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The Beltane Papers exists to provide women with a safe place within which to explore and express the sacred in their lives, to educate, empower, encourage and entertain, to inspire, support and reinforce their perception of reality. Published 3 times annually. All rights revert. ISSN # 1074-3634.

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Guiding Goddess: Goddess Eostre, whose symbol is the dawn of the new day, the hare and the egg, we hear your clarion call to Life. Let us dance and rejoice in Your greening of the earth. Let us bask in the soft sunlight that You bring us. Help us plant the seeds of our tomorrows and enjoy our treasure of family and friends now. Eostre, goddess of youth and new beginnings, help us lay down our worries and burdens and be again like children, playing hide and seek with fairies, scouting for trolls with the elves, and sailing the seas with that magic dragon Puff. For the child in each of us is the core of our essence, it is who we are naturally. It is the seed we have sprung from and a treasure to be cherished.

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The Beltane Papers

A Journal of Women's Mysteries

Ostara (Spring) 10,009th (2009) year of the Goddess Issue 45 - \$3.00



"The Fairy Queen and the Dubbing of Wisteria"
By Liza Lambertini

The Royal Blessing of the Wisteria Nymph

By Liza Lambertini

*An old time favorite
that makes all smile
twining around
with graceful style*

*Scent that carries
on a warm windy night
inhaling sweet fragrance
as she climbs to such heights!*

*For the old shall remember
and the young will embrace
the sweetness of Wisteria
and her delicate flowery lace*

*She'll grow wild
if you let her be
Or she'll trail over trellis
ever so daintily*

*She is strong
She is sweet
Yet to have her near
Is a blessed treat*

*Little Wisteria Nymph
I bless you many a time
For all your old fashioned loveliness
and beauty forever sublime.*

Fairy Call

A spell for summoning the fairies

Sit where the cat sits.

Cross your toes.

Close your eyes.

And smell a rose.

Then say under your breath:

*"I believe in fairies,
sure as death."*

Gadflykins! Gladtrypins!

Gutterpuss and Cass!

Come to me fairily

Each lad and lass!

From "Lady Cottington's Pressed Fairy Book"

About this issue...

I thought this issue would be about third wave feminism. However, as always, TBP makes up Her own mind what the focus of the magazine will be. She chose fairies. Fairies are fascinating. Almost every culture has a form of these 'wee folk'. From the African Yumboes to the Hawaiian Menehunes, from China to Europe, fairies are everywhere!

Some ask: "Fairy Magic? Isn't that just for the 'fluff bunny' new agers?" Well ... yes and no. Certainly, the "fluff bunny" school of thought tends to congregate round the cute little pixies and faeries, and yes, they do sometimes go off with the faeries into Disneyland (a delightful place to go once in awhile!).

But it is also true that magic can be light and joyful, and that most people who take magic seriously, take it way too seriously, often making aspects of their practice dour, heavy and rigid. The truth is that the more serious you are about magic, the more you need to watch this tendency to get bogged down in furious concentration, knitted brows and hard work. The sparkle of a bit of Fairy Magic can be a breath of fresh air, lift your spirits right up and brighten your day.

We are introducing the delightful artist Liza Lambertini whose art graces our cover and our Art Showcase, a feature that we have not had in a long time. Her wonderful images of fairies are whimsical and beautiful, bringing a feeling of magic in the air. The increase to 20 pages made this possible.

We received the six paid ads needed to increase the page count. Hooray! I want to thank all the advertisers who responded to this request, you made four more pages possible. Readers, if possible, support our advertisers. Show them that advertising and investing in TBP is worthwhile and profitable.

With this page increase, the cost per issue of TBP also increases. Single issue prices are now \$3.00 each United States, \$3.75 Canada and \$4.50 International. The larger increases for Canada and International are because they have to be mailed in an envelope and the shipping rates are substantially higher. Subscriptions will be \$9.00 United States, \$11.25 Canada and \$13.50 International (all amounts in USD). Moreover, while discussing subscriptions, we have 25 new subscribers since last issue. Welcome new readers!

I am putting a request out into the universe for a Reviews Fairy Godmother (manager) for the web-based reviews section on TBP's site. See <http://thebeltanepapers.net/reviews/>. Contact me at editor@thebeltanepapers.net for more details. This will require some knowledge of HTML editing.

Finally, I want to thank all those people who donated money to my daughter's medical mission trip (as a translator) to Peru for her Master's practicum. The money helped tremendously. To see what she is doing visit <http://willandcatherine.blogspot.com> (Will is her fiancé).

Thank you all for your continued support of TBP.

Lisé Quinn

Call To My Astral Link

by Christa Bergerson

You wanted to be immortal
but you nourished the spirit
instead of the bones

If I could conjure
I would have your heart full and clean again
pumping iron serum into your veins
flowing free from congestion
free from restraints

I would have your mind clear of paranoia
and wash you naked with this earth
as you were, before your mother
poisoned you with schizophrenic
delusions and milk

I would have you throw away the vodka bottle
so that we might be drunk another day
behind the sun
and safe between the veil

I would have you as magician
brother and friend
tapping on my windowsill
when the train came running in
screaming at midnight

I would have you summoning
the ancient wild abyss -
you and I betwixt faerie rings
sticky with whisky fingers
hailing our future much too soon

I would have you frightened in the woods
so that you stay clear
of the left handed path

I would have you plant
the cemetery dirt asunder
behind the shattered mirror
where you now roam

I would pull those shards of Saturn
from your convoluted aura
and put the peace back in

I would have you wrapped in silk
close to my breast
my homunculus, my creation
because a friend does not expire

Purification: Spring Cleaning

by Donna Henes

First appeared in Matrifocus, April 29th, 2006

Like everyone's mother, Mother Nature clears and cleans come spring. She throws open the windows of our winter-stifled surroundings to allow a breeze to waft through. Then she sends in the wind, a bracing blast of fresh air, to blow the lid off the closed rooms, the dust, must, and rust of winter. She dispatches the rains, the drenching spring showers. Seeds begin to stir. We too make a clean sweep of our surroundings - internal and external, body and soul.

