

PART NINE

THE BOOKS OF THE LATTER-DAY DRUIDS

Introduction

Unlike most of the previous materials written by many authors throughout the Reform, the following materials mostly come from me and my friends at Carleton (the Dead Bay Scrolls come from Hazelnut NRDNA). Most of them were written in the 1993-1995 period (which along with the Green Book volumes 2 & 3 in the Summer of 93, and ARDA) mark this as a period of high literary output. This period is reasonably separate from the 1963-1979 period of earlier-day Druidism, so I have chosen to call it latter-day Druidism. The title is also a slight humorous poke at Mormonism. There are three main categories that group the contents of part nine;

1. Thirtieth Anniversary Histories

The Dead Lake Scrolls (Published Aug. 93)
The Dead Bay Scrolls (Published Dec. 93)

2. Weird Stuff

The Book of the African Jedi Knight (Published Dec. 93)
The Book of Ultimate Answers (Published June 94)

3. Songs and Poetry

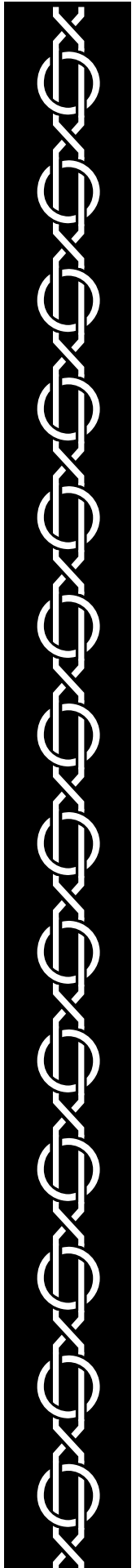
The Book of Songs and Poetry, Volume 1 (Published July 93)
The Book of Songs and Poetry, Volume 2 (Published Dec. 93)

My literary explosion began after reading the long-neglected materials of the Druid Archives and seeing the sheer possibilities of Reformed Druidism. All this was taking place during the May 93 to May 94 period when I was Arch-Druid. I figured that I am better at writing than at leading rituals (although I did hold an unusually large number of rituals), so I spent much of my energies went into producing literature that might outlive my physical presence at Carleton. I also had a great number of things to say, and this was a good time to write them down. Each book has been individually published before, but this is the first time they have all been published together.

Please enjoy them, do not consider them dogma and share with your friends.

Michael Scharding
January 6th, 1996 c.e.
Day 67 of Geimredh
Year XXXIII of the Reform

DRYNEMETUM PRESS



THE DEAD LAKE SCROLLS

Preface

The Dead Lake Scrolls were written at about the time that I began to explore the history of Reformed Druidism and noticed that the records were pretty shoddy after 1980. I resolved to leave behind some type of document to cover the more recent history. It turned out that my comprehensive project would be on Reformed Druidism, so the relevance of this document is no longer as a quick summary, but as an insight into Druidism at Carleton in the early 90s during my active Arch-Druidcy of May 93 to May 94.

The Dead Lake Scrolls received little if any attention from most of my fellow Grove members, but the Hazelnut Grove loved them and wrote The Dead Bay Scrolls in response. I therefore publish them both, hoping that some wisdom will be found in them by the reader.

As with all Reformed Druidic material, none of this is to be considered to be rigid dogma or unassailable truth. Read it in the light-hearted spirit that it was written in.

—Scharding

Publishing History

1st Printing - Summer 93

2nd Printing - Summer 96
(with ARDA)

The Book of Introduction

Chapter the First

1. I tell you the Carleton Druids are truly a marvelous exercise in religious faith. What other group on campus is as dedicated to loving nature and that encourages diversity of religious beliefs?
2. The knowledge gleaned from the practitioners of the Druidic outlook, is worthy of being written down; both for entertainment and the chance it may enlighten someone.
3. I highly encourage others to add to this work with their own writings on miraculous occurrences, insights gained and beauties observed while at Carleton or elsewhere. Poetry and songs would be a welcome addition.
4. The title of this work makes an oblique reference to the state of Lyman Lakes.

Chapter the Second

1. The Contents are:
The Book of Introduction
The Book of Years
The Book of Opposition
The Book on John Burridge
The Book of Post (s)Crypts Pt1
The Book of Paul
The Book of Haiku
The Book of Post (s)Crypts Pt2
The Book of Vigils
The Book of Cattle Raids
The Book of the Great Dream
The Book of Stones
The Book of Fire



Lambert ordaining Michelle Curtis, Hill of Three Oaks, Beltane 1994

Book of Years

by Mike the Fool & Richard the Green

Chapter the First

1. How did the Druids at Carleton progress over the last thirty years? Sit down and I will tell you so that you may see the larger picture of the Reformed movement.
2. For it is in knowing the Past, that the present becomes clear.

Chapter the Second

1. **The Years of Peace** (1963-1968 c.e.) were spent in happy isolation at Carleton's newly founded Grove. None knew of the growing neo-pagan movement then. They only concerned themselves with removing the odious religious requirements and partaking of the waters of life. They researched and solidified a vague philosophic system and hierarchy.
2. The Groves of Vermilion and Rapid City, SD were founded by Nelson and disappeared. Likewise with the Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan, Wisc and New York Grove the First by Frangquist and Fisher.
3. The favorite ritual sites of the Druids, until the Years of Exploration, was the Hill of Three Oaks, Computer Center and Monument Hill.
4. Read the Druid Chronicles to learn more.

Chapter the Third

1. **The Years of Growth** (1968-1974 c.e.) started with the founding of the Berkeley College Grove, from where Robert Larson and Isaac Bonewits did take their knowledge of neo-paganism.
2. These two did also found the Twin Cities Grove and the Stockton Grove.
3. Elsewhere, the RDNA of Carleton College did found the Chicago, the Ann Arbor and the Stanford Groves under Glenn McDavid, Conway and Savitzky.
4. Carleton spent many of these years growing larger after an initial plunge in membership. All of the major publications and codification were finished by this point including the Green Book of meditations, the Apocrypha and Liturgy.

Chapter the Fourth

1. **The Years of Pain** (1974-1976 c.e.) were started by Bonewits' letter to the Council of Dalon Ap Landu (which is all the third order priests) declaring that the RDNA was in fact an "eclectic, Neopagan & Reconstructionist Priestcraft."
2. Many did rend their hair over his terminology! Many were exceedingly wroth with each other. See the Orange Book of the Apocrypha **and** the Book of the Apocrypha found in Bonewits' version of the Druid Chronicles for their words.
3. Since the current Carleton Archdruid was seemingly out of touch, so they wanted to assume a rotating head for the Council of Dalon Ap Landu.
4. A vote was taken: most of the Carleton graduates voted against it, most Californians voted for it.
5. A split developed and the New RDNA was formed.
6. The Yellow Book of The Druid Chronicles (Evolved) was published and the Orange Book of the Carleton Apocrypha was completed but unpublished.

Chapter the Fifth

1. **The Years of the Decline** (1976-1980 c.e.) were the result of problems with the transition of the ArchDruidcy, although Donald Morrison is not to blame, a general decrease in mysticism was.
2. The fermentative years of the Vietnam war were over and were

in the oil crisis. It was not years to be rebellious any more, for Lo!, women and men could drink and sleep in the same dorms now. We were sorely preoccupied with these new pleasures.

3. Likewise, college students could vote now instead of protest.
4. The group withered away and lost touch with the others.

Chapter the Sixth

1. **The Years of the Occlusion** (1980-1982 c.e.) were years in which few druids over the second order existed. Occasional calls to past Druids gained no real support.
2. For Yeal, these were the start of the Reagan years, and what enthusiasm could any Druid have?

Chapter the Seventh

1. **The Years of the Revival** (1982-1985 c.e.) were thus called since David Frangquist returned to Carleton College to ordain Tom & Meg.
2. A weak resumption of the old ways were resumed while the Earth-mother nurtured the returning Druidism.

Chapter the Eighth

1. **The Years of the Exploration** (1985-1990 c.e.) were a result of a break with the third order and the firm introduction of neo-pagan students (& their wisdom) into Carleton.
2. The students did pursue new areas of study, especially in the study of the wisdom of the Lakota.
3. Sweatlodges and nudity were introduced.
4. Waters-of-Life were laid to the side, mostly because they were dangerous with the aforesaid practices.
5. Great Fires blazed at these rituals. One such fire-leader was Joe, whose famous quote rings out through the ages: "Lo! But it is not a real fire until I burn my beard!"
6. Farmhouse was the center of this revival. Many of their names may be found on the "family tree" in Farmhouse on the second floor to this day. The site of choice was the Oak Opening in the lower Arb.
7. The Grove of St. Olaf was started and remained small under Sam's loving care.

Chapter the Ninth

1. **The Years of Chaos** (1990-1993 c.e.) were not a fault of the ArchDruid, Andrea the Fair, but rather because the mainstays of the group had all graduated, or dropped out of school.
2. There were many insider quarrels that did rend apart the group, and although none wished to be the leader, they quarreled anyway.
3. Pagan Studies did stop meeting and Catalyst under Salem and Celia did help to hold the group together. Especially in bringing in the members of the class of '95.

Chapter the Tenth

1. **The Year of Order** (1993-1994 c.e.) was then established when Mike the Fool did decide to bring back a modicum of dogma to the group.
2. The Third order did return to Carleton as may be found in the Book of Vigils and many did return to the pleasures of vigiling. (See Book of Vigils)
3. Documents of the past and certain rituals returned from the Archives.
4. The Basic plan was to give a group structure, teach the history and customs, make documents accessible, to encourage all Druid to try and lead a ritual or group exercise, and provide help in finding spiritual groups outside the Carleton after graduation.

5. Then was the Naples Grove of Florida was founded by Kyle Jemair Clark under Mike & Sam's tutelage.

Chapter the Eleventh

1. **The Years of Legitimacy** (1994?) did begin and great was apprehension.
2. For how can a group based on being the rebellious outsider survive, when it is now accepted by the Institution?
3. This process did perplex the Druids of Carleton for many decades and they wisely chose not to register with the authorities that be.
4. But, in the mid 80s, the quest for cash led them into closer cahoots with the authorities that be and "Pagan Studies" was founded to garner money.
5. Many discussion groups and lecture luncheons with Druids and others were funded by Pagan Studies.
6. But Pagan Studies faded, as must all institutions.
7. Up arose another young organizer, Michael being his name, and another front organization was founded to garner money, and Friends of the Earth Mother at Carleton College was its name.
8. FOEMACC did bring in the loot and much wax, whiskey and magazines were purchased, and this brought joy to the hearts of the Druids.
9. Yet there was still apprehension in the hearts of the older Druids.
- 10 And the day did come in the 33rd year of the Reform (May 1995), in which Becky the Grinner did say unto the other children of the Earth Mother; "Why do we not dispose of FOEMACC and seek to garner money directly, yea, even under the very same name as 'Druids'?"
11. And for the first time in 33 years, our petition for legitimacy was accepted and the Druids were no longer the rebels on the outside of the Institution.
- 12 Or are they?

The Book on John Burridge

by Mike the Fool

Chapter the First

1. It was a dark and stormy night when I first saw John. I was casually strolling by the music building on campus.
2. Suddenly, I saw two green lights flying towards me. They did neither bob nor sway, but straight at me they did come.
3. Just when I thought they would impale me, a figure in a purple and black cloak roller-bladed shuttled by me, yelling "Aiiyyyyeeee!.....Zoom!"
4. That was John and it was sign.

Chapter the Second

1. John was a spiritual guru for me and taught me to play the harp. Sine Ceolbhinn, my harp, is an identical twin of his harp. John loved Hostess Ho-Hos, M&Ms, and Caffeine.
2. He lived in a spiritually powerful house with peeling orange paint called "Orange Awareness House." It was the second oldest house in all of Northfield. Many Druids had lived there including Jon, Dave, Andrea and John.
3. All the Druids did work in the computer center and were VAX geeks. John was the geekiest of them all.
4. His long sable hair had streaks of silver in them, and his tall, nervous, slender figure enjoyed dancing and chasing squirrels. Truly his real name was "Moonhawk Studmuffin."

Chapter the Third

1. Truly did all the Druids love John and his cat, Machka.
2. One day, John became the victim of an evil squirrel.
3. Photon, for that was his nickname, was rollerblading along near Sayles, when he spotted a squirrel who had strayed too far from a tree.
4. He switched into turbo-mode and did strive to grab the squirrel. Verily, he could just about reach its fuzzy tail as its feet madly pounded the earth.
5. Earth became gravel...
6. The gravel caught the roller-blade wheels...
7. His feet stopped, but his body didn't.
8. He hurdled through a bush and broke his wrist.
9. The safe squirrel laughed from the tree top, he having planned it all.
10. A song was composed by Ann to the tune of "Dona Dona" as found in the Rise Up Singing Book used at Picking N Grinning:
11. "On a stretcher bound from Northfield
Lies a man with a mournful eye.
High above him, in a tree top,
Laughs a squirrel from on high...

chorus:

How the squirrels are laughing!
They laugh with all their might
Laugh and laugh the whole night through... and (clap!)
Half that April night.
Dona Dona Dona etc.

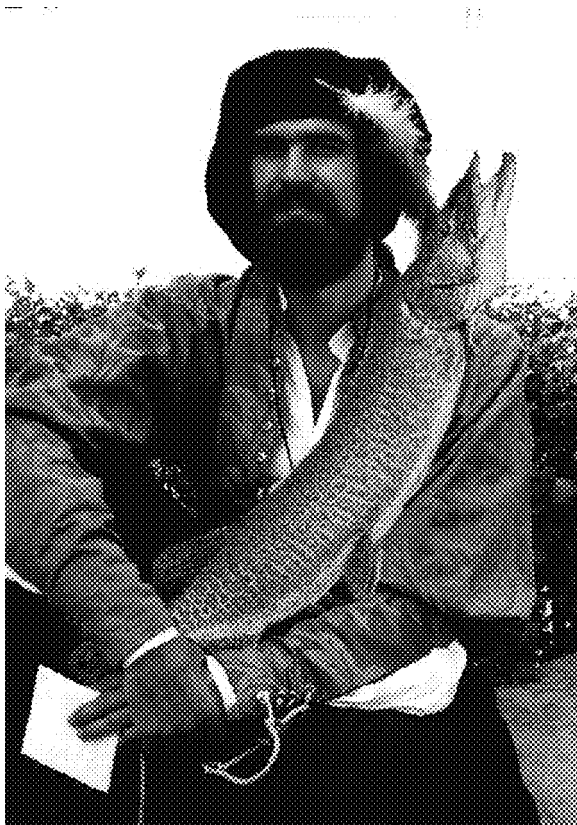
Squirrels are easily bound and slaughtered
Never knowing the reason why
But if you chase squirrels o'er gravel
You will fall and you might die!

Chapter the Fourth

1. Aye! Did not every tear fill with sorrow when John had to leave from Carleton College. In their eyes the very color had left the world
2. He was a victim of the most evil lord of the computer center, Carl, who did purge the office of 'unneeded' ones.
3. A great party surrounded the parting of John, over two score were present at Orange House. Many strange things did occur at that party, including a strange GREEN drink.
4. He then did leave, and then Druidism slumped at this college, having lost its most promising new leader, one who was not a student in fact.

Chapter the Fifth

1. Not long after, Orange Awareness House itself was razed by yellow beasts that belched smoke.
2. John now resides in south Arizona at a Commune known as Arcosanti, a place where a mediocre Sci-Fi movie, NIGHTFALL, was filmed.
3. Machka Burrige, John's owner, is with him there too, and she is doing well.
4. Here ends the Book on John Burrige.



A fish (with John Burrige), c. 1990

The Book of Opposition

by Mike the Fool

Chapter the First

1. As the Reagan/Bush years progressed, the intolerance of religions, especially mystical ones has increased at Carleton.
2. Yea, there were far more fundies than you can shake a stick at, Danu bless their small minds.
3. And here are some of their notorious deeds, names have not been hid to hide the guilty.

Chapter the Second

1. It was a bright, sunny day of April 10th, 1993 c.e. when Andrea the Fair and Mike the Busy did go up to the Hill of two Oaks to thank the Earth for its blessings in an Erisian fashion.
2. There were two people there, and since Mike had well advertised the time and place throughout the college, he assumed they were there for the ritual.
3. All removed broken glass from the Hill's green bosom.
4. The two people, Paul R. and Jason B., did leave with friendly remarks, indeed nothing seemed amiss.
5. Yea, but a Griffin did also mount the hill with the splendor of his red locks of hair. He said 'hi' and left. Mike took it as a sign.
6. Mike and Andrea did don the most sacred Cone-Hats of bright colors and the mystical handpuppets of John Burrige. They did dance around intoning 'Beep-Beep' mantras.

Chapter the Third

1. The ritual was mostly done (see order or worship) and Mike was reading a meditation, when Paul R. strode up and declared:
2. "I have come to tell you that you dance before false gods, who will crumble into dust before the superior might of my God on the Final Day of Judgment, and I will see you burn in the Flames of Hell as a result of your worship!!!" He then returned to Monument Hill where a prayer service was being held.
3. Andrea turned to Mike and said "What the Hell was that?" but Mike did not know at first.
4. Mike finished the service and pondered on Andrea's words as she returned to Goodhue. "At first I thought he was just being an asshole, but then later I realized it was harassment." Mike later was prone to say.

Chapter the Fourth

1. Mike did decide to reason with this Anti-Druid, but this is difficult, for Anti-Druids deny the validity of any view but their own.
2. Mike did reason with all his might against the great Anti-Druid encampment. He received an "apology" from Paul, "I didn't want to do it, but God told me to do it." Humph!
3. Mike was unable to coax an assurance that Paul would not interfere with the 30th anniversary ritual on the next week.
4. Mike did beseech upon the authorities for protection, but a legalistic loophole in the Carleton list of student rights did not feel that students had a right not to be harassed for racial, ethnic or religious background.
5. Mike did spit forth angry recriminations. Had these baboons missed the 60's all together? Were they maliciously stupid?!
6. Mike indeed did lose his countenance, which is oft ill befitting a Druid.

Chapter the Fifth

1. Posters had been put up on walls by fundies all this year and last, proclaiming the glory and superiority of the Christian faith.

2. Many of the said posters were removed by enlightened people, yeah!
3. Mike and others did fill the spring Carletonian paper with articles about freedom of religion and tolerance for race.
4. But was this the only time the Anti-Druids have acted? Nay! Listen and I will tell you of what I have learned.

Chapter the Sixth

1. Dave and others have told me of many persistent conversion attempts.
2. While preparing wood for a Beltane fire in the Oak Grove in 1990, I did stumble upon a group of pale people dressed in white in silent meditation. They replaced our maypole with a 8' cross.
3. A few times we've arrived at a ritual site only to find the ground LITTERED with strewn crosses.
4. The cross at Monument Hill, is not the work of Anti-Druids, but merely a religious shrine. It has been there since 1987, you should not remove it. Treat it as a symbol for the four directions.
5. Sam, Heather, Alex and I were having a sweatlodge and vigil in May 1992 on the Hill. As we were relaxing in the nude, in between sweats, a contingent of party-fiends did overrun the Hill. They would not leave nor wait 10 minutes! For they had the Hill of Oaks reserved and we did not and we were forced to pull up our stakes and finish at the Little Grove.
6. Read the Druid Chronicles for Anti-Druid activities. Also see the Book of Vigils.

Chapter the Seventh

1. I will now tell you how to deal with Anti-Druids.
2. If you enter arguments with them, you will seem to lose, since their rules to win prevent them from accepting yours.
3. But do not wage war with them, but meet their arguments with compassion, for many a fundie is suffering from insecurity. Reasoning will not get them to abandon their only anchor, that they

have found the ONLY way, and are thus saved, and that you damned.

4. Beware of rousing them. The Public will sympathize as long as you are not shown to be the aggressor.
5. Never announce the site nor time of a ritual via the Carletonian, NNB or in the VAX Notes Conference. All these are publicly accessible and may encourage attacks.
6. Never allow mailing lists to fall into the hands of non-druids.
7. Stuffing the mailboxes is safest.
8. Archdruids, meet with all druid-wannabes to sniff out spies, for we've had them before, and we'll have them again. Meeting with them also encourages the real Druids-wannabes into participation.
9. Always reserve the site at the Campus Activities Office, if you fear interruption. If the register looks funny at you, say you're reserving the FIRE-RING at the site. Of course, the Anti-Druids could also read that reservation book to find you.
10. Many of the Fundy groups have taken to outdoor services, this is good. That's OK. Avoid running into them.
11. Having a person be a "guardian" to detour drunks and bad tempered fiends often helps a ritual. The Preceptor should take any divine "messages" and deliver them, after the ritual is finished.
12. Do not fear bringing them up on charges. First you must tell the Dean of Students of the problem. He will write to the offender with an official warning. If the warned person repeats their behavior then you have a case against them. If you don't complain the first time, you can not smite the person the second time!
13. Remember, security is on your side if they start a fight.
14. However, the Anti-Druids could say you were nude or giving alcohol to under-21 year olds. So practice these with caution.
15. If this sounds paranoiac, then ignore it, for you must live in an age at Carleton where students have resumed civility in their discourse to eachother. You are blessed.
16. So ends this Book.



The Book of Post Scripts: Part One

by Mike the Fool

Chapter the First

1. It was April 17th, 1993 when the Druids did gather at Monument Hill, where all that started did occur, to celebrate thirty years of Druidism at this college. It was a sunny day and all did agree it was a gift from the Earth-mother.
2. And Lo!, Richard, an Arch Druid of 1971 c.e., was present and did lead us in the order of worship. For at that time there were no third order priests at the college. (Nor had there been since 1984, though many did the work without being able to be ordained.)
3. And Lo!, Michael, who was but a chick in an egg with his Druidism, was the preceptor, for he knew the stuff cold!
4. And Lo!, others did show up. And their numbers were counted as four people. They were the one called Blake (of the Sci-Fi club), the one called Hannah (of the dazzling cuteness), the one called Paul (of the blond hair) and the one called Nikki (known for her wardrobe). Many more had decided to sleep late or to play Frisbee.
5. Squirrels, birds, deer and bugs were also there in attendance, although they were not always visible nor audible.
6. No Anti-Druid dared to disturb this most momentous occasion, for Michael had taken many precautions and had set up powerful wards.
7. The ritual went well, and wise words and stories were told from the wise ones of the middle-east. The difference between a camels and its rider can be confusing!
8. After the ritual, many did go to the Hill of Two (or three oaks) and did partake of food & Tang while watching the fierce Frisbee teams vie for supremacy.

Chapter the Second

1. Not long after Beltaine, Sam, an ArchDruid of St.Olaf since 1987, and Michael the Fool, did decide to undertake the duties

of the office of ArchDruids for the period of time of Beltaine 1993 to Beltaine 1994.

