

CRANE CHATTER



LUGHNASSADH
2010 edition

Around the Fire



The harvest season is beginning in Central Ohio, and nowhere is that more apparent than in the pagan community. Three Cranes Grove, both friends and members, along with the greater pagan community is making tremendous inroads toward acceptance in the larger community of Columbus. First, a group of pagans, including grove members, marched in solidarity at Columbus's Pride Parade. Second, our grove is now an expected participant at ComFest. Many people knew where we were (one person giving direction by saying he was 'next to the Druids'), our volunteer efforts were noted and appreciated, and we also were invited to walk the grounds in the morning as we did in our processional. We were also featured briefly in a Columbus Dispatch photo essay on their website on the first day of summer.

The big news however, is that we have been invited to participate in the Dublin Irish Festival on Sunday morning, standing as equals with the Protestant and Catholic services. We are very excited but also very humbled as well. This invitation comes after

several years of working alongside other pagans in Central Ohio in service to the kindred and the community, although the drive was spearheaded by April and furthered by meetings with Mike and Seamus, and Mike's very well received presentation at last year's Festival. This is a harvest of seeds that have been planted by many hands. But it is not the end. We hope that this service leads to others, and those leading to more acceptance by the larger community. I am reminded of omens of last year's summer solstice, which were drawn by fortune cookie:

- Have our omens been accepted? "Time and patience are called for; many surprises await you."
- What do the Kindreds have for us in return? "You will be recognized and honored as a leader in your community."
- What further things do the Kindreds require of us? "A thrilling time is in store for you."

As Seer, my general interpretation was that these were fairly straightforward. We are being recognized in our community, but that this comes with it some responsibility as well, and we should be prepared for "interesting times."

Reflecting back we truly do have some interesting times ahead, and we should take our responsibility in this seriously. The lesson is that piety is rewarded, and one's reputation is important. We should strive to continue to deserve the trust that has been placed in us by the Kindreds.

- Tanrinia
Senior Druid,
Three Cranes Grove, ADF

An Autumn Festival... Already?

It can be hard to get into the fall mindset at this time of year, while we're still experiencing 90 degree heat during the day. But Lughnassadh tells us that harvest IS coming. The sun has moved past its apex, and the days will be growing shorter. At this time of year, the Welsh celebrate Gathering Day, or Calan Awst (First of August).

A game is traditionally played to accompany the harvest. The last ear of corn remaining became the "harvest mare", and the reapers would throw their hooks at it. The lucky reaper who knocked it down would then be responsible for keeping it dry and delivering it to his house:

"past a team of women who would do all they could to throw water upon it. Often the reaper would hide the 'mare' under his clothes in order to get into the house past the women... if the man was successful; he would receive all the beer he could drink, or a shilling. If he did not succeed he was relegated to the foot of the table." (Wikipedia; Gathering Day)

The harvest mare would be hung in the rafters or the fork of a tree, or could be used to taunt the reapers of a rival farm who had not finished their work yet, by tossing it at the feet of the worker in the lead. This was, as you can imagine, quite dangerous to the health of the person issuing such a taunt.

While throwing blades around isn't particularly safe, it would be fairly easy to reenact the second part of this game, for children or adults. Simply arm several people with water guns and one other with a small bundle, say a t-shirt or a flag. Designate a home base, such as a porch or picnic shelter, and have the runner try to keep the bundle dry all the way home!

- Aeryn





Recipes from the Kitchen of Skarlet ~

Tea Bread

1 lb of flour (unbleached)
 1 tsp salt
 2 oz sugar
 2 tsps baking powder
 1 1/2 tsps apple pie spice

1/2 pint milk
 2 eggs
 2 oz butter
 2 tsps vanilla extract
 1 1/2 cups mixed dried fruit

Pre-heat oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Grease two bread loaf pans and set aside. Put 3/4 of flour into a mixing bowl along with salt, sugar and spice. Place milk and butter into a saucepan and heat till warm. Stir until well mixed.

Make a well in flour mix and add milk mix gradually until a smooth batter is formed. Stir in dried fruit and vanilla. Beat the eggs separately and then add them to the batter. Stir the rest of the flour together with the baking powder and add this to the batter. Mix all ingredients well.

Fill bread pans half full and bake in oven for 20 minutes or until done. Serve with fresh tea or coffee. YUM!

Prayers, Chants and Devotionals...Oh My!

Every musician has a bag of tricks that they develop over time. The endless boring practice of scales and chords, day after day does more than build blisters on your fingers. It helps you to begin to hear what notes belong together, it helps your motor skills and soon your hands begin to build a bridge to your subconscious and later when you need the information you will not only have memory recall but a feel for what works. The basic scales you learn playing piano or guitar are just spring boards to the melody and magic that will come later.

Creating prayers, chants and devotionals are the same way. It is by creating a system that works for you and then allowing inspiration take over. One thing we could and maybe should do is review what ancient cultures did and tap into that system. To begin let us review some basic words we will be working with.

Lament(s)

– verb (used with object)

1. to feel or express sorrow or regret for: to lament his absence.

2. to mourn for or over.

–verb (used without object)

3. to feel, show, or express grief, sorrow, or regret.

4. to mourn deeply.

–noun

5. an expression of grief or sorrow.

6. a formal expression of sorrow or mourning, esp. in verse or song; an elegy or dirge.

Hymn

–noun

1. a song or ode in praise or honor of god, a deity, a nation, etc.

2. something resembling this, as a speech, essay, or book in praise of someone or something.

–verb (used with object)

3. to praise or celebrate in a hymn; express in a hymn.

–verb (used without object)

4. to sing hymns.

Prayer

– noun

1. a devout petition to god or an object of worship.
2. a spiritual communion with God or an object of worship, as in supplication, thanksgiving, adoration, or confession.
3. the act or practice of praying to God or an object of worship.
4. a formula or sequence of words used in or appointed for praying: *the Lord's Prayer*.
5. prayers, a religious observance, either public or private, consisting wholly or mainly of prayer.
6. that which is prayed for.
7. a petition; entreaty.
8. the section of a bill in equity, or of a petition, that sets forth the complaint or the action desired.

