

Peppermint And Sage

13

Belltane 2015



We're late Again. ...A lot was going on and I missed the deadline. Again I would like to ask people to respond to the issue. This is one of our smallest issues to date. A little response would make people want to submit more. The price is still FREE and it cost nothing to send us a letter of comment via e-mail at pas@dragonpalm.com . We have had a lot of good submission since we started with our Samhain 2013 issue. We have been late twice, but we have not missed an issue. The only compensation our people get is when someone tells them how much they like what they did. So please send in some emails.

We are always looking for covers - both a front and back cover. They do not need logos as we will add them. We will always show a picture of the cover as it appeared before the logos are added and any cropping has been done. The exception is when we get no cover and we have to make one using clip art. With these there may have been no base picture. Covers can be either photos or art - or a combination of both.

Till next issue - don't forget to write.

Dreamweaver

Peppermint And Sage Issue 13 Beltane 2015

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Editor/Publisher: Dreamweaver

All submission should be sent to pas@dragonpalm.com

Peppermint And Sage is published eight times a year: Samhain, Yule, Imbolc, Ostara, Beltane, Litha, Lammass, and Mabon.

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

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May 2015

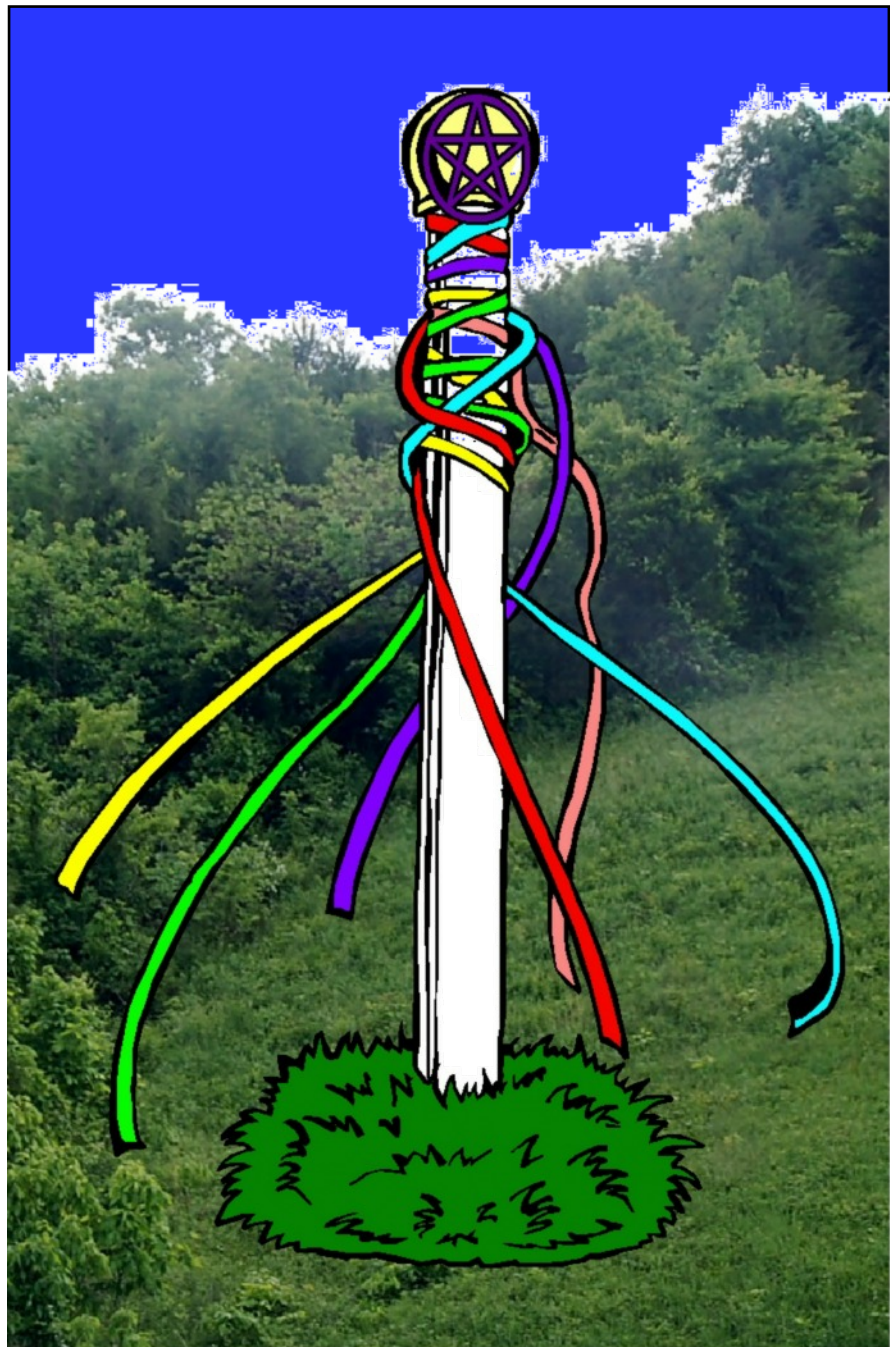
1	FRI	BELTANE
2	Sat	EARTH'S WEB FULL MOON
3	SUN	FULL MOON
4	MON	
5	TUE	
6	WED	
7	THU	
8	FRI	
9	Sat	
10	SUN	MOTHER'S DAY
11	MON	
12	TUE	
13	WED	
14	THU	
15	FRI	EARTH'S WEB BELTANE
16	Sat	EARTH'S WEB BELTANE
17	SUN	EARTH'S WEB BELTANE
18	MON	
19	TUE	
20	WED	
21	THU	
22	FRI	
23	Sat	
24	SUN	
25	MON	MEMORIAL DAY
26	TUE	
27	WED	
28	THU	
29	FRI	EARTH'S WEB MEN'S RETREAT
30	Sat	EARTH'S WEB MEN'S RETREAT
31	SUN	EARTH'S WEB MEN'S RETREAT

