

## Lughnasadh 2007

Welcome to the inaugural edition of EOLAS, the magazine of Ord na Darach Gile - the Order of WhiteOak.

As with all new ventures you approach with a mixture of fear and excitement, gathering all the resources can be like trying to herd cats. But, I'm glad to say it's great to have the first edition completed and released. Thanks go out to everyone who made it possible.

Within this first edition we cover a wide range of topics – thought-provoking stories and poetry, articles covering the work going on to re-establish the Nature Church, and a great article on sacred well consecration from Kenneth Proefrock. Coisiche provides us with a first letter from his time serving overseas in a Druid in Iraq, in what we hope will become a regular feature.

We even throw in a few recipes.

Lughnasadh is traditionally a time of gatherings, of unions and reunions. It marks the beginning of the harvest season, the time of the first fruits. This is very much the spirit in which we'd like to launch EOLAS, in this our first fruit. A place of gathering, where we may come to speak and to share our wisdoms, to celebrate and discuss traditional lore as well as contemporary Druidic practice.

Within the peace of the Oaks,  
J Craig Melia – July 2007



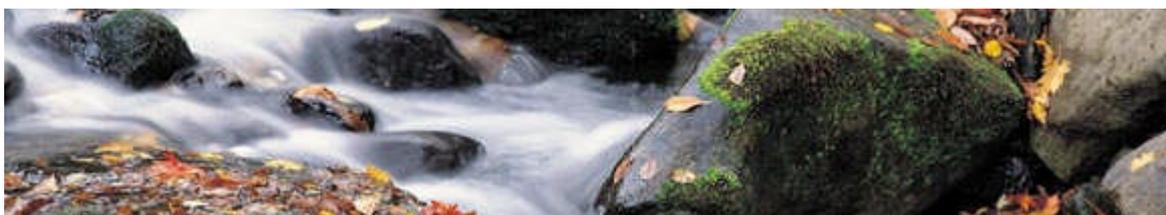
## Visit our Virtual Shrine

The Virtual Shrine Of The Goddess Brighid is dedicated to all people who are suffering and to their loved ones who are in need of help. It is also a place to celebrate and commemorate significant life passages. It is intended for the use of all People of Faith, here you may offer prayers, give thanks or write petitions within our Messages area.

We take our lead from the ancient and sacred places used by our Ancestors, those Ancient Shrines and Holy Wells that dot the landscape, allowing the traveller to give thanks and to make offering for safe journey and good fortune.

Our Blessings and Remembrance sections offer words of wisdom and prayers from many traditions, not just Celtic but also Northern Traditions, Hinduism and Buddhism.

The shrine can be viewed at [www.celticheritage.co.uk/virtualshrine](http://www.celticheritage.co.uk/virtualshrine)



The Order of WhiteOak has instituted a teaching program and system of fostership. For more details visit our website at [www.whiteoakdruids.org](http://www.whiteoakdruids.org) or email us via [membership@whiteoakdruids.org](mailto:membership@whiteoakdruids.org)

## A Story of Truth – J Craig Melia

Once, a Druid called Baedd Bach was returning to Ynis Mon when he was forced to seek refuge from a storm. Climbing a hill, he entered a citadel where he was led into a Great Hall. The smell of roast meats filled the air.

‘Greetings to you, traveller, and welcome to Caer Golau,’ spoke a regal looking bearded man, dressed in elegant clothes and seated upon an ornate throne, ‘I am Nefol Niwloedd, Lord of this place. Come join the feast.’

‘May the blessings of our Lady be upon you and yours for your kind hospitality, My Lord, for it is a cruel night to be a traveller. My name is Baedd Bach and I am a Druid of Ynis Mon.’

‘Then it is a good season for Druids, for you are the second to seek refuge here this very night,’ laughed Nefol Niwloedd, indicating a small, dark man, seated close by.