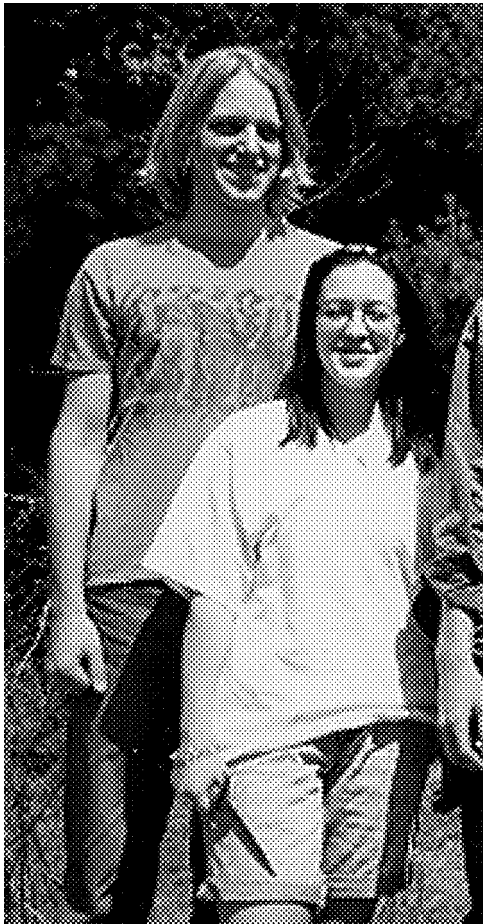
2. These two druids did dress up and carried their ensouled musical instruments ("Stormus" the Bodhran and "Sine Ceolbhinn" the Harp) and flaming brands to the top of the Hill of Two oaks on a moony night.
3. They were enraged to find a sleeping person already on the Hill. Where else could they hold their ritual? What to do?
4. Michael said to Sam that they should build a circle of stones around this victim, who had apparently offered himself as a sacrifice. But Sam saith to Mike, "Nay, that would get us in trouble."
5. Mike also wished to pin a note to the sleeper that said "Sorry, but we didn't need you for a human sacrifice after all, thanks though!" But Sam, full of wisdom, said unto Mike, "Nay, that would get us in trouble!"
6. Mike and Sam did mosey unto the Hill of Monument, whose blank fourth side reflects upon our dogma, and they did dance around the obelisk until they became ArchDruids of Carleton and St. Olaf respectively (and quite dizzy!) and they did ask for wisdom and a sign of blessing.
7. And Lo!, next morning when Mike mounted the Hill of Two Oaks on the next morning, to give thanks to the sunrise, there were now THREE trees present!
8. Once, this Hill bore three oaks, but many years past, a lightning bolt did blast this third tree reducing it to a stump. Rain and the Grounds Crew further had reduced this stump to a depression on the Hill. Many gentiles thought they saw three trees, but were mistaken, for one tree was split into two trunks and deceived many people.
9. Mike had planted many acorns on the site afore this time, but here was a new oak tree, 3 men tall, sprung forth from the earth over night. It was not far from where the previous tree had stood.
10. He did fall to the ground and gave many thanks for this sign from the Earth-Mother of her love for her Druids.
11. Later, Mike realized that the Earthmother had worked through the Carleton alumni of the Men's rugby team and their treeplanting memorial fund, but that did not detract from the miracle.
11. Here Paul, of the dazzling blond hair, doth add comments of his own wisdom:



The Book of Paul: Part One

Chapter the First

1. Shortly following the arrival of the new oak, the foliage of all the arboretum did shower forth their blessings unto the new oak.
2. Mike, the most-knowlegeable, did collect the offerings for the oak and did skillfully weave them into a ring of life and blessings.
3. Herewith did the two elder oaks contribute to that ring. With familial support, Mike and Paul braved the dizzying heights of the oaks to collect their leaf offerings.
4. Yea, they were like unto squirrels!
5. With the offering to the fledgling oak complete, Mike and Paul did proceed with a ritual of goodwill and blessing.
6. After completing the noon-ish ritual under the gaze of the benevolent sun, and with the support of the Hill of Three Oaks, a libation from the waters of life was imparted unto the oak.
7. The oak did quickly drink from the waters and, with minimal coaxing, persuaded the two nearby ape descendants to bathe it with more powers of life.
8. Immediately after the oak had consumed all Druidic nourishment available, a strange wanderer did appear, and he did stare with wonderment and delight upon the healthy new oak.
9. Lo!, the powers of the Earth Mother surged through the oak and it did shine with glory.
10. So sayeth Paul, the mighty.



Paul the mighty with Nikki Lambert, 30th Anniversary

The Book of Haiku

Placing the kitten
To weigh her on the balance
She went on playing.
—Issa

Nine times arising
To see the moon whose solemn pace
marks only midnight yet
—Basho

O sprint time twilight....
Precious moment worth to me
a thousand pieces
—Sotuba

O summer twilight
bug-depreciated to a
mere five hundred.
—Kikaku

Snow Whispering down
all day long, earth has vanished
leaving only sky
—Joso

Carven Gods long gone
dead leaves alone forgotten
on the temple porch.
—Basho

Vanishing springtime
wistful the lonely widow
pouts at her mirror.
—Seiki

A bright autumn moon...
in the shadow of each grass
an insect chirping.
—Busoh

Black cloud bank broken
scatters in the night... now see
moonlighted mountains!
—Basho

Two ancient pine trees
a pair of gnarled and sturdy limbs
with 10 green fingers.
—Ryota

Yellow butterfly...
fluttering, fluttering on
over the ocean.
—Shiki

Crossing it alone
in cold moonlight, the brittle bridge
echoes my footsteps
—Taigi

Every single step
is quivering now with light
O how bitter cold!
—Taigi

One fallen flower
returning to the branch? oh no!
a white butterfly.
—Meritake

Grey moor, unmarred
by any branch... a single branch
a bird... November
—Anonymous

The soft summer moon...
who is it moves in white there...
on the other bank?
—Chora

Here is the dark tree
denuded now of leafage...
but a million stars!
—Shiki

He who climbs this hill
of flowers finds here a shrine
to the kind goddess.
—Basho

Some poor villages
lack fresh fish or flowers,
all can share this moon.
—Saikaku

Under a spring mist
ice & water forgetting
their old difference....
—Teitaku

Colder far than snow...
winter moonlight echoing on
my whitened hair.
—Joso

After moon viewing
my companionable shadow
walked along with me.
—Jodo

Coolness on the bridge...
Moon, you and I alone
unresigned to sleep
—Kikusa-ni

Winter moonlight casts
cold tree-shadows long and still
my warm one moving.
—Shiki

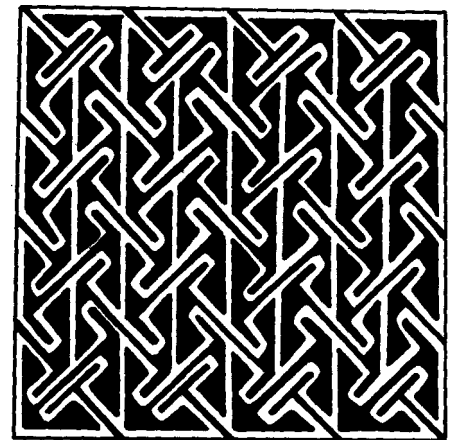
Weeping...Willows
kneel here by the waterside
mingling long green hair.
—Kyorai

In stony moonlight
hills and fields on every side
white and bald as eggs
—Yansetsu

Penetrating hot
September sun on my skin
feel the cooling breeze.
—Basho

Feeble feeble sun
it can scarcely stretch across
winter-wasted fields
—Bokuson

Ah leafless willow
bending over the dry pool
of stranded boulders.
—Buson



The Book of Post Scripts: Part Two

By Mike the Fool, Alice, Heiko & Brandon

Chapter the Third

1. Verily, the third order has languished over the last 15 years. Problems with over devotion to the Waters-of-Life, led to a lack of devotion to the Druids. Beware, ye!, the curse of over-devotion! The next ArchDruid, Katya was unable to fix the damage and went into Occlusion.
2. From 1980 to 1982, the years of occlusion, few above 1st order did roam these sacred groves. Great was their despondency! Lamentations did pour forth from those who sought guidance. A weak call for help did ensue, and yea!, it was answered by a David's love! He did travel forth to fix the damage done.
3. David the Chronicler, did return in 1982 to revive a languishing group at Carleton. Tom, Bob, and Margaret, newly of the 3rd order, did lead the group until 1984 during these Years of Revival. Yet, sadly, none followed these Druids into the third order.
4. Druidism slept at Carleton until the visit by Selena Fox and her husband Dennis in 1985. Many did attend her lecture and ate at FarmHouse, where a feast was thrown for in her honor.
5. Earlier, Curtis and Paul (who was a Glover) had found Isaac's Druid Chronicles in the basement. But they knew not what to make of Druidism, but some pyrotechnic rites and stuffed toy dinosaurs were applied to the problem, to the amusement of all.
6. Heiko, the dark haired, did show Selena of this book, and she imparted unto them the basic history of the RDNA. Many desired to restart this group, but there was no Druid initiate then known. All despaired.
7. Then, by luck or fate, Alice (the good person) did pass by and stated that she was an initiate of the Druids of the second order, or at least of the first order. All did jump up in amazement and asked her for the story of how this event had come to be. She said unto them:
8. "In my freshmen year, the ArchDruid did reside in Burton, on the highest floor thereof, which I and my friends did also reside upon. Their names were Judith and Maggie.
9. "One night, that Druid asked us, 'Do you wisheth to be Druids, fair ones?' We replied back unto him "Verily, we do!" We went to the Hill of Three Oaks and were initiated by that same ArchDruid, who wore a blue bathrobe. He told us 'I don't want you to take this too seriously'. That is my story."
10. All who did listern thereunto did run up to the Hill of Three Oaks. When they had mounted the skybound hilltop, they saw thereon a Stag and a Doe of marvelous beauty. But as they did approach, the two deer had vanished! Each took this in their own way. Many did enter the second order on that night.
11. Unable to bring back another Third Order Druid to 'properly' initiate them, any Druid who led a ritual was considered a third order, and should be respected by all as such. If they so desireth now, they may return for a formal ordination.
12. What did the third order mean before the Years of Exploration? It meant that you vigiled overnight and were initiated by a third order priest with the third order ritual, one that has not been changed since 1965. Back then, only third order priests could lead a ritual, vote on the board of Dalon Ap Landu, received a copy of the annual report from succeeding Archdruids, and were the only ones allowed to initiate a 2nd or 3rd order Druid.
13. What does the third order mean in the Year of Order (1993 to 1994)? It means you have spent a night vigiling in the woods in meditation and was initiated by a 3rd order priest with third order ritual, one that has never be changed since 1965. You will then receive a copy of the annual report from succeeding

ArchDruids and are allowed to initiate a 3rd Order Druid. You will also vote on the Council of Dalon Ap Landu, if it is ever revived.

14. According to our new tradition, Second order Druids may initiate 2nd and 1st order Druids with either the official formula or with a made-up version. Second orders can lead rituals.
15. According to our new tradition, First order Druids are anyone whose ever shown up at a ritual and may initiate anyone else into the 1st order. First orders can lead rituals.
16. The 4th through 7th orders are essentially closed, and will probably never be accessible again. Oh, well, big deal

Chapter the Fourth

1. You may ask, "What happened to our Groves, which were scattered across the country?" I will tell you.
2. During the 70's, the ones led by Isaac Bonewits did break with the RDNA and were known as the New Reformed Druids of North America (NRDNA) and as the Schismatic Druids of North America (SDNA), Hassidic Druids of North America (HDNA), the Other Druids of North America (ODNA) and the Zen Druids of North America (ZDNA). In 1979, all these groups changed back their designation back to NRDNA.
3. During the 80's, a few groves led by Isaac Bonewits did break with the NRDNA and mutated into a grim, scholastic group known as Ar nDraocht Fein ("Our own Druidism"). They did much research on Paleo-paganism in Indo-European cultures.
4. During the later 80's, a few groups led by Pat and Tony Taylor did break with the Ar nDraocht Fein and formed the lighthearted Henge of Keltria, which concentrates almost exclusively upon Celtic Paleo-pagan culture.
5. Today all four groups still survive; the RDNA, NRDNA, ADF and the Henge of Keltria. Rejoice in the Druid Sigil, that all do honor!
6. What does this symbol, found on the altar stone upon the Hill of Three oaks mean?
7. Some say its a floor plan of a temple in Stuart Piggots book. In which case it should have a square around it.
8. Some say the circle represents the year, whose left and right lines part the winter and summer half, being the two days of Samhain and Beltane.
9. Some say that the Druid symbol is a Yunic symbol, in other words, a representation of a vagina.
10. Regardless of what it is, it is a symbol of Reformed Druidism to the world!
11. So ends the Book of Post-(s)Crypts, Part II.

The Book of Vigils

by Mike the Fool & Sine Ceolbhinn

Chapter the First

1. A vigil is an important marker in one's spiritual quest for religious truth. Therefore any vigiler's story may inspire someone to undertake this mystery of vigiling.
2. What is a vigil? It is the spending (at least) seven hours in the outdoors at night, awake and not speaking unto another. A vigil is mandatory for entering the third order.
3. At dawn, the ordination to the third order is delivered unto the vigiler by another Third Order Druid.

Chapter the Second

1. Not long after the planting of the new tree, Mike did undertake the vigil for the third order. In preparation, the dilapidated pentagonal sweatlodge (near FarmHouse) was razed by Mike and Paul, of the long limbs.
2. Much wood was salvaged. A story of its magical origins is therefore appropriate:
3. Not long after the Years of the Exploration (1985-90) began, Heiko, Paul (a Glover) and Jan decided to build the sweatlodge by FarmHouse, where they could sweat.
4. On the soft, dewy morning, of which they would begin construction, they did leave FarmHouse and looked upon the site.
5. There grazing on the spot was a white Stag. Others say it was a Stag and a Doe. This vision then did vanish. Lo!
6. They took this as a sign, each in their own way.
7. Paul, the blond, and Mike, the fool, did take this wood of Sweatlodge to the Little Grove (also known as the Druid Den) near the Hill of at least Three Oaks. By the Earth-mother!, did not the fires from the old sweatlodge not leap 20 feet in the air, ALL NIGHT!
8. That night (may 21st) a sweatlodge was set up and Richard (ArchDruid of 1971), Paul and Mike did partake thrice of sweat sessions. Then the two did leave Mike to vigil under a starry sky.
9. Mike then did stay up all night. Yea, the weariness of a hard day did sore press him. Verily he spent the whole night on his feet. If he did stop for more than two minutes, he felt sleep creep into his thoughts. He did not know if he would truly make it unto morning, every hour was like a day. Every step he walked was like unto a league.
10. Richard was an hour and a half late the next morning.
11. Mike did enter into the third order, and although he grumbled a great deal, he was greatly satisfied that he had not slept!
12. The next 14 hours, though, he did sleep!

Chapter the Third

1. Not long after this, Mike did initiate his trusty loyal harp, Sine Ceolbhinn ("Jean Sweetmusic") into the third order at the island that is called Mai Fete.
2. Sine had vigiled many times and was deemed worthy of the honor bestowed upon her. Mock not the Harp!

Chapter the Fourth

1. Andrea, Arch Druid of Carleton during the Years of Chaos (1990 to 1993), did vigil many times and is revered for her devotion...
2. On June 19th, she and Mike, clad only by the thunderous and roiling sky, performed the third order ordination using only sub-optimal reading light.
3. I say unto ye, always use white paper, large print and a flashlight

in the dark!

4. Taranis bellowed his approval and all ran back to their respective homes, for the Great Flood of 1993 was being unleashed.

Chapter the Fifth

1. Verily it did rain for many days, until new lakes appeared throughout the arboretum.
2. During the same night as Andrea's initiation, Sam, the Wise Ole, did vigil at the Center of the Universe, which is found just north of Skoglum field at St. Olaf.
3. He wore, as he was wont, naught but a black/blue kilt and a smile.
4. Yea!, did he not spend the night in an open field where lightning leapt back and forth across the sky every 10 minutes until dawn?!
5. The following morning to the aforementioned night, Mike found this brave lad, still alive, wrapped in a tarp like an Irish Tamale.
6. Sam's wits were so addled by the experience that he thought he had enjoyed it! Furthermore he had seen things that he not seen, heard things that he did not hear, felt things he had not felt, smelt things he had not smelt and tasted things he had not tasted!!
7. So did Sam enter into the 3rd order!

Chapter the Sixth

1. Yea, a call did cry out from Circle Sanctuary in Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin that a great meeting of students of the Earth-Mother should meet at a Cave of Eagles near a city called Madison.
2. And the ones who did call forth was named Selena, patron saint of the RDNA, and her husband Dennis.
3. And this meeting was called "Pagan Spirit Gathering 1993," and it was the 14th one, 10th at this site.
4. Sam, the wise, and Mike, the not-so-wise, did journey forth with a non-druid friend, Tim-of-the-car.
5. The journey was four hours and they saw many beautiful trees.
6. The site was a steep valley surrounded by trees and, Yea!, did many people who were pitched in tents did roll down the hill side in the night! Yet none were hurt!
7. The number present was over five hundred. Half of them enjoyed the covering of the sky more than that of clothing, Sam and Mike included.
8. Sam and Mike did arrange to have another 30th anniversary ritual and over a score of people did show up! 2 large bottles of the waters-of-life were passed around and drained, which may be a record amongst Reformed Druids!
9. Among the attendants was Alice, from the Years of Exploration. Also there was Tony Taylor and the Henge of Keltria, a member of the Ar nDraocht Fein, two members of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids (O.B.O.D.) and a young man named Kyle. All enjoyed the ritual with the Wisdom of Thomas the Fool being shared.
10. Kyle was so moved by the spirits that he did rush up to Mike and Sam and did ask to enter the third order. The two ArchDruids were puzzled, for Kyle was but a 1st order druid on that very day, but since Kyle was camped next to them, and had given them steak and alcohol all week, they judged him a man of good heart and soul.
11. Kyle was then raised to the second order by Mike and all there present raised the cup and drank yet more of the waters-of-life.
12. Kyle was then raised unto the third order of Dalon Ap Landu by Mike and all present did raise the cup again drink yet more of the waters-of-life, for he promised to vigil on his return home.
13. Kyle was then made ArchDruid of Naples, Florida and all present raised the cup and drank yet more waters-of-life, for Kyle promised to recruit more partakers of the Water-of-Life on his return home, and to write to us often.

14. Mike, Sam, and Kyle, the only three known ArchDruids in the country (although others existed without our knowledge), did pour praise upon the Earth-mother for the creation of a new Grove!

Chapter the Seventh

1. Alice, the reviver, did step forward and asked to be brought into the third order of the most fertile Dalon Ap Landu. Alice having vigiled many times in the past, was deemed quite worthy.
2. Mike did read the words, and all present did partake of the Waters-of-Life yet again.
3. Mike the Fool did consider initiating Sam's drum, Stormus, into the third order, but saw that Kyle was filled with a satiety of holiness.
4. All then did stumble back unto their tents, especially Kyle, to meditate upon the sharing of the Waters-of-Life. Praise Be!

Chapter the Eighth

1. And so it came to pass that Paul, the blond, did decide that he also would vigil with the Earth-Mother.
2. And he did choose a night that did prove to have poor weather, as is common for Druids.
3. The site that Paul had choseth was the Island of Mai-Fete in the lower of Lyman's Lakes, where Mike's Great Dream had occurred.
4. Taranis, god of thunder, enjoys vigils.
5. Mike did long question this blond Druid and found him most knowledgeable and wise, far more than himself.
6. In the morning drizzle, in apprehension of which Mike had wisely laminated the Ordination sheets (O how wise he was!), Mike did ordain Paul the Mighty into the Third Order.
7. The two cloaked members of Dalon Ap Landu did participate in the time-honored tradition of a ritual breakfast this time at Hardee's, of which Paul, of course, paid for, as is custom.

Chapter the Ninth

1. The next who did wish to enter the Third Order that summer was Nikii Lambert, a redoubtable young wench who had decided to vigil in the most inaccessible site yet known to Druidism.
2. We called the site the Pine Forest of the Deep Lower Arboretum. Indeed it took 30 minutes to reach the site on foot!
3. Mike and Nikii did set up camp on the pine needles and collected wood for a long fire.
4. They went to the Cannon River to cool down over with a quick swim, for it was a sweltering night, and to purify themselves in the flowing waters of the Cannon.
5. After the fire was going, Nikki was left to fend for herself on that long night in the woods.
6. There were many four legged critters that did noisily poke about her camp during that night, interrupting her concentration.
7. And, lo!, she found that pine wood burns very quickly and spent most of the night trying to constantly replace the diminishing firewood stock.
8. She also lamented her lack of caffeine.
9. In the morning, Paul & Mike, joined her. She was relatively cranky, but none the worse for wear.
10. With the fire rekindled, the ceremony of consecration was performed by Mike, and Nikki gloriously entered the Order of Dalon ap Landu. And great was the quantity of Waters that was consumed by all parties!
11. Another quick swim in the Cannon was called for, but was kept short due to the persistence of the bugs known as mosquitos.
12. A long becloaked march was made to Hardees for breakfast, parading through the streets in fine cloaks. We were tired, but proud!

Chapter the Tenth

1. The last Druid to enter the Third Order during that busy Summer Break was Brandon Shields, one of the Druids from the late 80s.
2. His ordination occurred after he led a sweatlodge on Lughnasadh evening. Sam, Paul & I attended the sweat and found it good..
3. After the cleansing sweat, we went to the Hill of Three Oaks, and once there, Sam did ordain his dear friend at about 8pm, because Brandon had vigiled on a previous day. It was Sam's first ordination of another Druid into the Third Order, and he did it well.

Chapter the Eleventh

1. That Fall, the Frangquists did visit Carleton and Rebecca Hrobak did vigil on the bosom of the Earth-Mother, not long before the Samhain rite of 1993 was performed.
2. Hers was almost a pleasant vigil in the Little Grove (known also as the Druid Den) not far from the Hill of Three Oaks, except for the strong chill that was in the air. She however burned but one large log during that long night.
3. Indeed she was honored that night by a visit from David & Deborah Frangquist, along with many other Druids seeking to give her company, yet most of her time was spent quietly in meditation of staring into the fire.
3. When a good 5 or 6 Third Order Druids did march up to the Hill of Three Oaks, we saw the Sun break over the horizon and marvelled at how it was framed in the branches of a large oak tree.
4. Mike did bring Rebecca into the Third Order, although there was but little Waters for the service.
5. At that time, Nikki and Mike did enter into the Fourth Order of Grannos with the blessing of Frangquist.
6. Paul did enter the Fifth Order of Braciaca under the blessing of Frangquist.
7. Mike did enter the Sixth Order of Belenos under the blessing of Frangquist.
8. Possibly the largest Druidic bonfire at Carleton was held that Samhain in honor of our guests, the Sheltons and the Frangquists. Mike barely escaped incinerating himself with the unprecedented use of gasoline. It was a grand sight!

Chapter the Twelfth

1. During the next spring of 1994, two more Druids did wish to enter the Third Order; Anne and Michelle the Dark, and they wished to vigil on the same night.
2. Anne vigiled on a sandy Island and Michelle the Dark vigiled under the boughs of great spreading willow tree by the river bank. They were also given much firewood to pass the night.
3. Unlike all the previous vigils that years, theirs was very pleasant, because it did not rain and they had many friendly visitors. In fact it went so smoothly that the previous vigilers were jealous and the air was loud with their jealous comments!
4. After a fortuitous sighting of deer, we processed by Torch Light to the Hill of Three Oaks where Sam brought Anne to the Third Order.
5. Nikki brought Michelle the Dark to the Third Order, and the golden rays of the rising sun did illuminate the Druid Sigil that had been drawn on her forehead by the Waters.
6. We all did drink deeply of the Waters, so much so that we had trouble reaching The Happy Chef, so we instead took a cab there!
7. At Happy Chef, reeking of campsmoke & whiskey, we did try the Black Raspberry Liquor with our pancakes, in addition to more Waters.
8. We were also forced to take a cab back, although we were only

15 blocks from Campus!

9. This did begin the time of the Triple Archdruidcy of Carleton in which the three buxom friends (Becky, Michelle the Dark & Anne) did boldly lead the Druids in seeking the Earth-Mother at Carleton.

Chapter the Thirteenth

1. In the May of 1995, a most unusual ordination took place with Heather Gruenberg.
2. After preparing herself and receiving blessed items through the mail, the ceremony was conducted over the phone, from Jane of Olaf's room with Sam Adams providing Musical accompaniment.
3. And so, with the help of US WEST, Mike did bring Heather into the Third Order.
4. Mike and Sam felt that the ceremony was adequate but deficient in charm compared to a ritual being performed in person.
5. Later that Summer, Mike went to Royal Oak Michigan (a good place for a Druid to live) and aided Heather in vigiling, for she sleeps too easily.

