

# SerpentStar

Newsletter for the Australian and New Zealand members of OBC

Alban Arthan, June 2003

## WINTER, A TREES' SLEEP

Winter, that dark time.  
Drop all my leaves,  
I will start again.  
The sun cannot help me now,  
Internal I must go.  
Hibernate, hide, and review.  
I will awake when the sun's  
Call reaches my very soul.  
Let the cold wind blow,  
Let those icy elements  
Ravage my skeletal remains,  
I care not.  
I am not here,  
I am there, far away.  
Ahh sleep, welcome  
That blissful state of ambiguity.  
The waters are cold and tasteless,  
Mother earth biting and damp.  
Dance around me, oh weakened sun.  
I will watch with cats-eyes  
The sluggish movements of this season.  
In my sleep I dream in slow motion.  
The world passes by uncomprehended by this being.  
Fret not for me, this too shall pass,  
Tis but a moment in my life  
A pre-destined moment  
In the blink of your eye  
A tear will fall.  
What seems like eternity  
Will be retracted by the new buds of spring.

### Submission Requests for Southern Echoes

Southern Echoes is a new anthology of Druid writings. The focus of the anthology is "Druidry in the Southern Hemisphere" and it is open for submissions only from Druids in the Southern Hemisphere. We are looking for poetry, prose and articles, to show-case the tradition as it is being practised in the Southern Hemisphere - the challenges, the spirits that inspire, the love, joy and tears.

A collection such as this has never been attempted before and will form a path for future Druids working in the Southern Hemisphere as well as sending an echo back to the Northern Hemisphere and the ancient homes of Druidry.

Please submit items via email to  
[southern\\_echoes@yahoo.com](mailto:southern_echoes@yahoo.com)

email submissions \*must\* be in the body of the message, attachments will be ignored, subject line "Attn Editor".

Snail mail  
Attn: The Editor, Southern Echoes  
24 Torquata Blvd  
Helena Valley WA 6056

6 submissions per person only  
author must be living in the Southern Hemisphere  
poems up to 100 lines plus title  
prose and articles up to 3000 words

**All submissions must be received by 30th June**

If you are snail mailing submissions please supply an appropriate pre-stamped envelope or international reply coupons if you require a reply.

### **New Pagan-Oriented Real time Chat Community**

Pagangrove.net is an IRC chat community for pagans and those with like-minds. Hosted and run by Unikorn of OBOD, this server creates a space online for pagans all across the globe to come together to learn, share, perform rituals and celebrations, socialise and generally network. Full instructions to get there are on the website

<http://pagangrove.net>

and you are welcome to email unikorn anytime

[unikorn@pagangrove.net](mailto:unikorn@pagangrove.net)



# EDITOR'S SPOT

*Hello again everyone!*

*Since the last SerpentStar, I have moved, so please note the new editorial addresses.*

*I now live about 1½ house from where I used to live, but there is a noticeable difference in altitude, temperature, and plant life. The soil is even a different colour (red, not brown)!*

*I will miss the mountains, but I am starting a new life here, on a 420 acre property, with my fiancé. We plan to build an environmentally friendly mud brick house and grow most of our own food. It will definitely be an adventure!*

*I hope things are well wherever you may be.*

*Síonnach*

## SIXTH ANNUAL AUSTRALIAN OBOD ASSEMBLY AND TUTOR CONVENTION 2003

There's been a really good response to last issue's announcement of the Sixth Australian Annual Assembly of Bards Ovates and Druids to be held at Wyeuro Grove on November 22nd and 23rd this year, with about a dozen people responding so far. Susan Jones, our OBOD tutor coordinator from England will be here to chair a tutor convention which will be incorporated into the Assembly.

### Where:

Wyeuro is in South Australia, two miles from the River Murray near Punyerlroo a short distance downstream from Swan Reach about an hours' drive from Adelaide. Swan Reach is downstream from Blanchetown. Wyeuro is eighty acres of open woodland on limestone with lichens with an abundance of wildlife. It is also home to Helen and Vyvyan, Luke the dog, some cats, some chooks and several goats.

