

Peppermint And Sage

Number 8 September 2014



Mabon



MERRY MEET



September 2014

1	Mon	Labor Day
2	Tue	
3	Wed	
4	Thu	
5	Fri	
6	Sat	Earth's Web Full Moon
7	Sun	
8	Mon	FULL MOON
9	Tue	WIP: Samhain Decorations
10	Wed	
11	Thu	
12	Fri	
13	Sat	
14	Sun	
15	Mon	
16	Tue	
17	Wed	
18	Thu	Dragon Palm PNO
19	Fri	Earth's Web Mabon
20	Sat	Earth's Web Mabon
21	Sun	Earth's Web Mabon
22	Mon	MABON
23	Tue	Dragon Palm Mabon Rit
24	Wed	NEW MOON
25	Thu	
26	Fri	
27	Sat	
28	Sun	
29	Mon	
30	Tue	

With this issue we have made one complete turn of the wheel - turning out an issue for each of the eight sabbats. Next issue will start our second go around the wheel. I would like to thank all the people who have helped with putting out the issues. Without your articles, stories, poems, pictures, photos, puzzles and more there would not have been any issues.

Next issue is a land mark issue celebrating Peppermint And Sages' first year. To make it a great issue we need a lot of help - so please send in those submissions. And if you are just a reader - we sure could use some letters of comment for Pagan Postings. Let us know what you thought of our first year and what you would like to see in our second.

We will still be doing free ads and we have "The Broom Closet" for classifieds . A regular ad we need to be in a graphic format and classified just email what you want to say.

Would like to see more things for "On the Pagan Fridge, the art of our Children" It's amazing the insight these kids have.

Blessed Be

Dreamweaver

**Peppermint And Sage issue 8
Mabon 2014**

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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.

October 2014

1	Wed	
2	Thu	
3	Fri	
4	Sat	
5	Sun	
6	Mon	
7	Tue	
8	Wed	FULL MOON
9	Thu	
10	Fri	
11	Sat	Earth's Web Full Moon Rit
12	Sun	
13	Mon	Columbus Day
14	Tue	WIP
15	Wed	
16	Thu	Dragon Palm PNO
17	Fri	
18	Sat	
19	Sun	
20	Mon	
21	Tue	NEW MOON
22	Wed	
23	Thu	
24	Fri	Earth's Web Samhain
25	Sat	Earth's Web Samhain
26	Sun	Earth's Web Samhain
27	Mon	
28	Tue	
29	Wed	
30	Thu	
31	Fri	Halloween Samhain

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 information go to their web site: EarthsWeb.org for contact information.

If you have a calendar event mail the information to pas@dragonpalm.com. Give us the dates for the calendar and contact information to put here.

No Matter By Moonchylde

I'm just writing to tell you, "I love you,"
no matter where or what you are.
Whether you're dust motes in space
or the cat down the street,
you love me too much to go far.

I'm just writing to tell you, "I love you,"
no matter who or when you may be.
If you come back as my son
or my daughter's grandchild,
time nor face will dull your love from me.

I'm just writing to tell you, "I love you,"
for this much and beyond all my days.
No matter where, what, who, or when
you or I may end up,
know the truth in that one tiny phrase.





Around the Hearth.....

by Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

Hello!!! Good Morning!! Happy equinox and a Blessed Mabon!!! It is the time of the second harvest. Time to reap all that has been sewn since spring. This is a time to take stock of what you have and to ensure you have enough to make it through the winter. In pre-industrial times, this meant a lot of work in the garden and woods and fields. Putting up stores so there will be food until the next years harvest starts to yield. Now we don't have to do all this, but it is still a busy time of the year. Children return to school, which involves a flurry of activity and a period of adjustment getting back into routines after the lazy days of summer. The holidays are coming up, starting with Halloween in the mundane world. Winterizing our homes, which can include everything from minor repairs to major renovations. We are still getting ready to shut ourselves inside for the longest darkest coldest part of the year.

The stories surrounding this time are of the sacrificial god.... he that gives up life so many others can live. They are about giving up what you don't need or cant carry so what you do have, gets you farther through the winter. The act of harvesting food produces waste that isn't any good , so we let it fall to the way saide. (chaff from wheat, hull from seed) In the same manner, we should tend our lives. This i the perfect time to clean up everything from old habits, to that basement full of granny's things. We dont want to spend all winter cooped up with our own garbage, so take a little time right now to let that grudge really pass, to leave that hate or anger at the door.... It takes too much energy to tend these kinds of things, especially when it takes twice the energy to get any one thing done during the winter.

One of the stories is of the summer king, and how he rants and rails against his fate... screaming and crying, "why??? why me, why do I have to do this?" and he is heart broken to leave... but in the end, he realizes, if he doesn't go, all life will cease, because the wheel would not turn, so he goes, but offers a way for his death to serve the most good... he says " I will take your burdens, and fill you with the hope of summer instead, I will feed your bodies, and feed your spirits, and take your sorrows, and hurts with me to the underworld, so that We can all start again new and fresh next spring."

Here is the story of Mabon, with every element of many different tellings of this one included. I am using this telling to make puppet theaters with our community of kids at our Mabon gathering.

Once, a long time ago when this ancient world was still very new, there was a mother. Her name was Modron, which means Great Mother, for she was beautiful and strong, and her love shone from her as light from a great sun. And Modron had a son whose name was Mabon, which means Great Son. Mabon glistened and glimmered with his mother's love, and within him, his own heart also shone with love in return. Those who looked upon him were dazzled by his great youth and energy. But when he was still just an infant, a tragedy occurred. Mabon had not yet slept three nights at his mother's side, suckling at her breast and nuzzling into her arms, when he was stolen away into the darkness! When Modron awoke to find her beloved son gone, and no one who could

tell her who had stolen him away, she mourned and wept, and her tears swelled and flowed like a great ocean. For a Mother's sorrow, too, can be great as her love.

Many years passed without sight or sound of Mabon, and all this time Modron continued to grieve and hope. Then, one day, a king arrived seeking to speak to Modron of her son. The king's name was Arthur, and he came with a retinue of skillful and courageous knights following behind him. King Arthur and his knights had been set an impossible task: to hunt the huge and terrible boar called Twrch Trwyth. This boar was so strong, and so fast, and so tough, that no hunter in the world could track him down and kill him, save for the greatest huntsman of all. No one knew who this huntsman might be, but rumor in the land whispered Mabon's name, the Great Son who had once shone with such energy even when just a babe. The people said that if Mabon still lived and could be found, surely *he* could kill the boar. And so King Arthur had come to Modron, to ask her if she knew where her son might be found.

The question pierced her heart and made her laugh through her sorrow. "Do you think I have not wondered that myself, all these long years? And yet, though my sorrow is as great as the deepest ocean, as vast as the darkest expanse of sky on a moonless night, I have never been able to discover where he is, or if he is even still alive. You have come a long way, King Arthur, but I cannot help you. You may as well ask the blackbird where the boy is hidden!" she added with a sad, helpless wave of her hand.

King Arthur, too determined to give up, went and did just that. He and his knights searched out the Blackbird, an old creature who had long guarded the gateway into other realms on the edge of dawn. "Blackbird," Arthur called, "We are looking for Mabon, son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother's side three nights after his birth. Do you know where he may be hidden?"

The Blackbird peered down at Arthur and his knights with quick, obsidian eyes. "I am old, as you well know," he said at last. "You see this dusty spot here where I sit? When I first was born, there used to stand here a smith's anvil, the biggest you might ever see, made of the hardest iron. Yet no hammer ever touched this anvil, except that I pecked at it with my beak gently every day. Now, nothing is left of it but this dust beneath my feet. That," said the Blackbird, stirring the dust with his wings, "is how old I am. And yet I have never seen nor heard of Mabon, son of Modron.

"*But*," the Blackbird continued, "I know of one who is even older than I am, and I will take you to him."

Arthur and his knights thanked the Blackbird for his kindness, and followed his lead. He soon led them to the bright Stag of the forest, whose old coat glistened as with midday sunlight. "Stag," called Arthur, "We are looking for Mabon, son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother's side three nights after his birth. Do you know where he may be hidden?"

The Stag lowered his huge, antlered head and gazed at Arthur and his knights with ancient amber eyes. "I am old, as you well know," he said at last. "You see this massive oak tree beneath which we stand? When I was first born, this oak tree was barely a sapling sprung up from its acorn, and yet now it is the biggest tree in the forest, thick with years of growth, its heavy limbs stretching wide in all directions, and the prongs of my own antlers number just as many as its branches. That," said the Stag, swinging his head with pride, "is how old I am. And yet I have never seen nor heard of Mabon, son of Modron.

"*But*," the Stag continued, "I know of one who is even older than I am, and I will take you to her."

Arthur and his knights thanked the Stag for his kindness, and followed his lead. He soon led them



Around the Hearth.....

by Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

to the Owl, whose rippling, moonshine eyes had watched the comings and goings of night for unknown ages and now looked on King Arthur with placid kindness. "Owl," called Arthur, "We are looking for Mabon, son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother's side three nights after his birth. Do you know where he may be hidden?"

