

SerpentStar

Newsletter for the Australian and New Zealand members of OBOD

Alban Elfed, March 2005

From the Chapter 'Autumn'

When travelling
near the river'
one sees
many wonderful sights,
but wherever one is at peace
that is where the heart
is at home.

From 'Songs of the Seasons A
Collection of Zen Poems and Paintings'
by Stephen Cassettari

The Domain of the Owl

Soft feathers turning
Wide eyes far seeing
Far distant than the human eye
The distant future
Waiting for the time to fly
Freedom in the element of Air
Feeling its presence
Alert to its changes
Lifted up by its nature
The nature of all things
Night is the owl's domain
The domain of the stars, the planets and the
moonlit trees.
Floating softly on silent wings
From tree to tree
Forest sentries standing tall measuring the
passage of the moon
on the leaf-littered earth
Until the sun illuminates the eastern sky
The Domain of the Owl is nigh

GOODBYE SUMMER

Summer slipped away quietly
While I was asleep.
I closed my eyes for but a moment
And out she did creep.

While her presence can still be felt
On occasions, she's not totally let go.
A summer without summer, this year
Soon the cold wind will blow.

Oh cold nights I greet thee
And bask in the gentle warmth of day.
Golden brown leaves will fall
As lands golden cloak is made.

Taran Feb 2002





STORM WOLF'S RAMBLINGS



Only a short ramble this issue, as it is full of poetry, articles, ads, and other things!

There has been a change of plan for the Assembly. Unfortunately, my fiancé and I have decided to go our separate ways. I know that there is no such thing as an ending, only a new beginning, but that doesn't make it any easier. At least we are still talking to each other. There is nothing worse than when a couple splits up with anger in their hearts.

So now I am in the process of finding somewhere new to live. For now, please still send submissions, etc, to the 'Glen Oswald' address, I will get the mail forwarded when I move.

Once again, I am running low on poems and articles and things, so, if anyone is feeling creative, please send something in!

I hope you are all well, and looking forward to the cooler months, as I am!

Storm Wolf

SEEKING DRUID FRIENDS

I live near Port Macquarie on the NSW North Coast. I have an established love of Celtic/folk music, have been a member of the NSW folk federation since the 70's - a bard also in OBOD. As well, am a qualified aromatherapist/massage therapist working with the local hospital doctor here, he has a beautiful healing centre where I also facilitate meditation classes - recently released meditation CD which I'm just delighted about, also readings - palmistry, numerology, tarot and runes - reiki master, crystal healing and colour therapy along with sub conscious mind healing - journey work, rebirthing and counselling.

Have grown children all living away now with lives of their own. Was married quite young which ended after 21 years sadly, in divorce, partly bought about by loss of first child to cot death - I have been on my own now for a few years and looking for like minded people AROUND MY OWN AGE - LOL to share interests, hobbies and leisure time with.

I thought by contacting OBOD that might be a way to achieve this. Are there any men in their 50's in OBOD????

I'm off to Woodford folk festival - xmas/new year - this year so if you know anyone that fits any of these descriptions, please, I would be grateful if you would refer them.

peace and blessings

Holly (Fern).....

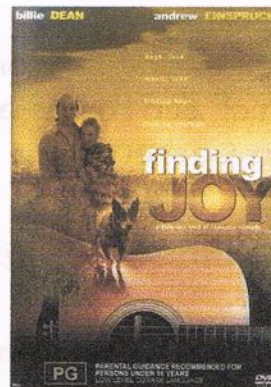
Finding Joy

'Finding Joy' is a movie about a woman and her quest to become a singer, despite the fact she can't actually sing! Along the way, she takes in a stray dog, meets a man, loses the dog, loses the man, and then finds them both again, as well as finding herself!

'Finding Joy' is produced by, and stars, two Australian OBOD members, Billie and Andrew, who live in Braidwood, near Canberra.

