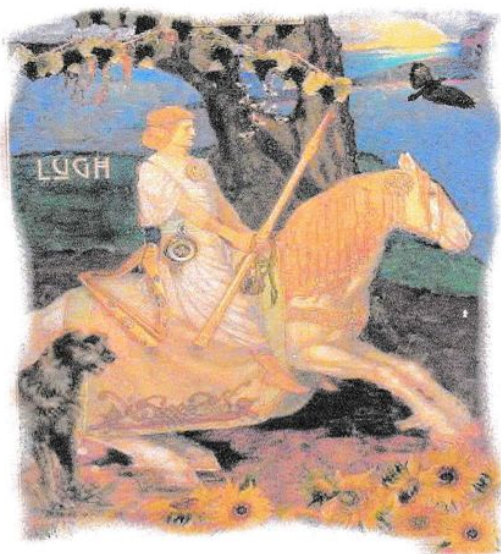


# SerpentStar

Newsletter for members of  
The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids  
in the Southern Hemisphere.

## Lughnasadh 2008



## Lughnasadh

*"Trumpets, harps, hollow-throated horns, pipers, timpanists, unwearied...fiddlers, gleemen, bone-players and bag-pipers, a rude crowd, noisy, profane, roaring and shouting."*

**Lugh** was the many-skilled Irish high king of antiquity who dedicated the Lughnasadh harvest fair to his mother Tailtiu, who had asked for funeral games to be held in her honour, promising that as long as the tradition was upheld, Ireland would not be without a song. Originally, festivities centred around the great parliament at Teltown in County Meath. Ireland was divided into four quarters and, Meath (meaning middle) was at the centre.

Not only politicking, lawing, sports and acrobatics, but all arts, crafts and industries competed for honours. It was a time for trade and commerce as well, drawing merchants and entrepreneurs from all over the ancient Celtic world, selling and buying food, farm animals, fine crafts and above all the world's finest flax and the linen thread and exquisite cloth made from it that is still the pride of mild, misty Ireland today. So there was storytelling, music and revelry, and lots of symbol-rich, magical ceremony when people came together for Lughnasadh.

**Handfastings** were a feature of old-time Lughnasadh celebrations. According to tradition, young eligibles lined up on either side of a wall whose gate had a hole in it. One after another, girl and boy would clasp hands through the hole, without seeing whose hand they held. This was only a trial marriage; they had a year and day to see if it worked out. If the couple could not agree, they could divorce at the next year's Lughnasadh festival by standing back to back and walking away from each other.

Teltown is no longer great, but right up to the middle of last century Irish folk still celebrated this liveliest of harvest revels, with competitions, fairs and festivities suited to the season, celebrating the earth's freely-given gifts along with the hard-won harvest of grain, potatoes, pulse and flax; and honouring the great and powerful ones of the lands and times.

In our 21<sup>st</sup> century Southern Hemisphere celebrations we draw our inspiration from these ancient Celtic festivals, adapting the old customs to our relatively new surroundings. It's still a good time for handfasting, for the celebration of each individual's talents and achievements, and for exhibitions of skill and strength. And most of us still love the old gods and love to honour the handsome, all-skilful Lugh Lámhfhada and his supernaturally strong, self-sacrificing mother Tailtiu, who died of exhaustion after clearing the ancient forests of Ireland for cultivation.

Through the symbolism of the myth of Tailtiu, in whom many see a personification of the fruitful, yielding, all-forgiving yet vulnerable land itself, we can promote the productivity of the land. Lugh is the powerful, far-reaching personification of civilisation, teaching us to honour and protect the earth even as we rejoice in her gifts.

Feasting is still a part of the celebration, with many traditional bread recipes and new innovative ways of honouring our ancestors and the great ones among us now and the past. But with the main parliamentary proceedings no longer part of it, the main thing is for everyone to participate and enjoy the magic, ceremony and fun of Lughnasadh!



# druidscience



by Carole Nielsen

For those of you who contemplate the "as it is above, so it is below" adage, here is a little snippet that I came across on the ABC Science site.

