

SerpentStar

Newsletter for the Australian and New Zealand members of OBOD

Alban Eilir, September 2003

brigid imbolc

The bard quietly stirs
from the winter of her heart
This year has been a bad one
Time for a new start
The rains have not come
but flowered within my soul
The earth cries out for a drink
from within its dry dust bowl.

Winter wasn't forthcoming
So we'll hope for spring
fragrance of the flowers
will lift every thing
And hope the skies will bless
us with a very wet spring
help those struggling plants

buds to really sing
O brigid beloved protector
healer of all things
make fertile once again
And see what spring brings
I honour you with word
I honour you with awe
I honour you with flowers and candles
And the love of so much more.

TARAN - 31/7/01



From the chapter: Spring

The flowers blossom
with the song of life
along the mountain path.
Having travelled
far from home
the flowers in the garden
are still remembered.

'Songs of the Seasons – A Collection of Zen Poetry
and Paintings' by Stephen Cassettari



Earth

The centre of our universe;
The blue planet – unique – alive;
Strong – wild untamed in nature;
Beauty at perfection;
Sweet smell of earth, of forest trees;
Flowers – colour – bees – butterflies – birds and song;
Bright with the warm sun – living;
Stones – rocks – mountains – caves;
Life – large and small;
Surviving – wonderment;
This living earth.

- Raelene Taylor. '00



EDITOR'S SPOT



Hello everyone! How is everyone on this wonderful Spring day!?

Well, I am slowly settling in to farm life. I have three bantam hens and a rooster, named Morrigan, Cerridwen, Bridgit, and Lugh! Morrigan is very friendly, and likes a scratch!

I have also started on a herb garden, which is going quite well. I want to collect as many different types of Artemisia as possible, so if anyone can supply me with cuttings, please contact the editorial address!

I received an email from Murray regarding the poetry book. It is going well and he plans for it to be published by the assembly. He will be contacting those people soon who have shown an interest in purchasing a copy (if he hasn't already!).

Well, this issue is packed! There is the latest in Vyvyan's series of articles, a description of Lesley's a grove, a report on last year's assembly, lots of poetry, and some yummy recipes.

Enjoy!

Storm Wolf

The Definition of a Druid

Someone who is willing to
Learn and to teach
And be taught, in the university
Of life the world.

Patrick Murphy



Websites

www.druidry.org - Website of the Order of Bards, Ovates, and Druids

<http://www.bom.gov.au/iwk/> - Bureau of Meteorology Indigenous Weather Page

<http://www.xs4all.nl/~cearcall/healthydruid/> - OBOD Health website

<http://library.thinkquest.org/C005462/> - Aboriginal Astronomy

<http://www.fairyshaman.org/erthsong.htm> - Journal of the International Society of Celtic Shamans

Cooringalgrove

It's hard to know where to start on our property as the whole 60 acres is regenerating apart from 5 acres of paddocks. Our main grove, the bardic grove, was there already, my husband planted it years before I came on the scene. We felt drawn one day to place two rings of stones within it, some of which got dragged into place on an old Holden car bonnet being towed by the tractor!!! It took quite a while to complete, when we would have a festival we often would place a stone as well. When the circles were complete it was at Alban Arthuan and we held a special blessing ceremony which was a very memorable occasion.

We have an ovate grove and a druid grove, these are less obvious but in beautiful strands of she-oak trees.

All over the property are special places and healing spots. Every year we plant, depending on how manic the year is to how many get put in.

Natural regeneration is occurring in the she-oak forests and the sugar gum forests.

We have a creek runs through the property and melaleucas line the edge. In the summer the kids love to play underneath and explore the tunnels within the paperbark branches. Pure bliss. I could stay there for days if it wasn't for the big fat mossies that like it in there too!

