

TOUCHSTONE

The journal of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids
September 2022

Issue 301



Harvest Basket - Nick Baldwin

SYLVAN LINES
(no cell phone required)

She lives in that place of spine and sinew
of life that runs through the pine and the
willow
and lines of silver rippling through the
earth
just below the surface
tying all trees together as one
and sending messages to the sun and
beyond
no cell phone required

Pamela Low

TOUCHSTONE is published by OBOD.

OBOD OFFICE ADDRESS: PO Box 1333, Lewes,
E. Sussex, BN7 1DX email: office@druidry.org Phone
UK: +44 1273 470888 US: +1 (857) 293-6468

MEMBERSHIP ENQUIRIES please contact Annie
at the office address above.

TOUCHSTONE SUBMISSIONS to the edi-
tor: Penny Billington, 4 Park View, Wells ,BA5
1UW, UK email: obodtouchstone@gmail.com

Opinions/statements by contributors are not neces-
sarily those of the editor, Order or publishers.

*Submissions from members are welcomed, but it is not
always possible to use everything offered for publication.
Contributions may be edited without consultation unless a
request is made to the contrary. Deadline for events inclusion
is 15th of the month (or during the first week for longer sub-
missions) before publication. Submissions may be printed on
the OBOD website unless requested otherwise.*

OBOD MESSAGE BOARD: register at
www.druidry.org/board/dhp

MENTORS: for all enquiries about mentors
please email Mentors@druidry.org or write to
the Mentor Co-ordinator Steve Hounsone, PO
Box 1333, Lewes, E. Sussex, BN7 1DX

Mentors@druidry.org is for members only.

LISTINGS OF GROVES, SEEDGROUPS can
be found at

www.druidry.org/community/groves-groups

FIND BOOKS, gifts and jewellery online at
OBOD's marketplace: store.druidry.org

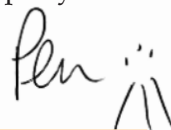
EDITORIAL

Welcome September, with hazelnuts, apples
and pears, imbuing the weeks between
sultry August and chill October with its own
golden-hued magic.

A last memory of the Glastonbury Gathering
is present as extracts from ritual, pp 5,7,12 &
15; to be read out loud, for maximum effect.
Then we turn our minds to the autumnal
trees, with news of the tiny UK forests'
initiative p14, a Canadian gal's tree folk, p4
and the healing elm, p13. Nature is burgeon-
ing, so if you're a forager, why not tell us
about it?

Do humans set the ground rules? One rodent
clearly has ideas about that, p6; and we're
concluding how the ancients related to the
world in 'Offering Practices', p 9. Poems flow
through this edition, and Open Forum offers
an opportunity and an apology for an edito-
rial mess up: parameters are once more set to
normal, so please don't let this put you off
sending in your contributions...!

Equinoctial blessings,



Sept '22 TOUCHSTONE Issue 301

- 3 Bards' Page
- 4 Just a Canadian Girl &.. *Sheila Scully*
- 5 Ritual extract / G&S noticeboard
- 6 ...curious incident of the mouse.. *Even Tomte*
- 7 Ritual extract
- 8 John O'Donahue's seven...*Sarah Hopkins*
- 9 Offering practices Part 2 *Francis Joy*
- 11 Open Forum
- 12 Open Forum / Ritual extract
- 13 The canopy of the elm *Marcus Kingston*
- 14 Tiny Forest news
- 15 Ritual extracts / regular meetings
- 16 Events

TIMBERFOLK

I was born at the base of an oak
from the unformed mass of furling leaves
first a memory of dappled green,
waiting to be discovered.

I was taken from my mother tree
assumed as an abandoned cherub
her roots snapped and whispered unto me,
fear not the change you herald.

as I grew into human body
my roots dried up and my leaves fell off
then i lost all sense of origin
and felt like a creepy ghost.

the whispers grew distant like a dream
and I no longer heard the howling
of my long-lost cousin, coyote;
my nature became estranged.

now when I walk in the woods again,
I feel each tree face me with its back
as if to say i am not welcome
I am too far from home now.

where could my oak spirit mother be,
and has her body yet burned away
in the flames of human reckoning?
or is there time to save her...

messengers tell me that she is fine.
as I reach my limbs toward the sky,
I feel my horns growing in nicely
and hardly recognize me.

