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Editor's Notes

As last time, the big news for me is that after 14 years, I've move www.geocities.com/mikerdna to the new address www.rdna.info. Not many changes to the site otherwise. Please note many links and photos will take a few months for me to correct by hand, so be patient. Most of the features are up and running now.

Deadline for the **Spring Equinox issue** is March 9, 2010. For Submissions of essays, poems, cartoons, reviews, conferences, events, grove news, articles of interest, etc: Send to mikerdna@hotmail.com



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News of the Groves

A fuller list of the known active Reformed Druid groves is available at www.geocities.com/mikerdna/wheretrove.html

Carleton Grove: News from Minnesota

Avery and Kaitlin are running the grove, as post-comps seniors, with Daniel (a junior) throwing in some advice, now and then. The Grove is apparently going down a **shamanistic** path and building a large shrine deep in the Lower Arboretum. Apparently there is a student of Korean background who hopes to further go down the shamanistic direction in the next two years. The Sweatlodge tradition (1986-2006) has fallen a bit out of use in recent years.

Avery can be reached at:
idotneednostinkinbadges@yahoo.com
<http://orgs.carleton.edu/Druids/>

Habitat Grove: News from Quebec

I'm comfortable and organized now, and will likely be bidding on my next posting in February for departure in November 2011. I'm fighting to get the house in order before the flood of visitors this spring and summer.

I'm currently revising the Unofficial Welcome Pamphlet from the 2005 version. The old version is at www.rdna.info/uwp.doc I'm looking for experienced or newbie Archdruid/leader type folk to help me with editing it, patching up holes or writing more essays. The purpose of the publication is to give a coherent introduction to the RDNA and its general operations to folks who may never actually meet another functioning grove and don't want to wade through the massive volumes of ARDA to set up a little protogrove on their own.

Brother Stephen Crimmins has kindly given me a 350 page novel to review, which is delightful science fiction. I will finish it (promise) by March 1st. I will also wrap up the DANAC contest over the next week, contact the prize winners, and publish the results in the Spring Equinox issue.

-Mike the Fool



RDNA in the MEDIA

I found a clip of Irony Sade (RDNA, AD of Carleton 96-98) with video playing harp at <http://www.esf.edu/success/sade.htm> playing Sidhe Beg Sidhe Mor and talking about Wire Strung Harps. Enjoy.



News About Isaac Bonewits

Yes, it's true, Isaac has cancer in the vicinity of his root chakra. As of December 30th, he has finished what we hope will be the only rounds of chemotherapy and radiation treatments. He seems to be doing reasonably well and we are both grateful for the prayers and donations that are keeping our heads above water in this stressful time. Read our [blog](#) for occasional updates and our [Facebook Fan Page](#) for daily notes and news. All healing energies sent our way will be gratefully accepted. We are auctioning special autographed editions of our books at eBay to raise money for the cancer bills (search under "Bonewits" and look for books labeled "Cancer Fund".)

Phae now has a [cooking blog](#) in which she shares her delicious recipes!

Kensington Books/Citadel Press says that they are going to print more copies of *Bonewits's Essential Guide to Witchcraft and Wicca* and *The Pagan Man*. Of course, they didn't say when...

Isaac is currently working on two books: a full-length work on the laws of magic and a brief guide to Neopaganism. He's also providing wedding officiant and other ceremonial services through two other sites: [Unusual Ceremonies.com](#) and [Hudson Valley Civil Ceremonies.com](#).

Phae is working on cataloging our five-thousand book library at [Library Thing](#), and collecting notes for a book on magic and the senses.

Remember, if you have read and enjoyed any of our books, please take the time to post reviews online, especially at Amazon.com, Barnes and Noble.com, etc. The reviews at Amazon, in particular, are echoed on literally hundreds of other websites and strongly influence sales.

For more information about our book titles, see our [Books Page](#). To order books, visit our [Amazon Book Store](#). For jewelry purchases of Isaac's designs, please go to [Isaac's page at Amulets by Merlin](#). For Isaac's music CDs and lecture tapes, go to [Isaac's Page at ACE](#). For various products made with Isaac's graphic designs, go to [Isaac's Cafe Press Store](#). For [Tarot readings](#) by Isaac and Phaedra Bonewits, click that link. For MP3s of Isaac's music, use the online store below.



Dr. Druid

A column for medical questions, concerns and confusions with answers from Dr. Druid.

Submit your questions to:
Doc.Druid (at) Gmail (dot) com.

Dear Dr. Druid,

Christmas has gone, and the buzz has faded, and winter will continue until April here in Canada. Perhaps it is SADD, or just cabin fever, but I feel lethargic and irritable during the winter. Are there any reputable treatments that you'd recommend?

Melancholy in Montreal

Dear M. in M.

Seasonal Affective Disorder, or SAD, is a fairly common condition. Two to ten percent of the US population experiences decreased mood, irritability and reduced energy during the winter months, often along with cravings for sweets and starch. It is not considered a true depression, but it is in the same group of mood disorders, medically speaking, and may occasionally be severe enough to require hospitalization. I knew one druid who was so affected by it that she took every winter term at Carleton off and went south to the sunshine.

The cause of Seasonal Affective Disorder is controversial, but is thought to involve neurohormonal changes brought on by the shortened length of daylight. There is also an evolutionary argument that as there was less food available in the winter we evolved to slow down and conserve energy during the season of sleep. There are a number of things you can do to self treat for Seasonal Affective Disorder, as well as professional options in case these fail. The professional ones are best discussed with your own doctor individually, but I can share some research validated options that you can try at home.

The epistemology of medical treatment is complex, but is currently based on evidence from different kinds of clinical research, with each kind of research being given a different level or strength of evidence. Professional opinion, interestingly, is considered the weakest form of evidence; the strongest is a double-blinded, placebo-controlled, randomized clinical trial. Generally we don't have this kind of evidence for most of the interesting questions in medicine because these are tricky, expensive, and often unethical to perform. The next best thing is a systematic review of available literature, and we are fortunate here: Doctors Amy Morgan and Anthony Jorm published just such a study in 2008 regarding self help treatment options for different kinds of depression, including Seasonal Affective Disorder.¹ The treatments for this condition which they found to be best supported by evidence included St. Johns Wort, consistent exercise, bright-light therapy, negative air ionization, and massage by a trained massage therapist.

St. Johns Wort is an old medication with many uses and several active ingredients. It has proved useful for treating mild depression and is one of the best studied herbal medications. It interacts powerfully and sometimes badly with other medicine, which is one of the reasons most doctors shy away from it. It has many legitimate uses, but make sure you talk to a doctor about whatever else you are using at the same time to avoid some unpleasant and dangerous pharmacology. I should also note that it is not a regulated substance and the amount of active ingredients in each preparation varies widely. Do your homework if you elect to pursue this route, and again- talk to your doctor.

Consistent exercise has proven to be a very effective antidepressant for adults and the elderly, though its effects are more ambiguous in children and adolescents. In the case of Seasonal Affective Disorder outdoor exercise is especially beneficial as it gives one's skin access to what rare sunlight is available. One recurring theme in treating depression is that the intervention must be used consistently and predictably. Sudden sprints when you feel depressed might help momentarily, but to have a long term effect the exercise needs to be regular and predictable. This lets your body and mind get used to the activity and begin making the biochemical changes that alleviate the depression.

Regarding light therapy Morgan and Jorm write: "There is good evidence that light therapy is effective for SAD (winter depression). It also appears to be helpful for non-seasonal depressive disorder, but the evidence is not as strong and the effect is smaller. It may also be helpful for non-clinically depressed individuals who experience mild symptoms of SAD." Light therapy involves specifically timed exposure to very bright lights, either as special bulbs, a 'light wall' or lit visors which can be worn around the house. It is one of the emerging 'chronotherapies' whose strength lies in the timing of the intervention. Generally speaking, one rises at a specific time before the winter sunrise and almost immediately moves into the bright light for a set period of time. This is thought to reset the hormonal changes brought on by the short winter days which lead one into a depressed hibernation. Numerous devices are available on-line or in select stores for providing light therapy, or one could build one's own with a little research. For someone looking for a non-pharmacologic, home-based treatment for Seasonal Affective Disorder this might be a good thing to try.

Massage by a trained therapist has been found to have both immediate and long term benefit to depressed persons, making it almost unique among interventions. Theories abound as to why and I have yet to hear a sound medical rationalization. My own belief is that as physical beings we were made to be touched, and that some part of us misses the contact. A great deal is communicated through skin contact that cannot be otherwise expressed. It is one of the tragedies of American culture that that we confuse intimacy with sex and which only lets us touch those whom we either fight or desire. All other primates groom. It is a major feature of their daily life, a way to build and maintain community and the relationships within it. Deprived of touch infants of most mammals wither and die, even if supplied with all the clinical requirements of life.

Negative air ionization was shown to be beneficial for SAD sufferers in one trial, but not in others. Negative air ionizers can be plugged into a wall socket, or incorporated into a lamp, and reportedly change the particulate concentration of the air in that room with beneficial effects. Their mechanism is purely speculative, medically speaking, and I do not know enough about them to comment further. Perhaps one of you knows more about it and could enlighten me.

Finally, laughter: the soul's last, best weapon against the dark. Humor and laughter are powerfully effective acute treatments for depression, but are the spiritual equivalent of a shot of epinephrine. They have enormous beneficial effect immediately, but turning them into long term cures requires either a major retuning of one's sense of humor and outlook on life, or pairing laughter with a more stable and consistent therapy. Laughter and humor can open a person's eyes during a depression, but to help them climb back to the light takes work and time.

My own experience with depression is that not all therapies work at all times. For me depression is a slow spiral down to the dark, a sneaking corruption of my own thoughts and feelings as if some inner entity were tweaking my reactions to guide me down a darker path. I have gotten better at recognizing it over the years, and have found that different interventions work at different times. Early on vigorous exercise or some pleasant activity can snap me out of it. Later it requires me rousing myself to help someone else in greater need, which in turn lets me find my own way back to the light. The times I have sunk further down that this have been bad, and I have found no panacea for escaping those depths. Instead I use a combination of measures to keep the spiral from beginning and monitor the inner voice that leads me astray. Beauty, music, exercise, hard work, a consistent schedule, and the occasional massage or creative endeavor have kept me afloat thus far, but my tendency toward depression has never gone away. Depression is a condition to be managed, not an infection to be cured. Each person must find the combination of treatments that works best for him or her. I hope that some part of this letter has helped.

