

# SerpentStar

Newsletter for the Australian and New Zealand members of OBOD

## Alban Eilir, September 2006

### Blessing of the Seasons (Spring) - Anon

*Raw and chill is icy spring,  
Cold sits on every wind.  
On the sodden pool, ducks cry out,  
Eager is the harsh-shrieking crane.  
From the wilderness, wolves scent morning prey,  
Birds rise from meadowed nest,  
Many are the wild things of the wood,  
That they flee from out of the greening earth.*

*Irish poem from 11<sup>th</sup> century, translated by C. Matthews.  
From: 'The Little Book of Celtic Blessings', compiled by  
Caitlin Matthews, Element Books, 1994*

I Wish To Send This To Piece To All Bards,  
Ovates And Druids Down There In Australia, It  
Is As Follows...

Oh, How Does A Circle Turn When Water Goes  
Down The

Sink Plughole The Other Way Round?

When You Awen It Is A Different Sound?

With The Earths Magnetic Field The Other  
Way Round?

Oh, Awen Is The Cascade, Awen Is Cauldron  
Made

Awen Better Than Cherryade.

Oh, I'm Just A Bard, Finding The Gwers's

Just A Little Bit Hard. But With A Song

Robin Tavlör



*The three-aspected springtime fire of the Goddess Brighid, especially linked with the recent festival of Imbolg, is very much connected with healing. For the surge of fire, experienced in Northern Europe as slightly longer hours of daylight, restores us in three ways. First, it gives us a lift of physical and psychological energy. (It is well known that daylight deprivation inclines people to depression and lethargy.) Secondly, it pleases our souls, because it not only brings the presence of spring flowers but inclines our thoughts to love and romance. Thirdly, it can increase our creativity. As our spirits lift, we are more likely to be inspired with new plans and projects....*

*...[N]ature's springtime fire increases our personal fire....*

*I believe there is said to be a biological connection between daylight, the pineal gland and stimulation of sexual / creative energy. In ritual and intuitive ways, it seems to me that this is what we are celebrating, when we light lots of candles on February 1st, in honour of the Goddess Brighid (the Lady of the first stirrings of the Light, however we name Her.) And that this was perceived by our Pagan Ancestors, in the days before anyone knew anything at all about the endocrine system and light sensitivity. So I'd like to share a Healing Spell that came to me this Imbolg.*

#### Spell for Healing

*The snake comes up from its hole in the ground  
And the snake-neck bird, the swan, goes flying  
As the light flares higher and the dark is dying.  
Rise, rise, rise in my body and soul  
The Fire! Power! Life! The flame of desire!  
Let fire within be a healing spell.  
As the new light burns, all shall be well.*

From: <http://www.mvthinglinks.org/Imbolc.html>





## STORM WOLF'S RAMBLINGS



Hi everyone,

I hope this issue finds you all happy and well!

We have finally had some much-needed rain here, probably not enough to break the drought though. I hope you are all getting some rain wherever you are.

I have recently discovered the wonders of the OBOD Message Board! It is a great place, full of like-minded people, and discussions on almost any subject you can think of! I recommend a visit. There is a link on the OBOD homepage (see below).

The 9<sup>th</sup> Annual Assembly at Leslie and Dean's place is coming up fast. I won't be able to make it this year, much to my disappointment, but I expect a full report from one of you attendees for the Alban Hefin issue. ☺

Once again another jam-packed issue! Read about an ancient map, the fairy folk, a werewolf tale, sacred triangles, and some poetry.

On the news front, I can't believe Steve Irwin is dead! I used to think he was a bit of a nutter, until I saw Andrew Denton interview him. He loved his family above everything else, and was such a champion of the natural world, especially for those animals most people don't like. He was just larger than life.

His death is being mourned the world over.

Take care everyone, until next issue...

*Storm Wolf*

***...In the woods, the Green Man puts forth sprouts from every root and branch. Even in churches, he flowers in carvings of wood and stone, on arches above doorways or hidden beneath benches. "Here, a throat come aleaf, there a branch held aloft," his green fire races through the woodlands and pulses in our blood: "this green source, this welling-forth in ever-widening circles, this 'spring'."***

*(from "The Book of the Green Man" by Ronald Johnson)*

### Websites

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

<http://www.neilgeddesward.com/> - Pagan and visionary artist

<http://www.arts.ed.ac.uk/witches/> - A survey of Scottish witches and witch-hunts from 1563-1736

[http://thegreenman.net.au/mt/archives/cat\\_the\\_green\\_man.html](http://thegreenman.net.au/mt/archives/cat_the_green_man.html) - An online blog of the Greenman!

