

Peppermint And Sage

14

Blessed
Litha

Litha 2015



MERRY MEET



Were late!!! Lady Sky and I are in the process of moving - it is just across the street and seems to be taking longer than when we moved from Florida to Tennessee. We have most of what we want moved over and now need to give away, take to goodwill, and trash what's left - and a few things that will go into storage. We have more room - my office is so big I have a hard time finding things and I have the monitors hung on the wall - which has given me more desk space, but need to get use to looking up. The setup is really nice for putting together PAS. But with everything going on - I didn't start crying for stuff soon enough. (I missed the deadline myself - it came and went before I knew it.)

Let make next issue the best yet. Like to see some letters and we can always use submissions.

Blessed Be

Dreamweaver

Peppermint And Sage Issue 14 Litha 2015

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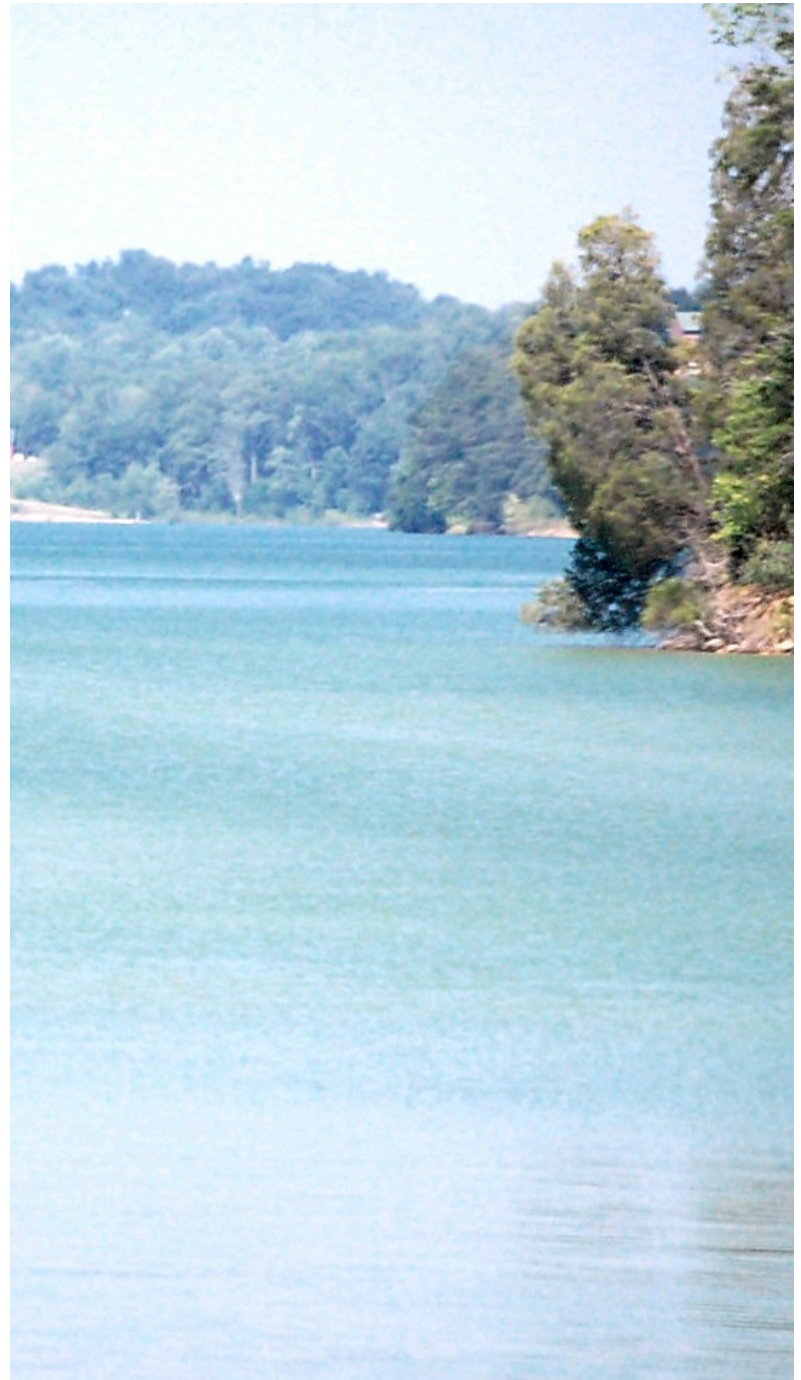
1	Wed	Full Moon
2	Thu	
3	Fri	
4	Sat	Independence Day
5	Sun	
6	Mon	
7	Tue	
8	Wed	
9	Thu	
10	Fri	
11	Sat	
12	Sun	
13	Mon	
14	Tue	
15	Wed	
16	Thu	Dragon Palm PNO
17	Fri	
18	Sat	
19	Sun	
20	Mon	
21	Tue	
22	Wed	
23	Thu	
24	Fri	
25	Sat	
26	Sun	Deadline for issue 15
27	Mon	
28	Tue	
29	Wed	
30	Thu	DPC Full Moon Rit
31	Fri	Full Moon

