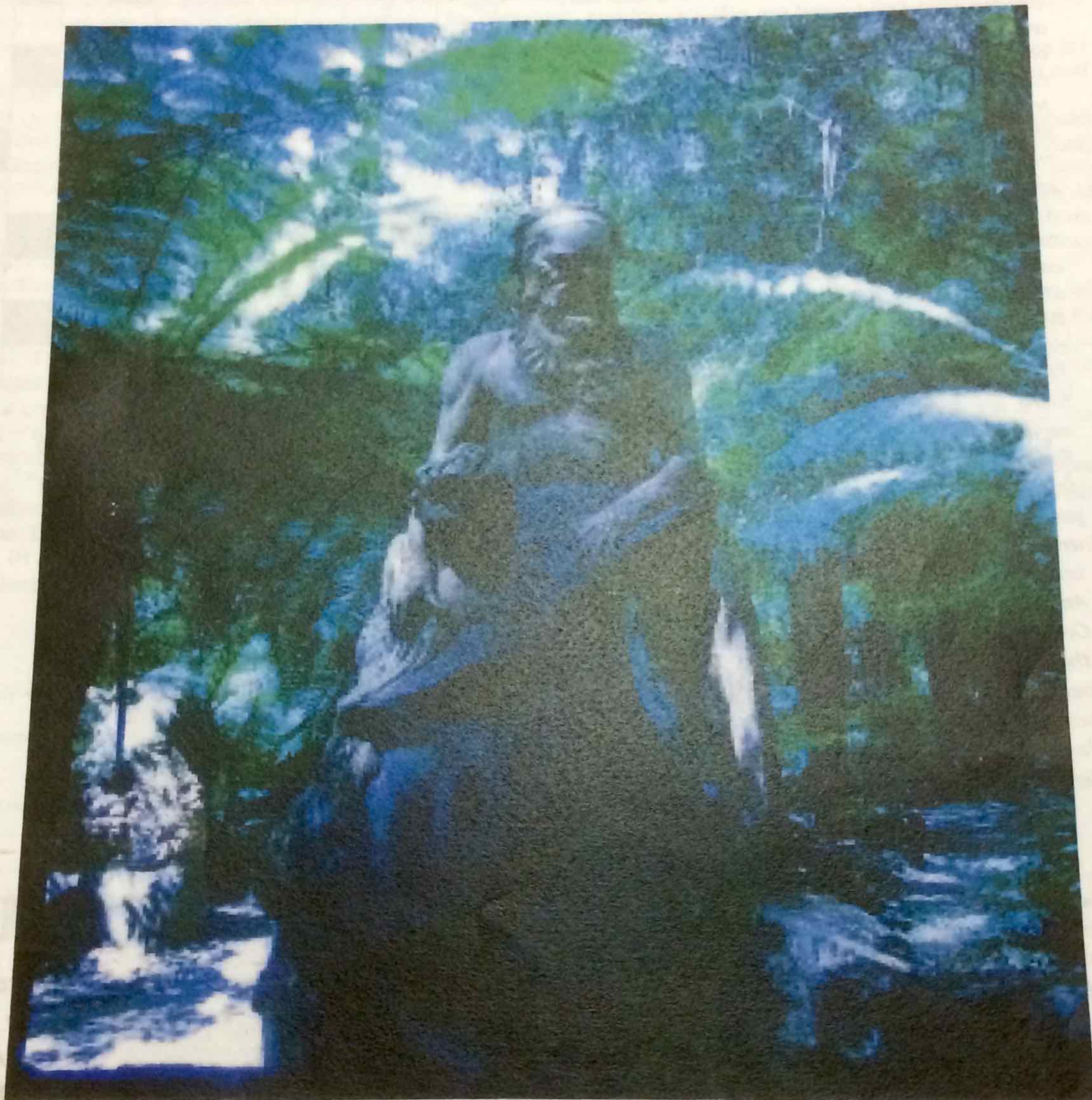


SerpentStar

Newsletter for members of
The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids
in the Southern Hemisphere.

Lughnasadh 2009



William Ricketts Sanctuary in Victoria's Dandenong Ranges.

photograph from Wikipedia

WINTER'S WORD



G'day, Southern Hemisphere OBODies!
 Welcome to the Lughnasadh 2009 issue of *SerpentStar*. Our planet has traveled one more quarter of the way round her spiral path in space and her southern half has been sun-baking while her northern half chills out in the shade. When it's been too hot to work, I've been doing bits of both, topping up my tan and sipping cool drinks in the shade. After the latest heat-wave, I almost envy those of you who live further down in the cool south and spend your summers amid lush greenery! *SerpentStar* has some fine reading for you this time, and magic is afoot, because quite by coincidence(?) two of our articles are calling our attention to a very special sacred place in Australia: William Rickett's Sanctuary where two cultures meet in a unique and astonishingly beautiful way. There's a druid's look at our amazing planet, and there are some timely poems and wise and funny words, as well.

Talking of poems, it's a long time now since *Southern Echoes* came out, show-casing our best poets, artists, photographers and creative writers, and with all the talent that's out there, isn't it time for another anthology?

And what about music? More about that within!

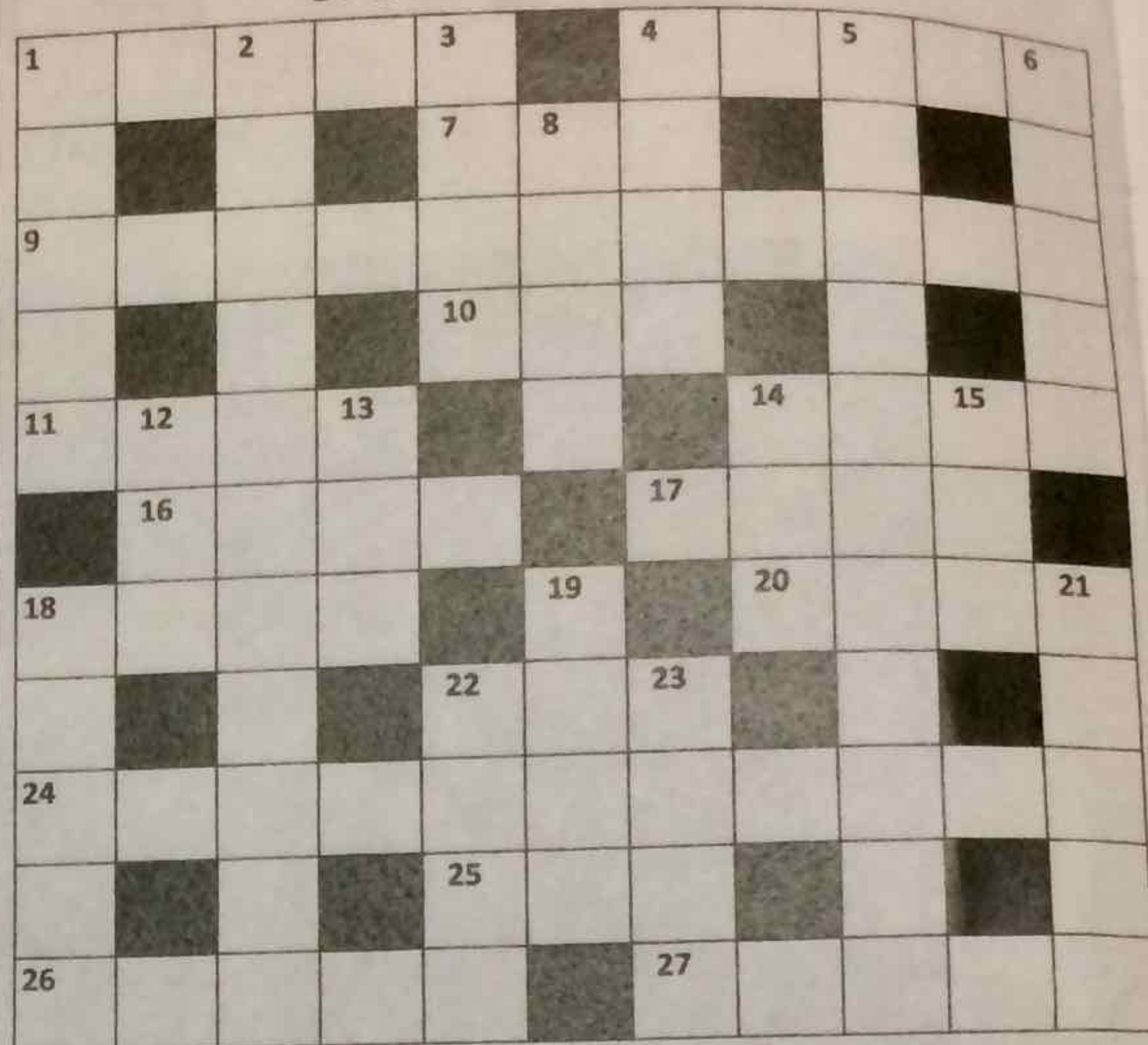
One reader has mentioned small errors occurring in the crossword puzzle clues, and as a result has been recruited to proof-read this and future puzzles, in order to remedy this. (Serves her right for complaining! ☺). Nellie and I hope crossword fans will find this one problem free!