Everywhere rituals are employed to mark the major junctions of life - birth, the transformation of our bodies at adolescence, the transition from singledom to couplehood, death. Each of these ceremonies traditionally includes a purification element. Ablutions are the most primal and prevalent rite of passage. In washing, we symbolically shed the old, discard the past, toss it out with the dirty water.

"...I guess I feel about a hot bath the way those religious people feel about holy water... The longer I lay there in the clear hot water the purer I felt, and when I stepped out at last and wrapped myself in one of those big, soft, white, hotel bath towels I felt pure and sweet, as a new baby." [PLATH]

We come to this world awash in saline womb waters and are greeted upon the moment of our first breath with a washing. When we die we are bathed again. We wash before we eat, before we sleep, before we pray. Most cultures, in fact, require washing before worship. Here, the ablution marks the transition from the profane sector of life to the sacred.

Confucianism holds that a state of purity must be established in order to open the conduit of communication between mortal souls and the spiritual realm. Before making sacrificial offerings to the ancestors, for instance, one must observe a period of purification, which includes fasting, washing one's head and body, and dressing in clean raiment.

Hindus bathe early each morning at the border of dark and light, night and day, and then recite special prayers to reconsecrate their daily service to the god/desses. Hindu deities demand that a devotee be bathed, scented, and dressed in the purest of garments when approaching a shrine. Purification is necessary, too, before the practice of yoga. Water is considered to be the most effective purifying agent by Hindus, not because it's inherently pure, but because when it runs, it absorbs and carries away pollution.

For this reason, rivers and other moving waters are considered to be especially cleansing. The Ganges, although

filthy, is the most holy of all. It is the intention of every devout pilgrim to wash in its cleansing water, and it is the destination of choice for one's death. Bhubaneswar, another site which has been revered since prehistoric times, is said to contain water from every sacred river, tank, and stream in all of India. It is believed that bathing in this shrine-surrounded "Ocean Pearl" can wash away one's sins.

*"Dewdrop, let me cleanse
In your brief, sweet waters . . .
These dark hands of life." [BASHO]*

The priestesses and priests of Babylonia cleansed themselves with water from the Tigris or Euphrates river before performing their religious functions. In ancient Egypt, as well, the pharaoh would purify his body for prayer by sprinkling himself with the "water of life and good fortune".

In the Exodus chapter of the Old Testament, the rabbis of Israel are warned to wash their hands and feet "in the laver of brass... that they die not" before entering the holy temple, and in Leviticus they are instructed to wash their entire bodies with water before eating of the holy offerings. Orthodox Jews still pour water from a pitcher over their hands before every prayer and meal. This spiritual ablution is beyond any soap-and-water idea of hygiene.

"He had a mania for washing and disinfecting himself.... For him the only danger came from the microbes which attack the body. He had not studied the microbe of conscience which eats into the soul." [NIN]

The Mikva, or ceremonial bath, is used for various purification ceremonies, including conversions. Filled with running rather than still water, it is referred to in the Bible as "mayim chayim" which means water of life. Before entering, participants must be scrupulously physically clean, with all the dead edges of the body - (finger and toe nails, loose hair) removed.

Proselytes to Judaism were bathed as an initiation rite which sanctified the start of their new lives, reborn as true believers, members of the chosen people of The God of Israel, Yahweh. It was essential for the candidate to be completely immersed so that s/he might be truly cleansed of heathenism - or goddess worship, if you will.

Ceremonial ablutions in the sea were used to initiate participants in a process of spiritual rebirth during the Ele-

usinian Mysteries, the oldest of the Greco-Roman Goddess mystery cults.

The Baptism rites of Protestant and Catholic alike cleanse the way for a worshipper to move from the polluted world to the holy church, from the earthly plane to grace, from sin to salvation. Ultimately it is an initiation into the kingdom of God. The Christian concept of heaven, like the paradise envisioned by Zoroastrians, Hindus, Jews and Moslems, is a place of absolute purity and brilliant cleanliness, while hell is seen as a foul pit. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

"In all the glory of continuing love, the Mikva is a taste of Heaven...If Heaven is the home of eternal life, in all the caring of continuing love, the Mikva is a room in Heaven. This is what Heaven is like, she thought." [UKELES]

Islam requires the worshipper to wash before each of the five daily prayers performed facing toward Mecca. The Qur'an prescribes: "O believers, when ye come to fulfill the prayer, wash your faces, and your hands as far as the elbows; and rub your heads, and your feet unto the ankles, and if ye be polluted then purify yourselves." Moslems cleanse their mouths so that their prayers will be sanctified, and their ears so that they might better hear the will of Allah.

The sweat lodge ceremony, the Inipi, as it is known to the peoples of the Great Plains, was prevalent throughout Native North America. It was, and still is undertaken as a preparatory ritual of purification. One engages in the Inipi before a major spiritual endeavor, such as the vision quest, the sun dance or the spirit-calling ceremonies.

Though once celebrated almost solely as a preliminary, the Inipi has developed into an important ritual in its own right, especially for urban Indians whose access to other tribal ceremonies may be limited. An interesting contemporary application of this sanctioned purification practice is the Lakota sweat lodge ceremony held regularly for the Native American inmates at correctional facilities throughout the state of Minnesota. Traditional lessons in clean living are intended to set the prisoners on the right track.

The lodge, constructed of timbers and covered with hides or canvas, is conceived to be the womb of Mother Earth. A fire is built in the center and allowed to burn down to coals. Stones are placed on the glowing embers. Dippers of water are emptied onto the heated rocks, creating dense, intensely hot steam. The Inipi mixes the waters of life; the steam from the fire in the belly of Mother Earth, and the sweat from the bodies of her children. Participation elevates one to the higher state of consciousness and purpose essential to enduring the pursuit of wisdom and power. The sweat washes away impurities and instills stamina, strength and courage.