If anyone is interested in purchasing a copy of this great movie, see the link below for a special offer to SerpentStar readers:

<http://www.findingjoy.com/general/serpentstaroffers.htm>



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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:

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or snail-mail:

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Celtic Otherworld

Sammy McSkimming

The religious beliefs of the late Bronze Age into the Iron Age among the Celtic peoples have for the most part been gleaned from the pens of Victorian writers and visionaries, or from many of the modern authors who still industrially plagiarise the works of the aforesaid authors. The unfortunate point of this is that the real and worthwhile opportunity these writers had of recording a passing era, was lost in the misleading wild fits of fantasy of their own acclaimed new age thinking. Of course this does not help any student who has no reference through other sources to evaluate the subject for themselves.

On the other side of the coin there are worthwhile books on the subject. The down side of this is the fact that most of these are academic works and as such, tend to be rather dry and unsympathetic in inclination. They make no attempt to rationalize the abstract images or culture of people they consider primitives. Many of these works are old and hard to find, most now being out of print, and if you do find any they tend to be very expensive to acquire. With this as a background in mind I would like to make "the Otherworld" the subject of this article.

Stories of the mysterious Otherworld abound in Celtic legend and folklore, with many heroic tales of the worthy and their sojourns through these elemental kingdoms. Where is this Otherworld? The answer is everywhere that is within and around us. While many are caught up and intrigued with the magical qualities of these realms, it is very easy to forget that these are religious concepts and were greatly respected and feared by our ancestors. These lands are the home of our emotive primordial links with our origins, the home of the unknown or the unanswered. Human nature has from the dawn of self awareness, always sought to explain the mysteries of life, death and their surroundings just as we still do. Also like us, that which could not be explained by conscious logic could be accounted for in the ever present unseen Spirit realms.

The Otherworld which is the inner realms of Mind could be viewed as the opposite polarity of rational thought which bases its objectivity through material collected by the five sensory faculties and which we rely on to exist in this physical form. However, even in this state we can be invaded by thoughts and forms which can have no connection with the rational processes of the physical mind involved in daily living, yet to us at the time of experiencing them they seem no less real.

Our ancestors saw this other form of reality as the workings of mind and separate from the thought process of the physical brain; mind as a detached entity. This of course begs the question "what is reality?" and that question cannot be answered by any of our modern technology or science. For each of us in a lifetime may face many different realities, collectively or individually, reality can only ever be our subjective perception of it.

On surviving evidence the early Celtic peoples saw all life forms existing on three levels, three integrated but separate beings co-habiting as a single being, the realms of body and mind linked to the all pervading life force, 'Spirit'. At this point we must disassociate from the new age thinking of transcending the physical to become linked with the spiritual. Spirit itself is the unifying force interwoven through all levels of existence as symbolized by the triple knot, or the triple spiral. A brilliant example of this is illustrated in a story by Fiona MacLeod entitled: "The Divine Adventure", well worth reading.

Today most of us mock as ignorance the practises of these early people as we now live in a world where the conscious mind rules in logic. Science has for us pushed back the dark shadows of ancestral night. With smug superiority yesterday's mysteries are nearly all explained, the very nature of our planet understood, superstition replaced by knowledge. Yet how many of us, if wrenched from the security of our modern well lit and warm environment to be suddenly faced with being lost alone in a dark forest wilderness, could spend the dark hours totally free from the ancestral demons of the mind that haunted these early people? Rubbish, you may say. I would reply "try it". In many respects we still differ little from our early progenitors.

As is well documented, all of the Celtic type peoples were ancestor worshippers. This is to say that the Deities were also the ancestors of the clan. Many early legends are primarily concerned with the explanation of how the ancestors made adventurous journeys into the Otherworld realms to claim a place in the great Duns of the pre-diluvian Goddess Cessair, and in so doing they became a guide and refuge in death for the future generations of this people. The Irish legend of Donn the first man to die in Ireland being deified as the god of death is an excellent example of this. It is very natural that then as now the mysteries of death were foremost in the minds of these people.

