

SUMMER 2021

KINDRED CONNECTIONS

Official Newsletter of Columbia Grove, ADF

Under the Oaks: Letters from the Senior Druid

BY ARIN D'WULF

Greetings friends and family,

I've been hearing a common phrase this year, in recent months especially, from folks talking about "getting back to normal."

Personally, I don't know about a "back to normal." My normal has changed. My future normal looks like me wearing a mask anytime I am out at the store, especially during cold and flu season. I didn't get sick ONCE last winter, and I believe that may be the first cold and flu season I've ever skipped! My future normal means never skipping Lughnasadh games again, no matter how much of a chore it is to figure out how to incorporate them into the ritual. My future normal looks like taking news of things like the bird flu WAY more seriously.

And personally, I don't know what "normal" will look like for the Grove going forward either. I love that we have been able to reach so many people who otherwise we might not have even seen, because of the opportunity that this change in the world has presented us. I love that we have grown and learned so much as a community with the adversities we have faced together.

Last month we had our first in-person Grove event in over a year and a half. I got to see some of your faces in person for the first time in ages...in some cases for the first time ever! And it was such a delight for this introvert. I've missed seeing your smiles and hearing your laughter without the struggle of fighting technology. I've missed the chaos of the three or four different conversations happening all at once.

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Under the Oaks: Letters from the Senior Druid: *Continued*

BY ARIN D'WULF

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I don't know for certain what the future holds for us. I can't tell you what the Grove's "new norm" is going to be. But in-person events are starting to find their way back onto the calendar. So keep an eye and an ear out, wear your mask even if you're vaccinated, and hopefully we'll see you real soon.



One must
maintain a little
bit of summer,
even in the
middle of
winter.

-Henry David Thoreau



Salutations from the Chief Druid

BY AMBER ARANEA (SPIDER)

When I think of summer I think of a wonderful time of warm sunshine, long days, and blue skies. I think of perfectly ripe corn, giant sunflowers, hand-picked berries, and refreshing iced drinks. All of these things help define the season for me but there is another part of summer that I absolutely adore; the vast variety and diversity of insects and spiders.

Since I was a child I have been mystified by the amazing colors, shapes, and sizes of insects. I grew up catching grasshoppers in the hay fields and watching the countless orb-weaver spiders build their magnificent webs in our family barn. I'd lift logs and rocks to expose isopods (pill bugs) and centipedes, I'd play with caterpillars, make mazes for beetles, chase butterflies, let lady bugs crawl up my fingers so they could fly away, and watch the fat bumble bees fly from the ground clovers to our rose bushes. Growing up in the country, I became aware of the little world of insects and my love for them only grew from there.

Of course there are those insects that aren't so pleasant, like wasps, ticks, mosquitos, and flies, but they also play their important roles in the great natural world around us so I can forgive them for being bothersome.

Now, I am in my mid 30s with a degree in biology and I live in a suburban city, far away from the farm where I grew up, but nothing has changed. I still look for the insects every summer. The species may be different but their seasonal bloom has the same effect on me. I have a lot of respect and reverence for the "small creatures" because they make me pause when my adult world is so busy. It's easy to get caught up in and passionate about the BIG creatures, but the little world is just as lovely. Summer moments spent in awe of insects and spiders are always the seasonal love stories that I need.

"The butterfly counts not months but moments, and has time enough."

-Rabindranath Tagore

Columbia Grove's aim is to help fulfill the physical, spiritual, and intellectual needs of the Columbia-Willamette Pagan community.

We hope to positively represent an Indo-European Polytheist religion through both public and private rituals, as well as through specific workshops and community projects. Our intent is to serve the greater good of the public and society as a whole through an adherence to meaningful social action. All pagans and pagan-friendly peoples are welcomed to join our rituals and they are Family Friendly as well. During our rituals we welcome the varied Deities of all our guests, their unique ancestors, and abundant spirits of nature.

Insect Book Recommendation!