*"Endurance, cleanliness, strength, purity
Will keep our lives straight
Our actions only for a good purpose.
Our words will be truth.
Only honesty shall come from our interaction
With all things.
I shall give up some of my waters.
I shall endure this ceremony to send my prayers."
[LAKOTA]*

Purification by water is by far the most widespread cleansing method. But there are innumerable other scouring agents. Fire is frequently used, combined with water as in the Inipi, or alone. During the annual Hindu Festival of Agni, worshippers pass their hands over flames to obtain a state of purity. Incense, smudge, tobacco, and other highly scented herbs are often burnt to produce fragrant smoke.

Ashes, charcoal, mud, dirt, clay, sand, sap, sandalwood paste, pigment, paint, peppers, sagebrush, oil and dung are among the cleansers commonly applied to the skin; employed as a dry bath. The Nubians of Africa rub themselves with sacred ash from the burnt leaves of an acacia tree before every rite of passage in their lives. Catholics are anointed on Ash Wednesday with ash obtained from burning the palm fronds which had decorated the Church on the previous Palm Sunday. This ritual begins Lent, the 40-day cleansing period preceding the annual vernal passion of death and resurrection.

Typically, the rule of purity applies not only to the worshipper, but to the images and objects of the sacred as well. As humans wash before communication with the divine, the God/desses, too, must be cleansed before contact with their earthly court. In ancient Egyptian temples, all representations of the gods were bathed every morning. The Jains of India, descendants of the old Zoroastrian faith, also perform daily ablutions on their holy idols and relics.

A new life, a new day, a new season, a new year - each is begun by bathing. All sculptured images of the Buddha are washed during the festival of Songkran in Thailand every spring at the start of the lunar new year. The blessing water is poured from buckets on the statues and passersby as well - a refreshing splash during the oppressive heat of the season. "The Grandmother", the Odas, spirit-being, ceremonial doll which protected Her Native American owner's health, was spruced up in a new silver-ornamented dress each spring, as the Belle of New Beginnings.

In addition to cleansing ourselves and our deities before we pray, special care has always been taken to clean and maintain the temples, churches, synagogues, cemeteries, groves and shrines, in which our prayers are said. By obvious extension, this includes our homes, where the most intimate and ordinary prayers of daily life are uttered. If a

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Feng Shui for Pagans

by Cait Johnson

The ancient Chinese system of Feng Shui offers quick fixes for life's little problems. Relationship on the rocks? Place a pair of lovebirds in your relationship corner. Low on cash? Put an aquarium with live fish in your prosperity area. No wonder Feng Shui has gained such enormous popularity: with just a little time and effort, you can have it all--health, wealth, and true love. But Feng Shui does have its limitations. First, it originated in ancient China, so unless you're Chinese, some of the imagery may not resonate (fish may mean prosperity to the Chinese, but some of us just find them cold and, well, fishy). Also, the system is based on houses that are perfectly square--with no indoor plumbing. Feng Shui experts reassure us that there are "fixes" for all your vital chi going down the toilet, but if the whole concept was invented before indoor plumbing, how do we know the fixes will work?

The real secret to Feng Shui's effectiveness lies in setting intention--which is the key to so much in life, as any self-help guru will tell you. Pagans can benefit from designating areas in our homes for different aspects of our lives and then paying some real, focused attention to them. We can dispense with the Chinese bagua maps, the dragons and red-framed eight-sided mirrors with tassels, and use our intuition and Pagan imagery and objects instead. It will still work.

So here are several helpful hints for reaping the benefits of Feng Shui if you're a nature-loving Pagan with an L-shaped house and a bathroom. Included is a list of my favorite objects, images, and talismans to boost your career or creativity, jump-start your love life, promote good health, invite in more abundance, and create a serene home for you and everyone who lives there, companion animals included. In fact, why not have a Companion Animal area, if you want one? Systems like Feng Shui are made to be expanded and personalized, not followed slavishly.

Make a special altar for the issue you want to work on

If you have very small children or jumping animals, be sure the site you choose is out of reach. A bookshelf or the top of a chest of drawers will work, or a fireplace mantel or small table.

Be very clear about your intention. As you dust the surface, think about the issue you want to honor there, holding positive thoughts about your intended outcome. You may want to start with a special cloth in one of the suggested colors, then add a few objects on top of it that feel right to you. Spend a few peaceful moments by your altar every day, if you can, tending it with care and affection: light a candle, place a few fresh flowers in a glass, dust or rearrange. Be sure to take concrete, positive steps toward your goals (looking for love? Put out the word to your friends, or join an online dating site; write a list of the qualities you want in a partner; get out and do things you enjoy where you might also meet people.)

The list of altar objects below is just meant to be a jumping-off place: trust your own instincts and use the things that feel right to you.

Abundance

Coins or bills, healthy green live plants (but be sure to keep them well-tended: you don't want them dying on you), acorns, oak leaves, eggs, cornucopias, dried Native American corn. Colors: green, gold.

Creativity

Try setting out a dish of some precious beverage (milk, rum, Irish whiskey) for the fairies of creativity. Other helpful talismans include your favorite Tarot cards, bay leaves, birch bark, and any kind of seed. Colors: silver and iridescent pastels.

Happy Home

Cinnamon evokes happy-home energies wherever it goes, so cinnamon sticks are a natural here. Other helpful allies include pure vanilla extract, marjoram, basil, honey, apples,





An Eostre Tale

by Momma WhiteCouger

As Eostre walked upon the Earth one early Springtime day
She saw Dame Htolda high above upon Her goose so grey.
"What are you doing flying high? The winter should be past!
It's time for warmth and growing things, not for a chilly blast!"

Dame Htolda simply waved and smiled, "The answer's plain my dear,
I'm letting my goose stretch Her wings before we end our year."
And so the goose's feathers fell as softly drifting snow,
Her flapping wings stirred up a gale that all around did blow.

Then Eostre saw the wobbly lambs all shivering in the fold,
And daffodils whose sunny heads were drooping in the cold.
But saddest sight of all was seen — it made dear Eostre cry,
A skylark frozen on the ground - too cold and weak to fly.