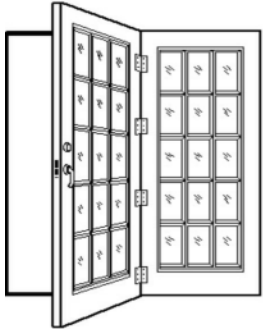
June 2015

1	MON	
2	TUE	FULL MOON
3	WED	
4	THU	
5	FRI	
6	Sat	EARTH WEB'S FULL MOON RIT
7	SUN	
8	MON	
9	TUE	
10	WED	
11	THU	
12	FRI	
13	Sat	
14	SUN	
15	MON	DEADLINE ISSUE 14
16	TUE	DPC LITHA RIT NEW MOON
17	WED	
18	THU	
19	FRI	
20	Sat	
21	SUN	LITHA
22	MON	
23	TUE	
24	WED	
25	THU	
26	FRI	EARTH WEB'S LITHA
27	Sat	EARTH WEB'S LITHA
28	SUN	EARTH'S WEB'S LITHA
29	MON	
30	TUE	

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.





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

Door to the Beyond: Paganism and Mental Health Part XIII

OK, so you've fought (and won) your battles with or against your psychiatrist, with or against your medications, and with or against your fellow pagans and, perhaps, covenors. Now it's time for the battle with yourself. There are several steps to going through this Door.

The first step is this: Stop assigning blame.

You know whose fault it is that your life isn't perfect. Your boss. Your teachers. Your ex-lovers. The ones who hurt you, the ones who abused you, the ones who left you bleeding. The Universe. The Gods. Sometimes you even blame yourself. You've been telling yourself your whole life whose fault it is. Knowing whose fault it is is a wonderful way to absolve yourself of any responsibility.

Forget about it. Let it go. The past isn't real. Maybe it was real 10 years ago, or last year, or last week, but if we're not talking about something that is real and present and in your life right now, then it doesn't matter. Nothing can be done about it. Don't spend your energy dwelling on it — you have other things to do.

This sounds too simple, I know. That's just bloody tough, it *IS* that simple. Get up and keep moving. You can't do anything about yesterday; you can do something about today, tomorrow, and the day after that. Give yesterday to the Goddess and start over. Dump your baggage (in the appropriate dumping grounds, which does not include other people) and move on. If you need a counselor or therapist, get one. Many Priests and Priestesses are trained well enough to help.

Next step: Find the demon.

It's the little voice in the back of your head that's always whispering, "You can't." You know the demon. You love it. You tell yourself you hate it, but you love it, you belong to it, you let it own you. You do everything it says. Every time there's something you want, you consult the demon first, to see if it will say, "You can't have that."

I've got new for you: your demon doesn't know anything. It's an idiot. It's nothing but a parrot, repeating back to you anything negative that it's ever heard, anything that makes you hurt, makes you squirm. If a teacher once told you "You'll never accomplish anything," it was listening; it hoards words like that and repeats them back to you to watch you jump. It doesn't care about you, or even about what it's saying.

Next step: Exorcise yourself.

You can take me literally or not, as suits you. But do, please, the next time you hear that voice in your head, imagine it, visualize it, as something physical that you can get hold of; tear it out of you, feel its fingers weaken and lose their grip on your spine, and grind it to dust, to nothing, under your boot heel on your way out to dance in the streets.

You can. You think you can't; but it's telling you that, and it's time to stop listening. You can.

Now you're saying, "But Moss, you're not perfect. Why should I listen to you?" Except it's not you saying that – it's your demon. Nobody's perfect, nobody should be expected to be perfect. Just be the best you that you can be, and keep looking for ways to improve.

"Oh no, I blew it that time! I can't do this!" Relax. Take a deep breath. Nobody ever succeeded the first time. See if you can do it better next time, and pat yourself on the back for EVERY step you got closer to success. "I didn't yell as loudly this time." "I fought my need to curl up into a ball and hide." Try, fail. Try, fail. Try, succeed. The only failure is to give up trying. *Excuse* yourself for doing what nearly anyone else would have done in your shoes, don't *accuse* yourself of not doing "well enough".

If someone says something that triggers you, and you fall into past behaviors, spot the trigger, spot the behavior, and time how long it takes you to get over it and back to "your usual self". Make a game of it – "I recovered in only 35 seconds that time..."

There are basically only two attitudes in a negative reaction – fear (the idea that you did something wrong), and anger (the idea that somebody did something wrong to you). Everyone has these reactions – it's your response that can be varied. If you hold on to the hurt, nurse it, feed it, you **will** get worse. If you find some reason to excuse what happened, you will let it go and go back to "your usual self" in no time. LOOK for those reasons, don't wait for them to happen. Time yourself, have fun with yourself, get over yourself. And don't be afraid to ask the Lord and Lady, or any lesser forms of deity including your friends, for help when you need it.

"Humor is our best friend; temper is our worst enemy." - Abraham A. Low, M.D.

"We practice compassion through acts of forgiveness, releasing resentment, anger and hurt. We understand forgiveness when we realize that every act is either an expression of love or a call for love."
- Mary Manin Morrissey

These are such hard lessons, I'm going to knock off for now and give you until next issue to practice. Feel free to respond to me personally at zaivalananda@gmail.com – use subject line "Door to the Beyond".

Until next month, when we take another journey through the Door...

Hugs,
Moss

[Moss Bliss is a teacher, a helper of the less-abled, a priest of the Wicca, and a fallible human being (just like you).]



Redneck Rants - YOLO

I fucking hate YOLO.... Really fucking hate YOLO. Now for those of you who may not know YOLO means "you only live once". The idea behind that, so I am told, is to remind people that they only have one life to live so live it up. The sentiment itself I don't really have an issue with, I hear the sentiment often and read many inspiring quotes about it: "Carpe Diem" (Latin for "Seize the Day") is the first that springs to mind. "To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all." - Oscar Wilde. "You only live once, but if you do it right, once is enough." - [Mae West](#). "The most important thing is to enjoy your life - to be happy - it's all that matters." - Audrey Hepburn. "In the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years." - Abraham Lincoln.