If you can perceive life on three levels - physical, mental and spiritual interlaced as one - then the concept of the Otherworld will become less difficult to understand. This does mean that you must see that in the oneness of being, no part of it can be greater or lesser. In Celtic beliefs true vision of spirit can only be achieved when you find the central harmony of body, mind and spirit. Spirit does not only exist in higher planes. Spirit exists in all. This conflicts totally with the imported Eastern philosophy of transcending the material to attain the higher realms of spirit.

The Otherworld and the realms of spirit are with us always. We live equally as part of them and they of us. The portals to these realms lie at the centre of our being. Perhaps sometime while you are relaxed and at one with yourself and creation the mists will clear, revealing the other part of your existence to you. Then may you journey to the many coloured lands in the elemental kingdoms of Tir-fo-Thonn, Tir-na-Bea, Tirtaingiri, Tir-nan-Og and Tir-na-Moe.

The Voice of Danu

Listen
To the wind
And hear
My voice
Calling...

Feel
The rain
And taste
My tears
Of joy
And sorrow...

Touch
Soil and stone
And lie
Upon my body...

Stroke
The grasses and caress
My hair...

Bathe
In the ocean
And know
My beating heart

Like a flower
Swaying
In softest breeze.

Be my child,
My delight,
My beauty.

I call you
On the wind

I offer you
My bones,
The Earth.

I feed you
With my fruits,

I bathe you
In my rivers,

I hold you
In the beating heart
Of my deep ocean.

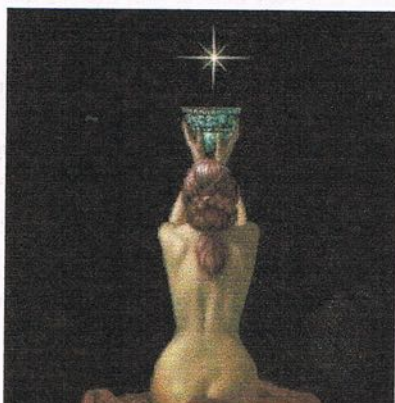
I watch you
From my window,
The universe.
My stars
Are your eyes
By night.

My face,
The moon,
Will guide
Your dreams,
Your knowing.

I am
All around you,
I am
Within
And without you.

I am DANU,
Your beginning
And your end.

Branwyn /\



Heralds of the Autumn

They fall like tears upon the ground,

Drifting in silence,

Swirling on the wind,

Witness to the Summer's end,

Yet clad in Sun God colours,

Red and gold,

No sombre hues to mourn the season's end,

They cast their riotous beauty o'er the land,

In celebration of the turning wheel.



Cherry 2004

Bardic Grade Poem

Debora Clearwater

Every journey begins with whispers of hope and expectation,
some niggles of uncertainty, and perhaps a little apprehension

As the foot finds its way along the untested road beneath it
we reach out with heart and mind to feel our way forward
trusting to the strings of our soul's lyre to vibrate
sympathetically
when we are on the right path.

With every step along the Bardic path, my soul has sung a
deep sigh of recognition, of relief, of homecoming.
Lifting me up like a summer breeze, bringing the scents of
earth and sun,
luxurious green growth, and cool, living water.

This is the secret way through the old woods,
to the hidden sanctuary long forgotten.
This leads to the sacred well, fed by the holy spring.

I am HERE. I am in the life without death, without dying.
In the land where all things are known and all is secret.
This is the centre of the labyrinth that I have long been
wandering.

THE ANCESTOR ALTAR

By Donata Ahern - An OBOD member from the USA

The ancestor altar is set up to honour and remember the ancestors, not to worship them. The ancestor altar can become an all-purpose altar and be used for meditations, ceremonies, etc.

Choose the table, mantle, dresser, etc., where you will set up the altar.

Pick four stones or crystals for the four corners (the corners of the world). You will need a carafe or wine decanter to hold spirit water - which is white rum and spring water that you bless. You may include family pictures, or objects that either belonged to family members, or that you decide will represent them. If you use an altar cloth, it is traditional, but not necessary, to have one that is fringed. Fringe is one way to connect your consciousness with that of the ancestor/s. Candle/s and incense are optional, but a nice addition.