Chapter the Fourteenth

1. Almost a year did pass before another opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of vigiling did arrive. And this did prove to be yet another double vigil!
2. The three Archdruids of Carleton College were tired after 2 years of leading the Grove, so they were delighted when two freshlings, Michelle Hajder and Irony Sade, did ask to enter the Third Order in the May of 1996.
3. And all the Druids did rejoice at seeing these new contenders for the Third Order.
4. Irony, for well he is named, chose to vigil in the pine forest, near where Nikki had once vigiled, although he did not know of Nikki, and he chose to perform the vigil without fire and he chose to walk throughout the night, not staying in one place too long.
5. Michelle the Blond, who did enjoy tea, chose to vigil in a far more distant spot on the Cannon, verily!, it was 40 minutes from Goodhue, in a lowland of enormous trees. No Druid had ever dreamed of vigiling so far from the campus!
6. Anne, Michelle the Dark and Mike did escort them out into the Arb and we did help carry tents (for it looked as if to rain) and blankets.
7. Mike remained with Michelle the Blond, who would become his great-grandchild, and imparted the history of the Druids and explained their ways to her, although she already did know most of them instinctively, although it was only her freshman year at Carleton.
8. After bathing in the chilly waters of the Cannon (for Lo! he stinkethed), Mike did leave Michelle the Blond to meditate on her vigilling and he sought to locate the peregrinous Irony, whose own nocturnal wanderings on that vigil would lead him throughout the arb, as had Mike's Vigil three years hence.
9. Irony did startle Mike by appearing suddenly out of the sable darkness with nary a sound, which is indeed amazing, as Mike was reknowned for travelling without sound in the woods of the Arb.
10. After Mike imparted a few words of advice to him on Druidism, for Irony was already wise in the ways of Druidism in his Freshman year, Mike did notice that Irony was glowing.
11. Mike had already known that Irony was "close" to the spiritual world, but Mike did not know that the spiritual world glowed through Irony in the night!
12. Mike did essay to find a hidden source of light on Irony's personage, but none could be found, and Mike took this as a good omen.

13. That night it did rain only lightly, for the Earth Mother smiled upon this vigil, and Mike did secretly camp in the tall grassy fields near the Hill of Three Oaks, for he feared the wrath of Security guards should he be discovered.
14. Later that night, Irony did startle Michelle the Blond by appearing suddenly out of the sable darkness with nary a sound, which was stupid, for he had to dodge a swinging cudgel, swung by a frightened Druid.
15. Irony did apologize to Michelle the Blond, for they are good friends, and they shared smores and tea over a campfire for a short while as it misted softly around them.
16. Anne and Michelle the Dark, and perhaps others, did visit the two vigiling Druids and shared their wisdom and brought more water for tea & cider mix.
17. Morning did come, as it always does (though slower on vigiling nights, so the vigilers claim), and Anne & Michelle the Dark did essay to discover where Mike had camped. They then fatiguedly processed for 40 minutes to get to the site of the two vigilers.
18. We moved stealthily so as to surprise the vigilers, and to verify that they had not fallen asleep during the night.
19. Irony was not to be found at his allotted site and the three Third Orders did lament that he could possibly be anywhere in the Arb and noted that they were too tired to look for him.
20. So they grabbed Irony's stuff and went to find Michelle the Blond, and soon reached her site.
21. As we approached her site, we noted that Michelle the Blond was in a trance and looked through us and did not see us, although we were but 20 yards from her. So she wandered away into the woods while we quietly packed up her gear.
22. Eventually Michelle and Irony both returned to the vigil site and it was revealed that they were both still of the 1st order. We therefore brought them unto the 2nd Order.
23. After this the ordinations to the 3rd Order were performed by Michelle the Dark with both Michelle the Blond and Irony the Glowing being present together. It rained a little and Mike took many photographs, as he was wont.
24. Then we processed back to Goodhue, noting a fortuitous pair of deer along the way, and drove to Hardees where whiskey and syrup did flow, although the two Vigilers did weasel their way out of buying us breakfast.
25. So, in this way Michelle Hajder and Irony Sade did enter into their Archdruidcy at Carleton and begin a rather intense period of activities during the Years of Legitimacy.



*Michelle
Curtis vigiling
by the Cannon
River, Beltane, 1994*

The Book of Cattle Raids

a.k.a. The Book of Reveling

by Mike the Fool

Chapter the First

1. At this Pagan Spirit Gathering of 1993, all the different Druids and Neo-Pagans did gather together to discuss how to pass the time, as it was the sixth of the seven day festival.
2. Tony, the Tailor, did suggest that all take their stuffed toy cows, stuffed toy animals and cow-ish shaped decorations, and they did have a cattle raiding game. The rules were such:

Chapter the Second

1. Only camps with cow-colored banners are playing.
2. Guile is better than force.
3. All cows must be kept in the open, contentedly grazing before your tents.
4. Do not damage these icons for they support your very lives with their milk.
5. The quality of the raid is better than the quantity of cows.
6. Tony is the final arbiter and A-Druid-icator.
7. Blood-price is assigned by Tony on poor sports, brutes and destroyer of property.
8. Any who weareth a cow on their person may be taken with that cow to the camp and done with as the Druid wishes!

Chapter the Third

1. That morning Sam and Mike did well by capturing 12 of the 24 icons before any guardians could stir from their tents.
2. Mike, the skillful, did climb a tree to fetch Pig-asus, the Pig, and did capture Bill the Cat, who was a most un-cow-like cow.
3. Unfortunately, Mike did overtly & loudly brag of the number of their cows and Sam, the guardian of the cows, was distracted by the charms of a well-endowed sky-clad Keltrian, whilst the many men of that tribe did swipe much of our great herd!
4. Alas! and Alack! for the guile of the Keltrians!

Chapter the Fourth

1. Mike did once again increase their herd with six more cows. Unfortunate for this brave lad, he did stir up the wrath of Cow-Woman. Fear ye her wrath!!
2. Cow-Woman, weighing twenty Stone, did bellow in anger and charged upon Mike and Sam's encampment. With her iron-strong arms she did wrestle both frightened Druids unto the ground and then branded them as chattel. Oh, the shame on these two Druids!
3. She stuffed all her cows, plus two more for interest, into her ample bosom, where no efforts could dislodge them! Mike and Sam did try to no avail! Eventually, they had to admit defeat.
4. With a loud, contemptuous snort she did stomp out of camp as Mike and Sam wept for their lost cows! But, Sam pointed out that other cows were in need of our loving care!

Chapter the Fifth

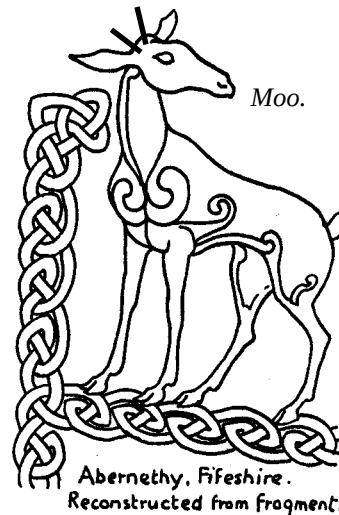
1. One such raid was the raid on the Keltrian camp where eight cows did graze, guarded only by five Druids.
2. Mike and Sam did skillfully creepeth forth using Winnebagos to obscure their progress towards that mighty rival Druid encampment.
3. Waving high above it was a great eight-foot cow-flag that all other desired to possess.
4. With silent guile, they swept upon the cows, scattering the herd

into a wide stampede

5. One Druid, named Kyleen, did grab Mike and did sorely wrestle him down to the Earth before wresting the cow from Mike's grasp.
6. Mike and Sam did dodge and swerve until they escaped with two more cows! MOO!!!
7. They sang as they ran back to their camp:
How many cows have you now?
No Cows! No Cows!
How many cows have we now?
Six cows! Six Cows!
8. For verily they had six cows, though two of them were rather feline in form and so did not produce very good milk.
9. These two druids did feast richly of milk and cheese, as was their right of proud herd owners!

Chapter the Sixth

1. Mike and Sam did make other daring raids, at the cost of many bruises and scratches and showed their bravery and Guile.
2. Mike and Sam did then return to Northfield, with Tim-of-the-Car, with many new connections and friendships with other groups. Ones that they will share with their fellow Druids.
3. So ends the Book of Cattle Raids.



The Book of the Great Dream

by Mike the Fool

Introduction

1. I add the account of this dream because it explains a lot of my devotion to the RDNA.
2. Other dreams, by others, are no less valid a source of inspiration. Dreams deal with things that our waking minds cannot.

Chapter the First

1. I decided that I would lead the Beltane of 1992, since no one else seemed inclined. For truly, many Beltane rituals have bombed in the past.
2. The Beltane of 1990 collapsed because a strange man showed up and threw blood on the altar stone of the Hill of Oaks while Heather was reinscribing the Druid Sigil.
3. This was my first ritual that I had led and it was held on Mai Fete Island, not long after the slime-o-rama in the algae on the previous day.
4. It was done skyclad with Alex the hairy, Heather the Fair, and Sam the wise. We were to make a circuit of the lower Lyman lake. We assumed bird shapes for the first third, wolf-shapes for the second third and horse shapes for the third. Then, lastly, we did assume fish shape and swam to the island in the chilly waters.
5. Then all did bed down by a ROARING hot fire, in a large snuggle of wool blankets under a starry sky. All did dream strange things, and here is mine which I remembered.

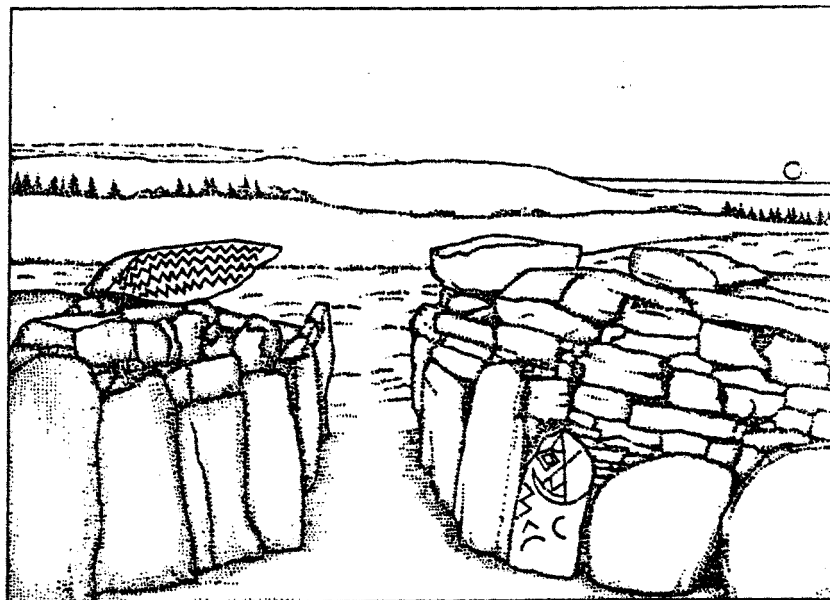
Chapter the Second

1. It was a dark and stormy night in which there was no color but shades of grey. It was a desolate, mountainous road that I was traveling.
2. This road reminded me of the highlands, nothing scenic, just road. So narrow was this road, that I had to press up against the cliff face to avoid oncoming cars which sought to hit me.

3. I traveled many miles in the hard rain and lightning. My soul felt great pain and pity for itself. I stopped at a bus-shelter.
4. A tourist bus did pull up, and then did pour forth its passengers. They were the members of the class of '94 and '95, people of the past who I didn't know and faces of people I had not met yet.
5. When the people got onboard, I asked if I could join them, for my journey was long, and my feet were tired. Miraculously there was only one space open, and they were expecting me.
6. We traveled long and came to another pit-stop. When I got out, they drove off without me. This upset me, but I continued to travel onwards until I reached the top of the hill. Then I slid down the other side for a mile.
7. I finally slid under a parked truck and banged my head mercilessly on the universal joint. I crawled out and saw a youth hostel. A warm YELLOW light did come from the windows.
8. I entered and there were all the people from the bus playing cards and running about doing things. I asked if there was a bed I could sleep on. Miraculously they were expecting me, since a late cancellation had made an opening!
9. Then did a man walk up to me. His body was covered with red, stiff hog bristles (in a black and white background) with a bald head and piercing blue eyes. He reminded me of a Druid, Donny, I had met on the Isle of Arann of Scotland the previous year.
10. This man did shake my hand, in a secret way, much like a mason's handshake and said to me. "Welcome to the club, Michael. You are one of us, now!" He smiled.

Chapter the Third

1. I awoke with a start and then snuggled into the blankets thinking upon this vision until the sun came up and we all chanted
2. He is the sun god! He is the one god! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra!
3. I did take this dream as an initiation into a Druid priesthood.
4. Powerful are the spirits on this campus! There are many fairy mounds, stone circles, groves, rivers, diversity of plants and animals. It is a good place to do vigils or seek the spirits.



The Book of Stones

Chapter the First

1. Dark and stormy was the night that I pensively strode forth on my last exploration in the arboretum, for I was preparing to go to the land of the rising sun.
2. I did not know the future of Druidism at Carleton, for the presumptive Archdruids did cry of thier unpreparedness, as often they do.
3. I went to the circle of stones near the Hill of Three Oaks, "the Dancing Sisters" as David Frangquist had named them so many years ago, and asked them, "O mighty stones, bones of the earth, heareth now my plea, we who are thy siblings. How farest Druidism in the future?"
4. Long were the stones quiet, as is their wont.
5. And I waited.
6. Lo, they did not speak, so I did prepare to leave, when they quickly spoke up, and this did they say, "The sea refuses no river. The stone that lieth not in thy way, need not offend thee. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master."
7. And with that they did become quiescent.
8. And I understood message of "The Twelve."

Chapter the Second

1. Many are mysteries found in the alignments of the rocks at Carleton.
2. It is said that under the altar stone on the Hill of Three Oaks is an original copy of Frangquist's Druid Chronicles, but this is false.
3. The Class of 1886 rock outside of the Library is said to have broken in two when the last member of that class died.
4. The obelisk on Monument Hill has a fourth side which is blank and it is said that this side describes the mysteries of Druidism. It is due south of the Hill of Three Oaks.
5. There is a second rock on the Hill of Three Oaks and the altar stone line up with rising and setting sun of Beltane and Samhain. It is said that on both days the sun doth rise behind the crown of an old oak tree in the east and doth plunge at sunset into the brick tower of Carleton's steam plant.
6. "The Twelve" are in line with the Hill of Three Oaks and the Skinner Memorial chapel. It is uncertain what this means.
7. Bracing the sides at the top of the hill path to the Little Grove are two stones known as "King Arthur's Seat" and "Fair Eleanor's Seat" on the north and south respectively. Whosoever sleeps on them all night will be filled with poetry or madness in the morning.
8. Near the lower-arb's tennis courts, on the banks of the mighty Cannon River, are 4 sets of obelisks that once connected Lost Island to both sides of the Cannon, by a bridge that is now gone. It is said that at midnight on midsummer's day, a bridge of light stretches between the obelisks, and whosoever crosses this bridge will be transported to a land of faery.
9. It is rumored that sleeping beneath the arch of the Hadzi sculpture throughout the night will result in a visit by a powerful guardian spirit.

The Book of Fire

by Mike the Fool and Andrea the Fair

Chapter the First

1. How to build a fire, sounds simple? It is. Certain conventions have arisen over the years pertaining to fire collection.
2. The Earth-Mother did choose well in putting her Druids on this campus, for wood abounds for the use in Fire, but you must choose that wood wisely.
3. Sometimes fires are not very important.

Chapter the Second

1. Though shalt use only dead wood. Live plants have psychic abilities and scream in fear when you yank or break their limbs. Do you want bad vibes in your ritual fire?
2. Matches and lighters are permissible.
3. Use of Druid juice, although discouraged, is necessary to encourage wet wood.
4. Always collect a little more kindling that you'll need. You'll need it.
5. Four armloads will do a simple ritual fire.

Chapter the Third

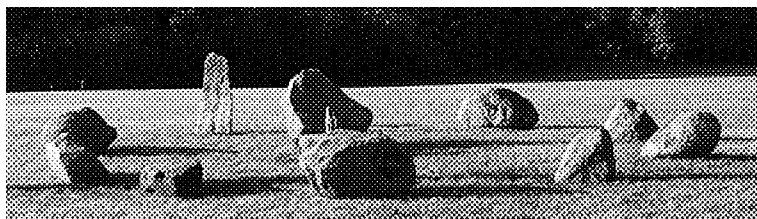
1. Sweatlodges are a powerful spiritual tool for Druidic rituals. Do not use them merely for pleasure.
2. Many Native Americans and Native European cultures used Sweatlodges to purify the body of poisons and negative energy. The mind often travels well in the Dark when all that heat and magic start flying around.
3. Drugs and Alcohol are big NO-NOs, because they are dangerous with sweatlodges and should not be used before hand.
4. Drink A LOT of water and salt during the day of the sweat.

Chapter the Fourth

1. Sweats are done nude and not for perverted reasons. Many mystics claim that magic energy dissipates from the body through the palms and soles, the forehead, the belly, the armpits, the nipples and the genital organs. For the most powerful sweatlodge, it must be done in the nude, and you should warn all comers, before they come, of this fact.
2. Because of the nudity, choose a secluded spot at night where wanderers are unlikely to pass by. A guardian/fire tender is recommended. Little Grove and Oak Grove are Good.

Chapter the Fifth

1. I will tell you how to make a sweatlodge, if no one knows at the time of this reading.
2. Dig a foot deep hole, about one foot wide where the ground is comfortable to sit upon.
3. You build a "igloo" of bent poles, tied down into a dome about three feet high and six feet wide, around that hole in the ground. You cover the dome with plastic tarps to hold in the steam va-



pors. You cover the tarps with blankets to keep in the heat, so that the steam lasts longer.

4. You gather ten or more fist sized rocks. Volcanic rocks are better and they will not 'Explode' when water is poured on them. Most of these 'explosions' are the formation of cracks, but the Sound of that happening is frightening.
5. You gather at least ten armloads of dry, deadwood, with possibly a charcoal base for the fire. You build the fire and insert the rocks into the fire. When they are glowing hot, you transport them into the foot deep hole you dug. Frying pans and thick leather gloves help at this point. Keep the fire going, with possibly a second round of rocks heating up while you sweat.
6. Strip down and purify yourselves. Then you prepare for meditation and enter the sweatlodge. You can do some mantras, chants and prayers until you, or the rocks, are finished. Then exit and drink some water.

Chapter the Sixth

1. Always practice safe fire rules.
2. Use a fire-ring with little surrounding underbrush.
3. Extinguish the fire to the point where you'd be willing to hold all the logs between your legs for a minute.
4. Beware of windy days.

Chapter the Seventh

1. Beware of glass at ritual sites, the best thing to do to prevent build up of glass is for someone to pass the ritual sites after 'party' times of the year and pick up any WHOLE bottles.
2. If whole bottles stay out more than a day, they will become broken bottles.
3. Magnets will pick up nails really well.
4. Encourage shoes to be worn when a site hasn't been groomed.

Chapter the Eighth

1. I tell you that it is far better that the Druids use wood than for it to be chopped into mulch by grounds crew.
2. If you do spot areas of the Arb, where trees have been cut down and stacked into neat piles of log, I tell you that you should abscond with those logs to a hidden spot and store them for future ritual usage.
3. Any bad karma can be dealt with later. Do not delay, for they will return to collect the wood.

Chapter the Ninth

1. You may ask who made the two sweatlodges used from 1992-1995?
2. The first was made by Michael and Matt (the tall) on Mai Fete in the Summer of 1992.
3. The wood for that came from saplings cut down by grounds crew when they cleared the woods next to Lower Lyman lake.
4. The second, of the lower arboretum, was made by Paul the Blond and Michael in the summer of 1993.
5. The wood for that came from saplings cut down by grounds crew when they cleared the woods next to the Oak Opening of the lower arboretum.
6. It should be noted, that there is a rival tradition at Carleton for demolishing the sweatlodge after every usage rather than re-using it.

Chapter the Tenth

1. At campfires, it is always nice to have some type of food that can be cooked after the ritual.
2. Smores, hotdogs, marshmallows and tea pots are the favorite

things to heat.

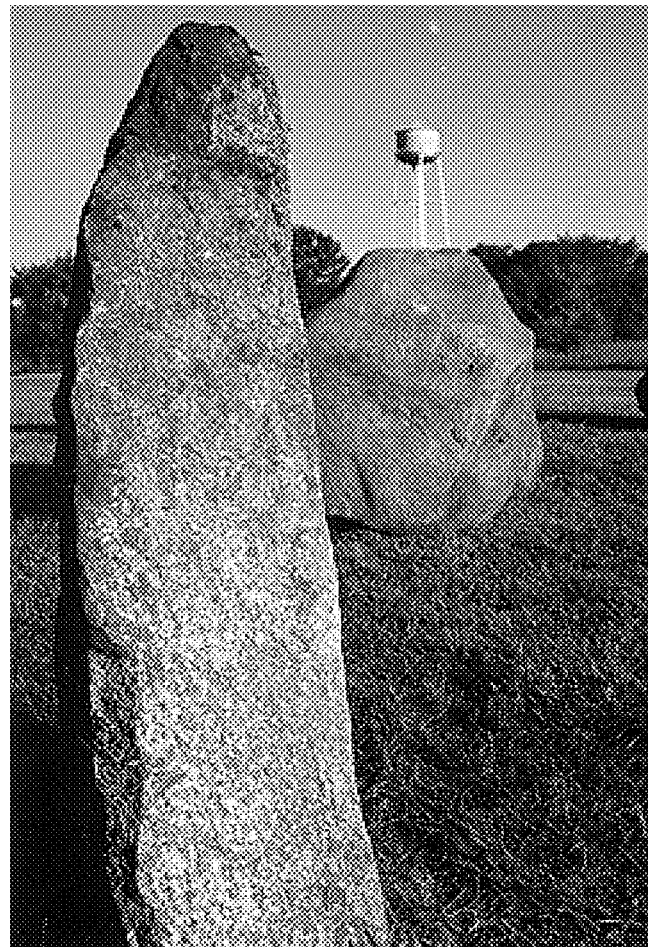
3. Coals cook better than flames.

Chapter the Eleventh

1. Another fun fire activity is making Candles and Torches for Druidical purposes.
2. Both generally require paraffin wax which is cheap, although Beeswax is always preferable in quality.
3. To heat wax, use a double boiler system by filling a pot with water and putting the can holding the wax inside the water. This prevents the wax from surpassing a boiling point, which could produce a cloud of combustible wax vapors!
4. Candles can be made by filling Dixie cups or halved coke cans with wax and suspending a thread in the hardening mixture. Candles can also be repeatedly dipped into the wax, but this will a great deal of time.
5. To make fine torches, you need to gather stalk of dried mullein rods from the fields. They look like crusty corndogs on hollow woody stems between three and seven feet high.
6. One can dip torches gradually or you can take semi-congealed wax in your hands and just squish it onto the torch.
7. Be careful not to put too much wax on a torch that it will cause the stem to snap!
8. A torch made in this way will burn for 10 to forty minutes and is difficult to extinguish by wind or nearby movement.

Chapter the Twelfth

1. It is considered good luck to leap over the Druid campfire. But do so carefully.
2. So ends the Book of Fire.



THE DEAD BAY SCROLLS

or
The Apocryphal of Miracles

by the

New Reformed Druids of North America
of the
Hazelnut Mother Grove South Bay Branch

Original Introduction:

In all the hoop-lah over the Discovery of the Dead Bay Scrolls, I think it's time to set forward the truth of the matter. For those who accuse me of unconscionable delay in taking two years to publish them, I can only remind them that it is taking over 45 years for the Dead Sea Scrolls to be published.