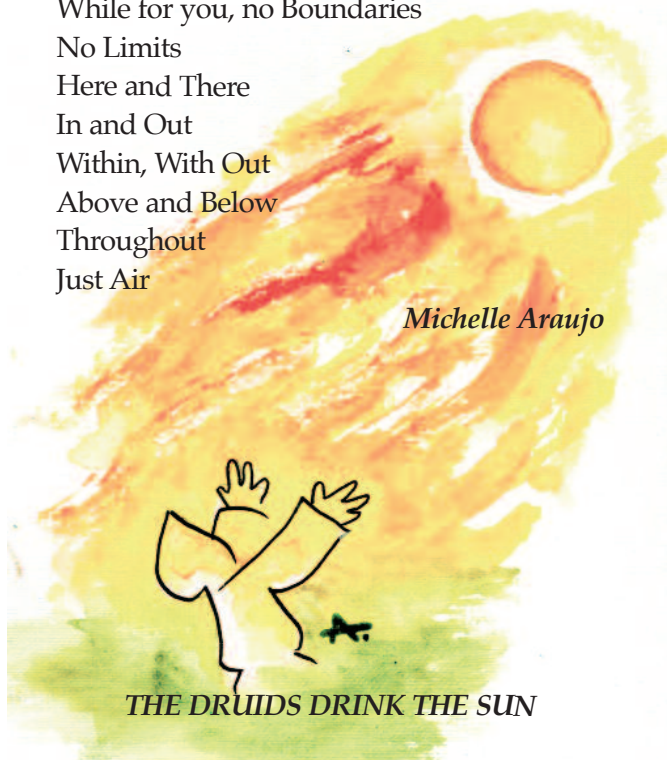
Van Donohue



WORKING WITH THE AIR ELEMENT

Invisible
Wisdom
Unkillable
Freedom
Wingless Flyer
Eternal Messenger
Friend of the Stars
Carrier of Sound
Even the Sun is envious of You
For he is the King that reigns from afar
While for you, no Boundaries
No Limits
Here and There
In and Out
Within, With Out
Above and Below
Throughout
Just Air

Michelle Araujo



THE DRUIDS DRINK THE SUN

The Sun inspires the flora
The flora replies with flowers

The flowers inspire the bees
The bees reply with honey

The honey inspires the mead makers
The mead makers reply with mead

The mead inspires the Druids
The Druids drink the Sun

Shaun W Hayes

The trees (and other particularly memorable plants) of my youth, are old friends and faithful companions. Some, like

Just a Canadian Girl and her Tree Folk **SHEILA SCULLY**

"Soldiers at attention in an impeccably straight row

Lombardy Poplar stands where the

the skunk cabbage and cedar, have followed me across Canada from Quebec, Ontario, Alberta and all the way here to Vancouver Island off the west coast. While others, like the Sugar Maple and Red Maple remain treasured memories of my childhood. The designated meanings, associations with the Elements and the rhymes are my own.

EARTH

Horse Chestnut -

both a threat and a gift, absurd, unique, autumn, fertility

"Horse Chestnut, what an unlikely name

For a tree whose strange gifts are absurdly the same"

Northern Catalpa -

extravagance, exaggeration, curious, summer

"Northern Catalpa, a tree that is an exaggeration of itself."

Blue Spruce -

winter, beauty, unique colour, celebration, holy, warmth, eternal

"A Blue Spruce at sunset, laden with snow
This wealth beyond measure sets my heart aglow"

Oak -

miraculous from tiny acorns, fairy hats, magical, familiar, moon, love

"Children marvel at magical tiny acorns capped with fairy hats.

Told they will become the mighty Oak tree?
What about that!"

AIR

Lombardy Poplar -

stately, determined, duty-bound, rigid, obedient - summer

prairie winds blow."

Trembling Aspen -

foreboding, secrets, mystery, knowledge, foreshadowing, divination, excitement

"Trembling Aspen, trembling girl

knows the leaves are whispering that the winds will whirl"

Lilac -

fragrant, beauty, sensuous, traditional, custom, nostalgic

"Aunt Mildred's fragrance, wrapped in a gift for me

A Lilac scented powder puff will forever symbolize glee."

Eastern White Cedar -

delicate, lace-like intricacy, fragrant lining to protect clothes and blankets, protection, privacy

"Tall hedge of Eastern White Cedar our privacy shields

Paid for by the mosquito swarms it yields"

FIRE

Sugar Maple -

winter, sweet, tradition, community, heritage, belonging, home

"Deep white snow and stomping cold feet

A community's journey to Sugar Maple treats"

Red Maple -

Autumn, spectacular, awe-inspiring, ablaze, plenty, marvelous, fleeting, a moment in time

"A yearly tradition to wonder as we gaze

When the Red Maple sets the landscape ablaze"

Sour Cherry -

plenty, gift-giving, treats, generosity, abundance

"Sour Don't eat too many, you'll get a belly-ache

The next one will be the last that I take."

Forsythia -

summer, fragrant, ostentatious, home, cheerful, exuberant

"A riotous display of ostentation, a yellow explosion right down the lane

Forsythia beckons with cheerful greeting and the reassurance that I'm home again."

"

Silver Birch -

paper, canoe, history, aboriginal, connection, autumn

"Land of the Silver Birch home of my birth
Stolen from Peoples with reverence for the earth."

Weeping Willow -

grace, beauty, flowing, water, home, Lughnasa

"Willow Weeping by the riverside
Is it joy or sorrow the secret you hide?"