Invocations

–noun

1. the act of invoking or calling upon a deity, spirit, etc., for aid, protection, inspiration, or the like; supplication.
2. any petitioning or supplication for help or aid.
3. a form of prayer invoking God's presence, esp. one said at the beginning of a religious service or public ceremony.
4. an entreaty for aid and guidance from a Muse, deity, etc., at the beginning of an epic or epic like poem.
5. the act of calling upon a spirit by incantation.
6. the magic formula used to conjure up a spirit; incantation.

Incantations

–noun

1. the chanting or uttering of words purporting to have magical power.
2. the formula employed; a spell or charm.
3. magical ceremonies.
4. magic; sorcery.

Many cultures followed a common theme or form when creating a prayer or hymn. In Greece the most often used steps would be the invocation to the deity in which one would call on them in a way that includes mention of their many epithets and places they are worshipped. This would lead to the second part of the prayer what one might consider the "argument" or explanation to the deity as to why

they should help or be interested in the worshipper. The last part would be the "petition" to the deity, in which the worshipper makes the formal request for help or for new to continued blessings, good or warding (Johnston, *Religions of the Ancient World*, pg 363).

In Mesopotamia they followed a similar formula; they began with the "address" to the deity. Here they too would use epithets and laudatory descriptions of the deity. They would also frame the relationship of the deities place within the divine community, in relationship to humanity. This backdrop was used to help the petitioner get the deity to listen to them. Think of it as praise or flattery. It also helps remind the deity of their powers and functions (Johnston, *Religions of the Ancient World*, pg 353).

The second step again would be the actual petition of the deity. This would include the lament of the petitioner and the presentation of the supplicant (humble prayer) and ritual acts (offering/sacrifice).

This would be followed by the third and final part is the promise of praise should the petition be granted; to give thanks, praise and honor to the deity publicly (Johnston, *Religions of the Ancient World*, pg 353).

As I begin to explore and deepen my hearth piety I am looking for ways to reconnect with the patterns that the ancients did and re-imagine them in a modern context. One thing that I have begun to do is to reconnect with these three steps of prayer. Again by doing it at home, I hope to build those basic patterns that allow me later to jump off and begin to create these and other liturgical pieces later "off the cuff." Because I have practiced "my scales and built up the blisters" I have built common litany of phases and images that I can call on when needed, much like that guitar player who whips off a

solo when sitting in with a new band.

Listed below is a current sample of my opening daily devotional. I always start with the Earth Mother and Garanus (my gate-keeper) since beginning my clergy work.

Earth Mother, All-mother, you who feed us, shelter us and clothe us, all that we are and all that we have is because of you. Today I honor you with devotion, praise and sacrifice. Take this token sacrifice, of rose petals and know that it is just a small token of my love and praise to you. My real sacrifice is walking gently upon you. I will serve to protect you and all your children. I ask that you bless me with enough food to survive. Give me shelter against the storm, comfort in your arms. These things I pray to you, oh wise and gracious one.

Garanus Crane, teacher, friend, warder and watcher; you who teach me the power of transformation. You who lead the way, great one, walker between the worlds. Today I honor you with devotion, praise and sacrifice. Take this token sacrifice, of fennel and know that it is just a small token of my love and praise to you. My real sacrifice is walking in balance with you, to be a testament of your strength and wisdom.

I then say similar things to the Three Kindred and do one last offering and praise...

To the Kindred, the All-mother and Garanus I once again sing out to you. I give thanks for all your blessings. The love in my life, good work in ADF, health, family, friends and enough money to survive. I thank you for your blessings and ask that this day finds me and mine better than yesterday, and so to let tomorrow bring us even more blessings. Let me be a beacon unto the world of your power on Mighty Ones, may the whole world know me by my virtues. May I walk in balance, honor and service to you, may I be a reflection of you. I pledge my hands, my heart and my head to you and to the folk of ADF.
So be it!

To me this serves as a daily reminder of what is important to me and sets the tone for my day. I often think back to this during the course of the day and it has been a real calming experience. I think my relationship with the Kindred have grown stronger. I'm not sure if this means anything to anyone else but it has been another step in my journey and I hope it at least gives you food for thought as you develop your own personal hearth piety.

- Seamus



Three Cranes Grove
Celebrates these achievements

Anne Gail - DP Completion
Missy - Wellspring Bardic Chair Winner
Missy - Elected Members Advocate
Seamus - Elected Vice Archdruid



Healing Quilt Project

Imbolc of 2009, the members of the Grove decided to create a quilt blessed by the members of the grove with love, healing and support.

This healing quilt was intended to be kept by the grove healer or priests and made available to the grove members at large so that in times of need, they could wrap themselves in the healing energies of our grovemates.

In February, we gathered around our Imbolc fire, each with a small swatch of fabric and put our prayers, healing energy and love into the fabric. It was an inspired idea for the grove to use the Brigid's fires to work into a healing quilt and I quickly volunteered for the project by begging the original volunteer, Irisa MacKenzie, to help.

Trying to piece together such varied colors and patterns, as well as try to fit in the secret crane panels I was able to find, was a challenge. I tried several different ideas and bounced them off Irisa, who was busy with the thankless task of gathering backing fabrics, herbs and stones that would be used in the pockets of the quilt. Eventually, I decided that a crazy quilt (a random assemblage of colors and shapes for those not quilt-savvy) would be the easiest and most colorful way to bring all the blessed pieces together.

After a lot of time, intention and work, the grove got together to finish the piecing. If it had not been for the sewing and help of Tamie McKenna, Jan Kreuger and April Ford, as well as the eye of several other Cranes, I am not sure it would have been completed before we were ready to re-consecrate it. But we were able to pull it all together and finish the top part of the quilt.



On January 31st, 2010, a year after the pieces were passed around and blessed, the quilt was completed. It was then re-dedicated to it's purpose of healing, comfort and warmth for out grove family. I was completely honored to be able to present it and for the working of the Beltane, a year after the project started, the quilt was blessed and ready to do it's healing work in our family.

