

SerpentStar

Newsletter for the Australian and New Zealand members of OBOD

Alban Elfed, March 2003

Greeting to the Autumn Equinox

Hail! Journeyer of the Heavens,
Queen of Brightness, King of Beauty!
Gifts of gladness richly bringing,
Autumn sheaves and red leaves' fall.
Generous be the heart within us,
Open be our hands to all,
Justice to be in equal measure,
Harvest thankfulness our call

From the 'Celtic Devotional' by Caitlin Matthews

The Garden of the Soul



Will you not
meet me
in the green –

feel my mantle
Lain about
your shoulders,

drink deeply
of my chalice
filled with nectar
of my love.

Take my hand
And let me
Guide you
To the gardens
Of forgetting –

All your dreary thoughts,
Where only music
Fills your heart –

Where we learn from our teachers
The lore
Of our ancestors.



Peace - A Poem in Response to President W. Bush

Offered in Peace at Beltainne, Pukerua Bay,
2001

Sometimes I find the anger rises
and the need to stand
saying loudly:
Peace,
You have no right to carry on
this bullshit road of ignorance,
to drag my world
again, still
down the road of force,
of destruction, ignorance and waste.

I feel the need to stand
and look the
presidents and ministers
and leaders
in the eye
and challenge them with
the Fire of the Goddess in my eyes,
in my belly,
but as I draw on this power
I feel the ripples of
Peace and Calm...
and realise time will unfold
and my standing
and demanding
changes nothing,
BUT

in Peace I may reach out
to you, my sister, my brother
reach out a circle of love,
of understanding, of tolerance
and in reaching out,
resonate,
vibrate to the energy of the Universe.
Peace to change
Peace to heal
PEACE will come again.

EDITOR'S SPOT

Hello again everyone,

What a jam-packed issue of SerpentStar this season!

There are poems galore, the first of a wonderful series of articles by Vyvyan, info about the new Druid Network, not to mention a few faeries and a bunyip!

See page 6 for details of this years Assembly and Tutor's Convention, to be held in South Australia later this year.

And see page 4 for the latest developments in the Southern Hemisphere Druid poetry book.

I'm sure many of us will echo the sentiment in Unikorn's poem on the front page. All over Australia, in the large cities and small country towns there have been anti-war rallies. No one, except for those in control, seems to want this war.

They say that the collective unconscious is a powerful thing. With so many people wishing for peace, perhaps anything is possible!

In peace,

Sicinnach

UNDER FIRE

*I wake up in the morning
and greet the hazy day.
Instead of bright hot blue skies
they're a smoggy gray.
A shadowed ball of orange
tints the colours of my life.
And ever present on the air
Hints of smoke in all the strife.
A country under fire,
A country dry of thirst
A country bands together
And as one, ride out the worst.*

TARAN 4/2/03

Websites

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

<http://www.worldoffroud.com/www/online/oracle/index.cfm> - Website of Brian Froud and his

Celtic Music

Lilting, tilting, lightness and dance -
flowing - softly:

Eyes closed in the dark -

swirling, twirling round and round:

Ribbons of colour and waves of sound:

Harps play hauntingly in the distance,

transporting us to another world;

A world of faerys among the trees;

Of trees swaying and whispering their

secrets;

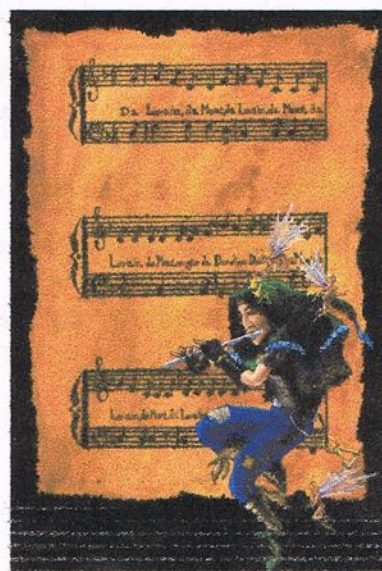
Let me stay a while and linger here;

So peaceful - so magick -

in the land of sióche -

long forgotten.