The man rose, and acknowledging Baedd with a nod, greeted his fellow traveller, ‘Blessing to you Brother Druid. I am Airgead Teanga of Emhain Macha, though your people know me as Cigfran Ddu.’ The two Druids smiled and bowed to each other.

‘Good,’ smiled Nefol Niwloedd, ‘Now that we have exchanged greetings we may continue with our feast.’

Roast pork and duck was served on silver plates, with spiced dumplings and loaves. Tankards of ale were poured, and cider and mead.

After much feasting and laughter Nefol Niwloedd rose from his throne and clapping his hands together, silenced the court. ‘Tonight,’ he

said, ‘Is Beltaine-eve and we have all enjoyed our wondrous feast. We have been blessed with the presence of two Druids. Come now, I pray that one of you will do the honour of singing for us.’

‘Brother Cigfran,’ said Baedd, ‘You must take precedence, as you do in years and knowledge.’

‘Brother Baedd, true is it that I am your elder and should have the honour, however I feel that you would be better suited to serve the taste of your countrymen. Come, sing for us.’

Baedd Bach thanked his fellow Druid, and opening his bag, took out his harp of carved oak and began to sing.

To the mellow tones of his harp he began to sing of the birth of Llew, of Gwydion and Arianrhod, of how he received his name, was granted arms and how a wife was made for him from the flowers of the wood. The court remained hushed as he sang of how Gwydion returned Llew to his true form after his wife’s betrayal, and how Llew and Gwydion took part in the Battle of Goddeu.’ Baedd Bach finished his song and returned to his seat to rapturous applause.

‘Brother Baedd, I must congratulate you on your most eloquent song,’ said Cigfran Ddu, ‘Though it is interesting how our stories of Lugh differ from yours.’

‘How so?’ asked Baedd Bach.

‘I will show you,’ said Cigfran Ddu, taking from his bag a golden harp.

As his fingers moved effortlessly across the strings he began to sing of the birth of Lugh, of Cian and Ethniu, how he was named Ioldanach, and how the sons of Tuirenn were punished for the murder of Cian, and of the war with the Fomors and the death of Balor.

The hall echoed with thunderous applause as Cigfran Ddu carefully put away his harp.

Baedd Bach lowered his head and said, ‘It is an honour to be in the presence of a Master Bard.’

‘Thankyou,’ said Cigfran Ddu, looking embarrassed, ‘But now do you not see that our versions of the story are different to yours. The question is, which version is the truth?’

Nefol Niwloedd smiled and leaning forwards in his seat said, ‘Now there is a question! But tell me how do you define ‘truth’? Clearly you both consider your separate viewpoints as being the truth. But ‘truth’ is not subject to the viewpoints of men. Truth is that which illuminates the Universe. In the searching for truth, man may seek illumination, but know this, the path to learning most about truth is through experience....’

Nefol Niwloedd’s voice trailed off as the walls of the Great Hall began to shimmer, becoming transparent until dissolving into nothing. The two Druids found themselves sitting atop a desolate hill, watching as the first rays of the dawn edged over the horizon.

## Progress (for Tara)

The arrogance of  
the yellow machines,  
speaking in diesel  
as they strip away  
the "historic overburden"  
to better rip away  
the history buried below.  
Faint blue lines  
on rolled paper  
efficient, straight,  
time-saving.  
How can they pretend  
to be saving time  
when their mission  
is to destroy it?  
"The past is gone",  
they say, as they  
load it into lorries  
to become someone  
else's past.  
The Gods, sipping  
their nectar, chuckle.  
"They're at it again",  
they say.

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Merlinbeag na Tuatha  
Garrán na Collach Rua



## The Hound is Dead

Slowly they came, though the hero light had gone,  
Towards the dying warrior, beneath that ancient stone,  
Once Man-child Setanta, now feiry hound of death,  
`Come Lugaid, claim your prize, `ere upon my dying breath,  
Hear me, Long Arm Lugh, your mortal son is dying,  
Come sweet Lady of Death, I hear your black crow crying.`

`Once more I pray to perform the salmon leap,  
Once more to test myself in the warrior feat`.  
The dark bird of the Morrigan, alights aside his head,  
And in a voice that chills the blood,  
Proclaims `The Hound is Dead`.