Have a **BLESSED LUGNASADH!!!!**

wyverne/1

SerpentStar comes out four times a year at each of the Fire Festivals, Imbolc, Beltane, Lughnasadh and Samhuinn. **Subscriptions:** By email, free - just email me at wyeuro@bigpond.com. By post, send \$Aus10.00 made out to v o wyverne to PMB2 Angaston SA 5353 Australia. **Contributions** are eagerly sought by email or post. Please make sure your contributions do not violate copyright laws. **Opinions** expressed in *SerpentStar* by contributors are their own and not necessarily the opinions of the editor or of the Order of Bards Ovates and Druids.

Crossword Puzzle



Clues Across

- 1a. Oracle tree whose ogham name is quart. (5)
- 4a. Rune. (5)
- 7a. Frozen water. (3)
- 9a. Unaffectedness. (11)
- 10a. Fairy-like spirit. (3)
- 11a. Comfy seat. (4)
- 14a. At a distance. (4)
- 16a. Three threes. (4)
- 17a. Medication. (4)
- 18a. Await. (4)
- 20a. Be too sweet. (4)
- 22a. Hit lightly. (3)
- 24a. Difficult situation. (11)
- 25a. Not old. (3)
- 26a. Insolent. (5)
- 27a. Bird's nurseries. (5)

Clues Down

- 1d. Christian saint. (5)
- 2d. Scouts. (11)
- 3d. Irish Republic. (4)
- 4d. One's person. (4)
- 5d. Joy. (11)
- 6d. The one who lost. (4)
- 8d. Tranquil. (4)
- 12d. First number. (3)
- 13d. Also. (3)
- 14d. Curve. (3)
- 15d. In the past. (3)
- 18d. Wind instruments. (5)
- 19d. Filigree. (4)
- 21d. Abominable snowmen. (5)
- 22d. Very small. (4)
- 23d. Chessman. (4)

Answers on p. 12

WANTED

Articles, poems, stories, art, photos, items of interest, long or short, for SS. If not your own work, make sure it's not under copyright.

REWARD

The inestimable satisfaction of seeing your work in print, and of knowing that you've done a good deed!
 Children's work especially welcome.

ANNOUNCING AN ASSEMBLY in 2010

The Melbourne Grove will (finally!) be hosting an Assembly. This will be for all members of the Order, their partners, and children. The gathering will begin on Friday April 23 2010 and finish on the Monday (April 26). We are allowing lots of time for preparation – for ourselves, and for you. We are hoping that plenty of time to make plans and save up, will mean that lots of people will come.

The Melbourne Grove has been wanting to host an Assembly for a long time but could find nowhere for people to pitch tents. Camping is forbidden in the Dandenong Ranges National Park. Then along came Vicki and her generous offer to let people camp on her property in Cockatoo. Cockatoo is a part of the Dandenong Ranges. It's about one hour's drive from the Melbourne CBD (but we would strongly advise you to travel off-peak). Cockatoo has a mix of native bushland and farming with strong communities of native birds and wombats. The township consists of a bakery, butcher, small supermarket, post office, coffee shop, home-ware shop, op shop, and several takeaways. Wrights Forest is on the edge of Cockatoo with numerous walking trails for those who want to stay longer. The proposed venue is on 1.5 acres, lightly covered with native trees and bushes. In residence there are kookaburras, wattle birds, rosellas and two Scottish Deerhounds, with visiting butcherbird, wrens, currawongs, king parrots, white and black cockatoos.

By public transport you can get to Cockatoo by catching the Skybus from Tullamarine Airport. This will bring you into the city and Southern Cross Station. From there you can catch the train to Belgrave (end of the line). Then there is a bus to Cockatoo approx every half hour from Belgrave Station. Check out bus 695 bus (Belgrave-Gembrook) on the Metlink site: www.usbus.com.au for the time table. Allow about two and a half hours for a one-way journey from the airport. The Skybus costs ~ \$25 return, and train to and from Belgrave ~ \$20. If you are coming by train from interstate or country stations, you will arrive at Southern Cross Station and can take the same train and bus as above.


As well as tenting, two small caravans can be accommodated at Vicki's place and there is ample space for sleeping on the floor indoors. If many people show an interest, we will also book a retreat-house near Vicki's place, but I will write more about accommodation in the next issue of Serpentstar.

If you think you might like to come to this Assembly, please drop me an email and I'll pop you on the Assembly e-list. My email address is whitelk@bigpond.com

Hoping to hear from you!

Elkie



 Happy Southern Hemisphere Lughnasadh to you all! Let high spirits overflow in celebration of the ripening of the harvestable fruits of the earth. Let Lughnasadh's spirit of fun sport and seasonal festivities love, law and laughter, spill over into our workaday lives and inspire us all throughout the coming year!

Lughnasadh

Midway between the Fiery Midsummer and the Watery Autumn, now's the time for maturing the fruits of our year's labours, and for honouring the ancestors.

We are here!!

Lughnasadh

Alban Elved

Alban Eiler

Samhuinn

Imbolc

Alban Arthuan

Lugh had a magic spear (named Brionac), which he did not need to wield, because it had a life of its own, and was so blood-thirsty that only by steeping its head in a sleeping-draught of pounded fresh poppy seeds could it be made peaceful. When battle was near, it roared and fire flashed from it and, when let loose, it tore through and through the ranks of the enemy, never tired of slaying. Of course it's easy to see that generations have added to the myth: the 'spear' would have been a whole army of fierce spearmen, and as for the fire, they did use explosives. **Now's a good time to think about conflict in our lives, and how to sublimate our aggressiveness creatively, and find peaceful ways of resolving conflict.**

Lugh's name is Love. It is pronounced Lu, which is how Love is pronounced in parts of Scotland, still. The words love and light are related, so Lugh is a god of Light and Love. His colour is pale sky blue.