- Raelene Taylor (1999)



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:

negan@tpgi.com.au

or snail-mail:

N. Egan

PO Box 316, Uralla, NSW, 2358

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Credible Druidry



A druid is someone who at least intends to learn to be a druid, whatever he or she might think that means. That intention seems to be hardwired into the mindscape in which druids learn and assimilate the wealth of healing and magic that surrounds us. Not everyone who does a course in druidry wants to be a druid. It's legitimate to add-in knowledge about druidry to another magical system, or to synthesise one of your own from selections from many systems of magic. But for those for whom being a druid is a driving, central *donné*, there are major issues which need to be dealt with standing between us and credibility and things would flow better if we acknowledge them.

Blind faith (itself proof of the power of enchantment if we hadn't already been convinced by things like TV advertising, the wiles of kittens and the socio-psychology of human courtship) sustains some of us sometimes, but before we can begin truly to manifest genuinely druidical magic in the apparent world, we need a credible basis for our beliefs; not just to arm us against challenges from the mainstream, but also for the sake of our own self esteem and for the healing power of standing on firm ground, all of which are needed before the *nwyfre* will flow in the channels ordained for it by the wizard's spells.

We have very little hard knowledge of what druids were, but a fairly well developed sense of them pervades magical fantasy and fiction, which gets its themes and images from a perhaps planetary consciousness that remembers clearly what we of the apparent world have forgotten. We instinctively approve of Tolkien's Gandalf, of Getafix the Druid from Asterix the Gaul, of Harry Potter and his companions, and of T. E. White's Merlin in *The Once and Future King*. Conan's landscape rings true, and the good/wise and evil/power-crazed wizards of genre fantasy thrill and chill us because they are true to life in some way - or our instincts tell us so, even if we're in denial about it. There is so much consistency in these images that it is fairly easy for any individual to conjure up an image of a druid, or of a range of types of druids, and to incorporate a selection of its features into his or her own being. But these attributes only have credibility, the power to heal and set a disordered world to rights, and the ability to weave the creative forces into new substances, fictions and realities if they are themselves real within the context of the apparent world.

In this series of articles I want to examine some of the powers commonly attributed to druids, to ask what they are, how real or unreal each one is, and if real how can we as druids access and apply them as manifest magic in the apparent world. I will be helpful to critique fairly carefully the philosophy that is emerging as 'druidic' in the New Age, feeling honestly for its weaknesses, its instances of what Sartre called *mauvais foi* and those tender areas around which we tend to pussyfoot because of embarrassment about the apparent gaps between the fantasy and any possible reality that it might engage with - and for fear of the allegedly terrifying power of the druid should it engage! We have to be tamed ourselves before we can tame the dragon energy!

Our OBOD or other training is a seed. Its genome is a fabric of myths and ideas and fragments of folklore, scholarship and archaeological traces and the pervading image of the druid in literature that we start out with. The soil is the knowledge of the real world around us. Once sprouted, the seed utilises the seed material in forming a root, which enters the soil and finds nourishment there instead. My aim is to mobilise the powers latent within these seed myths and fragments by unpacking them, deconstructing them a little and seeing how their power and logic can be creatively employed for magical effects in the 21st century druid.

Here are some of the attributes I will be looking at

- Druids are animistic.
- Druids talk with animals, birds, trees, rocks, and the stars with mutual understanding.
- Druids shapeshift.
- Druids time-travel.
- Druids prophesy.
- Druids cast enchantments, charms and spells.
- Druids control natural phenomena such as weather, fertility and tectonic forces.
- Druids have close friendly relations with space people in UFOs.

