

Peppermint And Sage Samhain 2014



Our First Year



Around the Hearth.....
by Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

A World Apart, A World Together

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

MERRY MEET

Reality

ASK TIGER-LILY

Toddler Craft

Pagans
And

VOYE WANT

This Issues Cover





MERRY MEET



November 2014

- 1 Sat
- 2 Sun
- 3 Mon
- 4 Tue
- 5 Wed
- 6 Thu FULL MOON
- 7 Fri
- 8 Sat Earth's Web Full Moon
- 9 Sun
- 10 Mon
- 11 Tue Veterans Day/ WIP
- 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 NEW MOON
- 23 Sun
- 24 Mon
- 25 Tue
- 26 Wed
- 27 Thu Thanksgiving
- 28 Fri
- 29 Sat
- 30 Sun

It doesn't seem possible that it's been a year since we did the first issue of PAS. I would like to thank all the people who made it possible - the writers, poets, artist and photographers - and our readers.

This issue starts off our second year - let's make it bigger than our first. We need more interaction from our readers. We see the number of downloads so we know you are out there - but we would really like to hear from you. Some of our departments need feedback to work - Ask Tiger-Lily - when she doesn't get questions - she doesn't have an article. Pagan Posting - without letters it doesn't exist. We tried to get a classified - trading - page going - but we need classifieds to make it work (and they are free). There is a lot of work to put out an issue and all we ask is a letter or two - each person who submits is working for free - all ads are free - we don't ask for donations - but we would like feedback - even if it's to say hey we downloaded issue ___ from website, Facebook, or other source. Tell us things you would like to see in future issues. And we can always use submissions.

Blessed Be

Dreamweaver

**Peppermint And Sage issue 9
Samhain 2014**

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December 2014

1	Mon	
2	Tue	
3	Wed	
4	Thu	
5	Fri	
6	Sat	FULL MOON
7	Sun	
8	Mon	
9	Tue	WIP
10	Wed	PAS #10 Deadline
11	Thu	
12	Fri	Earth's Web Yule
13	Sat	Earth's Web Yule
14	Sun	
15	Mon	
16	Tue	
17	Wed	
18	Thu	Dragon Palm PNO
19	Fri	
20	Sat	
21	Sun	YULE/ NEW MOON
22	Mon	
23	Tue	
24	Wed	
25	Thu	Christmas Day
26	Fri	Boxing Day
27	Sat	
28	Sun	
29	Mon	
30	Tue	
31	Wed	

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 website: 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.

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Around the Hearth.....

by Lady Pinkie Luna Fae

sigh Everything is winding down. There is no more harvest to be brought in from the garden. There are no more flowers to bloom. The geese have flown south, the bees are gone to bed. The world is withdrawing into itself, and as I watch it happen, I turn inward as well. It is the time to reflect. To look back over the things that have happened, in the world as a whole and in our personal lives as well. Where are we on the goals we have set for ourselves? When did we make those goals? Last year? In the spring when things were being planted? Which goals have you made the most progress on? What needs to be done to progress further or complete those goals? One more push before it's too cold to play outside. One more get together, one more walk in the park. One more chance to tie up those loose ends. The windows are all closed, the heat is set to on. There are so many last minute things to get ready. Blankets to wash, coats to freshen. Time to dig out the crock pot and the cookie recipes.

Fall has a tight grip on our area right now, with short blasts of what will come. We haven't had our first good frost yet, but I am sure it isn't far out. We face another turn of the wheel... and I have been writing this column for a full cycle now. This past year has been busy, but there has been so much done. Accomplishments, goals achieved, lessons learned. Much has passed, and much will be born. That is just the way of the world. Things fall apart, and things come together. If you wait long enough you will see an end and a beginning to everything. Turning with this wheel, I find everything becomes a metaphor.

The veil thins, and my thoughts turn to those who are no longer with me.... my mother, my brother's father, countless friends who were close as family and some, not so close, but left their mark in my life none the less, my daughter's grandfather, my first husband, Pop..... my personal litany.... each with a special place in my story. My "how" and "why I am here". They never really leave you, and I can sometimes hear them in my head, and in my heart... right where and when I need them. I know that these memories, this honor I pay them, the love I have for them each... these things, these are what keep them alive. What gives them immortality in this life. The sharing of a story. A joke that reminds you of them. A meal they would have loved. A movie or show you would have shared. All these things, each one, a different way to honor a memory and carry on a legacy. Then I think about those whom my beloved dead would have held dear, and each person stretching back from them. Soon enough there are as many connections as there are stars in the sky. If our lives do not connect us, then surely our deaths do.

Some may look at this time of year with fear and dread. Everything is dying around us and will soon enough be cold, barren and frozen. We have the option of looking at it all through another perspective though. And once again it involves patterns. The patterns that are our lives, the earth and the universe. On a personal scale, when we go to bed, we have certain things we do. Like, go to the restroom, brush our teeth, maybe let the dog out. We prepare ourselves to go to bed and rest. We put on (or take off) clothes, put on a fan or music, turn off the lights... You get the idea. We PREPARE ourselves for the rest we very much need to function. To heal. To process whatever has gone on in our lives that day. we acknowledge the need for this rest time and actually look forward to it

many times. This is a form of personal ritual. Of everyday an everyday way we subconsciously use ritual to accomplish a mental and physical reaction in ourselves to achieve an end, in this case, to go to sleep. It is the same with the earth. She must also get adequate rest in order to sustain us. (ever try to take care of a gaggle of squawking kids on not enough hours of sleep?) If the earth were forced to bear again and again without respite she would shrivel very quickly indeed. Since our Mother is so very dear to us, wouldn't it be nicer to bid her sweet dreams as she goes through her routine to put herself to bed? Wouldn't a ritual, in this case, be a bit more effective done in joy rather in sadness and longing? Wouldn't you sleep better going to sleep with love in your heart rather than fear of the dark?

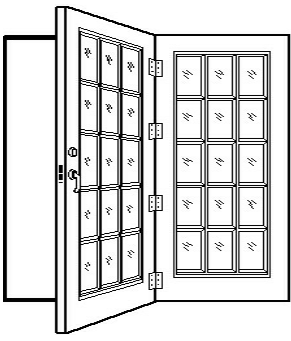
Why be afraid of the dark? Most people, when asked, will tell you that it's because of what they can't see. Scientifically, dark is just the absence of light. So dark is only a lack of something, a taking away. There is nothing added with the coming of the dark. In the best of circumstances, this taking away leaves a quiet that is peaceful and restful. It allows you to rejuvenate for the next waking cycle. In the worst of circumstances it leaves you to face the loudness in your own head and heart. Add a little light in that case, and you will see what causes the noises, and one by one, by seeing them, you can shut them off. Once you find the switches in the light, you can even find them in the dark. Just like in your bedroom, safe and sound, eventually you learn where and what everything is and can find all the important things with minimal fuss, whether it is light or dark.

As I get older, even though I still don't do well in the cold, I see more and more the need for this sleep, this little death. Seeing the need, and what a lack of would do to the eco system, food...well... everything... I become more aware of how these cycles of the earth are echoed in our own lives, from day to day functions through to year to year to lifetime cycles. I see more and more beauty in each phase of the cycle as I see deeper into how the parts work as a whole. How things become connected the farther out we zoom from the picture. (The cosmos really is a proper fractal.) In seeing the beauty of these intricate connections of cycles, I learn to look forward to certain things about each phase. In finding something to love about something you aren't terribly fond of, you begin to combat the accompanying dread, anxiety, fear, or just downright grumpiness of having to do something you don't like. If you don't have a choice, you may as well find some way to enjoy it right? This is when I drag out all those comfort foods. And baking projects. And arts and crafts. And board games. And the outside smells clean and crisp. Fuzzy jammies. Hot chocolate. And most definitely, no more mosquito bites. These are a few of my favorite things.

It is time to stop, and take a look around for a minute. Where are you? Where did you mean to be? Where do you want to go from here? It is time to not be afraid of the dark, but use it as a tool to get your affairs in order, do a little mental and emotional housekeeping. Throw out the rubbish, clean up and re-order what is left. Then fill that new clean space with light, love, strength, determination, will, focus... whatever thing you need to help you on your way as we turn the wheel into the new year got to keep on rolling along, may as well be merrily

Blessed Samhain!
Lady Pinkie





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

Door to the Beyond:

Paganism and Mental Health

Part IX

This month we are taking a walk through a much lighter Door than usual. I hope you find something to laugh about... and heal yourself with.

"Over the years, I have encountered a surprising number of instances in which, to all appearances, patients have laughed themselves back to health, or at least have used their sense of humor as a very positive and adaptive response to their illness."

- Raymond A. Moody, M.D.

"The art of medicine consists of keeping the patient amused while nature heals the disease."

- Voltaire

"Humor is the instinct for taking pain playfully."

- Max Eastman

"A clown is like an aspirin, only he works twice as fast."

- Groucho Marx

Because humor is so extensive, it can be labeled as a personality trait, a stimulus variable, an emotional response, a mental process, and a therapeutic intervention.

- Dawn M. Miller, Missouri Western State University

How can we use humor to relieve the stress that goes with mental illness (in fact, is a major cause of the illness)? Let's look at the causes and effects of stress, and how humor helps.

- Stress causes you to get upset or anxious, and these feelings increase muscle tension. This increased muscle tension helps sustain or even increase your anger or anxiety. This creates a cycle in which your upset feeds on itself. Laughter results in relaxation. So when you share humor with another person, you automatically receive the main benefit of stress reduction – and so does the other person.
- When you're in the middle of a stressful day, you can feel the tension, anger or upset increase as the day goes on. The upset may be caused by a few key events, or the effect (shock) of having unexpected problems develop, too many things to do, etc. The longer this goes on, the greater the build up of emotional tension within you.

With a good laugh, you can immediately feel the release of emotional tension. You feel as if a tremendous emotional weight has been removed from your shoulders. It's hard to hang onto your anger and anxiety when you're laughing.

Humor is effective in reducing feelings of both anger and anxiety. While most “therapeutic humor” is spontaneous, sometimes a set joke works as well.

"If I had no sense of humor, I should long ago have committed suicide."