## Lughnasadh Camp Aotearoa/New Zealand, January 26-29 2007

You are invited to join us at Pukerua Bay, in the Grove of the Summer Stars for Druid Camp.

The theme this year will be the Taliesin story, woven together with the story of Tane Mahuta, great Atua of the Forest.

We plan a full programme of events, and plenty of time to stare out over the South Pacific and Kapiti Island, sharing around the central fire with your tribe.

Please contact Ady on

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

for booking details.

Details will be kept current on the website

<http://camps.druidry.org/southpacific/nz.htm>



Kapiti Island - from

<http://www.gimini.com/nz/cpg/thumbnails.php?album=3>

### 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 Adobe Acrobat (.pdf). 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

39 Chester St, Inverell, NSW, 2360



## *Songs and stories under the night sky*

Welcome to Cooringal Grove:

This year the 9<sup>th</sup> Australian Druid assembly associated with The Order Of Bards, Ovates and Druids will be held on a small farm at Tootenilla, just ten minutes from the city of Pt Lincoln in South Australia

It is to be held on Friday Sept 29- Monday Oct 2

The following program has been provided to give you an overview of what we will be doing over the four days

The assembly is open to all members of OBOD and associated friends. The cost for the four days is \$120.

You can choose to camp on our farm which is where all the activities will be taking place, or for those who don't wish to camp, we have accommodation in the town in my music school which has many rooms and is a self contained house. You may also of course choose to stay in local accommodation in the town.

**\*Please note that bookings are to be made now and money sent to Lesley Gentilin, PO box 1446, Pt Lincoln, SA, 5606**

**All enquiries to Lesley Gentilin hm 08 86842003**

**mob 0427186874**

**rafayard@bigpond.net.au**

The program may vary slightly due to the weather as a star gazing night is planned! We will be working with the element earth and many activities revolve around this. This idea is a continuation from last year's assembly where we intimately delved into the element of water.

Due to the nature of the event all activities are open to everyone except for specific grade ceremonies which are open only to OBOD members.

**\*Please let me know in advance if you would like your initiation to occur at the assembly**

All meals will be provided at the farm

### FRIDAY 29<sup>th</sup> September

2pm Opening ceremony. All invited to attend

4pm Bardic Grove - members only

Initiations and earth weaving ritual,

Evening- song writing workshop

### SATURDAY 30<sup>th</sup>

9.30am Ovate Grove - members only

Initiations and earth weaving ritual

1pm Paramagnetism – the building of a round tower

Divining workshop, grove planting

Star gazing in the evening

### SUNDAY 1<sup>st</sup> October

9.30am Druid Grove - members only

Initiations and earth weaving ritual

For those that wish, a sight seeing trip to the coast is planned for the morning as the druid grove tends to

take time!!!

3.30pm naming ceremony All invited

Evening Eisteddfodd bring your favourite songs, stories and poems to perform around the fire.

### MONDAY 2<sup>nd</sup> October

10am talking circle. All invited

1pm Closing ceremony. All invited to attend.

Departure

**\*If you have something that you would like to present at the assembly, please let me know now and we will include it in the program**

Assembly website: [www.druidassembly.com](http://www.druidassembly.com)



# The Piri Re'is Map

Most theories about ancient unknown civilizations are based on absolutely no physical evidence, usually just hearsay and speculation. What really would shake the basis of our knowledge of history would be an actual artifact. This probably wouldn't be something spectacular like finding a sunken city in the Atlantic, or armor-piercing bullets embedded in a dinosaur skeleton. *It would probably be something that only an expert in the field would recognize as anomalous.*

More likely, this artifact would be a document or tradition from the past which reveals a deep understanding of some scientific fact recently discovered. This could be a description of the structure and function of DNA, knowledge of astronomy or physics which is only known to modern science . . . or accurate maps of the earth drawn long before the "Age of Exploration". The Piri Re'is map appears to be just that artifact.

The Piri Re'is Map is only one of several anomalous maps drawn in the 15th Century and earlier which appear to represent better information about the shape of the continents than should have been known at the time. Furthermore, this information appears to have been obtained at some distant time in the past.

Piri Re'is, Ptolomy (2nd Century A.D.), as well as Mercator and Oronteus Finaeus, well-known 15th Century

map-makers, included the traditional southern continent in their world maps, as did others. Antarctica was not discovered until the 19th Century, and it was largely unexplored until the middle of the 20th. This is just the start. Anomalous maps also show the Behring Strait as linking Asia and America, river deltas which appear much shorter than they do today, islands in the Aegean which haven't been above water since the sea-level rise at the end of the ice-age and huge glaciers covering Britain and Scandinavia. Long dismissed as attempts by cartographers to fill in empty spaces, some of the details of the old maps look very startling when correlated with modern (very mainstream) knowledge of the changes in the Earth's geography in the geologic past, particularly during the Ice Ages.

