

# SERPENTSTAIR

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



## Samhuinn Edition

# About **SERPENTSIOR**

**SERPENTSIOR** comes out four times a year at each of the Fire Festivals, Imbolc, Beltane, Lughnasadh and Samhuinn.

Opinions expressed in **SERPENTSIOR** are contributors' own and not necessarily opinions of the editor or of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids.

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

Have you contributed to **SERPENTSIOR** yet?

We'd love to hear from you!

Contributions are eagerly sought for future editions. Whether you like to create masterpieces in the Kitchen, with paper and pen, a camera, or you've read a relevant news article or some links of interest. Maybe you've created your own Sudoku, or you've written a piece on Druidry, we can use it all.

Contributions can be sent to:

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## **From the editor**

**Samhuinn Blessings to yourselves and your families,**

**We are most certainly feeling the turn of the seasons here in Sydney, with the fast approach of the colder months.**

**As this Samhuinn, we are reminded of Death and Birth, my own family has been growing. My husband and I are expecting our first child in early October 2012, and as such this will be my last issue of SerpentStar. Future editions of SerpentStar will come from Vyvyan Ogma Wyverne and I m very excited to see what the future editions hold.**

**This edition we have some fantastic poetry from Lady Cu' and Patrick Murphy, as well as the conclusion to Vyvyan Ogma Wyverne s article on Tuckonies. We also have some futhur information from Ngatina on the upcoming assembly, and news on the upcoming tour from Damh the Bard.**

**Brightest Blessings of the coming winter, and the not-too-distant Spring.**



## THE COSMIC SUN IN THE LIGHT OF THE GODDESS EVE

---

A page in antiquity. In the fusion of light and darkness, the universe was born.  
The light being the white light of oblivion, and darkness,  
the shadow or the psyche of light.

With the birth of the universe the creator was born, and creation began.

As depicted in Egyptian folklore Isis and Osiris,  
Isis the goddess eve and Osiris the male.

The psyche, darkness also depicted  
in the Chinese yin and yang (light and darkness).

The white light that once shone in this universe,  
to be pirated by the Christ energy, to shed light on the heavens of the after life,  
to accommodate the fall of man from immortality to mortal existence.

Through no real fault of man but they did their bit also and did disobey.

For the Christ energy betrayed the creator  
in the first place, for all this to come about.

The Christ energy pervades us all.  
It is the life force in man and rekindled  
with each breath of oxygen we take.

Reincarnation ensures the continuation of the race.

We are reaching the zenith in this our creation of the present day  
but too much cannot be revealed too soon.

Our house is not in order for a higher evolving.