- Druids can speak to the dead through skulls, stones or other foci.
- Druids can commune with beings, human and unhuman, on many dimensions.
- Druids can magically affect the health and vitality of all manner of systems, from individual people to whole planets for good or evil.
- Druids walk and talk with the gods.
- Druids have bilocal experiences in which they visit other worlds, other dimensions, and transcendent realities.
- Druids use enchanted objects such as cauldrons and cups for healing and conjuring.
- Druids brew magic potions.
- Druids preach the transmigration of souls.

I'll be looking at some of the factual sources of belief in druid magic in literature, saga and song and in histories old and new. I'll also look at the mythos, most of which arises from the factual accounts through errors of interpretation and the tendency to fabricate sections of verse that cannot be recalled and all the other means by which the truth becomes cryptic in oral traditions. And I'll also be looking at those branches of mysticism that deal with metaphysics and the worlds beyond the apparent world, the parapsychology of shamanism and other aspects of pagan belief and the materialistic sciences of the west. Because I believe it really is possible to take the historical image of the druid, and through a genial relationship with all these systems of magic and knowledge, make of the mythic splendour a splendid reality, prophetic utterances, magic tricks and all!

Blessed be!

vyvyan /!

A Book of Druid Poetry

Southern Echoes is a new anthology of Druid writings. The focus of the anthology is "Druidcraft 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 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 April

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

The anthology aims to be self funding, as such we are relying on sales to cover printing costs. Pre-sales would facilitate planning and give us confidence in committing to the printing costs- if you would be willing to "pre-order" copies (cost will be in the range \$12-\$14 Aus no more and hopefully closer to \$10) then please drop a mail to southern_echoes@yahoo.com saying how many copies you would be likely to order.

Whilst we would prefer to stay away from advertising if any-one does know of compatible businesses or organisations who might be interested in supporting the collection in some way then please put them in touch with us!

Thanks & regards

The Druid Network in Oceania

A few months ago now the British Druid Order announced that it was winding down and in its place Bobcat (Emma Reshali Orr) who was Joint-Chief of the Order, would head the emergence of The Druid Network. The press release about this can be found at the Order's web site (<http://www.druidry.co.uk>).

Membership of the new Network will involve receiving (either electronically or on paper) 2 copies per annum of the *Druids Voice*, a journal edited by Geoff Boswell in the UK. As well as access to the network's online database, which will be "a fully secure, autonomously accessible web-based network, which members can use in their own time. It will be possible to search for members by name, by location, by skills and interests offered and sought. Of course, for members without easy web access, queries can still be sent to the Office." (Bobcat)

Another part of the web site will be accessible to everybody, with events diary, articles and news, an ethical living section and book reviews. In addition to this there will be an Oceania section of the website with links to events in the region within a broader pagan context, as well as environmental and social issues and actions, an online market place, articles about Druidry and paganism in the region, and much more.

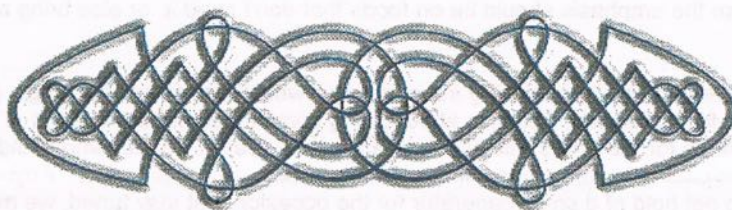
The online focus, as well as the fact that pricing will be based on 'globally relevant figures' (instead of using exchange rates), will help to overcome the cost issues which have always been a problem for those of us in this part of the world. This will allow for a far larger and more vibrant Druidic network in this region.

In summary, again from Bobcat "It is my aim to create an organization that has a profoundly magical core, yet which is open to people of all Pagan and other paths who are actively seeking understanding about native spirituality, each person using the Network on whatever practical and magical level they would wish to. While overtly nourished through the roots of ancient Pagan British Druidry, it is an organization which walks proudly through the twenty first century, and which it will, for it will be an organization that promotes individual responsibility and honourable action."

