

M I D S U M M E R 2 0 1 2

Three Cranes Grove

# Crane Chatter

A collection of works put together by the members of Three Cranes Grove, ADF

## From the Editor

Beloved Crane-kin,

Thank you once again for coming together to compile another wonderful newsletter, full of your own writing and passion.

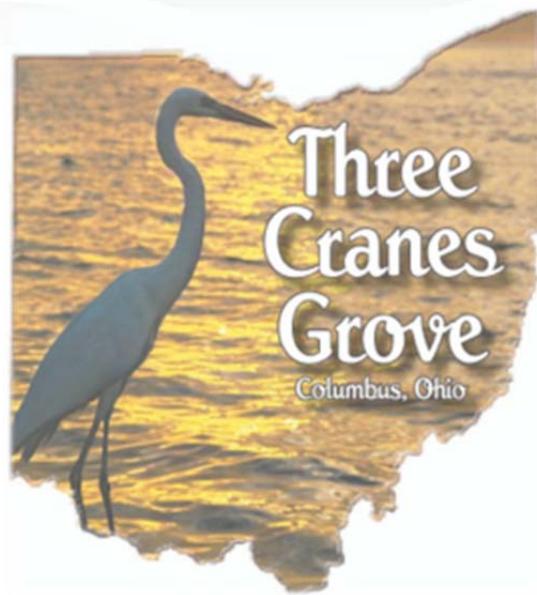
We've had many accomplishments since the beginning of the year. We've had 4 Dedicant Path Documentations approved. Congratulations to JoE, Erin F., Traci, and Shawneen!

We had a very successful Comfest, and are looking forward again to giving a Sunday morning Druid Service at the Dublin Irish Festival.

So now, sit back and enjoy as you curl up to read the latest edition of Crane Chatter.

Brightest Blessings!

~Jan "Skylark" Avende



## Save the Date!

### Lughnassadh

**August 5th @ 10:15 @ DIF**

At the Celtic Music House at the Dublin Irish Festival in Coffman Park! We will be honoring the god Lugh at this rite, and his victory over Balor and the Fomorians!

Please bring a canned good for local donation.

10:15 AM	DRUID SERVICE
12:00 PM	MARIAN FUNK
1:00 PM	TWO TOO MANY
2:00 PM	SANDY JONES & BAND

### Autumn Equinox

**Sept 16th @ 5:30 @ Highbanks Northern Shelter**

Join us for our 10th Anniversary as we celebrate a decade of Druidry in Central Ohio!

Please bring a canned good for local donation.

# Around the Fire with the Senior Druid

~ Tanrinia

## “Pagan Ethics”

It sounds like an oxymoron right? I mean, outsiders to our religions may often point to our lack of a unifying religious scripture, or singular entity or prophet, and say “How do you know what is right and what is wrong?” Without an external guide to tell us, the logic goes, we don’t have an ethical or moral guide to let us know when we’ve strayed too far of the path of “righteousness.”

People who are pagan, or who at least have hung around pagans enough, know that this is a simplistic view. For starters, Wiccans have “The Wiccan Rede.” Heathens have “Nine Noble Virtues.” ADF itself has its own list of virtues. So we do have some external guidelines to say what we value as noble, good, and ethical, and what we do not. Even pagans outside of these denominations seem to hold to a notion of “What goes around, comes around,” which does at least indicate that bad things will happen to you if you do what “He/She/It/They” (my terminology for those who are in control of such things) think are bad things.

Of course, that’s much harder, isn’t it? Sure, a nice list of “thou shalt and shalt nots” or a person or source we can go to and check in to say “Is this okay?” would be handy. And we have our oracles and our divinations. But when is the last time you got a straight yes or no from one of those? If I ask a question and pull “Hagalaz,” does that mean “For the love of the gods, don’t do it, it will destroy you?” Or does it mean “You should do it because it will allow you to clear away that which you don’t need, so that what you do can grow.”

In many ways, though, that reflects life. Rarely are things black and white. Life is shades of grey. Nearly every situation has its pros and cons, its wins and its losses, its advantages and disadvantages. In many ways, then, pagan ethics are more in tune with that, because it requires that instead of blindly following a list of rules and admonishments, pagans must look at each situation individually, and consider the options carefully, with full knowledge that there will be both blessings and challenges to come, no matter which path we take.

Recently, our grove had to decide whether to continue support the local branch of a national organization that found itself amidst some controversy based upon decisions made at the national level. This organization does good work, but their national decision endangers some of that. As a grove, we had to review whether or not to continue our participation. But we also recognize, as pagans, an underlying ethic that we cannot determine the truth or validity of another’s ethical system. In the end, we decided not to make a formal decision, and each member will have to decide their participation on their own, and whatever decision they come to is as valid as another’s decision, even if they go completely different directions.

Once again, I’m struck by the beauty of Our Own Druidry, and the respect it gives to each individual to live their own lives in an ethical way, but doesn’t dictate what that way is. Sure, by joining ADF, you kind of agree that our nine virtues are pretty good guides, for the most part. (Although someone will surely point out they aren’t “OFFICIAL” ADF virtues.) But how you apply those to your life is up to you.



## Gardening Prayer

~Traci Auerbach

Nature spirits, join with us  
to make our garden grow.  
As we do the work above,  
please do the work below.

## Sunny Oghma: The Honey-Tongued One

~Jan "Skylark" Avende

Brilliant rays shoot down through the clouds  
Sunshine illuminating all it touches.  
Your knowledge alights upon us, Oghma.  
Let the honey of your voice run sweet and strong  
To drip into our mouths  
That we might speak with your eloquence.  
Let us hear your voice, sunny-faced one  
As it comes to us, ringing all around,  
On golden chains linked ever to you.  
Oghma, patron of wordsmiths,  
Grant us your gift to spin and weave words,  
To hear the voices beyond as they sing!  
Oghma, inspire us!

