

# SerpentStar

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

Imbolc 2010



New Pendragon Damh the Bard. Story inside!



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## G'day, Southern Hemisphere OBODies!

Welcome to the Imbolc 2010 issue of SerpentStar! Spring is definitely in the air where I am. Green grass is growing, the wildflowers beginning, and the proud kangaroo mums showing off their pouchfuls. Important things are happening in OBOD with the appointment of the very popular Damh the Bard as our new Pendragon. As many have said, it couldn't happen to a nicer person. Damh is making his second visit to Oz for the Druids Dreaming event at Handorf in the Adelaide Hills this spring. Details page 7.

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** I've enjoyed my stint as editor of SerpentStar and now I'm ready to hand over to the next volunteer. Any offers? Page 3 for details. Remember, this is a great time to start something new!

Inside we have pictures and poems, articles and stories to bring us up to date and give us something to think about. As usual, thanks everyone who took the time and trouble to contribute.

Have a BLESSED IMBOLC ,  
wyverne/\\

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[www.serpentstar.wordpress.com](http://www.serpentstar.wordpress.com) .

For a paper subs. send \$10.00 (in Oz), \$12.50 (NZ & Pacific) \$15.00 (rest of world) in Australian dollars made out to v o wyverne to PMB2 Angaston SA 5353 Australia or use Paypal.

**PLEASE DO NOT MAKE OUT CHEQUES TO SERPENTSTAR.** Nellie can't bank them without a lot of explaining.

**Contributions** are eagerly sought at above addresses.

Please make sure your contributions do not violate copyright laws. **Opinions** expressed in **SerpentStar** are contributors' own and not necessarily the opinions of the editor or of the

**Order of Bards Ovates and Druids.** Printed at the Swan Reach Area School library with a lot of very kindly help from school librarian Leanne.

**Deadline for next issue: Tuesday, 27<sup>th</sup> July 2010**

**DON'T MISS IT!**

**FREE OFFER**

**IT'S YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY!**

See your work in print!

**You** can become a contributor to Serpent Star, see **your** work in print and gain valuable experience—all for

**!!!!!!FREEEEEEEE!!!!!!**

*Poems and Stories, Artwork and Photography, News and Links of Interest to SerpentStar readers.*

Children's work especially welcome.

If it's not your own work, make sure it doesn't violate copyright laws.

# Inspirations

From **Spencer's Faerie Queene**

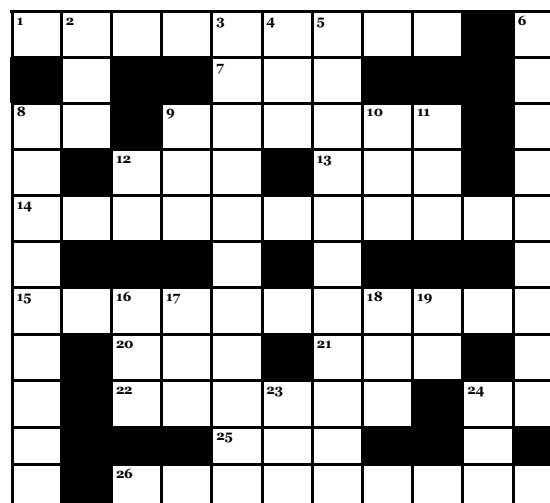
Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight  
From loftie steede and downe to sleepe me  
layd;  
The verdant grass my couch did goodly  
dight,  
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd;  
Whiles every sence the humour sweet em-  
bayd,  
Me seemed by my side a royall mayd  
Her dainty limbes full softly down did lay,  
So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment  
She to me made, and badd me love her  
deare,  
For dearly, sure, her love was to me bent,  
As, when iust time expired, should appeare:  
But whether dreames delude, or true it  
were,  
Was never hart so raviht with delight,  
Ne living man such wordes did never heare  
As she to me delivered all that night, And at  
her parting said, she queen of Fairies hight.  
<http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/celt/tfm/tfm009.htm>



Spencer's Faerie Queene

## Crossword Puzzle



### Clues Across

1. Of a British king.
7. A holy woman.
8. Like that.
9. Plumes on helmets.
12. Girl's name.
13. Bind.
14. Bedspread.
15. Numbers divisible by 2.
20. By way of
21. Listener.
22. The solar festivals.
24. A bone.
25. Set fire to.
26. Supervisors.

