

Peppermint And Sage Yule 2014

10





MERRY MEET



January 2015

1	Thu	New Year's Day/ DPC full moon Tuatha Dea Jig n Reel in Knoxville
2	Fri	
3	Sat	Earth's Web Full Moon
4	Sun	Full Moon
5	Mon	
6	Tue	Epiphany
7	Wed	
8	Thu	
9	Fri	
10	Sat	
11	Sun	Carmentalia (Roman)
12	Mon	
13	Tue	Witch In Progress
14	Wed	
15	Thu	Dragon Palm's PNO
16	Fri	
17	Sat	
18	Sun	
19	Mon	Martin Luther King Day
20	Tue	NEW MOON
21	Wed	
22	Thu	
23	Fri	
24	Sat	
25	Sun	
26	Mon	
27	Tue	
28	Wed	
29	Thu	
30	Fri	
31	Sat	Earth's Web Imbolc

Here we are with our tenth issue - the second one of our second year of publishing. This issue had a first - we had a cover before anything else!! Would love to see this happen more - in fact it would be great to get covers in for the next issue before the current issue if done so our next issue ad could have the cover instead of a blank page with the issue written on it.

As always we would like to hear from you. It's really not hard to do -just send us an email at pas@dragonpalm.com . This is all we ask from our readers is just to drop us a line from time to time. Let us know you are out there. We have noticed that back issues are picking up. After uploading issue nine when we checked the downloads a few days later we noticed issue 8 had more downloads than 9 for that month. So if you want to make a comment about any of our issues we will welcome them - since they all will always be there to download.

This winter when we have a little more time we hope to add some more pages to the website. We have several things in mind.

Blessed Be
Dreamweaver

Peppermint And Sage issue Ten
Yule 2014

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All submissions should be sent to:
pas@dragonpalm.com
Peppermint And Sage is published eight times a year: Samhain, Yule, Imbolc, Ostara, Beltane, Litha, Lamas, and Mabon.

All issues are free in PDF format from dragonpalm.com/PAS . Permission to print as long as all content is included and nothing is added.

February 2015

1	Sun	St. Brigid's Day (Irish)
2	Mon	Imbolc
3	Tue	Full Moon/ DPC Imbolc rit
4	Wed	
5	Thu	
6	Fri	
7	Sat	Earth Web's Full Moon
8	Sun	
9	Mon	
10	Tue	Witch in Progress
11	Wed	
12	Thu	
13	Fri	Parentalia (Roman)
14	Sat	Valentine's Day
15	Sun	Lupercalia (Roman)
16	Mon	President's Day
17	Tue	Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday)
18	Wed	
19	Thu	Dragon Palm PNO / Chinese New Year
20	Fri	
21	Sat	
22	Sun	Caristia (Roman)
23	Mon	Terminalia (Roman)
24	Tue	
25	Wed	
26	Thu	
27	Fri	Threepenny Day
28	Sat	

Calendar Events:

For more information on Dragon Palm Circle Events join the Dragon Palm Events group on Facebook or contact:
dreamweaver@dragonpalmcircle.org

For Earth's Web events information go to their web site: EarthsWeb.org .

If you have a calendar event mail the information to pas@dragonpalm.com. The calendar can be used for festivals, retreats, open rituals, PNO's, concerts, and other events of interest to pagans. We try to fill in the dates that we don't have events on with holidays of the past or in other parts of the world.. If you give us contact information we will print it here. Don't forget we will print a free ad for your event. We just ask that it is sent in format such as jpeg, gif, png. This way any art stays where it should and we have a little more control of where we put it.



Photo: Cardea Hinges



Around the Hearth.....

by Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

Turn The Wheel... Turn The Wheel.....the days have grown short, and the nights long. The dark half of the year will soon yield to the light once again, even though we will be in the hardest part of our winter. The time between Samhain and Yule carries a different quality than any other time of year. It is a "dead" time, A "sleep" time. Time of regeneration and preparation. It is the Time of the Womb leading up to new creation. A time to mourn what we have lain down, and clear the space for what we need to fill ourselves and move forward.

The Wiccan God is the Lord of the Greenwood, consort to the Lady of the Greenwood. Known also as Cernunnos, the Green Man, Herne the Hunter, and Lord of the Wild Hunt, he is a god of fertility, growth, death, and rebirth.

Two God-themes figure predominantly in Wiccan Sabbats: the Sun-God theme and that of the Holly King and Oak King.

The Sun-God rules the seasons. At **Yule**, he is the new babe, the embodiment of innocence and joy. He represents the infancy of the returning light. At **Imbolc**, his growth is celebrated, as the days are growing longer and light stronger. At **Ostara**, he is a green, flourishing youth whose eye is taken by the Maiden Goddess. On **Beltane**, he is the young man in love who takes the Goddess as his bride.

Their consummated marriage is celebrated with maypoles and bonfires. At [Midsummer](#), he is in his prime, as is the vegetation growing. He is cut down at [Lammas](#), the first of the harvests, and at [Mabon](#), he sleeps in the womb of the Goddess. At [Samhain](#), he waits in the Shining Land to be reborn.

The symbolism of the Horned God is also played out the theme of the Holly King and Oak King. The Horned God *is* the Holly King and the Oak King, two twin gods seen as one complete entity. Each of the twin gods rule for half of a year, fights for the favor of the Goddess, and dies. But the defeated twin is not truly dead, he merely withdraws for six months, some say to Caer Arianrhod, the Castle of the ever-turning Silver Wheel, which is also known as the Wheel of the Stars. This is the enchanted realm of the Goddess Arianrhod where the god must wait and learn before being born again. Arianrhod means "silver wheel" and the castle is the Aurora Borealis. She is the goddess of the astral skies and there she rules as goddess of reincarnation.

The golden [Oak King](#), who is the light twin, rules from midwinter to midsummer. The darksome [Holly King](#) rules the dark half of the year from Midsummer to Midwinter.

This time of year, I find myself in an intense inward focus, almost a dream time. Taking stock of all that has been accomplished, compared to all that was set out to be done. A reaching and daydreaming of all that may come to be. I don't make any long term plans, I just let it ramble through my head and build "castles in the sky" so to speak.



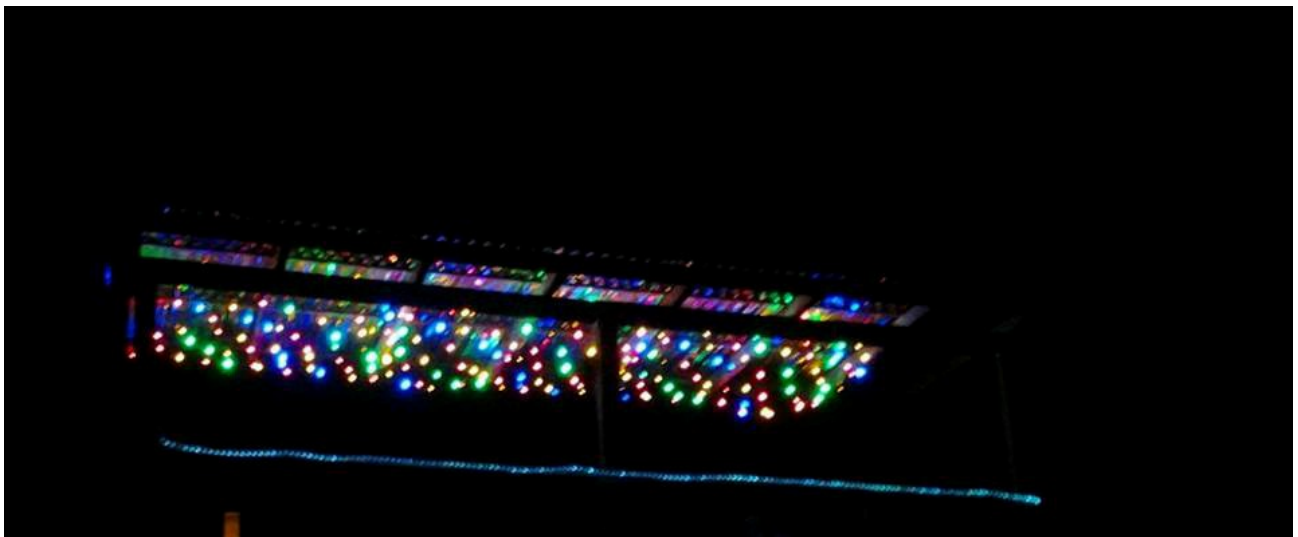
Around the Hearth.....

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With the intense focus of traditions for this time of year being on family time and the celebration of giving and love and unity that pervades so many people this time of year, it is a time to just ride along. I spend a lot of time thinking about the individuals that matter to me, and finding something I hope will light them up, become cherished, inspire them... I try to give more than just a gift to people. I try to give them my thoughts and time and care in each gift, even if i only spend a dollar on it. This time of year really gives me a chance to see everything I have. A chance to enjoy everything I have to the fullest. A chance to share the magic I live everyday with the rest of the world. Many people are on the same "holiday spirit" high, so it makes reconnecting with humanity in the spirit of love much easier. People want to believe in miracles, and are more open to seeing these magical moments as just that, magic.

As I write this, I am gearing up to "Deck our Halls" .. Hopefully, I will be sending along some pictures when i submit this article. We will be decorating our new and improved porch this year. It completely embodies the cycle of my "dream time" from last year, it shows in one glance how we run through the cycle of creation in everything we begin. That things begin before they are ever solid, they come from our castles in the sky. They are dreamt up on the wind at night. from our intuitions and imagination. You imagine the best thing you can imagine, when it excites your passion you are moved to see how close you can match your vision in real life, at which point you begin the labor of bringing something

into manifestation until it is solid and firmly realized. Then we make it beautiful with our excitement and love. We started with half the porch we have now, and imagined all we could do with it to make it what we want. We then broke down the steps to get it there, to make the project more manageable, First expanding the deck, then added a roof, some rails, and tied it in with another project. We still have a few steps to go before it completely matches what we have imagined for it (we will be adding tiered flower beds to it) But it is no longer a castle in the sky. It is terra firma, real and tangible, and we will make it cozy and sparkle, to be inviting for the holidays so that it may be christened in love. This is the same process used to establish ritual and tradition.