Now I will grant you a few things... First of all "YOLO" is quick and easy to say and remember. And with the attention spans in our society at an all time low having something quick and easy to say and recognize saves time. Secondly "YOLO" is "hip and trendy"(something I am not) hip and trendy means it will be easily recognized and allow you an automatic in with a random group of strangers you need to impress. And finally I will grant you that "YOLO" is much shorter, and for people looking for a tattoo to remind them to live life to the fullest, while on a tight budget and a low tolerance for pain, it is a perfect fit.

Having said that, and sharing with you some quotes that express the sentiment that I actually enjoy and find inspirational, I still fucking hate "YOLO". I hate "YOLO" because it is the embodiment of a self indulgent, narcissistic and callous culture that we seem to have been cultivating in some sections of our population. I have seen selfies of people in various exceptionally dangerous situations with the hashtag "YOLO" (for the record I hate selfies too but that is another rant). I have seen pictures taken by people doing exceptionally dangerous things and posing it to social media, again with the hashtag "YOLO". And with some of these photographs we find out that a person was seriously injured or even killed shortly after posting that picture (usually from the exceptionally stupid thing they share, like drinking and driving!).

I have seen less drastic "YOLO" pictures, pictures where I know the person lived to see tomorrow... this time. I have seen pictures of binge drinking, pictures of playing stupid chicken games on highway's and railroad tracks. I have seen picture of people smoking tobacco products and other products, I have seen lots of pictures of food and fashion, pictures of ladies with boobs hanging out, of men working out and showing off muscles, way too many duck faces and I have seen "Funeral Selfies" with the "YOLO" hashtage (and when the FUCK did that become a thing?!?!)

In my experience with the word "YOLO" embraces a very crass attitude of "screw the consequences, screw the people around me, I will do what I want". This arrogance and narcissism pisses me off. There are people out there who love you, who want you to be safe, not binge drinking yourself into a coma because "YOLO". In addition to that your actions will not only affect those whom love you most, but the first responders at the scene of your messy demise, who will have to carry the image of the results of your "YOLO" for the rest of their lives (PTSD rates amongst first responders vary but sit higher than the average population due to the nature of their jobs).

Like I said, the sentiment itself does not bother me. I encourage everyone to live full, happy and healthy lives. Save up and go on an awesome vacation, buy that special someone a gift just because, meet new and exciting people, try new things, take up hobbies, volunteer with a cause you find worthy, watch as many sunsets as you can and stargaze every time you step outside. The words of this are correct, you do only live once.

Even as a Pagan who believes that my soul will be born again on this world I know that right here, right now is amazing and precious. There will never be another person like me, with all my experiences,

with all the people and animals I have filled my life with. Even if I have a billion lifetimes there will never be another like the one I have right here, right now. I know my life (and everyone else's life) is a precious and rare thing in our universe, I am living a very full and very rich life. I am 31 years old and if I'm lucky I will live to be in my 80's or 90's. That means I have at most 50-60 years left, so precious little time to live a life that will never again happen. I am not throwing it away because of the "YOLO" attitude.

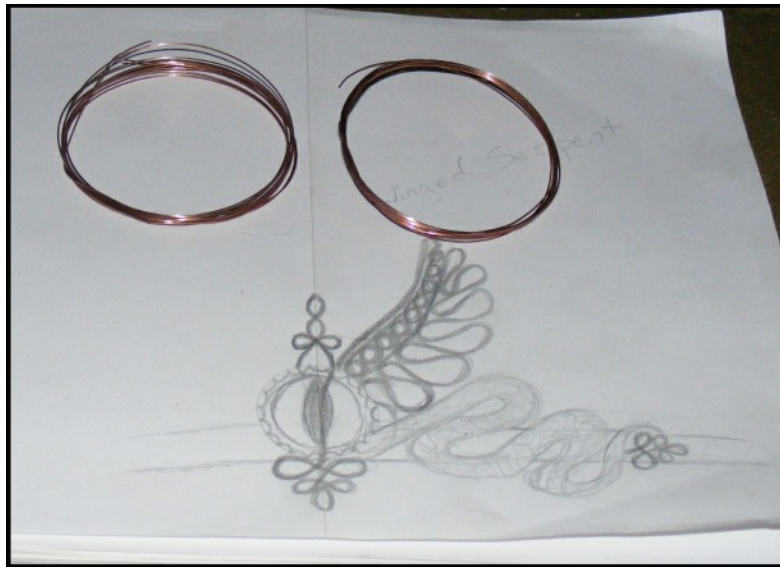
I will watch every sunrise and sunset I can, I will tell those around me I love them every chance I get, I will hold a friend's hand when that person is hurt, and celebrate their successes as if they were the greatest thing ever accomplished. I will help people and animals, as many as I can. I will use the good towels (although maybe not the fine china since I tend to drop things when I trip over my own two feet). I will travel and see everything I can, I will learn new skills and new hobbies, I will do the things that scare me to better myself. I will remember the precious gift I have and will make sure that I do not squander it doing something immensely stupid. I will remember that every action I take has a consequence and will do my best to choose the actions that will bring the most joy and the least sorrow. I will live a great life for myself, and for those I love because they matter too.





The Winged Serpent Crown

I'm working on getting more mindful and deliberate with my work, so this is one of the few times I actually started by drawing out what I saw in my head. I drew it to scale, so I also ended up using it as a template for a lot of the bending.