- Mohandas K. Gandhi

If you're already angry, anxious or depressed, then any new anger-arousing, anxiety-arousing or depressing event that occurs will have much more impact because you're already stressed. The new event will seem heavier than it would if you were starting in a happy state.

When you have one bad day after another, you can feel yourself start to drag. You become emotionally heavy. For some, this takes the form of depression. You get so depressed that you feel like you're scraping the floor as you drag yourself lifelessly from one place to another. You have less energy; it's as if it drains you to just move around. Everyday tasks that are usually done without much effort and thought become a burden, and it's hard to call forth the energy you need to do them. So you increasingly just stay home--and get heavier and heavier.

If you don't have the skills to let go of stress, it just builds. If you're upset about something, and don't talk about it or take steps to resolve the problem that's making you upset, the anger increases until you either explode or start developing health problems. You have arguments, lose your ability to concentrate, and make more and more mistakes. The potential for disaster is easy to see. Your sense of humor is your tool for dumping this emotional weight.

What techniques do you know that work for emotional “weight loss”? Talking about your problems is always helpful. However, we don't always have access to a good listener when we need one. A good laugh provides the stress reduction we need in these times.

"When down in the mouth, remember Jonah. He came out OK."

- Thomas Edison

"I've developed a new philosophy . . . I only dread one day at a time."

- Charlie Brown

One of the most important ways in which humor helps is that it helps keep your problems in perspective. Most people have some kind of conflicts or problem to deal with every day. You discover that your car battery is dead as you leave for work. The photocopy machine is jammed! You're out of coffee! Someone cut in front of you in the line!

If you learn to lighten up, you realize that these problems are just not worth the price you pay by getting bent out of shape by them. Finding the humor in these situations lets you to take a step back from them; and from this better vantage, the problems lose their control over you.

Anything that helps you maintain a more positive mood puts you in a better position to cope with that stress and better take care of yourself. But extended periods of stress can cause you to fall into a negative mood. This adds further to your stress by making you less able to deal with the cause of it. If you can find humor in the situation, it can prevent the mood disturbance from occurring. The emotional state that results from genuine humor and laughter simply cannot live alongside anger and upsets.

Bad moods (especially depression) also weaken your ability to take action. You feel that there's no point, since you're likely to fail anyway. You're more likely to feel powerless and decide that things are hopeless. The improved mood that humor creates stimulates hope and motivates you to take action.

"Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be."

- Abraham Lincoln

A perceived lack of control, or sense of helplessness, is probably the most important single cause of stress. An unwanted event occurs, but you feel powerless to change it--sometimes because several problems have developed at the same time. Finding something to laugh at in the midst of these problems helps you feel more in control. You're taking control over your emotional state. Rather than allowing the circumstances to generate feelings of anger, anxiety or depression within you, you create a positive mood--which supports your ability to deal with the problem.

A recovering alcoholic put it this way halfway through the "8-Step Humor Skills Program":

"I take control by looking in the mirror and having a good laugh before I walk out the door in the morning. I leave with the intent of passing on a smile to whomever I meet. It changes everything . . . A good laugh helps me take charge of the things that used to upset me. I can get through the nuttiest traffic situation now, and it doesn't bother me. I just let them be who they are, and I go on my way. Before, every little thing that happened on the road upset me. But if I can manage to find a bit of humor in things, it keeps me in a good mood. By the time I get home, I may be tired, but I'm not beaten, depressed or angry. And it's all under my control."

When you find something to laugh at in the midst of difficult circumstances, you can notice a change in yourself. You feel like you've beaten it, like you've risen above it.

In support of this view, researchers conducted a study of Israeli soldiers in war-like conditions. Soldiers who joked, told funny stories, or clowned around more were judged by both their peers and commanders to be coping better with the highly stressful conditions of combat training. The researchers concluded that the humor initiated by the soldiers increased their feeling that they were in control of whatever situations came up, and that this enabled them to perform at a higher level. As you improve your own ability to use your sense of humor on the tough days, you will discover this same feeling of being more in control over your emotional reactions to the stressors you have to deal with.

Conditions Where Humor is Inappropriate

1. During any acute crisis. (But it can help adjust to the crisis afterwards.)
2. When you need to cry.
3. When you need quiet time.
4. When someone very close to you is very sick or dying.
5. When you are trying to come to grips with any emotional crisis.
6. When you are trying to communicate something important to another person. Nothing is more frustrating than having someone appear to not take seriously something you're trying to communicate, and that is very important to you.
7. Avoid:
 - a) Ethnic jokes, sarcasm, and mockery.
 - b) Humor at the expense of any other person. Laugh with, not at.
 - c) Joking about any person or their condition (unless you share the condition, and the joke).

If you have any doubts about the appropriateness of humor in a situation, try another approach (e.g., compassion, concern, and touch). Even so, often the attempt is more important than the effect, and you can easily be forgiven for trying.

“Humor is our best friend, temper is our worst enemy.”

- “spotting” technique from Recovery, Inc.

Did you hear the one about the crazy guy who writes an article for this magazine? Oh well, I tried...

Join me next issue for another walk through the Door.

[Moss Bliss is blah blah blah, resident Bard for Earth's Web, proud owner of a beautiful harp, 4 wonderful guitars, two autoharps in various stages of recovery, and various and sundry other instruments. This proves he is mad. You may contact him at zaivalananda@gmail.com]



Sitharwyn

The Hibernating Pagan

By D.M. Ravenstag

As the winter months take hold life once again grows dormant.

Plants, Animals and Humankind alike begin to settle in for the proverbial "long winter's nap".

Many of us tend to stay at home, wrap up to a good book, a mug of our preferred warm beverage, and not unlike the bear, we retreat to own our personal dens during the cold winter months. Some still will actually sleep away quite a bit of the winter and become reclusive, only to come out when absolutely necessary.

Not unlike the animals, we too tend to go into a hibernation of sorts during the winter months. Most of us think of hibernation as the time when the bears go to sleep. This misconception is true to a point however; Hibernation also has a secondary definition that is more true to the bear and as well many of us.

hi-ber-nate

Definition:

1. pass winter asleep...

*2. to become less active, especially by staying at home rather than going out to socialize

In all actuality many animals do not go into a full sleeping hibernation. During full hibernation the animal can be moved around or touched and not know it. (*Don't ever do this though. Some animals only go into a torpor or temporary sleep and can wake up rather quickly. Bears are one of these.*) Most hibernating animals will actually come out for food or to just move around and get the blood flowing. Animals that hibernate eat more food prior to hibernating. Their bodies will live off that food during the sleep cycle and not lose any muscle mass. The animal comes out of hibernation thinner, but still as strong as it was before. A hibernating animal's body temperature drops close to the temperature outside. Our temperature is normally about 98.6. If you were a hibernator and it was 30 degrees outside, your body temperature would drop from 98.6 down to between 30-40 degrees. Heartbeat and breathing slow down, too. Just as the Earth's energy slows down during the winter months so do the animal's energies. Hibernating animals literally "ground" with the earth as they burrow or hide in caves during the winter months. Essentially, many animals hibernate as a way to recharge their batteries so that they can be stronger when the Sun and warmth returns in the spring.

For Pagans and Earth-Centered practitioners, Winter can be used to spiritually hibernate.

It is a time when, just like the hibernating animals, we can work toward recharging our batteries. As the earth's energy slows, so can we. We can take time for deep introspection. As the winter months soon approach now is an excellent time to spiritually ground, connect, and renew our personal energies with the Earth's energy. Winter is a good time for us to store up spiritual food and tools as well. In this way, just like our hibernating brethren, we can in turn be stronger and more in tune by the Spring. While we can't lower our temperatures, we can learn and use deeper/slower breathing techniques to become more in touch with the world around us. We can use the tools and spiritual food that we have stored to the best use. In turn we become leaner, stronger spiritual beings.

Meditation for Winter

By D.M. Ravenstag

(Authors note: The facilitation of this meditation is best presented voice lead by a non participant. Also it is suggested that it is presented with either an open window or outside with appropriate apparel. As well commas are intended to suggest that the facilitator breathe and lead in a slow pace. When presented properly this meditation should take approx. 14 minutes.)

Find a comfortable position.

Close your eyes, and take a deep breath.

Release all of your pent up energy, and stress. RELAX.

Slowly inhale, and exhale again.

Sense the Sacred Space, that surrounds you.

Draw its pure white light, close to you, into you.

Feel it spread out, and fill the air around you, with Love, and Light, and Peace.

As you continue breathing, in and out, in and out, smell the air around you.
It is crisp, and cold, with a faint hint of pine.
See yourself, walking in a forest, of tall ancient evergreens.
It is night, it is winter, it is cold, and there is snow all around.

In the glow of the moonlight, see the tall pines of the woods around you.
They are standing guard, patiently waiting, for the coming spring.
Hear the ground crackle at your feet as you walk.
You are a bit chilly, but you feel fine, alive, and well.

Feel the cold, and the dark, sharpening your senses.
You feel as though you hear sounds, you have never heard before.
Shhhhh.....
Listen to them. What do you hear?

You can see wonderful things, you have never seen before, both with your outer vision, and your inner vision.
Watch them....
What do you see?

In the cold of the forest, wonderful visions, ideas, and solutions are coming to you.
Answers to questions, problems you are facing, and remedies, for your suffering, are being revealed.
If you are looking for an answer to a problem, NOW, is the time, to be open to its arrival.
Tell this answer, this solution, that it is welcome, and that it can find safe, warm lodging, within you.

You pause for a moment, to rest on a large fallen tree, appreciating the clarity of the cold.
You are aware, of the energy of life, beneath the dark, cold ground.
Feel your connection...with the seeds sleeping there; they gather strength, and store nourishment, for the coming spring. Feel your connection...with the seeds of your life, also gathering strength and storing nourishment.
In the safety of the dark, and the cold, new healthy life, is getting ready to appear.

Feeling rested, you begin to hear the creatures of the forest, all around you, you are not afraid.
You are calm and relaxed. You know that you are in, a safe place, a sacred space.
You rise to once again continue your journey.
As you walk on, you see a large bear, not too far off in the distance.
Curious, you follow, and watch.