Warm blessings for Alban Arthuan, from the heart of the grove

Lesley

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:

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Druid Timescapes

Vyvyan

*'Oh hear the voice of the bard
who present, past and future sees...'*

Stories of time travel, prophecy and time warping experiences abound in Celtic legend and myth. In other cultures too, timescapes alien to our current daily experience of time have been described and aspired to. Within our linear conception of time as a fixed factor of our reality, we normally interpret all our sensory data according to a notion of past first, then present and then future. But philosophers dealing with problems of time have always found positions, and explored whole systems of experience in the midst of which our time line is but a thin stream of limited experience something like a narrow road or channel through a rich and various timescape through which any number of pathways can be traced. Transcendental meditation, carried to heights of perfection in extant Yoga traditions, was also practised in various forms by druids, and is practised by shamans of all cultures, sometimes using chant, dance, rhythmic drumming or flute-playing, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups and often in ritual within magic circles or other sacred spaces. Transcendental attitudes are at the basis of Australian Aboriginal 'Dreamtime' (Alcheringa, or Tjupurka) theo-cosmology, which easily and regularly transcends our linear conception of time.

Holographic conceptions of the universe are based on the realisation that our sensoria interpret data according to logistics which are, while not exactly arbitrary, determined by our particular, species-specific physiology, which is determined by our genes, which in turn, derive their logistics and the qualities and experiential modes arising from them from their atoms, whose infinitely complex, multidimensional inner structures are slowly yielding to scientific enquiry at this time in our planet's history. (Perhaps atoms are aware of this and are responding with enquiries of their own!) The logistics through which the sensoria of a dog or cat interpret reality, i.e., the time/space continuum with all its effects, are no doubt as different from those of humans as their basic bodily features are. Those of birds and fishes would be different again, and even more so, those of trees, flowers, mushrooms, amoeba, atoms, stones, crystals, landforms and whole landscapes, planets, stars, starscapes etc. Shape-shifting from one animal form to another, where animal means any being in possession of an anima, i.e., an experiencing 'soul', would be another way to access non-human temporal modalities.

Insight into what time is comes from studying our

logistics of experience to data selectively processed through our sensoria so as to give rise to the time/space continuum, which constitutes the reality in which our universe is manifest. Paradoxes abound in such studies. What are we perceiving that gives rise to the data from which our sensoria select to form our awareness of reality, of the page or screen you are now reading from, of the words you are reading and their meanings? Could they exist without time? Are they not rather processes than objects, a flow of energy, of data, of... what? Could time exist without objects, even if we decide that objects are sustained processes. Is time only sequence? Sequence of what? Meditation on these questions may provide the druid with the key to transcendental time experiences.

All objects have memory. All atoms are ancient. All objects are composed of evolving complexes of memory, as ancient as the universe itself. It's a truism that they are all made of 'god' and that 'god' is all-pervading, all-creating, all-sustaining mind. But atoms are not humans and each type configures the logistics of its own experiential system. For any given non-human experiencer this does not have to include a linear conception of time, or anyway, not the same linearity as the one humans normally select. Some substances have greater affinities with humans and are easier to commune with, to experience through than others. Examples are those traditionally used, and cultivated as magical companions by generations of magicians in the past, present and future: amber, crystals, gold, silver, gemstones such as jade, onyx, jasper, and humbler substances such as clay, glass, and plastics. Some of these are useful aids in time-transcending activities in magical practice, and we pagans are building a real science here.

Some processes or patterns, though not exactly objects, are nevertheless sufficiently sustained to engage a deva, and so function as living beings in the way holy icons do. These include tartans and other weaving patterns with names like monk's path, friar's girdle, etc; knitting patterns such as the magical stitches used in Aran and Hebridean, Fairisle and Scandinavian knitting, and the traditional stitches of embroidery, in sacred and everyday sewing worldwide, and the designs of folk art, carpet weaving and other traditions. Carpets in particular have a mythos bristling with magical energy and are raring to go. Mandalas, knotwork, runes, sigils and other

magical patterns have also traditionally assisted time travel, time-transcending remote viewing, and prophecy.

