

# Peppermint And Sage

15



# Lughnasadh 2015



This has been the latest we have been in getting out an issue. Between work and finishing moving wasn't a lot of free time to work on PAS. Things are slowing down at work and I can stay awake when I get home to put the issue together. I want to thank everyone who has submission in this issue. We can really use spot illos. Things that can fill the bottom of a page.

Once again I ask our readers to let us know what you think of the issue. [pas@dragonpalm.com](mailto:pas@dragonpalm.com), let us know that people are reading the issue. Many people work hard on each issue for free - we are one of the few Pagan e-zines that are FREE. Pay us by saying HI. Just drop us a line - let us know you are out there.

Become part of PAS next issue. Submission can be sent to [pas@dragonpalm.com](mailto:pas@dragonpalm.com). Events can also be sent here. Next issue we will be listing September and October events. Open ritual, concerts, gatherings, PNO's and other events that would be of interest of Pagans.

Dreamweaver

**Peppermint And Sage Issue 15  
Lughnasadh 2015**

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All submission should be sent to [pas@dragonpalm.com](mailto:pas@dragonpalm.com)

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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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August 2015

1	Sat	Lughnasadh
2	Sun	
3	Mon	
4	Tue	DPC Lughnasadh Rit
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:

September 2015

1	Tue	
2	Wed	
3	Thu	
4	Fri	
5	Sat	
6	Sun	
7	Mon	Labor Day
8	Tue	
9	Wed	
10	Thu	
11	Fri	
12	Sat	
13	Sun	
14	Mon	
15	Tue	
16	Wed	DEADLINE PAS 16
17	Thu	Dragon Palm PNO
18	Fri	
19	Sat	
20	Sun	
21	Mon	
22	Tue	
23	Wed	MABON
24	Thu	DPC Mabon Rit and Full Moon
25	Fri	
26	Sat	
27	Sun	FULL MOON
28	Mon	
29	Tue	
30	Wed	

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.

## GREEN TIME

by Faucon

There was a time in high desert Spring  
when I yearned to make grass grow green,  
and hurry the kiss of early sunrise.

Then languid summer chores would set in.  
I prayed for power to halt the grass  
from growing ever into fun and play.

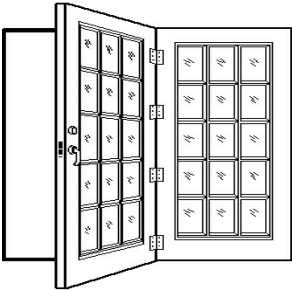
Later on in the Autumn of my life,  
a most sweet faire maiden taught me well  
that the grass is always green somewhere.

Now, more of mind of past falling leaves  
as memories to cover shortened lawn,  
I am content as She does the work.

May the Goddess nurture rebirth seeds  
and Father entice their height on high,  
and Mistress tears feed their rightful place.

I now worry about teaching birds  
to sing to the tinkling brook and thee;  
with my new love ever by my side.





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

## Part XV

Welcome to the Door. Let's take yet another walk through...

I'm a member of an online group in which we help each other to eat better and lose weight and exercise, not necessarily in that order, which site also includes a lot of pagans (several different groups in the forums). (If you are looking for a group like this, it's called SparkPeople.com.)

Someone in one of the forums had just berated themselves for the fact that they wake up feeling great and set these high goals for themselves, but at the end of the day they have failed in meeting them.

With the concept of Dr. Low's statement, "Lower your expectations and your performance will rise," I responded with the following:

'You need to start looking at "failure", as you just put it, as a minor success or even a group of minor successes. We all too often set our goals too high, and the striving for these goals means we did better than we would normally have done. You may have tried longer, or you may have succeeded in not eating as much fat or sugar or meat but still "failed" in your overall goal -- which, again I say, was set too high. It's called "carrot and stick" -- you ate too many carrots so you beat yourself with the stick, or something like that.

'I would suggest setting lower, shorter goals, ones that you can and will meet, and then endorse yourself for reaching ANY of those goals (whether or not you reach ALL of them). Liking yourself enough to pat yourself on the back when it's DESERVED does a great deal for self-esteem, just as knocking yourself after you've actually done well will take you back a few notches.'

Sometimes I amaze myself. Many of the statements I make sound like somebody really wise and learned said them. I keep looking around to see who it was.

I took on a student some time ago. I have known her online for a number of years, and her life was not really working, and she asked me to teach her. My first assignment was to get a copy of Rob Breznsny's "Pronoia". I rarely start out with anything other than basic Wicca, but this was a special case – or maybe I just had an inspiration. As with many of these things, I also noticed that I had not read more than about 10 pages of *my* copy of "Pronoia", so it gave me an assignment as well. (I do that a lot...)

The entire concept of "Pronoia" is to show us, each and all, that the Universe is constantly conspiring *for* us. There are so many thousands, perhaps millions, of things that go *right* for us each and every day. Of course, limited beings that we are, we only notice the 2 or 3 (okay, some days it may be 4, or even 8) things that go *wrong*. That's like saying, "I won the scratch-off lottery 8,000 times today, but I didn't win on the other 3 cards I bought. My life is just horrible."