Around the Hearth.....

by Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

ritual.... from waking Christmas morning to stockings and Santa gifts (always including a family gift of some wonderful game to play together) coffee, cookies for breakfast, the opening of presents , bacon and eggs for lunch, and then to the theater to make piggies of ourselves on bad food. To finish out the day we come home and play our game. I know this may sound strange to some, me considering this as ritual.... but it can be, everything is in the intent. It is in the order and progression, keeping the same routine, steeped with that joy and special wonder of once a year things. They may never remember a single present they receive, but they will remember that feeling of excitement and wonder.... by seeing a movie that is familiar in story, making that part of the Christmas ritual, ingrains those feelings on that story, and every time we are reminded of it, we will be reminded of times together. I am building castles in the sky for my family. Something they can carry with them forever, and use some-day when we are far from each other.

So, the holidays happen, bringing my focus completely in the now, focus on the kids, the house, extended family and friends. Focus on the shiny lights and the joy everyone can feel. And in the dark, my mind builds its castles, and I enjoy being in the NOW, and all there is are these single moments... the smells of cookies, and fires and snow. The feel of a soft sweater and warm socks. Cold noses and hands after time outside. Everything sparkles and shines and everyone knows all of the songs on all the channels. I have a

moment to see everything I have. And how everything is connected. To share the most joyous moments of my childhood with my children, bridging the past and present, hopefully they will in turn share with their children, completing the cycle, and bridging the present with the future.

It's a moment to just BE.

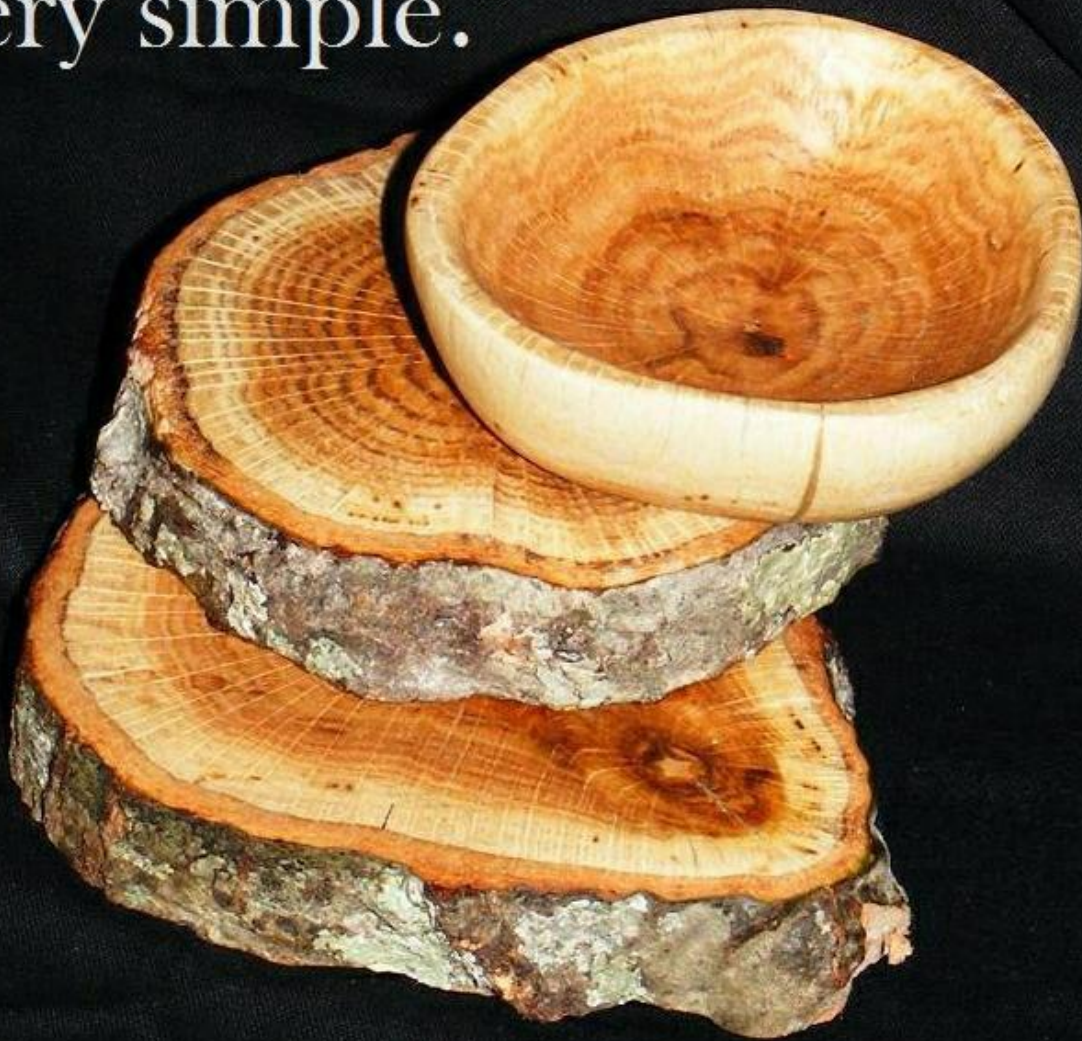
And The Wheel Turns,

And the work of planning for the warmth to return begins again.

Brightest Blessings My Friends!
Lady Pinkie Luna Fae



“Like all
magnificent
things, it's
very simple.”



- Natalie Babbitt, *Tuck Everlasting*

Photo: Cardea Hinges

Come Join the Fun! <https://www.tsu.co/Cardea>



Photo: Cardea Hinges

Earth, Air, Fire, Water

Cherokee Farms, Lafayette, GA
The morning after Gathering of the Tribes 2014

The Mystery of Isis by Merhamet Miller, HPS

“No human has pierced my veil. I am all that was, and all that ever will be, for I am..” ISIS



When I first started to worship Isis I called her many other names, but it said in her ancient texts that those who “knew her best”, called her Isis so Isis was what I settled on. Yes, I knew it was a Greek version of her name, but as I read more and more about her I realized that she truly did have ten thousand names and ten thousand faces.

Her first face I saw was one like the morning dawn, when the sun barely opened up the sky, a vulnerable shy maiden with innocent eyes floating ever so gently in the clouds. Eyes like a doe. open, innocent, natural. She seemed like the light poking out behind the clouds just pushing the smoky grey aside to say Hi! When I looked at that face, I felt shy, not sure, untrustworthy, not good enough. I was unsure of my new relationship. I felt just amazed to see her piercing my dark moods, my mundane life. I could not understand what she was doing with me. You see I apparently did not think much of me, though I was studying the Pagan Path.

Later, as I came to know her better and studied her story I came to know many of her faces: The mourning one, the embittered one, the studious one, the hard worker, the single mother, the teacher, the healer, the witch, the magician, the student of Thoth, the trickster, but I fell totally in love with the GOLDEN one, the “Queen of Heavens”, she of “the Throne”. Yes it dazzled me, it blew me away. She was the sun at its greatest height, to see her made my eyes water, and to stand in her presence made one feel not only awe but like they had to immediately bow their head down. I felt the need to worship for the first time in life in this aspects presence it inspired me.

Then I came to know a time when I did not feel I had to immediately bow, but every time I was with her I knew it because the tears started to fall. Tears of joy, to be in her presence. Tears that fall only when you stand blinded by the sun. I became comfortable in her warmth, I felt her walk with me, and we became friends. I loved walking with the Sun what could be better?

This did not happen immediately, one day I realized more than ten years had passed before I had felt comfortable and not shy about her being my Goddess. Then the day came, when I read “The Sea Priestess” and “Moon Magic” by Doreen Virtue and I met another face of Isis one I did not know, and was not so sure of ; one that frightened me.

“I followed a processional of women walking into a cave on a well-worn path. As I walked into the cave, the cave expanded into a huge cavern. I looked around and there were waters deep and surrounding me at every angle, all around the cavern that looked like dark reflecting pools; or black polished mirrors. Flames were burning somewhere and there ahead of me was the largest statue carved out of stone I had ever seen. It was tall, and craggy, crudely crafted, and yet very clearly was a Goddess with Breasts a supple waist and vulva.

The Stone vibrated with energy it was dark like obsidian stone, I felt compelled to touch it I could head it’s piercing vibration like a radio transmission drawing me in...I touched it.

***BILAH**, it hummed. **BILAH**, I heard all the women say that were coming row after row, young and supple, motherly and middle aged all with bowls pouring libations of something out to the base of her statue. I walked closer to perceive it the smell of the libation was strong, and salty pungent in a way I could not explain.*

***BILAH** I heard her hum, **BILAH** I heard the women say. Old crones were naked with drooping pendulum breasts swaying around her giving her worship palms outstretched touching her, stroking her. I watched the libations pour down from her feet into a deep groove that had been cut into the cave rock we stood on and watched as it flowed outwards like a river....to the main water source. **THIS IS THE RIVER OF LIFE.** (Bilah says in my head) I understand at this point that the dark substance flowing and the bowls being poured out to her are blood, women’s menstrual blood. **BILAH** she buzzes, I knod....**Bilah** I say” I woke up, another face...not the Golden Goddess but powerful just the same.*

I sat across the table from a chain smoking Older Crone/Mentor/Teacher who told me she loved my Goddess but what she was concerned about was that I loved the "Golden light" part of her much more than the Dark. That until I had learned to "pierce" that part of myself or her and accept it; I would never truly be "hers" or understand her mysteries. I said to her, that to stand in the light of the Sun Goddess was to know that you could hide nothing. It was like having a spotlight on you; and that people underestimated White Goddesses. She said "this is true; but until you accept all of her...you will never truly be hers."