The Owl adjusted her silent wings and turned her haunted, blossomy face towards Arthur and his knights. "I am old, as you well know," she said at last. "You see this ancient forested valley in which we stand? When I first was born, there stood a forest here even older and more wild than this one, and I watched as the people of the land moved in and cut it to the ground; yet as the people slowly abandoned the land for more fertile soil, another forest grew up in its place and that, too, became wild and strange with age, until again the tillers of soil moved through slashing and ripping up the roots from the earth, and the forest withered and disappeared and the valley became like an empty bowl beneath the sky. But the lives of people are passing, so easily will they go to war against each other, so quickly do they drain the sacred land dry—and so again human beings left this valley to the gods of wild places, and this is the *third* ancient forest I have watched grow to wilderness here. That," said the Owl, her low eyes shimmering like deep pools, "is how old I am. And yet I have never seen nor heard of Mabon, son of Modron."

"*But*," the Owl told Arthur, "I know of one who is even older than I am, and I will take you to him."

Arthur and his knights thanked the Owl for her kindness, and followed her lead. She soon led them to the noble Eagle, who held his head aloft and flourished a beak and talons so sharp and true they might slice the air itself in two. "Eagle," called Arthur, "We are looking for Mabon, son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother's side three nights after his birth. Do you know where he may be hidden?"

The Eagle regally preened a few stray pinfeathers into place and blinked at Arthur and his knights with benevolent, piercing eyes. "I am old, as you well know," he said at last. "You see this tiny rock I clutch between my talons? When I first was born, there stood here a mighty standing stone, so lofty that it towered above every mountain, and I could sit upon it every night and lift my head to strike my beak against the upper limits of the black sky, and each peck pierced the darkness and became a star. And yet the stars you see now are numerous, beyond counting, and I made every one; and the standing stone that thrust up from the earth met wind and rain, the elements of air and water, and together the three joined in a dance that wore the stone away, until now all that remains is this mere pebble at my feet. That," said the Eagle, clacking his beak that had made the stars themselves, "is how old I am. And yet I have never seen nor heard of Mabon, son of Modron."

By now, as you can imagine, King Arthur was beginning to despair that he would ever find Mabon, the Great Son of Modron, to help him hunt the wild, terrible boar. His face was haggard with searching, his eyes sunk deep from sleepless nights and long journeying to these ever more ancient beings, none of whom seemed able to help him. His knights, though loyal and trusting in their king, were beginning to tire as well, and being a good king to his people and friend to his companions, Arthur knew he must soon call off the search for their sake if not his own.

The Eagle, whose keen mind could read the fatigue and stress in Arthur's expression, had sympa-

thy for the weary king. "But let me tell you a story," he said to Arthur. "This story begins: Once, a long time ago when the world was new.... There was a great famine in the land. I was still young then, and had my fair share of suffering and hunger. One day, I had flown far from my usual hunting spots in search of something to eat, when I spotted far below me, in a small pool shaded by nine hazel trees, the quick shimmer of a fish in the water. Without second thought, I dove! I clenched onto the fish with both feet, sinking my talons deep determined to catch the thing, for if I didn't I would surely starve before nightfall. But the fish was blessed with an almost monstrous strength, and it dragged me under, down and down into the spiraling, swirling darkness of the pool. If I had not finally relinquished the thought of my own hunger gnawing within me and released my quarry, I would have drowned.

"This creature, I learned later, was the ancient Salmon of Wisdom, even older than I, who had lived for ages upon ages in the sacred pool, feeding on the hazelnuts which fell into the pool from the surrounding grove. Hazelnuts, they say, are food for the gods, and I would not be surprised if the Wise Salmon herself were a goddess dwelling in that strange and mysterious place. A mere king like myself," said the Eagle, "could never presume to capture a goddess against her will! But let me tell you, Arthur—if the Salmon of Wisdom still dwells within that pool, I can take you to her. Although all the oldest creatures of the land could not tell you where to find Mabon, son of Modron, certainly she will know and she will help! And if she cannot, then your quest truly is beyond all hope."

And so, with new hope and fresh energy, Arthur led his knights with the Eagle as their guide far across the land, over gentle green downs and through dark twisting woods, until at last they came to the sacred pool in the hazel grove. Exhausted, King Arthur knelt by the side of the pool. Its surface moved in subtle wavelets from where a small stream fed into the pond, weaving and trickling between the roots of the trees. It seemed to Arthur, as he looked upon the water, that there in the reflection of shading branches he could see the ancient, sparkling eyes of a goddess smiling at him—then they were gone! In a flash, the silver body of a fish flickered by, and Arthur called out, "Salmon of Wisdom! We have come a long way to seek your help. We have spoken to the Black-bird, and the Stag, and the Owl, and the Eagle, and of all these ancient beings, none could lead us to what we seek. We are looking for Mabon, son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother's side three nights after his birth. Do you know where he may be hidden?"

From the depths of the pool there came a lovely, watery voice, barely distinguishable from the bubbling of the stream. "And did you ask his mother?"

"Well, yes!" Arthur said, "But she said she did not know!"

Sad laughter bubbled up from the glimmering darkness. "Modron's sorrow over the loss of her son is as great as an ocean, and as obscure," said the Salmon, "but the ocean is my home, and I know the secrets of its depths as I know my own. Every year I return to this pool and follow the stream far into the hills of this country, all the way to spring in the courtyard of the Castle of Light. And I tell you, Arthur, that for many years now I have heard the weeping and sorrow of one lost and alone when I have come there."

"Do you think, Wise Salmon, that this sorrowing sound may be of the Great Son?"

"I have no doubt," said the Salmon firmly. "And I will take you to him. You may ride upon my back as I swim—but, I can only carry two. So you must come alone, Arthur, so that when you have freed the son from his captivity you may both ride back together."

So King Arthur took leave of his knights, who saw their king off with a mixture of courage and trepi-



Around the Hearth.....

by Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

ation, and he clambered aboard the long, slippery back of the Salmon of Wisdom. Quick as light glinting over the water, the Salmon swam with Arthur astride her, and it seemed the countryside sped along on either side of them with a magical speed so that in almost no time at all they were approaching the place where the stream began its journey, the spring by the great Castle of Light.

Now the Castle of Light was strangely named, for in fact it was a dark and forbidding place, overgrown and half-rotted and ruined from long neglect. As the Salmon of Wisdom drew closer to the fortress, Arthur too could hear the weeping and sorrowing sounds echoing from within its mossy stone walls. Leaping from the Salmon's back, he charged into the dim courtyard of the castle and battered the hilt of his sword against the inner door. But the door was old and spongy with rot and gave way before him, and he thrust it open, following the sobbing noises down and down into the dripping dungeons of the Castle. There, at last, he came upon the hunched, weeping figure of a man huddled in a corner. At the noise, the man looked up, and though his eyes were red from crying, his face was radiant and youthful beneath the grimy streaks of tears.

"You there," Arthur said, with the command of a king in his tone, "Are you Mabon, the Great Son of the Great Mother, Modron?"

The young man sniffled and wiped his nose with the back of his hand, straightening up. "For sure I am, sir, and I've been locked in this dreadful dungeon for ages upon ages."

"Well," said Arthur, "the doors have rotted and the walls have crumbled, and I have need of a great huntsman to stalk the wild, terrible boar called Twrch Trwyth. So I have come to set you free. Will you come?"

"Of course!" Mabon said, and followed Arthur swiftly from the black of the dungeons up into the wan sunlight above. Together they mounted the Salmon of Wisdom, who looked on the young man with secret gentleness and did not strive to keep the King and his huntsman dry on their return journey home. Waters from the stream splashed and danced against their sides as the Salmon leapt and plunged, her glistening body writhing with the joy of dodging rocks and limbs, and soon all the dirt and strife of years in the dark had washed from Mabon's face and his whole being seemed to shine, strong and healthy again.

And this was how he came to his mother, Modron—bright and gleaming, accompanied by the majesty of Arthur and all his brave knights following behind—and she swept him up in an embrace of gratitude and happiness that was greater than the ocean, greater even than the sunlight and the sun itself. Then she released him, with a smile and one last thankful kiss, and gestured that he could go, with her blessing, to help Arthur hunt his ugly boar.

For, it turns out, he was indeed the greatest huntsman in all the land, and he made a swift end to the huge boar that had eluded so many before him. Then, there was a great feast and celebration afterwards, which I assume Modron and Mabon both attended with pleasure, seated honorably at the King's own table. And that is as good a place as any for the story to end.

So I spend this time getting caught up, tying up loose ends, stacking storing and preparing..... and looking for those things special to this time of year. I have learned, in the past year, several wild

plants that are helpful, and I am finding the flowers of fall are often time more abundant and beautiful than those of spring. Find something in this season to make you happy, and fill those new clean spaces with that until next time.

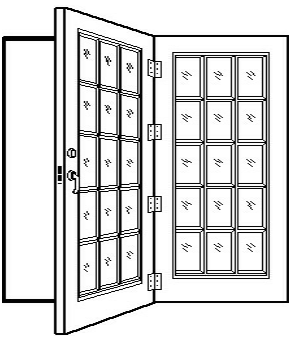
Love and Light,
Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

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

Door to the Beyond: Paganism and Mental Health Part VIII

I have been blessed with new ideas and topics each month to carry you with me as we walk through the Door. Sometimes my readers have given me an idea or a subject, sometimes something just drops into my Inbox. This article is the result of the latter.