## Prayer to the Need Fire

~Melissa Burchfield

Naudhiz, Need-fire,  
Spark of momentum,  
Flame of motivation  
Kindled from need.  
Provide us with the energy,  
Provide us with the drive and  
Provide us with the inspiration we need  
When need in upon us and those we love.  
Make us strong in compassion.  
Make us burn with conviction.  
Make us wise in decision as we strive  
To right the wrongs and make the necessary changes  
To the errors and omissions,  
To the faulty and the failed  
Illuminated by your shining firelight.  
Naudhiz, burn within us.

# The Prayer Room

A collection of prayers, songs, and poems by  
Three Cranes members.

## To Zeus: For a Safe Flight

~Jan "Skylark" Avende

Hail, Mighty Zeus!  
Thundering King of the Gods who dwell on Mt.  
Olympus.  
You who control the storm clouds,  
Who rumble your joys and sorrows out across the sky.  
Thundering Zeus, Mightiest of the Theoi,  
You who defeated the Titans  
Casting them down to Tartarus,  
Full in your power and full in your wrath.

Bright and Shining Zeus, I call out to you now  
As I undertake this journey:  
A flight across the skies, through your domain!  
I ask that you steady your hand and your temper  
And hold back your clouds until I wait  
Safely on the earth again.  
Strike me not with your brilliance,  
nor call out to me with your thundering voice.

I, a child of earth, honor you and respect you.  
I ask that you protect me as I travel through the sky  
So that I might sing your praises to all  
When I arrive back on the Earth.  
Hail, Mighty Zeus!

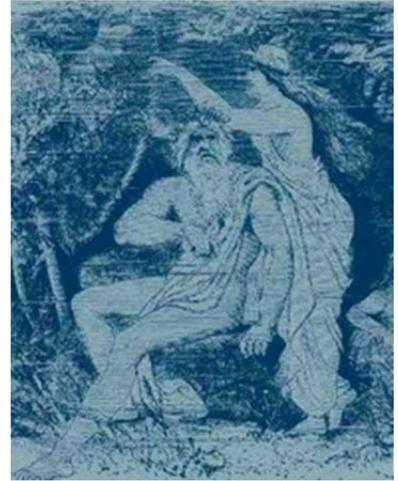


## Prayers to the Land, Sea, and Sky

~Melissa Burchfield

### Sea.

The Children of the Earth call out to Aegir,  
Lord of the stormy sea, and to  
Ran, Lady of the Waves.  
In the farthest reaches of the ocean lies your hall,  
Enshrouded by sea-forms like fallen clouds.  
The light of your fire is not one of flame and kindling  
but one of gold as the depths receive the sunlight,  
The Fire of the Sea.  
Your nine daughters play upon the nine waves,  
wild and graceful maidens gaily leaping into the breakers  
and raging against the shores to catch glimpses of those on the Land.  
Encompass us in gentle waters.  
Protect us from the playful games of your daughters.  
Guide us through the endless expanses to our destinations  
that we may arrive in health and safety.



### Land.

The Children of the Earth call out to Jörd, Goddess of the Earth.  
Support and Sustainer of those who walk upon your shoulders,  
Provider and Comforter to those who seek comfort in your bosom.  
Hold firm beneath our feet.  
Bless our tables by nourishing the plants of our harvest.  
Bless our homes by nourishing the wood for building.  
And bless our lives as we pay honor to you,  
Treading lightly upon the paths that trace their way across your body  
And ever-mindful of the gifts that lie all around us.



### Sky.

The Children of the Earth call out to Tyr, Great God of the Sky.  
Your actions are right action.  
Your service is justice and truth.  
Your ends are to restore and maintain balance among all things.  
Guide us through the night, Pole Star, as you guide prisms and ships.  
Illuminate the path toward balance and teach us to make order where once chaos reigned.  
Tyr, Leavings of the Wolf, teach us of sacrifice for the greater good,  
In wisdom and in love,  
As we walk the Elder Ways in our time.

Gods of the Sea, Gods of the Land and Gods of the Sky, We honor you.



## Calling to Iris the Gatekeeper

~Rev. Amber Cannon

Do the folk wish to hear the voices of the Gods?  
Do the folk wish to be re-connected in kinship  
with the Ancestors?

Do the folk wish to feel the presence and beauty  
and love of the Nature Spirits around them?

Then if we are to fill all these desires we must  
call upon a special gatekeeper to aid us! We  
must call upon the Mother of Desire (pothos)  
Herself! A goddess of both the sky and sea who  
walks upon rainbows! I send this special  
offering out upon the winds. (Blow lavender  
from palm). Iris hear my call!

Folk, see before you, her enormous golden  
wings spread to collect the sunlight and radiate  
it down upon us in a multitude of colors and  
hues. She is radiant and glorious, this Goddess  
of a 1000 hues, of every shade, every color, like  
every attitude, every blend of diversity, and  
walk of life which gathers in the Comfest  
community.

Her rainbow arc is a bridge that connects  
communities both far and near that people may  
become of one tribe.

Behold her in full glory! Storm-footed One,  
Daughter of the Wondrous and the amber  
Elektra as she bears the messages from Gods to

Gods, and Gods to men. In her hands, she hold  
the cup, filled from the River Styx, only which  
Immortals might swear upon.

Iris merge your power with mine, that we all  
might soar between the realms as you do! Iris  
accept my offering!

Let the pillar be a symbol of the Mt. Olympus  
which bridges our world with the Gods. Let it  
stretch to the sky of the heavens.

Let the well connect with the realm of Hades,  
connecting deep below the surface where  
Ancestors await our call.

Let the fire be the most holiest of fires, where  
we send blessings to the Gods in their  
Mountain home.

Let the Gates be open!

Folk, see before you a change in the air!  
Though they appear transparent, the colors are  
there. The reds, the blues, the greens, purples,  
and yellows all appear before our eyes! The  
radiant hues of the Goddess Iris!

The gates are open!

## The Cranes Dance at Beltane

~Jan "Skylark" Avende

This year I served as the bard for Beltane, at Blendon Woods Metro Park. So, I was in charge of picking the songs for the ritual and leading the folk in song during the ritual to maintain the energy level during the lengthy parts of the rite. I find it to be thrilling and amazing to bard for a ritual. I didn't even feel like I was the one singing for most of the rite, but rather like a voice that wasn't mine was falling out of my mouth.