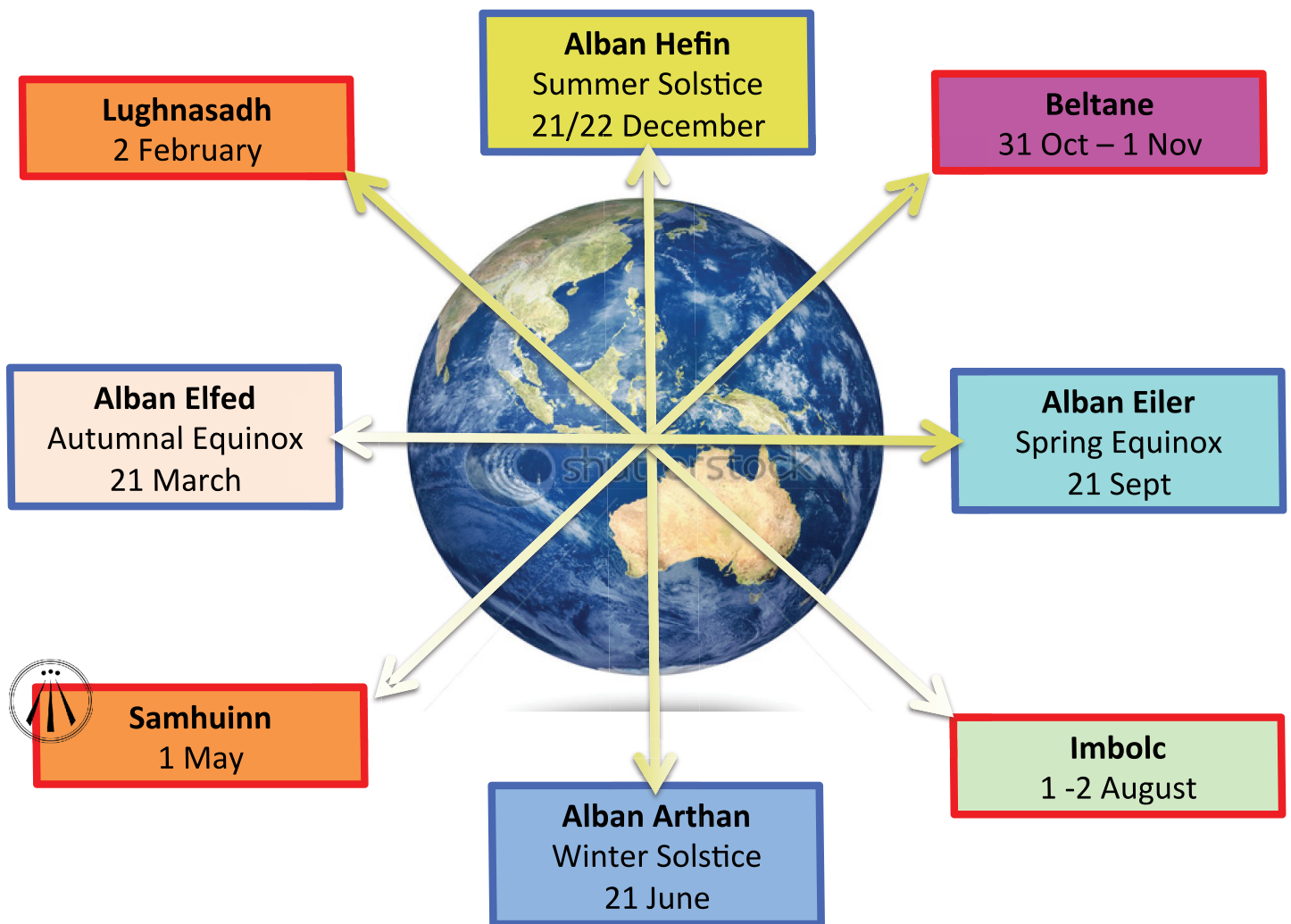
In the service  
of the sun.

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Patrick Murphy



# Celebrating the wheel of the year...



We are here!

On or around the 31st October in the northern hemisphere, 1st May in the southern, Samhain is the festival of the dead, a festival of remembrance and honouring of our dear departed friends and relations. It is said that at Samhain the veil that separates the worlds is at its thinnest. So our world, the world of Faerie, and that of the dead, blend as one. It is no wonder then that this night has become so wrapped in superstition. It is a night of wonder and magic. On this night the Cailleach (the Crone) comes to strip the leaves from the trees, to quicken the decay of the flesh of the year, so that it may feed the new life to come. We can also ask Her to take the unwanted aspects of our personal year away, so that these too might be transformed. Yet even on the darkest night of Samhain, whilst our minds ponder our mortality, if we listen carefully, we can hear the sound of a new-born child crying for its Mother's breast, for soon it will be Alban Arthan, the Winter solstice, and the Wheel will turn once more. Source: [Druidry.org](http://Druidry.org)



# *Damh the Bard's Australian Concert Tour*

## *Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane.*

ADELAIDE - The English Ale in Mylor Saturday 19th May 2012

More info <http://www.theenglishale.org/>

MELBOURNE – Thursday 24th May at Bar 303, 303 High St, Northcote.

Doors open 8pm \$25/\$20 concession. For information contact [info@spiraldance.com.au](mailto:info@spiraldance.com.au) or [www.spiraldance.com.au](http://www.spiraldance.com.au)

SYDNEY – Friday 25th May at The Bald Faced Stag, 345 Parramatta Rd, Leichhardt..