NewAgers and Pagans have long known that we create our own reality. We don't *believe* it, but we know it. We work on it. We try things to see how real it is.

Dr. Joe Vitale has written a book called "Zero Limits". In it, he tells of his discovery of a Hawaiian shaman/doctor who single-handedly healed an entire patient population at a hospital for the criminally insane... without even visiting the patients.

Dr. Ihaleakala Hew Len told Dr. Vitale, "that he never saw patients. He agreed to have an office and to re-view their files. While he looked at those files, he would work on himself. As he worked on himself, patients began to heal... 'After a few months, patients that had to be shackled were being allowed to walk freely,' he told me. 'Others who had to be heavily medicated were getting off their medications. And those who had no chance of ever being released were being freed.'"

"Not only that,' he went on, 'but the staff began to enjoy coming to work. Absenteeism and turnover disappeared. We ended up with more staff than we needed because patients were being released, and all the staff was showing up to work. Today, that ward is closed.'"

What was the incredible method Dr. Len used? He forgave them. He picked up their file, read it thoroughly, learned what he could about what harm had been done them to turn them into the person they were, **made it a part of himself** and said to **himself**, in his mind, repeating over and over, "I'm sorry. I love you." As he healed himself of this problem, the patient healed.

Dr. Len realized that all his external reality was actually internal, he created his entire environment, so he brought that environment within himself and healed it. (For the entire article, visit <http://www.mrfire.com>.)

Does it work? It did for Dr. Len, and Dr. Vitale has used the method so much that he had to write a book on it. Is this another "Hundredth Monkey" ruse? (For those of you who may not know, Ken Kesey wrote "The Hundredth Monkey" as fiction and published it as non-fiction. There never was a test colony of monkeys as described in the book. But millions of NewAgers have practiced as non-fiction, and it seems to have at least some of the desired effect.)

Why don't you try it and see? While you're at it, I recommend putting "Zero Limits" on your list of must-purchase books, as I will on mine.

Forgiveness is a powerful thing. Dr. Len forgave himself and healed his world. A quotation I use often is by Mary Manin Morrissey – "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.”

Here is a poem I wrote a few years ago. It took a lot of years to get to where I could write it... and only minutes to complete.

I Forgive Me

I forgive me.
Maybe you can't do that right now
But I can, and I will
You probably have someone more important
to forgive right now
Someone else who hurt you
Or maybe just yourself

If you'd like me to forgive you
I will
If you want me to just listen
I will
And if you want me to just go away
I will do that, too

But maybe you just need to hear
someone else say it
so that you can become brave enough
to say it yourself

I forgive me.

written 5/2/2005

©2005 by Gerald L. "Moss" Bliss

May your healing come swiftly and easily, and may we together heal the world we live in, with the help of our gods, within and without. I'll see you next issue for another walk through the Door.

(Moss Bliss is an initiated Wiccan living in Blaine, TN. He has written on the Craft and on many other topics since the mid-1980s, often under other names, much of which is preserved on various sites on the Internet. Moss' personal website is Peaceful Hippo, <http://peacefulhippo.info>, and his mental health website is <http://recoiveryempower.org>. He is known to be a fallible human being, and is diagnosed and on Disability for his "mental illness", and is currently working taking care of developmentally disabled adults. He has led a life of mental health activism, counseling, and leading self-help groups, and hosts and writes many websites, groups, forums, blogs, etc. He has co-founded more than one nonprofit working for homeless or mentally ill and has served on other local non-profit boards. He is a known Pagan musician and filker (SF/Fantasy-based folk music).)

You may write Moss at zaivalananda@gmail.com.

Ancient Choice

By Faucon

Know then I speak with trees and trickling stream,
and am drawn by currents of ancient lore;
or perchance whistle in tune with hidden song,
and know the rightful name of glade and seed.

When I walk in the woods and talk with birds,
hew a magic staff or find earth gift awe,
know that I was never a Druid born
but that I now make a choice of being.

May falt'ring steps be guided by choices I make,
and character known by kept word and pledge?
Some would say my nature is told in stars
or fortune told by ancients -- seer and crone.

If this latter truth be the dance I prance,
then why am I assailed by shadowed fears
in the form of voices whispered and writ,
from those whose misdeeds need someone to blame?

Consider then the Path more one of choosing;
that I agreed to spend time with Mother Earth,
and by will surrender to simple love,
and daily rejoice to responding Light.

Freely I can acknowledge human fault

and be held accountable for errant choice,
if thee will accept my extended hand
in honest friendship that I can extend.

For if my actions are foretold in stone
I am not responsible for your pain;
but cannot revel in laughter I gift,
nor even take thanks for healing I share.

Choice or fate, willingness or path ordained?
The humor and mystery of this riddle
is that I do not have to ever know,
but that you choose to love me either way.

Aye, the behold of love is a gift divine,
as is ever breath and song and sunrise;
but you can now choose to accept my draw,
or act that I am not but helpless clay.

You may then choose to share my bread and cup,
or walk away and seek another's hearth;
but then do not call upon fate and stars
or spirit guide for the choice you embrace.

What then is simple truth and humble claim?
Know me by touch of heart and story told,
by direct word and how I walk my Path,
never birthed by the claims of another.



Christine Carlson



Dreamweaver



ASK TIGER-LILY

by Tiger-Lily Dancing Dragons

Dear readers,

Each issue will feature questions sent in by you. All questions will remain anonymous unless you specifically ask otherwise. If I can't find your answer, I can find someone who can. Questions may be sent to asktigerlily@pas.dragonpalm.com

I look forward to hearing from you!

Brightest Blessings,

Tiger-lily

Q: Can you explain the phases of the moon to me? What kind of magic should I do with each phase?

A:

New moon is good for starting new things. New adventures, new projects, new beginnings.

Waxing moon is good for constructive magic, things you want to grow, like health, wealth, and peace of mind.

Full moon is good time for any magic that requires an extra boost of energy, prophecy, divination, and protection.

Waning moon is good for banishing bad habits and negativity.

Dark of the moon is a good time to get in touch with your inner self and understand your passions and angers, also a good time for banishing and binding.

A lunar cycle is 28 days. The new moon is days 1 – 3. Waxing is days 4 – 14. Full is on the 14th day and the energy is still effective through the 17th. The waning moon is days 18 – 24. And finally, the dark of the moon is days 25 – 28. There are many apps, web sites, and calendars available that will tell you on a daily basis which phase the moon is in. I highly recommend keeping one handy.

Q: What is the best kind of material to make a wand from? What are the best types of decorations for them? Is there anything I shouldn't use for a wand?

A: Different materials have different properties and there is really no right or wrong answer, it is more a matter of what you are drawn towards. Personally, I wouldn't use Pine, or any other sappy type wood because I don't like the mess, but to each their own. Wands can be made out of just about anything. Wood, stone, metal. I even know someone who uses a sonic screw driver! The same pretty much applies for decorations for your wand. Whatever you are drawn towards and feels right is what you should use. And you don't have to decorate it all if you don't want to. Some of the most beautiful wands I have seen are nothing but highly polished wood. Do some research and figure out which materials you connect with and go from there. I would start with trees that are native to your area and expand as needed.

Q: Why does my cat like to be in circle with me?

A: Cats are very sensitive creatures. They sense energy much better than we do and they can sense the energy in your circle. If the cat is joining you, it means he likes the energy you have created within your circle. Be flattered! And if he suddenly runs out, you might want to check for uninvited guests in your circle (or he's just being a cat). Cats, as with most animals and children, can cross the boundaries of your circle without breaking it, so don't worry about him wandering in and out, he has cat things to do and may just check in from time to time.

Q: Should I include the whole house when I make a circle? Can I include just the floor that my apartment is on when creating a circle---I don't want it broken if my downstairs neighbors decide to leave. If so, how?

A: In the case of an apartment, it wouldn't be a good idea to cast the entire building as you would be subjecting others to the energy within your circle without their knowledge. Cast as small of an area as you can, while allowing access to the things you may need that you have forgotten to gather (I always manage to forget something). When I cast in my back yard, I include my entire house and property, but everyone is aware of what I am doing and is either participating or at the very least agree to be in the circle even if staying inside. For apartment dwellers or those who share a house with non-circle friendly folk, I recommend keeping the circle, if inside, contained to just the room or floor you are working on. This can be accomplished through your normal casting process. A circle doesn't necessarily have to be circular. You can either walk the perimeter or visualize the circle going up as you turn towards each wall. If you will be casting your circle outside try to find a place where interruptions will be unlikely. If you are unable to cast your entire property, be sure to remember to take everything you might need with you.

MORNING SONG

By Faucon

I used to love to walk to work,
a pleasant way to start the day,
and slough off fears born in the night.

The clouds would laugh and flirt with
dawn,
while dew drops dreamed of mist and rain,
and flowers sang of tomorrow's bees.