Be well-

Dr. Druid

Please keep sending the questions and controversies to him.

Disclaimer: Irony Sade or "Doctor Druid" is not a doctor- yet. He is a medical student at Upstate Medical University in Syracuse, NY. Previously he worked for five years as a nurse, and as a rural health worker before that. The medical and scientific information in this column is accurate to the best of his knowledge, and he will pester wiser minds than his if your question stumps him. Medicine is a highly individualized field. People may respond very differently to the same disease or treatment. For serious concerns, consult your own doctor.



Green Book Gems: Quotes Hope

From the various five Green Books of the RDNA
available at www.rdna.info/arda.html

Collected by Mike the Fool

Green Book 2: Wisdom of the Gaels Hope

"I hope to" is a weak man's way of refusing.
He who has never hoped can never despair.
There's nothing that trouble hates facing as much as a smile.

Humor

A sense of humor is not a burden to carry yet it makes heavy loads lighter.
One man with humour will keep ten men working.
Humour, to a man, is like a feather pillow. It is filled with what is easy to get but gives great comfort.
When a thing is funny, search it for a hidden truth. -Shaw

Green Book 2: Wisdom of the Africans

Proverbs on Cooperation and Contentment

When the right hand washes the left and the left hand washes the right, then both hands will be clean.
Good fellowship is sharing good things with friends.
The string can be useful until a rope can be found.

Green Book 3: Haikus

To be born
And be unborn is one thing:
Penetrate this fact.
Death is
Illusion. 91

Walk on deliberately
And you'll surely see the world
Beyond the thousand miles,

Even if you walk
As slow as a cow. 114.

In the dark
I lost sight of
my shadow;
I've found it again
By the fire I lit. 235.

What shall I leave as
A keepsake after I die?
In spring, flowers;
Summer, cuckoos;
Fall, red maple leaves;
Winter, snow. 169.

The jewel
Is in your bosom;
Why look for it
Somewhere
Else? 557

Green Book 3: Te of Piglet

Making the Best of It, pg. 234

It is fitting that for centuries Taoists have been associated with magic, as Taoism is, on one level or another, a form of magic, a very practical form, perhaps, but magic all the same. Here we will briefly describe two secrets of that magic, two principles of Taoist transformation that may prove useful in the coming years. The first is Turn the Negative into Positive. The second is Attract Positive with Positive. Unlike some other Taoist secrets, there is little danger of these principles falling into the Wrong Hands; because in the wrong hands, they won't work. We might add that they work best for Piglets.

Turn the Negative into Positive is a principle well known in the Taoist martial arts. Using it for self-defense, you turn your attacker's power to your benefit by deflecting it back at him. In effect, he swings his fist and hits himself in the face. And after a while, if he has any intelligence at all, he stops and leaves you alone. Transforming negative into positive, you work with

whatever comes your way. If others throw bricks at you, build a house. If they throw tomatoes, start a vegetable stand.

You can often change a situation simply by changing your attitude toward it. For example, a Traffic Jam can be turned into an Opportunity to Think, or Converse, or Read or Write a Letter. When we give up our images of self-importance and our ideas of what should be, we can help things become what they need to be.

Green Book 3: Butterflies of Chuang Tzu

What is Acceptable?

What is acceptable we call acceptable; what is unacceptable we call unacceptable. A road is made by people walking on it, and thusly things are so because they are called so. What makes them so? Making them so makes them so. What makes them not so? Making them not so makes them not so. Things all must have that which is so and things all must have that which is acceptable. There is nothing that is not so, nothing that is not acceptable.

Old Man Falls into Water

Confucius was seeing the sights at Lu-liang, where the water falls from a height of thirty fathoms and races and boils along for forty li, so swift that no fish or other water creature can swim in it. He saw a man fall into the water and, supposing that the man was in some kind of trouble and intended to end his life, he ordered his disciples to line up on the bank and pull the man out. But after the man had gone a couple of hundred paces, he came out of the water and began strolling along the base on the embankment, his hair streaming down, singing a song. Confucius ran after him and said, "At first I thought you were a ghost, but now I see you're a man. May I ask if you have some special way of staying afloat in the water?"

The old man replied, "I have no way. I began with what I was used to, grew up with my nature, and let things come to completion with fate. I go under with the swirls and come out with the eddies, following along the way the water goes and never thinking about myself. That's how I can stay afloat."

Green Book 3: Random Pieces

A Starfish

Anonymous, collected by Scharding

One day a young man was walking along a deserted beach. He saw a frail old man bend over and pick up a starfish and put it back into the receding ocean. He watched for awhile, and to his amazement, the old man picked up one starfish after another and placed it back into the water. The young man walked up to the old man, who was holding a small starfish in his hand, and said,

"Old man, why are you putting starfishes into the ocean."

"They will die on the drying sand unless I put them into the water." he replied.

"But that's silly! There are thousands of beaches in the world and millions of starfish who will die each day. Why should you waste your time on such a meaningless act."

The old man paused, and in reply he tossed the starfish far out into the water. After a while he spoke, "It makes a difference to this one."

Green Book 3: Wit and Wisdom of Islam

Ambition

Nasrudin was being interviewed for employment in a department store. The personnel manager asked him:

"We like ambitious men here. What sort of a job are you after?"

"All right," said Nasrudin, "I'll have your job."

"Are you mad?!"

"I may well be," said the Mulla, "but is that a necessary qualification?"

Green Book 4: Native American Thoughts

His Answer was "Maybe"

Once there was an elder who was very poor but was content and happy. All he had in the world were a small parcel of land, his humble lodge, an old horse and strong, young warrior grandson. One night, the horse ran away. When the elder's neighbors heard of this, they came as a group to give their condolences and said to him, "This is indeed a great misfortune." But the elder only replied, "Maybe," and smiled. The neighbors were surprised and thought him to be a bit strange as they departed for home.

The next night, the elder heard a great racket outside his lodge. His horse had returned, but not alone. It had returned with several other young wild horses and let them straight into the old man's corral. The next day, the neighbors returned. This time, they were very joyous and said to the old man, "Surely good fortune shines upon you and the Creator has truly blessed your family." The elder smiled as before and again replied, "Maybe." The reservation community thought him ungrateful and perhaps a bit disturbed and muttered among themselves.

Soon it became time to tame the wild horses and the elder's grandson tried to mount one to begin the process. He was immediately thrown and he broke his leg. The neighbors, upon hearing of this and being a genuinely concerned tribal group, once again returned to the grandfather's house to offer their condolences. Once again, in spite of the hardship this would undoubtedly bear upon the old man, he merely smiled and said, "Maybe."

This time the neighbors left in disgust, thinking the grandfather to be a fool, or perhaps insane. The next day, however, a group of experienced warriors poured through the village, forcing all the young men to join them. The tribal chief was going off to war and these young men were to be his pawns. When these warriors came to the grandfather's lodge, they found the grandson to be unable to walk and therefore of no use as a warrior. They left him behind.

Soon the neighbors came to the elder again, some weeping because their sons had been taken, perhaps never to return. They saw that the elder's grandson was still in his bed, his leg with a splint and bandaged. They said to the old man, "You are indeed a lucky man." The grandfather smiled gently and said only, "Maybe." The neighbors stood quietly for some time. Gradually, they, too, began to smile and nod their heads. And as they departed slowly, they, too, could be heard saying to one another, "Maybe."

-Raymond F. Reyes, Hopi

The Indian Bird

A merchant had a bird in a cage. He was going to India, the land from which the bird came, and asked him whether he could bring anything back for him. The bird asked for his freedom, but was refused. So he asked the merchant to visit a jungle in India and announce his captivity to the free birds who were there.

The merchant did so, and no sooner had he spoken than a wild bird, just like his own, fell senseless out of a tree on to the ground. The merchant thought that this must be a relative of his own bird, and felt sad that he should have caused this death.

When he got home, the bird asked him whether he had brought news from India. 'No,' said the merchant, 'I fear that my news is bad. One of your relations collapsed and fell at my feet as soon as I mentioned your captivity.'

As soon as these words were spoken the merchant's bird collapsed and fell to the bottom of the cage.

'The news of his kinsman's death has killed him too,' thought the merchant. Sorrowfully he picked up the bird and put it on the window-sill. At once the bird revived and flew to a near-by tree. 'Now you know,' he said, 'that what you thought was disaster was in fact good news for me. And how the message, the suggestion how to behave in order to free myself, was transmitted to me through you, my captor.' And he flew away, free at last. -Rumi

Where it Went

I saw a child carrying a light.

I asked him where he had brought it from.

He put it out, and said:

'Now you tell me where it is gone.' -Hasan of Basra

Green Book 4: Jewish Thoughts

Hide and Seek

Rebbe Baruch's grandson Yehiel was crying as he entered his grandfather's study. The concerned rebbe asked about the source of the tears.

"I have a friend who cheated me and left me alone to cry."

"Please explain," said the rebbe.

"The two of us were playing hide-and-seek, grandfather. It was my turn to hide, and I did it so well that my friend couldn't find me. Instead of continuing to look, he gave up. That's not fair, is it?"

The rebbe kissed the boy and began to cry. Yehiel asked why he was crying. The rebbe explained. "Like you, Yehiel, God, too, is unhappy. He is hiding and humanity does not look for him. Humanity has stopped its search. That also is not fair."

-Baruch of Medzeboth 1751-1811, Grandson of Baal Shem Tov

Where is God?

Even as a young boy, Rabbi Naphtali astonished adults with his quick, insightful replies. One day, a friend of Naphtali's father came for a visit and said to the child, "Naphtali, I'll give you a gold coin if you can tell me where God can be found."