Doors open 8pm

Cost Pre-ordered tickets \$35.00. At the door \$40.00

Tickets are limited. It is advised you order your tickets to avoid missing out. All order forms must be received no later the Friday 18th of May 2012.

Registration forms are available at [www.paganawareness.net.au](http://www.paganawareness.net.au)

For further information:

Please call Kelly Garland on 0412427343 or

Email [kelly.garland@paganawareness.net.au](mailto:kelly.garland@paganawareness.net.au) .

BRISBANE Saturday 26th May.

PAN Queensland Witches Ball at The Uber Lounge,  
100 Boundary St, West End, Queensland.

Doors open 8pm.

Cost: Tickets are \$50.00. This includes light nibbles.

Tickets will be available at the door for \$60.00, but as they are limited it is advised that you pre-purchase them to avoid missing out.

Email: [qld@paganawareness.net.au](mailto:qld@paganawareness.net.au). | Phone: Lisa Kenny on 0407 661 118



# ***Nymph in the Scared Grove***

You race out ahead  
What's been left today  
Yesterday honey  
Today grapes  
I know it's really for the gods and critters  
But what do you think a nymph is?  
Boy it tastes good

A quiet meditation  
What nonsense  
A good slurp in the ear  
That's what's needed  
Then perhaps I'll sit on you  
What a laugh

You push me away  
But I hear the chuckle in your throat  
Come on  
Give us a kiss again  
Perhaps I'll just take Maggie's rock  
That I'll get her going

Quite time  
I'll just sit here with you  
Snuggle my muzzle under your chin  
Crawl unto your lap  
I know I'm too big  
But I'm your little nymph  
And you're my Mum

- Lady Cu

# Samhuinn

It is the time of burning leaves,  
The crispness of the air has awakened  
Memories both dark and hidden,  
Memories of past feasts partaken.

I sit comfortably in this silent room  
Computer keyboard beneath my fingers  
Yet...my mind is never frozen here  
In times past it wants to linger.

I see a bonfire raging on a hilltop  
With my people all gathered around  
Our prayers to the Gods I shout,  
Yet, in my dreams I hear not a sound.

The drums beat, the people dance  
Wildness fills the autumn night.

The Other Side is so very close--  
The Veil just beyond the fire light.

I reach, I feel, I almost touch...  
Spirit fingers entwine with mortal  
Then dawn's first light appears  
And seals again the fragile portal.

I turn away from the cold ashes  
Let the wildness leave my aching soul.

Another year til another Samhain...  
On that night again I'll be whole.





# *Tuckonies - Part 2*

*vyvyan ogma wyverne*

Tuckonies move very freely across the time-space continuum in more directions than are currently known to science. They go in and out of Koorie households, talking on subliminal levels with the kids as they grow up, sharing their headspace to watch TV, attend school or university, go dancing or surf the web, and they rather often incarnate. Their timescape allows them to incarnate for a long, busy lifetime while their Tuckony body is standing still in a sort of trance or reverie, observing the passage of their human incarnation's time as if it were just a few minutes. When the incarnation is over, the experience gathered there becomes a resource for the Tuckony, which they explain is like taking spoonfuls of something flavoursome and richly meaningful from a feasting bowl, or grail. Of course, they also value lifetimes of experience as animals, and no doubt as plants as well because they have an affinity with them. Like the Koorie star people, the Tuckonies are not confined to Earth - they have extraterrestrial and extradimensional access as well.

When I was just getting to know them, I often saw them walking along the narrow bit of bookshelf the projected beyond the backs of the books. They were only a little shorter than the average paperback. More than once they drew my attention to one book or another, which they made to glow. Well not quite glow, but there was a definite radiance, not visible, but certainly discernible by some subtle sense very like vision. Then quite casually one would 'open' the spine of the book, as if it were a door, as if it had a doorknob and he'd turned it and opened it. Then both, there were usually only two, would enter the book, closing the spine behind them.