The Piri Re'is map is most interesting because of the attribution of the source of its information, and the extraordinary detail of the coastal outlines.

The Piri Re'is map was found in 1929 in the Imperial Palace in Constantinople. It is painted on parchment and dated 919 A.H. (in the Islamic calendar), which corresponds to 1513 AD. It is signed by an admiral of the Turkish Navy named Piri Ibn Haji Memmed, also known as Piri Re'is. According to Piri Re'is, the map had been assembled from a set of 20 maps drawn in the time of Alexander the Great.

This map and others were analyzed by Charles H. Hapgood and his graduate students. Hapgood was a historian and geographer





at the University of New Hampshire, in his book *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings* (1966). Only the conclusions of this book are sensational; for the most part it is a technical monograph on the history and geography of the anomalous maps, employing spherical trigonometry to associate map features with actual geographic locations. This book has recently been republished, and we highly recommend it.

The conclusion that Hapgood reached was that a civilization with high seafaring and mapping skills surveyed the entire earth in the ancient past. They left maps which have been copied by hand through many generations. The Piri Re's map is a patchwork which has gaps (most notably the Drake Passage between South America and Antarctica) which can be explained as non-overlapping areas between the source maps. *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings* and Hapgood's other book *The Earth's Shifting Crust*, in which he advanced a theory of polar shifts, are controversial, and earned him the scorn of official academia.

More evidence has appeared in recent years. Hapgood may yet be vindicated (at least his guess as to the significance of the anomalous maps). The Piri Re's map is one of the cornerstones of the growing body of evidence for an unknown Ice Age civilization. Along with this we can include the book *Hamlet's Mill*, by De Santillana and von Dechend (1969), and the works of Graham Hancock.

One striking thing about this map is the level of detail of the coasts and interiors in South America. Although the scale is somewhat off, a long, high mountain range is shown as the source of the rivers flowing to the coast of South America.

However, the best-known feature in the Piri Re's map (and other pre-modern maps) is the Antarctic coastline. In Hapgood and others' opinions, this represents the outline of the coast of Antarctica *without glaciers*.

Our modern knowledge of the coastline under the ice was obtained using seismic sounding data from Antarctic expeditions in the 1940s and 50s. Sonar is one way to map the coast under the Antarctic glaciers. The other way would be to have surveyed them when they were ice-free. According to Hapgood, who based the claim on 1949 core samples from the Ross Sea, the last time the particular area shown in the Piri Re's map was free of ice was more than 6000 years ago. More recent studies show that this may be off by a couple of orders of magnitude. In any case, this geography *should* have been unknown to the ancients. If this is correct, there are some big mysteries to explain.

A number of writers have rushed in and attempted to do just this. One school of thought about the Piri Re's map is the 'Atlantis in Antarctica' thesis. The chief proponents of this are Rand and Rose Flem-Ath in their book *When the Sky Fell*, though there are others. The Flem-Aths buy into both Hapgood's *Sea Kings* and Polar shift thesis. In the latter, Hapgood claimed that the inclination of the Earth's axis of rotation shifted suddenly in the year 9,500 B.C. causing Antarctica to move hundreds of miles to the south. This transformed its climate from semi-temperate to freezing. In contrast to the *Sea Kings* hypothesis, there is no evidence that a rapid polar shift actually occurred at this time and much negative evidence that it didn't.

There is no scientific explanation for a mechanism which could cause such a global transformation in a matter of hours without completely destroying the crust of the planet. A planetary collision would be required, of the sort that has not occurred since the early period of planetary formation. If such a collision occurred in 9,500 B.C., it is fairly certain that all life on Earth would have been wiped out, which is obviously not the case. While it is not impossible that some instability in the planet could cause the Earth's axis to change its inclination, this would not occur overnight. Additionally, a polar shift would probably leave an obvious mark in the geomagnetic strata found in sea floor cores, which is not the case.

Much has been made of Einstein's endorsement of Hapgood's polar shift theory. This proves nothing, since Einstein was not a geologist. Furthermore, although Einstein's theories have stood up to rigorous experimental and observational evidence, it's important to note that he was a human being and wasn't *always* right. Part of Einstein's greatness was his ability to admit his errors.