The boy immediately replied, "I'll give you two gold coins if you can tell me where He cannot be found."

-Naphtali of Ropshitz 1760-1827, Rabbi and founder of Hassidic dynasties

Green Book 4: American Wisdom

The Hidden Sun

I believe in the sun even when it isn't shining. I believe in love even when I am alone. I believe in God even when He is silent. -Jewish refugee, WW2, Poland

Green Book 4: Aphoristic Advice

Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say, "Why not?" -John F. Kennedy

Freedom is not worth having if it does not connote freedom to err. -Mahatma Gandhi

We who lived in concentration camps can remember the men who walked through the huts comforting others, giving away their last piece of bread. They may have been few in number, but they offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of human freedoms- to choose one's attitude in any given circumstances, to choose one's own way. -Viktor Frankel

Green Book 4: Aesop's Fables

Springtime and Wintertime

Winter scoffed tauntingly at Spring. 'When you appear,' he said, 'no one stays still a moment longer. Some are off to meadows or woods: they must needs be picking lilies and other flowers, twiddling rose round their fingers to examine them, or sticking them in their hair. Other go on board ship and cross the wide ocean, maybe, to visit men of other lands; and not a man troubles himself anymore about gales or downpours of rain. Now I am like a rule or dictator. I bid men look not up to the sky but down to the earth with fear and trembling, and sometime they have to resign themselves to staying indoors all day.' 'Yes,' replied Spring, 'and therefore men would gladly be rid of you. But with me it is different. they think my name very lovely - yes, by Zeus, the loveliest name of all names. When I am absent they cherish my memory, and when I reappear they are full of rejoicing.'

Green Book 4: Way of the Sufis

No Other Place

Cross and Christians, end to end, I examined. He was not on the Cross. I went to the Hindu temple, to the ancient pagoda. In none of them was there any sign. To the uplands of Herat I went, and to Kandahar. I looked. He was not on the heights or in the lowlands. Resolutely, I went to the summit of the fabulous mountain of kaf. There only was the dwelling of the legendary Anqa bird. I went to Kaaba of Mecca. He was not there. I asked about him from Avicenna the philosopher. He was beyond the range of Avicenna... I looked into my heart. In that, his place, I saw him. He was in no other place.

King David's Ring

King David went to the court jeweler. He told the jeweler to make him a ring and to inscribe on it some statement that would temper excessive delight in an hour of triumph, but also lift him from despair in an hour of loss. The jeweler thought long and hard about what kind of statement should be inscribed. But he was perplexed; he could not find suitable words.

Solomon finally offered a suggestion: "Inscribe on the ring the words Gam Zeh Ya-avor - This, too, shall pass."

-David reigned 1010-970 B.C.E., Second king of Israel

Green Book 4: Christian Thoughts

A Prayer for the Frightened

Let nothing disturb you,
Let nothing frighten you;
All things are passing;
God never changes;
Patient endurance
Obtains all things;
Who God possess
In nothing is wanting;
God alone suffices.

-Teresa of Avila (1515-1582) Spanish Catholic Mystic,
Carmelite

The Serenity Prayer

God grant me
the serenity to accept the things I cannot change
the courage to change the things I can and
the wisdom to know the difference.

-Reinhold Niebuhr 1892-1971, Protestant theologian

Green Book 5: Humor

Real Motives

Preacher: Do you say your prayers at night, little boy?

Jimmy: Yes, sir.

Preacher: And do you always say them in the morning, too?

Jimmy: No, sir. I ain't scared in the daytime.

Promotions

A Catholic priest and a Rabbi are talking about job prospects:

"Well," says the priest, "there's a good chance that I'll be the next Bishop - maybe within the next couple of years."

"Bishop!" marvels the Rabbi, "very nice. And after that?"

"Oh, I don't know, I suppose it's possible I could become Archbishop... given luck, and God's blessing."

"Very nice, very nice; and after Archbishop?"

"Ha! Well, you know, it's Cardinal after that, but it's really very unlikely. But in theory, I could become a Cardinal."

"Lovely!" enthuses the Rabbi, "the scarlet would suit your complexion. So what's after Cardinal?"

The priest smiles: "After Cardinal? Well, it's Pope - but I'm hardly likely to become... hmmm, oh I suppose it's just possible. If a Pole why not an Englishman again? Yes, I could just become Pope."

The Rabbi is delighted, "Splendid! And after Pope?"

The priest looks at him in surprise: "After Pope? There's nothing after Pope! I mean, there's just God above the Pope - I can't become God."

"So why not? One of our boys made it." \

Green Book 5: Hazelnuts of Wisdom

The Oak and the Maple

By Darren

And one winter day Maple asked Oak, "Why must I bear this snow?"

And Oak replied, "Because you have spread your branches."

And Maple asked, "Then why did I spread my branches?"

And Oak replied, "To catch the wind and sun, those things that give you life. And here, sometimes, the wind brings snow."

And Maple asked, "Then why have I come here?"

And Oak replied, "The winds blew, and you rode them. You liked them then, and laughed at the joy of spinning."

And Maple asked, "Then why did I grow here?"

And Oak replied, "Because the soil is good, between the stones."

And Maple asked, "Then why did the stones not stop me?"

And Oak replied, "Because you knew what you must do."

And Maple asked, "What is it, then, that I must do?"

And Oak replied, "Spread your branches. And bear some snow."

Green Book 5: Book of Motivation

Just For Today

Just for today I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle all my problems at once. I can do something for twelve hours that would appall me if I felt that I had to keep it up for a lifetime.

Just for today I will be happy. This assumes to be true what Abraham Lincoln said, that "Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be."

Just for today I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires, I will take my "luck" as it comes, and fit myself to it.

Just for today I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

Just for today I will exercise my soul in three ways: I will do somebody a good turn, and not get found out; if anybody knows of it, it will not count. I will do a least two things I don't want to do--just for exercise. I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt; they may be hurt, but today I will not show it.

Just for today I will be agreeable. I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, keep my voice low, be courteous, criticize not one bit. I won't find fault with anything, nor try to improve or regulate anybody but myself.

Just for today I will have a program. I may not follow it exactly, but I will have it. I will save myself from two pests: hurry and indecision.

Just for today I will have a quiet half hour all by myself, and relax. During this half hour, sometime, I will try to get a better perspective of my life.

Just for today I will be unafraid. Especially I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful, and to believe that as I give to the world, so the world will give to me.



The Olympic Stone Mascot

As my readers will well remember, I love assembling stone circles and megaliths. Since my arrival in Montreal in November 2009, I have noticed numerous INUKSUK along the highways and in some parks. As with mini-Stonehenges, they are extremely simple to make with flat stones. They are most popularly shaped like people nowadays, and are part idol, memorial and full of mystery. Go ahead, make one, you know you want to!

I follow with an excellent article taken from Wikipedia.

Inukshuk

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Inuksuit at the [Foxe Peninsula \(Baffin Island\)](#)

An **inuksuk** (plural **inuksuit**)^[1] (from the [Inuktitut](#): $\Delta\text{ᑕ}^b\text{ᑭ}^b$, plural $\Delta\text{ᑕ}^b\text{ᑭ}^c$; alternatively **inukshuk** in [English](#)^[2] or **inukhuk** in [Inuinnaqtun](#)^[3]) is a stone landmark or [cairn](#) built by humans, used by the [Inuit](#), [Inupiat](#), [Kalaallit](#), [Yupik](#), and other peoples of the [Arctic](#) region of [North America](#). These structures are found from [Alaska](#) to [Greenland](#).

This region, above the [Arctic Circle](#), is dominated by the [tundra biome](#), containing areas with few natural landmarks.

The inuksuk may have been used for navigation, as a point of reference, a marker for hunting grounds, or as a food cache.^[4] The Inupiat in northern Alaska used inuksuit to assist in the herding of [caribou](#) into contained areas for slaughter.^[5] Inuksuit vary in shape and size, with deep roots in the Inuit culture.

Historically the most common type of inuksuit is a single stone positioned in an upright manner.^[6] An inuksuk is often confused with an inunnguaq, a cairn representing a human figure. There is some debate as to whether the appearance of human or cross shaped cairns developed in the Inuit culture before the arrival of [European missionaries](#) and explorers.^[6]

At Enuksu Point on [Baffin Island](#) there are over 100 inuksuit and the area has been designated one of [Canada's national historic sites](#).^{[7][8]}



Name



Inunnguaq on Rankin Inlet in Nunavut

The word *inuksuk* means "something which acts for or performs the function of a person." The word comes from the morphemes *inuk* ("person") and *-suk* ("[ersatz](#)" or "substitute"). It is pronounced *inutsuk* in [Nunavik](#) and the southern part of [Baffin Island](#) (see [Inuit phonology](#) for

the linguistic reasons). In many of the central [Nunavut](#) dialects, it has the etymologically related name *inuksugaq* (plural: *inuksugait*).

Despite the predominant English spelling as *inukshuk*, both the Government of Nunavut ^[9] and the [Government of Canada](#) through [Indian and Northern Affairs Canada](#) ^[10] are promoting the Inuit preferred spelling *inuksuk*.

A structure similar to an inuksuk but meant to represent a human figure, called an *inunnguaq* ($\Delta\text{O}^{\text{a}}\text{J}\text{A}^{\text{b}}$, "imitation of a person", plural *inunnguat*), has become widely familiar to non-Inuit. However, it is not the most common type of inuksuk and is distinguished from inuksuit in general. **[edit] Modern usage**



An inuksuk on the [flag of Nunavut](#)

Inuksuit continue to serve as an Inuit cultural symbol. For example, an inuksuk is shown on the [flag](#) and [Coat of Arms](#) of the [Canadian](#) territory of Nunavut, and the [flag of Nunatsiavut](#). The [high school](#) in [Iqaluit](#) is named [Inuksuk High School](#) after the landmarks.\

Inuksuit — particularly, but not exclusively, of the inunnguaq variety — also are increasingly serving as a mainstream Canadian [national symbol](#). In 1999 Inukshuk was the name for the International Arctic Art & Music Project of ARBOS in the Canadian provinces Québec, Ontario, Nunavik, Nunavut and in Greenland, Austria, Denmark and Norway. ^[11]

On July 13, 2005 Canadian military personnel erected an inuksuk on [Hans Island](#), along with a plaque and a [Canadian flag](#), as part of Canada's longstanding dispute with [Denmark](#) over the small Arctic island. ^[12] The markers have been erected throughout the country, including a nine-metre-high inuksuk that stands in [Toronto](#) on the shores of [Lake Ontario](#). Located in Battery Park, it commemorates the [World Youth Day 2002](#) festival that was held in the city in July 2002.