### When:

We'll be expecting people to start arriving on the Friday afternoon (21<sup>st</sup>) and that some will want to stay over on Sunday night and leave Monday (24<sup>th</sup>).

### Getting there:

Approach is easy by car, although there are some bumpy stretches. For people who intend coming by plane, train or bus arriving in Adelaide on the Friday, we're looking at the possibility of hiring a car from Adelaide to collect people as they arrive. Anyone coming from or via Adelaide on the Friday who either might want a lift or who might be able to offer another person or other people a lift, please let me know. During the weekend people coming from Adelaide by bus can be met at Blanchetown. Let me know if you want details. There's no train or plane. We'll send out maps for people who ask for them.

### Accommodation:

We have secured four cabins at the Punyerlroo caravan park down on the river-bank for \$49.50 per couple per night and \$5.50 per night extra for each additional person. The billabong within easy walking distance of the caravan park offers thrilling wetland bird-watching. If you can let us know what you want, how many rooms, share or alone we can book it for you. But of course up

## Websites

[www.druidry.org](http://www.druidry.org) - Website of the Order of Bards, Ovates, and Druids

<http://camelot.celtic-twilight.com/oas.htm>

- Online Arthurian Sources

<http://www.harpmaker.net/projectc.htm>

- How to build a Celtic harp!



out on the flat (or under cover if it's raining) for free, or you can pitch a tent, park a campervan or caravan and annex or whatever. Well-behaved dogs on leashes will be welcome too.

### Facilities:

All mod cons at the Park but at Wyeuro itself the campsites are unserviced.

### Shopping:

Towns are tiny, and far apart. There is a small shop at the caravan park, and a supermarket/general store at Sedan half an hour away, and there's a pub and some small rural shops in Swan Reach.

### Catering:

One of the best things about the last assembly at Uluru was the self-catering. Everyone shared in the work and what good food it was. We all brought along something, either home produce or something special bought on the way, and spontaneously created nutritious meals as we got hungry according to what was brought. I thought we might make a feature of it this time, stirring up interesting cauldrons and woks full of really magical brews. Would welcome inspiring input on this subject!

### Events:

I'm looking for input here. There'll be ceremonies and workshops, music and feasting, and story telling and perhaps guided play for small children as well.

### Payment:

It isn't really possible to fix a set cost per person, with some sharing cabins and others camping out. We'll have some expenses in preparing the place and so on, but it won't be a lot. In past years we've paid a deposit of \$50 and \$100 later to bring it up to \$150, but with people paying for their own transport and accommodation or else camping here for free, and everyone contributing to the catering, it's unlikely that we'd spend that much on anything else. So we're thinking that if everyone puts \$50 into the kitty to start with we could top it up later if necessary. If you're unwaged, we might be able to pass around a hat for you.

### Contact:

Anyone interested should write to Helen and Vyvyan, PMB2, Angaston, SA 5353, or email us at [wyeuro@bigpond.com](mailto:wyeuro@bigpond.com). If you give us your address we'll be able to incorporate input from everyone as it all develops and inspirations occur. We'll keep you informed with updates either by email or snails (or owls if you're very magical) as the outline firms up, people's plans get coordinated, and details get finalised. Let us know if you don't want to be included in that. The first of these will be out soon. There'll be regular coverage in



## #2 On the legitimacy of talking to trees.

by Vyvyan Ogma Wyverne

*Roots are radiant. They ray out thinner roots from thick ones and finer ones still from the thin ones. They aren't passive; they move about like fingers, purposefully seeking out nutrients in the soil. They have an array of techniques for attracting the chemicals they need from the soil and repelling those they don't as various and impassioned as asking, soliciting, begging, imploring, acquiring, pleading for, stealing, appealing for, etc. are in humans. From their chemo-physical quests, sallies and gestures is composed the spirituality of tree roots, which together with those of the trunk and crown, which are just as highly organized and structured, form the spirituality of the tree. The Material is the Spiritual.*