Oh, for the birds of morning joy,
and rustling trees and gravel paths
that brought the world alive for me.

Just listen to the morning song –
today ...

Impatient horn and engine roar,
persistent red eyes everywhere,
with chirps and whistles to alert
when to begin and when to end;
with cell phone chimes and melodies
a command to stop and heave to
another's will or triviality.

Note boom-box thunder passing by,
and cold dogs chained to lonely;
and children fighting in the street
above a chainsaw maiming roar,
as hapless trees scream defiance
at garbage trucks and siren screech

that prove our blessed earth is dying.

Yet, I will still walk the road today,
to whistle and wave and dance a bit;
for those ancient songs of morning
are in my mind and heart and soul,
and just because I can, my friend –
and need find no other reason.





I have heard Pagan's go "I don't want to get involved in politics" "I don't vote, my vote doesn't count anyway" and other similar sayings. First we are involved in politics if we want to or not. We belong to religions that many consider non-religions. And if we just do nothing we may find ourselves outlawed. So first thing if you can, register to vote – this is important. Next look at the people running. Don't go by the meme's on Facebook – check them out – find out what they stand for. Don't let scare tactics make you vote for someone that wants to take all your rights away. A few presidential elections ago I knew a Pagan who voted for a person who in an interview stated that he didn't think Wicca was a real religion –because this same person in his campaign said his opponent would ban guns. (Which wasn't true). We see all the time meme that try to make you look away from the issue. I think my favorite came out when fast food workers wanted to make \$15 an hour in NYC. It said" Why should a burger flipper make \$15 an hour when our military doesn't" Yeah why should those dirty burger flipper be able to make a living wage when our military doesn't! A lot of sensible people were posting this that made minimum wage – the real question should be we need to raise the military starting wage along with the fast food worker – not they didn't deserve more because the military doesn't make it. And you can be sure the people who started this meme are part of the ones who doesn't feel minimum wage should be a livable wage. They try to throw the blame on someone else – I see them all the time and the people posting them are not thinking, they are falling for the misdirection or the scare tactics being used. As we get closer to November you can be sure that you will see more and more of this type of meme on Facebook – and what they are really saying is " Hey look blame that guy and vote for the guy that really causing the problem.

Another thing I hear is "both parties are the same" to a point this is true and it is usually a bad idea to vote "Party" but vote for the person. How people vote in congress is public record – it gives the person and their party – let this help you. What did they vote for and what did they vote against. This is true at state level also. See how the people and the parties vote – this will tell you a little about who you might want.

And another thing I hear" It's takes a lot of time and trouble to check into this". You are voting for the people who are going to be running this country or your state for the next two to six years. Take the time – don't depend on others to do it for you – leaving a few thing out can change a lot about a person.

Then we get the third party. For just about any state or national election except president (at this time) try to get them in, if you find that they are more for what you want. Because until a third party gets strong enough it will not win the Presidency and it could take the election from the best of the two running. Now if we get a strong third party disregard this. But it needs to be a really strong party. Over the past few Presidential elections third parties have hurt one of the two major parties – and always the one that was closest to the beliefs of the third party.

A few things to remember we are not a democracy we are a republic. We elect people to represent us and when we vote for someone to represent us we should want someone who will really represent us, not someone who going to represent some special interest group with a lot of money.

And last don't forget to **VOTE**

Dreamweaver



Send letters to the editor at: pas@dragonpalm.com . Here a few letters we received

I wanted to let you know that I am new to the group on PS and I sat down tonight and read your latest zine. It is wonderful!! I thoroughly enjoyed every page. I will now be going back through the older copies and reading them. I look forward to your next issue.

Skye

Glad you enjoyed PAS - Dreamweaver

[Merhamet Miller](#)

Aug 19th, 1:06am

hey regarding the door to beyond article, well anyone of any faith can journal, and have a support group...and well anyone can cleanse and smudge a room, new agers, and catholics do that...BUT what they do not do, and most pagans do not know how to do is "Magick" to let go, and re-claim the parts of themselves they gave to that person. So, if you are going to be a Pagan magazine, why not include all of the other, and then end with a spell or prayer...just a suggestion. Blessed be

I think you will find a lot of Pagans do know Magick and feel that spells should be written as needed, not in magazines and books. We have had a few poems that could be used as or part of a spell in the past, but we want to stay away from SPELLS per say. A lot goes into a spell and a lot can be lost in writing it for a magazine. - Dreamweaver

[Merhamet Miller](#)

Aug 19th, 1:10am

The hyssop article was amazing. The rant article no big deal. It really did not piss me off, or get at anything . The thing is why do we have to ask for anything at all? Why not realize, people will give because there is a law of giving and receiving in the universe and our Gods love nice things, and they want us to have nice things...but first we should probably give them a place to be worshiped at...just a thought. Rather than teach the new generations which we have been doing forever, why not leave them buildings and land to have to worship in...now that really would be a legacy. Brightest blessings to you...Rev. Merhamet Miller, HPS www.tsg-atc.org

I think the Gods have given us a nice place to worship - why would we want to hide in a building when we have all of outside. And teaching needs to go on - not be replaced by land and buildings - we are always learning - and we need to pass on what we have learned to the new generations. - Dreamweaver

EMPATH, CURSE OR A BLESSING?

By C. Carlson

Are you an Empath? Do you feel the overflowing emotions of the world around you? The flood that seems to wash off of others around you, leaving you to share and experience their emotions, almost as if they are your own emotions. Leaving you to experience the pain, toxins, and difficulties of society, and the surrounding world in your own life.

Empaths are often quiet achievers. They can take a while to handle a compliment for they're more inclined to point out ones positive strengths and attributes. Some are extroverts and highly expressive in all areas of their emotional connection, talking openly, and at times quite frank or blunt with their connection. Some struggling with the toxins of society that filter through. Causing and creating ones life to have emotional complication of its own not always understanding why.

However, there is also the exact opposite, the introverted. Withdrawn, unresponsive at the best of times. They may even appear ignorant. Some are very good at "blocking out" others and that's not always a bad thing, at least for the learning Empath struggling with a barrage of emotions from others, as well as their own feelings. The madness of society can have a suffocating and tragic effect on an Empath. Learning and knowing how to pull in ones energies, block out the emotional toxins of society's emotional baggage and garbage.

Empaths have a tendency to openly feel what is outside of them more so than what is inside of them. This can cause empaths to ignore their own needs and feelings. In general an empath is passive, diplomatic, emotional connection, and leans more towards being the peacemaker. Most Empaths avoid conflict on many levels. If they find themselves in the middle of a confrontation, they will endeavor to settle the situation as quickly as possible, if not avoid it all together. They will stand their ground when backed into a corn and can be fierce when protecting one they love, be it family or close friends. If any harsh words are expressed in defending themselves, they will likely resent their lack of self-control, and have a preference to peacefully resolve the problem quickly. If not avoiding the conflict altogether.

Empaths are more inclined to pick up another's feelings and project it back without realizing its origin in the first place. Which can be dangerous and scaring for the Empath. They act as a psychological and emotional mirror at times project it back without realizing, themselves having a point of weakness. Which is why most Empaths tend to refine their abilities of diplomacy, communication, and calm. Talking things out is a major factor in releasing emotions passively. Most Empaths work hard to develop a stronger degree of understanding so that they can find peace in themselves and most emotional, situations.

For the Empath newly discover their abilities it can be an up hill battle to gain control and understanding over there abilities. Taking it upon themselves to learn how to deal with their reaction to the toxicities of others individuals emotions. Realizing that they are gifted with these abilities of Empathy tend to go through many stages of evaluation. For instance, understanding, researching, and educating themselves becomes important.

Empaths can develop control through meditation, grounding, and releasing methods. Learning how to control one own energies is also a key method to master. Knowing how to control energy is important.

It enables one to block out, shield, and pull in their energy. Giving the Empath the ability to protect themselves from emotional toxins.

Being an Empath does have its downside, many will bottle up their emotions, building up barriers,

experience physical pain and suffering, and emotional madness. Just so as to keep from letting others know of their innermost thoughts, pains, emotional struggles, and feelings. This type of withholding of emotional expression can be a direct correlation of emotional betrayals, traumatic experiences, expressionless upbringing, childhood neglect or abuse, childhood alienation, or simply being told as a child ("Children are meant to be seen and not heard!" or "showing emotions is for the weak").

Without a doubt, withholding, bottle up ones emotions, building up barriers, experience the physical pain and suffering, and emotional madness can be detrimental to one's health, and well being. Both mentally, emotionally, physically. For the longer one resists to let out the thoughts and emotions, denying the release. The more toxic emotions build up building, and building. Only to cause the Empath to suffer both mental, emotional, and physical anguish. causing their thoughts, feeling, and/or emotions can eventually becoming explosive, erratic, if not crippling. The need to express oneself as an Empath, honestly is an essential form of healing and a release. Being an Empath is both a blessing and a curse. It is all how one chooses to walk.

My name is Christine Carlson of Charms and Creations/Mystic Ink. My work is sold through Mystic Rings of Time



Singing in the Trees:The Making of Bards
September 2014
by Moss Bliss

My perception, hopefully wrong, is that we are losing our stories. One person cannot end the dearth, but can inspire others. It's time to talk about writing, singing, wordcrafting.