Despite the well-published claims with amply valid evidence, the Dead Bay Scrolls were not written in ancient Icelandic. The often-cited passages of Das Edda Todvordgeshritten is not from translation, but merely bad English. End of debate.

As for the location of the discovery of the documents, I can only state that they were discovered in 1993 at an undisclosed Trailer park in the Bay Region of San Francisco. The Dead Bay Scrolls were then mailed to Carleton College by an undisclosed source. There they were rediscovered in a small mailbox at Carleton by a Nomadic Postal worker who gave them to Michael Scharding. Once there, the original of the DBS were carefully photographed by an Epson Scanner and placed on magnetic media. In order to protect the scholars' rights to publication, Michael Scharding reserved the editor's right to the limited first publication in 1993. However, due to pressing demand for copies by the public, Michael has relented and given free access to the DBS to the general public.

Controversy has raged over the contents. Do they contain information that would undermine the assumed beliefs of the Reformed Druids? Do they tell of disunity with the group before the great Druid Diaspora and the Destruction of the Berkeley Grove? I'll not answer these questions yet, as many more years of study are required by scholarly panels. However for the first time, they are now available to the public. Enjoy.

—Michael Scharding, Editor
Computer Math Center
Dec. 9th, 1993 c.e.
40th Day of Geamradh
Year XXXI of the Reform

New Introduction

I wrote the original introduction after intensive study of the Dead Sea Scrolls for a school project, and was sick of all the bickering that I saw there. Basically, when I wrote the Dead Lake Scrolls in August of 1993, I sent copies to the various existing groves at the time. The Hazelnut Grove was so enamored with them, that they set about writing their own materials to honor the thirtieth anniversary of Reformed Druidism, which had occurred on April 1993.

This is the one of the few NRDNA documents that have been produced without Isaac's influence, and they can therefore give a broader understanding of the NRDNA. Most of the Druids of the Hazelnut Grove were old-time Druids, from the 70s, so here they give voice to their ideas of how Druidism stands in California today.

DAS EDDA TODVOLKFORTGESHRITTEN

The Edda of the People's Death March on the Beach

1. Along the long sea strand did they march
All the folk on their way to what was to be
Unbeknownst to them
Their last moot in the grove for a very long time
5. For a dog a lifetime,
For the mice of the fields, generations would pass
Until one day
Arch-Druids twain, one who had been there
One who had not would gather new clans
10. In a southern land under the oaks
Celebrate the feast of the first grain harvest
And that of Lugh of the Long Hand
Ordain new druids onto the Order Second
Led were they by a Valkyrie
15. Not gay laughing Brunhilde
But one of her grim-faced sisters
Resolute she trod on,
Stopping only when sounds told her
Her charges were not as solemn
20. Or as resolute as she
One by one they dropped to the sand
But the resolute and hale continued
After the grim-faced Valkyrie
Until at length they came to the rock
25. At the northern end
The skraeling (Indian) headed rock
Where two of the number drew the sigil
Sacred of the circle with two spears
One down, one up
30. Their voices lifted
To be carried away on the wind
The anthem the last time to be sung
And then came the Boring Times
Eight years when the Druids' voices
35. Were silenced, and the voices in the trees
Were silent also, a long season of sleep
Until the polarity of Co-ArchDruids met,
To call new clans, to ordain new druids
Onto the First and Second
40. And raise one long a Second onto the Third.
The death march of the Druids had ended
And now came the Parade of Life and Increase.

translated from the Old Tongue by Thorhilde Ooftasdotter var Vinland

THE BOOK OF THE BORING TIMES

Chapter the First

1. Between the last ritual of the Hazelnut Mother Grove in the land of the East Bay—the Death March, and the first meeting of the Hazelnut Mother Grove South Bay Branch (Gee, look at all those puns!), which occurred at the first harvest time of Lughnasadh, there passed several years when Republicans held high office, and nothing was occurring with the Druids of California.
2. Unless things were happening in other parts of the state with other Druids of the Reform, who did not communicate with the Mother Grove.
3. These were called by the Arch-Druid the Boring Times, not to be confused with the Burning Times.

Chapter the Second

1. In that same place where lurked the Orks and the AK-47's there also lurked a young man for a few moons who was a student in Wicca of she who was to become the Co-Arch Druid.
2. This young man had just got out of the Army and was a bit naive.
3. He believed, or so did he tell the Co-ArchDruid, that the ArchDruid was not just playing computer games to play computer games. He was playing them to do important ritual Magick that would either save the world as we know it or change reality so that we would like it better.
4. And the Co-ArchDruid pondered this and wondered at its meaning.



Chapter the Third

1. And the ArchDruid dwelt during most of the Boring Times in the land of Orks and AK-47s—and he was sore displeased.
2. For the quake came and trashed his space, and buried him under a torrent of his books.
3. He crawled out and rent his hair saying “No more! I have had enough!”
4. He had an asthma attack and moved to the South Bay.
5. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Fourth

1. And he then told the Co-ArchDruid that what he was doing with the games was a form of catharsis called kill therapy in which the monsters became fundies and all the other creatures the ArchDruid Stephen would rid the world of.
2. And she came to participate.
3. And he still does so to this day.

Chapter the Fifth

1. And the ArchDruid moved four times during the Boring Times until he came to rest in the Alamo, and then moved one more time to where he dwells today.
2. Always during the Active Times and the Boring Times did he promote musical groups and New Age Fairs by distributing their cards and flyers at many locations in the East and South Bay.
3. While promoting the shows, one of which he himself co-produced, he would collect and tell jokes about he-who-was-then-vice-president, Quayle, who was at that time a figure of fun for many (and horror for more).
4. And he collected until he had 365 of them.

Chapter the Sixth

1. After the end of the Boring times, he participated in the Laundry Think Tanks, at which the officers of the Grove planned the next meeting of the grove, and in what other activities the Grove would participate.
2. At the most recent non-boring ritual, Lughnasadh, even Mr. Boring showed an unboring part of himself by participating fully, which shocked the Arch Druid into having an asthma attack (two days later).
3. And there was great rejoicing.

THE BOOK OF MR. BORING

(AKA EARACHE ALIEN MESS)

Chapter the First

1. In the city of San Jose there dwelt a man called Earache Alien Mess.
2. He was co-producer with the ArchDruid Stephen of the New Age Renaissance Fair, which was not boring.
3. But the Mess prided himself in not thinking and in being boring.
4. The Mess played organ and volleyball, did astrology and had a radio show at the local cooperative radio station.
5. It was called the Eric Mystic show, which Stephen did rename the Earache Mistake Show. It consisted of New Age music and topics with people calling in.
6. Once he and Stephen were subbing for a woman who was then ill. Hers was not a call in show, but Earache told people to call in. It was a show on Celtic Magick and Druidism.
7. People were so bored when they heard his voice they stopped calling in.
8. Stephen then took the mike, and in his Edward R. Murrow voice said, "Earache Mess, the voice that silences communication."
9. People called in after that.

Chapter the Second

1. But in time even Mr. Boring became bored with being boring and not thinking.
2. And so he studied how to be less boring. He also engaged in a very dangerous activity—thinking.
3. And so it was that in the fullness of time his face actually cracked into a smile, and he laughed at times, and no damage was done.
4. But he still had a problem. And it was dealing with women. He did not even try, thinking it not worth the trouble.
5. But women, especially Druidesses, and pagan women are powerful, and he missed much by being sexist.

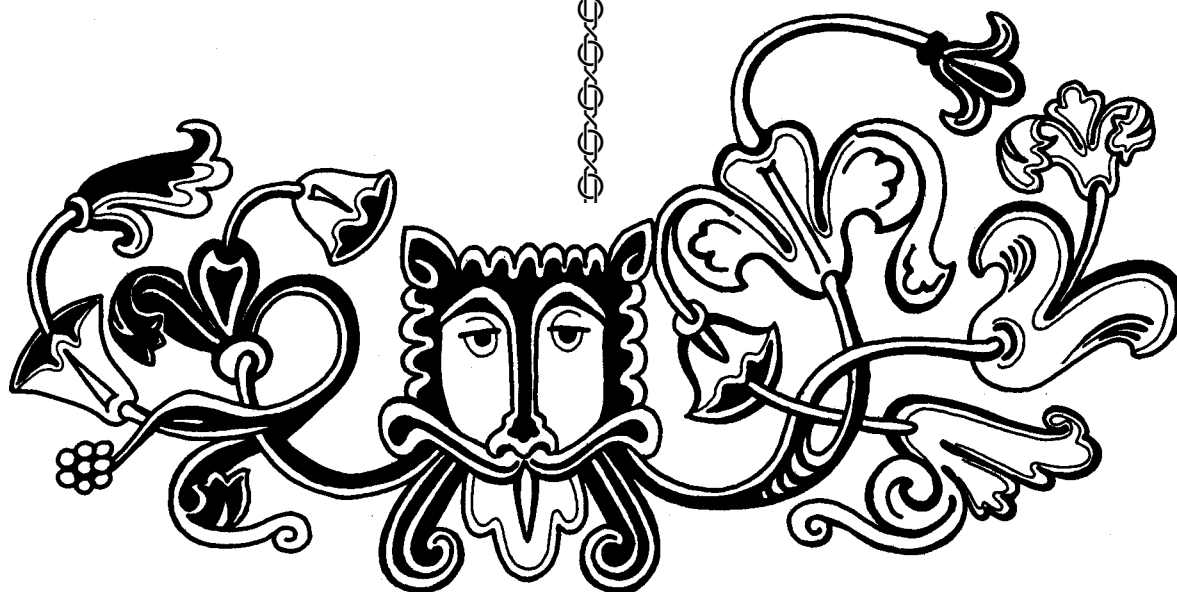
THE BOOK OF GAMES

Chapter the First

1. But still within the Boring times in that same place where lurked the Orks and the AK-47's there also lurked a young man who was a student in Wicca of she who was to, become the Co-ArchDruid.
2. This young man had just got-out of the army and was a bit naive.
3. He believed, or so did he tell the Co-ArchDruid that the ArchDruid was not just playing computer games to play computer games. He was playing them to do important ritual Magick, that would either save the world as we know it or change reality so that we would like it better.
4. And the Co-ArchDruid pondered this and wondered at its meaning.

Chapter the Second

1. Meanwhile the ArchDruid played the computer games, and added more games whenever the Earth Mother did spread Her largesse in his direction.
2. And so also did he put money by to add to his collection of computers on which to play games and so either save the world or to change reality as we know it.
3. And the ArchDruid moved away from the land of Orcs and AK-47's many times until at length he came to dwell in a place called the Alamo which was in San Jose.
4. And he was the only dweller in that place beside the concierge who spoke English. All the others spoke Spanish.
5. And so the Co-ArchDruid spoke to them when she came to visit the Arch-Druid for what she called Kill Therapy.
6. She expiated her anger by killing things on the computer.



THE BOOK OF THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY

Chapter the First

1. And the Druids had now come to their 30th year, and wanted to celebrate and thank the deities for helping them to thrive for 30 years.
2. But there also was a death of an author held high among the People for his wisdom. And many were the books of his writing held and cherished among the people, especially the Co-Archdruids.
3. And the Arch-Druid wanted to honor him now, not wait for Samhain. And so was there a memorial as well as great joy for the 30 years of the Reform.

Chapter the Second

1. And the Co-Arch-Druid was in a state of delight for the Arch-Druid Terlach who had ordained her into the 2nd and into the 3rd also was in attendance.
2. And he was Preceptor, and honored an ancient, hoary tradition of the first Preceptor (Cherniack).
3. And when the Co-Arch-Druid asked him if the Earth-Mother had given forth of Her bounty, he answered "Yup!"
4. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Third

1. And the Arch-Druid, whom she had herself laid the apostolic hand of 3rd Ordination upon after he waited over 8 years after his 2nd, was there and took part in the procession and other parts of the ritual, and was congratulated by the older ArchDruids.
2. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Fourth

1. But there was also in that place great puzzlement, for they wondered that she would ordain when others had refused to, for in many minds and many quarters he was seen as a jerk.
2. And she answered onto them saying, "He did the work. He endured the ordeal. He has studied much in many traditions, but especially the sage Kon Fu Tse, who has wrought many changes within him."
3. For he is a magician. And it is the task of a magician to produce changes in reality in accordance with his will. And he is also a priest.
4. And so did the Co-Arch-Druid anoint him just before the close of the year. Even just before the holy day of Samhain, for she was a sadist.

Chapter the Fifth

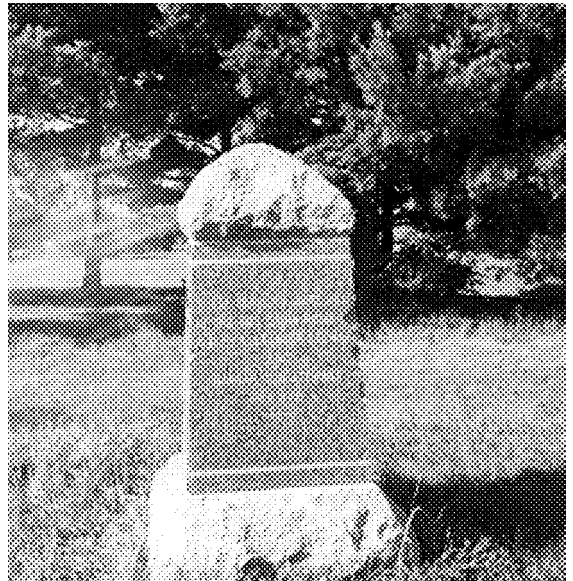
1. He had committed to doing a Samhain druid ritual for the OTO'ers, thinking he could get her to perform it.
2. But it was in her mind to ordain him and have that be his first ritual as an Arch-Druid. And he called his Grove Tuatha De Danaan.
3. And many were the members from Hazelnut Mother Grove South Bay Branch (Gee, look at all those puns!) who attended the ritual and saw that it was well done.
4. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Sixth

1. And great was the Co-Arch-Druid's pride at seeing this, so that

several buttons broke, for she saw that she had ordained well.

2. For it is the way of a true priest to rise above their personal imperfections, act their station and to lead the people in the ritual, and the one called Sommer did that well.
3. And it was the first ritual to be done in the East Bay for several years, and since the Hazelnut had moved, and its name had grown by many characters, it was the first grove in the East Bay to be holding regular rituals.
4. And there was great rejoicing



THE BOOK OF THE LAUNDRY-THINK-TANK

Chapter the First

1. And it came to pass that the Co-Arch-Druid preferred to do her laundry the slow cheap way at her own washer and dryer, rather than at any Laundromat.
2. But the washer and dryer were at her former residence, the house of her mother-in law.
3. And this was also the dwelling of, the Arch-Druid of the Hazel-nut Mother Grove South Bay Branch (Gee, look at all those puns!).
4. And so during the time of agitation, the rinse, and the house shaking spin. (5.4 on the Richter scale) The Co-Arch-Druids discussed the matters that mattered to them. So was born the grand tradition of the Laundry Think Tank.
5. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Second

1. They did reason together, and-occasionally rhymed, and even burst into song, which the others in attendance did try to ignore.
2. They planned the next ritual to be held at which the Arch-Druid always had a guided meditation.
3. And the Co-Arch-Druid included it in her script, and there was great rejoicing.
4. But the Arch-Druid, who was fond of shamanism, hated scripts) and made up a poem:
5. If you must have scripts,
Study them here
'Cause once at the site,
Scripts disappear.
6. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Third

1. And at first only third orders did participate.
2. But behold!, two there were who were only firsts, though one had a high degree in Ar nDriaocht Fein, the Other Druids, and was exceedingly wise in the their ways.
3. So the Co-Arch-Druids said they were invited, because of their wisdom, for they were women. And like the Co-Arch Druid they were Wiccans.
4. And they joined the Think-Tank.
5. For their wisdom was discovered in a Tarot Reading.
6. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Fourth

1. There came one into the Laundry Think Tank also who was large and made good food.
2. Now this one had been named after the Good God, Dagda in a special naming ceremony at Ancient Ways, a gathering of the folk.
3. The ritual came after a 3rd Order Ordination of Don the Blonde also called Butt Boy.
4. And the Arch-Druids did greatly love to give all the people names by which they would be known. The Co-arch-Druid named one woman named Sonya who had blonde hair Paper Moon so that she was Sonya Paper Moon.
5. Now this ritual of ordination and naming was the first Druidic event at Ancient Ways in five years, so it will live in the memory of many. At least eight and thirty.
6. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Sixth

1. For Don the Blond had survived the endless night's vigil without so much as a fire.
2. And he would create the Angus Og Grove of Alameda and Contra Costa counties and thereby create a new kind of Druid, the Ombanda Druids of North America.
3. But it is not known if this had indeed come to pass. And the Arch Druid had doubts.

Chapter the Seventh

1. Also was there discussion of matters of great philosophical weight, such as opening the other orders to others who had interest, not by rank, for the Arch-Druid was not one to love hierarchy, but merit.
2. So each order would have its own color ribbon and a tutelary deity appropriate to its nature.
3. Green was known to all as healing and herbs and called Dian Cecht after the God of Healing.
4. Blue also for Bard, Taliesin, Cerrydwen and Brigid.
5. Grannos for brewing.
6. Martial Red for warriors
7. Purple for Magick and Myrrdin.
8. Silver for Women's Mysteries—Arianrhod.
9. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Seventh

1. But not always was the discussion among the Druids of such great philosophical weight.
2. Many times did they play games on the great electronic philosopher's machine, and kill things which were imaged electronically, for in the Arch-Druid's (strange) mind were these activities linked ritually.
3. Also was there a game of the role-playing, and the Co-Arch-Druid got to play the parts of the non-player characters, and monsters, and growl and wroth greatly with delight.
4. And there was great rejoicing.

Addendum to the Ordination of the Second Order

After finishing the chalice, the Candidate goes off for a period of isolated meditation in which s/he assembles an altar/sacred space, and meditates upon the five-fold Powers of the Mother. When s/he returns, the AD asks the following five questions in order to determine what has been discovered in hir meditation.

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Power of the Mother? (Fire of Earth)

C: *Gives an extemporaneous reply.*

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Beauty of the Mother? (Water of Earth)

C: *Gives a reply*

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Understanding of the Mother (Earth of Earth)

C: *Gives a reply*

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Wisdom of the Mother? (Air of Earth)

C: *Gives a reply*

AD: Of what did you meditate upon the Magic of the Mother? (Spirit of Earth)

C: *Gives a reply*



THE BOOK OF SAMHAIN

Chapter the First

1. And as the great wheel of the year turned the Grove came to its favored place to celebrate a ritual for Samhain.
2. And when the Co-ArchDruid offered the sacrifice the winds were silent for it was the coming of the time of Sleep for the Earth Mother.
3. But the Grove had new spears to consecrate and three new Druids were sealed to the First Order.
4. One of the bearers of these spears was a new First Order named Crazy Bear.
5. And he did the greeting of the quarters according to the Native American medicine way.
6. The ArchDruid called up the quarters in the familiar Celtic tradition.
7. And there was great rejoicing.

Chapter the Second

1. And the officers of the Grove, the ArchDruid, the Co-ArchDruid, the Cocoa-ArchDruid, and the Preceptor told the People of the Grove what Samhain meant to them, and each person in attendance put the name of the honored dead into the circle.
2. But there were in that same place boys racing through on bicycles, for it was a public park.
3. And so they had a right as well as the Druids to be in that place. But the boys showed themselves to be Anti-Druids, for they heckled and called out rude comments, which the ArchDruid and Crazy Bear were unable to ignore.
4. And so Crazy bear ran towards them brandishing the spear.
5. And the Anti-Druid boys rode home and told their parents, and the parents called the police, who came and interrupted the ritual.
6. But the Co-ArchDruid was able to give the Grove the blessing, which was traditional.

Chapter the Third

1. And the people pondered what they had seen and were of several minds (at least one more opinion than there were those present, as is traditional).
2. And the ArchDruid was greatly irked and prophesied dire things for the Grove as a part of this.
3. He thought it was the Brit Bitch or the followers of Bush & Wilson, and the religious right on the warpath to wipe out pagankind. But the Co-ArchDruid took it as a sign of the Druids' innate strength.
4. For it was not until they showed their strength that the Anti-Druids acted against them, for they were not worthy of notice before. But flex a little muscle and the Anti-Druids suddenly sit up and take notice.
5. The Druids and pagankind in general will just have to work a little harder, and fight a little harder from now on.
6. And if getting a permit is required, get a permit.

The Books of the African Jedi-Knight

To the Reader,

Welcome to the Books of the African Jedi-Knight. I do not mean, by any means to belittle African-Americans or Africans by the publishing of this book. It's merely an exercise in comparative religious readings on my part, for Jediism is very much a philosophy, if not a religion.

Many of the materials herein are copyrighted, not that that slowed me down in choosing to include them. I hope that anyone obtaining a copy of this publication will show at least some respect to those copyright owners by not charging a profit when distributing these works to another person.

By no means are any of the documents here in contained to be considered "secret" or "oathbound" by our members. Nor does this book express the opinion of anyone but its author. Feel free to show them to anyone you will.

The RDNA, especially Carleton, has never officially called itself a Neo-pagan religion. However, many of its members may feel themselves to be a neo-pagan. Some prefer to look upon it as merely a philosophical union that deals with religion. Both of these are good. However, we can learn from all the spiritual masters of most (if not all) religions that have appeared on this world. Take the opportunity to peruse and cogitate on what you find inside.

Only one of the greatest complements you can give to the RDNA is to publish a little work of your own to help others looking for the ways. Also try to practice what you preach. Imitation is the highest flattery.

Peace! Peace! Peace!

Michael Scharding,
Archdruid 93-94, O.D.A.L., Bel., Gran.,
Dean of Druidic Textology (DDT)
39th Day of Geamradh,
Year XXXI of the Reform
(12/8/93 and updated in 1996)

The Books of the African Jedi-Knight

Printing History
1st Printing 1993
2nd Printing 1996
(in ARDA)

A Book on the Bantu

This little publication is an attempt to dissuade the belief that the Star Wars trilogy was overly "Christian" in its symbology of the Force. This work came about through my readings of "Bantu Philosophy" (LOC # GN.T4513 C3) by Rev. Placide Tempels, a Jesuit Priest of the early 20th century (*translated from the French*). The Bantus called the spiritual and divine entity(s) "The Force." Correlations began to develop with further readings, but by no means is Lucasian Theology identical to Bantu Theology.

For those unfamiliar with Africa, the Bantus are the people of Zaire (AKA the Congo) and Angola. Most are pagan in the sense that they do not call Christ their personal savior. They may have been drastic changes in their beliefs since the early 1950s when this was published.

We start with some readings from the book. I apologize for the sexist use of "he" referred to in the book, as it was written in the 50s.
—Michael

What is "Force"? pg. 52

I believe that we should most faithfully render the Bantu thought in European language by saying that Bantu speak, act, live as if, for them, beings were forces. Force is not for them an adventitious, accidental reality. Force is even more than a necessary attribute of beings : Force is the nature of being, force is being, being is force

When we think in terms of the concept "being," they use the concept "force." Where we see concrete beings, they see concrete forces. When we say that "beings" are differentiated by their essence or nature, Bantu say that "forces" differ in their essence or nature. They hold that there is the divine force, celestial or terrestrial forces, human forces, animal forces, vegetable and even material or mineral forces.

The reader will be able to form his own opinion at the end of this study as to the validity, the exact worth of this hypothesis : in contradistinction to our definition of being as "that which is," or "the thing insofar as it is," the Bantu definition reads, "that which is force," or "the thing insofar as it is force," or "an existent force." We must insist once again that "force" is not for Bantu a necessary, irreducible attribute of being : no, the notion "force" takes for them the place of the notion "being" in our philosophy. Just as we have, so have they a transcendental, elemental, simple concept with them "force," with us "being."