I felt privileged to have been a part of every piece of this project; the good, the bad, and the ugly. To be able to help use our hands to create something for the use of our community was a truly memorable experience.

I would like to thank those who helped and encourage more of the people to be empowered to create shared items that can and will be used among our ADF family. It was an amazingly challenging and rewarding project and I hope that our children and their children will gain comfort and healing from the work we have done here.

~Ravenna (aka Traci)
Artisan Courtesan
Three Cranes Grove



Writing Prayers of Praise for Public Ritual: *Five Simple Principles for New Ritualists*

Rev. Michael J Dangler

Making the transition from private, personal ritual to public ritual can be complicated, but there are a few short principles that can help smooth that transition.

Public prayer is external, communal and celebratory. This is not silent, personal prayer, but rather external, loud prayer. When you speak the words of public prayer, you will not be speaking on your behalf, but on the behalf of the community. To that end, you must remember to speak at a volume where everyone can hear and understand you. Additionally, remember that you are speaking praise for all in attendance, and that praise should be celebratory, not apologetic or fearful.

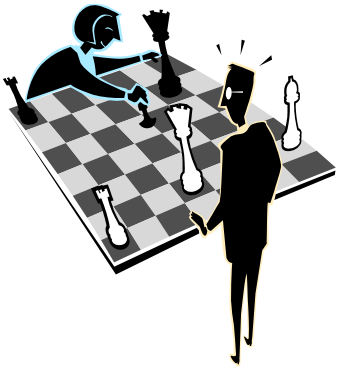
Speaking in liturgy is a leadership role. By agreeing to speak on behalf of others, you are accepting a leadership role. Part of that responsibility is to understand the Folk, and to channel that understanding into what is said. Often, it is easy to feel that we are speaking about our *personal* understanding of a being. Instead, we should offer a broader understanding whenever possible.

Public prayer is a time to reveal the beings. Who is this being we are honouring, and what does he or she (or what do they) look like? Draw on pieces of myth and weave them into your words, describe what a god looks like, or where a goddess lives; but describe these things not as “features,” but as reflections of what they *do*. Describe how they are related to us, and why these particular beings are appropriate to the rite done today. People love to hear the stories of their deities again and again because the stories are *their* stories, so treat public prayer more as a way to reveal this being to the folk again for the very first time.

Public prayer is not a time to teach or lecture. It can be easy to try to provide a deep lesson about the being or beings called, but remember that this is praise, not a time to remind people of fault or shortcomings. It can be tempting to single out an aspect that relates to someone in your Grove, such as how Mitra is a god of oaths and should not be crossed if someone has broken an oath, or how the Dagda got drunk and paid the price if someone fell off the wagon. The rule of thumb here is that if you think of someone that this can be directed at, don't use it in ritual.

Know how to stand and how to move.

Know where and in what position you will stand, and how you will move to that place and any other places you may need to move to. Know where your offering is, when you will pick it up, and what to do with it when the sacrifice is made. If you will be reading, practice reading and the motions of offering at the same time. Remember, when we pray in public, we pray with our whole being, and our physical presence is just as important, because it shows others our spiritual presence.



Sacred Center

-By Melissa Burchfield who viked the words from multiple sources and created this piece

*Well and Fire and Sacred Tree,
Flow and Burn and Grow in Me.*

*The Land Below us, the sea surrounds us
The sky above us, at the center are we.*

On the "Mental Discipline" DP Requirement

At a recent Dedicant Path discussion group meeting, we returned once again to the subject of the "Mental Discipline" requirement, what was formerly known as the "meditation requirement." For those who don't know, completion of the dedicant path documentation includes five months of effort at obtaining "mental discipline." Specifically:

"An essay or journal covering the Dedicant's personal experience of building mental discipline, through the use of meditation, trance, or other systematic techniques on a regular basis. The experiences in the essay or journal should cover at least a five months period."

Many people hyper focus on the first word, meditation, and promptly freak out, saying "I can't meditate!" Despite assurances to the contrary, this is a major stumbling block. However, finding what works, and sticking with it yields such amazing advancement in the practice of Our Own Druidry, that I was struck by the idea to give my experience as a "meditation resister."

There are all sorts of books about meditation and different types that exist, and with a little effort, one could explore them and find the one which works best, and that is really the point of the requirement. So I'm not going to go into that here.

I have heard all the excuses. Mostly coming from my own mouth. I am one of those ones with a loud brain. Everyone claims to have one. Mine keeps me awake, so that I have to

entertain it with television until it falls asleep. My husband is a saint. I have to have noise on at all times to keep the brain occupied so I can actually do something productive (like, write an article for "Crane Chatter"). There's probably a very expensive drug somewhere I could take with horrible side effects for it, but that's neither here nor there. The point is that after working and working and working, for at least five minutes a day (ten if I do it in the evenings too), the brain is quiet. I can do it. And you can, too, you just have to find something that works. For me it was my daily devotions (detailed in *Fire on our Hearth*, and elsewhere). By focusing on the Core Order of Ritual twice a day, I accomplished two things. One, I learned the Core Order of Ritual. But secondly, I am able to participate more mindfully in larger ADF rituals, because the mental training allows it. And this has led to a deepening relationship with my Kindreds and I think with the ADF community as a whole.



And this is the point. The point is not to have us sit empty-headed for a period of time. The point is to be able to switch gears, to move from "profane" to "sacred" (as Eliade would put it) mentally as we move into the nemeton physically. This ability translates into so many areas of our spiritually lives. If

we are invoking Spirit, we can then focus solely on that being (or group of beings), and truly see them as we invite them to join us. If we are warding, we can focus all our attention on the task at hand. If we are taking omens, opening gates, or

hallowing waters, all these magical acts are dependent upon our ability to focus our will and intent on that action. All of this deepens our connection to the Kindreds and to each other as we stand together in sacred space.

No, it doesn't (for most of us) happen over night. And we may stumble and fall. This is my third attempt at the DP, after all, and this requirement was one of my major hurdles. Fortunately, there's no time limit. The benefits to our spiritual lives are tremendous, and too many to count. In the words of the Hellenic goddess of victory, "Just do it."