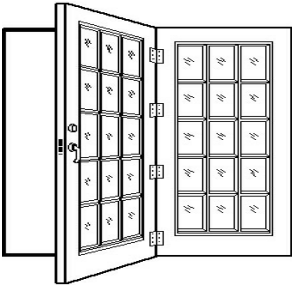
August 2015

1	Sat	Lughnasadh
2	Sun	
3	Mon	
4	Tue	DPC Lughnasadh Rot
5	Wed	
6	Thu	
7	Fri	
8	Sat	
9	Sun	
10	Mon	
11	Tue	
12	Wed	
13	Thu	
14	Fri	
15	Sat	
16	Sun	
17	Mon	
18	Tue	
19	Wed	
20	Thu	Dragon Palm PNO
21	Fri	
22	Sat	
23	Sun	
24	Mon	
25	Tue	
26	Wed	
27	Thu	DPC Full Moon
28	Fri	
29	Sat	Full Moon
30	Sun	
31	Mon	

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 XIV

It has come to my attention that a MOST valuable guide is available. It's a 40-page booklet from The Icarus Project entitled "Harm Reduction Guide To Coming Off Psychiatric Drugs". It's a free download. Get it at <http://theicarusproject.net/alternative-treatments/harm-reduction-guide-to-coming-off-psychiatric-drugs>.

There are many problems with psychiatric drugs. First there are the harmful side-effects. Then there is the fact that many drugs do not work at all for many patients (the doctors just pick another drug and switch you). Then there is the toxicity of long-term use. And what the doctors don't tell you, because most of them simply don't know, are the effects of withdrawing from the drugs.

The pharmaceutical companies don't tell them. It's that simple. They just tell your doctors to prescribe the drugs and tell you that you'll need to take them the rest of your life.

It ain't so. While there are a few psychiatric drugs which help a few people (research states that up to 30% of people taking the drugs are helped by them) for a short while, not one of them has been shown to help long-term. They neither treat nor cure the problem they are prescribed for, but they do mask the symptoms for a while (in addition to all those wonderful side effects). The drug companies withhold most studies, but the overall metastudies show that most drugs do not work well beyond two weeks; this is not the story the drug companies want to tell, so they lie, and the doctors only hear the lie and pass it along, leaving real informed consent out of the realm of possibility.

Doctors prescribe antidepressants to children or adults who have suicidal tendencies, and do little or no follow-up. The statistics show that these drugs cause a staggering increase in suicides, not a decrease. The United Kingdom attempted to ban all antidepressants for use in children, but under much pressure (very green pressure, I might add) they decided to allow the use of Prozac, which apparently had a *smaller* increase in suicides than, say, Paxil or Effexor.

Patients who learn that the drugs are hurting more than helping, then learn that our doctors are not listening. (For more details on how *much* they are not listening, visit my friend Monica's blog at <http://beyondmeds.com>.) We then have come to find that there is *nothing out there* that will tell you how to get off the drugs. Many of us just stop them – and then get all those wonderful effects of withdrawal, which according to some European doctors may be worse than the symptoms we were being drugged about. One doctor also showed that it is almost impossible to tell the difference between your "disease" symptoms and the withdrawal symptoms. Apparently the drugs have been masking your symptoms, and when you remove the drugs you get all those stored-up symptoms.

There are safe and effective ways to do this. Nobody tells us, but there are. There have been some excellent books about surviving the process ("Coming Off Psychiatric Drugs", edited by Peter Lehmann, and "Broken Brains or Wounded Hearts" by Ty Colbert), and a book on withdrawing from the drugs called "Your Drug May Be Your Problem" by Peter Breggin M.D. and David Cohen, Ph.D. But this new booklet from Icarus Project may be the simplest and most concise.

If you're mad as hell and are not going to take *them* anymore, you might want help and support. If you're bipolar, the Icarus Project is a great place for support and information (they have expanded to include other conditions, but they are mainly for bipolars). Icarus Project also has some affiliates in cities other than New York; check their website for details. One of the joys of the approach Icarus Project takes is classifying our "symptoms" as "Dangerous Gifts", and then they take the extra mile to show you how many people with bipolar have helped humanity in a myriad of ways. This helps remove the "mental illness" stigma, so you can approach your life in more positive ways.

If you want to fight back, then join MindFreedom International (<http://mindfreedom.org>). Membership is \$20 annual donation; I have found membership to be more than worth it, but that's a judgment you need to make for yourself. We are learning that the causes of schizophrenia, bipolar, depression, etc. are genetic protections built into our very fabric, not some "disease" to be "cured" (which could easily explain why there are no cures, only doped-up patients and rich doctors and pharmaceutical companies).