It is because all being is force and exists only in that it is force, that the category "force" includes of necessity all "beings." God, men living and departed, animals, plants, and minerals. Since being is force, all these beings appear to the Bantu as forces. This universal concept is hardly used by the Bantu, but they are susceptible to philosophical abstractions though they express them in concrete terms only. They give a name to each thing, but the inner life of these things presents itself to their minds as such specific forces and not at all as static reality'.

Energy and Life Force pg. 47

The spirits of the first ancestors, highly exalted in the superhuman world, possess extraordinary force inasmuch as they are the founders of the human race and propagators of the divine inheritance of vital human strength. The other dead are esteemed only to the extent to which they increase and perpetuate their vital force in their progeny.

In the minds of Bantu, all beings in the universe possess vital force of their own: human, animal, vegetable, or inanimate. Each being has been endowed by God with a certain force, capable of strengthening the vital energy of the strongest being of all creation: man.

Supreme happiness, the only kind of blessing, is, to the Bantu, to possess the greatest vital force: the worst misfortune and, in very truth, the only misfortune is, he thinks, the diminution of this power.

Every illness, wound or disappointment, all suffering, depression, or fatigue, every injustice and every failure; all these are held to be, and are spoken of by the Bantu as, a diminution of vital force.

Illness and death do not have their source in our own vital power, but result from some external agent who weakens us through his greater force. It is only by fortifying our vital energy, through the use of magical recipes, that we acquire resistance to malevolent external forces.

We need not be surprised that the Bantu allude to this vital force in their greetings one to another, using such forms of address as: "You are strong," or "You have life in you," "you have life strongly in you" {or "The Force is with you"—Editor} and that they express sympathy in such phrases as "Your vital force is lowered," "your vital energy has been sapped." A similar idea is found in the form of sympathy, "wafwa ko !" which we translate "you are dying;" and by reason of our mistranslation, we are quite unable to understand the Bantu and find them given to ridiculous exaggeration when they continually say

that they are “dead” of hunger or of fatigue, or that the least obstacle or illness is “killing” them.

In their own minds, they are simply indicating a diminution of vital force, in which sense their expression is reasonable and sensible enough. In their languages, too, are words like “*kufwa*” and “*fukwididila*,” indicating the progressing stages of loss of force, of vitality, and the superlative of which signifies total paralysis of the power to live. It is quite erroneous for us to translate these words by “to die” and “to die entirely.”

The General Laws of Vital Causality. (pg. 67)

After what we have said upon the question of “force-beings” grouped in respect of their natures, of intensity of life class by class, and of the precedence according to primogeniture, it will be now clear that, among clan peoples, the universe of forces that are organically constructed in what we can call an ontological hierarchy. The interaction of forces and the exercise of vital influence occurs, in fact, according to determined laws. The Bantu universe is not a chaotic tangle of unordered forces blindly struggling with one another. Nor must we believe that this theory of forces is the incoherent product of a savage imagination, or that the action of the same force can be now propitious and now pernicious, without a determining power to justify the fact. Doubtless there are force influences acting in this unforeseeable manner, but this assertion does not allow the conclusion that action occurs in a manner scientifically unpredictable, in a totally irrational mode. When a motorcar breaks down, one can say that this event was not determined in advance by what constitutes the essential nature of a motor-car, but we do not on that account believe ourselves obliged to deny the correctness and validity of the laws of mechanics. On the contrary, the breakdown itself can be explained only by adequate application of these very laws. The same is true of the laws of the interaction of forces. There are possible and necessary actions, other influences which are metaphysically impossible by reason of the nature of the forces in question. The possible causal factors in life can be formulated in certain metaphysical, universal, immutable and stable laws. These laws can, I think, be set out as follows:

RULE I. Man (living or deceased) can directly reinforce or diminish the being of another man.

RULE II. The vital human force can directly influence inferior force-beings (animal, vegetable, or mineral) in their being itself.

RULE III. A rational being (spirit, manes, or being) can act indirectly upon another rational being by communicating his vital influence to an inferior force (animal, vegetable, or mineral) through the intermediary of which it influences the rational being. This influence will also have the character of a necessarily effective action, save only when the object is inherently the stronger force, or is reinforced by the influence of some third party, or preserves himself by recourse to inferior forces exceeding those which his enemy is employing.

Note: Certain authors claim that inanimate beings, stones, rocks, or plants and trees are called by the Bantu “*bwanga*” as exercising their vital influence on all that comes near them. If this were authenticated, it would open the question: “do lower forces act by themselves upon higher forces?” Some authors say that they do. For my part, I have never met any African who would accept this hypothesis. A priori, such an occurrence would seem to me to contradict the general principles of the theory of forces. In Bantu metaphysic the lower force is excluded from exercising by its own initiative any vital action upon a higher force. Besides, in giving their examples, these authors ought to recognize that often a living influence has been at work, for example, that of the manes. Likewise, certain natural phenomena,

rocks, waterfalls, big trees, can be considered -and are considered by the Bantu- as manifestations of divine power; they can also be the sign, the manifestation, the habitat of a spirit. It seems to me that such should be the explanation of the apparent influences of lower forces on the higher force of man. Those lower beings do not exercise their influence of themselves, but through the vital energy of a higher force acting as cause. Such an explanation accords in all cases with Bantu metaphysic. Such manifestations belong to the third law enunciated above.

Loneliness, pg. 103

Just as Bantu ontology is opposed to the European concept of individuated things, existing in themselves, isolated from others, So Bantu psychology cannot conceive of man as an individual, as a force existing by itself and apart from its ontological relationships with other living beings and from its connection with animals or inanimate forces around it.

The Bantu cannot be a lone being. It is not a good enough synonym for that to say that he is a social being. No; he feels and knows himself to be a vital force, at this very time to be in intimate and personal relationship with other forces., acting above him and below him in the hierarchy of forces. He knows himself to be a vital force, even now influencing some forces, and being influenced, by others.

Ancestors, pg. 64

The Created Universe is centered on man. The present human generation living on earth is the center of all humanity, including the world of the dead.

The Jews had no precise views of the beyond, nothing more than that of compensation in the future life for earthly merit. The idea of bliss became known to them a short time only before the coming of Christ. “*Sheol*” was a desolate region; and sojourn there seemed a gloomy business, offering little enough to attract those who had the good fortune to be still living on earth.

In the minds of the Bantu, the dead also live; but theirs is a diminished life, with reduced vital energy. This seems to be the conception of the Bantu when they speak of the dead in general, superficially and in regard to the external things of life. When they consider the inner reality of being, they admit that deceased ancestors have not lost their superior reinforcing influence; and that the dead in general have acquired a greater knowledge of life and of vital or natural force. Such deeper knowledge as they have in fact been able to learn concerning vital and natural forces they use only to strengthen the life of man on Earth. The same is true of their superior force by reason of primogeniture, which can be employed only to reinforce their living posterity. The dead forbear who can no longer maintain active relationships with those on earth is “completely dead,” as Africans say. They mean that this individual vital force, already diminished by decease, has reached a zero diminution of energy, which becomes completely static through lack of faculty to employ its vital influence on behalf of the living. This is held to be the worst of disasters for the dead themselves. The spirits of the dead (“manes”) seek to enter into contact with the living and to continue living function upon earth.

The unconscious, evil vital influence, pg. 131

Those who have lived among Bantu have of given striking illustrations of cases in which one finds himself accused of “excising a pernicious influence and is condemned by reason of the illness or death of another, without his being convicted of fault, or even of any wicked intention. Often the elements of proof are entirely lacking and the miscarriage of justice is palpable to an European witness. And yet it is said that the accused, after making a feeble defense, submits, to the declarations and decisions diviners or ordeals, or to the sentence of elders and wise men; and he accepts the penalties

which are inflicted. Such facts are incomprehensible to the minds of European jurists. I believe that I have found an adequate explanation in Bantu philosophy

The vital forces are under the governance of God, without human intervention. The hierarchy of forces is an ontological order, founded in the nature of being, not depending only on external agreements and on external meddling. All forces are in relationships of intimate interdependence; vital influence is possible from being to being without recourse to external intermediaries. The vital forces, moreover, are not quantitative, mathematical values, nor are they static qualitative values definable by philosophy. They are active forces not distinct from the being itself, which function not only in themselves and on themselves; but forces whose actions can pulsate through the whole universe of forces, to whatever extent they are in vital relationships with them.

Such vital influence is possible from man to man: it is indeed necessarily effective as between the progenitor, a superior vital force and his progeny-an inferior force. This interaction does not occur only when the recipient object is endowed, in respect of the endowing subject, with a superior force, which he may achieve off himself, or by some vital external influence, or (especially) by the action of God.

What evil demands restitution? pg. 144

Since, in the minds of Bantu, the worst evil—and, indeed, the only real injustice—is the harm done to the vital force, it should be at least, surprising that they should measure exactly the amount of restitution by the *lex tallonis*, an eye for an eye. The exact restitution of an object stolen, or the drawing of a tariff of damages, can in no wise be founded upon their conception of life as centered in man. How can they hope to measure good and evil done to man by, criteria which are external to him? From their point of view this overlooks the essential point; the re-establishment of the ontological order and of the vital forces that have been disturbed. Even when the restitution takes the form of a transfer of natural goods it is considered as part of the re-establishment of life; or, rather, as being a re-establishment of life.

Besides and beyond economic damages, the “*bisan-so*” the sorrow or the wrong done to the Man, constitutes the right to reparation. The man, wounded during his Peaceful enjoyment of life, in the fullness of his vital force, the wholeness of his life, has a right to restoration of being. Material indemnities have no other significance than that of achieving the restoration of the man.

Conclusion, pg. 78

If one desired to ridicule this philosophy or to give a childish caricature of it, objecting that its concepts do not rest upon the discipline of rigorous scientific experience, it would be as well to take care not to commit oneself to arguments more ridiculous than the pretended stupidity of these primitive peoples themselves.

Is our philosophy based upon scientific experiment? Does depend upon chemical analysis on mechanics or on anatomy? Natural sciences can no more refute a system of philosophy than they can create one. Our elders used to possess a systematized philosophy which the most advanced modern sciences have not broken down. Moreover, our ancestors came by their knowledge of being at a time when their experimental scientific knowledge was very poor and defective, if not totally erroneous. The tool of empirical science is sense experience of visible realities, while philosophy goes off into intellectual contemplation of general realities concerning the invisible nature of beings. But no instrument exists for measuring the soul, though this fact does not exclude the possibility that experiences may occur in order to furnish intelligence with reasonable proof of the existence of the spiritual principle in life. It is the intellect that creates science. Indeed the experiments of the natural sciences, as also the

generalizations of the philosopher ought to be made methodically and with discernment and analyzed in accordance with sound logical reasoning. This presupposes that one does not question the objective worth of intellectual knowledge. Happily, primitive peoples are no more tortured with doubt than our *subevolues* or human reasoning.

And now we will apply this newly-won knowledge to the:

The Book of the Jedi

Words by George Lucas and Co.

Typed up by Chris A. Johnson

Edited by Michael Scharding

Obviously, distribution of this is against the copyright law, so be careful not to charge money for it. Every time I now watch the Star Wars series I note deeper and deeper religious symbology impregnating it. As you've read in the Bantu Philosophy introduction, now apply what you have learned towards this text. LOOK for possible parallels and connections. On later read-throughs, try searching for Taoist, Buddhist and Confucian parallels, they're really in there. By understanding common themes amongst religious systems, one gains a greater appreciation of their vital differences. I suspect that by understanding the unique points on one's faith, one is strengthened in resolve to hold to that faith; and one also acknowledges areas that are further elaborated in other religions.

I consider this book to be a religious text in and of itself. Enjoy!

STAR WARS

(On Tatoine, at Luke's Home)

Aunt Roe: Luke is not much of a farmer, he's got too much of his father in him.

Uncle Owen: I know.

(In Ben's home)

Ben: Owen disagreed with your father's ethics and would not have gotten involved. He was the best star fighter in the galaxy and a cunning warrior... and my friend. I have something for you. Your father wanted you to have it when you were old enough. Your uncle wouldn't allow it. He feared you would go off with Obi Wan on a suicidal adventure. It is a light saber. It is the weapon of a Jedi, not clumsy like a blaster or a laser, an elegant weapon from a more civilized era. For over a 1000 generations they were guardians of the civilization before the Dark Times when the empire hunted down the Jedi....Now the Jedi are all but extinct. Vader was seduced by the Dark Side of the Force. He betrayed and murdered your father.

Luke: The Force?

Ben: Now, the Force is what gives the Jedi his power. It's an energy field created by all living things; it surrounds us, it penetrates us, it binds the galaxy together.

Ben: Learn about the Force, Luke.

Luke: I want to learn the ways of the force and be like my father.

Ben: You must do what you feel is right.

(In the Death Star's Meeting Room)

Admiral Motti: This station is now the ultimate power in the universe. I suggest we use it.

Vader: Don't be too proud of this technological terror you've constructed. The ability to destroy a planet is insignificant next to the power of the Force.

Admiral Motti: Don't try to frighten us with your sorcerer's ways, Lord Vader. Your sad devotion to that ancient religion has not helped you conjure up the stolen data tapes, nor given you clairvoyance enough to find the Rebels' hidden fort—(Vader chokes him through the Force)

Vader: I find your lack of faith disturbing.

(on the streets of Mas Eisle)

Stormtrooper: How long have you had these droids?

Luke: About three or four seasons.

Ben: They're up for sale if you want them.
Stormtrooper: Let me see your identification.
Ben: You don't need to see his identification.
Stormtrooper: We don't need to see his identification.
Ben: These aren't the droids you're looking for.
Stormtrooper: These aren't the droids we're looking for.
Ben: He can go about his business.
Stormtrooper: You can go about your business.
Ben: Move along.
Ben: Move along. Move along.
(They continue to the tavern. A Jawa appears and covets Luke's speeder.)
C3PO: I can't abide those Jawas—disgusting creatures.
Luke: (To Jawa) Go on, go on. (To Ben) I can't understand how we got by those troops. I thought we were dead.
Ben: The Force. It has a strong influence on the weak-minded.

(En route to Alderaan. Luke fighting a target remote.)
Ben: Remember, a Jedi can feel the force flowing through him.
Luke: You mean it controls your actions?
Ben: Partially. But it also obeys your commands.
(The remote hits Luke with a stinger blast in the seat of the pants.)
Han: Hokey religions and ancient weapons are no match for a good blaster at your side, kid.
Luke: *(Deactivates lightsaber)* You don't believe in the Force, do you?
Han: Kid, I've flown from one side of this galaxy to the other and I've seen a lot of strange stuff, but I've never seen anything to make me believe there's one all-powerful Force controlling everything. There's no mystical energy field that controls my destiny. It's all a lot of simple tricks and nonsense.
Ben: *(takes flight helmet from wall)* I suggest you try it again, Luke. This time, let go your conscious self and act on instinct. *(Places helmet on Luke's head.)*
Luke: But, with the blast shield down I can't even see! How am I supposed to fight?
Ben: Your eyes can deceive you. Don't trust them. *(Luke reactivates his lightsaber. Remote fires, hits his leg.)* Stretch out with your feelings. *(Luke blocks three blasts from the remote.)* You see? You can do it. *(Luke deactivates lightsaber, removes helmet.)*
Han: I'd call it luck.
Ben: In my experience, there's no such thing as luck.
Han: Look, good against remotes is one thing... Good against a living that's something else. *(Console beeps)* Looks like we're coming up on Alderaan. *(Han and Chewbacca exit.)*
Luke: You know, I did feel something. I could almost see the remote.
Ben: That's good. You've taken your first step into a larger world.

(After the planet blows up, Ben faints)
Luke: Are you all right?
Ben: I felt a great disturbance in the Force, as if millions of voices cried out in Terror.

(In the hanger.)
Imperial Commander: There's no one on board, sir. According to the log, the crew abandoned ship just after takeoff. It must be a decoy, sir. Several of the escape pods have been jettisoned.
Vader: Did you find any droids?
Imperial Commander: No sir. If there were any on board, they must also have jettisoned.
Vader: Send a scanning crew on board. I want every part of this ship checked.
Imperial Commander: Yes sir.
Vader: I sense something, a presence I've not felt since....

(In the control room.)
Luke: I wanna go with you.
Ben: Be patient, Luke, stay and watch over the droids.
Luke: But he can—
Ben: They must be delivered safely or other star systems will suffer the same fate as Alderaan. Your destiny lies along a different path from mine. *(opens door)* The Force will be with you. Always.

(In the meeting room)
Vader: He is here.
Tarkin: obi-Wan Kenobi? What makes you think so?
Vader: A tremor in the Force. The last time I felt it was in the presence of my old master.
Tarkin: Surely he must be dead by now.
Vader: Don't underestimate the Force.

Tarkin: The Jedi are extinct; their fire has gone out of the universe. *(Comlink buzzes.)* You, my friend, are all that's left of their religion. *(Answering comlink)* Yes?
Commander: We have an emergency alert in detention block AA-23.
Tarkin: The Princess? Put all sections on alert.
Vader: Obi-Wan is here. The Force is with him.
Tarkin: If you're right, he must not be allowed to escape.
Vader: Escape is not his plan. I must face him alone.

(Ben uses Force to distract soldiers.)

(The duel)
Vader: I've been waiting for you, Obi-Wan. We meet again at last. The circle is now complete. When I left you, I was but the learner. Now I am the master.
Ben: Only a master of evil, Darth. *(They fight)*
Vader: Your powers are weak, old man.
Ben: You can't win, Darth. If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine. *(They fight)*
Vader: You should not have come back. *(The fight continues. Vader strikes down Ben. Ben's cloak falls to the ground, empty.)*
Luke: No! *(Stormtroopers turn from covering Vader and attack Luke & co.)* Han, Leia, and Artoo urge Luke—to get in the ship. Vader prods Ben's cloak with his foot.
Han: Blast the door, kid! *(and Vader—and stormtrooper reinforcements are cut off from the hanger bay.)*
Ben: Run Luke, run!

(At the Rebel briefing)
Dodonna: Then man your ships. And may the Force be with you.

(In the Rebel hanger)
Luke: ...Take care of yourself, Han. I guess that's what you're best at, isn't it?
Han: Hey, Luke. May the Force be with you.

(As Luke takes off)
Ben: Luke, the Force will be with you.

(During the battle)
Ben: Luke, trust your feelings. *(Luke does a nice strafing run.)*

(In the trench Luke activates his targeting computer.)
Ben: Use the Force, LUKE. *(Luke looks away from the computer)* Let go, LUKE.
Vader: The Force is strong in this one.
Ben: Luke, trust me. *(Luke deactivates the targeting computer)*

(Later, Luke destroys the Death Star without aid of the computer. But you knew that.)

(After the battle)
Ben: Remember, the Force will be with you. Always.

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

(In the Wampa ice cave, Luke uses the Force to pull his lightsaber from the snow into his hand and slice off the Wampa's hand.)

(In snowstorm.)
Ben: LUKE. Luke!
Luke: Ben?
Ben: You will go to the Dagobah system.
Luke: Dagoba?
Ben: There you will learn from Yoda, the Jedi Master who instructed me.

(When the Imperial Starfleet comes out of lightspeed too close to Hoth and the Rebels activate their energy shield, Vader chokes Admiral Ozzel through the Force from a completely different room and thereby promotes Captain Pieltt to Admiral.)

(on the Super Star Destroyer)
Star Destroyer Captain #2: ...And that, Lord Vader, was the last time they appeared on any of our scopes. Considering the amount of damage we've sustained, they must have been destroyed.
Vader: No, Captain, they're alive., I want every ship available to sweep the

asteroid field until they are found.

Piett: Lord Vader!

Vader: Yes, Admiral, what is it?

Piett: The Emperor commands you to make contact with him.

Vader: Move the ship away from the asteroid field so that we can send a clear transmission. (*In Vader's chamber*) What is thy bidding, my Master?

Emperor: There is a great disturbance in the Force.

Vader: I have felt it.

Emperor: We have a new enemy: Luke Skywalker.

Vader: Yes, my Master.

Emperor: He could destroy us.

Vader: He's just a boy. Obi-Wan can no longer help him.

Emperor: The Force is strong in him. The son of Skywalker must not become a Jedi.

Vader: If he could be turned, he would be a powerful ally.

Emperor: Yes ... yes. He would be! Can it be done?

Vader: He will join us or die, Master.

(*On Dagobah*)

Yoda: Why are you here?

Luke: I'm looking for a someone.

Yoda: Help you I can!

Luke: I don't think so, I'm looking for a great warrior.

Yoda: Great Warrior?

Luke: I'm looking for a Jedi Master.

Yoda: Jedi Master, you are looking for. Come, I'll show you.

(*In Yoda's home*)

Yoda: Why do you want Yoda?

Luke: I want to be a Jedi, like my father.

Yoda: Your father, a powerful Jedi, powerful Jedi he was.

Luke: You knew my father?

Yoda: I cannot teach him. The boy has no patience.

Ben's Voice: He will learn patience.

Yoda: Much anger in him. Like his father.

Ben's Voice: Was I any different when you taught me?

Luke: Yoda... I ... I am ready! Ben! Ben, I can be a Jedi! Ben, tell him I'm re— (*bumps his head on the ceiling*)

Yoda: Ready are you? What know you of ready? For eight hundred years have I trained Jedi! My own council will I keep on who is to be trained! A Jedi must have the deepest commitment, the most serious mind. This one, a—long time have I watched. All his life has he looked away: to the future, to the horizon. Never his mind on where he was, mm? What he was doing. Mm. Adventure. Heh! Excitement. Heh! (*pokes Luke*) A Jedi craves not these things. You are reckless!

Ben: So was I, if you remember.

Yoda: He is too old. Yes. Too old to begin the training.

Luke: But I've learned so much.

Yoda: Will he finish what he begins?

Luke: I won't fail you. I'm not afraid.

Yoda: You will be. You will be.

(*Luke's training I. Luke runs through the swamps with Yoda on his back.*)

Yoda: Run! Yes! Yes! A Jedi's strength flows from the Force! But beware of the Dark Side. Anger, fear, aggression: the Dark Side are they! Easily they flow, quick to join you in a fight. If once you start down the dark path, forever will it dominate your destiny, consume you it will! As it did Obi-Wan's apprenticeship.

Luke: (*Stops, panting.*) Vader. Is the Dark Side stronger?

Yoda: No! No. No. Quicker, easier, more seductive.

Luke: Then how am I to know the good side from the bad?

Yoda: You will know! When you are calm. At peace! Passive. A Jedi uses the Force for knowledge and defense. Never for attack.

Luke: But tell me why I can't—

Yoda: No, no, there is no why! Nothing more will I teach you today. Clear your mind of questions. Mmmm. Mmm.

Luke: (*Sets Yoda down, puts on jacket.*) There's something not right here. I feel cold ... death.

Yoda: That place (*indicates cave*) is strong with the Dark side of the Force. A domain of evil it is. In you must go.

Luke: What's in there?

Yoda: only what you, take with you. (*Luke takes his weapons.*) Your weapons—you will not need them. (*Luke ignores him. He enters the cave and fights a slow-motion battle with Darth Vader, who he beheads. Vader's mask explodes, revealing the face beneath: Luke's own.*)

(*Luke's training II. He is standing on one hand with Yoda perched on his foot.*)

Yoda: Good, yes. Feel the Force flow! Yes! Now: the stone. (*Luke lifts a stone through the Force.*) Feel it. (*Artoo notices the sinking X-Wing. His whistling breaks Luke's concentration.*) Concentraaaaaate! (*Luke and Yoda fall.*)

Luke: (*Looking at X-Wing*) Oh no. We'll never get it out now!

Yoda: So certain are you? Always with you it cannot be done. Hear you nothing that I say?

Luke: Master, moving stones around is one thing. This is—totally different!

Yoda: No! No different! only different in your mind. You must unlearn what you have learned.

Luke: All right, I'll give it a try.

Yoda: No! Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try. (*Luke raises the X-Wing a bit, then drops it. It sinks completely.*)

Luke: I can't. It's too big.