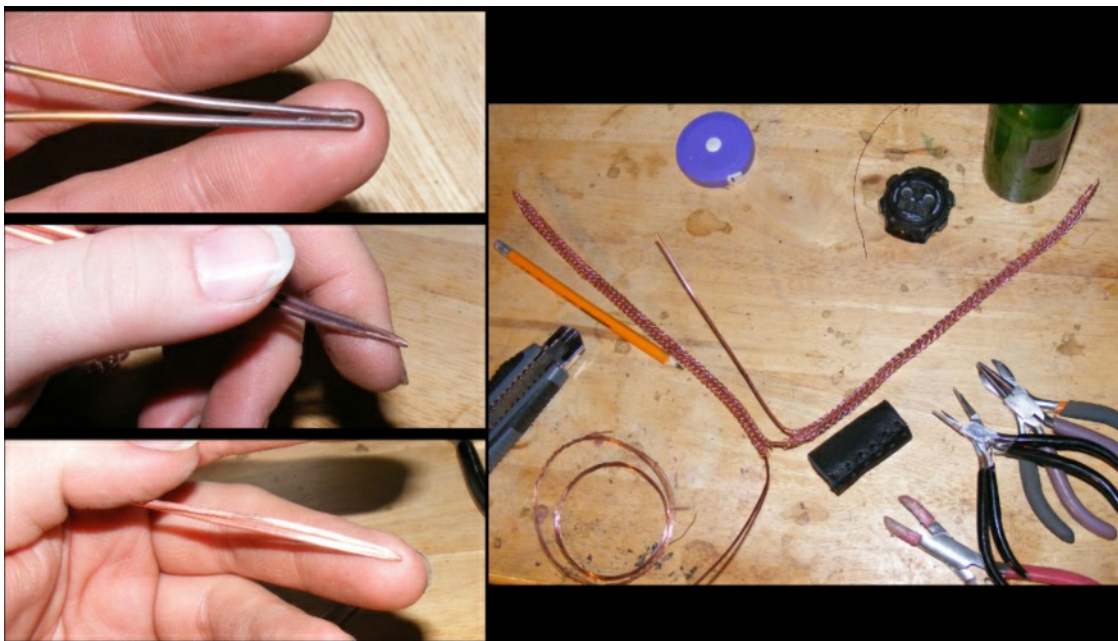
My next steps were to prepare my weaving wire and start a Viking Knit piece on my largest gauge knitting needle. Any cylindrical object can be woven on like this, though I, personally, would not use anything wooden for my work. I tend to pull tightly, so the one time I wove on a pencil, I couldn't get the wire piece off because it was too tight and bit into the wood.



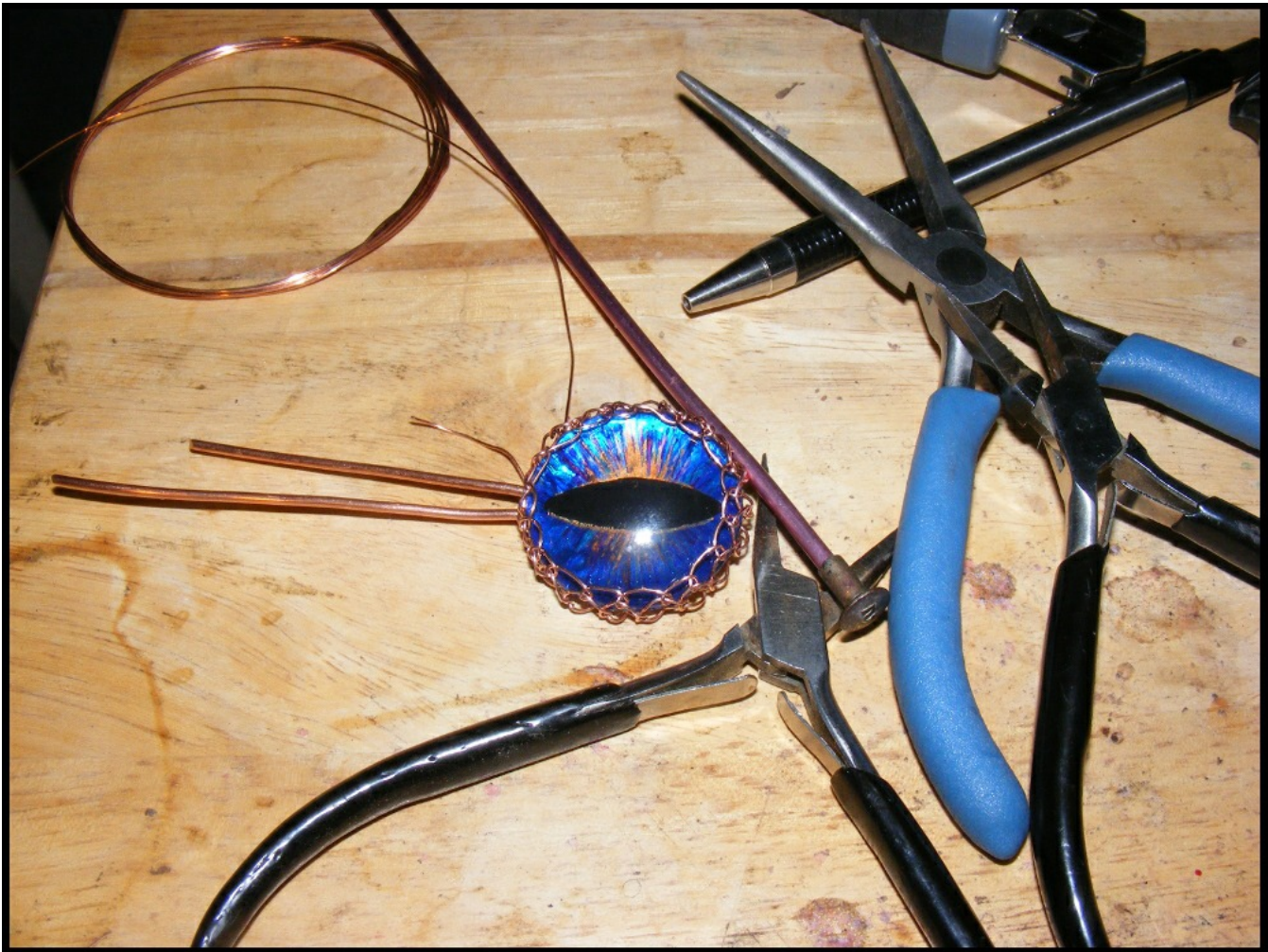
Once I had the length I needed, plus some, I slid it off the knitting needle and pulled it between my hands to collapse the weave before cutting it in half.