Once I saw them coming back out of a book that they had entered in this way. The 'door' appeared open still as I saw them emerge. Instead of pages of print, I saw that they had been walking among the things described in the book. I saw the landscapes the characters walked in, the houses and streets described in the book and the whole array of ideas and images, all set out like a veritable landscape unlike those of earth, but just as traversable. There were misty swathes where data was sparse as it is in our imagination when we read a book. The author can provide only so much detail, the reader then supplies the rest, and the book as a deva, or spiritual entity, comes to life. As a Dreaming it is enriched by what every reader brings to it. Over centuries, a book like Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* builds and maintains a rich, deep patina of layers of our love, our magic and our philosophy, all brought to it by generation upon generation of readers. Without reading the words, but reading what Druids might call the 'nwyfre', the Tuckonies connect with the subtle information available to them in this way to reconstruct the events and vistas described in the book, and they do this so well that they can enter the scene and find/ construe the characters and commune with them - and they bring back souvenirs of candles, books, ribbons and other small tokens of their visit.

They use sensoria we haven't developed much but could, related to the senses of smell and direction-finding and reminiscence, and located in the nose.

So they speak modern English and are in touch with human current affairs, especially as accessed by modern Koories. One easy way to connect with them is to read the Koorie newspapers and magazines and listen to their radio and TV. This not only promotes goodwill and understanding between our cultures but also makes us easy to peruse when their extradimensionals want to enter our lives. When I open the Koorie mail each week, Tuckonies are with me. Their knowledge of human affairs is so great that they actually participate in our politics and in the development of our lands and resources.

One of the most unforgettable sights I have ever seen was at Adelaide's government house lawns, where I saw, during a time of heavy campaigning for Koorie rights, thousands of tiny Tuckonies camped in protest against human rights abuses against Koories, feys and extradimensionals, an occupying force to equal the Canberra embassy. I was told that even when things were calmer there was always a force there, negotiating on subliminal levels with our politicians for culture-fair government that respects the vision of the fey. I was remote-viewing from my bed at home, with Tuckonies on my bedside table when I lay down and again when I opened my eyes.

They do exert will-power to steer us away from disaster, but their sense of justice is of the merciful sort, and they have a part to play in our future.

But Dream-time is 'funny stuff', as I've heard them say, and Tuckonies know where, what and when to share with people of our, but I also often see them mingling with other types of fairies. One fairy shrine I tend was established for tiny people I found, white people of all ages, only about five or six inches high, who were lost and parched in the dry heat. They crept into shade and their skin hurt from the scorching dryness. I had not really intended a shrine, just 'water interest' when I placed a decorative basin on the lawn where they were and saw them for the first time when they ran to it to dip their feet and hands in it and to cool themselves. Then they sat round the rim of the basin with their feet in the water. After a few days, Tuckonies came and, inviting me to view, they opened doorways in what looked like thin air and led the people through to a more comfortable living space. They followed with great gratitude, and even seemed as if they had been waiting for the Tuckonies all along they just hadn't known it.

So who are these white people, only inches high, who get themselves into such predicaments? Says the Tuckony, if Tuckonies' souls can incarnate for several decades during a single five minute meditation, why do we imagine that we don't do pretty much the same.

There are hints enough of it in the Celtic literature. Evidently our souls are much, much more than we imagine. Tuckonies as spirit guides help beings, with celestial Dreaming places and access to timescapes more thrilling than we can currently imagine.



# News from The Melbourne Grove

The Melbourne Grove now has its own website: [www.themelbournegrove.org](http://www.themelbournegrove.org) created by talented web magician, Mat Coolahan.

On this site you will find some info about us, our blog, an events calendar, and many other interesting things.

Rafayard of Corringal Grove has given us permission to include music from her triple aspect CD in our audio section, which is worth listening to even if nothing else interests you.

We hope that by the time the Samhuinn edition of SerpentStar comes out, we will have recorded our story and it will accompany the music.