If you would like any more information about the Network and its membership in the Oceania region, please contact

Thom van Dooren
oceania@druidnetwork.org

or by snail mail at:
PO Box 1432
WODEN ACT 2606
AUSTRALIA



Fairy Dance

The fairies dance beneath the trees
Calling sweetly for me to join them
I am tempted
Though I know what happens
To those who dance
With the fair folk of the wood.

FIFTH ANNUAL AUSTRALIAN OBOD ASSEMBLY AND TUTOR CONVENTION 2003

The Annual Assembly of Bards Ovates and Druids is reasonably firmly scheduled for November 22nd and 23rd this year to coincide with the visit of Susan Jones, our OBOD tutor coordinator, and Ian, from England. Susan will be chairing a tutor convention which will be incorporated into the Assembly. We're not sure yet whether our chosen chief, Philip Carr Gomm, will be able to attend or not. We'll expect people to start arriving on the Friday and that some will stay Sunday night and leave Monday.

The venue is Wyeuro 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 sparse woodland on limestone with lichens. The name means "kangaroo country" and that's a fair description, although rare hairy-nosed wombats are also abundant and interactive here. The reptile and birdlife is also a feature. Wyeuro is also home to Helen and Vyvyan, Luke the dog, some cats, some chooks and several goats.

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. Alternatively it might also be possible to catch a bus to the Barossa Valley, either Angaston or Nuriootpa, and hire a vehicle from there, but that's a bit far for us to pick anyone up. I'll look into it if you like. We'll send out maps for people who need them.

Accommodation:

The Punyerlroo caravan park down on the river bank has cabins for \$49.50 per couple per night and \$5.50 per night extra for each additional person up to four or possibly six per cabin. The billabong within easy walking distance of the caravan park offers thrilling wetland birdwatching especially at daybreak, with black swans, ibises and herons, spoonbills and cranes and ducks of many kinds. Kookaburras and magpies, parrots and cockatoos, currawongs, butcherbirds and myriad small birds participate in a dawn chorus second to none. Herpetologists will enjoy it too. Dogs must be kept on leashes. 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 her on Wyeuro anyone can unroll a swag out on the flat (or under cover if it's raining) for free, and we might be able to provide you with solar power for light and music and other modest usages, including laptop computers for those who like to carry them about. And you can pitch a tent, park a campervan or caravan and annex or whatever you like as well. There's plenty of room, and a whole other ecosystem to explore - with a greater emphasis on reptiles and mammals. Well-behaved dogs on leashes will be welcome too.

Locality:

Towns are tiny, far apart and poorly serviced out here. There is a small shop at the caravan park, and a big supermarket/general store at Sedan, and a pub and some small rural shops in Swan Reach, but no specialty shops or fancy facilities.

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, baking our own bread, brewing our own mead and stirring up interesting cauldrons and woksful of really magical brews. We have no refrigeration so the emphasis should be on foods that don't need it, or else bring along an esky.

Events:

At this stage we should all be thinking about giving a workshop, preparing songs, poems, art and other displays and performances for eisteddfod, and also about giving some input into the content of ceremonies. We'll have a general ceremony, and the afternoon for the tutors will incorporate another. Bards, Ovates and Druids might each want their own ceremony and we could all participate in building those, incorporating initiations if appropriate. Anyone needing mains power for performances might need to get hold of a small generator for the occasion, but stay tuned, we might be able to tee something up. Anyone interested in a stall displaying art, crafts and produce or anything else of that nature you might like to sell let me know about that too. Do we need a theme and if so any ideas? I'm looking for input here.

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 in attending or with any queries 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. There'll be regular coverage in SerpentStar too so look for it.

Hope to see you here!