In any case, the Flem-Aths propose that this shift destroyed a hypothetical Antarctic civilization, located somewhere in the present-day Ross peninsula. They attempt (with mixed success) to relate this to Plato's Atlantis. Unfortunately, proving this would involve doing archaeology under an ice sheet thousands of meters thick. This is an excellent example of 'extraordinary claims require extraordinary proof'.

One subconscious influence on this may be fantasy writer H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu mythos, which places the abode of the Ancient Gods, R'lyeh, in Antarctica. Lovecraft's mythos is completely fictional, even if it has resemblances to actual mythologies.

While features suggestive of advanced geographical knowledge are shown in the map itself, the annotations and illustrations paint a different picture. Skeptics will note that the Piri Re's map of the Antarctic coast, of which so much has been made, is notated as follows:

*This country is a waste. Everything is in ruin and it is said that large snakes are found here. For this reason*



There are also pictures of some mythical animals in the same vicinity, of which the text reads:

*And in this country it seems that there are white-haired monsters in this shape, and also six-horned oxen. The Portuguese infidels have written it in their maps. . . .*

This doesn't invalidate the startling landforms, but does indicate that whoever wrote these notes (presumably Piri Re's) never actually visited Antarctica. Non-skeptics might argue that when the source map was surveyed there could have been 1) large snakes, 2) unknown varieties of land mammals, as well as a 3) "very hot" climate in Antarctica, but there is no physical evidence that this has ever been the case. This also does not explain the other fanciful illustrations and notations on the map, including a sketch of a red-haired headless man (with his face on his chest) in the Andes area. This takes us out of the realm of the possible into the fantastic, a line which Hapgood was careful not to cross, at least in *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings*.

-- J.B. Hare

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### THE UNTIRING ONES

— From 'The Celtic Twilight' by WB Yeats

*IT is one of the great troubles of life that we cannot have any unmixed emotions. There is always something in our enemy that we like, and something in our sweetheart that we dislike. It is this entanglement of moods which makes us old, and puckers our brows and deepens the furrows about our eyes. If we could love and hate with as good heart as the faeries do, we might grow to be long-lived like them. But until that day their untiring joys and sorrows must ever be one-half of their fascination. Love with them never grows weary, nor can the circles of the stars tire out their dancing feet. The Donegal peasants remember this when they bend over the spade, or sit full of the heaviness of the fields beside the griddle at nightfall, and they tell stories about it that it may not be forgotten. A short while ago, they say, two faeries, little creatures, one like a young man, one like a young woman, came to a farmer's house, and spent the night sweeping the hearth and setting all tidy. The next night they came again, and while the farmer was away, brought all the furniture up-stairs into one room, and having arranged it round the walls, for the greater grandeur it seems, they began to dance. They danced on and on, and days and days went by, and all the country-side came to look at them, but still their feet never tired. The farmer did not dare to live at home the while; and after three months he made up his mind to stand it no more, and went and told them that the priest was coming. The little creatures when they heard this went back to their own country, and there their joy shall last as long as the points of the rushes are brown, the people say, and that is until God shall burn up the world with a kiss.*

*But it is not merely faeries who know untiring days, for there have been men and women who, falling under their enchantment, have attained, perhaps by the right of their God-given spirits, an even more than faery abundance of life and feeling. It seems that when mortals have gone amid those poor happy leaves of the Imperishable Rose of Beauty, blown hither and thither by the winds that awakened the stars, the dim kingdom has acknowledged their birthright, perhaps a little sadly, and given them of its best. Such a mortal was born long ago at a village in the south of Ireland. She lay asleep in a cradle, and her mother sat by rocking her, when a woman of the Sidhe (the faeries) came in, and said that the child was chosen to be the bride of the prince of the dim kingdom, but that as it would never do for his wife to grow old and die while he was still in the first ardour of his love, she would be gifted with a faery life. The mother was to take the glowing log out of the fire and bury it in the garden, and her child would live as long as it remained unconsumed. The mother buried the log, and the child grew up, became a beauty, and married the prince of the faeries, who came to her at nightfall. After seven hundred years the prince died, and another prince ruled in his stead and married the beautiful peasant girl in his turn; and after another seven hundred years he died also, and another prince and another husband came in his stead, and so on until she had had seven husbands. At last one day the priest of the parish called upon her, and told her that she was a scandal to the whole neighbourhood with her seven husbands and her long life. She was very sorry, she said, but she was not to blame, and then she told him about the log, and he went straight out and dug until he found it, and then they burned it, and she died, and was buried like a Christian, and everybody was pleased. Such a mortal too was Clooth-na-bare<sup>1</sup>, who went all over the world seeking a lake deep enough to drown her faery life, of which she had grown weary, leaping from hill to lake and lake to hill, and setting up a cairn of stones wherever her feet lighted, until at last she found the deepest water in the world in little Lough Ia, on the top of the Birds' Mountain at Sligo.*