- E Ikie

## 12th Australian OBOD Assembly....

The 12th Australian OBOD Assembly will be held at Beltana in late October 2012.

Located in the ancient desert mountains of the Northern Flinders Ranges, South Australia, Beltana ([www.beltana.org.au](http://www.beltana.org.au)) is a small heritage town with a permanent population of 6.

The Assembly will be dedicated to Morrigan, and activities will include exploring a conservation park accessible only by 4WD: Warraweena (<http://www.warraweena.com/>) and a Masquerade Ball on the Friday night.

Dates for the event are as follows:

Arrival Day: 25 October 2012

Bardic Day: 26 October 2012

Ovate Day: 27 October 2012

Druid Day: 28 October 2012

Departure Day: 29 October 2012

People are welcome to stay for Beltaine celebrations on 31 October, but this will not be included in the general programme.

Please register your interest at

**[www.druidryaustralia.org](http://www.druidryaustralia.org)**

(you will need to sign up to do this) or contact Ngatina direct at [gypsy@sincorp.org](mailto:gypsy@sincorp.org)



# OBOD Assembly - Travel Arrangements Update

The only real thing to say here is that I've got firm costs for car pooling:

From Adelaide it will cost \$240 per car (with a comfortable maximum of 4 passengers for the drive who can split that price and put in for fuel money). This means that it could cost as little as \$60 plus some money for fuel to get here and back from Adelaide - much cheaper than hiring something yourself! I've already got expressions of interest from 3 people so if I can get confirmation I can make the booking. The car/s will be landcruiser type 4WD vehicles so each one will need at least one person who is licenced and able to drive a manual car. If you are not confident with actual 4WDing do not worry, we can ensure that someone else can do the driving around here - this is just to get here and back.

I haven't got costs for car pooling from Port Augusta as yet as I didn't have much in the way of interest for that option, but if anyone is interested, let me know and I can see what the difference would be.

## Accommodation Options

Ok, so accommodation is the next important thing to consider when coming to the Assembly. There are a few options, which I've outlined below:

### Camping On Site

The Assembly will be held in the town hall here at Beltana and there is ample space around it to pitch a tent. This of course is free but does mean that you will need to bring your own camping equipment. The weather is likely to be warm to hot in the daytime (low 30s) and warm in the evenings (mid 20s) so it should be reasonably comfortable camping weather.

### Accommodation in the town

At this time I have some accommodation available in the town - mainly the gallery which is owned by my Grandmother (Marion). The rooms here are very simple, basically just a bed and access to a shower (which is fed by a wood fired 'donkey'). These are also free and are located approximately 200m from the town hall. The Gallery is in an old Inn, so the rooms all have access from the outside, meaning that no matter what time you choose to turn in you won't be disturbing others. Two of these rooms are already booked and I have two more available which are nominally single accommodation but actually have more than one single bed in them so if you are willing to 'twin share' it will up the amount of people who can stay on site. Please contact me ASAP if you would like to take up this option to ensure you secure a place.

### Overseer's Cottage - Beltana Station

As part of the deal for access to one of the locations we will be visiting I have had to book the Overseer's Cottage at Beltana Station. This building is a beautiful stone cottage located at Beltana Station (the pastoral lease surrounding the town) Homestead which is approximately 3kms from the town on the main road out to the highway - you would drive past it on the way into town. There are 4 rooms available: 2 queens, 1 twin share and 1 with bunks. The cost for this accommodation is \$80 per person for the weekend. Once again, if you would like to book a room here, please let me know ASAP to secure your place.

### Other Local(ish) Accommodation

Other than the above options there is accommodation available in the towns closest to Beltana - Parachilna to the south and Leigh Creek to the north. Rooms here generally begin at \$110 per night and it is a half hour drive to either location. If you would like more information regarding this option, please let me know.

## Bookings

Booking form follows on the next page. Please complete and return to Ngatina to confirm your place at the assembly.