"What can I do to end this pain? How can I solve her plight?
She lies near death from bitter frost. I cannot bear this sight!"
And so dear Eostre took the bird to give it all Her care,
To keep it warm and keep it safe, She changed it to a hare!

"A hare has such a fluffy coat and fuzzy furry feet.
She will not suffer from the wind or cold and falling sleet!"
The skylark was somewhat surprised to find herself earthbound
But in her snugly furry coat began to hop around.

The days went by (as days will do), the hare grew strong and bright
But she was not content you see, for she had had lost her flight.
"I know I sound ungrateful since you saved my life, it's clear.
But I miss the thrill of open skies and soaring full of cheer."

So Eostre, ever kindly, raised the hare high in the sky.
She could not give the bunny wings, but had a plan to try.

She placed the hare in the night sky to shine there as some stars.
They're called Lepus - still there today - just somewhere West of Mars.

The hare was happy for a while so high above the Earth.
But stars (except in Hollywood) are not equipped for birth.
She wanted babies as before; she wanted tiny chicks.
Eostre was now quite bemused. Could this request be fixed?

And then She had a brilliant thought; the answer was so clear:
The hare could come back down to earth for just one day a year.
"If eggs she wants, then eggs she'll have on just one special day.
The hare that was a skylark once will have her chance to lay!"

And so the day arrived at last, the hare could come to earth.
She tried to fly. She flapped her ears for all that she was worth!
She hopped and jumped. She bounced off Mars. She caromed off the Sun.
No matter what the bunny tried, all she could do was run!

"How will I ever lay my eggs? I cannot seem to fly.
The earth is still so far away, whatever can I try?"
She looked down on the shining Earth, all sparkling in a shower.
"That's it!" the clever hare declared, "I'll slide on rainbow power!"

And that is what the bunny did. The rainbow saved the day.
By sliding down its colours bright she now her eggs could lay.
But when the eggs were lying there on grass all moist with dew,
They were not white, oh no my dear, but were of rainbow hue!

Yes, Magick from the rainbow made the eggs all green and blue -
Some red and orange and violet eggs. No honestly, it's true!
And that is why on just one day these eggs you still may see,
A gift from Eostre and the hare that's left for you and me!

My Year in the Outer Grove

by Luis Green Stone

(This Outer Grove is taught by Moonson and Woodson of Hearthstone Coven, a Gardnerian based group just outside of Renton, WA. We start interviews in December and they are ongoing until the first class, usually beginning in early February. Send mail to srval@comcast.net for more info)

Spring

For a year and a day we, a merry band of seekers, gathered every other Sunday to learn and explore the mysteries of Wicca 101. For many years I longed for a teacher. I wanted to build the elaborate “Astral Temples” I’ve heard my pagan friends describe during their training year. There is an old saying that goes like this: “When the student is ready the teacher will appear.” I knew that my “Vivian,” “Socrates” or “Dumbledore” was out there for me somewhere; so, when the right combination of location, work schedule, appropriate teachers and students (including Bran, my husband) presented itself, our study group was formed and in my 50th year I entered my Outer Grove training.

Without knowing what to call it, I had been practicing “Child of Nature” all my life. I knew of the spirits of animals and plants and felt the power in the forces of Nature. The unseen world spoke to me through my poetry and art, both of which led me to my involvement in many Pagan and artistic events in the Pacific Northwest over the last 25 years. I was aware that I entered a “Magical Inner Space” when I was creating something or performing henna art on someone. I wanted to develop that more. When I was very young, I once heard that most people only use about 10% of their available brainpower. “What a waste of potential!” I thought. I wanted to tap into some of that remaining 90%.

There were other things I wanted to learn: I wanted to protect myself from people who drained me to the point of utter exhaustion when I worked on them with henna, or body paint or in some cases just by being around certain individuals (which happened a lot!). As a working artist, I appeared in many very crowded public events that often “bombarded” me with weird energy I couldn’t shield against. If I were going to continue to live in a populated area, I would have to learn the strength to deal with this sensitivity I’d developed. It was also very important to me to defend myself from people and magick that was not healthy for me. Finally and mostly, I wanted to make sure that I never, by any means, would ever unleash or encoun-

ter anything harmful to others or myself; I wanted to have full control of all magickal activities that I got involved myself in.

After leaving our first Outer Grove meeting and armed with a comprehensive reading list, Bran and I made our way to the metaphysical section of a local second-hand bookstore to begin to build up our magickal library.

Our group was assigned to engage in an ongoing study of Nature and to select and observe a woody plant for an entire year. I chose as my project the beautiful Rowan tree that grew outside my bedroom window. We had been renting that house for ten years and I knew and loved that tree. I had even chosen my Outer Grove Name: “Luis” because that is the Druid ogam for “rowan” in honor of that tree!

As we entered the spring of my training, I was to face some of my biggest learning challenges: Meditation and visualization. As a student of the martial art of Hapkido for six years, there would always be a moment of meditation after a brisk aerobic warm-up; I was able to sit for a minute and do breathing exercises, but sitting still and focused for ten minutes was impossible for me! In addition, there was no way I could quiet my mind to the point where I could visualize my “green shape.” Try as I might to be in a zone of calm, my mind would race around with a constant spew of “Monkey Chatter” as it was called in our O.G. class. I had a bubbling cauldron of negative dialogue that had accumulated over the past five decades, an eternal yammering that swirled around between my ears whenever I tried to “sit.” At that point, I knew that I had no business doing any more magickal or psychic work until I could get the upstairs peanut gallery to shut-up!

Outer Grove wasn’t an entire struggle, however; I loved reading my new books and I stayed ahead with all my written work. Bran liked to compare me with Hermione Granger! I also enjoyed wild-crafting herbs and making my own incense. I did well with the hands-on work.