### Clues Down

2. Greek letter.
3. Can't be tuned again.
4. Herb of Grace.
5. Tools.
6. Cats.
8. Furtive.
9. Is able to.
10. Tilt.
11. Ocean.
12. Greek letter.
16. A woman's name.
17. No score.
18. Bachelors of Arts
19. Hesitant utterance.
23. Atmosphere.
24. Paddle.

**Announcement:**  
**SerpentStar is seeking a**  
**NEW EDITOR.**

**Want to volunteer ?**

It's easy, light work, looks good on your CV, and you learn some useful skills for the future. Plus it keeps you right in touch with all things OBODic in the SH, and it feels so good to be doing something worthwhile.

**Interested?**

Contact wyverne at [wyeuro@bigpond.com](mailto:wyeuro@bigpond.com)



# A remembering.



The thought of cancelling my flights with an apology to Elkie and TMG crossed my mind fleetingly in the weeks leading up to the 2010 Assembly; I wouldn't know anyone, how would I be received? The idea, however, never had any grip against the intuition guiding me to rest awhile, and grow much, within the grove amongst my fellow Druids at Cú·. Whoa there, my eager herd - this story takes time to tell, slow your pace. There now, there now, that's more like it, the settling of a rhythm: clip clop, clip clop. Needless to say, no apology was sent and I got on the plane.

Trudy had offered, many moons before, to pick me up from the airport. Her generosity was matched by her friendly spirit, and we enjoyed a pleasant journey across Melbourne and up into the Dandenong Ranges. Driving up the mountain and into the mists felt like coming home, not least because I spent my first 23 years in these mountains. We arrived just as formal introductions were being made. I assumed everyone else knew each other, yet I didn't feel out of place. Looking around the room, there were warm expressions and easy demeanours. I settled in beside the three gentle giants relaxed on the cushioned floor; I'd never met any deer hounds before and was pleased they reflected the same sense of welcome made by their owners.

Vicki and Peter's lounge room was spacious, warm, light, and open to views of the surrounding forest, mists, and gathering rain clouds. A fire was ceremonially built in the hearth and as the spirit of fire was awakened inside, outside the darkened sky released its grasp on a hard rain. The rains fell and continued to fall until a river was formed and Cú· was lifted from this world and carried gently to an older world. When the rains slowed, the olde world light shone through the mists and onto familiar faces, as we remembered ourselves and each other. And during our Opening Ceremony water from all quarters was merged, and a blessing for peace bespoke.

Concern that Jo, Rafayard and Aysha, who were late arriving, might find themselves at an empty house at Cockatoo, was allayed when all had navigated the river amidst the evening mists and arrived at Cú's deeper location. Following the nourishment of soul food and spirited company, some adjourned, and some remained to be transported by the Chief Bard to the realm of Taliesin. Spinning a web of enchantment, Michael guided us to a yet more ancient world, before delivering us safely back to Cú· for a dream-inspired sleep. Clip clop, clip clop.



On the morrow, a journey was made to the heart-centre of The Melbourne Grove; William Rickett's Sanctuary. This is a place of deep meditation, of love stories and tragedy within a harmony of elements, where friendships can be forged, or perhaps reformed. A place where the inspiration for future Assemblies descends. Next on the list was lunch, however other plans were afoot. In the birch grove: my Bardic Initiation. After holding my breath, and my silence, for so many years, I was robed, buried, and reborn into the true world. Blessed with riches, insights, healing balms, sunshine, rain, wind and flame upon the earth, and the support and guidance of my soul kin. Gifts which continue to enrich my life.