As you follow, you recognize, this bear has noticed you as well.
She seems to slow, to allow for you to come closer.
Just as you feel safe, so does the bear appear to feel safe.

As you watch, with your eyes still adjusting to the darkness, you realize that this is no ordinary bear.
This...is a Polar Bear.
Your curiosity, still piqued, you continue to follow.

Continuing to follow this beautiful majestic creature, you see that she has stopped by the entrance to a cave.
She turns and looks to you, making eye contact with you and nods her head toward the entrance, as if to say "Come in with me", "Come join me in my sleep".
She turns again to enter her den and you follow her as beckoned.

As you follow her in you see that this is no ordinary cave.

Her den has been dug out of the side of a hill and has two chambers.
You are aware that only pregnant Polar Bears make two chambered dens.
You follow the Polar Bear into the second chamber, and as she lies down to rest, you too curl up to her as would a cub to its mother.
You feel her fur, and her warmth, and her nurturing touch as you lay there beside of her.

Take a moment now.
Linger here, in hibernating sleep.
Clear your mind.
RELAX, RECHARGE and RENEW your spirit.
Continue to breathe, in and out, and bask in the warmth, of the Mother Polar Bear.

.....(pause and focus on breathe..about 30-45 seconds)

As you are warmed by the mother Polar Bear, you begin to feel a new awareness.
You sense, that you are no longer separate from her.
You are now, a part of her.
She surrounds you, with her very being.
You are her unborn cub.

Feel the warmth, of her womb.
Feel the warmth, of your fur.
Feel your hibernating sleep, within your Polar Bear Mother.
Feel this renewing energy, pulsing throughout your entire being.

As you feel all of this, your renewed energy, your renewed strength,
You know it is time to emerge, from this warm place, within the mother.
You begin again, to Sense the Sacred Space that surrounds you.
You see, and feel, its pure white light, beckoning to you, pulling you forward, drawing you on.

As you come to light, you are reborn.
Your mind, your spirit, your entire being, is Recharged and Renewed.
Like a newborn Polar Bear cub, you feel the cold, but you are not cold.
You are strong, and ready to take on the remaining winter, and you are ready also, for the coming spring.

You look back to your Polar Bear Mother.
She reaches out, and draws you to her once more, she briefly snuggles you to her chest, and then...she gently pushes you away. She again nods towards the entrance to the cave and you know, that it is time to go.
Her nurturing look tells you that you are strong enough to find your own way back.

It is time now to come back to this place.
Follow the path in the snow that your feet left behind.
Back to the tree where you rested. Back to this time, and this place.
Feel your breathing again, in and out, in and out, in and out.
When you are ready, open your eyes, and know that you are newly strong.



Dreamweaver

SINGING IN THE TREES: THE MAKING OF BARDS

by Moss Bliss, BardMaster of Earth's Web



Not all promises come to pass as expected. While I have set my pen to paper (or my fingers to my keyboard) a few times, I have not accomplished much. Have you? Is Dream Weaver being bombarded with poetry and song lyrics for this issue?

The other half of my promise was to play my instruments every day. I have come much closer to this, and have a new blessing to report.

On Sep 28, my friend Lady Emrys “loaned” me the “house harp” and charged me with learning how to play it. This is a 25-string Irish harp, with sharpening levers on all 25 strings, something I would never have been able to afford. On Oct 5, I asked her whether the harp had a name, or was merely, “house harp”. She replied that I should name it. Upon informing her that I only name my instruments, she did the equivalent of clearing her throat and changing the subject.

On Oct 6 I engaged in a discussion with my friend and fellow filker, Allegra Sloman (of Burnaby BC Canada). I related this tale to her, and she started suggesting various names in Greek. I rejected these out of hand, telling her this is an IRISH harp. Perhaps a name something like Rosaleen.

A story you may not know is that during the English occupation of Ireland, the English were very heavy-handed and would imprison you for merely writing a song protesting the situation. One Irish writer got around it by writing a love song to “my dark Rosaleen”, saying how he wished for her freedom and for all the bombs and guns to go away. The Irish got away with this for nearly 100 years, and even after the song was translated from Gaelige to English, they still didn't get it. This made “dark Rosaleen” the voice of freedom in a way the oppressors did not understand.

Well, after relating that tale to Allegra, she up and declared the naming was true, and I was stuck with it. She even crafted an instaverse commemorating the event:

Lay not a hand on Rosaleen
But that you raise her in song
For she is the fairest of all that have been
Or will be in many years long.

(Allegra Sloman, written 10/6/14)

After relating this tale to Lady Emrys, she informed me (as I was afraid of) that, having named her, Rosaleen was my property, and the requirement to learn to play her was doubled. So I have been hauling all over the place, playing for my friends, co-workers, etc. I was astonished to learn that most of my co-workers did not even know what a harp was, other than something they never saw a picture of but which was played by angels. (I told my manager that only IRISH angels would play this harp, LOL.)

Those of you who are my Friends on Facebook have seen the pictures. She is indeed beautiful. My right hand is getting the hang of playing her, my left is far too used to be used for clamping (chording) on my guitars but I'm requiring it to behave and join in.

My progress on my geas for my first official Barding in the Triad College is going slowly. I tried to transcribe the recording of my assistant, and failed, and gave up and asked her to send me the documents. I received those two days ago and have yet to have time allocated to open and read them.

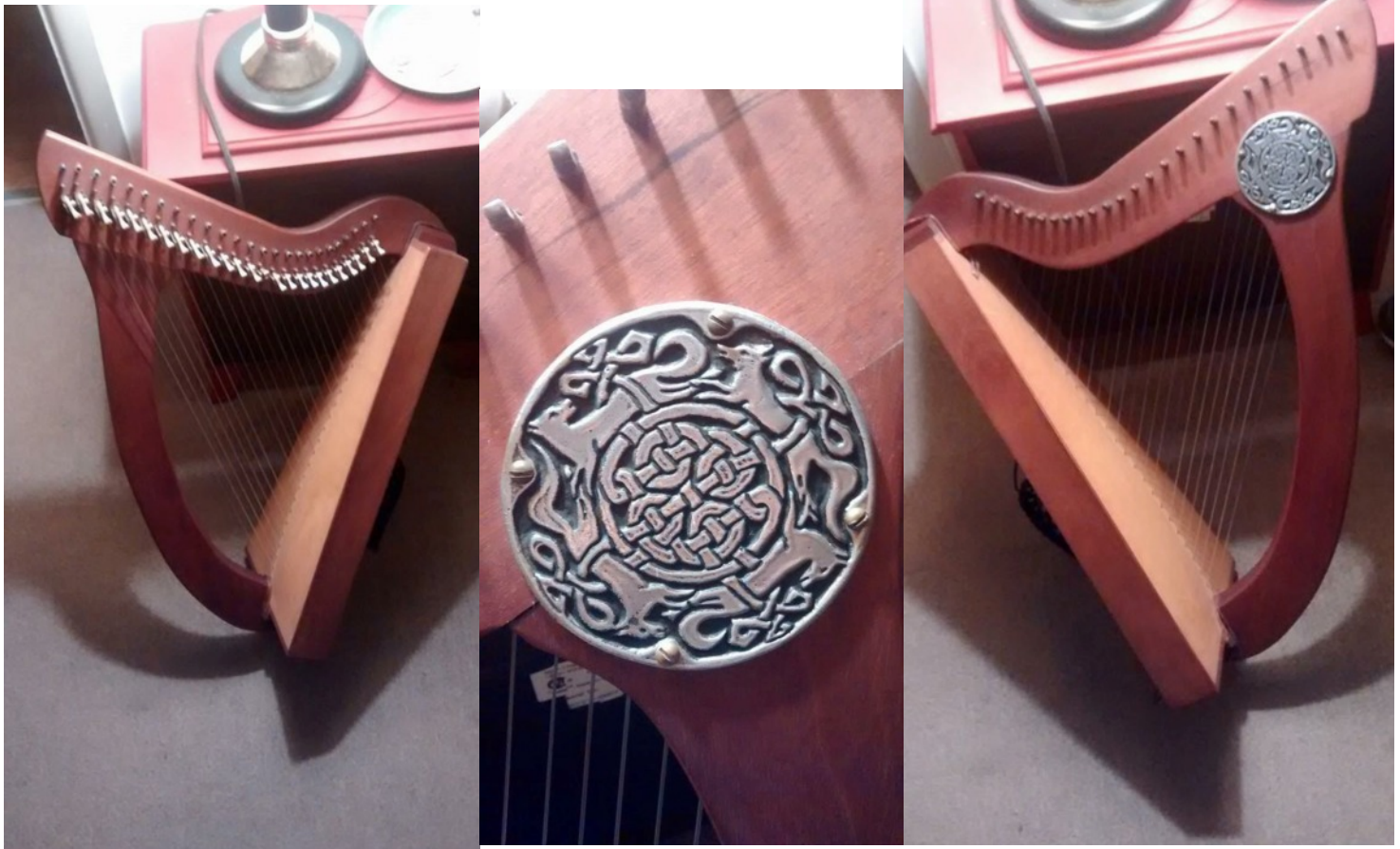
Being a bard is telling stories. You can tell them in prose, verse, or song. In the old days, the best stories were memorized and passed from bard to bard, each one being required to recited it word for word, no writing allowed. However, at the coming of Patrick, the bards discovered the value of the written word, as there were too many stories in too many languages to memorize, so they set to work saving all the written word they could find, a project which saved all Europe and brought it back to literacy. We are indebted to their work to this day, and some of the best original writings of these monks are coming back into publication in English (originally written in Latin with a strong knowledge of Greek).

I think I'm starting to ramble a bit. I've been reading more than writing, singing more than working, playing my instruments more than just about anything other than going to work. My current reading list is guaranteed to be different from yours.

Your story is a story. Your family's story is a story. All around you is a story.

Stories need to be told. Tell yours.

Hugs and blessings,
Moss





Backyard Farm Project

By Moonchylde

The Backyard Farm Project - Preparing for Winter

Soon, your garden will be producing its last bits and pieces (if it hasn't already). When that time comes, your garden is ready to be tilled / plowed under. Doing this in the late fall or early winter lets the vegetation have more time to decompose (and the warmer temperatures help it do so) and lets you get an earlier start on planting in the spring—and who wouldn't like that? This may also reduce the number of weeds you have to deal with the next season. You can also use this time to fertilize or add whatever your soul may need to give it more time to mix in with the soil. So, take this time before the soil lies fallow to get it ready for the winter and the spring to come.