Farewell Conor, my King and Fergus,  
Farewell Conall, my brother in the fray,  
Farewell Ferdiad, my freind in honour,  
Farewell Laeg and the mighty Black and Grey.

No more to fair Muirthemneys fields,  
No more to the Red Branch Hall,  
My freinds, my loves, my enemies, I say farewell to all,  
Farewell beloved Emer.

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## Taliesin's Creed

In the rock, alive  
I would be hewn from it  
Like a dream of stone  
Like Merlin, my brother  
In the hidden place

A feather in bright air  
I drift in memory'sdisguise  
Shadowy as sunlight shaped by sea  
Half in, half out  
I am reborn

I am in the stone  
I am in the wood  
I am in the sun  
I am in the dancing  
I am in all thingsThis is my freedom  
This is my strength  
This is my journeying  
This my discovery  
This my self!

Here is a traditional Irish recipe that folks can use for all the lovely blue berries that will be ripe at Lughnasad;

## **Flummery** (4-6 servings)

- 1/3 cup almonds (sliced)
- 2 ounces Irish oatmeal
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 4 tablespoons honey
- 1/4 cup Irish whiskey
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1-2 cup berries

Toast the almonds and oatmeal in a pan until slightly browned and set aside.

Whip the cream until smooth, but not stiff.

Warm the honey VERY slightly, just enough that it will run easily.

Fold the honey, whiskey, half of the toasted almonds and oatmeal, half

of the berries and the lemon juice into the cream.

Mix thoroughly but lightly, and spoon into tall glasses.

Sprinkle the remaining almonds/oatmeal and berries on top. Chill and Serve.



## **Cornish Pasty**

As I write this it occurs to me that these pasties can be molded into the shape of Crescent Moons, which would make them perfect for a Moon ritual. Horned pastries are also traditional for Samhain, in honour of the Horned God.

- 1 lb/450 g lean, trimmed mutton or lamb
- 3 large potatoes chopped
- 2 medium onions chopped
- 2 medium carrots chopped
- a pinch of chopped parsley
- a pinch of chopped fresh herbs
- salt and pepper
- 1 lb/450 g shortcrust pastry

Make the pastry and chill for an hour before using.

Chop the meat finely, mix in the chopped vegetables and herbs and seasonings.

roll out the pastry with a rolling pin to make a large circle (or several smaller ones).

place the meat and vegetables in the center. bring one side of the pastry over to form a semi circle.

Crimp the edges and glaze with milk.

Bake at 160 C./325 F./Gas 3 for one hour.

Filling for a Cornish Pasty should always be raw.

In Cornwall these were eaten by tin and copper miners at "crib" time.

## The Consecration of Our Sacred Well - Kenneth Proefrock

The idea to create and consecrate a Sacred Well was born out of reading the Bord's book *Sacred Waters* and a statement that Saille had made regarding the "Need Fire" (this is from a book she is writing on Scottish Paganism):

"This kind of fire in Celtic tradition is called a Need Fire. It is created when there is a terrible disease afflicting the cattle or the people, or some other grave calamity. The fire has to be created by friction using 9 sacred woods (or just oak). Everyone in the community puts out their hearth fire, the Need Fire is created, and everyone re-kindles their hearth from the central fire. Then everyone sets a pot of pure water from a Spring or a Holy Well to boil on the new fire. Then the water is sprinkled on the backs of animals or on people who are sick. This is an old Highland healing ritual."

It struck me that here in the desert, holy water is hard to come by. You never know when you might need some. I was compelled to create a Sacred Well. I chose an Ash tree that I had planted a few years ago as the sacred tree that the well would be situated with. I dug the well just west of the Ash tree so that it allowed an eastern approach from the southern side of the well.