Yoda: Size matters not. Look at me. Judge me by my size, do you? (*Luke shakes his head*) Hum. And well you should not. For my ally is the Force, and a powerful ally it is. Life creates it, makes it grow. Its energy surrounds us, and binds us. Luminous beings are we, not this crude matter. (*Pinches Luke's shoulder*) You must feel the Force around you: here, between you, me, between the rock, everywhere! Yes! Even between land and ship.

Luke: You work the impossible. (*Luke sulks. Yoda raises the ship and deposits it on the shore. Luke is incredulous.*)

Luke: I don't—I don't believe it!

Yoda: That is why you fail.

(*Vader chokes captain Needa through the Force for loosing the Falcon.*)

(*Luke's training III. Luke standing on his hands with two boxes levitated.*)

Yoda: Concentrate! Feel the Force flow! Yes! (*Luke levitates Artoo.*) Good, calm. Through the Force, things you will see. Other places, the future, the past, old friends long gone.

Luke: Han? Leia! (*He drops the boxes and Artoo and falls.*)

Yoda: —Hmmm. Control, control, you must learn control!

Luke: I ... I saw a city in the clouds!

Yoda: —Mmm. Friends you have there.

Luke: They were in pain.

Yoda: It is the future you see.

Luke: The future? Will they die?

Yoda: Difficult to see. Always in motion is the future.

Luke: I've got to go to them.

Yoda: Decide you must how to serve them best. If you leave now, help them you could, but ... you would destroy all for which they have fought and suffered.

(*On Cloud City, in the dining room, Vader blocks Han's laser bolts with his hand and pulls Han's gun across the table through the Force.*)

(*Luke's departure from Dagobah*)

Yoda: Luke, you must complete the training!

Luke: I can't get this vision out of my head. They're my friends, I've got to help them!

Yoda: You must not go!

Luke: But Han and Leia will die if I don't!

Ben: You don't know that. (*Apparition of Ben appears*) Even Yoda cannot see their fate.

Luke: But I can help them! I feel the Force.

Ben: But you cannot control it. This is a dangerous time for you, when you will be tempted by the Dark Side of the Force.

Yoda: Yes, yes, to Obi-Wan you listen! The cave, remember your failure at the cave!

Luke: But I've learned so much since then! Master Yoda, I promise to return and finish what I've begun! You have my word!

Ben: It is you and your abilities the Emperor wants. That is why your friends are made to suffer.

Luke: That's why I have to go..

Ben: Luke, I don't want to loose you to the Emperor the way I lost Vader.

Luke: You won't.

Yoda: Stopped he must be. On this all depends. Only a fully trained Jedi Knight, with the Force as his ally, will conquer Vader and his Emperor. If you end your training now, if you choose the quick and easy paths Vader did, you will become an agent of evil.

Ben: Patience!

Luke: And sacrifice Han—and Leia?

Yoda: If you honor what they fight for ... yes.

Ben: If you choose to face Vader, you will do it alone. I cannot interfere.
Luke: I understand. Artoo? Fire up the converters. *(Luke enters the X-Wing.)*
Ben: Luke! Don't give into hate. That leads to the Dark Side!
Yoda: Strong is Vader! Mind what you have learned, save you it can!
Luke: I will! And I'll return. I promise. *(Luke takes off)*
Yoda: Told you I did. Reckless is he. Now, matters are worse.
Ben: That boy is our last
Yoda: No. There is another.

(After Han is frozen in carbonite)

Imperial Commander: Skywalker has just landed, my Lord.

Vader: See to it that he finds his way in here. *(Lando attempts to take Leia by the arm, but Chewie snarls at him.)* Calrissian, take the Princess and the Wookiee to my ship.

Lando: You said they'd be left in the city under my supervision!

Vader: I am altering the deal. Pray I don't alter it any further. *(Vader chokes Lando for a brief instant. Lando's hand goes to his throat. This one is taken from the novelization, but in the film Lando's hand does go to his throat. Sort of.)*

(The duel I. Luke holsters his blaster. The lights come up, Vader's breathing is heard.)

Vader: The Force is with you, young Skywalker, but you are not a Jedi yet. *(Luke ascends the steps and they duel.)*

(The duel II)

Vader: You have learned much, young one.

Luke: You'll find out I'm full of surprises. *(They exchange blows. Vader knocks Luke's saber from his hand and it falls to the floor below. Vader swings at Luke, Luke rolls down the stairs. Vader leaps, and lands between Luke and his lightsaber.)*

Vader: Your future lies with me, Skywalker. Obi-Wan knew this to be true.

Luke: No. *(He is backing towards the pit. Vader lunges—Luke falls in.)*

Vader: All too easy. *(He turns on the carbonite switch with the Force. Luke leaps from the chamber and climbs the pipes above. Vader doesn't notice.)* Perhaps you are not as strong as the Emperor thought. *(A clang comes from above. Vader sees Luke)* Impressive. *(He slices a hose. Steam spews out.)* Most impressive. *(Luke drops and aims the broken pipe at Vader.)* Oomph! *(Luke picks up his lightsaber with the Force and blocks Vader's next swing with it.)* Obi-Wan has taught you well. You have controlled your fear. *(They exchange blows.)* Now, release your anger. Only your hatred can destroy me.

(They fight. Luke drives Vader off the side of the chamber. Luke deactivates his lightsaber and follows. He enters a connecting tunnel, then the Control Room. Vader appears. Rather than fight, he sends large machinery hurtling at Luke. When Luke blocks the machinery, Vader attacks. Then Vader simply hurtles the machinery at Luke, who can't block it all. One piece breaks the large window, causing a pressure difference which pulls Luke out. He catches a catwalk and pulls himself up.)

Vader: Trust your feelings, I'm your Father!

Luke: *(Luke wines)* No, that can't be! That's Impossible!

(Beneath the city, Luke calls first for Ben and then for Leia, who hears his call. As they attempt to escape)

Vader's Voice: Luke

Luke: Father.

Vader's Voice: Son, come with me.

Luke: Ben, why didn't you tell me? *(Luke gets up and goes to the cockpit.)*

Lando: Chewie! *(Chewie bashes his tool against the ship.)*

Luke: It's Vader.

Vader's Voice: Luke, it is your destiny.

Luke: Ben, why didn't you tell me?

(Aboard the medical frigate)

Luke: Chewie, I'll be waiting for your signal. Take care, you two. And may the Force be with you.

THE RETURN OF THE JEDI

(Luke in Jabba's palace. He chokes the guards a la Vader to get past them. He plays with Bib Fortuna's mind like Ben did to the stormtroopers. He also attempts to use his mind powers on Jabba, but they are ineffective. In the book, he leaps to the grate above the rancor and swings around up there out of reach, but the scene was cut from the movie.)

(Luke makes extensive use of the Force in fighting Jabba's guards. Leia also uses it to choke Jabba.)

(The Emperor's arrival)

Emperor: Rise, my friend.

Vader: The Death Star will be completed on schedule, my Master.

Emperor: You have done well, Lord Vader. And now, I sense you wish to continue your search for young Skywalker.

Vader: Yes, my Master.

Emperor: Patience, My friend. In time, he will seek you out, and when he does, you will bring him before me. Only together can we turn him to the Dark Side of the Force.

Vader: Yes, My Master.

Emperor: Everything is proceeding as I have foreseen.

(Yoda's farewell)

Yoda: That face you make. Look I so old to young eyes?

Luke: No. of course not.

Yoda: I do. Yes I do. Sicker I've become. Yes. Old and weak. When nine hundred years old you reach, look as good you will not. Hmm? *(Chuckles, then coughs.)* Soon will I rest. Yes. Forever sleep. Earned it I have.

Luke: Master Yoda, you can't die!

Yoda: Strong am I with the Force, but not that strong. Twilight is upon me, and soon night must fall. That is the way of things. The way of the Force.

Luke: But I need your help. I've come back to complete the training.

Yoda: No more training do you require. Already know you that—which you need.

Luke: Then I am a Jedi.

Yoda: Oh! Not yet. One thing remains. Vader. You must confront Vader. Then, only then, a Jedi will you be. And confront him you will.

Luke: Master Yoda, is Darth Vader my father?

Yoda: A rest I need. Yes. Rest.

Luke: Yoda, I must know.

Yoda: Your father he is. Told you, did he?

Luke: Yes.

Yoda: Unexpected is this, and unfortunate.

Luke: Unfortunate that I know the truth?

Yoda: No! Unfortunate that you rushed to face him! That incomplete was your training! That not ready for the burden were you.

Luke: I'm sorry.

Yoda: Remember, a Jedi's strength flows from the Force. But beware: anger, fear, aggression: the Dark Side are they. If once you start down the Dark path, forever will it dominate your destiny! Luke.. do not ... do not underestimate the powers of the Emperor, or suffer your father's fate you will. Luke ... when gone am I, the last of the Jedi will you be. Luke! The Force runs strong in your family. Pass on what you have ... learned ... Luke ... there, is ... anoth...er... Sk ... Sky ... walk ... er... *(Yoda dies.)*

(Luke uses the Force to remember who the heck his sister was.)

(When the strike team is attempting to get past the security shield of the Death Star, Luke and Vader sense each others presence.)

(Luke uses the Force to levitate Threepio and thereby convince the Ewoks to join them.)

Luke: The Force is strong in my family. My father has it ... I have it ... and ... my sister has it.

(Luke and Vader meet)

Vader: The Emperor has been expecting you.

Luke: I know, father.

Vader: So, you have accepted the truth.

Luke: I have accepted the truth that you were once Anakin Skywalker, my father.

Vader: That name no longer has any meaning for me.

Luke: It is the name of your true self, you've only forgotten. There is good in you. The Emperor hasn't driven it from you fully. That was why you couldn't bring yourself to kill me before. That's why you won't bring me to your Emperor now.

Vader: I see you have constructed a new lightsaber. Impressive. Your skills are complete. Indeed you are powerful, as the Emperor has foreseen.

Luke: Come with me.

Vader: Obi-Wan once thought as you do. You don't know the power of the Dark Side. I must obey my Master.

Luke: I will not turn, and you'll be forced to kill me.

Vader: If that is your destiny.

Luke: Search your feelings, father. You can't do this. I feel the conflict within you, let go of your hate!

Vader: It is too late for me, son. The Emperor will show you the true nature of the Force. He is your master now.

Luke: Then my father is truly dead.

(Emperor's throne room I)

Emperor: Welcome, young Skywalker. I have been expecting you. You no longer need those. *(He motions to Luke's binders. They fall to the ground.)* Guards, leave us. I am looking forward to completing your training. In time, you will call me Master.

Luke: You're gravely mistaken. You won't convert me as you did my father.

Emperor: oh no, my young apprentice. You will find that it is you who are mistaken. About a great many things.

Vader: His lightsaber. *(Hands it, butt first, to the Emperor.)*

Emperor: Ah yes. A Jedi's weapon. Much like your father's. By now you must know that your father can never be turned from the Dark side. so will it be with you.

Luke: You're wrong. Soon I'll be dead, and you with me.

Emperor: Perhaps you refer to the imminent attack of your Rebel fleet. Ah yes, I assure you, we are quite safe from your friends here.

Luke: Your overconfidence is your weakness.

Emperor: Your faith in your friends is yours.

Vader: It is pointless to resist, my son.

Emperor: Everything that has transpired has done so according to my design. Your friends, out there on the sanctuary moon, are walking into a trap, as is your Rebel fleet. It was I who allowed the Alliance to know the location of the shield generator. It is quite safe from your pitiful little band. An entire legion of my best troops awaits them. Oh, I'm afraid the deflector shield will be quite operational when your friends arrive.

(Space battle. The Rebel fleet roars from hyperspace. All wings report in.)

Wedge: Lock s-foils in attack position.

Admiral Ackbar: May the Force be with us.

(Emperor's throne room II)

Emperor: Come, boy, see for yourself. From here you will witness the final destruction of the Alliance, and the end of your insignificant Rebellion. *(Touches lightsaber)* You want this, don't you. The hate is swelling in you now. Take your Jedi weapon. Use it. Strike me down with it. Give in to your anger. With each passing moment you make yourself more my servant.

Luke: No.

Emperor: It is unavoidable. It is your destiny. You, like your father, are now ... mine.

(Emperor's throne room III)

Emperor: Your fleet is lost, and your friends on the Endor moon will not survive. The Alliance will die, as will your friends. Good... I can feel your anger. I am defenseless. Take your Jedi weapon. Use it. Strike me down with all of your hatred, and your journey towards the Dark side will be complete! *(Luke takes his sword through the Force, ignites it, and swings. Vader blocks the blow. Emperor laughs.)*

(Emperor's throne room IV)

(Luke and Vader duel. Luke kicks Vader down the stairs (reminiscent of the falling down stairs bit in the previous film).)

Emperor: *(laughs).* Use your aggressive feelings, boy! Let the hate flow through you. *(Luke deactivates his lightsaber.)*

Vader: obi-Wan ... has taught you well.

Luke: I will not fight you, father. *(Vader climbs the steps. Luke backs away.)*

Vader: You are unwise to lower your defenses! *(Luke reactivates his lightsaber to defend himself. They exchange blows. Luke jumps into a control booth and deactivates his lightsaber. He then flips up onto a catwalk.)*

Luke: Your thoughts betray you, father. I feel the good in you, the conflict.

Vader: There is no conflict.

Luke: You couldn't bring yourself to kill me before and I don't believe you'll destroy me now.

Vader: You underestimate the power of the Dark Side. If you will not fight, then you will meet your destiny. *(Throws his sword, which causes catwalk to fall. Luke slides down below the throne room. Vader follows.)*

Emperor: *(laughing).* Good. Good!

(Emperor's throne room V)

(Vader searching for Luke beneath the throne room)

Vader: You cannot hide forever, Luke

Luke: I will not fight you.

Vader: Give yourself to the Dark Side. It is the only way you can save your friends. Yes! Your thoughts betray you. Your feelings for them are strong, especially for ... sister! So, you have a twin sister! Your feelings have now betrayed her., too! Obi-Wan was wise to hide her from me. Now, his failure is complete. If you will not turn to the Dark Side, then perhaps she will.

Luke: NEVER! *(Attacks Vader, beats him back. Knocks him to his knees, slices his right hand off.)*

Emperor: Good! Your hate has made you powerful. Now, fulfill your destiny, and take your father's place at my side.

Luke: *(looks at his mechanical hand, then to Vader's severed mechanical one.).* Never. *(Deactivates lightsaber and throws it away.)* I'll never turn to the Dark Side. You've failed, your Highness. I'm a Jedi, like my father before me.

Emperor: So be it, Jedi.

(Emperor's throne room VI)

Emperor: If you will not be turned, you will be destroyed. *(Hits Luke with lightning. Vader stands by his Master.)* Young fool. Only now, at the end, do you understand. *(Hits Luke with lightning.)* Your feeble skills are no match for the power of the Dark Side. *(Hits Luke with lightning.)* You have paid the price for your lack of vision. *(Hits Luke with lightning.)*

Luke: *(Screams, including:)* Father, help me!

Emperor: Now, young Skywalker, you will die. *(Hits Luke with lightning.)*

Luke: *(Screams, including:)* Father!

(Vader grabs Emperor and throws him into a pit. Luke pulls Vader away from the pit.)

(Vader, unmasked)

Anakin Skywalker: Now go, my son. Leave me.

Luke: No. I'll not leave you here, I've got to save you.

Anakin Skywalker: You already have, Luke

(On the Ewok Planet)

Ben: The Force will always be with you, young Skywalker.



The Book of Ultimate Answers

written by
Rev. Michael Scharding, D.D.
in June 1994 c.e.

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Another Fine Product of the Drynemeton Press

Printing History

1st Printing 1994 (3 pgs)
2nd Printing 1994 (6 pgs)
3rd Printing 1994 (13pgs)

Cover Credits Sine Ceolbhinn, ODAL

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If this product doesn't work (and I don't mean if it works well) then please feel free to shred it or give it to your friend (or enemy) as a present.

When I call this a Reformed Druid publication, I mean it is a publication by a Reformed Druid. I hope that most other Reformed Druids disagree with my views.

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this book to Rev. Jewelnel Davis, who has inspired the Carleton Campus with her wisdom during her years here. I hope that this book will likewise provided needed answers to those faced with the inscrutability of the universe, or at least get them to give up using similar books and go back to talking with real people (which is a much wiser thing to do) .

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Other Thanks

There are a number of people I would like to thank for making this enormously difficult work possible. First I would like to thank my ancestors and all the past populace of the world which have made my culture(s), philosophy(s), religion(s), environment, language(s) and genetic code what they are today (you know who you are!).

I'd also like to thank the Carleton Academic Computing and Networking Center for the use of their computers while formatting this book for publication while I attended school there. Carleton's faculty, staff and students also deserve my thanks for instilling the knowledge, moral teachings and education that made this book possible.

Not to forget you, are all the many plant, animal & microbial creatures I've ingested to sustain my biological processes. I'm also very thankful that I can breathe the oxygenated air and that the sun comes up in the morning. For all these myriads of interlacing cycles and miraculous events (including hormones) I would like to thank the Creator(s). You're doing a fine job, keep up the good work!

I would also like to thank the Sheltons, the Frangquists, Isaac Bonewits, Glenn McDavid, Sam Adams, Norman Nelson and the many Druids who have enlightened me on "the mysteries" of Druidism (whatever they are...).

To conclude, I'd like to thank whoever (or whatever) else I'm forgotten to include.

Preface: Why this book was written.

I was once sitting under a large oak tree on a sunny day when I came to the realization that there are a lot of unanswered questions in the world. Think about it, do you know the names of all the people in Ghana; or why do English speakers often put the adjectives before the nouns? We live in world awash with doubt and distressed with uncertainty. Will we ever know the right answers to every question? Probably not. However, we live in a society that demands answers. To not provide answers is to show incompetence or lack of education. Would you want to look incompetent or uneducated? I wouldn't, but it would seem fated that we will have to continue to live with that persistent embarrassment.

I decided that someone had to take care of all these loose ends, even at the risk of giving the wrong answers. I mean, isn't it better to have an answer, even if it is not THE answer, especially one that works; rather than to stand there and sheepishly say that you don't have an answer? Once I accepted this monumental task I was faced with a more daunting undertaking than passing my Senior Comprehensive exercise at Carleton while retaining a social life; providing viable answers to all the possible questions that can be posed in the English language. It was a toughie, but I managed to complete it in a few hours. Drawing upon my extraordinary ability to pull answers out of a baseball cap, I wrote this book. I have intended it to be a quick handbook to use whenever you are confronted with a perplexing problem or question.

While divinatory purposes are probably not a very effective use of the book, your use of the book is not my concern. Like the dis-

claimer says, you can do what you want with the book, that's your decision. This book has worked many times for myself and I hope it proves so for you. Enjoy!

Rev. Michael Scharding
June 20th, 1994 c.e.

Third Edition Update:

Due to the overwhelming desire for more answers, I've massively expanded the chapters of answers to provide more customized answers.

Recommendations

1. If you are not competent in the English language, have a friend help you use this book.
2. Similarly if you are blind, have them read this book to you or type it in Braille so that you can scan it.
3. If no one answer works, try combinations and permutations.

Reminders

1. If you are not using the book properly, then you perhaps don't deserve an answer.
2. Be persistent, it will work if you don't give up.
3. There's an answer in this book that works for your question!

Introduction: How to use this book

There are three chapters to the Book of Ultimate Answers, one each for affirmative, negative and mixed answers. I have found that the Book of Ultimate Answers works best for me when used as outlined in the following flow-chart:

- I. Get comfortable.
- II. Pray and/or meditate for the recommended time (see below) on how to best formulate the question in the English languages.
- III. Open to the first chapter.
 - A. If an appropriate answer is there, you're done.
 - B. No luck? Try chapter two.
 - i. If you find an appropriate answer, cool.
 - ii. If that doesn't work, try chapter three.
 - a. If it worked, you're done.
 - b. If it you couldn't find a usable answer then return to chapter one.

How Long to Prepare Beforehand

Now depending on how difficult or important the question is, you'll have to formulate the question and ready your mind to spot a useable answer in your search. Imagine you're going to be asking this to Mahatma Ghandi at a press conference. You want to be very clear. This is because your mind is often running many sub-processes at the same time and it might be actually more concerned with finding an answer to another problem. The result? You get the right answer to a sub-conscious question instead of the one you asked. Remember, the answer may not be the one you want to find, so don't force it.

To help remedy this frequent problem, I'm providing the handy-dandy scale that I recommend to meditate and/or pray before using this book. It's roughly:

Difficulty to Time List

Inconsequential: 5 seconds
Simple: 1 minute
Pesky: 1 hour
Important: 1 day
Life-Changing: 1 month to a Year

Earth-Shattering: 2 years
Universe-Shattering: 15 years
Future Career/Marriage: 20 years and a day

Clarifying Examples for the Scale Categories:

Inconsequential: What color is a tomato?
Simple: What should I watch on TV tonight?
Pesky: Should I change brands of shampoo?
Important: Do I wish to learn Gaelic?
Life-Changing: Do I get a nose-job?
Earth-Shattering: Shall I reveal my divinity to CNN?
Universe-Shattering: Shall I bestow warp-engine capability to mere mortal Earthlings?
Future Career/Marriage: Do I want to marry Alex?

Other important notes:

Feel encouraged to modify the words in any answer (i.e. the tense, conjugation, plurality, gender, inflection, punctuation, cultural understanding, order, grammatical purpose, spelling or definition) in order to make it a more suitable answer. Remember, you only need an answer that works, not the best answer!

Chapter One: Affirmative Answers

Could be a positive answer to your question:

'Fraid so.
Yes.
Of course!
Probably.
Because.
Easily.
With difficulty.
Perhaps so.
Go with it.
Definitely.
I said so.
Once and a while.
Why not?
Partially so.
Some of the world's greatest people have thought so.
Occasionally.
It bodes well.
In a twisted way, yeah.
I wish so to.
I have it on good authority.
So a rumor has it. Next question please.
Uh, huh.
In a mytho-poetic sense.
In some situations.
That would be nice.
Few have ever doubted it.
When you are ready.
Only if you do it the right way.
Some would think so.
Yeah!
If you can accept the risks.
At the appropriate time.
If things favor it.
Do what's best.
Trust in yourself.
It has always been so.
If you trust them.
Couldn't agree with you more.
I'd say go with it, but ask someone for a second opinion.
True.
If you're lucky.

If Ghandhi would do it, so should you.
 You'll win.
 When one truly loves someone.
 You are ready and skillful enough to do it.
 No problem.
 Cautiously.
 Oh, I've got the answer, but you must try that again in a "yes-no" format.
Didn't find a suitable answer? Try chapters two and three.

Chapter Two: Negative Answers

Oh, it might be a negative on this one. An answer could be one of the following:

No.
 Never.
 Because.
 Couldn't be.
 Unlikely.
 Don't.
 You'll lose.
 Mustn't
 When the "hot-motified-culture's interpretation of Hell" freezes over!
 Can't.
 Give up.
 Not often.
 Won't.
 Not worth the bother.
 Not with your resources.
 Try not to.
 Shouldn't.
 Impossible.
 Not in my book!
 Might not.
 Don't you dare!
 If your friend jumped off a cliff, would you also jump off a cliff?
 Think about it, it wouldn't work.
 Cautiously.
 Most likely not.
 In your dreams!
 If you do, you'll be sorry.
 Not now.
 Later.
 Too late.
 Not here.
 Not there.
 That isn't legal, is it?
 Forget it.
 It's unprecedented.
 Someone else can do it.
 That's morally reprehensible!
 Not soon.
 Not ever.
 When clams sing Beethoven from mountain-tops!
 Best to wait.
 Try a different alternative or approach.
 You know that I've got the answer, but you must phrase it in a "yes-no" format.