Fruits, real and symbolic

Fierce in war, **foremost in peace-making**, Lugh brought farmers to Ireland to teach dairying and farming to the Irish, who were skilled hunters with fine horses and wonderful hounds, but grew no crops and kept no cows. These Flemish farmers brought their seasons to Ireland, with their festivals of Imbolc, (in milk), Bealtane (the veldts or fields),

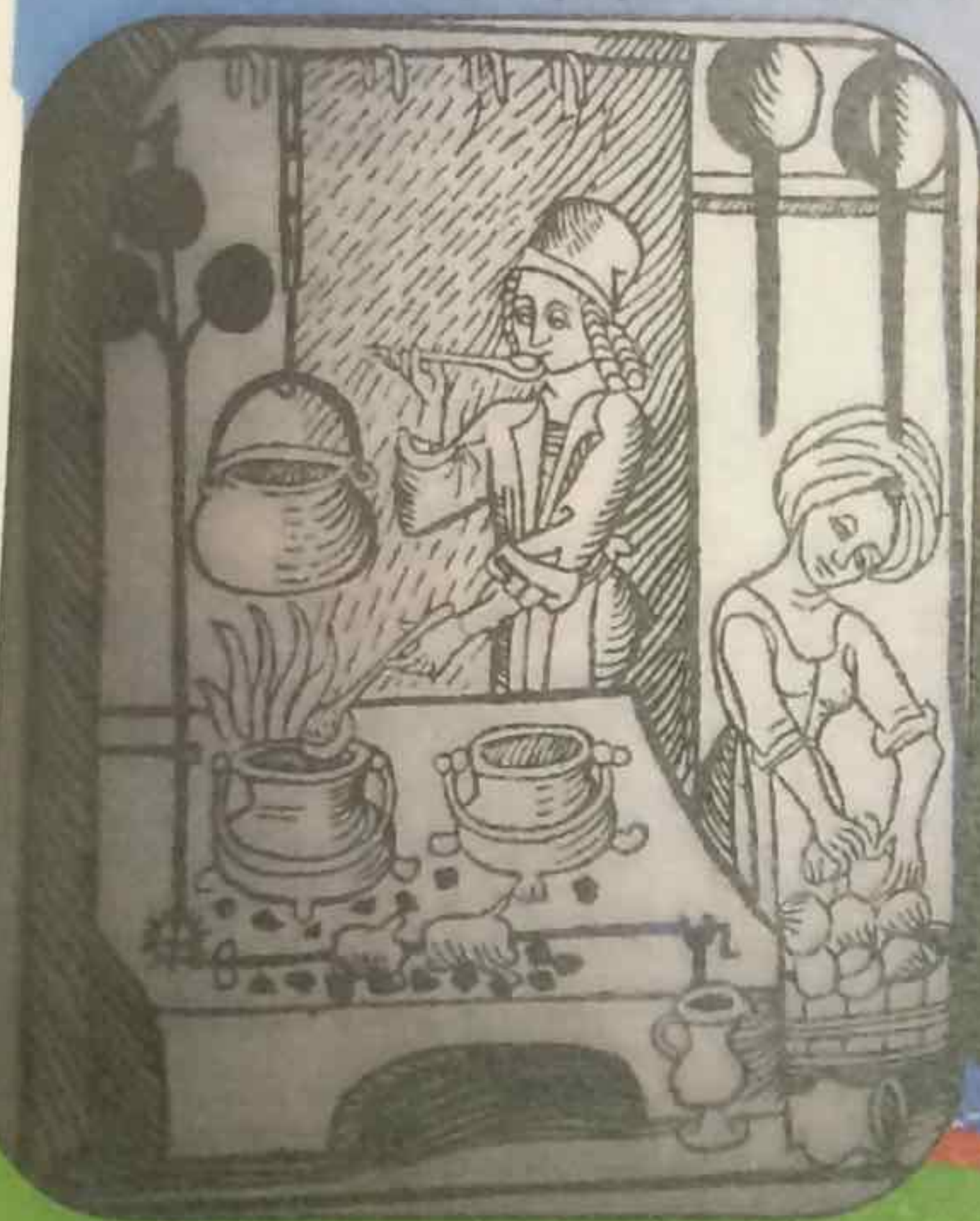
Lughnasadh (lines-es or linen and woollen yarn, which was traded world-wide) and Samhuin (saving, or harvesting). As their druid, he was pledged to keep the weather stable and the crops and natural resources abundant, the seas calm and filled with fish, the rites and ceremonies of politics and religion correct and sacred, and to keep peace throughout the land. He did this so well and was so loved that even now his image adorns Irish churches and his festival, preserved in Ireland, is becoming much more popular world wide.

Dare to win!

Lammas loaves:

To each cup of wholemeal flour add a pinch each of salt and baking soda. Knead with water until smooth, break into buns and bake in a moderate oven.

The traditional Lammia loaf was made from freshly harvested grain and celebration of the harvest and thankfulness for the abundant fruits of the life. Whether we make our own or buy it, it's our gratitude for the bounty of the earth that sanctifies it. Nature's care for our needs, and human labour, not just agricultural but also industrial and cultural are honoured and celebrated at this time.



Lughnasadh is the time of the Tailtean Fairs which Lugh (pronounced Loo) was said to have hosted in honor of the funeral of his foster-mother Tailte. The traditional Tailtean craft fairs and Tailtean marriages (which last for a year and a day) are celebrated at this time. Tailtean Fairs commemorate Ireland's earliest parliament. There was a great trade in linen and woollen yarns which were traded at this time, so many foreign merchants would come to these fairs.

fun and games

Lugh was good at everything, and his games honour champions of all skills.

For Lugh's sake, dare to excel!



Spirits of Place

by Astrocelt

To be able to get to know the spirits of the land in Australia when living in the northern hemisphere takes time and patience. It is in itself a large continent, yet I have come to know a fraction of it over the years during short spurts; undertaken mostly while visiting the family who have resided there for a considerable time. Of course visiting and returning within a family unit from a long period of absence creates its own difficulties, as psychologically one slips back into the family structure. Associated siblings appear strangers yet familiar. It is such a background which becomes the starting point.

The first visit, although not the first to the Southern Hemisphere, leaving commitments and formalities behind. It becomes only natural being enticed to the wonders this land holds, and I'm keen to get to know another kind. Yet one is limited up to a point, and restricted to short trips such as this and indeed the others into the city of Melbourne to view the floral and fauna, held within the botanical gardens. Even those to the galleries to marvel at the Aboriginal artwork; to view the captured spirit expressed abstractly on canvas. Or even the first visit to William Rickets Sanctuary in the Dandelions hills, as he himself in the waning of his years worked with agile purpose on what became his final sculpture and perhaps master piece. My thoughts were far removed from the nearby confectionary store which sold delicate mouth watering items, which took one of the chaperons' interest, to wander down memory lane and back to the northern hemisphere.

Nonetheless the visit to this lovely spot enabled me to concentrate my senses, that became naturally switched on, to the visual delights, unfamiliar smells and sounds held in a magic, yet protected bubble, which I didn't want to burst, even when the nearby traffic became a distant blur of sound penetrating the walls



from the outside.
Re-heating of
the land as a
spring tropical
mist visually
shows itself,

warming and caressing the bones, thoughts of autumn in another place and time becomes eradicated. As I approached the pivotal part of this circular round, a small enclosure space called, a natural hollow within a raised bank. William Rickets had blended this area creating a bridge between the worlds. One enters as emotions rise as connections are made to unseen rhythms' from outside one's body normal perceptions, taking one into a temporary ecstatic state, which is



beyond all logic and reason. Is one starting to connect to the land?

Later on, I'm taken from the clutches of the city, to be shown a very small area of the countryside of the south eastern portion of Australia. This entailed travelling towards and up the coast into New South Wales on the Princess Highway, stopping and staying at preselected points. One recalled vividly the view overlooking Disaster Bay, a deserted golden beach of

sand surrounded by natural woodland, before moving onto Merimbula. The sight of pelicans in the wild, while staying overnight there was a delight to hold, which still lingers in the memory. As do the gentle rolling hills which reminded one of south west Wales in the Northern

Hemisphere. Heading towards the Snowy Mountains the following day through the Wadballiga National Park, was a wonder to behold as the day's heat rose in the early spring.