I chose nine large stones that had previously been used for ritual. We had created a Sacred Circle outside of our sweat lodge several years ago, these particular stones were not essential to the geometry of that Circle and, I felt, were "richer" in sacred energy because of their previous association with ritual work. These nine stones were arranged around the hole in the ground so that the pipe that carries the water will be protected, they represent the foundation of the "altar" portion of the well. They also serve the function of marking the area as a sacred space.



I placed a roughly rectangular shaped flat stone on end and put a hole in the top of it where the water could flow through and flow across the face of the stone. The hole is decorated with sun rays so that it looks like a little sun and the face of the stone has little birds carved into it to help facilitate flow of the water across the stone. The basin of the well is a protected chamber below the face and carved from the same sandstone. The orientation of the flat stone allows the Rising Sun's rays to touch the water directly just as it leaves the pipe. I also placed a solar panel just south of the structure and placed three lights in front of the well so that it has the option of being lit up at night. The well is not very large, this is intentional as we are in the midst of an eight year drought and water conservation is a must. The runoff from the well is very minimal and gets delivered to the Ash tree.

The consecration ceremony took place at dawn on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of June, it incorporated the fire that was still smoldering from the solstice celebration the night before:

To the Rising Sun, as it crests the horizon, facing East:

Hail to thee, thou Sun of the seasons, as you travel the skies aloft;  
Thy steps are strong on the wing of the heavens, thou art the glorious mother of the stars.  
Thou liest down in the destruction ocean without impairment and without fear;  
Thou risest up on the peaceful wave-crest like a queenly maiden in bloom.

*Carmina Gadelica* #316 pg. 292

I cast a circle with the Ash tree representing the eastern edge and the well roughly in the center:

Facing east:

Hail to the Guardians of the Watchtower of the East, the Powers of Air!  
Gateway of Alban Eiler, the gate of the Rushing Winds,  
I invoke and welcome you to this circle, I thank you for your presence.  
May there be peace in the East!

Facing South:

Hail to the Guardians of the Watchtower of the South, the Powers of Fire!  
Gateway of Alban Heruin, the gate of the Purifying Flames,  
I invoke and welcome you to this circle, thanking you for your presence.  
May there be peace in the South!

Facing West:

Hail to the Guardians of the Watchtower of the West, the Powers of Water!  
Gateway of Alban Elued, the gate of the Cleansing Waters,  
I invoke and welcome you to this circle, I thank you for your presence.  
May there be peace in the West

Facing North:

Hail to the Guardians of the Watchtower of the North, the Powers of Earth!  
Gateway of Alban Arthuan, the gate of the Healing Stones,  
I invoke and welcome you to this circle, thanking you for your presence.  
May there be peace in the North!

Offerings of marshmallows, butter in an eggshell, and copal resin are made to the sacred fire one at a time. (The marshmallows were my daughter's idea, although not strictly reconstructionist, it seems to flow very well).

Offerings of edible flowers, silver coins, and butter in an eggshell are made to the water in the well. The three silver coins are state quarters and each has a different motif on the back, one has an oak tree, symbolic of land, the next one has a sailboat in the ocean, symbolic of the sea, and the last one has a lighthouse on it, symbolic of the sky. I also drape an organic Tulsi (*Ocimum sanctum*) root mallah over the flat stone of the well. A mallah is a string of 100 beads, comparable to rosary beads, used in the Hindu faith to count prayers or mantras as they are being said. Tulsi or holy basil is a plant that is renowned the world over and in many different faiths as a botanical agent that helps establish a sacred space.

The Ash tree is actually a Shamel Ash (*Fraxinus uhdei*), a tropical variant of the genus. The sacred well runoff represents an offering to the Ash, it will help ensure that this tree will thrive in this desert climate because it now has a (relatively) permanent water supply. Other offerings of mulch and healing herbs are also made.

A charcoal censer is lit and copal resin (*Hymenaea courbaril*) burned as incense. Copal has been used by the meso-americans as a purification incense and to enhance interaction with the spirit world for many centuries. Here it is used to demarcate this sacred space and remove any negativity. I circumnambulate in a deosil manner around the well nine times with the incense burning.