- Tanrinia

Recipes from the Kitchen of Skarlet ~

Campers Coffee:

(Just the thing to take camping and it tastes really good too!)

- 1 cup Instant Coffee
- 1 1/2 cups Powdered Milk
- 2 cups Powdered (Vanilla) Non-dairy Creamer
- 3/4 cup Sugar or Sweetner
- 2 tsps Apple Pie Spice
- 2 pkcts Hot Chocolate mix (no marshmallows)

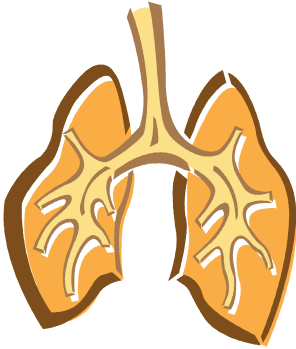
Stir all ingredients together in a large bowl until everything is blended thoroughly. Place and store in zip-loc bag. Use 3 tsps of mixture per cup of hot water (6 to 8 oz). Enjoy!

How to Meditate

Most pagans, indeed most people, think they know how to meditate. Maybe they do. But there is a surprising number of people who never really had it explained to them. In ADF, specifically, we do the two Powers meditation (a pagan standard) and we guide people through it using phrases like "in your mind's eye" and "feel the power" and we presume that everyone is following along. Most probably are, but some get lost and then we expect people to be able to translate that guided meditation into a personal meditation at home and those two things are not the same. It doesn't always work for them and there isn't really any place to go to find out why (or, there is and they don't know that they need to). I'm going to hit upon some high points of meditation now (focusing on the Two Powers, but branching out from there). Hopefully you'll get something out of it.

Before we begin, the meditation I'm talking about (both the original ADF version and the Three Cranes version) is concerning the Two Powers. You can find examples of it on our website and on the ADF website for reference. Most pagans have seen some variation on it regardless of practice. To start with, this sort of meditation can be done standing or sitting, whatever you're comfortable with. And be honest with yourself here. The goals are all internal. So if everyone is standing and you want to sit, then sit.

Most meditations begin with deep breaths, starting in your belly. We never talk about this as a rule, but I'm going to for the purposes of this article. Breathing from your belly means just that. If you lie down and put your hand on your belly, and then on your chest, taking deep breaths on each, you should feel the breath rising up in your belly. If your chest rises and falls more than your belly, then you're doing it wrong. Instead, imagine pulling that breath deep down into your body. You'll want to feel your lower abdominal muscles moving, not your chest. Once you breathe this way for a few minutes, most people say you'll do it for life. And that's a good thing.



We do this for two reasons. The first is that it gets more and better air to your body. that keeps your brain awake and alert, which is what you want for meditation. Meditation is not sleep. Being drowsy doesn't mean you meditated (though often meditation can become very hard if you ARE drowsy). The second reason we do this has to do with energy. The Chinese talk about breath moving in a circle in your body. they draw it in through the nose and the energy moves along the back of the neck, to the shoulders, down the spine and into the abdomen, where it moves to the front and eventually makes it's way out the mouth. It's a hard to thing to visualize if you haven't seen it, but give it a shot.

Something else to bear in mind about meditation is that it's not a race. I often hear people in meditation talk about taking a deep breath in, and then get to the breathing out bit before I've even finished inhaling! this is because the speaker is not meditating, so they aren't exactly sure how long that breath takes. Don't let yourself get caught up with this. if you're not done breathing in, finish till it's time for you to exhale naturally and calmly. It's not like you'll get lost. Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale. You've been doing it since birth and you're not likely to forget now, so don't stress about it.

All this breathing and relaxing (being relaxed is certainly important) leads us to the first portion of the two powers meditation: roots. You are said to see in your mind's eye a taproot, or a network of roots extending down into the earth and drawing water up into your body. Okay, that's a little out there, to be sure. So what's really happening here? Well, for one, you're not literally growing roots. You're not even really probably "spiritually" growing roots. All magic, be it meditation, chanting, oaths, diving channeling, etc is about visualization. The roots are an easy way for you to visualize something that helps you pull energy into yourself from the earth. Does that energy really come from the earth? Maybe, maybe not. What matters is what it feels like. This energy needs to be cold, ancient, and filled with potential. And that's why we send down roots. Is this because we know that roots are something that pulls that

sort of energy into themselves? What if roots don't work for you? More on that later!

The next part of the meditation is the part that I hear the most complaints about. Sky power. Usually we visualize (that word again) the sky above us and in it a single point of light (star, planet, etc) that shines that mysterious energy down on us. Why sky power? Because it makes life happen. Think of plants in your own home, they would not grow if not for the light of the sun mixing with the water and nutrients drawn up in the soil. It is that sort of growing and creative energy that we are trying to create with this meditation, keeping that in mind helps the analogy makes sense. For a lot of people, this doesn't work, but again, I'll get onto that later. Right now, what you need to know is that the goal here is to pull energy from someplace far off. Someplace mysterious, unknown, and magical. this energy isn't full of potential. It's full of ... well ... energy.

I hope that the next part: mixing those energies, makes sense. As long as you understand the idea of the energies (that what we are doing is visualizing to flavor the energy and that this visualization mimics that of a plant growing) it should be clear. It is at this point in the meditation, that the word "feel" is used a lot. You are supposed to feel the sky energy warming and lighting up the earth energy. You are supposed to feel it well in you. Feel it shooting out of you. This word gets used a lot and not explained. Anytime anyone says that you should be "feeling" energy, don't expect it to be a 100% physical sensation. It is not like feeling a table leg or a breeze, even. At best, it's a tingle with some sort of temperature element. Sort of hot. Sort of cold. You might even feel a tingle or pressure. It could be very faint, but that's what you're looking for. If you don't feel it, that's fine, too. Just visualize it. The feeling will probably come in time.