Skunk Cabbage -

pungent, sensual, outlandish, unconventional, spring, water

"What on earth are you doing!!" my horrified sister said

as I tucked a treasure trove of skunk cabbage underneath my bed."

Cattail -

unique, hidden treasure, fuzzy

Cattail clustered at the water's edge

Can you purr like my kitten on the window ledge."



Excerpts from the Midsummer ritual

The Earth:

Feel the earth beneath your feet,
Be nourished and healed by the earth,
Be protected and fed by the earth,
The earth holds and carries us on our journey,
Bringing us strength and nourishment to grow and flourish,
I am in the wisdom of the stones, the rivers and the trees,
Abundant earth,
The ever growing harvest,
The cool waters that nourish and heal,
In return we give our love and gratitude to the earth,
We care for and honour the earth,
In return we receive the abundant growth,
Filling us with vitality and nourishment,
Feel that connection deep and strong,
As we stand here on the sacred earth,
We take a breath,
This sacred earth,
We take a breath,
The sacred water, (pause)
We take a breath, (pause)
The sacred air, (pause)
We take a breath,
With the height of the sun.



OBODies on the Big Island

Aloha, looking for any OBODies living on the Big Island of Hawaii, specifically in or near the small artist town of Volcano. Get in touch with me directly at attento@yahoo.com

*A rustle in my quiet
little house...
a mouse.*

*It claims its half,
behind the walls
and screens*

in lofts and floors and other in-betweens

So here we stay, the mouse and I, two me-s.

Both proper rightful landlords, if you please.

But each allows the other space to live

*In our homes, a game of take and
give. (Piet Hein, my translation)*



I live in an old farming house up in the mountains. It stood vacant for a long time before we moved in, so it is no surprise there were other inhabitants. We first noticed it as a rustle in the walls, then certain tell-tale signs left behind. After closing a few gaps here and there, there were less of them. But some remained. One particularly stubborn individual keeps coming back.



We are peaceful folk and prefer to avoid violence if we can, so we have caught them in non-lethal traps and released them in the barn, and left some nuts and seeds to encourage them to stay there. But one of them is apparently a creature of habit. It somehow finds its way back into the house, over and over again.

As time has passed we have grown accustomed to the odd noise every now and then. We have found ourselves worrying a little whenever we have not heard it in a couple of days - you don't suppose anything has happened to it, do you?

Our inhabitant seems to have decided that we are not really dangerous. One of the last times I caught it, it watched from the corner of my room as I found the trap, applied some

The curious Incident of the Mouse in the Night-Time EVEN TØMTE

peanut butter and plonked the trap down in front of it, then walked casually into the trap,

almost with a shrug, allowing itself to be transported outside. It was back the next morning.

There has been a drought recently, with little water available for plants and animals. One night my partner awoke to find the little creature sipping from a glass on her nightstand, an act which must have taken a lot of courage. After that she left a little water near its usual haunts.

A few days later she found something under her pillow: a bean, with soil still on it. It must have been put there deliberately. I had been wondering why the beans I had planted would not grow.

We are gradually coming to tolerate each other's presence, but unfortunately the ending is not quite as harmonious as in the poem. After the incident with the water and the bean our inhabitant got a little too bold. I had been away for a couple of days and returned to find that it had eaten many of my plants, chewed through my pajamas and relieved itself on my bed.

The next time I caught it I moved it further away, to the abandoned barn at the neighbouring property. I enjoyed a few nights of silence, and I thought that would be the end of it. I caught myself thinking about the little annoyance and wondering if it was doing all right. But now it's back again. I am keeping the door to my room properly closed this time, but for two nights in a row I have heard frustrated clawing on the outside.



The little mouse has stubbornly managed to attach itself to our household, and I wish it a great life. At the same time I will assert myself enough to keep it from eating my plants. I know many humans would have killed it without a second thought, as we tend to do whenever nature appears mildly inconvenient for us.

Right now hunters here in Norway are on the prowl for a wolf, a member of a critically endangered and supposedly protected species, which has committed the crime of existing slightly outside of the area politicians have designated for it. (Not that staying within that area is any guarantee of safety.) It has harmed no one, but will be killed because it might hypothetically do so at some point in the future.

We are, far too slowly, starting to realize that the consequences of killing everything in our path might not be entirely pleasant for us either. Somehow, if we want to keep existing, we need to co-exist. We are dependent on nature, but nature will manage without us.

Our guest, stubbornly insisting on its right to claim a space in this world, has taught me something about the need to live and let live.

I will keep my door to my plants closed, for I want them to live too. But I will treat the mouse with friendly respect even as I recognize our conflict of interest. After all, it might well be that we are the guests, and the mouse is the proper rightful landlord.