And talking of mandalas, in our magic circles, as we affirm them by frequent use in ritual and ceremony, we have a veritable time machine all set up and champing at the bit. The major quarters, East, North, West and South, are respectively gateways to the beginning times, to the heydays, to the declining times and to the times of incubation and dormancy of all things, if we only know how to gain admission. There are guardians at these gates, and we can learn as we open our minds to psychic communion with the Sacred Grove guardians, to receive tuition from them into their mysteries, as the old Druids did, thus eventually gaining passage through the gates into

serious space-time-transcending experiences. Situated between these gates are four others: in the northwest, that of our descendents; in the northeast, that of the ancestors; in the southwest, that of the past, including times before the advent of humanity or even life itself; and in the southeast, that of the future. Work with these in ritual and ceremony will win through eventually to easy communion with the past and future. There are people in the future trying to reach us, on 'roam' as it were, for circles of our time reaching out to theirs. Truly, we build a Tardis when we consecrate a magic circle as Bards, Ovates and Druids!

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Souls in Camouflage

Debora Clearwater

We are all Souls in camouflage. Big Souls, little souls, souls without conscious dreaming. Without sight. When we look in the mirror what do we see? Are we like vampires, those unfortunate beings neither truly living nor dead, who have no earthly reflection in the looking glass? Or like ghosts of past and future, without root in the present moment?

Whenever I see the deep glow of a far lamp in the back of someone's eyes I remember my childhood 'sight' wherewith I oft-times "saw" there the lost lonely flicker of a forgotten flame, seeking outward for an answering reflection. A kindred glow. A sister flame to joyously connect with. To dance with, to laugh and shine and commune with ...

Now, when I look at the dim, faint light barely visible behind the veiled eyes' wary shadow, I am reminded of the great blaze of glory that shines so shamelessly from the soft sun eyes of the unselfconscious child. Of all of us. Till we grow Old. And scared. Tired and confused.

Where now is the key to that time? To that lack of fear and self-abnegation? It is all still there. Deeply hidden but present, make no mistake about that. Whenever I ask my own tired little soul where its light of glory hides throughout the long day's march, it always seems to mock at me and twinkle suggestively. "Where do you want it to be" it lilts? "In your head? That which you call your Heart? You don't even recognise it anymore. How are you going to find it when you can't even recognise it? What, exactly, do you think it is?"

It's a little like Love, I say. Open and ablaze in its first bold stirring. Clean and wild, free and innocent as the waves of early summer when we all ran naked upon the timeless sands and neither knew nor cared about the opinions or embarrassment of other, lesser souls. We were free. And free to say so. To be. To allow. All in all. All free. All true. All real and solid in the shining day's spirit.

It's the laughter of the prisoner freed at last. The loud, raucous singing of the careless, happy guest. The lullaby of the child softly whispering a wordless song of love and contentment to itself. It's in those fleeting gaps in time and truth that let no shadow in, but hold only the whole of things, undiminished, and nothing else.

I sit back and listen awhile to the soul sighing of the wind in the trees.

It's here, I say.

In the long-drawn song of endless time, breathing still with the First great breath of Creation. The universal hum of the One Song which has never stopped since the beginning. It is in the sublime flicker of light and shade that dapples the grass at my knees, that has never stopped playing the Divine game of hide and seek. Always, somewhere on this Earth, the play of light and shadow. Here and gone. On and off. Near and far. Now you see

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 (21st) and that some will want to stay over on Sunday night and leave Monday (24th). "People will be able to just turn up as long as they bring their own sleeping bag or organise their own accommodation."

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 here at Wyeuro itself anyone can unroll a swag 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. 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 SerpentStar too so look for it.

Bard's Page

And did I bleed? Was being born a wounding? Yes, I bled my evolution
down the long, repeating white crest and dark trough of circle-spinning time.
I am a reed of circled time yielding to the lips of life. I am a ringed reed,
nibbled by fish. I am a stone thrown into the water. My rings spread out forever.

I am water, spinning circles, widening rings I spin. They are spun
out of shocks, the shocks that shakes out the circles of time, of some ancient
impact, the shock of my own source, the glimmer of my glimpse, the circle
of my awareness, the shock of my own, perhaps violent birth.

And I am time, stepping lightly like flowing from one newly created cosmos
to the next. I spin out threads of self. I weave forever. And is any step lost?
any thread erased? any cosmos ever gone forever? No. The past vitally receives
the light I throw back, and even now my future's light throws shadows over me.