MindFreedom International has also revived a forgotten dream of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. -- International Association for Advancement of Creative Maladjustment. This concept was mentioned in several of Dr. King's speeches, but the media assumed he was joking and reported it as such. MFI has picked up the gauntlet. See the MindFreedom site for more information – anyone can join, it's simple and free!

What can we do as pagans to improve our own mental health? Ritual goes a long way, especially if you have a good coven or Family to work in. In terms of the Internet, a Yahoo Search "'mental health' +paganism" in 2009 revealed that two of the top 10 results are mine – this article, and my personal website – and most of the rest are near misses. There is one exception on this page – Beliefnet's mental health page, which is found at http://www.beliefnet.com/index/index_472.html. There was an excellent article titled "Spirituality Unbound – Mental Health and the Witch", but an Internet search shows it has fallen off the Net.

Obviously, there is need for more writing on this subject, and more rituals, spells, and counseling methods. Alternatively, the lack of such writing may show a lack of need... but is more likely to show a lack of thought or a denial of the issue. (See the Guest Article here in August)

The biggest thing you can do for yourself is to believe in yourself. God/dess believes in you. So do I. (See last month's article for some good ideas.)

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

Hugs,
Moss

[Moss is a Pagan priest, author, musician, and psychiatric survivor, and can be contacted at zaivalanada@gmail.com for more information. All links have been checked on 5/22/15.]





Family or Community?

Who do you socialize with first?

Who do you consider first?

Who do you help first?

Some people will drive 3 hours to go to a Gather, but won't drive 1/2 hour for ritual.

Priorities are all screwed up!

Personally I think my Coven is more important then community!

Yes, the community is very important, but if I have to make a choice, I will pick my Coven everytime!

If my Coven is safe and I have the chance I will then help the community, but with very few exceptions the community doesn't need my help!

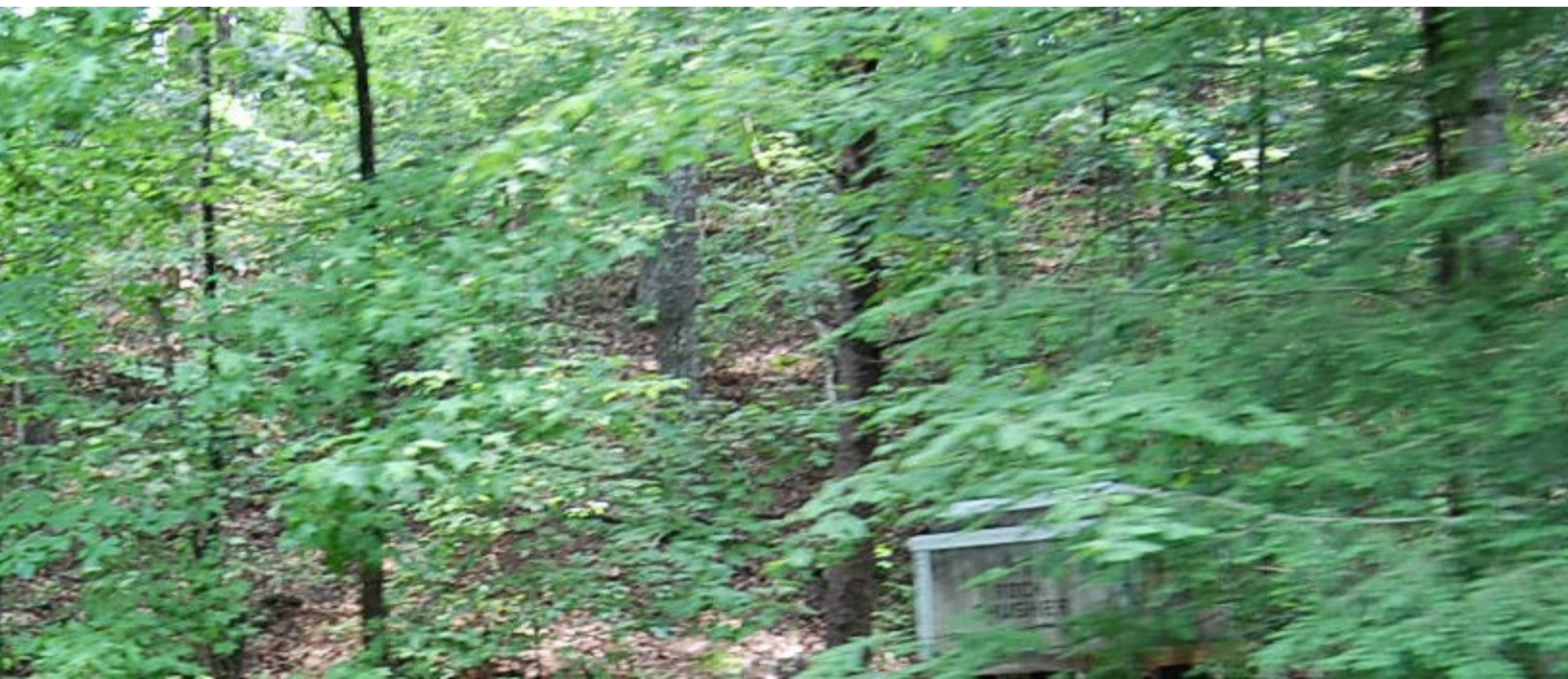
Should I just ignore my Coven because I want to be part of something bigger?