Dreamweaver

Mugwort

Latin: *Artemisia vulgaris*

Also Known As: Armoise, Artemisa, Common Mugwort, Common Wormwood, Douglas Mugwort, Fleurs St Jean, St John's Plant, Artemis herb, Felon herb, Muggons, Naughty Man, Sailor's Tobacco

Gender: Feminine Element: Earth Planet: Venus

Powers: Strength, Psychic Powers, Protection, Prophetic Dreams, Healing, Astral Projection

Deity: Artemis and Diana

Parts Used: leaves and roots



Description: Grows to approximately 3 feet tall. It has purplish stems and leaves that are smooth and dark green on top and covered with a cottony down underneath. The leaves have several points, are softly jagged, and continue down the length of the stem. The flowers are small ovals that are either red or yellow.

The name is derived from moughte because it was used to keep away moths. It was used to flavor beer before hops. John the Baptist was said to have worn a girdle of it in the wilderness.

It has stimulant and slightly tonic properties, and is of value as a nervine and emmenagogue, having also diuretic and diaphoretic action.

Use it to bring color and flavor to food. Pregnant women should be careful not to eat mugwort. It is tasty as part of deviled eggs and as part of a salad.

Use it to anoint divination tools. Use it in dream pillows to help produce visionary dreams. Use as an herb of protection. Have loved ones carry it to bring them safely home. Cleanses the soul. Mugwort baths can help fight depression. It can be used to ward off magickal attacks. It is associated with Litha. Weave mugwort into a besom to sweep away negative energies. It is good for centering, clearing, and grounding and can be used in place of sage.

Reality

by Lady Sky



Are you happy?

Do you ever wonder what would happen if you didn't follow the path you were on today? What would it be like to be someone else? Be somewhere different?

Why are we who we are?

I wouldn't want to be anyone else.

I like to be Wiccan, it is one of the most important things in my life!

I wish I was healthier, but that is not a major part of who I am.

I am happy to be on this earth every day!

can you say the same?

If things were different there's so many things I would have missed! even if I didn't know I was missing them. I wouldn't change who I have become today.

Are we living in many different realities at the same time? Maybe.

Do your dreams fortell a different tomorrow? Do you remember living before? Who were you?

Do you keep a dream journal? Do you live a happier life in your dream? Are the people in your dreams in your daily life?

I know I have a lot of questions this time around, but I don't need all the answers. I just want to be happy! And I am! Are you?

Do you find yourself wishing your life was different? Why are you not content with your current reality? Either change yourself or change your mind!

You can learn to be happy too! But you have to want to be who you are now more than who you think you want to be.

If you can't do that you will never be happy.

To feel happy, you have to be happy!

Lady Sky

grimmowl creations

grimoire pages, handmade items, etc.

www.etsy.com/shop/grimmowl



Christine Carlson

TREE AND ME

By Faucon

There is nothing special about the night – except the moon as big and golden as a pun'kin pie, with whip-cream clouds piled high and bare tree-tops like forks stabbing ... There is nothing special about this place – just an intersection of five streets with a circle in the middle where cars and vans drop off kids so they can ply the expectant streets for treasure. There is nothing special about the kids – except their costumes portray heroes, vamps and politicians instead of goblins or witches. Ah, for a more gentle time! Time! A moment so special of then and now. My husband and I sit silently and watch – backs against the trunk of my special tree, hands entwined to keep them still, voices swallowed in prayer. We return every year to dwell in the shadows and watch the darting, squealing shapes – guardians of this hallowed eve. And then there is the tree ...

Everything about it is special! It still stands while so many have been cut down to make room for plastic-sided houses. Its gnarled roots grasp three broken headstones – protected remnants of a nameless cemetery, and by law protecting its life in turn. Its branches are near as thick as its trunk – sticking straight out before curving, reaching up and on. Some call it an octopus tree. Sure can hold a lot of leaves, though – now piled so high and rusty – a fine nestle-quilt for Jim and me. Never seen so many branches! An artist would run out of charcoal trying to sketch it. Lying here, looking up at the faerie sky it is like peering through an ancient vase of crackled glass with a jillion tiny lines. He has a name, of course – but that is not a wonder I will share. But, I always knew what it was ...

Not all girls of ten talk to trees. Not many kids even listen to trees – or lie still to watch the twittering leaves that whisper even when there is no breeze. “Just squirrels!” was the adult explanation, so I quit telling anyone what I heard. Trees sing to each other and that's a fact! He kinda sang harmony while the other trees played with melodies – leastwise he was always singing while firs and maples took turns. Other kids didn't hear the singing much and left me alone in the Circle puffing dandelions. That's what they called me, “Dandy.” That Halloween I couldn't make a good tree costume so I dressed up as a giant flower. Not very scary. I even carried a bag that looked like huge leaves, and I could hardly walk with both legs in a single side of a pair of old green pants of my dad's. Certainly couldn't run when the crazy man started chasing all the kids.

Nowdays lots of parents stand on the sidewalks and watch their kids go up and ring doorbells – even motioning what houses to skip and what yards to cross. Some parents don't let their kids go out and trick-or-treat at all, or take them to malls or just relatives. Lots of houses on these streets don't even turn on their lights. Back then every house was a fun place to go, and I was just one of dozens of kids who loved the five streets – up and

back each one like following a star. I was the only kid to stop by and pat my tree, though – but some ran up and whacked him with a stick. I stood in the Circle a while surrounded by a greater circle of the shadows of his branches holding the moon like a golden moth in a web. His leaves didn't sing because they all lay dried and withered at his feet, but tiny dust-devils tossed a few about. I remember laughing as I shuffled up the street in search of goodies. I didn't know that a strange man watched me and the others – until the screaming started.

I think he jumped off a roof top or something since he just suddenly appeared on the lawn – big and dark and waving his arms and shouting awful things. He knocked one kid into the bushes and stomped on his spilled candy. He tried to grab other kids as they ran past and held torn rags of costumes in the longest fingers I had even seen. Maybe he didn't see me since I didn't run. Maybe my flower get-up blended in with the garden. Didn't mean I wasn't afraid. I had trouble breathing as I backed away up the walk. I just knew some kid was going to get hurt and wondered why no adult came to the doors or windows to help. Guess everything happened so fast and screams on this night were taken as fun. I hid behind a bush and got the green pant leg off. He was there – over me looking down – grabbing! I threw the pants in his face and ran – skinny legs white in the night – so visible bright! I could hear the thudding of his footsteps and curses and panting. Then he fell! I ran to my tree and buried myself in the crackling leaves – following whispers or just instinct or – maybe I just fell too! I tried not to cry.

I will tell you what I saw peeking through the mound of leaves. You won't believe me and probably accepted what the newspapers said. This crazy man wasn't shouting any more. He just stood in the Circle looking up the streets one by one – searching for me, I guess, or another kid who ran instead of hiding. The criss-crossed shadows of my tree made gruesome tattoos on his face and shirt. He looked down and tried to scrape them off – then tried to run. The huge ball of shadowed fingers clenched smaller – moving slowly but surely from distant lawns to the middle of the street, then to the Circle itself. The moonlight was no longer masked and lit up the stage for me alone. Then the shadows crept back to be cracks on a vase once more – except that a large blob now blocked the night sky. I ran home.

The story couldn't explain how the man's body got so high up in the tree. Some say he must have climbed up and fallen to be caught that way in the twisted branches. Others said he must have been trapped weeks before to be so shriveled and dried like that. Certainly he couldn't have been the one chasing kids about on Halloween – if anybody believed us silly kids. Daddy cut a picture out of the paper that I didn't see for years. I was writing a college assignment on fear and he dug it out. He said, "Put that face on the cover of your paper." I have to agree. Never have I seen a look of such absolute terror – a face from which all life and hope has been sucked away. His skin was scarred by a thousand tiny wrinkled lines as he shrank and shriveled. I reached for a large book on the shelf and opened it for my father to see. Inside was a single leaf I had saved pressed between childhood memories. Its shape was perfect but the red-gold color gone. All that remained was the miniscule branches and feather lines of the skeleton of the leaf. The overhead lamp cast playful shadows across my hand, and dad looked from the picture to my hand in confusion. "You're not afraid of anything, are you?" he whispered.



Today on Facebook and other places we see terms that are used like they were bad words – you will see them used by one person and it's bad and another it's good. Let's look at them:

CAPITALISM : The economic system in which all or most of the means of production and distribution, as land, factories, railroads, etc., are privately owned and operated for profit, under fully competitive conditions.

CONSERVATISM: The principles, and practices of a conservative person or party; tendency to oppose change in institutions and methods.

CONSERVATIVE: 1. Conserving or tending to conserve, preservative. 2. Tending to preserve established traditions or institutions and resist or oppose any changes in these.

LIBERAL: 1. Orig., suitable for a freeman; not restricted. 2. Giving freely; generous 5. Tolerant of views differing from one's own; broad-minded; specif.; not orthodox or conventional. 6. Of democratic or republican forms of government, as distinguished from monarchies, aristocracies, etc. 7. Favoring reform or progress, as in religion, educations, etc. specif., favoring political reforms tending towards democracy and personal freedom for the individual; progressive .

LIBERALISM: the quality or state of being liberal; specif a) a political philosophy advocating personal freedom for the individual, democratic forms of government, gradual reform in political and social institutions etc.

SOCIALISM: 1. Any of various theories or systems of the ownership and operations of the means of production and distribution by society or the community rather than by private individuals, with all members of society or the community sharing in the work and the products. 2. A Political movement for establishing such a system.

(All definitions are from the Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language, second college edition copyright 1978. Missing numbers referred to either religion or a meaning that had nothing to do with this article.