THE FROG FOOD OF THE BUNYIP

From: http://www.artistwd.com/joyzine/australia/dreaming/frog_bunyip.htm

*From the Children's Literature Research Collection
and the Ken Pound Collection*

*An exhibition held at the State Library of Victoria, The Queen's Hall
11th December, 1995 to 22nd January, 1996.*



Down in the billabong a head was concealed among the reeds. It remained so still that none of the wild creatures noticed it. Three ducks paddled past. In the darkness there was sudden movement. Two hands shot out and seized their legs, pulling the ducks under water and twisting their necks so quickly and silently that the third duck drifted away without knowing what had happened to the others.

The Frog man stood up, shivering a little in the cool night breeze. He tied the ducks to his girdle and was about to wade ashore, where his wife was waiting for him, when he saw a vast grey shape loom out of the swamp. It was a Bunyip, the dreadful monster of marsh and billabong.

The young man did not waste his breath in shouting. He waded through the shallow water in frenzied haste towards the bank. His wife had also seen the Bunyip.

'Give me the ducks,' she called as he came closer.

He handed them up to her, scrambled on to the bank, and lay down, panting for breath.

'There's no time to wait here,' she said. 'The monster is getting closer.'

'Wait till I get my breath,' he gasped.

'Come on,' she urged him. 'The Bunyip will get us if you don't hurry.'

She pulled him to his feet, but as she did so the Bunyip stretched out his long arm, and his claws closed round her body. Her husband caught her by the arm and tried to save her, but the Bunyip lifted her up, tucked her under his arm, and disappeared into the darkness.

The man was desperate. He plunged into the water and waded through the rushes, but they had closed behind the monster, leaving no trace of his passage.

As soon as it was light next morning the Frog man gathered a supply of the little creatures who were his totem and tied them to a long pole which he stuck in the mud. They cried and croaked miserably, waving their arms and legs in a struggle to free themselves.

'That will fetch the Bunyip,' the Frog man thought. He was crouching among the reeds with his war spear beside him, ready to thrust it into the Bunyip as soon as it appeared. The hours passed slowly. The only thing he could see was the wriggling of the frogs' legs. The daylight faded, and through the night the croaking of the frogs grew fainter. By morning they were all dead. Sadly he untied them, caught some more, and tied them to the pole. The air was filled with the fresh babble of sound as he went to his camp to sleep.

When he returned that night the frogs were gone, and the pole lay on its side among the reeds. With fresh hope he caught a further supply, erected the pole again, tied the frogs in place, and sat down to wait.

Morning after morning the Frog man baited his trap, but never once did he catch sight of the Bunyip. It was only when he could not keep his eyes open for lack of sleep that they were taken. But at length his patience was rewarded. It was early morning. The young husband was about to end his lonely vigil when a huge shape parted the veils of mist, and the Bunyip reached out his claws to take the frogs. Behind it the young woman followed with vacant eyes, dirty and unkempt, with her hair straggling down her face.

'Keep away,' her husband shouted, and threw his spear at the monster. It sank into the soft flesh so that only the end of the handle was showing. The Bunyip groaned and threw the frogs at its aggressor. One of them hit the Frog man in the eye, blinding him for a moment. He still had his throwing stick. He hurled it at the Bunyip, and had the satisfaction of seeing it disappear into one of the Bunyip's eyes. The creature turned round shrieking with pain, and blundered back the way it had come.

'Come to me, wife,' the Frog man implored. 'You will be safe with me.'

To his astonishment the young woman took no notice but followed the Bunyip into the mist. Her husband ran after her. There was no mistaking the trail now. With only one eye, the Bunyip slipped and fell, picked itself up and staggered on, leaving a trail of crushed vegetation behind it. The woman followed close at its heels, for the Bunyip had cast a spell over her which bound her closely to him.

They reached the far side of the billabong. The Bunyip heaved itself out of the water and began to climb a gum tree. It reached the top, sat on a branch, and glared down at the Frog man with its single baleful eye. The young woman stood at the foot of the tree as though petrified.

