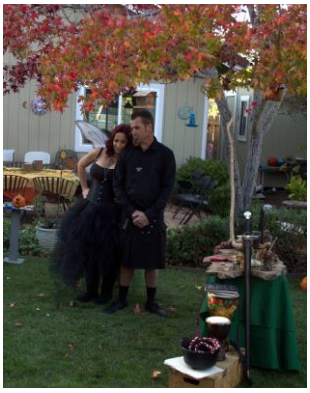
Samhain 2014

What's Inside:

- A Samhain Handfasting
- Spotlight
- Announcements& Upcoming Events
- Georgian Corner
- The Ancestor Altar
- The Tale of the Green Witch

A Samhain Handfasting

Coven/Circle Symbollic out of Fairfield, Ca was blessed to celebrate Samhain and the Handfasting ceremony of one of their members, Tracy Cheri Jones and her husband, Erik. The day was adorned with circle members, family members, Pagans and non-Pagans. Everyone came dressed in costume and enjoyed the laidback atmosphere. There was music, dancing, food and fun. After the Handfasting, once evening approached and the sun went down, the ritual began. There were tales of the "silent supper," "the green witch" and a moment of commemoration and silence for those we have lost. Except for the helicopters flying overhead, the evening was magickal and heart-felt.



Witches Dancing Under the Moon Light

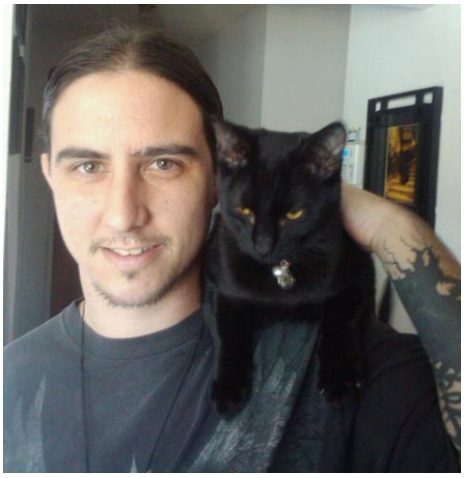
The ancestor altar which was later adorned with drinks, smokes, candles and food to celebrate the "silent supper" with our lost loved ones.

Two wenches and a fairy

The Happy Couple

~SPOTLIGHT

Matt Chapman



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

Matt- When I was little I knew i could see things that other people could not. Everyone I talked to about the situation made fun of me or told me it was all in my head. I met a girl in high school and she introduced me to the craft. She taught me the basics but I knew our paths were different. When people found out I was a witch I was made fun of and bullied. I kept my beliefs to myself and practiced in secret. I didn't talk about the craft to anyone and I taught myself through books. After high school I met my wife Lacy and learned her mom (Elizabeth) was a practicing witch. She made me question everything I feared and taught me more mysteries. It was then that I found out my problem. Why fear what I don't understand? I dove into learning everything I could about the craft. I will never stop learning every day. I found that where there is fear there is power and I did not want to be afraid anymore. I came out of the broom closet and wear my pentacle goddess necklace and ring openly. I am a proud male witch and I want to help other people not be afraid of the unknown. My family and I created a website based witchcraft store called Northern Oaks where we provide others with their magical items and teach them how to use their power.

GNL-What tradition did you start in? If any…

Matt-… My first teachers were authors of traditional witchcraft: Raymond Buckland, and Laurie Cabot. Once I learned the basics and felt successful in my practice, I began to branch out into other traditions and took what I wanted to use in my craft. I fell in love with the Gods and Goddess' stories and magic of Egypt. I learned shamanism and Native American spirituality. I am a first level Reiki practitioner and I even study Jewish Mysticism and Eastern mythology. I believe all traditions lead to the top of the same mountain; We are all on different paths to the same place. I use what works for me and if it does not I find out why and don't use it.

GNL-Are you a Georgian initiate?

Matt- Currently, I am a pre-dedicant.

GNL- How long have you been interested in the craft?