For the serpent framework, I cut double the length of the serpents, plus several inches longer for the top and bottom loopy bits. I then bent it so the middle section was the length of the serpents. I made the bends as sharp and close together as I could, then heated them in the propane torch and hammered them to draw out a point. I cleaned up the shape with my files, then heated it again to prevent the metal becoming brittle from overworking it. I fully cleaned off all the fire-scale, so it was nice and shiny, then slid the Viking Knit pieces on each side



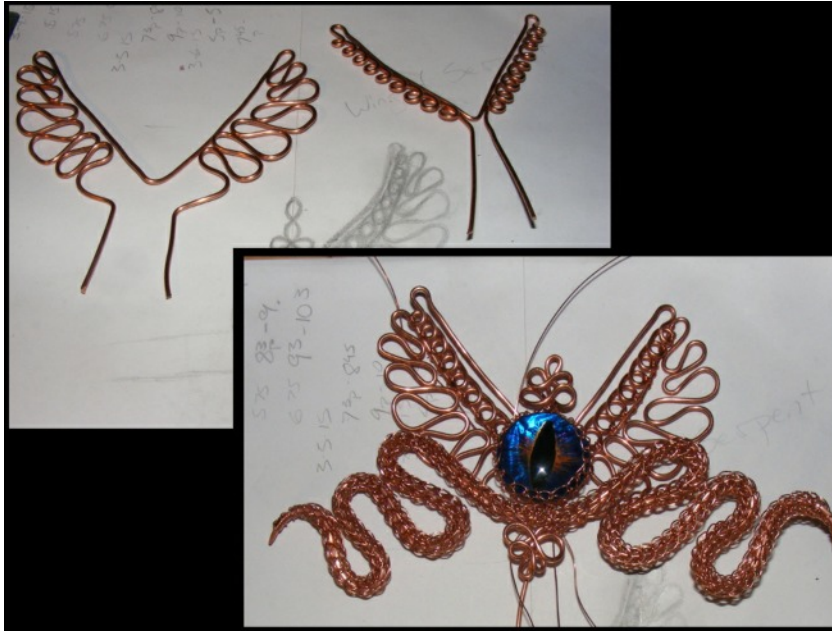
At this point, I took a break from wire-work to paint the eye. I didn't take any pictures of that process but here's the eye after weaving the setting around it. I used the pinkish knitting needle beside it help me keep all the loops the same size.



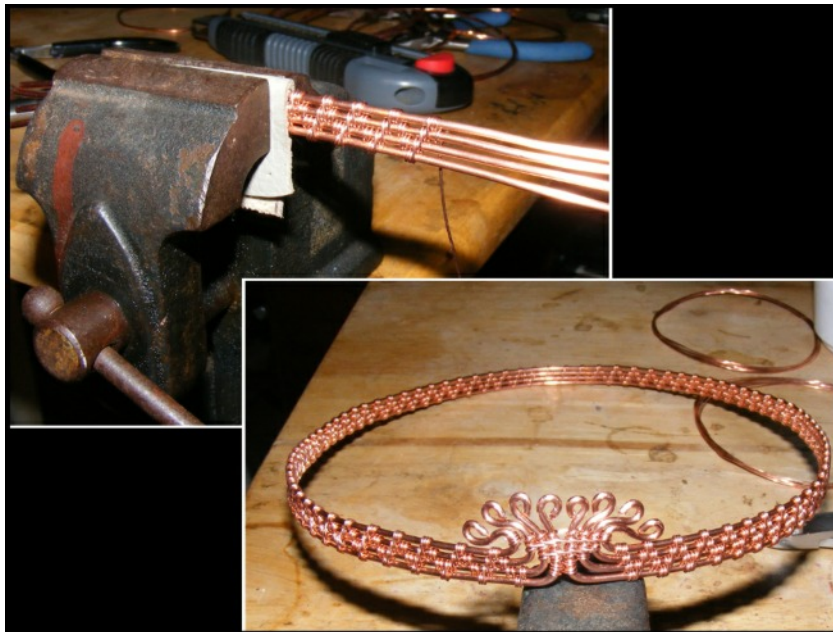
Here is the eye and serpents secured together. You may notice that the loopy bit above the eye is not the same shape I originally drew. It's important that I don't box myself in too much. The original design is not set in stone and can change as I go along if part of it works better another way.

For the larger part of the wings, I actually held the wire against the paper and made the bends to match the design as best I could so they would fit well with the serpents and eye. If I were to use this design again, I would trace the wings pieces and make a jig. Bending the way I did this time was harder on my hands.





So, there I had the serpents, eye, and wings done. They needed a band to set on. This is the first time I've used the vise to hold the weaving as I worked. It helped a lot. I wove the band in a wave pattern to somewhat mimic the undulation of the serpent tails. I bent the ends of the wires up and joined them in the center/front so they won't poke the scalp and they formed a good base to secure the front piece.



All that was left of construction was making the wire loops by the tail ends and mounting the whole thing on the band. Once done with construction, I made a paper cover for the eye, then sprayed the metal down with enamel.

So, here it is, at the end of this 20+ hours long process. I hope you enjoyed reading about my work. Feel free to send in feedback via the contact link in the web-store

Webstore: <http://hearthsidehandmade.storenvy.com/>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/HearthsideHandmade>

(See finished piece on next page)





-Moonchylde

Wandering Witch... How I started

By the Redneck Pagan

I sometimes wish I had an awesome story for how I wandered into Witchcraft. I've heard stories of people who could always hear the voices of their Gods or Goddesses, of being directed by their Witch Great Grandmother into the path, of being chosen by somebody of great importance in the path. Unfortunately for all of us my story is rather well... ordinary. It was a bit of a slow progression. Growing up both my parents followed some Christian traditions, like having a manger up at Christmas (right next to the ceramic Santa), having a Bible in the house etc. However we never went to church or actually read said Bible (other than at Christmas). Easter was more about the Bunny than Christ and we didn't do any kind of prayer.