'You are safe now,' her husband said, holding out his arms. 'Come with me and we will return to our camp.'

She put out her arms, but could not move her feet, which appeared to be frozen to the ground.

He took a step towards her, and suddenly stood still. He had come within the circle of the power that bound his wife to the Bunyip, and was unable to move.

Day turned to night, night to day, rain storms swept across the billabong, the water rose and fell with the changing seasons, but still the little tableau remained by the gum tree. The petrified bodies of the Frog man and his wife stood like gaunt stumps of trees, with arms stretched out towards each other in longing, while far above them the single eye of the Bunyip glared from the leaves of the tree.

Then came a great storm which overthrew the gum tree. The eye remained where it was, but the spell was broken, and at last the couple were reunited. Their descendants will never touch the little frogs again. They leave them as food for the Bunyips so that the monsters of the swamp will not molest them.

And where the Murray River now flows, the blackfellows say that the moon is the eye of the Bunyip that once stole the wife of a Frog man of their tribe.

A. W. Reed, *Aboriginal Fables and Legendary Tales*



Bunyips, The Australian Sprite

by Davy Russell, Editor
POSTED: April 98

According to Aboriginal legend, Bunyips are creatures that lurk in swamps, billabongs, creeks, riverbeds, and waterholes. They emerge at night, making terrifying, blood-curdling cries, and devour any animal or human that dare venture near its abode. The Bunyip's favourite prey is said to be women.

Fearing to go near suspected Bunyip haunts, the Aborigines shared their fearsome legends with early white settlers. After hearing such tales, they became

Bunyip Monster.

Descriptions of Bunyips include a wide spectrum of appearances from animal to spirit. Some describe the Bunyip as a gorilla-type animal (kinda like bigfoot, or the Australian Yowie), while others say it is half animal, half human or spirit. Bunyips come in all sizes, shapes, and colours. Some are described to have long tails or necks, wings, claws, horns, trunks (like an elephant), fur, scales, fins, feathers...any combination of these.

Although scientists have found no physical evidence of Bunyips, they suggest it could have been a diprotodon, which became extinct 20,000 years ago. It frightened natives even after its extinction, spawning

Another circulating theory is that the modern Bunyip encounters originated (unintentionally) from wanderers or those who went off into the Australian wilderness during the Great Depression, or to escape hardships or the law. To prevent discovery, they would hide from others by creating a make-shift snorkel out of bone and hiding underwater. If they popped out before the unwanted guests left, it would make for quite a scare on both sides. And the startled cry of the one in hiding could cause the frightened passers-by to think they encountered a Bunyip. As for their affinity for women, this could be explained by the wanderers long periods of time alone, without contact with women, and when one came along, it made for an irresistible opportunity.

Whatever the Bunyip is, was, or was not, it has become a celebrity in children's literature. After investigating reports, and analyzing alleged Bunyip bones, many Australians now disregard the existence of the Bunyip as purely mythological.

SOURCE: Various Australian newspapers and articles.

From: <http://www.xproject-paranormal.com/archives/cryptozoology/bunyip.html>

The Spiders Web

At the dawn of the morning
The sunrise on an open meadow
As the spiders webs glisten
in the morning dew
I still think of you.

The land I left so long ago
To wander in the land
of the Southern Cross
and in the shadow of
the rock called Uluru.

A dawn on a green land
The hills and dales
I no longer see and
the spiders webs still
glisten in the morning dew.



Seasonal Recipes

Harvest Moon Pot Pourri

- 2 cups apple slices cut in half
- 1 cup costus flowers
- 2 cups hibiscus flowers
- 2 cups strips of orange peel
- 2 cups oak moss
- 1 cup lemon grass rings
- 1 cup acorns
- 1 cup peach-coloured rose petals
- 4 tablespoons apple oiled fixative
- 2 tablespoons peach oiled fixative
- 1 tablespoon pear oiled fixative
- 1 tablespoon sweet orange oiled fixative
- 1 tablespoon ginger oiled fixative
- 2 tablespoons cinnamon oiled fixative

To make the fixatives:

In a jar place ½ cup cut orris root and 6 teaspoons of the essential oil. Mix. Leave for a few days to mature.