Deosil circumnambulation speaks to the need to live in universal harmony with the cosmic forces represented by the Sun, the ultimate generator of life. To circumnambulate clockwise is to identify with the Sun's daily course, generally regarded as life enhancing and synchronous with the generative 'flow' of the universe.

Nine healing herbs are arranged on the altar in a semicircle in the following order from left to right:

**Sage-Salvia officinalis**—This is one of the classic botanicals for purification and consecration. It is able to absorb negativity and misfortune.

**Rose**-Another classical botanical for purification and consecration, it elicits the highest spiritual vibrations from ourselves and the

world around us.

**Chickweed—*Stellaria media***—This is a plant that grows in abundance all over our yard. It is a food plant that reminds us to appreciate the simple things in life. Its presence here is as a lunar plant, associated with water and the movement of the tides and to facilitate movement through the well.

**Lemon Balm—*Melissa officinalis***—This is a plant that has been long understood to remove negativity and restore a sense of purpose. It was known in times past as a “joy tonic”, its lemon scent is reminiscent of summer at any time of the year and reminds us that we are an immortal spirit here on this plane housed within a mortal physical body.

**Tulsi-Holy Basil**—Many traditions across the planet hold Tulsi as one of the most sacred of plants. It is used for purification and to establish a sacred space. It deepens meditation and encourages spiritual awakening.

**Pine-Pinus eldarica**—Pine is regarded as a tree of peace, its presence ensures joy, purification and healing.

**Malva neglectans**—This is also, like *Stellaria*, a plant that grows abundantly all over our yard this time of year. It is a mallow, a cousin to marsh mallow, these are plants that develop a strong protective influence during the mid-summer. It is believed by some to be able to open a space where we interact with our world in a softer way, encouraging understanding and open communication.

**Mugwort-Artemisia vulgaris**—This is a smudging herb, used for moxibustion in Chinese medicine, it is well established as a remover of negativity and, in addition to healing, has been used to clean magic mirrors and crystal balls, I expect that it will do the same for a Sacred Well.

**Mistletoe—*Visum album***—This may be the most recognizably Druidic herb on the planet (Vervain running a close second). It acts as a protection against disease and evil influence and enhances virtually all forms of magical working.

## Invocation to Brighid

Beloved Brighid of the triple flame,  
Daughter of the Dagda and Boann,  
Goddess of Smithcraft, Poetry and Healing  
Guardian of the Sacred Springs, I call on Thee  
May your healing grace inhabit these waters  
I welcome you, Brighid, and thank you for your presence here.  
Hail Brighid, Goddess of Inspiration!  
Hail Brighid, Goddess of Creativity!  
Hail Brighid, Goddess of Healing!

## Invocation to Belenos

As the three rays of light from the Rising Sun kiss this water as it leaves the ground.

I invoke you, Belenos, God of Light, the Sun and of Sacred Springs.

May your healing grace inhabit these waters

I welcome you, Belenos, on this day of days asking you to fill this place with life, warmth and enlightenment. Light our way as we honor you with your element, and enjoy this glorious season before you begin to wend your way southward again.

Hail Belenos, God of the Sun!  
Hail Belenos, Giver of Life!  
Hail Belenos, Lord of Light!

I hereby declare that this Holy Sacred Well is now purified and consecrated by the rites of our ancestors and the invocation of Brighid and Belenos. May their healing grace flow through this well and infuse this holy water.  
May there be peace throughout the whole world.

Awen, Awen, Awen.

## **The Nature Church : An Update - Ellen Evert Hopman**

Work in the organic garden is progressing. The beans are sprouting, Day Lillies have been transplanted into the garden to be used in salads and vegetable dishes. Broccoli is in as are Leeks, though they won't be ready till next year. We have a hillside of wild mint and raspberries. Little hills of cucumbers and strawberries are growing nicely. There is still a swath of untouched garden that someone can dig into and plant if they feel the urge!