I do not work a 9-5, Monday through Friday kind of job. I don't get weekends off. I work usually 4-11 pm sometimes until midnight.

Sometimes I wish I had the time off to go to a Gather, but I don't do the camping out thing, and 3 hours each way would be an awful lot of travelling for a very short 1 day visit which would cost me admission for the full day! So it's just not worth it!

I think it would be nice to be a part of the community. I am not a part of it, and that's okay because I like my solitude. But if I could find the time to go to the meetings and functions, I'm feel sure I would enjoy myself.

But being Wiccan and practicing my craft are important to me. My family and my Coven are important to me. I don't need the validation of the community to make me happy!



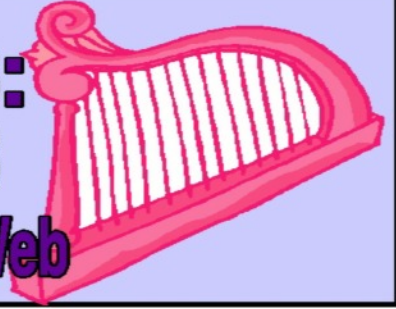


This crown is one of my more recent art pieces, and was a custom creation for a lady's ritual wear. The focal is a squirrel skull encased in resin. There are copper wire leaves with garnets and hammered copper leaves. The band is woven copper wire and has a black knitted scalp protector stitched onto it. This took a bit over 30 hours to create.

~Cardea Hinges of Hearthside Handmade

SINGING IN THE TREES: THE MAKING OF BARDS

by Moss Bliss, BardMaster of Earth's Web



Singing in the Trees
Litha 2015

Moss Bliss
Steward of Shernai and Master Bard of Earth's Web

Triad Bardic College is the musical heart of what was SerpentStone. This college was founded by Lady Emrys at the specific request of Lord Serphant, and from there it has blossomed to over 50 initiated Bards, the last of whom has long been Lord Amergyn. But that is no longer the end of the matter.

I'm being pushed. And I love it. Sojourn, the cabin at Shernai, has been made available to me despite the fact that I am not ready to move into it at the present time. Lady Emrys has been working with me to re-establish Triad Bardic College, with Shernai as the Bardic Center and myself as Steward. I have spent a few hours getting a website built for Triad, found at <http://triadbardic.org>, as well as a Facebook page. We will be having a dedication ritual on the 20th of June, with several bards expecting to be in attendance.

My music is being brought to the fore. I've long since been working on so many things I have not known what to concentrate on, and the question has been answered. I still haven't had any new words come into my head, but my fingers have found some interesting bits of music. I have acquired a new baby, Art (an acoustic/electric 6-string guitar)... I could go on about him but I won't. Everything is falling into place. All my musical instruments and recorded music is already in residence at Sojourn, and I'm spending most of my long weekends there if not otherwise engaged with Emrys and Faucon.

I got here by keeping my heart open and putting one foot in front of the other while expecting things to work out for me. By making new connections, and exploring the paths which opened before me. As the blog on my own website states, "We are not here to earn God's love, we are here to SPEND IT," and I seem to have a full metaphorical bank account.

You are all invited to visit. Shernai is located on a hill above downtown Dandridge, which should be close to many of you. Whenever I'm here, the door is open and the music is ready to flow. Please avail yourselves of this invitation, as soon and as often as you care to. There will be one request made of your visit: That you write something -- a poem, story, song, memory, or observation -- in the Logbook which will be kept.

Writing workshops, story-telling gatherings, housefilks, whatever is destined to happen will. Guitar lessons will be given freely upon request; you just need to be ready to commit to working on your new knowledge. If you won't accept getting something for nothing, feel free to contribute to Shernai's upkeep. This is a gift from Lady Emrys and Faucon to me, and from me to the rest of the Family.

So mote it be.

[Moss Bliss is an IndoWiccan Priest of many years... on his way to aging to perfection. He can be reached at zaivalalanda@gmail.com.]