The eucalyptus trees released their scent into a blue cloud of haze which hung mysteriously above the forest. Once again the emotional senses rose to spirit me off into another world. The white clad snowy mountains in the distance and Mount Kosciusko called. Quite a contrast in temperature and flora and fauna experienced from the coast in spring to the heights of the mountain, the temperature fall between then, combined with the six foot snow drifts still in evidence by the roadside. Indeed playing in the snow within less than 48hrs of the senses having been caressed by the heat and view of Disaster Bay is quite incredible.

The latter climax was being whizzed off on a smaller drive south west of the city of Melbourne and out to Hanging Rock. It was quite an experience, volcanic rock rose up from the flat plain surrounded by eucalyptus trees, each one held within their own space, while not encroaching on each other. The climb towards the summit was pleasant enough, apart from this small party being alone here; it held its own special silence. Yet, I was very ill-prepared for the wonders my senses were about to witness once the upper heights had been reached.

An area of beauty and magnitude, regardless of the views across the plain to the distant horizon in any direction one cared to look. Weathered stone intermingled with pathways between exposed volcanic rocks released from the earth millions of years ago forms this magnificent edifice. Natural elements and the passage of time have released its secrets to humanity to wonder at, and experience. Jagged, rounded pinnacles of stone exposed their inner secrets of sacred space. Weathered pinnacles of stone reveal their inner secrets of the bubbles once

trapped inside. Smooth internal surfaces masterfully designed, beautiful stone interiors shaped by the air trapped within its once molten form.

Some are large enough for the adventurous to climb into, if one wishes to step in or be seated to travel back in time. Unlike the watery bubble of emotions with its transparent thin veil, one can be held within another kind of bubble with its solid walls of stone. Indeed it acts as a natural kind of sense deprivation tool unlike any specifically designed machine today; it becomes an experience as timeless as the earth itself, from a human experience perspective. Even though I had thoughts of experiencing the night there this was unfortunately impossible at the time.

We did not have a picnic at the summit, so no one disappeared. The picnic was saved until we returned to the beginning of the climb, only to be mocked by a pair of cockatoos from a branch within a nearby tree. Although another form of Hanging Rock was observed on the return journey, a hanging stone from the sign directing people to where we had just been. Aussie humour I guess, but this brought a few different giggling bubbles to the surface.

The intervention of passing years as other members of the family visited on a much longer timescale than mine... I had always been thoughtful about a picture of the Red Centre which took pride of place in a members' living room. Although one had returned in the

interim, but not travelled as widely as previously, circumstances didn't allow this on that occasion, apart from the normal tourist haunts, like Philip Island, to

view the penguins there in their barrows on the Cliffside. I was certainly impressed by the conservation measures which had been taken to protect the natural habitat here and elsewhere we visited. Plus a return trip to William Rickets sanctuary, this had now taken on a different persona with the passing of its founder. Yet

*William Rickets had blended
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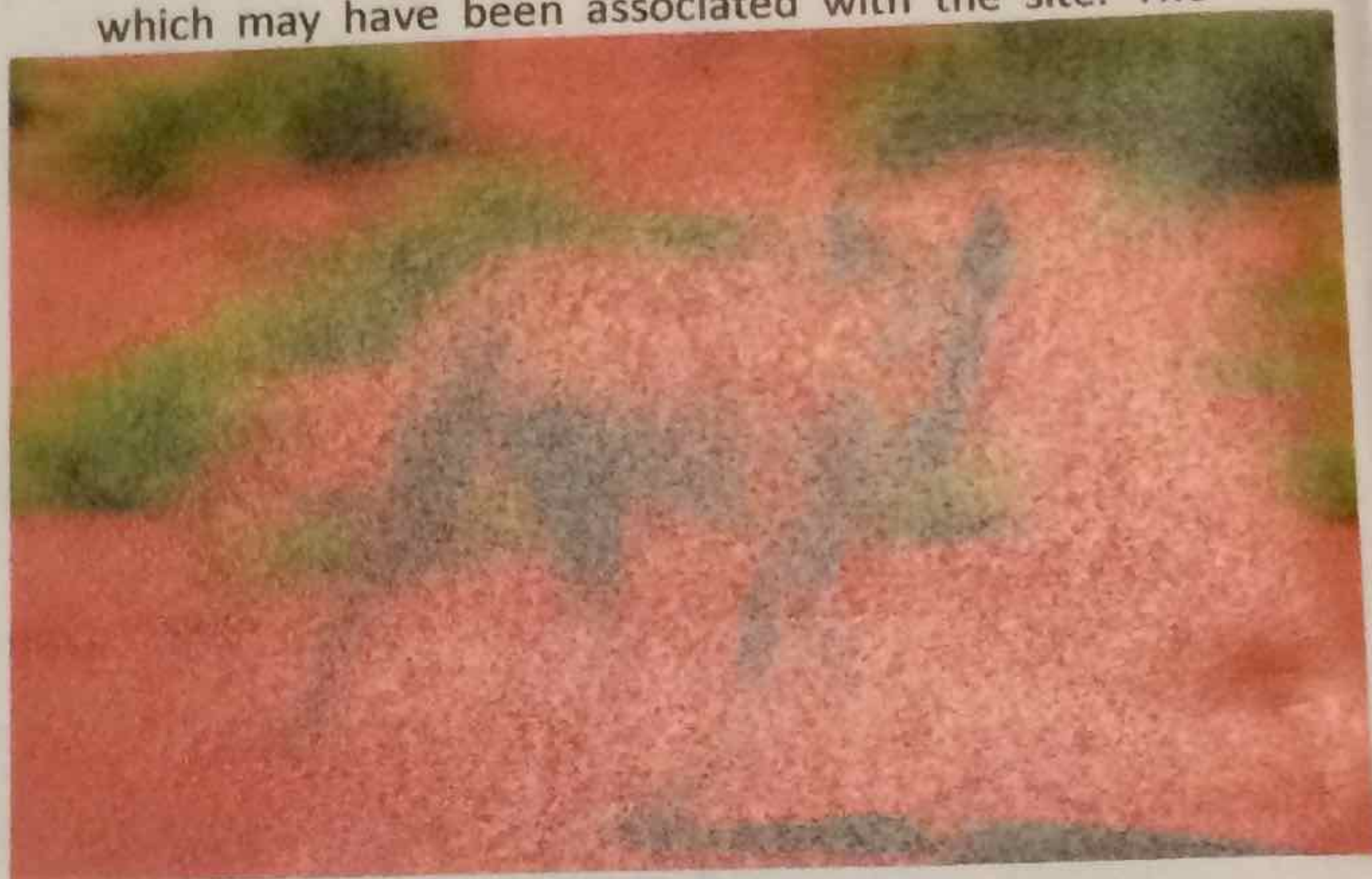


the sculptures had mellowed and become an integral part, merging more fully and blending into their surroundings. However, the curiosity which I had developed surrounding the picture remained unsatisfied.

Unsatisfied, that is, until the last venture to the Southern Hemisphere; it too is joined in my personal opinion about getting to know the "Spirit of Place" more intimately. Unlike stories one had heard of previous exploration undertaken in 'Carla the Cortina,' into the outback, ours was undertaken in some style using a 4WD. Perhaps too with what could appear to be very little organisation, which was subject to change at less than 24hrs notice. There was a set plan laid out, but this soon went by the wayside. It started off very well, with an early start, but within a few hours we realised some fundamental flaws had crept in. Where were the maps and food purchased for this little trip? Left all this behind, but in an adventurous spirit we did not turn back to retrieve them. Ahead of us was forty eight hours of constant driving between three people. This would take us along the Ocean Road stopping off at the Apostles, to view the remaining limestone stacks. Continuing through Adelaide in the early hours, a right turn north towards Port Douglas, through the Flinders Ranges towards the Onondaga track. As we progressed the signs of civilisation became sparser, less travellers, and the countryside slowly changes into low scrubland.