There are three classes of ancestors: our blood ancestors, the ancestors of our spiritual lineage, and the ancestors of the land where we live. We may choose to honour all three classes. One way to honour the ancestors of the land is to place a pot of earth on the altar. A way to honour the spiritual ancestors is to place an object with a symbol of your spiritual path, e.g., a pentacle for wiccans, the Awen for druids, etc.

Dedication of the Ancestor Altar - prepare food and drink that would appeal to them in life, and offer them to the ancestors. State your intention that this is a sacred space where you will honour them. Ask them for their aid.

You don't have to include all your ancestors - it's a good idea to state that only those ancestors who come in love and peace, and to do no harm, are welcome.

At the first feast, at the time of dedication, and for future food/drink offerings, (remember the ancestors regularly with food) bless the food, and say,

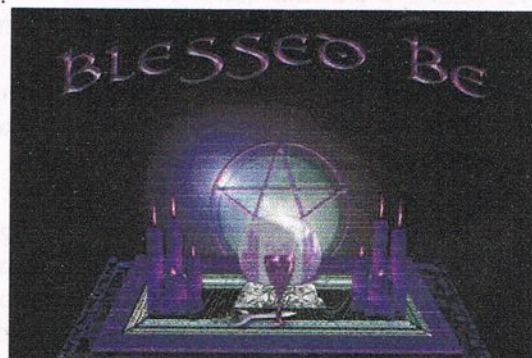
"O blood of my blood, this is your child (name yourself). I bring you (name the food/drink) for your nourishment. Know that you are loved and respected. Accept this offering for our good. Watch over your descendant: Let there be no death, let there be no illness, let there be no accident, let there be no upheaval, let there be no poverty, let there be no ill fate (name any other attributes you wish to dispel). Stand fast for me, for my good fortune, for my wealth, for my happiness, for my home, for my health (name any other attributes you wish to attract). Thank you, blood of my blood. Thank you, O mighty dead".

Other prayers: (from Luisah Teich)

"O good and mighty dead, you who wish me only good, hear me; guide and guard me, and when the time comes, greet me. You are neither blind nor deaf to this life I live; you did yourself once share it. I come to you in love and trust. I seek to honour you".

A Prayer for the Living:

"To my kindred (name all you wish to remember)
May the blessing of the spirit be upon you.
May you be your best self.
May you walk in beauty.
May your guides be with you at every crossroads,
May you be honourably greeted when you arrive".



out between them. To neither side was there early victory, and the fierce conflicts were waged through the long ages ere yet the earth was formed. But, at length, the sons of Bor prevailed over their enemies and drove them back. In time there followed great slaughter, which diminished the army of evil giants until one alone remained.

It was thus that the gods achieved their triumph. Ymer was stricken down, and the victors leapt upon him and then slit open the bulging veins of his neck. A great deluge of blood gushed forth, and the whole race of giants was drowned save Bergelmer, "The Mountain-old", who with his wife took refuge on the timbers of the great World-mill, and remained there. From these are descended the Jotuns, who for ever harboured enmity against the gods.

The great World-mill of the gods was under care of Mundilfore (Lodur-Loke). Nine giant maids turned it with much violence, and the grinding of the stones made such fearsome clamour that the loudest tempests could not be heard. The great mill is larger than is the whole world, for out of it the mould of earth was ground.

When Ymer was dead, the gods took counsel among themselves, and set forth to frame the world. They laid the body of the clay-giant on the mill, and the maids ground it. The stones were smeared with blood, and the dark flesh came out as mould. Thus was earth produced, and the gods shaped it to their desire. From Ymer's bones were made the rocks and the mountains; his teeth and jaws were broken asunder, and as they went round at their labour the giant maids flung the fragments hither and thither, and these are the pebbles and boulders. The ice-cold blood of the giant became the waters of the vast engulfing sea.