[Trans-Canada Highway](#).

Officials in various wilderness parks throughout Canada routinely are forced to dismantle inuksuit constructed by hikers and campers, for fear that they could misdirect park visitors from the cairns and other markers that mark various hiking trails. The practice of erecting inuksuit in parks has become so widespread that [Killarney Provincial Park](#), on the north shore of Ontario's [Georgian Bay](#), issued a notice in 2007 urging visitors to “stop the invasion” of inuksuit. ^[13] In some areas, including [Northern Ontario](#), a large number of inuksuit also have been constructed along the



"Ilanaaq", the mascot logo of the 2010 Winter Olympics, located on [Whistler Mountain](#)

An inunnguaq forms the basis of the logo of the [2010 Winter Olympics](#) designed by [Vancouver](#) artist Elena Rivera MacGregor. Its use in this context has been controversial, both among the Inuit and the [First Nations](#) of [British Columbia](#). Although the design is under question, it is widely acknowledged that it pays tribute to the inuksuk that stands at Vancouver's [English Bay](#), which was created by artisan Alvin Kanak of [Rankin Inlet](#), [Northwest Territories](#) (which is now in the territory of Nunavut that separated from the [Northwest Territories](#) in 1999.) It was given as a gift to the city for [Expo 86](#). The land has since been donated to the city and it is now a protected site. Friendship and the welcoming of the world are the meanings of both

the English Bay structure and the 2010 Winter Olympics emblem, with Kanak's creation having the additional representation of the strength of his people and the modes of communication and technology before modern Canada.



Inuvialuit artist Bill Nasogaluak with schoolchildren who came to see the unveiling of his Inukshuk in Monterrey

Inuksuit have also begun to be recognized around the world as an iconic Canadian symbol, thanks in large part to the Vancouver 2010 logo, but also to the construction of inuksuit around the world.^[citation needed] There are four authentic inuksuit around the world donated - wholly or in part - by the government of Canada: in [Monterrey, Mexico](#); [Oslo, Norway](#); [Washington, D.C.](#) and [Guatemala City](#).^[14]



A Prayer for Haiti

From Kirk Thomas of Triple Horse Grove

We stare in horror at our screens
As men, women and children endure
A suffering we simply cannot fathom
In our hearts and minds.

O Death Gods! Your halls are full this week.
Fifty thousand now have gone and more will die
Before this nightmare ends.

Mighty Kindreds, we see our place in this green world
And it's not as we've long thought.
We do not rule, we're not creation's Lords
As some for long have claimed -
And as we'd like to think.
We are but part of this great whole,
This haven we call Earth.

We pray, Great Ones, that You will aid the Dead
And carry them with soft compassion
To the place where Dead may go;
And for the living, hold at bay
Disease, thirst, hunger, pain, and fear,
As helpers come from everywhere
To ease a nation's hurt.

May great compassion flow from all
Towards the suffering people there
That we may share our treasure
And our care for those so gravely harmed.
For we must know the line is thin
Between this suffering and us -
It could have happened here.

Let us learn from this, O Gods, what we must do to live!
The earth grows warm, and ice caps melt,
The oil we pump to fuel our greed
Will not outlast one hundred years.
Open our eyes and help us see -
Open our hearts, that we may feel -
Before our Mother simply shrugs us off. minute, turn off the engine to save gas and money

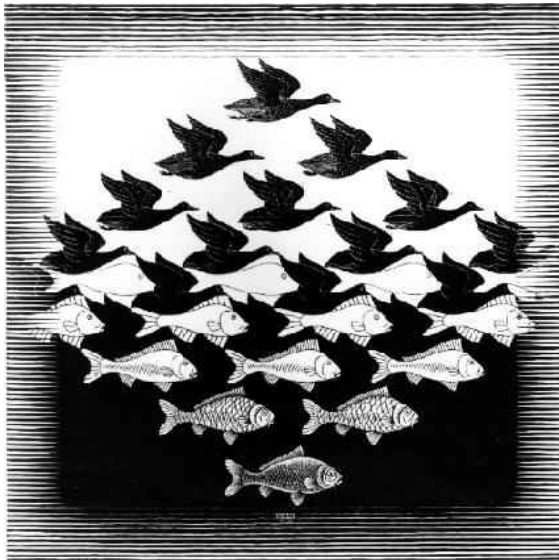


HUMOR

A pastor, an avid golfer, was once taking part in a local tournament. As he was preparing to tee off, the tournament organizer approached him and pointed to the dark, threatening storm clouds that were gathering.

"Preacher," the organizer said, "I trust you'll see to it that the weather won't turn bad on us."

The pastor shook his head. "Sorry. I'm in sales, not management."



5 Transformation Stories:

By Mike the Fool

One attribute that frequently pops up in Celtic myths and legends, whether it be Druids or fairies or gods, is that things can change shape, either by will or involuntary by a curse. (e.g. The swan children of Lir) Several popular myths and legends contain chains of transformations.

Some see these as “rebirths” as proof of a Celtic belief in re-incarnation or also a belief that animals can have souls.

Others take as the ability to cast one’s soul into the bodies of other beings or places, a sort of oneness with the universe. We see that aspect in the 13 Fold Mystery, spoken often in the RDNA service:

I am the wind which breathes upon the sea,
I am the wave of the ocean,
I am the murmur of the willows,
I am the ox of the seven combats,
I am the vulture upon the rocks,
I am a beam of the sun,
I am the fairest of plants,
I am a wild boar in valor,
I am a salmon in the water,
I am a lake in the plain,
I am a word of knowledge,
I am the point of the lance of battle,
I am the God who created in my head the fire,
Who is it who throws light into the meeting on the mountain?
Who announces the ages of the moon?
Who teaches the place where couches the sun?
If not I

I’ve collected a handful of ancient and a few modern transformation ones too. There are probably a few dozen others in Celtic mythology that could have been brought up, usually involving only singular transformations.

- A. **Runaway Bunny**. In the 1970s, there was the story of “The Runaway Bunny”, in which a baby bunny changes shape to elude his mother, only to be outwitted by a more clever and resourceful mother. Classic bedtime story. You can see the story being read at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DJYZZFQajol>
- B. **The Sword in the Stone**, an animated movie by Disney, has a great shape-shifting rule by 2 wizards. See the following clip on youtube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dTN0L92HAwg>
- C. **The Two Magicians (Coal Black Smith, the Lusty Smith, Child Ballad #44**

Synopsis:

A blacksmith threatens to [deflower](#) (take the [virginity](#) of) a lady, who vows to keep herself a [maiden](#). A [transformation chase](#) ensues, differing in several variants, but containing such things as she becomes a [hare](#), and he catches her as [greyhound](#), she became a [duck](#) and he became either a [water dog](#) or a [drake](#). In the Child version of the ballad she does not escape, but in other common renderings, such as the [Steeleye Span](#) rendition, she does.

[edit] Motifs

In ballads, the man chasing the woman appears more often in conversation than in fact, when a woman says she will flee, and the man retorts he will chase her, through a variety of forms; these tales are often graceful teasing.^[2]

[Francis James Child](#) regarded it as derived from one of two [fairy tale](#) forms.

The first is where a young man and woman flee an enemy by taking on new forms.^[3] This type is [Aarne-Thompson](#) type 313, the girl helps the hero flee; instances of it include "[Jean, the Soldier, and Eulalie, the Devil's Daughter](#)", "[The Grateful Prince](#)", "[Foundling-Bird](#)", and "[The Two Kings' Children](#)".

The other is where a young man, studying with a sorcerer, flees his master by taking on new forms, which his master counters by equivalent forms.^[4] This is [Aarne-Thompson](#) type 325, the magician and his pupil; instances include "[The Thief and His Master](#)", "[Farmer Weathersky](#)", "[Master and Pupil](#)", and "[Maestro Lattantio and His Apprentice Dionigi](#)".

Musical Notation and one version provided at

<http://sniff.numachi.com/pages/tiMAGICN2;ttMAGICN2.html>

- D. **The Famed 16th Century Collected tale of Taliesin** (the initial part with the cauldron resemble Finn MacCumhail’s story) Found in the Mabinogian, as translated by Lady Charlotte Guest.

In times past there lived in Penllyn a man of gentle lineage, named Tegid Voel, and his dwelling was in the midst of the lake Tegid, and his wife was called Caridwen. And there was born to him of his wife a son named Morvran ab Tegid, and also a daughter named Creirwy, the fairest maiden in the world was she; and they had a brother, the most ill-favoured man in the world, Avagddu. Now Caridwen his mother thought that he was not likely to be admitted among men of

noble birth, by reason of his ugliness, unless he had some exalted merits or knowledge. For it was in the beginning of Arthur's time and of the Round Table.

So she resolved, according to the arts of the books of the Fferyllt, to boil a cauldron of Inspiration and Science for her son, that his reception might be honourable because of his knowledge of the mysteries of the future state of the world.

Then she began to boil the cauldron, which from the beginning of its boiling might not cease to boil for a year and a day, until three blessed drops were obtained of the grace of Inspiration.