And have I mentioned Gratefulness Logs? Keep a separate journal, and at the end of each day write down 5 things you are grateful for. Try to find different things every day, but if you have a lot of repetitions that's

still a good thing. That's another task I have assigned several students and still don't do myself... I've started them so many times and then forgotten to keep them up.

Remember that those whom you consider to be wise, which might even include me, don't always walk their talk. In my case, I do the talking as much to remind myself of the journey as to prescribe a similar journey for others. I used to get criticism for one of my blogs (since discontinued) that it was nothing more than good fortune cookies... I replied to the complainers, 'I'm writing those because I need to hear them and not forget. If you get something out of them, I'm glad.'

So, if you enjoy what I've written, in this article or any other, remember that I'm writing them for myself. Sometimes I just have to try to help people, but more often it is to help myself. Which you should remember when you try to help others, and learn the lesson if it is yours to learn. Many of my teachers have taught me that you should learn as much from the student (or the lesson) as you teach, and this has been a significant part of my teaching.

Until next issue.

Hugs,  
Moss

[Moss Bliss is a fallible human being, a Wiccan Priest of long standing, and, now, Steward of Shernai, serving as a home base for Triad Bardic College. You are welcome to visit his websites at [triadbardic.org](http://triadbardic.org), [peacefulhippo.info](http://peacefulhippo.info), and [recoveryempower.org](http://recoveryempower.org), or just write him at [zaivalananda@gmail.com](mailto:zaivalananda@gmail.com).]



*Cardea*  
Creates

By: Cardea Hinges

Blessings, Folks. In this issue, I'm showing you the basics of how I made the hammered copper leaves in this Squirrel Crown.



Hello!

*Hearthside Handmade*

What we have here is a piece of 1/2 inch copper pipe. Yes, just like you'd find in the plumbing section of the big hardware stores... or, as in this case, reclaimed off an old moonshine still. You can see here that I've cut it into short sections and made a cut up the length of it. I used an angle grinder and a bench vise for that.



Here on the left, you can see pipe pried. I used the pliers in the picture and a good bit of hand strength.

I unrolled each section, then hammered them flat. What was pipe, became copper sheet, about 3 or 4 mm thick.

At this point, I'd have liked to go on and hammer them thin, but it was summer and I would have had to get the forge going to make the copper hot enough to hammer as thin as I need it.

Because of that, the next step became tracing the leaf pattern onto the copper sheets, which I then cut out with tin snips.







So the leaves were cut out, but still not thin enough for shaping. They were smaller pieces of copper now and could be more easily heated with just a propane torch. On the left, you see one leaf before torching and a pile of leaves after torching.

After being softened by the heat, I could hammer them thin. Naturally all the extra thickness had to go somewhere, so the whole piece spread out. On the right, you can see the difference in size.



Because of the spread caused by hammering, I had to trace the leaf pattern on and cut it out again. Perhaps in the winter, when it's more comfortable to run the forge, I'll experiment with thinning the piece before cutting the pattern the first time.

At the very least, the forge will heat the pieces more quickly even if I can't completely skip the extra steps.



After all the hammering and cutting, the pieces had become work-hardened and needed to be fired again to soften up for the final shaping.



I went ahead and polished after firing. The polishing process did work harden them a little, but it was easier than having to polish all the ripples I made in the next step.

And here they are! Using pliers, I grabbed and twisted along the sides of each leaf. I love the way they catch the light.

The leaves in this picture are only half of what I used in the crown. I don't remember exactly how many hours I put into just the leaves, but it took 3 days to make them all. The result is well worth the effort, I say!



To see more of my work, visit: [HearthsideHandmade.storenvy.com](http://HearthsideHandmade.storenvy.com)  
Or Like me on Facebook at: [www.facebook.com/HearthsideHandmade](http://www.facebook.com/HearthsideHandmade)

# A time to Harvest

I recently moved and was a little beside myself because usually I have something that I harvest this time of year and I had not planted anything as of yet. Not just because of the move but because I have been very sick lately. A few months back I finally was able to be a doctor and wound up with a whole fleet of them because they found all kinds of stuff wrong with me. One of the things was cervical cancer and they wanted to aggressively attack it and this made me very sick. I am now listed as being in remission but am still fighting to get my health balanced out. I got to thinking about it and this is what I have harvested this year. Removing the cancer and getting rid of the tumors is my harvest.

Anytime we can get rid of something which we do not want or need is a type of harvesting. This makes us better and able to get on with our lives. Thanking our Deities for the opportunity to be rid of something we don't need. In the partaking of the herbs, fruits and veggies which others have harvested for us. We are all in this together, one way or another.

I am starting to feel better and once again want to get into my creative side. Whether I am writing, drawing, painting or doing one of my other hobbies, I feel better. Not being able to do these things made me sink into a depression and I don't like being there. I like the ideas which are coming to me yet again. I thank my Spirit Guides and Deities for opening up the opportunities to be rid of that which I do not need in my life and showing me that yet another door is opening up. I can feel another pathway coming to me in the near future and I will be well enough to walk down that path.

No matter what is put in your pathway, it is there for a reason. It may not be pleasant at that moment in time but in one way or another it will be beneficial.