One of the tricks Missy mentioned to help keep the folk engaged is by visualizing "lasso-ing" them with your energy that you've pulled up from the earth and "reminding" them that ritual is going on. This seems similar to Kirk's Circles of Concentration exercise. I also find a festival crowd is way, way, way different to bard for than a Grove rite. The most noticeable thing was at the festival (Trillium in this case) the folk all knew what was going on, or at least mostly. When I went to lasso them, it was like they stepped into the loop to make it easier, and holding them there was a lot easier. They know how a good ritual should go and where they fit in, and what is generally expected of them. We're still working on that here with our public rites. Which makes sense: at a public rite you're going to have a whole bunch of people, who may or may not have ever been to an ADF ritual before, getting either more distracted, or not even investing as much concentration in the first place.

Not only was I the bard for Beltane this year, I was also in charge of doing the working. Instead of doing a May Pole, MJD asked me several months ago if I wanted to, or would be interested in writing a "crane dance." Little did he know I'd already written one. I just never had an opportunity, nor did I think one would present itself, to perform it, especially as I wrote it as a group dance. It's a circular dance made up of two concentric circles moving in opposite directions, switching places, doing crane-like movements, spinning, and more moving in opposite directions. Below are the directions, for as much sense as it might make.

8 count circular hay (this got changed to skipping right then left)  
 8 count flapping LinJin  
 8 count skip right, 8 count skip left  
 4 count switch places with partner  
 8 count skip right, 8 count skip left 4 count spin down to up counter clockwise 4 count spin up to down clockwise  
 8 count skip right, 8 count skip left  
 4 count switch places with partner  
 8 count skip right, 8 count skip left  
 16 count side to side/up and down clapping LinJin (this ended up just being clapping) lather, rinse, repeat!

The inspiration for the crane dance comes from the Geranos (Crane Dance) that was done after Theseus escaped the Labyrinth with the Athenians. There is evidence in the lore, specifically in The Iliad, that the Crane Dance was an actual dance that occurred. See source below:

"Geranos (crane dance) was danced in Delos. According to Plutarch, Theseus after having killed the Minotaur in the Labyrinth of Knossos, on his way back to Athens, he stopped at Delos. There, he offered a sacrifice to the goddess Aphrodite and he danced around the altar. This dance included serpentine movements, imitating the movements of Theseus inside the Labyrinth. The dance is mentioned by Homer in the Iliad. Some experts say that Theseus danced the Geranos in Crete and not Delos."

(<http://www.mlahanas.de/Greeks/Dance.htm>)

My vision for the dance is one of regaining freedom from the oppression of things that seek to drive you down. It's a dance of joy and freedom. I see it as being a dance that allows us to forget our worries and cares and celebrate the joy in the world around us. The joy in the small things that make every single day bright. Basically, we dance to strip away the negative influences in ourselves and in the world around us. Let them be carried away on the wings of the Crane so that we can be encircled in the arms of our friends, lovers, and Garanus Crane.

I wrote it as a dance of joy, celebration, and freedom. When I found out I was doing the working it was that initial intent that I decided to use. We, as a Grove, would dance away our own chains that were binding us down and holding us back. We would dance away those things that would disrupt our path and stand in the way of our goals.

When Missy drew the omens for the rite (Fehu, Isa, and Hagalaz) she said that we should seek out that which is not serving our current purpose, and destroy it. We should be prepared to lose things that are not serving their purpose. This fit amazingly well with my plans for the working. We sought to destroy the obstacles in our path and remove the things that were no longer serving their purpose to advance us.

I had taught the dance in pre-ritual briefing, at least enough for the folk to get a general sense of it, a general idea. It has circular hay in it, which by the 2nd or 3rd round of the working I'd cut out and replaced with the skipping that is in the rest of the dance. Folk were struggling with the hay, and getting lost and confused. It was greatly disrupting and distorting the flow of energy, so I made an executive decision to change it to skipping. I was able to do this because I was calling out each move as the dance progressed.

In hindsight, the fact that I was the one calling, was a poor choice. I should have had someone else calling out the moves so that I could concentrate fully on directing the energy the folk were raising. The only real critique I got afterwards was that they danced for too long, but I needed them to get somewhat comfortable dancing and know enough of what they were doing so I could begin concentrating on the energy direction. When I talked with MJD after the rite, he said this was something he noticed as well. I think I still managed alright, it just could have gone better. I still had to call out the moves, but it reached a point where the folk had figured out the beat and what was going on, which meant that I could go ahead and do the working with out losing the energy because people couldn't do the dance.

I pictured myself as something somewhere between a tree and a funnel cloud. Well, to be fair, maybe a waterspout would be more accurate for me. As the concentric circles wove and spun around me I began spinning. It was like a pedal turn, but not quite. The folk were raising energy and the spin I was doing allowed the flow to pull off them and catch onto my spin, winding around me. I was a vortex pulling everything in to myself. I kept going 'round and 'round, spinning clockwise with my palms to the ground, as the energy grew and pulsed. I let it surround me, envelope me, encase me until I was able to stop spinning myself and stand, feet firmly planted, with the energy still whipping around me in the fierce droves of a tight and wild vortex of power.

With my feet planted firm in the earth I was able to keep from being swept away in the current of flowing energy. I was able to maintain my focus to the Earth and my body, and use Her strength to help guide the swirling energy. As the energy whipped around me, I raised my arms slowing, taking the power and condensing it, forcing it to become more dense and thin. Thin and whip-like, like a beacon connecting the fire in the earth through my body to the fire in the sky. As the power intensified and reached deafening levels in my head, mind, soul, and body my hands reached up to the sky, palms facing upwards to the heavens.

I shot my hand outward on the final round of clapping, like a conductor cutting off the band (coincidentally, this also stopped the drums right on cue), and let the energy explode out of me. Like a star gone supernova, the line-beacon of power exploded out. I focused it on ripping away and breaking of the chains that hold people back, and watched them fall to the ground, to the Earth to be taken in by our Mother. She will supply the nourishment just as we provided the fertilizer for the coming fertile season of Her growth and renewal and our growth into ourselves.