Combine all of the ingredients and allow to mature. To decorate, use dried apple slices brushed with cinnamon oil, cinnamon sticks and kumquats stuck with cloves like tiny pomanders.

(from 'Pot Pourri' by Joanna Sheen)

Recipes for the Oil Burner

Autumn Fragrances

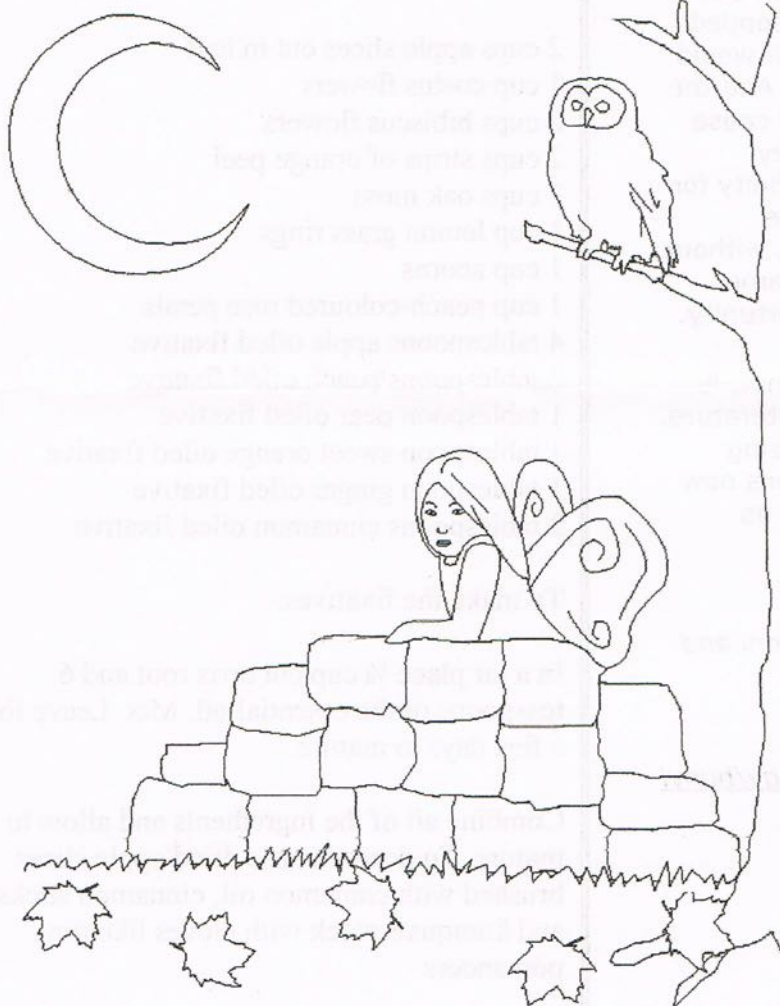
- 3 drops Cedarwood
- 3 drops Petitgrain

Or

- 3 drops Sandalwood
- 3 drops Lavender

(from 'Aromatherapy' by Judy Chapman)

Children's Page!



From the Faery
Coloring Book
By
Eliza@sacredspiral.com

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

TYPES OF FAERIES

BEAN SIDHE	MERROWS
BOGGART	NUCKELAVEE
BOGIE	PHOOKA
BROWNIE	PISKIES
EACH UISGE	REDCAP
HENKIES	SELKIE
KELPIE	SLUAGH
LEPRECHAUN	SPRIGGANS
	URISK

For more info on these, and other,
Faeries, go to:
[http://www.odyssey.net/users/erica/wicca/
faerynames.htm](http://www.odyssey.net/users/erica/wicca/faerynames.htm)