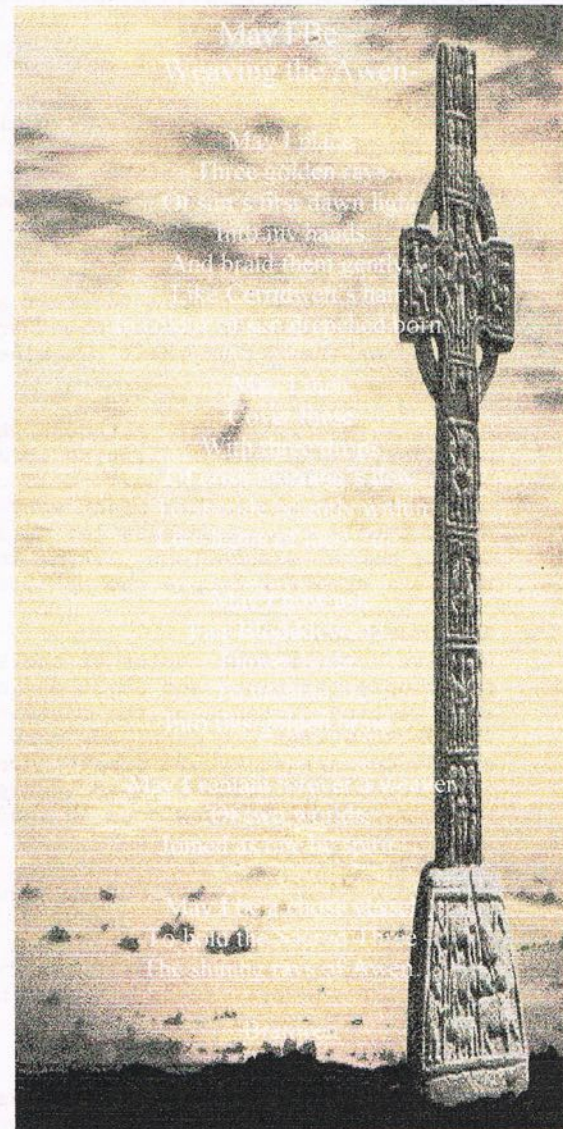
Is each atom then a many-cosmosed sphere, woven of shockwaves that are spun
like mine, like planets', like suns' like stars' continuously outward,
and drinking continuously inwards the nwyfre of time sprung of shocks
spun circling, spinning out from its own shock-generated and shock-violent birth?

The Earth's alive! Gratitude at last I feel. I can lie down quietly on the mould
and I can look up calmly through the branches of the trees. I can lift up
through my tnelong veins the milk of my mother the earth. The sky is mindful
of me. I can drink down through my nerves the shine of my father the sky.

I can be the new child, the mabon, the new-eyed, the new-tongued.
I can sing the magical songs of my ancient childhoods. I can be
the wild and sky-eyed woman with the ripple-of-sunshine hair.
I can be the engaging man laughing, with the firebrand in his hand.

I can carry my eagle mother in my sky the whole long way of my journey. I can
craft my path, sow mountains, plains and rivers, seed my sky with stars. I can
wear my rivers like veins, my roads like nerves, my many-oghamed
forests like a robe, weaving of my thread the eaglet in the egg, the I of me.

vyvyan



Eternal Universe – by Unikorn (Offered at Winter Solstice, Pukerua Bay, 2002)

Ancient echoes
thoughts
out around and back...
connections made
systems understood
vision expanded
spirit soars
and up and out and away,
flowing back,
through,
and around and out
and out and out into
space and time and life
and back
flowing through
lifting, soothing, guiding.

A never ending cycle.
A circle.
A whole.
Infinite

sizeless. shaneless. timeless. ageless



The Mystic



Mystical orders I have known
in my time in sanctums alone
Dedication meditation to gain
on the inward journey alone.

An order in time no motion
to blame in the still of the night
a thought not sanctioned
by the mystic alone.

Of the essence of being no standard to lofty
To gain to lose and let go to the one alone.
The one who has sanctioned
It all is also alone and a mystic alone.

How Sun, Moon, and Wind went out to Dinner



One day Sun, Moon, and Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunts Thunder and Lightning. Their mother (one of the most distant Stars you see far up in the sky) waited alone for her children's return.