As you can see there is nothing really bad about any of these words. Two that get battered around the most are Capitalism and Socialism. And both are needed for a well balanced country. Both have extremes that are not good. Many things need to be owned by society – paid for by tax dollars – education, police, fire, roads, bridges, healthcare – but we need capitalism for the everyday things like food, clothes, luxury items – and some items need to either be social or regulated like power, transportation, telecommunications. Some people want to socialize more and others who want to privatize more. These are the ones who are calling the others name or using the names like they are bad things. Using both we can have a very strong country –

Now the next ones are Liberal and Conservative – wow – it seem if you read the meme in Facebook that Conservative hate Liberals and Liberals hate Conservatives. But again a country needs both. Within political parties both can work for the common man and both can work against him. This is the reason it is important to vote. And you can not look at one party and say it's liberal or conservative. Right now the majority of both parties in the US are either Ultra conservative, conservative, right leaning liberal – a very small majority are liberal. Ultra conservatives and Ultra liberals are both bad for a country. Ultra Conservatives can lead to an Oligar-

chy (a form of government in which the ruling power belongs to a few people.) Ultra liberals can lead to communism (socialism to a point of everything is owned by the state – no private ownership of any kind). What we need are conservatives, conservative leaning left, liberals, and liberals leaning right, and middle of the road (which seems to have disappeared from the political scene.) This gives a country balance. You will always have ultras – but they are usually in a minority.

As Pagans we need to look at the people running. Are they trying to give the country to the ultra rich? Or are they trying to rebuild the middle class? When they are running for office they will say whatever they need to get a vote – so you need to look at what they have done – both in the private sector and in the political sector. If what they have done in the past goes against what they say they are going to do now, you can be sure they will go back to their old ways as soon as they are in office.

In the upcoming races there is a lot of money being used to get the people in office that may not support most Americans – so you need to do research – don't believe memes on Facebook – some are correct and some are outright lies. If you have a computer it not hard to find out facts - if there is only one source – there may be little truth in it (sometime you will see a lot of articles on something – but when you read them you will notice that they all reflect back to the same source. Get ready for the coming election – it is more important than a presidential election – you need to vote and you need to do research before you do.

As Seen by Line

I spin the wheel
and stop today—
the . of space
as seen by line.

If only I
could step aside—
to see the flow
the true design.

Alas! Constrained
am I by flesh—
perceptions dull
while soul confined,

but death's release
will freedom grant
so once again
I'll intertwine...

my inner self
will see it's part
of every being
place and time

until I choose
again to spin

become myself—
a singular mind.

by Moonchylde
life cycles

spring
summer
fall
winter

life
cycles
slowly blend

birth
death
then 'round again

the cycle repeats
never ends

spring
summer
fall
winter

by Moonchylde



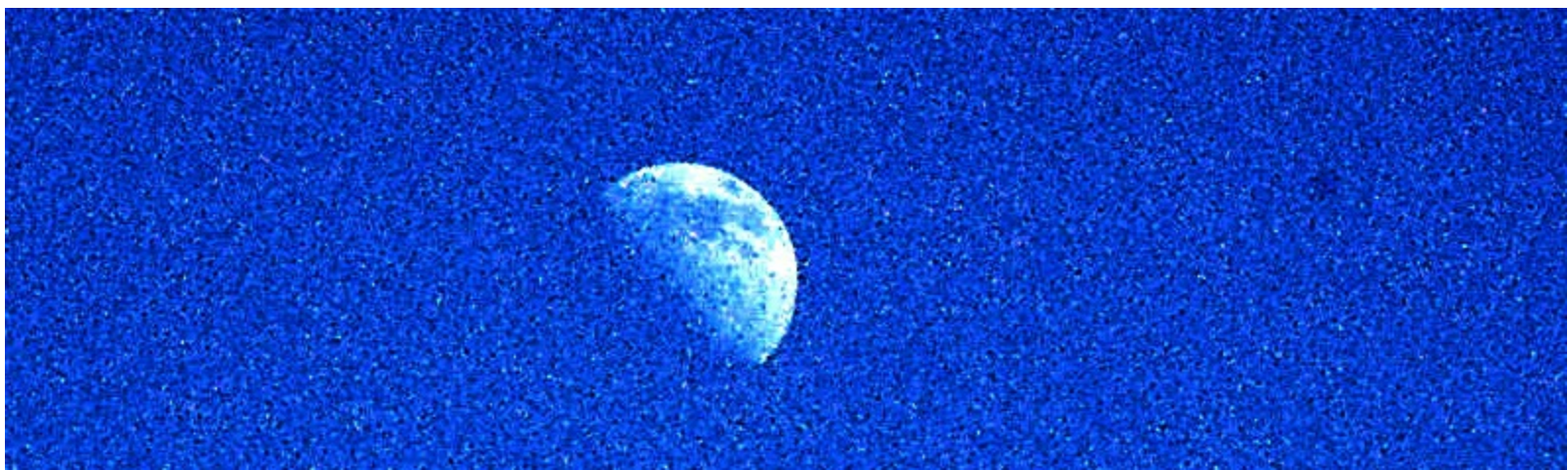


Dreamweaver

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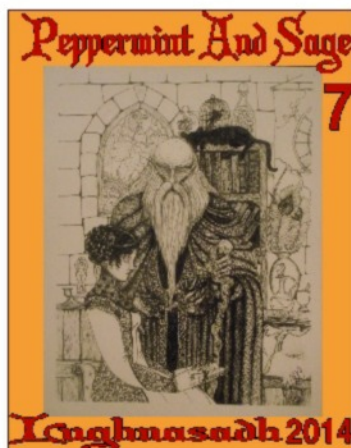
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Become part of Peppermint And Sage
 Deadline for our next issue is December 10,2014.
 We can use article, poems, cartoons, artwork,
 photos, jokes, reviews, events for the calendar,
 cover, words for crossword, wordsheach words.
 We also need to hear 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.
 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!!



A Short History of Dragon Palm Circle

Since it's been a year since we started Peppermint And Sage, I thought it was time to let you know a little about Dragon Palm Circle, so here is a short history of our Coven.

We started in the city of Lake Worth, Florida, which is on the Inner Coastal Waterway just SW of Palm beach and 60 miles north of Miami. We started as a study group in January 1997. We had over the first year a lot of people in our Study group – but the ones who stayed and are considered the founders of Dragon Palm Circle were Lady Sky, Dreamweaver, Angus WaterStone, Merlin Skyewalker, Aquarius, Lady Aura Leilani and Lady Vesta.

Our first full moon ritual was held on January 24th, 1997. We had a local third degree that we knew come to oversee this first ritual. He said he would and that he would stand outside the circle and watch – but after reading our ritual he joined in.

Our first Covenstead was called the Luzon Apartment Covenstead. In July of 1997 we moved down the road to what would be know as the Luzon Grove House Covenstead. This was a wonder place – a large house and a natural circle of trees where we held rituals. Over an acre of land.

On July 16th we took the name Dragon Palm Circle and on the 20th we held our first rit at the Grove House. In October Lady Aurora Leilani became our first Maiden.

On January 3rd 1998 we formed the Inner circle made up of Lady Sky, Dreamweaver, Lady Aurora Leilani, Angus WaterStone, Lady Vesta, Merlyn Skyewalker and Aquarius. On January 24th we officially became a Coven Lady Sky was HPS, Dreamweaver was her Priest, Lady Aurora Leilani was Maiden.

On April 9th we started Palm Beach Pagan – our pagan Newsletter – it was much smaller than PAS as it had to be printed and we wanted it to be free. It was just a few pages long – which is why we call it a newsletter instead of a magazine.

On Sunday, November 1st, 1998 we had a Samhain mini-gathering that lasted from 2pm to 2am. The ban Dionysos, that we had become friends with August. We had over 75 people – our yard became another world with tents, a stage and more.

In December Wyndsong became our acting Maiden (she was an outer circle member).

On May 30th, 1999 we split the Coven. Lady Sky, Dreamweaver, Angus WaterStone, Lady Vesta and Aquarius were keeping the name Dragon Palm Circle and moving to Tennessee. The Florida Coven would be known as Celestial Light Coven with Skyewalker as HP and Angel Lady as HPS. It was during this time that Lady Sky and Dreamweaver earned their third degree before leaving Florida. The last Harrah before leaving Florida for Tennessee was on June 19th when we held a combination farewell party and midsummer celebration. It was a rainy day and we still over 50 people show up and two bands, Dionysos and Mud & Bricks. It was a sad time leaving our Covenstead, which had become Witch Central in the area – all time of day and night we would have local Pagans and Witches over – some one in the grove around the fire pit – but many thing had told us we needed to move and the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee was to be our new home.

After a week in Atlanta at Aquarius place we moved into our first Tennessee Covenstead – we called the Willow Creek Covenstead. We were at this Covenstead till April 18th when we held our last ritual there and moved to our current duo Covenstead with both and lower and upper ritual area.

During 2005 Angus earned his 3rd degree – he and Dreamweaver spent quite a few late nights working on it. 2007 2009 was a dark period for Dragon Palm Circle – our main events during this period being our PNO's. But by 2010 we were going again taking on new students and new members of the inner circle. June of 2010 Angus and Lady Pinkie Luna Fae are handfasted. In November Lady Pinkie joins the Inner circle and gains her 3rd degree in December.

In May of 2012, Dragonfly, Angus daughter earns her first degree and in June becomes our maiden. Today the Coven consist of:

Lady Sky – High Priestess – 3rd Degree – Founder – Elder

Lord Dreamweaver – HPS Priest – 3rd Degree – Founder – Elder

Lady Pinkie Luna Fae – Mother Priestess – 3rd Degree – Elder

Lord Angus WaterStone – Mother Priestess Priest – 3rd Degree – Founder – Elder

Dragonfly – Maiden – 1st Degree – born into the Coven

Moonchylde – 2nd Degree – Witch In Progress coordinator

WindWalker – 2nd Degree

FireHolder – 1st Degree

Tiger-Lily Dancing Dragons – 2nd Degree

As we get older we lose ones that we love and three of our 3rd Degrees have crossed over:

Angel Lady

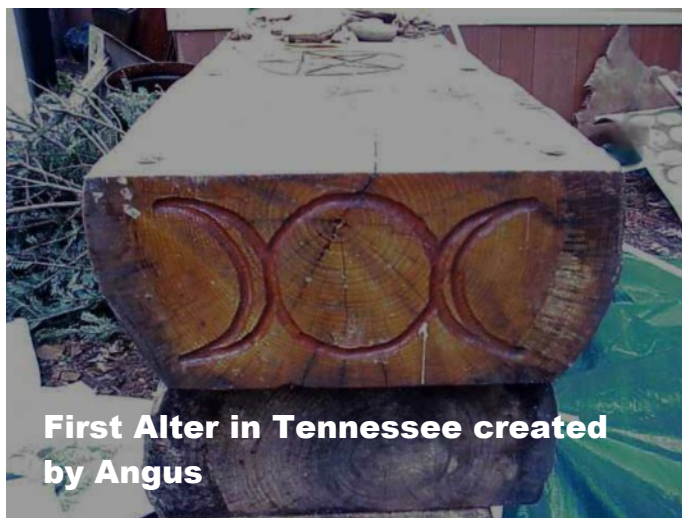
Lord Aquarius – Founder and Elder

Lord Skyewalker – Founder and Elder.