So, what's wrong here? Well, let's start at the beginning:

I can't meditate: A lot of people say this. Or a lot of people say that they start and then get distracted. Well, yes, of course. That's the point. Part of the reason people are so often asked to meditate daily is that it's

like a muscle. The more you do it, the better you get at it. If you start feeling or visualizing your roots and then you get distracted, go back to the roots. It's not the end of the world if your mind wanders for a moment. And if you can't get back into it, pack it up and try again tomorrow. You'll see in time that you get farther and farther if you stick with it.

Why would I want to work at it? Good question, hypothetical pagan! It's because of the magic word: visualization. All magic is visualization. It's you and your ability to see things (be they gods, outcomes, power, etc). What is meditation if not practice for that visualization? If it helps, think of it as a mental treadmill. You might not have the stamina to stay at it for more than a few minutes when you start, but before long you'll not even notice the time go by.



I hate roots. That's fine. You're not alone. Not everyone gets the plant analogy.

I also hate that star crap. Okay, I get it. So let's talk about that.

Maybe, after you try this for a month or so, you'll find out that it's not working for you. That's okay. How to do the Two Powers or any meditation is not written in some sacred writing that cannot be edited. It is just some analogy that another pagan wrote because it helped them. You aren't them and you never will be, so if you need to change it, do that!

Maybe you don't like a star or roots. I have a feeling that this meditation was first done at night, by the famously nocturnal wiccans. During the day we have the best sky energy ever made at our disposal, so why not use that in your meditation? Imagine that sky energy coming from the sun, instead. I know a few people who never got anything out of this meditation till they changed that one thing. And suddenly, it's a whole new game.

What if the two powers never work for you? Well, the second most important thing about this meditation (after the visualization) has to do with mixing energy. It comes from more than one place, and you become the center of it's mixing. So use something else. Myself, I often use a Crane meditation. It uses energy from the three worlds (the underworld, the world around us, and the realms above) and the three kindreds (the ancestors, the nature spirits, and the shining ones). Want to know what that's like? I'll write it down for you.

I visualize myself standing on the edge of the water, the way I always imagine the Crane:



*I stand now like Garanus Crane: One foot
on the land,
Supported and surrounded by the numinous
beings of nature.
From them I draw Strength.*

*I stand now like Garanus Crane: One foot
in the water,
Inspired and surrounded y my ancestors.
From them I draw Wisdom.*

*I stand now like Garanus Crane: Eye to the Sky,
Looking back at the Shining Ones who watch over me.
From them I draw Magic.*

*I stand now, a being of three worlds.
I am a Crane. And as a Crane, I take flight.*

For me, that works better. It still has all the important elements: it covers visualization, drawing energy from multiple sources, etc, but it feels like a stronger connection for me. Some people do a Fire, Well, tree meditation to the same effect and that is also useful. The most important thing here is to know that you can edit what you're doing to suit you.



But I can't remember all the words to do it myself. This is the easiest argument to deflate. It doesn't matter. What matters here is meditating, not following. If you're doing it alone, all you need to know is where your energy will be coming from and then you feel it.

If you are following a guided meditation, this is very important to bear in mind: you do not need to be guided the whole way. Really. The purpose of the person guiding the meditation is to help you get there. They walk with you on the path, and once you get your stride, they can go. If you are meditating and the guide walks you down a path and they describe a specific tree (say, a fir) and you see a fig tree, you are not wrong. And neither are they. You have just moved onto your own thing. So go with it. That's where you want to be. You want to be at the place where you are having your own journey, not theirs. If the guide says that you should expect to see an animal, but you see a person, you're not wrong. You just need to follow your instincts and let them take you on a ride. In meditation there is not really much "right and wrong". But there is a lot of "what works for you" and "what doesn't work for you". So follow what works and see where it takes you. the most important thing is not to give up on it. Keep going until you find what works.

- Anivair

“In Sacrifice to self “

*Alone he stands,
Watching the leaves blow in the wind,
The tree before him seemingly calm and benign.*

*Carefully, he tests one branch,
Then another, for strength before he decides
And ties his rope, firmly and decidedly.*

*He loops the other end round his neck,
With a steady hand and a twinkle of madness
In his one, unblinking eye.*

*He is ready; he throws himself down, down, down,
Until the rope snaps taut and holds,
His feet far from the patient forest floor.*

*Nine days he hangs, with naught but his own thoughts
Gnashing as teeth inside and out
Until quiet, peace, descends and he hears.*

*One by one, runespeak whispered;
With careful detail, the stories unfold;
One by one, laid out before him.*

*And lo, he takes them up-screaming!
He takes them up and falls down, down, down
To the patient forest floor,*

And he stands, returns a changed man.

Melissa Burchfield

My Journey

Last issue we looked at the purpose of rituals. This time out I want to look at Outdwellers.

“These are the Powers that can be inimical to mortals or oppose our own Gods and Goddesses. We acknowledge their presence, asking them to leave our rites in peace. We also acknowledge the parts of ourselves that might, likewise, interfere with proper worship”(Bonewits, The ADF Outline of Worship).

One of the most misunderstood and a controversial parts of an ADF ritual is the Outdwellers offering or acknowledgment. While on the surface, the offering itself may be to ask those powers whose purpose may be cross with ours to take this gift and leave us be for now. The questions begin to swirl once you start to dissect the “offering”. Is it a sacrifice or offering? Is it a bribe? Are you establishing a *ghosti* relationship with these beings? Should you be? Many among ADF now turn away during this part of the rite as to not establish a relationship with these powers of chaos and discord. Some will offer a bottle only to kick it as they walk away. STOP...all we are simply saying is that at this time and at this place there may be powers or beings that purposes or causes are different than ours and we ask them to leave us in peace to do our work. Not for ever but for now. Should we offer to them, yes and in my opinion we should at times welcome them into our lives and direct that energy for useful purposes. Shawn’s view of this whole segment of ritual that I really like and have adopted. It is simply a treaty.

The Outdwellers serve their purpose throughout all Indo - European cultures and I think it is fitting that we acknowledge them and respect them. An offering to them asking them to leave us be is more than appropriate and helps the members feel the shift in establishing sacred space.