Eternal Universe

By Ayesha Khan

Do you ever listen
To the nightangles singing by
Larks musing
Leaves rustling?
The bees buzzing
Mockingjays;
Feel kaleidoscope of the Sun
Shimmering Moon
Sparkling Stars?
Do they enlighten you?
Awaken the lost, dead part
Stumbling in the dusky corner
Your existence is-
Compelling your instincts?
Do you feel like there's a hidden secret
Behind all the light that we can not see
Alternation of day and night;
Every sound-
In the galaxy we inhabit
Waiting to be discovered?
Do you ever go exploring;
The puzzle inside?
Sorting out the pieces
Of the grizzly game?
Does it make sense to you,
That there may be a unique universe
Within-
That hasn't been found
But is there-
Imparting moonlight to your soft features;
Dancing hopes and dreams like the stars above
Protesting struggles against rageous winds
Howling and swirling gushes of storm
Your bright thoughts are-
Do you listen to the melody of your own voice;
Taste your bittersweet words
Feel the heat of your ambitions burning within
and
The motives yelling to keep you moving?
Because you're your own Sun
Your personal Moon
You're the guiding star
Of your soul,
Only believe in the vibe you give away
Thoughts you bear
For your a galaxy wide,
Of secrets and desires
Waiting to be explored-
And cherished for all eternity.



Litha 1999

Litha 1999 was Dragon Palm Circle's last Sabbat ritual in Florida. We had two bands, Dionysus and Mud & Bricks. It rained a good part of the day, but with the help of tents and tarps we still had a nice celebration. Over 50 people were there. This was our second mini-gathering, our first had been Samhain with over 100 people attending. We left the next weekend for Tennessee. The Covenstead in Florida was known as the Luzon Grove house. We had a natural circle of trees in the yard. It became Pagan central with people coming and going all times of day and night. We had a fire in the circle many nights a week.. Many people got their degrees in our grove. We held open circle every Wednesday night in this circle.

Litha 1999 was both a celebration of Litha and a send off for Dragon Palm. The rain kept some away thinking that we would postpone - but with us leaving the next weekend - we had no room to postpone.



MUD and BRICKS





Rumors

by Dreamweaver

Rumors can be evil and any Pagan who follows the Rede should stay away from them. Over the years that I have been in the Craft I have seen the ugly head of rumors come and go. Rumors are usually false at least in part if not in entirety. Think of the game played as a child- I've seen it called different things- telephone when I was a child was it's name. Someone is given a story and whispers it to someone else then they turn and whispers it to another – by the time its finished going around it might have nothing to do with the original story. The last person would get up and tell what the story was and then the original would be read. Rumors are the same way, except sometimes the person who starts them is lying. Sometimes someone will start one without enough information.

At Dragon Palm we had to suspend a student for spreading a rumor about one of the Elders of the Coven. There was no truth at all to the rumor and it had been started by someone who didn't like the Elder in another Coven. I've seen rumors started by one group about another group, a lot of these were to try to make themselves look good to Elders in the community. Most of these backfired on the group who started them – but too many people would start passing them around.

When you hear a rumor – ask the person who told you who they heard it from. Then ask if that person was witness to the event the rumor is about and how trust worthy is that person. It might get the person spreading the rumor to start thinking maybe there is more to the story. If you know the person that the rumor is about –does it sound like them? But most important is – if you did not witness the event – don't pass it on to others.

Rumors also may last for many years – and ten years ago it may have been partly true – but today the person is nothing like they were ten years ago. The internet has hoaxes that started out true – but ten years later they were no longer true or relevant. The internet has given many rumors new life.

A rumor can cause harm. Don't spread them.



OUR MANTRA

by Ayesha Khan

There is a very crystal clear and obvious boundary between the roads if who you think you are, and who you really are.

We, human beings, are flawed perfections of nature, fashioned with matter of fear, desire and lust deep in our flesh and bone. And like our make, we hint at our origins every opportunity we are provided.

There are times in our life when we deviate from our bony realities and become pretenders - A mere shell of what we could've possibly been. Did you ever caught yourself acting like some person you are not, but wish to be? Or, saying things you don't mean? Or, opting out for what you don't know?

Probably yes, you do.

Every single person on this planet has goals to make, wishes and desires to fulfill and motives to get to. And, its totally okay to have them. Our dreams give us courage to chase our possibilities and be what we really aim to be. Our motives keep us moving and desires and wishes are like fuel in this on-drive train of life.

These all things conclude that it is absolutely okay to want to be someone better. But one basic thing must not be forgotten that there is a huge difference between wanting to be someone better and wanting to be someone else. Someone you are not.

Our train of thought, bittersweet words, signature phrases, bright and unique outlook on and of life, silent and yet loud roaring beliefs, howling struggles, own personified stories and memories, even our scars and demons make us who we really are.

You sure can alter a lot of things about yourself but what you'd never be able to change is, yourself. Acting like someone better, uttering more desire able words, causing a flux in your heart is like dressing up in something you'd never had before. After which yeah, you might look different but does being different always mean being better every unit time? And moreover, does a change of you outlook change your basic composition too?

There is nothing wrong with trying and being better and flawless and perfect. But there is nothing exactly wrong being yourself. Yes, you are flawed and imperfect but guess what, everybody is.

Our flaws make us who we are. They make us different and unique and being different and unique is what not everyone can be, which makes you completely and without a second thought, Bewitching.