Bards appear to be dropping like flies in the Southeastern US. OK, maybe I'm getting old, and events of ten years ago seem like yesterday. I remember when Lord Senthor passed. I remember when Lord Amergyn passed. I remember when Nightfall passed. All these feel like yesterday to me. Well, last week, Avalon (Eastern TN) lost their bard. There have been a few filkers passing in recent weeks ("filk" is the music of Science Fiction and/or Fantasy, and the filkcrafters include many fellow Pagans and like-minded individuals).

How do you become a bard? Well, I said it in the first paragraph: writing, singing, and wordcrafting. If you don't feel you have a voice, listen to the voices of others -- friends, like-minded souls, your personal heroes, major historical figures. Write with humor, seriousness, feeling.

When Amergyn passed, I felt cut off. Amergyn had promised to raise me in the craft to the eventual status of Bard. I didn't stop singing, and occasionally have even written something of note. I've stepped up my performing, to the point of having played 2 serious concerts in the past couple months and having another scheduled for November. I drove to South Carolina a couple weeks ago to sing at a "housefilk". And then, amazingly, Goddess reached out to me.

When Earth's Web named me Master of Bards, I felt totally unqualified. A lot of that is just possessing less self-esteem than my talent calls for. So I joined ADF (Ar nDraocht Fein, or Our Own Druidism) just to feel like I was studying.

Amazingly, a missive came through the ADF mail that Lady Emrys was stepping aside as head of the Bardic Guild. She saw fit to post about her past, which opened my eyes considerably. Lady Emrys was the founder of the Triad path of barding, a job she undertook at the behest of Lord Serphant. It was she who performed the Barding Ritual for Lord Amergyn. I got in contact with her and shared my own story, and she has agreed to evaluate me and, gods willing, teach me -- if she feels I need to be taught. Another massive blessing was the discovery that she lives only about 40 miles from me.

At this point, we have yet to get together, other than by phone and email. But it's the hand of Goddess pointing the direction I was wanting to walk. If things work out, the tradition will be passed rather than lost. As I learn, I hope to pass my lessons along in the pages of this journal.

I've been drawing a blank in my writing. Often I get an idea and write it down, and for the past 9 months I've gotten no farther than first drafts. Here's the hint -- write it all down, as I have. You never know when you will get the inspiration you needed to complete the song or poem.

Some authors I know break their blocks by just writing. There is a system called NaNoWriMo, where you commit to writing a few hundred words per day, whether you are saying anything or going anywhere. This has led to more than a few hundred novels and other works.

Write about what you know. Spider Robinson said to himself a few thousand times that he could write better than some of the stuff he was reading, but he didn't know where to begin. So he said, what do I know? Drinking in bars. Science fiction. He began one of the most successful series of short stories in SF history, Callahan's Bar.

I pledge to write something each day, every day from now until the following issue of this journal is published. At the next deadline, I will submit at least five poems or songs for publication. I invite all my readers to join me. Send your submissions to the editor at the address provided elsewhere in this issue. If we are successful, DreamWeaver will have a 50-page issue to publish.

Goddess, guide my hand to the keyboard
or pen and paper
each and every day
Lead me to my musical instruments
to place my hands on them
and make music on them
each and every day
If I need a muse, send her to me
If I need a topic, have it appear
maybe on my Facebook page,
maybe in my email
perhaps in my daily life events.
So I have spoken: So it is.

Moss

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





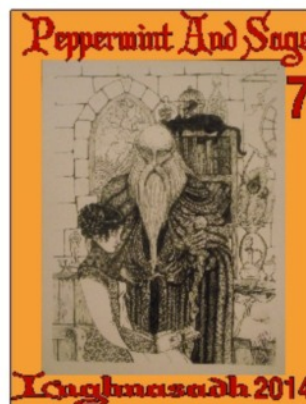
Dragon Palm Circle Pagan Night Out

We meet every third Thursday of the Month at 8PM 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 is 865-908-8994. Contact dreamweaver@dragonpalmcircle.org for more information or join our facebook group "Dragon Palm Events"

[.https://www.facebook.com/groups/221898301197684/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/221898301197684/)



Become part of Peppermint And Sage
Deadline for our next issue is October 20, 2014. We can use article, poems, cartoons, artwork, photos, jokes, reviews, events for the calendar, cover, words for crossword, wordsheach 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.
Don't forget our Samhain issue #9 will be the start of our second year. 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!!



Depression

By Lady Sky

Depression is a dangerous thing! Depression is linked to many illnesses. Worry, doubt, stress, and peer pressure can all aggravate or even cause depression. When this happens all a person can do is to fall deeper into despair.

We need to look for ways to help someone we love battle this hidden disease. Do you know someone who has suddenly close themselves off from the rest of the world? Even has talked about ways to end it all. These are silent and sometimes unconscious cries for help. Reach out to your family, friends and acquaintances. Listen to what they are trying to tell you. Don't turn your back on someone who may be turning their backs on the world!

Give people you care about a reason to care about themselves too. Be a sounding board for what is on their mind. Just you being there could make all the difference in that persons life. Be a beacon in their stormy weather.

Care about them before it's too late. Don't spend the rest of your life wishing you had done something to help!

Be there for your love ones now!!

<http://m.helpguide.org/articles/depression/depression-symptoms-and-warning-signs>

(excerpts from article)

How to Recognize Depression & Get Effective Help

Authors: Melinda Smith, M.A., Joanna Saisan, M.S.W., and Jeanne Segal, Ph.D.

The normal ups and downs of life mean that everyone feels sad or “blue” from time to time. But if emptiness and despair have taken hold of your life and won't go away, you may have depression. Depression makes it tough to function and enjoy life like you once did. But no matter how hopeless you feel, you can get better. Understanding the signs, symptoms, causes, and treatment of depression is the first step to overcoming the problem.

If you identify with several of the following signs and symptoms, and they just won't go away, you may be suffering from clinical depression.

- you can't sleep or you sleep too much
- you can't concentrate or find that previously easy tasks are now difficult
- you feel hopeless and helpless
- you can't control your negative thoughts, no matter how much you try
- you have lost your appetite or you can't stop eating
- you are much more irritable, short-tempered, or aggressive than usual
- you're consuming more alcohol than normal or engaging in other reckless behavior
- you have thoughts that life is not worth living (Seek help immediately if this is the case)

Depression varies from person to person, but there are some common signs and symptoms. It's important to remember that these symptoms can be part of life's normal lows. But the more symptoms you have, the stronger they are, and the longer they've lasted—the more likely it is that you're dealing with depression.

When these symptoms are overwhelming and disabling, that's when it's time to seek help.

- Feelings of helplessness and hopelessness. A bleak outlook—nothing will ever get better and there's nothing you can do to improve your situation.
- Loss of interest in daily activities. No interest in former hobbies, pastimes, social activities. You've lost your ability to feel joy and pleasure.
- Appetite or weight changes. Significant weight loss or weight gain—a change of more than 5% of body weight in a month.
- Sleep changes. Either insomnia, especially waking in the early hours of the morning, or oversleeping (also known as hypersomnia).
- Anger or irritability. Feeling agitated, restless, or even violent. Your tolerance level is low, your temper short, and everything and everyone gets on your nerves.
- Loss of energy. Feeling fatigued, sluggish, and physically drained. Your whole body may feel heavy, and even small tasks are exhausting or take longer to complete.
- Self-loathing. Strong feelings of worthlessness or guilt. You harshly criticize yourself for perceived faults and mistakes.
- Reckless behavior. You engage in escapist behavior such as substance abuse, compulsive gambling, reckless driving, or dangerous sports.
- Concentration problems. Trouble focusing, making decisions, or remembering things.
- Unexplained aches and pains. An increase in physical complaints such as headaches, back pain, aching muscles, and stomach pain.

Depression in teens

While some depressed teens appear sad, others do not. In fact, irritability—rather than depression—is frequently the predominant symptom in depressed adolescents and teens. A depressed teenager may be hostile, grumpy, or easily lose his or her temper. Unexplained aches and pains are also common symptoms of depression in young people.

Left untreated, teen depression can lead to problems at home and school, drug abuse, self-loathing—even irreversible tragedy such as homicidal violence or suicide. But with help, teenage depression is highly treatable.

Major depression

Major depression is characterized by the inability to enjoy life and experience pleasure. The symptoms are constant, ranging from moderate to severe. Left untreated, major depression typically lasts for about six months. Some people experience just a single depressive episode in their lifetime, but more commonly, major depression is a recurring disorder. However, there are many things you can do to support your mood and reduce the risk of recurrence.

Dysthymia

Dysthymia is a type of chronic “low-grade” depression. More days than not, you feel mildly or moderately depressed, although you may have brief periods of normal mood. The symptoms of dysthymia are not as strong as the symptoms of major depression, but they last a long time (at least two years). These chronic symptoms make it very difficult to live life to the fullest or to remember better times. Some people also experience major depressive episodes on top of dysthymia, a condition known as “double depression.” If you suffer from dysthymia, you may feel like you've always been depressed. Or you may think that your continuous low mood is “just the way you are.” However, dysthymia can be treated, even if your symp-

toms have gone unrecognized or untreated for years.