Then lunch, clip clop, and Vicki left her post in the outer world to rejoin the inner. Songs were learned, and

red toadstools with white spots spied, and a drive with new old friends back through Olinda, where I once lived and loved. In the setting sun, back at Cú, the lounge room was transformed into a marketplace where fine wares were offered, including a fashion exhibit from Ngatina's designs. Laughter rang out through the streets of the marketplace and an open invitation was issued to Faery Folk from surrounding villages to join in an evening of song and dance.

Pan and his friends arrived without delay and inspired Rafayard to teach us all his song - Pan of the Wildwood, which caught fire among us, along with Welsh poetry from Derek, and a platter of gorgeous tunes from Jo, Tiki, Murray and others in the gathering. In sync with the group's generosity, I'd been loaned a beautiful harp by Cath Connelly. My amateur skills on this magical instrument were graciously encouraged, allowing me to offer a telling of the Selkie, in gratitude for the experience of my rebirth. Along with music, poetry, storytelling, laughter, feasting and mead appreciation, dancing was the order of the night, including Nicola's belly dancing. What a joyful Eisteddfod! Clip clop, clip clop, bleat, bleat, all nights must come to an end, though the joy remains in remembering. Sunday morning meant, for the Bards, a trip to rainy Gembrook market; a grassroots outfit promoting sustainable living. We took a journey through the mists to the outside world, where streets were closed in remembrance of the ANZACS. A pensive, gentle morning, buying candles and crystals for those who were called to ceremony in the inner realm. A special day for Cherry with her Croning Celebration. After lunch, Bards and Ovates prepared a play about Pan for the Druids, who had ventured yet further along the river, through the glen and beyond the dell to the eternal grove where, in the spring, the salmon swim free. A special day for Michael who had his Druidic Initiation Ceremony with his Bardic and Ovate tutors to guide him.

At Cú we sewed, scissored and stuck our horns, beaks and wool to masks for the celebration of Pan. On the return of our Druids three, the gathering performed the frolicking play and laughter rang through the tall trees. Then some relaxed after a full day, while others organised a time-space portal to the other side of the world.







The group collected together and a call was made to Philip Carr-Gomm who, after introductions, led a meditation. Despite some technical hiccups, Noven and Tiki worked their magic and Philip was able to join our gathering and speak to us all.

The day of closing : was that four days; four weeks; four minutes? Time seemed elastic. A Closing Ceremony guided Cú back along the river to Cockatoo. The speaking staff passed numerous times around the gathering; we were inspired, joyful, grateful and melancholy. A she-oak grove was planted in Vicki and Peter's backyard, with the help of child spirits and spirited children, and was nourished with Assembly water. Then, with the fire spirit released to the realm of slumber until

the next Assembly, it was time for goodbyes.

Clip clop, come on now, pick up your pace once more, clippity cloppity, that's the way: this story is almost done. For a fleeting moment I'd forgotten that I knew my soul kin. But I only need to be reminded once a lifetime. How grateful I am for the everlasting nourishment, guidance and inspiration of the 10th Southern Hemisphere Assembly! Thank you one and all for cherished friendships, and the laughter of brothers and sisters still echoing down the halls of time. Until the next Assembly!

by Reilly



**P** CIRCLE

Earth for me is South you see,  
as I live in the land downunder.

**O** Air is East to say the least,  
of a new day that is dawning.

**F** Fire it be North for me,  
where the temperature rises.

**W** Water flows best in the West,  
as the day becomes night full  
circle.

**M** A circle, a cycle, an element  
alignment,  
**S** directly in a circle.

## SHAPE-SHIFTING VIEW

Sometimes I feel like  
I am flying high in the sky  
Sometimes I feel like  
I am swimming deep in the sea  
Sometimes I feel like  
I am crawling in to the earth  
Sometimes I feel like  
I am burning bright as a fire

Shape-shifting view  
an Art of old,  
morning dew  
beautiful as gold.  
Ah but you knew  
so the story is told  
of how **WE ARE ALL ONE.**  
Feel it!