Around the Spring Equinox, I was studying my Rowan tree, which was laden with tiny clusters of fragrant flowers. As I looked up through the branches, I caught a glimpse of an osprey just before it soared out of sight. Ospreys always reminded me of my late brother who was my first spiritual teacher; he was an old soul, a healer with unique powers. “A good omen,” I thought as my osprey disappeared, and so it was. I soon passed my “probation” period with a wage increase at my new job, and Bran had also

been promoted at his job. Bran and I decided it was time to buy our first home. Now that we were both working full time and looking at properties, our lives had become even busier than normal, but we continued to enjoy our Outer Grove lessons. I was beginning to feel confident that my actions were more deliberate. Through reading and in-class discussion, I came to understand that nothing I had done magically in the past could have possibly caused any harm to me or anyone else. I was getting an idea of what I did and did not want out of all this. I began to ask myself, "where did my magickal talents lie and how did I, as a magickal being, fit into the big picture?"

Staring at the piece of paper on which I had drawn a red triangle until I was sure I had retina burn, I turned my gaze to a blank wall. An eerie green blob began to appear as if by magick. "Well," I told myself, "we've all got to start someplace."

Summer

As a child, I'd always loved looking at the moon; I thought that she followed me everywhere and that only I could see her during the day. In the summer of my Outer Grove training, I'd gaze at my silvery friend through Bran's telescope and see a beautiful goddess lounging in the night sky. We were studying astrology and the celestial bodies had, for me, become key players in an epic of human drama.

I was working hard on my inner dialogue. I still couldn't sit still, but I found that I could do a mental exercise based on the elements as I walked to my bus stop every morning. While waiting for the bus I put up a protective shield, and during the ride to work, I studied Nature. I saw crows, squirrels, salmon jumping to escape sea lions in the Duwamish River and, occasionally, Brother Osprey. I was breaking a bad mental habit and disciplining my mind. My astral temple was non-existent. I still needed my piece of paper with the retina burn red triangle to "see" my green shape; I knew that I had a long way to go, but I was keeping my mind in a positive space, I was making progress!

This was a busy summer for me and also a summer of friendships. I took a few henna jobs and strengthened ties with my friends who were henna artists. I had a chance to do healing henna for a chemotherapy patient. As I finished a blessing henna for a very pregnant mother-to-be, she looked like a goddess sitting there with a crown of flowers on her head and her enormous belly glittering in bindi and magickal henna. I am grateful that my art gives me opportunities to make friends and strengthen ties!

On the Summer Solstice I attended a memorial service for a much loved Elder. This service was attended by powerful individuals and there was strong magick that night, the magick of love, remembrance and friendship.

At my yearly women's retreat that I am privileged to

attend, I was touched by the amount of love and support my wonderful and trusted friends showed me for all the life changes I had chosen to pursue.

Normally, when I attend festivals, I'm there working: vending my crafts and doing henna. This summer Bran and I attended Pagan Pride Day as visitors. With our new perspective on things, we enjoyed taking a workshop from a local Elder and shopping from my vending buddies who plied their crafty crafts.

Originally, I had wanted to take it easy this year and focus on my Outer Grove training, but that was not to be the case: Bran and I were attending extra Sabbats and rituals, and he and I were driving all over creation looking for a suitable house to buy. At work, I was teaching classes, training new staff and overseeing the remodeling of the store I manage. In my "spare time", I was submitting my artwork and writing to potential publishers.

Nature was my great reprieve. Sometimes I sat under my Rowan tree with a cat or three and just enjoyed the breeze. The tree had produced a huge crop of vibrant red berries, and any time I harvested some I left an offering in return: an apple, a yellow rosebud, or a fragrant spike of lavender. From my treasure of red berries, I made malas for Bran and myself, a lovely crimson wreath. I would be using these for my final project at the end of Outer Grove. I had quite a few berries left over, which I shared with my friends (many of whom find Rowan to be as sacred as I do!). With the tree's permission, I cut a switch that I was going to fashion into a wand, also part of my final project.

With practice and experience, creating a sacred circle came more easily for Bran and me; as we enjoyed establishing a practice at home, it brought us closer to each other. This had been to me a summer of friendships: a chance to make friends, strengthen ties and to see who my real friends were; Bran and I had even become close friends with our realtor who finally helped us to find and acquire the perfect house! Soon, I would have to say goodbye to one of my oldest friends: the old Rowan tree outside my bedroom window. I stood under her cool leafy branches just in time to see Brother Osprey soaring high overhead; this must be a good omen!

...End of part one.

(Editor's note: This article is being split in half, the first half in this issue 45 and the second half in issue 46.)

Luis Green Stone is a visionary artist and writer. She is also a Henna artist and art teacher. For over two decades she has plied her crafts at festivals and galleries along the West Coast. Luis also publishes under the name Lisa Noble, and has currently opened her new on-line shop: Goddess Within Fine Arts: www.cafepress.com/lisanoble

Art Showcase:



Music of the Wood

*Sunrise early morning
With mists of foggy dew
cascading brook of magic
reflecting golden hue*

*She sits atop the hill
playing music by the sun
Celebrating the life
of a new day begun*

*The mists they sway
dancing upon the grass
leaving sparkly dewdrops
at their dancing pass*

*The bridge it crosses over
to places rarely seen
Over looking this lovely valley
of dewdrops dancing sheen*

*This her favorite time
when mists and light combine
With the Music of her heart
like gold this place does shine*

Liza Lambertini's love of fairies began during her childhood in the mid 1960's. Her mother would tell her stories of fairies who became her friends. The fairies showed to her magical places that were right before her very eyes, hidden places where fairy villages were, in a clearing surrounded by trees, a tree hollow or within the old oak tree roots deep within the ground. They would come out at night dancing and glowing, sprinkling magic along their way to help the flowers grow. Those precious stories enriched an already budding love of living things and creativity. Liza, very ill as a child, was cared for by her Nana who shared Liza's love of silhouette art. Liza was diagnosed as allergic to everything known to man, all animals, trees, grass, herbs and flowers. Being immune-compromised, much of Liza's time was spent indoors with Nana. It was during these times when her love of painting and drawing blossomed. The seeds of imagination and magic took root, inspiring her to create wondrous worlds and beings of light that shared a deep connection to living things.