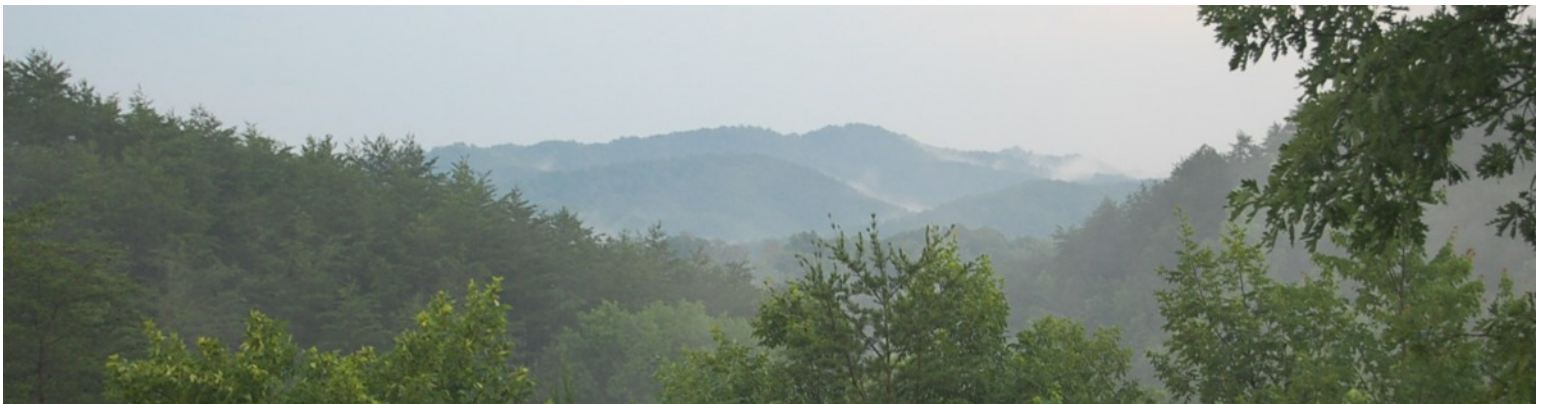
Not everyone can think like you, talk like you, write and walk like you, dress and be like you. You are you. You are unattainable. You've had attained such great heights. They can all chase you for all they want, but you sure are hard to clone. So, be happy to be who you are, be yourself and merry. Contended even.

If they can't be you, why'd you want to be them? Believe in yourself, for you're a shinning star that everyone can spot but none can reach.

Believe, don't be an empty shell.

Believe, you were born perfect.

Believe, smile, chin high - Our Mantra.



BASKET of TEARS

by Faucon

I had wandered medium far to find her,
following ragged maps and antipodal advice.
Upon the seeing I was even less believing;
for she was too young to be a crone,
too tall to be an elf,
and too nice to be witch...
still --
flowers grew out of the rocks nearby,
and a spider was spinning webs between her hands
which were busy conducting a chorus of frogs ...
so I guessed she be the one!

“I’ve got a problem,” says I in practiced voice.

The frogs changed to three part harmony, but she doesn’t stop.

“It’s about this balance thing. I keep dreaming of this crooked stick with my spirit shining bright on one end, and my mind ajumble on the other, and it’s teeterin’ on this quivering point that appears to be my soul.”

She looks at me with eyes ‘bout a thousand years old, and puts on this scarf the spider finished and sits down on a stool that wasn’t there before. The frogs have all turned into a couple dozen baskets – each a different make and shape, but with gaping mouths the same.

“Tell me your story, quick and clear,” a tiny bird chirped overhead.

As I rambled about in mem’ry – more lost than found, she wrote strange symbols on selected stones and tossed them into baskets – no plan that I could see – no pattern nor rhythm nor chant – never missed though.

I recon some held more stones at the end than others even empty. I could have kept on except for fear of overflowing some, so I kinda wound down to telling a joke or two. More pebbles.

“Tell me now what you believe is important,” whispered she in a voice too rough for this smallish maid – and held up five finger plus one. I thought a bit and called three right off, as I had been taught by dad. The others were tougher as I had dozens from which to choose and only three fingers left to guide. I sorted through thoughts and teachings and promises from priests and shop keepers, knights and stable boys, tavern stories and what Amy told me last Thursday. She smiled a little to help me some, I think – least wise I forgot to be afraid. There! It is done.

She didn’t write any of these down, but the baskets skuddled about into a new pattern and an acorn dropped on my head. I was thirsty and noticed a little waterfall nearby where there had been a bush before.

Her voice was most musical now. “Now tell sir, what do you know that is true? Her other voice boomed, “What true things do you know?”

Well, no amount of head scratching and lip pluckin’ got me a very long list. Perhaps that is an easy question for you, my friend; but then you were not standing there with baskets a shaking time like rattle snakes. What I told her must have been all right since she didn’t disappear or lightning strike, but I felt as though both things had happened once or twice.