It is also the time when we can let go of ill feelings in ourselves and enter into this ritual with an open heart and open mind. To me it establishes a frith-stead for all.

I have seen and participated in rituals where a guardian has been called on to help protect the grove and I have mixed feelings about this. If you call the guardian before the Outdwellers offering then are you assuming that the guardian will be unable to do the warding? It seems to me that you could argue that by calling a guardian after the Outdwellers offering you are just adding insurance to the ritual in case the Outdwellers break a *ghosti* relationship.

I don't see turning away from your potential enemy. First it is dangerous and second it is disrespectful. As is kicking over the offering bottle or antagonizing them. These are powerful ancient beings that we should hold a level of respect for them. Here is my current Outdweller liturgy.

Step one is a reaffirming prayer to remind everyone that the person walking out to perform the treaty is not just Bob but is empowered by the kindred and is performing the sacred sacrifice of self for the grove. It also helps enforce the three realm images of earth, sky and sea.

Guardian Prayer

I stand firm with the Earth beneath me.
I stand tall with the Sky above me.
I stand strong with the Sea around me.
With the power of the Earth, Sea and Sky, I stand ready.
I am aided by the might of the Kindreds
I am a guardian for this grove and stand ever vigil.

We then move into the treaty...

Prayer for Peace (Outdwellers Treaty)

May there be peace in the North, in the East, in the South and in the West. May there be peace from above and below

(Make offering to each direction, this act helps as a road-sign for non druids)

So be it. (Crowd responds)

To all the beings whose purpose is cross with ours this day I call out to you not in friendship, nor in warning but in acknowledgement. In keeping with the old bargain I give you this and ask you trouble not our work.

(Make treaty offering to Outdwellers)

Likewise we look inward for those feeling of unrest, negativity, and doubt. We set aside those feelings as we prepare for our work. May there be peace among us. May there be peace radiating from us. May all with an open heart and open mind; be welcome at our good fire.

So be it. (Crowd responds)

The reason I choose to do the four directions is that it helps in our large public rituals for those who are not druids. This simple gesture is reaffirming to the many Wiccans and other Neo-pagans who attend our rituals and is adapted from OBOD liturgy. Well that should give everyone something to chew on until next time.

- Seamus

Sources Cited:

Bonewits, Isaac "Step by Step through A Druid Worship Ceremony." ADF.org. Accessed 02/24/10. < <http://www.adf.org/rituals/explanations/stepbystep.html>>

[Wwww.threecranes.org](http://www.threecranes.org)

Night's Dance

Ah, Treasured Night!

*In the beginnings and the endings you cradle us, your children
Nourishing, Reaffirming
In your darkness true life takes root and springs forth
With infinite possibility stemming from the living cosmos*

Beloved Night!

*Not bright and heated, rather cool, silvery essence descending
Upon our consciousness, stirring our most basic and primal selves
Deep with infinite space and possibility you settle about us
Enshrouding the core of our being with your dusk beauty*

Oh Night!

*We dance within your embrace
Closely to our breasts we hold your gifts of power and wonder
Bedecked in soft mists we linger in your company
Seeking and yearning for the mysteries you promise*

Dearest Night!

*Your radiance is not dampened by a shaded complexion
Instead it pulses with the beat of a drum
Inspiring our feet and hearts to dance
To move and sway with the rhythm of your song*

Sweet Night!

*How you breathe life within our minds and bodies
Not to lie in complacency upon a lonely bed
But to rise, buoyed by your luminous fervor
Drenched in limitless infinity*

Ah Night!

*In the beginning and in the endings you cradle us, your children
Protecting, Loving
And as we slow to the pulse of the earth and dawn approaches, you leave us your gifts:
A kiss, an embrace, and the promise of a dance when once again the darkness falls.*

- Anna Gail

Thorne's Thoughts

By Thorne aka Michael Dorn

Twenty years ago – in 1990 – I became a member of the Pagan Community Council of Ohio (PCCO), a not for profit educational foundation that worked to better improve the public perception of Paganism by the general public. Through this organization I made the acquaintance of Leslie Dauterman, who served as the Outreach Chairman of PCCO during most of the '90's and until her death in 2000, she worked to making Paganism accessible to everyone who expressed a curiosity in them.

So what does this have to do with Three Cranes Grove, ADF? Through Leslie and PCCO, I met Isaac Bonewits in the mid-90's. Isaac was the featured guest at several PCCO events and Leslie hosted him both prior and post event in her home. Discussions were lively for those of us who were lucky enough to be invited to one of these evenings. Isaac can be a very interesting individual to cross wits with on many a subject, especially if you had never met him previously. Besides meeting Isaac through PCCO, other ADF figures such as Ian Corrigan and John "Fox" Adelman were presenters at PCCO events as well. Leslie and I (as well as other officers of PCCO) met and befriended many of the current officers and priests of Three Cranes Grove, ADF at this time.

Leslie made a difference in how people perceived what Paganism is in Central Ohio and is someone that I feel needs to be remembered.

Below is my posting from my blog "Hof Dorn" on July 1st 2010 that tells more about Leslie:

[Ten years after... July 1st 2010 - Remembering Leslie Dauterman](#)

So just who was Leslie Dauterman?

Leslie was a driving force in the early years of the Pagan Community Council of Ohio (PCCO). She was the binding force that held PCCO together during the '90's. Leslie came to the Pagan Community Council of Central Ohio with the organizational experience of having served as seneschal, or steward with the local Society for Creative Anachronism group at OSU. Leslie brought this experience to PCCO and established responsibility and accountability during her service as Outreach Chairman and later, as President.

On many occasions, she assumed fiscal responsibility personally to assure that events could be held, paying the site reservation fees when our treasury was unable to meet that expense.

Leslie named many of the events that PCCO held during the '90's; events such as Brigid's Fire, Springbourne, Shadowmas, and Winterfire were her creations. Furthermore, the newsletter that was recognized as the best regional pagan newsletter of 1994, "YAPN – Yet Another Pagan Newsletter" was so named by Leslie to bring to an end a hours-long discussion of what to name the newsletter. She also contributed to the development of PCCO events - The Greening and Summerset; making suggestions for main guests and offering workshops that were unique and distinctly Leslie.