Pacific Northwest Insects by Merrill A. Peterson

If you live in the Pacific Northwest and have an interest in insects this is hands down the best book I have found. Not only does it list hundreds of insects but it does so with full color photos and the section layouts are easy to navigate and very educational. At nearly 500 pages, with an average of 4 insects a page, the book covers a huge variety of creatures.



Grove Announcements

Membership seasonal report for Columbia Grove!

14 Core Members

14 Friends of Columbia Members

22 active ADF Druidry members affiliated with our grove.



2021 Grove Calendar

Winter Cross Quarter (Imbolc)

Irish Celtic: Sunday January 31st

Spring Equinox

Slavic: Sunday March 21st

Spring Cross Quarter (Beltane)

Gaulish Celtic: Sunday May 2nd

Summer Solstice

Hellenic/Greek: Saturday June 26th

Summer Cross Quarter (Lughnasadh)

Gaulish Celtic: Sunday August 1st

Fall Equinox

Irish Celtic: Saturday September 18th

Fall Cross Quarter (Samhain)

Norse: Saturday November 6th

Winter Solstice

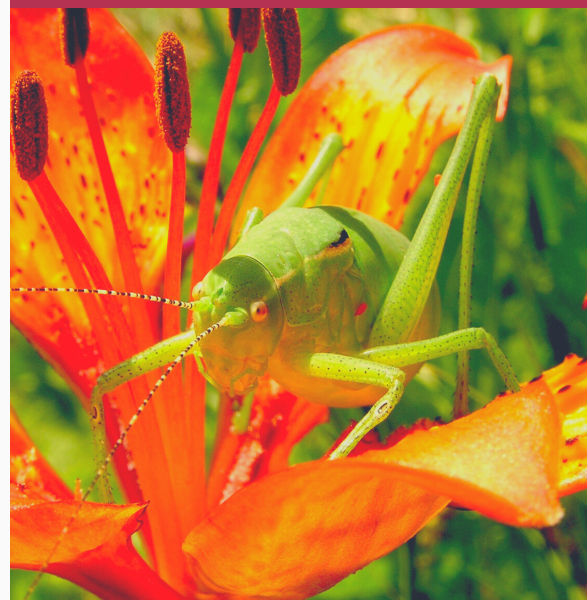
Slavic: Sunday December 19th

Would you like to get involved with Columbia Grove, ADF?

Columbia Grove, ADF is always welcoming excited people with new ideas to help us grow and strengthen our community!

More info can be found on our website at:
www.columbiaadf.org.

Or email us at:
ColumbiaADF@gmail.com





Columbia Grove's Virtual Iwos Lugus * Ritual: A Review

On August 1, 2021, at 4 PM, 13 attendees came together online to celebrate Iwos Lugus. This was the sixth virtual and second Gaulish ritual this year. Together we Celebrated Lugus, the all-skilled-one's marriage to Rosmerta, a Goddess of fate, prophecy, abundance and the first harvest of the year. Other Godden honored for this ritual were Ogmios as our warrior, Danu as the Earth mother, Columbia our deity sovereignty, Briganti as our hearth deity and Epona as our gatekeeper. This ritual was led by David and Arin with contributions from Rose, SA, Forest, Amber, and Claire. In the ritual we told the story of the first harvest of the season and Rosmerta calling out to search for a husband to help her rule the land and how Lugus won her heart.

An Invocation to Lugus (adapted from an invocation found onnouiogalatis.org)

Lugus

Uediumos (oo-dee-mos) Lugun,

we invoke Lugus

(Master of the arts,

King of the warband,

Hero of destiny.

Spear in hand, knowledge in mind, faith of all in you.)

Rodimos (Road-E-mos) addatus tê (tay)

We give this offering of whiskey to you.

An invocation to Rosmerta

Rosmerta

Rosmerta (ro-smert-a),

Goddess of fate, prophecy and abundance.

At this time of the first harvest of the year we invite you to join us.

Bring us prosperity as we start to store the fruits of our labors from the summer's heat.