*What a multitude of beings a tree comprises. Atoms are beings. Cells are beings. Leaves, flowers and seeds are beings. How busy and alive they all are, from the fine, feeding filaments of the roots to the busy chemistry in the cells of leaves. They actively respond to the sea of molecular and microbial events in the soil. No two atoms are alike. Tin atoms have a spirituality distinct from that of all other kinds of atom, but similar to that of all other tin atoms. Every atom has travelled its path through the cosmos from its genesis to its present position. Every atom has a memory, a record of its total experience in all its aeons long minutiae. Each element deals idiosyncratically with its memory, according to its own logistics, which are in turn determined by the structuring features of its total experience.*

*The enchantments spun by atoms of their myriad tugs and tweaks, rays and dynamics, passions and strategies, dilemmas, desires and demands are the elements from which the enchantment of the entire tree is built up. Every tug and tweak represents a feature-rich complex of qualities. They mediate...what? Is that a religious question? Will 'spirit' do for a short answer? Or are they what Australian Aboriginal dreaming theology would describe as dreaming centres, mediating via the physical, psychical and spiritual dimensions within themselves the Dreaming, or reality-scape they inhabit, the*

*features of the universe, from the births and deaths of cosmoses to the events of the daily lives of people on our tiny little planet Earth? Are they not the 'genes' of the cosmos?*

*Qualities are soul. When a number of qualities constellate sustainedly we have 'a' soul. Atoms are soulful. Sulphur is sour. Tin is giggly. Oxygen is ebullient. Hydrogen is mutable. Sodium is sulky. Probably, on another scale, our big bang is passionate too, perhaps with a whole range of passions of a whole higher order of subtlety and complexity than we can imagine. Personality already exists at the atomic level. It does not stop at the level of species, but goes on building, to the planetary, the galactic, the cosmic and beyond.*

*There is no real distinction between living and non-living things, no point of complexity or stage of evolution at which a molecular complex becomes living. Even the division between biotic and non-biotic systems is not clear-cut. To impute to atoms and molecules non-sentience and non-livingness, i.e. deadness, is unscientific. To distinguish between biotic and non-biotic life-forms is a useful convention, but scientists who are still attempting to deal with a theory that 'life' is something that gets engaged as soon as a molecular complex reaches a certain level of a certain type of complexity are failing to convince. The molecules comprising genes compose themselves in accord with the inner logic of their atoms, as affected by the stresses and forces of their environment. Any organism is a colony of organisms, and trees are large and complex ones.*

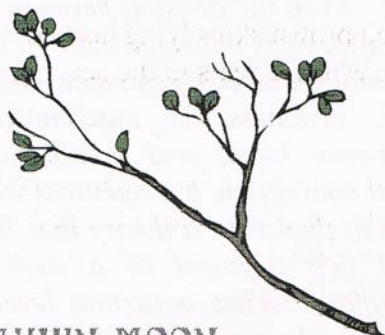
*Our human sensoria select from the data information relevant to us and surely mountains, fish, herbs and trees do too. They surely would sense their birds, the animals, snakes and insects they shelter, and the people who care for them and harvest their fruits.*

*A multi-billion-atomed tree has a vast odic palette. It is not necessarily going to create novels or convert its aeons of experience into memes comprehensible to humans, but its palette draws from the same array, with minor exceptions such*



are similar to those of a human in many ways, especially on a cellular level, but different in other ways, so there will be some overlap in the genetically determined usage of the resources of the id. After all we share some significant portions of our genome with plants.

But is a tree conscious? As with life, there is no threshold of consciousness. Atoms are consciousnesses. Their logical structure dictates that their consciousness concatenates its records of events and situations relevant to it logically. Composed of logically interrelated atoms, molecules are mentalities. The microbes in soil behave in precisely the sense that animals in a savannah ecosystem behave, and this behaviour reflects the behaviours of their atoms, which are harnessed by their own internal logic to generate the observable behaviours of visible beings. The awareness of any earthly being is the pooled, multileveled awareness of all its atoms structured from the molecular level up through the cellular level, through organs such as leaves and flowers, clefts and cliff-faces, or eyes and hands to the individual tree, mountain, or human being.