# A l b a n A r t h a n

The name for the festival of the Winter Solstice in Druidry is Alban Arthan, which means 'The Light of Arthur'. Some Druid Orders believe this means the Light of the hero King Arthur Pendragon who is symbolically reborn as the Sun Child (The Mabon) at the time of the Solstice. Others see the Light belonging to the star constellation known as the Great Bear (or the Plough) - Arthur, or Art, being Gaelic for Bear. This constellation shines out in the sky and can symbolise the rebirth of the Sun. At this point the Sun is at its southernmost point almost disappearing beyond the horizon, and the days are at their shortest. This was a time of dread for the ancient peoples as they saw the days getting shorter and shorter. A great ritual was needed to revert the course of the sun. This was probably calculated by the great circles of stone and burial grounds which are aligned to this festival, such as Newgrange in Co. Meath, Eire. Sure enough, the next day the Sun began to move higher into the sky, showing that it had been reborn.

This time of year is very cold and bleak, which is why so many celebrations are needed to help people get through the Winter months. It is significant that many civilisations welcomed their Solar Gods at the time of greatest darkness - including Mithras (the bull-headed Warrior God), the Egyptian God Horus and, more recently, Jesus Christ.

Source: [www.druidry.org](http://www.druidry.org)

Cold Time Moon, this is your chime

Across the landscape of the year,  
Your breath as white as mistletoe  
And the land-faring gulls that sear  
The sky's blue remembered sea,  
When the hours hang in spiders' frozen ligree.

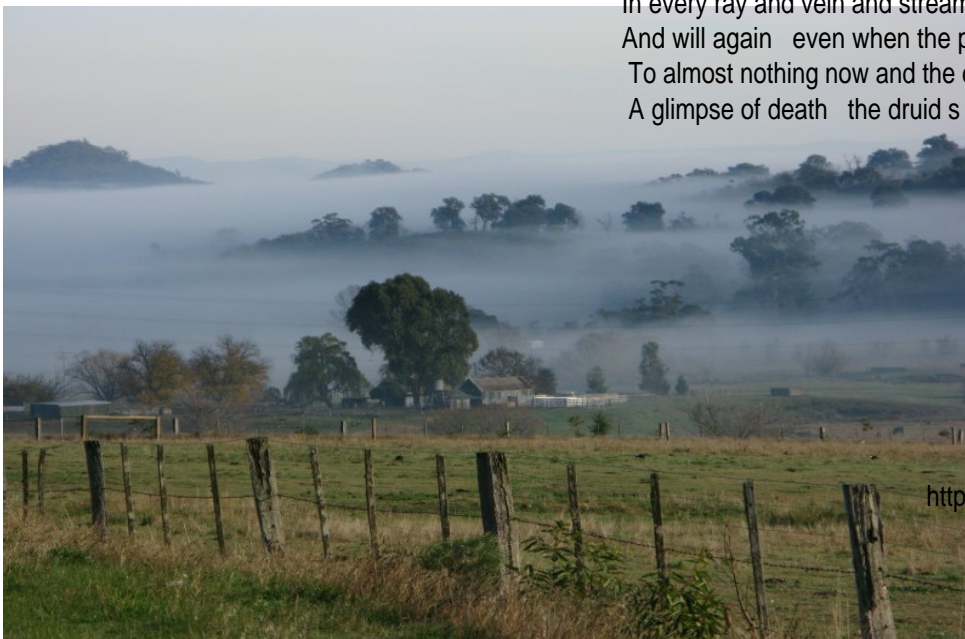
Moon of Long Nights, all is drawn  
To stillness, the cold sun's gold  
Hangs low in the sky as dawn  
Too soon becomes dusk in winter's hold.  
Towards solstice, when the sun stands still,  
The day is a drop of mercury, eerily tranquil.