My Grandparents on my father's side are devoutly Catholic and taught me about their faith but only when I asked. My Grandmother took me to Mass when she went if I asked her if I could come too. When I asked her about her Rosary she taught me how to use one and gave me one of hers (I can still actually do the Rosary by memory and still have the one she gave me tucked away). I went to Catholic school for most of elementary and middle school because they had the best French Immersion program. I didn't know anybody of any other faith groups and so I spent much of my youth thinking that Christianity was just the religion (although I was vaguely aware of Judaism). In high school I dated a conservative Christian for a while and tried to follow his faith. It wasn't that it was bad, I still like a lot of things I learned as a Christian, it's just that it didn't fit.

After he and I broke up and I stopped going to Church I never actively looked for a new religion, I was more focused on figuring out what I was going to do with the rest of my life. I researched colleges and programs, and immersed myself into reading. I remember the books I first read that opened my mind to the possibility of magic, the books I read that featured a Mother Goddess (wait... the divine can be female?!?). I had always been interested in mythology but for some reason it wasn't until my last year of high school that it clicked with me that these myths were once part of a religious system (ok so I was a little thick).

While I worked to save money for college I began to meet people from different faiths. I asked some questions about their religions and read up what I could. I then became a leader in my youth group and realized how important it was that I learned everything I could about other faiths so that I could be a better leader. I however had not yet found a system that spoke to me. Then in college when I was introduced to Paganism and Witchcraft, thanks in part to a great set of boobs! No really, a great set of boobs got me into Witchcraft. How did that happen you ask? Want to know? Are you dripping with anticipation yet (probably not but I'm having fun). Ok, I'll tell you!

When I started college I was a bit of a loner. I had been badly hurt growing up and had a very small circle of friends, most of whom I had met through my youth group and a few at high school. I worked for a year after high school before going to college so I had drifted away from many of the friends I had and the ones I was still in touch with either went to a different college or were in totally different program from me. So for the first weeks I spent all my time sitting in a quiet corner of the college, trying to look all cool and grown up, and not looking as panicked as I felt.

One day I was sitting in a little corner reading one of my textbooks when I heard a female voice using terminology I only had ever heard used in my youth group, and the organization it was modeled after. Surprised to hear the terms I look up to the speaker and see this fairy like creature, with the sharpest and edgiest spiked and multi colored pixie cut I have ever seen. She wore skin tight jeans and a black sheer shirt with a lacy black bra underneath. Boldly tattooed across her boobs was feathers, like a bird's wings and just beneath the bra line I could see the tattoo of a Celtic knot. I couldn't help it, I be-

gan to stare, mesmerized by the wings as she spoke. After a long time I realized that I was being rude, got up and walked over to her.

“Hi, I’m the creepy chick who has been staring at your boobs for the last.. I don’t know how long, nice tattoo... and no I’m not hitting on you”

“Hi, nice to meet you creepy chick! Thanks, the tattoo is in devotion to my Goddess.”

“Cool... wait Goddess?”

“Yeah, I’m Pagan”

She waved me into the seat next to her and after exchanging names and introducing me to the friend who sat beside her we talked. And then we talked some more. The next day after class she and her friend were there again and we talked a whole hell of a lot more. Later that week we went out for coffee. Little by little they both introduced me to their respective paths and lent me books to read. Eventually I got bold and bought a few books for myself. While I had no idea where the hell I would end up I knew I had found the beginnings of the right spiritual path for myself.



Fragmented

Am I stuck
in a dream—
never realizing
that all I must do
is wake myself up?
Is this reality?
I feel fragmented—
not quite myself.
I try a quick pinch
but no luck.

Is this my life
or a shadow world?
Sometimes I feel
outside of myself,
barely tethered.
Is that when my real self
tries to wake up?

Please.
Wake up!
I want to live.
I want my life.

Wake up.

Please.

--Moonchylde

Our Lovely Dream

Lost
in a memory
a reverie
a dream of me
and you
and we
so long long ago.

Missing
that moment in time
the stars align
our souls entwine
as our eyes shine
with love's soft glow.

Darkness
now enshrouds our star
that sweet beginning
now so far
and though you may
still hold my heart
it now dwells
where the shadows are
and our lovely dream
is now a tale of woe.

---Moonchylde

Lush Beginnings

As spring settles in,
suddenly the earth
explodes
in a wash of
color and
scents and
sounds
--lush—
with the beginnings
of this year's
bounty.
She is filled with the
promise of life
and hope,
a burgeoning
mother
with her seed
just
taking
root.

--Moonchylde



Beltane fire

By Lady Sky

The Beltane fire burns within us all
We are the creatures of the forest
We are the creatures of the earth
We are the earth

As a Beltane fire burns within us
Longings and passions also flow
Like the heat from a thousand volcanoes
We are fire

As temperatures soar
As warm breezes engulf us
We take in every breath
We are air

Like a flowing river
Like a raging waterfall
We drink from the fountain of life
We are water

When the Beltane fires roar
All creatures see the signs
Jump the fire and pick your mate
Because we are the Beltane fire.

the lone hum

when the world is asleep
I feel so

alone

the sole survivor
in a wasteland of dreams
no solace
no human contact

alone

I am operating on an outdated frequency—
my brain the lone hum
on an old ham radio
crying out for someone
to tell me I'm alive

how do I endure
the void

alone

all alone

--Moonchylde



Life is Awesome... and the Flu

By the Redneck Pagan

Life is pretty awesome, the world is pretty awesome, and the universe is pretty awesome... don't believe me? Ok. Count your fingers and your toes, now feel the bones, the ligaments in them, think about the little nerve endings that connect to your spinal cord into you brain... that's awesome. Google "How Lungs Work" (do it, seriously it's cool). Think about the fact that this little marble that we are sitting on is in just the right place between space and our sun to be able to support life without frying or freezing it non stop... that's pretty awesome. Tonight when you go outside look up at the sky (fingers crossed that it's a clear night and you will be able to get a glimpse at the stars). Now think about the stars, that the light from many of those stars are older than our solar system... and that many of those lights are from stars that are gone, and probably have been gone longer than our planet existed. That is pretty damn awesome isn't it! Life is awesome... till you get the flu.