The hillside is being mowed weekly to keep down the bugs and I personally tore out a hill of poison ivy so that peoples feet would be protected.

The burned structure must come down in the next two months or we will have difficulties with the town. This could be accomplished in two days if we had \$1,000.00 for equipment rental. We are considering the purchase of Pea Hens who are semi-wild chickens, adept at clearing bugs off of the land. We want the place to be as safe and child friendly as possible. Supplies have been bought to renovate the Sauna and as soon as that is up we can start having Full Moon Sauna's again, and charge a modest fee to be used towards construction costs.

## **The Elders Meeting**

We had our big elders meeting on Saturday, May 19. About half of the local elders who were invited showed up. Some were busy with festivals, others never said why they or a representative could not make it. We speculated about that at the meeting. It is apparently still hard for many Pagan groups to work together. Hopefully over time everyone will understand that this is a project to everyone's benefit, for all Pagan paths.

First, a little metaphysical musing. The big fire that destroyed the Church happened on Imbolc, the festival of the Fire Goddess Brighid, who happens to be my Patroness. When She decides that things have to be shaken up She reacts swiftly. I see Her hand in all of the rapid change and transformation going on with the land, the people, and the Pagan community around this project. Three days ago we had a massive thunderstorm with tornado warnings. A bolt of lightening hit one of the White Pines on the property. To me this is a signal that the Sky Gods are watching very closely and that we have attracted Their attention.

A month or so ago we found one page from Margot Adler's Drawing Down the Moon. It was all that remained of the Church copy of that book. It was black around the edges but intact. I read the page to see what it was about. It spoke of The Church of All Worlds. We sent the page to Margot.

Yesterday we found another page from the same book. It too is charred around the edges. It also is about The Church of All Worlds and Oberon Zell. I plan to mail that page to Oberon. Margot and Oberon (via Green Egg) have both been very supportive of our plight and I feel the Gods have been speaking to us through these discoveries.

## **What we Discussed**

We met at the Jones Library in Amherst, MA. It was a well organized presentation, with photographs of the site mounted on display boards, name tags for the attendees, forms to fill out for everyone's contact information. We had vast quantities of food on hand; pizzas, sandwiches, cookies, coffee, fruits, juices. We sat in a large circle. After everyone enthusiastically greeted and hugged we began with a re-iteration of the history of the Church and of the Fire, given by the HP, Bob St. Cyr. We introduced ourselves to each other. It was a very enthusiastic group.

Juliana was there, an architect who brought a very impressive computer model of the proposed temple building, in a 3-D presentation. It will be a round building with a star shaped roof and thirteen trees as support columns (at least that is the present incarnation of the plan).

Amy, Kristin and Jeff from Sacred Space and Sacred Spiral, traditional Witch Covens from the Ware, MA area were there. Cara, a local Pagan and long time member of the Church came with her two kids, Wes and Xander, and offered gardening and painting expertise. Cara also wants to form a Spir Scouts group that can meet on the land.

Helena came as a representative of the S.O.T.E.S. Witches from Providence, RI. She was so enthusiastic about the project that she said

she might like to live on the land. Helena is an expert at forest micro-gardening, fund raising and construction.

Penny Novack, a true elder who has been doing public rituals since 1964, came to represent Weavers, the local C.O.G. Contingent, and Step by Step farm. She offered to do fund-raising and networking. Penny was very enthusiastic about our desire to work with all Pagan paths. Orion Stormcrow offered his services as a handyman and in management and festival planning.

Emily, a Druid graduate of MIT and mother of four very talented kids (who all sing and or play musical instruments) offered to contact MIT because they are focusing on new methods to combat global warming and their projects need real life places to test out ideas. MIT students and teachers may want to get involved in the building project. Emily also wants to form a Spiral Scouts group.