We offer you this bread and beer and invite you to celebrate the first Reaping with us.

Iwos Lugus 2021 Kindred Omens

BY DAVID

Ancestors : The Fool

The ancestors give us the fool. With the past year of stagnation, the ancestors are telling us to get up and go out on an adventure. We have spent too much time sitting and waiting. Now is the time to move and stop thinking about every reason why not too.

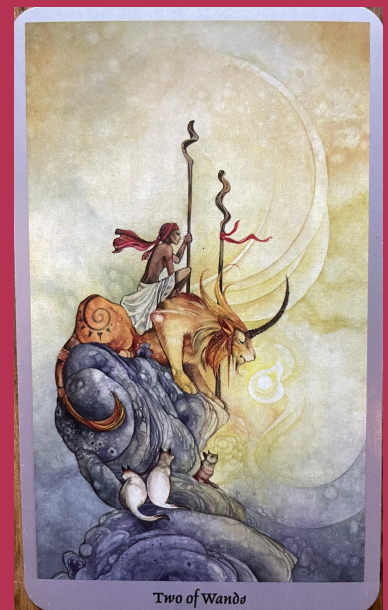
Nature Spirits: Two of Wands

The two of wands depicts a figure on the back of a lion looking out into the distance surveying the land around them. I see movement and strength in this card. This movement is more planned. Directed. The Nature spirits are telling us now is the time to start the project that you have been thinking about for month. Seize the strength of this two and use that to move forward.

Divinities/Deities: The Knight of Cups

This knight is depicted astride a unicorn and questing for a golden cup in the sky. Following the theme of movement. He is on a quest, but in this quest, he is led by his heart. The deities are telling us to take up that quest, so it is more than just a dream floating in the sky.

David pulled our omens from the Shadowscapes Tarot deck created by the artist: Stephanie Pui-Mun Law



The kindred are telling us this is not the time to idle by. At this first harvest of the year, it is time for action. This is the time for movement. Go out and do something!



Animism vs Animatism

BY SAM THE OWL

Within the Gaelic polytheist spaces I am a part of, animism gets talked about. A lot. This makes sense since animism is inherently tied in with Gaelic polytheism (as I stated in my earlier post on polytheism). What doesn't get talked about, is animatism. While some may say it's not important to know animatism as a Gaelic polytheist, I think it is good to know ideas that are similar to our own. Plus this is fun stuff to just know!

I recently became aware of animatism from a discussion on Discord, and I'd say personally, I'm mildly more animatistic than animistic. Most of you will know what animism is, but we'll define it here for those who may not know. A religious theory set forth by E.B Tylor (1832-1917), Animism is the belief that all things, including inanimate objects, have a soul or spirit. Objects, mountains, rivers, animals, electronics, etc., all have a soul. Some people will even say words have a spirit, this blog post has a spirit, etc. These animistic souls can be sentient, sapient, or neither. Sentient comes from sentience which comes from the Latin word *sentientem* which means feeling. Sentience also means having the ability to respond to stimuli (like plants). Sapient derives from the Latin word *sapientia* which means intelligence or discernment. In essence, having the ability to internalize knowledge and then use that knowledge. Beyond this, we get into hard animism vs soft animism, but that's something for another time.

Animatism, sometimes called preanimism, was originally theorized by R. R. Marett (1866-1943) to have come before animism. The two beliefs are very similar, but not entirely. In animism, the essence is very personal: A soul, or a spirit. Whereas in animatism, it's impersonal. These things still have a energy or power to them, but they're not personal. No soul or spirit. The other dividing factor is in animatism, there's an overarching "force" that has little bits in everything. Whereas in animism, their souls are separate and distinct, so therefore not a part of an overarching force. Some examples of this include the idea of *mana* in Polynesian culture, *Orenda* from the Iroquois, and many more indigenous cultures.

Reviewed by a great friend, Squid. Thank you!