The second stop was to view the cave paintings at Yourambulla in the Flinders Ranges, to actually experience the story they might have portrayed is perhaps much more difficult. However this was made up by the peace, silence and tranquility the place and its surrounding area held. Within our modern world it's not often one can remove oneself from man-made noise and place oneself where it is absent apart from the natural sounds associated with

a place. Indeed sleep deprivation up to a point also heightens the human senses to other neurological possibilities. Irrespectively, we made our way up the steady climb, having been accompanied by three kangaroos which finally sought out the shade as the day's heat increased. The age and purpose of the paintings/rock Art is not known, it's been suggested that these relate to the dreamtime or ceremonies which may have been associated with the site. The



cave is in sight of two peaks in the east which represented two ancestral companions who camped here during the Dreamtime. The story deals with the introduction of the Adnyamathanha kingship system, together with the matriarchal line of decent from either Arraru or Mathar. Similar to the Celtic Myths the landscape reflects stories in specific areas together with a worldview on how a landscape can be interpreted, all have their own beauty, magic and special personal feelings associated.

The travels continued through Lyndhurst, population 30 on most days, and onto Marree where we joined the Oodnadatta track through the Pedirka Desert. At times we followed the old Ghan railway route from Adelaide part of the way. We were amused someone had taken the time to reuse the railway sleepers on a raised embankment spelling out an anonymous message to passers by "Are we there yet?" Further on, skirting past the largest and lowest inland lake, being Eyre, reflecting white in the sunlight through the haze, having transferred into a huge expanse of salt. Passing William Creek, a local human watering hole for travellers on the track, where civilisation impinges on the senses with all sorts of messages on a variety of writing material to amuse those who have time to stay and stare. The landscapes changes from the sandy white appearance into soil of more reddish complexion as we begin to



The rivers

On the great Mississippi and Missouri
Where many love stories are told
By the brave and the bold
In a land to behold
South to the Rio Grands
And the old Amazon
My memories unfold
Where love stories are told.

On the Thames
To the Shannon
No longer sound cannon
There time now abandoned
On the Nile
To the Ganges
The rivers of Mohammad and Ghandi
I still love Mandie.

On the Rhine
To the Volga
I travel with Olga
For love and vodka.
I live in a land down below
Where the Darling River flows
And the dust storms blow
On the Murray's overflow.



Patrick Murphy (Mandagora)

Links of Interest

For full information about the
Order of Bards Ovates and Druids, and the
Northern Hemisphere Newsletter, Touchstone, visit
<http://www.druidry.org>

Druidic Dawn working towards becoming a social
enterprise for the Global Druid Community:
<http://www.druidicdawn.org/>

The Druid Network aims to act as an ethereal
framework, making tangible the spirit-web that is the
global community of the Druid tradition and other
natural philosophies and Paganisms.
<http://druidnetwork.org>

enter the red centre. A day before passing this way, it had rained, and pools of water temporarily lay on the track, although the desert was not out in bloom yet. However the pools hid dangers, which we were to find out soon enough, with our first blow-out on the rear tyre as sunset approached.

Again not being perturbed by the situation, the red landscape intermingled with the stunted bush in the failing light, held in pure silence apart from ourselves; the beauty took on an indescribable sense of magic and uniqueness. Something which is very hard to describe but can only be felt individually, as I began to realise the importance and the memory which the picture of the Red Centre held many miles away.

This was the start of a journey of a lifetime for me which brought one closer to getting to know the "Spirit of Place" not only in the Pedirka Desert, but also at Uluru, Tnorra or Gosse Bluff, along the Marlee track through a different landscape where indigenous inhabitants are living, reflected a special relationship via a managed landscape which oozed with something I have never felt before or since in my travels. Additionally the wonder of the sixteen foot termite mounds being caught in between the sunset on one horizon and the encroaching darkness of the night on the other. Together with the magic of a "tea stop" in the middle of the Diamantina dirt road, in Queensland, to view the night sky, within an uninterrupted three hundred and sixty degree horizon in total darkness and silence. Orion appears to become a sauce pan from this southern point of view, yet the two Magellanic Clouds and the Southern Cross were superb - an indescribable view to share!

All was a beautiful experience in learning how to feel the "Spirit of Place". The memory and feelings are still clear; the same can be applied to a later gathering on the beach outside Melbourne afterwards with this named Grove too. We will have to do that again sometime real soon!

Astrocelt

Not to know what happened before we
were born is to remain perpetually a
child. For what is the worth of a
human life unless it is woven into
the life of our ancestors by the
records of history?

Elcero

Kangaroo Kin

Australian researchers at the ARC Centre of Excellence for Kangaroo Genomics (KanGO) have mapped a kangaroo's genome i.e., the full array of its genes and DNA in detail.

KanGO director Professor Jenny Graves said, "Kangaroos are hugely informative about what we were like 150 million years ago." There are 26 kangaroo species in Australia, and 200 different marsupials but only the Tammar wallaby was used in the study.

The last primitive mammal ancestral to humans, mice and kangaroos lived at least 150 million years ago, compared with only 70 million years since differentiation began between mice and humans.



"What we've done is build a very detailed map of the genome ... it's like a street map with 20,000 houses on one street," Professor Graves said. A kangaroo has 20,000 genes, and they are practically the same genes as in humans. There are a few differences; we have a few more of this, a few less of that, but they are the same genes and a lot of them are in the same order, which really surprised us; we thought they'd be completely scrambled but they're not. There's great chunks of the human genome which is sitting right there in the kangaroo genome."

Now there's something for animal communicators to think about! If our brain is only a specialisation that allows us only a certain range of experience, and actually limits it; and if the range and value of our experience is determined by our genomes, not our brains, as recent investigations into organ transplant 'ghosts' show, then kangaroos, whose simple brains don't get in

the way of their whole body experience as much as our complex brain does, are our equals as to the range, organisational detail (logic) and quality (richness of meaning) of experience. Support for the many druids who find animals intelligent and intelligible as actively communicating brethren, whether as spirit guides, co-workers, farm animals, foster children, pets or just friends.

More at:

<http://news.theage.com.au/national/kangaroos-closely-related-to-humans-20081118-69up.html>

sent in by Debra Annear

Science recreates Woolly mammoth genome

Scientists have reconstructed about half of the genome of the woolly mammoth, which died out about 11,000 years ago when the last Ice Age ended, using the DNA in hairs from two woolly mammoths whose bodies have lain frozen in Siberian permafrost for around 20,000 years and 50,000 years ago respectively. There are gaps in the recovered sequences, but there's enough to compare with its closest living relative, the elephant, whose DNA differs by just 0.6 per cent - only about half the difference between humans and chimpanzees.

The team, led by Stephan Schuster of Pennsylvania State University, extracted mitochondrial DNA, which is inherited from the female, line from hairs whose tough keratin sheath provided a surprisingly good shield for the DNA inside. The scientists have used new techniques that can read DNA code in a fraction of the time it previously took.

Speculation arises that it might be possible to resurrect this and other extinct species. It will be possible to replicate a mammoth - or rather, a mammoth-like animal - by using the elephant's genome, removing the genes that are specific to the elephant and replacing them with mammoth genes. The result would be inserted into an elephant's egg, transplanted into an elephant's womb.

What are the implications of this for druids?

<http://news.theage.com.au/world/science-recreates-woolly-mammoth-genome-20081120-6bq8.html>

May you have warm words on a cold evening,
a full moon on a dark night,
and a smooth road all the way to your door.