Didn't find a suitable answer? Try chapters one and three.

Chapter Three: Mixed Answers

You asking a complicated question or one requiring an overly specific answer. I think the answer would be one of the following:

Maybe.
 Answer unclear, ask later.
 Do more meditating or praying.
 You're not ready to use this book. I'd recommend that you talk with your friend, relative, superior/inferiors.
 Tricky.
 That's a matter of faith, isn't.
 You're not intelligent enough to understand the fine mechanics of the solution.
 I bet the word(s) you're looking for are in a dictionary.
 Wait.
 It's hard to express the answer with written words, try waving this book around.
 There is no clear answer.
 There are no clear answers.
 I would offend somebody if I answered that one.
 What would you say?
 42.
 That's a toughie, send oodles of money to the Mayo Clinic and perhaps they'll tell you.
 Look it up.
 Could be.
 That's a fact, this book deals with slippery issues!
 If you only knew....
 You cannot make the decision by yourself.
 We tried that one before, inconclusive.
 No one knows.
 Nothing knows.
 Whenever.
 Whatever.
 Whoever.
 Whyever.
 However.
 Because.
 Whenceever.
 Rephrase the question.
 It's unlike anything we've ever seen before, Cap'n.
 Why bother?
 In time, you will come to know.
 That is a question not tending towards edification.
 Wait a minute, at what time?
 Wait a minute, who?
 Wait a minute, which?
 Wait a minute, why?
 Wait a minute, how exactly?
 Only if she/he/it/them/I/you/we/you-all does it first.
 Are you sure you got the facts straight?
 That really depends.
 Ask an expert.
 Pay stricter attention.
 I'll get back to you on that one.
 Ha! Ha! That's a good one.
 Well, now!...
 If I could walk that way, I wouldn't....
 Best to do more research first.
 I've already answered that one.
 That question has been outdated, try a newer one.
 That's a secret.
 The answers definitely a real number.
 Could be an imaginary number.
 Too many possible answers.
 If you were paying attention...
 You're not asking the right question.
 There are better books on the subject, check the library.
 If there aren't better books... write them.
 Could you make that a bit more clear.

Only if they/it don't find out.
 A thousand years from now, who'll care?
 It wouldn't make sense, even if I explained it to you.
 Consider it from their point of view.
 The first.
 The latter.
 Both.
 Neither.
 One of the middle ones.
 One (or more) but not the other(s)
 D.
 All of the above.
 None of the above.
 One of the above.
 You're not using English, this only works for English.
 Is something green stuck between your teeth?
 Is that a rhetorical question?
 If I told you that, I would have to shoot you.
 Not even Nixon knew that.
 Slower. Slower.
 I don't know.
 I don't care.
 Sleep on it.
 Isn't there something else you should be doing right now?
 Time to make the donuts.
 It's interesting you should ask that, I was thinking the same thing.
 It doesn't matter.
 It would be alot easier if you could ask that again, but as a "yes-no" question.

Didn't find a suitable answer? Try chapters one and two.

Conclusion: Why this book was really written.

Actually, I did write this book for most of the pre-said reasons, in a way. As a Reformed Druid, and a North American one at that, I have a right to say what I believe and other Reformed Druids won't claim that I'm a heretical Druid. The RDNA lacks recognizably official dogma and its customs or traditions are very mutable. The RDNA's official doctrine is summed up in the two Basic Tenets:

1. The object of the search for religious truth, which is a never-ending and spiritual search, can be found through Nature, which is the Earth-Mother; but this is one way, yea!, one way among many.
2. And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance, of Nature, which is the Earth-mother; for it is one of the objects of Creation, and with it people do live, yea, even as they do struggle through life are they come face to face with it.

This is the only statement that all Reformed Druids agree with (and possibly most Druids...). Anything more or less than this is your own variant, and we all bring our own stuff willingly or unwillingly. None of us are "pure" Reformed Druids, we are all possessors of differing beliefs, but share a stated agreement with those two identically worded beliefs; irregardless of our own interpretation. Can one have unity through difference? Richard Shelton said "Reformed Druidism is compatible with all religions, even if they deny it." The way I've looked at it, most religions that I'm familiar with use images from Nature at least once to demonstrate or symbolize a theological point; say—a bird building a nest in the spring time. If this is so, then people of all religions should be able to gather and hear the same story of a bird building a nest, and come away with a personal gain of spiritual understanding. This is what the RDNA is about.

One of the unstated purposes of the RDNA is to deepen our critical awareness of the foundations underlying our personal, individual beliefs and/or to understand the roots of our religion(s) or philosophy. In a way, I've pursued this goal by writing & publishing my thoughts as a focusing tool for this exploration, because knowing

someone will read your musings makes you work harder. But truth seems to be a thing that changes with new facts reveal an unseen twist in your understandings. God is guiding me on a strange path of mysticism to find Her spiritual truths. Nothing that I've published is necessarily what I currently believe, at the time that you are reading this. Ha!

Another side-effect of Reformed Druidism is a desire to pull people's legs. David Frangquist once stated "The role of the Third Order is keep people guessing....Druidism has it's tongue planted firmly in its cheek." I wished to poke fun at a book called "Dianet*cs" and other self-help books that purported to have answers for your personal problems. I think these books cater to those folk who are unwilling to talk with real live people and those who consider any book to be true as gospel if it is published by someone with loads of letters behind their name (esp. Ph.D.).

In the Reformed Druid fashion, I have endeavored to bring you to a deeper realization of the inconsistencies inherent in being an expert on other people's problems, especially about people you don't even know. The Book of Ultimate Answers actually works, but it may be the wrong way to come to answers. Sometimes the most flawless systems can also be the most devious if they are inappropriate. Just because it works doesn't mean it should be used.

Sarah: "I've got a splitting pain in my head."

Jean: "Have you considered amputation?"

Imagine how many leaders and experts daily make decisions based on blind reliance upon long-accepted collections of official answers (i.e. files, dossiers, scriptures). It's not that written sources do not contain truths, they do!, but one cannot always use the same answer to the same question. Abiding by precedents can be a problematic habit, as the expression goes: "give a child a hammer and soon every-thing looks like a nail."

One of my other gripes with the self-help genre is that they often have only a very short section of practical answers and advice. What seems to take a great deal of those books (and, incidentally, this one) is a lot of bibble-babble (or Bible-Babel as a friend of mine calls it). The author usually has their own personal philosophy which they would be delighted if everyone else shared. The people easiest to "convert" are those with weak self-images whose insecurity draws them to powerful, charismatic "know-it-alls." If you are still reading this and are one of those people, you won't find the answer through Reformed Druidism either ("Druidism is a faith, if not in answering, then in questioning"). You'll find your answer, if it's to be found, by your own efforts (possibly divinely aided).

The last rumor I'd like to share is that people do not always lie, sometimes they are just misinformed and don't realize it or (more likely) won't admit it. I am, myself, greatly "uneducated" in accredited forms of theological training. I am merely winging it, which so many "experts" are also secretly doing. I hope this book has jolted you into a deeper speculation of the purpose, motives and capabilities of the "self-help book" genre.

The Book of Songs and Poetry

Volume One

Compiled by Michael Scharding and Sine Ceolbhinn

This book is a collection of songs, chants and poems that I have heard used or composed that may be deemed suitable to Druidic usage (or maybe not..). It is in no way an exclusive or exhaustive collection. Feel free to add or delete to its contents with songs or poetry of your favorite writers or historical sources. Even better, include some of your own compositions.

The Song notation (only in printed copies) that I've included is the best that my meager skills could provide. There are tonal inflections that sometimes cannot be conveyed in script. Use the music as a guide, not as a taskmaster. Many are in strange modal forms of the key of C, my favorite singing key (but perhaps not yours)

Mike Scharding
Day 81 of Samradh
Year XXXI of the Reform
(July 21st, 1993 c.e.)

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Printing History
1st Printing—1993
2nd Printing—1996
(in ARDA)

Samhain Procession Hymn

by Michael Nov. 1, 1992

Thanks to the Earth for giving us birth.
Thanks to the Sky, both wet and dry.
Thanks to al creatures in between,
Those that have bodies, and those unseen.

We of the oak groves here first arose,
Praisin' you in song, thirty years long.
Now comes the winter's cold, harsh test,
When Sun and Earth are at their rest.

The Triples Song

by Michael

I see the Moon and the Moon sees me
Phases of the Goddess, numbered three:
Maiden, Mother, Cro-ne
Maiden, Mother, Crone.
I see the Sun and the Sun sees me
Phases of the Sun God, numbered three:
the dawn, no-on and du-sk
the dawn, no-on and dusk.

Moon Chant

by Michael

(a round to the tune of "Rose, Rose")

Moon, Moon, Moon, Moon
Will you shed your light on us?
I will shed my light on you
As—I—rise.

The Caring Song

(Source Unknown)

The Earth is our Mother
We must take care of her
The Earth is our Mother
We must take care of her.

Other verses:

The Sky is our Father...
The Animals are our pals...
The Plants are our friends...
All people are our race...

We All come from the Goddess

From Circle

We all come from the Goddess,
And to her we shall return
Like a drop of ra-ain
Flowing to the ocean.

We all come from the God,
And to him we shall return
Like a tongue of fla-ame
Rising to the heavens.

This is My Song

by Michael 6/22/93

The blue sky above me
the green earth below
The love of the spirits
Where ever I go.

Chorus:

So this is my song
and this is my call
to love the Earth-Mother
and to love Be'al

We play in his forest,
We dance in her fields,
Eating their bounty
they joyfully yield.

To be a Druid
is to be Aware
that all paths are one,
where ever we fare.

Fur and Feathers

Keltrian

Fur and Feather and Scales and Skin
Different without but the same within
Many the bodies but one in soul
Through all creatures are the gods made whole.

Hymn to the Russian Earth

If the people lived their lives
As if it were a song for singing out of light
Provides the music for the stars
To be dancing circles in the night.

Circle Chant

Circle

We are a circle,
We are one, we are one.

Song of the Earth-Mother

O Earth-Mother!
We praise thee that seed springeth,
That flower openeth,
That grass waveth.
We praise thee for winds that whisper
Thru the graceful elm,
Thru the shapely maple,
Thru the lively pine,
Thru the shining birch,
Thru the mighty oak.
We praise thee for all things,
O Earth Mother, Who givest life.

Eagle Chant

Fly like the Eagle
Fly so high
Circle round the universe
On wings of light

Dawning Chant

He is the sun god!
He is the one god!
Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra!

Morning Prayer

by Michael

I thank you for the morning with the sun shining bright.
I thank you for last evening with the stars in the night.
I thank you for tomorrow, may their days be without end.
I thank you most of all for being my dear, close friend.

I thank you for my ancestors, the people of my past.
I thank you for my kith and kin, may their love for me last.
I thank for my children, may their numbers be without end.
I thank you most of all for being my dear, close friend.

Circles Song

Gwen Zak Moore (& Anne Cass)

In days gone by, when the earth was much younger
Men wondered at spring, born of winter's cold knife
Wondering at the games of the moon and the sunlight
They saw there the Lady and the Lord of all life.

Chorus

And around, & around, & around turns the good earth.
All things must change as the Seasons go by.
We are the children of the Lord and the Lady,
Whose mysteries we know, but will never know why.

In all lands the people were tied with the good earth
Sowing and reaping as the seasons declared,
Waiting to reap of the rich, golden harvest,
Knowing her laugh in the joys that they shared.

Through Flanders and Wales and the green lands of Ireland
In Kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain
Circles grew up all along the wild coastlines,
To work for the weather with the sun and the rain.

Circles for healing and working the weather.
Circles for thanking the moon and the sun.
Circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady.
Circles for dancing the dance never done.

And we who reach for the stars in the heavens,
Turning our eyes from the meadows and groves
Still live in the love of the Lord and the Lady:
The greater the circle the more the love grows.

Verse DDGA/DDGD/DAGD/DAGD

Chorus DAGD/DAGD/DAGD/DAGD

Oimelc Song For Brigit

Sam and I wrote a song this Sunday for the Oimelc ritual. We had to work with some major imagery. We had to incorporate a song with newborn lambs, rising sap in trees and Brigit. Brigit is the Celtic goddess of fire, blacksmithing and poetry. She was christianized as St. Brigit. We're sure we had her rolling on the ground in mirth at our pathetic attempt at a song.

Lyrics: Feb. 1st, 1992 Michael Scharding and Samuel Adams
Music: The Ash Grove

The Hammers are pounding, The new sound is sounding,
the forge is resounding with promise of spring.

The Good Earth is forming, the new leaves are forming,
the birds are performing, the songs that they bring.

The New lambs are grazing, your song we are raising,
again we are praising you, now as before.

Now Brigit enlighten me, strengthen and righten me,
sharpen and brighten me, now evermore.

Now there are some poor verses worth reminding ourselves with. Writing is a learning process, and many ideas pop up. The only way to get rid of them is to work out the silly verses:

Oimelc Silly Song of Brigit

The Hammers are beating, the sheep they are bleating,
it's soon we'll be eating, I brought my own fork.

The Good Earth is warming, the sheep they are swarming,
we bards are performing, but not very well.

The new leaves are budding, the pagans are rutting,
we'll all go streak Nutting, and wave Hi to Skeeche.

Sam forded the river, its cold made him shiver,
we don't like the winter, please take it away.

Oh gods we admire, we can't start this fire,
it's raising our ire, Damn!, why won't it start?

Now Brigit enlighten me, please do not frighten me,
or throw lightning at me or blast me to bits.

The Thirteen Fold Mystery

source: Ancient

I am the wind that blows upon the sea.
I am the wave upon the ocean.
I am the murmur of the willows.
I am the ox of the seven combats.
I am the vulture on the rocks.
I am a beam of the sun.
I am the fairest of plants.
I am a boar in wild valor.
I am a salmon in the water.
I am a lake in the plain.
I am a word of knowledge.
I am the point of the lance of battle.
I am the God who created in the head, the fire

Who is it who casts light upon the meeting on the mountain?
Who announces the ages of the moon?
Who teaches where couches the sun?
—If not I?

Chant to the Earthmother

by Norman Nelson '65 RDNA

O Earth-mother, we praise thee.

In all that we do we praise thee: In our getting up and in our lying down, in our sleeping and in our waking; in our eating and in our drinking; in our working and in our times of leisure; for we are alive **only through thee and in our every act too we praise thee.**

REFRAIN

In all that we see do we praise thee: in the sky and the sea, the hills and the plains; in the clouds and the stars, the moon and the sun; in the birds and the flowers, the butterflies and the myriad-colored fishes.

We praise thee with our admiration of the sunset and of the mountains, of the trees and of the streams. For thou hast made all things, and for all we see do we praise thee.

REFRAIN

In all that we hear and smell and feel and taste do we praise thee: in the song of birds and the roar of the sea; in the perfumes of flowers and freshness of a summer rain; in the softness of a kitten and the coolness of a lake; in the sweetness of honey and the savor of fruits; for all that we hear and smell and feel and taste is of thee, and for all sensible do we praise thee.

REFRAIN

For all that we love do we praise thee: for the love of our parents, and for the love of others; for the act and emotion of love is an act and emotion of praise, and in loving do we praise thee.

REFRAIN

In our meditations and services do we praise and think upon thy works and power.

REFRAIN

In all the whole world do we praise thee, from the east to the west do we praise thee and from the nadir to the zenith do we praise thee.

We praise thee in the day, and in the night, in all seasons of the year, and in the myriad of years.

We praise thee knowing and unknowing, believing and of little faith, for thou hast made all and art all, and we can praise and admire nothing without praising and admiring thee.

REFRAIN

The Old Bard

April 9th, 1992 by Michael Scharding

How good it would be to be an old bard,
back in the times when living was hard.
I'd sit near the top of the table that's long
and fill hungry minds with the meats of my song.

I'd pass their hours thru the longest winter.
I'd take them away when the wind was bitter
to the land of fruit and youth and pleasure
where none can die, and all have treasure.

I'd sing of tragedy, the deaths of lovers,
who cried in this world, and laughed in the Other.
I'd praise the chieftain, whose valor and might
would bring us to vict'ry in all of our fights.

I'd tell of the Sidhe (SHEE), whose places shine
within the hills since the start of time.
I'd tell of the strength and the powers of oak,
and the things that lurk under night's blue cloak.

I'd sing of our gods: Dagda and his harp,
Ogmos of the tongue, Angus of the heart,
Lugh of the crafts, Cuchulain the strong,
Nuada silver hand, Bricriu who did wrong.

I'd play for the Clann the three Bardic airs:
the songs that free those weighed down with cares,
the songs of tears that brings them to weep,
the lullaby that calms and soothes them to sleep.

I'd be the link that binds and gathers
the youngest bairns to the oldest fathers.
But I well know that this life cannot be
while I'm still here on this side of the sea.

The Desert

by Michael 10/5/91

Is it better to travel in the night or day?
At night, the way is cool...but confusing.
At day, the sun guides...but grinds you.
Is it better to be lost than to suffer?

Night's Things

by Michael Scharding 5/1/90 (My first Adult poem)

a supple tree by the lake shore
swaying and calming
servant to the whims of the wind

a moist-eyed deer on the forest's edge
sensing and searching
for the new place to call home

a green grassy field and Night 's cloak
rolling and tossing
like bedsheets of a sleeper

a bare-foot man sits on a knoll
thinking and listening
to the moon's whispering shadows

the speckled stone in the stream bed
hard'ning and eroding,
shaped by the sure passage of time.

Night's Things Revisited

by Michael Scharding 5/1/92

a supple tree by the lake shore,
swaying and calming
to the whims of the Night's breeze.

a moist-eyed deer on the wood's edge,
sensing and searching
for the new place to call home.

a green grassy field in Night's dark,
rolling and tossing
like bedsheets on a sleeper

a young bard sits on a tall knoll,
thinking and list'ning
to the moon's whisp'ring shadows

a stone in the unlit stream's depth,
wearing and smoothing
under the whetstone of time.

The Four

by Michael Scharding May 27th, 1992

I listen to the music of my harp
as fingers twist to a will of their own.
I feel the pulsing of my living heart
measure the poems by it's thunderous drone.

In the warm groves, I talk with the Good Folk,
my toes rooted firmly in Mother Earth.
How subtle the changes Time will invoke,
Earth is ever-ready for a new birth.

I splash the water, rile it with my toes,
but it always falls into shape again.
Angry, rough seas pounding upon the coasts
their strident message is that of Earth's pain.

The desert air flickers with flames of heat
and I look out upon the scorched lands.
Could I survive long if I were set free?
Or would I die and burn upon the sands?

The Dead Ghost

by Michael Scharding April 9, 1992

A musical ghost haunts that hill,
most can't hear it, and I doubt Jean will.
The phantom mourns love lost long ago
and sadly sings about the lying foe
who stabbed him over a women's false claim.
That woman and I now share our last name.

Two Welsh Triads

by Michael Scharding 3/7/92

Three Things No One Knows:
Where your soul was before you were born.
What you should do during the short break.
Where the greatest journey stops next time.

Three Things I Won't Tell:
What things lurk under my kilt and sporran.
Whose wife I call my lover in the night.
How much I had to bribe the judge when I did tell the second in
order to keep the first.

A Winter's Poem for Heather

by Michael

In this season where all seams dead,
and life's sleeping in snow's white bed,
know that nature's strong energy
will soon, in spring, bloom forth for thee.

The Sweat Lodge

by Michael April 26th, 1992

We stood, clad, around the fire
When will it start?
Heartbeat so hard I can see it.
Madonna songs waft in from a nearby bonfire party
That is not us.

I look around at the faces
People I know.
Labmates, Roommates
Friends I've eat Pizza with.
Men and Women,
Not Children.

Why are they here?
Will we work together?

Gosh, what if I get a hard-on...
And they see it?
I won't, I hope.
I'm mature. Control.
Control.
Stop beating so fast!
Dry those hands.
Still wet.
The priestess disrobes and joins us.
I try and not stare.
They're bodies. Swallow.

The fire is judged hot.
Glowing rocks hunted,
Fished from the coals,
Prodded with sticks,
Herded into skillets,
Transferred to the Lodge.
Sparks and Activity
Another portaged.
How many more? A few.
Time, you're slow.
From fire to Lodge.

I built that lodge with them.

Things are progressing.
It's all right.
You're not a novice.
cool down, Mike.
Checklists.
what if....
They're done!
It's starting!
Straighten up!
Clear away thoughts.
They look nervous.
I'm nervous.
She says were ready.

Right!

Clothes off! Clothes off!
Damn laces!! Argh!
Alright, that's done.
Return to the circle.

Everybody is naked.
Every body is naked.
Arms
Legs
Chests
Bellies... Genitals..
Wow.
We really are...
 Different?
No.
Mostly alike...
Pay attention!
Hum, Mike! Chant!
Hummmm mmmmmm
Aahahaha! Hooooooooo!
His hand, her hand.
We are a circle.

The waves settle.
The mind softens.
Armor straps loosen.
Steel plates fall softly.
Family.
They see me.
Aohhhhhm.
The sky churns slowly.
My breathing..
 slows..
 down.
A vision!

A vision

Eagles and cranes
Soar. SOARING.
Owl is there.
Feathers out stiff and feeling the
Currents of air.
A push here, an ebb there.
I turn my head and look down.
Wind rushes over my eyeballs.
Sharp vision scans the running countryside.
Galloping of veins in my head.
Cross-current ruffles my feathers.
I compensate.
Pull the wings closer.
Drop.
 Drop.
 Drop.
Extend.
Push from gravity's embrace.
Tree tops.
Many types.
Thin twigs.
Strong arms.
Flowing grass.
Moonlit prairie.
Flap.
 Flap.
 Flap.
Pull the wings back.

Stretch the legs out.
Reach.
Close the talons.
Ground so close.
Its legs churn.
Eyes trying to reach safety from me.
It's body slowing down its eyes.
Close the talons.
Sink them.
Weight is added.
Scoop up the rabbit.
Its legs now useless.
Torso twitches and thrashes.
Cannot escape.
Take it home.
Flap.
 Flap.
 Flap.
Kill it.
Food.
Time to leave.
"Bye Owl."
"Bye Owl-man."

Return to the Lodge
Feathers to fingers.
Branches to dirt
Heaves to a plastic tarp.
I am back.
Voice strong.
Heyah! Yah Hah! Ho! Hey!
Lead them in mind.
Mind's strong legs dance about the lodge.
Body imitates by twitch.
They also traveled.

Steam is lessening.
Keening and cries soften.
Pull strength in.
Channel to friends,

People in torture far away,

People without hope.

We fold our weary wings.
Ready? Yeah.
"Grab a support Pole."
One. Two. Three!
Lift!

The black sky rises and falls away.
The sky churns above us.
Heat goes, cold comes.
Steam spreads.
Cold rubs on us.
Mist rises from bodies.
We laugh!
Dance!
Shout!
Hop about like Frogs!
Hug!
It worked! Oh Gods! It worked!

The Camel

by Michael April 6th, 1992

The Camel sails upon the desert
It knows the way will be long & dry.
The Camel sails upon the desert
And only its rider can know why.

The Falcon soars with its outstretched wings
It feels the ebbs and puffs of the air.
The Falcon soars with its out-stretched wings
On it's destination does it care?

The Salmon leaps o'er the churning falls
Leaving the water it briefly flies.
The Salmon leaps o'er the churning falls
And reaching its birthplace, the fish dies.

The Prairie Fire

by Michael April 6th, 1992

A boring biolab fieldtrip...
How much longer?
Smoke! Look, Smoke!
What type of fire is that?
Run to the cause.
Branches dodge me.
Emerge from the quiet woods.
Roaring frames before me
Rippling downwind.
One spark started it.
The spreading ring.
Inside, all is burnt.
The area of Change is thin.
Outside, all fear it.
The Change is painful.
That-which-changes
can see but the pain.
Should I jump through,
or let it catch me?