Any opportunity to be outdoors was spent searching for

A Portrait of the Queen of Fairies

*One by one they come,
To dance for their beloved Queen!
In an ethereal forest
Shared whispers of children's dreams.
A moment she pauses
As little Grace dances on her gown,
Telling of the wonder...
(As Treemen hold oaken bow)
That the fairies have not been forgotten,
They have not been left behind!
For within the childrens hearts
Is the magic of light of the brightest kind.
The queens lips part,
Eye's glimmering, filled with soul.
Magic dances from her palm,
Her magic embracing young and old.
Her Gentle grace,
Beloved by the fairy race.*

Liza Lambertini

fairies, becoming familiar with wildlife and the lush greenery that surrounded her. She has never forgotten the feeling of something leading her to discover the wonder in life. Seemingly overnight, she was healed and able to explore the natural world. This experience gave her a unique perspective and a deep appreciation for life and living things. The fairies did show her something sacred to them along the way, the beauty of the life force in living things and how we are all connected to it.

Having a background in photography and a knowledge of watercolor, oil, acrylic, pencils and ink, Liza is the original creator of this new style of art depicting the fairy and fantasy realm. One day inspiration came to her in the form of an idea. "What if I created fairy silhouettes with beautiful photograph backgrounds or the rich colors of abstract art or watercolor?" Much research was invested on the internet and in galleries about silhouette art to find out if anyone else had come up with this new concept and idea. No one had. It was then that she knew it was her calling and blessing. To bring back

continued on the next page



Harp Magic

Meet Callum, the Butterfly Bard! Callum's name means messenger of peace. Callum plays his magical harp. Music drifts upon the wind. Spinning tales of places unseen and unexplored by the butterflies. His deft fingers pluck at each string. Magic swirls on the wind, forms take shape, dancing before the butterflies, beckoning and welcoming them to come to this wondrous place, where flowers are always in bloom and the rain falls gently in the evening sometimes and the sun shines brightly. Ever so lightly they come, making nary a sound. Squeak, the little mouse, is Callum's dear friend. Gently he rests his head upon the toadstool and listens to the tale told by his friend, holding a cherry given to him by Merry, the Gnome.

Fluttering by playfully, they come, colors of red and gold, orange and black, yellow and white, carrying with them the stories of the flowers. Thank you, Callum, their wings whisper; thank you for singing our song!

Once they enter this magical place they transform once again, becoming fairies with beautiful wings, singing songs of peace.





Dryad Faery Tree

Do you remember when you were five? Wasn't it a magical time? Little Morgan has stumbled upon a magical realm. Her friend Skylar (the Raven) has accompanied Morgan on a long journey. He is steadfast and true! Morgan has made so many friends on her journey along the way who have had much patience with her. She has found a safe place to go when tired and weary, or feeling lost and lonely. Haven't we all felt about five again at some time in our lives? Don't we all need a safe place out there in the world, or perhaps a "bit o' magic" to show us the way? Morgan's journey never ends, but the end result of this one is when She meets a magical dryad tree, or better known as faeriewood

This earth Mother points to a star as delicate faeries fly and dance or rest around her. She offers Morgan her hand to climb up into, so she can show Morgan the star of hope. Faeriewood encourages Morgan, and all of us to believe in the power of love, to never give up on our dreams and to have hope. I wish for all of us, to look up toward the stars, make wishes.....remem-

*ber when we all made wishes? (Don't tell what they are!) Find hope, live in peace and follow our dreams.....and oh yeah.....believe in magic!!! I thank you Faeriewood and my stea-
fast friends. Many Bright Blessings to you all!*

the magic, wonder and belief in fairies is what inspired this original idea. Her unique style highlights beautiful fairy and fantasy silhouettes set with vibrant night skies and brightly lit sunset backgrounds. All of her work is hand drawn/painted graphically. Much of the detail in her work is time consuming, because it is drawn true to nature. Some work incorporates her photography of magnificent scenery and silhouette painting with abstract art or watercolor, conveying a feeling of joy, appreciation, gratitude, compassion, healing and love.

Her diverse art has a wide range from painted portraits to Celtic knotwork and silhouette fairy art. All have the feeling of positive spirituality and joy. Liza's background and true experiences with wildlife lend themselves to many of her original pieces. She has exhibited in Manhattan Arts International, Rhonda Schaller Studio in NY, Art For Progress NY and several times at Mill Pond House Gallery in Smithtown Long Island. Her work has been used for store fronts, business logos and postcards for



exhibitions at galleries, stores and art events. Many of her pieces and stories have been published in local newspapers and are on exhibit currently in libraries to inspire children. Most of all, it is her love and passion to create uplifting bodies

of work from her own soul that reaches out to the world around her in a positive way. The path of healing by creating positive. For more information about Liza and her artwork, visit her site at: <http://www.lizalambertini.com>

*Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
~William Shakespeare, A Mid-
summer Night's Dream*



The Devotional of the Disney Divas

Cast the Circle



All face north and call:

Pocahontas, you remind us that: (sing or chant) “every rock and tree and creature has a life, has a spirit, has a name...”

You remind us that: (sing or chant) “when you walk in the footsteps of stranger, you’ll learn things you never knew you never knew.”

Bless us with your connection to the earth. Bless us with your tolerance of others.

All face east and call:

Belle, you remind us to look beyond appearances; that what appears beastly may truly be beautiful; that what seems beautiful may truly be beastly; that what was once “mean and coarse and unrefined” may become “dear”.

Bless us with your knowledge and ability to look deeply. Bless us with your eager mind and hunger for learning.





All face south and call:

Mulan, you remind us to fight for what we believe in with passion and conviction: that it is most important for us to get to know “that girl we see, staring straight back at me” and to allow our “reflection to show who I am inside.”

Bless us with your courage and conviction. Bless us with your sureness of self and caring for others.