I spent years, searching on how to pierce the "Veil of Isis". I read about the dark black room it was rumored had been boarded shut that had been found in one of her temples. I read about the sign that Plutarch had put up, that said "NO MAN" not "NO WOMAN" could pierce the veil. I read rumors on how the floors of that black room with the Dark Isis in it was covered with the menstrual blood of all the priestesses that served her. I read rumored stories that claimed a virgin Highpriest, Cleric or possibly a Scribe was sacrificed to her every year voluntarily but lived like a king that year. It was said that there was nothing in that room other than a mirror. Another reference claimed there was nothing in that room other than a Isis statue veiled. Some claimed the Dark Isis was the Goddess **Bilah** transformed. Some references said that there was nothing but burning herbs, and a dark pool in the room. All I could find was fictionalized accounts, rumors, and references nothing solid. I did not know exactly how to pierce that veil. I prayed, I searched, I delved in deeper, I started to long to pierce her veil. I felt the need to do it, the longing of it, like the yearning you feel for a lover. I was possessed with her, and the search. I **wanted to truly be hers, and her be mine.**



I decided the only way to find out was to put together the mystery and test it out at a festival for women only, **Weavers of the Web**. As a lady who had stopped bleeding herself, this would be interesting but I thought I could piece something together to “simulate an experience”. I gathered with my best friend and fellow priestess who geeked out on this stuff like me, and she and I and another priestess of Isis started the journey. We studied which herbs would have been used to be burned. We saved, and gathered what menstrual blood we had or had left. We started gathering fabrics of black, and more black, gold, and reds. We broke a mirror that had been used by our coven to Astral Travel. We ordered a Mannequin. We painted it black. We glued pieces of that broken glass together on her until we formed a beautiful face that was staggering, sharp, and yet magnificent. I ordered a very expensive wig for her, one that would have her classic bangs, yet was modern enough that any woman could relate to it. I took my most prized bib collar necklace and donned it on her. One priestess volunteered her wedding veil and painted it black. We gathered skulls of animals, our best furs, and bowls, and incense burners. We studied and studied. We made masks and headdresses. The time came.

We covered the whole room top to bottom in black, the floor we placed plastic on and we poured karo syrup and red food dye on it together in a path that led to her. We made three veils for them to cross. First, they entered the door where they removed their shoes. The first priestess would greet them, and they would walk the river of life. When prompted by the Oracle *Seshat*/Priestess they would then walk past the first veil every few steps to the right and left they saw sistrums candles, bones, and statues of Isis in many forms. The room opened up and they saw the gold fabric spread back like the wings of Isis herself and an Ankh in the middle. They could see the Veiled Isis elevated on a Huge Altar and around her many candles, incenses and herbs burned strong, she had a reflecting bowl in front of her dark with waters. The Priestess oracle related the Words of Isis. *“How you see me, is how you see yourself. I cannot be that which you are not yourself...Come forth, do not be shy, be brave, step up and pierce my veil, reveal to yourself that which only I can share with you...LIFT my veil....”* She purred.

Each woman sat down on a stool after walking through the path, they saw the small saucers of the three priestess’s menstrual blood. They noticed the blood red candles burning, they breathed in the herbs that mellowed them, they raised her veil and they sat. They focused, their eyes dilated, and the left this plane to go somewhere else. Some cried. Some laughed. Some just looked her straight in the eye and nodded. One ran forward and kissed her out of sheer love and joy! But they all lit a candle to her, washed their feet and went home solemn and with an answer. There was only one light, one small midnight blue bulb illuminating her from the top of her head....It was dark, the Oracle was behind her constantly speaking, silent at times, but the voice was from another world. It was clear the Goddess was present and she was at work.

After all of the women left, I had the priestesses who had assisted with the ritual walk through the mystery. They saw. They were fulfilled, their eyes looked like stars...they glowed. Finally, it was my turn; I took off the oracle mask of *Seshat* (Goddess of History and Scribes) and switched places. I took off my shoes, I walked the path of all those women before me and could

feel the sticky substance squish on my toes, and warm my feet. I heard the words of the Oracle. I had breathed that herbal smoke for four hours, I needed no more. I took the cue and walked past the first veil, and I was amazed at the beauty of the second room, I noticed all the small altars with drums and bones and sistrums set out with furs and totems to the Goddess all the little details. I finally looked in her direction.

Before I could reach her an image arose before me, a Spirit that was so strong she vibrated...Auset, Aset, Esse, Bilah, Isi, ISISAll whirled and whirled around vibrating so strong I felt a headache coming on and the image stopped moving only to be substantial and so beautiful that I could not even understand it. She was not Dark. She was not Light. She was not Shadow. She was not the Sun. She was not the Moon. She looked human. Before I could think with my logical mind I said aloud..."She is real".

I raised her veil as the spirit disappeared, and I sat and I looked straight at her waxing, and waning, droning in and out...I heard but I did not hear. I saw, but I did not see. I felt the pain of life, I cried, I felt the joy of life, I cried. I felt the pain of birth, and I panted. I felt the last breath I would take, and it was shocking. My heart stopped beating in my ears....It was all dark. I felt my love for her so big and so bold that I burst into a million pieces swirling into her and inside of her and I knew peace, I knew love, I knew joy. I knew I was hers, and I was inside of her and she was inside of me. I sat there finally grounded. I mechanically pulled out a white candle and lit it to her. I smiled.

"I was wandering the Universe and when I stepped on your planet I made it my home. I am all that was, all that is, and all that ever will be....How you see me is how you see yourself." ---ISIS



Merhamet Miller is the Highpriestess and Co-founder of the Temple of the Sacred Gift-ATC. You can find her there five out of seven days of the week. When she is not being Clergy, she is being a mother, grandmother, wife, and friend. She is living her dream in the woods and beginning to discover like many other before her the life of Farming. Her interests are herbs of any kind, animals, trees, nature in any form, and her path is Egyptian.



Winter Sky
by Lady Sky

Between the clouds and the stars there is a place that is cold and beautiful
You can see it but can't touch it but it can chill you to your core

The winter sky is clear and cold, and crisp and clean and cruel
You whole world is turned upside down whe the winter season comes

Darkness comes way too early and you never can get warm.
Forzen fingers, frozen toes, frozen ground, frozen dreams

Yuletide, New Years, Groundhog day giving us hope of Spring.
but the coldness of the winter sky makes it difficult to believe
that it won't be cold forever even when the blizzard is blowing.

The winter sky is beautiful, the snow will melt and the ground will thaw.
As long as we remeber to try to keep our spirits up.

We will get through all our winter skies and come out stronger on the other side.

SINGING IN THE TREES: THE MAKING OF BARDS

by Moss Bliss, BardMaster of Earth's Web



Time moves on, and I myself just completed another cycle of solar transit. I was looking forward to receiving messages from you readers, but none have yet crossed from the aether into my mailbox. Therefore, I have two choices: continue talking to myself as though you were listening, or cease blathering along and leave Peppermint and Sage scrabbling for more filler.

Obviously, I have chosen the former path. So I need to ask myself, what do I need to tell myself about being a bard that others might be informed by should they choose to hear?

Goodness, but we bards do gush on, do we not? Not just in what we say, but choosing to embellish each phrase in such a way that one would think may not have been done. Wordcrafting, as discussed in the past article. Make each statement memorable. In the Olde Days (before Patrick) all stories would be memorized word by word to be retold to any and all audiences, and each story had to be told exactly as it was written however long before. One could only be allowed to craft one's own story after one had completely mastered all the stories before. Small wonder Patrick convinced the Bards of his time to take up writing.

The story must be told to cover not only all the relevant facts but also the various emotions of its characters. A bardic tale differs greatly from a news report in that it conveys (or attempts to) the entire scope of the events. A tale of only one viewpoint is nothing more than an opinion, after all. Shakespeare may have had a strong editorial hand, but all the characters and events being written about needed to be addressed from their own viewpoint. What would Richard III read like if it were just Richard standing on the stage narrating his own tale? While there are some actors I would listen to read the phone book, I am hardly the typical audience member, and yes, even the audience must be included for a tale to be completely absorbed.

There is also the topic of the music. An instrument must be chosen by a bard, if one is needed to make the story more listenable. The old bards tended to use harp or pennywhistle; more modern bards seem to prefer guitar or other instrumentation. Choose well, young bard-to-be, and work at your craft. Some may need a skilled teacher, others less so. I remember I taught myself using an old chord book my father left in the piano bench.

I had been told to not touch his guitar, that my mother hated guitars... my dad worked a variety of shifts at his job, and this left me with the opportunity to, um, misbehave... he only learned I was studying guitar as he found marks in his chord books where I found the chords to be incomplete. And another tale is told.

In many ways, I feel like the song my father never finished, cast aside so that he could spend his time providing for his family. He told me in the year before he passed that he had written many songs, but never let me see them; the underlying tone of his speech told me he was not proud of them, perhaps even embarrassed by them. I asked my mother to try to find anything he had written, but nothing has been found to date. It also makes up a part of why I, myself, feel unfinished.

What part of your life feels unfinished? What part do you wish you would spend more time working on? How often do you catch yourself saying, “I wish I had the time to do _____”?

Modern life is very trying. We need to spend so much time working to make a “living”, so much time working on our side projects, working on our group projects (like work weekends at the Farm), so much time taking care of our spouse and children, so much time losing weight or getting in better shape... and so much time resting from being dragged down by our efforts. It seems there is never enough time.

How many artists have written songs about just that? Or painted pictures to express it? What might you have to add to the effort?

Since my last performance, I have spent very little time practicing my instruments. Rosaleen has been calling to me, and I pick her up every few days to pluck out some tunes. I'm not sure I've even passed the “beginner” level, but she tries so hard to sing to me. My next task is to try new strings on her. My 12-string guitar, Disciple, has lain fallow for many months. He needed a new bridge insert, and I bought one only to discover that it needed to be shaped in a way that I had no skills for. Besides Rosaleen, I spend most of my musical time with Blue, my dreadnought 6-string, and Carlos, my Spanish classical guitar.

But the words are not coming. New songs are stuck in the locks, waiting for the levels to equalize. Tunes flow forth and are either forgotten or recorded, but the lyrics... a few sputters, and the trickle slows.

A songwriter of a few years passed wrote a song about writer's block, about simple songs leaving him behind unwritten. His skill was so great that the song takes about six and a half minutes for me to sing.

Some of you have never been bitten by your muse, never had the desire to write a song. I fill in my blank periods by learning other songs, perhaps better than what I could have written, or performing them. Many of you have heard the songs I gravitate to; some joyful, some wistful, some downright angry, but all crafted as perfectly as a song can be.

What is your gift? What is your skill? What is your instrument? What do you need to move into the next phase, the next branch of your own tree?

Perhaps we can answer these together. Please feel free to write me – that's why I include my email address in each episode, each treatise.