Nor did the giant maids cease their labours when the body of Ymer was completely ground, and the earth was framed and set in order by the gods. The body of giant after giant was laid upon the mill, which stands beneath the floor of Ocean, and the flesh-grist is the sand which is ever washed up round the shores of the world. Where the waters are sucked through the whirling eye of the millstone is a fearsome maelstrom, and the sea ebbs and flows as it is drawn down to Hvergelmer, "the roaring cauldron", in Nifel-heim and thrown forth again. The very heavens are made to swing by the great World-mill, round Veraldar Nagli, "the world spike", which is the Polar Star.

Now when the gods had shaped the earth they set Ymer's skull over it to be the heavens. At each of the four corners they put as sentinels the strong dwarfs East and West and North and South. The skull of Ymer rests upon their broad shoulders.

As yet the sun knew not her home, nor the moon her power, and the stars had no fixed dwelling place.

Muspel-heim over the great gulf, and these the gods fixed in the heavens to give light to the world and to shine over the sea. To these and to every wandering fire-flake they assigned due order and motion, so that each has its set place and time and season.

The sun and the moon were also regulated in their courses, for these are the greater fire-disks that were sprayed from Muspel-heim, and to bear them over the paths of the heavens the gods caused the elf-smiths, the sons of Ivalde and the kinsmen of Sindre, to fashion chariots of fine gold.

Mundilfore, who has care of the World-mill, aspired to rival Odin. He had two beautiful children, and one he called Mani (moon), and the other Sol (sun). The gods were filled with anger because of Mundilfore's presumption, and to punish him they took from him his two children, of whom he was exceedingly boastful, to drive the heavenly chariots and count the Years for men. Fair Sol they set to drive the sun-chariot. Her steeds are Arvak, which is "Early Dawn", and Alsvid, which signifies "scorching heat". Under their withers were placed skins of ice-chilled air for coolness and refreshment. They enter the eastern heaven at Hela-gate, through which the souls of dead men pass to the world beneath.

Then the gods set Mani, the handsome youth, to drive the chariot of the moon. With him are two fair children whom he carried away from earth--a boy who was called Hyuki, and a girl whose name is Bil. ¹ They had been sent out in the darkness of night by Vidfinner, their father, to draw song-mead from the mountain spring Byrger, "the hidden", which broke forth from the source of Mimer's fount; and they filled their pail Saegr to the brink, so that the precious mead spilled over as they raised it on the pole Simul. When they began to descend the mountain, Mani seized them and took them away. The spots that are ever seen by night on the fair-faced moon are Hyuki and Bil, and beauteous Bil do skalds invoke, so that hearing them she may sprinkle from the moon the magic song-mead upon their lips.

In Mani's keeping is a bundle of thorns from which evildoers among met, must needs suffer the punishment of piercing pains.

The sun is ever in flight, and so also is the moon. They are pursued by bloodthirsty enemies, who seek to compass their destruction ere they reach the sheltering forest of the Varns, behind the western horizon. These are two fierce and gigantic wolves. The one whose name is Skoll, "the adherer", chases the sun, whom one day it will devour; the other is Hati, "the hater", who races in front of "the bright maiden of heaven", in ceaseless pursuit of the moon.

Skoll and Hati are giants in wolf-guise. They were sent forth by the Mother of Evil, the dark and fearsome Hag, Gulveig Hoder, whose children they are. Skoll and Hati

edge, which is the habitation of a witch family dreaded both by gods and by men. Of the Hag's wolf-sons the most terrible is Hati, who is also called Managarm, "the moon devourer". He feeds on the blood of dying men. The seers have foretold that when he comes to swallow the moon, the heavens and the earth shall turn red with blood. Then, too, must the seats of the mighty gods be reddened with gore, and the sunshine of summer made dim, while great storms burst in fury to rage across the world.

Again and again, at dreaded eclipse, would these giant wolves have swallowed now the sun and now the moon, had not their evil designs been thwarted by spells which were wrought against them, and the clamour of affrighted men.