*The two little creatures may well dance on, and the woman of the log and Clooth-na-bare sleep in peace, for they have known untrammelled hate and unmixed love, and have never wearied themselves with 'yes' and 'no,' or entangled their feet with the sorry net of 'maybe' and 'perhaps.' The great winds came and took them up into themselves.*

#### Footnotes

1. Doubtless Clooth-na-bare should be Cailleac Bare, which would mean the old Woman Bare. Bare or Bere or Verah or Dera or Dhera was a very famous person, perhaps the mother of the Gods herself. A friend of mine found her, as he thinks frequenting Lough Leath, or the Grey Lake on a mountain of the Fewes. Perhaps Lough Ia is my mishearing, or the storyteller's mispronunciation of Lough Leath, for there are many Lough Leaths.



# A Wolf Story

TRANSFORMATION into wolves is a favourite subject of Irish legend, and, many a wild tale is told by the peasants round the turf fire in the winter nights of strange adventures with wolves. Stories that had come down to them from their forefathers in the old times long ago; for there are no wolves existing now in Ireland. A young farmer, named Connor, once missed two fine cows from his herd, and no tale or tidings could be heard of them anywhere. So he thought he would set out on a search throughout the country; and he took a stout blackthorn stick in his hand, and went his way. All day he travelled miles and miles, but never a sign of the cattle. And the evening began to grow very dark, and he was wearied and hungry, and no place near to rest in; for he was in the midst of a bleak, desolate heath, with never a habitation at all in sight, except a long, low, rude shieling, like the den of a robber or a wild beast. But a gleam of light came from a chink between the boards, and Connor took heart and went up and knocked at the door. It was opened fit once by a tall, thin, grey-haired old man, with keen, dark eyes.

"Come in," he said, "you are welcome. 'We have been waiting for you. This is my wife,'" and he brought him over to the hearth, where was seated an old, thin, grey woman, with long, sharp teeth and terrible glittering eyes.

"You are welcome," she said. "We have been waiting for you--it is time for supper. Sit down and eat with us."

Now Connor was a brave fellow, but he was a little dazed at first at the sight of this strange creature. However, as he had his stout stick with him, he thought he could make a fight for his life any way, and, meantime, he would rest and eat, for he was both hungry and weary, and it was now black night, and he would never find his way home even if he tried. So he sat down by the hearth, while the old grey woman stirred the pot on the fire. But Connor felt that she was watching him all the time with her keen, sharp eyes.

Then a knock came to the door. And the old man rose up and opened it. When in walked a slender, young black wolf, who immediately went straight across the floor to an inner room, from which in a few moments came forth a dark, slender, handsome youth, who took his place at the table and looked hard at Connor with his glittering eyes.

"You are welcome," he said, "we have waited for you."

Before Connor could answer another knock was heard, and in came a second wolf, who passed on to the inner room like the first, and soon after, another dark, handsome youth came out and sat down to supper with them, glaring at Connor with his keen eyes, but said no word.

"These are our Sons," said the old man, "tell them what you want, and what brought you here amongst us, for we live alone and don't care to have spies and strangers coming to our place."

Then Connor told his story, how he had lost his two fine cows, and had searched all day and found no trace of them; and he knew nothing of the place he was in, nor of the kindly gentleman who asked him to supper; but if they just told him where to find his cows he would thank them, and make the best of his way home at once.

Then they all laughed and looked at each other, and the old hag looked more frightful than ever when she showed her long, sharp teeth.

On this, Connor grew angry, for he was hot tempered; and he grasped his blackthorn stick firmly in his hand and stood up, and bade them open the door for him; for he would go his way, since they would give no heed and only mocked him.

Then the eldest of the young men stood up. "Wait," he said, "we are fierce and evil, but we never forget a kindness. Do you remember, one day down in the glen you found a poor little wolf in great agony and like to die, because a sharp thorn had pierced his side? And you gently extracted the thorn and gave him a drink, and went your way leaving him in peace and rest?"

"Aye, well do I remember it," said Connor, "and how the poor little beast licked my hand in gratitude."

"Well," said the young man, "I am that wolf, and I shall help you if I can, but stay with us to-night and have no fear."