We can't always plant a garden but this is not the only type of garden which can be planted. Working toward a goal can be hard work. Take the time to sit back and see what work. You have planted the seeds and this is the time of year, to harvest what you planted. Whether it is your job, family, friends, faith, spirituality or your health; take a look at what you have accomplished. Pat yourself on the back and thank the Spirits for their help. This is a time of harvest. Enjoy!

Namaste' to all from Nighthress of the IDC



# ANGELS AND DEMONS

**By Ayesha Khan**

They say we all have our angels and demons. They say we were born with it, the goodness and the dark side. They say it's up to us to choose. To choose the evil or the light. Light that could blind. Evil that could kill.

What are we made of? Flesh and bone? Or, lust and desire? Or, is it sin? Need to dominate? Wish to conquer? To kill and torture?

What about, to love and care? To help and discover? Go exploring- within oneself, out around the universe? Find ourselves, polish and bevel our ridges until we shine?

This is a world of possibilities. Just too many possibilities. Some bad, the rest even worse. Some good, too, but not many go for those.

Evil is like a short cut to instant success, say it be academically, professionally or emotionally. Bribe a worker and you get your work done sooner rather than later. Cheat through a test and get an A.

Flatter someone and lie, and you fool them.

But does it matter? The way you pave your way through someone's heart? The paths you choose to walk down? The innocent faces you fool into thinking you really care? Does it?

Yes, it does.

Could you do anything to fix the damage you've done? Consider this; take a glass bowl and smash it on the floor. Say sorry to it. Does that fix it?

Or, better collect all the tiny shards and glue them together. Yeah, you fixed it. But what about those hideous cracks?

Everything you do, every decision you make, every word you speak has some kind of affect on other people around you. We don't live in no isolation. We live in a community, in association with others. And this makes it complicated. Sophisticated even. Here, you have to care, you have to think your actions through. You have to think what ifs. What if it were you in the place of whom you hurted. What if what you've made others suffer, falls upon you? What if all the pain was directed toward you?

Would you want that? To feel broken and helpless and miserable? No? Then, why would you prefer it for others? Aren't they like you, aren't they human beings too?

There's logic behind every crime. Light beneath the lamps. Air around the vacuums. All you have to do is to let it through. Don't let your kindness and humanity sway with your evil self. Yes, you have to accept that. We are all made of good and bad and it's okay if at times that bad side comes out, it always will, but at least you can try to handle, not suppress but control? Direct?

Let that angel in you breathe some. Let it show, too. Let it express. Don't let it just rot and die in some dark corner of your soul.

Remember, it's all about the balance. Too much evil and you accompany devil. Too much goodness and you overthrow angel.

Too much dark and you can't see. Too bright the light and you still can't see.

Balance. Meet in the middle. Settle for the moderate figure.

Just like not only the bone, but flesh make us. Not only our angels, but demons make us.

If you get rid of your demons, you'd lose your angels too.

So keep it. Keep all of you. Every diamond and every piece of coal. It makes you, you. It specifies you, dignifies you, separate you from others.

You are you and nobody else is like you. You've got your own kind of balance. Your own kind of angels and demons. Your composition is one of a kind. So, be proud, be happy but don't let any emotion empower you.

No matter what we breathe we're still one. One of the largest community on earth. The dominants.

Just don't let any personal desire dominate what you've been trusted with.

Find your light and let it guide you. Keep your shadows and let them save you. You need them both.

You need to keep every part of you. Because you can, because you will.

The best rests inside, just pull it out. Happiness is woven deep in your soul, just untangle it. Cherish it. Live it. For you got it all, just don't be careless to let it fall.

You've got two sides. Two melodies. Two wars, one cause. Two breathes, one body. Twice the passion, magnified thoughts.  
Be a savory sweet, bitter chocolate.  
A fiery fly, snarling fairy.  
Heavenly giving, fenced perimeter.  
Kinder than you have to be, lioness's eye.  
Angelic and demonic, human and reason hybrid.  
But most of all, just yourself.



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](mailto:dreamweaver@dragonpalmtree.org) for more information or join our Facebook group "Dragon Palm Events" <https://www.facebook.com/groups/221898301197684/>

## **Comes a Magician**

### **by Faucon**

There was a "grundle of people", or so my father would have said, `ceptin' he didn't much like milling throngs – and I do. Not that I enjoy the mindless shoving, smelly cloths, raucous laughter or pickpockets, but there is a magic moment when a throng of friends – strangers becomes something more than what a headcount would offer. A crowd takes on a life and spirit of its own sometimes, and I watch for it – from afar – sitting in a tree or window sill. So I am well disposed to observe this particular gathering of silly folk come to see and hear Visone – you know, the wizard. Personally I wouldn't give a farthing for any expected magic or profound words or trembling predictions. I've seen `em all – Priests, and Princes, and Augers and Shaman. Never yet been disappointed – they all fail to live up to the myths that precede them. Enjoy the spectacle though! And the magic of the people – always that – real power and energy. Too bad there is always someone around to take credit, instead of two strangers meeting and saying, "I see you friend – want to make some magic?"