## SAMHUIN MOON

MOONLIGHT BATHES MY HOPES AND DREAMS

SAMHUINN APPROACHES COME ONE, COME ALL.

NOTHING IS AS SIMPLE AS IT SEEMS.

LINE THE DECKS OF MY HALLS.

BRING BACK THAT SHINE, THAT MAGIC LITE.

ANCESTORS COME FORTH, THOSE WHO WAIT.

WASH ME CLEAN O' QUEEN OF NITE.

THE OPENING OF THAT DARK GATE.

PLUNGE ME INTO WINTER'S RETREAT.

SUP WITH ME, SHARE YOUR YEARS.

AS HIBERNATION CALLS THE BEAT.

A WHISPERED VOICE EXCHANGING FEARS.

Taran

(Kirsty Roberts 9/4/01)



We don't have to impute to trees the idea that they 'think' sequences of thoughts that would be intelligible to us, or ever could, but it would be unscientific to rule it out. Trees have no lungs, yet they breathe. We recognise their circulatory system, their feeding mechanisms, their excretory systems and their reproductive systems. All manner of metabolic processes within the human organism have parallels within plants, similar functions being performed by systems vastly dissimilar in appearance. That we haven't found their brain doesn't mean there isn't one.

Besides, you can feel them responding to you, and when they start talking to you, you just can't keep up the doubt!

## The Druids

In the mist of time the  
essence of druidre began.

A kin to nature.

The sun, moon, and stars  
from dawn to twilight.

They plied their trade.

The essence of study  
ritual and prayer.

To roam the earth to teach and guide  
the many wayfarers the wisdom of the ages  
Timeless they exist from a remote past to go  
across the globe in many lands.

War they did not wage.

A kin to co-existence with all beings  
on the battlestar of creation planet Earth.

Patrick Murphy

## Listening To Enya

A peaceful serenity fills my being  
as I listen to a harp softly playing;

A gentle breeze sighs through the trees,  
And even the daises sway in tune.

The room absorbs the energy of peace;  
Dappled sunlight kisses the window pane;  
The harmony in the music stirs my soul,  
And contentment rests upon my shoulders.

A voice like an angel takes up the tune  
and blends with the harp, sweet and pure;  
I let myself float away with the sounds;  
drifting across a cloudless sky.

Can anything be more beautiful  
than music played sweetly and softly;  
My energy restored -- my soul renewed,





'Selkie Lass' –  
Sigurd Towrie

## The Selkie

by Mara Freeman  
(c) 1995

Long ago, on an island at the northern edge of the world, there lived a fisherman called Neil MacCodrum. He lived all alone in a stone croft where the moorland meets the shore, with nothing but the guillemots for company and the stirring of the sand among the shingle for song.

But in the long winter evenings he would sit by the peat-fire and watch the blue smoke curling up to the roof, and his eyes looked far and far away as if he was looking into another country. And sometimes, when the wind rustled the bent-grass on the machair<sup>1</sup>, he seemed to hear a soft voice sighing his name.

One spring evening, the men of the clachan were bringing their boats full of herring into shore. They swung homeward with glad hearts, and their wives lit the rushlights, so that the wide world dwindled to a warm quiet room. Neil MacCodrum was the last to drag his boat up the shingle and hoist the creel of fish upon his back. He stood a while watching the seabirds fly low towards the headland, their wings dark against the evening sky, then turned to trudge up the shingle to the croft on the machair.

It was as he turned, he saw something move in the shadows of the rocks. A glimmer of white and then - he heard it between birds' cries - high laughter like silver. He set down the creel, and with careful steps he neared the rocks, hardly daring to breathe, and hid behind the largest one. And then he saw them - seven girls with long dark flowing hair, naked and white as the swans on the lake, dancing in a ring where the shoreline met the sea.

And now his eye caught something else - a shapeless pile of speckled brown skins lying heaped like seaweed on a boulder nearby. Now Neil knew that they were selkie, who are seals in the sea, but when they come to land, take off their skins and appear as human women.