Read about the investiture of our new Pendragon, the ever popular Damh the Bard, in the first of a series of articles our Chosen Chief Philip Carr-Gomm is writing for Touchstone, describing the roles of various office-holders in the order.

It can be previewed, along with reader responses at <http://www.druidry.org/board/dhp/viewtopic.php?f=24&t=36336&p=388491#p388491> If you missed seeing Damh when he came to Adelaide last year, you'll have another chance this year. Last year's Druids Dreaming held so much promise for Oz Druidry that Damh became its patron. This year's Druids Dreaming Cultural Event will be on the 16th October at Handorf in the Adelaide Hills. Don't miss it. Damh is a very professional performer with a very special, very bardic delivery, funny, wise, beautiful and yes, he can bring the audience to tears. Yet he's also a warm, kind, lovely man. He's wonderful.

And yes, folks, I, your humble editor will be caterwauling on the same programme, same as last year!

**N**

**E**

**W**

**S**

# OBOD's new Pendragon Damh the Bard!



## Imbolc

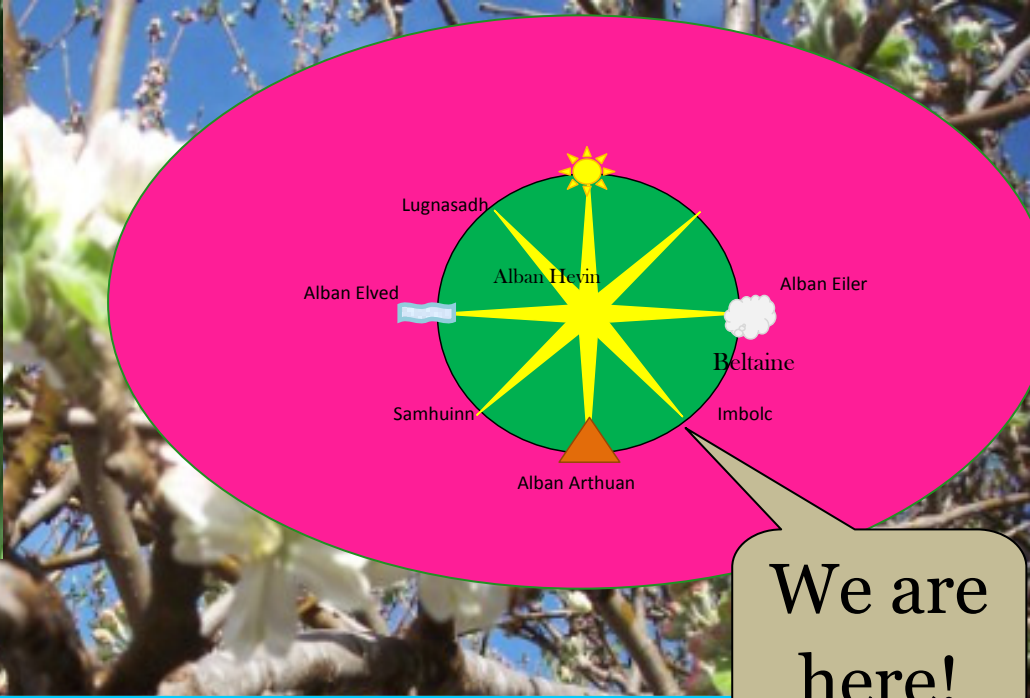
Traditionally a season of beginnings, a time to celebrate nature's great awakening, the springing of new life, and the return of abundance after the privations of winter.



**Everywhere in the Southern hemisphere, nature is quickening. The rising energies of the land are evident in every birdcall, new bud and newborn lamb or foal. August the 1st is the horse's birthday too!**

i  
Imbolc





We are  
here!

*Nineteen candles lit for Brighid! Set some of them in a dish of water and arrange others around it. Decorate with spring flowers .and bits of glitter and glitz.*

Candle magic for Imbolc:

Use a pale pink candle, surround it with fresh flowers and

buds, and with an invocation to the Goddess Brighid, dedicate it for healing and inspiration of babyhood, childhood, motherhood and parenting.