The Search

by Michael Nov. 22, 1992

Do I aimlessly wander the silent hills?
Are my sylvan prayers better spent in church?
Can an Outsider cure the world's dark ills?
Will I ever find That for which I search?

Sonnet 1: The Would-be Bard

by Michael

My Muse, she gathers songs of man and elf,
the moving ballad with feuds and flowers.
Yet this is all to waste, just like my self,
if we can't write a song by our powers.
Knowledge, she knows what I attempt to say.
Skill, he molds out my dreams (time pays his hire).
Wisdom, she pushes us onward when we tire.
With the, the mind of the wise bard can sing.
Och!, how I seek to obtain their prowess.
Fain that I were the master of one thing
than the journeyman with twelve not of his!
There's more value in my crafted object
than the finest scale could ever detect.

The White Jewel

by Michael Nov. 22, 1992

Some mock my lovely jewel,
"She is merely a moon."
She can move seas... Can you?
Her light is scorned by lamps,
"I can turn them on or off!"
She leads women... Can you?
She always will return.
"She is in fixed orbit."
She's eternal... Are you?

Sine Ceolbhinn

by Michael April 8th, 1992

'Se Sine Ceolbhinn a tha an anam oirre!
Seinn i an amhrainn sean agus an amhrainn og!

Tha thu mor clarsach beag agus mo caraid fhior!
Tha mo gaol bog ort, an drasda gu siorraidh!

To Jean Sweetmusic

Jean Sweetmusic is the name that is upon she!
She sings the ancient songs and those that crawl on knees!

You are my little harp and my most loyal friend!
My soft love is on you now till the final end!

A Poem to my Harp

When we go to Eire what will it be like?
Will I explore on foot or ride on a bike?

Will I unpack you on a wind torn strand
to play for dancing spirits of that land?

Will the Quiet Ones come from hidden doors
to sit around us at Her heath'ry moors?

Will my chilled hands pluck random melodies
while the streams sing of lands with golden trees?

Will Night's chorus join us in a sad tune
with your strings backlit by a silv'ry moon?

Perhaps the bardic Muse will whisper things
that reveal stories of lovers and kings.

Let's go, good companion, maybe this year,
and see what wonders may to us appear.

A Book of Songs and Poetry

Volume Two

To the Readers,

Welcome to this collection of songs and poetry dealing with nature. All of the items were obtained from students, faculty, friends and staff of Carleton College. Our campus is beautiful and well representative of the marvelous beauties still extant in Nature.

Whether Christian, Jew, Muslim, Hindu, Neo-Pagan etc. the earth is our responsibility to take care of. Only when we truly feel the importance of the earth to our spiritual lives, will we override our short-sighted material greed to exploit it. Hopefully, in a small way this publication will help.

Please do not reproduce this book for monetary gain but only to give a copy to a friend. None of the authors have expressly given their assent for their work to be abused or reused.

Michael Scharding—Editor
December 8th, 1993
Goodhue Hall by Lyman Lakes

Printing History

1st Printing 1993
2nd Printing 1996
(in ARDA)

Dark Clouds

by Scott Stearns

Dark clouds roll over the land
The quickly moving storm
Devouring the light in its path

Lightning and thunder
Signs of the gods displeasure
Warning of the rains to come

The very air crackles
with horrible anticipation
of horrible things to come

Then comes the rain
cascading, a sheet of water
a torrent of angel's tears

All in its path are drenched
The storm's sheer ferocity
unmatched in Measured time

hopelessness fills my heart
as I sit idle
and watch the falling water

when of a sudden
as quick as Hermes himself
the black clouds roll past

Rays of light, less than nothing
smash the clouds
as if they were hammers

I wish I were an artist

able to paint the sky
for I Would paint it as it is

Hope fills my heart
light fills my eyes
and a rainbow glows in the distance

Sir Isaac Newton:

"So then the first religion was the most rational of all others, till the nations corrupted it. For there is no way (*implied*: without revelation) to come to your knowledge of a Deity but by the Frame of Nature." —**Yahuda Manuscript 41, Fo. 7**

The Comet

by Matt Cohen

Chrome and copper
the comet collided with the sky
sliding sideways across the slight canyon of my sight.
A screaming song. A
sizzling,
sputtering,
sibilant
serpent.

Horace (65 - 8 b.c.e.):

"Drive Nature off with a pitchfork, never the less, she will return with a rush."

The Cruellest Joke

by Scott Stearns

The cruellest joke
played by the gods
upon man

is not a winter's day
the sun shining like never before;
yet the world is frozen
and dead

Nor is it autumn
when the leaves turn brilliant
yet they soon die
in splendid agony

Nor is it spring
when the earth is being renewed
yet storms do rip
all the land asunder

Nor is it summer
when the sun is nearest the earth,
yet the heat does scorch,
and all the land turns brown

No, the cruellest joke
that not even the Trickster
in all his malevolent mischief
could surpass

is life.

The Friend of the RDNA

words: Sam Adams, ArchDruid of St. Olaf.

tune: Ystwffwl (welsh, in “English, Irish, Welsh & Scottish fiddletunes” by Robin Williamson.)

Here is a song I sang at a Mistletoe Rite of the Henge of Keltria in Minneapolis. It was more or less commissioned by Mec.

The Druids and Mages of earliest times
Kept the Wisdom of Ages in memorized rhymes
But they lost all their files when the System went down
If they'd kept the hard copies, they'd still be around.

In the year '63 there were Druids again
And they wasted no time putting paper to pen.
They saw the Reform, and they thought it was good
And they all started writing as fast as they could.

Epistles and Libers and Writs and Decrees
By thirty years on they'd come up to our knees
In the Carleton Archives there's shelf after shelf
With half of them needed for Isaac himself.

But many were tattered and battered and lost
To find and replace them would be of great cost
But then came the grace of a well-lettered friend
To make sure we'd not lose our Druids again.

Here's to David, and David, and Norman, and Tom
And Richard, and Robert, and Isaac and Don
And our love and our blessing and a hip-hip-hooray
To Tony, the Friend of the RDNA.

(The men in the last Stanza were prominent early members of the RDNA (David Fisher, David Frangquist, Norman Nelson, Thomas McCausland, Richard Shelton, Robert Larson, Don Morrison and Tony Taylor of the Henge of Keltria. The regrettable lack of women is due to the regrettable sexism of the early RDNA; there were great women leaders throughout, but they did more ritual leading than Scripture writing. Which might just explain a few things about the Christian Bible.)

The Search

by Mec 11/22/92

Do I aimlessly wander the silent hills?
Are my sylvan prayers better spent in church?
Can an outsider cure the world's dark ills?
Will I ever find That for which I search?

When I Grow Up

by Fer Horn

When I grow up,
I want wings like a seagull,
That ripple as I fly,
Starting at the body
And spreading to the tips.
To soar low above the waves,
To swoop up and then plunge
Into the water
And then bob up like a cork.
To fly far and fast,
Never touching the shore.

A Hand Print

by Fer Horn

A hand print is an interesting thing
To leave on the wall of a cave.
What else so eloquently says,
“I was here. I Am.”
To put your hand there
And leave the mark of your passing.
A hand, reaching out from the past
To the people of the future,
Who will come and think
On those who Were before
And touch their hand to yours.
“Yes, we Are.”

Dancing Winds

by Fer Horn 10-1-91 Tuesday Queenscliff, Victoria

Storm driven winds howl through my mind.
So like a stormy night at home.
It sounds the same in different trees,
Whistles in the alley, screams along the sea.
It even has the same feel;
Of power beyond control,
Bringing creatures not seen
Out to dance with the blowing trees.

Silverton

by Fer Horn 10-29-91 Tuesday Silverton, NSW

Silverton is a ghost town located outside of Broken Hill, New South Wales. It used to be a mining town until the 1920s when the mines ran out and all the people moved away. There used to be a train that ran from Broken Hill to Silverton. The townspeople of Broken Hill would ride out to Silverton every Sunday in their Sunday-best for picnics. The only occupied buildings there are a tourist bar, a museum and a seasonal movie production facility.

A voice calling as the sun rose
Pulls me out of sleep
To stand dimly in the light of the sun
Touching an empty town.
Something wants my attention
Wants me to do something.
I wander the streets to listen
As the sky tummy to rose,
Searching for that which calls me in dreams.
The lived-in homes are silent now
As is the levee that runs straight to the sky.
Echoes of the train to Broken Hill
Clatter briefly as I cross
But fade away as I stop to listen.
Finally, a small white building,
Windows peaked in perpetual worry,
Catches my gaze.
The battered sign reads
“Methodist Church 1880.”
Ornate black and red grillwork
Bars the door a padlock seals.
This place is unhappy.
Churches should not be barred
No matter how old
Or that all their people are gone.
Let the animals come to worship here
If no one else remains.
But the door remains locked and barred

So the tourists look but don't touch.
I can do nothing to help this one
But sit a while and keep it company.

The Rock

by Fer Horn on 10-3-91 Thursday Port Campbell, Victoria

"It is very hard to speak to a rock; they have such an odd sense of time and priorities."

—Vanyel Ashkevron, Magic's Promise by Mercedes Lackey

Twelve Apostles standing in the waves.
I count 8, maybe 10.
I wonder if they are all named.
Did someone say, "This is Peter,
'The rock on which I shall build my church',
And this is John, the Beloved,
And Judas, 'He who would betray',
Or maybe Paul, called on the road to Damascus."
But Damascus is a long way from here,
And John is an odd name for a rock.
It seems silly to name a rock
For a disciple of a man who lived
Long ago and far away.
Perhaps I should ask the rocks
What they call themselves;
Surely they have wondrous names.
I expect they will be a long time in answering.

Silence

by Fer Horn on 10-22-91 Tuesday Silvertown, New South Wales

I never realize how unusual
Silence is until I hear it.
Everywhere you go now,
There are birds, or planes
Or the hum of a distant highway
Or the murmur of the people you are with.
Today, for just a moment, I heard the silence of the Outback,
Where, as hard as you listen,
The only thing to hear
Is the wind flowing through the bush.
And I felt like I was standing
On the edge of eternity.
Looking out over the plain
Imagining what it looked like
To the first person to stand here.
Probably very much the same.
And it will probably be the same
For a long time to come.
This is a place that is hard to live in.
What truly belongs is not much;
Just the wind and the bush
And the eternal silence.
May there always be places like this.

The End of Mother Nature

by Randal Lee Peck

Deep dark sky, which makes me write
clouds filled with her cottony breath
turning black and green with an evil beyond our control
MOTHER IS PISSED!

For all we do is waste our water
Pour pollutants into the sky
And into our rivers and lakes; ruining the Earth;
Destroying her soul!

She has one way of getting back.
I understand you can't take it anymore
You just can't take the pressure of man too much, too much.
You break open your womb at your faults
The earth is shaking.

I know you're crying—I almost drowned in your tears.
And with one blow you can obliterate everything in your path.
Lightning can stop anybody dead in their tracks.

Drying up our watercrops, and life itself,
You almost baked everything away
with your radiant first born son,
or you can freeze us all, bone chilling frozen
hard as a rock.

We've got to change and change now!
Before it's too late!
We have to protect this world, love it, and beautify it!
I hope, have we still time?

We have to stop our government
From having one chance to destroy it all.
The world's end and neutralization,
For I fear it will happen.

But hopefully there will be somebody left on this earth
And I will be one of them to survive.
And to live on and teach our children
The way things should be,
Not, the way they are.
Or were?.....

HUE

by Randall Lee Peck

A ZOO WITH IN ZOO WITH IN A ZOO
WITHIN THE 4 WALLS OF HUE.

AND A COLLEGE RUN BY ADMINISTRATIVE FOOLS

WITH A LYMAN LAKES NO CLEANER THAN A CESSPOOL

THICK, GREEN, ROTTING, ROTTING SLIME IS ALWAYS
ON MY MIND!!!

Mother Superior

by Randal Lee Peck

Here I sit on the poetry rock
and mother starts to talk
I'm Mother Superior
and I might cry!
There's too much pollution
and I might die!
I'm the biggest, deepest, coldest
and I'm scared
I wish for the last few years
somebody cared

Untitled

*by Louise Wickenhauser in Earth Prayers from around the World ed.
Liz Roberts and Elias Aniden 1991 Harper San Francisco. Used with
permission*

Sensuous during life
do not deny me in death!
Wash me with scent of apple blossom.
Anoint me with essence of lilac.
Fill my veins with honeysuckle nectar.
Sprinkle me with perfume of purple violets.
Envelop me in shroud saturated with fragrance of freshly
mown meadow hay.
Rest me in moss velvet earth.
Cover me with soil exuding flavor of maple and oak leaves.
Command a white birch to stand guard!

From Ben Nevis

by Lawrence "Smiley" Revard

I came from the sea to the sky
and burnt the blunt bridge of my nose
to an itching red crisp,
trekking to the jugged head
of Ben Nevis. Later, I hiked
the valleys alone to the mountainside
above Gray Mare falls and onwards;
I saw only one shrew and a few fleeing
field mice, and felt thousands of midges.

Along the way, I thought
Scotland was half-dead with English blood.
No bears, few eagles, few deer, no wolves,
and a tide of tourists.
In the unmountainous and untouristed scraggle
of Oklahoma, I remembered crouching
for a single half-hour and seeing six
turkey-vultures and two marsh hawks
ride updrafts past a sandstone crag.
And I remembered hearing the dear
rustle in the persimmon grove below.

Once, in the tower of London (where
several well-attended but alternatively
maniacal and derisive ravens nip popcorn
from Italian or American or French
fingers), I heard an American ask
a portly Beefeater guard how
he liked being on a bottle of gin.
Well, he said, when off-duty.

Atop Ben Nevis there was
a monument to the young dead
of World War I. There was also
a peculiar and anonymous snow bird
peeping low among the stones and
the company of clouds was miles and miles.

From there I could see
the dead land was far below
in history, like the ruins at Ludlow
where (so I'm told) a lord named Lawrence
held his castle carefully at the brambled edge
of Wales, where one Bertlak and one
Morgan le Fey had their hide-out.
But this was mostly imagination:
there was little to hear since the last thunder of British cannon

volleys mowed down the Scots.
There was little to see since the trees
had fed the ships that fended off
imperial onslaughts of Spain,
France, and, at last, Germany.
And I knew that even half my ancestry
had flew their native tongue
and the empty, gray-green hills.

It is said that when the ravens
in the Tower of London are dead,
imperial England will no longer stand.

Those six days on the highland trails, I
saw not even a rabbit carcass,
and never did a carrion-black shadow
cross my path.

The Hill of Three Oaks: Midwinter 1964

A Haiku by Dick Smiley '66

When the wind blows cold
on the Hill of Three Oaks
the hearth fire is warm.

Salutations!

Feb. 1, 1977 by Dale Fierbe

Salutations on this day of Oimelc!
The Magnolias stand serenely in this winter wind.
The pines shrug their branches
Snow drops to the ground
Unable to smother the spirit
Of Evergreen.
The Cedar whispers it's valiance
The quiet sentinel while other
Creatures and Flora
Wait for the name of Spring to
Brush past them, awakening them
From their sleep.

—Peace, Peace, Peace.

"Wood Carving"

by Chris Markwyn

The wood couldn't begin to catch
All of the light and life in its
Sad poor-grained structure. The
Polished flesh of some long-dead
Oak, smoothly grainless, was
Carved to artificial perfection by
Some zealous artisan.

Not alone I stood in the shop,
Clutching my saw and knife in
An all too sweaty hand. I look
At what lies before me, and tremble
At its pathetic presumption of merit.
Shaking, I turn to the light
That pours in

Through the window, broken by
The frame and the panes. I turn back
To my creation to view it once more.
Outside the sunlight, it lies dead and
Cold, a lifeless bit of wood shaped
Randomly into the face of a thing
I do not know.

Someone Said My Name

by Chris Markwyn

a name, subtly carved
into the bark of some ancient oak,
now warped and bent
by the ravaging years

a name, engraved on a door
deep in the dimly lit dungeon
of my heart; a chamber sealed
by the weight of years

a name, whispered in the dark,
written on a crumpled page,
spoken softly in the quiet
hours of life's night

a name unheard for years



Historiographies of the Books of the Latter-Day Druids

THE DEAD LAKE SCROLLS

It is worth noting that in the originals, I put in pictures, fancy fonts, amusing titles and other items, which would make distribution difficult. They have therefore been removed. With the exception of the Book of Paul, all are authored by Michael Scharding with advice from his friends. This book is mostly to tell Carleton Druids of their past and to record the events of Scharding's ArchDruidcy of May 93 to May 94.

The Book of Introduction

As the contents suggest, this book is setting the purpose and mood for the collection.

The Book of Years

As some of the gaps prove, this was written early in my research on Reformed Druid history. The titles for their different periods are my own and are of little relevance to other people.

The Book on John BurrIDGE

During his brief time at Carleton as a staff member, John BurrIDGE made a lasting impression on the Druid community. This book was written to honor his memory. The Orange Horse referred to was one of the focal points of Druid life in the campus. I believe it was torn down in 1992. It was kitty corner from Berg house.

The Book of Opposition

The atmosphere at Carleton since 1984 was getting more and more conservative. Incidents of proselytizing increasingly became annoying to Carleton Druids. Now looking back on this book, I am slightly embarrassed by my paranoia, but it was the first time that I had ever been religiously assaulted. Many aspects of my life changed as a result, and much of my ArchDruidcy after the event was dedicated towards increasing inter-religious understanding among the Druids. Most of these precautions listed were commonplace before I came to Carleton in Fall 1989. I feel that I've mellowed a bit since then, and now count it as a moment of enlightenment.

The Book of Post Scripts: Part One

This recounts Carleton's 30th anniversary picnic and ritual held at Monument Hill. It also recounts the stages preceding the re-establishment of the official ArchDruidcy. Sam and I became ArchDruids of Olaf and Carleton, before entering the Third Order (officially) although we did vigil like Third Orders before the initial assumption of the Archdruidcies. My official ArchDruidcy began at Andrea's Third Ordination in June, when she passed the title on to me.

The Book of Paul: Part One

Written by Paul Schmidt, it tells of the special ceremony that we two performed to give greater strength to the new Third Oak on the Hill of Three Oaks, to ensure it wouldn't die. It was one of the more complicated ceremonies I had done up to that point. Paul was a good preceptor and I always enjoyed his support.

The Book of Haiku

I can't seem to get enough Haiku, and I consider it one of the most effective ways to teach other Druids. Each is a quick and simple lesson, with little verbiage. Its tri-fold nature is also dear to my Celtic proclivities.

The Book of Post Scripts: Part One

This book provided a basic understanding of how the Third Order had disappeared from Carleton, and explained why I wished to revive it. There was some distrust of the Third Order, and being disinclined of hierarchy myself, I chose to be very careful of the uses of the office in my upcoming ArchDruidcy. Most of the Druids did not know of the other Druid groves across the country, or about ADF, so I told them about this. I hoped to convey their participation in a larger community. The 1985-1993 Druids had gone on field trips to Pagan Festivals, but we never got around to organizing such an activity, to our own loss, I believe.

The Book of Vigils

Despite some early reluctance to reviving the Third Order, once I entered it under Richard Shelton, there was a veritable horde of requests to enter the Third Order. I suspect more people were ordained in those 6 months than in 3 of the most busy years in the Reform. Such frequent vigils, with all the necessary preparations, brought the community together for a good sized camping party. Strangely enough, poor weather was the rule when it came to Vigils, but this appears to be a historical constant.

The Book of Cattle Raids

Basically a wild tale of Sam and Me at the PSG festival of 1993 in Wisconsin. It was the first time that I had run into the Henge of Keltria and during this trip I discovered that several NRDNA groves still existed.

The Book of the Great Dream

Like the April Fool day proselytizing event, this Dream, in May 92, was one of the great inspiring events before my ArchDruidcy. Having returned from Scotland, I was intrigued by the Dalriada group and the international scene of Druidism. I've always had interesting dreams, with some degree of autonomy within them, so this type of dream was uncommon but not rare.

The Book of Stones

A collection of myths and stories about Carleton stones; handed down to us from time immemorial. I find the story about the Hadzi particularly doubtful.

The Book of Fire

A basic collection of fire-related customs at Carleton during my College days.

THE DEAD BAY SCROLLS

Using the Dead Lake Scrolls & Druid Chronicles as a model, Stephen Abbot (Archdruid of Hazelnut Grove) wrote a history of the California Druids since 1980 up until the Thirtieth Anniversary of Reformed Druidism. The common parallels of tongue-in-cheek humor and faint whiffs of paranoia are intriguing. Although Stephen wrote all these following words, I put them into biblical notational format, for easy reference. This is one of the few NRDNA documents that was not written by Isaac, and it is therefore a good tool for understanding the various attitudes within the NewRDNA.

Das Edda Todvolkfortgeshritten

This poem describes the disastrous ritual leading up to the Grove elections at Samhain 1981 in the Berkeley Grove. Difficulties in finding the ritual site, along with Isaac's strong platform of changes should he be elected Archdruid, and a disagreement about voting procedures caused an eruption of discord in the Grove. Not long after this pivotal moment, Isaac left to found ADF, the Live Oak grove schised from Berkeley and everybody stopped talking to each other. The leader of the Death March was Joan Carruth. The Co-ArchDruids mentioned were Stephen and Tezera of the Hazelnut grove.

The Book of the Boring Times

A clever pun on the Neo-Pagan term "The Burning Times" (the Inquisition). I assume the place of the Orks is a military base in the San Francisco bay. As we can tell from this book, Stephen moves around alot and has worked at many types of jobs.

The Book of Mr. Boring

In some fashion, this work almost seems to be a conversion story about how Druidism can change even the most boring person into an interesting thinker.

The Book of Games

More discussion about the passing of spare time during the Boring Times.

The Book of the 30th Anniversary

The author was Anderson, a prominent Wiccan author. The Terlach referred to here is Robert Larson, the founder of the Berkeley Grove. It also tells of how Jeff Sommers was ordained and founded the Tuatha De Danaan Grove in the Bay Area. This book gives a little insight into the attitudes of the NRDNA to the role of the Third Order. It also has a rare reference to a person being previously denied entrance to the Third Order, but eventually entering in time. It is a difficult area to deny entry, as I discuss in my General History.

The Book of the Laundry Think-Tank

A good overview of the group activities in the Hazelnut Grove.

Addendum to the Ordination of the Second Order

This is unusual, to add to an traditional ordination ceremony. The fact that they required extra meditation by the Candidate seems to confirm that the NRDNA were less interested in hierarchy than in personal growth.

The Book of Samhain

Like my own Book of Oppositions, the Hazelnut Grove was having their own problems.

The Books of the Jedi Knight

As the book says, it is a comparative exercise in religions. I was also drawn to producing it because I felt that the Druids up to this point had not really emphasized the validities of drawing upon African religions or Science Fiction. By choosing Star Wars, I hoped that people would come to realize how much of our culture can have religious undertones, but never indulge in ritual. As a historian, I like to provide documents to people, and then allow them to analyze them. Chris Johnson, although not a Druid, was friendly to many of the Druids.

The Book of Ultimate Answers

The annoying thing that I found about Druidism was that it couldn't provide easy answers to people, but it did push the Druids to formulate important questions. I kind of threw this book together in a tongue-in-cheek manner to poke fun at self-help books. I hoped to inculcate the difficulties of seeking wisdom and guidance from outside of oneself.

Book of Songs and Poetry Volume One

As with the Dead Lake Scrolls, this volume was originally printed with amusing fonts, pictures and musical notation. This book was an attempt to capture all the poems and chants in use during my college days and to preserve some of my bardic explorations. I don't think many other people read it.

Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Two

This is not officially a RDNA publication, but was published under a front name of the Friends of the Earth Mother at Carleton College (FOEMACC). The only official Druids in the whole work were me, Dick Smiley and Matt Cohen. The rest of the people were friends of mine who had an interest in Nature poetry.