Humped low so he would not be seen, Neil MacCodrum crept towards the pile of skins, and slowly slid the top one down. But scarcely had he rolled it up and put it under his coat, than one of the selkie gave a sharp cry. The dance stopped, the circle broke, and the girls ran to the boulder, slipped into their skins and slithered into the rising tide, shiny brown seals that glided away into the dark night sea.

All but one.

She stood before him as white as a pearl, as still as frost in starlight. She stared at him with great dark eyes, then slowly she held out her hand, and said in a voice that trembled with silver:

"Ochone<sup>2</sup>, ochone! Please give me back my skin."

He took a step towards her and she stared at him with large brown eyes that held the depths of the sea. "Come with me," he said, "I will give you new clothes to wear."

The wedding of Neil MacCodrum and the selkie woman was set for the time of the waxing moon and the flowing tide. All the folk of the clachan came, six whole sheep were roasted and the whiskey ran like water. Toasts overflowed from every cup for the new bride and groom, who sat at the head of the table: MacCodrum, beaming and awkward, unused to pleasure, tapped his spoon to the music of fiddle and pipe, but the woman sat quietly beside him at the bride-seat, and seemed to be listening to another music that had in it the sound of the sea.

After a while she bore him two children, a boy and a girl, who had the sandy hair of their father, but the great dark eyes of their mother, and there were little webs between their fingers and toes. Each day



when Neil was out in his boat, she and her children would wander along the machair to gather wild parsnips and berries, or fill their creels with carrageen from the rocks at low tide. She seemed settled enough in the croft on the shore, and in May-time when the air was scented with thyme and roseroot and the children ran towards her, their arms full of wild yellow irises, she was almost happy. But when the west wind brought rain, and strong squalls of wind that whistled through the cracks in the croft walls, she grew restless and moved about the house as if swaying to unseen tides, and when she sat at the spinning-wheel, she would hum a strange song as the fine thread streamed through her fingers. MacCodrum hated these times and would sit in the dark peat-corner glowering at her over his pipe, but unable to say a word.

Thirteen summers had passed since the selkie woman came to live with MacCodrum, and her children were almost grown. As she knelt on the warm earth one afternoon, digging up silverweed roots to roast for supper, the voice of her daughter Morag rang clear and excited through the salt-pure air and soon the girl was beside her holding something in her hands.

"O mother! Is this not the strangest thing I have found in the old barley-kist, softer than the mist to my touch?"

Her mother rose slowly to her feet, and in silence ran her hand along the speckled brown skin. It was smooth like silk. She held it to her breast with one hand, and put her other arm around her daughter, and walked back with her to the croft in silence, heedless of the girl's puzzled stares. Once inside, she called her son Donald to her, and spoke gently to her children:

"I will soon be leaving you, mo chridhe<sup>3</sup>, and you will not see me again in the shape I am in now. I go not because I do not love you, but because I must become myself again."

That night, as the moon sailed white as a pearl over the western sea, the selkie woman rose, leaving the warm bed and slumbering husband. She walked alone to the silent shore and took off her clothes, one by one, and let them fall to the sand. Then she stepped lightly over the rocks and unrolled the speckled brown parcel she carried with her, and held it up before her. For one moment maybe she hesitated, her head turning back to the dark, sleeping croft on the machair; the next, she wrapped the shining skin about her and dropped into the singing water of the sea.

For a while a sleek brown head could be seen in the dip and crest of the moon-dappled waves, pointing ever towards the far horizon, and then, swiftly leaping and diving towards her, came six other seals. They formed a circle around her and then all were lost to view in the soft indigo of the night.

In the croft on the machair, Neil MacCodrum stirred, and felt for his wife, but his hand encountered a cold and empty hollow. He knew better than to look for her and he also knew she would never come to him again. But when the moon was young and the tide waxing, his children would not sleep at night, but ran down to the sands on silent webbed feet. There, by the rocks on the shoreline, they waited until she came - a speckled brown seal with great dark eyes. Laughing and calling her name, they splashed into the foaming water and swam with her until the break of day.