Bipolar disorder

Bipolar disorder, also known as manic depression, is characterized by cycling mood changes. Episodes of depression alternate with manic episodes, which can include impulsive behavior, hyperactivity, rapid speech, and little to no sleep. Typically, the switch from one mood extreme to the other is gradual, with each manic or depressive episode lasting for at least several weeks. When depressed, a person with bipolar disorder exhibits the usual symptoms of major depression. However, the treatments for bipolar depression are very different. In fact, antidepressants can make bipolar depression worse.

Seasonal affective disorder: When winter brings the blues

Many people feel sad when summer wanes, but some actually develop depression with the season's change. Known as seasonal affective disorder (SAD), this form of depression affects about 1% to 2% of the population, particularly women and young people. SAD seems to be triggered by more limited exposure to daylight; typically it comes on during the fall or winter months and subsides in the spring.

To combat SAD, doctors suggest exercise, particularly outdoor activities during daylight hours. Exposing yourself to bright artificial light may also help. Light therapy, also called phototherapy, usually involves sitting close to a special light source that is far more intense than normal indoor light for 30 minutes every morning. The light must enter through your eyes to be effective; skin exposure has not been proven to work. Some people feel better after only one light treatment, but most people require at least a few days of treatment, and some need several weeks. You can buy boxes that emit the proper light intensity (10,000 lux) with a minimal amount of ultraviolet light without a prescription, but it is best to work with a professional who can monitor your response.

There are few side effects to light therapy, but you should be aware of the following potential problems:

- Mild anxiety, jitteriness, headaches, early awakening, or eyestrain can occur.
- There is evidence that light therapy can trigger a manic episode in people who are vulnerable.
- While there is no proof that light therapy can aggravate an eye problem, you should still discuss any eye disease with your doctor before starting light therapy. Likewise, since rashes can result, let your doctor know about any skin conditions.
- Some drugs or herbs (for example, St. John's wort) can make you sensitive to light.

Causes and risk factors for depression

- Loneliness
- Lack of social support
- Recent stressful life experiences
- Family history of depression
- Marital or relationship problems
- Financial strain
- Early childhood trauma or abuse
- Alcohol or drug abuse
- Unemployment or underemployment
- Health problems or chronic pain

Ask for help and support

If even the thought of tackling your depression seems overwhelming, don't panic. Feeling helpless and hopeless is a symptom of depression—not the reality of your situation. It does not mean that you're weak or you can't change! The key to depression recovery is to start small and ask for help. The simple act of talking to someone face to face about how you feel can be an enormous help. The person you talk to doesn't have to be able to fix you; he or she just needs to be a good listener.

Having a strong support system will speed your recovery. Isolation fuels depression, so reach out to others, even if you feel like being alone or don't want to feel like a burden to others. The truth is that most people will be happy that you chose to confide in them; they'll be flattered that you trust them enough to open up. So, let your family and friends know what you're going through and how they can support you.

Lifestyle changes are not always easy to make, but they can have a big impact on depression. Lifestyle changes that can be very effective include:

- Cultivating supportive relationships
- Getting regular exercise and sleep
- Eating healthfully to naturally boost mood
- Managing stress
- Practicing relaxation techniques
- Challenging negative thought patterns

Seek professional help

If support from family and friends, positive lifestyle changes, and emotional skills building aren't enough, seek help from a mental health professional. There are many effective treatments for depression, including therapy, medication, and alternative treatments. Learning about your options will help you decide what measures are most likely to work best for your particular situation and needs.

If someone you love is depressed

Depression is a serious but treatable disorder that affects millions of people, from young to old and from all walks of life. It gets in the way of everyday life, causing tremendous pain, hurting not just those suffering from it, but also impacting everyone around them.

If someone you love is depressed, you may be experiencing any number of difficult emotions, including helplessness, frustration, anger, fear, guilt, and sadness. These feelings are all normal. It's not easy dealing with a friend or family member's depression. And if you don't take care of yourself, it can become overwhelming.

That said, there are steps you can take to help your loved one. Start by learning about depression and how to talk about it with your friend or family member. But as you reach out, don't forget to look after your own emotional health. Thinking about your own needs is not an act of selfishness—it's a necessity. Your emotional strength will allow you to provide the ongoing support your depressed friend or family member needs.



Dreamweaver



Christine Carlson

Thunder Bees

By Faucon

My father was not one for mystery, nor missing school; but he woke me at 1 AM with the simple words, “now come!” I did – and a day of wonder began. We stopped at the old Senator Hotel where pancakes lingered over the edge of the plate and two were enough for even me in early teens. Restaurant coffee for the first time ever. “A long way to go,” he said.

We drove 372 miles, the last 60 on dirt roads. Dew was still on the tips of the rabbit brush in the valley – 9 AM, but the 12,000 ft. peaks held back the dawn – forever. Actually, dew did not happen often at all. Rainfall there is less than 3 inches per year – mostly barren snow crystals. Only once every fifty years or so is there enough moisture for flowers to grow. That is why we were there. The air was incredibly clear, not just because we were at 6300 ft. elevation -- something more. There is no sound – no movement – no breeze -- just flowers.

Dad directed that I start filling out a notebook with descriptions of each type of flower I found. I crawled on shale scraped knees – lower. Many flowers are but pinpoints of dazzling color and singular shape. By noon I had catalogued more than 300 varieties, having traveled only forty feet or so. I looked up at a mile long slope of pastel wonder only visible if your eyes was inches from the earth. Difficult work, for if I breathed on them they withered and shrank out of sight. A passing plane would see only scrub brush and scattered rock. I understand why we had come. Or so I thought.

We inched our way up an imaginary trail to the ridgeline for lunch. The valley floor seemed a swipe of green stain against a thousand square miles of endless mountains and ravines. The few occasional trees were lost in the distance. There are no insects at this elevation. There are, however, Bristlecone Pines -- fourteen trees, nine with placards and identifying names. The guardian Indian tribes only give names to trees more than 1500 years old – they know such things. So does my dad. We were not bothered by the silent sentinels -- perhaps they had seen us with the flowers. I will not describe the trees or the experience. It was for contrast that we climbed there – to stand before the elder – the tree called “Breath.” For more than 4,000 years it has watched the magic in the valley below -- sudden flowers that will live but a day or so – then also but a breath of memory. I thought, “Here are the oldest and youngest life on earth -- which is more incredible?”

“It is almost time,” nudged my father, and we returned to the valley floor. The spring temperature had climbed from the pre-dawn 35 degrees to more than 90, but we sat in the car – waiting. There seemed to be a darkening in the sky to the south. Dad got out and threw netting over the front of the car – over the windows now rolled down. They came! Millions of bees descended on the gentle carpet with a deafening roar – a sound I had only heard once before – and avalanche crashing through the quivering pines. But here it was the sound of life, not death. It might have been midnight on a slight moon night. Then as suddenly – gone. No flitting, wandering forms. No lazy murmurs or darting shadows. The silence pressed down.

“How do they know?” I asked – hours later – still far from home. “These seeds lay dormant for 50 years, then grow to maturity in a week. How do the bees know? Where do they come from?”

“Discover that,” he whispered. “You will know everything.”

I wondered what I missed in school?

.....
Forty years later by elder brother made the trip, intrigued by the story. He asked dad about the adventure -- mystified perhaps that he had not been asked along. Dad said, “What? Get up in the middle of the night and drive across the state for some flowers? Not possible.” Too many words for him -- so Ted believed me.

When he found the valley many things had changed. Climatic shifts had allowed that rainfall doubled -- still scant, but enough that flowers grew each year, and grass and trees in the gully. One type of flower had won

out above all the rest -- lupine. Perhaps the other seeds are still laying there -- waiting. The road to the high ridges are fenced and guarded by Indians who conduct tours -- to protect the twelve remaining trees. The name placards are gone in order to protect the identity of the most ancient ones. Disappointed, my brother sought out the senior guide (guardian), and said, "I came for 'Breath' and the 'Thunder of the Bees'." Ted was taken back up the heights and met 'Breath' but was not allowed to take pictures. He spend the evening camped with the Indians and learned of the tales of the 'Living Darkness' of legend, and the belief that the spirits of the land are slowly departing.

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**Gone with You
 By Moonchylde**

Now
 is real?

Before
 seems like a phantom dream
 -a lie-
 and I'm lost
 in between.

Not here.
 Not there.
 Not knowing where
 to stand.

The sand has shifted
 'neath my feet.
 The hourglass is empty.
 I'm lost in memories
 incomplete
 'cause you're no longer with me.

Yet on I go
 for life flows forth
 no matter my protests--
 the luster faded,
 gone with you,
 the moment of your death.