Now this Visone d'Ambrey might be different. He doesn't claim to be anything. Doesn't promise there will be any mystery or healing or magic at all! Yet these people have come from villages away to be here – for they know that something mystical will be happening – always does apparently. Guess if enough people believe in something it will happen – be created out of whole cloth perhaps. Down below I see a boy with but one leg – came quite a distance I would venture. Now that is magic I guess – and Visone isn't even here! I know others are attending hoping for some miracle too. Must place a lot of burden on a wizard though – wonder what he gets out of it? Maybe he steals magical stuff from one group and gives it to another. Be all right, I imagine. Certainly if noise be a measure there is a lot of excess energy hereabouts. Oops! Something happening. I had expected something more spectacular as means of transportation for this "man of our times and wonder!" Just a simple vegetable cart – one swayback horse – one slender girl leading it through the gesturing throng. There he sits – might as well be another turnip on the pile – dark grey woolen cloak, straw hat – sandals. Beside him I think I can make out a plain wooden staff and a leather rucksack. Would have thought him just another weary traveler – except! ...

Without a word the crowd opened before the ambling child and closed immediately behind – might have been a flower floating in a pond – aimlessly – effortlessly. Surly the crowd decided the route the cart must follow – understanding somehow the destination and speed – design or chance? The small parade



wound across and about – through and back, and gradually silence replaced the mayhem and confusion. Some common will directed that each person of the hundreds there were close enough to touch the cart at some point – to help guide the wizard to the unknown but providential spot beneath the Hawthorne tree. No one spoke – yet the tall fell back and the small were lifted and all were in position to see Visone stand – nay rise such that all could see and sense and feel – the magician had come! I could feel the music too – but it came from the crowd, not he – and the tree branch filtered light danced loudly on the faces of children – all were children. I was drawn to go down and walk amongst them – absorb their peace and faith, but ... – then I saw her.

Only a stooped, frail crone, shuffling throughout the crowd – unnoticed – of no importance at all. Yet her movement was a mirror of Vizione – a reverse parody of motion and posture. When he turned left, she drifted right. When the wizard raised his arm, she stooped low. When he moved, she stopped – or perhaps it was the other way around! Which was the puppet – which pulled the strings? Or was there more – or less than I could perceive? Three hundred eyes followed each gesture and sway of the wizard – save mine. Only I saw – beheld the magic! As the enigmatic woman passed every sick or frail child she dropped herbs into their cups or hands. She touched shoulder-drooped travelers and they stood straight. She whispered words into distracted ears and tears changed into smiles. I closed my eyes and attempted to enclose the ripple of energy that washed over and through and because of the gathered dreams and hopes and prayers. I could sense that this tiny lady was but the wand through which power and goodness flowed – yet not from the dynamic wizard so splendid there. What – where?

-- then she saw me! -- the girl, I mean. She was scarcely visible against the trunk of the tree, blending naturally into the shrubs and scattered leaves – and she was watching me – only me. Our eyes met – held – embraced. Mine were surely wide with surprise. Hers were laughing – ancient – kind. I doubted that the crone could have such entrancing, embracing – all knowing pools of wisdom – golden eyes like a faun. But then ... perhaps the shriveled old woman had the eyes of a maiden – learning – yearning!

Finally the swirling pulse of kindness, passion and goodwill overcame me – I am lost!

Much later many stories of the day would confirm what I alone had seen. Tales were shared of the words the great Visone had spoken – but I am not sure he uttered a sound. More stories of small

miracles – of awe and wonder filled the streets and taverns – everyone knew of someone healed, helped – encouraged by the magician. Only I knew who the real wizard was – unseen – unknown – profound. Visone is very special, I suppose, to be able to gather and hold their attention that way – to allow their hearts and minds and souls to open – to get their attention – to prompt each person's magic into a flow of creation. But of her, the nameless one – oh I tremble! To be able to gather all that energy and love and direct it to the very essence of each person's needs. To be a beloved of the Gods and their instrument most assuredly – for man alone could not endure this awesome gift – and she – she is withering away – I know – I weep. Oh, that the girl had stayed!

As I looked across the empty meadow where what was is now done and well, I saw a faint trail of new flowers – growing to mark the way of the crone's passing. Deep furrows now betray where the cart had passed afterwards – perhaps burdened with the weight of the sorrows they had taken from the crowd. I followed. Outside the village the two traces joined – no three! The solid tracks of Visone – the flowered shuffling trail of the crone – and the dancing footsteps of the child.

The Staff, the Pouch and the Scroll as foretold.

Then they became one ...

or so it seemed in the moonlight.





**Ayesha Khan**

# Reality

by Lady Sky



Gender bias, gender intolerance, and the craft!

I know that the craft embraces many different genders and relationships, but how do we really feel about them as individuals.

Personally I have many friends that are gay, and I mean sincerely that they are my friends. How about you, how do you feel?

I hope that deep down in your gut you also embrace the differences in people. Not everyone sees eye to eye. But I hope everyone sees heart to heart!

Pagans has been part of an outcast group for a long time. We need to get rid of this "outcast" stigma. We need to start seeing ourselves as a path to enlightenment.

Mainstream religions had strayed from their paths for so long that they don't even realize that they are hurting their people. If they cared about their people their churches wouldn't be so extravagant looking. They wouldn't be wasting money on buildings, they would be taking care of their people.

Our religion is nature-based, our churches and temples are all around us. We're not looking for fancy we are looking for functional. Every person is a temple! We need to remember to love all our fellow members of the craft no matter what we think of their preferences!