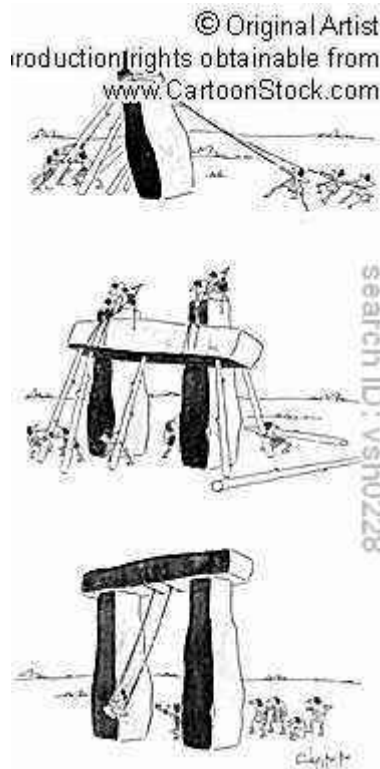
And she put Gwion Bach the son of Gwreang of Llanfair in Caereinion, in Powys, to stir the cauldron, and a blind man named Morda to kindle the fire beneath it, and she charged them that they should not suffer it to cease boiling for the space of a year and a day. And she herself, according to the books of the astronomers, and in planetary hours, gathered every day of all charm-bearing herbs. And one day, towards the end of the year, as Caridwen was culling plants and making incantations, it chanced that three drops of the charmed liquor flew out of the cauldron and fell upon the finger of Gwion Bach. And by reason of their great heat he put his finger to his mouth, and the instant he put those marvel-working drops into his mouth, he foresaw everything that was to come, and perceived that his chief care must be to guard against the wiles of Caridwen, for vast was her skill. And in very great fear he fled towards his own land. And the cauldron burst in two, because all the liquor within it except the three charm-bearing drops was poisonous, so that the horses of Gwyddno Garanhir were poisoned by the water of the stream into which the liquor of the cauldron ran, and the confluence of that stream was called the Poison of the Horses of Gwyddno from that time forth.

Thereupon came in Caridwen and saw all the toil of the whole year lost. And she seized a billet of wood and struck the blind Morda on the head until one of his eyes fell out upon his cheek. And he said, "Wrongfully hast thou disfigured me, for I am innocent. Thy loss was not because of me." "Thou speakest truth," said Caridwen, "it was Gwion Bach who robbed me."

And she went forth after him, running. And he saw her, and changed himself into a hare and fled. But she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. And he ran towards a river, and became a fish. And she in the form of an otter-bitch chased him under the water, until he was fain to turn himself into a bird of the air. She, as a hawk, followed him and gave him no rest in the sky. And just as she was about to stoop upon him, and he was in fear of death, he espied a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn, and he dropped among the wheat, and turned himself into one of the grains. Then she transformed herself into a high-crested black hen, and went to the wheat and scratched it with her feet, and found him out and swallowed him. And, as the story says, she bore him nine months, and when she was delivered of him, she could not find it in her heart to kill him, by reason of his beauty. So she wrapped him in a leathern bag, and cast him into the sea to the mercy of God, on the twenty-ninth day of April.

And at that time the weir of Gwyddno was on the strand between Dyvi and Aberystwyth, near to his own castle, and the value of an hundred pounds was taken in that weir every May eve. And in those days Gwyddno had an only son

named Elphin, the most hapless of youths, and the most needy. And it grieved his father sore, for he thought that he was born in an evil hour. And by the advice of his council, his father had granted him the drawing of the weir that year, to see if good luck would ever befall him, and to give him something wherewith to begin the world.



And the next day when Elphin went to look, there was nothing in the weir. But as he turned back he perceived the leathern bag upon a pole of the weir. Then said one of the weir-ward unto Elphin, "Thou wast never unlucky until to-night, and now thou hast destroyed the virtues of the weir, which always yielded the value of an hundred pounds every May eve, and to-night there is nothing but this leathern skin within it." "How now," said Elphin, "there may be therein the value of an hundred pounds." Well, they took up the leathern bag, and he who opened it saw the forehead of the boy, and said to Elphin, "Behold a radiant brow!" "Taliesin be he called," said Elphin. And he lifted the boy in his arms, and lamenting his mischance, he placed him sorrowfully behind him. And he made his horse amble gently, that before had been trotting, and he carried him as softly as if he had been sitting in the easiest chair in the world. And presently the boy made a Consolation and praise to Elphin, and foretold honour to Elphin; and the Consolation was as you may see:-

"Fair Elphin, cease to lament!
 Let no one be dissatisfied with his own,
 To despair will bring no advantage.
 No man sees what supports him;
 The prayer of Cynllo will not be in vain;
 God will not violate his promise.
 Never in Gwyddno's weir
 Was there such good luck as this night.
 Fair Elphin, dry thy cheeks!
 Being too sad will not avail.
 Although thou thinkest thou hast no gain,
 Too much grief will bring thee no good;
 Nor doubt the miracles of the Almighty:
 Although I am but little, I am highly gifted.
 From seas, and from mountains,
 And from the depths of rivers,
 God brings wealth to the fortunate man.
 Elphin of lively qualities,
 Thy resolution is unmanly;
 Thou must not be over sorrowful:
 Better to trust in God than to forbode ill.
 Weak and small as I am,
 On the foaming beach of the ocean,

In the day of trouble I shall be
Of more service to thee than three hundred salmon.
Elphin of notable qualities,
Be not displeased at thy misfortune;
Although reclined thus weak in my bag,
There lies a virtue in my tongue.
While I continue thy protector
Thou hast not much to fear;
Remembering the names of the Trinity,
None shall be able to harm thee."

And this was the first poem that Taliesin ever sang, being to console Elphin in his grief for that the produce of the weir was lost, and, what was worse, that all the world would consider that it was through his fault and ill-luck. And then Gwyddno Garanhir^[2] asked him what he was, whether man or spirit. Whereupon he sang this tale, and said:-

"First, I have been formed a comely person,
In the court of Caridwen I have done penance;
Though little I was seen, placidly received,
I was great on the floor of the place to where I was led;
I have been a prized defence, the sweet muse the cause,
And by law without speech I have been liberated
By a smiling black old hag, when irritated
Dreadful her claim when pursued:
I have fled with vigour, I have fled as a frog,
I have fled in the semblance of a crow, scarcely finding rest;
I have fled vehemently, I have fled as a chain,
I have fled as a roe into an entangled thicket;
I have fled as a wolf cub, I have fled as a wolf in a wilderness,
I have fled as a thrush of portending language;
I have fled as a fox, used to concurrent bounds of quirks;
I have fled as a martin, which did not avail;
I have fled as a squirrel, that vainly hides,
I have fled as a stag's antler, of ruddy course,
I have fled as iron in a glowing fire,
I have fled as a spear-head, of woe to such as has a wish for it;
I have fled as a fierce hull bitterly fighting,
I have fled as a bristly boar seen in a ravine,
I have fled as a white grain of pure wheat,
On the skirt of a hempen sheet entangled,
That seemed of the size of a mare's foal,
That is filling like a ship on the waters;
Into a dark leathern bag I was thrown,
And on a boundless sea I was sent adrift;
Which was to me an omen of being tenderly nursed,
And the Lord God then set me at liberty."

Then came Elphin to the house or court of Gwyddno his father, and Taliesin with him... (and it goes on and on...)

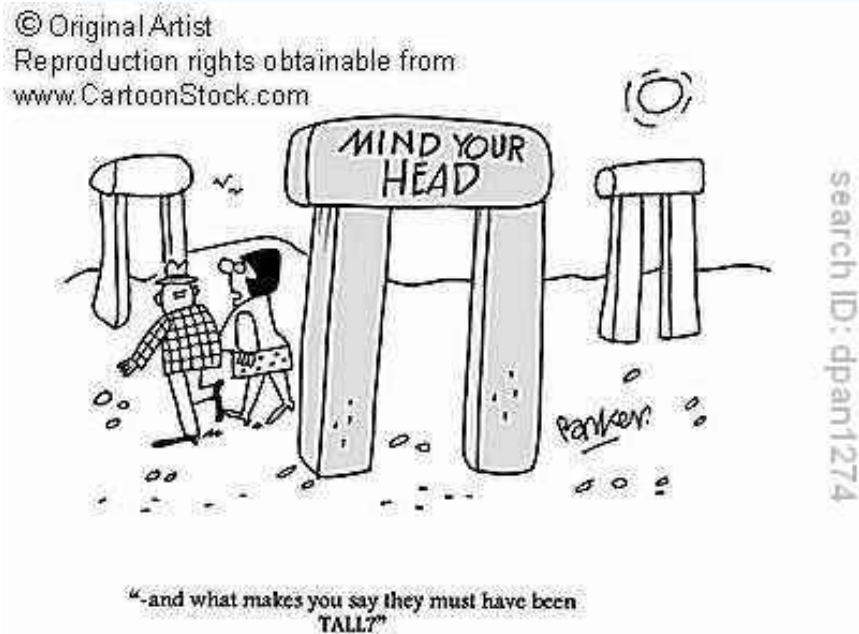
E. The Tale of Etain

Genealogy

In [Tochmarc Étaíne](#), she is the daughter of [Ailill](#), king of the [Ulaid](#). A slightly different genealogy is told in [Togail Bruidne Dá Derga](#) ("The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel"). Here she is the daughter of Étar, and marries the High King [Eochaid Feidlech](#). They have a daughter, also called Étaín, who marries Cormac, king of Ulster. She bears him a daughter, [Mess Buachalla](#), but no sons. Cormac abandons Mess Buachalla, but she is found and brought up by a herdsman. When she grows up she marries the High King [Eterscéil](#) and becomes the mother of Conaire Mor. In genealogical tracts she is said to have been the wife of the Ulster prince [Cormac Cond Longas](#).

Tochmarc Étaíne

When [Midir](#) of the [Tuatha Dé Danann](#) falls in love with and marries her, his rejected first wife [Fúamnach](#) becomes jealous and casts a series of spells on her. First Fúamnach turns Étaín into a pool of water, then into a worm, and then into a beautiful butterfly. Midir does not know that the butterfly is Étaín, but it becomes his constant companion, and he has no interest in women. Fúamnach then creates a wind that blows the butterfly away and does not allow it to alight anywhere but the rocks of the sea for seven years.