I found the working to be very powerful for me. I hope it was even marginally so for others. All in all, it was a very good rite.

## Questions about Magic and ADF? (Part 1)

~ Rev. Michael J Dangler



A couple of days ago, I was invited to speak at a religious studies class here at OSU.

Unfortunately, due to work, it appeared very unlikely that I would get to attend, but things eventually worked out and the stars aligned, and I got to go.

Still, I had prepared a couple of responses to the students' very specific questions, and I wanted to share them. So, here's the first of those responses, very high-level and designed for people who had never encountered the notion of "magic" in a modern, Neopagan religion before. The original question was: **What is magic to the ADF?**

To begin with a discussion of magic in Druidry, one must begin with a discussion of magic in modern Neopaganism and the occult movements as a whole.

Most definitions of magic trace their roots back to Aleister Crowley's: to him, magic was "the Science and Art of causing Change to occur in conformity with Will." Crowley commonly spelled "magic" as "magick," using the "k" to differentiate the occult from prestidigitation, which comes and goes in favor (currently, most Druids use the term "magic" without the "k," while other magical and occult traditions prefer the "k" in their spelling).

Modern occultists will often divide their magical work into two categories: thaumaturgy (typically described as magic done by the authority of the practitioner), and theurgy (typically described as magic done in partnership with authoritative beings, such as deities or spirits).

Most of the modern traditions of Neopaganism deal in classical magic that you might expect when you think about the Hollywood versions of the paranormal: spells that reside in cookbook-like repositories that work *because* they are

magical or secret. These are the "double, double, toil and trouble" spells that we think of, and they are remarkably common.

Magic in Druidry is somewhat different than it is in other areas of modern Neopaganism. Instead of being focused on the authority of the individual for its power, it is focused on the idea of the deep relationship, that concept I referred to as "*ghosti*." Here, the idea is not that we "command the spirits through our authority," but rather that we have built up a relationship that involves the exchange of gifts and favors that are balanced and reciprocal.

Within our rituals, we honor a being called the "Gatekeeper," who is asked to uphold our work in our rituals and to "open the ways" between worlds. Very commonly, you will hear a telling turn of phrase, which is, "Gatekeeper, join your magics with mine. . ." And with that, we do the magic that creates the center of the worlds and allows us to access the spiritual world more freely.

This phrase points to a specific theological point in our magic: we believe that we have a relationship with the deities (and other spirits) that allows us to work *with* them (rather than to lord over them with our authority, or to beg them to do work for us). It also says that we can do this work ourselves, without their help, if we so desired. . . but that we prefer to do this work with them.

The way we conceptualize magic is also a bit different than other organizations within the Neopagan community, as well: while most traditions cut themselves off from the mundane world (by casting a circle and creating a "temple between the worlds"), ADF ritual does not do this. Instead, it magically creates a "sacred center" from which all places, times, and things are accessible. You might consider it a "crossroads" where all things can be affected.

If any outer limit to the space is defined, it is often stated that "the grove extends to the edge of the light of the fire," or, if we put it a different way, those who can stand to view the light of the fire are welcome at it. This conception of being "at the center" is very much influenced by Eliade's work, and you will often find the notion that we can (and do) influence events by "overlapping" centers. A quote from Joseph Campbell comes to mind: "The center is everywhere, the circumference nowhere."

The most common magical work that is done probably falls into three categories:

1. we work magic to open the Gates in ritual,
2. we work magic to draw the Blessings of the Kindreds into Waters that we may receive blessings and empower individuals to do work on behalf of the Earth Mother, and
3. we work magic to heal or empower the Earth Mother directly.

It is not common for us to do work for ourselves in public ritual, though we might do healings for others, or work to help others find jobs, or things like that.

I mention Eliade and Campbell above: one thing that we do that is very different than older traditions (we were, after all, founded in 1983) is to look at what we're doing with a critical, scholarly eye: our religion is a bit postmodern in its creation and development. This extends to both common liturgy and to magic. We read Malinowski with Crowley, or the Encyclopedia of Religion with the Corpus Hermeticum. It's religion with homework. :)

## Congratulations Nick & Emerald!



## Lighting a Fire Within

~ Bonnie Cyr

This year at Wellspring, members of the Brighid's Hearth SIG – a special-interest group here in ADF devoted to tending the flame of Brighid and sharing in her mysteries – joined together in fellowship to each other and to the Brighid's Shrine that is in our beloved Brushwood Nemeton. As one of the practices of our SIG is to tend the flame of Brighid and many of us are Flame tenders for various organizations (Ord Brighideach, Daughters of Brighid and others), we felt it appropriate and moving to join together - some of us with shifts during Wellspring and others picking up extra shifts - to give honor and praise to the Shrine, our Nemeton, and to our own devotion.



Photo ©Grey Catsidhe, 2012

Our first night, Thursday, saw us assembled after the opening ritual to process back into the Nemeton to a harmonized chorus of “Holy Water, Sacred Flame.”

*Holy Water, Sacred Flame; Brighid we invoke your name,*

*Bless my hands, my head, my heart – source of healing, song and art.*

-Anne Hill

We were 10 strong – and we jokingly pointed out that though there were really 10 of us, there were 9 congregants and one member of ADF Clergy. We then proceeded through a call-and-response with Rev. Sue Parker-Wyndham (Lia Fal) who delivered a self-written, beautiful and moving devotional:

By deep well

And bright fire -

By the world tree's root and branch

I stand firm before the Gods

May I be the kin of the Mighty Dead

May I be the ally of the Noble Spirits

May I be the blessed Child of the Shining Gods

Brighid be above me

Brighid be below me

Brighid on every hand around me

And wisdom, love and power in my truest heart.