So they sat down again to supper and feasted merrily, and then all fell fast asleep, and Connor knew nothing more till he awoke in the morning and found himself by a large hay-rick in his own field.

"Now surely," thought he, "the adventure of last night was not all a dream, and I shall certainly find my cows when I go home; for that excellent, good young wolf promised his help, and I feel certain he would not deceive me."



But when he arrived home and looked over the yard and the stable and the field, there was no sign nor sight of the cows. So he grew very sad and dispirited. But just then he espied in the field close by three of the most beautiful strange cows he had ever set eyes on. "These must have strayed in," he said, "from some neighbour's ground;" and he took his big stick to drive them out of the gate off the field. But when he reached the gate, there stood a young black wolf watching; and when the cows tried to pass out at the gate he bit at them, and drove them back. Then Connor knew that his friend the wolf had kept his word. So he let the cows go quietly back to the field; and there they remained, and grew to be the finest in the whole country, and their descendants are flourishing to this day, and Connor grew rich and prospered; for a kind deed is never lost, but brings good luck to the doer for evermore, as the old proverb says:

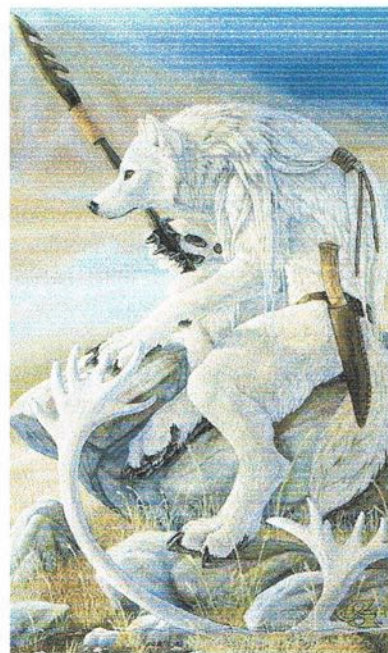
"Blessings are won,  
By a good deed done."

But never again did Connor find that desolate heath or that lone shieling, though he sought far and wide, to return his thanks, as was due to the friendly wolves; nor did he ever again meet any of the family, though he mourned much whenever a slaughtered wolf was brought into the town for the sake of the reward, fearing his excellent friend might be the victim. At that time the wolves in Ireland had increased to such an extent, owing to the desolation of the country by constant wars, that a reward was offered and a high price paid for every wolf's skin brought into the court of the justiciary; and this was in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the English troops made ceaseless war against the Irish people, and there were more wolves in Ireland than men; and the dead lay unburied in hundreds on the highways, for there were no hands left to dig them graves.

From: Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland by Lady Francesca Speranza Wilde [1887]

As found at: <http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/celt/ali/ali005.htm>

g'day!  
i've come out in blogs! i'm doing several, but the two most relevant to druidry are 'druidizing' at <http://wyldwyverne.blogspot.com/>  
and, just for fun, my wyldwyverne wilderness walk at <http://wyldwyverne.bigblog.com.au/blog.do>  
i'd love to see other people's druid blogs - it's a great way to keep in touch!  
wyverne /\|  
(i'm trying to give up capital letters, just to feel the magical effect)



### Do it anyway – Mother Theresa

*People are often unreasonable, illogical and self-centred;  
Forgive them anyway*

*If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives;  
Be kind anyway*

*If you are successful, you will win some false friends and some true enemies;  
Succeed anyway*

*If you are honest and frank, people may cheat you;  
Be honest and frank anyway*

*What you spent years building, someone could destroy overnight;  
Build anyway*

*If you find serenity and happiness others may be jealous;  
Be happy anyway*

*The good you do today people will often forget tomorrow;  
Do good anyway*

*If you give the world the best you have, it may never be enough;  
Give the world the best you have anyway*

*You see, in the final analysis, its between you and God;  
It was never between you and other people anyway*



### Can you fill this space?

Do you have an idea in your head you want to get out?  
Have you got some old poems in a drawer you want to dust off? Would you like to see your work in print?

The SerpentStar submission box is nearly empty. I don't mind trawling the 'net for items to publish, but this is your newsletter folks, not just mine! It can be artwork, poetry, articles, recipes, whatever really!

Items can be posted or emailed. I have a scanner, and can accept most file formats!

C'mon guys, let the Awen flow!



## The Myth of the Sacred Triangle

All of nature was called to a conference by the Great One. They were to decide if humankind should remain within the Sacred Cosmos Society. It was Sky, a very good mediator, who spoke first.