Eventually it lands on the clothes of [Óengus](#), who recognises it as Étaín, but he is at war with Midir and cannot return her to him. He makes her a little chamber with windows so

she can come and go, and carries the chamber with him wherever he goes. But Fúamnach hears of this and creates another wind which blows her away from him for another seven years. Eventually the butterfly falls into a glass of wine. The wine is swallowed (together with the butterfly) by the wife of Étar, an Ulster chieftain, in the time of [Conchobar mac Nessa](#). She becomes pregnant, and Étaín is reborn, one thousand and twelve years after her first birth.^[1]

When she grows up, Étaín marries the [High King, Eochaid Airem](#). Their meeting is related in the opening episode of [Togail Bruidne Dá Derga](#).^[2] Eochaid's brother Ailill Angubae falls in love with her, and begins to waste away. Eventually he admits to Étaín that he is dying of love for her, and she agrees to sleep with him to save his life. They arrange to meet, but Midir casts a spell which causes Ailill to fall asleep and miss the

assignation. However, Étaín meets a man there who looks and speaks like Ailill but does not sleep with him because she senses that it is not actually him. This happens three times, and the man who looks like Ailill reveals himself to be Midir, and tells her of her previous life as his wife. She refuses to leave with him unless her husband gives her permission. She then returns to Ailill to find him cured.

Midir then goes to Eochaid in his true form and asks to play *fidchell*, a board game, with him. He offers a stake of fifty horses, loses, and gives Eochaid the horses as promised. Midir challenges him to more games, for higher stakes, and keeps losing. Eochaid, warned by his foster-father that Midir is a being of great power, sets him a series of tasks, including laying a causeway over Móin Lámrige, which he performs reluctantly. He then challenges Eochaid to one final game of *fidchell*, the stake to be named by the winner. This time, Midir wins, and demands an embrace and a kiss from Étaín. Eochaid agrees that he will have it if he returns in a month's time. A month later Midir returns. He puts his arms around Étaín, and they turn into swans and fly off.

Eochaid and his men begin digging at the mound of Brí Léith where Midir lives. Midir appears to them and tells Eochaid his wife will be restored to him the following day. The next day fifty women who all look like Étaín appear, and an old hag tells Eochaid to choose which one is his wife. He chooses one, but Midir later reveals that Étaín had been pregnant when he had taken her, and the girl he has chosen is her daughter. Eochaid is horrified, because he has slept with his own daughter, who became pregnant with a girl. When the girl is born she is exposed, but she is found and brought up by a herdsman and his wife. She later becomes the mother of the High King [Conaire Mor](#).



Δρυιδ'σ Πραψηρ

(Druid's Prayer)

Submitted by Daniel Hansen,

The Druid's prayer (Welsh: *Gweddi'r Derwydd*) or "Gorsedd Prayer" (*Gweddi'r Orsedd*) is a prayer composed by Iolo Morganwg which is still a staple in the ritual of both gorseddau and Neo-Druids. Neo-Druids sometimes substitute the words *y Dduwes* ("the Goddess") for the original *Dduw* ("God").

ORIGINAL WELSH

Dyro, Ddyw (y Dduwes), dy nawdd;
Ac yn nawdd, nerth;
Ac yn nerth, ddeall;
Ac yn neall, gwybod;
Ac o wybod, gwybod yn gyfiawn;

Ac o wybod yn gyfiawn ei garu;
Ac o garu, caru Duw (y Dduwes).
Duw (y Dduwes) a phob daioni.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Grant, God (Goddess), thy refuge;
And in refuge, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, the knowledge of what is right;
And from knowledge of what is right, the love of it;
And from loving, the love of God (Goddess).
God (Goddess) and all goodness.

ANOTHER ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Grant, O god/dess, the protection

And in protection, strength

And in strength, understanding

And in understanding, knowledge

And in knowledge, the knowledge of justice

And in the knowledge of justice, the love of it

And in that love, the love of all existence's

And in the love of all existence's,

The love of the god/dess and all goodness.



Bardic Rights

By Mike the Fool

Oimeic is usually an issue when we have a lot of art and poetry to honor the bards.

Let's talk about copyrights for artists. (Still here?)

First of all, I'm not your civics teacher, your nagging mother, or a moralizing preacher. I'm not innocent or going to pretend that I've never copied a picture or a piece of text for the Druid Inquirer without permission. Mea culpa, big time, there.

However, one thing that Mark Heiman impressed on me during my time at Carleton, was not to **steal** software or music. Which I have pretty much followed

for 20 years now, at great expense to myself. The motivation is not fear of the law, although that is there, but rather respect for the artist.

In the Neopagan world, one manifestation of this is the idea that when you buy magical supplies you never ever haggle over the price, lest "bad vibes" from the craftsman get attached to the item that you

are buying. You either buy it at the price, or you don't buy it. Won't be the end of the world if you don't have it.

Most copyrights in the world only last a certain number of years before becoming part of the public domain. The idea being that the author should be the primary benefit from the controlled distribution of a product, thus encouraging him (through the protection) to produce more and more goods that are then more and more available to the public. In recent decades, the period of time has lengthened further and further, and in some cases being passed on to heirs for a certain period. This can be trying on the patience of the public and other artists wishes to build upon a copyrighted song, book or idea.

Professional Artists (music, painting, song, etc.) produce a product that can be easily reproduced and transmitted to other clients; either for fee or for free, in a way that didn't really exist yesterday. The means of copying is so cheap and identical, that there is almost no cost to the copier, but her time. We all like to get something for nothing, but when we do, we also lose something (a little honor, a bit of self-respect, a bit of concern for others) by the action.

Every time someone gets a copy, a potential sale for the artist has been taken, a career impeded. Although some artists have become big hits through their bootleg-popularity, most simply lose money, and becoming more and more reliant on live-performances for their income rather than selling recordings.

I am not asking folk to go cold turkey, but I might offer a six step plan, to ease into it:

1. Don't copy artists you know personally.
2. Don't **copy** artists who are still alive (although the rights may be inherited)
3. Don't copy artists who are unsuccessful financially.
4. Don't copy artists who you are making the world a better place
5. Don't copy artists
6. Destroy illegal copies already in your possession according to step 1-5.



Bardic History and Lore (Pt 1 of 3): Filidh and Bards

By Daniel Hansen

The *aes dana* (Old Irish, *oes dano*) meant literally, 'people of gift', 'skill', or 'craft', especially the poetic craft. Besides the landowners, early Irish law recognized those whose freedom was purchased by their skill and they were said to have been ennobled by their art. Within the Brehon Law texts – dating from between the seventh and ninth centuries – the category enjoyed the highest prestige was that of the poet (*filidh*). An *Ollamh Filidh* (chief poet) was placed on the same scale as a petty king, with an *eric* or honor-price (the sum payable for any serious offence against him) of twenty-one cows. A poet's status depended on his technical expertise and on his skill in composing verse in

praise of his patron or satirizing his patron's enemies. Within this learned class of poets whose father and grandfather had also been poets (*filidh*) enjoyed an hereditary nobility, only lost after two generations if the family had failed to produce a versifier. There are occasional references to female

poets. The law texts also recognized a lower category of poet, the bard, who had not undergone the professional training of the *filidh*.

The law texts provide information on the social position and qualifications of other 'men of art'. Of these the most highly regarded was the carpentry or woodworkers called *saer*, qualified in church building, boat building, mill construction, and working in ew-wood; his honor-price could reach ten cows. Of somewhat lower status in the crafts and skills such were the metalworker or blacksmith, silversmith, and copper smith. Other 'men of art' included those skilled in medicine, law, history, music, and masonry originally purchased nobility only for the practitioner himself, while the status of law for lesser artists such as jesters, jugglers, pipers, and drummers depended on the status of their employers. The only musician who had free status was the *cruittire* (harpist).

Music and poetry were two of the most popular forms of entertainment for the ancient Celts and even throughout the Middle Ages. Of all the accomplishments of the ancient and medieval world, music is the least accessible to us. Much of the music has been lost or never written down. Examining what survives; we can only approximate how it sounded. Yet we do have evidence that music was important to ancient peoples and in much the same way it is today. There was religious music and patriotic music, solemn and celebratory music, music to accompany poetry, and music for pure entertainment. Music was often structured according to class; the music enjoyed by the nobles was different from what the peasants sang and played; sacred music stood apart from secular melodies. But, given human nature, it is unlikely that there existed songs and tunes that appealed to a wide range of individuals as well. Both the author and the performer (often one and the same) were held in high esteem. In early Europe, music was originally counted as one of the Seven Liberal Arts, recognized in ancient Greece and Rome, but not categorized until the fifth century. Music was grouped with the quadrivium, which included arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy (as opposed to the trivium, which comprised of grammar, rhetoric, and logic).

The Greek writers Diodorus, Siculus, and Strabo listed a three-fold division of Druids (philosophers), Bards (poets), and Vates (Soothsayers and sacrificers). The Bards in all three are a class by themselves, who sing the deeds of renowned warriors. 'Bardd' signified "branching," being derived from 'bar,' "a branching" or "the top." The Gaulish and British priests of the oak grove were seen as a class of bardic wizards, keeping a secret tradition by memorizing orally transmitted material, the nucleus of medieval sagas, epics, and ballads. Most of them were never written down, and fragments that we possess in writing are probably only the remains of a considerable body of oral literature. Bard is a word of Celtic origin applied by these classical authors (Greek: *bardos*, Latin: *bardus*) to Celtic composers of eulogy and satire who formed a learned order lower than those of the Druids and Vates ("seer"). The Bards were an essential part of the Druidical hierarchy. Caesar does not use the word in his account of the manners and customs of Gaul and Britain, but he appears to ascribe the function of the bards to a section of the Druids. Later Latin authors, such as Lucan, used *bardi* as the recognized title of the national poets and minstrels of Gaul and Britain. The Druids were the teachers of morality as well as of religion. Of their ethical teaching a valuable specimen is preserved in the Triads of the Welsh and Irish Bards, and from these we may gather that their views of moral rectitude were on the whole just, and that they held and inculcated many very noble and valuable principles of conduct.