Excerpts from the Midsummer ritual

Peace:

Peace to this place,
Peace to this circle,
As we connect to this sacred land,
As we connect to this sacred place,
This is a time of peace,
In peace we stand,
Peace radiates from this place throughout
the whole world,
In the stillness of the circle we feel this
flowing energy, (Pause),
Flowing, radiating within us, within this
circle,
Out into the world,
In the stillness of this ancient land the
peace givers come,
To stand here as one,
Under the light of the sun,
The peace from this circle,
Touching many,
The abundant growth that comes to all
who seek, to all who ask,
In balance and harmony we make our
prayer,
It is done,
So may it be.

ARACHNOPHOBIA

eight legs, stubby and furred
or elegant, long and smooth
camouflaged or fluorescent
gods of poetry, poison and pranks

the stuff of nightmares and divination

would our rooted Elders chastise
that they did not provide the gift of paper
to roll up and indulge in a squish fetish

Tracy Rupp

John O'Donoghue's Seven Styles of Vision. SARAH HOPKINS

When my father was dying I noticed one of the four books on his bookshelf was Anam cara" by John O'Donoghue.

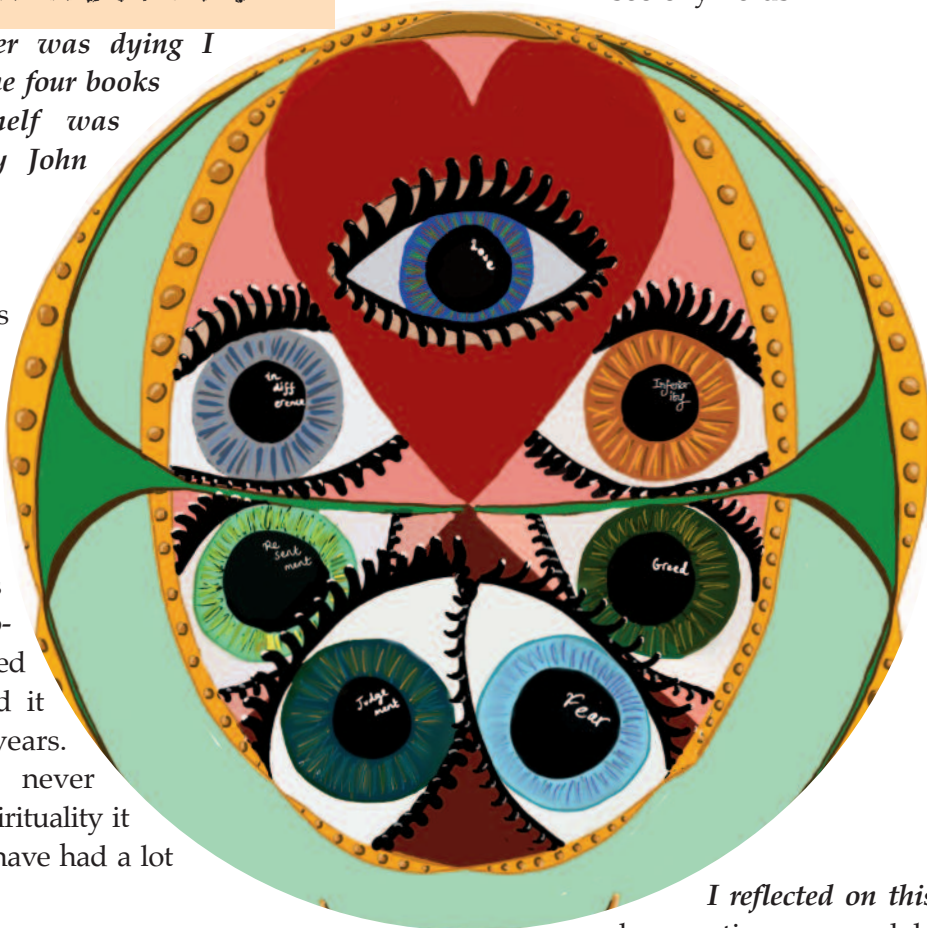
I had bought this but had not got around to reading it.

After he died I spent the week-end reading his book. The inscription inside showed he had treasured it for over 20 years. Although we never discussed our spirituality it seems we must have had a lot in common.

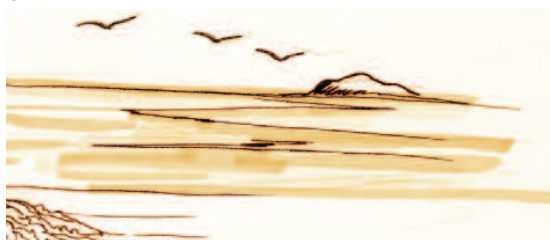
The idea of the Seven Styles of Vision struck a chord with me:-

*A fearful eye is always feeling threatened
A greedy eye can never be happy with what it has
A judgmental eye judges others and often, even more harshly, itself
A resentful eye is always begrudged and can never enjoy
An indifferent eye has given all its power away
An inferior eye always looks away from its own treasure
A loving eye is bright, autonomous and free.*

'Vision is central to your presence and creativity. To recognise how you see things can bring you self knowledge and enable you to glimpse the treasures your life secretly holds.'