Now both Sun and Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the great feast that had been prepared for them, without a thought of saving any of it to take home to their mother--but the gentle Moon did not forget her. Of every dainty dish that was brought round, she placed a small portion under one of her beautiful long finger-nails, that Star might also have a share in the treat.

On their return their mother, who had kept watch for them all night long with her little bright eye, said, "Well, children, what have you brought home for me?" Then Sun (who was eldest) said, "I have brought nothing home for you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends--not to fetch a dinner for my mother!" And Wind said, "Neither have I brought anything home for you, mother. You could hardly expect me to bring a collection of good things for you, when I merely went out for my own pleasure." But Moon said, "Mother, fetch a plate, see what I have brought you." And shaking her hands she showered down such a choice dinner as never was seen before.

Then Star turned to Sun and spoke thus, "Because you went out to amuse yourself with your friends, and feasted and enjoyed yourself, without any thought of your mother at home--you shall be cursed. Henceforth, your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall hate you, and cover their heads when you appear."

(And that is why the Sun is so hot to this day.)

Then she turned to Wind and said, "You also who forgot your mother in the midst of your selfish pleasures--hear your doom. You shall always blow in the hot dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things. And men shall detest and avoid you from this very time."

(And that is why the Wind in the hot weather is still so disagreeable.)

But to Moon she said, "Daughter, because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth, you shall be ever cool, and calm, and bright. No noxious glare shall accompany your pure rays, and men shall always call you 'blessed.'"

(And that is why the Moon's light is so soft, and cool, and beautiful even to this day.)

From: Indian Fairy Tales by Joseph Jacobs – 1912

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/ift/index.htm>

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यु तहनिक्क



ULURU

The 5th Australian OBOD Assembly

ALBAN ARTHUAN

- by Raelene, Kerri & Tracey.

First, some background information on Central Australia, where stands Uluru and Kata Tjuta:

"Uluru (Ayer's Rock) and Kata Tjuta (The Olgas) haven't always dominated a flat desert. Through the ages the climate was at times wet and 'tropical'. Whole mountain ranges came and went.

Much of Central Australia lay under water until around 600 million years ago, when the sea floor was thrust up to form a greater mountain range in the southwest.

North flowing rivers slowly carved into this mountain range, dropping the heavier eroded rock first, near the mountains, and carrying lighter sands further out towards the east.

It was this eroded debris which eventually solidified to form the common base material for Uluru and Kata Tjuta. Earth movements later tilted these rocks so that their original horizontal layers are now at a slight angle in Kata Tjuta and almost vertical at Uluru.

So that flat Central Australia of today is the result of millions of years of erosion, with only the harder rocks surviving above the surface."

Uluru, the largest monolith in the world is 348 metres above the surrounding plain. It is 4 km long, 2.4km wide and 9kms around the base.

We arrived at Uluru for our Winter Solstice celebration, which also coincided with a full lunar eclipse and World Peace Day.

We met as six individual people, from seemingly different walks of life. Certainly from different States – Heather from Victoria, Vivian from South Australia, Tiki from Western Australia and Raelene, Kerri and Tracey from Queensland. Some of us had never met before.

As the days progressed, and feelings and thoughts were shared, especially on our walk around Uluru, we began to feel a bond developing between us. So much to learn from each other.

We woke early the next morning. It was so cold, and Tiki led us to a beautiful lookout at the camp site, where we watched the spectacular sunrise over Uluru in the South and Kata Tjuta in the West.

cultural tour, giving us some background on the Aborigines who once lived there. We then proceeded along the further 7½ kms, around the base of the rock, each section presenting very distinct and different energies, keenly felt by us all – it was truly amazing!

Some energies at the sacred sites were incredibly impactful and emotionally charged. One section in particular, around a "women's sacred site" envisaged feelings of screaming women from times long gone, when they were invaded by rival tribes. The impact of their cries were still felt today. As we walk on, these impressions, however, were soon replaced by feelings of peace and serenity. Scenes of lush foliage came to view around the corner.

The challenge of finding the 'right place' for the Alban Arthuan Ceremony was foremost in our minds. During our walk around Uluru, the question was put to the spirits. A negative reply was clearly felt to the opening up of our ceremony in this area.