When you get the flu everything sucks! The world is too hot, too cold, too noisy and too quiet all at once. You get really messed up dreams and begin to seriously consider buying stock in ginger ale.. You don't eat for days on end and wake up three days later wondering why the heck you could eat a whole cow all of a sudden. Then there is the coughing, the blowing the nose, the aches and pains racking the body and the water bill that will inevitably sky rockets from the thee baths a day you are taking. Then your husband gets sick too....

Now there is two of you laying in bed, alternating between too hot, too cold, too noisy and too quiet... and never at the same time. You begin to kick yourself for still not ordering stock in ginger ale. You begin to think that together you are single handedly causing the deforestation of the world from the amount of times you blow your nose. You have an argument over who is using too much of the precious cough syrup because neither of you want to drive the 20 minutes into town to hit up the pharmacy for more. The argument ends with both of you gasping together, clinging to the edge of the bed for dear life because sitting upright for that long is making you dizzy. You throw the covers off because it feel like you are sun-bathing on Venus and he wildly scrambles to grab the covers because he is having a starbath on Pluto. The cats find you boring and cause one hell of a ruckus because you keep sleeping through their supper... until you look at he food dish and realize the little buggers have tricked you into feeding them three times that night.

The dogs keep trying to get you to play and then look at you all perplexed when you walk into a wall while trying to find the door (of the house you have lived in for three years). You forget to feed them but that's ok because the half eaten package of crackers on your dresser is delicious and they found the trash bag you left in the sink (because you put it down and forgot it existed until a border collie brings some egg shells to bed to munch on). They are also ecstatic because you are at home, in bed, rubbing their bellies on a THURSDAY (it might as well be Christmas for them).

You alternate between getting up in the morning thinking "Ok, I can do this, I can get to work" to falling back into the bed thinking "dear Gods they are going to find me in this bed half dressed with my shirt on backwards and a floor I haven't vacuumed all week!!!" You start writing your will and then decide to stop when you realize that you are leaving your complete works of William Shakespeare to the dog and are leaving the dog to Good Queen Bess. You cough so hard that you throw your neck out (OMGs am I really getting that old?!?). Then you sleep some more and wake up realizing that you actually can see straight and are able to walk in a straight line ("GODS BE PRAISED I'M GOING TO LIVE!!!!")

After coming through to the other side and living through the 2 week flu I thought I would share my words of wisdom with the rest of the world (or the handful of lovely people who stop by for a read). First of all I strongly recommend before you even get sick have a supply on hand of cold tabs, ginger ale, chicken

soup and crackers handy. Seriously, because having to go shopping when you are sick not only will spread your nastiness with the world, but also royally sucks. That and fantasizing about stuffing coupons up some random strangers nose while in the checkout line might be seen as somewhat dysfunctional. Also look up stocks in ginger ale just before cold and flu season...

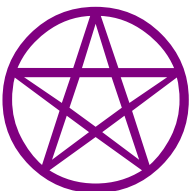
Accept the way you and your spouse is while you are sick. My husband is not a people person when he is sick. He wants nothing more than to be left alone to sleep it off in peace. No matter how much I want to fuss over him and take care of him I can't (it only makes him want to drown me in soup). I have to respect his needs for his own healing. I, on the other hand, am the biggest baby you will ever meet. I am very pathetic and want my soup, a hot bath, ginger ale, blanky and a back rub all at once. I also tend to ask a lot if I can die now and look/sound generally pathetic. When both of you are sick, be patient with each other as you each work your way to health.

Set alarms in your phone. No really, do it, especially if you have pets. I had to set alarms for feeding time for the cats otherwise I would wake up to them yowling like they were being eaten by a coyote, which does not improve one's mood. In their defense they are both rescues and it took a lot of work for them not to be so panicky around when they would be fed. Also make sure to feed the dog when you feed the cat, garbage breath is not cool. And for goodness sake let them cuddle and love you. They are not stupid and know that you are not feeling well. They cannot make you better so they will do the only thing they can think of and smother you with their love.

Be careful what you watch and listen to. While I was sick I watched "The Hunt for Red October" on Netflix (good movie). I then watched "the Rock" based on the Netflix suggestion (not a bad movie). After that movie I was sleepy so I pressed play on my CD player, took some night time cold tabs and listened to the CD as I drifted to sleep... which turned out to be a mistake. The CD was a guided meditation CD for Chakra Cleansing (which I thought might help me kick the flu sooner). So for the next ten hours I dreamt of being on a submarine (and sometimes building a submarine), while looking for rockets that were loaded with Chakra orbs... by the end of the night I was really sick of god damned submarines!!! After that I stuck to kids movies (The Shrek series in particular. Oh and go watch the fourth Shrek movie, I loved it!)

And finally don't overdo it. After four or five days I felt pretty good. I had some energy, could stop coughing for a few hours at a time and could breathe! The sun was shining here in central Alberta and the snow on my deck was soft enough that I could actually shovel it all off. So taking advantage of the day I cleaned up the doggie deposits from the yard and shovelled the deck. While the deck looked great... I was exhausted and woke up feeling worse. I also tried to go back to work too soon; ever sorted through what you did at work while you were sick and wondered "Now why the hell did I do that". Yeah, that was me reviewing my work during the first week of coming back from being sick. And sadly I have sick time banked, like over 300 hours of sick time. If you have the sick time, use it and stay sane! That week was the worst and probably delayed my recovery.

So take my advice, get your rest, take good care of yourself (consider seeing a doctor if symptoms persist) and in no time you will be back to looking up at the stars, while drinking your hot chocolate and feeling your lungs fill with air going "life is pretty awesome!"





Cardea



Cardea

I wrote this for some Druid friends at Beltaine next.

Wish I could be there to read this aloud ...

Faucon

A Hill of Trees

The golden leaves on the huge hemlock
and poplar and ash trees and oaks --
liquid ambers on flowering dogwoods and birch --
all stretched out their foliage
to greet the new rain as if to say
"Here we are, come come dance with us."
Give us the nourishment we need --
stay, stay, don't leave us...stay longer.

I am of the sea, and can give this to thee,
for I am old enough to remember.