I reflected on this by creating a mandala and then held a ceremony on the beach where I took a pebble to represent each view I felt was being detrimental to my spiritual growth and cast it into the sea.



How comforting to continue learning from and being guided by my father after his death.

In Part 1, Frances discussed ancient offerings...

What is clear from the photo below is that none of the offer-

ings seen are connected with agriculture or malign practices or powers. They are what has survived from the old hunting cultures in the north. Rock paintings and offerings are connected with embedded knowledge systems of communication.

In other words, this is nature's order-way and people have retained the knowledge of how these relationships work through interspecies communication. Health, well-being and requests for good fertility and protection for the reindeer and fish stocks through offering practices are ways people have sustained life in the Arctic north with its long-harsh winters for thousands of years. Offering animals parts to sacred stones is the oldest religious observation-practice known with the study of religions.

In the Sámi culture sieidi stones can be found in groups and as whole families in forests, by lakes and on the shoreline of the Arctic Ocean. Sacred sieidi sites can be whole islands, peninsulas, shore stacks and numerous boulder formations where spiritual powers have taken up residence to be fed-nourished and revered. Many Sámi families have their own sieidi stones which protects the whole family.

In the municipality of Inari in Finnish Sápmi, the Sámi homeland area, there is a holy sieidi stone

Offering practices, interspecies communication & the spirits of our cultures Pt 2 FRANCIS JOY

on a peninsula that local children have taken offerings of berries and chocolate to as gifts and asked for help-power in attaining

success in their school exams. The stone has been in its location since the end of the last glacial period when the landscape was formed. But, it is known for its power, especially by fishermen.

Interactions as such can be acknowledged as examples of how elders pass on traditional knowledge, cultural memory, beliefs, practices and maintaining traditions among children. Thus, helping with identity development, which is rooted in the belief that nature is alive and human beings are a part of it and therefore, can communicate with its inherent powers when approached consciously and respectfully.

On reflection of the sacred sites I have visited in Britain, it amazes me how faces and sometimes, what look like whole persons are personified in stone, quite similar to those here in the north. I have seen them in Stonehenge, Avebury and Stanton Drew, to name but a few. It can be that these are manifestations of the local, regional or national deities and protectors are made manifest in their different forms within stone circles or individual standing stones, which in some



cases have sadly been forgotten about and are thus, taken for granted and used as tourism attractions, thus diminishing their value and wealth as cultural treasures.

Here in northern Finland, there are similar challenges regarding protection of sacred sites, as there is to be found in the UK, and elsewhere in the world, which have become tourism attractions, despite there being narratives linked with them. The term 'heritage' suggests something of the past, and no longer in use, despite here in the Arctic north, sites being still used for worship, offerings and reverence by hunters, reindeer herders and fishermen. Thankfully, however, as more and more people are waking up to their own cultural heritage and what remains of earlier traditions, beliefs and practices, interactions with sacred sites is becoming more of a regular practice, as is reverence for ancestors and the spirits of our cultures. Ultimately, persons who visit sacred sites recognize their inherent power and how this power can help them.

In Danu Forest's excellent book, *The Druid Shaman – Exploring the Celtic Otherworld*, there are a couple of rather nice chapters about ancestors, bloodlines and offering ceremonies, which are worth paying attention to, because they help provide a number of good ideas and knowledge concerning traditions related to offering practices in the UK, which are very important to consider, in our times. Every culture has its own unique foods and beverages, which can be baked and brewed and offered to sacred places as a way of honouring and paying reverence to the spiritual powers in the land and also feeding them in order to help keep them strong. This can likewise be one of the ways of reclaiming power and tradition. Incense burning is another ancient world-

wide offering practice, which has been used for thousands of years in most cultures. The Celts making the best of the ancient pine, spruce and juniper forests of Europe were able to burn resins and aromatic substances in order to establish connections with the other worlds in times of need and council. Burning incense, like offering different kinds of foods and liquids is a respectful and loving way to help nourish and feed the hunger of the guardians of our cultures who live in other dimensions, so they might be strengthened and empowered to help us in our daily human lives and struggles.

After rituals, these powers would sometimes reveal what is called truth-dreams, where exact information about certain events or answers to questions would be disclosed during sleep because of the strength and power of burning aromatic substances, which delighted them.

It is true that much information about ancient offering practices has been lost because it was not written down. However, and building on the fragments of history, today, people (and especially Druids), are in such a wonderful position whereby new stories and narratives are being created that serve important functions in our present times. Equally, as sacred places are being reanimated and revitalized in multiple ways, new approaches and techniques are being developed both individually and within groups that pay reverence and respect to the ways of our forebearers and what has survived from their times.

My work with the indigenous Sámi people, which covers many different aspects of shamanism and cosmology & my doctoral dissertation can be found online in pdf format and is free: <https://lauda.ulapland.fi/handle/10024/63178>

OH NATURE SHEPHERD ME

Oh nature shepherd me,
With thy fertile hand
Where the cry of freedom
Is heard throughout the land!
From the mid of dusk til dawn
You never seem to cease
And in the wild your power
Seems only to increase.