The Choosing

By Faucon

Leyu had secretly gathered bundles of yellow moss for weeks to secret in the depression at the fork of the stretching limbs of the sycamore. She did not know why the crone always settled between the jutting roots of this ancient tree, but had to agree it was a comforting and gentle spot. Two streams ambled by either side of the grove to add tinkling music to join the rhythmic knocking of feckless branches against the sheltering cliff. No one else used the spot – did not dare, more from respect than fear she guessed. It was only called “her place,” and the maiden knew her mother would come to consult the withered ancient one. That was the way of it. A Casting would be made to choose her husband. Leyu could but watch.

No one suggested that she plan to hide above the Soothing soon to come. Neither did anyone caution her to stay away – ever person pretending that the crone would not be involved in such a trivial matter. After all, each of the three suitors was of merit; one a proven hunter, one the youngest son of the revered fletcher, and the last certainly the best student at the Bardic School. There was also a pretense that the girl would have a say in the choosing; while all knew it was the mother’s right, as it had been for her, and everwhen. What could a young girl know of marriage by measure except what came from her mother and the crone. The children had come to know much of each other in play, which had led to these three lads setting their caps before her hut. Thus it was viewed that both the maid and swains had had their part of the choosing, and once the couple had walked the Fire Stones together none would say otherwise. That was the way of it.

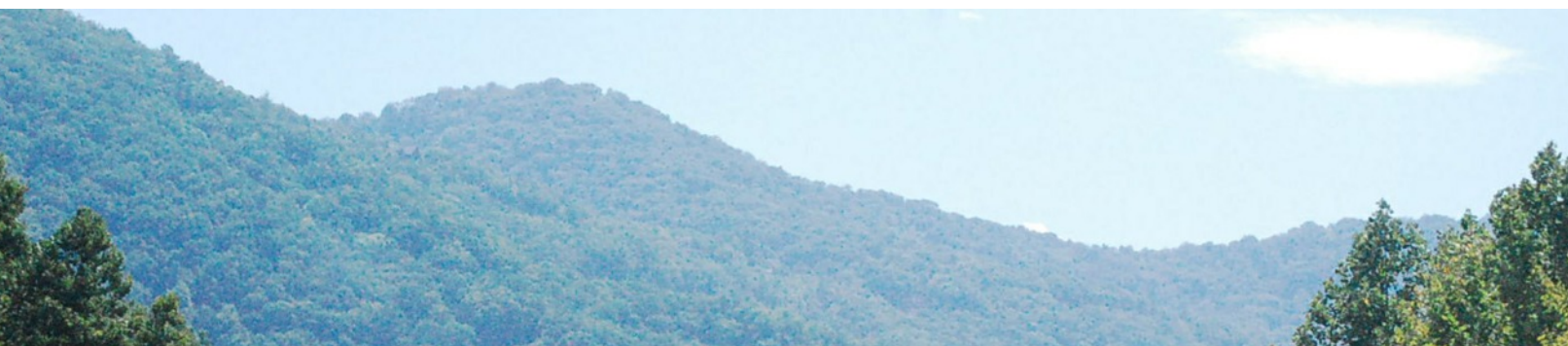
Leyu had no particular preference either, fearful only that her life was soon to change forever. She did not understand why her ability to choose in other things was praised – the finding of the best seeds, her care with the carding of the wool and her creation of songs; while this most important choice was to be decided by the Casting of Stones. She was too young to understand that a mistake made now, if by her choice alone, might lead to guilt later on. Likewise her mother must not be allowed false pride from making the best choice, nor to suffer from error. No one cared much what the crone thought or felt, but no one would grant her the power to decide either, else young men would curry favor and shame their fathers. Thus it would be left to the Stones to decide, with praise to the Sun and guilt to the Earth. This too was the way of it.

The girl was prepared to trust the Element in deciding her fate, but was old enough to know that people had ways of influencing the ‘breath of the gods’. She knew her mother would tell her the

truth of the Sounding, and had no reason to think the crone might choose to bias the Stones – yet she also knew her heart would be bound to reason more if she observed the truth of it. So, she schemed to hide within the leaves above the space where the spread deer hide would coddle the sacred Stones. This way, if she did have an unknown choice her presence might have an influence – at least she would always be able to say to her mate, “You are the one of my choosing.” The gathered moss would cushion her silent form, while her darkened face would peer down through the waving leaves.

The details of the Soothing are not important – not to be told by Covenant or by any right. After several Castings but three stones remained to represent the future husbands upon the golden fur. What is of import is what happened to Leyu! Strange shadows seemed to dance with the flying fingers of the crone. The rustle of ferns seemed to add a softness to her mother’s words never sensed before. The cacklings of the crone were as strident as sword on shield, while the hard Stones collided with no sound at all! And Leyu felt the majesty of it all – and knew. She saw the silent prayer of her mother’s folded hands fighting against the grief of losing her only daughter. She heard the crone’s lament over her own lover lost long ago in battle. She watched the Stones quiver in expectation, each by each, and understood the power she had to shape the future of these men, mate or not, for by loving one she could but love them all. A thousand watching eyes of the forest let her touch the hopes and yearning of all of the village, as with this joining would be a rebirth of each limping man and stooped wife passing on a legacy of the choosing they once had made. The choice was to live! The choosing was to claim part of every life in the village, and to allow each remembered child within to have its say. She could not close out the music of the gloaming, nor still her pounding heart, nor wipe away her silent tears – falling, falling.

The crone reached out and selected a Stone. “One is warm with pulsing life; another sparking with promise in the sunset – but this one is moist with passion and cries out to me.” That was the way of it. With early darkness Leyu crept down from the tree to return to her hut and destiny. Her feet found easy holds within the gnarled bark – and she never questioned from whixt they came – or of the hundreds of timeless feet that had had their say.



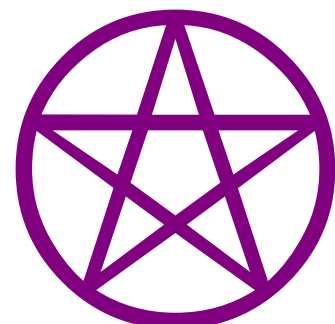


Witch In Progress

Members of Dragon Palm Circle meet once a month for what we call Witch in Progress. What we do can change from time to time. For September we made Samhain decorations. Some months we will just make crafts for a Sabbat other we will have a workshop on a certain subject,, lean how to make something, try out a new type of circle. We do this because we feel we always need to learn. We have in the past done workshops on crystals and stones, herbs, energy work, divination, meditation, candle making, soap making, book making, knife making - we have also had craft times making decorations for Samhain, Yule, Imbolc, Ostara.



Dragon Palm Circle's Lughnasadh altar set up. Except for the wheat all fruit and veggies on the altar were from gardens of the Coven.





Moonchylde



Moonchylde



This month cover was done by Christine Carlson of Charms and Creations/Mystic Ink. Her work is sold through Mystic Rings of Time. There was something about this picture that just screamed COVER to me. It gave plenty of space to add the titles without doing a wrap around or covering any of the art.

SAMHAIN 2014

As the wheel starts on another turn -we return to where we started. One year ago we started working on the first issue of Peppermint And Sage. This issue will mark our first anniversary and we need your help! Lets make it the best issue to date. For Pagan Posting we could use letters on the whole first year. We need both a front and back cover. Don't forget the Pagan Fun Page - lets make sure that all our features are in this one - ADs are still free - send them in or say to us reprint it from last issue. (With ads that run every issue we still need to be told to run them again each issue.)



Our first issue was only 18 pages counting covers - we are now doing over 40 pages an issue. Let's make the Samhain 2014 issue go beyond 50 pages!!! It's an anniversary issue - they should be LARGE. DEADLINE is October 20th, 2014 - but please start sending submission as early as possible. Small items to be used as filler are really needed. And filler doesn't mean it's not important, it's really important or else we have a lot of white holes through out the issue.

Pagan Fun Time



Code breaker

Ydkc kc zdvy dvnnpmc zdpm K slm'y opy pmlgod tvypqkvi blq ydp
nvovm bgm nvopc. K cyvqy slzmlvskmo

nguuip tvrpqc bqlt ydp kmypqmpy. Dlnp hlg pmxlh.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M

N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z



Find faces, animals and other things in the shadows of this picture. This is not retouched in any way. When looking at it on the computer after taking it out of the camera we keep seeing more and more things. Let us know what you see and we will share the "sighting" next issue in the Pagan Fun Pages.