1. **Machair** is a Gaelic word that describes an extensive low-lying fertile plain. Almost half of all Scottish machair occurs in the Outer Hebrides and it is one of the rarest habitat types in Europe.
2. (pronounced *oCH-own*): **Ochone** is an expression of sorrow or regret. It is now old-fashioned and more likely to be found in stage or caricature representations of Highland English.
3. **mo chridhe** - My heart







# *Fact or Fable*

*By: Kelly d. Whittaker*



The legend of King Arthur has survived from the 6th century. People still debate on whether Arthur was a myth or a real King of Briton. Many scholars have recorded Arthur, the Knights of the Round Table and Guinevere. The records were recorded some 100 years after Arthur had died. Deep skepticism has formed on the possible birth and death of Arthur. The Welsh claim Arthur as their son but recent interpretations of the old manuscripts suggest that Arthur, Lancelot, Galahad and Cornwall were all Scots or Celts of Dalriada.

A modern scholar by the name of Norma Lorre Goodrich spent 15 years as a linguistics specialist of over twenty-two different languages, researching the manuscripts of the legendary Arthur. Mrs. Goodrich went to the countries that had these manuscripts, on a quest to prove the legend was real. Her feelings are very similar to many historians, that there is a shred of truth in every legend told. She had to find that shred of evidence.

Arthur Pendragon was born in 559 in the castle of his mother Ygernia del Acqs. Ygernia or Igraine was the True High Queen of the Celtic Kingdoms. Igraine was married to Gwyr-Llew, Dux of Carlisle. The Scots Chronicle records the event as thus:

Beaus at ye heire if Brytan was maryit wy tane Scottis man quen ye Kinrik wakit, and Arthure was XV yere alde, ye Brytannis maid him king be ye devilrie of Merlynge, and yis Arthure was gottyn onn ane oyir mannis wiffe, ye Dux of Caruele.

The Historia Regum Britanniae by Geoffrey of Monmouth states that the Warlord of Carlisle was literally spirited away to the southern West Country to become Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall.

Arthur's father was King Aedan of Dalriada the youngest son of King Constantine. Arthur was recognized as the King of Britain at the time his father was crowned the King of what is now Scotland. In 575 is when Columba ordained the two Pendragons. King Constantine was the first Roman Christian monarch. Arthur was a Roman Christian as well. His mother, Igraine wanted him to make the Celtic Christian Church the Church of the Britons.

Arthur's half sister, Anna married King Loth of Lothian and had several children including Gawain and Lancelot. Gawain, Lancelot and Arthur were all trained at a military instillation in Sweetheart which is now New Abbey across the Nith River near Dumfries.

The Merlin was a mortal man as well as Arthur, Lancelot, Gawain, Constantine and King Aedan. Merlin was the title for the Seer to the King. His birth name was Emrys of Powys. He was the chief advisor for both Pendragon Kings. He was also an elder cousin of Aedan Mac Gabran. The Merlin did prophisy the future. He told King Aedan that he would be alive to see all three of his sons die in battle as the Celtic Christians fought the Roman Christians for the Head of the Island.

Arthur did have a ancestral relationship with his half-sister Morgan Le Fay that lead to a son by the name of Modred being born. The Celtic Church did not see this as being wrong for they believe that there is a Male and a Female that makes up God. Therefore the union between Morgana and Arthur was blessed. This created a whole ruler for the Celts of Britain.

Morgana or Morgan Le Fey raised Modred to be the Head of the Celtic Christian Church. This was after Arthur had proved to be a Roman Christian. Modred also had the same roman soldier training that his father and uncles had received.

There is a misconception of Arthur being Welsh for a very good reason. During the 6th century there were two Arthurs. The one this story is based on and the second was Arthur Prince of Dyfed whom was installed by St. Dubricius in 506. This Arthur was a descendant of the Deisi leaders from Ireland that were the enemies of the Welsh. The confusion is from the Merlin connection. Merlin's father was Aurelious of Powys. Aurelious' wife was the sister Arthur of Dyfed. This made Merlin the nephew of Arthur of Dyfed while at the same time the cousin to Arthur Mac Gabran the Pendragon.