The Vision

The fire of life
burns into being
in its mystical
and sacred vision
in love of truth
like some of the trees
a scorching presence
and purging force
for spirit and soul
now see the strength
and beauty that is within

A flaming core
aglow in purpose
with flaming corona
surrounded by water
and breath of life
with elements rich
in strength, love
purity, truth,
sight and understanding.
The dross of fear and separation
incinerated and vaporised clean.



Anthology & CD of Southern Hemisphere Bardry.

Contributions now being eagerly sought

*O Hear the Voice of the Bard,
Who present past and future sees
Whose ears have heard the holy word
That walked among the ancient trees.*

William Blake, Bard

It's nearly six years since *Southern Echoes, An Anthology of Bardry from the Southern Hemisphere* was published by a team of dedicated editors, and it is an excellent record of where we Bards, Ovates and Druids are, spiritually and artistically, in the early 21st Century. Perhaps it's an important one: our successors in the distant and not so distant future will surely treasure our anthologies, in which they'll be able to trace the evolution of their own spirituality - a valuable exercise for any time-conscious Bard!

Even six years on, *Southern Echoes* is a refreshing read. We Southern Hemisphere Bards have vital, vivid voices, speaking of things never spoken of before in these ancient lands so new to our own people, in which such a diverse range of cultures meet and merge. We are profoundly excited by the beauty and power of the lands we find ourselves in, and our voices and our art are full of the wonder of that, communicating it sensitively and articulately to future readers. The first anthology was a resounding success because of the enthusiasm of all who contributed. There are more of us now, and our talents are developing, so let's give them an airing in a new *Southern Hemisphere* anthology. Meanwhile, technological advances have made eBook and Print on Demand (POD) publishing so easy anyone can do it - even me ☺

This is also a call to singers, song-writers and musicians, story-tellers and actors: all that hidden and not so hidden talent out there: **YOU ALL KNOW WHO YOU ARE!** Send me a selection of your best mp3s, cassettes, CDs or whatever you've got to send, and we'll see about getting up a CD to showcase our best talent.

So get Bardic, get creative and email the best you've got to wyeuro@bigpond.com or send it on snail-back to SerpentStar C/- Wyeuro, PMB2, Angaston, SA 5353, Australia. Send me a good handful, and we'll select the ones we think best express the OBOD Druidry spirit. Let me know if you've written material you'd like someone else to perform for you, or if you'd be willing to perform other people's material for them.

wyverne



druidscience

with Carole Nielsen

I have come across these two articles which I hope you will find interesting. When we went to Lake Mungo there was reference to the poles reversing. They were using the orientation of the clay platelets, which line up with the magnetic poles, and I think the clay ovens that were being looked at had platelets that were about 140 degrees off the geographic poles.

Note also the Solar reversal, and the planets involved. Interesting when you put this information next to the astrological roles of the two planets.....

The Geographic North and South Poles of the Earth are the Poles about which the Earth appears to rotate. These Poles are not "fixed", but actually perform a very slow wobble, or precession.

The Magnetic Poles are the Poles that compasses align themselves with. The Magnetic Poles are (in 1995) NOT on the Geographic Poles.

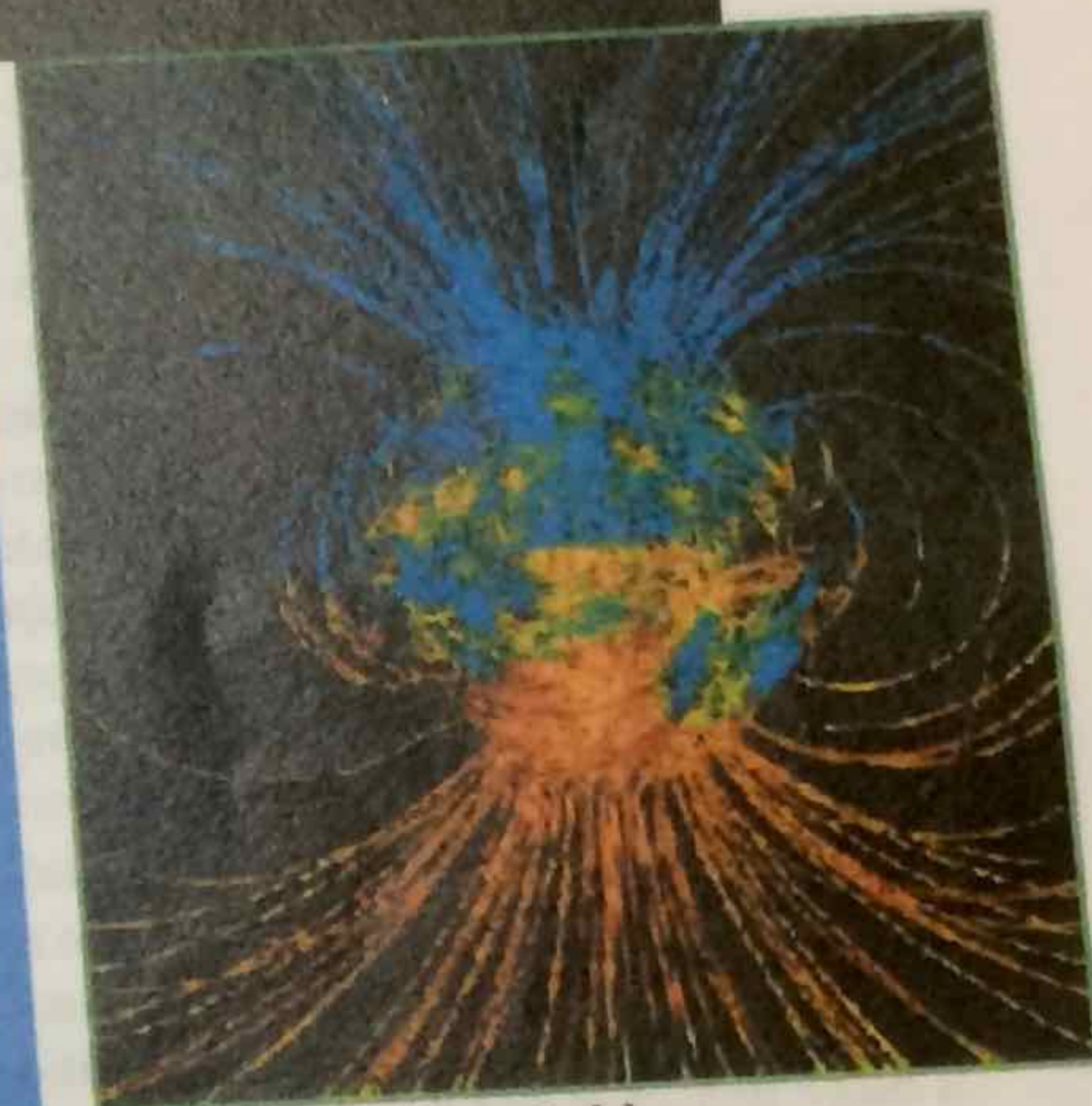
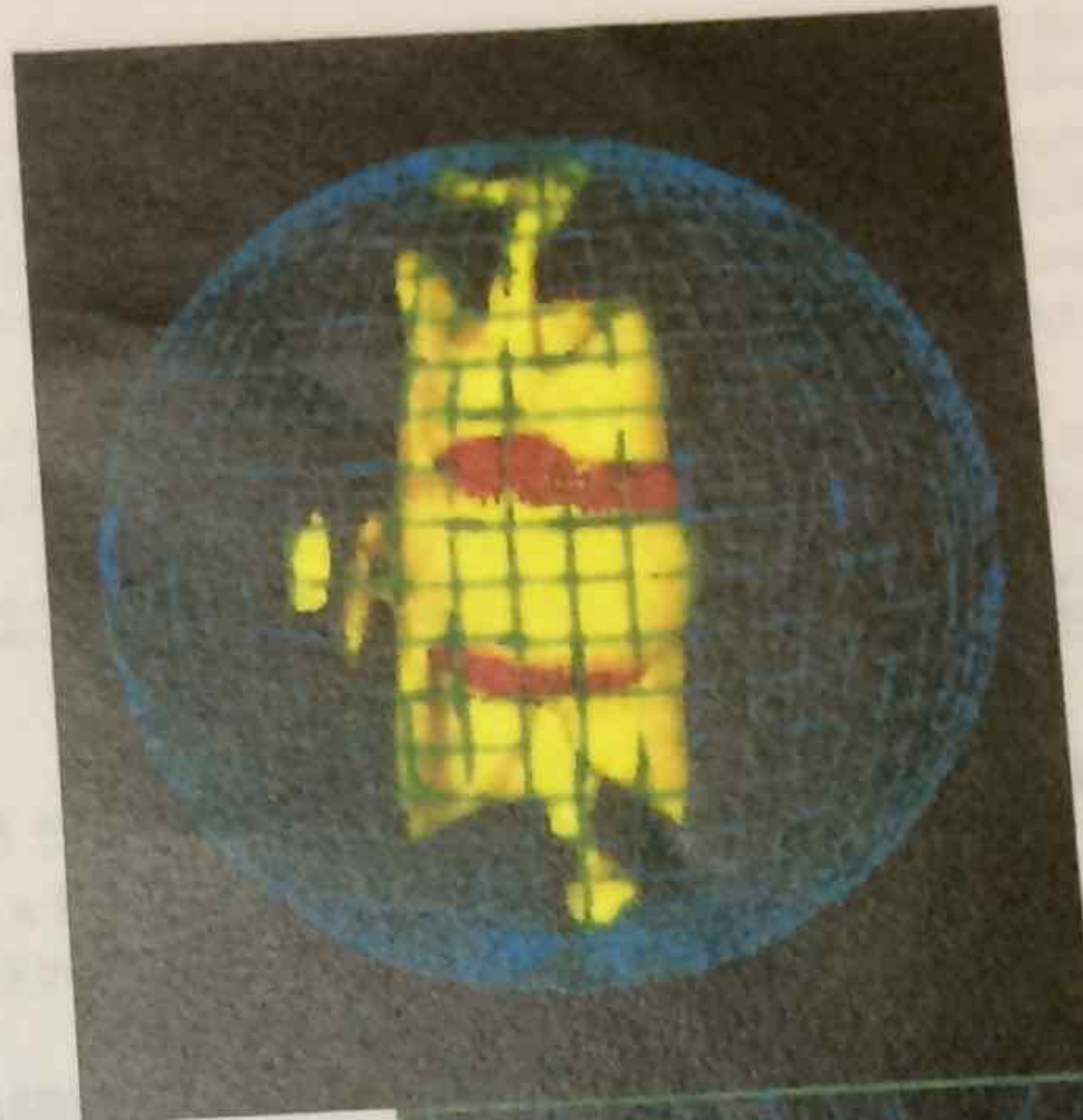
They move at different rates. The Magnetic North Pole is somewhere in Northern Canada. The Magnetic South Pole used to be located on the Antarctic Ice when Mawson did his explorations in the early 20th century, but has moved towards the Equator, and is currently in the Southern Ocean close to New Zealand.