Spend a few moments sending blessings into the world for the new life and the givers of new life.



new life

renewal

If you want to know  
what the future  
holds, now is a good  
time to scry.



beginnings

# The 2010 Southern Hemisphere OBOD Assembly An Observer's Perspective

*Jowen, May 2010*

You know me as a spinner  
So let me spin for you  
A story from last April  
At the home of Lady Cu

I shelter in the cubby  
That sits upon her land  
And 'though the roof has holes in it  
Its aspect is quite grand

Thus, many of us dwell there  
In corners dark and dim  
And life was uneventful 'til  
Two Legged One moved in

It was only for the weekend  
(‘Though you’d think it was forever  
The amount of stuff she’d brought with  
her  
To guard against the weather)

She whinged about the pounding rain  
(‘Though it really was quite thunderous)  
And marvelled that she didn’t get wet  
(At that she was quite wondrous)

She told us we were not to move  
With words that were quite stern  
Her threats were not made lightly  
As I was soon about to learn

We don’t get many guests in here  
Her presence had us curious  
But when I tried a closer look  
My movements made her furious

She said we’d made a treaty  
Well, I swear we never did  
And if I’d guessed at her reaction  
I’d have kept myself well hid



I’d moved into the space above  
The place she laid her head  
It was never my intention  
To drop down upon her bed

There’s not a lot of light in here  
So putting it quite simply  
In order to see closer  
From the roof I hung quite limply

And ‘though next day she was contrite  
And asked me for my pardon  
Out on the banisters I stayed  
For I could see the garden!





I watched in fascination  
At the beauty of your weaving  
Those threads would not be broken  
When the time came for your leaving

And of my fellow occupants  
What of them can I say?  
She thought she'd left us all behind  
When off she went that day

But what she didn't realise  
'Though soon was to discover  
Some of us had hitched a ride  
Keeping low and undercover...

Before I knew what hit me  
I was tossed out in the rain  
She didn't give me half a chance  
My actions to explain

I didn't try to go back in  
Although I felt quite vexed  
Two leggeds are such nervy beasts  
Who knows what they'll do next?

Amazing things were taking place  
Down there among the trees  
Humans joined by play and prayer  
And sacred ceremonies

And 'though we are superior  
With our eight legs to your two  
I realised as I watched you  
That you can weave things too

I watched you spin your magic  
From the cubby balcony  
I saw the strands that linked each heart  
In love and harmony



**S** Imbolc seems to me to be a good time to be thinking about the idea that sometimes comes up that Druidry is now in the Imbolc of its re-emergence from the obscurity of the recent past. This idea is based on the observation that Druidry as a magical/philosophical tradition undergoes cyclic alternations of darkness and obscurity and light and visibility. When we look at the early history of OBOD we find that its sources of information had been preserved more or less invisibly by obscure communities of a very few quite remarkable men and women who alone understood its value and its potential to re-emerge in a useful and meaningful way. In this Druidry is like many other esoteric traditions. We need cycles of rest and activity, and so do the great traditions.

**d** Druids like to draw their inspiration from nature, and see the link that exists between the cycles of time and the life processes, particularly those of trees, since Druidry seems to be a tradition nurtured in forest and woodland.

**s** That's why it's under the stately guidance and wise supervision of such spirits of Gaia that commune with humanity most effectively through trees. Our earliest gwersu introduce us to the idea that our inheritance from the ancestors the ancient druids comes in the form of seeds, not flourishing trees in full fruit, and its main ideas are therefore presented as 'seed' thoughts. This tree metaphor is a sustained one in Druidry. It can be quite profitable extended rather far, and it's worth perusing. After all

**f** so much Druidic and Bardic magic happens through metaphors of some kind that magic itself can only be enhanced by having a clear and lucid understanding of its significance. Is it a valid metaphor? Are the inspiring ideas of our Druidry really seed-like? Is the revival of our natural magic like a 'germination' in some way?