In Gaul the institution disappeared, but in Ireland and Wales it survived. The Welsh word *bardd* has always been a general term for 'poet,' but the Laws, codified by Hywel Dda in the 10th century, mention three grades: *Pencerdd* or *Bardd Cadeiriog* ("chief poet"), the *bardd Teulu* ("poet of the war band"), and the *Cerddor* ("minstrel"). Other types of *Bardd* mentioned in the Welsh literature were *Bardd teutu* (bard of the household), *Clerwyr Oferfeirdd* (superfluous bard), and *Beirdd Yspydeit* (bard receiving entertainment). In Wales the bardic order declined toward the end of the Middle Ages, despite a series of *Eisteddfodau*, representing formal congregations of Bards, held during 1450-1600. However, the bardic technique and conception of poetry continued in the system of *Cynghanedd* ("harmony" dependent on alliteration and internal rhyme), the distinctive features of the canonical meters. In the modern *Eisteddfod* the chaired poet (*Bardd Y Gadair*) composes in strict *cynghanedd* meters, whereas the crowned poet (*Bardd Y Goron*) composes in free meters.

One author, Pennant says, "The Bards were supposed to be endowed with powers equal to inspiration. They were the oral historians of all past transactions, public and private." Pennant gives minute accounts of the Eisteddfods or sessions of the Bards and minstrels, which were held in Wales for many centuries, long after the Druidical priesthood in its other departments had died out. At these meetings none but Bards of merit were suffered to rehearse their pieces, and minstrels of skill to perform. Judges were appointed to decide on their respective abilities, and suitable degrees were conferred. In the earlier period the judges were appointed by the Welsh princes, and after the conquest of Wales, by commission from the kings of England. Yet the tradition is that Edward I, in revenge for the influence of the Bards in animating the resistance of the people to his sway, persecuted them with great cruelty. This tradition has furnished the poet Grey with the subject of his celebrated ode, "The Bard." There are still occasional meetings of the lovers of Welsh poetry and music, held under the ancient name. Among Mrs. Hermans' poems is one written for an Eisteddfod, or meeting of Welsh Bards, held in London, May 22, 1822. It begins with a description of the ancient meeting, of which the following lines are a part:

... midst the eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
The crested Roman in his hour of pride;
And where the Druid's ancient cromlech frowned,
And the oaks Breathed mysterious murmurs round,
There thronged the inspired of yore on plain or height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,
And baring unto heaven each noble head,
Stood in the circle, where none else might tread."

The Filidh were one of the great Irish priestly classes etymologically the "seeing" Druids (cf. Welsh *gwelod*, Breton *gwelout*, "to see"). There were the Filidh *velo* ("I see") the learned poets who occupied a higher rank than the third class of Bards. The Filidh were also diviners and prophets while some of their methods of divination implied sacrifice. The Druids, who likewise were certainly sacrificial priests, were also diviners and prophets in Ireland. Hence the two classes stood in close relation, like the Druids and *vatis* of Gaul. Functionally, the Filidh was the equivalent of the Gaulish Bard. The Filidh originally was involved with divination and prophecy, but medieval texts suggest a wide range of specialization, including historian, judge, storyteller, satirist, leech, harpist, and cupbearer. The Laws, the earliest recording of Irish traditions, treats the Irish Bards as inferior, but their function was wholly or partially usurped or assumed by the Filidh. The Irish bard assisted the Filidh and chanted the eulogies composed by the latter. A single deviation in these Gaulish-Irish equivalences is the inferior position of the Irish Bard, a specialist in songs of praise and reproach whose original functions were usurped by the substitution of the Filidh, etymologically a "poet," who also possessed magic, writing (*ogham*), and satire. Both reproach and satire were sung and there came to be confusion between reproach and satire, a magical poetry with irreparable and mortal effects. However, this change in status probably goes back to the period of Christianization and its aftermath. These legal reforms brought about by Christianization thus limited the religious role (divination and prophecy) of the Filidh, but considerably broadened his literary function (storytelling, genealogy, courtly poetry, official records). At the same time, the designation Druid was frequently replaced by or confused with Filidh. Hence the Filidh became preponderant in Ireland. With the overthrow of the Druids as a priestly class, the Filidh remained as the learned class. D'Arbois assumes that there had been rivalry between the two classes, and that the Filidh, making common cause with the Christian missionaries, gained their support, but this is unlikely. The Filidh, less markedly associated with Pagan priestly functions, were less obnoxious, and may willingly have renounced their purely Pagan practices.

The Irish Filidh followed an apprenticeship of twelve years, during which time he studied law, genealogy, poetry, and all matters pertaining to specialization, as well as considerable numbers of stories in prose and in verse (up to 350 long stories and 150 short stories). These tales were meant to be told in the course of the royal evenings. Neither their composition nor their recitation was free form. On the

contrary, the Filidh adhered to strict rules and obligations regarding choice of poetic meter and subject matter. Like the Celts of antiquity, the writers of medieval Ireland knew no personal fantasy or imagination. Medieval texts give a number of specializations of Filidh:

Senchaid (Sencha) [historian, antiquarian, genealogist, panegyrist]

Brithem [judge, jurist, lawmaker, arbitrator]

Scelaige [storyteller]

Cainte [satirist]

Liaig [leech, who used the three forms of medicine: magical, bloodletting, and herbal]

Cruitire [harpist]

Deogbair [cupbearer]

They were also accomplished genealogists. To this list should be added the function of architect and ambassador, for which there exist examples without specific names.

Hierarchy was strict and depended upon the scope of knowledge, from the doctor who recited hundreds of stories to the apprentice who contented himself with seven stories and lowly pieces to be recited at banquets. Thanks to insular texts, scholars know the details of this hierarchy:

Seven times fifty stories for the Ollamh,
Three times fifty and the half of fifty for the Anruth,
Eighty for the Cli,
Sixty for the Cana,
Fifty for the Dos,
Forty for the Mac Fuirmid

Their history consisted of traditional tales, in which the heroic deeds of their forefathers were celebrated. These were apparently in verse, and thus constituted part of their poetry as well as the history of the Druids. In the poems of Ossian we have, if not the actual productions of Druidical times, at best what may be considered faithful representations of the songs of the Bards. Whether they were acquainted with letters or not has been disputed, though the probability is strong that they were, to some extent. It is certain that they committed nothing of their doctrine, their history or poetry to writing. Their teaching was oral, and their literature (if such a word may be used in such a case) was preserved solely by tradition. Originally the Filidh was something of a soothsayer, and in this capacity his functions included writing (ogham). He carved his spells on the wood of yews and possessed formidable magical powers.

The connection of the Filidh with the Druids is further witnessed to by the fact that the former had an Ard-File, or chief poet, and that, when the office was vacant, elevation was made to it, and rival candidates strove for it. "Colloquy of the Two Sages" (Book of Leinster). This resembles what Caesar tells of the election to the office of Chief-Druid (Archdruid). The Filidh acted as judges, as did the Druids, and both had a long novitiate to serve, lasting many years, before they were admitted to either class.

A Pencerdd [Welsh, *pen*, chief; *cerdd*, art] is a chief poet of early Wales, requiring nine years of training in such subjects as grammar, metrics, and genealogy. Only a pencerdd could train a bard. As late as 1547, the poet Simwnt Fychan (c.1530-1606) received a written license to become a pencerdd, a document that survives. A pencerdd is roughly the Welsh equivalent to the Irish Ollamh.

An Ollamh (or Ollam, Allave, Ollav, Ollave) is a master or person holding the highest rank of any skill; in early Irish literature an Ollamh is usually an esteemed poet, the highest of seven ranks of filidh. Before becoming an Ollamh, a candidate was required to train for twelve years and to master 350 tales of which were 250 primary tales and 100 secondary tales. He had to be proficient in the forms of divination known as the *imbais forosnai*, *dichetal do chennaib*, and the *teinm laida*. A retinue of twenty-four men followed the Ollamh when he traveled, and he could always expect to receive the hospitality of the host wherever he went; in law his rank was equal to that of a petty king, and the calling to the

vocation was usually a family tradition. An even better protection than the law was his power of satire. As a part of the king's court, the Ollamh might combine the functions of poet, storyteller, and historian, including an accurate recitation of genealogies. By the first hand testimony of Oxford antiquarian William Camden, the institution of the Ollamh survived up to the end of the 16th century. An equivalent rank in early Welsh tradition may be that of the pencerdd.



Celtic and Druidic Sacred Cosmology

by Ellen Evert Hopman

9 minute mini-clip (of total 1:19 min DVD) Viewable at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n27S9PtBp24>

DVD Review by Rev. Sean W. Harbaugh Senior Druid – Sierra

Madrone Grove.

Ellen Hopman is one of the leading voices of the Celtic Reconstructionist movement today. Her new video, *Celtic Cosmology*, is a lecture on the fundamental structure of the Celtic cosmos. *Celtic Cosmology* is intended for an audience just grasping the concept of Celtic Reconstructionism, and Hopman delivers a detailed description of the Celtic universe. To paraphrase Hopman, she states early in the video that Celtic Reconstructionism is about taking as much as possible from the Celtic past from scholarly sources, and recreating as much as possible in a modern ritual format. As someone who views himself a Celtic Reconstructionist, I was interested in this video and how Hopman would present Celtic cosmology.

According to Hopman, the Celtic cosmos consists of several divisions: two seasons (summer and winter), three cauldrons, four treasures, and five directions. The Celtic cosmology also consists of the world below the ground (the world of the dead and of water), the fire above, and the tree that connects them. The tree centered universe connecting the three worlds is similar to ADF's cosmology, and the two systems share the water below and the fire above. The concept of recognizing directions differs from ADF cosmology, although in some ADF hearth cultures, this is done in ritual. ADF recognizes hearth cultures throughout the ancient Indo-European world, whereas Hopman's cosmology centers on Celtic—most notably Irish.

Hopman's gives an easy to understand delivery of Celtic Reconstructionism, and she gives a great deal of detail of the Celtic cosmos. Her delivery is descriptive, and someone who has little or no knowledge of druidry will understand what she is talking about. Hopman also describes the druid order she belongs to, the Order of the White Oak, and how they are dedicated to Celtic Reconstructionism.