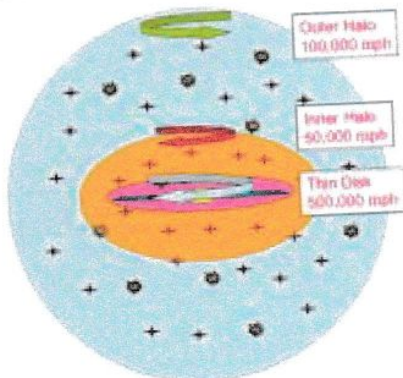
The Milky Way halo is a sphere of ancient stars, invisible to the naked eye, that surrounds the familiar flattened spiral disc of the galaxy.

The halo of stars surrounding the Milky Way is made up of two different parts that spin in opposite directions, according to an international team of astronomers.

The researchers found inner and outer haloes, which rotate in opposite directions. They found the inner halo is a flattened sphere rotating in the same direction as our sun but more slowly.

The Milky Way's spiral disc takes 200 million years to rotate, at around 800,000 kilometers per hour, while the inner halo rotates at around 80,000 kilometers per hour.

The outer halo is a sphere that rotates at around 160,000 kilometers per hour in the opposite direction to the sun.



## The Ancient Islands

Ageless timeless we came  
from the islands of Britain  
and Eire and antiquity  
our heritage from long ago  
akin to the sun moon and stars  
the Druids servants to the God  
of nature and all that it entails  
our planet one of trillions  
in this universe of ours  
akin to multitudes of life  
in space and time.

To converse from time to time  
with the stars and formations  
spinning like a wheel clockwise  
a crystal ball in a crystal dish  
wired to an electric charge.  
In tune with the universe  
and the rhythm of life  
rotating like the earth  
the answer to the future  
lies in the remote past  
Druidry over all.

Mandagora the Bard



Mandagora and assistant Bernadette.





## Book Review



### Whispers from the Woods:

*The Lore & Magic of Trees*  
by Sandra Kynes, Llewellyn, 2006

Over the past year or so, I've read every book I could find on the Ogam. This one contains two chapters on the Ogam, one on the tree calendar, one about using tree-energies in spellwork, another about using Feng Shui techniques to invite tree energies into your home, another about shamanic journeying with trees, and two about the impact of trees on human consciousness and ways to tune into trees.

It is completely different to any other I've read on the subject, and it's loaded with useful tidbits. The tree calendar as Graves wrote it means nothing to me, and here I find a fellow druid not only acknowledging its shortcomings, but also recommending that we create our own: "Since coming into popular use, Robert Graves's calendar has raised awareness about trees and the cycle of the year. In order to tap into the strong annual cycle of tree energy, it is important to work with the ones you live among and become attuned with them by working with your own tree calendar" (35).

I've been working with trees for a long time, yet the recommended techniques for attuning to their energies added much to my crane skin bag. Most are beautifully simple, such as making a list of the houses you've lived in and the trees you associate with each house, and the memories they evoke.

There's a handy list of attributes and associations of the twenty ogam trees, plus bamboo, cedar, cherry, chestnut, cypress, elm, gooseberry, hackberry, hickory, honeysuckle, hornbeam, juniper, laurel, linden, locust, magnolia, maple, mesquite, mimosa, myrtle, olive, palm, spindle, spruce, sycamore, walnut, and witch hazel.

The first chapter on the Ogam contains the usual history, definitions and general information, while the second explores the range of Oghams. This includes pictorial representations of twenty-eight of the ninety-two styles of Ogam contained in The Book of Ballymote. Again readers are encouraged to experiment: "As with the tree calendar, you may find that many of the trees represented by the Ogham are not commonly found in your area and that some trees with which you want to work are not represented...Be creative and you will find many ways for your personal Ogham to bring you into rhythm with tree wisdom as you travel your spiritual path" (66 & 68).

4

I would not recommend this book for the serious student encountering the Ogam for the first time. My choice for that purpose would be Steve Blamires *Celtic Tree Mysteries*, because it focuses on one ogam at a time and studies it in depth before moving to the next, thus laying a strong foundation. *Whispers from the Woods* is for later reading, for when you are ready to explore the walls and the ceiling of your understanding about the Ogam, and the trees.