All face west and call:

Ariel, you remind us that transformation is possible; that it is vital to being “part of your world”; that change can be difficult but teaches us many lessons; and that it is important to go with the flow.

Bless us with your compassion and loving heart. Bless us with your flexibility and fluid nature.



All face center and call:

Megara, you remind us to be true to ourselves, even when our heart pulls us in one direction and our mind pulls us in another. You remind us that what others expect of us is less important than following our own Will.

Bless us with your self-knowledge, your self-love, your self-acceptance, and your self-balance.



Close the Circle

Wendy L. Hawksley is a homeschooling mom, writer, genealogist, and High Priestess living in central Delaware with her husband and son. Her work has appeared in a variety of Pagan periodicals and the independent comic book, “The Necropolis Chronicles”.



WISE WOMAN'S GARDEN

by Julie Charette Nunn

The Green Teachings of the Fairies

"Green! 'Tis the fairy garb of spring with million dew drops glistening." Pedro Calderon de la Barca, "Green and Blue"

It was just over four years ago that my husband Tad-deusz and I came here to this land on Whidbey Island in Washington. We moved here from the rentals we had lived in for 7 years after selling our house in Seattle. Because we had moved so much, lived in so many places around Puget Sound, getting here to this place didn't seem that significant at first. Another place to live, to discover, another adventure. What was to unfold as winter turned into spring could not have been known, but perhaps in the holy darkness of my psyche, I knew about the enchantment that was calling me forward.

I offered an herbal class at our farm the spring after moving here. As we walked on the land to discover the wild plant populations, one participant walked ahead of the rest of us. I saw her looking down at the ground and pointing. She said, "Look at this." I came to the place where she stood and saw an old dead tree stump, quite small actually, with shelf mushrooms growing out of it. I knew immediately that this was the place where fairies dwelled. A gateway into their underworld sanctuary.

This place on our land became known as "The Fairy Dell" As spring came into her fullness, we discovered that "The Fairy Dell" was in the middle of a great thicket of wildroses. We told everyone who came to the land that this fairy sanctuary was off limits to humans, showing everyone where they could walk no further.

I didn't know much about fairy lore. I had attended some talks given by R.J. Stewart and Dorothy Maclean at the Fairy and Human Relations Congress and listened intently. I read stories. And then I began to offer herbal mentorships for girls here at the farm. I did my journey work to discover what I could offer the girls. The fairies appeared in my journeys, giving me shamanic exercises in which the girls could connect with the unseen realm of these enchanted beings. The girls, ages 6-13 years old, understood the

fairy language. They were delighted and seriously indulged in these experiences.

We listened, offered trinkets, libations and blessings. When the old tree fell over in a storm we created a staff with ribbons, herbs and beads to mark its place. It was this relationship that the girls had with the fairies that created a place in me to believe and to listen.

The fairy realm is intricately connected with the green world. A deva is a plant in its true and entire essence. Offered here are a few shamanic exercises in which you can discover the teachings of the fairies first hand right where you live.

This First Meditation/ Journey can be done in a comfortable chair in your home:

- ◆ Close your eyes and find yourself at home outside in your garden or yard.
- ◆ Within this space, go to a plant with which you feel a connection.
- ◆ Notice your breath.
- ◆ Breathe in and out three times naturally.
- ◆ Now breathe and imagine you are breathing in the breath of this plant. Breathe out and offer your breath to the plant.
- ◆ Ask your plant, this plant, "What have you for me?" and listen.
- ◆ Now look down at the base of the plant where it comes out of the ground. Look for movement, as if



you can see the wind.

- ◆ Acknowledge this as the fairy beings that dwell around this plant.
- ◆ Watch this energy move, and see if you can sense this energy communicating with you. What might it be telling you? Listen.
- ◆ When you sense this is complete, step back from the plant and acknowledge it by saying thank you.

Open your eyes. Activating the Fairy~Plant Connection

You are going to be activating the fairy~plant connection. The Devic realm will be honored and blessed. The magical realm of the plants will be activated. Fairies and Devas work together in the magical realm of the plants. This ceremony will open these realms. It can be done in each season.

- ◆ Fill a bowl with water, and place plants in it. Choose plants with which you feel a strong connection. Ask permission before gathering these plants and offer gratitude.
- ◆ Hold the bowl of water and plants in your hands.
- ◆ Breathe in and out, allowing the entirety of the plant to be breathed into you. As you breathe out, offer your entire self to the plant. Do this for 21 breaths.
- ◆ When this is complete, offer this water at the base of an old tree and offer gratitude to the fairies~devas~plants~water.

Song of the Birds

The fairies say that when you breathe the song of the birds into your body, when you are in the garden or surrounded by plants, that you go to the place where plants walk around like humans and speak in the language you can understand.

- ◆ Find a place where you can sit and listen to the song of the birds. Close your eyes. Listen to the songs, breathe the songs into your body, feel it enter your body. Allow the song of the birds to take you to the unseen realm of the plants, and see what you

discover.

- ◆ When you are home, cooking in your kitchen, open the window and allow the birdsong into your kitchen. Breathe it in. This will bring the fairy energy into your home.

The connections with the fairy realm are not always light and fanciful. The fairies are powerful beings with strong intentions and will ask you to do things for them. Be strong in your own intentions as you begin this connection and trust your own intuition always. May it be in Beauty.

Julie Charette Nunn, Crow's Daughter, is a wild and compassionate teacher of wisewoman herbal ways. She offers shamanic herbal apprenticeships, classes, individual sessions, mentorships for girls, abundant earth prosperity teaching, as well as nourishing herbal creations at her farm on Whidbey Island and around Puget Sound. She will be offering The Journey of the Rose, a weekend immersion in shamanic herbalism, June 13-14, 2009 at her farm amongst the wild rose thicket. See www.crowsdaughter.com for more information. Or contact Julie at julie@crowsdaughter.com, or by phone at 360-579-2319

The Fairies In The Sunshine

*The little sunshine fairies
Are out on sunny days.
They gaily go a-dancing
Along the country ways.*

*They paint the flower faces,
The leaves of forest trees,
And tint the little grasses
All waving in the breeze.*

*They color all the apples
And work for days and weeks
To make the grapes bloom purple
And paint the peaches' cheeks.*

*Ah! There's a tiny fairy!
She's in the garden bed!
It's little Ray O' Sunshine
Who makes the roses red.*

~ Laura Ingalls Wilder

continued from "Purification: A Spring Cleaning", page 6

man's home is his castle, surely it is a woman's shrine.