"As you know, the question is whether humankind is worth the trouble. On the one hand, humans do some good things, especially in science and sometimes in art. On the other hand, they often forget about the rest of us and our wellbeing. Since each of us has a special part to play within the great order, we must consider humankind's purpose. In short, do we really need humans?"

"No," said Sun, rising aggressively from his end of the table. "We don't need them at all. We did perfectly well for millions of years before they arrived. I surely have done my part! I've never forgotten to usher in each new day and provide the light the rest of you need. If you ask me, it's not logical to waste time on them."

Sun was known for putting up a good argument, and all were quite impressed.

"I tend to agree with Sun," said Earth. "Look at what I must put up with. They divide me into little pieces and sell me off to the highest bidder. They crowd and pollute me so, I can hardly breathe at times." Earth was pretty upset now. "And what's more, my name is *Earth*. Why do they call me 'dirt'?"

Then Rain spoke, "Let us think about our true purpose. As we each play a unique part in the universe and together balance one another, don't we alone make the whole? You, Sun, and you, sweet Earth, *you* have the powers of creation, so human being can't claim that as their purpose."

"And *we* help with that creation," Wind puffed.

"That's right," said Rain, "and when need be, Wind and I can destroy as well."

"Yes" said Wind, all puffed up again, "so we have the powers of creation and destruction. We can do everything! We don't need humankind!"

It seemed that humans offered nothing special, and soon a chant rose up, "Humans are good for nothing, good for nothing."

"Except for one thing," said a clear voice on the other side of the table. It was Moon, whose strong yet quiet way made the others listen. "You are right, my friends, when you say that we are powerful and always fulfil our purpose in the great scheme. Yes, it is we who hold the secrets of Beauty and Truth. Yet with all our majesty, we do not have the power of the third secret. Only humans have that power. Only with them is the Triad complete." And in a still quieter voice Moon said, "They can love."

And all of nature sat in quiet wonder at the thought, for they new Moon was right.

And the Great One smiled.

Author unknown.

Sent in by Cherry. If anyone knows who wrote this, please write in so I can properly credit it next issue.



## Seasonal Recipes

### Ostara (Spring Equinox) Incense (For burning on a charcoal block)

2 parts frankincense  
1 part gum arabic  
1 part sandalwood  
½ part nutmeg  
½ part orange oil  
½ part rose petals

### Marzipan

Unlike store-bought marzipan, this tastes like almonds, rather than chemicals.

½ lb icing sugar  
½ lb castor sugar  
1 lb ground almonds  
1 tsp vanilla essence  
2 eggs  
lemon juice

Sift the icing sugar into a bowl and add the castor sugar and ground almonds. Add the vanilla essence. Lightly beat the eggs and add, together with enough lemon juice to make a stiff dough. Knead lightly and roll out. Try not to let the paste dry out or it will crack. The marzipan can now be eaten as-is, or moulded into shapes!

From: 'The Real Witches' Kitchen' by Kate West, Element Books, 2002

*...Before you write your Solstice ritual, think carefully about the Spring and the new light, how did winter seem? How do you imagine the coming summer to be? What does it mean to be re-awakened? How is this seen as a time for cleansing? ...*

*...Pour milk upon the earth and give thanks for the returning fertility and the sun....*

*...A red ribbon on your doorstep will be blessed by Brigid as she passes. On Imbolc eve leave buttered bread in a bowl indoors for the faeries who travel with Brigid. Place three ears of corn, tied with red ribbon, over a door as a symbol of the triple Goddess, leave til Ostara. Make dream pillows for everyone in the family....*

*...Take a bowl of seeds and bless them, thinking about any goals of dreams for this year that you will make. Leave the seeds out overnight where the moon can shine upon them. Plant the seeds at Ostara and watch them grow bigger through the year, along with the manifestation of your dreams.*