Elkie White

### willy wagtail



welcome, pretty dancer,  
with your flit and flutter of feather  
and fanning of tail -  
fantastical fantasy bird!!!!

did ever a sixties twister  
cut and shuffle more sightly?  
did ever a shimmy-shiny flapper  
charleston as crisply as you?

charming your courteous curtesy,  
dainty the curl of your claw,  
flirty and flighty, and flouting  
the staid laws of clerks -

what larks!

welcome and welcome again,  
you fine-feathered flibbertigibbet,  
wild dancer of aerial  
joy-spinning sky dances,  
spirit of gaiety

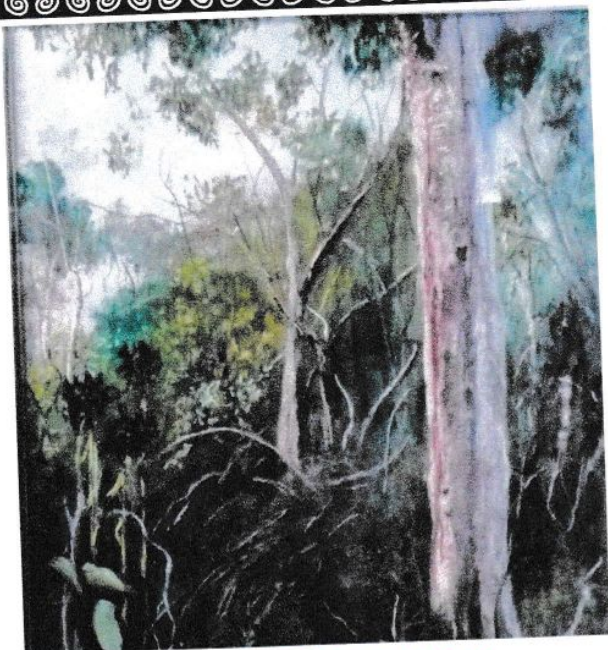
chirruping dance-charms  
into the ear of the sky.

who could resist you  
and not long to dance  
and long to be joyful like you?

spirited, sprightly and spry -  
welcome wild wagtail, i cry!

wyverne





## JOURNEYS OF A SHAMAN

by Cherry Carrol

"I am the Matriarch. Call me at your need," the words rang out, crystal clear and yet seeming to echo from deepest antiquity, powerful, steadfast, compelling and yet a voice which I instinctively knew could be trusted with my very life. But -----? Coming from an elephant? In a tree?

I squeezed my eyes tightly shut, then reopened them widely. Yup! Still there and a white elephant at that, with her hide reflecting softly in the pre dawn light. She remained patiently watching, her kindly, but piercing coal black eyes locked onto mine.

I shifted my gaze, somewhat apprehensively, and glanced around, taking comfort in the infinite beauty of our surroundings. Gynea Lillies stretched their giant buds towards the heavens, some already burst open in a blaze of crimson, their stems rising like spears from the clumps of sword like leaves. Sentinels all, they guarded the ancient forest. A bush fire had swept through this land not long ago, scorching everything in its path but nature, true to her eternal promise, was already regenerating. Flooding rains had poured their balm upon the Mother's wounds and patiently she responded to their healing, reclothing her bare scorched earth with tendrils of delicate ferns and fresh green shoots of new born grasses. The roasted trees already sprouting cheerful sprigs of tender Spring green leaves. Here and there the vibrant tangle of the bush was visible where the fire had merely licked to taste its sweetness. New, vibrant energy radiated within my power spot. A tingling shimmer filled the air as nature wove her magic.

This was the third morning of my first Vision Quest and I had neither eaten nor slept for forty-eight hours, but my mind was remarkably clear - as was the vision of the elephant, who regarded me with solemn benevolence. All large ears and magnificent tusks she balanced her huge body effortlessly between the twin trunks (no pun intended) of the great flame scared eucalypt.

"Why?" I asked, and received the immediate reply.

"You are Mother figure to many. You are teacher and healer. This is your path. I am your strength."

This came to me as a revelation. I felt both humbled and honoured and thanked her quietly for this insight. Her eyes twinkled with affection and humour as she stretched her pure white trunk towards me. I raised my hand and as we touched we melded into one.