Until next time,

Moss

(Moss Bliss is a pagan priest in Eastern Tennessee. He has been widely published in a variety of journals on a variety of topics, mostly having to deal with the Craft. He is a fallible human being, but has been blessed with some musical and literary talent. It is time, not only to raise his own voice but to draw out the voices of other like-minded individuals. You may write to him at zaivalananda@gmail.com





tuatha dea



In 2010, I was widowed, I moved back to The Great Smokey mountains, a place I considered "Home". Shortly after moving back, I met and fell in love with a wonderful man and his 2 children. My daughter fell for them just as hard as I did. That summer, I went to our first fully pagan gathering. Something new, with a new family. A lovely native couple were hosting, and dedicated a small patch of woods as sacred space that weekend. There was also this motley crew of musicians playing and teaching us to drum. My little bit actually fell asleep during her first drum circle with them. Little did I know then that these people and their music would become so enmeshed in my heart and my life.



At this point, the band looked much different than it does today. They had self produced one album at the time, and Tuatha de Danaan was their flagship song.... the truly celtic and tribal rhythms echoing through the trees reached my very bones.*The Children of Danu!! The Fae!! They were singing of the Fairies!!.....* The concert and later the drumming around the fire that first meeting would become , along with many other songs yet to be born,a sound track for my life. My homecoming song, tattooed in my heart and soul.



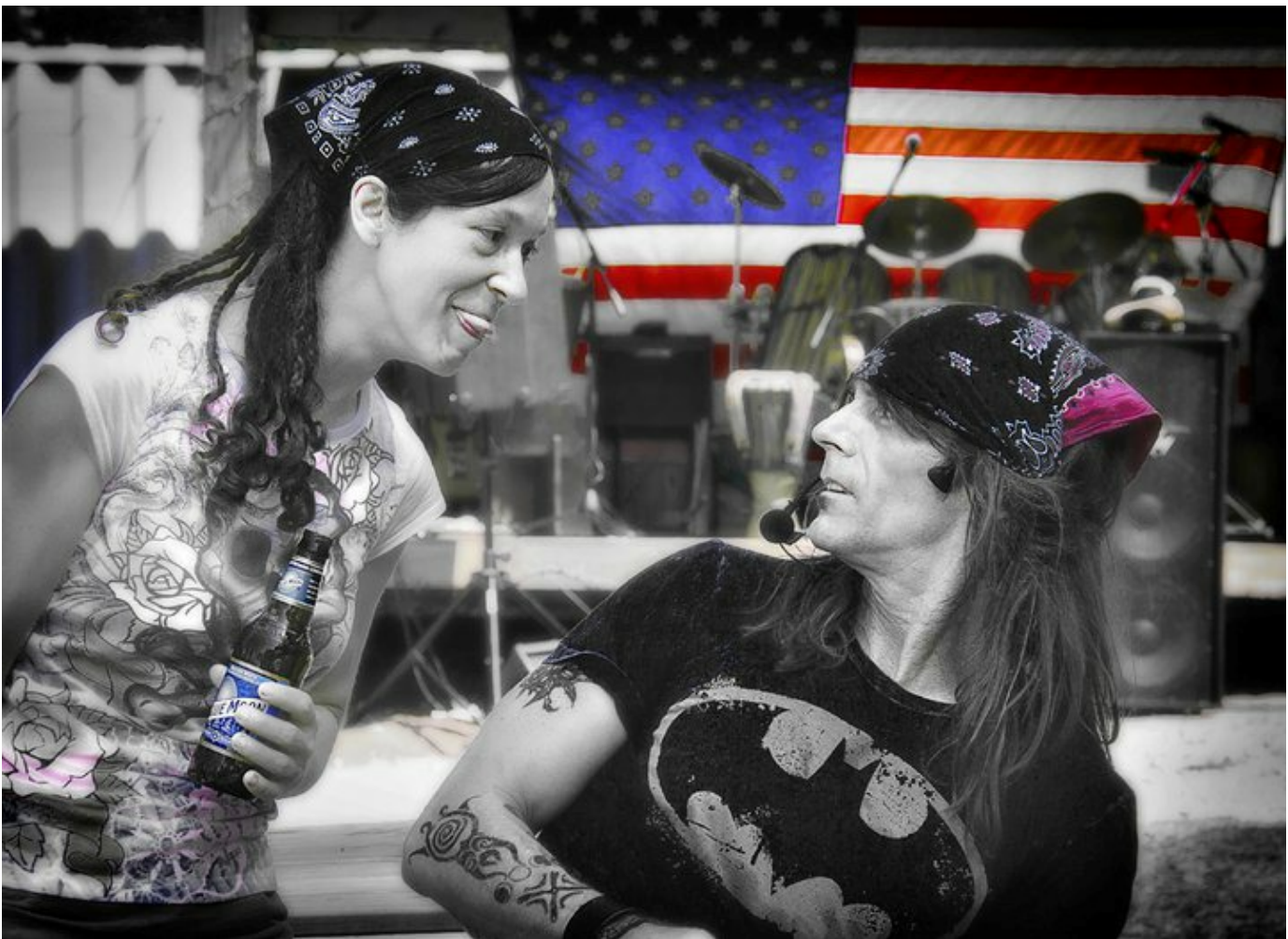
I was lucky to be in a position to get to know the group on a personal level. My family and I taking the Tuatha Babies for a weekend here and there, having food fights at birthday parties , and generally, just doing what friends do. That winter, my daughter became very ill and had to be hospitalized over Christmas. The one thing that kept her calm and cooperative

was what she called "Becca sing" which was Tuatha's version of Danny Boy. In 2011, I was blessed to have them attend my handfasting, cementing my new family together. I came to the circle that afternoon, to the sound of the Mothers heartbeat, and our circle was cast with the magic and love of Tuatha Dea's "Corners" , their voices and love carrying through the place where for me, this part of my life truly began. Even though I may be biased, that was one of the most powerful circles, to this day, that I have ever witnessed, others have said this as well who were in attendance. That is just one small glimpse into the bardic magic that is Tuatha Dea.



Over the years I have seen them grow, changing members as the seasons and tides of life changed. Getting gigs farther and farther away from home. Marriages, Births, all the things that friends are witness to. Accumulating more and more fans as they ventured farther and farther out. Each show like a little piece of their home, inviting all they meet into their lives. They have a unique way of introducing you to their family, and drawing you in so you feel as if you are a part of what they do. They are story tellers, and will weave for you, the story of Danny's grandmother singing him lul-

laby's and take you places with songs like Pipers Pay, Tonight, and Irish Handfasting. They have not only built a talented and loved band, but have drawn us, the fans and friends, into what we affectionately now call The Tribe. We are more than fans, we are family. The CD's and captured show footage playing in our ears is nothing compared to a live performance. We listen so that we can connect to them, and each other, until we make the next show and can hug each other again. This is part of the bardic magic they weave. I have never known a band, or fans, that connect quite like our Tribe and Tuatha.



So lets see if i can break the band down for you, they are truly a family and have often introduced themselves as a dysfunctional Partridge family. There are 8 members, three couples , two sets of siblings, and their orphan adoptee.

Danny Mullican (Damasqs)... ring leader, husband to Rebecca, father of Tesea and Brandon

Rebecca Hubbard... wife of Danny, Sister of Kathy
Tesea Dawson... daughter of danny, sister to Brandon
Brandon Mullican... son of Danny, brother of Tesea, husband of
Nikki
Nikki Taylor.. wife of Brandon
Katherine Holman..sister to Rebecca, wife of Chris
Chris "foxfire" Bush.... husband of Kathy
Adam Ogle... adopted son/brother



They all play multiple instruments, sing and act as roadies for themselves. They have a total of 4 albums now (2 of which were crowd source funded by The Tribe) They have performed in Canada, at Pagan Spirit Gathering, and have worked with the likes of Spiral rhythm, Dan the Bard and the ever enchanting Australian born Wendy Rule



Their newest album, *Tufa Tales*, is based off an incredible book series of the same name, written by a very talented guy named Alex Bledsoe. There are currently 2 books in the series with a third in the making. And they are all about the Fae (Tuatha de Danaan) who have transplanted to the Appalachian mountains and are musicians. Sound familiar? (find these books!!! rumor has it the Tribe may know someone in the third book and maybe even the fourth!) They have two videos off this album, "Long Black Curl" and "Wisp of a Thing" (produced by Nightsong Studios) which can be found on Vimeo, Youtube, and all over Facebook. Both of these videos are just full of The Tribe, as a call was put out for extras to come play with the band. **(go find now!!!)**

As well as on their web site, Tuathedea.com., they have a heavy presence on Facebook. You will often find them cutting up in the group "Tuatha Dea Groupies" and on their own personal pages.

Between that and the blooper reels they release, You can never doubt that these people are as real as you are. They are amazingly down to earth and genuinely warm people. They have a very eclectic and wide range of musical genres present in their work, mixed with the occasional cover, there is something for everyone to love somewhere in their repertoire.



865-548-3637
SoaringOak@gmail.com
Steve SoaringOak Photography



If this is the first time hearing of these folks, please, go to their web site, find them on Youtube, on Facebook. Give it a listen, get to know them, better yet, find a show near you and go meet them face to face. There is always more room in this Tribe. And for those of you already in the know....

Slainte!!!!

Pinkie Luna Fae, Tuatha Dea Booty Shaker, Thuatha Dea Groupie,
Tribe Member



Interview with Marjorie Farnsworth of Spirit Assist Hypnotherapy LLC

by Mistress Belladonna

This is an introduction to Farnsworth, Master Hypnotherapist of Spirit Assist [Hypnotherapy](#). An accomplished and forthright woman, she holds membership in the West Washtenaw Business Assoc., International Assoc. Of Counselors & Therapists, International Medical & Dental Hypnotherapy Assoc., National Assoc. of Transpersonal Hypnotherapists, Foundation for Shamanic Studies, and the Society of Shamanic Practitioners. She attained her Advanced Master Certification in Clinical Hypnotherapy at Bucks College and Masters Center in Philadelphia, and also has completed her MA in Chinese Literature from the University of Chicago, an MBA from the University of Missouri-Columbia, and a BA from Mount Holyoke College.

Your friendly neighborhood Detroit Paganism Examiner caught up with her on October 18, 2014 at Midwest Witches Bazaar, the marketplace event that takes place every year on the day of the Michigan Witches Ball. Come take a moment to relax, listen to sound of the words across your monitor as they play in your mind and learn about this renaissance woman in our midst.

I am here with Master Hypnotherapist, Marjorie Farnsworth, and can you tell us a little bit about yourself and where you are located?