- Rev. Sue Parker-Wyndham

Each of us in turn shared our prayers, thoughts, hopes and dreams for a myriad of reasons: each other, the Folk of ADF, our families, the Kindred, and much more. I pointed out that there were three candles present: Lia Fal had brought one which was lit when we arrived, which I felt very strongly signified that present space and time; one - the remnant of one that has traveled with me from festival to festival and through many rituals in the Heartland area – reminded me of the past, and it was lit and placed between the shrine's well and the statuary to Brighid. The third - a new candle, which we would and did light through the weekend when the old was spent – was reminiscent of the future of all that we hoped to encompass and achieve throughout the weekend.

Each member that was present received her own token of the SIG's appreciation for their devotion to the festival, to themselves, to Brighid and to each other. These tokens were purchased on behalf of the SIG through the Magical Druid, run by Rev. Michael J. Dangler and Rev. Seamus Dillard.



I really felt like that moment, handing them out – and through the weekend somewhat validated that belief – was about lighting the fire in each of us to shine out brightly even when some of us standing together were facing hardship and darkness. It reminded me of the service that we are allowed to share with each other and to the Gods, and how when we get to feeling like we are alone or that what we do is small or insignificant, we only have to look at that spark of flame – that token of our devotion - to realize we are connected together by sacred fire. During that opening time I was able to share a portion of a song that has become my constant reminder as a Flame tender of the peace and inner spark that can motivate and move us:

*I have no fear, when darkness falls  
Because there's a light that shines within us all;  
And although this world can grow so cold –  
When we reach inside, we find warmth.  
Because there's a flame that burns in every heart,  
And it's the will we have that lights a spark.  
Once in every lifetime there's a chance to stand apart,  
We can show the world our very best, reveal what's in our hearts;  
So the story goes and Glory never will end –  
Because Inspiration lights the Fire Within.*  
- Light the Fire Within, LeAnn Rimes

The schedule we placed up for individuals to come and tend the Shrine seemed to work out well, despite the hectic pace of such a major festival. Even when members of the SIG seemed to miss each other at times, the Shrine was always well-kept, and offerings showed up in many forms; the times I spotted individuals outside of the SIG (and even outside of ADF) were often and with reverence. There was even a group that I was a part of during the weekend that held a small journey working in the Shrine's space, bringing worship and working together to blend with harmony and balance.

Since then, our experiences have led us to a lively discussion on our lists about possible work to be done in and around the Shrine and how to better our time and abilities to the benefit of ADF in the coming year. Our SIG, I feel, serves as a bright reminder of the fellowship and passion found in those who turn to each other and to that small spark which lights the fires within the head and heart.

I encourage all those who are interested in the workings of the SIG to take a closer look, and for all those seeking more information regarding the Brighid's Hearth SIG of ADF, it can be found here:

<http://www.adf.org/members/sigs/brighids-hearth/>

Many of our members are also part of Ord Brighideach International, an order of Flamekeepers:

<http://www.ordbrighideach.org>

# Cooking in the Kitchen

## With April

### Crazy Mama's Queen of the Desert Cactus Fruit Sorbet

Of all the things I love best about summer- the food is one of them. This is the time of year we are all digging about for something frozen or chilled to eat. One of my favorite things to eat in hot weather is of course, ice cream.

I discovered by accident a LONG time ago that homemade ice cream is best and I also discovered it is fun and easy to make, but it takes a little planning and patience. The first step is to grab a good ice cream maker. I'm not talking about one of those monstrosities that you have to use all that damn salt for- which in my opinion is an unnecessary expense- what I'm talking about is one of the nice compact

little machines that the bottom part goes in the freezer for 24 hours while your custard or sorbet mixture is chilling in the fridge. This year, we lucked into a nice little number by Sensio- and in this day and age of Vampire fiction, they named the thing "Bella". (sigh)

For recipes, a good recipe book is by Bruce Weinstein called The Ultimate Ice Cream Book.

But I'll share my personal recipe with you. It's eclectic and can be used as a frozen cocktail as well as a sorbet, in my opinion. It's also tart and potent, so if you don't like strong citrus, you may want to skip this recipe altogether.

#### Ingredients:

1 bottle champagne-chilled  
6 fresh prickly pear cactus fruits  
sugar to taste  
1 Buddha hand Citrus and it's  
zest- IF you can find this-or zest  
and juice of a lime  
water as needed

#### Directions:

1) Plan about 36 hours worth of processing to make this.

2) Slice open the cactus fruits and grate to extract juice from pulp and seeds. Strain through and reserve juice, discarding skin, pulp, and seeds. (Make sure to wear old clothes you don't care about staining when you make this. The juice is BRIGHT magenta and I have no idea how to wash it out of fabric. Zest about 1/2 tbsp of the Buddha Hand skin or about 1/2 tsp of the lime skin.

3) In a saucepan over medium heat combine the juice, sugar, chopped buddha hand or lime juice, and water, and bring to a boil. Lower heat and simmer about 5 minutes to extract the flavor from the citrus and liquefy the sugar.

4) Strain mixture, add the champagne and citrus zest to it, and chill in fridge for 24 hours while ice cream maker is freezing for 24 hours.

5) Add mix to ice cream maker in as many batches as it takes to process. The mix will be soupy and sloppy. Freeze until firm and then enjoy. It can be slushed up and served as a fruit ice or more alcohol can be added to make this REALLY intoxicating.

## Crazy Mama's Knock You on Your Ass Pico de Gallo

After living in Phoenix, Arizona for a year, and visiting Mexico for eight days and tasting REAL Mexican food, I swore off Ortega and Taco Bell for life. I found it difficult to find the authentic cuisine in Columbus, and have had many, many fantasies about returning to 99 Ranch Market in Phoenix to watch the tortilla press, drink freshly made Jamaica water, and eat the Pico de Gallo that I used to buy by the kilowatt ton and take home to consume like crack. I fantasized many more times about returning to the color and bustle of the artisan market in San Miguel, Mexico where the farmers bring their freshly harvested fruits and vegies, and the butchers give you any cut of the animal you want to carnivore-ize- even the entire head!

Brokenhearted, and starving to death, I decided to learn a few dishes of my own. I cannot remember where I got this recipe- but I've adapted it to taste and it always gets rave reviews. I typically serve it with organic tortilla, sour cream, and Mamita's Guacamole, which I will share the recipe for as well.