Now Nat, which is Night, is the swarthy daughter of the Vana-giant Narve, "the Binder", whose other name is Mimer. Dark is her hair like all her race, and her eyes are soft and benevolent. She brings rest to the toiler, and refreshment to the weary, and sleep and dreams unto all. To the warrior she gives strength so that he may win victory, and care and sorrow she loves to take away. Nat is the beneficent mother of gods. Three times was she wed. Her first husband was Nagelfare of the stars, and their son was Aud of bounteous riches. Her second husband was Annar, "Water", and their daughter, Jörd, the earth-goddess, was Odin's wife and the mother of Thor. Her third husband was Delling, the red elf of dawn, and their son was Dagr, which is Day.

To mother Nat and her son Dagr were given jewelled chariots to drive across the world, one after the other, in the space of twelve hours. Nat is first to set forth. Her steed is called Hrim Faxi, "frosted mane". Swiftly it gallops over the heavens, and every morn the sweet foam from its bit falls as dewdrops upon the earth beneath. Dagr's fair steed is called Skin Faxi, "shining mane". From its golden neck is shed radiance and beauty upon the heavens and over all the world. Of all coursers that are, he is praised most by faring men.

There are two seasons, and these are Winter and Summer. Vindsval, son of gloomy Vasud, "the ice wind", was father of grim Winter, and the mild and beneficent Svasud was the sire of fair Summer, beloved by all.

The wonder of men is whence comes the wind that shakes the ocean with fear, that fans the low spark into bright flame, and that no eye can behold. At the northern summit of heaven there sits in eagle-guise a great giant called Hraesvelgur, "the swallower of dead men's flesh". When his wide pinions are spread for flight the winds are stirred beneath them and rush down upon the earth. When coming or going, or travelling hither and thither across the heavens, the winds are driven from his wings.

the earth, although the sun and moon were set in their courses, and the days and seasons were marked out in due order. There came a time, however, when the sons of Bor were walking on the world's shores, and they beheld two logs of wood. They were grown from Ymer's hair, which sprang up as thick forests and verdure abundant from the mould of his -body, which is the earth. One log was of an ash tree, and from it the gods shaped a man; and the other, which was an alder tree, they made into a fair woman. They had but life like a tree which grows until the gods gave them mind and will and desire. Then was the man named Ask and the woman Embla, and from them are descended the entire human race, whose habitation is called Midgard, "middle ward", and Mana-heim, "home of men".

Round Midgard is the embracing sea, and beyond, on the outward shores, is Jotun-heim, the home of giants. Against these the gods raised an ice bulwark shaped from the eyebrows of turbulent Ymer, whose brains they cast high in heaven, where they became heavy masses of scattered cloud, tossing hither and thither.

Address to Odin

**In the beginning, ere the gods were born,
Before the Heavens were builded, thou didst slay
The giant Ymir, whom the abyss brought forth,
Thou and thy brethren fierce, the sons of Bor,
And cast his trunk to choke the abysmal void.
But of his flesh and members thou didst build
The earth and Ocean, and above them Heaven.
And from the flaming world, where Muspel reigns,
Thou sent'st and fetched'st fire, and madest lights,
Sun, moon, and stars, which thou hast hung in
Heaven,
Dividing clear the paths of night and day.
And Asgard thou didst build, and Midgard fort;
Then me thou mad'st; of us the Gods were born.
Last, walking by the sea, thou foundest spars
Of wood, and framed'st men, who till the earth,
Or on the sea, the field of pirates, sail.
And all the race of Ymir thou didst drown,
Save one, Bergelmer;--he on shipboard fled
Thy deluge, and from him the giants sprang.
But all that brood thou hast removed far off,
And set by Ocean's utmost marge to dwell;
But Hela into Nifelheim thou threw'st,
And gav'st her nine unlighted worlds to rule,
A queen, and empire over all the dead.
--From "Balder Dead", by Matthew Arnold.**