Yes, my main practice is in Ann Arbor. I actually came to hypnotherapy after 23 years as a middle manager for the Fortune 500. Actually it helps me quite a lot and be a good therapist because most of my clients are people in the corporate world, people who work for universities. Most of them are middle aged professional women. They like that I can empathize with what's going on in their lives. So, I can do a lot of different things with hypnotherapy. Some people come for just past life regression. some people come because they have a lost memory. For example, somebody that has been given a [date rape drug](#) and wanted to know what happened to her and was able to with hypnosis. Some people come because they are struggling with anxiety, low self esteem, fear of being successful, addictions, all kinds of things like that. I can help with all of those things.

In the other part of my practice, I am also a Shamanic Healing Practitioner and I use Native American healing rituals to help people get their life force back from traumatic experiences, illnesses, and things like that. And so I do, retrieve power animals for people. I do [soul retrievals](#), (and) *extraction* which is removing negative energies from peoples' energy fields. I also do depossession and psychopomp, and cord cutting. So all of those things help people, that and the hypnotherapy practice, help people to take back their personal power and become stronger. I also do a lot of talks and workshops. And in my spare time, I am also working on a PhD in [Transpersonal Psychology](#) and writing a book.

Because you seem just not to have enough to do (laughs).

Absolutely.

You actually are amazing. This is the first time I've met you. Is this your first foray into the Metro Detroit Pagan community?

It is. It is, back in my corporate days, life was boring and restrictive and now that I am therapist, an entrepreneur, and all the other things that I do, I am free to go out and explore more of the world. And, I'm a Pagan anyway.

So it works out.

Now, can you tell us a little bit about your paranormal assessment? What's involved with a paranormal assessment?

That is what some people call a [house clearing](#). I have a lists here of how a person can pretty much easily tell that there are problems in their house and they're not necessarily demons or spirits. Sometimes it's just negative energy that can come from dampness, lack of energy flow, and clutter. But a paranormal assessment, it has two parts to it. First one is coming out there and talking to the homeowner about what is going on and going through the checklist of things like

- did someone die in the house recently
- have there been a lot of emotional upsets
- have you named a spirit
- pets being upset in certain parts of the house, and doing lots of whining and barking
- things disappearing
- strange noises
- smells that you can't find the reason for

and so on, and so forth.

The next part of it is to walk around inside and outside of the house, and its surrounding property, and see what sort of energies there are. Because when there are problems, the energy in those places tends to be very thick, and very dark, and very prickly. After I've done that part of the assessment, the next part is to set up what, in shamanism, we call sacred space in the middle of the house and use sacred space to reach out to the energies in the house and to my own spirits and ask them

"All right, what do we need to do?" and, speaking to the spirits in the house, "Who are you? What are you? And, what are you doing here? You know, what do you want?".

I have had more than one case where it was spirits who had never been human who were after a beautiful two year old.

And they said, "Well, it's very dark where we are and here is this beautiful two year old and we want her energy".

And I said, "That is not okay. You know, I'm here to have you get lost, and with help of my own spirits".

And I noticed, one of the times it did that the lights in the room went waaay down and back up again. They did not like that. So that is the assessment.

The second part is to actually come back and do the house clearing. The first part of that is helping people to understand how to protect themselves, which we never know exactly what we're going to have during a house cleaning. And explain to people how to ground, center, and shield. Smudge everybody, smudge all of the tools that I use. And then I go and I talk to the spirits in the house and say, "Okay, I'm here. You have fair warning, I'm going to have you gone today and it's not that I have anything against you personally, but you are interrupting people's lives and it's not okay".

So we go through every room twice and roll the energies off the walls, if it's bad, and out the hallway, out the door. We use Tibetan [Tingsha](#) bells, we use smudge, lavender, drumming, and various kinds of things to get those bad energies back out of the house and cleared out. We also reinforce the outside walls. We put energy into them to protect the house and also the outside of the house. And then the last part of it is to put wards at the corners of the house. To set up pillars of light that will reinforce the house and protect it from anything coming into it. And we just explain to people that those need to be reinforced with intention periodically. So, that's a simplistic explanation of house clearing.

Okay, simplistic for some, but very in depth for others. I've encountered some very nasty little, uh, entities so, I have nothing but complete respect for what you do. And, especially with the discarnate being so active this time of year, have you had an increase in calls or ... ?

No, it's really, it's only recently that I actually put house clearing on my website. I began to notice that even without house clearing on my website, I started to get calls to do that. And so, it's only in the last couple of weeks, I finally just sent out a mass mailing to let people know alright alright, here I am, I do this type of work. So, this I guess a developing part of my business, but it's something I do. And to me it is an extension of being a shamanic practitioner.

Now, you're based in Ann Arbor, but you do travel, correct?

I do travel, yes.

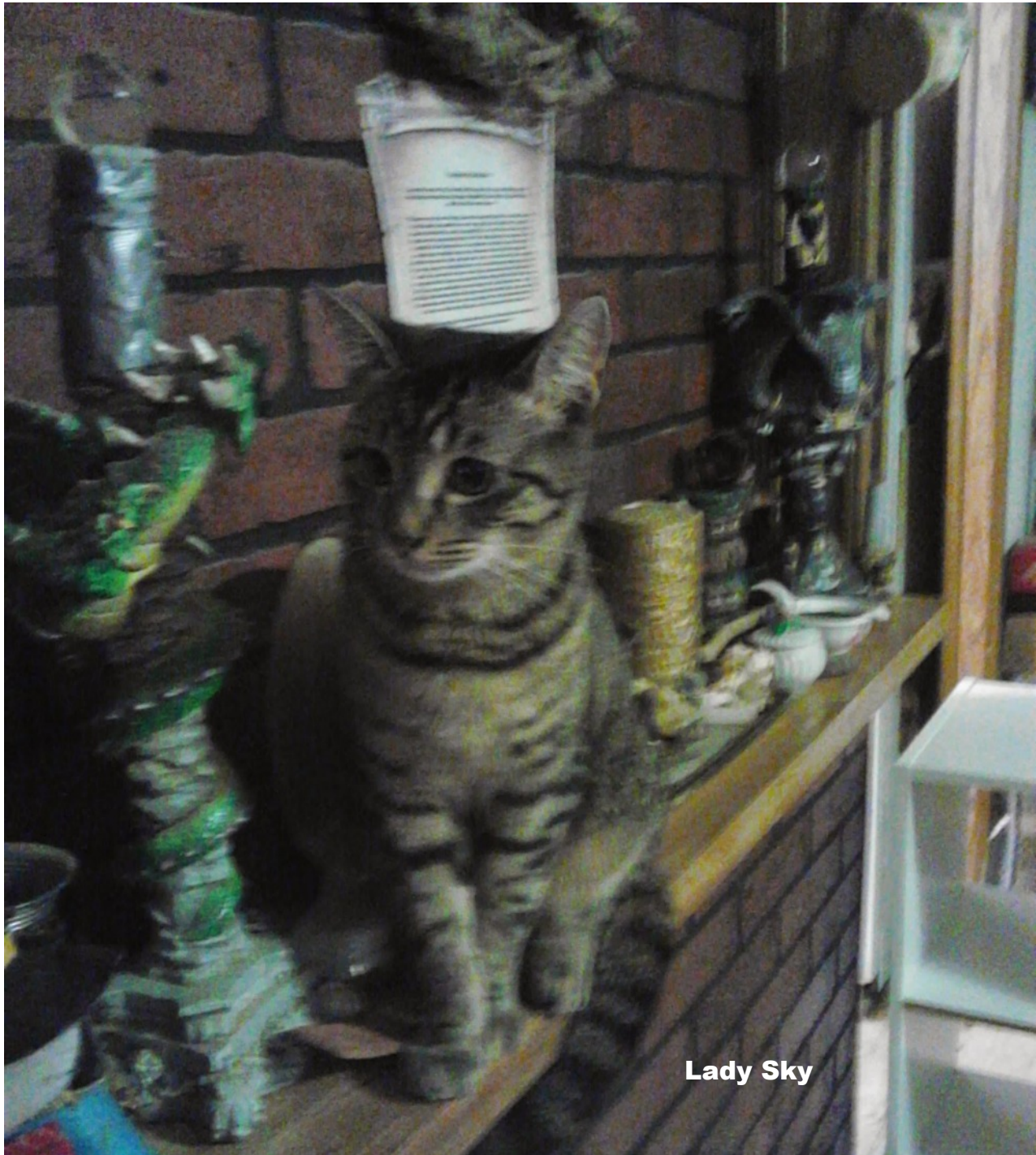
So I am hoping to hear a lot more from you in this area. And I thank you for your time.

You're welcome. We also have satellite offices in Hillsdale and Toledo.

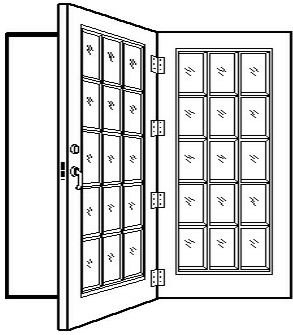
All right everybody, you heard that, right? Okay, so, please give this lady a visit.

To see the actual interview online, please visit [here](#).

If you are interested in contacting Ms. Farnsworth, you can find her at Spirit Assist Hypnotherapy LLC, located at 4488 Jackson Road, Ste. 3, in Ann Arbor. Her other offices are by appointment. They are In Touch Therapy Center Inc. on 4354 Monroe St., in Toledo, OH, or at the Counseling Office of Gayle Seeley located at 44 S. Broad St., in Hillsdale, Michigan. For additional information, call 734-347-8180.



Lady Sky



The Door to the Beyond: Mental Health and Paganism by Moss Bliss

Part X: Bringing It Home

Last month's Walk was difficult for me, but in a happy way. I had too much background material to work with, and if I had not edited it greatly, it would have been 10 pages long. (I try to keep my articles in the 2-to-4-page range, printed in Mickeysoft Word.) The result was a wonderful article... without a single mention of Paganism.

Allow me to talk about my Family for a bit. (Note that the following information may be incorrect, but accurately portrays my perceptions.)

My Brother Nightfall had been a humorless man, who managed to find the Craft and a wonderful lady at about the same time. His problem was, she was warm, loving, happy... and he was miserable. He hated himself, for he previously had no Light in his life. But his lady changed that, and he knew he needed to change himself.