Elephant power - Earth Mother's wisdom. A gentle breeze whispered in my ear, telling stories of ancient memories, courage and selfless love. My first Shamanic lesson. Chuckling then the wind playfully flicked my hair around my face, laughed and began to sing of distant mountains, crashing waves and the majesty of the heavens. At this the Sun caught the melody and rose regally in a blaze of riotous colour. Deepest carmine, glowing golden cloud shot through with ribbons of purest violet. Rays of blinding light penetrating the forest, seeking me out to etch me in silver as I stood transfixed, mesmerised by such powerful perfection.

"Mayaan - Dah", the words sweep around us, at first the merest whisper, but then louder, "Mayaan - Dah", whipping closer until we are spinning in a funnel of sound. "Mayaan - Dah" in an exquisite crescendo - and then nothing. The ensuing silence was deafening in its purity. I rose shakily from my crouched position before the elephant tree. The Matriarch was gone, but her message was engraved in letters of fire where she had been:

"In all be true if you would be a friend,  
No tricks or gossip fall upon your mind,  
And yet in perfect harmony be bound,  
To all that love can bring once it is found."

"Verentah - Desayvue - Menatu"

A chant rises unbidden from my heart. Brigid herself conducts me now. My drum flies into my hand and I am drumming, stamping and whirling in my circle. The beater sweeping cobwebs from the corners of my soul. No inhibitions, cares or intent, just tribal fury, wild freedom, passion. I dance with joy in the knowledge that I am accepted. No judgement here, no verdict meted out. I am one with all - I am me - I am complete and perfect just the way I am. Rain begins to fall, soft at first, then stinging drops bring colour to my upturned face as I open my mouth to taste the precious gift, pure and sweet upon



5 a pink cocoon of care.

Gaze through a telescope at the Worlds beyond and you will realise that time does not exist. In truth only the Seasons mark its passing in the continuing wheel of innocence which humankind has largely come to ignore. And so, this said, the order of my telling matters not, so I will tell to you these stories as they will.

I ask for a blessing on all who tread the path of this Vision Quest and hold aloft my prayer ties for their blessing. A garrulous call shrieks out across the forest and three more dark shapes wing across the tree tops. Five - the Shaman's number. Then in a whirl of blackness pierced with bright blood red, they rise in unison and disappear into the East, seeming to fly into the very core of the Sun.

## Crossword Puzzle Solution

1	R	2	A	3	D		4	I	5	A	N	C	E		6	M	
7	O	D	E				8	N	U						9	A	X
10	E	V	E	R	Y	T	H	I	N	G							
		11	E	D				S								I	
12	E	N	S	U		13	E			14	G	R	A	C	E		
			T				15	A	N	U				C			
16	Q	U	E	R	T				17	M	O		18	T	I	F	
			R					19	A				20	U	R		
		21	E	V	E	N	C		22	H	A	N	C		23	E	
24	O	R						25	I	O			26	I	L	L	
			S			27	C	A	D	E	N	C	E	D			





## wyvern's words

### G'day, Southern Hemisphere OBODies!

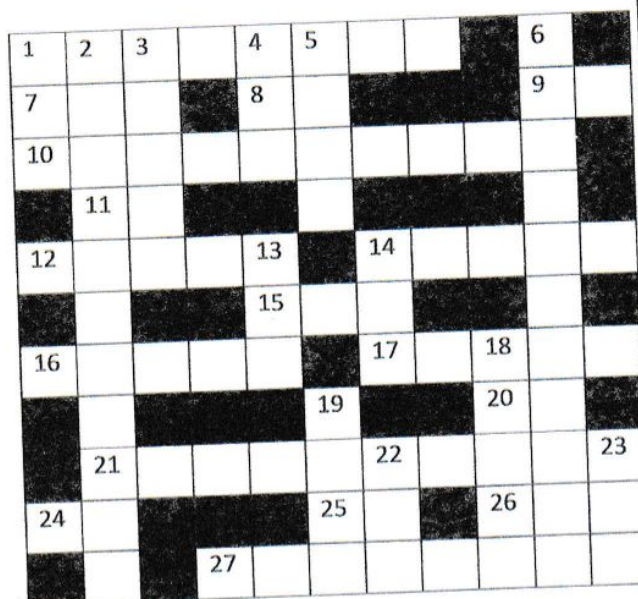
Welcome to the Lughnasadh issue of *SerpentStar*. And what a Lughnasadh! With drought in the south and flooding rains in the North of Australia, it's been an interesting start to the year - plenty of work for us Druids to do. In the olden days, Druids were expected to be able to moderate the weather, optimising conditions for crops, and ensuring that all went well in the land, so if you're actively working magically in your circles for the healing of the climate, in groups or alone - keep up the good work!