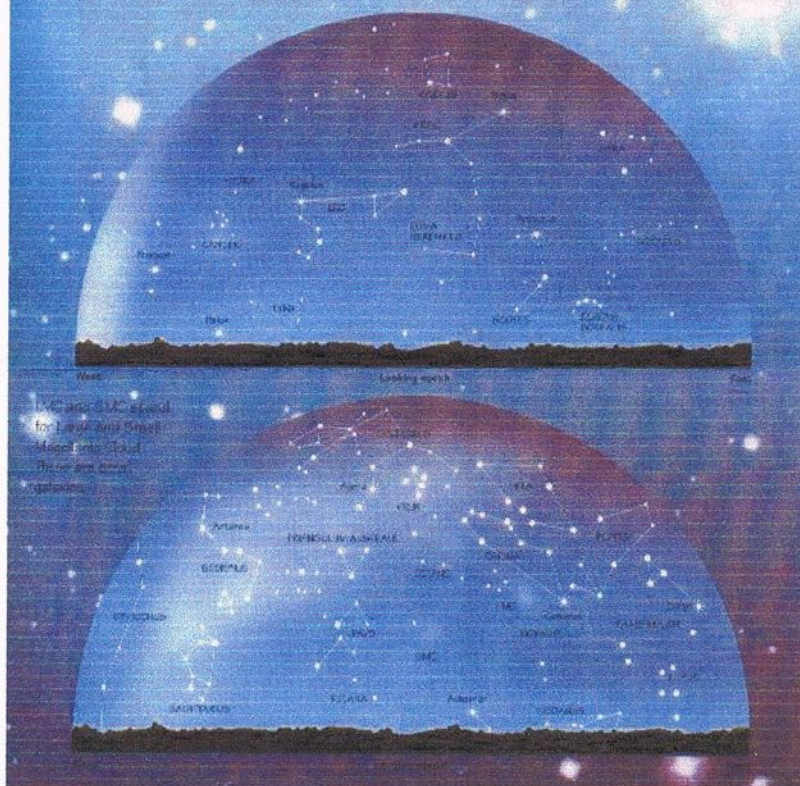
Footnotes

6:1 The Jack and Jill of the nursery rhyme.

Maps for southern half of world

Looking north, a triangle of three bright stars dominates the sky. Regulus, which is blue, yellow Arcturus and blue-white Spica. Also look for the constellations of Virgo (the Virgin) and Leo (the Lion).

Looking south, the Milky Way crosses the sky in a wide band. Crux (the southern Cross) is almost overhead. Above it is Centaurus (the Centaur). A centaur was a mythical creature that was half man and half horse.



From 'Book of the Seasons' by Angela Wilkes, ISBN 0 7460 4221 3, published by Usborne

A Druid Blessing for the Trees

*A nine-fold blessing of the sacred grove
Now be upon all forests of Earth:
For willow of the streams,
Hazel of the rocks,
Alder of the marshes,
Birch of the waterfalls,
Ash of the shade,
Yew of resilience,
Elm of the brae,
Oak of the sun,
And all trees that grow and live and breathe
On hill and brake and glen:*

*No axe, no saw, no fire shall harm you,
No mind of ownership shall seize you,
No hand of greed or profit claim you,
But grace of the stepping deer among you,
Strength of the running boar beneath you,
Power of the gliding hawk above you.*

*Deep peace of the running stream through your roots,
Deep peace of the flowering air through your boughs,
Deep peace of the shining stars on your leaves.*

*That the harp of the woods be heard once more
Throughout the green and living Earth.*

Seasonal Recipes

Mediterranean Rarebit

- 1 wholemeal baguette, cut into 1 inch slices
- 2 gloves garlic, halved
- 1 small avocado
- 1 small bunch parsley, finely chopped
- 3 or 4 tomatoes, sliced thinly enough to cover each slice of bread
- Goat's cheese, sliced as per tomatoes
- As many leaves of basil as you have slices of bread
- 2 teaspoons of dried oregano

1. Toast bread slices gently on both sides. Rub one side with the cut section of a clove of garlic.
2. Mash the avocado with the parsley and spread thinly on the bread.
3. Top with tomato slices, then goats cheese.
4. Sprinkle with oregano.
5. Grill for about five minutes, or until cheese starts to run. Add basil leaves to each slice and grill for one minute only.