Santería, which combines elements of the West African Yoruban religion with those of the Catholic Church and the traditions of the indigenous tribes of the Caribbean, has many methods of spiritual house cleaning. Ordinarily one cleans one's own home, altar and aura with a wide variety of special washes, herbs and candles. In serious cases of impurity, a padrino/padrina will make a house call to perform a purification ceremony. S/he most often will spit rum in a fine spray around the room, or roll a burning coconut along the floor while praying, to rid the place of bad energy.

Cleaning house to make ready for a new year is universal. Out with the old and in with the new. Death to dirt! The expression "to make a clean sweep" comes from the English custom of cleaning the chimneys at New Year. Some peoples, like the Incas, like the Creeks, discarded everything, everything used in the past year. Italians, even today, throw half-used bars of soap, worn socks, sofas out of their windows as the clock strikes midnight. Debts, in many cultures, are paid off or forgiven; fires extinguished and ceremonially re-lit.

*"If the doors of perception were cleansed
everything would appear as it is, infinite." [BLAKE]*

The Clean Chum Festival, celebrated at the spring equinox, is the most important of four seasonal celebrations of the Nganasan tribe of the Ust-Avam region of Siberia. The shaman builds a special chum, the teepee-like dwelling of the people, which s/he purifies while pleading with the spirits to provide the reindeer with protection from the wolf and good hunting for the people in the season ahead.

People have always used clean water, fire, fresh air, pure soil, to cleanse ourselves for our reverent engagement with the divine. But the very elements that can purify have, themselves, been poisoned. A water sample was recently taken from a lake in the center of an uninhabited island in the Arctic Ocean, not far from the land of the Siberian Nganasan. There were 52 polluting chemicals present in the water.

You know, we really ought to be thinking about cleaning up our act. In fact, let's start this spring.

*Donna Henes is an internationally acclaimed spiritual teacher, popular speaker, and award-winning writer specializing in multi-cultural ritual celebrations of the cycles of the seasons and the seasons of our lives. She has authored four books, **The Queen of My Self: Stepping Into Sovereignty in Midlife** (Monarch 2005), **The Moon Watcher's Companion** (Marlowe & Co. 2004), **Celestially Auspicious Occasions: Seasons, Cycles & Celebrations** (Perigee: Penguin/Putnam 1996) and **Dressing Our Wounds In Warm Clothes** (Astro Artz 1982) and a CD, **Reverence To Her: Part One: Mythology, the Matriarchy, & Me** (Io Productions 1998)*

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continued from "Feng Shui for Pagans", page 7

and allspice. Images of bees are good, and homey colors of brown and green are helpful.

Health and Healing

A positive frame of mind and reduced stress are our best allies for good health, so keeping a health altar and spending time meditating beside it will be naturally beneficial.

Hang a piece of amber from the middle of the room. Eucalyptus, thyme, and sandalwood are good aromatherapy allies, so you could place a few drops in a diffuser or a shallow dish. A potted thyme plant or some dried thyme in a saucer are also good to keep in this area. Smooth stones can be grounding and healing to see or to hold in the hand, and be sure to include pictures that soothe and uplift the soul--the Tarot Star card is a beautiful example.

Love and Relationship

Pairs of things are good in this area--candles, a picture or statue of a devoted or entwined couple. Rose quartz is the ideal gemstone for love, and roses are the quintessential flower. Images of hearts are also helpful. If you have a relationship that you want to keep healthy, this is the right place for happy photos of the two of you, or for mementos with special significance. Colors: pink, rose red, vibrant green.

Cait Johnson is the author of six books of spiritual non-fiction on subjects ranging from Tarot to cooking like a goddess. She is a Fellow of the Black Earth Institute (www.blackearthinstitute.org), a progressive think-tank devoted to re forging the links between art, earth, spirit, and society. She offers ghost-writing and editorial services and intuitive counseling sessions. Contact her at caitjohnson.com.

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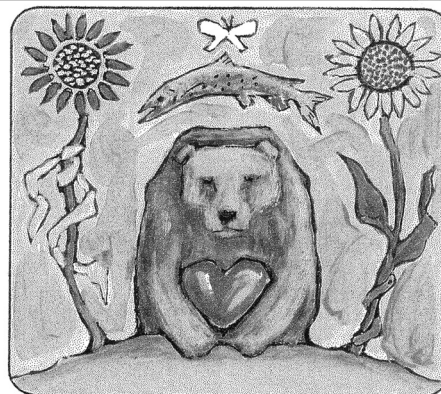
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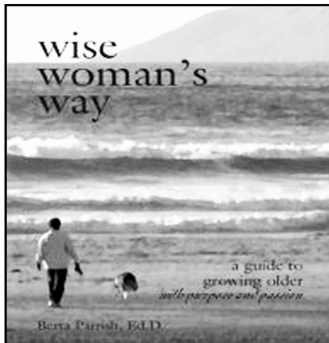


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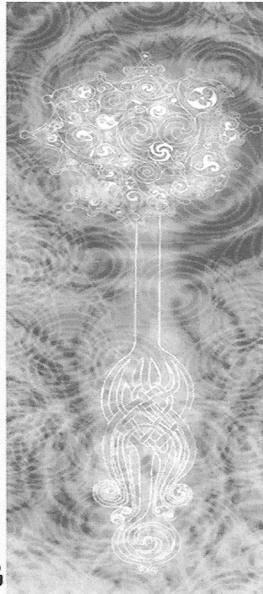
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