Nightfall did what few of us would have had the courage to do. He taught himself humor. From scratch. He started with puns and bad jokes and worked his way up. He then started teaching all of us, his spiritual Family, about humor – both light and dark sides. He wandered around our various Gatherings wearing or being something funny, often wearing a Jester's Cap and carrying a large rubber chicken. With a squeaker in its neck. He always offered anyone he encountered a chance to "choke his chicken". Needless to say, he was a hit with the children of our Family. I always sought him out at Gatherings, and we often got into a competition of bad puns (is there any other kind?).

My Brother Amergyn was a large, friendly man, buff enough to get away with very minimal leather outfits (often his codpiece was its own attention-getting device). He was the Family's Bard (officially or unofficially, depending on which Family member you talked to). He wrote many songs, often about Dragons... but his most popular song at Gatherings was an extremely ribald piece he did not write, called "Cats on the Rooftop". I was constantly amazed that parents encouraged their children to ask him to sing this... if I had sung it, it would have caused a scandal. But hysterically funny it was, if you allowed it to be.

Amergyn and I shared many stages as performers (both of us being musicians, guitar and vocals). I was asked to be a witness to his first Handfasting, which surprised me because I did not remember at the time that I already knew him. By the time the ritual began I was calling and holding a Quarter. Over the next few years, we met often at Gatherings, and rarely outside of them.

My Brother Ravenwind was a quiet man, offering few opinions. When he got to know you, if he came to trust you, you would quickly find the depths in this man, even if he only revealed a few bits now and then. He was a few years younger than I, and walked a somewhat different path. Among other things, he was my personal computer tech. He also taught one of my lovers many things of the Craft that she needed to know and that I could not teach her.

Ravenwind passed due to a heart attack. Then the Family was made aware that both Amergyn and Nightfall had inoperable cancers. They have each taken their own road to Summerland.

My Sister Rhea protected me through my hard times, even though she was dying at the time and had been for several years. While there was no hope for her, she gave me all the hope I needed. She offered me her own home as Sanctuary, when some members of my Family were leaving the family over a horrible situation (of which my part was to offer help, which was misunderstood if the person so chose). She remains as one of my Guardians, and another dear Sister sent me a picture of her. I do not know that I met Elf Rhea in life, except through email and the phone (remember my horrible memory? I have had small, vague memories of meeting her in The Weyr), but she is with me now. She passed in 2005.

While it is very difficult to write these words without crying, all I remember is the good things we had and still have together, the warmth, humor, wisdom, and all the other things that brought us to the same Family and keeps us there, in either body or spirit.

How many of you reading this lived through the Twin Towers massacre and felt the whole world crushing down on you? How many felt nothing? I'm sure we have people from both groups reading this. (I, myself, felt nothing; not a commentary on the loss, just the lack of connection, or something...)

What we, you and I, need to always remember, being considered “mentally ill”, “challenged”, “sick”, or whatever, is that **we are the healers of our community**. We are the ones who laugh the loudest, cry the hardest, feel the most deeply. We are the ones who have been through so much and come through so much that we understand how to get through, how to persevere, how to survive, and how to keep the long view of what it means to be Pagan, to be Family. The hardest part is to keep our heads when we are considered by some as being part of the crisis, rather than the solution... or to be among the first to regain our balance in these situations. And when we do **not** feel the pain of others, it is because we are called to the healing, not the hurting.

Are you made to feel as though you are the problem, not the solution? The truth will come out in time. Make sure you live long enough to see that time come. We, the most broken, are the healers. **YOU** are a healer.

How did we come to be the healers, when we are often seen as the most broken? My theory is that it is because everyone is always trying to fix us, and they keep changing their minds about how to do it. We get more quack theories – and good ones – than most others around us, and have more experience in finding the things that work and recognizing those that do not. Maybe we aren't the most listened-to, but maybe we have a good Priestess or Brother or Sister in the Family to do the advocating for us.

And the best thing we can bring to the table is our sense of humor. Even when we pick the wrong time to crack a joke, our Family knows that we are trying to be helpful.

What if we do not have this sense of Family in our community? (And I pray that each of us can find this.)

Start something! Maybe you can find friends online who you can relate to (like many friends in my many on-line groups). If you don't have one, search for one; if you can't find a group that fits, start one! Search Facebook, Ello, Meetup.com, NoLongerLonely.com, and other such sites for people (a) with your interests, and/or (b) who are in your local area or region. If you can find a local Gathering to go to, contact them and make arrangements to go. (If you're near Eastern TN, by all means visit earthsweb.org.)

Remember that not all first attractions turn out to be real. The people may not be who or what they claim, and real relationships take years to build. But start somewhere.

And then laugh with them. Play with them. We are so lucky to live in a time when so many people reach out to us through our monitors and we can reach back through our keyboards. Thank Goddess for the Internet, and the friends you find through it.

We feel the most. We hurt the most. We help the most. Our role in our community is to be the most needy, and the most needed. So we **must** laugh the most, and heal the most.

So saying, I thank you all for reading my articles. I welcome emails and other contacts from my readers, especially if you choose to give me an idea for an article.

Join me next issue for another walk through the Door.

Hugs,
Moss

[Moss Bliss is an old bard, peer specialist, direct support professional, musician, Priest of the Lady, and many other things to those who welcome him. You can contact him at zaivalananda@gmail.com ,]



HAND YOGA ★

MEDITATION by Skylar Silver Star

With the Holidays upon us, and all the busy days it makes it hard to take the time for the soul, to have purposeful meditation for extended periods of time. I started using hand mudras, yoga for the hands so I can have time for a few attitude tunings daily. This can be done anywhere anytime. This is just some basic teaching. You can read the books or find any of numerous websites to assist you if you enjoy the mudras as much as I do. My passion for hand Mudras started with a book "Healing Mudras" by Sabrin Mesko. She is my inspiration for writing this, because this is enabling me to help myself more every day. I am giving you my top three. Here is a website which explains a little bit about the Chakras for the meditations.

<http://www.healer.ch/Chakras-e.html>

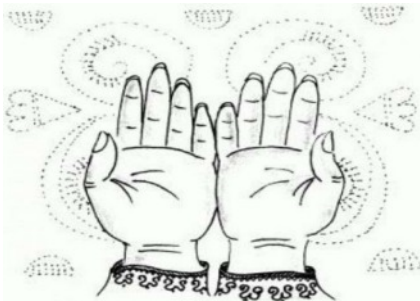
Happiness Mudra The meditation is focusing the third eye while doing deep breathing opening the heart



chakra. Sitting up straight hold the hands in this position. Many people reading already have a good idea of intention. Use your intention to make yourself happy as you see yourself happy say and repeat Sukha as many times as you feel you need to, but try for at least three minutes.

<http://tinyurl.com/ldhxtac>

Success Mudra. The meditation will focus on the third eye again. Sitting up straight hold your hands in the position in the picture take long deep breaths thinking of opening the root chakra. Use your intention to



see yourself succeeding in any situation say Iddhipada for at least three minutes.

<http://tinyurl.com/ldhxtac>

Ganesh Mudra. The mudra to remove obstacles. The mantra will focus on the crown.



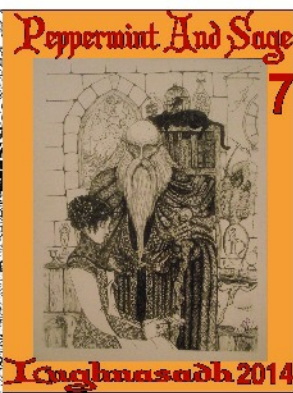
The chakra is the root chakra. Sitting up straight hold your hands in the position in the picture. Use alternate nostril breaths. Use your intention to see yourself succeeding in any situation say Om Gam Ganapataye Namaha for at least three minutes.

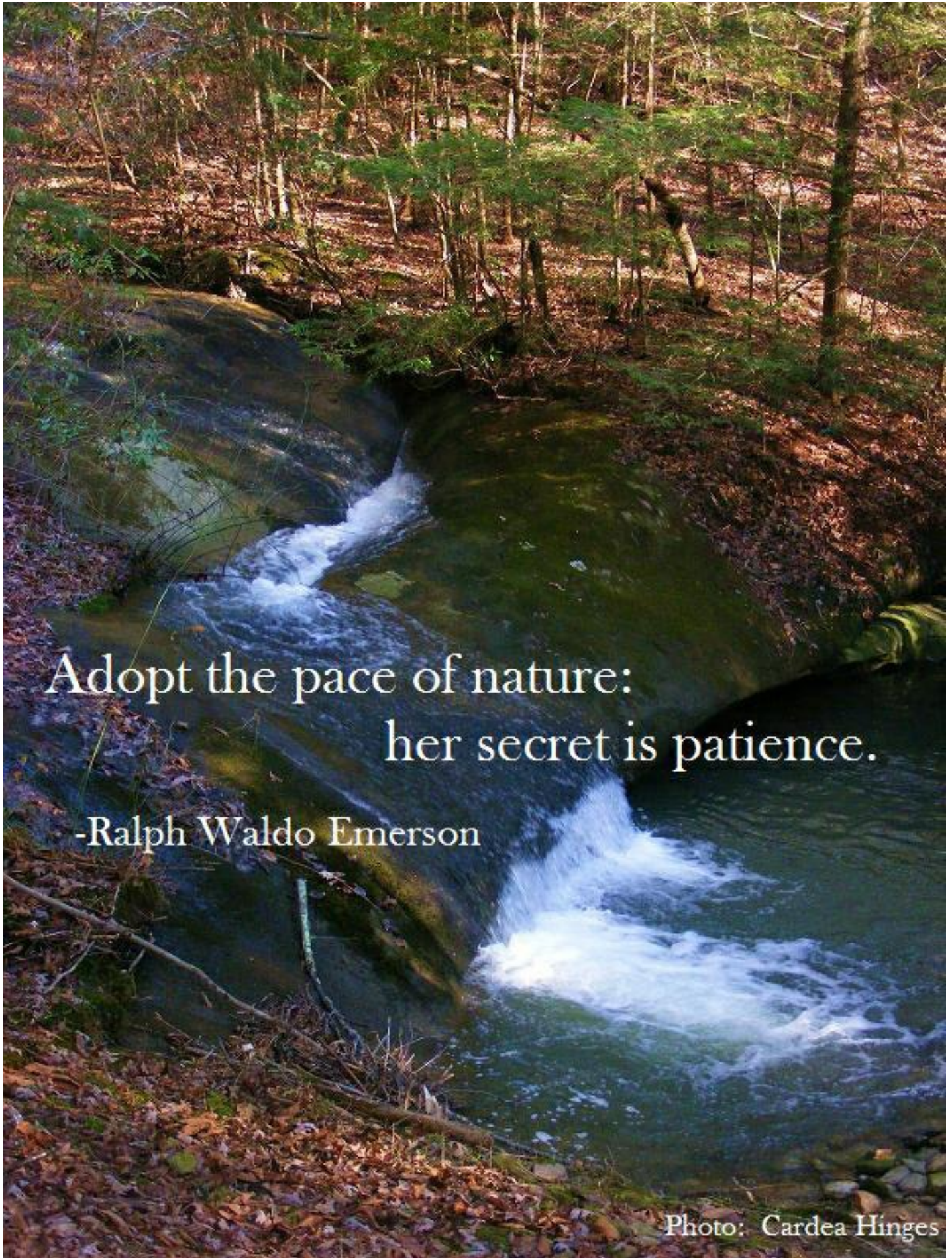
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 photos, jokes, reviews, events for the calendar,
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 today!!