*SerpentStar* is growing, servicing the whole of the Southern Hemisphere now, not just Australia and the Pacific, so we're looking forward to hearing more from the rest of this half of the planet.

We've got a bumper crop of contributions this time, with articles, poems, and news from all over. Carole's column is a knock-out! Cherry invites us on an exciting Shaman quest, and Elkie gives us a thoughtful review of a book that might deepen our understanding of the ogham. Poems, puzzles and pictures and something for the junior bards, ovates and druids as well. Thanks to everybody who took the time to write up their thoughts to share with us all - and keep those contributions coming in!

**SerpentStar** comes out four times a year at each of the fire festivals, Imbolc, Beltane, Lughnasadh and Samhuin. **Subscriptions:** by email, free of charge - just send me your email address at [wyeuro@bigpond.com](mailto:wyeuro@bigpond.com). By post, send \$Aus10 and your postal address to PMB2 Angaston SA 5353 Australia. **Contributions** are eagerly sought. Email them or send me a legible copy with illustrations and relevant links or book references. Make sure that your contributions do not violate copyright laws. **Opinions** expressed in *SerpentStar* by contributors are not necessarily the opinions of the Order of Bards Ovates and Druids.

## Crossword Puzzle



### Clues across:

1. Energy moving outwards.
7. Poem
8. Greek letter.
9. Tool.
10. All there is.
11. Short form of a name.
12. Follow on.
14. Elegance.
15. Irish goddess of knowledge.
16. An ogham.
17. Design element.
20. Ancient city.
21. Equal odds.
24. Heraldic gold.

25. Greek nymph.
26. Unwell.
27. Modulated.

### Clues down:

1. Fish eggs.
2. Thrill-seekers.
3. Feats.
4. Doesn't matter which.
5. Nourishing tree seeds.
6. Ring of Power.
13. Devour.
14. Glue.
18. Short garment.
19. Sour.
22. Cultivate.
23. Olden time.

"Watch your thoughts; they become words.  
Watch your words; they become actions.  
Watch your actions; they become habits.  
Watch your habits; they become character.  
Watch your character; it becomes your destiny."

~ Frank Outlaw ~





# Animism

by vyvyan ogma wyverne

7

**There are two kinds of animism:** one that might be called 'intuitive' animism, which intuitu the in-dwelling spirit or anima and of every material and hence its awareness, without worrying too much about how or why it exists; and one that might be called 'scientific' animism, which looks for ways in which awareness may be coded into the very structures of matter itself. Intuitive animism deals with dryads, devas, and the like, while scientific animism looks for sentient awareness in the fabric of the material universe itself. It is this scientific kind of animism that I'm going to consider in this essay. Established belief is changing as atomic research advances. Within atoms we find all the logic and energy necessary for both life and intellect. By considering the implications of finding them there, I intend to show that each object has its own form of awareness, however different from human awareness that might be.

Most current scientific debate about awareness, assumes that it belongs exclusively to biologically living beings, a product of metabolism, but no one can verify that. We have no map of mind; we can't map our own 'ego boundaries', and we can only deduce awareness in others from behaviour we can understand because it resembles our own. An insect flees danger, so it must be aware. Plants react biochemically, just as we do, so they must be aware; but stones, buildings, computers, statues, pots and pans? We can't measure their responsiveness, but are they aware? And if they are, what are they aware of and how does it register?

The answer might be found in the infinitely small, in the way matter is formed from atoms. Sub-atomic science shows that the atom is a complex, highly evolved being. The particles comprising the nucleus are themselves formed of richly detailed components. It is no longer possible to believe that complexity diminishes with smallness. The infinitely small is almost certainly infinitely complex.