Matt-? Like I said, I have been interested since around high school. I always knew there was something out there for people like me who believe in the unseen and the mystical. I am glad to belong to a religion that worships the earth, honors the female just as much as the male, and where love and trust is very important. It is where I belong.

GNL- How long have you been a Georgian? Who damned you to this tradition?

Matt- I have known my teacher about a year now and have been studying with him about 6 months. I am still a pre-dedicant.

GNL- Children or grandchildren? Fur babies?

Matt-? My son Seth is 8 years old. Also, I recently rescued a kitten and her name is Azula.

GNL- Describe your life a little these days, what great is going on?

Matt-I live with my family in a medium-sized town called Vacaville where I work as an automotive mechanic. I spend time studying the metaphysical. I practice meditating and healing work with myself and others. I draw and consider myself a decent wand maker. I am also the admin for my family's online store. ? I have found a great teacher and a family where I can be myself. After many years of solitary work, I can finally have confirmation on what I accomplish. Having people who I can talk to openly about my religion and sharing my life with them is the greatest thing for me right now.

GNL-Attended/Missed any Mt. Meets (East or West)? Other gatherings, not just Pagan, that you have enjoyed?

Matt- Northern Oaks has been attending events at Blue Mountain for about 2 years. I learn a lot about the spirits of the land when I visit. We also attend Pagan pride and fairy festival in Sacramento every year and we enjoy vending there. I am learning the pros and cons of solitary vs. coven/ group circle work. ? I recently attended a handfasting for the first time and I really enjoyed the energy and joy of the event.

GNL-Any really good stories you fondly remember or shiver at the thought of these days that you might want to share with us?

Matt-I have so many ghost stories I cannot fit them here. My best friend since kindergarten has always been a sensitive and told me when spirits were near. We are still friends to this day and even though he denies his powers I respect him because it confirms my belief in the mystical. I have had several (both positive and negative) experiences with an ouija board and that also confirms my beliefs. Most recently, Elizabeth and I were meditating together about meeting different spirit guides. I was shocked when she described my healing guide to a T! Even her name without me saying anything before. It shows us the mysteries of this world are more powerful then we expect them to be.

Thank you Matt for sharing with us!

Announcements!

Georgian…
Pre-dedications–

Elizabeth Stamey and Tracy Cheri Richards-Jones from Coven/Circle Symbollic on October 18, 2014. Welcome to the madness that is us ladies!! ☺

Birthdays-
Sibyl Shadowdrake - September 22nd , 1964.
Fig - October 17th
Taran YoungOak - October 13th at 4:43am
Raven Spirit - Oct 17th, 1970
Indigo – October 28th
Lord Josh-wa-ah - Oct 13, 1949

Upcoming Events

Pantheacon 2015
February 13-16

Doubletree Hotel in San Jose, CA
2050 Gateway Place San Jose, CA

More information at:
www.pantheacon.com
or email info@pantheacon.com

Georgian Corner

This month's topic:
Georgian's Around the Globe

Pagan children at the Pumpkin Patch (above) from circle Symbollic in Fairfield

Marla Roberson & Gypsey Teague from South Carolina

Mullein Ditchweed & Lex Pendragon from Coven Obscura in Pittsburgh, PA (below)

Georgian Musings

Roger Allen Ward, aka Luscious Apricot

I think set rituals/holidays/Books of Shadows/training/etc. are only one level of what makes a tradition. I believe that in addition to shared lore and practice, a tradition in the Wiccan sense, includes the group mind created by sharing these practices and lore, and the community that it engenders. I think there is also the "flavor" or

"tone" of a tradition—the way it interacts with the greater world, and, more importantly, how its members interact with each other. In my limited experience, Georgians are much more egalitarian and open-minded than other groups. The Georgian culture of not taking ourselves so seriously is something that, in my opinion, has clocked the entirety of the Tradition. It seems to me Georgians are able to separate the culture of the Circle from the culture of the mundane in a way that other traditions seem to find a hard time doing. I think that flows naturally from the way that the elders and those of higher degree seem to regard those of lower degree as equals, not as lesser.