Oh shepherd be my guide
Until your end is nigh
Take me to your land
Where naught shall ever die!
And on the nearest plains
The Green Man laughs and sways
Until the day of Ragnarok,
But nature still remains

Samuel Falkingham



Dear OBOD members: an invitation...

A cloak of many threads, linking the Global Community of Druidry through the ritual alchemy of sewing and embroidery. Weaving a story, through land, place and space. Recognising and honouring growth, connections and journeys through Druidry. Sacred Art.

If you were tuned into the relevant Fireside chat with Eimear, you might remember a suggestion of a project entailing a garment being sent around the world for members to embroider. We are delighted to have got the ball rolling on this and we have set up a group to organise and support anyone who wishes to take part.

You don't have to have done embroidery before, just be willing to give it a go. If this sounds like something you would like to do please head over and join the group.

We have posted some information and will update regularly.

Fleur

Fleur Camille Pennington

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/761955568330153>

Excerpts from the Midsummer ritual

Balance:

The balance of day and night,
The balance of moon and sun,
In this balance we stand here,
In this sacred space,
The in-between place of balance,
We can surrender and let go,
We are open to abundant new beginnings,
As we stand at the threshold of the height of summer,
We prepare to walk through the doorway of infinite possibility,
I bring that balance as we stand here,
Stand here in that dream-time,
Between the worlds,
As the height of summer approaches,
Walk into that golden opportunity,
Lighting our sacred path,
The knowledge and insights,
The wisdom of the Earth, Sky and Sea,
As we travel along the road,
Touching the hearts of many,
In balance we walk,
Feel that balance,
Flowing in our hearts,
We welcome the flowing rays,
With joy,
With gratitude,
As we stand in balance.

OPEN FORUM

An apology. In June, the intoxicating scent of rose and elderflower must have affected your editorial team... eyes were definitely off the ball and mistakes occurred for which we're very sorry.

Many apologies to Samantha, author of 'Can autistics be Druids.' She says...

'2 words in my piece have been misspelled therefore changing the whole meaning of that part of the text. Perseverate was changed to persevere and perseveration to persevering, the words I used are the correct words.'

How these substitutions got through the proof-reading stages is a mystery, but I am embarrassed that we didn't pick them up. I'm not including a definition as Samantha was concerned that, 'Many in the Autistic Community believe in the Social Model of disability and not the Medical Model.' There's obviously a lot more understanding needed here - it's a huge subject.

She also asks, 'Would it be possible to also address the use of the parentheses around my words, as in (a speaking Autistic Druid), in this case the parentheses are a kind of othering...' To explain: the parentheses (brackets) were inserted purely to aid the flow and clarity of a complex sentence, and I trust Druids not to read any other meaning into them.

I've always blessed our authors' generosity and forbearance over the occasional editorial hiccup, and the shared understanding that we are all engaged in producing Touchstone in the Druidic ethos. A special thanks to Samantha for showing this spirit in her correspondence.

Blessings, Ed.

Excerpts from the Midsummer ritual

The Universe:

As the clouds part at the end of the day
and the night sky unfolds,
Be inspired by the universe unfolding all
around you,
Be filled by the mystery of the heavens,
Listen to the wisdom and knowledge held
in the universe,
Carry that wisdom within you,
Within your inner being,
The inner universe,
The universal light,
We are filled by and radiate the pure light
of the heavens,
May our hearts connect as we come
together,
Many voices sing the universal chant of
inspiration,
And chant,
Awen,... Awen,... Awen (Pause)
May this inspiration light our path,
May the light of the sun illuminate our
path,
May the universal Awen inspire our path.

Equinox approaches, the pause of autumn -

"But when fall comes, kicking summer out on its treacherous ass as it always does one day sometime after the mid-point of September, it stays awhile like an old friend that you have missed. It settles in the way an old friend will settle into your favorite chair and take out his pipe and light it and then fill the afternoon with stories of places he has been and things he has done since last he saw you."

Stephen King, 'Salem's Lot'

Under the canopy of the Elm

MARCUS KINGSTON



Ailm: Elm this time, not Pine. It took a while to calm and come down from the disconnection of being under the weather. I stood inside the four hundred year old for a while, asking if it was okay to commune. Seemingly, there were no messages yet I felt compelled to sit outside under the canopy of the Twin Elm, the remaining Twin Elm of Preston Park.



Then Elm began to hum: "Take time to be stilled, enjoy the vista and the shade and build this as a memory to carry in your pocket when you need to calm your busy mind."

I watched a brightly coloured Bee floating above and in the grasses and yarrow, checking the earth was happy and letting me know it's okay to just Bee, before I buzz off back to my busy world having been gifted the gift of presence under the canopy of the Elm.