I think that it shouldn't matter what anybody does if it's not hurting us! Let people be happy! Worry about your own life, help when you can, and you harm none do what you will



## Summer with sun in my eyes.

by Faucon

It is easy to remember -- to be again -- know  
my mother;

as a mother -- close by  
tears -- hope -- a message gentle,

as a friend -- now medium far  
quiet chats -- faith reborn -- she listens  
still.

as a person -- there's the wonder  
still a girl -- hummm...

I can reconstruct the moment -- beyond  
recalling,

more than a childish whim or mem'ried  
diffusion

of jumbled thoughts and storybook  
illusions --

I was there, after all.

Lake Tahoe -- summer days -- 1953;

wood cabins -- jays and chipmunks,

Mt. Talac snow cross -- stories on the  
beach,

sun smile on waves — dreams in shadow,

three kids -- one mom -- wait an hour,

don't run -- water clear -- so clear,

sigh! Mother was just there --

which was right.

Morning walks up the mountains -- often;

old deep trails -- new long needed  
pathways,

giant granite boulders -- hidden springs,

flickering sunlight -- swaying ferns,

just fun and play and toss and tumble --

then I noticed her -- the girl.

She sat atop a rock alone -- content that  
we were safe;

hair let down -- the brush was there  
beside

shorts -- blouse ends tied across her  
waist,

sandals tossed aside -- one slipping to the  
ground,

humming - no, singing low -- Steven Foster  
--

she was doing her nails.

For the first time I saw her as a person;  
not a mother or a woman or a teacher or  
--

where had she been -- why hadn't I seen,  
this young person alive -- dreaming -- just  
there,

content to be just a person -- just once  
again,

but still only my mother.

# SINGING IN THE TREES: THE MAKING OF BARDS

by Moss Bliss, Steward of Shemai



Singing in the Trees  
Beltane 2015

by Moss Bliss  
Steward of Shernai and Master of Bards of Earth's Web Family

Since our last chat, I have completed my move into Sojourn at Shernai. I have been confirmed as Steward. My own ritual for being made an Elder Bard is scheduled (Sept 25-26). I just get the feeling that Goddess is shoving me forward.

Two new guitars are also on board, one a 6-string and one a 12-string, both beautiful and both better guitars than I have previously owned (both also with pickups, making it easier to set up at performances). I'm taking my new responsibilities seriously. Music is returning to my head, good songs I want to sing instead of just time-fillers or whatever the crazy DJ in my head wants to play. I have not yet begun getting new writing done, although I've had some nice tunes and guitar parts show up; holding on to them long enough to write them down or record them into my Zoom Audio H2 is not always easy but I have a couple sitting there.

Sixty-two years have gone into searching for my path, and when one is shoved in front of me, I choose to not be reluctant (he says euphemistically). It's here, I'm here, you're here, the music is here, the cabin is here, the woods are here with its circles and firepits and private places. This magical place is within Dandridge city limits, easy driving distance from many of our readers.

What is missing? Well, you... Shernai is available for small, quiet circles and rituals, even weddings so long as the wedding party is no more than about 20-25. I am available as a priest/minister (and have contacts with others should you wish someone else), or for music lessons on guitar, autoharp, ukelele (I need to get one, but have already been asked to teach someone)... and am learning harp and violin myself, and am willing to learn with and from others.

I am also available for just about any musical event (or to add music to an event otherwise non-musical), whether the venue be a living room, an open field, a pub, or a stage. My fee is simple; make sure I can pay for gas, and a tip jar is a good thing. I'm also open to actually being paid simple. I don't think I'd be much good at Bar Mitzvahs, but I'll keep an open mind.

I will be presenting a Bardic Workshop at Earth's Web Harvest titled "Harvesting Our Traditions: stories and songs of our times together", with the subject described as "Bring your tales, songs, and poems on your memories of the Family; learn to craft them, polish them, and, ultimately, deliver them at one of the two Bardic Circles this weekend." Harvest Gathering is September 18-20 at

Walking Fern Farm near Harrogate; see earthsweb.org for details. Cost is \$20 in advance, \$25 if you pre-register but do not submit payment, and \$30 at the gate; day trip rates are also available. Everyone who attends the gathering is more than welcome at my workshop; the time is still being set, but probably Friday afternoon, with Bardic Circles on Friday and Saturday nights before the drumming gets serious.

Meanwhile, I am also hanging out as much as possible with Lady Emrys, with an occasional “Let’s go to \_\_\_\_\_ and play!” being tossed at me. Auntie Em is now also my landlady, so I’m more motivated to keep her happy (LOL).

This is how you live your life as a Bard. Sing, teach, tell stories, and honor the land you have been given.

Go ye therefore and do likewise.

Hugs,  
Moss

[Moss Bliss is a fallible human being who also appears to be a decent musician, singer, and songwriter, and is soon to be an Elder Bard in the Triad Bardic College tradition. He can be reached at [zaivalananda@gmail.com](mailto:zaivalananda@gmail.com).]