The Tale of the Green Witch

Re-told by Loye C Pourner, Jr.

Many years ago…perhaps nearly 400 I should imagine, an older woman sits in her little shack by the warming hearth, stitching her old garments by the flickering light of the fire. She is pondering her life and the children she helped bring into this world; being the local midwife was truly a fulfilling life. Her husband long passed away and God had chosen not to bless them with any children. All she had now was a meager little plot of land, this little shack, and her memories.

The evening is quiet and dark, her thoughts are on pleasant things when she hears the voices of men outside. She looks up to see the door flung open and several men, with the local Magistrate, enter her shack. Shocked and surprised, they drag her into the night! Her desperate pleads falling on the deaf ears of justice.

The township gossiped about the disappearance, neighbors whispered, and the land and property belonging to the older woman was taken by the nobles.

In the dim light of the dungeons, a broken form lies in chains on top of filthy straw. Her daily visit is due and she begins to shake as she hears the approaching footsteps of her examiner. She hears the key open the lock and feels the chains removed from her wrist and ankles. A hand roughly grabs her hair and drags her from the cell, her clothes are tattered. She has been raped, beaten and tortured for what seems like forever and she can hardly remember her life before the darkness and pain. She is forced into a chair, a chair that faces the "examination" room and a document is slid in front of her. The Magistrate leans on the table and smiling warmly tells her she must freely and without duress admit to the practice of witchcraft and consorting with Satan. He pauses and steps aside, looking at the room

she faces, then looks back at her and asks, "Do you understand?"

The older lady hesitates as she looks at the room, but she slowly and shakily picks up the quill and puts her mark on the document.

She is dragged back to her cell and tossed back inside but this time the irons are not put back on her…however, it doesn't matter because there's no way out.

Two days later (though it seems a week), the crowds gather around the stake surrounded by tender and wood. There is promise of a burning! Many crimes were punished this way, but witchcraft is the rumor although none have seen a true witch. The gates to the jails open and a cart is drawn out by a mule, led by a hooded man and priest. Women gasp and children recoil at the site of the wretched creature in the cart. Bent and leering, teeth missing and nose hanging down over it's...no, her upper lip. Hands claw-like as they grasp the cart rails, the hump on her back from the beatings is preventing her from standing straight and her skin is a sickly green color that could only have been a curse of Satan's doing…yes, this must surely be a witch!

No one saw the kindly old midwife, the one who was loved and who helped deliver many of those children now throwing stones and screaming...BURN THE WITCH!!! They only saw the evil green hag who was a minion of Satan and who they were told did unspeakable things.

She tried to smile bravely at a child but instead of a returned smile, the child recoiled and buried her little face in the skirt of her mother. "That one had been a hard birth," she thought.

She looks up and sees the town square drawing close, the post and platform in clear view. The cart pulls up and the hooded man drags her through the crowd towards the post. A familiar face looms close and presses something into her hand and whispers, "Twill numb thee." Then, there is only the post. She listens but does not hear as the charges are read to the crowd of her freely admitting she is a Witch and consorts with the darkest evil. The Magistrate turns to her and says, "Have you any last words, Witch?" She looks out at the crowd and then to the Magistrate She hesitates a moment, but then a leer-looking smile crosses her face and she says in a broken voice, "I forgive you."

The pyre was lit, and the crowd watched as the flames consumed her! Their lives would never be the same and neither would the world.

So, when you see that Halloween witch up every place and feel offended that we are depicted as a green-skinned, scraggly-haired, toothless old hag…remember that old lady sitting in her hut warming herself and stitching her old garments by the flickering light of the fire; remember a woman of strength and forgiveness despite her betrayal and pain. And when you gather with friends and family in celebration of summers end, set a place at the table for the Old Green Witch

Thank you to those that submitted this month!! Hope you enjoyed this edition of the Georgian Newsletter. Bright Blessings!

The Newsletter Staff