



THE DRUID NETWORK

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AFFILIATED GROVES NEWSLETTER YULE 2007



In the Northern Hemisphere the Winter Solstice gives us all a welcome opportunity to pause in our busy lives and hopefully relax for a while, listening to the silence and beauty of the Earth and contemplate new beginnings. We think of those living in the Southern Hemisphere and acknowledge that their Solstice celebrations will have a very different feel. However the wheel of life continues and very soon the situations will be reversed, so until then all you Southern folk enjoy the long sunshine days and all we Northern folk will cuddle up into the long dark velvet nights.

Solstice Blessings

Lynda

NEWS FROM THE GROVES

Wight Grove

Isle of Wight, England

AFTER a few years of simply following the Wheel of the Year, Wight Druids branched out in late October with an open public celebration for the Hunter's Moon at The Longstone, Mottistone, Isle of Wight.

The event, which began with full Druid ritual and culminated in a deep and delightful drumming session, also included a meditative journey to the cauldron of transformation, with those taking part offering up all that no longer served them to be changed into the seeds to be planted for the new growing season beyond the Dark Half of the year.

Around two dozen people (plus assorted young children/babies and one hardy dog) gathered on what had been forecast to be a cold night, but turned out to be unseasonably balmy, and drummed and celebrated until after midnight.

This event was, in fact, the 'outer' public counterpart to the 'inner' Wight Druids Samhuinn rite, which was celebrated privately in a lovely, intimate little yew grove with just a few invited friends.

The 'one-off' Hunter's Moon event was so enjoyed by those who were there that it now seems quite likely to be repeated, as the 'outer', public expression of the most intimate festival of Samhuinn.

Bendithion Llawen/Many Blessings

Maurice (Blue)

Wight Druids

Celli Ynys Weith

www.wightdruids.co.uk



Clan of the Triple Horses

Southern Oregon, USA



Greetings!

Clan of the Triplehorses Grove has had a busy year. For pictures and details please see:

<http://triplehorses.livejournal.com/>

We have just started something new, for us anyway, a women's mystery event. Wolfsong, a vital member of our group, has been leading seasonally appropriate guided meditations and/or brief rituals in addition to our public high day rituals.

Additionally, we are adding more singing to all our rituals, although it seems I personally cannot carry a tune in a bucket.

Our door is always open. Hospitality is a Druidic virtue. So if another grove would like visit and/or exchange ideas, even vent, let us know!

For more information,

please contact-

triplehorses@gmail.com

OR see our website at-

<http://www.adf.org/groups/groves/triple-horses>

Weaver Weaver
a chant by Beverly Frederick

Weaver, Weaver, weave (her) thread
Whole and strong into your web
Healer, Healer, heal (her) pain
In love may (she) return again

We are dark and we are bright
We are formed of earth and light
Of joy and pain our lives are spun
But all too soon the spinning's done

No one knows why we are born
A web is made, a web is torn
Like wandering seabirds we alight
To rest one moment, then take flight

So may (she) find the hidden way
Beyond the gates of night and day
To that sweet land where apples grow
And endless healing waters flow

Of that spring, may (she) drink deep
And wake to dream, and die to sleep,
And dreaming spin another form
A shining thread of life reborn

Blessings to all and all you love,

Aigeann



Sacred Grove of Truth

Queensland, Australia

Greetings to one and all,

Well we have had a busy year and although we are a small dedicated group there has still been much to do.



We have been trying to heal the land due to the ten year drought that we have been experiencing and have been concentrating our energy on the trees and animal life so that there is less stress for them. It is a very old meditation that we follow, in that we send out a collective energy field, like a fog I suppose, and spread it over the land and the vegetation and or trees that need energy take from it and are nurtured by it. We have also been concentrating on the clouds, trying to make it rain. We do have our successes and once again it is a simple meditation, but better results are achieved by a group and you also need clouds in the sky to be able to do it and yes it works very well. The group concentrate upon a bunch of white clouds and you can either paint them black in your mind's eye or keep concentrating upon making them go darker and darker and before you know it many clouds start to appear and you work then on the collective. When all have gone dark you concentrate on them letting loose their water and yes it starts to rain, perhaps a little at first but the deeper you concentrate the harder it rains. Of course it also helps that you get the nature spirits to help as well for added success.