And Elm hummed once more "Let those seconds and minutes you are counting waft away on the breeze under the canopy of the Elm."

Thank you Bee and Elm for letting me Bee and for turning my ailments into a calm Ailm entity.

Xxx





GWERSI (New Beginnings)

She watched in despair,
As humans continued to,
Pollute her oceans,
Fell her rainforests,
Frack her lands.

The misguided progress of humanity.
Gaia, with disappointment upon her face,
decided to share her secrets once more.

Earth was the first to hear her call,
Offering their furs and pines,
The provision of parchment and paper,
would provide the foundations of rejuvena-
tion.

Air soon followed upon the breeze,
Bending a young Druid's ear,
Whispering the secrets needing to be heard,
providing thoughts and ideas to heal the
land

Water flowed forth as Druid became scholar,
Ink flowing from pen to parchment,
The written word reformed,
for others to hear Gaia's call

And finally, Fire,
Hidden within the pages themselves,
Would provide the spark of transformation,
For those who took notice of the secrets of
the Gwersi.

Andrew Fabian



Tiny forests - spread the idea!

*In late autumn, tree planting begins, so
now's the time for Druids in ones, twos,
groups and Groves, to start planning.*

In Bristol there's a wonderful initiative - a
forest to be planted on land the size of a
tennis court! The land will include 600 trees
including oaks, birch, elder, blackthorn and
guelder rose. This leads a project across the
UK, with land already allocated for tiny
forests in Birmingham, Leicester,
Wolverhampton and Glasgow, and 100
forests planned over the next three years.

This tiny forest is part of the 'Trym Valley
Open Space Regeneration' which will see the
river repopulated with trout and a commu-
nity orchard. Community involvement is
key to clearing, regenerating and altering
attitudes towards these neglected spaces and
monitoring the project will include
encouraging young people to collect data as
'citizen scientists' - and Druids will welcome
the opportunities to forage! 'Tiny forests'
derive from woodland management
methods in Japan, where diverse species are
closely planted in urban areas.



Earthwatch Europe has planted two tiny
forests in Oxfordshire: they say that tiny
forests can attract more than 500 animal and
plant species within three years. If any UK
Druid lives near any of these projects, do
update us periodically.

Foraged hazelnuts - Wells & Glastonbury 2022. PB

Excerpts from the Midsummer ritual

THE CIRCLE:

Forever flowing,
Forever growing,
The circle as one,
Connection, Joy and peace,
Come join the circle,
Come join the dance,
The dance of life,
Be connected now,
The dance of life,
Earth sea and sky,
The dance of life,
The seasons turn,
Above, below and within,
Balanced we walk on the sacred earth,

My body is filled by your sacred flow,
The turning wheel,
My body is filled by your sacred flow,
The turning wheel,
Welcome to new beginnings,
In joy and celebration,
We celebrate at this time
Together,
With feast and song,
Story and laughter,
In Joyful dance
Togetherness and tribe,
Together as one,..... so may it be,
Together as one,..... so may it be,
Together as one,..... So may it be.

*Thanks to Gabby & Paddy Mooney
for all ritual texts*

REGULAR GROUP MEETINGS:

ANDERIDA MOOT: 2ND MON The Ship, Southwick, nr Brighton. 8pm FFI: info@anderidagorsedd.org
ARTIO SEEDGROUP, Switzerland (Zurich) Meet/rituals/Gatherings/walks. Lily or Britta at Info@druidry.ch (+41 76 326 6963)c wc

ARTURIAN GROVE Seasonal rituals near Otley/York. Optimistichannah@outlook.com

ASH GROVE, GLASTONBURY Seasonal rituals/meetings: OBOD visitors welcome. FFI jacki.woolmington@btinternet.com

BRIGANTES SEED GROUP. YORK, England. Gatherings on the full moon. brigantes.group@gmail.com

BIG SKY GROVE, NORFOLK Our name reflects the vista and big skies of our Norfolk landscape. Open to members/ former OBOD members. Meetings (zoom) for the 8 festivals & meetings, walks, discussion. FFI: rebnikc@btinternet.com

CORNOVIL GROVE. Seasonal rituals in Worcs. www.cornovil.org or email via keith.southall@creativelandscapes.co.uk

DÓITEAN AGUS UISCE (Flame & Well Druid Grove). Seasonal rituals, moots and other gatherings. Colorado Front Range, USA. FFI: flameandwellgrove@gmail.com, https://flameandwellgrove.org

DRACAENA GROVE: Saltburn/Cleveland area of North Yorkshire. Seasonal celebrations & informal meetings. dracaenagrove@hotmail.com

DRUID PILGRIM GROVE: Pilgrimages, gatherings and rituals. Encouragement for pilgrims. Australia and NZ. Contact: danuta@adruid.com; FB: Druid Pilgrim group.