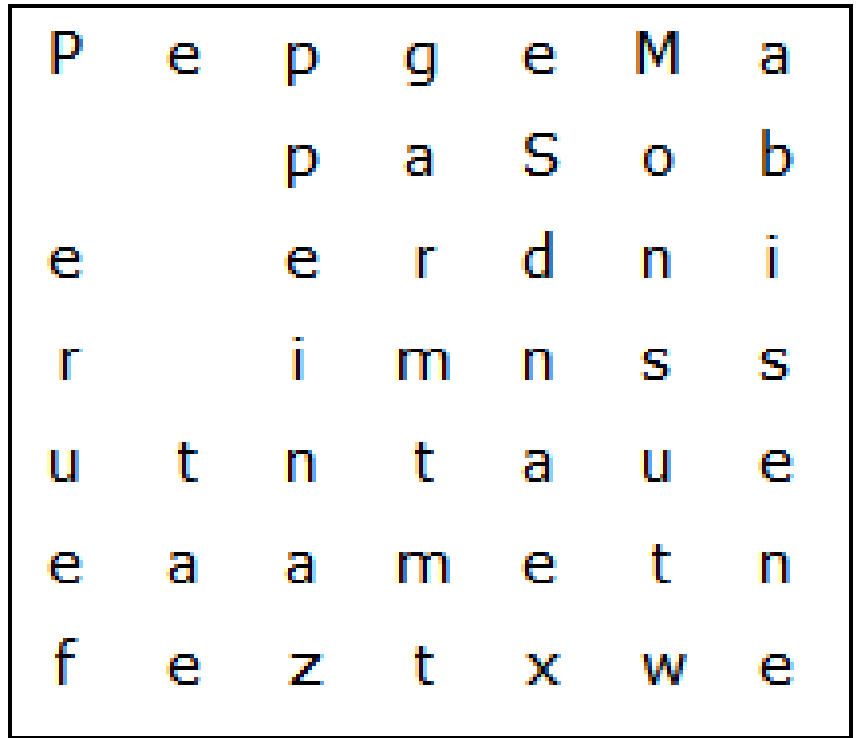


Crystal And Stones Word Search

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

Stone word search words

- AGATE
- AMBER
- AMETHYST
- BLOODSTONE
- CARNELIAN
- DIAMOND
- FLUORITE
- GARNET
- HEMATITE
- JASPER
- LARIMAR
- ONYX
- PERIDOT
- QUARTZ
- RUBY
- SAPPHIRE
- TOPAZ
- CHALCEDONY
- MOONSTONE

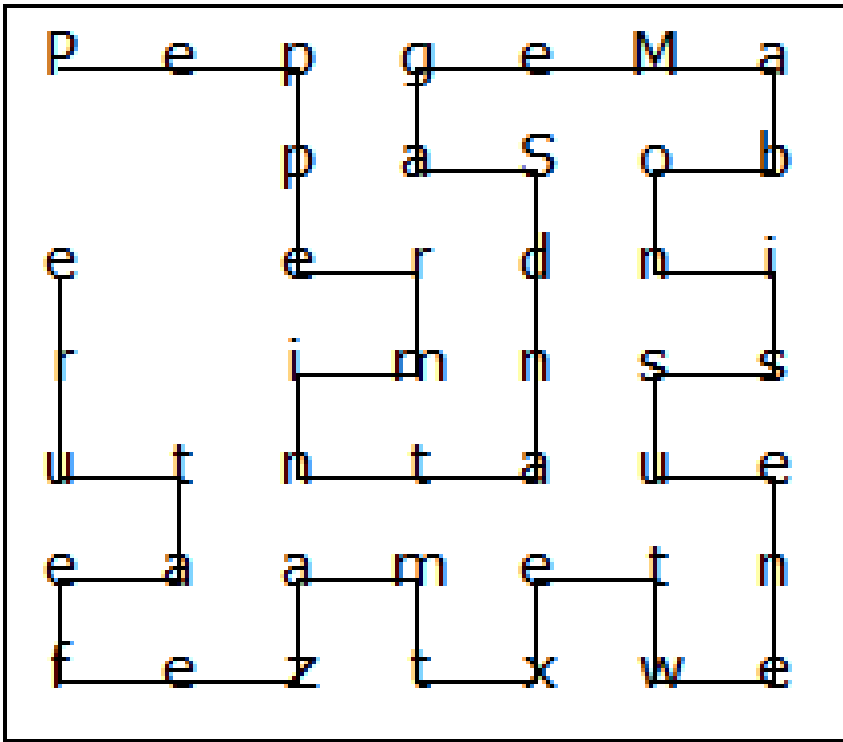


Word scramble

- eodsdgs
- naobm
- gnarod
- thicw
- icrle
- nianugchm
- siaifer
- shreme
- lsametu
- nssaimalt
- selapp
- emeerdt

This is a text maze. You follow the words. This one says "Peppermint and Sage Ma-bon issue new text maze feature" Next issue we wont give you a hint like this.





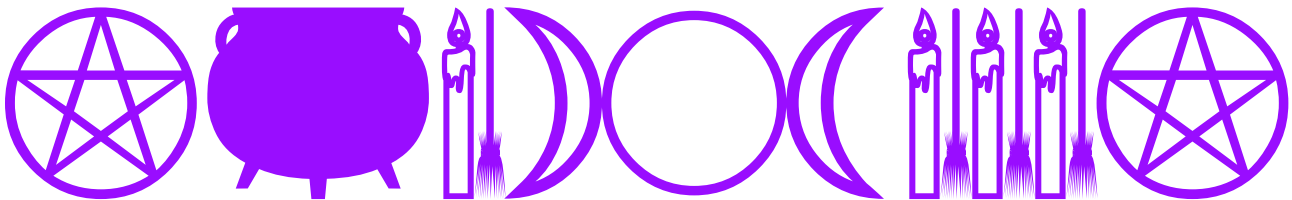
eodsds
naobm
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selapp
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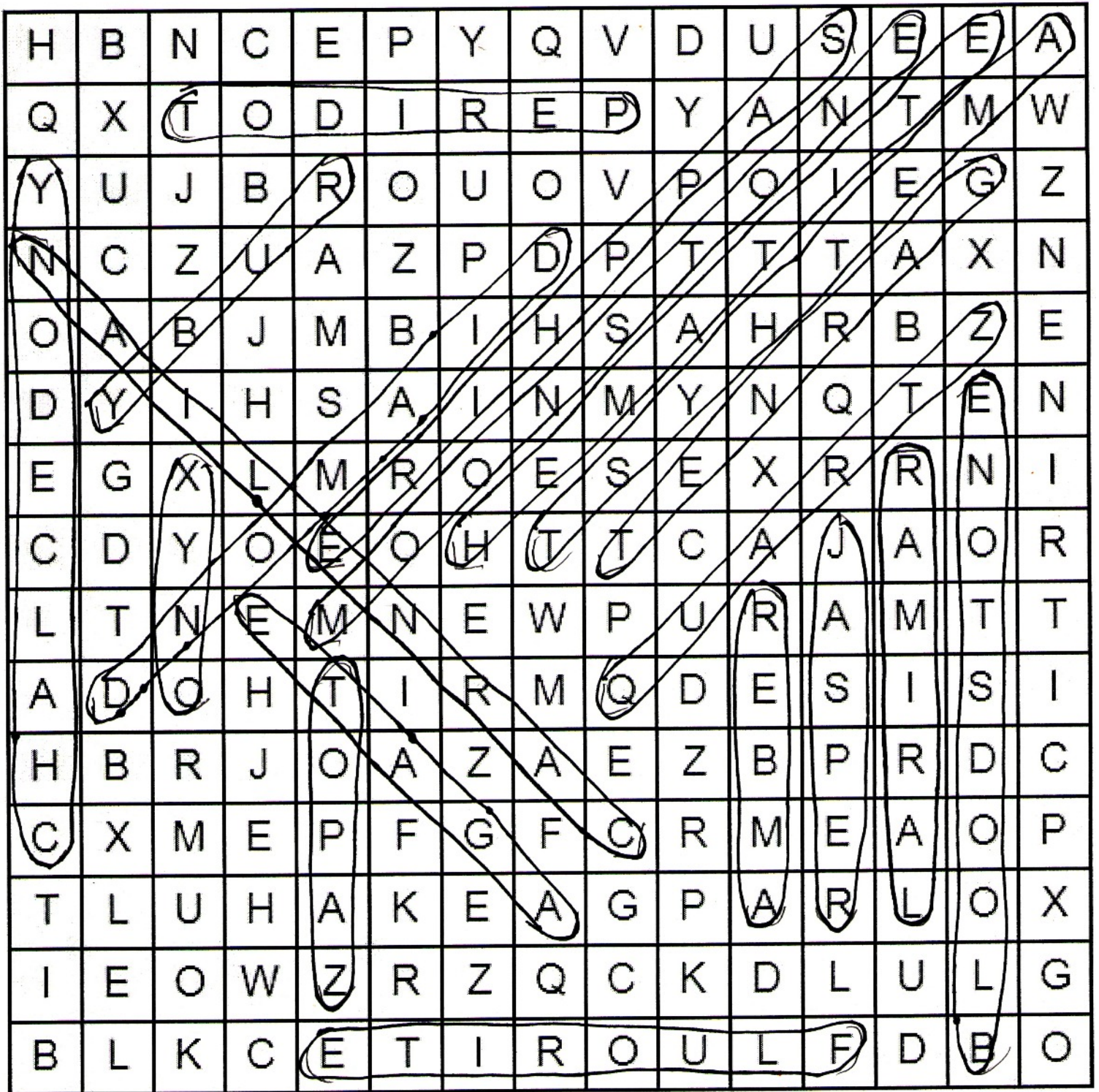
goddess
mabon
dragon
witch
circle
cunningham
fairies
hermes
amulets
talismans
apples
demeter

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

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

Having problems with the code breaker - this should help you break the code.





**Cool breezes blow, send our words into the air,
Let nature know, that the harvest time is here.**

from "Harvest Home" by Bel Geode