### Ingredients:

3 vine ripe tomatoes  
 1 red onion  
 1/2 cup finely chopped fresh cilantro  
 juice of one lime  
 1 serrano chile seeded and very finely chopped  
 1 jalapeno seeded and very finely chopped  
 salt, freshly ground black, and red pepper,  
 and dried oregano to taste

### Directions:

- 1) Chop and combine all veggies and lime juice.
- 2) Add seasonings to taste gradually. You can always add more but you cannot take away- as Emeril says...and remember red pepper gets zestier as it sits
- 3) Eat within two days of making- IF it lasts that long!

Use only fresh ingredients. Do not take shortcuts with a can of this or dehydrated that. Even grind your black pepper fresh for the dish.

This is THE secret to good Pico de Gallo. It is also important to use vine ripe tomatoes for this dish to get the full tomato flavor. Do not use a food processor because it will mush up the veggies, but chop everything by hand, and do not purée the Pico. This should be chunky, firm, cool, zesty, and refreshing.

I recommend either West African red pepper for this, or Japanese ichimi togarishi, as they both add a spice and a nice flavor that plain old cayenne pepper does not quite measure up to. Do not inhale when using west African pepper- it is superfine and you will sneeze your brains out...it is also super concentrated and a little bit goes a LONG way-

The West African supplies can be found at one of the many African shops in the Dublin-Granville and Cleveland Ave. area or the Cleveland Ave. and Morse Rd. area. The Japanese pepper can be found at CAM on Bethel Rd. and 315 or at Tensuke Market near Kenny and Old Henderson rd. in the same shopping center as Penzy's Spices in Columbus.



## Mamita's Guacamole

Of all the people I have lucked into, Mamita is one of the ladies who influenced my cooking the most. As a kid, she spent half her summers in Mexico City with her grandma and can cook like nobody else. She used to throw food bashes, put us to work in her divine kitchen when we arrived, and has professionally catered. She strongly influenced my love of using fresh ingredients in a way nobody else quite has, and her husband is 70 and looks 50. Who says food is not medicine?

For this you want to pick good, ripe avocados. It can be a bitch finding them ripe enough, so plan a few days in advance in case they are as hard as walnuts and need to soften up. The skin should be black, and the texture soft, but the skin should not dent and mush when pressed on.

### Ingredients:

fresh avocados  
fresh limes  
olive oil  
fresh raw garlic  
salt and pepper

### Directions:

Combine everything and keep adding ingredients until it tastes right. Ta-Da! Easy isn't it?

I find this is better after the flavors have time to sit and blend. But then again, this is so good, nobody can stand to wait for it, so ENJOY.

Everybody makes their guacamole to taste so I'm not giving measurements. This is something that should be tasted while making- and if your guests don't want your "germs" from where you tasted the food while making it, send them to McDonalds, I always say.

A lot of people do not like to use fresh garlic and prefer the stuff pre-chopped and preserved in brine stuff because it's easier to use. A dirty secret is that fresh is easy to use also that pain in the ass fine chopping is unnecessary. Just skin the cloves and shred them with a grater. Big slivers are okay in this dish.



## A Short Review of an Interfaith Service

~Rev. Amber Cannon

It was a last minute, and undeniable opportunity that led me to be standing there. I found myself in the great hall of the United Methodist Church at Summit listening as a choir practiced songs for an interfaith service which sang about devotion to one god, and one spirit above all. It was clear I was not only the sole pagan speaker, but that I was the sole polytheist, and the thought crossed my mind I could be the first pagan they have ever experienced. I listened respectfully as they began the call to worship, talking about their one god, leaving all others out, but stressing the interfaith theme of the service. The contradiction challenged me to want to shout proclamations to all deities known and unknown, but I resisted. This service was after all a genuine attempt to pursue interfaith activity, and we all begin with baby steps. The celebrants sang the first song welcoming the spirit of the Christian God into the interfaith service. "Baby steps" I told myself. Bridges are not built overnight. After I read the concluding part of the litany, the celebrants seemed charged up. Music followed as the choir sang Aguilera's "Beautiful" and applied it to LGBT community.

As the service continued, Rev. April Blaine talked about struggling through middle school peer pressures and the need to fit in. She talked about how the feelings inside didn't always match with those of peers and continued on throughout life struggling to be recognized. During Pride month, all those alternative feelings are accepted. We then



broke bread during what was called a love feast, and each reader, as I was referred to, stood at stations where the congregation approached us for bread snacks and we gave them "blessings."

The overall experience was positive. The UMC advertised eight different faiths represented. Five of them were Christian traditions. One was Native American. One was Sikh. The there was me, the anomaly Druid, Pagan, and Polytheist, Goddess-worshipper, Tree-hugger, and jill of all trades. During the love feast, a young boy asked me what my faith was. I replied, "Druid." He then asked, "Is that like the Jewish?" (true story)

### The Liturgy

I am identified as "Reader 8" and I wrote my own lines for this. As you may note, this is not a truly non-denominational service but I was welcomed very openly and the Interfaith concept did seem to be accepted quite well. I did do a follow-up with the coordinating pastor and we will see what transpires.

Blessings, Amber

## PRELUDE

## CHORAL INTROIT – “Welcome”

WELCOME Grayson Atha & Karla Rothan

## CALL TO WORSHIP / OPENING LITANY

(this will be read at three stations around the room, rotating the microphone as necessary)

Reader 1 – (Randy May) We gather in this time and place, all of us from different times and places, here to worship God.

Reader 2 (Bob Roehm)- Many years ago, our Native American brothers and sisters found renewal of their spirits in the compassionate care of the earth that surrounded them and the people that resided on it, seeking to live a life filled with dignity.

Reader 3 – (Jacob Bloom) Many years ago, our Jewish sisters and brothers stood up against oppression in Egypt and walked through the Red Sea with God’s protection, headed into a new land of freedom for all.

Reader 4 – (Maaeesha Pushpita) Many years ago, God chose Moses and Jesus (peace be upon them) to end the dark times, and Mohammad as the final prophet (peace be upon him) to bring peace and justice for all our brothers and sisters.