From 'Superherbs' by Michael van Straten

Potted Spicy Cheese

- 125g cream cheese
- 250g cheddar cheese, grated
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- generous pinch nutmeg
- 2 teaspoons French mustard
- 1 teaspoon English powdered mustard (hot)
- 1 tablespoon brandy
- 30g softened butter
- some additional butter

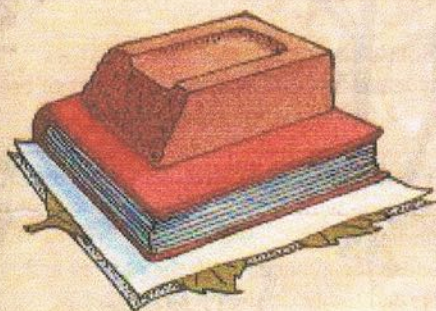
1. Mash the cream cheese well.
2. Add to the cheddar and remaining ingredients and mix together until well blended. This is best done with a fork. If you have trouble blending the mixture, warm the bowl a little.
3. Pack the cheese into a small crock or jar, pressing down firmly so there are no air bubbles. Refrigerate until set firmly.
4. Melt a little butter, the quantity depends on the size of the surface of the cheese. Pour sufficient melted butter over the top of to completely seal. Remove seal before using the cheese.

Makes 2 cups. Stored in the fridge, this cheese keeps for about two weeks.

From: 'Gourmet Gifts' by Beverly Sutherland Smith

Children's Page!

Make a leaf scrapbook



You will need

Autumn leaves
Sheets of blotting paper
A heavy book
A heavy object

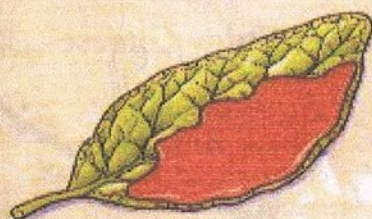
1. Lay the leaves between sheets of blotting paper, so they don't touch. Put the book and weight on top.

2. After a few weeks the leaves will be flat and dry. Tape them into a scrapbook and label them.



If you find skeletons of old leaves, put them in a scrapbook too

Leaf prints

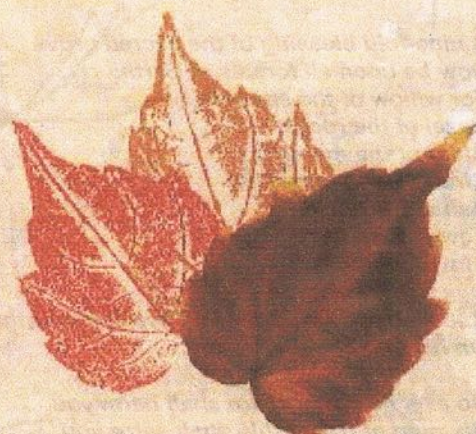
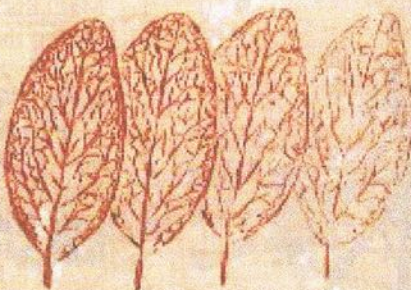


You will need

Different shaped leaves
Poster paints
Thick paper
Scrap paper

1. Paint an even layer of paint over the underside of a leaf. Start at the middle and paint outward

2. Gently lay the leaf paint-side down on the paper. Put scrap paper over the top and press it firmly all over.



3. Lift off the scrap paper, then carefully peel off the leaf. Use the tip of a knife to do this if it is difficult.

4. To make more delicate prints, print the leaf again three or four times without adding any more paint.

5. Make prints of different leaves in red, orange and yellow to create a striking autumn leaf picture