Furthermore, atoms are immensely ancient beings whose evolution began in the very early stages of creation, steeped in a dense fabric of radiances rich in information about the myriad events that generated them. Over the aeons they have accumulated a vast array of impressions that are inherently 'meaningful', in the sense that they have logic and sequence. The repercussions or radiance of an event, say, a collision among neighbouring atoms, leave impressions that have an inner logic, encoding the cause-and-effect, action-and-reaction consequences of the event. In a sense, all radiance is an information-rich account of its own genesis.

Matter is dense, highly structured, infinitely detailed, stabilised energy. Perhaps it is the ever-increasing intensity of this aeons-long accumulation of impressions of cosmic events that creates density and then shapes the material energy of subatomic particles into such complex forms, with new events continually adding detail. But there's no reason to doubt that each atom contains in an organised way its memories of a whole universe's lifetime of cosmic and local events.

Psychologists acknowledge that ideas, especially memories, are energised, with memories of high impact events more highly charged than those of minor or commonplace events. As events vary in intensity and complexity so do the energy levels of the impressions they leave. So subatomic memories would behave like variously charged particles. In a complex memory made up of unequally charged details in logical array, there is something very like an electronic system activated and animated by potential difference, with logic channelling the flow. The energy of the most ancient events is perhaps still restless within the atoms of our time, and restless energy is the very foundation of life.

The way the deep inner components of atoms are organised gives rise to the qualities of the material they form *en masse* – qualities our human senses interpret as colour, smell, taste, and texture, and the whole array of more subtle sensations, and which we measure as weight, density and radiance.



Naturally these qualities of atoms filter and condition new impressions in highly logical ways i.e., atoms too interpret their perceptions through the structures and qualities of their material organisation. These are intellectual processes, the very foundation of intelligence. Each particle of an atom is unique, and so are its memories. It is radiant and charged, and cannot associate with any other particle that hasn't a compatible radiance and charge. Like repels like, opposites attract, and many more subtle laws determine how clusters of particles form. This ensures that within an atom, organisation is logically determined, and it also ensures that whole atoms cluster together or repel each other in logical patterns. Their surroundings respond to them logically. The same strenuous logic twists and wrestles molecules into shape, and drives the formation of all the visible forms of matter from dust-motes to giant stars, or galaxies or even whole cosmoses - and everything in between. All are composed of tiny ever-evolving intelligences pooling their resources in organised, 'smart' ways. It is unreasonable to assume that they aren't alive, sentient and intelligent.

Medical science is currently focusing on new evidence of the consciousness of human body parts other than the brain. Our hands learn tasks, our livers respond intelligently to metabolic disturbances and the emotionality of our gut contributes to our pleasure in eating a hearty meal. More telling still, organ transplant recipients sometimes report that personality traits may be transferred along with the organ, including artistic or musical talent, or an interest in sport or politics.

Some species of fish and birds exhibit a shared intelligence in migrating, flying in formation, and in responding to new conditions and learning new patterns of behaviour. In this kind of intelligence, the animating thoughts occur outside the many widely separated bodies of the thinker - or in all of them simultaneously. The brain of planet earth's higher animals seems to be not so much 'the' organ of intelligence as a unique specialisation of the intelligence generated in the memories of subatomic particles. Other organs have different kinds of intelligence, not less; and other species, without highly developed brains, have different kinds of awareness, not accessible to us, but just as vital to the planet whose organs they are.

So there are good scientific reasons for believing in the intelligent awareness, however unlike our own, of every object, substance or place. Every quark or galaxy of matter is densely packed with sequentially structured, intricately organised memory impregnated energy, animated by logically channelled energies which are the foundations of intellect and life. Unique though we are, we can begin to believe in a ubiquitous mind which we share with the trees and the moon, the stones and the oceans and this magical planet we are part of.

## LikelyLinks

### GAI

The Goddess Association In Australia is a not for profit member-driven organisation which is committed to bringing women together, united in the timeless wisdom and lore of Goddess  
[www.goddessassociation.com.au](http://www.goddessassociation.com.au)

### NZ Spirit Web Directory

<http://magicalpath.net/dir/pagan>

### PAGANZ

A place to meet and talk with people, to find Pagan groups, Pagan shops, Pagan services, and other Pagan websites.  
[www.paganz.co.nz](http://www.paganz.co.nz)

### PAN

### Pagan Awareness Network

A not for profit educational association working to correct misinformation, encourage religious tolerance, and foster the growth of the Pagan community.