Latest computer simulations of the Earth's deep interior provide insights into the operation of the 'geodynamo' and the occasional reversal of Earth's magnetic field.

Deep in Earth's interior is a dynamo that creates the planet's magnetic field - a kind of generator driven not by spinning turbines but by swirling flows of liquid iron. The Glatzmaier-Roberts model of the geodynamo is essentially a complex set of equations describing the physics of Earth's core.

Scientists had long speculated that the mechanism behind the geomagnetic field involved the motion of the Earth's fluid outer core, which surrounds a solid inner core. Both are composed mainly of iron. **The solid inner core is about the size of the moon and as hot as the surface of the sun. The flow of heat from the core ultimately drives the geodynamo.**

The cooling process results in fluid motions in the outer core that produce an electric current, which, like any electric current, generates a magnetic field. The Earth's magnetic field is directed inward at the Northern Canadian site and outward in the Southern Ocean near



Earth's magnetic field.

. New Zealand. The field lines are drawn out to two Earth radii

One of the initial achievements of the Glatzmaier-Roberts model of the geodynamo was the simulation of a reversal of Earth's magnetic field, when the north and south magnetic poles

trade places. This phenomenon has occurred many times in the history of the planet, according to paleomagnetic records preserved in rocks that show the direction and strength of Earth's magnetism at the time the rocks formed.

"We can run the simulation for 200,000 years and the magnetic field will be stable for a very long time - millions of time steps for which we solve these equations. Then within a thousand years it reverses polarity, and then it remains stable again for another long period. We were very happy to see that, because that's also what we see in the Earth's record," Glatzmaier said.

He noted that the reversals are not triggered by an external influence on the geodynamo. "It is simply due to the very nonlinear, chaotic nature of the dynamo

Earth is North's
magnetic field is generated
by swirling flows
of liquid iron.
The geodynamo is a kind of
generator driven not
by spinning turbines
but by swirling flows
of liquid iron.

system," he said. "We're still far from satisfied that we have all the answers. The model is a way of exploring the unknown, and it looks very promising because the results are so much like the real magnetic field. But we have less confidence in the details, and that's where more powerful computers will help."

Evidence of the Pole Reversal can be found at Lake Mungo, where pottery or clay ovens, show the magnetic direction of clay particles within them.
<http://www.abc.net.au/science/articles/2000/02/21/101783.htm>

Planetary line-up excites the sun

Australian astronomers may have found a solution to how far-away Jupiter and Saturn drive the sun's solar cycle.

In a paper published in the *Publications of the Astronomical Society of Australia*, astronomer Dr Ian Wilson and colleagues from the *University of Southern Queensland*, suggest Jupiter and Saturn affect the sun's movement and its rotation, and hence its sunspot activity.

Every 11 years the sun undergoes a period of intense solar activity, marked by flares, coronal mass ejections and sunspots. This period is known as the solar maximum and occurs twice each solar, or Hale, cycle. "The sun can be thought of as a large bar magnet," says Wilson. "The equatorial region of the sun spins more rapidly than the poles, and this differential rotation winds up the magnetic field lines like a rubber band." Wilson says sunspots typically appear wherever these magnetic field lines bubble to the surface.

"Once the peak in sunspot activity is reached, a huge amount of energy is released, the magnetic poles are reversed and a new cycle begins," he says.

Unknown connection

For many years scientists have recognised an apparent connection between the strength of sunspot activity and the movement of the sun in relation to solar system's barycentre, which is driven by the combined gravitational forces of Jupiter and Saturn. But no one has been able to explain the connection.

"There are really only two possible interactions, and neither of them is feasible," Wilson says. "Tidal forces are too tiny. They can only produce a movement of about a millimetre on the surface of the sun."

"The alternative, that the sun's motion about the centre of mass should be able to generate internal motion within the sun, violates Einstein's equivalence principle."

Tug-o-war

The authors believe the tiny gravitational tugs of Jupiter and Saturn speed up or slow down the sun's orbital motion about the centre-of-mass, when they are aligned or separated by an angular distance of 90 degrees.

They say that when the sun's orbital motion changes, so too does its equatorial rotation rate, which

provides strong circumstantial evidence that there is a spin-orbit coupling mechanism operating between Jupiter and Saturn and the sun.