Sources:

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The Names You Have Known

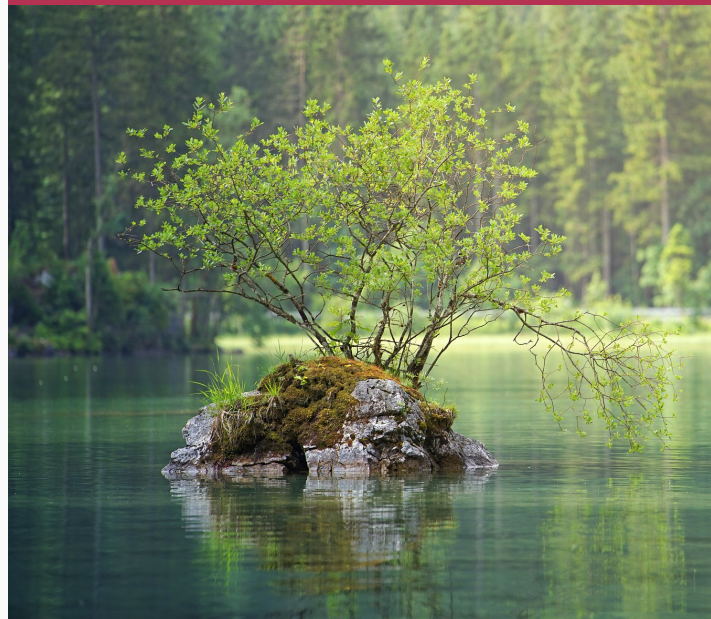
BY ARIN D'WULF

First there was nothing.
Earth, water, and sky coming together
Gave you shape, gave you form.
And then there was life.
Forming in your depths,
Drinking of your body,
Naming you in ways lost to us now.
Then many thousands of revolutions around the sun later
There were people.
They lived on your banks, they walked alongside you
They knew the life that you give.
They named you Wimahl, and Nch'i-Wàna, and swah'netk'qhu
And they gave you respect.
And now cities are built up beside you
Your salmon farmed for markets across the lands
And we named you for a ship.
Columbia.
Yet, though it sometimes seemed these new intruders
Forgot You, Ignored You, Disrespected You,
The memory if you still stirs among them.
Parades are held at your shores
Love is proclaimed on the bridges that span you
And one small Grove of Druids
Humbly speak the name we now know,
With awe, respect, and gratitude.
Columbia, you are our River, our Mother, our Goddess.
We Stand beside you, we Embrace you, we Honor you.



"Many a calm river
begins as a turbulent
waterfall, yet none
hurtles and foams all the
way to the sea."

- Mikhail Lermontov





The Tree

BY ROSE CROOKS (SHE/HER)

My hand on the trunk of the fallen tree was warm, as if the trunk was still full of life. I had placed my hand on an area of bark that was clear of moss, that looked like someone had recently been sitting on that spot. Mind wandering, disconnected except for the awareness of the warmth of the tree and the texture of the bark.

I was twelve years old and my family had come to this Oregon state park with friends. Thirty years later, I'm no longer sure what I had expected this day to be, but I do know that my family and our friends had come to this park to pray over it. At the time they were very focussed on what evangelical Christians called 'spiritual warfare'.

The park had a looped drive with picnic tables and a bathroom building. It was circumscribed by the meandering Luckiamute River. Many paths led to the river and the entire group had walked down one of those.

I had noticed the clearing on the way to the river. It wasn't large, just a small bump off of the path. A large tree lay along the arc, roughly parallel to the path. I had a strong sense that someone unseen was or had recently been there. The pull to stop had been strong, but my family was walking ahead. So, instead of stopping, I followed to the river. However, on the way back, trailing behind the group, I had stepped into the clearing.

Now I stood with my hand on the tree, alone in the clearing with a strong inclination to stay still. I saw from the corner of my eye one of our family friends hurry along the path past me. He didn't stop or say anything. Although this was odd, I didn't question his behavior. Maybe he forgot something at the river, I thought but I really didn't think much about it.