Contact: David Garland 0412427343  
<http://www.paganawareness.net.au>





## The Turning of the Sovereign Seal

9



### Modern magic in Irish politics

#### Traditional Annual Ritual for the Irish Harp..

The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed may yet sound again! This information comes from a press release issued by politician Kathy Sinnott, campaigner for Ireland's threatened heritage

On January 21<sup>st</sup> at 12:00 noon a member of the Maguire clan performed a little known harp ritual that has great significance for the Irish people. This year, it was particularly poignant. Politician Kathy Sinnott, MEP for Ireland South was in attendance, along with Laoise Kelly, the harper who organised last September's gathering of harpers in protest at the corrupt Irish government's proposal to put a highway through Tara and open its sacred ground for commercial development.

Kathy Sinnott, who campaigns vigorously for the protection of Tara in close association with Stavros Dimas, leader of the European Union, asks, *"This is a significant year for Irish Heritage and sovereignty. Will we see the final destruction of our heritage in the Tara Skyrne Valley to make way for a toll road? Will we see the end of Irish sovereignty with the acceptance of the EU Constitutional 'Lisbon' Treaty to make way for the new European Union? Or will an appreciation of Irish sovereignty and heritage come to their rescue even at this late stage?"*

It will be the 40<sup>th</sup> time William Maguire of Askeaton Co Limerick performs this rite. He inherited this duty from his grandfather Tom Maguire, through his own father. The family has long held a significant place in Irish politics and culture, preserving that which was truly Irish during the long years of foreign control.

On the reverse side of the Sovereign Seal is the Brian Boru Harp, and it's a symbol rich in meaning, incorporating in its form references to the horizon, the moon, the triangle and other sacred geometry, and even, for this anciently sea-faring nation, ships' compasses. It has been described as "an ancient compendium of knowledge" – hence its importance for ceremonial and official use. It's symbolism is a key to all Celtic civilisation and history. The Sovereign seal of Dail Eireann (Irish Parliament) is the symbol of the power of the Irish people invested in the Oireachtas (Legislature).

Significant in the church, too, it has traditionally been used as a psalter to accompany psalms. Its twelve strings represent the twelve apostles, the twelve tribes of Israel. In the circle of the year, they represent the twelve months, and in popular thought, they refer to the twelve inches in a foot, the twelve in a dozen and so on.

String numbers vary in other representations of the sacred Irish harp. There's a 14 stringed harp on Irish money, a nine stringed harp on Irish passports, and courts of law sit under a thirteen stringed harp whose 13 strings, interpreted as three in one, relate their work firmly to the Irish constitution. This harp is also depicted on every official document that comes from the Dail. In earlier times, there was a six stringed harp on the Sovereign Seal of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and five on that of the Fenian Brotherhood so famed in story and song.

Under English law, the Seanad (Irish senate) was forced to sit facing symbols of the British Crown. Symbols of the Sovereign Seal with its Brian Boru Harp were moved to the backs of the chairs, so that members of the Seanad sat with their backs to it. William Maguire is advocating that this be changed, so that Irish laws are passed under the greater influence of a truly Irish symbol.

We can help this process, and help to heal the Dail, restore the symbolism of the Irish Harp and save Tara from further destruction in our rituals, spells, prayers and meditation and in our circle magic. We can restore the 'Luck of the Irish'.

Although the corruptly financed highway is already pushing its destructive way through priceless, irreplaceable monuments at Tara, the ancient seat of the Irish Druids, campaigners are optimistic that together we can stop it going further. Popular opinion in Ireland is now in favour of turning the whole of the intensely sacred Tara Skyrne Valley, which incorporates Rath Lugh and other henges and amphitheatres, into a National Park. If you care, you can add your voice to theirs, and help Save Tara.