Through out this story, please keep in mind that the Welsh and the Scots were allies and had towns and villages of very similar names. Only with modern translations can both Arthurs be identified.

King Arthur did marry Queen Gwenhwyfar of Brittany. Gwenhwyfar is know to us as Guinevere or modern translation of Jennifer. Guinevere was a Celt priestess and a Queen by her own rights. She was recorded by Columba as being a fierce fighting woman. Sir Lancelot was actually her knight before her and Arthur were married. She brought Lancelot into the Pendragon's service.

The treacherous affair between Lancelot and Guinevere was recorded by the St. Columba and other scholars at the time. King Urien of Gorre makes a declaration of war because he claimed Guinevere and her lands as his. King Urien actually kidnaps the Queen. Lancelot comes to her rescue that in turn leads to their affair.

From:  
[http://www.electricscotland.com/history/king\\_arthur\\_1.htm](http://www.electricscotland.com/history/king_arthur_1.htm)



### **Disclaimer**

Opinions published in this newsletter are not necessarily the opinions of the editor or the Order.

### **Submission/Subscription Details**

Subscription is \$10 per year for four issues, or free via email. Email format is MS Word 2000. Please let me know if you require a different format.

Submissions can be sent via email:

[stormwolf@dodo.com.au](mailto:stormwolf@dodo.com.au)

or snail-mail:

N. Egan

'Glen Oswald', Lamont's Lane, Inverell,  
NSW, 2360

## Seasonal Recipes

### Root Vegetables with Lovage

Serves 4

1 onion  
50g/2oz butter  
175g/6oz carrots  
175g/6oz parsnips  
175g/6oz turnips  
1 litre/1¾ pints chicken stock  
sea salt and black pepper  
4 tablespoons sour cream  
3 tablespoons chopped lovage



Slice the onion thinly and stew gently in the butter, adding the other vegetables, also thinly sliced, after 4 minutes. Cook gently for a further 8 minutes, then add the heated stock. Season to taste with salt and pepper and simmer, covered, for 30 minutes, or until all vegetables are soft. Puree briefly in a blender, or push through a medium food mill, and return to the pan. Reheat, adjust the seasoning and stir in the sour cream. Stir in the chopped lovage and stand for a few moments before serving.

### Tarragon Soup

Serves 4

6 sprigs tarragon  
900ml/1½ pints strong chicken stock  
25g/1oz butter  
1 tablespoon flour  
1 egg yolk  
4 tablespoons thin cream  
1½ tablespoons lemon juice  
sea salt and black pepper