Leslie did not drive due to medical conditions; but she did not let that hold her back. Ultimately, these medical conditions contributed to her death in 2000. While she is no longer with us, her proud spirit touched those of us who were lucky enough to have known her.

During the '90's, Leslie served as PCCO's Outreach Chairman and often was the sole representative of PCCO at public functions. She was instrumental in putting together the Anti-Klan rituals held at the Ohio Statehouse before and after the KKK rally in the early '90's. She introduced a food drive "Cans, not Candy" for Mid-Ohio Food Bank during Beggar's Night in Columbus. She promoted a public Samhain ritual, "Take Back the Rite," which was held at various downtown Columbus locations. Leslie's presence at the PCCO booth for Com-Fest was almost constant. Her energy and drive was hard to equal, though many of us tried to do so.



Leslie enjoyed these responsibilities, but most of all, she delighted in running the children activities at PCCO events and often paid for the crafting materials without asking for reimbursement. Children at PCCO events recognized her as

a friend and confidant; often asking for her while their parents were checking into the event.

Additionally, Leslie was instrumental in running events; the planning and execution of a successful event often hinged upon Leslie calling individuals to assure that necessary actions were accomplished in a timely manner. Working herself ragged during an event was a given; she would often take shifts at registration and security back to back. Leslie helped with site preparation as well; she was something to see wielding a chain saw.

The Greening 2000:



The Greening 2000 was held at Camp Wyandot over the Memorial Day weekend. Leslie had taken complete responsibility for this event, which was one of PCCO's most successful events. She personally arraigned much of the event preparations: lining up the guests, hiring the musicians and coordinating whom would lead the Main Ritual. Opening and Closing rituals she chose to lead herself. The Greening 2000 was a warm and open event that reflected Leslie's nature.

Leslie's Death:

After The Greening 2000, Leslie returned to her usual work pattern that Tuesday, However on Wednesday, while waiting for her morning bus to work, she suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. By the time she was transported to OSU Hospital, she had fallen into a coma from which she never recovered. She remained in that coma for four weeks and on July 1st 2000, life support was removed and she passed to the Summerlands shortly afterward.

Leslie was survived by her father and her two sisters as well as her cat, Gracie (Burns) and her partner, Stacy B. Bartley. Her memorial service held at the First Unitarian-Universalist Church in Columbus was very well attended with many individuals traveling several hours to show their respect for Leslie.

I consider myself blessed to have known her.

Idunna

*Climbing,
Up and up to the crest of the hill
From the top of which shines the light of a thousand suns.
She stands before the trees,
Boughs glistening with the golden orbs of delight.
Sun rays fall down upon her,
Enveloping her in a shimmering veil of wonder*

*Beckoning,
She calls me forth to stand among her trees
And lets the drops of infinite wisdom fall upon my flesh,
Singing in and mingling with my life's blood,
Flowing through to my core.*

*Watching,
She turns, golden locks with strawberry's kiss
Sparkling as bright morning's dew,
And picks up her basket laden with the fruits of her careful labor.
She says without speaking,
"Come, follow me."*

*Leading,
She takes up a path invisible to my eyes,
Proceeding with confidence born of experience.
I know not where we are traveling,
Nor does it seem to matter—
Only that I walk with her, behind her, alongside her.*

Idunna.

- Melissa Burchfield

Shielding Workshop with Thorne
Hosted by: A Gathering of Paths
July 9th 2010

As some of you may know, A Gathering of Paths has been asking me to come present a workshop with them for a while. Previously I had presented a history of PCCO which was well received and April Ford finally got me to commit to give one on Magical Protection. Realizing that Magical Protection is a very broad subject, I chose to narrow the subject to Shielding one's Aura.

Discussion began the first half of the workshop and included what an aura is, why is there a need to shield one's aura, and what different colors indicated in regards to an individuals health. After a break we settled down to do an exercise in Shielding One's Aura.

Starting with a read-through of the procedures suggested by Hathor MacHugh from the eHow website— http://www.ehow.com/how_5834499_shield-aura.html

- This led to a short discussion to clarify actions during the exercise.

We then finished the night by running through the exercise and discussing our thoughts about our experiences.

For more information on workshops offered by AGOP, please see their web-page group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/agatheringofpaths>.



Tailtiu ~ The Heart of Ireland

- Anna Gail

O peoples of the land of Eire, sit awhile for a blessing, relax as I tell you a legend of Ireland! The story of Tailtiu, daughter of Magmor, wife of Eochaid mac Eirc and foster mother of Lugh Lámhfada. This is the tale of her love for the people and the sacrifice she made for them.

Before the Tuathe De Danaan came to the shores of Ireland, a race known as the Fir Bolg ruled the land. They were the fourth invaders and had ruled for more than 300 years. Eochaid, the last king of the Fir Bolgs, took to wife the beautiful Tailtiu daughter of Magmor, ruler of the underworld. She had brought a great dowry to her husband and the halls of their court were filled with laughter and joy. White-sided Tailtiu was loved by the people for her beauty, wisdom and fairness. A skilled healer, huntress and gardener, many sought remedies and advice from her for all living things.

It came to pass that Tailtiu was troubled by dreams of a strange people. Tall, warrior-like, they laid waste to the land she treasured. She had seen new halls and richly decorated tables, though none she recognized. Outside the halls the ground was brown, as in winter, though the sun shone bright. Her attention would be drawn from the brightness of the sun to a light that outshone it lying quietly on the ground before she would wake with tears upon her cheeks. Unable to sleep with these images in her head, she sought out the advice of her husband's Druid, Fintan the Wise. He was rumored to have been living in Ireland since before the Flood, and took on the form of a salmon, an eagle, a hawk and finally a human again before coming to Eochaid's court. He listened attentively as Tailtiu described her strange, nightly visions and after she had finished, sighed deeply.