Read more at <http://www.hilloftara.info>

and <http://www.hilloftara.blogspot.com>

then sign the on-line petition to Save Tara at

<http://www.petitiononline.com/hilltara/petition.html>



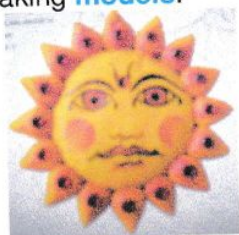
The red rose shineth rare,  
And the lily saintly fair;  
But my shamrock, one in three,  
Takes the inmost heart of me!  
From Shamrock Song  
by Katharine Tynan



# Kids Page

## Junior Bards:

Busy **Bards** are happy **Bards**, and **Bards** are always happy when they are being **creative**. You can have lots of creative **fun** making **models**.



This is a model of the **sun** made out of **play dough**. Here's the **recipe**:

2 cups of plain **flour** mixed with 1 cup of **salt**.  
**Water** for mixing.

**Stir** the flour and salt together in a **bowl** with enough water to make **good dough**. You might need someone older to help you the first time. Then you'll **know how** to do it for yourself! You can squeeze it into all sorts of **shapes** and **stick them together** with water. When you've made your model, it must be **baked** in a slow **oven**. Then you can **paint** it and **varnish** it!



A pixy for you to colour in!

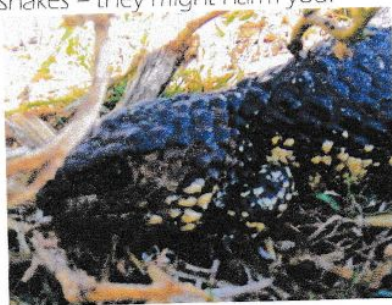
## Young Ovates:

**Wild creatures** love **Ovates**. **Ovates** **care** for sick and injured **birds** and **animals** and they try to protect their homes from destruction. The wild creatures **know** when you **love** them, and they learn to trust and love you in return. They **show** this in many ways – find time to **stand still** and **listen**, so that they can **speak** to you. Would you like it if little **wild birds** came out of the **trees** to land on your **hand**? That **might** happen if you're very **silent** and **calm** and **speak** to the wild creatures as if they are your **friends**.



This **New Zealand** bird is the Chatham Island Black Robin. It had nearly died out until bird-lovers **rescued** it, from the very brink of extinction. Now it has a **chance**. Looking after the **wild creatures' homes** is called **conservation**.

When you are with wild creatures, be aware of their **surroundings**. Do they like to be in **trees**, or **grassland**, or in **gardens** around houses? Some birds live in **busy city streets**. **Lizards** like rocks. Don't forget the **tiny** creatures: **snails**, honey bees and **caterpillars**, beetles, mosquitoes and worms. They are not just pests – they are wild creatures of **Nature** too! But be **careful** of spiders and snakes – they might harm you!



## Budding Druids:

Druids are **wise**. They know that in order to do **good magic**, they must always be **honest** and **benevolent**. The Druid Path is a **Path of Virtue**.

When you stay **faithful** to the Virtue Path of the Druid, **Awen** pours its divine **inspiration** into everything you do. When you stray from the **path**, you stray from **Awen**, and so your magic has no power.

You can make a **magic charm** called an **amulet** to keep you in the power of the **Awen**. Find a flat, smooth small enough to fit in your pocket and paint the **Awen** symbol on it. This is the **Awen** symbol – you can choose your own **colours**.



Varnish it to **protect** it. Now you must **enchant** it. This is how.

Place your **amulet** on the ground or floor, and draw or imagine a small **circle** about 50cms in diameter around it. Facing the centre, take **three deep breaths**, one for the **earth**, one for the **sky** and one for the **sea**. Then, starting at the **east**, walk nine times **deosil** (towards the right) round the amulet **chanting** the **Awen**. You must say one **Awen** for each time you go round, making it last the whole way round. Then **give thanks** for the gift of Awen Inspiration, and unwind the **circle**. Your amulet is now charged with

the magical power of **Awen**.

Keep it **with** you at **all times**. Then, even if you wander from the **Virtue Path** of the **Druid**, **Awen** will call you back into its **pure inspiration** once again like a true friend. Awen is for **inspiration** so if you need **good ideas**, help, or **protection** from harm, touch your **amulet** and be filled with the divine **inspiration** of **Awen**. But **remember**, Awen only helps you to **do good** in the world!