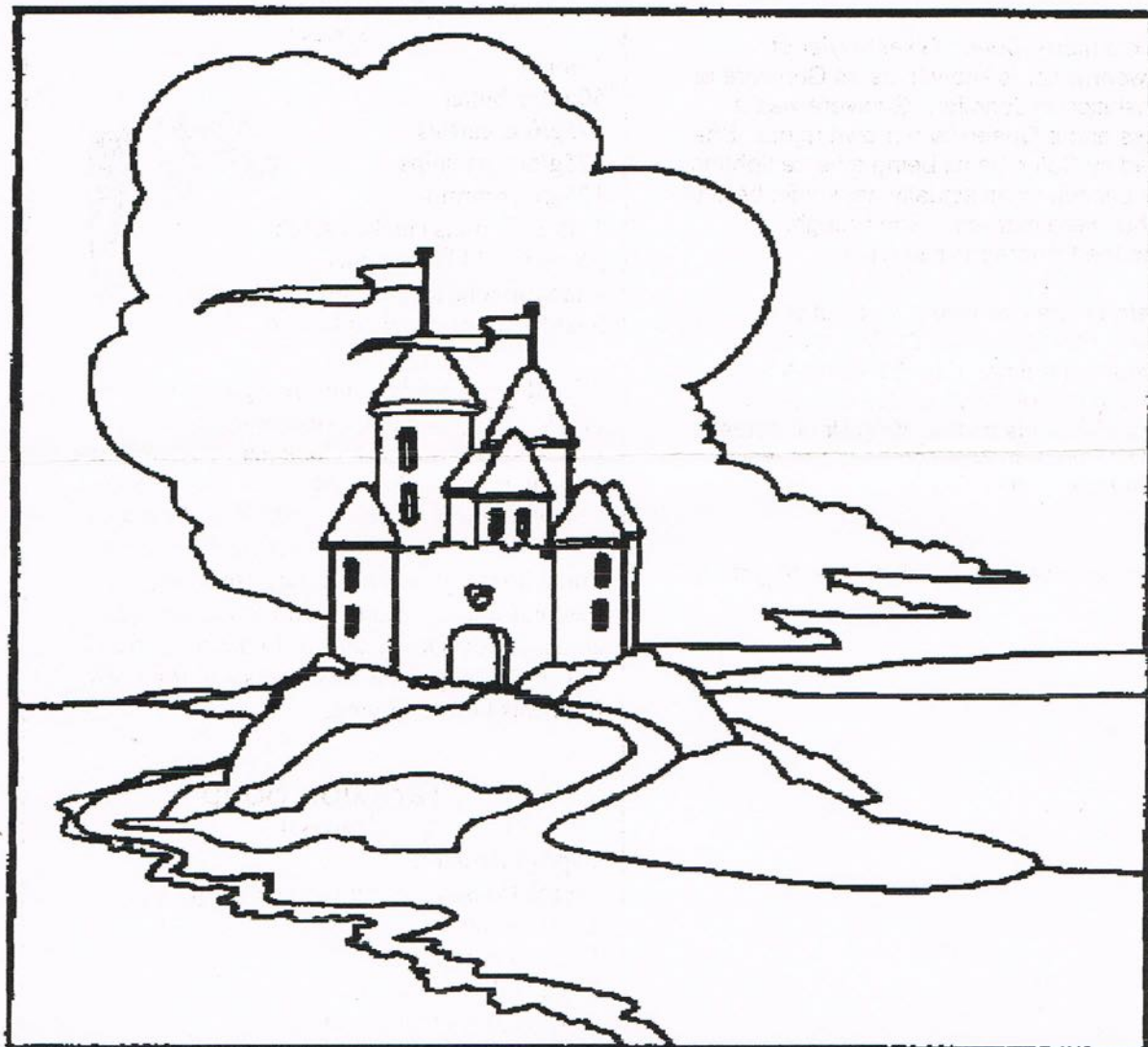
Pick most of the best leaves off the tarragon sprigs and set aside. Heat the stock and add the stalks with the remaining leaves. Bring to boiling point, then cover the pan and remove from the heat for 20 minutes.

Melt the butter in a pan, add the flour and stir until blended to a smooth paste. Pour on the stock through a sieve and simmer for 3 to 4 minutes, stirring all the time. When smooth and blended, beat the egg yolk in a bowl with the cream and stir in a few spoonfuls of the hot soup. Return the egg mixture to the pan and stir until amalgamated, without allowing it to boil. Add the lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Chop the reserved tarragon leaves and scatter over the top. Stand for a few minutes before serving.

From 'The Heb Book' by Arabella Boxer



# Children's Page!



From: <http://coloringbookfun.com/index.html>

H O L Y G R A I L K I U E  
 G T K L N G M A R K S T N  
 F N H N O G A R D N E P I  
 L M I G W W A R T H U R A  
 A E C K I D S X T O L I R  
 N R L M R N A N N E T I G  
 C L M A O E K H I I N I I  
 E I G U V R H N A A M Y M  
 L N I P T I D S E L W U E  
 O A P F L H C R I E A A E  
 T B E D I V E R E F R G G  
 G O L O R I S R E D R G S  
 C H I N E V E R E D R C T

## ARTHURIAN CHARACTERS

ARTHUR	IGRAINE
BEDIVERE	ISEULT
FISHER KING	KING MARK
GALAHAD	LANCELOT
GAWAIN	MERLIN
GOLORIS	MORDRED
GREEN KNIGHT	NIMUE
GUINEVERE	PENDRAGON
HOLY GRAIL	PERCIVALE
	UTHER