She pranced around the baskets like she had extra feet – or maybe her slippers kept changing color. Then she tipped over all of the baskets, each by each, and let the contents dribble out. Many held water that seeped into the ground. Others held ashes the fluttered away on a sudden breeze. A couple held leaves that spread a blanket on the gravel path. Onto this fell four stone – no more!

“The answer to these are all you need,’ she sighed, while describing the symbols on each – the focus of a problem segment self defined. “Now you may choose two of these, and I will give you solutions guaranteed for eternity.”

I left of course, with four stones in my pocket – and they lay softly now in my garden pool. The solutions I selected were better by far, methinks – once I learned the complexity of my life was of my choosing ... and but a breath away from knowing, once false beliefs drifted away.

There is only one thing I really know – I mean with finality ...

that someday another will come to me, and I will set out some baskets, and together we will be free.



Lady Sky

OLD AGE

by Dreamweaver

At one time Elder were looked up to and respected – today this seems to be going away. Now by Elder I'm not talking about an Elder in a Coven, I'm talking about an old person. As people get older they have much to give – they have seen a lot – they have stories – they have insights, not because they are smarter than you are, but because they have done it before or seen it happen before. It's very true that history repeats itself, the older you get the more you see it happen. Once upon a time people would go to the elders of the tribe or of the village. People wanted to know – today many think that the old are just trying to prove they know more than those younger- and in one way they do know more – more in the way of experiences – the older you are the more you have had.

As I get older I look back at all that has happened since I was born. TV's were large boxes with small screens – black and white – really small speakers – one to four stations – most going off the air by 1am and coming back on at 6am. Phones you had to dial and many people had what was called a party line – that they shared with others – each with their own ring – you couldn't use the phone if someone else on your line was on the phone. No one had more than one unless they had a lot of money. The space program was just starting – living in Florida you could go outside at night when they were trying to get a satellite into orbit – most would blow up. Then in just a few years – we were planning a man space program – a space shuttle based on the X-15 with an atomic motor – which was scrapped when we started the race to the moon against the USSR . Got to see on TV in living black and white the first man step on the moon. Got to see a night launch of a Saturn V – lived over 150 miles from the cape and the night became day when the first stage separated from the second, something I will never forget.

Sometimes as we get old we get weird. This can be because of health and some event that happened to us. We should try to understand why the person is acting weird – but to many will just get mad at them. I hope I don't get any weirder as I get older (I've always been a little weird). As we get older we don't think of ourselves of older – but our body has a way of letting us know that we are not the same as we were when we were younger. We look into mirrors and wonder who that old person is. The young feel they have forever, as we get older we realize we don't – we start losing family and friends – many younger than we are.

Within the Craft we have Elders within our Covens and in the greater community. At one time to be an Elder a person had to be a certain age or older. The reason for this was they had experienced more than the younger people. They had more to give. Today an Elder can be young or fairly young – their knowledge is what gives them the title. On pre-Facebook Internet – when YahooGroups and other mail groups were the norm – a well known Wiccan Elder was attacked by several newbie's. The reason for the attack was on his website on Wicca he makes the statement that Wicca and Witchcraft was considered by some as two different things and others as the same – he then said being of the old school he felt they were the same, but he respected those who felt there was a difference. The newbie's were telling him he was WRONG because the person they studied under said they were different. And how dare he think they were two names for the same thing. Now he tried to be nice to them – telling them that since the early days people had put new definitions to the names – but being older – being around when modern Witchcraft first started – it was the just another name for the same. But they started being rude and calling names. You could Google the elder and find what he had done within the craft – the ones telling him he was wrong – had done nothing within the craft. I joined the fight on the side of the Elder. This has always bothered me – and it was like that on MYSPACE also – one of the reason I didn't like MYSPACE. Elder were shown disrespect. You don't have to agree with them, but at least show some respect (you should do this with anyone who disagrees with you)