Reader 5 – (Pat Ryan) And Many years ago, our Christian sisters and brothers gathered on Pentecost and were ignited by a passion for God. This passion led them to proclaim a love to all people and to break down the barriers that kept people separate.

Reader 6 – (Rahmundo Imani) Many years later, we gather together. We have learned new words and ways of being. We have written books of rules.

Reader 7 – (Yolande Berger) We have heard the stories of our past. We have come to create stories for the future.

Reader 8 – (Amber Cannon) The stories we create for the future must have new chapters, compassion and understanding, acceptance and gentleness, integrity and hospitality, and the courage to love boundlessly.

**We are the people of our God(s) and we are unfinished.**

Reader 3 - Like our brothers and sisters so many years ago, we are not sure we know the way. We have been wounded along the journey. We have been told conflicting stories by people of faith. And yet, we still have hope.

**We are the people of our God(s) and we are unfinished.**

Reader 2 - We are the people of God from Summit United Methodist Church

Reader 1 - From King Avenue United Methodist Church

Reader 7 - From Advent United Church of Christ

Reader 5 - From New Horizons United Methodist Church

Reader 6 - From Restoration Church

Reader 3 - From Synagogues, Mosques, and Quaker meeting houses

Reader 2 - From reservations and tribes

Reader 8 - From the sacred groves, and sacred fires, from past to present.

Reader 4 – And from all the places that connect us with the spiritual and the divine

**We are the people of our God(s) and we are unfinished.**

Reader 4 - So long as we refuse to listen and respect our differences and our similarities, we will remain unfinished.

Reader 1 - So long as any one is lonely, hungry, sick, in prison, naked... we will remain unfinished.

Reader 5 - So long as any one person cannot have pride in the person that God made them to be... we will remain unfinished.

Reader 6 - Today is a day of dreaming. A day where we celebrate the hope and love that we find in God and in each other.

Reader 7 - This is a day where we hope and pray that the people in the city of Columbus would see the light of God reflected in the events that happen this month of June, a month of PRIDE.

Reader 8 - Let this day mark the beginning of an unbridled sharing of love and acceptance. Let the Pride in our community be as great our pride in our Spirituality. May blessings of peace and harmony flow forth unto all this day!

**We are a diverse people, full of grace and love and hope. Today is a new day! May this month be a month where love and inclusion and hope fill this city and where our God's abundant blessing is with each person. Amen.**

OPENING HYMN – “We are Called” – The Faith we Sing Hymnal - #2172

PRAYER – Mike Horvath, King Ave.

SONG – “Sing, Sing a Song” –

CHILDREN’S MOMENTS - Trish Murray, King Ave.

SCRIPTURE – Romans 8:12-17 Lucy Webb

ANTHEM – “Beautiful”

POETRY (Sikh tradition) Balpreet Kaur

MESSAGE – Rev. April Blaine

LOVE FEAST – A Sharing of Bread and a Time of Blessing

You may come forward to receive a piece of bread from whatever station you like, along with a blessing – “Receive the love of God.” The person giving the blessing can also feel free to say “Gods, goddess, etc.” whatever is appropriate for their tradition.

READING – Genesis 1:1-4 Sile Singleton

Words of Introduction to the Feast – April Blaine & Rahmundo Imani

A Sharing of the Bread – all groups – stations set up around the room. People receive a piece of bread with the blessing.

OFFERTORY – Offering will go to Summit

Special Music – Sile Singleton

PRAYER OF DEDICATION OF THE OFFERING – Chere Hampton

CLOSING SONG - Many Gifts, One Spirit UMH 114

POSTLUDE

Today’s inter-faith service was made possible by the wisdom and insight shared by individuals from Jewish, Muslim, Druid, Sikh, Agnostic, Native-American and Christian traditions of faith. Many thanks to Randy May, Mike Horvath, Trish Murray, Amber Cannon, Yolande Berger, Rahmundo Imani, Balpreet Kaur, Maaeesha Pushpita, Bob Roehm, Jacob Bloom, and Pat Ryan for their indispensable leadership in today’s service. Thanks also to our friends at Stonewall for co-sponsoring this event.

## The Dedicant Oath of Thorne



I dedicate myself to be Pagan and a Druid! Formed in the forge of Weland Smith and annealed by a quench in the Well of Hvergelmir, I claim several decades as a Pagan. During that time I have made a good account of myself while working as a butcher's helper, a warrior, a quartermaster and an accountant. But these occupations just define my outward aspect.

Turning inward, my spirit has been inspired and grown from the many influences I have encountered over the years: authors Marion Weinstein and Scott Cunningham; friends and co-conspirators Nema, Isaac Bonewits, and M. Macca Nightmare, among others from my time with PCCO. I relish having had that experience with that group.

Now, I am a member of Three Cranes Grove, ADF; a group that has given me the safety and time I needed to heal from the loss I experienced when PCCO died. The membership of Three Cranes has given me the family and support that I needed to recover from that loss. For this I thank each and every Crane for you are my brothers and sisters.

At first, I did not know much about being a Druid, so after several fits and starts; I find myself well along this Dedicant Path. I have a ways to go still before I complete this Path, but this oath marks my recharged and renewed desire to complete this training. I can see the end of this Path in the distance – reachable, but still requiring effort.

I have called myself "Pagan" for decades; now I choose to call myself "Druid". May the Kindreds aid me in my completion of the ADF Dedicant Path.

Should I fail to maintain this oath, May my metal be found to be dross, shattered in the waters of the well, unable to be re-formed; May my patrons Tyr and Idunna cease their influences in my life; May Fire abandon me and Water fail to slake my thirst should I turn away from this oath.

My name is Thorne and I AM A DRUID!

## The Love of the Sea and the Moon

~ Jan “Skylark” Avende

Once, long ago, the sea was always dark and still as bath water. The moon was calm, with a gentle smile for all who dwelt below her. As the sea grew and swelled he took note of the moon, and thought how beautiful she would be if she would just turn her face completely to the earth.