Adopt the pace of nature:
her secret is patience.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

Photo: Cardea Hinges



A question we hear a lot from new people getting into the Craft “Is Yule celebrated like Christmas and can we still have a tree, give presents and so on.” We tell them that most of the celebrations at Christmas time are Pagan in origin and to go right on celebrating . Let’s look at some of the origins of Christmas traditions so you can see the Pagan origins.

12 Days of Christmas or Yule: The earliest twelve-day celebration that we can find was the ancient Egyptian Sun celebration of the rebirth of Horus. Because of the 12 month calendar that Horus ruled over – each day of the celebration represented a month from the calendar. Next we see the celebration continued by the Babylonians with Zagmuk. Zagmuk was a celebration of the Babylonian Sun God Marduk. It was about the battle of Marduk vs the monsters of chaos. The Persians also began to help Marduk with a celebration called Sacaea, where slaves and masters changed place and a mock king was crowned. The celebration started spreading – the Greeks took on a version of Sacaea in which Zeus defeats Kronos and the Titans. During the Greek festivals mischievous imps called Kalikantzaroi roamed the land wreaking havoc. They had a reputation for stealing the spirits of children and because the imps couldn’t stand fire and smoke, families would keep a large log burning. Now the festival is taken up by the Romans with a few changes. Zeus is replaced by Jupiter and Kronos by Saturn. And the festival became known as Saturnalia. During the time of Saturnalia all business and schools were closed and all of Rome celebrated. Everyone was of equal stature, children ruled families, masters served slaves and the Lord of Misrule was crowned king of Saturnalia. People decorated their homes and halls, lit candles and lamps to chase away evil sprits, built bonfires on hilltops to encourage the birth of the sun. Singing, masquerade balls, feasts, gift giving. When the church reinvented the custom after the holiday was Christianized, instead of revolving around the 12 days of Solstice, their festival commenced on December 25 and continued until Epiphany on January 6, which was the day the magi arrived in Bethlehem. During the middle ages, gift giving on each of the festival days became tradition. This custom was the basis for the song “The Twelve Days of Christmas”.

Gift Giving: Earliest known was in Babylonia with Zagmuk, but it gained popularity during Saturnalia. When the Church took up the gift exchange it was attributed to the Magi.

Santa Claus and the Reindeer: Santa is often associated with the Norse Sun-God, Kris Kringle, it’s most likely the origins of Santa’s capabilities started with the Germanic God, Woden, Lord of the Winds. Legend contend that he was a nocturnal God capable of flying through the stormiest of clouds on his gray eight legged horse, Sleipnir, materializing and vanishing at will, and that he held the whole of magic – even its forbidden secrets – in the palm of his hand. This would explain why Santa flies through the sky, is never seen, knows who’s been naught and nice, and has a bag of toys that never runs dry. Woden was also known as the Elf King, so it would only be natural that the Elves would work for him. Although commonly associated with Santa Claus, it is believed that reindeer represent the stags that drew the chariot of the Norse gift giving Goddess, Freya. Another thought is that they symbolize the abundance of the Celtic horned God, Cernunnos. But not matter how you look at it horned hooved beast during the holidays have a Pagan beginnings. Since it seem a lot of

Santa's origins seem to be related to the Norse – Woden was just another name for the Norse All Father Odin, it is only natural that the work place for Santa would be the North Pole.

Source of information: Yule: A Celebration of Light & Warmth by Dorothy Morrison 2000 from Llewellyn Worldwide – a wonderful book on Yule.
Dragon Palm Circle Book of Shadows – Yule Ritual 2003



Sitharwyn



This month cover was taken by Lord Angus Waterstone. He shot the picture where he works in Gatlinburg, TN just outside the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. He had shown us the picture while we were talking about this month's issue and everyone there felt that it was the perfect cover for a Yule issue.



Photo: CardeaHinges



Backyard Farm Project

By Moonchylde

It's the time of the year when the earth sleeps, but that doesn't mean you can't still be working on your garden. This is the time of year for planning. There are lots of sites that offer ways to lay out your garden. You can do the same thing with graph paper or plain paper and a steady hand. One book I highly recommend for growing (and planning) is the square foot garden. It has fabulous information that can help you maximize the use of your garden space to get the most from each inch. Start with the plants you can't live without and then fill in the rest. The problem at this point (at least for me) usually is wanting too many different types of plants and not having enough room. There are all kinds of great seed catalogs if you want to grow your plants from seed—two of my favorites are from heirloomseeds.com and rareseeds.com. You can get a free catalog from each by going to the websites.



Moonchylde

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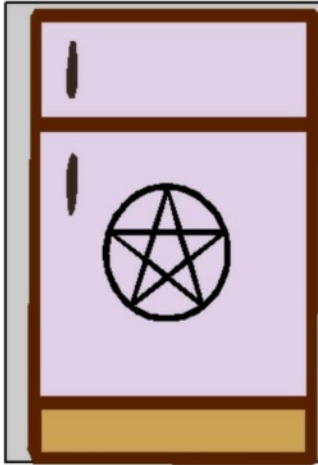
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Dreamweaver



On The Pagan Fridge

The Art of Our Children



Don't forget this is our page for our little Pagans - send in those photos and scans of their artwork. Lets make this more than just one page next issue. This picture is by StarStruck

Pagan Fun Time



$$\text{Red Octagon} + \text{Red Octagon} + \text{Red Octagon} = 21$$

$$\text{Green Star} - \text{Red Octagon} = 6$$

$$\text{Green Star} + \text{Purple Pyramid} = 35$$

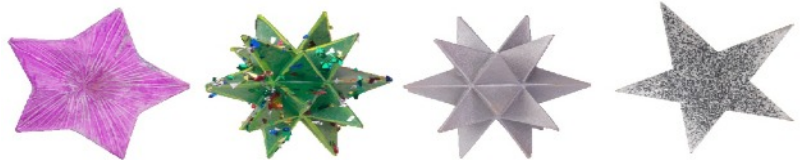
$$\text{Purple Pyramid} + \text{Red Octagon} - \text{Green Star} = ?$$

Yule Word Search

Y	M	O	E	V	W	Y	O	E	D	L	M	Q	W	D
C	H	R	U	L	O	R	G	V	I	G	F	Z	V	A
Z	O	B	J	Y	J	G	E	A	P	N	C	H	J	E
J	L	I	C	R	N	E	S	A	B	K	O	I	Y	R
F	L	E	G	O	E	S	K	O	T	L	B	V	U	B
D	Y	C	G	A	A	T	S	A	I	H	W	Y	S	R
R	F	I	J	W	R	A	N	D	L	C	G	H	A	E
Y	M	T	F	S	N	L	A	I	H	F	Q	P	T	G
R	U	S	Z	T	E	Y	A	P	W	G	W	I	U	N
J	T	L	A	C	L	O	H	N	J	B	T	O	R	I
V	X	O	E	Z	V	P	Q	G	D	W	R	G	N	G
Q	G	S	V	G	E	U	T	Z	I	U	E	M	A	S
A	I	T	T	E	S	N	I	O	P	E	E	Y	L	K
Z	J	C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S	L	D	I	P
V	M	I	S	T	L	E	T	O	E	P	G	S	A	S

Yule
 Christmas
 Santa
 Elves
 Gingerbread
 Holly
 Poinsettia
 Saturnalia
 Sleigh
 Wassail
 Winter