Ashes Fire Moon, leaves are suspended  
Each moment hanging by a thread  
Broken silks that can't be mended,  
Pendulums stilled by winter's tread,  
But the ivy on the bark is there to see,

A poised but living marquetry.  
Birch Moon, your captured trees are stirred  
Only by the slow exhalation  
Of a breeze, or a restless bird.  
But the oak is a flame with quiet elation  
As the yew tree, above as below,  
Elongates each bough like a winter shadow.

Bear Moon, now is the time to dream  
How summer was, how summer flowed  
In every ray and vein and stream  
And will again even when the pulse has slowed  
To almost nothing now and the dark hours bring  
A glimpse of death the druid's Art, the bear, is waking.

Friend Moon, feel the Goddess turn  
Her cold, pale face towards the Sun.  
A kiss is tinder set to burn,  
The love affair once more begun.  
Wild spirit re, a friend to man,  
In our hearths, in our blood, this Alban Arthan.



- Claire

<http://spidertribe.wordpress.com/tag/alban-arthan/>



# Herbal Remedies to help aid those winter coughs and colds

## Soothing Sage Tea

### Ingredients

1 1/2 cups hot water  
1/2 teaspoon dried sage  
1/2 teaspoon dried thyme  
1/4 teaspoon fresh lemon zest  
Juice from half lemon  
Honey, to taste

### Directions

Combine hot water, sage, thyme, and lemon zest.  
Cover and let mixture steep for 5-15 minutes.  
Strain into another glass, and add lemon juice and honey. Serve immediately.



## Cough Syrup

Put the following in 700mL of water, bring to the boil, cover and simmer gently for 20 minutes:

2/3 cup dried thyme  
1/3 cup dried sage  
1/3 cup dried chamomile  
2 tsp fennel seeds  
1 tsp aniseed  
20 cloves  
2 garlic cloves  
pinch cayenne or ground ginger



### Method

Allow the liquid to cool a little and strain into a clean saucepan. Press the herbs with the back of a spoon to extract all you can

Return the strained liquid to the heat and simmer very gently, uncovered, until reduced to 7 oz. The slower the reduction, the better.

Add 1lb of honey (or sugar if you vegan, but the honey does have its honeyown bene cial properties) to the pan. Dissolve slowly and simmer for a few minutes, stirring all the time until you reach a syrupy consistency.

Let the mixture bubble for a moment, but do not overheat otherwise the texture will change.

Pour the syrup into a clean bottle or jar (the old honey jar is perfect), label and date

### Dosage

For children you can give 1 tsp 3-6 times a day

For adults, give 2-3 tsp 3-5 times a day

<http://littlegreenblog.com/health-and-wellness/common-ailments/homemade-recipe-cough/>



# A JOURNEY

---

To the resort of Copacabana  
Where they don't grow bananas  
In the employ of M. and R.  
(Masturbation and Recreation)  
Ensures you keep your bananas  
There I had the need, to meet Larry.  
Tick remover of Copacabana.

The ticks they are hungry  
In the tall trees, of Cabana.  
I also meet James,  
Pit builder, and manhole  
Inspector of Copacabana.  
There was Thomas and dusk  
Thomas wants to know about love.

And dusk excels in the  
Twilight, of work ending.  
Could suite Thomas  
For in a house of the  
Rising sun, in Sydney  
I met Irish Mick,  
Who claims on a dark windy night.

He sold his ass,  
In the surf of Copacabana  
(Not good advice.)  
We also had Pommie Bernie  
Madly claiming he is Irish.  
Our pipe layer of Copacabana  
Such and such for the time  
I served near the surf of Copacabana.

Patrick Murphy

# Feasting

The table is set under the warm evening sun  
Buckling under the weight

Bowls of shiny red apples  
Sweet smelling peaches, apricots and nectarines  
Cherries like red marbles  
Luscious strawberry's straight from the bush

Roast lamb with fat sizzling  
Pork with crackling ready ti be munched  
Beef thick with gravy  
Roast potatoes begging to be eaten

Mead sweeter than has ever passed your lips  
Hounds waiting for tasty morsels  
A night of merriment  
Stars shining brightly  
Friends held dear

Lady Cu'  
2012