When the moon was full in her power she glowed with the brilliance of a thousand, thousand stars, all bunched together in joyous dance. The sea was deeply in love with the moon; her brilliance stunned him. He called out to her with his mightily roaring waves: a declaration of his love. He rushed up the shores, stretching up to meet her. The moon beckoned to the sea, calling him forth, for she also loved him. She adored watching his deep-blue, inky depths brighten to startling ceruleans and teals in her light. She grew even brighter trying to penetrate his depths.

The stars, in the court of the moon, called out to the sea to come join them for their mistress's sake. The moon dimmed the specks of light around her and snuffed out their sparks in her longing for the sea; she grew ever brighter until finally she had turned to face the earth completely. She ached for the sea to be near her. And so he tried. Every night he lapped at the shores of the land, striving ever towards the sky. Striving to lift himself up to the beautiful moon so that he might join her and her consort of brilliance in their dance.

But then, with each passing day she grew less and less bright. A darkness began to overcome her as she started to lose hope that her lover, the sea, would ever reach her, though he tried desperately every night. Her consort of stars, they grew brighter each night, trying to bring her hope, but still she faded until there was but a small sliver of light left. The sea rushed up

futilely against the shore, calling out with his crashing waves for her to come back to him. He pulled himself up ever higher, but still couldn't reach the sky. Then the moon's light went out.

The sea sank back down into his watery depths, letting his sorrows be heard in whispering cries as he left the shores of the earth. Desperately he called out one last time, barely daring to hope. The moon, hearing her love in such heartache and pain, turned her face back to him and gave just the ghost of a smile.

This glimmer of her face was enough to give the sea back his hope. With renewed energy he strove towards the shore, this time determined that he could push his waters to leap into the sky. The moon, as she looked down upon him, saw something she'd never seen before: there was her face, with its small, sad smile, resting upon the cresting waves of the sea. She brightened a bit then, and seeing her smile grow in her lover's arms, poured her heart into her brilliance. She called out to the sea, and he saw now as she did: her love and light was reflected in his depths, and his deep, blue devotion was reflected in the skies all around her.

So now, each night, the sea rushes up the shores to meet the moon and the moon shines down on the sea. They join together in their own brilliant dance of push and pull, ebb and flow, of silver and blue across the sky and rippling waves.



## Questions about Magic and ADF? (Part 2)

~ Rev. Michael J Dangler

This may not be the "part 2" some expected (I'll get on that soon), but it's the one I intended to write.

*That "part 2" will be more about magic in ADF; this one is about ADF itself. This part is an answer to the second question I was asked about ADF by the local Religious Studies class: **In what different ways do people get involved with ADF. What draws them in?***

A lot of this reflects my own experiences, and yes, originally this was partially a "marketing" piece for ADF that no one ever really cared to use, called "5 Reasons to Join" (and now it's likely that it won't be used). But really, it's a reflection of the ADF I participate in. In essence, it's ADF through my eyes, and the way I talk about it to other people.

What draws people to ADF? Well, this is what drew me to ADF:

**1) Training:** Training is the cornerstone of ADF. We firmly believe that it is important to learn the best scholarship about the Indo-European cultures we are drawing from, and that inspiration should start with a foundation of scholarship. We offer five different kinds of training, from our initial training program through clergy training. Two years of constant study can bring eligibility to become an ADF Priest. The greatest strength in ADF's training, though, is the ability of the student to direct his or her studies as he or she sees fit: ADF is not a "one size fits all" program, but a program that the student will craft to his or her own needs and wants.

**2) Community:** It's been said that the members of ADF are the best part of being an ADF member. The community, online and in person, is amazing. Our members experience vibrant local communities of Groves and the opportunity to start their own Groves with a minimal number of hoops to jump through; for those who do not have access to a local Grove, we have a wide variety of online resources; and several regional festivals that anyone, member or not, can attend to meet our leadership on an equal footing.

**3) Support:** ADF offers a great deal of support for its members, particularly in the areas of training, mentorship, Grove development, clergy, and military members. Members have excellent resources for problem solving through their local Grove, an accessible leadership, and a fairly "flat" hierarchy where all persons in leadership are approachable. Also, ADF members have recourse to a specific member of the Board of Directors who can bring their concerns to the very top of the organization with no middleman.

**4) Identity:** ADF is recognized by the IRS as a tax-exempt 501(c)3 non-profit church. At over 1,200 members, ADF has members across the United States and in several other countries including Canada and the UK. ADF credentials, such as ADF Dedicant, ADF Initiate, and ADF Priest, mean something in the greater Pagan community. We expect anyone who holds a title bestowed by ADF to be both willing and able to demonstrate the competence associated with that title upon polite request. Once these titles have been earned, the ADF Office can verify that you have earned them if any question should arise, and the training behind these titles is recognized as legitimate by other Pagans.

**5) Empowerment:** Every person in ADF is considered able to lead their own rituals, work their own magic, and contact the Gods and Spirits on their own. Neither ordination nor specific levels of training are required to lead or run ADF rituals, but training is offered to help those who wish to achieve higher levels of ritual excellence. Our High Day rites are public and open to all who do not seek to interrupt or disrupt them. ADF seeks to avoid a culture of "power over" and instead promote a culture of shared power and equal opportunity; different genders, sexual orientations, races and ethnicities all have equal footing within the organization. No member is required or expected to embark on training, though it will always be encouraged.

# Brightest Blessings!

And thus is another edition of Crane Chatter completed. To the readership, both Crane-kin and beyond, I hope you've enjoyed the articles within. If you'd like to be included in the next edition, please email me at [skylark913@gmail.com](mailto:skylark913@gmail.com).

May the summer sun kiss you with warmth and shining blessings!



*Three Cranes Grove, ADF*, is a fully chartered Grove of ADF. We are polytheistic, hold public rituals, and seek to better our world and ourselves.

Three Cranes Grove has been celebrating and serving the Gods and the community in central Ohio since 2002. Ten years of laughter, workshops, public rituals, and community service and involvement have helped us build and maintain some amazing relationships! They can only grow stronger!

For more information please visit:

[threecranes.org](http://threecranes.org)

<http://www.facebook.com/threecranesadf.org>