**Sojourn with sign and a close up of the sign.**

# CHAOTIC REBEL

by Ayesha Khan

What comes into your mind-  
When you tilt your head up  
And glare at the Sun?  
Heat? Ambition or fire?  
Need to be best of all?  
Without ever being your best.  
What's the last thought on your mind-  
When you fall asleep  
Watching the Moon?  
Is it money?  
Or, love?  
Or, sweet future-  
Plans and hopes and dreams;  
Dancing in brisk circles,  
Pushing every worry back  
Though-  
The worry of days unseen doesn't help anything.  
What do you do when you've nothing to do-  
Build castles in sand?  
Fight off mere air?  
When it doesn't really matter.  
Do you think through the day's events-  
Before sinking into unconsciousness?  
Meditate and see what wrong and right you've done:  
Justify and take resolutions?  
But, do you keep them?  
For promises aren't worth a penny if they aren't kept.  
Do you ever did wrong-  
Hurt a heart or wound a soul?  
Break an artifact?  
Did you say sorry?  
But, did you feel sorry?  
For words have no value if they aren't heartfelt.  
Does it occur to you that  
There may be a light that we cannot see;  
Which flickers in this dark, dark universe-  
Did you struggle,  
Strive to find it?  
Apply it to people's good?  
For everyone deserves a light  
A hope  
A chance;  
Something to hold on to.  
Do you save the bits-  
All the little laughs and hopes  
Lights and fires?  
For drops make an ocean,  
And breathes a life.  
Have you had regrets?

Broken, hollow holes?  
Shard fragments-  
Of what you were meant to be?  
Did you fall? Cry?  
But, did you wipe your tears clean?  
Get up?  
Give it the last of fight left in you?  
For every trip is to teach you how to get back up.  
Can you see it?  
Light glowing in the dark,  
Sun hidden in mist,  
Moon concealed but present?  
The worst is over-  
Even the demons in your head are anticipating  
A fight, a defeat  
But would you do that?  
Because you can.  
Because you will.  
Every wound asks-  
How was it to not bleed.  
Every scars demands,  
How the days of beauty were spent.  
Every breathe of health is a debt,  
To each moment of pain and misery.  
All that you are and will be,  
Is it all that you can ever be?  
There's always room for more,  
Capacity for extreme.  
Limits are just limitless.  
But do you realize it?  
Do you want to?  
For you'll never know what you could've been  
What this life could promise  
What the sunshine could bring  
If you never tried your best.  
Be a beast,  
A skyscraper.  
You're meant to touch the sky and break through  
Reaching higher.  
Be the Sun,  
The Moon.  
You're to shine brightly and then blacken out  
Shinning secretly.  
You're all to wish for  
You've got it all.  
The perfect chaos,  
Perfect rebel.  
All left to do is to-  
Fix the flaws,  
Be a chaotic rebel with a heart and soul.  
For there's nothing more flawless.





where man and nature meet there should also be heart and spirit ...  
I do find some joy in the results of plan and toil, and art too  
in shapes harsh and soft – a story to tell. For soon the plants will wither  
and later on the sawed trees, while the stone sustains in folly.

For these plants foretell of a distant time when the stones will be gone –  
brought down by the clutch of nature and the pulse of creation.

Tiny flowers, tell me this is so before I chop out these weeds.  
Am I of the spirit – or are thee?

## **Song of Same**

**by Faucon**

Alicia glanced over her shoulder – hopefully. She knew it was futile but could not resist the possibility that her eyes might reveal what her mind denied. She had sensed a distinct melody struggling against the throbbing sameness of the drumbeat of the crowd. Now gone – walking away – dwindling. She murmured a silent prayer for the thousandth time, “May my gift be strengthened that I might follow or be taken from me completely.” She accepted that she would have another troubled night.

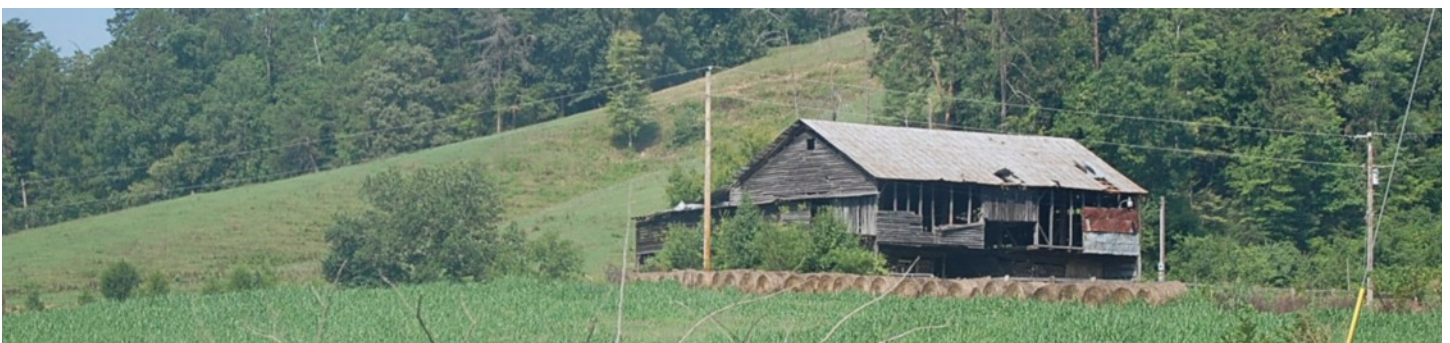
It had not always been the pattern of her life. Decades ago she would spend hours just sitting on a bench to embrace the symphony of passing strangers. Her white cane made her invisible to most folks who also thought her blindness made her deaf too and they would say things aloud where counsel would have been better served. She learned how to match the hidden truths with dream melodies and spoken lies with the base strum of self-delusion. She likened people to a dulcimer. The drone strings were ever presence and a reminder of man’s base nature, while a delightful tune could be played on the more spiritual strings. All that was required was a desire to be different, to be an individual. The combination of rhythm and melody need only be in tune in order to be pleasing to the soul. Which is where she found work to do.