The authors propose that this spin-orbit coupling takes the form of a 9:8 resonance, with the 179 year alignment cycle of the Jovian planets being equal to nine alignments of Jupiter and Saturn and eight 22-year Hale cycles.

The extent to which Jupiter and Saturn affect the sun's motion may impact on the strength of sunspot activity throughout its solar cycle.

But Wilson is cautious.

"It is one thing to show an association and quite another to show cause and effect. We have to be very careful, but we will know in a few years," he says.

<http://www.abc.net.au/science/articles/2008/07/02/292281.htm?site=science&topic=human>

Hope you found this as interesting as I did...

Cheers ...

Carole

Crossword Puzzle Answers

1	A	P	P	L	E	S	I	G	I	L
	G		A		I	C	E		L	O
9	N	A	T	U	R	A	L	N	E	S
	E		H		E	L	F		E	E
11	S	O	F	A		M		A	F	A
		16	N	I	N	E		17	D	R
18	P	E	N	D		L		20	C	L
	I		D		22	T	A	23	P	
24	P	R	E	D	I	C	A	M	E	N
	E		R		25	N	E	W		S
26	S	A	S	S	Y		27	N	E	S

May your blessings
outnumber

The Shamrocks that grow,
And may trouble avoid you
Wherever you go...

an Irish blessing

The Old Border Ballads

vyvyan ogma wyverne

These ballads are very old – no one knows exactly how old – and they've evolved somewhat since they were first sung. In particular the language is constantly being up-dated in the oral traditions, and the religion and institutions of the forgotten past get up-dated too, to suit their newer audiences. They were already very old and this slow process of change advanced when they became popular again with the educated classes during the Celtic Ossianic revival of the 19th century after having been maintained as a folk tradition for generations, when the poets, artists and composers of the so-called romantic period took their inspiration from them and thus greatly advanced European poetry, art and opera. They can still give us that kind of inspiration, but perhaps for some of us, even more exciting is the glimpse we get of our ancient ancestors.

In this song, Lord Lovel is very young, a teenager deeply in love, but compelled to leave his lady, a girl perhaps younger than he is, to undergo the conventional noble youth's education. This very often involved a trip round the world sometimes taking several years (seven in some songs), but Lord Lovel comes him home after only one.

We first see him at his castle gate, in London, and we see his lady, probably even younger than he was, running free in the streets to see him. We catch a glimpse of burial practices and even the old woman who answers the young lord's question lives vividly for a moment in our imagination as we hear or sing this ballad.

But it isn't only the characters we glimpse in this way. The audience for whom this song was sung, or the singers who sang it, who crafted it and listened avidly to it, and loved it so well that it survives to this day are not only alive and breathing for us in and around these old songs, but we become part of that grand tradition and they become part of who we are, when we too hear and sing and love their songs.

So we still respond with love and gratitude to the makers and shapers of this song and all the ballads, and to those custodians of the old ballad tradition who have groomed and cared for them and handed them down to us through the generations, still as robust, vital and poignant as ever they were in the past. And in that spirit, 21st century folk singers still sing these songs. The more we sing them, the better we understand them, and the better we understand them, the more we love them.

Lord Lovel is a very simple story, and has been decorated a bit with conventional folk song motifs, much loved by our ancestors. Let's love them, by loving their treatment of this very old song:

Lord Lovel

Lord Lovel he stood at his own castle gate
a-combing his milk white steed
when up came Lady Nancy Belle
to wish her lover good speed.

'Oh where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,
'Oh where are you going?' cried she.
'I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle
strange countries for to see.'

'How long you'll be gone, Lord Lovel?' she said,
'How long you'll be gone?' cried she.
'In a year or two or three at the most
I'll return to my Lady Nancy.'

He had not been gone but a year and a day
strange countries for to see
when a strange thought came into his head
he'd go and see Lady Nancy.

He rode and he rode on his milk white steed
till he came to London town
and there he heard the church bells ring
and the people all mourning around.

'Ah who is dead?' Lord Lovel he cried,
'Ah who is dead?' cried he.
An old woman said, 'Some lady is dead -
They called her the Lady Nancy.'

He ordered the grave to be opened a-wide
and the shroud to be turned around
and then he kissed her clay cold cheeks
till his tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow.
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

The one was buried in the lower chancel
the other was buried in the higher,
from one sprang out a gallant red rose,
from the other a gilly flower,

and there they grew and turned and twined
till they gained the chancel top,
and there they grew and turned and twined
and tied in a true-lovers knot.



Kids Page

Junior Bards:

Dancing is fun, and it's **good exercise**. Anyone can dance. All you need to do is move about.

Everyone likes to **dance to the beat** of the music. Some like to dance **fast**. Some like to sway **slowly** and gently. Some like to **whirl** around and others like to stomp and **boogie**. How many **different kinds** of dancing do you like doing?

Can you **move** slowly and **gracefully** to soft, sweet music? Can you **dance fast** and wild to **rock and roll**? Do you like to dance **by yourself** sometimes? Do you like dancing with your **friends**?



Nature has music you can dance to: the **song** of the wind, the **drumming** of the rain pitter-pattering down and the **cheerful singing** of the birds. Even cars going past on the roads make their own kind of **music**.

It's **fun** just to dance to the **music in your mind**, sometimes. You can hum the **tunes** you know, or perhaps you like to **make up your own** tunes while you're dancing. The main thing is to **enjoy yourself!**

Young Ovates:

Ovates learn a lot from watching and listening to the **birds** around them. Whether in city, suburb, town or country, birds are always part of our **environment**. Alert ovates watch them and learn about their **way of life**.

You can read about them in books and learn all their **scientific names**, and that's helpful, but that can never be as good as **knowing the birds** themselves.

Just by being **still** and quiet and **listening** sometimes, you can **learn a lot** about the birds that live around you, and the **birds you meet** while you're away from **home**.

Birds **say** all sorts of things to each other when they sing their songs. They call each other, make friends, warn off enemies, beg, soothe and **just chat**. It's **not hard** to learn the different calls of your **favourite** bird neighbours. Their **colours** have meanings too, and you can learn to **understand them**.



A silver-eye

When you start listening to birds, they start **listening to you!** Always softly **whisper** your thanks to them, or just think '**thank you**' in your mind. They might not show it straight away, but they will **remember** it and one day they will **reward** your courtesy.

Budding Druids:

Druids understand the weather. They know how to **calm the wind** and how to **bring rain** when it's needed. It takes years of study and practice with wands and rituals of magical acts and **magic words** to become a good druid.

No druid ever works alone.

Every druid is **guided** by the spirits of druids of times **past**, of the **present** time and of **times to come**. Wherever they go they **greet the spirits** of the place as they arrive and they explain that they are **druids**. They always remember to honour the **indigenous** deities and spirits of the lands they live in and travel to. In their own lands, they always **respect the spirits** of the time and place. They know that nobody can own the land, because it is the body of their mother, the **Earth**. They need the goodwill and consent of all beings, not just humans.

Druids can work with the weather because they have the **goodwill** and cooperation of all the **elementals**, weather spirits and **dragons**, and they understand the real needs of the land. They don't ask for rain when the **land needs** a dry spell, and they don't ward off winds sent to **heal** the dry lands. But they know how to help to control **bush-fires** by working with the element of fire and the **fire spirits** and the spirits of the land, and they know how to **calm storms** that might otherwise do harm to the living beings of the land.



Druids still honour the Bones of the Ancestors

These skills come with patience and practice. Here's a **magical technique** you can try. It's called '**Tying Down the Wind**'. Next time there's a big wind, grab hold of a post or a rail, a tree trunk or a branch, or even a table leg, and pretend you've got that **wind by the tail**. Then try as hard as you can to **hold that rail down**, grit your teeth, strain your muscles, and drag that wind to a standstill. You'll be surprised how **easy** it is!