Wednesday night was special in that we all contributed a part of ourselves – music, song, food and fellowship. The beauty of Vivian's song with Irish Gaelic was a special memory to the night. It was then decided that the best place for our ceremony was at the Campsite Lookout, where Uluru to the south and Kata Tjuta to the west, could both be clearly seen.

Thursday dawned, another clear and beautiful, but cold morning. To day we were visiting Kata Tjuta some 42 kms west of Uluru. There are a couple of different walks to take. We took the Valley of the Winds walk, which is 1.6kms, rather precarious underfoot, and taking some two hours there and back.

It was bitterly cold and windy there. Kata Tjuta, or the Olgas, had a completely different feel to it. Whereas some of us felt peaceful at Uluru more comfortable there – here at Kata Tjuta we felt drained of energy, and feelings of irritability.

Only three of the group managed to complete this walk, Heather, Tracey and Tiki. When they returned they were radiant with energy and Tracey, in particular described experiencing the feeling of walking into another dimension.

It was here that Vivian got talking to a young

invited them to join us. They seemed very keen.

Kerri felt that Uluru had Yin energies and Kata Tjuta had Yang energies, and these two huge rock formations sit in the Center of Australia to balance our earth.

Thursday evening – the night of our Ceremony. It was again cold, but a beautiful clear evening as we made our way to our chosen place, for our Alban Arthuan Ceremony.

Many people were there watching the sunset, and it's effects on Uluru and KaTjuka. We marvelled at the stillness and starkness of the coming eclipse.

When the sun eventually disappeared, people slowly began to drift away, leaving us in solitude and anticipation of our ceremony.

Our young Israeli friends were already there, eager to participate with us.

Suddenly we saw in the East, the brightest star, Venus, beaming a welcoming – never so bright as in the now dark sky above. A wonderful omen, which made our hearts sing, as we connected with the universe.

It was time to begin! The circle was cast by Heather. We began our entry, and commenced our ceremony. Each played out their role, using torches and candles to see. Vivian's playing of her flute was hauntingly beautiful. It was very touching, especially during the Eisteddfod, when our Israeli friends gave thanks for our prayer for Peace. They have known nothing but war in their country, all their lives.

Each member of OBOD'S, who had previously attended an Assembly was remembered, and a short ritual was conducted, whereby each person added a few grains of earth to an urn, containing a selection of soil from each of the places where previous Assemblies had been held.

Each one of us contributed to the Eisteddfod, and our ceremony was concluded on a peaceful note.

Afterwards we all enjoyed our meal, which Heather had prepared beforehand. During our meal, we learnt more about our Israeli friends, who are seriously looking for another country to make their home.

The next morning came the parting of the ways. Vivian back to South Australia, Heather to Melbourne and Tiki to Western Australia. Raelene, Kerri and Tracey were continuing on for a couple of days, taking in a visit to Kings Canyon, which proved

We all felt a camaraderie, as we hugged each other farewell – till we meet again!

So many shared memories, so many shared experiences, so much shared simplicities, yet powerful energies, to be remembered forever.

Seasonal Recipes

Blackberry and Apple Ripple



600ml/1 pint milk
½ tspn vanilla essence
6 egg yolks



100g/3½oz caster sugar
150ml/5fl oz cream, whipped
500g/1lb Granny Smith apples, cooked and pureed

325g can blackberries, drained, pureed

1. Scald the milk and vanilla, remove from heat and cool slightly.
2. Whisk the eggs and sugar until pale and thick. Gradually stir in the milk. Cook over low heat until the custard thickens. Do not allow to boil. Cover surface of custard with plastic wrap and allow to cool completely.
3. Fold in whipped cream. Spoon into a shallow container, cover and freeze until partially set. Place into a mixing bowl and whisk to break up ice crystals.
4. Fold apple puree into icecream and spoon into a shallow container. Lightly swirl blackberry puree through icecream. Cover and freeze until firm.