**O** A tree produces seeds, the seeds germinate and grow into trees which produce seeds and the whole process recurs in a spiral of constantly advancing growth and renewal. No seed ever produces a tree exactly like its parent. It produces a state-of-the-art tree, a 'next generation' tree that has the power to accommodate the changes that are happening around it. Like a seed our new Druidry has that power within it, to accommodate the changes and let go of old and perhaps even authentic ways that don't work now, while vamping up the ones that do to use as our starting point from which to explore new directions for further evolution.

**r** I don't think we've departed from the original idea of the seed. Certainly, we have not inherited from our ancestors their 'tree' – their knowledge, their wisdom – and their errors, faults and weaknesses. The Order has its resources, salvaged from the ravages of time, politics, ecclesiastica and even the over-enthusiastic plunderings of the Romantics of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, when so many

**P** Celtic texts came to light and triggered a period of rapid emotional growth in literature, politics, religion and culture generally, spreading eventually to worldwide influence. This spreading of that influence, which prepared the way for the Celtic revival we now see happening is like the emission of pheromones and other chemical signals that permeate the surrounding soil to repel, disable or destroy pathogens, to modify the soil solution for optimal seedling growth and to encourage the proliferation of soil organisms that will help and protect the young tree. And we did see a falling off of hostility towards paganism after the Romantic period, while pagan friendly ideas began to circulate.

**U** Did we wait for spring? We did. In the 60's the post-war baby boomers celebrated the Dawning of the Age of Aquarius – the dawn of a new day, the reawakening of an age of magic and a return to nature, a 'back to mother earth' feeling that pulled us after all, though we knew it not, right into the grove where we belong. Our civilisation experienced a sudden rush, a quickening of awareness on many levels; from that time there was a notable flourishing of new ideas, admitting of many different kinds of understanding, perception and sensitivity.

**d** The war was over. Nuclear armament was escalating. We were getting to know our world as no earlier generation had ever known it - the mass media made sure of that - and also we knew that our planet's survival depended on unprecedented worldwide effort for world peace. We ourselves were like a whole generation of seeds in which so much unrest, agony and suffering were coded during the millennia of dormancy that they were racking their genomes for effective responses, for inner changes, shifts of genetic emphasis, to creatively meet the new challenges and

*we knew that our planet's survival depended on unprecedented worldwide effort for world peace.*



to offer these adverse conditions some challenges in turn, in order to make it a healthy medium for a seed to grow in. We'd been kept under heavy stress, and the catchcry was 'mutate or die'. Just like seeds responding to stress by making strenuous efforts to change their chemistry, the institutions and ideologies of our civilisation are being deeply and sometimes strenuously revised. Since the civil rights movements and the Peace Movements of the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, problems of racism, sexism, and all forms of injustice are beginning to be effectively addressed. Greed and its ravaging of the ecology are no longer being ignored. Poverty is being fore-grounded as a problem, not an inevitable fact of life. The exploitation of small nations is becoming a matter of concern for us all, but a century ago, who but a saintly few knew or cared? Now millions sign the petitions of protest, and governments are listening and responding.

Some people continue in despair, but most of us are expecting Gaia to pull through, ennobled and enriched by the lessons she's been learning in the grip of her pain. So we continue to revise everything from parenting and children's education (which before the war had low priority) to the ethics of science and technology, from the food we eat and its production and distribution, to recreation and creative pursuits, from family and social life to politics and conflict resolution. Even our languages are changing rapidly now and the changes we're making are driven by this need for peace.

Like people asleep, dormant seeds are not inactive. Sleepers dream and seeds metabolise, albeit slowly, and it receives myriad impressions from its environment. Druidry has not been silent and dead in a vacuum, but has been cherished in the active soil of its guardian's minds and experience. They preserved our vital old texts and continued the active discourse from age to age that our modern revival sprang from. The ritual lines still thrill us as they once thrilled our ancestors, even though we may understand them differently. Between the lines we read the nwyfre of the intervening centuries, the echoes of Druidry's struggles for viability during the long, troubled night of obscurity.