Another beat later, I decided I'd better head back up to the parking lot. I unwillingly pulled my hand away from the tree and walked up towards the parking lot. The whole incident had taken no more than ten minutes.

As I came to the end of the tree lined path, I heard calls. Quite a few people were calling my name with urgency. Confused, I walked over to where our cars were and found my family and our friends worried and upset.

"Where have you been?"

"We've been calling you!"

Puzzled, I answered, "I was just in that little clearing off the path. Why are you so worried?"

"You've been gone for forty five minutes!"

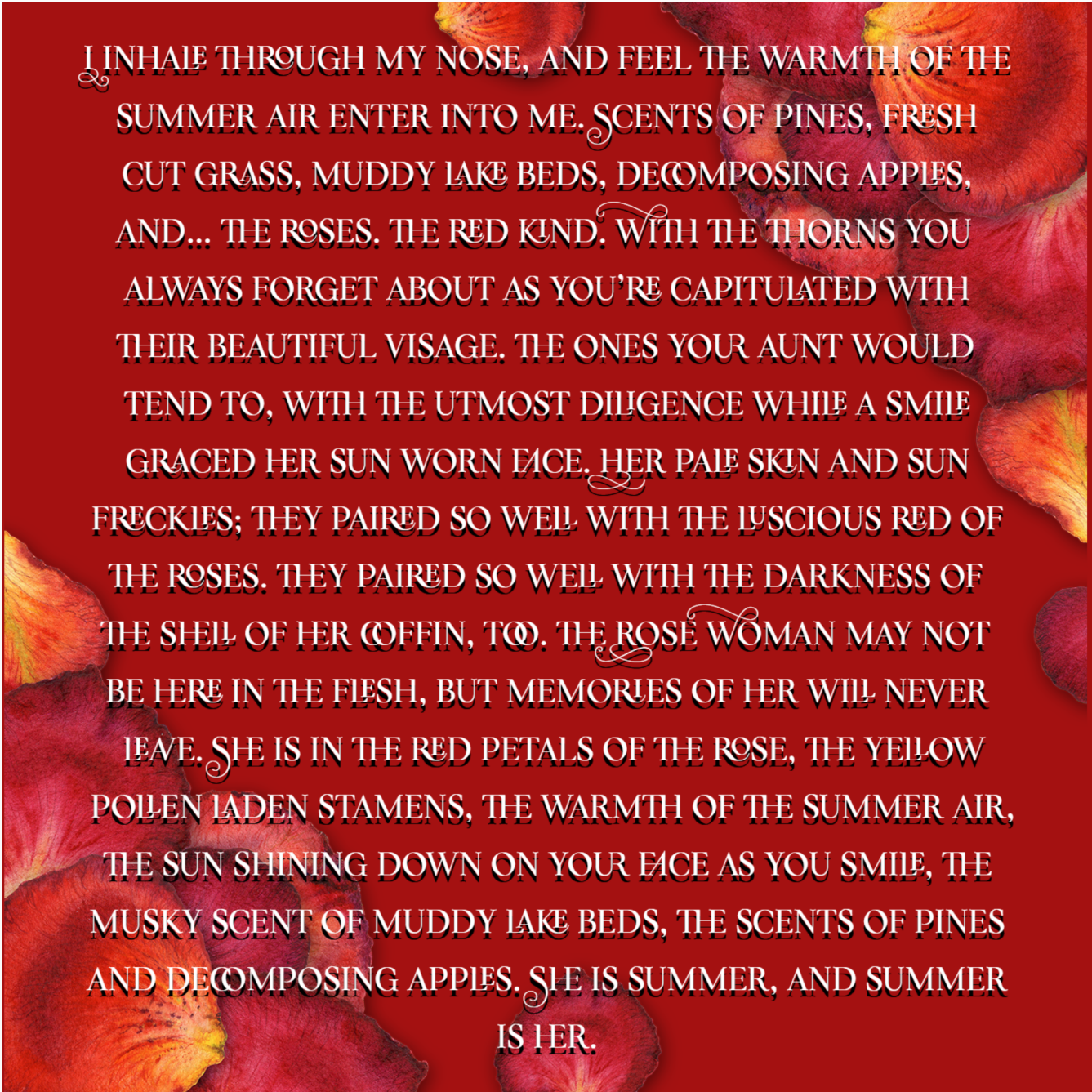
Our family friend had gone down the path to look for me, not finding any sign, he had walked back up the same path to the parking area. He didn't see me, and I was puzzled to see him. I couldn't have missed seeing him walk past a second time. He did not see me at all.