'There will be a great war and many will die. These invaders will sweep across the land and make it their own. You will lose many that you love but will find a place within their halls. There you will guide and teach one whom will bring great prosperity to your kingdom. During those years a great famine will cover the land. What war did not destroy, the famine will. You must make a choice at that time. Life or Death.'

'Who's Life, who's Death? Must so many suffer? Is there no way to stave off these invaders?' Tailtiu pleaded.

'No, they will come. It is written in the visions you have been given. Share your wisdom, do not withhold it and the people will survive.' And with that, Fintan left her to her thoughts. He had never been prone to many words.

Three more years passed, and Tailtiu had begun to think that perhaps her visions were wrong. One afternoon a rider came swiftly into the courtyard and ran over to Eochaid. After a few moments, the king called for his guard and ordered that the hall prepare for battle. Tailtiu ran to her room and prepared to wait for the outcome she knew was to come, and wept. For it was they who were the Tuatha De Danann come to Ireland. And in this manner they came, like dark clouds. They landed on the mountains of Conmaicne Rein in Connachta; and they brought darkness over the sun for three days and three nights. They demanded tribute of kingship from the Fir Bolg. When denied, a battle was fought between them, the Tuatha De Danann and the Fir Bolg, in which a hundred thousand of the Fir Bolg fell. Thereafter the Tuatha De Danann took the kingship of Ireland from Eochaid and the Fir Bolgs.

Tailtiu quickly became a part of the Tuatha De household. Recognizing that the people held her in high esteem, they realized to put order to the land keeping Tailtiu in a position of honor was warranted. The seizing of a kingdom is never easy, however, and after the battles had been won the Tuatha saw the damage done to the land and its people. Famine spread and disease prevailed. Tailtiu dedicated all of her arts and skills to helping those in need. When Cian Mac Diancecht, king of Mag Tuired, saw the kindness and hard work that Tailtiu willingly gave to the people, his gaze softened towards her. He entrusted his son, Lugh Lámfhada, into her care for fosterage. Tailtiu shared all of her knowledge with the young boy and loved him fiercely. She had realized that this was the one that Fintan had spoken of from her visions. The years passed but the famine did not lift from the land. More and more people died of starvation and pestilence. Her heart breaking, Tailtiu cried out to the goddess of the Tuatha De, Danu. Begging for guidance her tears fell to the earth as she cried out her anguish. Danu turned her gaze upon the beauty of Tailtiu and spoke:

‘Tailtiu, why do you weep so?’

‘The people are starving and the land is dry as dust. I have used all my skills and yet there is no end to the suffering. What must I do?’ Tailtiu cried.

‘You have always had the answer. Life or Death. The decision is yours, now choose.’ Danu replied.

It was then that Tailtiu knew what her choice was. Life or Death. Taking up an axe she began to cut down all the brush and trees for as far as the people could see. Once finished with that task, she quickly went to the barn and pulled the plow out. She said an incantation over the plow and then hooked the harness onto herself. Slowly she began to pull. The work was hard, painful and at first did not seem to accomplish anything. She pulled harder, reciting every chant, every incantation, and every healing word she knew. Each step became surer and more stable as she pulled. Row after row she ploughed with only her own strength of heart to guide her. She had begun

to plough first thing that morning and ploughed well after sunset. Nothing and no one could entice her away from what she now believed her sacred duty. Through the night she continued, sweat pouring from her heated brow. With the rising of the sun, the people saw a huge field tilled and ready for planting. In the middle of the field, sat Taittiu, tired and hurting. In that moment, her heart burst in her body from the strain beneath her royal vest. Long was her sorrow, long the weariness of Taittiu, in sickness after heavy toil. The people of the island of Erin, as well as her foster son Lugh, came to her aid only to receive her last behest. He held her in his arms, his own tears mingling with hers and begged the knowledge to save her. Smiling, she told him that they should hold funeral games to lament her. Her death was for the life of the land and its people, and thus she would give her all to it. She spoke words of prosperity and abundance to the ground and sighed deeply while laying her hands upon it. Quickly, clover began to grow across the entire plain until it was covered. Then, white-limbed Taittiu uttered to the land a true prophecy that so long as every prince should accept her, Erin should not be without perfect song. With those words, her exhaustion overtook her and she died.

Taittiu is remembered every Lughnassadh with a harvest festival and games in her honour. With gessa and feats of arms were they performed, a fortnight before Lughnassadh and a fortnight after. It is at this time that we continue this tradition of honoring Taittiu, the heart of Ireland.



Sources:

My person UPG and excerpts from the following -

<http://www.shee-eire.com/magic&mythology/Kings&Queens/Fir-Bolg/Queens/Taittiu/Page1.htm>

Rhys, John. *Letters on the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by Celtic Heathendom*. Kessinger Publishing Company. October 2004. P 412-415.

Next High Day: Lughnassadh (August 1st):

Neo-Pagan name: Lughnassadh

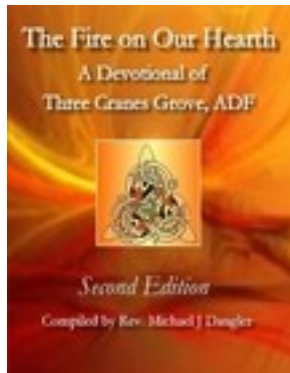
Gaulish name: Aidrinijâ

This feast is focused on the reaping and harvest traditions. It's a time of much work, and much joy, as the lean summer months are ending and the bounty of fall is expanding. This time of the year is strongly focused on women: their heroism and their strength. It is also focused on marriage and sovergency.

In Gaul, August 1 was a festival of sovergency, the marriage of the king to the land. In Ireland, it was the funeral games held for Lugh's foster mother, Tailtiu. This festival is a time to look back and see how what was planted in spring came to fruit in the late summer.

Our Grove has celebrated in the past by holding games and crowning a champion, who receives special honour. This year we will be honoring Tailtiu with our first ever appearance at the Dublin Irish Festival. Come join us on August 7th and celebrate the high day with your local Druids! Go to www.threecranes.org for details.

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www.6thnight.org/summerland

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