All this fortifies and guides our modern Druidry; the lessons of the past aren't lost. We instinctively feel whether we're wisely guided or not, and we follow it with increasing confidence. We have been putting down roots, feeling our way towards the rich resources that Gaia has provided for us, the records of the past, scant as they are, the writings of the inspired ones within our order and the many other equally splendid Druidries, Paganisms and New Age philosophies. We treasure diversity and freedom of belief as never before. We're finding sustenance in the past, present and in our visions of the future, whether prophetic or fictional. Like seedlings in the soil we find new and exciting experiences, teachings and perspectives to grow on. It's a fertile soil we're finding and optimism is high.

We put out leaves, sometimes literally in the form of pages, or virtual pages on the internet, displaying our Druidry and taking in both new Druids with their diverse kinds of input, and also feedback from the general community, which is increasingly receptive and respectful. Sure, some of it's mixed, but all is grist to the mill – we spread our leaves of information, and we lift them

high on the strong supporting framework of our various orders like big, basking leaves on the strong, young limbs of a fine, healthy sapling. The more we grow, the more the sky of cultural awareness shines upon us and we're nourished also from the invisible realms by the spirit beings, angels, devas and fairies etc, just as a seed is nourished by the chemistry of the invisible air. So the metaphor holds. And I suspect that anyone who holds this metaphor at the centre of their meditation would have a much better chance of actually achieving a telepathic rapport with a tree, of the kind Ovates cultivate for example. Communication would become possible and we'd only have to learn to interpret. Meanwhile, we have to depend on the plant spirits for that kind of mediation.

Is it any wonder the plant world is taking so much interest in us?

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

1	A	2	R	3	T	4	H	5	U	6	R	7	I	8	A	9	N	10	L
			H					7	N		U		N						I
8	S		O				C	9	R		E		S	10	T	11	S		O
	E			12	M		A		E			13	T		I		E		N
14	C		O		U		N		T		E		R		P		A		N
	R								U				U						S
20	E		V		21	E		22	N		N		U		M		23	B	
	T				25	V		I		A			26	E		A		R	
	I				27	A		L		B		28	A		N		S		29
	V								30	L		I		T				A	
	E				31	O		V		E		R		S		E		E	

# Links

contribute  
please!!!



<http://www.druidry.org/>

The OBOD website—everything you need, including a wonderful message board, with quarterly eisteddfods and all.

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Australian\\_Pagan\\_Lifestyles/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Australian_Pagan_Lifestyles/)

A friendly Yahoo Group, for talking about how we as pagans interact with society. 153 members and a good steady flow of posts.

[http://www.witchvox.com/lx/lx\\_druidic.html](http://www.witchvox.com/lx/lx_druidic.html)

A place to list your druid website and to access druid websites worldwide. Well worth the time perusing this very well constructed, very informative site.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/AussiePagans/#ans>

Another group for friendly discussion and to keep in touch with Pagan activities, outlets, resources, gatherings and happenings near you.



Pagan Federation  
of South Africa

<http://www.pfsa.org.za/>

The objectives of the PFSA shall be to facilitate the interests of Paganism in South Africa

The Pagan Federation of South Africa was formed by concerned and caring people, who dreamed of serving Pagans.

A great place to  
evolve on-line.

<http://druidspace.ning.com>

OBOD's official members-only social website set up by our own Chosen Chief, Philip Carr-Gomm.

Druidspace is not replacing, but extending the established OBOD site at [www.druidry.org](http://www.druidry.org), which is open to all. There's a lively OBODies-only discussion board for meeting and greeting and exchanging news and views, and in addition each member gets a blog, photo album, and mp3 player, and more! Get on, discover each other and really start to

evolve as a druid!!!!

<http://thearchdruidreport.blogspot.com/>  
888 subscribers agree that this topical blog is one of the best. John Michael Greer is The Grand Archdruid of the Ancient Order of Druids in America (AODA)

<http://www.sam.paganfederation.org/>  
**(Pagan Federation International - South America)** A large, quasi-official, well constructed site, from a major international organisation.