Now you know more than you ever wanted to know about Dragon Palm Circle – oh yeah, last year at this time we started an ezine called Peppermint And Sage.



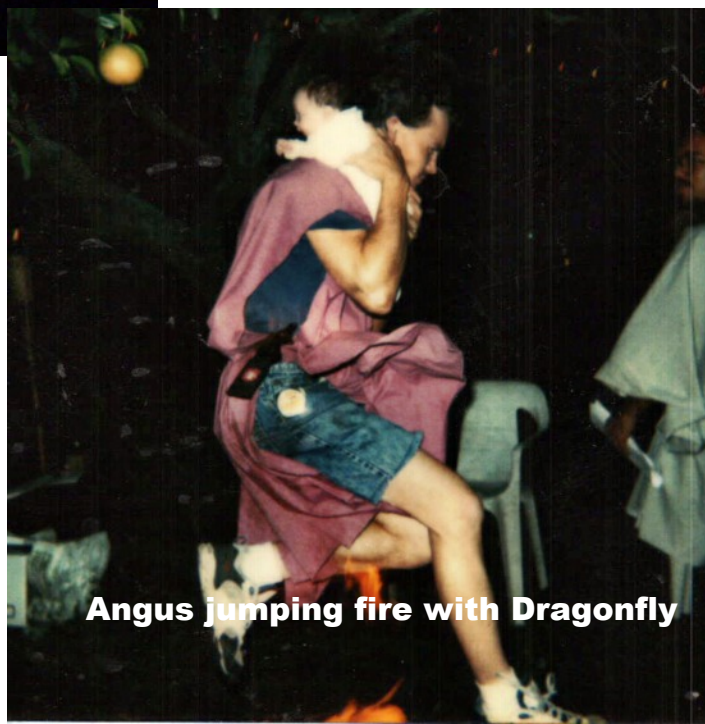
Altar in Florida for Imbolc



First Altar in Tennessee created by Angus



Lady Sky and Lady Aurora Leilani at Lady Aurora Leilani hand fasting



Angus jumping fire with Dragonfly



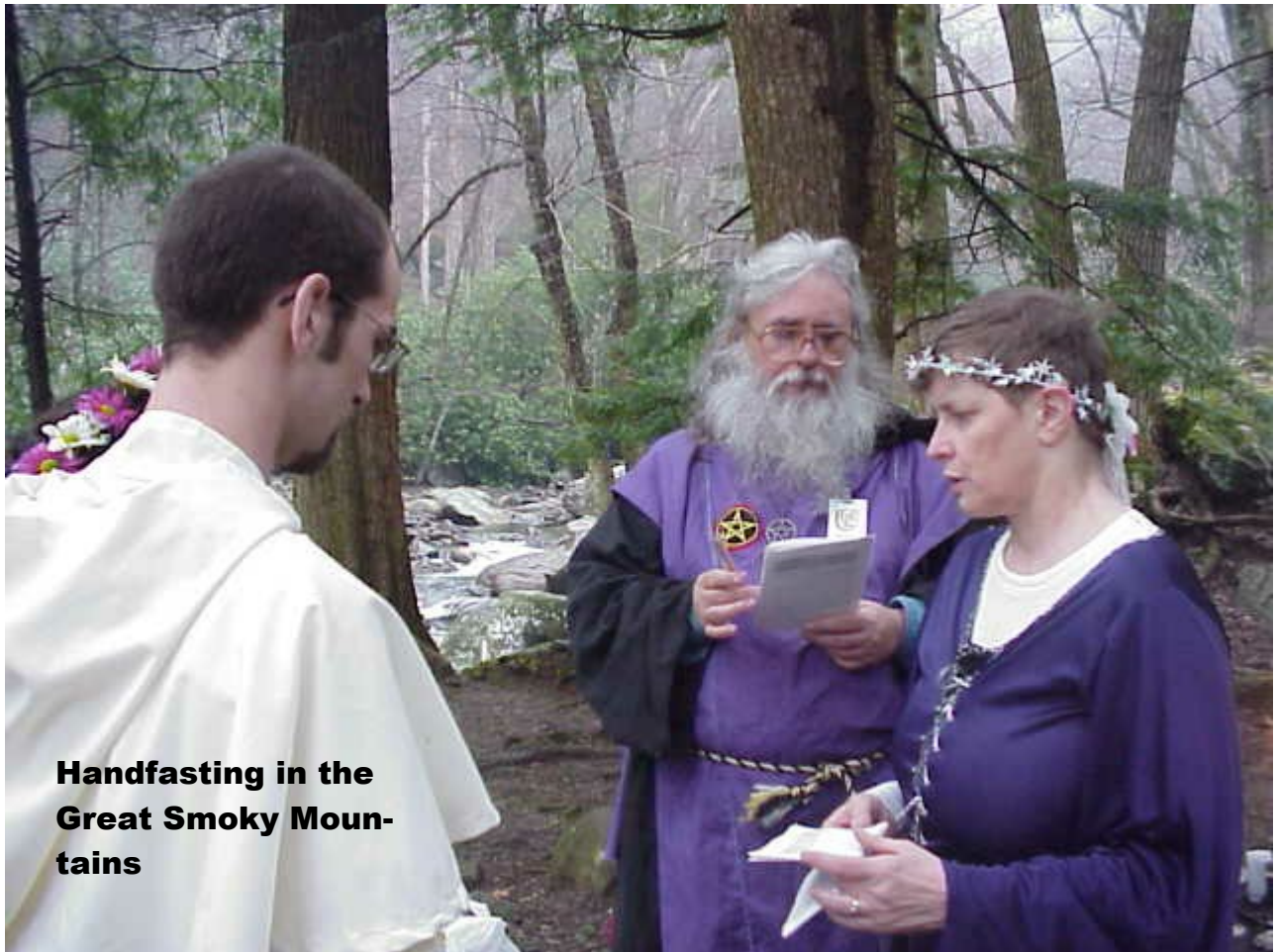
Dionysos playing at our last midsummer in Florida



Food tent at mini-gather in Florida



Lord Dreamweaver Lady Sky Dragonfly Lady Pinkie Lord Angus



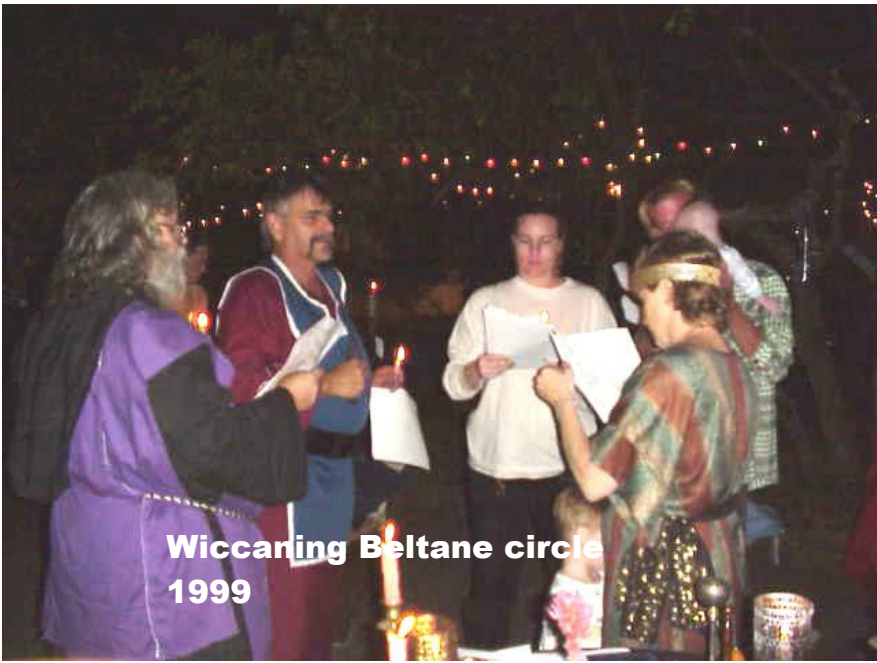
Handfasting in the Great Smoky Mountains



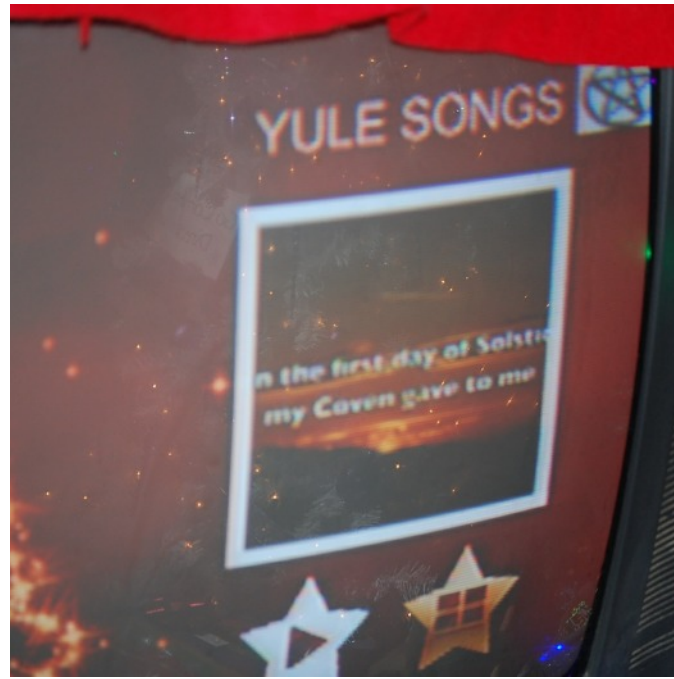
Lammas 1998



Dreamweaver and Dragon Palm Table



**Wiccaning Beltane circle
1999**



Yule in Tennessee



Midsummer in Tennessee



**New member in outer circle
in Tennessee**



Yule in Tennessee

The logo features a purple background. On the left, a circular emblem contains a blue dragon breathing fire, set against a green palm frond. To the right, the text "Dragon Palm Circle" is written in a stylized, outlined font. Below it, "Pagan Night Out" is written in a larger, bold, outlined font.