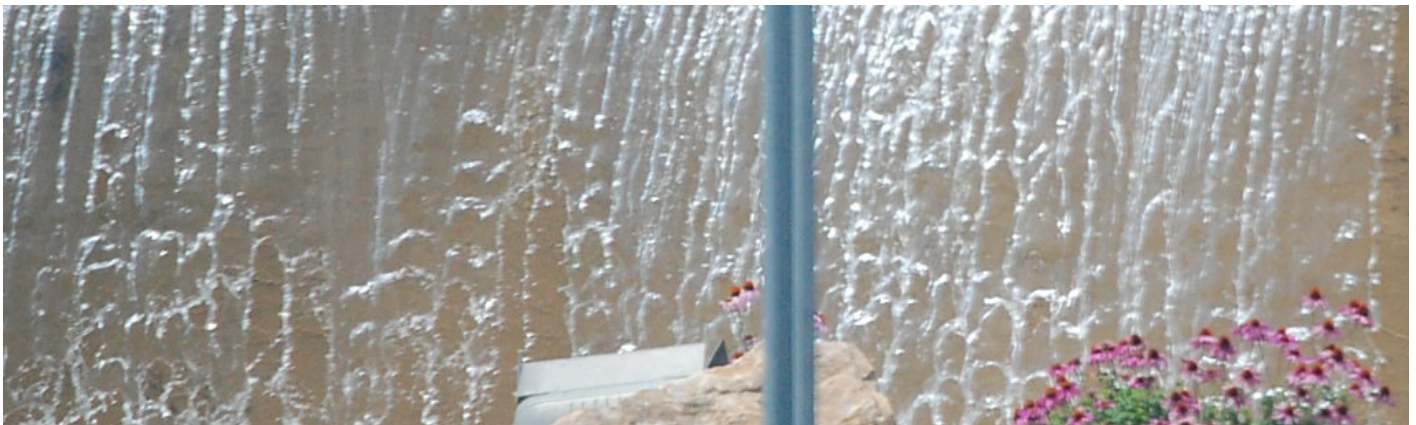
As we get older there are many things we can no longer do. We need help, that at one time we didn't. There are things we can do, but we pay for doing them with pain. We hate having to depend on others for things, but we are stuck. Sometimes we can't do things because they are no longer done the way we did them. (This is really true with cars, when I was a kid you could do a lot without really having to know a lot about cars – you could find spark plugs with no trouble and many things were a simple change of a hose or filters.) Other times we can not get to things we could at one time. Our hands are not steady

enough to do things we once could. But there are still things we can do – and are always willing to help with what we can do.

One thing that seems to be common with most as they get older and that's to tell stories of the old days. I had a Great Uncle who was hard of hearing – so when he told a story you really couldn't ask questions, but his stories were so interesting. When he moved to Florida many people were living on the beach in tents...he lived through some of the worse hurricanes to hit Palm Beach County. I was lucky to have him after I was an adult and loved his stories. My Grandfather also had stories to tell, but I lost him when I was still a young kid. I still love to talk to people older than I am – they have interesting stories to tell - . As we get older we do ramble and I think maybe I've rambled enough this issue.



We meet every third Thursday of the Month at 8 PM at the Sevierville Books - A - Million in the coffee shop. If the weather is nice we meet in the outside patio. They are located at 190 Collier Drive, Sevierville, TN. (collier Drive is the light at the Sevierville Walmart). This is not an official BAM event, so do not contact them for information on the PNO, but for directions their number 865-908-8994. Contact dreamweaver@dragonpalmtree.org for more information or join our Facebook group "Dragon Palm Events" <https://www.facebook.com/groups/221898301197684/>





This Issues Cover



Ayesha Khan is a student at the University of Karachi in Pakistan. She has been submitting since issue 11. This is her second cover.



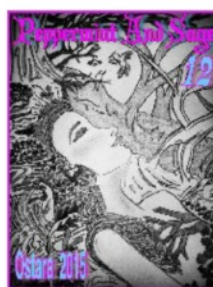
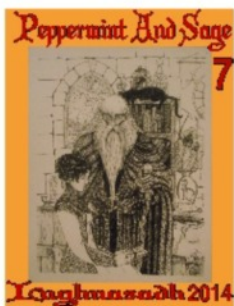
Become part of Peppermint And Sage
 Deadline for our next issue is July 26, 2015. We can use article, poems, cartoons, artwork, photos, jokes, reviews, events for the calendar, cover, words for crossword, word search words. We also need to hear from you!! Let us know what you think of this issue, let 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

15

COMING

Lughnasadh 2015



Pagan Fun Time



$$\text{Sun} \times \text{Sun} = 81$$

$$\text{Sun} + \text{Hourglass} - \text{Sun} = 13$$

$$\text{Hourglass} \times \text{Sun} = \text{Star}$$

$$\text{Star} \div \text{Sun} = 39$$

$$\text{Sun} = ?$$

100% PHOTOS



Ayesha Khan

A Light Kiss

Come Litha, cast your first golden rays through the towering redwoods; split fingers of light to stretch and caress the ripples in the pool and flicker a dozen rainbows in the mist. A band of brightness marches down -- down, to kiss alive small oaks wrapped in shimmering ivy holly. Dew seems to leap in joy.

Fond memories of my children frolic in the berry bushes. I can watch the mounting sun in the reflecting waters and feel a stirring -- oh my love, why are we apart? How am I to be transformed without your touch -- your light. Yes light, bonded here today. Light to destroy the shadows of my cluttered mind. Light to reveal the weeds of my despair that they can be plucked out. Light to nurture my waning spirit. Birth -- birth again in ever light.

The day will pass slowly -- yet too quickly as I ponder here. In a while the western gathering clouds will be gold and red and yellow in ever churning display. Who am I? What will the new year bring? How will I balance soul and human emotion? What is the song, "You light up my life?"

Come Blessed Mother, give me peace.

Faucon