FAVERSHAM PAGAN MOOT 2nd Mon The Sun, West St Faversham Kent & events FFI www.favershampagans.org.uk

GOLDEN WATTLE SEED GROUP, ADELAIDE S. AUS. Regular meetings, rituals FFI: golden.wattle.seed.group@gmail.com

LAKE AGASSIZ SEEDGROUP 3rd Saturday of the Month: Winnipeg, Manitoba Canada. Public rituals in local parks. FFI: https://www.facebook.com/groups/lakeagassizdruids/email agassizseedgroup@gmail.com

LIGHT OF AWEN SEED GROUP in Bristol. Celebrating the wheel of the year, and healing. Email. Lightofawen8@gmail.com

MACADAMIA GROVE Seasonal/events, Brisbane Aus macademiagroove@hotmail.com FB "OBOD Macadamia Grove

THE MELBOURNE GROVE Seasonal celebrations, Melbourne, Aus: Trudy Richards moondancer@outlook.com.au

PENDLE GROVE. Clitheroe/around Lancs. Sionnach on 0161 3432705 or email drvernon@hotmail.co.uk

SHINING MOUNTAINS GROVE western Montana, USA, Eight festivals +seasonal hikes, on-line in winter. contact Heather: roanrobbins@aol.com

SETANTII SEASONAL RITUALS IN MANCHESTER / S. LANCS. Always outdoors. GROVEOFSETANTII@YAHOO.COM.

SEATTLE SEEDGROUP CIRCLE OF COLL - public rituals, workshops, tree walks &... every month. circleofcoll@circleofcoll.org

SLIABH ANAM GROVE Rituals and monthly moots Durango, Colorado, USA. FFI: contact sliabhanam@gmail.com.

SONG OF THE EASTERN SEA SEEDGROUP Central Coast of NSW Aus, FFI: contact Chris at chris@druidryaustralia.org

TAMESIS (London Seedgroup) seasonal festivals/moots/workshops Contact Ricky: gelli3@me.com

EVENTS

OBOD members and friends are welcome to submit events they have organised for inclusion here. This section may also be posted on our website at www.druidry.org Please tell us if you don't want your event posted on the www.

OBOD WHEEL OF THE YEAR ONLINE RITUALS

On fb and youtube. Hosted by CC Eimear Burke Check druidry.org/facebook
Alban Elfed, Sept 17th; Samhain, Nov 5th; Alban Arthan Dec 17th

REGULAR MONTHLY OBOD MEETINGS

OBOD PEACE MEDITATION: *with your Grove or by yourself every full moon: 7pm local time*
BUILDING RESILIENCE IN DIFFICULT TIMES An OBOD Listening Circle. FREE monthly online ZOOM gathering, 1st Wednesday of the month 7pm UTC. Contact harrietlock@gmail.com for the link.

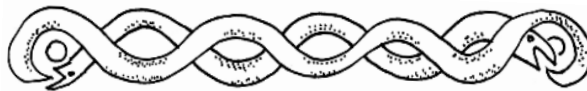
EVENTS 2022

8 - 11 Sept BAM Druid Gather: Air - Breathing Awen. Join us for our third year in beautiful Ashby, MA! Adults \$175, children (12 and under) \$50, includes meals and cabin space. We will continue to weave deep relationships with each other and the land, and focus on inspiring each other in our methods of self-care, community-care, and Earth-care. Workshops, meditations, market, Fairy Feast, children's activities, Bardic & Ovate initiations, fire circle, Eisteddfod & more. FFI: <https://bamdruidgather.org>
1-2 Oct Walkers between the worlds Part 2 32nd Foundation Course in Celtic & Ancestral Shamanism (Oxon) with John Matthews & Margot Harrison. Non-residential. FFI: janedmay@btinternet.com 01865 407680.

15 & 16 Oct Inner Journeying and OBOD ritual Level 1 with Penny Billington and Matt McCabe, in Glastonbury. Experiential workshop exploring what OBOD Druids do, and why we do it that way, in a supportive, stimulating Druidic setting. FFI or to register, email mattmccabe.1@outlook.com
Women's Ceremony and Ritual; Weaving the Magical Threads.

12-13 November Join Wild Women Retreats and OBOD Celebrant River Jones for a sacred weekend of co-created ceremony and ritual. Glastonbury Assembly Rooms £100

Bookings: info@wildwomenretreats.co.uk



2023

3-5 March 2023 Druid Grade Gorsedd in the New Forest National Park, Hampshire, England.
Email druidry.sylvangrove@gmail.com for further details

1&2 April Inner Journeying and OBOD ritual Level 2. For previous level 1 participants.
Email FFI: mattmccabe.1@outlook.com

28th, 29th, 30th July Bardic Gorsedd. For those currently studying in the bardic grade, a weekend of exploring "The fiery spark of Awen," with special guests Kristoffer Hughes and Eimear Burke. Held at Noddfa, Penmaenmawr, Wales, LL34 6YF. £185 (£85 deposit is required). lorrainem@druidry.org and tomMmentor@druidry.org (please copy both recipients into emails).