Dragon Palm Circle Pagan Night Out

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@dragonpalmcircle.org for more information or join our facebook group "Dragon Palm Events" <https://www.facebook.com/groups/221898301197684/>





Dreamweaver

Pagan Fun Time



What do you call a hot dog with nothing inside it? A "hollow-weenie!"

For Halloween I'm going to write "Life" on a plain white T-shirt and hand out lemons to strangers

Which ghost is the best dancer? The Boogie Man!

Thank goodness for Halloween, all of a sudden, cobwebs in my house are decorations!

What do you call a dancing ghost? Polka-haunt-us

Two men were walking home after a Halloween party and decided to take a shortcut through the cemetery just for laughs. Right in the middle of the cemetery, they were startled by a tap-tap-tapping noise coming from the misty shadows.

Trembling with fear, they found an old man with a hammer and chisel, chipping away at one of the headstones.

"Holy cow, Mister," one of them said after catching his breath. "You scared us half to death -- we thought you were a ghost! What are you doing working here so late at night?"

"My family are such fools!" the old man grumbled. "They misspelled my name and here I have to correct it!"

One witch told another witch, "I want one of those new computers that has a spell checker

Don't bother inviting the Invisible Man to your Halloween party. He won't show up. Sometimes he makes excuses, but they're all transparent.

You don't have to worry about Daylight Savings Time at Halloween. The holiday is always on Green Witch Mean Time.

Q: What is a witch's favorite subject in school?

A: Spelling

Q: Why don't angry witches ride their brooms?

A: They're afraid of flying off the handle



Did you hear about the cannibal who was expelled from school?

He was buttering up his teacher.

Did you hear about the guy that lost his left arm and leg in a car crash?

He's all right now.

Have you seen Quasimodo?

I have a hunch he's back!

How can you tell that a vampire likes baseball?

He turns into a bat every night.

How can you tell when a vampire has been in a bakery?

All the jelly has been sucked out of the jelly doughnuts.

How do you fix a jack-o-lantern?

With a pumpkin patch.

How does a girl vampire flirt?

She bats her eyes.

What did mama cannibal said to baby cannibal when he told her that he really liked his grandfather?

"Would you like another piece?"

What did the cannibal do when he saw an "All you can eat" restaurant?

He had two waiters and a busboy.

What did the french fries dress up as for Halloween?

Masked potatoes.

What did the little ghost have in his rock collection?

Tombstones.

What did the mother ghost say to the baby ghost?

"Don't spook until you're spooked to."

What did the skeleton say to the bartender?

I'd like a beer and a mop!

What did the skeleton say while riding his Harley?

I'm bone to be wild.

What do baby ghosts wear on their feet?

Boo-ties

What do ghosts and goblins drink on Halloween?

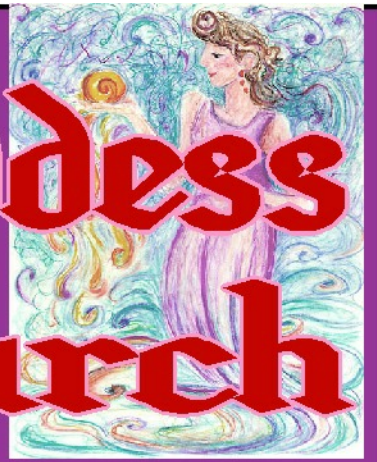
Ghoul-aid.

What do ghosts put on top of an ice cream sundae?

Whipped scream.



God and Goddess Word Search



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

God and Goddess word search

words

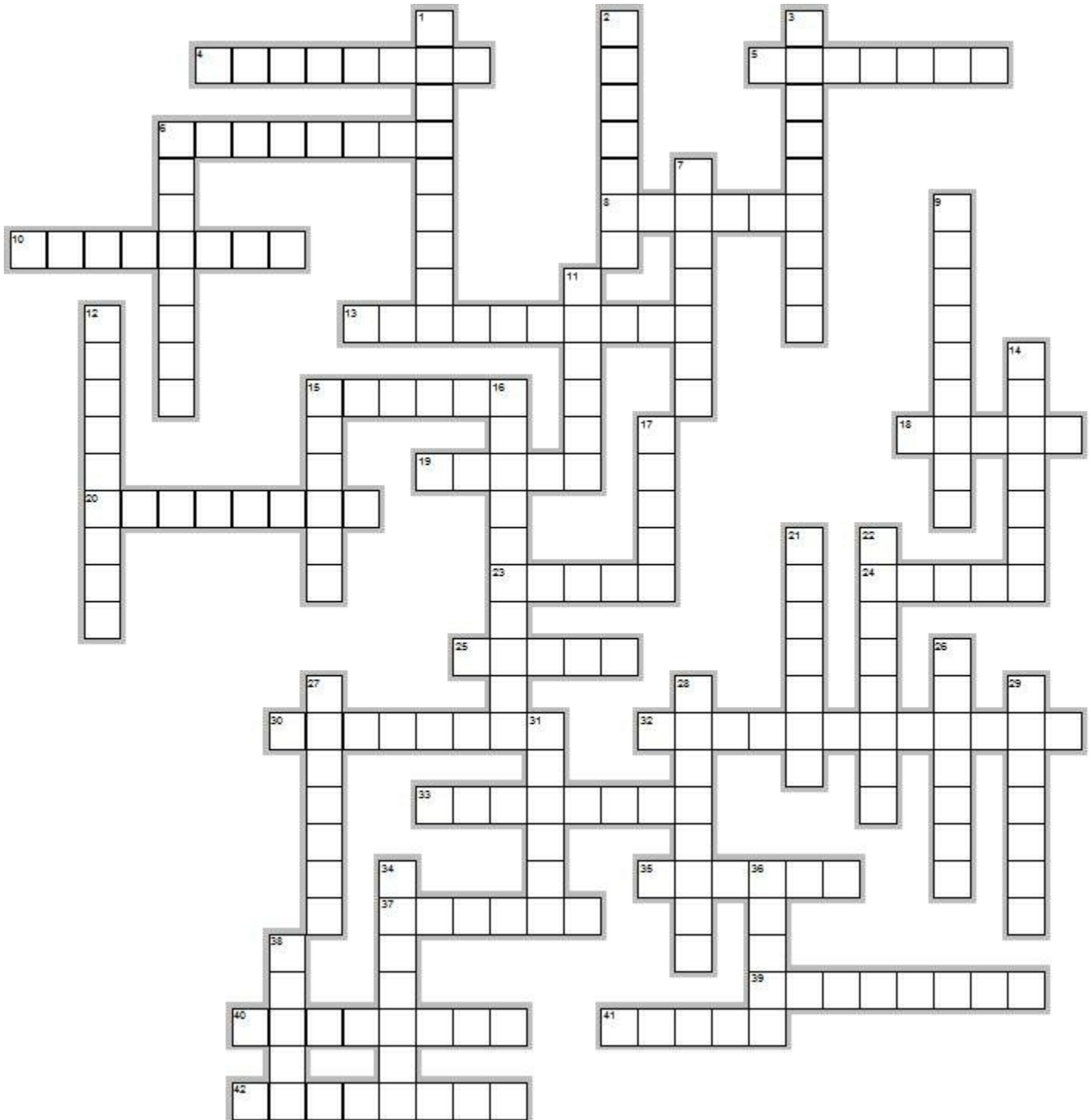
ISIS
THOR
FREYA
SELENE
PAN
KALI
CERNUNNOS
INANNA
HERMES
DIONYSUS
LUGH
HELLA
APOLLO
DIANA
DEMETER
RA
HECATE
ODIN
CERRIDWEN
DANU
ZEUS

Do witches run spell checkers?
Demons are a ghouls best friend!
Where does Dracula keep his valuables? ...in a blood bank.
When is it bad luck to see a black cat? ...when you are a mouse!
Why do dragons sleep during the day? ...so they can fight knights!
What do you get when you cross a snowman with a vampire? ...frostbite!
What would you call the ghost of a door-to-door salesman? ...a dead ringer!
Who won the skeleton beauty contest? ...No body
What do skeletons say before they begin dining? ...Bone appetit!
Who did Frankenstein take to the prom?...His ghoul friend.
What's a monster's favorite play? ...Romeo and Ghoullet
What do witches put on their hair? ...Scare spray
What's a haunted chicken? ...A poultry-geist
Why did the monster eat a light bulb? ...Because he was in need of a light snack
What kind of mistakes do spooks make? ...Boo boos
What do you call a person who puts poison in a person's corn flakes? ...A cereal killer
What do you get when you drop a pumpkin? ...Squash
Where .does Dracula water ski? ...On Lake Erie
Why didn't the skeleton cross the road? ...He didn't have the guts