Meira Butterfly came as a representative of the Rose of Gaia coven who have offered physical help and workshops. Dan and Gypsy came from Salem, MA. They are leaders of The Temple of Nine Wells which has been looking for a country place to do spiritual work. Tiana came as a representative of Sophia, a Goddess group here in the valley. Pentacle Press in New Hampshire is very supportive of this project, as are Margot Adler and Green Egg Magazine. They will be receiving this update and others.

Elissa, Bob, Joshua and myself were all there are facilitators. Bob St. Cyr is the HP for the Nature Church. Elissa is an expert grant writer. Joshua is the Church President and will take on the reconstruction of the Sauna. I am offering networking and gardening skills, and eventually workshops.

Another Bob who is a Mic Mac was unable to attend due to his mothers illness but he wrote to me offering financial support and labor as needed. We have plans for a local Pipe Carrier to do a land purification ceremony once the building is demolished and removed from the site.

### **What we Want to see Happen At the Church**

Everything that was before has been washed away. How things were done in the past has been washed away. The will of the Gods is that we start with a fresh clean slate of activities.

We want the Church to be a community religious center for hand-fastings, life passages, and family celebrations. We also want a Pagan cemetery. There is no Pagan cemetery on Pagan owned land on the East Coast as far as we are aware. Tiana pointed out that when the tragedy of 9/11 happened many of us were forced to go to churches and synagogues for community support and reflection because as Pagans we had nowhere to go.

The Church and land can become a magical matrix for mutual support amongst all Pagan groups. It can be a country retreat for Urban Pagans. It can be a summer camp for Spiral Scouts on Pagan owned land. If we are able to purchase the property next door (a large cow farm) we may even be able to build elder housing with the assistance of Habitat for Humanity.

The Church can be a teaching center for all paths to teach and perpetuate our beliefs and way of life.

As evidenced by the recent VA Pagan headstone marker victory we are becoming a mature and recognized religion. It will be to the benefit of all Pagans if we can point to a Church and land that we can call our own. Having a building we can point to will increase our credibility and status as a religion. If just 20 people gave \$50.00 each we could tear down the old building.

Please send donations to me (EE Hopman) made out to THE NATURE CHURCH. My address is POB 219, Amherst, MA 01004. May the Gods bless. All donations are fully tax deductible.



## A Druid in Iraq - Coisiche

On May 13 I left my home, my wife and my family. (Ziggy a white kitten found in the wall of our apt and bottle fed until he was old enough to eat hard food, Stubby a orange grouchy little guy whom we found next to our apartment, all beat up. Yhe vet had to take half his tail to save his life.and Harley, our mini Black Schnauzer who is the apple of my eye) to travel to Iraq for the third time in my five year Army career.

My first stop was in Kuwait at camp Beurhing where we continued training and tried to learn more Arabic. Most of our training centered on getting to now the people in the community we would be living/patrolling in. The rest was pretty much Combat Life Saving Practices.

This area of Kuwait is one of the mose barren places I have ever been too. Sandstorms happen on a daily basis. The heat gets up to 119 degrees during the day, this time of year so you pretty much sweat by just breathing.

Around May 28th my company and I moved up into Iraq, close to the Green Zone. Currently we are there and continue to train for our outpost mission. Live in a portion of a city with the Locals and the area in which we live. By the time this is printed I will be living in the Outpost.

Trying to practice Druidism isn't an easy task here, at least not with being in the Infantry. We go out more missions than most other people sace maybe the Transport people who convoy equipment and all of the country.

For the Spring Equinox my only ritual was to say a small prayer to honor the change in seasons.

Trying to find another Druid is next to impossible. While they do exist and we have a small gathering on the Military Network, all happen to be far away from my Camp.

I have managed to find a Wiccan circle that meets where I am and I may attend in hopes that there will be other Druids. Not much has happened yet but I am sure my life for the next fifteen months will be a bit moreinteresting than usual.

For my contrubution to this newsletter I will try to give a description of what happens here and how I try to live as a Druid in Iraq.

More to follow next newsletter.

Travel True  
/l\ Coisiche