Wreath
 Tree
 Solstice
 Eggnog
 Snowflake
 Mistletoe
 Ivy
 Holiday
 Garland

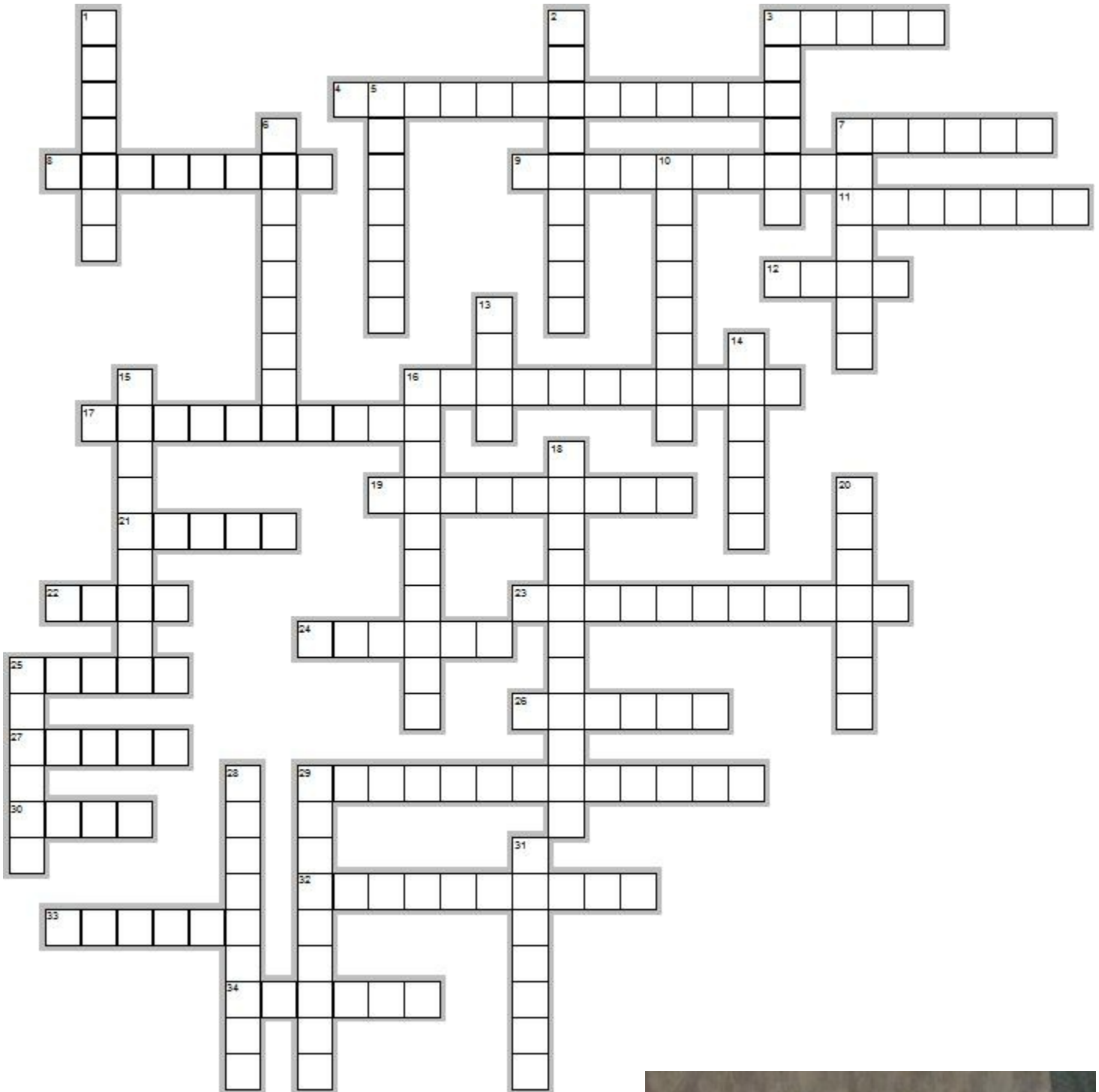




Lady Sky

Yule Crossword puzzle

By Lady Sky and Lord Dreamweaver

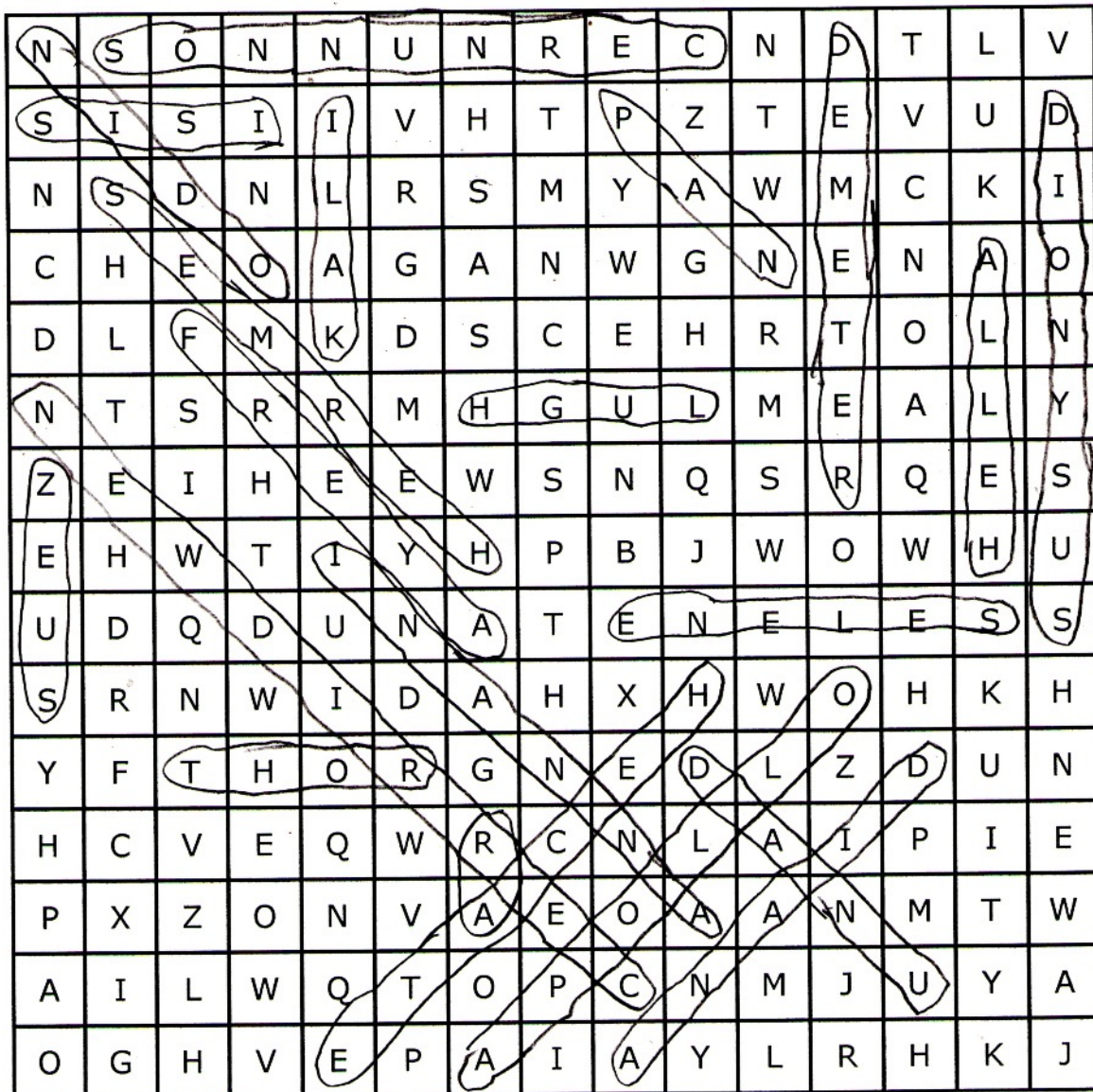


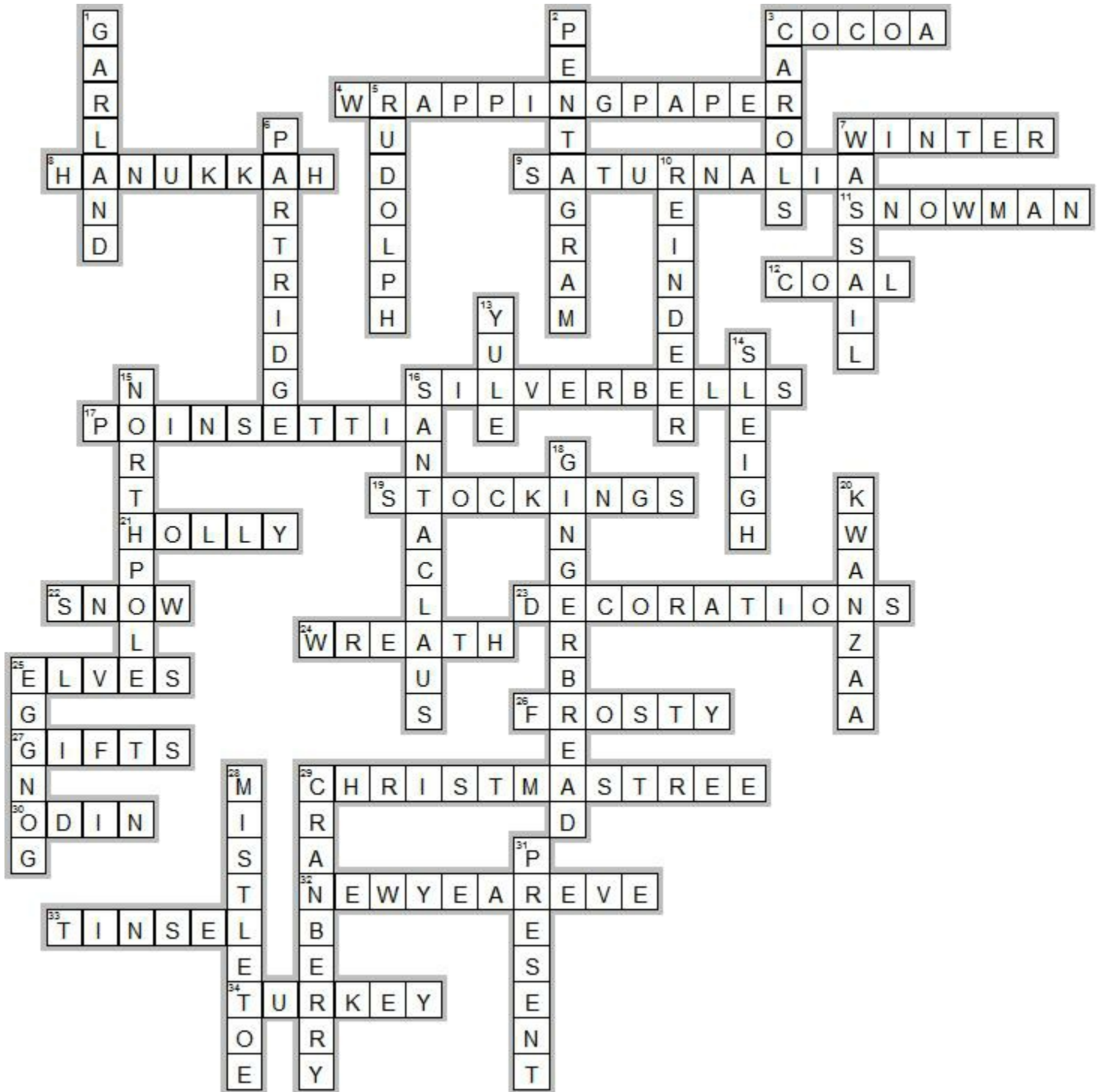
EdgyCrossword.com

Across

3. hot drink that is left out for Santa
4. (two words) present debris
7. coldest and darkest time of the year.
8. Jewish festival of lights
9. Roman winter solstice holiday
11. the coldest fellow on the block







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YULE BLESSINGS

Yuletide blessings to one and all
May your wishes be fulfilled
Great be your bounty of love and good will
And many New Years to come your way
Bright be the lights on your tree and in your heart
May your home be warm and merry
Good food on the table
Good friends round your fire
Love, light, and peace to you all!

From Lady Sky