Samhain and Halloween crossword puzzle

By Lady Sky

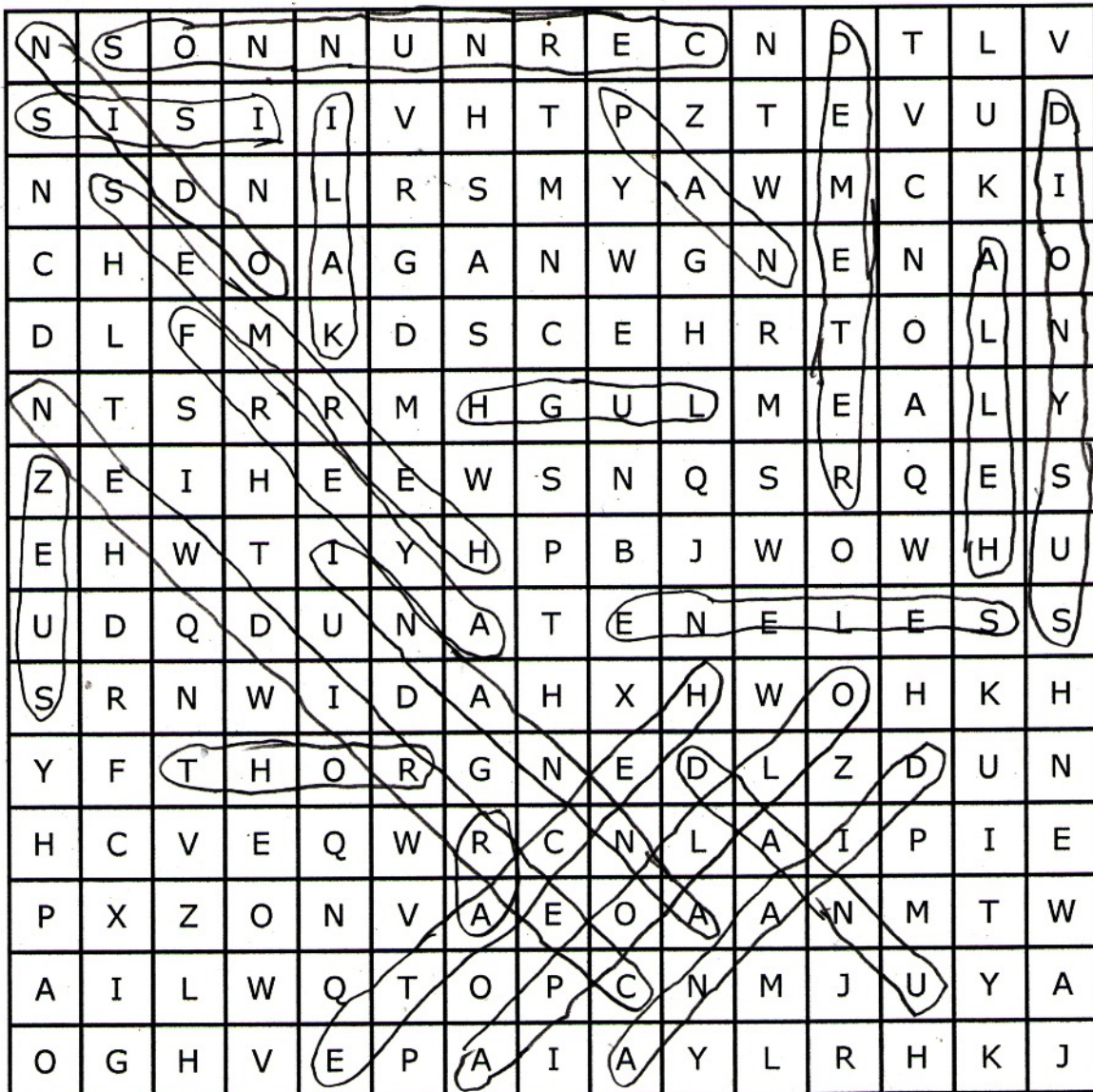


Across

4. a person from whom another is directly descended, esp someone more distant than a grandparent; forefather
5. the season when ripened crops are gathered
6. plural of child
8. a dark figure or image cast on the ground or some surface by a body intercepting light
10. a cardinal number, between 12 and 14
13. the art or practices of a witch; magic
15. kept from the knowledge of any but the initiated
18. the art of producing a desired effect or result through the use of incantation or various other techniques
19. causing fright or alarm
20. a large pot used for boiling, esp one with handles
23. anything that affords particular pleasure or enjoyment
24. a long, loose or flowing gown or outer garment worn by men or women as ceremonial dress
25. an assembly of witches
30. absence or deficiency of light
32. any irrational belief, esp with regard to the unknown
33. a step in front of a door
35. A ring-shaped structure
37. the season between summer and winter
39. to change the appearance or guise of so as to conceal identity or mislead, as by means of deceptive garb
40. the middle of the night; twelve o'clock at night
41. a social gathering
42. the bones of a human or an animal

Down

1. the light of the moon
2. a female god or deity
3. the evening of October 31 : observed especially by children in costumes who solicit treats, often by threatening minor pranks
6. dress or garb characteristic of another period, place, person, etc.
7. inhabited or frequented by ghosts
9. a food preparation made from roasted ground cacao seeds, usually sweetened and flavored
11. having or causing a sensation of repulsion, horror, or fear
12. an object, usually a figure of a person in old clothes, set up to frighten crows or other birds away from crops
14. the force or principle of life that animates the body of living things
15. eerie; scary
16. the handing down of statements, beliefs, legends, customs, information, etc., from generation to generation, especially by word of mouth or by practice
17. a disembodied spirit
21. a large fire built in the open air, for warmth, entertainment, or celebration
22. - to make afraid or fearful
26. the tenth month of the year
27. October 31, Halloween; a day of celebration for Wiccans and other pagans
28. a large, edible, orange-yellow fruit of the gourd family
29. any creature so ugly or monstrous as to frighten people
31. to utter a loud, sharp, piercing cry
34. - a corpse that rises nightly from its grave to drink the blood of the living
36. any of a variety of confections made with sugar, syrup, etc., often combined with chocolate, fruit, nuts, etc
38. to deceive



Two guys left the bar after a long night of drinking, jumped in the car and started it up.

After a couple of minutes, an old man appeared in the passenger window and tapped lightly.

The passenger screamed, "Look at the window. There's an old ghost's face there!"

The driver sped up, but the old man's face stayed in the window.

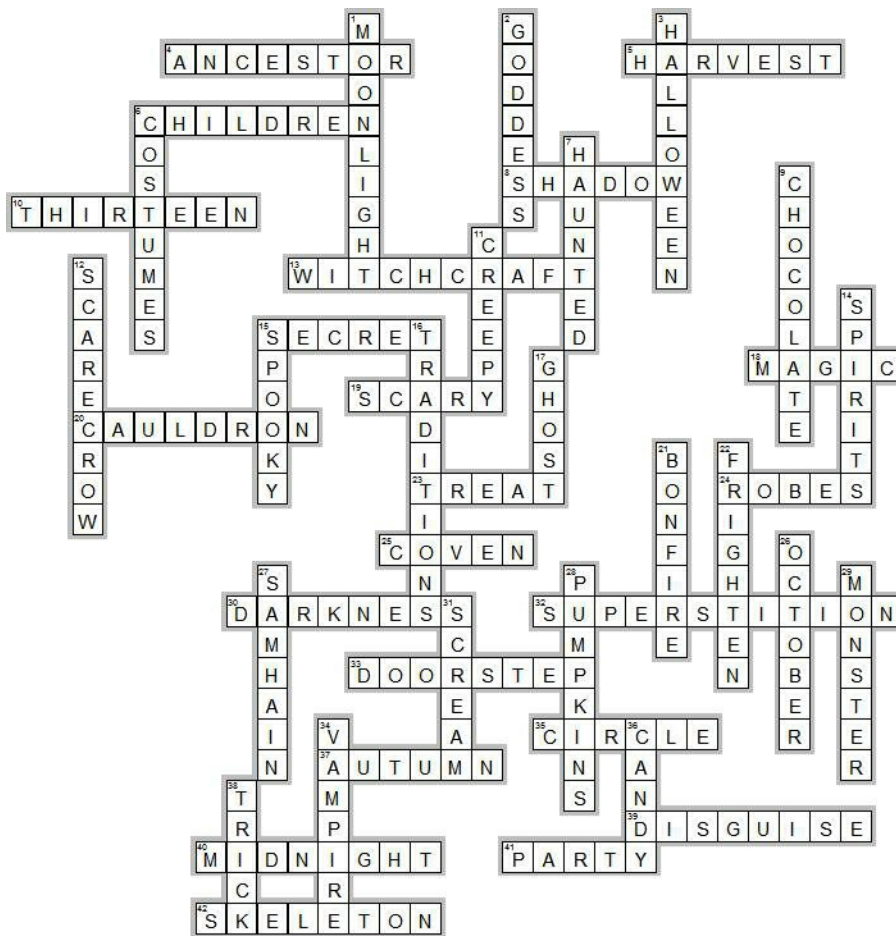
The passenger rolled his window down part way and, scared out of his wits, said, "What do you want?"

The old man softly replied, "You got any tobacco?"

The passenger handed the old man a cigarette and yelled, "Step on it," to the driver, rolling up the window in terror.

A few minutes later they calmed down and started laughing again.

The driver said, "I don't know what happened, but don't worry; the speedometer says we're doing 80 now."



All of a sudden there was a light tapping on the window and the old man reappeared.

"There he is again," the passenger yelled.

He rolled down the window and shakily said, "Yes?"

"Do you have a light?" the old man quietly asked.

The passenger threw a lighter out the window saying, "Step on it!"

They were driving about 100 miles an hour, trying to forget what they had just seen and heard, when all of a sudden there came some more tapping.

"Oh my God! He's back!" The passenger rolled down the window and screamed in stark terror, "WHAT NOW?"

The old man gently replied, "You want some help getting out of the mud?"

TRICK OR TREATING BY STAR SIGN

Aries pushes the others aside to get to the door first.

Taurus will only eat the finest of Swiss chocolates.

Gemini goes around the neighborhood once, changes costumes and goes around again.

Cancer stays at home and gives candy to the other trick-or-treaters.

Leos plan their costume for months, then won't go out because someone else had the same idea.

Virgo wears a neatly-pressed suit and tells everyone they're a bookkeeper.

Libra is still standing in front of the closet trying to decide on a costume.

Scorpio isn't in it for the candy.

Sagittarius will manage to wander to the next town.

Capricorn makes a list of all the houses that give good candy and the optimal route to take.

Aquarius builds the costume out of spare flashlights and spends all night tinkering when it shorts.

Pisces skips the whole thing to compose poetry to the Moon.



Christine Carlson