I have stood before their trucks
and guided friends to hidden glades;
and challenged all to save these friends
set aside -- reserved for all to see --
and some have, by secret shame in finality.
Or perhaps they understand.

I am of the winds, and can give this to thee,
for I am old enough to remember joy.

The trees call down the rain, you know ...
It is a magical sight, a sight of wonderment
that rain can fill ones heart so...
and yet, why worry about a fallen tree ...

Consider those with little rain,
like that of farmers in drought,
those fighting bushfires --
those who rely on well water, those whose gar-
dens are dying.
Fruit crops, paddocks of pasture, animals in dan-
ger
rivers needing a good deluge to flush their banks
...

Trees are needed,
they are precious,
perhaps they are here for just this reason ...
or maybe just so that I can dance naked,
with rivelets streaking thought the dust
of man's corruption and deceit.

I am of the clouds, and can give this to thee,
for I am old enough to remember need.

So I have brought you rain --
just because I can --
and will be one with ...

Did I see elves or fairies in the rain drops?
I think I saw in those raindrops
small creatures
caught in the heavy deluge,





wrote this yesterday for my gal - full moon
and all
Faucon

Wink of the Moon

I am called to walk this glade in moonlight,
a dimple in the face of Mother Earth,
criss-crossed with fingered shadows and
mem'ries
of friendly trees and songs of tomorrow.

It is the moon above that is to blame
if cause must precede effect in wonder;
but I need not ask of why or whimsy
when I see you through the eyes of heart.

Yet, that is the rub, as the Bard did say,
for mind and soul must answer for two
she's –
the one inviting above in splendored glow,
or m'love slumb'ring by my pillow.

I arose before sunrise, not by choice,
and faintly touched her arm and softest
skin.
By light of moonshine and her shallow
breath
I could then sense or hope a peaceful
sleep.

My golden mistress now winks down at me
as if to laugh at human confusion,
and the swaying branches seem to enchant
many heart-shaped forms and giggling
whispers.

I must be one with a secret knowing –
M'lady Emrys is daughter of the moon,
and she might beckon in timeless frolic
that I must love her here and there and
now.



Dreamweaver



-Moonchylde



-Moonchylde



-Moonchylde



Cardea



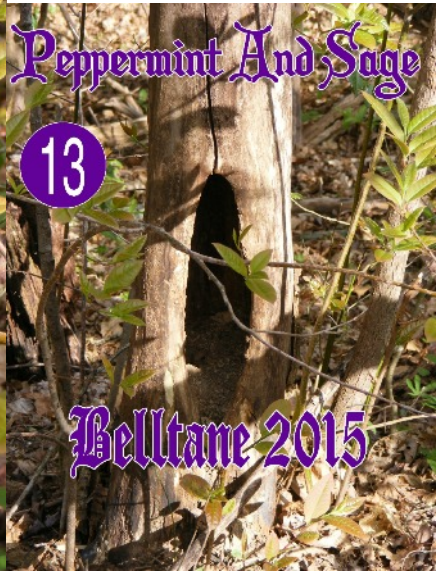
Cardea



This Issues Cover



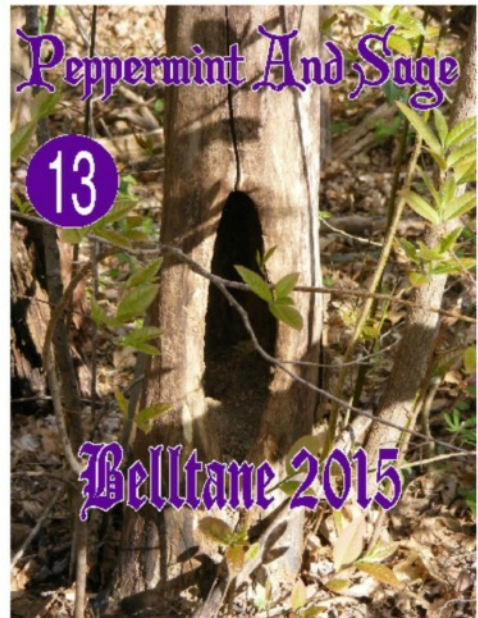
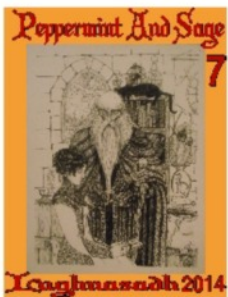
This issues cover is by Cardea Hinges of Heathside Handmade. She has been submitting since issue one. She's done photo's, articles, puzzles, art and more. And she has come through with last minute items when they have been needed to help fill out an issue.





Become part of Peppermint And Sage
 Deadline for our next issue is June 15, 2015. We can use article, poems, cartoons, artwork, photos, jokes, reviews, events for the calendar, cover, words for crossword, word search words. We also need to hear from you!! Let us know what you think of this issue, let our writers, artist, poets, photographers know what you think of what they are doing.. Submissions and letters can be sent to pas@dragonpalm.com and letter to Ask Tiger-Lily send to asktigerlily@pas.dragonpalm.com
 Each issue has gotten bigger and the price has stayed the same FREE.
 You can start sending in items for it at anytime. Lets make this issue the biggest yet! We can use COVERS (both front and rear) Start submitting today!!

Peppermint And Sage
 14
 COMING
 Litha 2015





Pagan Fun Time



$$\text{Cup} + \text{Fire} - \text{Cup} = 12$$

$$\text{Fire} \div \text{Sword} + \text{Fire} = 16$$

$$\text{Sword} \times \text{Pentagram} = 39$$

$$\text{Pentagram} + \text{Sword} - \text{Fire} = \text{Cup}$$

$$\text{Cup} = ?$$

May Day

By Sara Teasdale

A delicate fabric of bird song
floats in the air, The smell of
wet wild earth Is everywhere.

Red small leaves of the maple
Are clenched like a hand, Like girls at
their first communion The pear
trees stand.

Oh I must pass nothing by With-
out loving it much, The raindrop
try with my lips, The grass with
my touch;

For how can I be sure I shall see
again The world on the first of
May Shining after the rain?