The video is informative and easy to follow, but there are a few negatives. The sound quality is poor. Although the opening music was at a normal volume, Hopman's dialog was very low; therefore, I needed to adjust my volume up dramatically to hear her speak. The video was poorly edited, and there are places where the viewer can see where it was paused and restarted.

Beside the audio issues, I was also troubled with several of the statements Hopman makes during her presentation. For example, Hopman states that the Celts invented the sausage, which is debatable. The first historical mention of sausage is in Homer's *Odyssey* in the 9th century BCE. Other troubling assertions include, "If you're going to do Celtic ritual, you must make offerings to water", "if you are going to be a druid, you must study Hinduism", and "Hinduism is the same religion (as druidry)". Also, Hopman's description of the Indo-European migrations is still hotly disputed in scholarly circles, and she delivers her theories of the Indo-European Black Sea migrations as fact. I also found that her negative description of her experiences of past involvement in the Neopagan druid movement as unnecessary in a video describing the Celtic Reconstructionist movement.

In conclusion, Hopman delivers a very good description of the Celtic Reconstructionist movement, and members of ADF will recognize the similarities in cosmology. The video is geared toward people with little knowledge of druidry. I would recommend this video to those newer ADF members who want a nice explanation of druidry and the three worlds, although at \$20 plus shipping, I believe the DVD could be priced a little more affordable. Hopman's *Celtic Cosmology* is nearly identical to ADF cosmology, and new members starting on the ADF Dedicant Program could find this video useful to help them understand the three realms that both cosmologies share.

Ellen's new DVD on Celtic Cosmology is now available for \$20.00 plus \$4.00 for s/h. (send to POB 219, Amherst, MA 01004). For the same price you can order a VHS (video) or DVD of Pagans – The Wheel of the Year (a look at rituals from many Pagan traditions including songs, chants, original music, and poetry) or a DVD of Gifts from the Healing Earth (hands on herbalism and kitchen medicines).



Two Stonehenge Games:

For some reason, Stonehenge inspires people to think playfully out of the box, and others to make playful boxes. Here are two games that I recently found on line that may intrigue you also.

-Mike the Fool



Brain Controlled Stonehenge Building by Emotiv?

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YxMux4uEkLI>

The Emotiv EPOC will ship with a game by [Demiurge Studios](#), previously called "The Game", built on the [Unreal engine](#). Videos of portions of the game have been shown at conferences and in media interviews. The game involves a first person view of the user walking around a virtual environment, with many different activities at different locations. The sky changes color according to the mood of the player. Demonstrated activities in the game include pushing and rotating giant stone structures into the

shape of stone [henge](#), then raising a temple from below the ground; levitating a large rock and some smaller ones; repairing a bridge; bending a tree; and scaring away glowing spirits with scary facial expressions. -WIKIPEDIA

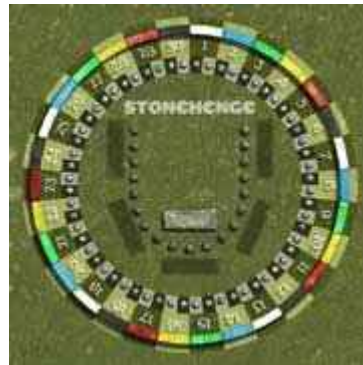
Stonehenge: An Anthology Board Game™

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Stonehenge has always been a mystery, its original purpose lost in time. Titanic Games asks the question: what would five world-class game



designers make of such a they ones to first together each of designers sale by Faidutti, and an



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location if were the discover it?

Anthology five them the resulted in showdown James a magical alien

Stonehenge contains:

- One rulebook with five games
- One game board
- One deck of 65 cards
- Five plastic trilithons
- 50 plastic disks
- 50 plastic bars
- Six plastic pawns

In addition to the five games you get in the Stonehenge box, there are lots more games you can play with Stonehenge. You can play Paul Peterson's "Stonehenge Rocks!," a Spinal Tap-esque rock concert game, which is available as a [free PDF download](#) from The five games in the box are:

Magic of Stonehenge, by Richard Garfield: Richard, the creator of Magic: The Gathering, came up with a game where wizardly druids vie to cast a spell to raise up the trilithons from the earth. The most powerful druid will be the one who can marshal more apprentices to his cause than any other. Raise your trilithon, then complete the spell to be crowned the most powerful druid in your clan.



Auction Blocks, by James Ernest: James, the designer of Kill Doctor Lucky and other classics from the Cheapass Games line, gave us a game about selling off the rocks of Stonehenge one by one. Those monoliths have been blocking the locals' view for a long time, and it's time to sell them off cheap. Bid for the stones and walk off the biggest pile of rocks you can.



The High Druid, by Bruno Faidutti: Bruno, the author of *Mystery of the Abbey* and *Citadels*, wrote a game that focuses on a druidic election. Stonehenge is divided into seven colleges, each of which gets to vote on who they want to be the High Druid. Try to control as many colleges as you can, but don't get caught voting like everyone else, or your votes won't count.



Arthurian Ghost Knights, by Richard Borg: Richard, the designer of *Liar's Dice* and *BattleLore*, writes a war game that pits the long-dead Knights of the Round Table against one another in a struggle over Stonehenge. You place knightly guards at the massive trilithons, working to gain control while your foes use their swords to cut down your guards. And watch out for the capricious Morgan Le Fay, who can cause all sorts of chaos.



Chariots of Stonehenge, by Mike Selinker: Mike, the designer of *Risk: Godstorm* and *Unspeakable Words*, adapted Erich von Daniken's *Chariots of the Gods* into a game about alien chariot racing. You get a chariot with a telekinetic beam on the front, which you use to knock stones into the paths of your opponents. You skitter around the stones, trying to get the end without crashing into a wall. First chariot across the finish line wins!



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Green Life Advice

Reduce your carbon footprint and save your wallet with these seven simple green driving tips.

1. *Clear the clutter:* the greater the load, the higher the fuel consumption. Every 100-200 extra pounds lower a car's fuel economy by 1-2%, so clean out that trunk!
2. *Mind your maintenance.* A well-tuned car is safer and more efficient, so check tire pressure, oil, and filters regularly. Having properly inflated and aligned tires can improve gas mileage by 6-10%,

according to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. For every 3 pounds below recommended

pressure, fuel economy goes down 1%. Tires can lose about 1 pound of pressure per month, so check the air pressure monthly (when the tires are cold before driving). Underinflated tires can also detract from handling, safety, and how long the tires will last.

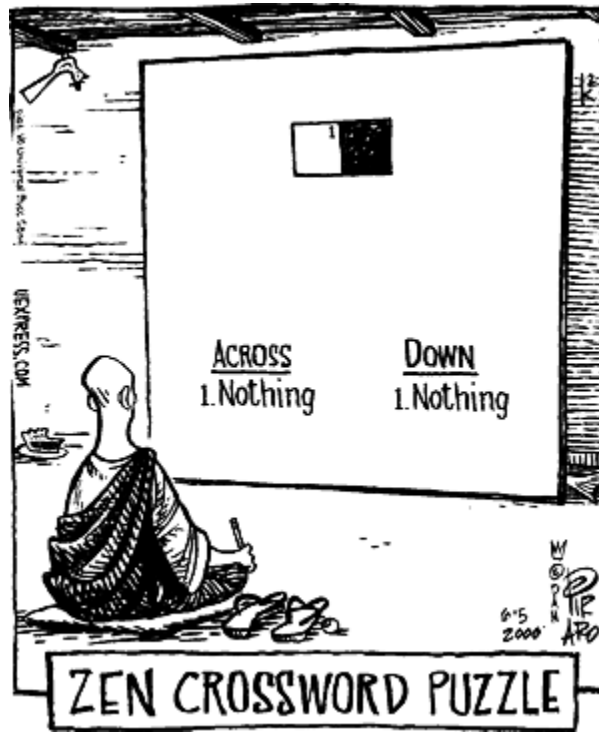
3. *Accelerate and decelerate gently.* Fast, aggressive, or "jack rabbit" driving is a big fuel waster, increases pollution, and is hard on your engine. Avoid engine revs of more than 3,000 rpm. If your vehicle has it, use overdrive gear at cruising speeds. When driving a manual transmission, shift up as soon as possible. Running in a higher gear decreases the rpm, decreases fuel use, and decreases engine wear. One second of high-powered driving can produce nearly the same volume of carbon monoxide emissions as a half hour of normal driving.

4. *Lower your speed and abide by the speed limits.* Even small decreases in speed can lead to 10% better fuel efficiency. For example, in Consumer Reports studies slowing from 75 to 65 mph resulted in a 5 mpg performance increase, and slowing from 75 to 55 mph saved 10 mpg. Use engine braking by anticipating the traffic in front of you, lifting your foot off the accelerator, and downshifting if possible. Most cars reach peak efficiency while cruising between 55 and 60 mph, so try to maintain a constant speed.

5. *Use electrical accessories only when necessary.* For example, AC (air conditioning) results in 10-25% more fuel consumption. Use the AC only if you are driving faster than 40 mph, since engine power at high speeds goes to reducing drag. When driving at lower speeds, it is more efficient to roll down your windows.

6. *Think different.* Plan your trips and choose routes with fewer lights and less congestion. Warmed-up engines and catalysts are more efficient and generate much less air pollution, so combining several errands into one trip can make a big difference. You may even be able to park in one central spot and walk between some of your errands rather than driving and parking at each one. Organize your stops so they are near each other and so you are not retracing your path. Investing in a navigation device (e.g., GPS) can be beneficial. Carpooling just once per week saves 57 gallons of gasoline and reduces CO₂ emissions by 1,100 pounds per year. Use a car-share or ride-share service.

7. *Don't idle.* Restarting the engine burst the same amount of fuel as idling for one minute. If you will be waiting for longer than one



¹ Amy J Morgan and Anthony F Jorm. Self-help interventions for depressive disorders and depressive symptoms: a systematic review. *Ann Gen Psychiatry*. 2008; 7: 13.
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Irony, a rugged Druid.

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