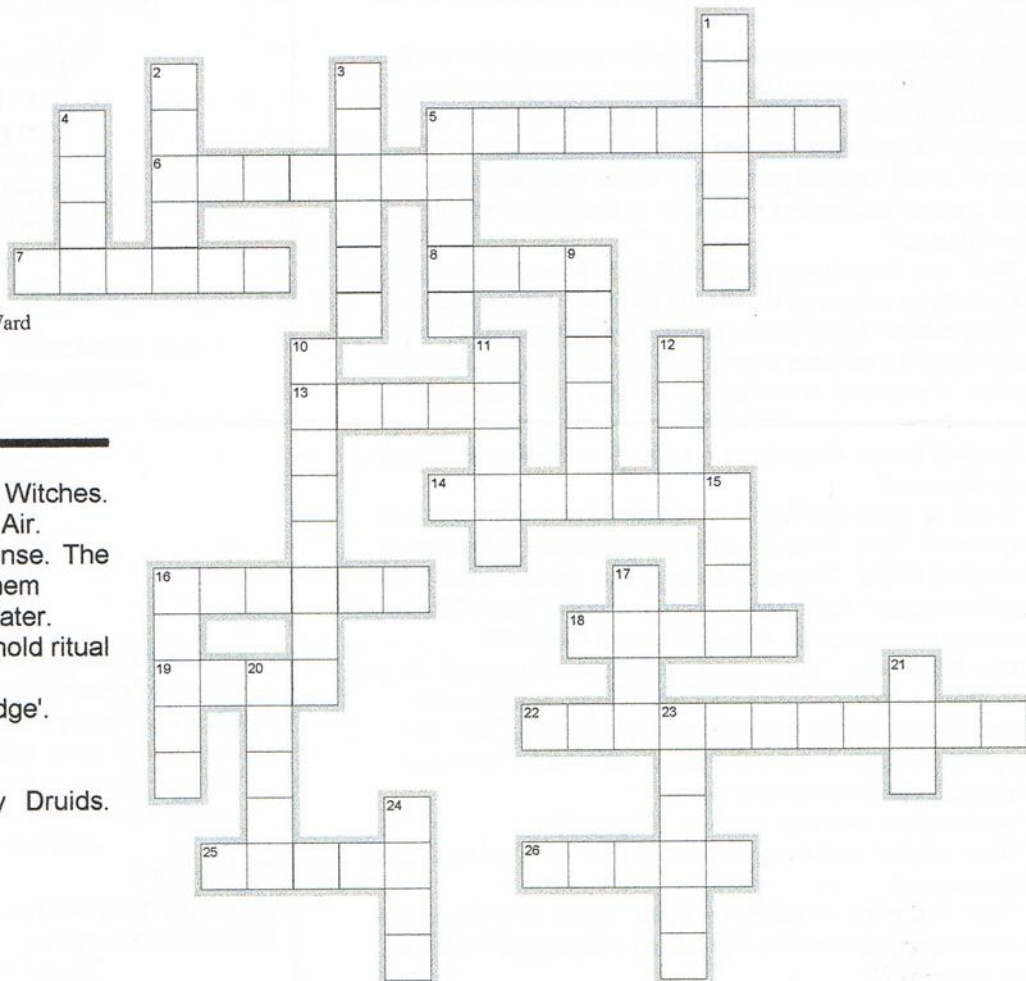
From: <http://www.mythinglinks.org/Imbolc.html>



## Ritual Tools



Enchanting Morgan Le Fay – Neil Geddes-Ward



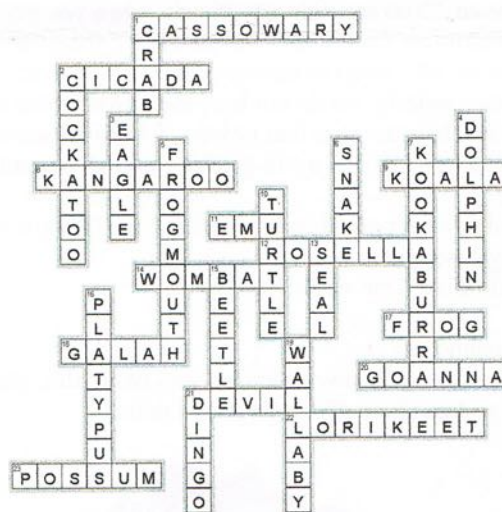
### Across

5. Five pointed star sacred to Witches.
6. Represents the element of Air.
7. Can be used to hold incense. The Catholic church also use them
8. Tarot suite representing Water.
13. Placed in a room/circle to hold ritual items.
14. Part of a bird used to 'smudge'.
16. Tarot suit representing Air.
18. The Western element.
19. Sacred word chanted by Druids. Sounds like Amen.
22. Anticlockwise.
25. Druid colour.
26. Cards used for divination.

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### Down

1. What you cast at the beginning of rituals.
2. Tarot suit representing Earth.
3. Represents the element of Fire.
4. The element that represents North.
5. Druid prayer of .....
9. Wiccan word for seasonal celebrations.
10. Represents the element of Water.
11. Colour associated with Ovates.
12. Colour of Bards.
15. Item of clothing worn to a ritual.
16. Can be used instead of the wand.
17. Used for casting ritual circle. Also Tarot suite representing Fire.
20. The element that represents South.
21. The Eastern element.
23. Clockwise
24. Celtic sacred drink.



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Last issue's solution