We couldn't explain the time discrepancy, nor the reason why I hadn't been seen. My best guess at this point is that somehow I was out of sync with time or on another plane of existence for those ten minutes. Or was it forty five?



Summer By Heart

BY SAM THE OWL



I INHALE THROUGH MY NOSE, AND FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE
SUMMER AIR ENTER INTO ME. SCENTS OF PINES, FRESH
CUT GRASS, MUDDY LAKE BEDS, DECOMPOSING APPLES,
AND... THE ROSES. THE RED KIND. WITH THE THORNS YOU
ALWAYS FORGET ABOUT AS YOU'RE CAPITULATED WITH
THEIR BEAUTIFUL VISAGE. THE ONES YOUR AUNT WOULD
TEND TO, WITH THE UTMOST DILIGENCE WHILE A SMILE
GRACED HER SUN WORN FACE. HER PALE SKIN AND SUN
FRECKLES; THEY PAIRED SO WELL WITH THE LUSCIOUS RED OF
THE ROSES. THEY PAIRED SO WELL WITH THE DARKNESS OF
THE SHELL OF HER COFFIN, TOO. THE ROSE WOMAN MAY NOT
BE HERE IN THE FLESH, BUT MEMORIES OF HER WILL NEVER
LEAVE. SHE IS IN THE RED PETALS OF THE ROSE, THE YELLOW
POLLEN LADEN STAMENS, THE WARMTH OF THE SUMMER AIR,
THE SUN SHINING DOWN ON YOUR FACE AS YOU SMILE, THE
MUSKY SCENT OF MUDDY LAKE BEDS, THE SCENTS OF PINES
AND DECOMPOSING APPLES. SHE IS SUMMER, AND SUMMER
IS HER.



Mèteltėlė: Lithuanian Goddess of Diversity and Art

BY AMBER ARANEAE

Lately I have been exploring a lot of Baltic (specifically Lithuanian) deities and the Goddess Mèteltėlė, or Meletella (Lainized in original written sources), is especially fascinating. A simple google search will not pull up any information on her sadly but in the book *Dausos: Pantheon of Baltic Gods* written by Tautvydas Kaltenis (Lithuanian born) he retells her story.

After the primeval deities created the universe and existence, the next generation of deities filled the universe with creatures. The creatures roamed the universe without any diversity or originality and the deities were not satisfied with them. They were simply dull and lifeless. So the young Goddess Mèteltėlė spoke up and offered a solution to the problem. She vowed to give all of these creatures divine and unique gifts. She would fill the universe with diverse colors, patterns, and textures. Each creature would be painted differently than the others. All living things would have a different personality and no two creatures would ever be the same. Mèteltėlė went on to create diversity and give life to everything in the universe.

But the kind hearted goddess was not finished. She gave some of her magic to humans as well. She taught them how to make paints so they could make their own works of art. She taught them to paint their happiness, their fear, their sorrow, and all emotions in between. She became a patroness of fine arts. After she taught humans the magic of artistry she left them to use their own divine talents to imbue color to all aspects of life.



*Prašau mėgautis!
(pra-SHOW MAY-gow-tis)

"Please Enjoy" in Lithuanian

Source Credits:
Kaltenis, Tautvydas. *Dausos: Pantheon of Baltic Gods*. Independently published. 2021. Print.
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