When one’s rhythm and melody are out of sync there is discord and less than beautiful music. It doesn’t matter to her just why this raucous noise was caused, only the wisdom that no solution was possible within the confusion. So, she would reach out and introduce a contra-melody – to “sing harmony” shall we say. This was all within the mind, of course, and musical terms only used for illustration. It is enough to know that Alicia could and that she did. Or used to ...

It would be easy to blame television or cell-phones or YouTube blather, but they are just instrument on which one can play. What got lost was any faith that trying made any difference or that original thought was better than being average. The strum grew louder and more pervasive as the yearning to be just like everyone else killed the melody. There is not discordance then and folks seem to prefer accepting someone else’s boring bass-notes than singing at all. Maybe it’s a step forward in evolution or something. Perhaps being a drone is better than silence or hearing a song that leads to nowhere.

No matter. Alicia knows that some still sing and write pleasing melodies against the din. They may gather in secret coves and shadowed glens – or just sing softly so as not to be discovered. She tries to sing as loudly as possible so that others might find her. But she made a mistake. She asked me to cut her drone strings all together – which is why I know her story. I must live with the choice to grant her wish. A melody without rhythm produces only fear, you see – a cry more than human but less in turn. Most folks find more comfort in believing what aint’ so than knowing what they can never have or be. Alicia’s song kindles primordial memories. Once there was only melody and no strum at all.

I am telling this so that some may realize that the choice of living is not between the singer or the song. It is about being willing to make a choice at all. It certainly is not choosing between poor options offered by a stranger on an electronic device. So, the next time you hear the whisper of a song scarcely remembered know that it might be Alicia calling from lonely. Turn down the oppressing thunder of “everybody does it” and hum along whatever song flitters across your soul.







As we approach 2016 we are starting to see and hear both sides trying to get a candidate to run for President. As a Pagan we want someone who at least doesn't want to burn us at the stake. We have several who are part of the religious right. These are not people we want to see as President - they want to make their religious beliefs law.

As a Pagan it is your duty to vote. Don't feel that one vote doesn't count - a lot of people want you to believe that and it is one of the reasons the mid-term elections went the way they did, not enough people voted. You also need to understand what the different candidates stand for. And don't forget a lot of them feel lying is just part of politics. Look at what they have done in the past - do you really think they would change as President? Sometimes we have to settle for the best of two bads - but if you do - don't vote for the bad that will work against us.

On Facebook and other places we will start seeing the usual red herring meme. Here are some of the ones to look out for:

Minimum wage: For our economy to recover for the middle class it has to be raised. Now we have several different types. Most all of them are on the \$15.00 wage. One tries to compare Apples to Oranges and tries to make the people wanting a higher minimum wage look unpatriotic. It talks about burger flippers wanting more money than the military. The Military wages have never been based on minimum wage. First they get both pay, food, board, clothes - so finding a figure is hard to do. Does our military make enough money - NO, does it mean others shouldn't make a living wage - NO also. Also no one thinks that it would be nice when they got out of the Military that there were jobs that paid a living wage. Don't fall for this meme.

Another that I just saw - uses Walmart - and shows how that by raising the wage would put Walmart out of business. The biggest problem with the meme that the figure used as Wamarts profit is wrong, not only is it wrong it's only about 10% of what their profits are. It justifies businesses for paying below a living wage.

And then we get the burger flipper memes saying that if you work for a fast food restaurant that you should not be able to make a living wage. They state that only school kids work at these places, even when the facts show different. And they leave out all the other jobs that only pay minimum wage that at one time paid two three times minimum wage beginning.

Remember the ones that are running and feel that it's alright for companies to pay below living wages, are not working for us if they get in office, they work for the companies that get to have slave labor to make them more and more profits.

We will be having more Pagans and Politics articles as we near the 2016 Presidential election. We will be covering other red herrings and views that can hurt us. The most important thing is to get out and vote - and understand what the people who are running stand for. Are they for the 1% or are they for the 99%?