Serves 4-6

From 'Homemade Icecreams and Sorbets' –
Ed. Margaret Gore

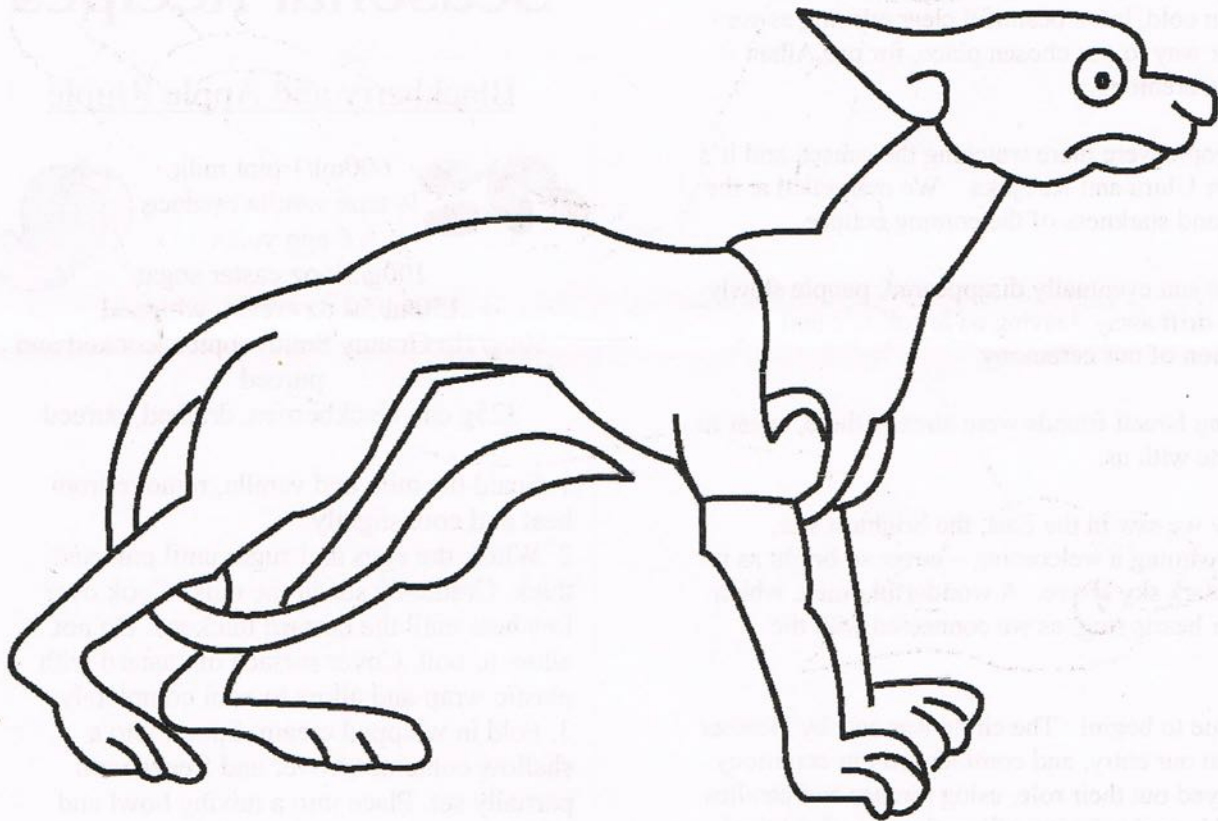


Mint Punch

Pick one quart of fresh mint leaves, and wash and dry them in a clean towel. Put them in a large jug and mash them with a wooden spoon till soft. Cover them with boiling water and infuse for ten minutes. Strain, cool, and chill. Add two cups of chilled grape juice and lemon juice to taste. Sweeten with castor sugar, stir till dissolved and add one quart of ginger ale. Put some ice in each tumbler and fill up with the punch.

From 'Country Wines and Cordials' –
William Robinson

Children's Page!



From the Celtic Colouring Book by eliza@sacredspiral.com
<http://www.sacredspiral.com>

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

CONSTELLATIONS

AQUARIUS	NORAD
ARA	ORION
CAPRICORN	PHOENIX
CARRIA	PUPPIS
CENTAURUS	PYXIS
COLUMBA	SAGITTARIUS
CRUX	SOCRUS
DORADA	THE POINTERS
	VELA