The photo is of a 2,000 year old Cycad Palm and this is where we hold our grove meetings. There is a Vessica Pisces island of fish fern and at one end there is a square rock, at the other is a She Oak that is crowned with Mistletoe. It is a very ancient site and there is much energy there. You can see the ley lines of various colours and there is also a double vortex coming out of the ground.

Those of us from the Sacred Grove of Truth here in Queensland Australia wish all the members of the TDN Blessings for whatever you are celebrating.

Empedocles //
(Terry Rundell)

BLOOD MOON GROVE

Oxfordshire, England

Blood Moon Grove began with a need. Although in personal rites and even in some small groves the issues are touched upon, the undiluted intention was nowhere around us. That need was to explore and express the grief of humankind, and in particular of being a woman, and to do so without necessarily being hidden away.

It isn't therapy, but it is therapeutic, it is cathartic. Offering our bodily grief in wild expression, in places that are made sacred by our ritual, we acknowledge the cycles of birth and death within and around us, in our tissues, blood and bones, in our memories and relationships. In Blood Moon Grove, we howl grief at the disconnection, alienation and wounding of the world we live in. We pour out the desolation of love lost, of children lost, of parents lost, keening for all those who have suffered and died in the war fought by our people, keening for the anguish and loss felt by our grandmothers, generation after generation. We release our own personal grief too, for the two are interconnected, our personal losses and tragedies laying down a pathway that shows us how to release our grief for the wider world. That uninhibited expression of despair, wailing and choking, shaking and swaying, is an ancient part of our heritage, for the process invokes not only the presence of our grandmothers, but the gods of nature and of our tribe. In that way, it becomes an expression of our spiritual duty, an obligation and a gift, sometimes offering, sometimes sacrifice, for our ancestors and the gods.

Based in the south Midlands, we have made ritual at a landfill site, on a motorway bridge, in city centres, outside Downing Street in Whitehall, and at ancient tomb shrines: anywhere that is appropriate and does not disturb those whom we would not wish to disturb. The core of the Grove began as two of us, becoming three, and our rites over the past five years or so have been anything between three and thirty. Anyone can apply to join us, but it is important to understand that the grove is not a support group or a social gathering. We come together for ritual, to share and inspire that sacred expression, and that is all. In the same way that we don't choose nice pretty peaceful places to make ritual, there is no pacifying of the experience by Grove members before or after the rite, no gentling of the pain within the Grove. We work with the gods who leave us bruised.

Emma Restall Orr
Blood Moon Grove 2007





The Oak and Feather Grove

East Lancashire, England

Gentle, unknown leaf
The sun has darkened you
And now time curls at your edges
Worrying away your soft sheen.

The time for your dances has ended
And now the fall to rest is before you
Return to Earth, your mother
Embrace and lay at one with her.

You will be called again
To be drawn, up and out with the sunlight
One story among a lifetime of stories
Live it to your best and in the telling, be true.

For you will dance again
In the breezes of summer
And with your soft shine
Show the joy of your spirit

Avey



Photo of Beacon Fell by Avey

Gorsedd Caer Badon (Bath)

Advance notice:

Friday, 1st February 2008, 7pm

Imbolc Bardic Showcase

Featuring Tallyessin and the Bards of Bath & Glastonbury to celebrate the launch of 'The Book of the Bardic Chair', edited by Kevan Manwaring, foreword by Ronald Hutton, with contributions from Caitlin Matthews, RJ Stewart, Graham Harvey, Greywolf, Moyra Caldecott and others (published by RJ Stewart Books, USA).

Come and celebrate Imbolc in Avalon.

The evening is dedicated to the memory of Tim Sebastian Woodman, founder of Gorsedd Caer Badon who passed away 1st February 2007.

George's Room,
Isle of Avalon Foundation,
2-4 High St,
£7/5 on door

www.isleofavalonfoundation.com

The evening also marks the launch of a new 9 month course: 'The Way of the Bard' with Kevan Manwaring, winner of the Bardic Chair of Caer Badon and author of 'The Bardic Handbook', based at the Isle of Avalon Foundation (see their website for details).

FFI: www.tallyessin.com