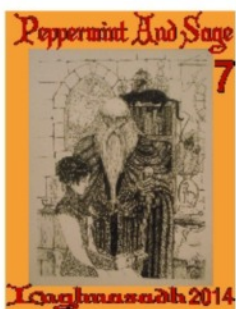
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 Deadline for our next issue is Sept. 16, 2015. We can use article, poems, cartoons, artwork, photos, jokes, reviews, events for the calendar, cover, words for crossword, word search words. We also need to hear from you!! Let us know what you think 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](mailto:pas@dragonpalm.com) and letter to Ask Tiger-Lily send to [asktigerlily@pas.dragonpalm.com](mailto:asktigerlily@pas.dragonpalm.com)  
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# This Issues Cover



This is Ayesha Khan's third cover for PAS. We feel this really shows off the harvest. Ayesha lives in Pakistan and has been submitting since issue 11.



$$\text{Wheat} + \text{Wheat} = 8$$

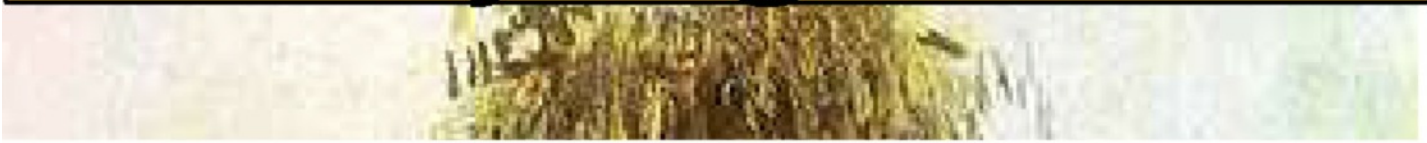
$$\text{Spinning Wheel} \times \text{Wheat} = \text{Coins}$$

$$\text{Coins} \div \sqrt{\text{Wheat}} = 34$$

$$\text{Spinning Wheel} = ?$$

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# Lugnasadh Wordsearch by Nightress



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





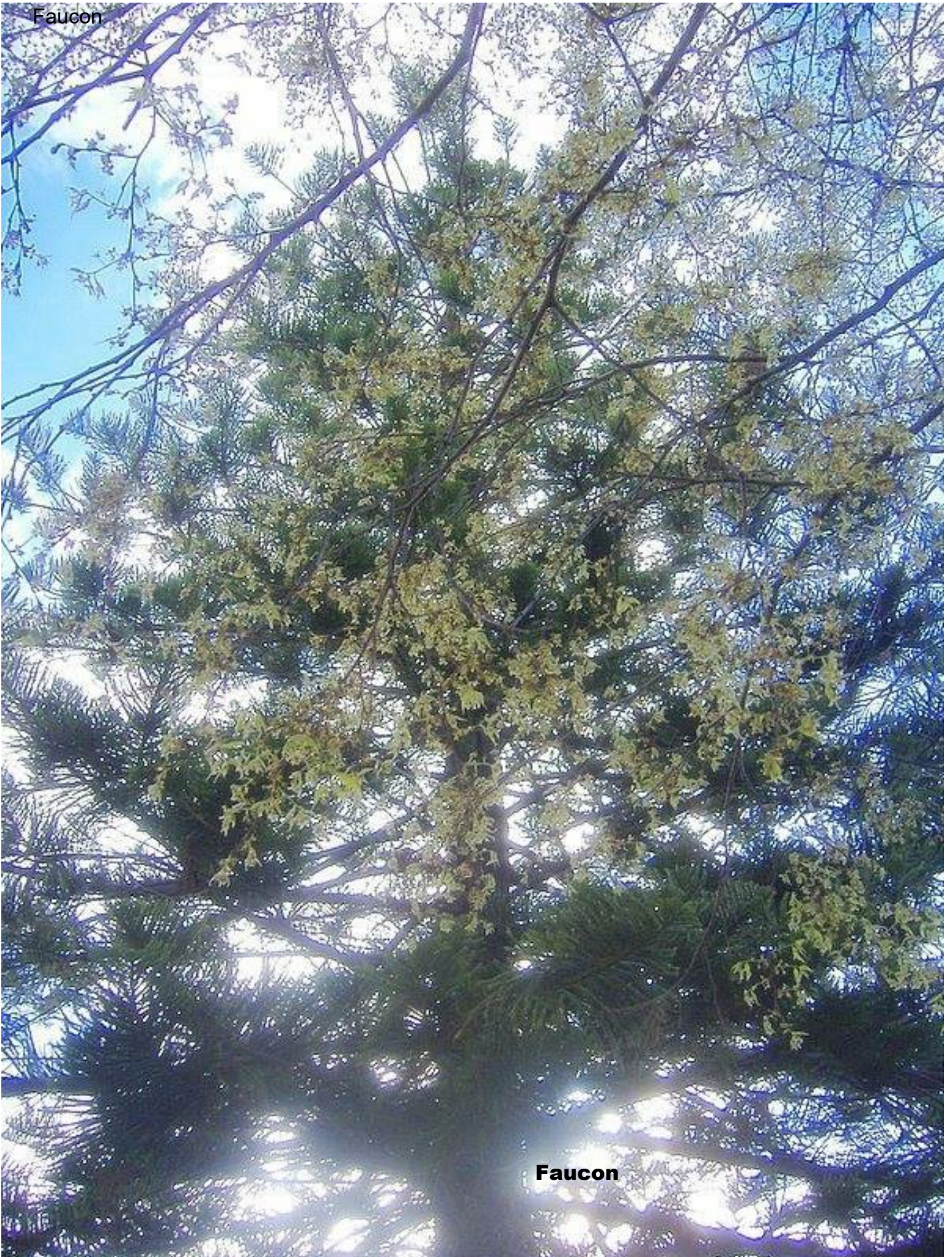
Lughnasadh word search words

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Lughnasadh  
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Scottish  
Gaelic  
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Lammas  
Feasting  
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