<http://www.natalpagans.com/index.html>

Get Married the Way YOU

Want to.

At last both Gay and Straight people can get married without prejudice because of their sex or their religion. We offer everything from simple paperwork only right up to full traditional Pagan Handfastings with everything in between.

<http://druid.meetup.com/>

Meet other locals interested in the ancient pagan religion that is currently enjoying a revival of interest. Get together and seek the Druid path together!



Let's do it  
Together!

Coming up!



**Druid's Dreaming event ,  
Sheoak Earth Music Festival  
2010 will feature OBOD's new  
Pendragon**

**DAMH the BARD**

**again, on his second visit to  
Australia.**

**A great family day, with pa-  
gan and pagan folk musicians  
from all over the world. As  
last year, I, your editor, will  
be appearing as  
WYLDWYVERNE singing  
pagan and folk.**

**Where? Handorf , in the  
Adelaide hills**

**When? 16th October 2010**

**Details?** <http://druids-dreaming.net.au/>

**Early bird tickets now avail-  
able \$40 ea.**

Events

Share your  
news here!!!!

**PAN Inc Public Full Moon Circle  
Melbourne**

**Where:** Eltham Soccer Ground.  
Wattletree Rd Eltham North.  
(park at the club house, and we  
will be just a few paces from  
there)

**When:** Every Full moon 7pm for  
prompt 7:30 pm start. Arrive  
early. Please contact Seline for ex-  
act dates.

**Cost:** Gold coin donation

**Phone:** Seline on 0438 078 613

**E-mail:** [seline13@hotmail.com](mailto:seline13@hotmail.com)

**Contributions wanted**

for this page. If you know of any  
Druid event or Druidy related  
events , let us know.

Send links, photos and blurb to  
[wyeuro@bigpond.com](mailto:wyeuro@bigpond.com)



# Kids Page

## Junior Bards:

Who likes **writing poems**? Way back in the **olden days**, bards were **poets** and **actors**, and they wrote beautiful poems and performed them before the **highest in the land**.

Have you heard of **William Shakespeare**?



Some people think he is the **greatest** of all the English **poets** and **playwrights**. That's why he is also known as **The Bard**. Not many of us can be that **famous**, but everyone can **have fun** writing down their **best thoughts** as poems to **share** with others.

Other **SerpentStar** readers would like to see your **poems and pictures** too. Please send them to [wyeuro@bigpond.com](mailto:wyeuro@bigpond.com)

## Young Ovates:

**Nature** talks to us in all sorts of ways. **Birds** might not be brainy, but they have **other ways of knowing**, and they have many ways of **telling** us what they know. No one can really **teach** anyone to hear birds but the birds **themselves**. Even the birds that come to a **city balcony** can bring you **tidings**, warn of events to come and **open your mind** to the airy thoughts of birds. Animals too.



Even pets **instinctively** know all sorts of things that **we don't know**—unless they tell us. They can't **speak** yet, so they tell us things by their **actions** and the way they look and **smell**. Watch animals closely whenever you can, and **ask them** to help you to understand **their meanings**. That's when you'll start to **learn**!

## Budding Druids:

**Real magic** is easy to find in the world around us. One very interesting phenomenon is the **pyramid**. The pyramid is an example of **sacred geometry**. There are some very large pyramids in the world which were built by **our ancestors** long ago. Scientists have discovered that they can have effects which **can't be explained**—only described. They can enhance the health of seeds and sprouts, **vitalise** drinking water and food, enhance the power of **crystals**, and some say, of **magic spells** too. Even a tiny pyramid you make at home is fun to **experiment** with. Cut out of stiff cardboard four **triangles** with a base of 24cm and two sides of 22cm. Tape these together to **form** a pyramid and place it with a broad side facing north. **Paint** or decorate it with symbols of the four **directions** and the **elements**. Find a small block of wood about 6cm high to use as a **small altar** inside the pyramid. Place seeds, crystals, or **charms**, or write down seed-thoughts or **wishes**, and leave them overnight on the block under the **pyramid**.

